The Chottle Trilogy

By R. Jackson Marks

Forword by Ingrid Nybull

Description

Feeling lethargic, listless, or weighed down by modern life's woes? Chortles promises a transformative remedy through randomized humor.

Developed by R. Jackson Marks after years of study and dedication, Chortles offers therapeutic laughter that invigorates both body and mind. Regular engagement boosts appetite, enhances digestion, and aids in maintaining a healthy weight by turning body fat into vital tissues. It supports natural heart, lung, kidney, and liver functions while safeguarding your well-being.

The secret to fully enjoying Chortles lies in savoring them like fine chocolates. Each cartoon and caption is crafted for maximum delight—first appreciated visually, then intellectually. R. Jackson Marks likens a good Chortle to a doo-wop song: the picture is the melody, and the caption is like the lyrics. While not every Chortle may resonate with your jocularity, the variety ensures there's something for everyone.

Consumed in moderation, Chortles promises lasting cheer and a richer life. Read wisely with an open sense of humor!

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R. Jackson Marks

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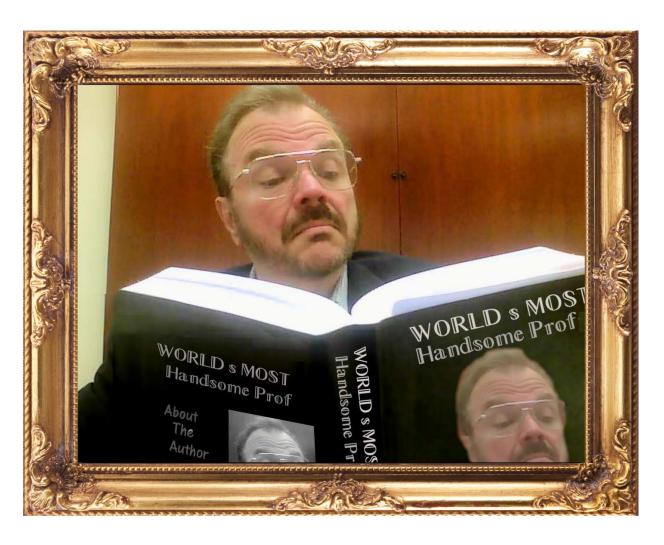
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Other works by the author.



Forward to the Chortle Trilogy

chortle (chor-tol) verb: a blend of a chuckle and a snort

The Chortle Trilogy is a collection of three volumes of classic Chortles.

Chortles, the title of the first volume in this omnibus is, like old television in the 1950's, in black and white. R. Jackson, the artist, was into drawing lots of little dots to do shading on his drawings. This made him cross-eyed, so he resorted to using dotless color in the second volume titled (or is it entitled?) Chortles with Colors. Since the second volume attracted no commercial interest, R. Jackson thought more Chortles were needed for a critical mass. So he continued drawing. This resulted in the third and final volume titled Chortles Without Borders.

Some may think that the title *Chortles Without Borders* is motivated by the names of organizations like *Doctors Without Borders* or J. Biden's unpublished best seller *Countries Without Borders*. Not so. Unlike previous drawings, there are no frames used in volume 3 of the trilogy. Thus, the drawings have no borders.

So sit down, fasten your seatbelts, place your trays in the upright and locked position, put your cell phones on airplane mode and prepare to chuckle, chortle and snort.

Miss Inga Nybal

Forward to the Chortle

(Volume 1)

Are you lethargic? lugubrious? narcissistic? hyperpugilisistic? listless? xenophobic? antihyperdispensationalistically distressed? Are your superpowers failing? Is your blood tainted with the environmental poison of genetically modified and inorganic food?

Chortles can help.

Frequent viewing of Chortles stimulates the appetite and allows you to eat with new vigor. Food tastes better and digests more readily. A hearty chortle aids in the transformation of body fat into muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue. Your weight will be reduced to normal. Reading Chortles takes off that big stomach, enables the heart to act freely, the lungs to expand naturally, the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner that promotes generation and preservation of your precious bodily fluids.

R. Jackson Marks devoted years to the task of mastering and honing Chortles to perfection. You will feel better the first day you peruse Chortles!

Chortle Tips

R. Jackson is humorless about seriousness and serious about humor. Chortles are best enjoyed after considering the following.

"Like rich dark chocolate bon-bons, enjoy delicious Chortles in responsible moderation"

Have you ever downed a whole box of bon-bons and had a difficult time

getting the last few down? The more you eat and the faster you eat, the more the bon-bons lose their wonderful flavor. If you read Chortles too fast, they will likewise lose their flavor.

The proper eating of a bon-bon begins with its sweet chocolaty aroma. Then there is the first taste. You close your eyes and feel the delicious bon-bon flavor spread over your tongue. The bon-bon begins to melt in your mouth and your sensory pleasure is maximized. Mmmmm. Delicious. Isn't this a lot better than downing bon-bons one after another so fast that they pass your taste buds almost undetected? You betcha.

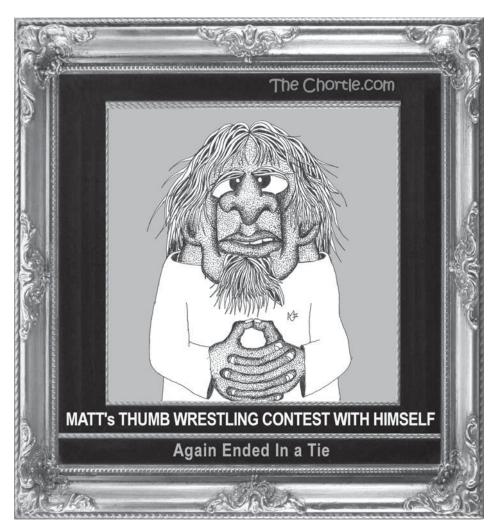
Read Chortles the same way. First, look at the picture. The images themselves often convey a delightful, strange, or amusing incident. Enjoy it! This is the first taste of the Chortle. Then read the caption. Relate it to the picture and, like the slow eating of bon- bons, your sensory pleasures will be maximized!

Some say a good a Chortle is like a good doo wop song. The Chortle picture is a catchy tune and the caption is the lyrics. Just like not everyone likes a song, not everyone gets every Chortle. But that's okay. Some Chortles might appear as foolish childish jokes. Some are puns. Yet others will make you smile and nod your head in agreement. Others are best described as random. But there are also Chortles that will stir your belletristic juices to a depth hitherto before not experienced. Others might make you feel queasy.

