

KELVIN BUECKERT

# The Joy of Stupidity

*A complete how-to guide!*

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# Prologue

*Greetings!*

*Welcome to my gallery of madness. I have created many portraits of the ridiculous and absurd for your entertainment. I hope they inspire you to deep contemplation.*

*But seriously, these portraits came about over a period of years. The characters of Herman and Melvin were created after my brother challenged me to write something as stupid as possible. There were 20,000 copies each printed of the first two stories, so perhaps they weren't so stupid after all.*

*In any case, here they are along with a few of their foolish friends. Don't say I didn't warn you.*

*Kelvin Bueckert.*

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1

## The Murder of Humpty Dumpty?



## THE JOY OF STUPIDITY

Tonight on W5 we explore the age old question. Did Humpty Dumpty fall or was he pushed? Consider this statement made at the scene of the crime by prime suspect, Master Chef Henri Renard, and decide for yourself. Roll the clip please...

“I was standing right here officer, warning Humpty Dumpty about the dangers of sitting on the fence...he listened...but he was laughing as he listened to me, rocking back and forth with both of his feet...I don’t know how it happened.”

As we see here, Henri bursts into tears as he struggles to complete his statement. “I guess Humpty just lost his grip...on reality...and cracked up... I know it looks bad...I know I’ve got egg on my face...and I admit that I had always wanted to get Humpty out of his shell...but not quite like this...I swear officer, I never wanted Humpty to end up like this...he was a good egg...he really was...”

Perhaps if Henri had ended his statement here, he would not be under investigation today. However, look closer at this scene...Henri glances up at the investigating officer as a look of cunning crosses his face. He laughs with a touch of madness and then...then he says this...“but officer, if you give me a chance, I just know I could make something good out of this mess...an omelette perhaps...”



## 2

# A Hot Car. A Fast Woman. A Very Slow Man.

I ain't the fastest man around I'll give ya that. It took me bout two hours ta walk downtown today...that don't sound slow until ya remember that it only takes bout fifteen minutes ta drive through this whole little burg I call home. Everybody has their weaknesses I suppose...anyhoo...I finally got to the place I was goin, so that's all that matters, don't it?

Since I was there anyway, I started shoppin for some pots an pans an what not. That's when a thought came to my mind, that was somethin new for me, so, I just stood there for awhile, ponderin that thought. Savorin the novelty of it you understand. Half an hour later, I was still there, standin in the middle of the thrift store, wonderin whether flirtin with disaster meant that I was a romantic at heart, or not...when, SHE approached.

"Hey there stranger," SHE said with a sultry whisper.

"I may be a stranger but you're even stranger," I replied, kinda cool like. I tell ya, that's when the conversation started gettin hot an heavy...arguin about twenty five cent pots and and pans...then, you're not gonna believe this, but we started gettin into the real serious stuff...stuff only a husband an wife should be sayin to each other.

Specifically, we started fightin about various brands of automobiles. I was a Chevy man myself, while she liked more Dodgy vehicles. After an hour or so

## THE JOY OF STUPIDITY

of yellin back and forth, we finally got booted outta that thrift store...an as we were standin out there on main street, SHE tossed her mane of hair, turned ta me an purred...kinda like that mangy cat that always came around the farm. Yeah, that was always a good tomcat, I'll give ya that. I kinda miss havin'em around but I'm gettin off track...where was I?

Oh yeah...this here is what SHE was purrin ta me, "hey, handsome, why don't we go for a little drive and settle this." I'll spare ya all the sordid details but somehow we ended goin for that a little drive. I didn't realize at the time that SHE was plannin ta drive me me crazy but, I guess I shoulda known. That's usually how love is.

Anyhoo, in the end, I suppose we just weren't meant ta be together. I went back ta my farm an SHE went back ta the asylum where she escaped from. If I've learned anythin, I guess it'd just be this...Don't let strange women take ya for a ride...in dodgy vehicles.

## Rocky, the Rock Star!



It was love at first sight. Every morning, as he looked into the mirror and prepared to caress his long curly locks, he was filled with admiration. However,

combing his hair was difficult to do properly while wearing sunglasses.

This was a problem as Rocky didn't want to lose his rock and roll image for one minute. With that in mind, the sunglasses stayed on, even though the room where he combed his hair was very dimly lit.

His band mates always joked that only a dim bulb would put such a dim bulb in his bathroom. However, the easiest person to impress is yourself and Rocky was impressed with his sheer level of impressiveness. Back in the 80s his band had hit number 99 on the Billboard hot 100 and as someone who had been part of that milestone in music history, he needed to look the part.

Anyhoo, that's pretty much how each day passed for Rocky. Moments carefully combing, hours graciously grooming, afternoons sincerely smiling in front of his gold framed mirror...until five o'clock rolled around. Yes indeed, five o'clock was a wicked time, five o'clock meant that it was time to go to work.

With great reluctance, Rocky dragged himself from the image of himself. Showing great strength of character, he daily and oh so humbly allowed his limo driver to drive him to the gig that evening.

