

Monkey Stamp Comics Presents:

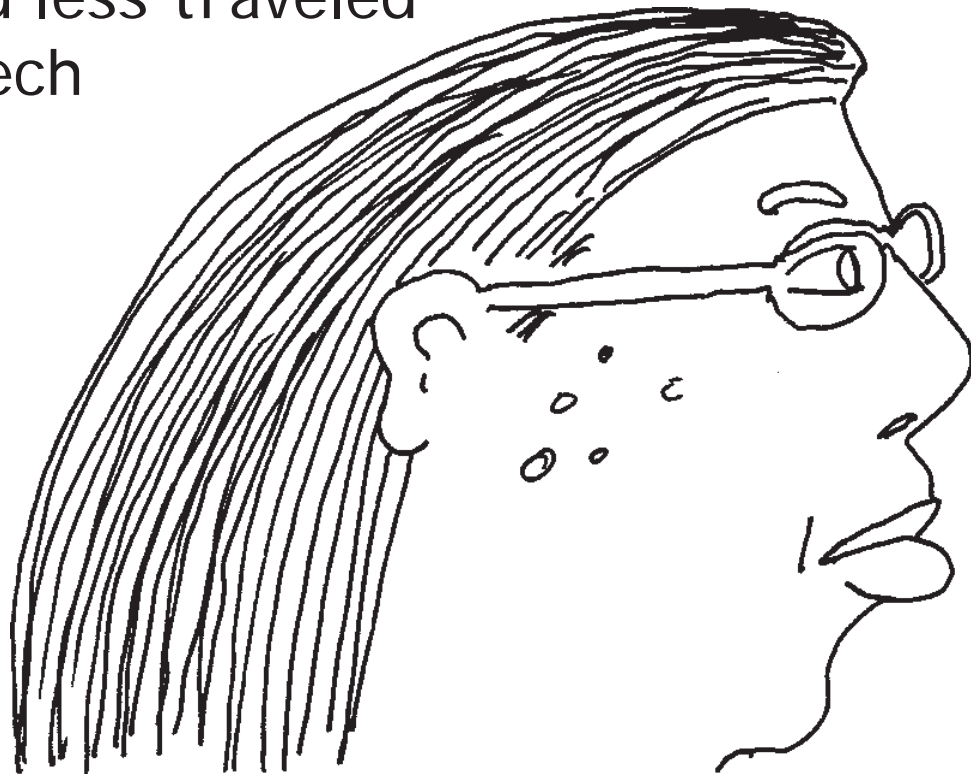
Issue 6

2/1/2008

Old Guy

Super Hero

Half billion Assholes
Company Policy
A road less traveled
A speech



By Robert Joy

Donate your feet for instant cash.

We had a recent rush for feet and there is a world wide shortage. We need feet today. Sign up today and receive up to five hundred dollars in instant cash.



FFC, Inc.
Feet For Cash, Inc.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Social Security Number: _____

Telephone # _____

Make an appointment before the holiday rush for guarantee to get the appointment you need and deserve. Money awarded only after the procedure and once the legs and feet are determined to be useable.

FFC, Inc.

123 2nd Ave.

Kansas City, KS 10113

The Old Guy: Half a billion Assholes!

I bet this will be the last sunny day of the year. I'm going to lay in the grass here in the court house square and look at the sky.



I hope that bird doesn't decide to crap in my eye. Crap!... there's a jet streaking up the perfectly blue sky. This looking at the sky is bogus.



My back is getting sore!



Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

What the hell is that?



Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep!

Go somewhere else with that crap?



You're right in my path you old bastard. Move your sorry ass out of the way or I'll run over you!

Beep!

Beep!
Beep!



Go around, you moron. you've got the whole damned park to do it in.

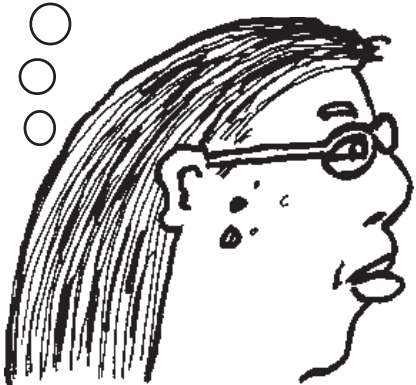
Move it, you bum!



I'm disabled and I have been driving this way for over two weeks and now you think you can block my way. I'm going to call the cops if you don't move.



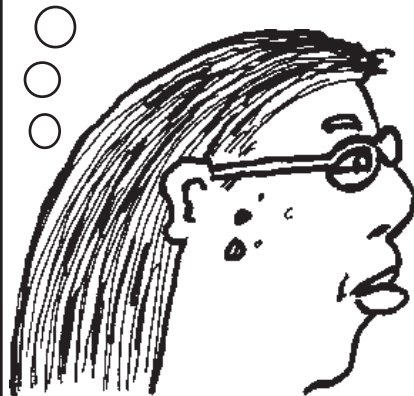
I must be careful here not to invoke my super powers.



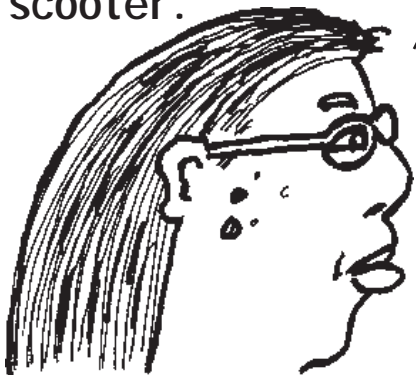
My super powers should only be used for good.



