

Monkey Stamp Comics Presents:

Issue 9

5/1/2008

Old Guy Super Hero

In search of catpassion

A ride with an angel

A ride with the devil.

Cash cab

Alfie and Pom Pom

Alley Crap!

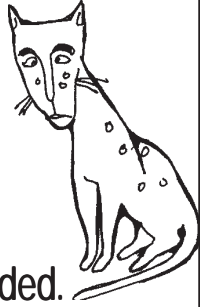


By Robert Joy

Cost: \$5.00/Monthly Issue

The Old Guy: In search of catpassion:

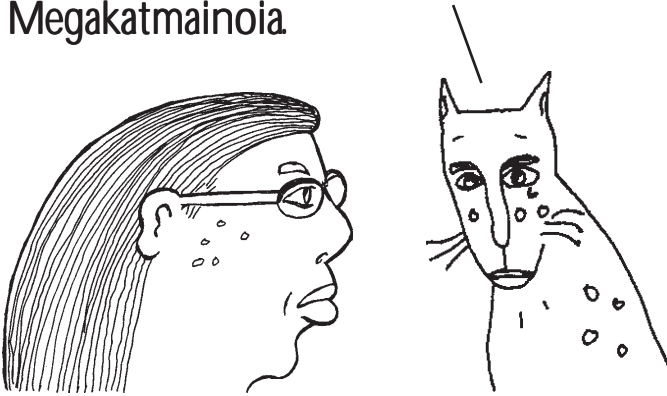
You will begin your training immediately. You will pack your belongings and travel to New York City. You will be in search of catpassion. When you find it; return here with the evidence and I will judge whether you have failed or succeeded.



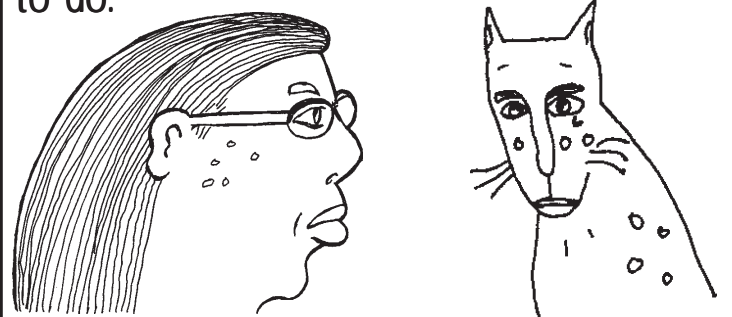
But... Frank. I want to just stay here. I've been all over the world and this is the place I want to stay.



You will no longer address me as Frank. From now on you will address me as Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia



From now on i am Master Meowo-ramadama Megakatmainoia and you are the Grasshopper. There will be no more discussion on what you will be expected to do.



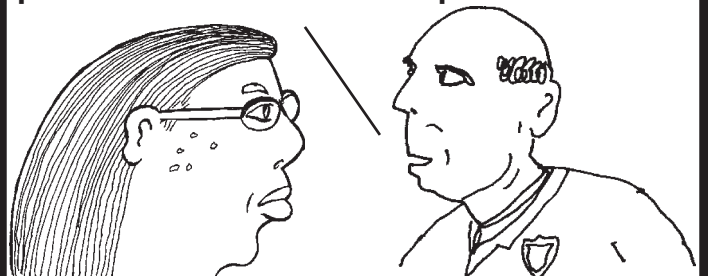
I hate airports. I hate going to New York. I don't know what Catpassion is. Why the hell does Master Meowo-ramadama Megakatmainoia expect me to search for



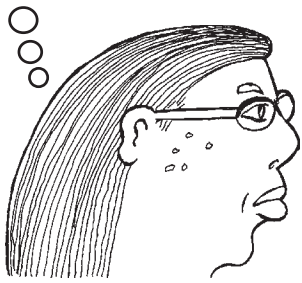
Catpassion. Cats aren't passionate about anything, but food. Damn it, I'm even talking cat already!

At the airport...

Sir... our computers have flagged you as a potential Arab terrorist so we will be required to have you to go through a complete F.B.I. profile check and strip search.



That was a humiliating degrading experience if I've ever had one. I don't think they even changed gloves between the anal and mouth searches. These under shorts don't even feel like my own.

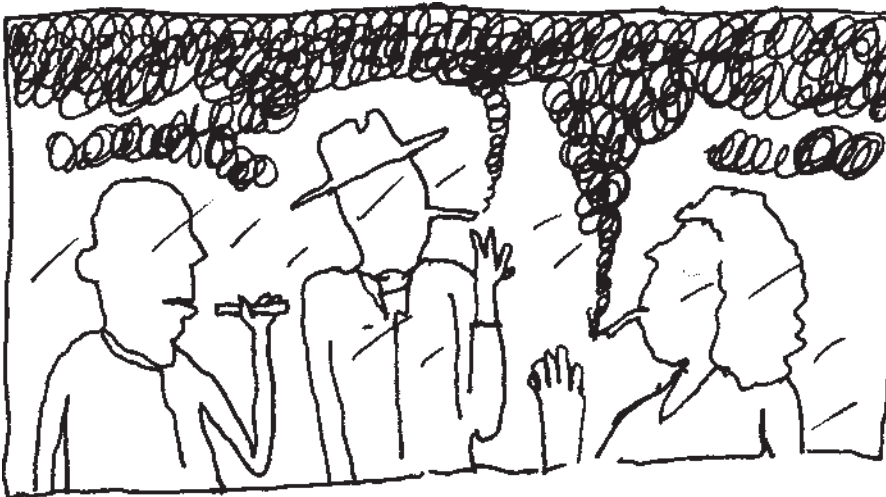


**flight 123 for NY,
now boarding at
gate 123**

Now that is a pathetic sight if I've ever seen one before. I'm glad I'm not a smoker. I will find no compassion in there.

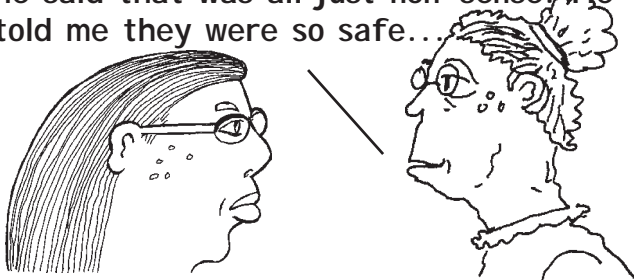


Designated smoking area



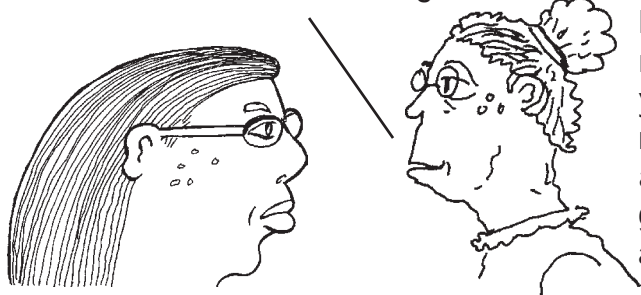
**Flight 123 has
been cancelled due
to a Terroist
threat ten thou-
sand miles from
here. Please wait
five hours while
we investigate.**

I've been watching you for the past hour and you look like you are as nervous as I am traveling on these airplanes. I've never done this before, but my oldest son wants me to fly to New York and keep care of him. I told him I was scared to death of airplanes, but he said that was all just non-sense. He told me they were so safe...



