

Monkey Stamp Comics Presents:
Issue 11 7/1/2008

Old Guy Super Hero

Cost: \$5.00/Monthly Issue

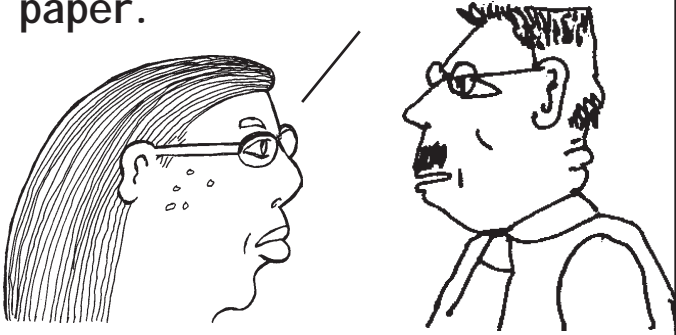
Way of the Teacher
Hexing the Basement
Info. Corner with Merl Cheese



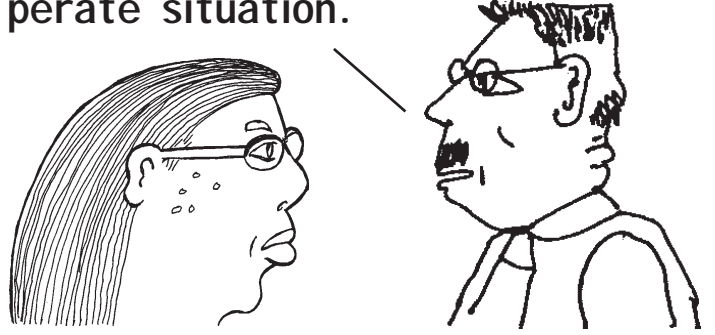
By Robert Joy

The Old Guy: Way of the Teacher

Mr. Kneenow. I have just came from a quest to New York City to learn the way of the Kat. I saw your ad in the paper.



I don't know what the way of the Kat is, but we are very short of teachers for this final semester and we are in a desperate situation.



I am prepared for any challenge set before me. I am a first degree Kat Master. Children of high school age are the challenge that I seek.



From the application you have completed, it would appear that you are fully qualified to take on such a task without special teacher training.



Then I will assume that I am hired and will be expected to take my post first thing on Monday morning.



Monday Morning

Mr. Offlinger. Thank you for your service. This will be your class. I would like to take a moment to show you the simple operation of the "CRORK!" Class Room Operation Remote Kontroll!



Mr. Offlinger... I know it's been a few years since you've been in the class room so there will be some adjustments you will have to make. The CRORK system will be of great assistance to you.

What the Hell is Crock?



The children in this class are our special students. They are all our very best. They are straight "A" students and require no grade system. You have only to ask a question, Press the answer button on the CRORK system control and you will receive the proper answer from the student of your choice. We refer to the CRORK system as "Cork" for the purposes of brevity. Brevity is desired in our children... don't you agree... ahhh... Mr. Offhouser?



I wish he'd put a cork in it!



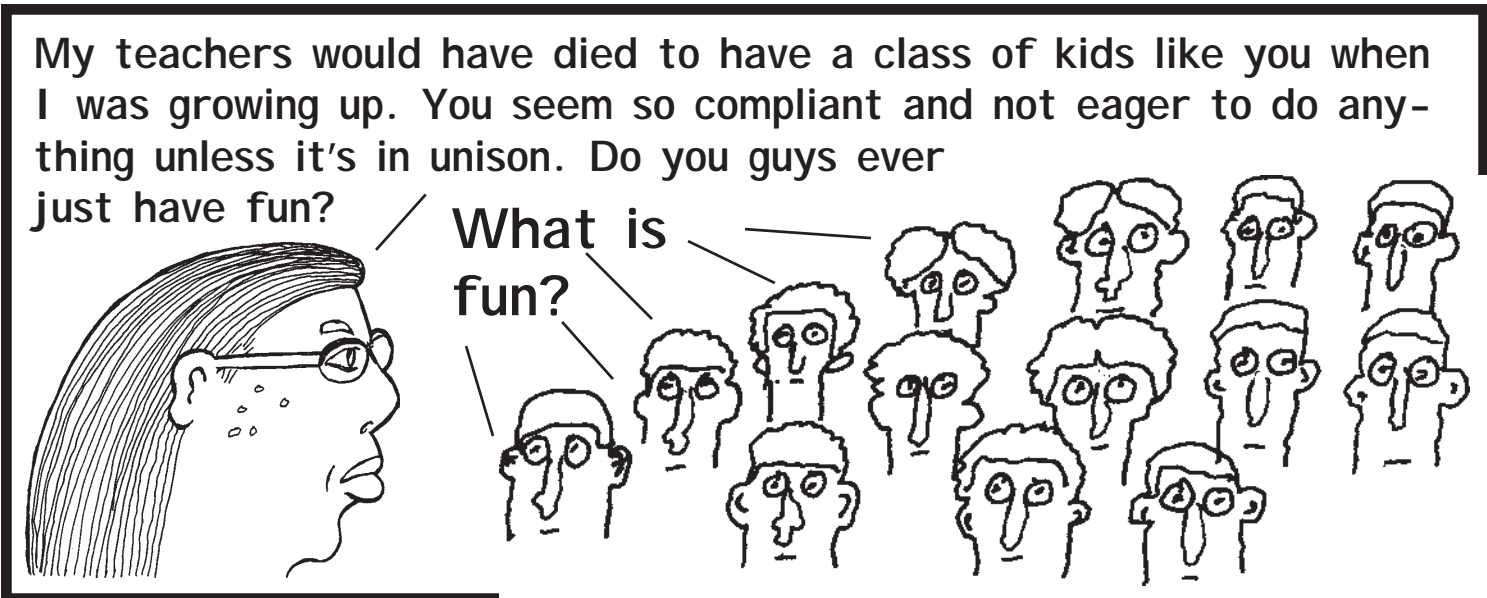
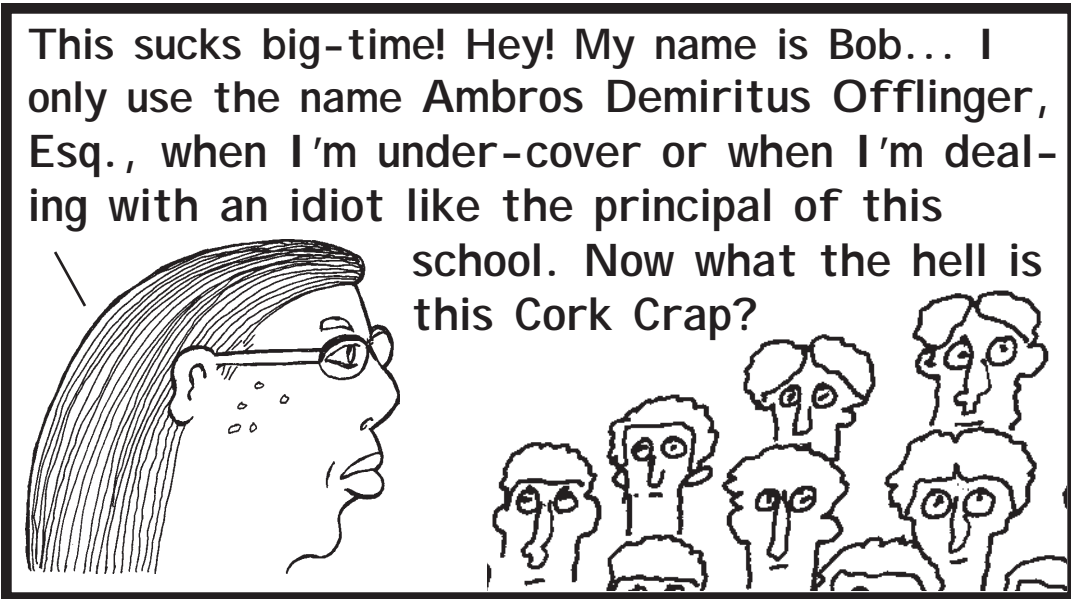
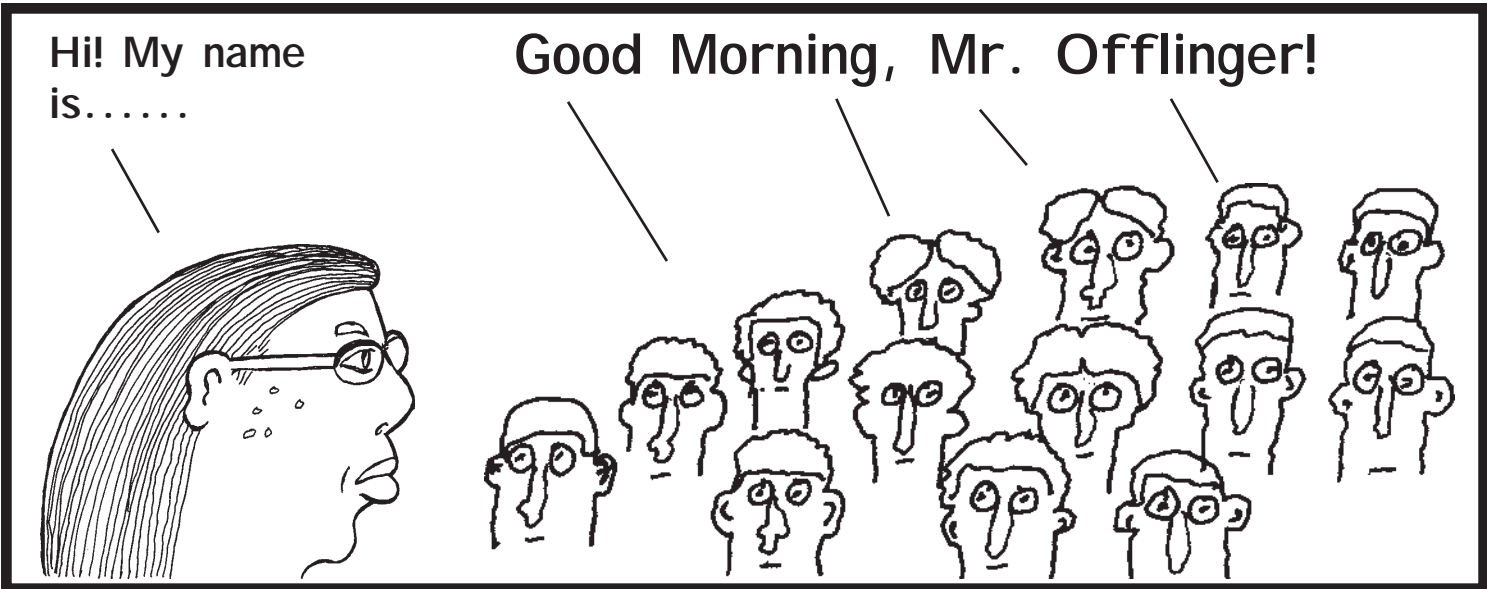
What the hell is the matter with these kids? They remind me of the children of the corn. They all sit in straight little rows, they don't chat-ter, toss gum wrappers when your

back is turned. I guess they must have a cork stuffed up their asses by the system.