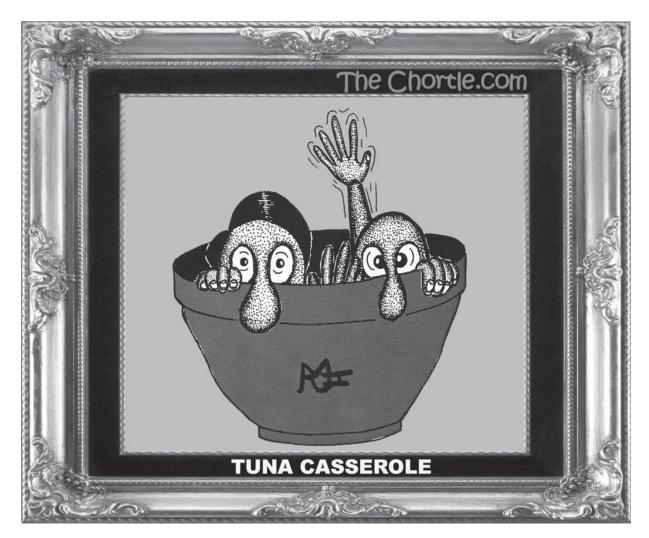
Enjoy the Chortles. There are many. But if they start to run together and all cease to have meaning, stop! Remember R. Jackson's sage advice, "Like rich dark chocolate bon-bons, enjoy delicious Chortles in responsible moderation" Read Chortles the right way and you will live long and be of good cheer.

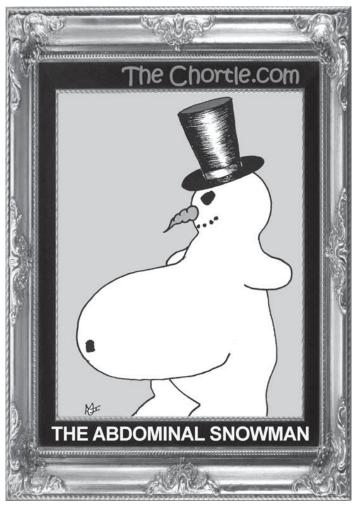
Miss Inga Nyball

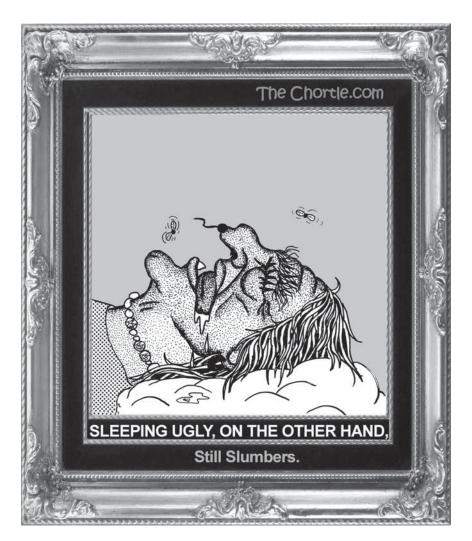
Caution: Frequent reading of Chortles may cause the following symptoms: headache, drowsiness, dizziness, intestinal cramping, temporary blindness, accelerated wart growth, bleeding of the gums,
itchy rashes, full body hair loss, gigantic eyeball syndrome, the condition known as 'hot dog fingers,' dropsy, ingrown eyelashes, thickened nose hair, bone liquefaction, tail growth and a compulsion to use the Oxford comma.
WARNING from the Editor: Some Chortles were drawn in the 20 th century and to some might occasionally seem politically incorrect. Taking a cue from 21 st century publication of <i>Huckleberry Finn</i> , we have chosen to include the cartoons uncensored as originally drawn. The Editor is sorry if this hurts your feelings.

