

Monkey Stamp Comics Presents:

Issue 7

3/1/2008

# Old Guy

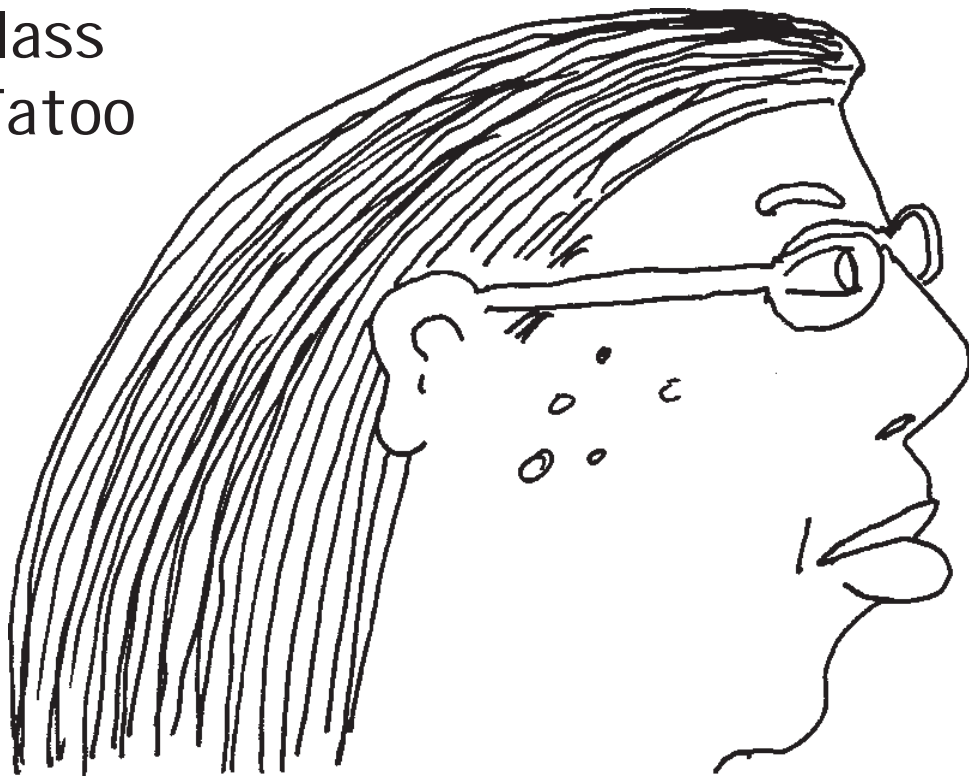
## Super Hero

e-Friend from hell

Orange Juice

Art Class

The Tatoo



By Robert Joy

# Old Guy

## Look-a-like contest

Enter today!

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**Old Guy Look-a-like contest**

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# The Old Guy: e-Friend from hell!

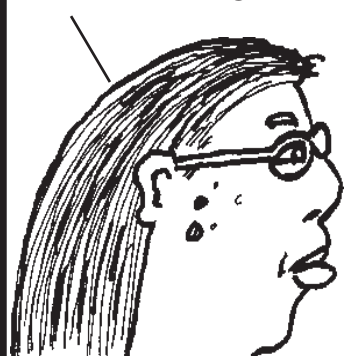
Oh Crap, here comes Slim with another bunch of crap to dump on me. He's seen me and there's no escape this time.



Hi, old guy! It's been a while since I saw you last. Man, I met this fabulous woman and I'm totally in love with her, but she won't marry me. She won't sleep with me. She's coming to town today and I'm going to meet her here in a few minutes.



Crap, Slim; can't you just give me a moment to adjust to meeting you on the street and when you start telling me



about all the crap going down in your lonely, miserable existence?

It's true love this time. No misery here. It's just... that I have to find some one-on-one time and she'll fall in love with me. She just needs to meet me in person. Talking on line isn't the same as the real thing. I know when she knows me, she'll fall in love.