... as walking across the street. My goodness, wasn't that just the most humiliating thing going through that inspection line. Those men all wanted to see what I had in my purse and they made me take off my shoes and then just stood around looking at me. I watched the men just walking by without the slightest how-dee-do. They were just picking on the women as if we were a bunch of terrorists, just because a couple of women have been caught over in that place... I don't remember its name... Afganiroack or something like that... carrying a sewer-side bomb in their bras. I bet they don't even have sewers in Afganiroack..The heathens.

Don't you just hate the way they trash talk the president on that Tonight Show. If that Jay Leno was my son, I'd wash his mouth out with soap. My boys were never allowed to trash talk the president when they were at home. If they came home from school and talked about the teachers or if they came home from church and talked about the priest in that tone... I'd put a knot on their heads for trash talk. My boys never trash talked and that's why I get so durned mad when I see that Jay Leno trash talking the president. Now I don't mind him doing that to that trashy woman... What's her name now? aaaaaa...

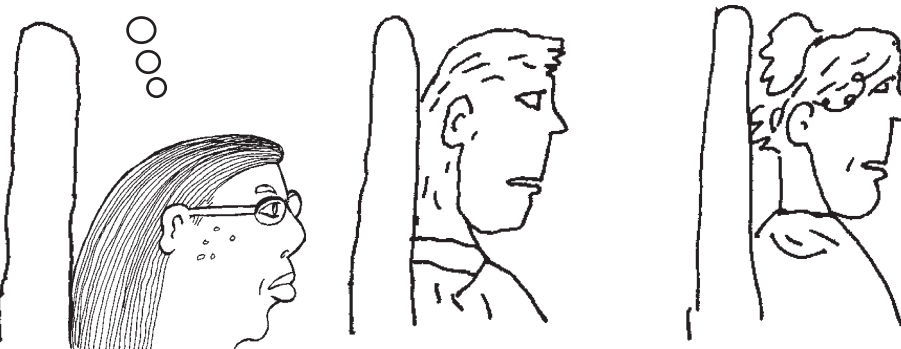


let me see.... don't you hate it when you can't remember a name. I'm just getting old... don't you just hate it when you get old?... Oh now I remember, Britney Spears. She is always going around showing off her underwear to the photographers and now all that trouble with the media about her children... it's just pathetic, isn't it?

Three hours later:

We have wonderful news for everyone trapped by a gabby old grandmother... Flight 123 will be boarding in ten minutes.

This is crap. I'd bet there's more room than this in the cargo hole.

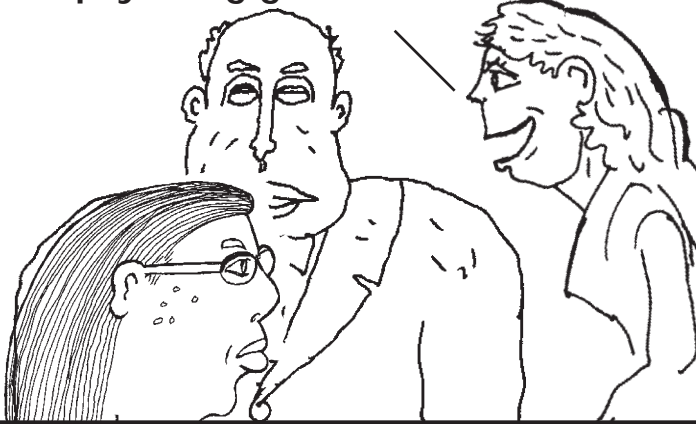


Hey old guy... That's my seat. I'm in one-A. I always ask for the aisle seat, because of my gigantic proportions and I pass gas alot.



A ride with an angel.

Excuse me sir, but may I have one moment with the old guy before you drop your gigantic ass into the seat.



I am the flight attendant from the first class section and I have a young lady who experiences a very bad time with flying.



She has requested a male member of coach section to come up front and share the extra seat she has reserved for such a case. Would you be interested or would you prefer to suffocate next to this fat ass all the way to Chicago?

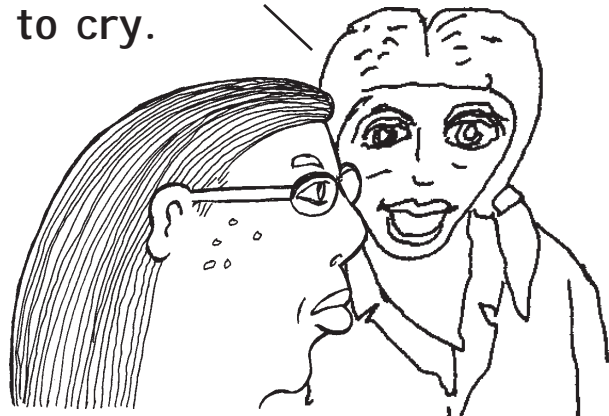


ONE MINUTE LATER!

Oh, thank you sir. You just saved my life. Thank you so much for coming up to ride with me.



You just don't know what it's like to be a big rock star. I get so lonely sometimes that I just want to cry.



Hi... I'm Britney Spears! What's your name, sir?



There is something wrong here? Have I died? Has the plane crashed?



I'm not saying a word until I know if I'm dead. I'm not going to talk unless I know I can't screw this thing up by saying something?



Would you care for some wine or are you hungry?

Okay... I'm really not sure if I'd recognize you, so I have to go with the fact that you say you're who you are; but why me?

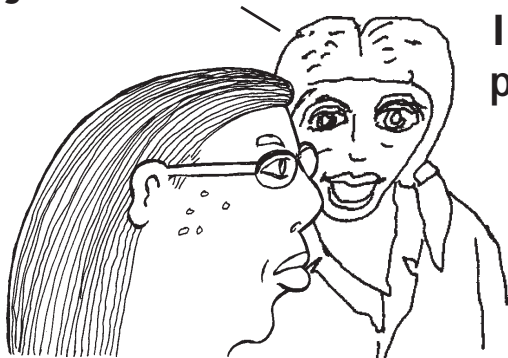


Because you look so fun and fatherly.

Wow! I guess there is a first time for everything. I have died.



I have been having so much trouble lately and I just needed someone to ride with that wouldn't judge me for my past behavior. It's just so hard to be alone at times like this.



