

Monkey Stamp Comics Presents:

Issue 8

4/1/2008

Old Guy

Super Hero

End of the Beginning.
Look what happens if you're nice.
Fired.
Searching for peace.
Stakeout.

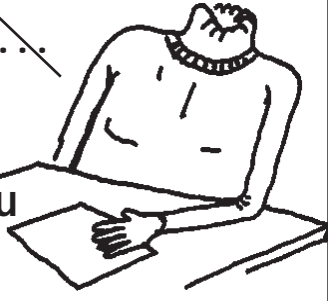


By Robert Joy

Cost: \$5.00/Monthly Issue

The Old Guy: The end of the beginning!

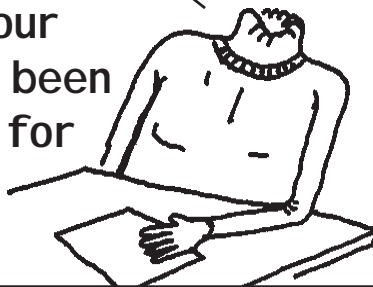
I'd like to start off the Monday morning meeting with the great news that the company grossed six hundred thousand dollars last month... which, by-the-way, none of you will see.



We are expecting the 500,000 piece Freebee mailing this week. I told them the drop date will be in two days and I will be gone for three weeks starting tomorrow.



As for today's jobs... I'm in the dark. Someone is going have to catch me up on the past four weeks I've been in Wichita for retreat.



The new press is running just like the salesman said it would, but the Graphic Artists don't know how to send the jobs correctly,



Sir... I must remind you from last week's meeting that the press operators don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.



Well... I'm in the dark on the problems with the new press. Call in a help line or something and let's get the problem fixed.

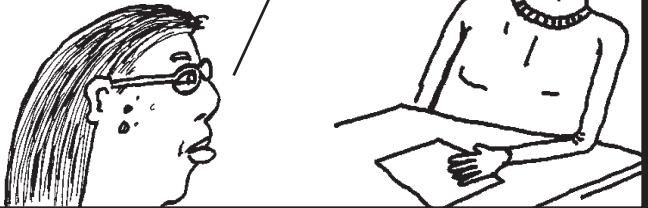


If any of you get behind... just go get Mona to help you. She knows what's going on around here.

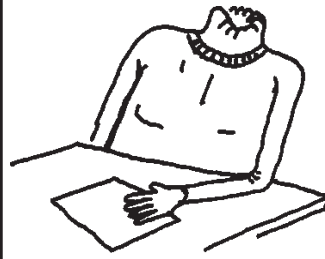


Would someone go out front and inform Mona that we are waiting for her to attend this meeting.

She's with a customer!



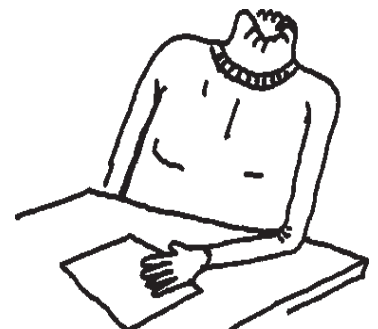
I'm in the dark on the Alveriz job. Willard, did we get it out on time?



We're still waiting on paper for that job, sir!



I'm sorry I'm late for the meeting, but I knew you'd need the status report. I was about to come in when a paper salesman showed up just as two phone calls happened and everyone who normally is in the front office was back here in this meeting and I had to take them. Your wife wants to know if you will be home at 9:00 or 10:00 so you can help pack the car for your sudden unannounced trip to Florida this afternoon.



I've noticed a sharp increase in the occurrence of overtime. Is there a reason for this sharp increase? I have not noticed an increase in my work load. Is there any good reason why the overtime is increasing?



I'm in the dark here. I will be needing some answers?
Increased work load, overworked and under appreciated staff?
Maybe one of those?



I'm in the dark here. Who said that? From now on, I want positive answers to all my questions. I want to know where my money is going.



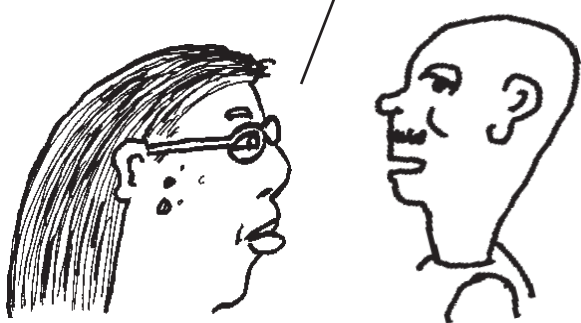
I'm sort of new here in Stallins Steel Engraving, Inc., I need someone to fill me in on what's going on. I mean everyone acts like they don't notice Mr. Stallins' head is missing.



You noticed, Huh?



It's not really missing. He just has it down where he can see into his wallet at all times.



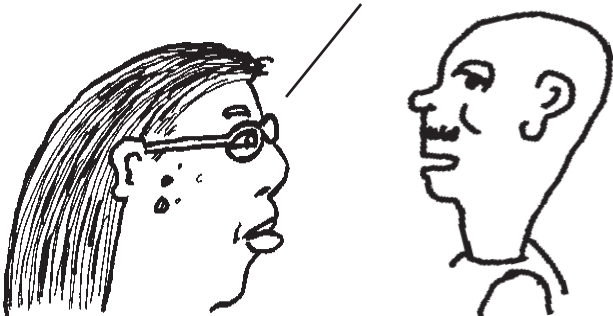
Has it always been like that?



It really only happened recently. The poor man gave into the dark side.



Long, long ago when Mr. Stallins was just a young man, he rebelled against his father's engraving empire.



Long, long ago...

Stallins
Steel Engraving, Inc.



Did you call for me, father?



Yes, my son. I have made my eight-hundred million dollars from this place and now is the time for you to be groomed to take my place!