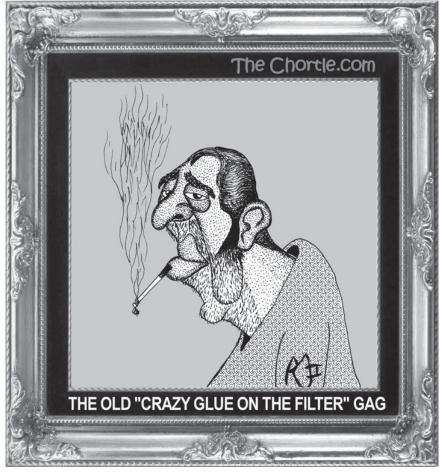


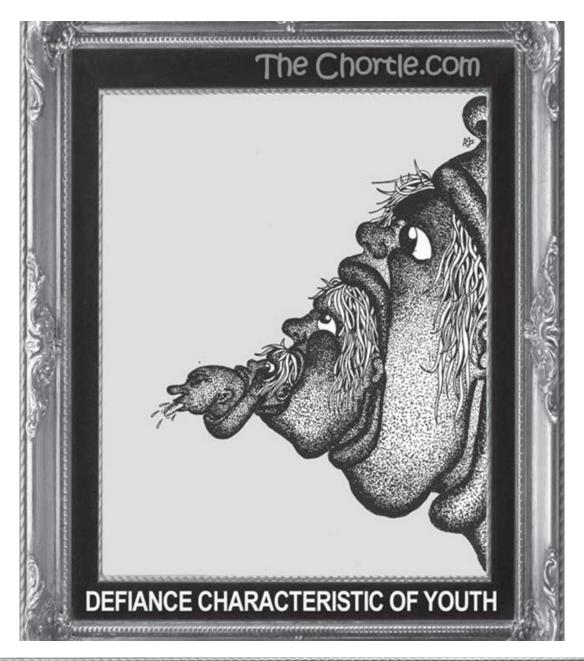


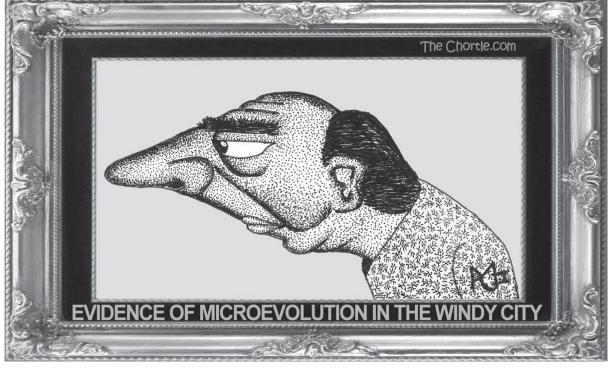


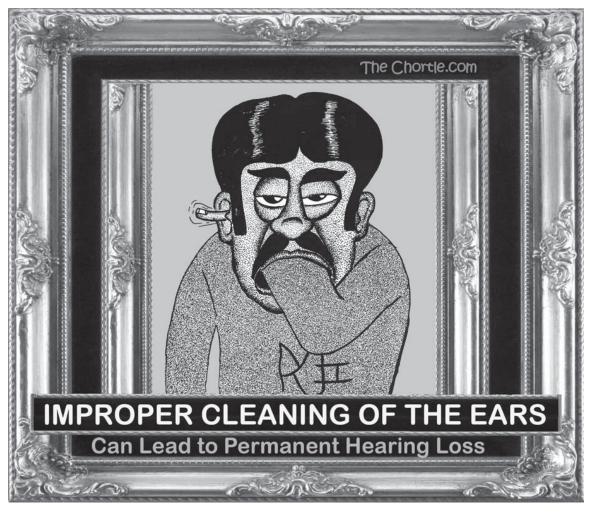




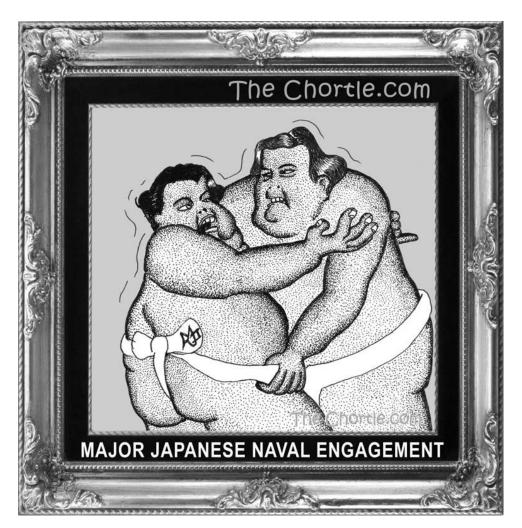


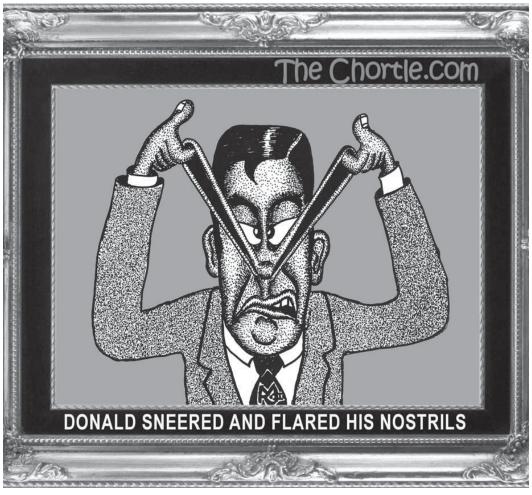


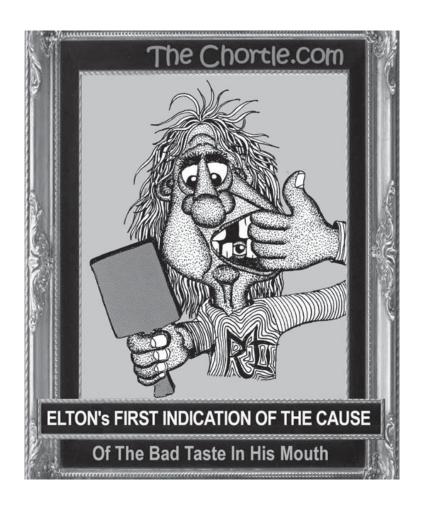


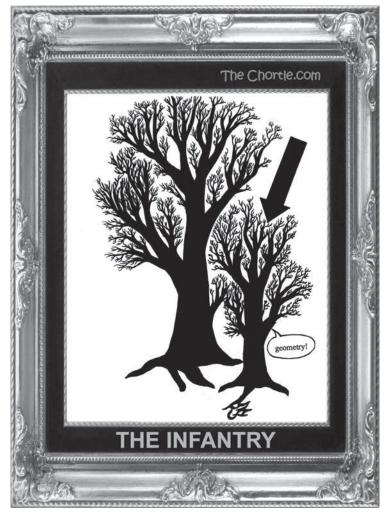


