LITERARY
HA
HA'S
WITH 14 SYMBOLIC LEVELS
by MARKS
AN R.M. PRODUCTION

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Confessions of a Dinamo

"Hey Doc."
"Yeh Pete."
"You know that guy that's been blowing up buildings?"
"Yeh."
"We caught him, and we want you to look at him to see if he's been mentally stable."
"Okay, bring him in."
"Hello doctor."
"Well hello there. What's your name?"
"Joseph Richard Dinamo."
"Well Joe, I here. You've been blowing up houses."
"Yes, but it wasn't my fault."
"No? Well you just lie down and tell me all about it."
"Joe Dinamo. Lied down."
"Well, my trouble began while I was making out my income taxes. While subtracting my deductions, my pen ran dry. I had been rejected by a pen. I screamed and threw the pen in the garbage. I would show that greedy pen I was superior to it."
"Then, trying to show again my superiority over the pen, I grabbed a pencil. As I was subtracting zero from a six with a carried four, the lead broke. Once again, I had been rejected. I was about to scream when I noticed a little black lead still sticking out."
I SIGHED WITH RELIEF AND TOLD MYSELF EVERYTHING WAS JUST FINE.

"BUT AS I SCRABLED AT SUBTRACTING THE ZERO FROM THE SIX WITH THE CARRIED FOUR, I NOTICED THE PENCIL MADE A LARGE BLACK MARK.

I STARED IN AMAZEMENT. I HAD ONCE AGAIN BEEN SNUBBED. AS I WAS STARRING WITH AMAZEMENT, I NOTICED THAT THE ERASER SMILED AT ME. AND I, WITH A BURST OF POWER, UNTAUGHT TO MAN, RIPPLED THAT ERASER RIGHT ON OF ITS PENCIL.

"SOON I REALLY BEGAN TO CRACK UP. WHEN I WENT INTO STORES, I CRACKED PENCILS, SMASHED PENS, TORE PAPER, SPILLED INK, AND DESTROYED ALL MATTER ASSOCIATED WITH WRITING.

I WAS A ONE MAN ARMY, AGAINST THOSE SNOBLY PENS AND REVOLTING PENCILS. I WOULD DESTROY ALL WHO TRIED TO BLOCK ME.

"A LITTLE AFTER THAT, I WENT TO EVERYTHING RESEMBLING PENCILS AND PAPER. I HAD TO DESTROY ALL OF THE RELATIVES OF THE PENCIL & PAPER, EVEN THE DISTANT COUSINS.

"I CHOPPED DOWN TELEPHONE POLES, BLEW UP STREETS. THEN..."
I went to even larger things. Skyscrapers, turnpikes, and pointy roofed houses.

"Altogether I broke seven thousand nine hundred and eighty nine pencils, tore fourteen thousand square sheets of paper crushes five thousand and two pens, blew up nine hundred seventy eight square yards of concrete, destroyed one hundred sixty nine pointy houses, and forty two skyscrapers."

"Do you think there's anything wrong with me doctor?"

"There certainly is. Anyone knows it's impossible to subtract a zero from a six with a carried four."

marks
TWO ALLEY-CATS, JOHN AND DAVID, WERE IN MY Alley, WHERE ALLEY-CATS一般 MAY BE, HUNTING FOR FISH BONES.

Then John turned to David. "Look behind the Avonite."

David looked across the street and said back to John in cat talk, "What do we ill believe. Two extraordinarily beautiful creatures of ornithology. (Birds). What do you think Davis? Do you believe that we should devour them."

"I do believe we should Jackson. My appetite has been starving for a fortnight. Let us cease the feathery creatures and appease the former."

The two cats, with their eyes glued on the birds, began to scamper into the street, where they were run over.
"Betty, get me a bit of butter."
"Barb, why a bit of butter?"
"I need a bit of butter to make the batter better."
"But bitter butter is the only bit of butter we have."
"But bitter butter can make batters better."
"But if a the bit of butter's bitter, a bit of the bitter butter makes the batter bitter."
"But a bit of even bitter butter in the batter makes the batter better if the bit of butter's basted in the batter."
"But Barb, bitter butter butter's to bitter. Even if the bitter butter is basted in the batter, the batter will still be a bitter butter batter."
"But, no buts' Barb. No bitter butter in my batter."
"Forget it. Give me some oil."

By
Malks®
Slaphappy Jack

Slaphappy Jack sat down and lit a hot dog. He puffed away at the hot dog until he remembered about the box of pink cigars he had bought yesterday. He dove into the purpleish-green pool & swam over to the box. He removed one, lit it, and dove in the pool. Then Slaphappy Jack realized what a fool he was. He forgot to take off the raf her. It was now on fire. Then it happened. Slaphappy Jack was letting the water catch fire. Jack swam very hard, but he was laughing so hard, he sunk to the bottom, and was drowned to death.

by Marks®
"Sam Finger looked in the mirror. "Egad, Am I ugly, he screamed. "I'm as ugly as Frankenstein crossed with a werewolf. I'm so ugly I would scare Tartan out of his pants and scare that yesil out of him. I don't understand it. Mom was actually beautiful. Dad was runner-up in the Mr. America Contest. My brother Tom Thumb was the cutest thing in the world. Why? I do not understand. Why? Why? Does God hate me. Was I in the back row when they were passing looks out?"

"Sam Finger stared in the mirror. "Why do I, the last of the Fingers, have a man's nail?"
"Igor, I do believe we have succeeded."
"Yes, master. It won't be long."
"Turn up the heat wave.
"Yes, master.
Igor dragged his twisted body over to the energizer and threw the switch."
"A little less juice, Igor. We don't want to burn Jim."
"Yes, master."

Dr. Frankfurter felt the dry blood on his forehead and remembered the vicious battle he had had with this vicious beast less than an hour ago. He overpowered it with his scientific powers, and now that vicious beast would pay the price.

Hours passed as the doctor and Igor worked on a new creation. A creation not yet known to the outside world. Finally, he was finished.
"Is he ready, Igor."
"Yes, master."
"Ahh, Roast Chicken à la Frankfurter"
The Washington Monument

Tracy stared at the tall white monument. He had bet his best friend he could climb to the top while holding his breath.

Tracy inhaled and began his flight. He ran up the steps. When he passed the halfway mark, he began to feel faint. Would he make it?

That question churned through his head as he took the steps three at a time. The minutes passed like hours, but finally it was only two more flights, one flight, one half flight, five steps, four, three, two, one. He let the hot air stream out of his blue face.

He turned to collect his bet from his waiting buddy and ducked.

by
Mark's
THE TRIAL

The court room was tense. Murder had been committed and the murderer was coming to the chair. Since he had given up, the 5th Amendment did not apply.

The Plaintiff dragged himself to the chair and placed his hand on the Bible and raised his right hand.

"Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"No."
SUPERMAN

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET
"PINCECC"

MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE
"CHUGACHUGACHUGACHUG"

ABLE TO LEAP BUILDINGS IN A
SINGLE BOUND
"JJJJJUUUUUUMMMMPPPPP"

"LOOK IN THE SKY!
"IT'S A BIRD!
"IT'S A PLANE!
"NO, IT'S SUPERMAN!

YES, IT'S SUPERMAN, A MAN WHO CAME
TO EARTH WITH POWERS FAR BEYOND
THOSE OF MORTAL MAN. YES, IT'S
SUPERMAN......

AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE REST
OF IT, YOU MUST BE DEAF!

BY
MARKS
Although there is some contradiction as to the fact as to whether it is a undisputed fact, I would venture now to settle this widely argued subject, that it is definitely, positively, undisputedly, THE END.