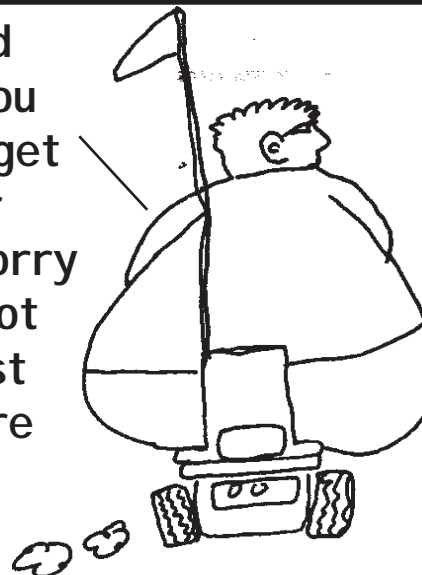
It will take all my will power not to kick his ass.



Since you're a disabled veteran I will concede this corridor to your electric scooter.



Smart move, old man, because you didn't want me get off this scooter and kick your sorry ass...And I'm not a veteran; I just haven't kept care of my health.



Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap!
Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap!
Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap!
Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap!
Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap! Crap!



It all sounds a bit
crappy to me.
What's going on Bob?



I got fired, because I
told a lady she'd look
nicer if she just smiled
more often.

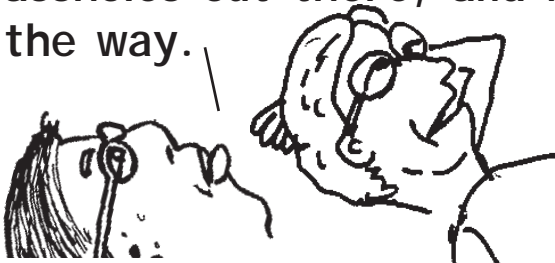
Crap! Crap!
Crap! Crap!
Crap! Crap!



It's all crap Bob... Believe me, I
know. Being able to hear thoughts
from two miles away, brings that
realization to me everyday.



I looked it up. There are going to
be approximately nine billion people
on this earth in 2050. There are
about six billion now. That means
there are about one half billion
assholes out there, and more on
the way.



What are we going to
do about it?



Just get up and move out of the way, I guess!



What the Crap?

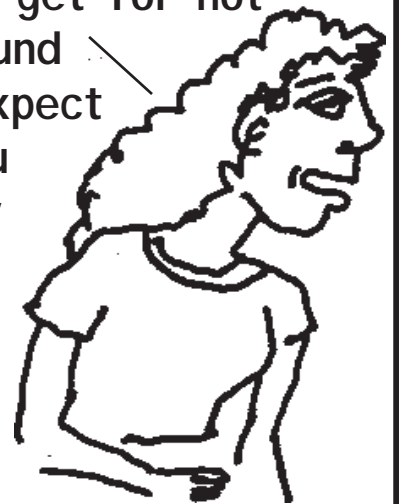
Rusty! Not there!



Hey lady... your dog just did a job on us.



That's what you homeless get for not having a job. You lay around in the park all day and expect the rest of us to give you a handout. Well, the only handout you'll get is this one from Rusty. Come along, Rusty... It's time for a nice little bath.



What a rude lady! I'm not even sure she's from this planet.



Hi Gina! Rose and I were laying out on the lawn looking at the sky and some dog just pissed on us.

Hi Rose! Hi Boob! What's up?

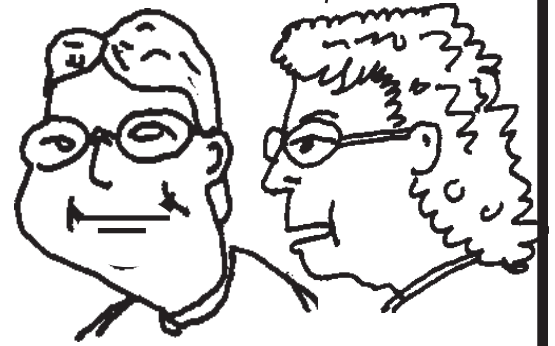


You know Baab... That isn't necessarily a bad thing? In some cultures it's a sign of good luck to have a dog piss on you.



What culture is that?

Tell you later?



Good Bye, Bob!

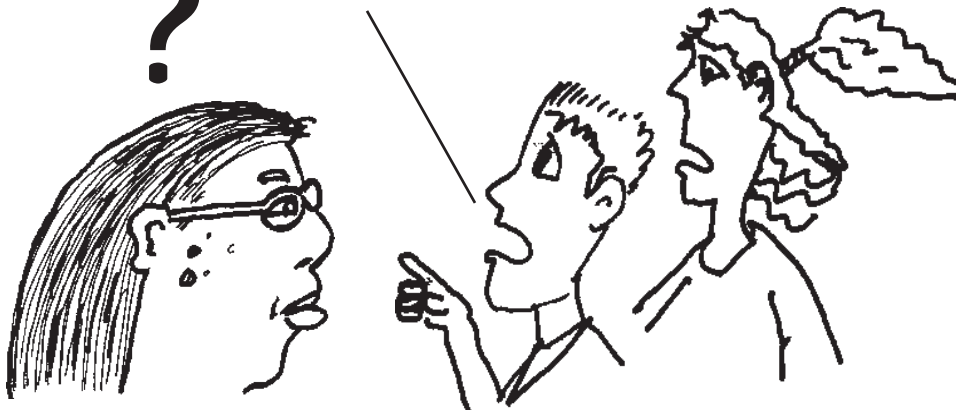
I tell him stuff like that to get his mind off his problems. It doesn't mean crap, but he doesn't know that.