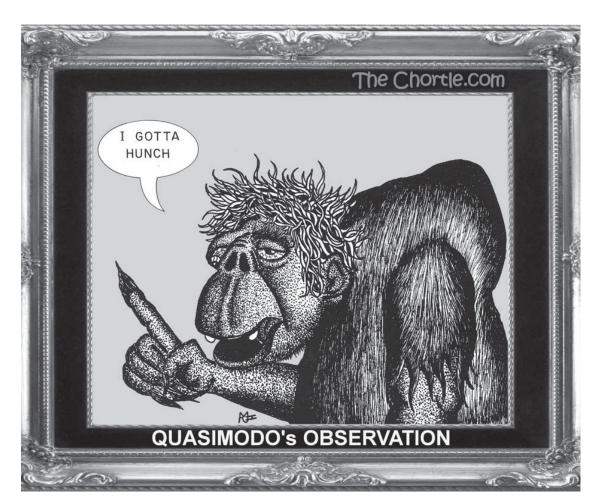


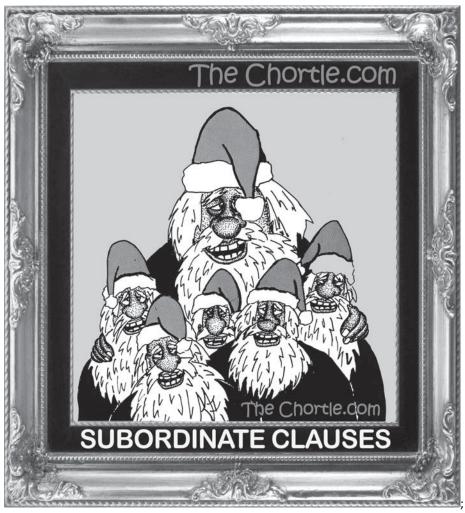


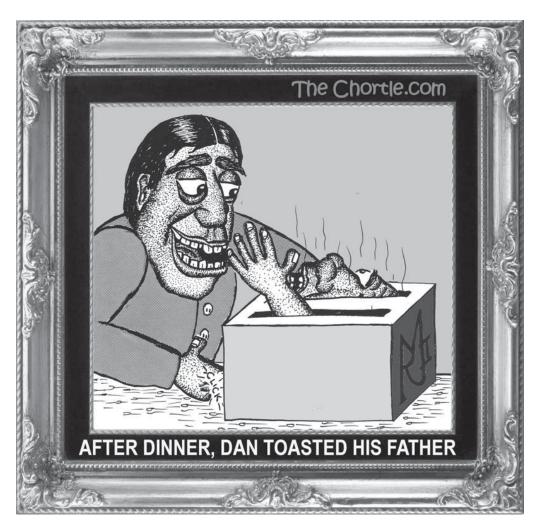


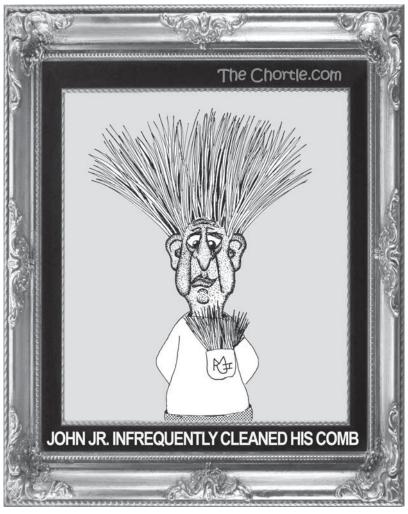


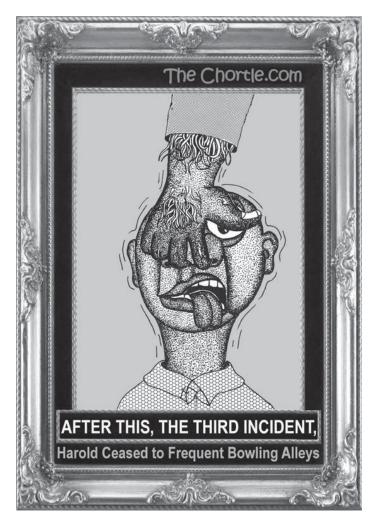


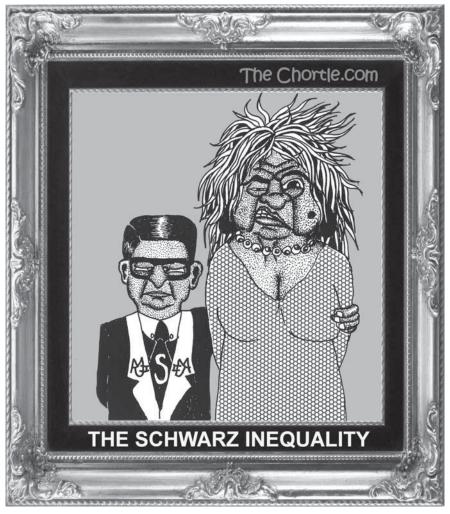


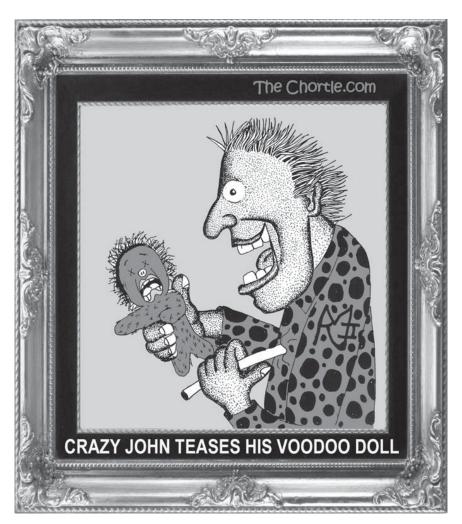




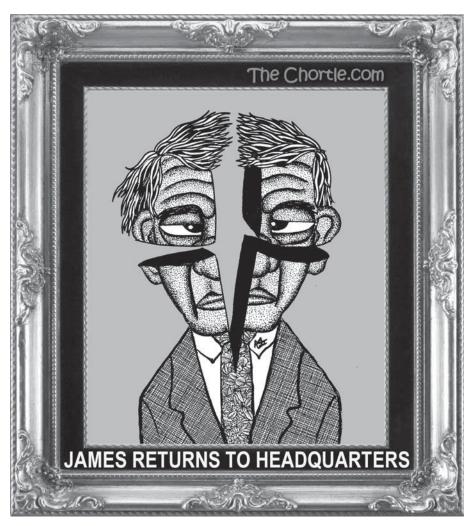