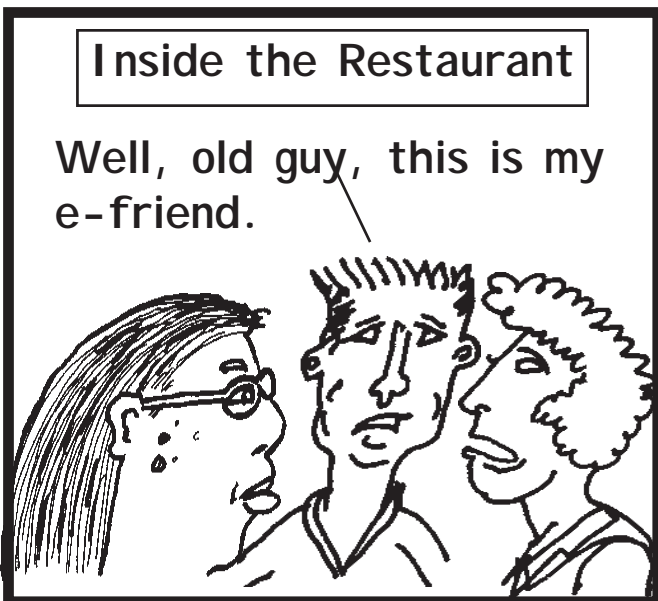
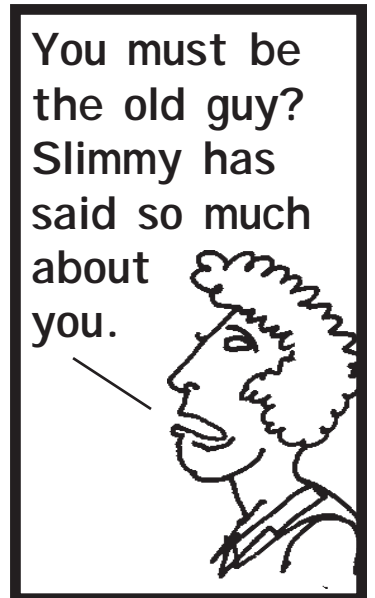
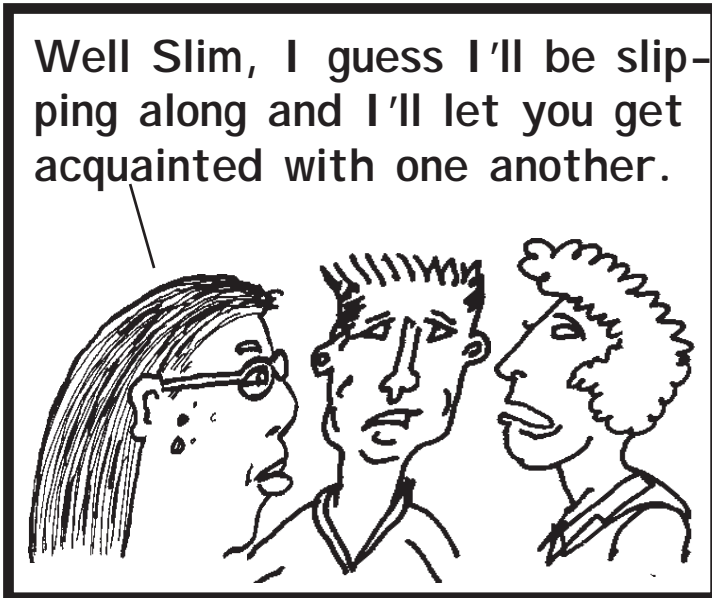
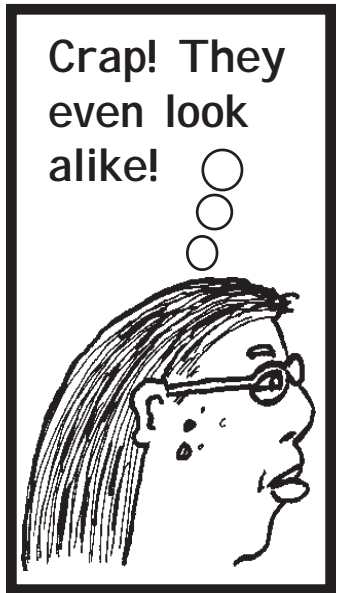
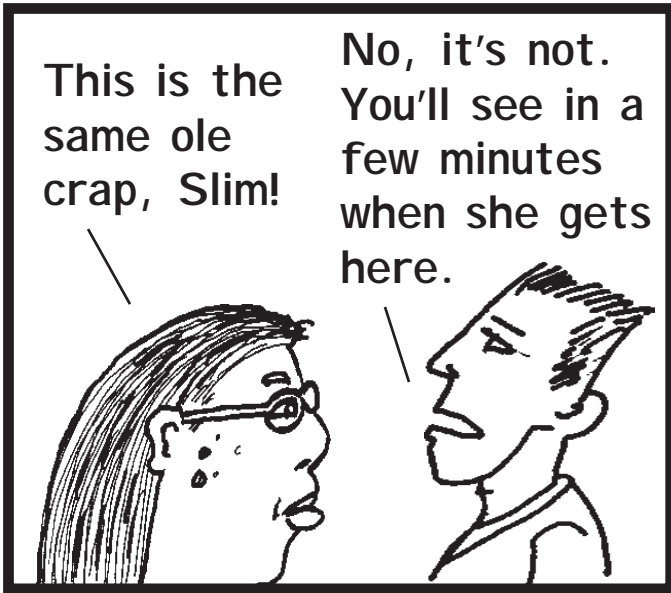
The last broad you were in love with, ended up like all the rest. They stole your heart and your money.



What makes this one different?

E-Love.com; that's what! I took the thirty points of compatability test. We matched perfectly and I fell in love the second I saw her photo.





I've given up on finding love from a man. After my third divorce... I just couldn't do it anymore. I'm just twenty-one and I have to get on with my life.



Yeah, We're just friends.



What brought you all the way to Great Neck Kansas?

Slim told me so much about it, I had to come look for myself!



Slim has shown me all over his wonderful farm. It's enough to make a girl want to settle down on one some time.



I'd move into his spare house on the property if it wasn't for Satan telling me not to do it without a deed to everything signed and sealed.



How interesting! Slim! Are you listening to any of this? Who is this Satan guy, you referred too?



Well, Satan! The devil; that's who! He talks to me all the time and I do what he says. He hasn't been wrong yet!



You talk with Satan?



Everyday. He's talking to me right now!



Slim, I hope you're watching all of this?

Now I know I'm in love!



Yes... yes my master!



There it was. Did you see it? The master told me to allow Slim to pay the tab.



You don't even know her name!

I'm in love!



How do you know it's Satan talking to you? It sounds like some intercessionary or someone like that!



Oh, it's Satan alright. He says he loves me.

I'm in love!



My master says that I must find and move in with a mortal to complete my cycle of black and white and up and down, before I can enter the nether regions to sit by his side for eternity. Slim promised

to turn over his family estate if I'd come and sleep with him!



It's time to invoke my super powers and get the hell out of here!



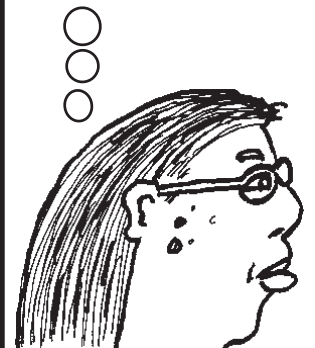
I've got to get going now. It was good to meet you. Say "Hi" to Satan for me the next time you two talk. Good bye Slim. Have a nice life. Don't call.



Remember, you're invited to the wedding!