This all carried on happily until that one fateful day. During the evening, while the rest of his heavy metal band was wailing glad tidings of the coming apocalypse, Rocky finally took the bold step he had been dreaming of for so long. He dropped the guitar in his hand, pulled a golden trumpet from his knapsack and began tooting his own horn. Sadly, this musical adventure gave rise to much discord with the other members of the band.

After a few sour notes, Rocky was thrown bodily from the band wagon...this was a real problem since the band wagon they were all riding was moving quite quickly at the time. (They were shooting a music video on VHS in an attempt to revive their status as hip with all them crazy kids of 2017.) Luckily, this video did not kill the radio star...still, as Rocky rolled into the ditch, he took time to reflect on his rough and tumble life in rock and roll.

This reflection proved to be time well spent since after that fateful day, Rocky was forced to reconsider his career options. Apparently, the warning he had read in his cherished copy of *Pride For Dummies* had been correct, pride will always divide, and he was forever banned from his former band.

## ROCKY, THE ROCK STAR!

However, Rocky wasn't bitter...he knew that he was better...than pretty much everybody else in the world.

Still, since he had always wanted to blow his own horn, the only career option open to him was in the local elementary school marching band. Rocky wasn't deterred by this challenge though, as a 55 year old rock star, he was confident that he would stand out at the upcoming auditions.

As he always said, "Rock isn't dead, it's just laying there dude."

## The Invasion...of Stupidity!

The residents of Planet Earth, known throughout the galaxy as, “humans”, were busy boasting, claiming that one race was better than the other.

Meanwhile, the aliens were far above, spinning around in their flying cups and saucers, looking down on this world of human chaos. Strangely, the aliens saw just one race, a human race of people who all looked equally delicious.

To the alien mind, humans were like refrigerators, it was what lurked inside that truly counted. Yes, the color on the outside of a human didn't matter to the alien as much as the meat, the substance, inside a human. This foolish view was only one reason why the alien was viewed with contempt by the leadership of Planet Earth.

“Spaced out,” was the term the humans often used when referring to the aliens. “I just don't know what they're saying, it seems like they are from another world,” complained other humans as they attempted to negotiate with the alien high command. Finally, like most humans when faced with things they didn't understand, the humans in charge of Planet Earth wisely decided to ignore the alien invasion fleet in hopes that it would go away.

Meanwhile, on a command ship far above Planet Earth, General Strongorg plopped his bloated reptilian body on a sofa, grabbed some popcorn to munch on, and began to study this situation. The bloodthirsty alien hordes under his command shrieked and bellowed as they anxiously awaited his signal to invade. However, upon further study, General Strongorg began to realize that

according to the immigration laws of Earth, they would all be classified as illegal aliens. Faced with the frightening prospect of dealing with immigration lawyers for the next few years, General Strongorg began to reconsider his invasion plans.

He needed wisdom.

He needed the only one in the universe who would know what to do.

He needed a smart Alec.

It was true, there was intelligent life in the universe.

His name was Alec. He was very intelligent which is why all the other life forms in the universe paid no attention whatsoever to his advice.

General Strongorg cursed. Even though no one wanted smart Alec in the invasion fleet, it would have been good to have someone on board whose advice he could ignore with dignity.

Finally, completely at whit's end, the General reluctantly gave the order to retreat. With their reptilian tails between their legs, literally, the alien invasion fleet returned to their home planet. There, in a much needed self esteem building exercise, the alien hordes spent some time congratulating themselves on their obvious superiority to the human race they had left behind them.

However, television had not been invented on this backward planet and soon boredom began to set in. Since the aliens needed to fight with someone, they divided themselves into groups based on the color of slime on their scaly skin and began to fight amongst themselves, tearing each other and their home planet into pieces with their sharp claws. Before long, word of their wisdom spread throughout the entire universe.

Which was a happy ending indeed.

# 5

## Humphrey Gobart and the Strange Case of Common Sense.



Humphrey Gobart, grizzled and grumpy detective, sat slumped in his dingy office chair. He was contemplating the half empty bottle of milk sitting before



him on his cluttered desk. After a week of dealing with basket cases, nut cases, and missing briefcases he was understandably depressed.

Oh for a substantial case, a case with meaning, perhaps, yes, perhaps a Gucci case would have the substance he was looking for but how could he afford a Gucci case?

With this thought, Humphrey poured himself another shot of moo juice, tilted back his head, and slurped it down with one gulp. All the while ignoring the milk moustache forming just above his unshaven chin. Amazingly enough, it that precise moment was when the phone beside his ear jangled, jumbling the jungle of thoughts inside his head even further.

“Hello,” seemed the logical thing to say, so Humphrey mumbled these words into the mouthpiece of the telephone. With that prompt, a mysterious voice began to whisper into Humphrey’s ear, outlining the case of a life time, the story of a horrible murder.

Who had killed poor old Common Sense?

Why?

The town was full of suspects but Humphrey vowed that day that he would do what it took to track down the murderer and when he found that criminal mastermind, Humphrey would make him pay...for the parking ticket he had incurred while he was inside Common Sense’s apartment committing his evil deeds. Then, if that wasn’t enough, the guilty party would be sent off on a guilt trip...to the big house. Yes, the town would never be the same after the death of Common Sense, but in the end, Humphrey Gobart would make sure that justice was served.

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