But... Father, I am happy doing what I do down in the shipping and receiving department!



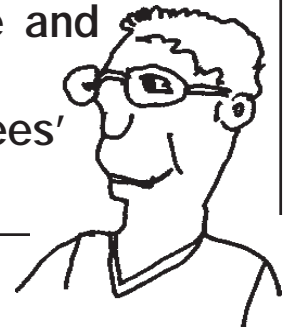
You will do as I command and there will be no discussion!



Believe it or not, but Mr. Stallins Jr. actually tried to do things in his own way despite the pressure from his dictatorial father. He worked among the common folk, listened to their ideas and concerns.

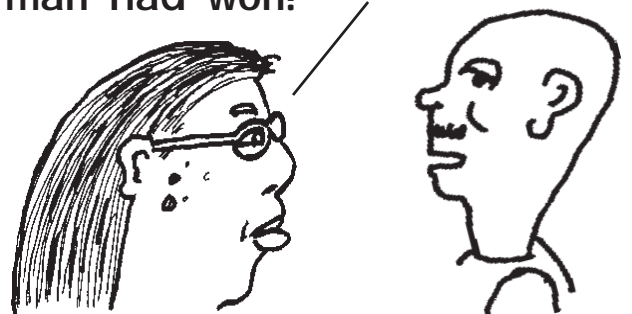


He worked long hours and promoted pride and team work in the company. He provided health care insurance, sick leave and ample time off for the employees' personal needs.



Then one day, his father grew very angry and they fought over the way the company was being run. Mr. Stallins Jr. stood up to his father and that was the beginning of the end. They did not talk to one another for two long years.

Then one day everything changed. The pressure was just too great and Mr. Stallins Jr. broke. The old man had won!



Mr. Stallins began to transform himself into the image of his father. Every cell in his body began to transform themselves into the image of his old man.



Gee, and that is when he lost his head?



No... He lost his head later, but he started to run things like the old man ran them.



He stopped coming out of his office. He cut out the medical insurance and cut back on the sick leave. He took interest only in the influx of money and nothing more.



He started looking at his wallet every day.

There was a loud snap and his head was sucked inside and that's the way he's been ever since.



Wow! That's quite a story!



That's not all?



One of these days, and no one knows when, there will be a loud rumbling, the building will shake and there will be a metamorphosis. Then Mr. Stallins will emerge as the very image of his hard assed father. His head will pop back out and that will be all.



Gee! I hope I'll be retired before all that happens.



I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.
I'm in the dark here.



We're in the dark. What's happening here?



Boing!

I'm going to build a new sixty-five room home at Johnson's point. I'm going to start a new enterprise to sell duck calls. I will name it Stallduckco. I'm going into the real estate business called Stallinsco.



I am going to move my office farther away from everyone, so I can't be bothered with the everyday hubbub of work. My office will be two blocks closer to the post office so I can be closer to the incoming money from all my businesses! You can kiss all your career ideas goodbye.