I hope I am not imposing too much on you for the next hour before we land in Chicago.

I hope that fat ass back in coach blows some real hot burners.



My name is Ambros Demiritus Offlinger, Esq.

Sure you are! I'm glad I picked you. You're so funny.



Okay God... What's going on here? I can take a few jokes, but this one has gone on long enough...

What's the catch here?



You know, Mr. Offlinger. I don't think you believe I'm really Britney Spears, but I am. I was here in Wichita visiting an aunt... I had to disguise myself as an old woman just to get out of L.A. and not be followed by that horrible Paparazzi. They never leave me alone. I had this one guy climb up the side of my house just to snap a photo of me in my PJ's. Those people are desperate... That horrible photograph of me getting out of the car was just the worst thing that could happen at a time when I didn't need any more trouble. I was in the middle of an ugly custody battle and then that happens. Then the Tonight Show gets ahold of the story and it just goes on and on every night. I used to just love Jay Leno, but since that...



...he's finally gotten off of poor misunderstood, Paris Hilton, he's started in on me. Like, he's just going on and on.... Hey, Old Dude? I mean, Mr. Offlinger, Would you care for some gum? I've got Juicy Fruit, Peppermint, and some Jr. Mints... The candy on the plane sucks, so I bring my own, because I can get what I want and it's a hell of a lot cheaper. My father says I talk way too much, but what the hell does he know. He didn't make a tenth of the money in his whole pathetic life, as I made in the first six months of last year. My old man and my Ex are pathetic losers and they have no right to have any authority over my affairs. What do you think? Come on... What do you think? Are you sure you don't want any gum?



Come on... What do you think? I bet you think I talk too much like my dad says I do. You're an old man, but my dad isn't as old as you are, but he acts that way... Are you sure you don't want no gum.



Meow! Meow!
I am not Mr.
Offlinger. I am
the old guy...
super hero!

Wow! What was
that? That
sounds so cool!



Wow! You sounded
just like a cat. I
just love cats. Do
it again, please.



Meow, is the new Ohm. I follow the teachings of the Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia. He is master of the "Way of the Cat." I am on my way to New York City to discover compassion. So far the mission has been a miserable failure. There is no compassion in the airline industry.



Wow! You really are an actual
super hero just like in the
comic books. What are you
called? I mean, what is your
super hero name?



Call me...
"Old guy."

Okay... Old guy it
will be from now on.
Meow! Meow! Meow!



The "Meow chant" should not be taken so lightly. It is the voice of the Cat. It is the sound that comes from the forest and it will summon the Cure of the Cat when you are in spiritual distress.



Can I learn the Way of the Cat? Where do I buy the CD? You are so cool Old Guy! I sure hope you like to write letters. My hobby is writing letters to people. I want real answers, but all I get back are shallow fan e-mail's.

Don't blow this, Old guy! Don't open your big mouth and start blabbing out all the crap in your head...



Please fasten your seat belts we are approaching Chicago O'Hare. We will be landing in approximately ten minutes

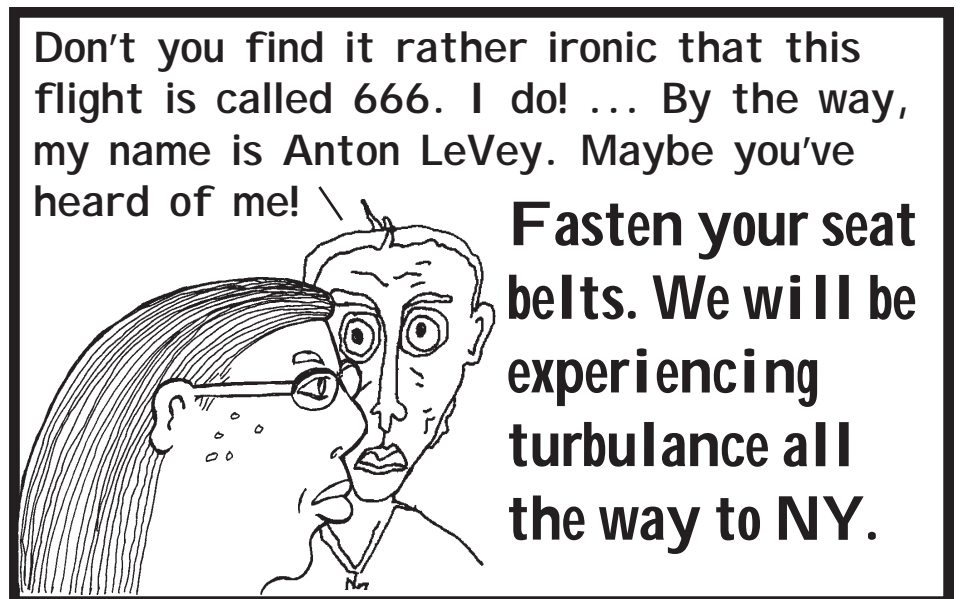
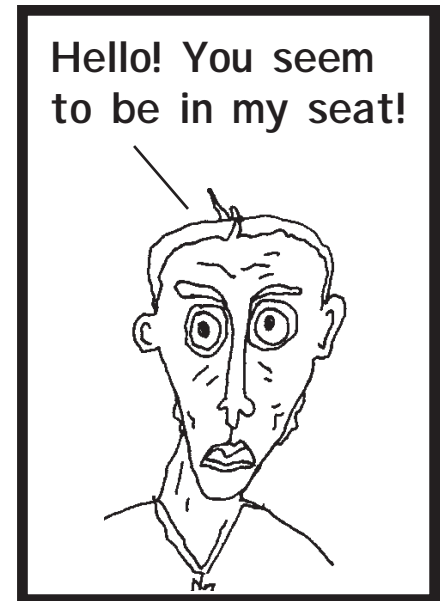
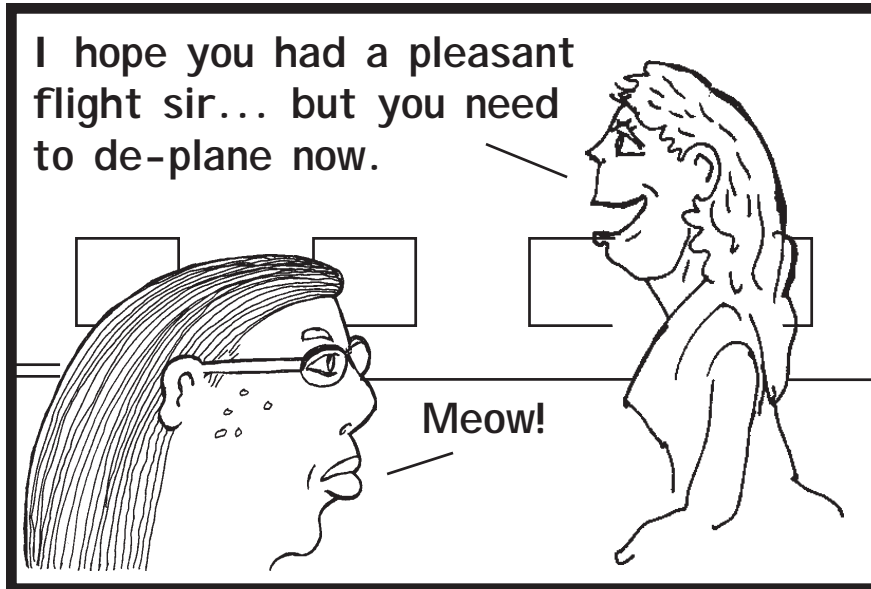


Well... old guy this is where I get off. Here is my personal mailing address and cell phone number. Please write.