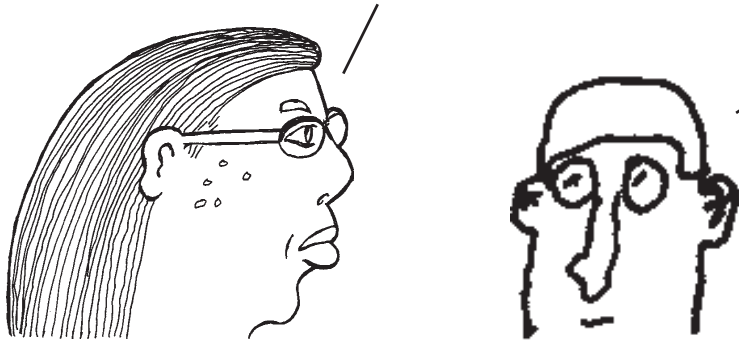


Mr. Offshuster... We do not use the word Hell in this school... so please try to confine your off-color comments to yourself. I will leave you now, so use the Cork at your discretion and everything will be perfect.





Fillmore Bates, it says here on the class roll... Is that your name or was it something designed by your parents to make us all laugh?



No, Mr. Offlinger. That is my real name and no one is allowed to laugh or my parents will sue the pants off of them... anyway that is how my father puts it whenever he is asked that question.

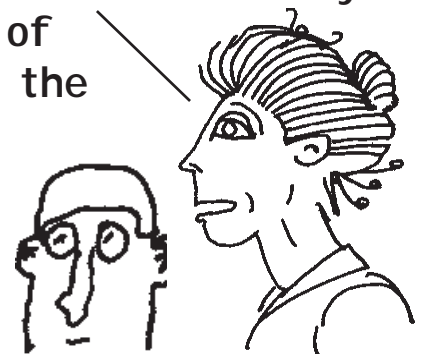
Well Fillmore, I want you to run down to the school nurse's office and tell her to come and see me. Pronto!



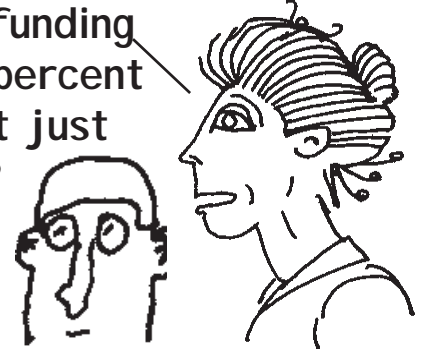
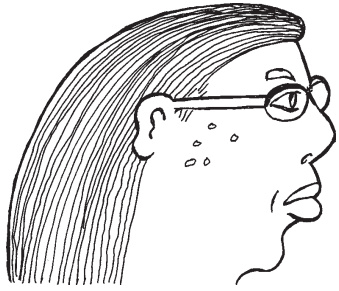
I sent for you, because I'm worried about these children. I seem to have a whole room full of sick kids. They don't throw spit wads behind my back and they are frighteningly polite!



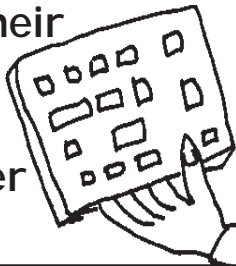
Well Mr. Offlinger... that may be the way children were when you were young, but not in this age. Didn't Mr. Kneenow explain the program to you? "CRORK!" Class Room Operation Remote Kontrol! These wonderful, polite, focused children are the result of many hours of careful teaching. The parents of each of these darling children has taken the important step of having the "CRORK" chip embedded in the Frontal Cortex of their sweet little brains. They are perfect learning machines.



I can see you have a "CRORK!" control unit right on your desk. Why don't you use it? You know that these darling children all have perfect grade scores. Everyone is a straight A student and they have the knowledge to back it up. Because of their perfect grade average, this school has had its federal funding increased to over four hundred percent in the past two years. Isn't that just wonderful news, Mr. Offlinger?



Push A on the CRORK and ask a question. After the child answers, press G for grade and an automatic A will be applied to their record.
Good bye
Mr. Offlinger



The CRORK it is! Okay Fillmore "Click!"
What about Columbus?



Yes, Mr. Offlinger!



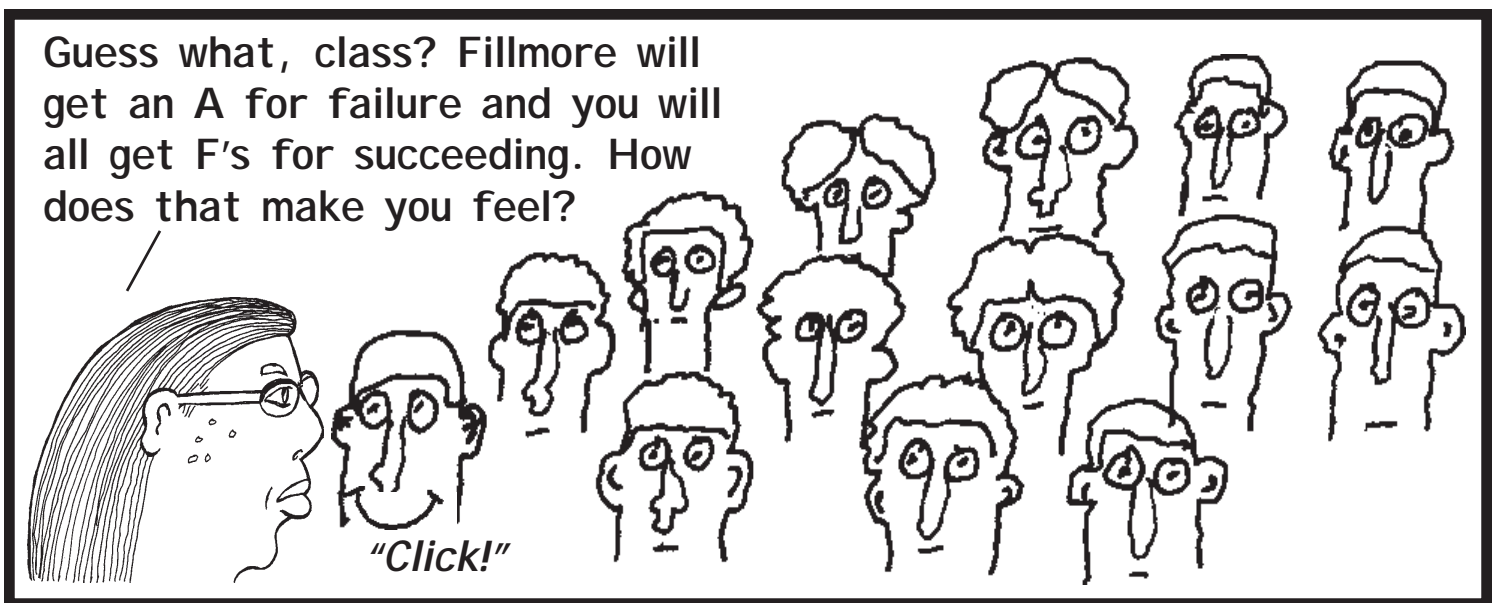
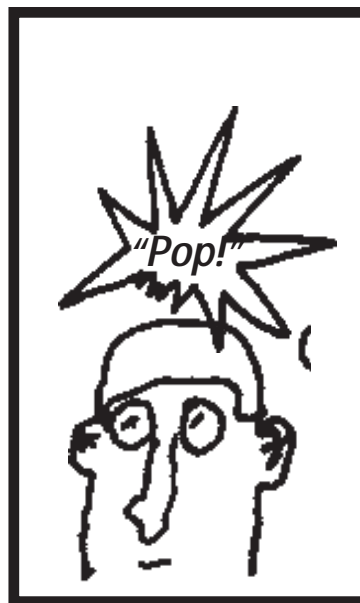
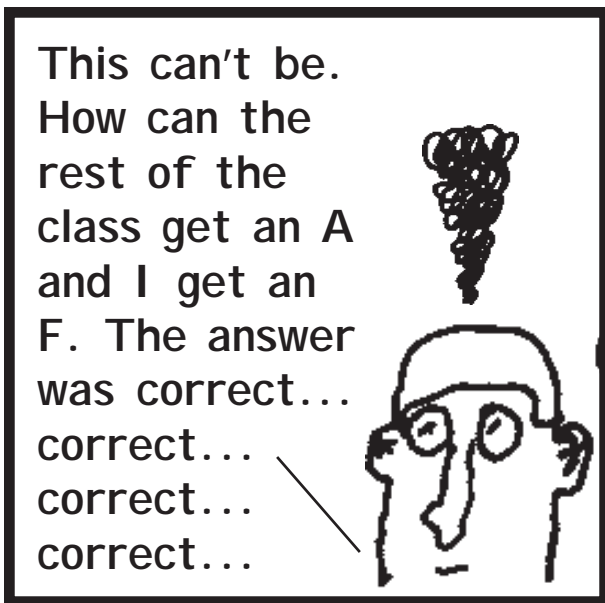
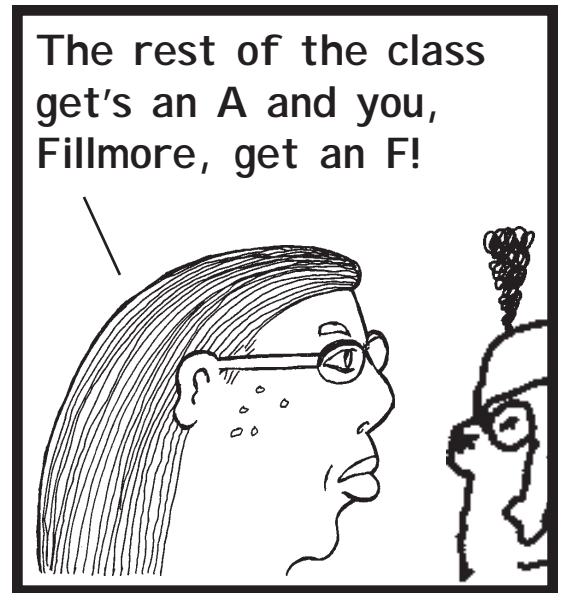
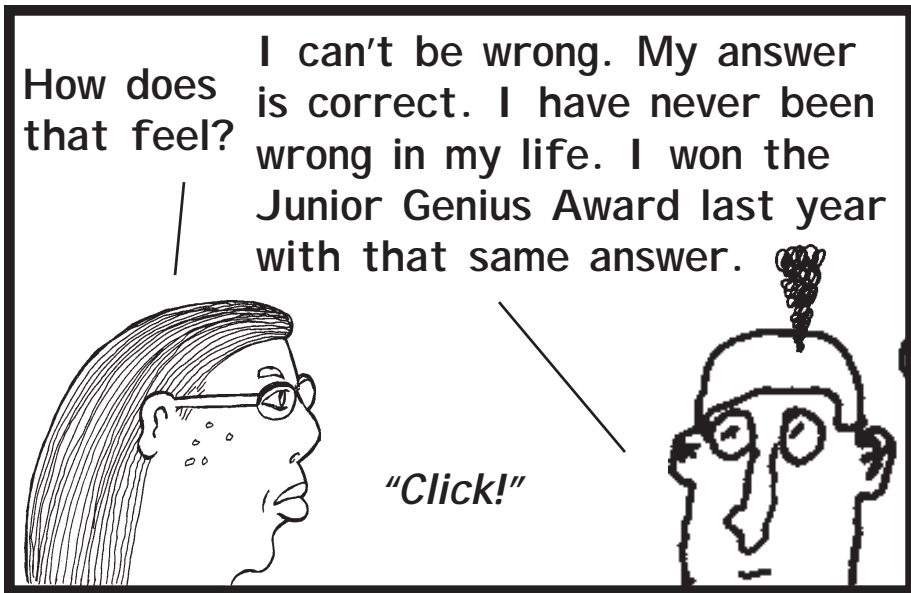
"Click!"