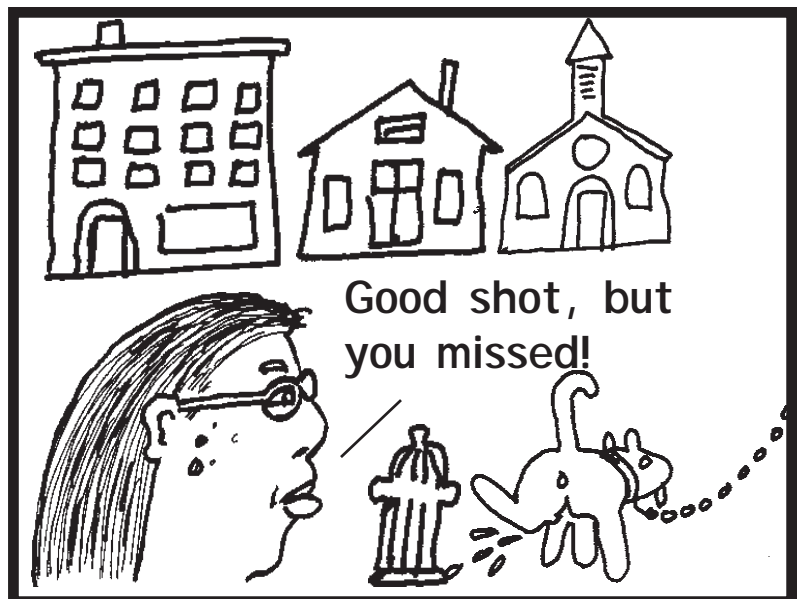
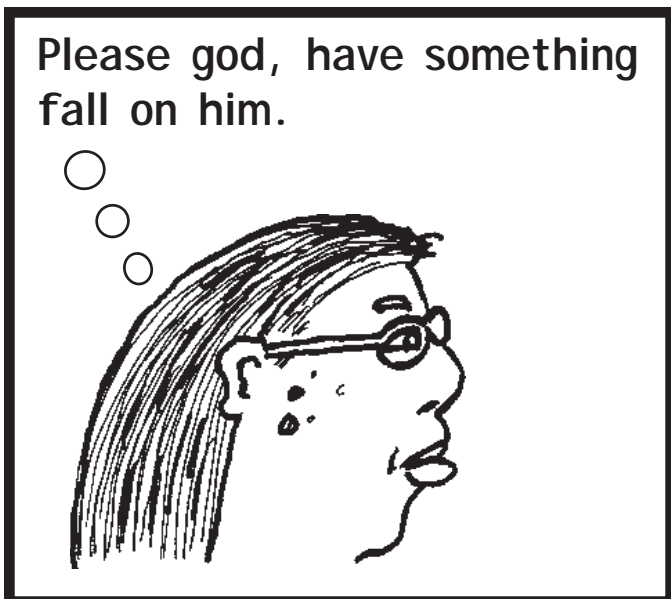
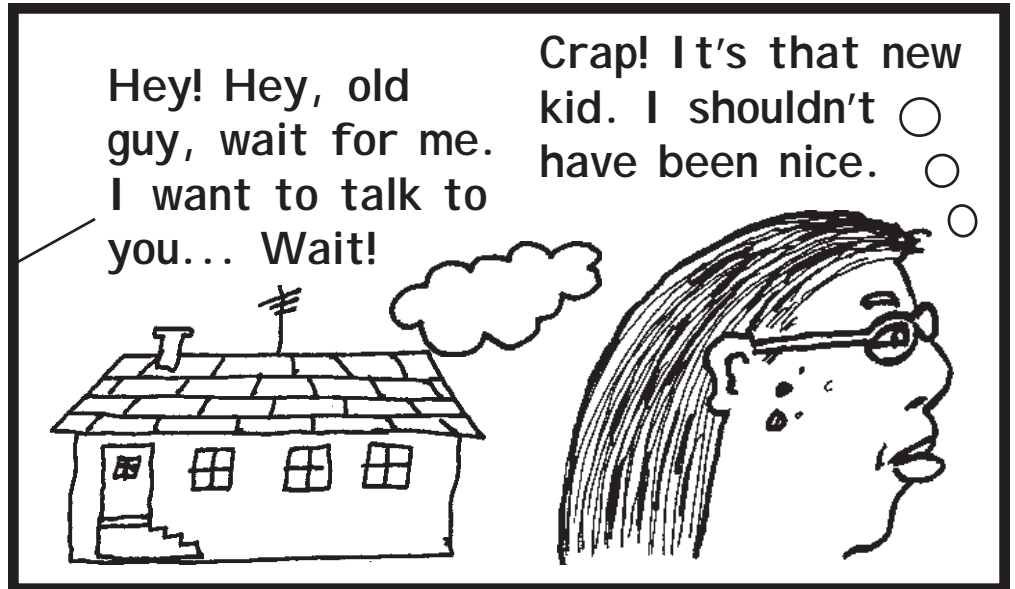
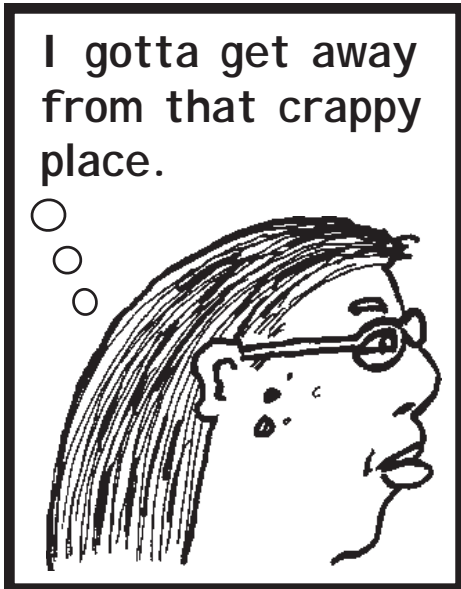