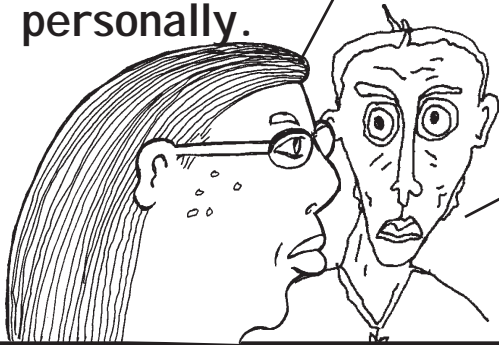
Here's a great big kiss from Britney and I hope you have a very nice trip to New York, bye!



The Old Guy: A ride with the devil.



Hello, my name is Ambros Demiritus Offlinger, Esq. and I suffer from ISID instant sleep induced disorder. If I should drop off... don't take it personally.



that's not a Jewish thing, is it? It's not something I could contract?

I'm sorry about that outburst, but you must know I'm on a hit list.



Why would anyone want to hurt a nice looking man such as yourself?



Because of who I am and what I stand for!

Okay! Tell me again who you are and maybe I will make a connection with something.



I am Anton LeVey, founder of the Church of Satan.

You look so calm. You mean, none of that bothers you! Most of the time when people find out who I am, they jump up and demand a different seat. I'm used to having all the seats to myself and I want you to leave.



Why don't you leave, asshole. I like this seat and I'm staying... by the way, besides having ISID, I also suffer from involuntary bowel movement and gas release. IBM&GR That's why I always take the empty rows.

Ah, Ha! I love you old man. You have a sense of humor and I love that in people I travel with. A man in my business doesn't run into people who laugh. Most of the laughing is for other horrible reasons. Just for that... you may stay seated next to Anton LeVey.



Crap!



Where are you from?

Dartmouth, Kansas.



That sounds so familiar? I was just in Kansas two days ago and that name, Dartmouth rings a bell.



Un-holy Satanic Crap! I've been to Dartmouth. I thought it sounded so familiar. Isn't it Ironic that we were in the same place.



As I remember...there isn't a whole lot in Dartmouth. A grain elevator and not much more. I went to see an e-mail friend deeply involved in the workings of the Satanic church. I went to consult with him on starting a chapter in Great Falls, Great Bend or some place named like that.



It was a weird arrangement. Nothing I'd want to be involved with. This guy named Roget wanted to have a temple in his chicken coop. It was on a farm at the edge of town run by a man named McKitty. Roget didn't even own the Chicken house, but he assured me



it wouldn't matter, because he was in real tight with the owner of the farm. I wasn't all that sure, because those two had a couple of arguments while I was there.

McKitty Farm and Roget Dodger!



That's the names. They went at it and I just slipped away until it was over. Man, I decided almost from day one that I wasn't going to spend my time and money setting up a Satanic church under those adverse conditions. I mean, I'm trying to make our organization family friendly and we can't be involved in domestic disputes and we certainly can't be holding services in a chicken coop. I didn't say anything



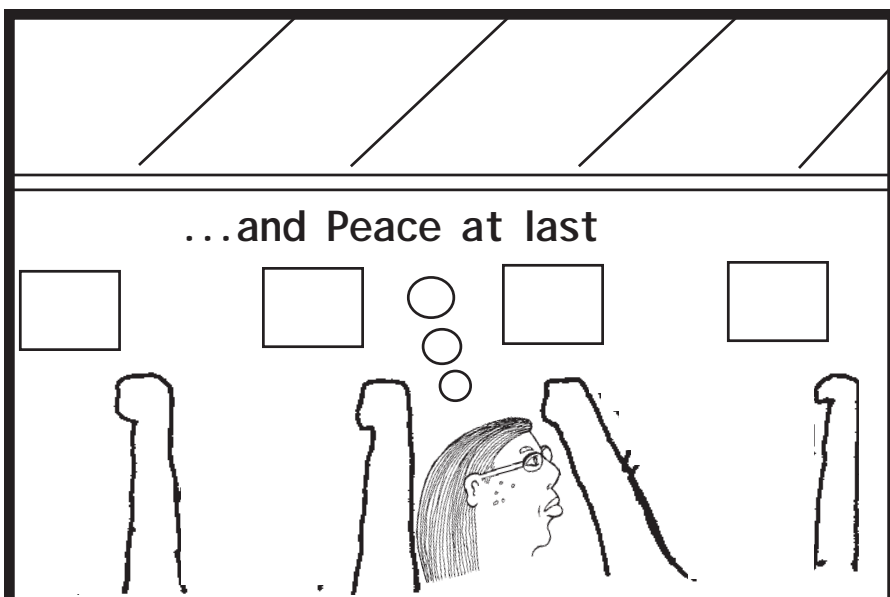
right away, because I never react on my first impression. I waited a couple of days for my decision to gel. We went out for dinner a couple of times and just for fun one Sunday afternoon, Roget took me to the Dartmouth bridge and we shot at the cats in the river bed. Man, if you haven't went cat hunting... you haven't lived. We had a flat tire and Roget didn't have a spare.

We had to walk eight miles back into town and I turned down the charter on the church on the way. Roget wasn't happy.



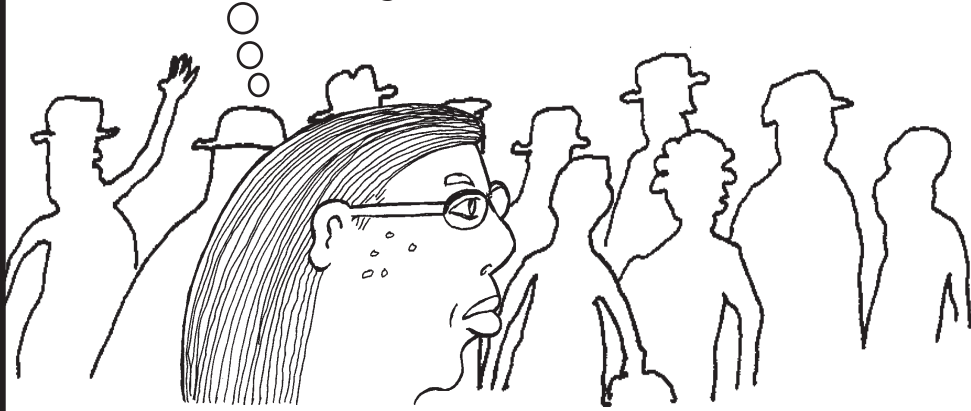
I can feel the gas building up. This is the big one coming... I've never felt this way before.