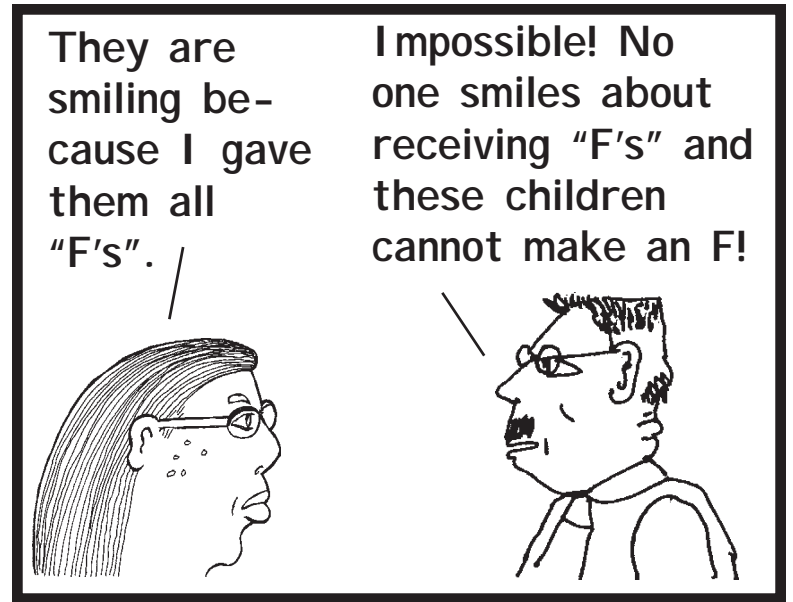
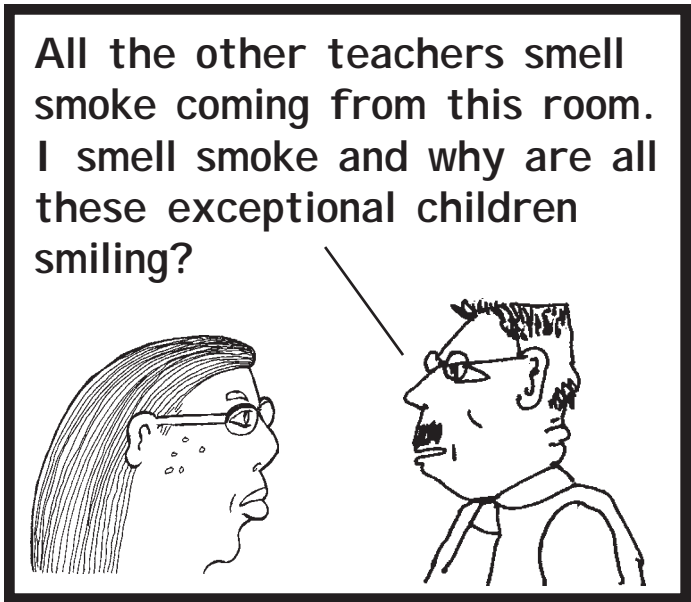
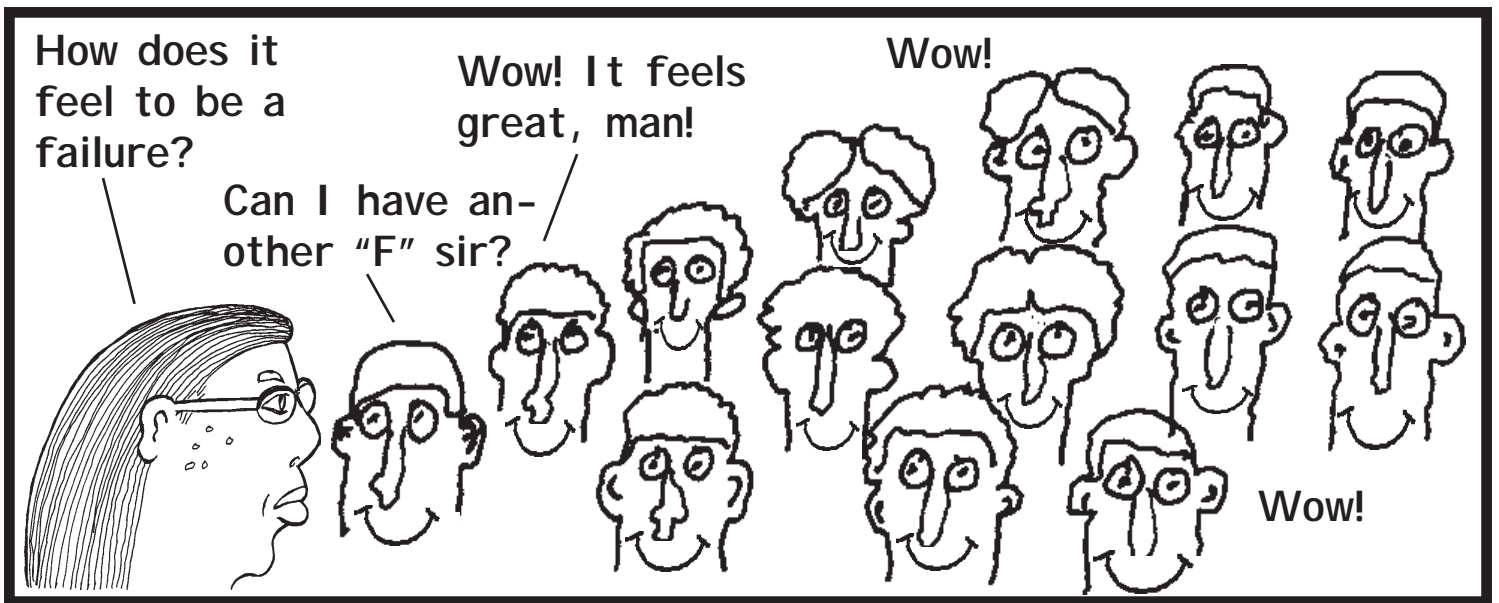
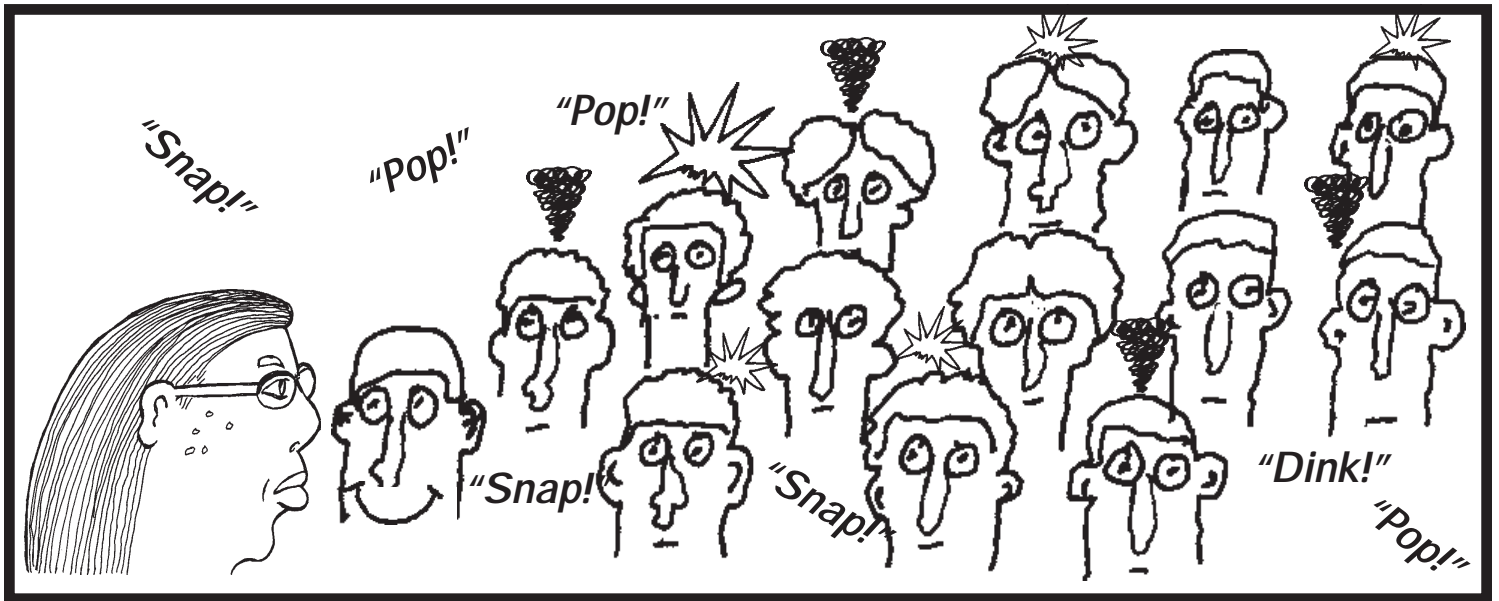
Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492. He landed on the island which is now the modern Dominican Republic. Since he thought he was actually in India, he named the natives he found on the island "Indians!"