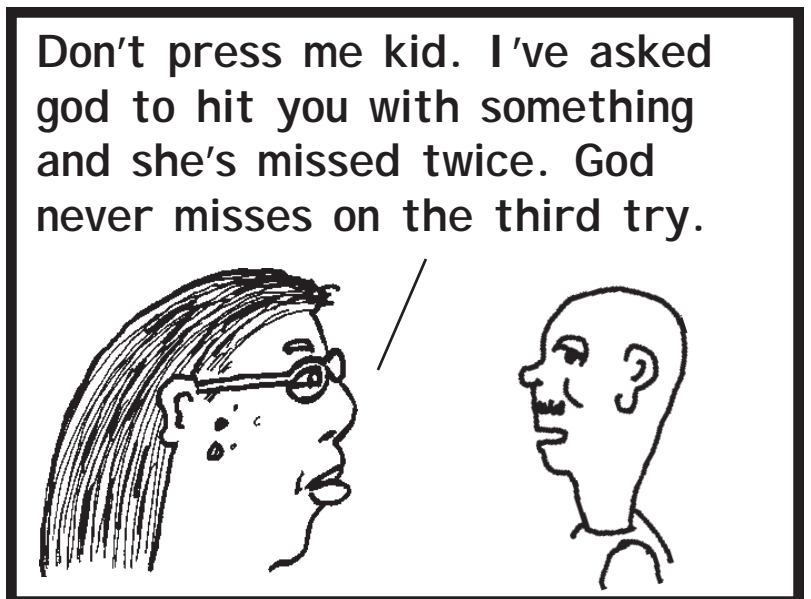
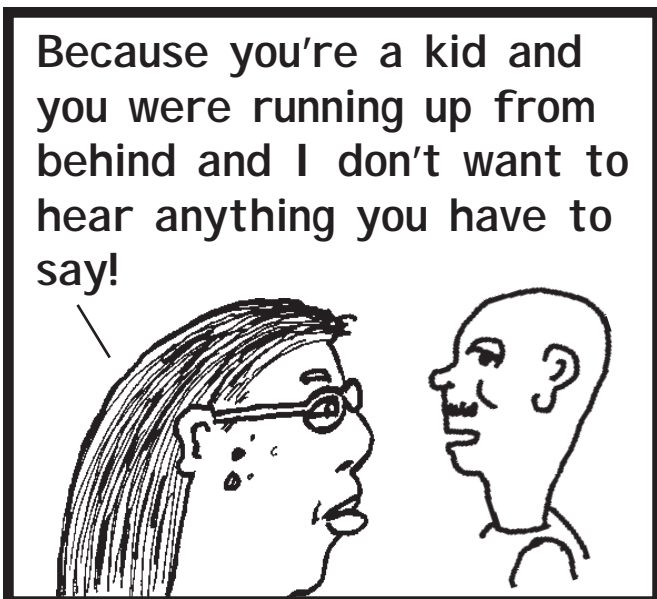
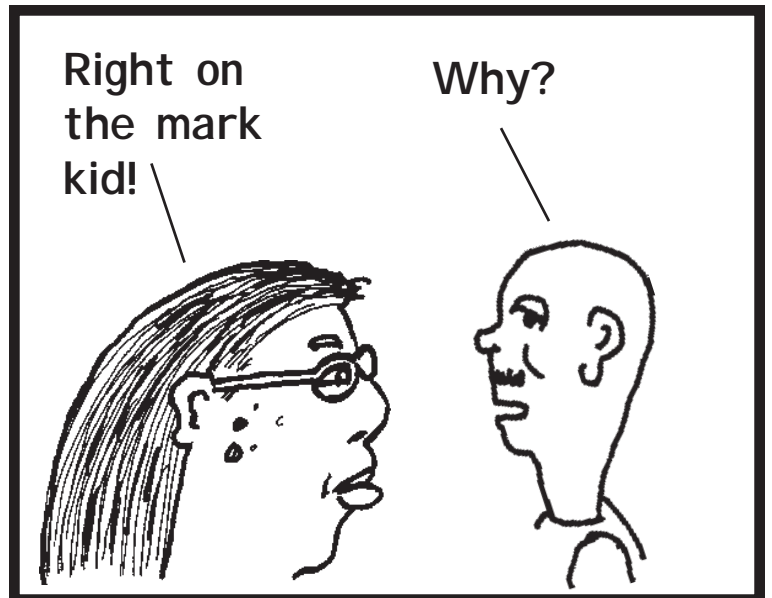
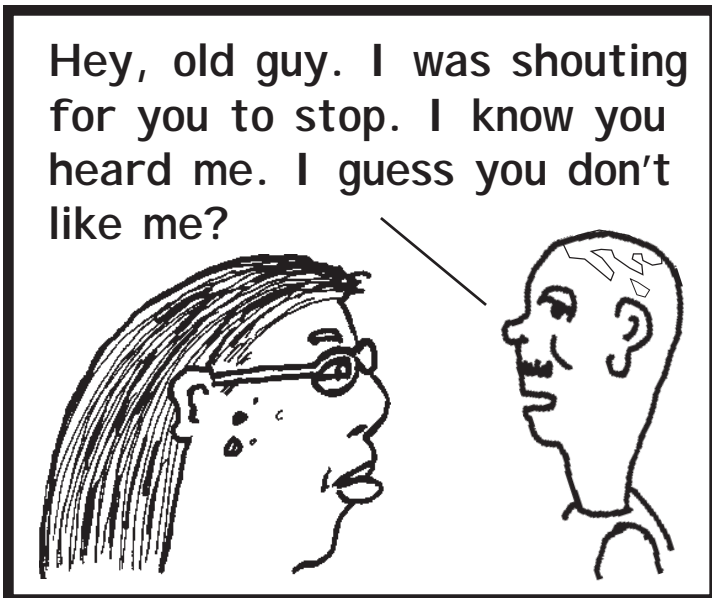
Just another day at the office... more Crap!



The End

The Old Guy: Look what happens if you're nice.





Okay kid, you have ten seconds to say what you have to say
One, Two, Three...

There's too much pressure... I, I can't work under these conditions....



Four, five... bombs away!



Bird poop again!

Spluish!



Crap! I was expecting a flower pot!



I've been watching you at work and I'm convinced you must be a Christian, because nothing bad seems to happen to you. Am I correct in that assumption?



How about some of this kid? Does that change your mind about me?



Banana Cream pie. My favorite.

Crap! No good deed will go un-punished. Now the brat wants to know where I get Banana cream pie in this town.



The End

The Old Guy: Fired

Stallins

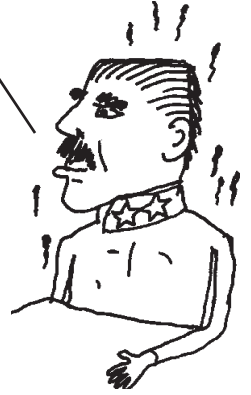
Steel Engraving, Inc.



Did you want to see me sir?



How long have you been with the firm, Dutch... aaaw, Smutch?



It's ten minutes after one o'clock... so that would make it four hours and twenty-two minutes, not including dinner. My name is pronounced, Dutch Mule-heffer with a long U.



That's what I like about you, Hooch! You come in here and tell me what I want to hear. Well, Smooch, Hooch or what ever your name is... Do you have that list of top forty customers I told you to work up for this morning? Remember, you're the man!



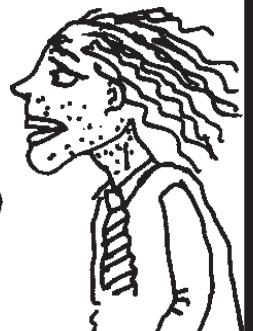
I was going to check on that right away sir. I put that old guy on the task and he didn't seem like he likes me very much.



You're the Man Dootch! Get right on it and send that old dude in here right away.



Mr. Stallins, wants to see you right away.



and... old dude... Where is that list of top Stallins Engraving Customers I asked you to compile?



I don't have it Mr. Dooch bag.



My name is Dutch Muleheffer. I am the new company customer enhancement and advertisement consultant ... And I don't have time to stand here all day and debate with you on the subject of my duties... And Mr. Stallins says he wants to see you, Pronto!



... And where is the list of top Stallins Engraving customers? I need your list, so I can make out the Christmas cards we are sending to our top forty customers next month.



I'm not adding names to this list of bogus bullshit and who is this Scumhole & Sons? I've worked for this company for over twenty-three years and I've never heard of Scumhole & Sons.



That name is not pronounced, Scumhole. It is Schumholt & Sons and they are a new client I found just this morning and I am to design a new brochure for his funeral home corporation. I've included them on the list, because of their potential to be a big money partner.