?



Hey, mister! You've got a question mark over your head!

?



It's the sign of the beast. Run Johnny. I'll dial 911.



We got a report from a hysterical woman reporting a man with a question mark over his head.



Well... you gotta get rid of it... and you smell like dog piss!



I'll get rid of it when I stop thinking about what I'm thinking about.

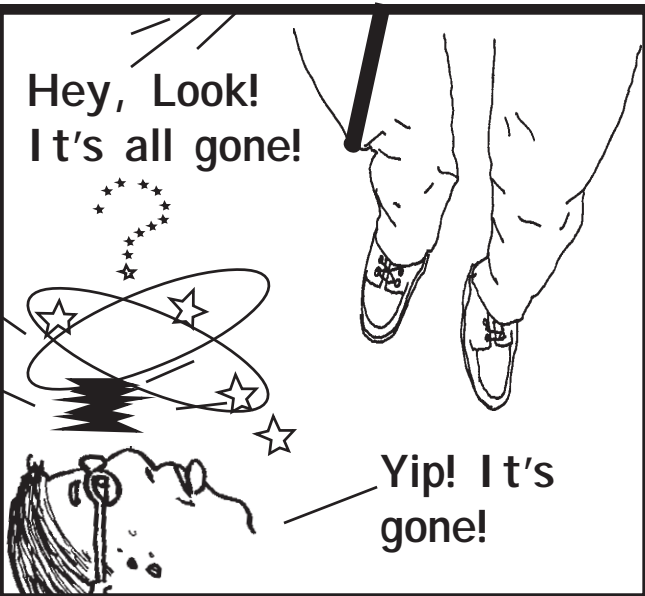


Maybe a good crack on the skull with this baton will help you move the process along.

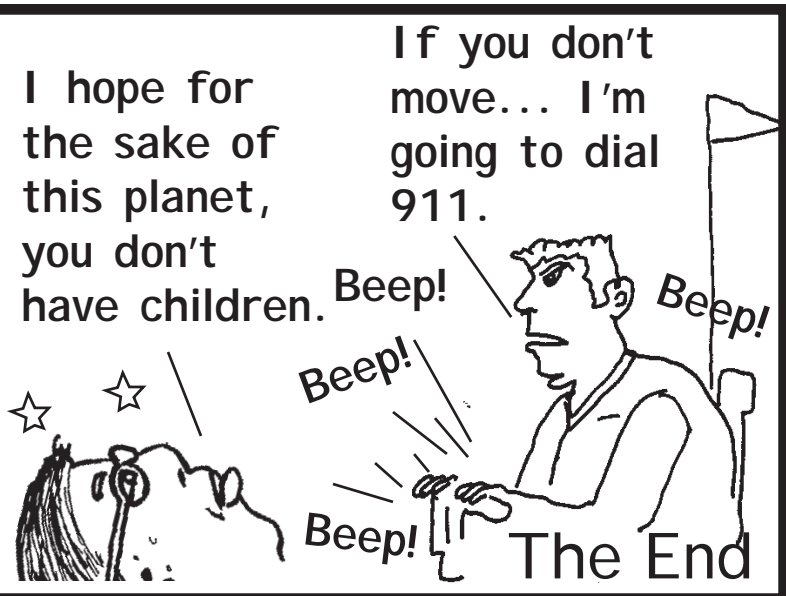


Whack!

Hey, Look!
It's all gone!



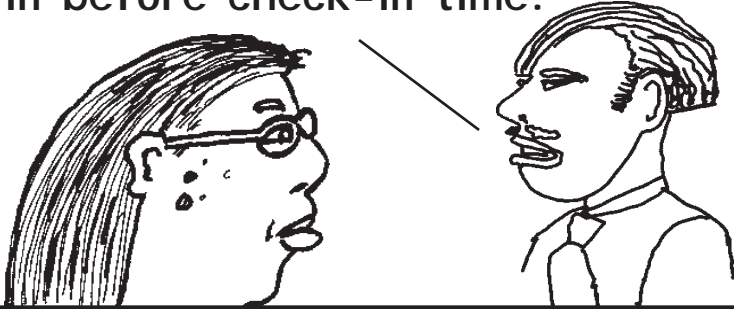
I hope for the sake of this planet, you don't have children.



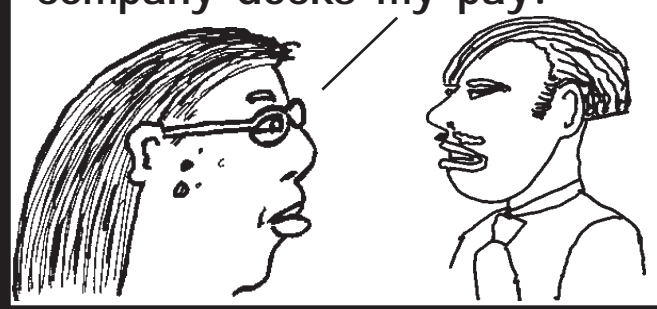
If you don't move... I'm going to dial 911.

The Old Guy: Company policy!

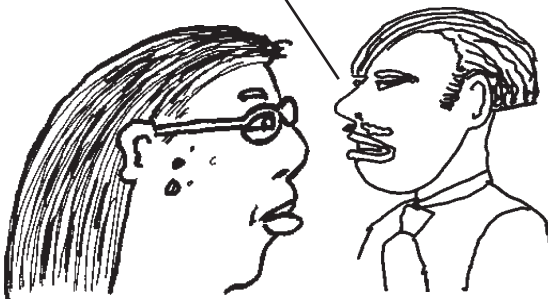
Old man, I need to talk to you about checking in two minutes before check-in time. It is against company policy to check in before check-in time.