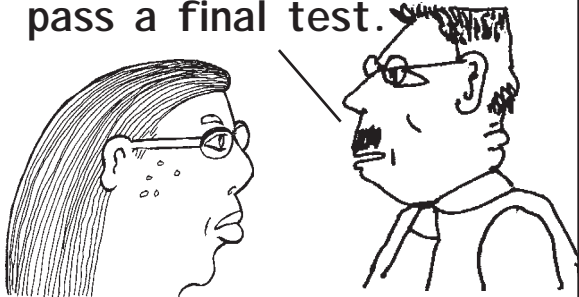
Sorry Fillmore, but you are completely wrong and you will not receive an A. You shall now receive the first F you have ever had in your life.







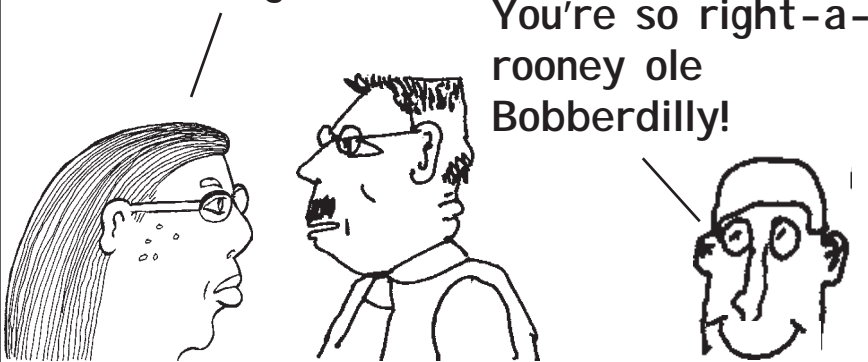
What is going on in this room? These children should not be smiling. There is nothing to smile about while learning to pass a final test.



Now listen to me, Old Man; Fillmore was the brightest student in the history of this school and you have done something to him and I want to know what you did to him!

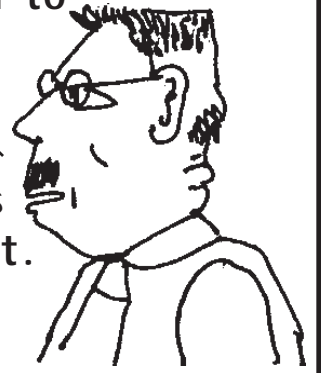


Fillmore still is the brightest kid in this school except he's happy, because someone had the courage to give him an "F"! Isn't that right, Fillmore?



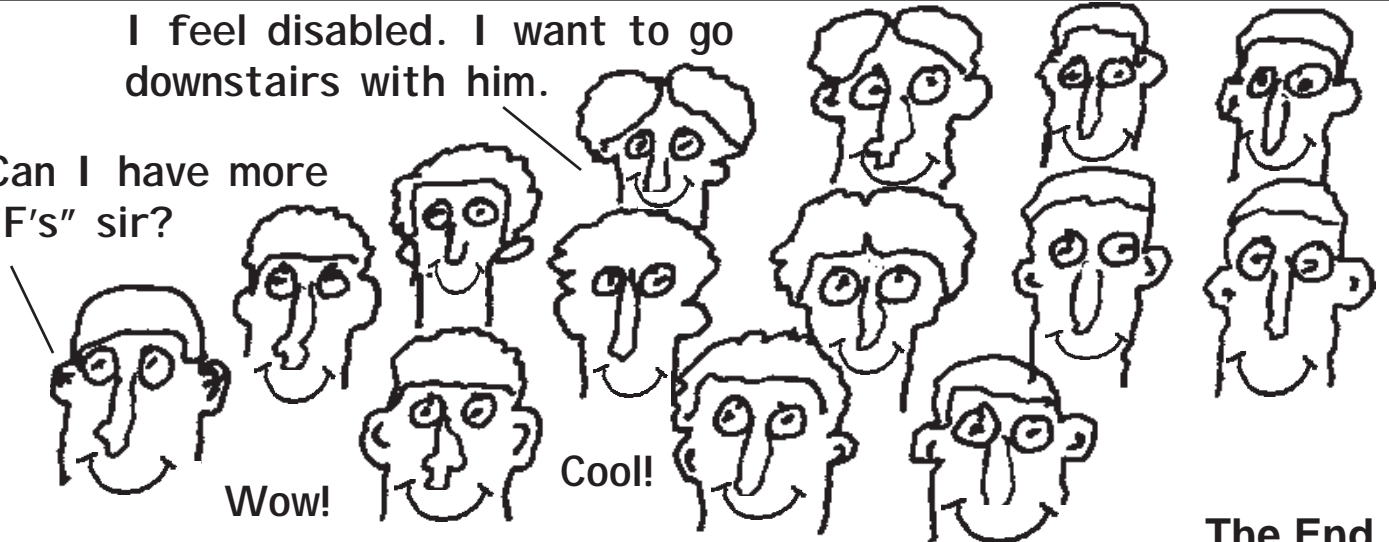
You're so right-a-rooney ole Bobberdilly!

Turn in your CROCK System control, Mr. Offlinger. You will be condemned to downstairs in the learning disabilities department.



I feel disabled. I want to go downstairs with him.

Can I have more "F's" sir?

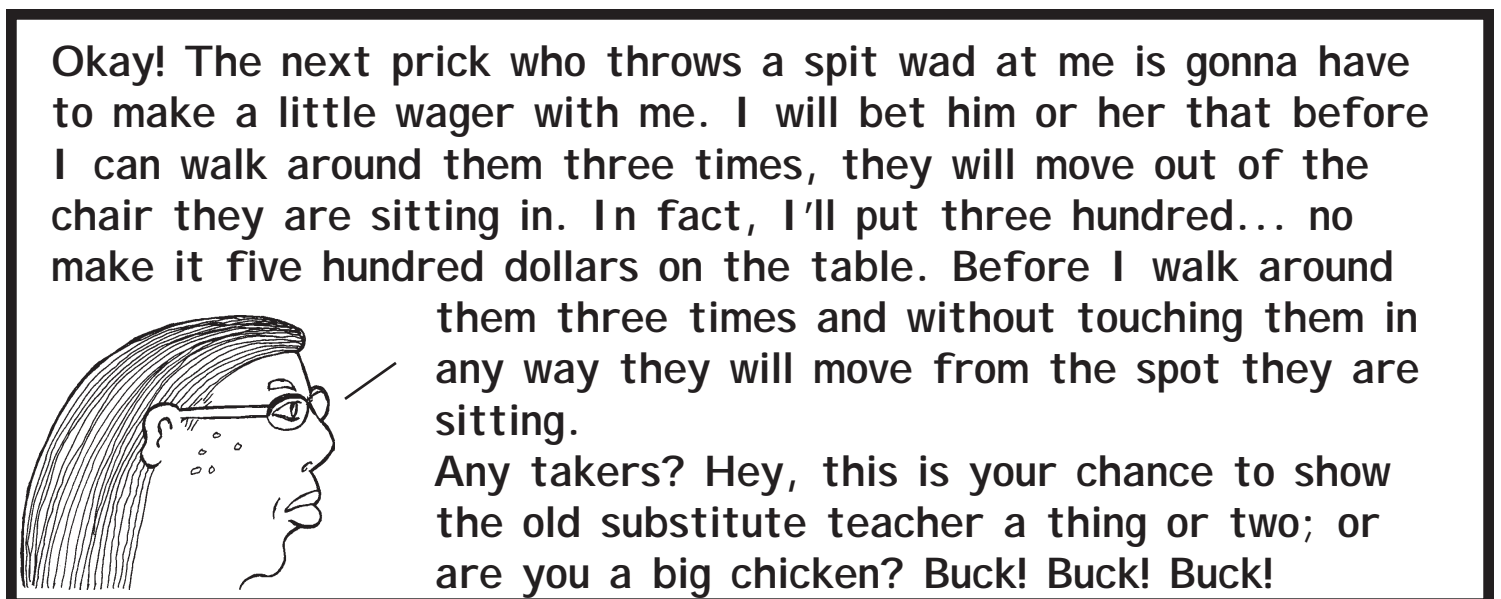
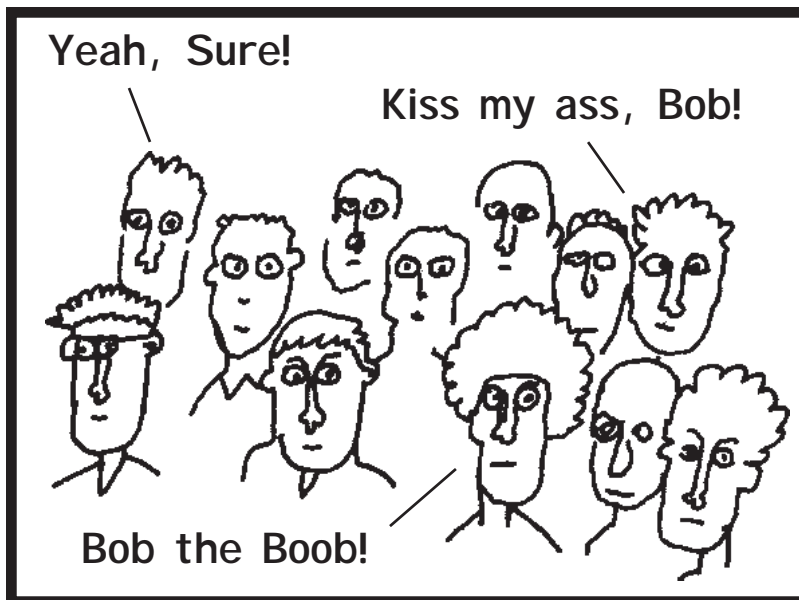
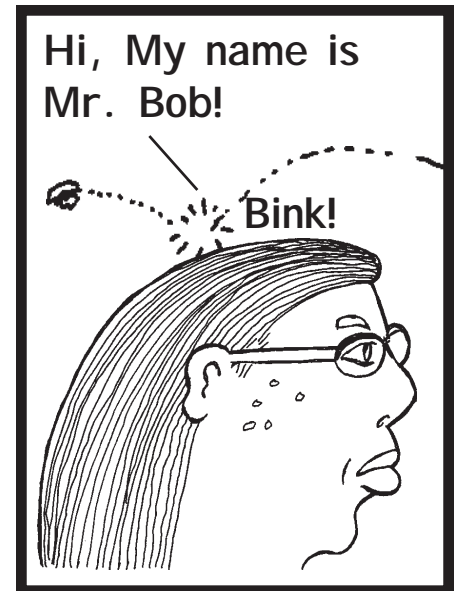
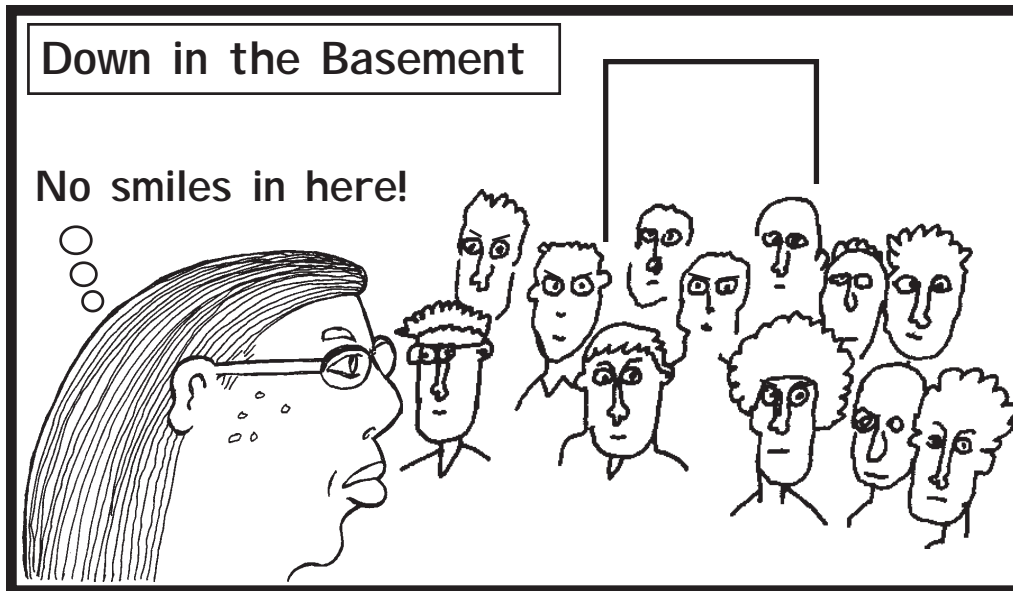