The Old Guy: Cash Cab

Boy... what a couple of my slow burners could do for this place. I better hold back because no telling when one will be needed.



You want, maybe the fastest cab in all New York City to get you to Letterman Show, because you are late and you don't mind paying extra.



No... I want maybe, safest cab driver in all New York to get me where I want to go without screwing me the tab, because he can spot a tourist who doesn't know where the hell he is or what he's doing.



Safe trip, no screwing... thirty-eight bucks.



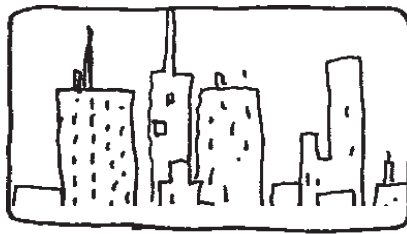
You got a deal, but no funny stuff... I'll be watching. I have a tourist map you know.



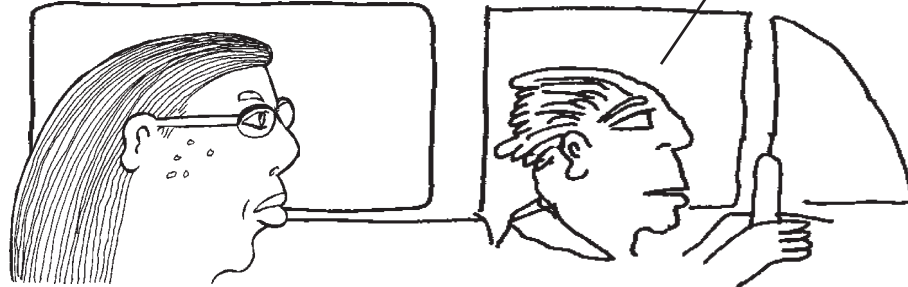
You got screwed maybe? Those tourist maps at the airport are big rip off. Who wants to see tourist shit: Brooklyn Bridge, Statue of Liberty, places like that? I have map of back streets and great places to get lost and meet real people and maybe get mugged and robbed in the broad day light. Only five bucks.



Three bucks and you got a deal.



You maybe don't mind small detour. I must pick up another passenger who is... (not kidding here)... late for the Letterman Show. You get great tour of town at no extra cost. I will show you places on map.



Go for it!



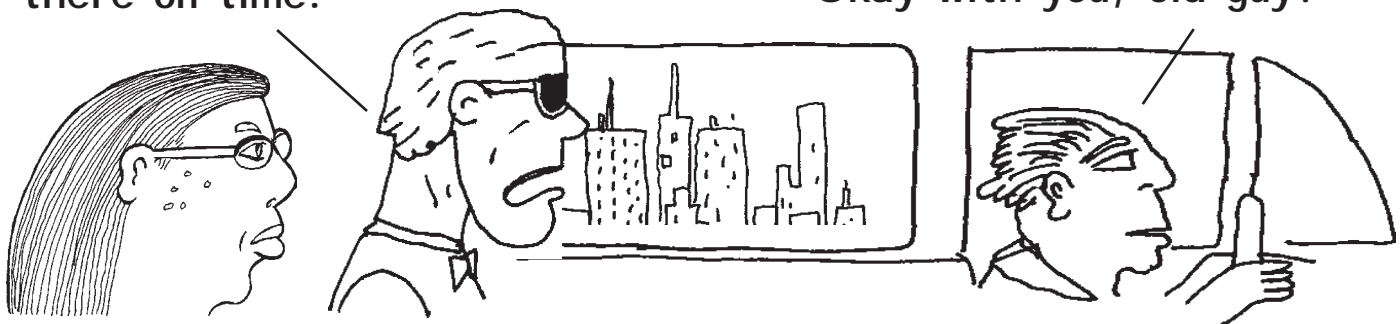
My good man... I need you to drive faster. At this rate I'm going to miss the Letterman Show.

I am driving in the safe and sure mode for old guy in back seat. He pay top dollar for safe trip. He pay one hundred dollar up front with tip.



I'll pay One-fifty with tip and another twenty five for the old guy to wave his rights. I am the guest for the show and I need to be there on time.

One seventy-five with tip. fifty for the old guy and I'll have you at the Letterman Show in twenty minutes flat. Okay with you, old guy?



Holy crap old man... How fast are you going?

I'm going twenty minutes worth. You pay! I drive like crazy man to keep promise. I should, maybe go faster? That be extra twenty bucks.



We here. Eighteen minute, two second flat... Extra two minute free.



I got only fifty bucks.. Take it or leave it, pal.



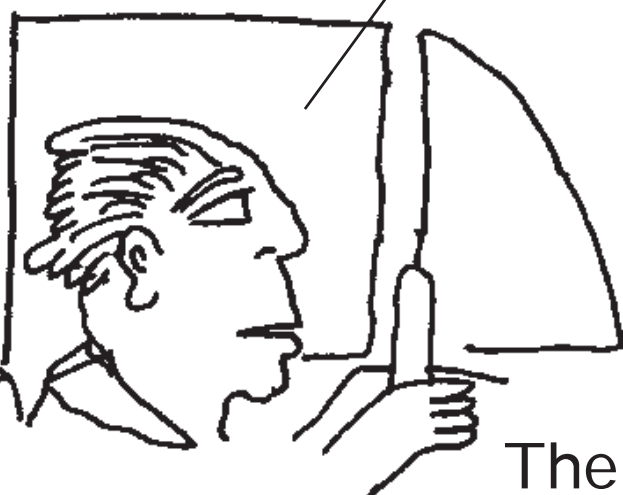
Big shot movie stars from L.A. This isn't the only time that's happened.



Yeah, but I bet it's the first time he's lost One thousand, two hundred fifty three dollars out of his wallet and on to the cab seat.