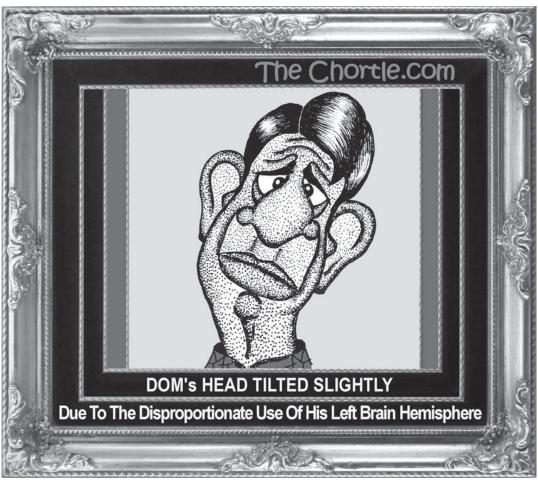


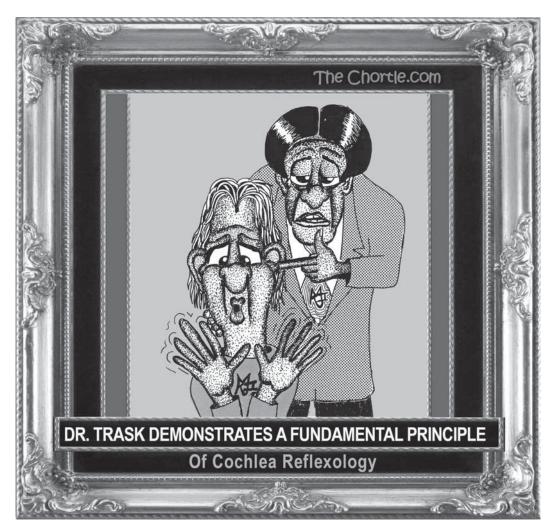




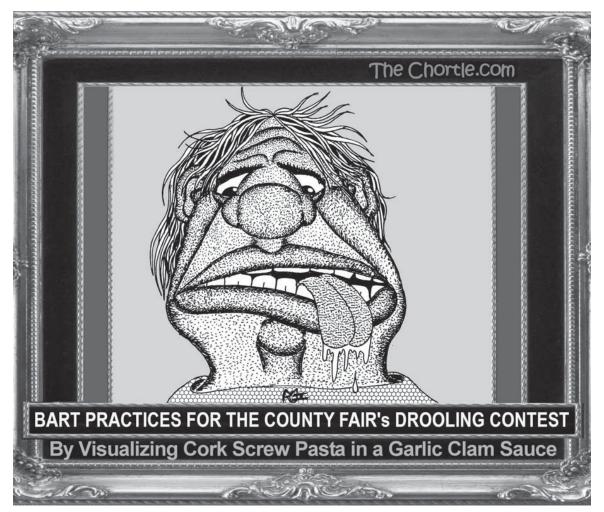


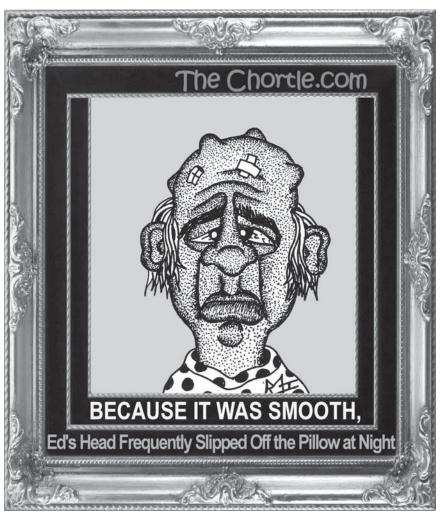






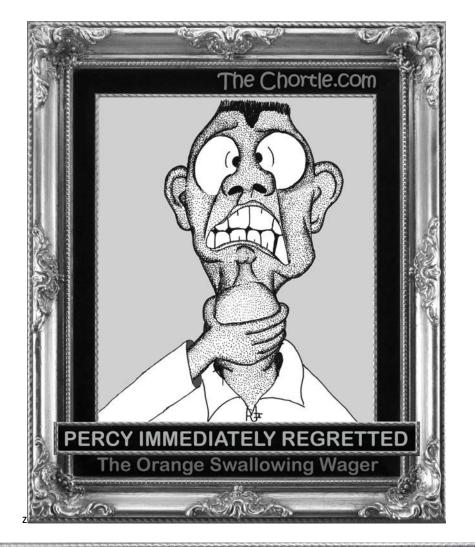


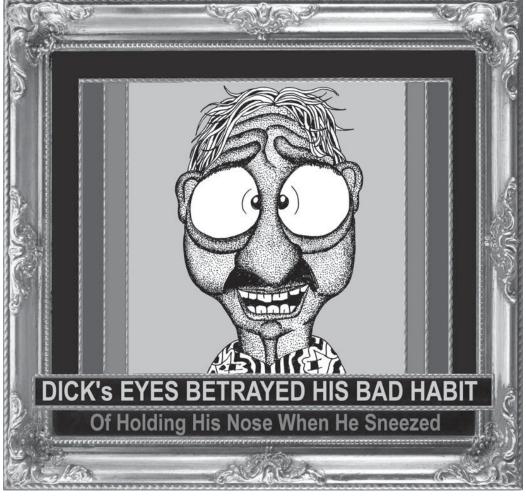


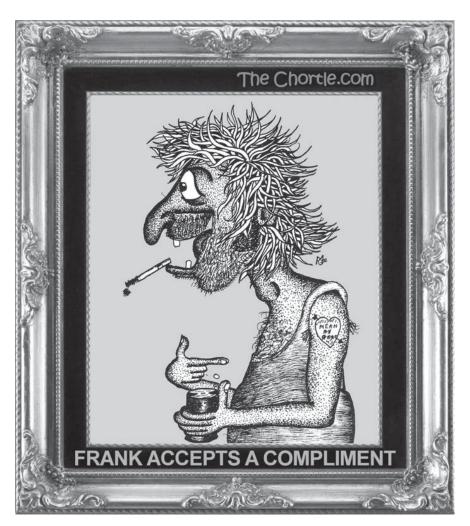


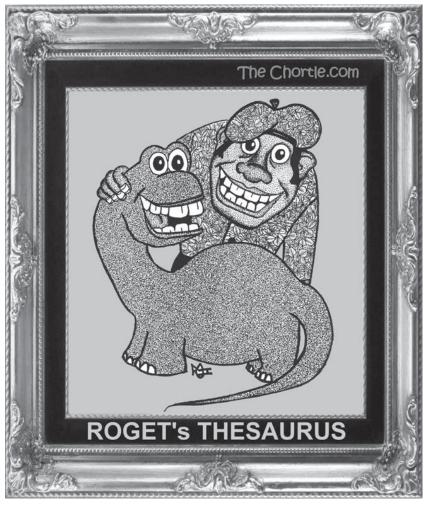