If I wait for check-in time, by the time I get to the clock it's usually two minutes past... and the company docks my pay.



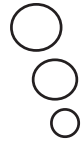
Don't get smart with me, old man! If you choose to break company policy then you will be punished for it.



What's my name? I've been here for a whole week and you still don't know my name. What's my name?



.....



.....



... And another thing... I see that you walk to work. You know it is against company policy for company employees to walk to work. You must stop this practice immediately!



I walk, because it is good for the environment, healthy for me and I only live a half block from this business.



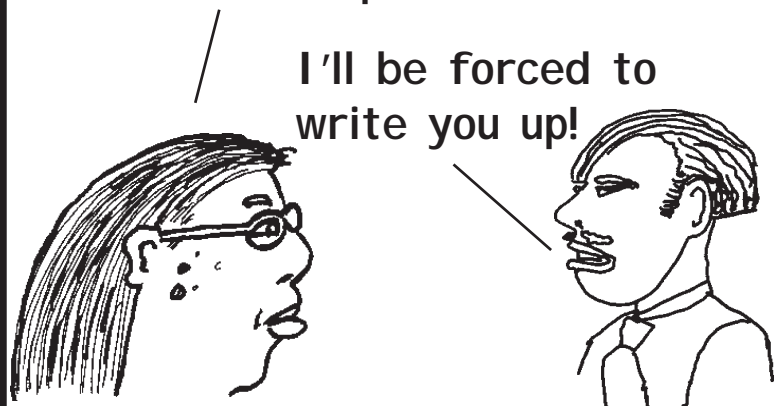
If everyone lived within a half block of this facility, it would still be against company policy.



If you are allowed to walk to work, what could prevent everyone walking to work. That is why there is a company policy against it.



What are you going to do if I tell you to screw yourself and do as I damn well please?



I'll be forced to write you up!

What does that mean? Why don't you just fire me for breaking the company policy?



Because... Old man, employees cannot be dismissed for walking to work. They can only be reprimanded and written up!



How many reprimands and write-ups eventually result in being dismissed?



You're causing me stress and I don't deal with stress that well. Just get out of my sight.

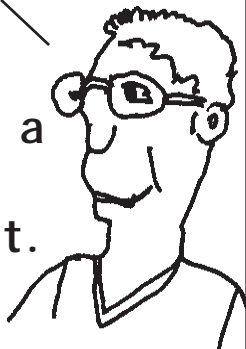


The boss wants to talk to you! He's right behind you.

You can't pull that juvenile crap on me... you old fart!



Oh my... such un-Christian language! We don't use that sort of language here at Stallins. There is a policy against it.



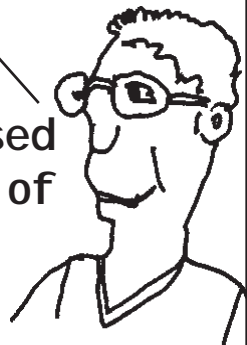
Stallins

Steel Engraving, Inc.

I want you two to come to my office right away.



This company was started by my father giving me a family loan and he made me promise never to allow the use of the C-word or the F-word to be used within the walls of Stallins Steel Engravings, Inc.



The F-word is Fart, but what's the C-word?



How dare you repeat the F-word in the presence of Mr. Stallins.



The C-word... Well I can't repeat it... It's against my religion to use it in public, but it's that word you say all the time, old man.



I say alot of words all the time. What's the C-word?



Is it Christ or is it Carpool, Car, Carpet, Carp, Corn Cat, Cougar, Cap Captain, Corner?

Nope! Nope!
Nope! Nope!
Nope! Nope!
Nope! Nope!

It's **CRAP!**
Isn't it?



How dare you say that forbidden word. I'm going to have to write you up for that.



Chad, write this old man up and let that be a lesson to all the employees.



I tried to warn you about using the C-word. Give me your full name, so I can write you up!



Ambros Demiritus Offlinger, Esq.

Okay, Mr. Offlinger. You can bet this will all be included on your jacket.



The End

The Old Guy: A Road less Traveled

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth"



I've got Robert Frost
stuck in my head.



"Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Thought as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back."

He's stuck there
and I can't get
away from him.



"I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."



He keeps
following me.

He's been in there
since my high school
days. I should never
have taken the drama
part of Robert Frost.



Why now? Why do I have to be reminded of that horrible weekend fifty years ago. Go the hell away from me, Frost!



Hold it down Boob! Who the hell are you talking to anyway?

Robert Frost!



I've got news for you, Boob.... Robert Frost doesn't live in this town and I think the last time I checked; he was dead... so I suggest you keep the conversation to yourself.



I have no choice. He's stuck in my head and no effort large enough can be brought to bare to dislodge him.



Did you try Reiki? Robert Frost was a real pain in the ass while he was alive and that's how his wife survived all those years married to him.



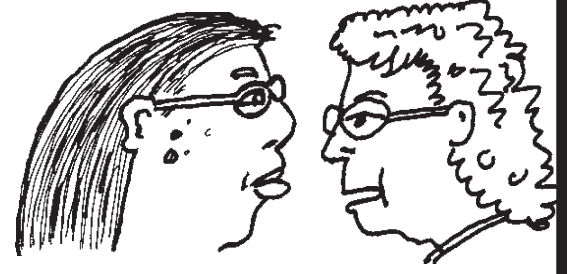
I'm not married to the guy... I just have his poem stuck in my Kundalini, and besides, they hadn't invented Reiki until Robert Frost was long gone.