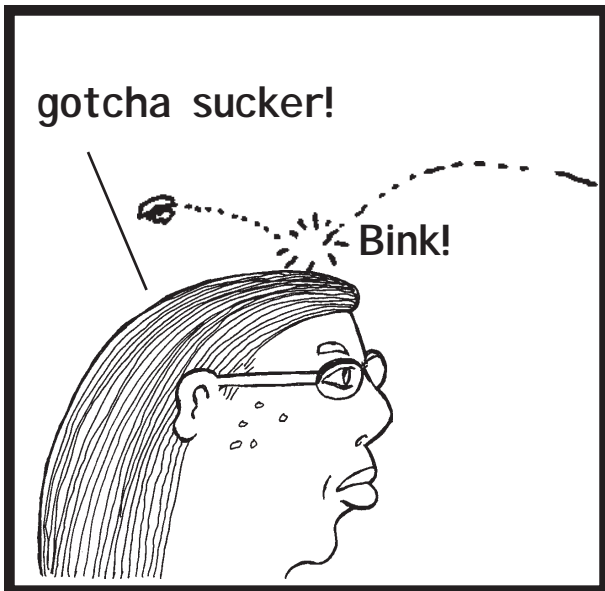
Wow!

Cool!

The End

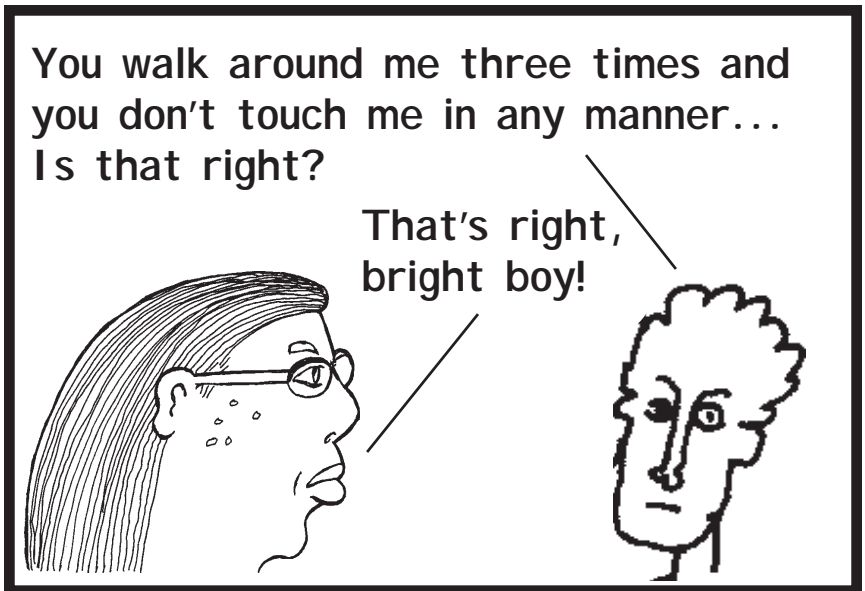
The Old Guy: Hexing in the basement.





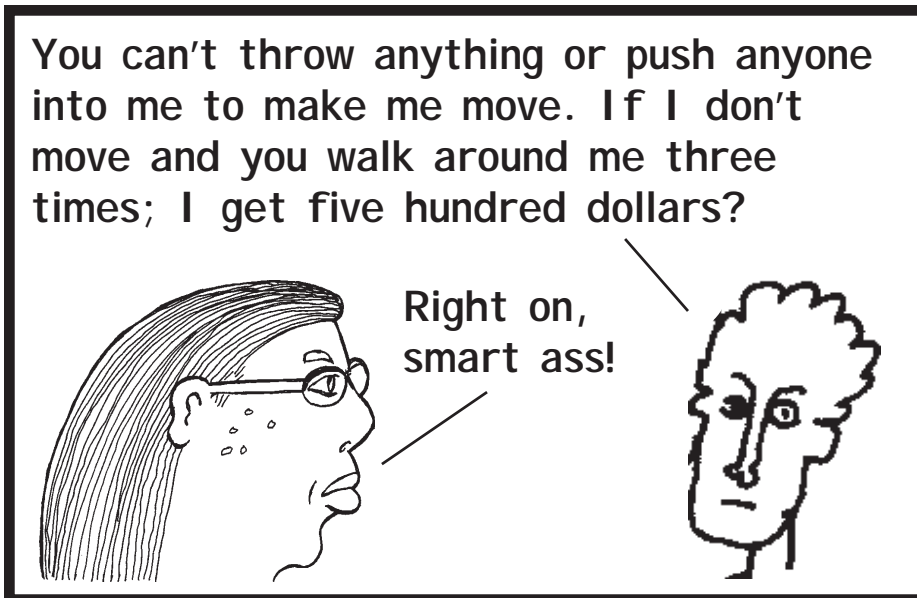
gotcha sucker!

Bink!



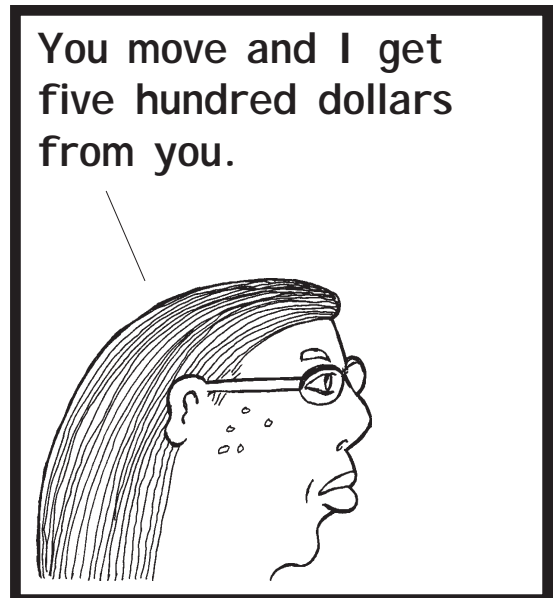
You walk around me three times and you don't touch me in any manner... Is that right?

That's right, bright boy!



You can't throw anything or push anyone into me to make me move. If I don't move and you walk around me three times; I get five hundred dollars?

Right on, smart ass!



You move and I get five hundred dollars from you.



What's the trick here? I bet you won't pay when I win.

You got a classroom full of witnesses. If I lose I will pay up here and now... cash on the barrel head right out of my wallet.

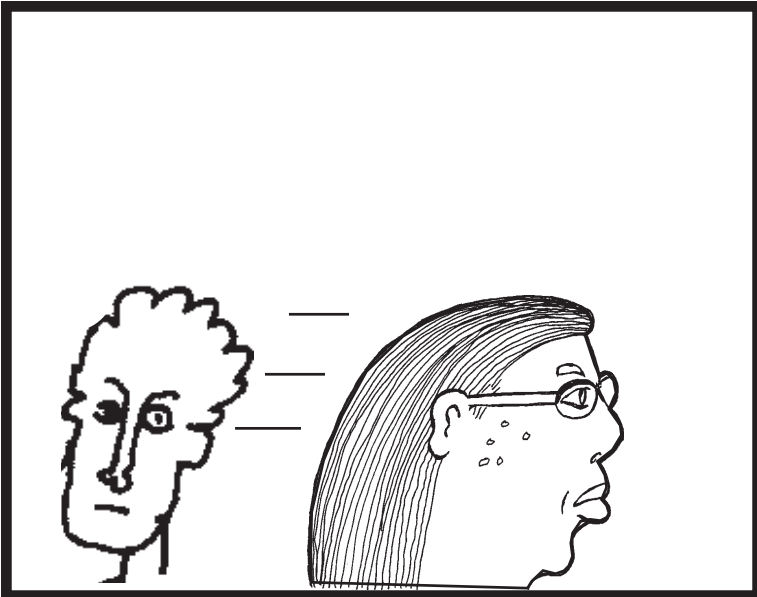
I guess you're just a bunch of hot air like everyone.