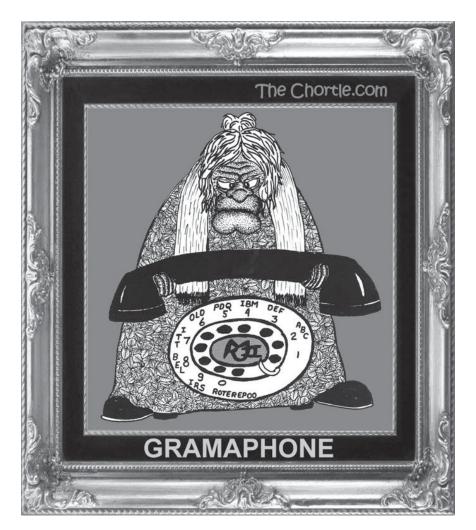


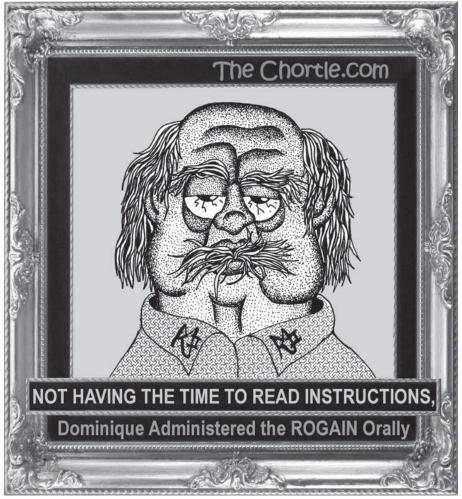


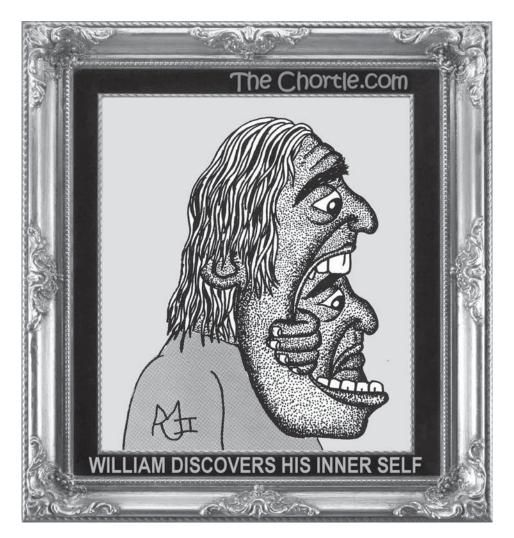


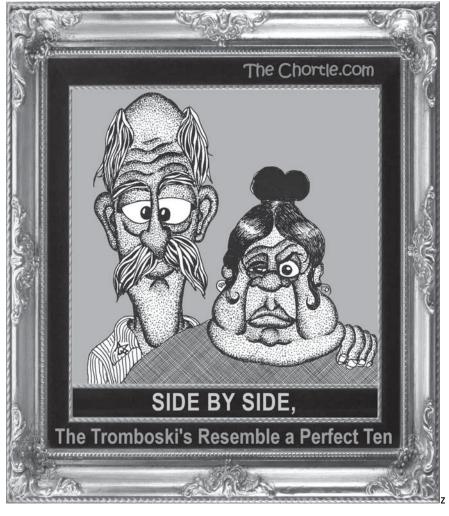




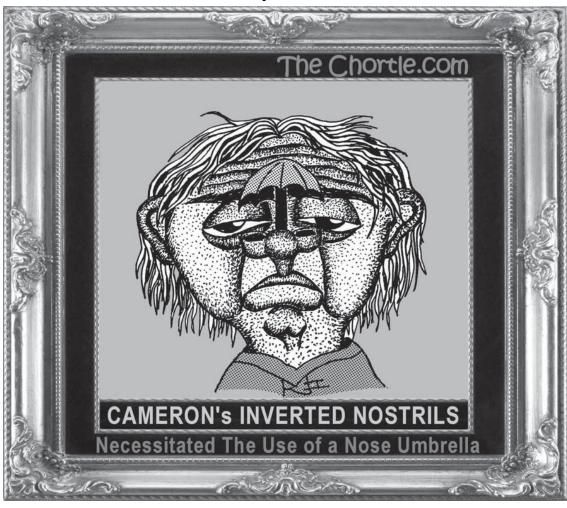


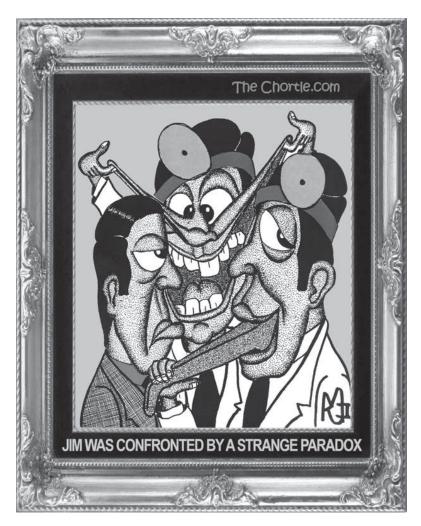




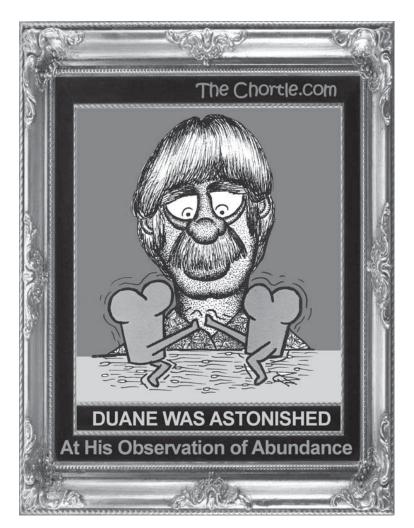


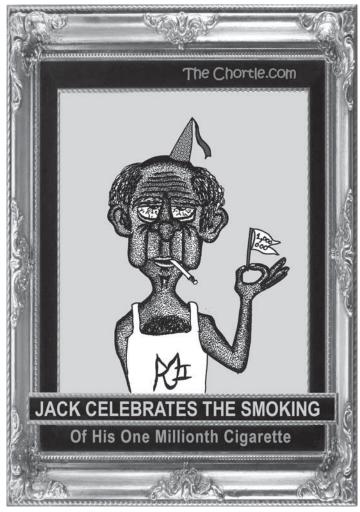