I wonder if her name is Lizzie Bordon?



I will need your life insurance in my name and of course we'll make sure it's for twelve million dollars in case you suddenly die without notice.

And you'll need my checking and saving account numbers in case I die.



I wonder if I'm invited to the funeral as well? ○



The next day

Well... what do you think?



I'm going to have the steak sandwich with chili fries and a tall coke.



No! Not that! I mean what do you think of Lizzie?



Did you sign over all that crap you two were talking about yesterday?



Better than that! We traded cars. I signed the title and gave her my 2007 Lincoln and she gave me her antique classic Pacer. She said she'd send it as soon as she gets back to New York.



I'll tell you one thing, Slim. You may not have got to sleep with her, but you definitely got Screwed!

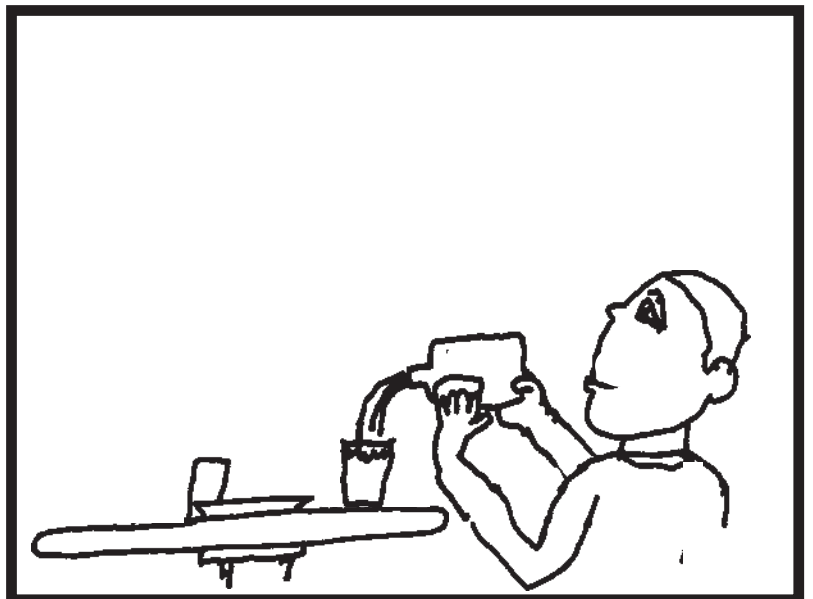
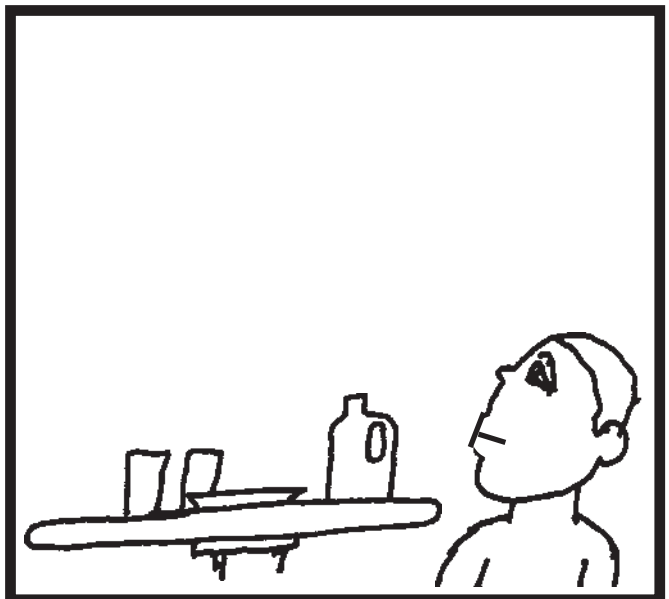
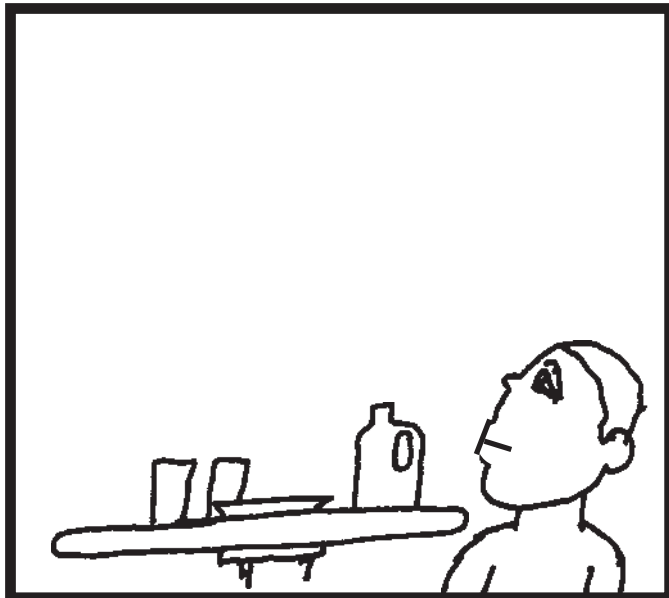
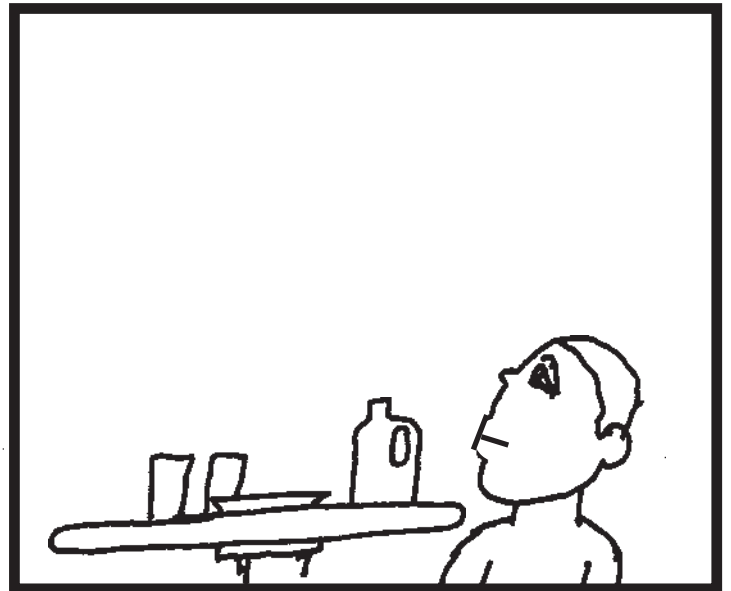