Okay, old dude... you better not cheat, because I got witnesses.

Here goes... Is that the spot you want to stand in? I'm going to walk around you three times and you will move out of that spot before I can do it three times. I won't touch a hair on your head. Class... Are you watching? Make sure he doesn't cheat!

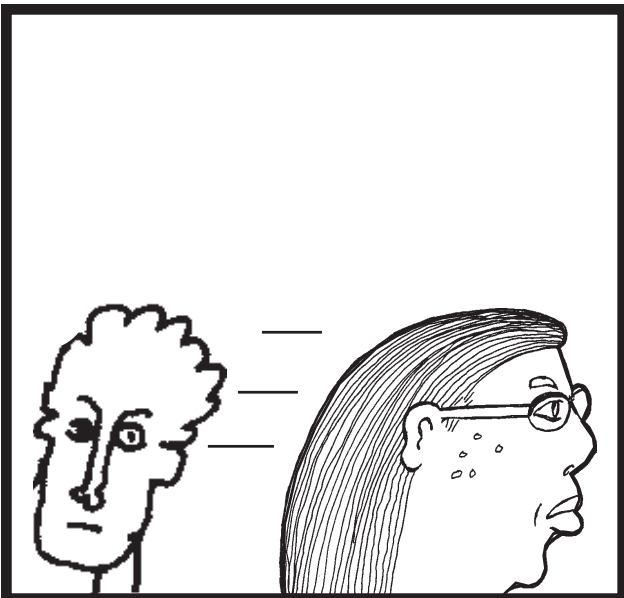


Okay, here I go!



That's once!

I haven't moved, sucker!

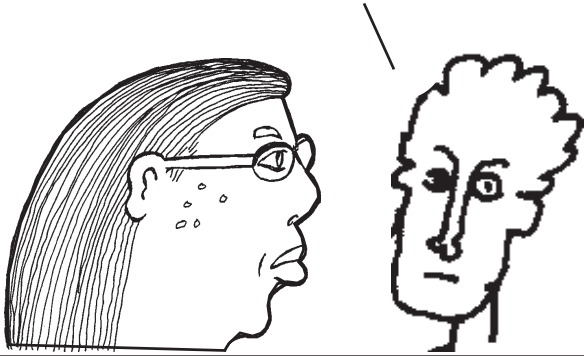


That's twice!

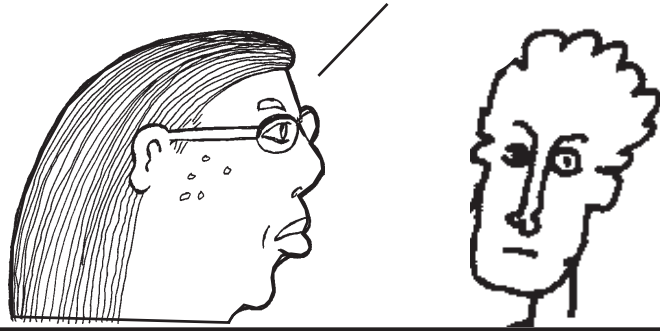
I still haven't moved, sucker!



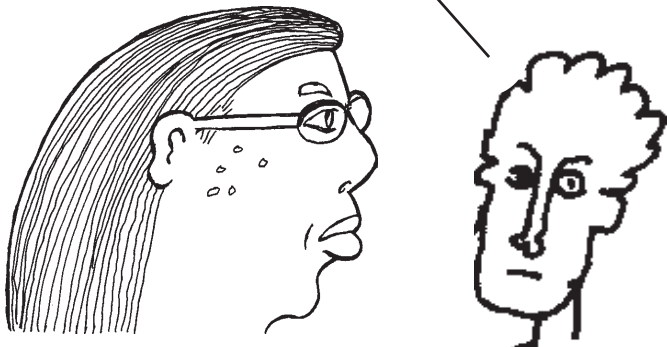
Well, go on... let's get this over with!



Hey kid... are you sure you want to go on with this silliness. Why don't you just go over, sit down and let's do some school work for a change!



You made the bet, old dude. Put up or pay up. Now walk around me and pay what you owe.



The bell is about to ring for the next class. I think I'll just wait over here by the door. I guess I could just sit down in



my nice big soft chair behind my nice big desk. Remember don't move!

Hey dude! you gotta walk around me... so do it!

Oh... I'll get around to it in a couple of days. I wouldn't want to fudge on a bet. Now remember, don't move out of that spot or you lose the five hundred dollars. I got me a whole room full of witnesses.



Hey dude! This ain't fair!



The name is Mr. Dude, to you!

I'll take
twenty a week
if that's all
you can do!

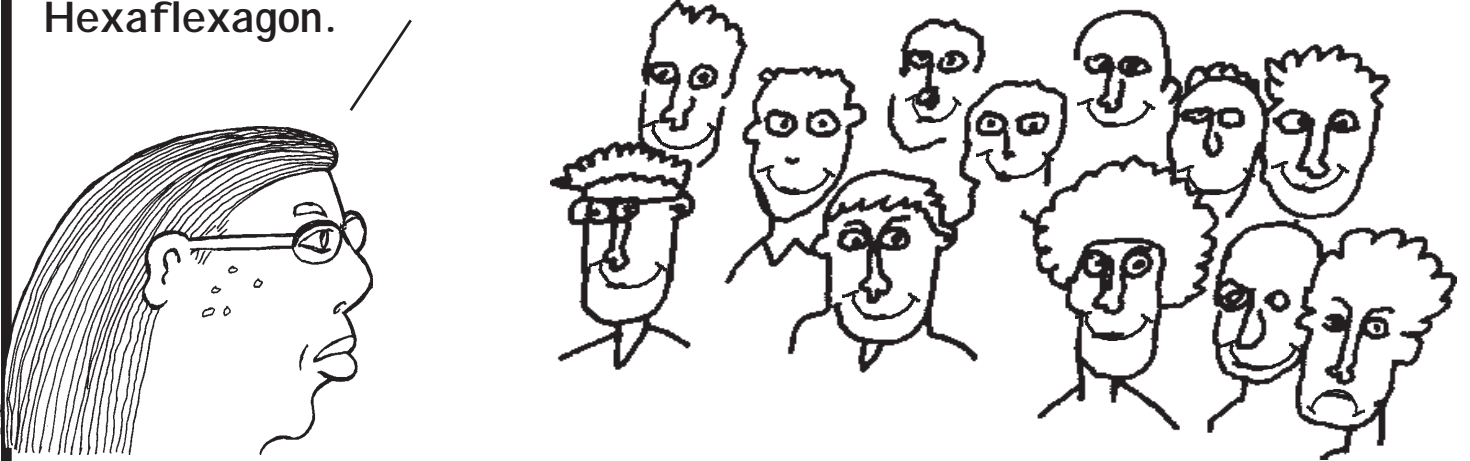


The next morning

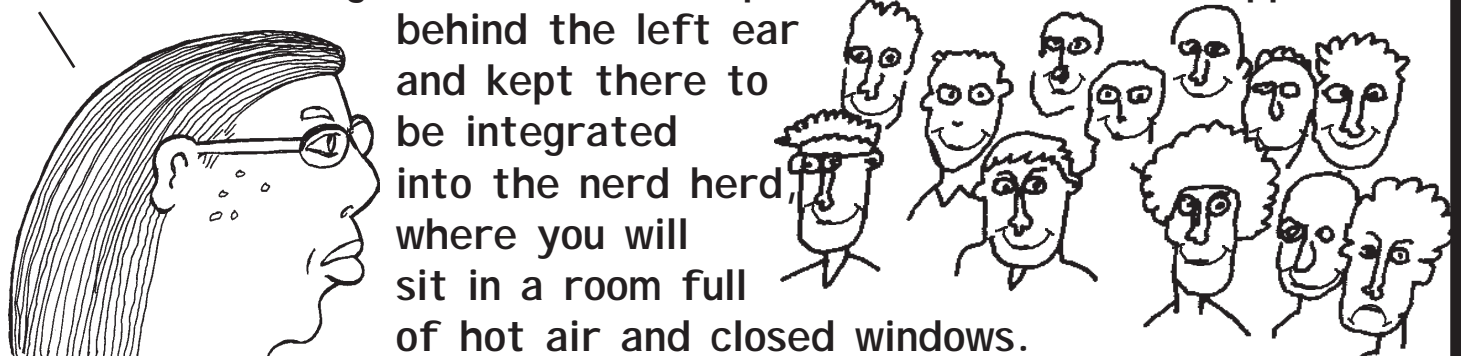
Okay ... my name is
Mr. Bob, but if you
don't want to call me
that, then tough crap!



I haven't been filled in on what this class does, so until someone
comes down and tells me what to do... we'll be working on a
Hexaflexagon.



We will start with the sheets you have been using for spit-wad
ammunition. It seems to have the kind of elasticity needed to
withstand a plethora of folds and unfolds. Anyone who refuses to
make Hexaflexagon's will be sent up stairs to be micro-chipped



behind the left ear
and kept there to
be integrated
into the nerd herd,
where you will
sit in a room full
of hot air and closed windows.

Who is with me on this?

Yeah!



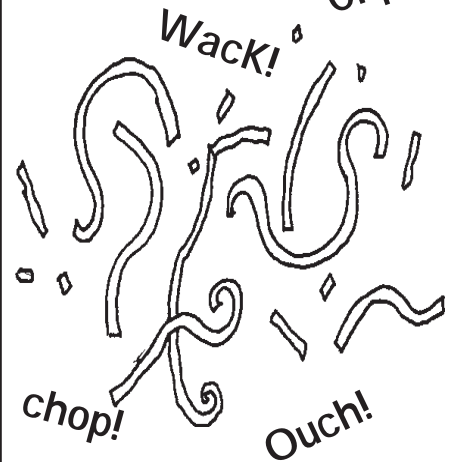
Okay, everyone start by cutting out and glueing strips of paper twelve feet long.