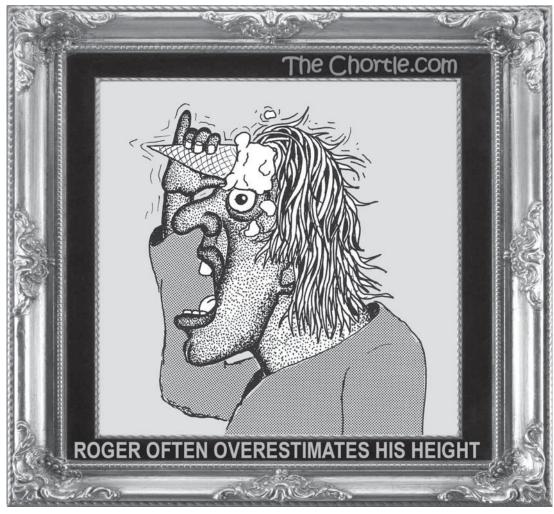


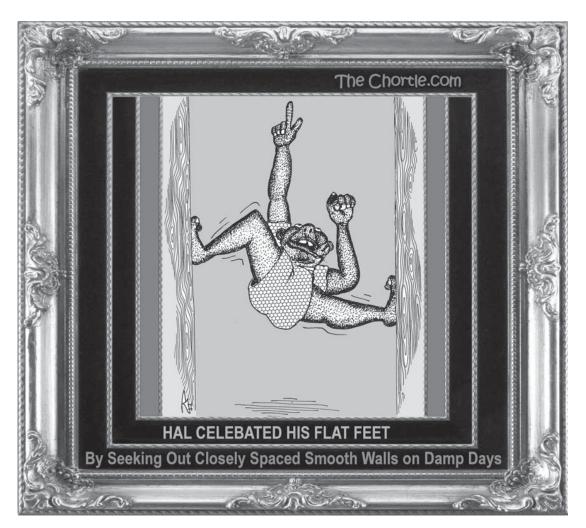


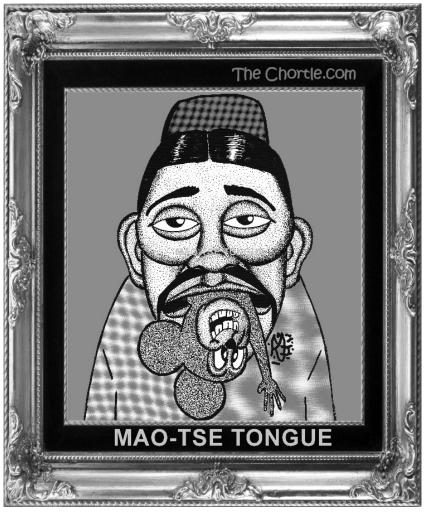


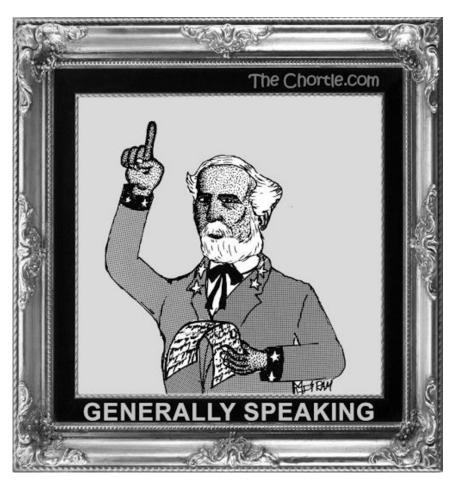


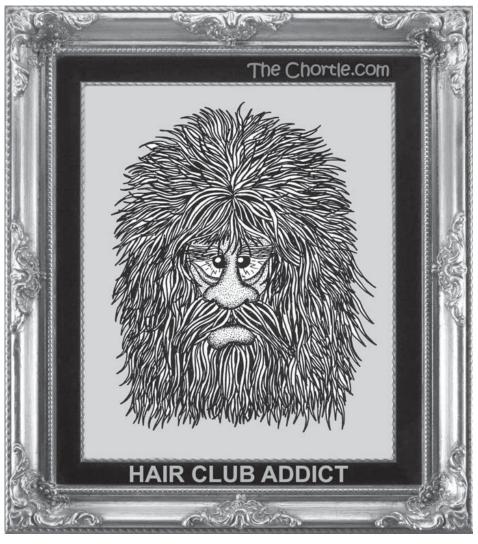






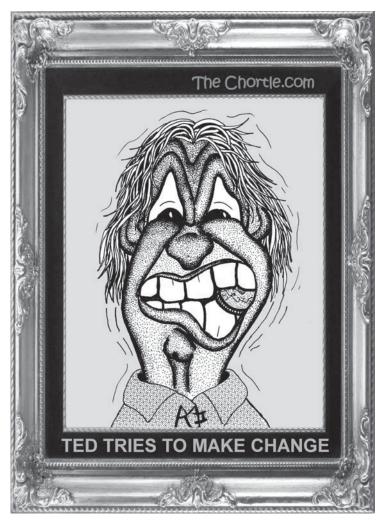






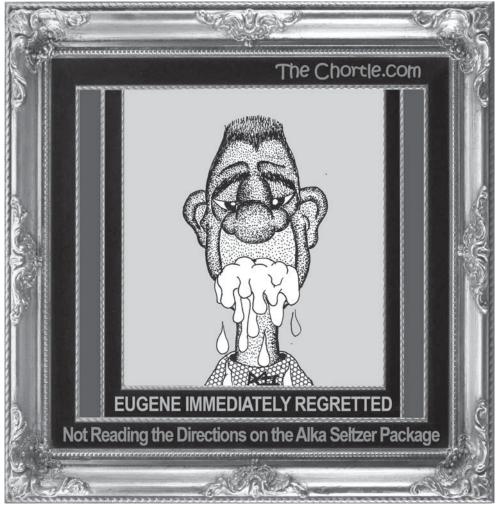


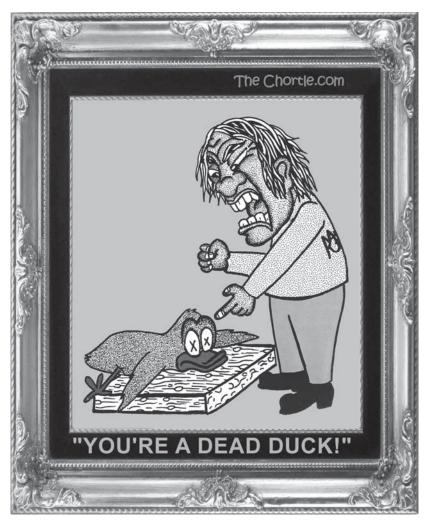