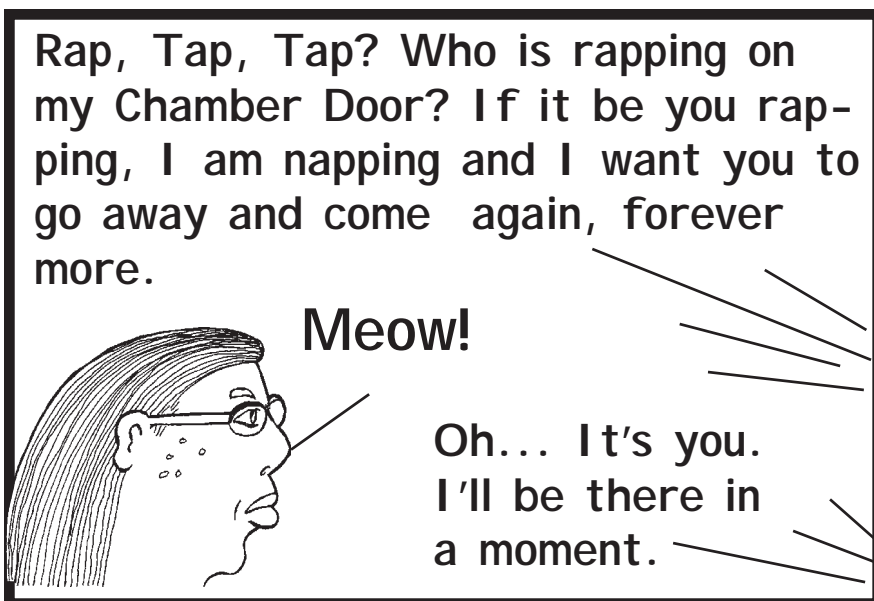
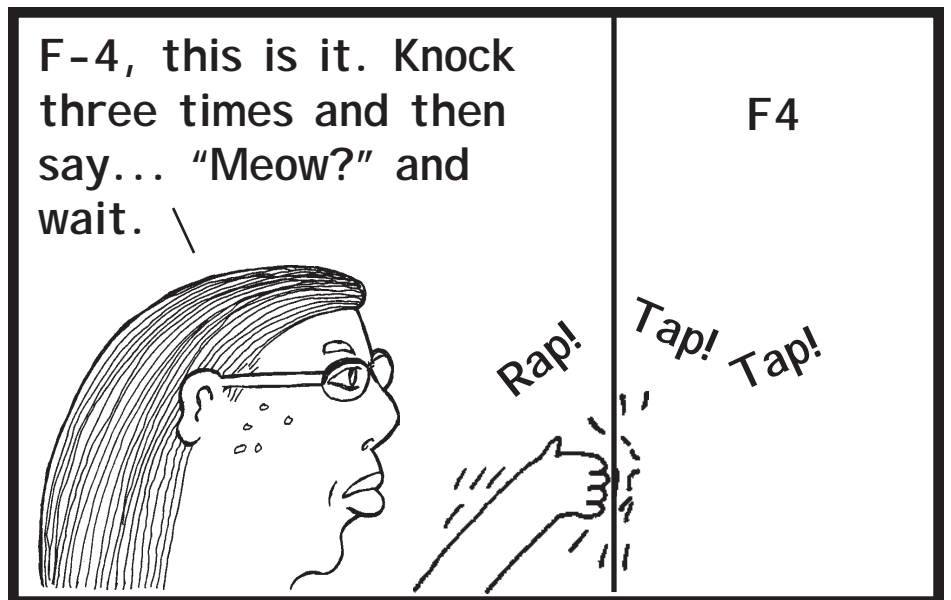
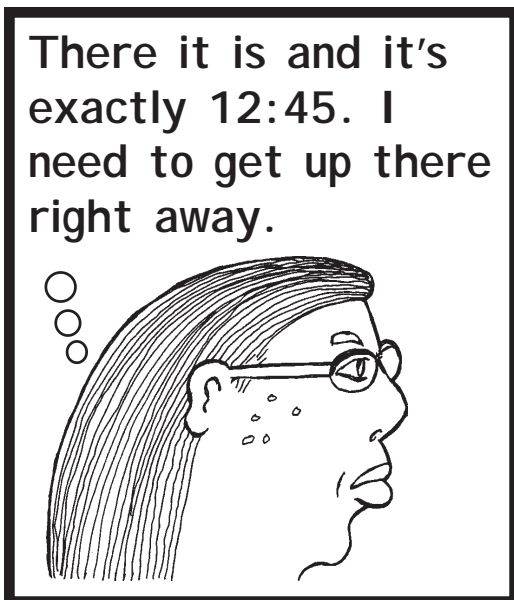
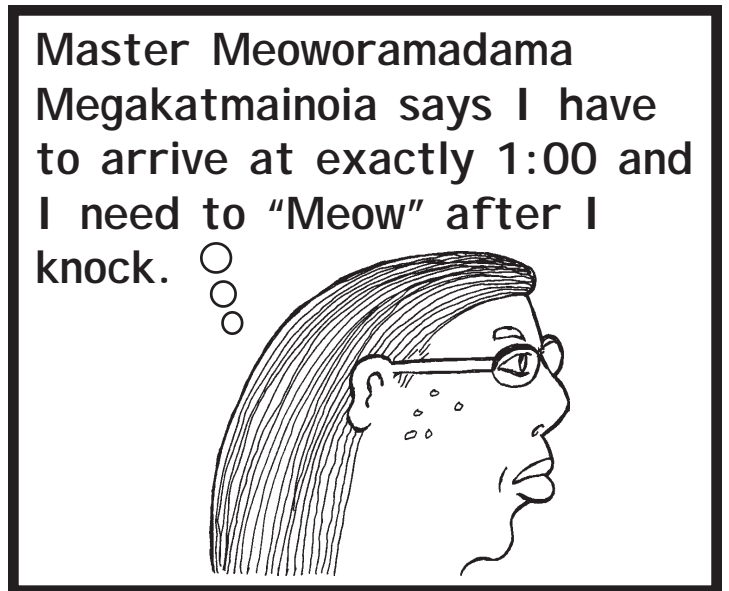
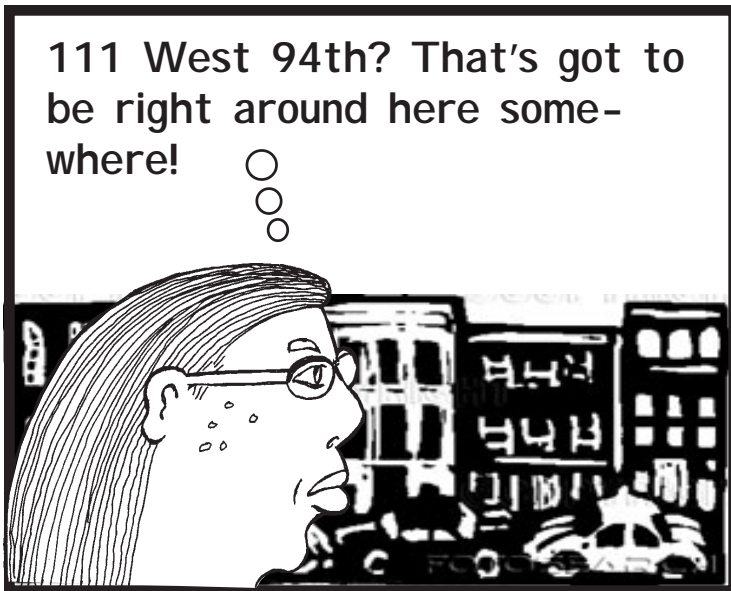


Old guy... you just made yourself a five hundred dollar raise.