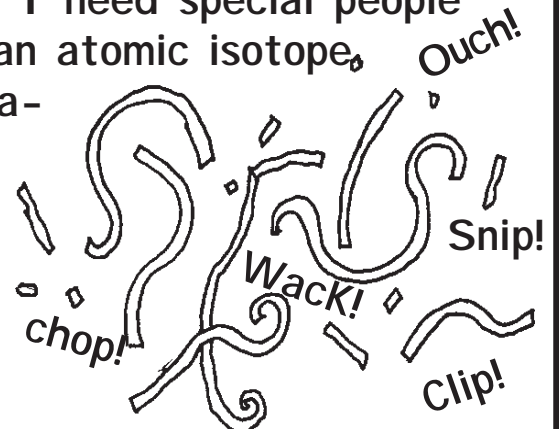
I need enough paper to create the largest and longest Hexaflexagon in history. We will be going for a record. We will create the first and only Hexa-hexa hexa-hexaflexagon. Then we will reproduce it eleven more times, so everyone will have one.



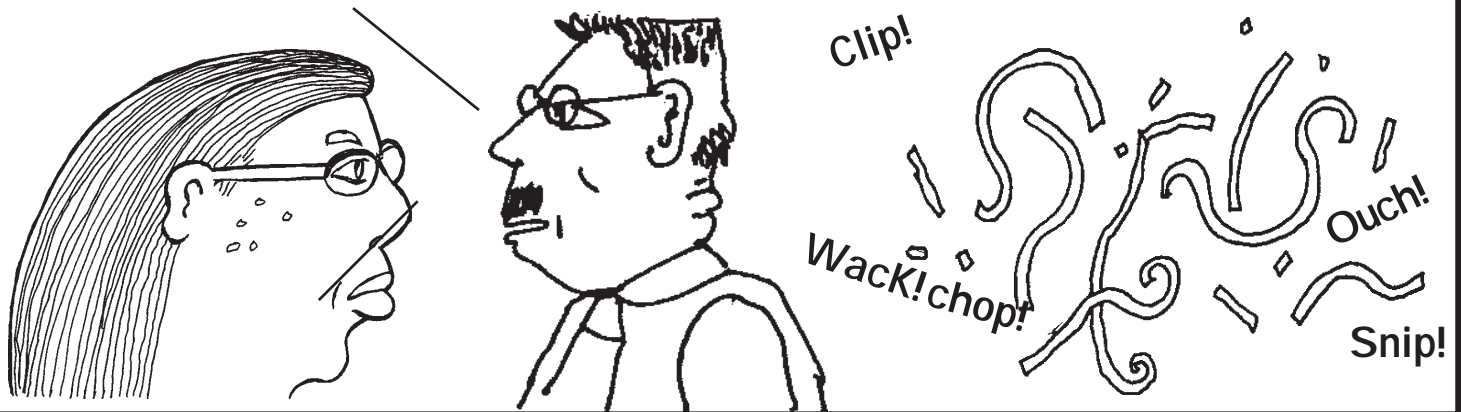
Snip!



I will need a gluing committee who will glue the strips together. How about you, Morris, Cindy and Chuck! I need a folding committee to start the complex folding operation. I need special people for this operation. It will be like handling an atomic isotope. No one has ever attempted to make a Hexaflexagon of this magnitude before. I will need Phillip, Susan, and Roy for such a delicate procedure. Onward and upward! To the sky!



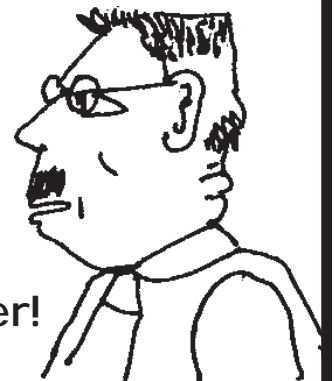
What in hell is happening in this class room. We can hear this ruckus all the way up on third floor. You are disrupting the re-microchipping process. The Re-programer needs some silence



If you knew the slightest thing about the dynamics of Structural Calculus, you wouldn't have to ask such a silly question.



These students are nothing but a bunch of troublesome brats. They cannot say the word Calculus, let alone work with the concept, Mr. Offlinger!



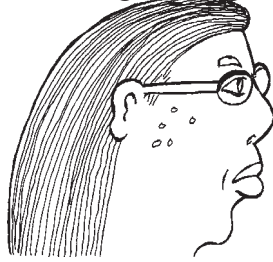
Mr. Bob, we have the Diafoamatic strands fabricated. When should we begin to standardize the folding dynamic cells into the flexafobic springs and tucks?



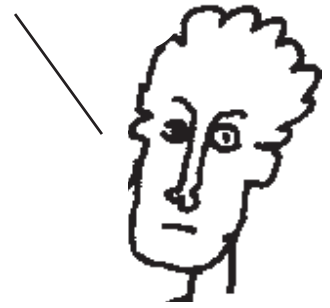
Mr. Offlinger! How dare a child talk that way to a teacher in this school. I will have him flogged before the whole school.



That was not disrespect. That was Calculus in its purest form. It is the basis of all life on the surface of this planet. This class needs all the space it can get and it will get even noisier than this as the project proceeds. Will there be anything else I can help you with?



Mr. Bob... We will be needing your assistance here in a moment?



Mr. Bob... I had no idea the expertise you would bring to this institution and I must apologize for my ignorance. I will now leave and allow this chaos to escalate.



Please inform the cafeteria to send down six large pepperoni pizzas and some cold soda pops... We will be working straight through lunch.



Now I will require everyone to line up and hold the paper strand on a perfectly level plane. Phillip, I need you to start folding the paper strip into very precise triangular sections. Linda, I need you to take the position of quality control to assure none of the triangular sections are perfect. Any inclusions and surface blemishes will multiply causing a variance in the end result. We will then be forced to start the whole process over again which will cause us to waste another day trying to unwrap the fabric of geometric space... Besides we'll be forced to order pizza for a second time in two days.

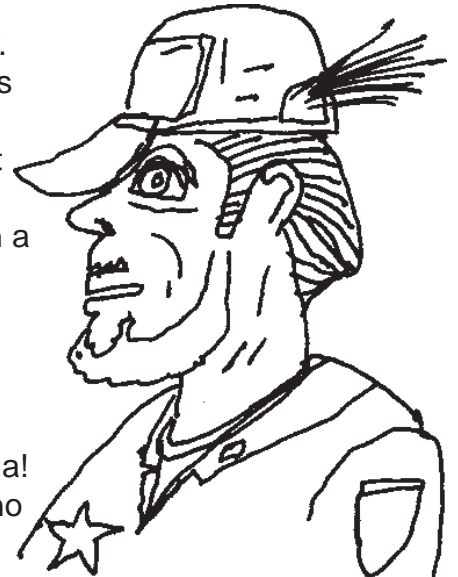


To be Continued...

Info corner
by Merl Cheese



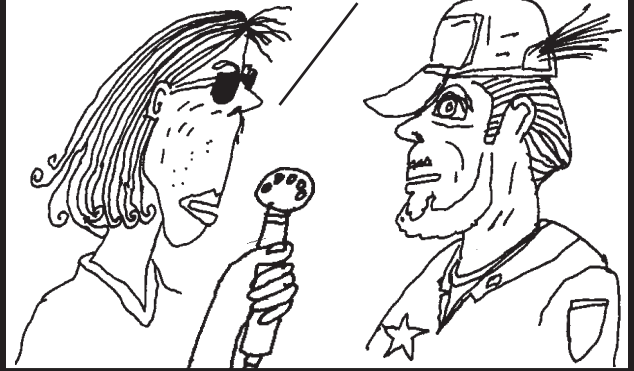
This is Merl Cheese reporting for KST TV. I'm now several miles south of the Central Kansas City of Great Neck. I am standing ankle deep in mud in a place named Cheyenne Low Spot. I will be talking with a Ranger Roger A. Runt... or would that be Roger Ranger? Ha! Ha! Just a joke, sir, no offense intended.



No offense taken. Yes, Mr. Cheese, you are indeed, standing in mud up to your ankles in the center of the center pool of Cheyenne Low Spot. This particular place was originally named after the tribe of native Americans that once lived in this area. This particular spot in Cheyenne Low Spot is considered the central location of the Central Flyway for a half dozen species of game birds that are harvested every year by millions of God fearing Americans.



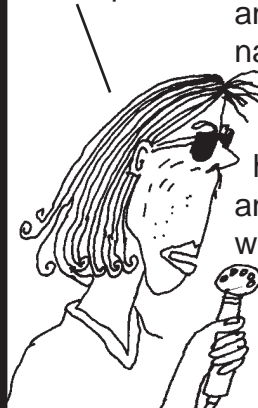
Well... that is interesting, Ranger Runt... Well now, would you please explain to our viewing audience the purpose of standing out here in the mud with swarms of Mosquitoes flying around our heads and getting into our ears and mouths?



Yes... Mr. Cheese. I brought you out here in the middle of this central pool to give you some small idea the size of this reserve and the immense job the Kansas Wild harvest conservation group has in developing these areas.

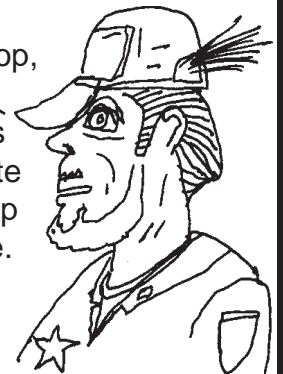


What do you mean when you refer to the term develop?



Yes... It is essential that we do everything possible to divert all rivers, creeks, water ways, draws, ponds and run off from the nearby Barton Hills subdivision into this natural area and turn it into this country's only natural inland sea.

The term, Develop, refers to the hundreds of dams and tons of concrete we're going to dump into this very site.



Please excuse me, but tell me I'm wrong when I say, dumping tons of concrete rocks from old building sites into this completely natural area that we are now standing, will completely screw up the whole natural cycle in this area?



Well, you are wrong Mr. Cheese. The dumping of all that concrete industrial waste with the reinforcing rebar still intact will add strength to this area. I know, because I've been dumping such materials in this natural spot for years and we have had no negative reactions to this activity so far!