Now hear this! Reiki
is as old as time.
Reiki has been
around longer than a
billion Robert
Frosts.



"Tree at my window, window tree,
my sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me."



Hi Bob! Hi Gina!

"Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground,
Ad thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound."

"But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost."

Bye Bob! Bye Gina!



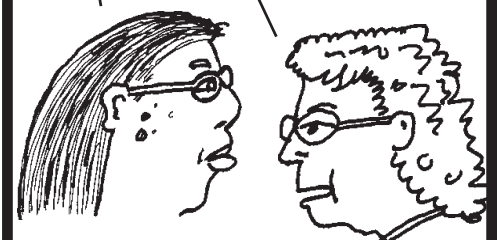
It was good to see you guys ... have a
nice day!

"That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather."



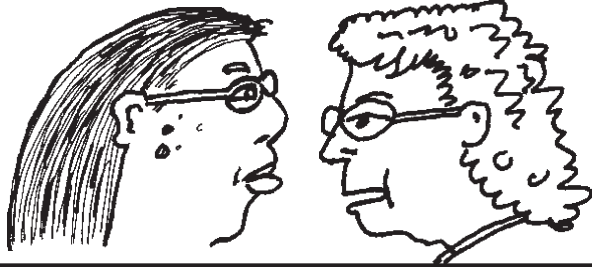
Who was that?

What are you
talking about?
Who'd you say
"Hi" to?



I said "Hi" to that guy walking past reciting a Robert Frost poem

Sure, Boob!

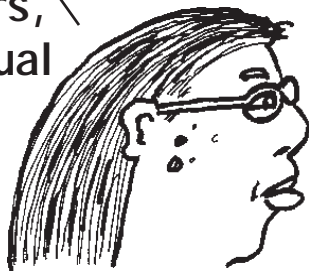


Okay... go!
You don't have to believe me.

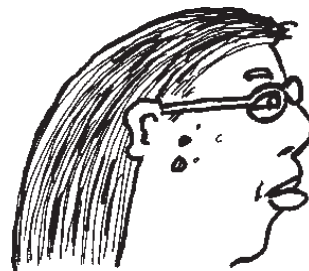


You're nuts, Boob!
Don't come over for any Reiki when your Kundelini fills up with that Crap of yours... After all... Reiki is just another social fad to you!

If I should come to a place where the sidewalks divide and one of them runs to your Reiki Parlor... I'm taking the other even if its full of Meth dealers, street walkers, and anti-homosexual preachers wanting money to continue their hate crap!



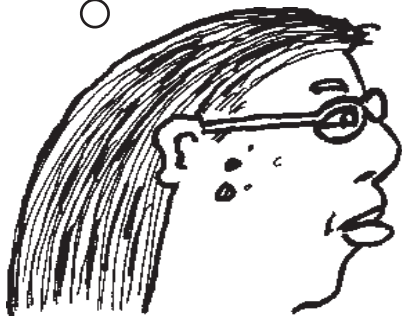
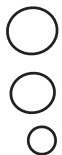
Suit yourself Boob!



Now...
What do I do?



Crap! I don't think Robert Frost wrote a poem about this.

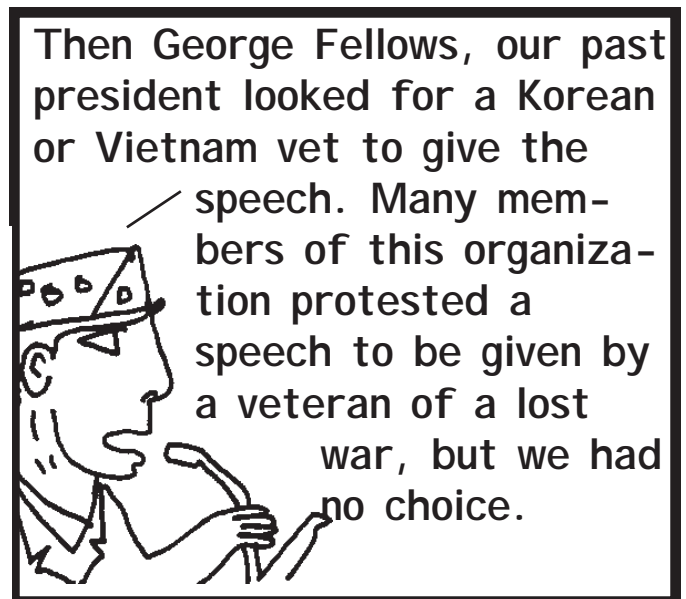
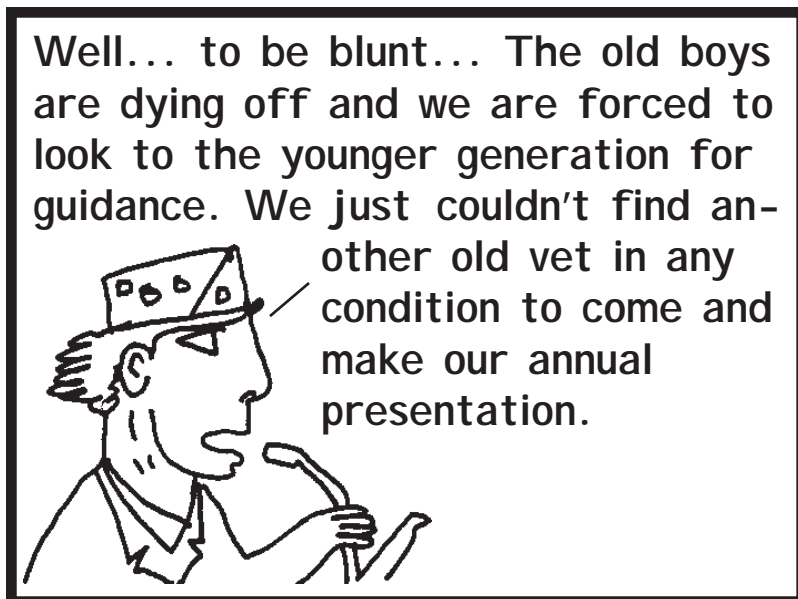
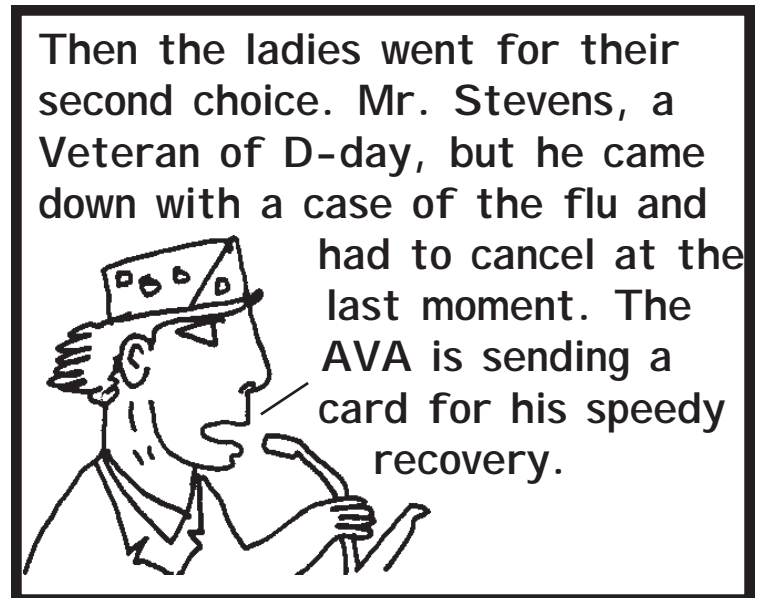