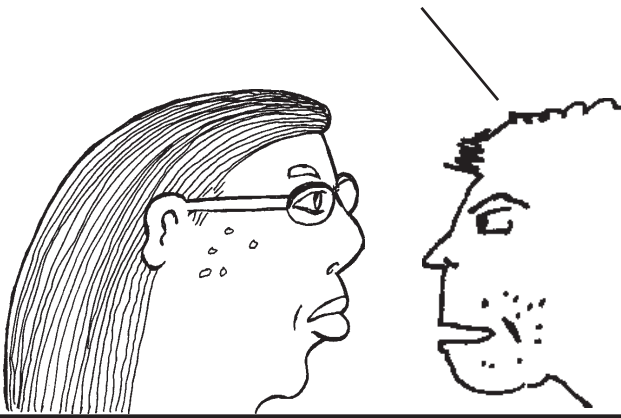


The End

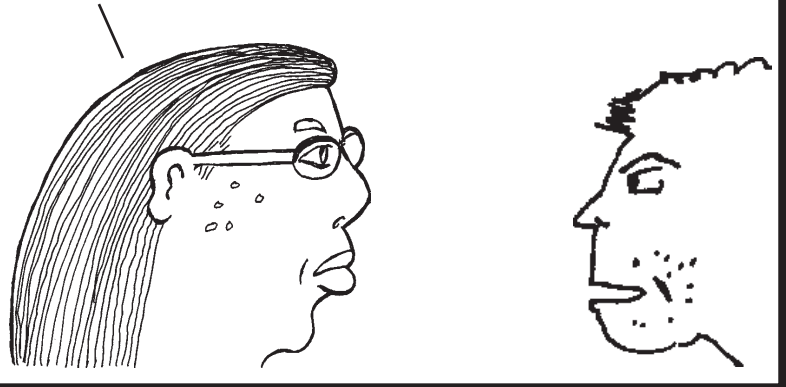
Alphi and Pom Pom



You're not Alfie. Who the hell are you?



I'm looking for an Alfie and a Pom Pom, in F4 here in this apartment building.



F-3! Like man, they live down stairs in F-3. This is like, F freaking four. This is where I live and those two cats, like aaa, live down stairs in freaking F-three. And dude... do me a big favor and tell those cats that I don't run my television all night and to stop slipping notes under my door, asking me to turn it down.



How do I get myself into this stuff? This is stupid.

Meow!

F3

Rap!

Tap! Tap!



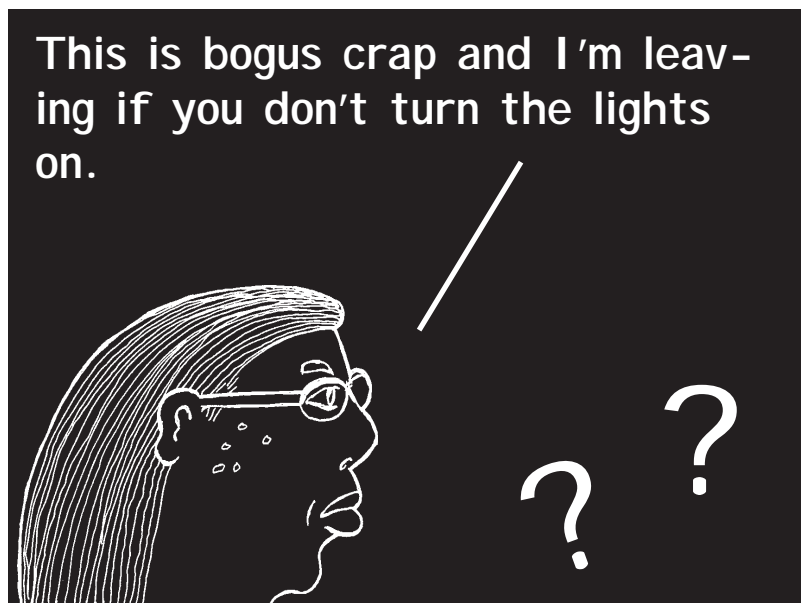
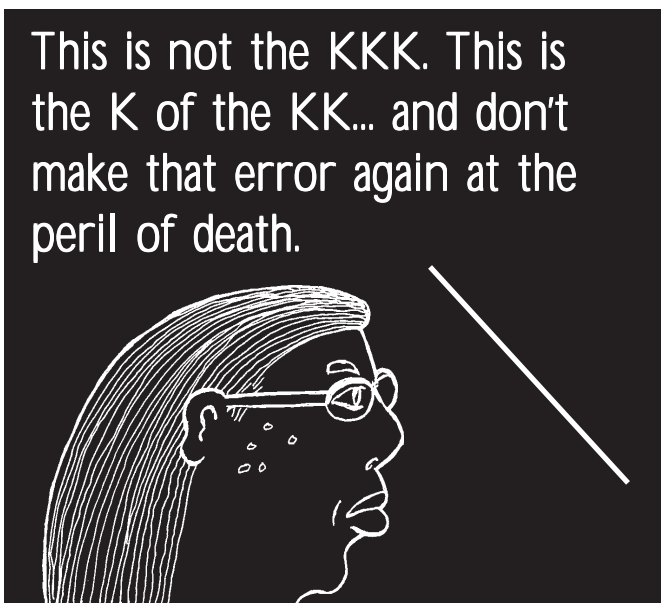
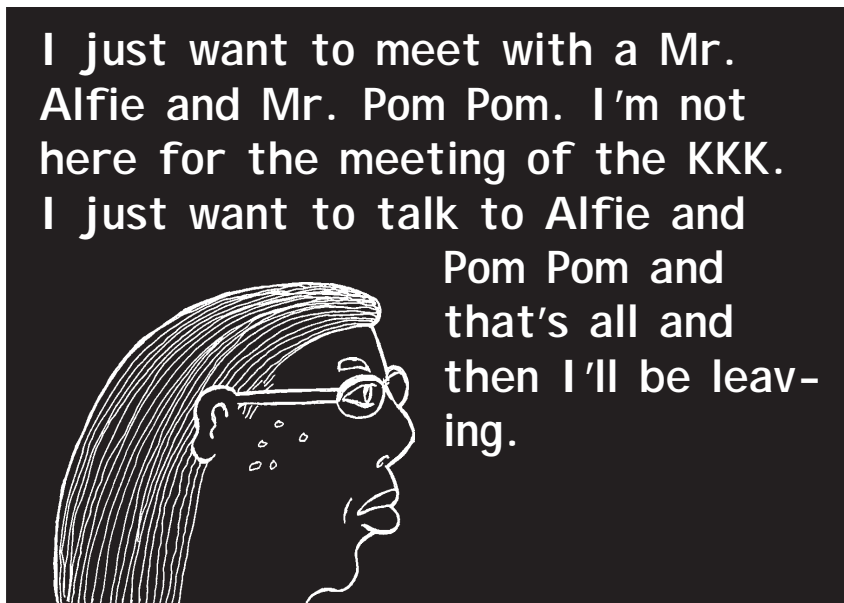
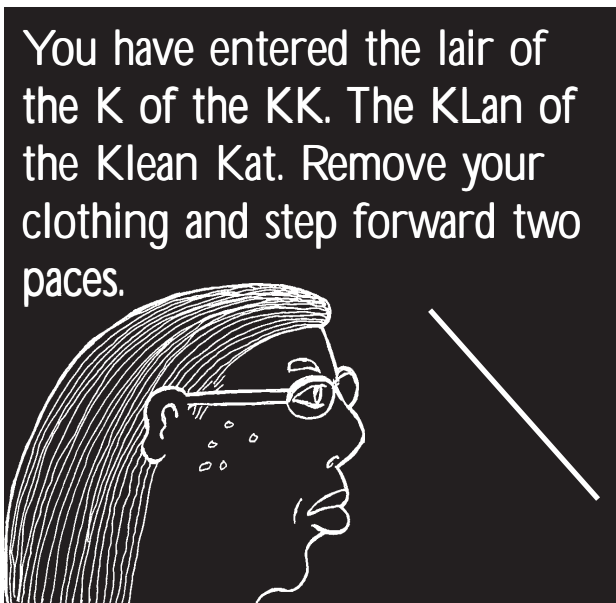
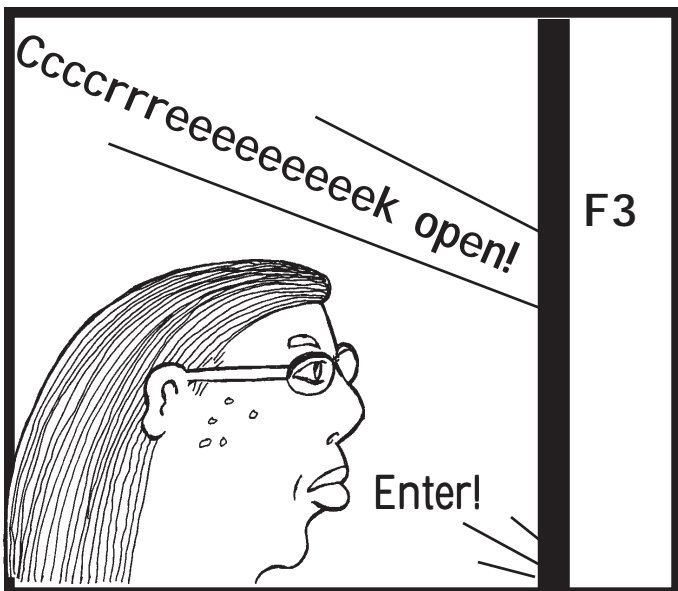
Click!