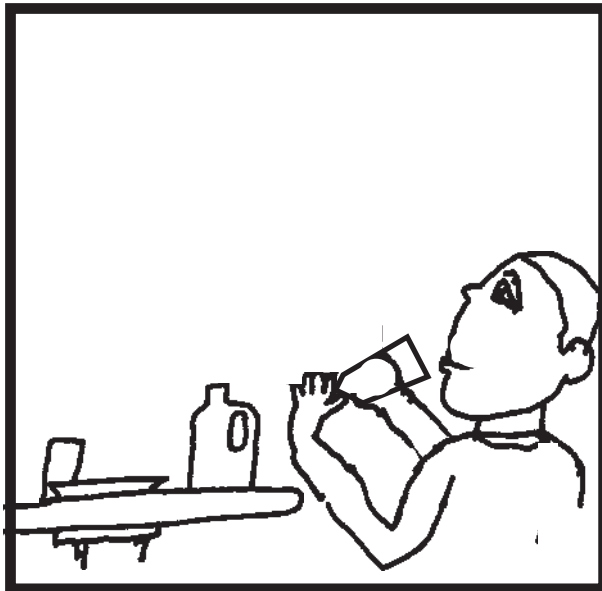
Let's see? Whose next on my list?



The End

# The Old Guy: Orange Juice

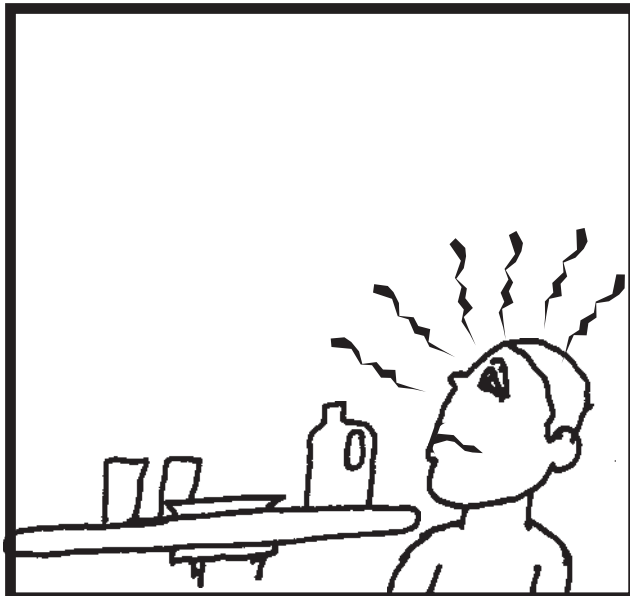




Mom, the orange juice tastes funny and now my mouth is burning!



Mom, I don't feel good.



For Christ-Sake Malcom... you didn't drink that orange Lysol cleaner; Did you?



Wake up Morton! For Christ-Sake you just sit there and let Malcom drink that orange Lysol cleaner like the idiot you are!



Like... What's all the screaming about, man?



Malcom drank some of that bottle of orange lysol cleaner you left on the table!



We have to call 911!

Like!... We can't do that man. The cops will start snooping around



I have this friend who knows this old dude who can tell us what to do, man.



You're no gawdamned help. My son is going to die from that damned poison you left lying around, and you want to call in some old has-been for advice.

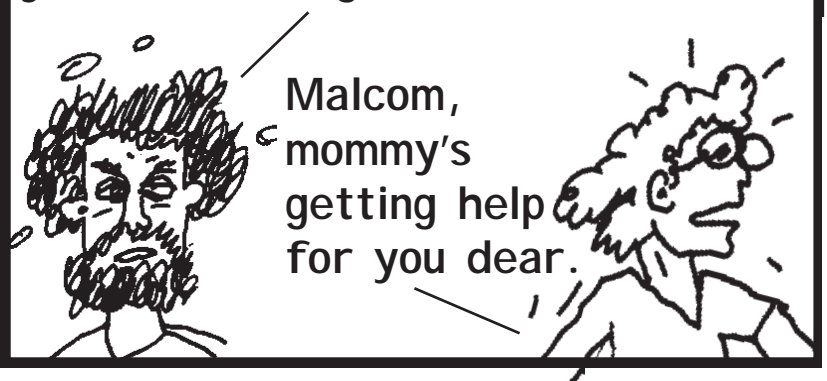


Hey! The old dude says he's a super hero.

Yeah! Super Hero just like the time you wanted to fly out of the upstairs window high on Meth.



If we dial 911 and they come over here, the kid will end up in foster care and we'll be off to jail. I'm calling the old dude.



Malcom, mommy's getting help for you dear.

My tummy hurts and my throat is sore.



Hey, super dude. Like, my chicks' kid drank some of this Lysol shit and he's got a tummy ache, man.



Hey! I'm a Super Hero not a doctor, man. You need to use your dime on 911.



Like, man, I can't do that, man. You gotta come over here right now and save this kid.



Okay! What's your address, dude?