GGGGUUUURRRR!



The End

The Old Guy: A Speech!



So without further adieu, I would like to introduce our speaker for the evening. Specialist Five,..... Mr..... aaa ... I forgot his name, but never mind... you all know him as "That old guy!"



Hi! I'm Bob! The AVA was desperate and they offered me this hat and a free meal so I agreed to come here tonight and speak.



I'd been asked to join the AVA several years ago after they dropped the resolution that only members of winning wars could lawfully sign in, but I decided to wait until the present war is over.

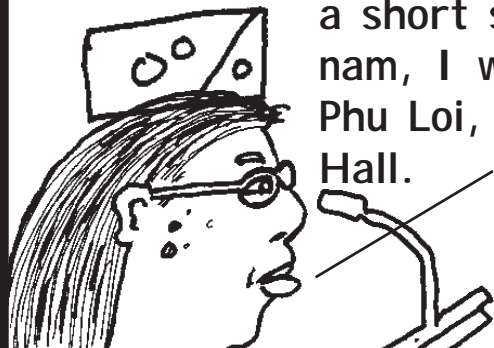


I am glad the AVA decided on that move, because from the look at things the ranks in this organization could use an infusion of new blood.



Anyway... I was asked to come and talk about war.

I got drafted out of college where I was trying to avoid the draft board. That was back in the winter of 1967. I was sent to a school and received a MOS of 94-KP, Kitchen Equipment Operation. I was assigned to the Mess Hall at Ft. Rucker, Alabama and after a short stay I was shipped off to Vietnam. In Vietnam, I was assigned to the Post Admin-Company at Phu Loi, where I washed dishes at the central Mess Hall.



The army was a Kiss-Ass operation back then and still is. If you want something done, you have to kiss ass. Believe it or not... I wanted to go out on the Phu Loi patrol. It was where numb-nut troopers who didn't have the opportunity to play war could go out after dark and patrol around the post like the regular grunts. Well... what happened was this; I

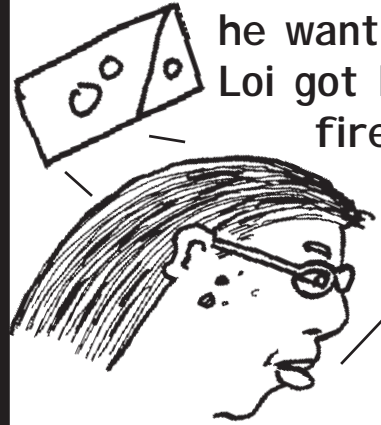


stubbed my toe on a door jam and the brass pulled me from the patrol. Lucky for that... The patrol walked into a well prepared ambush and got their asses shot off. That was a lucky day for me.

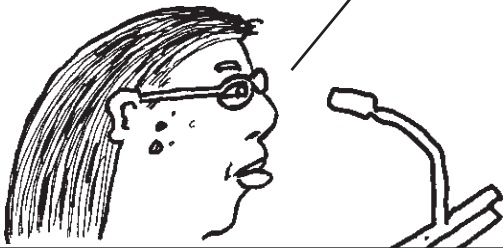
That was it, old man? You never got shot at while you were at Phu Loi? This is lame! We came down here for a free meal and war stories.