I'm just "dying" to see what you do with this Maybe, potential, cross-your-fingers-and hope-we-all-don't-die account!



This is not a dead end account. I have brought all my vast sales experience to bare on this account and besides, it is not your job to question my decisions. It is your job to do my bidding... Is that clear? Now... since all that has been settled... Mr. Stallins wants to see you in his office right away.



Who did he ask for?



He told me to tell you to go to his office. Did he say a particular name?



He called you, the old Dude!
It's Mr. Old Dude, and don't you forget it!

Mr. Stallins wants you in his office, Mr. Old Dude.



Did you want to see me, Joe?



Hey...er aaa well anyway whatever your name is... good to see you. I want to streamline the company and make more money, so I've asked that new kid to fire you,... so why are you still here?



That's what I've been asking myself for the past twenty three years.



The Old Guy: Searching for peace.

I can't take any more of this crap!



This town is driving me crazy!
I've got to go somewhere else.

One month later:

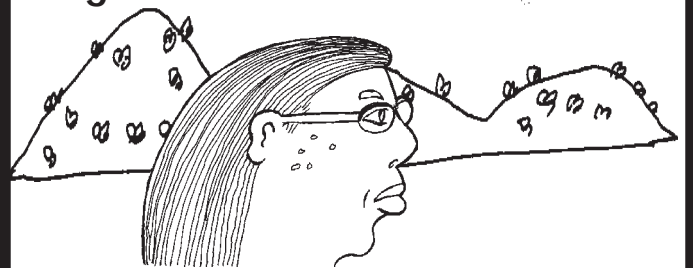


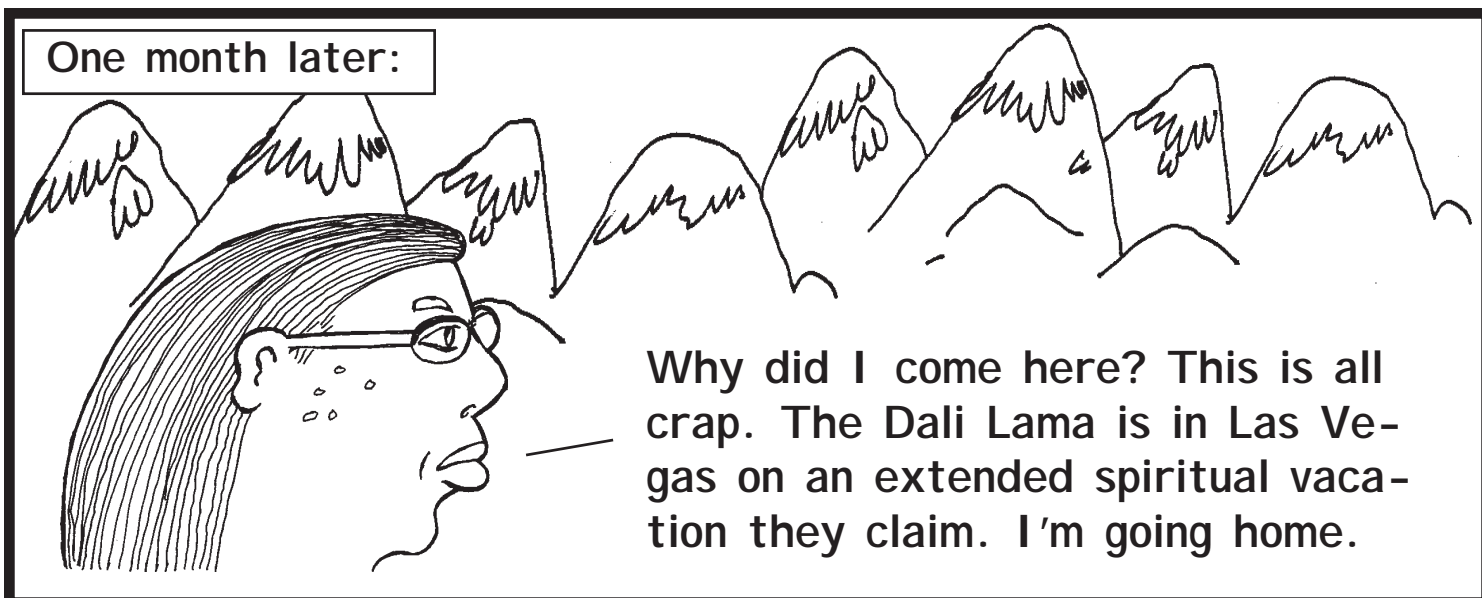
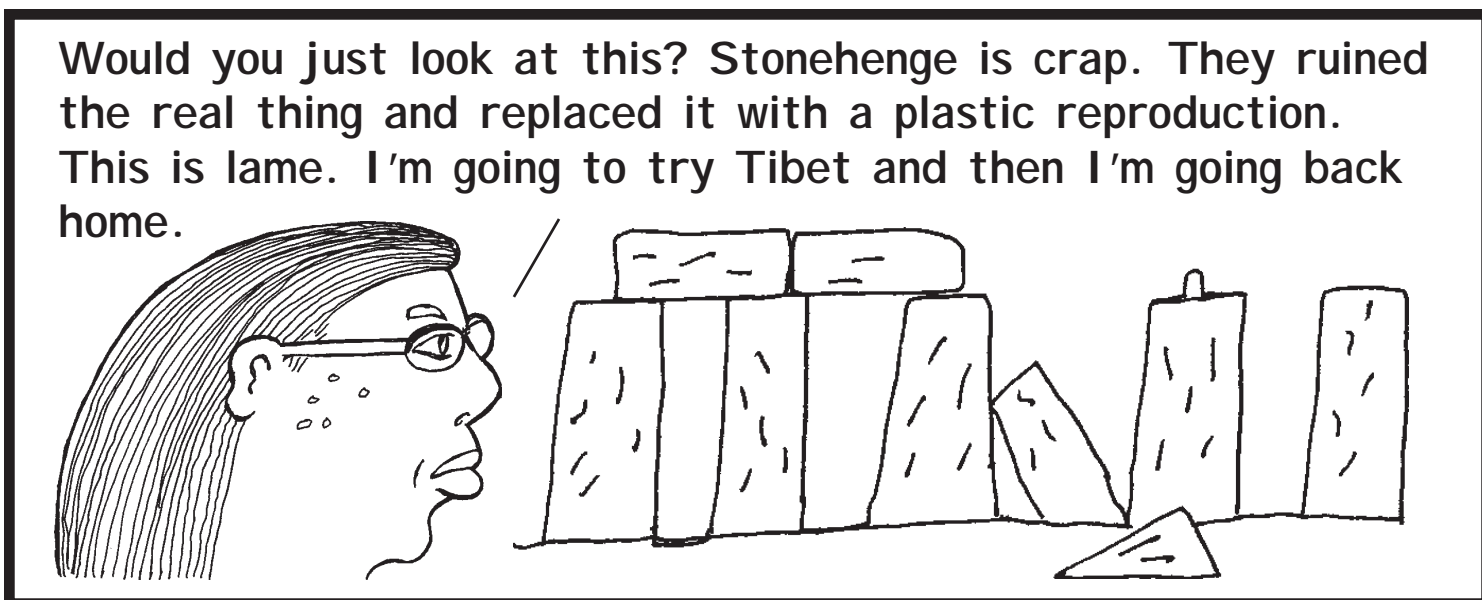
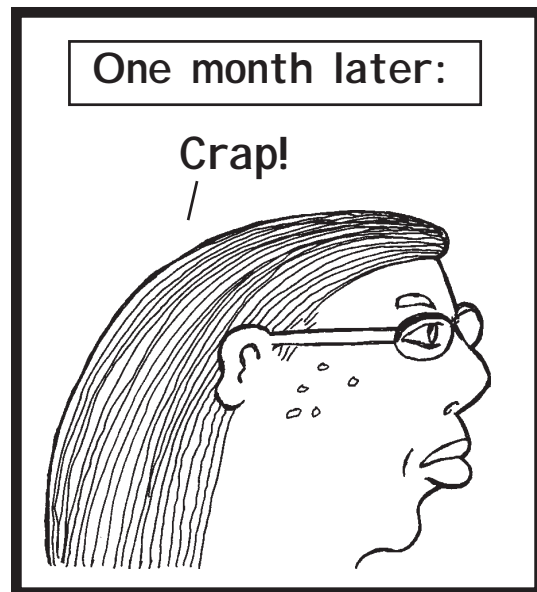
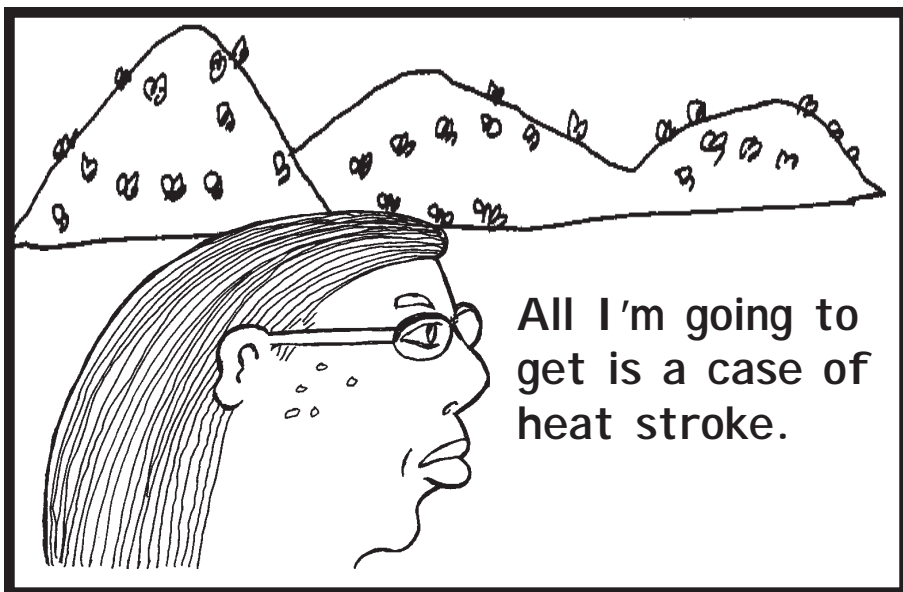
I've come all the way to the Congo and it's no better than back home. Heat, noise, bugs and the monkeys are talking on Cell phones.



One month later:

Jim Morrison took his band over there to become enlightened, but all they did is got stoned.





One month later:

Dorothy was right.
There is no place
like home.



Under the Dartmouth
Bridge!



A human talking to himself and
he doesn't have a cell phone?

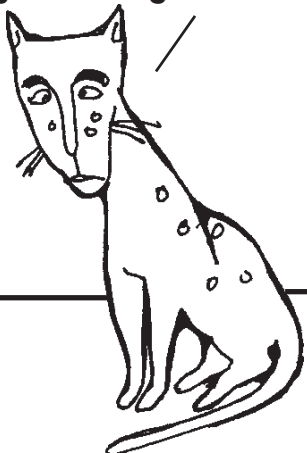


Who's talking to me?

?



Frank McKitty, if you need to
know. What are you doing on
my property?



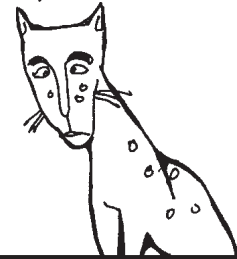
A talking cat?



Do you suppose Frank is looking for you about now?



Frank? Hell no! He dumped me out here himself



That sucks. Why do you keep his name after what he did to you?



It beat the hell out of Dutch Muleheffer... the guy I mooched from before I latched onto Frank.