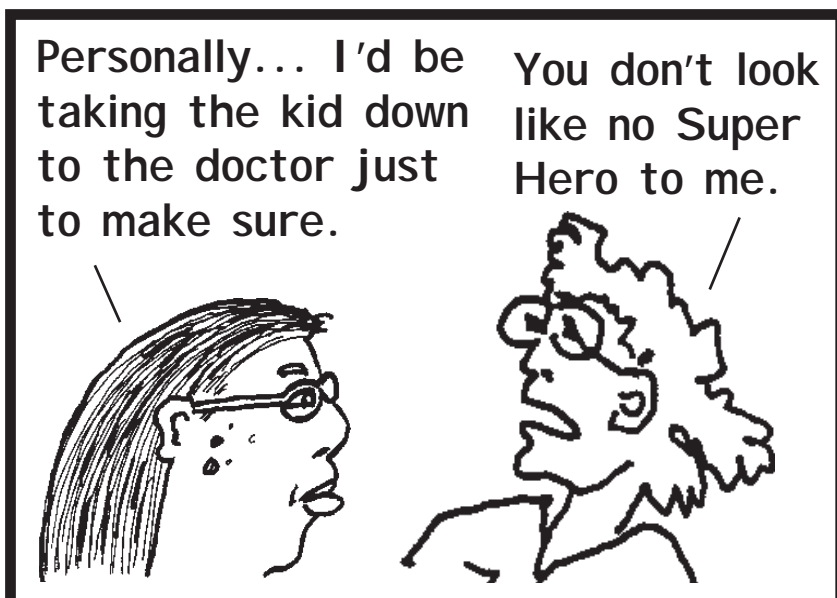
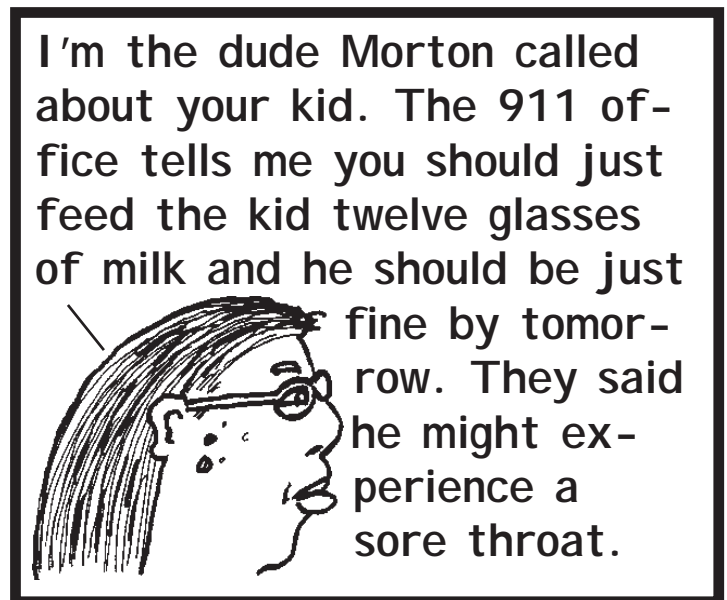
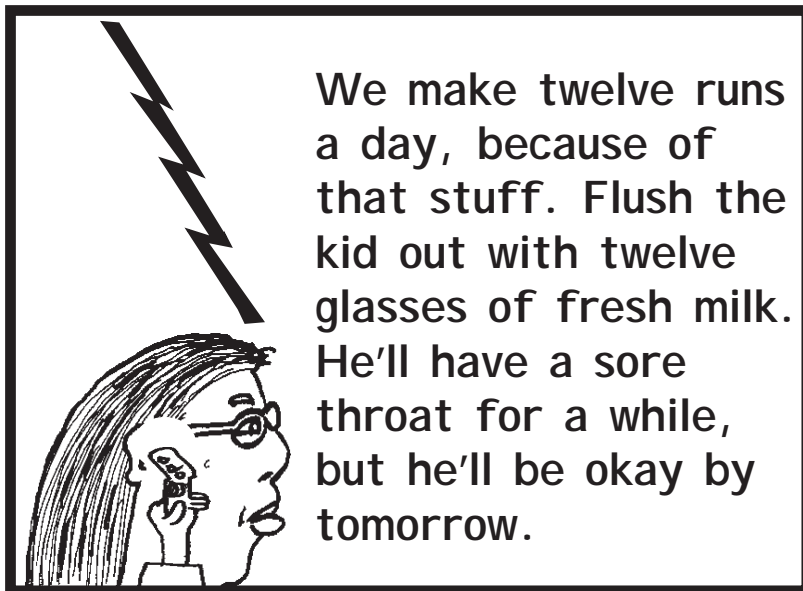
911, this is Super Hero Bob. I'm calling in an emergency at 123 Hickory.



This is 911! We need to know the particulars of this, so-called emergency, before we send valuable equipment out into that dangerous neighborhood.

This kid drank some orange flavored Lysol and he doesn't feel good.





We don't got no medical insurance, Man. Morton has an SUV payment that... Like, takes all our extra money.



Is Morton your boyfriend or what? What does Morton do for a living?



Morton is like, into... pharmaceuticals. He gives out medicine to poor people. He has an office in some commercial storage buildings. His last office burned down.



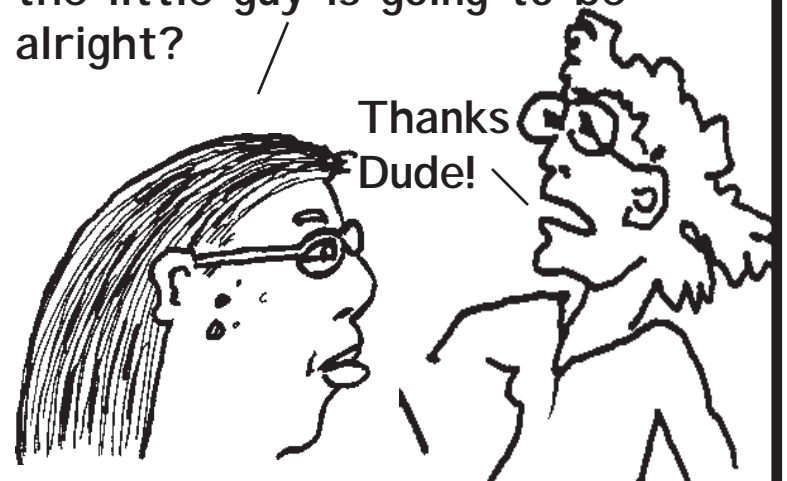
I know that dude. I thought he was gay.