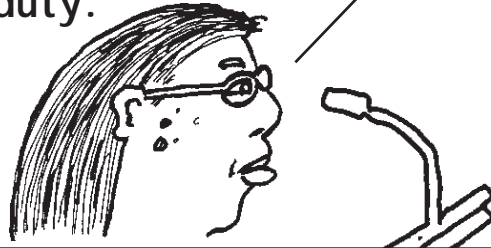
Listen to me you sorry pansy-ass. Phu Loi was right in the middle of Charlie's Country and he wanted it back. Phu Loi got hit by mortar fire every day and night. It was that way the whole time I was there.



One night, during one of those attacks a mortar round came through the roof of the Mess Hall and stuck unexploded in the center of the serving line table.



No one was qualified to take it out of the table and the disposal guys were busy elsewhere. We had to leave it there and it was still in that table when I was shipped back to the states after my term of duty.



We could have won the Vietnam War if it hadn't been for all the SNAFU's the politicians and Generals made. You wouldn't believe all the crap that came down, even to the level of a lowly Company Mess tent.



We had to eat the same shit every day for a whole month. I got so tired of roast beef, mashed potatoes and green beans, I started eating that shit called C-rations just to

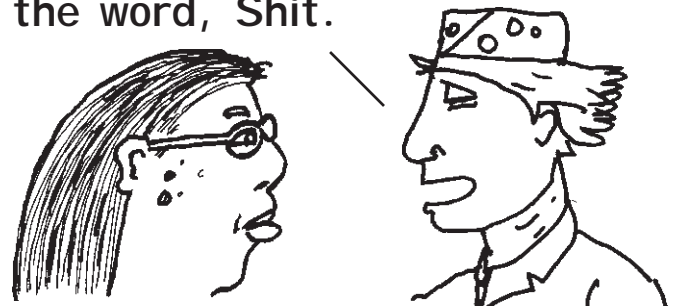


keep my taste-buds from failing.

We need to take a little break here. Go get a drink at the bar and visit the restroom if you like. We'll be back in a few minutes.



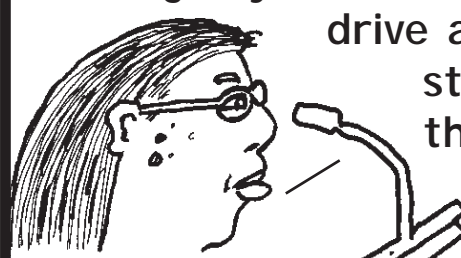
Don't get me wrong here, old man, but this is a family organization and we don't expect our speakers to use profanity. So please refrain from using the word, Shit.



So Ladies and Gentlemen... the second half of our program on the horrors of war!



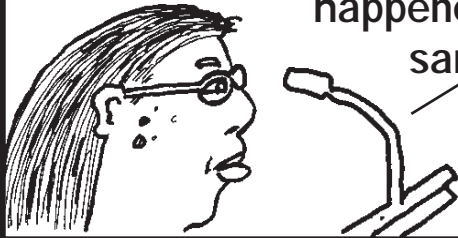
You wouldn't believe the bread we had to eat the whole time I was in the Nam. It was like little loaves of french bread that consisted of nothing, but hard little ends. It was the hardest crap on the planet and there was nothing anyone could do about it. I could



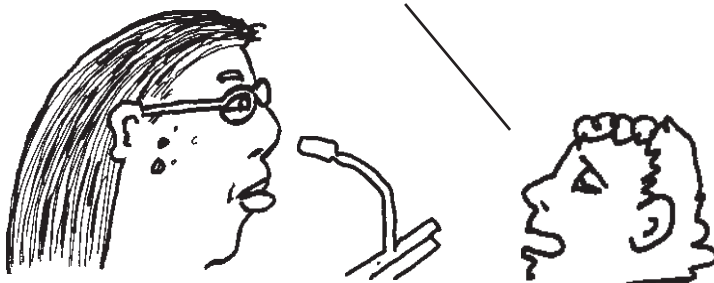
drive a nail in a board with the stuff. Eating a slice of that bread was the most horrible experience I had in Vietnam.

One day, one of the cooks in our Mess Hall came in with a sack of sandwiches he'd stolen from the Command and Control helicopter. Inside that paper bag was something none of us had seen in months. It was filled with sandwiches made from regular American bread. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. I thought I was actually going to taste a real American sandwich again...Guess what

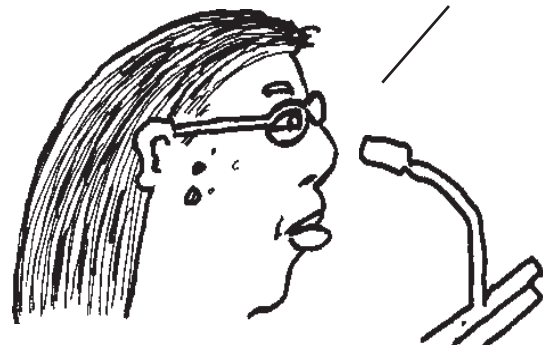
happened? Those sandwiches turned out to be catsup sandwiches. That officer bastard had the nerve to take precious pieces of American white bread and make catsup sandwiches. He should have been shot.



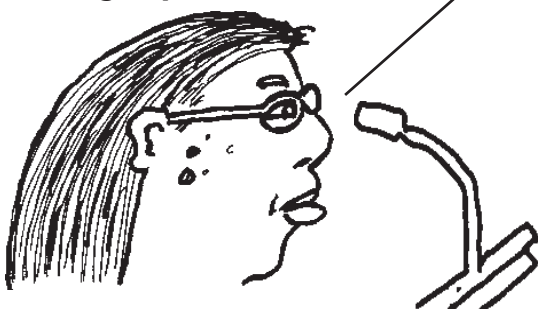
Hey, old guy! When the hell are you going to get to the war stuff? We came here to hear about blood, guts and glory, not a bunch of stories about food!