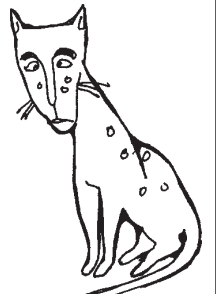


At least Frank took a bath once in a while and I liked his name better.

How do you eat and sleep?



Road kill, dead fish, poachers dump carcasses over the bridge at night.... stuff like that!



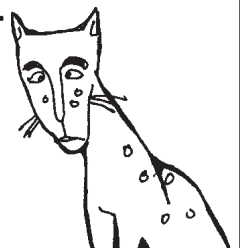
Noise from cars overhead and four wheelers in the river bed are a problem.

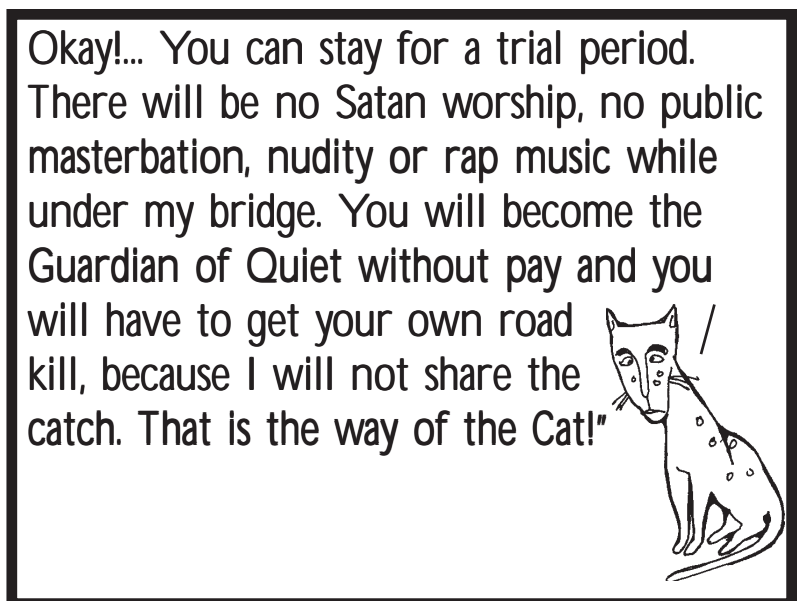
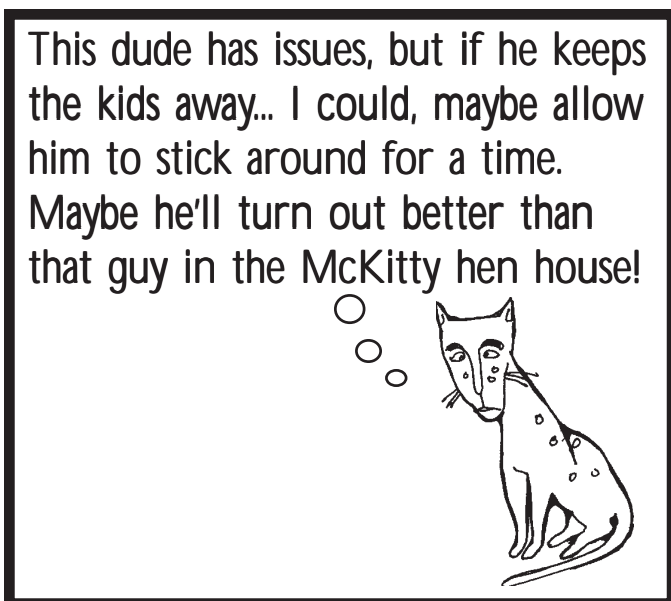
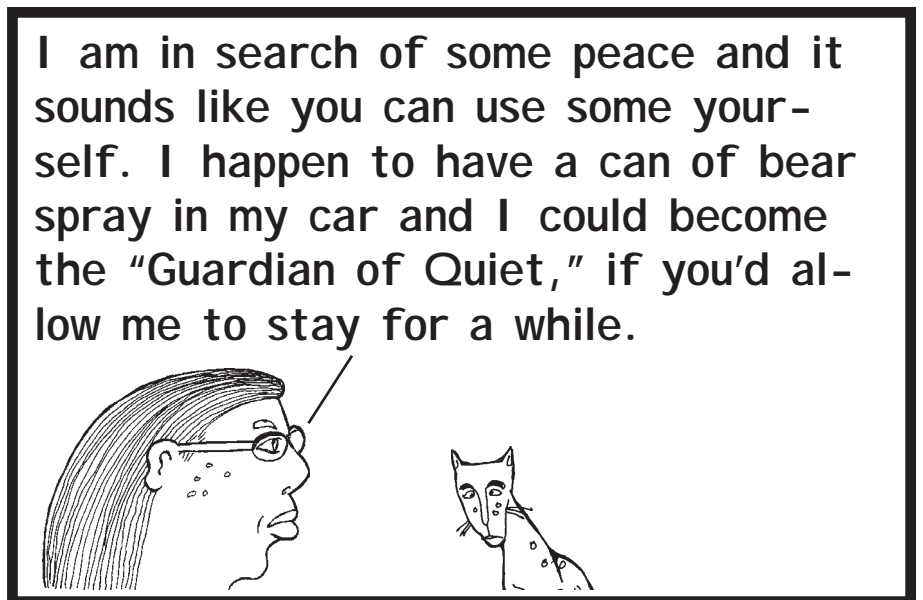
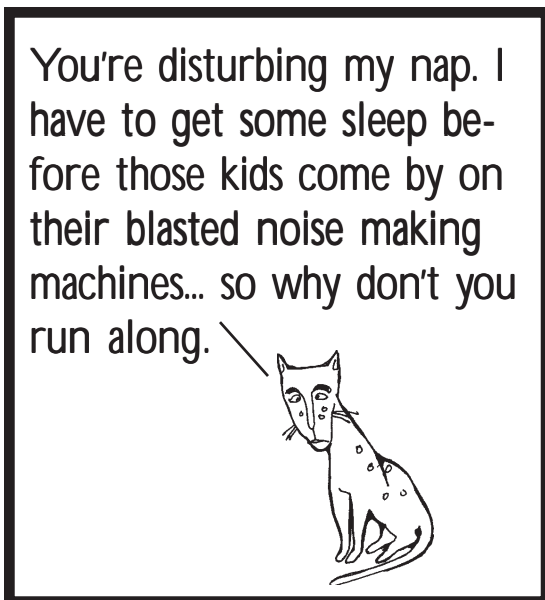