He may as well be. He isn't worth a crap in the sack.



I guess I'll be going now. I hope the little guy is going to be alright?



Thanks Dude!

Hey! Babe... Are the cops gone? This closet is creeping me out!



The cops are swarming everywhere looking for you.



Being around all these women's things is really doing a number on me, Man.



That old dude says you're gay! Is that true, Morton?



That old dude is wrong. I'm not gay!



Morton! You're staying in that closet until you can make up your mind.



My tummy hurts!



Malcom, the doctor says you should drink six gallons of milk and you'll feel better in the morning.



I hate milk!



You want to get well, don't you? You have to do what the doctor says... Do you like peppermint Schnapps?



Is it booze?  
I love booze!



Okay, but you can't tell anyone or your Uncle Morton could get sent to jail.



He's not my uncle. He says he's my daddy when we play house together when you're not here.

Morton! I want to see your sorry ass out here right this minute!



Malcom, go drink your Schnapps in the other room.

Like! What's the problem, Man?



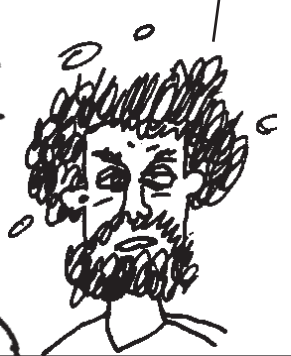
Malcom tells me you two have been playing house while I was at work. Is this true?



Who was the mommy and whose big idea was it?



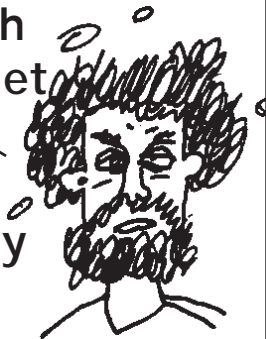
Malcom wanted to play house, not me!



He's just a little kid. Who in-the-hell did I put in charge of this place while I was at work?



I was, but the kid stole my stash and wouldn't let me have it back until I played his silly game!



On second thought... I don't want to know who played the mommy, because if it was you; I'd just be disappointed?



Mommy! My tummy still hurts! Can I have another Schnapps?



Yes, Malcom dear... but use a coaster so you don't leave a ring on the furniture!

I'm feeling a bit guilty about not calling the doctor for Malcom. He could have a serious problem here and we wouldn't know it until it's too late.



That old guy told me to call the doctor, but I didn't listen to him. I didn't even give the poor kid any milk. He's in the other room suffering and we don't even care.



I think the least we could have done was act like we gave a shit. The least we could have done was check up on that crap he drank and find out if it really was dangerous. But, no... We don't do a thing. We just listen to the advice of some idiot on the phone.

I think we should each try the stuff Malcom drank and see what it does to us. Then we'd really know whether to call the doctor or not.