Hey, Twirp! If you want blood and guts go get a grunt to give this speech. I worked in the ass-end of a Mess Hall.



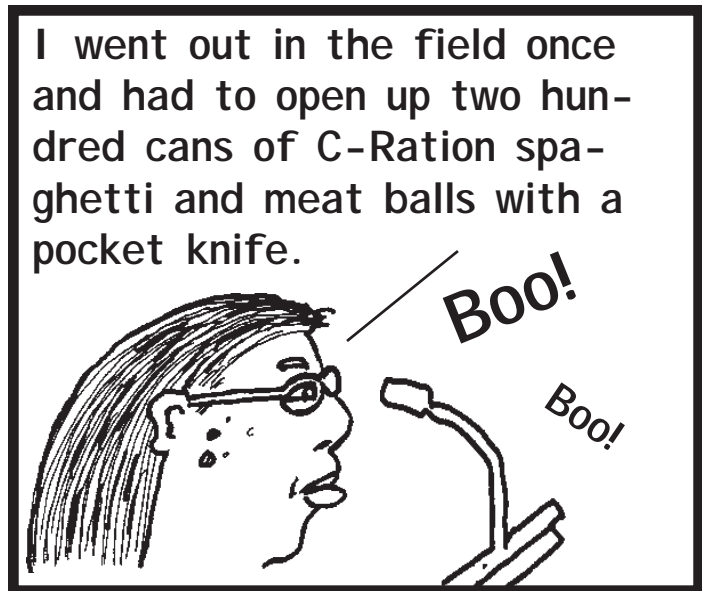
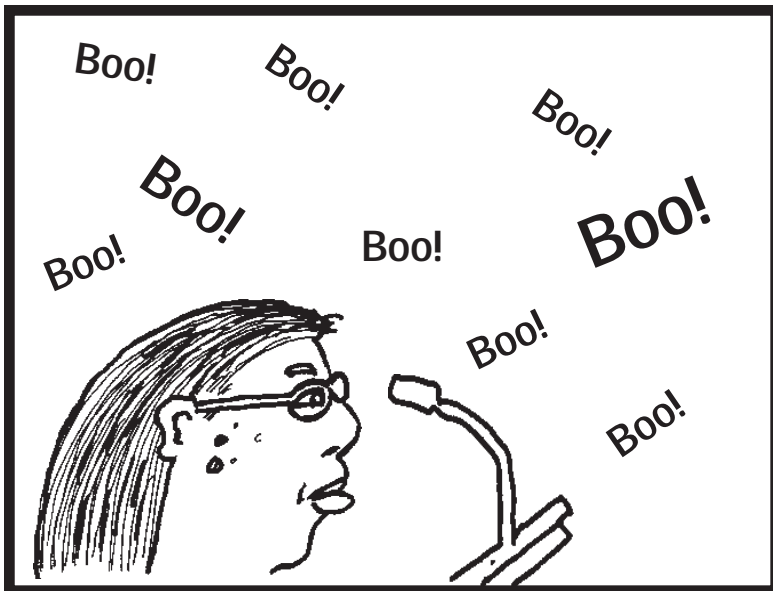
I fought on three occasions in the war. Once I fought for three days trying to get some burned crap off the bottom of a large pot.



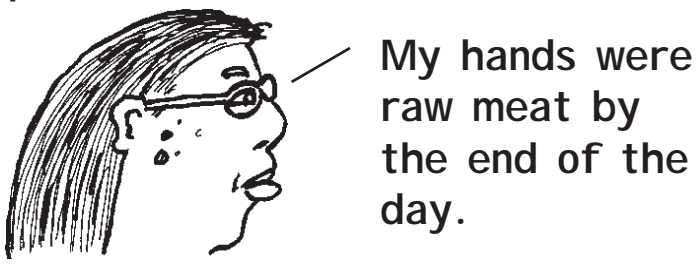
I fought for the bottom of the bunker when the shells were falling and I fought like hell to climb that set of stairs onto the airplane that brought me home from the war.



This crap is bogus! Boo! Boo!

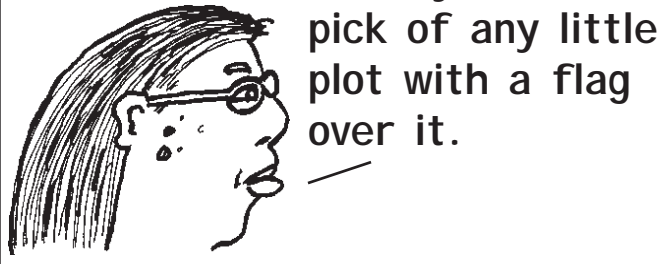


I had to carry fifty helmets full of water back up one hundred yards of open jungle trail to heat enough hot water to prepare a decent meal for some poor tired out Grunts.



My hands were raw
meat by the end of the day.

Did Bruce Willis or Arnold Schwarzenegger ever do that? Hell, no! Everyone wants to be the damned hero. If you want a hero... the city cemetery is full of 'um. Go take your



pick of any little plot with a flag over it.

By the way... The "F" in FUBAR, SNAFU and REMF all stand for, Fuck!



Thank you, old man! Well, it looks like we've just run out of time. Thank you old man for that very different and more than we expected, speech. I'm sure we won't ask you to speak again.



The End

Very limited supply of our all time best seller

Fat, Nasty, Handi-capped Man, Mask.

- **Honest to goodness Single man apartment smell.**
- **Official obnoxious word dictionary included.**
- **Act now and you shall receive a electronic bull horn to make yourself noticed in public.**

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