I get shot at alot and chased around by bullies, but generally its rather nice here most of the time. It beats the hell out of the McKitty chicken house. Those chickens are messy and noisy. The guy that keeps care of the chicken was really a strange dude. I'm glad Frank tossed me out here.



Were you tossed out? This is my bridge and I got here first. I have priority on all fresh road kills.





Agreed!



**Roar! Rummmmmble
Varrrrrooooooooooom!**



What the hell was that?



That is the other problem with living under a bridge in the country. Cars speeding over the bridge day and night, but it happens so often that you won't notice it after a while. That is the way of the Cat.



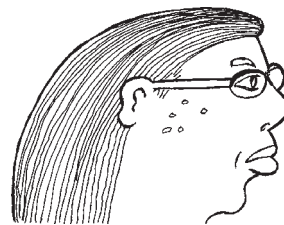
You seem so centered and at peace. Do you practice this so called, "Way of the Cat?"



I am a cat as you can see. I have no choice, but to be completely self centered and self absorbed. I do not take my position as a "Cat Master" lightly. I will not take shit or cheap cat food from anyone. I will bite the hand that feeds me when necessary. I will sleep alot and that is the way of the cat.



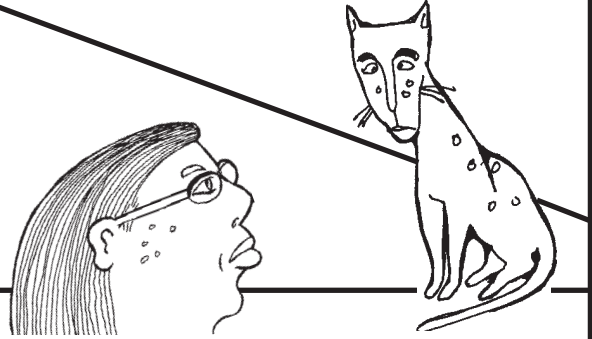
I've just been all over the world searching for a Guru and here you are, almost right in my back yard. Would you teach me the way of the cat so that I may find the peace for which I seek!



Oh, Crap!



Very big disappointment... The same crap I heard from the guy in the chicken coop, except he wanted a mommy not a Guru.



**Roar! Rummmmmble
Varrrooooooooooom!**

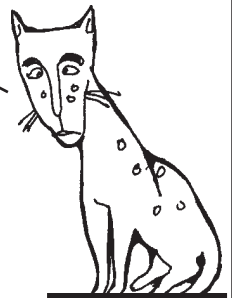


I can't stop that completely, but I can make alot of it go somewhere else. It will take a couple of weeks.

Magic wand?

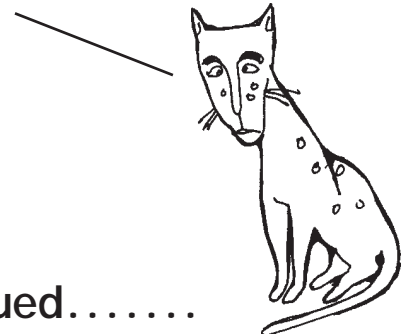


Better than that. A nice big hand full of shingle nails on the roadway every morning. Pretty soon, most regulars will stop coming and going this way.



If anyone comes down here with a four wheeler, I'll pretend to have rabies and chase them away.

You already know the first fundamental in the way of the cat. We will begin with your training right away... Grasshopper.



To be continued.....

The End

The Old Guy: Stakeout

Why are we just sitting out here and not pulling over traffic violators?



I told you this is a very important stakeout and we may as well sit here, because I just discovered the squad radio isn't working.



We sit here and do nothing all evening with no radio calls and we may just get the kids who have been spreading shingling nails on the black-top. People are complaining about flat tires and we have been assigned to catch those sckally-waggs.



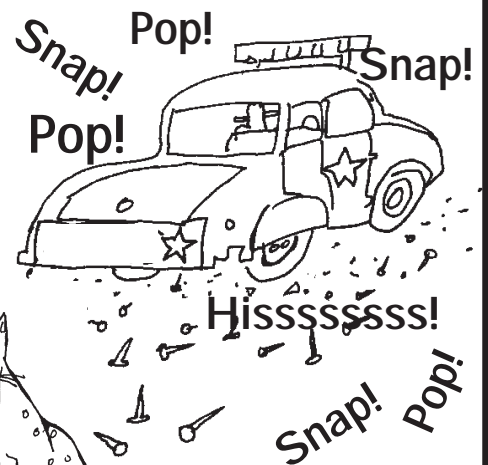
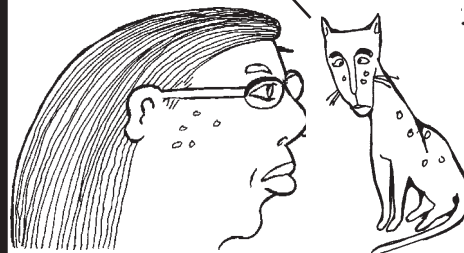
While we wait... Why don't we go shoot some cats living under the bridge?



Sounds fun, but I think we should drive up a little further to get the car off the road.



Good work grasshopper.



The End

Monkey Stamp Comics
Old Guy
Super Hero

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