Half hour later

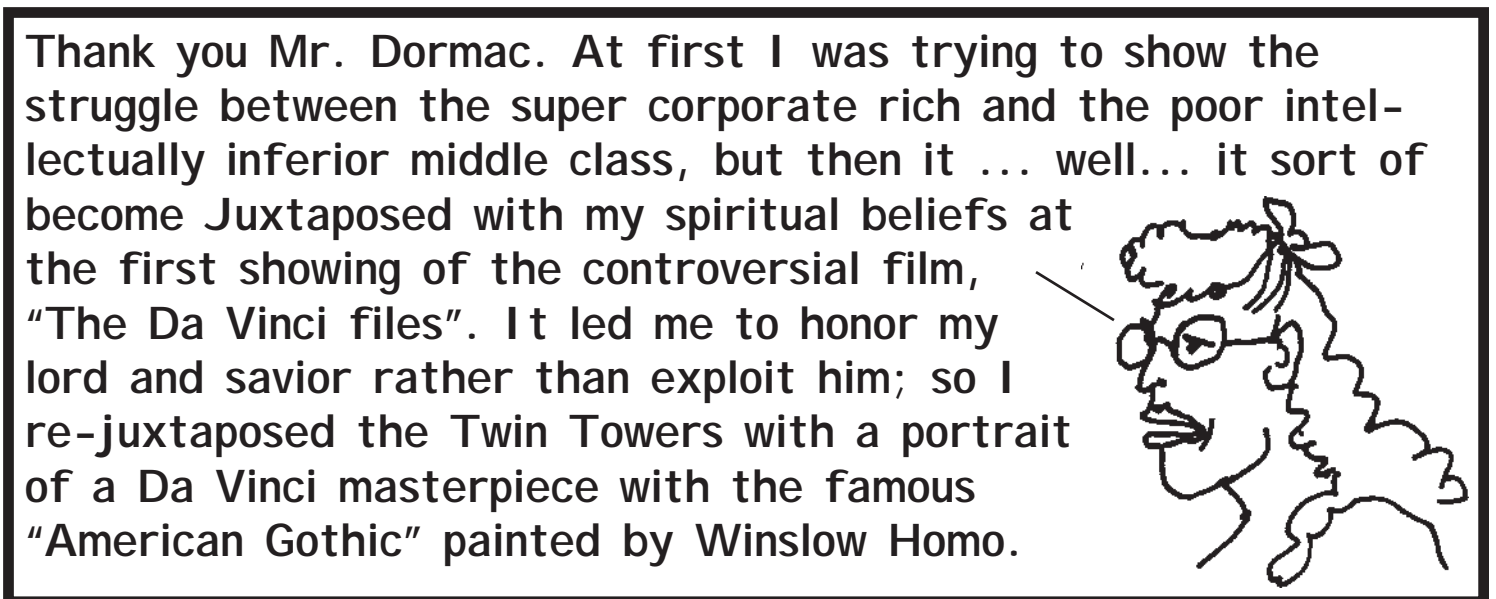
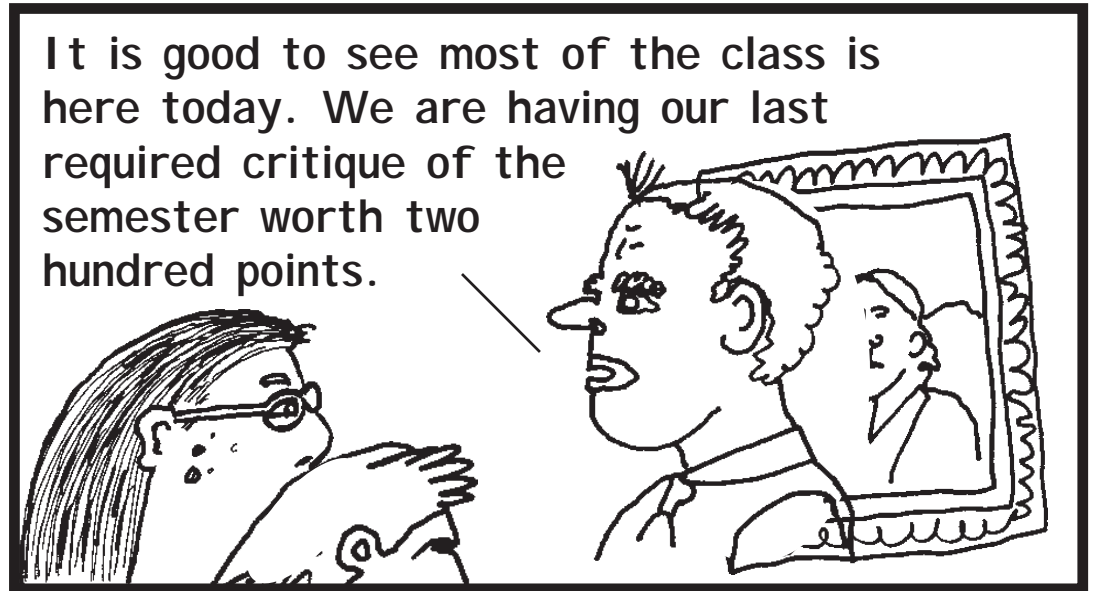
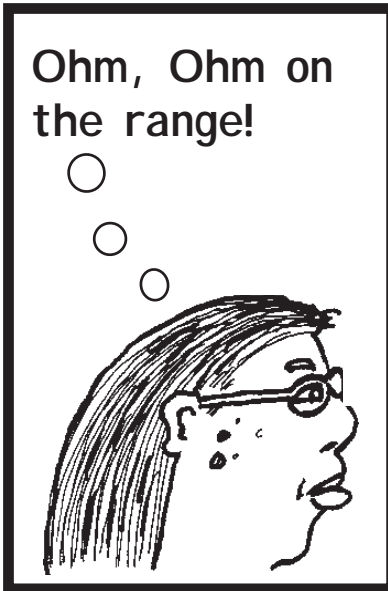
So far, so good. This Schnapps is great. How's the Lysol coming along?



Burp!

Gulp!

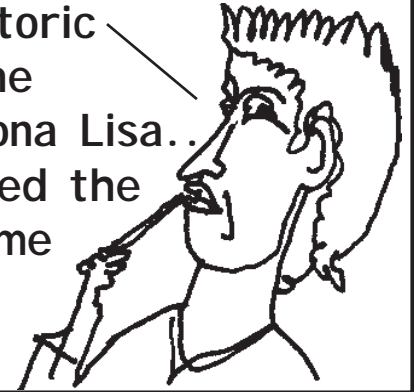
# The Old Guy: Art Class



Thank you Carol, but with a few minor historical dismemberments, you did very well. Do any of you have anything to add to Carol's brilliant dissertation? Yes, Rodney?



Yes! I find it rather interesting that Carol found such an interesting Juxtaposition between the historic farmer and the mysterious Mona Lisa... and I just loved the use of the name for Winslow Homo!



I found the use of her color to be extraordinarily brave. I mean, she used the same muted pallet as that of Da Vinci and the same bold direct approach of light endemic of Winslow.



Thank you, Shirley! Anyone else? I expect to hear something from each and everyone in the class. Remember this critique is worth two hundred points on your final grade! James?



Well... There's like alot of green, Man. I think it looks winter out in the painting and she sure used alot of green. I think brown and white for snow would have been better.



I couldn't help it if Da Vinci painted his famous masterpiece in the style he did, but that's not even the point I was striving for! How would you like it if I came down and criticized how you make a free-throw on the court?



Thank you, James, for your observations, but let's be truthful here... Your free-throws have been lousy lately! ...Ha, Ha Ha! No offense intended, James, but Carol has a point in her interpretation. Who else hasn't made a comment?... Jim?



She doesn't look that hot to me!



Old guy.... I forgot your name. Aaaaah... Well, any way... do you have a comment on Carol's painting.



More has been said already, than it deserves.



Why did you bother to take this class... old man?

I'm the art police!



I'm assigned to go from art class to art class to see if anything of value is being created. If this be the case, I am empowered to rescue the artist and confiscate all such paintings for their own good!