The jury is still out on that one, Mr. Runt. Just look at the impact alone on the looks of this place. Please explain that piece of concrete we saw as we drove in to this sight?



If you are referring to that giant slab of blue concrete that came from the old country club swimming pool and dumped along this dike, then I must say that was put there by mistake by a previous director of Cheyenne Low Spot .



You made reference to an inland sea in a previous statement in this interview. Can you tell us what that entails and how is that going to be different to the vast amount of water we saw flooding into this place earlier this spring? That certainly looked like the beginnings of an Inland sea to me? How will, what you plan to do, differ from what we have already witnessed this year?



What happened this spring was a complete surprise. It simply rained more than we expected and things got out of control. Someone was going to blame that all on God, but...

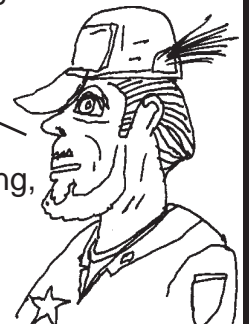


Wait a minute Mr. Runt... I interviewed a local farmer and he said he'd lived here all his life as did his father and grandfather and they say the water has never been that high before. They claim it is, because of the continuous construction of dikes, water control gates, roads, creek and river diversions that are causing the rise of water levels and that the Wild Life and Parks Department employees have their heads up their ass... and that you have no shame when you blame it on God.



If you would let me finish my statement, I would have explained the God thing. Like I said... Someone suggested we blame it all on God, but I said that was disgraceful and so we decided to blame it on those people responsible for the out of control water levels. We did this even though we knew we would take a great deal of heat for the decision.

No sooner did we blame it on the adjacent farmers and tourists that came out snooping, that you, the media show up and put the finger on us.



Since we are on the subject of blame and the subject of unfair news coverage... I think it would be the time to ask about the giant out-of-control fire you had last summer that burned over one hundred thousand acres of adjacent farms and ranch land. From what I remember, a staff member of the Cheyenne Low Spot told our reporter that the fire was a controlled burn. Just what is a controlled burn and how does a burn out-of-control as that burn seemed, be referred to as "Controlled?"



Good question... Mr. Cheese. I would like our burn expert, Merl Slab to answer that question... Merl?



Good to meet you, Mr. Slab. So you are the official burn expert here at the Cheyenne Low Spot? Is that your official title and sole duty here at the area?



Officially, I am the backhoe and bulldozer operator. Then they made me the official fur starter here at the area, so I guess that makes me the expert on starting furs. I used to do it a lot when I was a kid, but I is grew up now and here I am! The last one I done started was the biggest in my career.



If I understand correctly, because I don't want to be accused of falsely reporting the news... Wasn't that fire referred to as a "Controlled burn" and it destroyed a hundred thousand acres of adjacent farm and ranch land? Just what is a controlled burn?



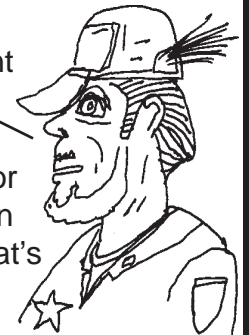
Well... Let me think here? Aaaa.... Well, a controlled burn is when we start the fur and a uncontrolled burn is when someone else starts the fur.



What's the difference? A fur... I mean, a fire burning out of control in a forty mile an hour wind started by an expert is the same as a fire out of control, started by a cigarette butt in the weeds.



I would like to interject here for just one moment. I do not mean to impose upon the expert analysis of the recent fire by Mr. Slab, but it would be fair to explain the official procedure of starting a controlled burn here at the Cheyenne Low Spot. We... that is the burn committee, sit down at the conference table and set a schedule for the next controlled burn. We contact the weather bureau in Wichita to get a accurate forecast for the agreed upon dates. We usually plan these fires no more than three months in advance so the adjacent farmers and ranches have time to move cattle, homes, barns and expensive equipment to safer areas. I must admit, sometimes the forecast was for light winds and it is some times blowing harder than expected, but we have to stick to the schedule. That's why we all go out of town when he lights the fires.

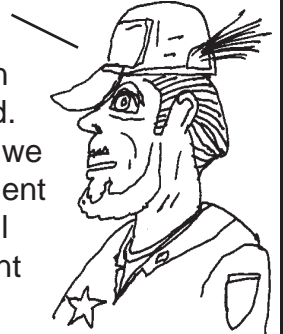


Where does the word "Control" come into play in all this?



Well, hold your horses, Mr. Cheese, I was getting to that part. That term is one most misinterpreted in our business. The term "Controlled" does not refer to the burning of the blaze or the movement of a fire. No one is ever really in control of a blaze, no matter where it is or its size. Even the smaller fire in a fire place or a pile of raked leaves at the standard home is uncontrolled. No one can really control a fire. Once a fire is lighted... it is actually on it's own.

The term: "Controlled" refers to the measures taken before our fire expert sets the fire. At that time we are in control of the burn. We control the day it is to be started. We control the place where the fire is to be ignited and we have control of the direct line to the county fire department who will be dispatched the second we notice the fire will jump the reserve boundaries and jump onto the adjacent properties.



Wow! I guess you guys have it all covered. I had no idea the complexity of running such an operation.

Well... Can you tell me the purpose of the Controlled burn in the first place. What is it for?



I'm sure glad you came to that question, Mr. Cheese....

You can go back to your bulldozer.. Mr. Slab!



But I thought I would tell them about how I started this last fire with that back-fire from the engine of my pickup.



You must understand the sole purpose of this game reserve is to reserve gaming birds for harvest. This is a business like any other business in this state. Sure, we wear uniforms and run around acting like cops, but we're really business men. We do what it takes to increase the number of gaming birds so as to have plenty to offer the men who come from around the world to the annual Harvest season. In order to maximize the number of game birds we must maximize the safety of their nests, eggs and chicks. That is where the controlled burn comes into play. We burn off the vegetation that harbors predators such as snakes, foxes, coyotes, domestic dogs and any other animal that could potentially reduce the population of the game bird. We also use the controlled burn to burn off all the other species of domestic bird such as the red winged black bird and local sparrow, cardinal, and finch, because they eat the valuable seeds and grain that should go to the money making species.



This has certainly been an education for me. I would like to thank you for your input on these pressing issues.



I am sure now that the adjacent home owners, ranchers and farmers will more appreciate the contribution the adjoining wild life reserve is providing. I am equally sure that the next time their family home- stead is inundated by a wall of water or burned over by an-out-of-control, Controlled blaze, they will

be much more understanding of the job you have to do out here every day of the year.



Thank you Mr. Cheese. I'm sure once this information gets out, the people next to this reserve will be glad that we exist next to them and that they should be grateful for the occasional fire or flood we provide... and not to mention all the concrete and waste construction material we dump in this natural site, thus eliminating it from the county land fill.



Now... Mr. Runt, I understand that you are going to take me to a special place in this reserve and show myself and the viewers some of the jobs you do as manager of this vast natural wonderland. I understand you will show us some of your policing skills?



Indeed I am, Mr. Cheese!



Mr. Cheese... I'm going to show you the brunt of my job out here in the Cheyenne Low Spot. I spotted this sucker just as we were ending our informative interview. I'm glad that this sucker came along so I can show you how our police training comes into play when we deal with these trespassers. I'll have to turn off the main road here, so Mr. Cheese, you better hang on, because the going is gonna get a little rough from here on in.

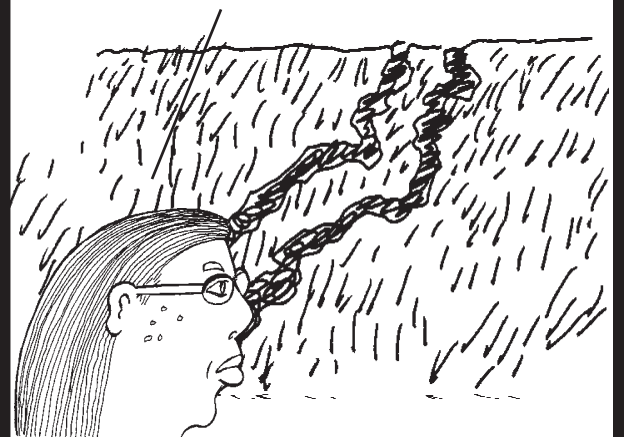


Hey!... Yeah you, old dude, but this is a restricted area and it is off limits to all activities. You are disturbing nesting water fowl by your activity.

Well sir, I had no idea the area was off limits. I was just walking and looking at the nature.



Mr. Ranger man... you might want to follow your own ruts back out, because we wouldn't want to disturb any more nesting waterfowl... Would we?



Mr. Runt, I wasn't going to say anything, but this old dude has a point about you driving your vehicle out here and leaving those nasty ruts. I'm sure that the damage from this vehicle has caused much more damage to the nesting birds than anything this old dude has done.

I certainly don't excuse his being out here in this restricted zone, because if he's allowed to be here, then what is to keep everyone else from coming out when they feel like it?

Wouldn't it have been better to have walked out here to warn him to leave?



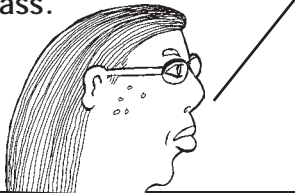
Mr. Cheese... I'm going to show you how I handle smart asses like this. You stay here in the truck and I'll be right back.

Ladies and gentlemen... Mr. Runt is going to demonstrate a park technique for dealing with Irate Trespassers.



Okay... old dude, I tried it the nice way and now I'm going to show you how I normally ask people to get off this sacred parks department land. This area is designated as no trespassing or activities for any reason what-so-ever.

Well, sir I'm trying to leave so I f you don't mind... I'm sorry and I will be getting on my way. I will follow the truck ruts, so I don't cause farther damage to the grass.



"Ker-Whack!"

Don't you think that was a bit harsh of a punishment for the crime. I mean, you did hit the guy right in the center of the face with the butt of your side arm.



Hey Cheese... you gotta talk the language they understand. The old dude didn't move when I told him to move and he got himself hit in the face. When he looks at himself in the hospital mirror tomorrow he'll be remembering this day for quite a while.



I'll tell you why, Cheese! It's because I do as I damned please out here and if you know what's good for you... you'd be really careful what you use from this interview on your little television show. Do you get my drift?

Hey... Runt! Why aren't you following the same ruts out. It would seem you're causing twice the damage now as you did coming in this area.



The End

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