F3

Click!

Click!

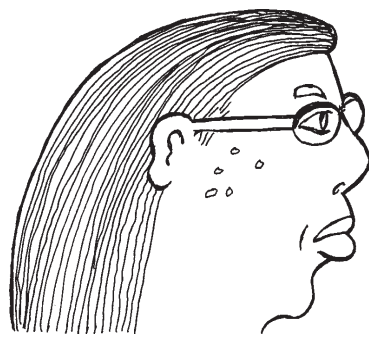




You passed the first test, Grasshopper! The test of fearless stupidity. Now for the second test.



What the hell is going on here. I was supposed to meet a couple of guys who live in this apartment?



They are out at the moment, but we are Alfie and Pom Pom and we are your teachers in the way of the cat. We know all about you and your human stubbornness and stupidity... and you could use a bath.



I had a bath this morning!

We mean a good spit bath six times a day. Have you licked yourself today?



Where do I put my stuff? Is this where I'm to stay on my visit?



Questions, questions! The Grasshopper has questions when he should be listening. He worries about his little comfort when he should be looking forward to his next lesson. Poor little Grasshopper... By the way... Turn over the money you stole from that guy in the cab!

Crap!



Alley Crap!

For your next test, you will be staying in an alley behind the Theater district of town. You will go to the Broadway play, "Cats" this very evening.



Then when it's over, I'll be expected to sleep out in the alley like a bum?

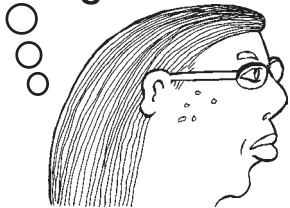


Never compare a cat to a bum, Grasshopper. You will find a place to curl up like a cat. Cats are never bums and don't you ever forget that.



at the theater...

This is a wonderful performance, but I can't concentrate because of my sleeping arrangements.



Pom Pom, I'm not sure of this guy. I don't think he has what it takes to be a cat. I'm not sure if Master Meoworamadama Megakatmainoia has made a sound decision on this one.

I know what you mean Alfie, but we must keep trying to bring it out in this ole guy.



This sleeping in the alley stuff is really going to suck big time.



I'll just stretch out on these cardboard boxes here.



I just hope the cops don't come and give me a bad time.



How in hell do the cats live in these conditions? This life really sucks. Damn! What the hell is pressing up on my back?



Look at this. It looks like a back pack full of something. Holy Crap! It's money!



The next morning...

Well, Grasshopper I'm sure you had a wonderful night dreaming of all that money. I'm sure you dreamed about all ten thousand dollars of it, but you can turn it all over to the K of the K K now. One of our student alley cats found it over a year ago. We hid it and then tricked you into finding it so we could retrieve it. Since we had no way to carry it back to the apartment, we waited until now. Sorry, but someone had to do it. You can keep a twenty spot if it'll make you feel better.



To be continued....

Monkey Stamp Comics
Old Guy
Super Hero

123 2nd Ave.

New York City, NY 10113

Phone: 555-666-8787

e-mail: monkeystampcomics@topguy.com

Web: MonkeyStampComics.com

(These numbers are bogus)

Copyright © 2008

No portion of this story can be recreated, copied, written, faxed, sent by photo phone, reproduced in colored sands, etched in stone, sent by Morse code or memorized over a wild night of uncontrollable drinking unless the author is invited to the party.

Robert Joy
306 E. 2nd Street
Ellinwood, KS 67526
Phone: 620-564-2917

Published by:
Monkey-Stamp Publishing Company
Ellinwood, KS 67526