No problem here. Go on with your class. I'll be slipping out now!

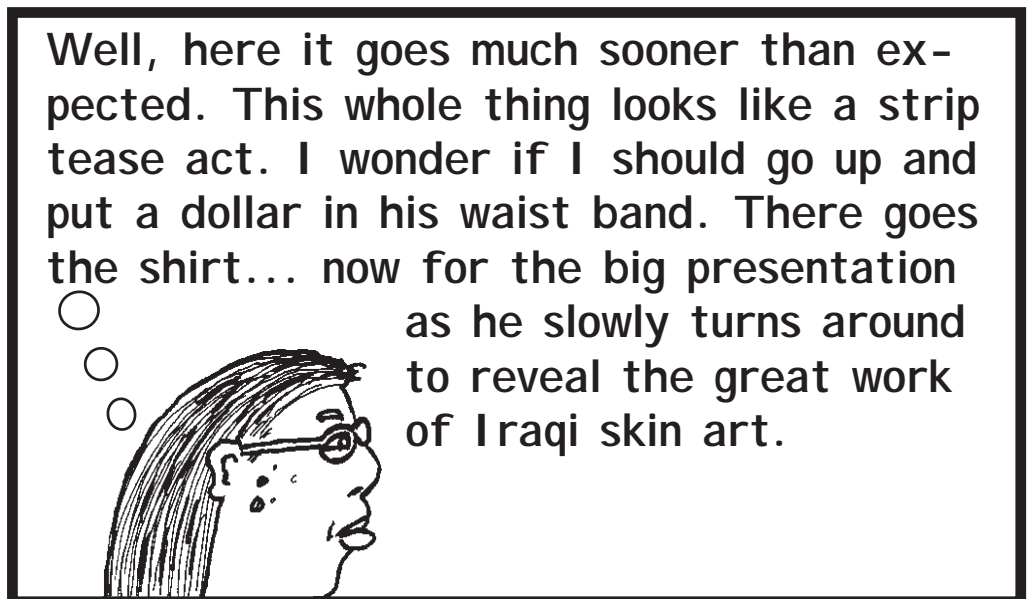
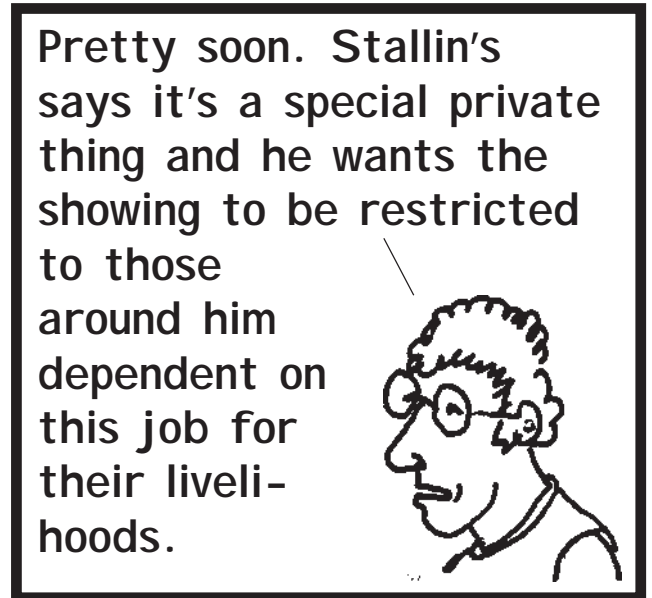
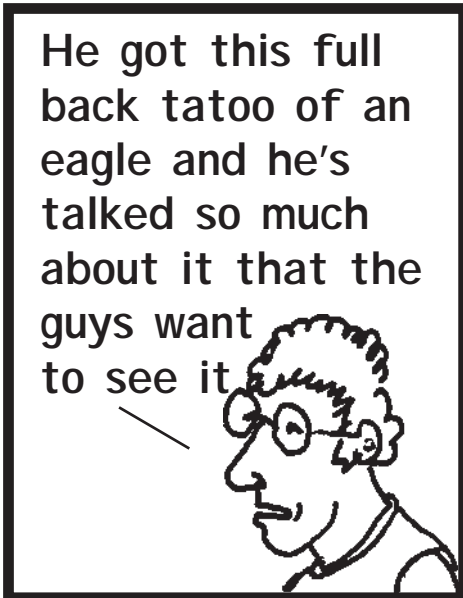


What about your final grade? Don't you care about your grade?

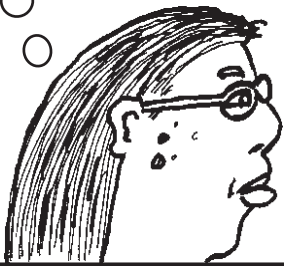


The End

# The Old Guy: The Tatoon!



Holy mother of god! He can't be serious?



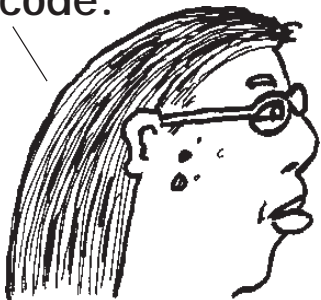
The world didn't need to know this shit, but here it is. I must be out of the loop, so fill me in on this MARY he has written there on the eagle?



It is the name Mary, spelled as a sort of code



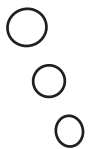
Surely his wife, Judy knows about this secret code.



He claims she knows about Mary and that she knows Mary was his girlfriend, before they met and got married. He says she laughed with joy, because the art was so good. Stallins told me he watched in a mirror as the artist did the work and made sure that Iraqi tattoo artist did as he was instructed. Stallins said that it was as if he did the job himself.



I wonder if he understands why he can read the word, AMBULANCE in the rear view mirror?



His wife is laughing, because she knows he's an idiot.



The End

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