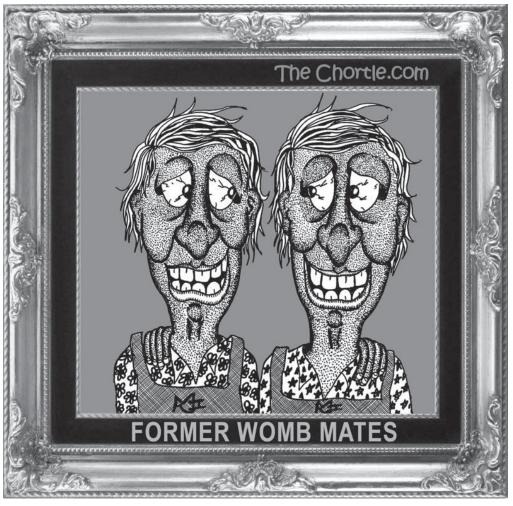


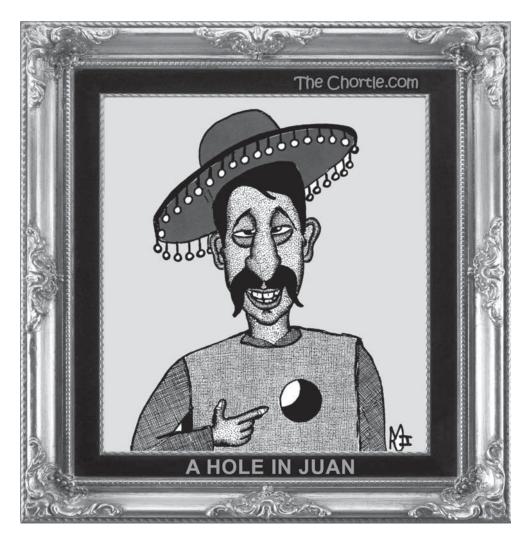




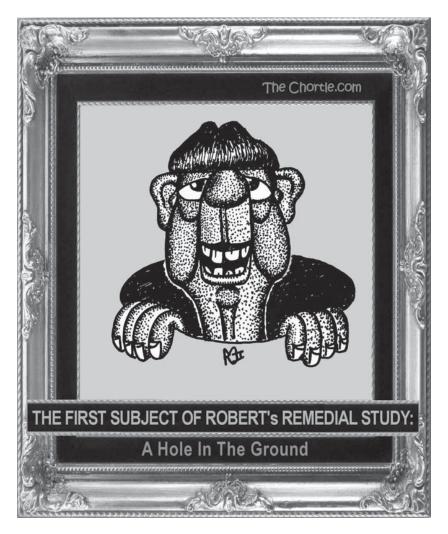


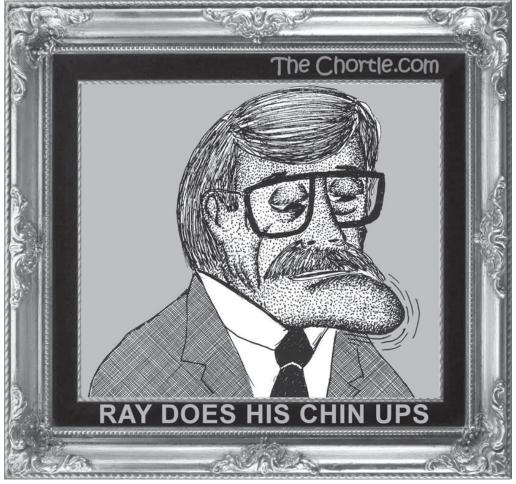




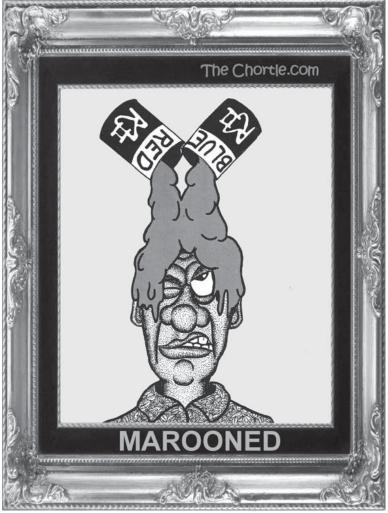




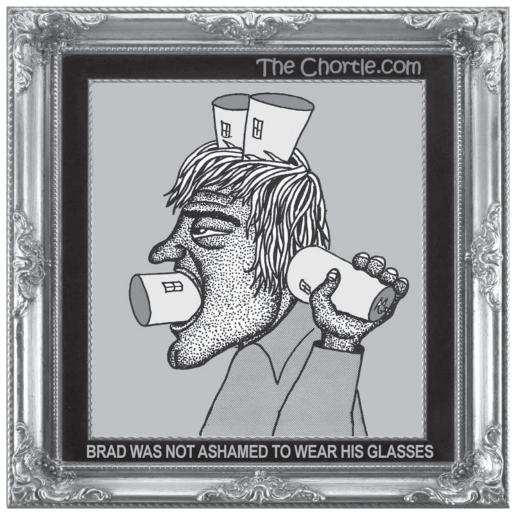








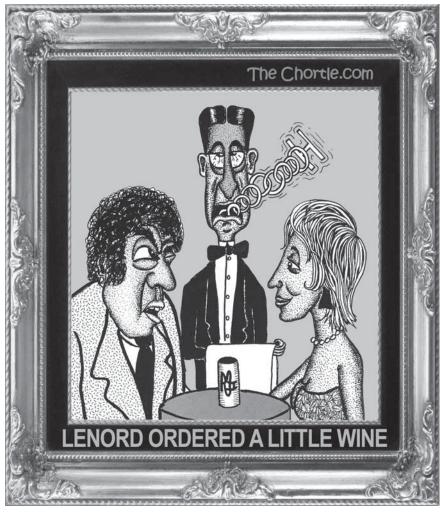


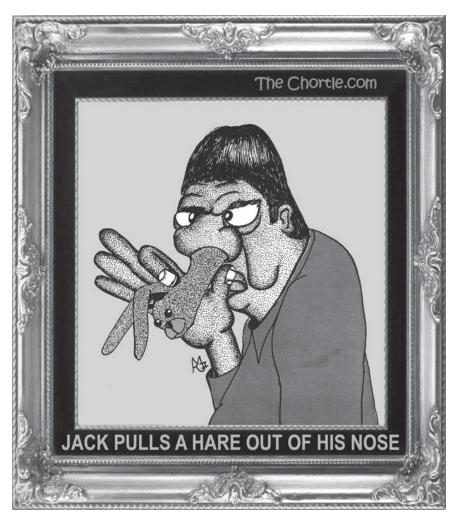




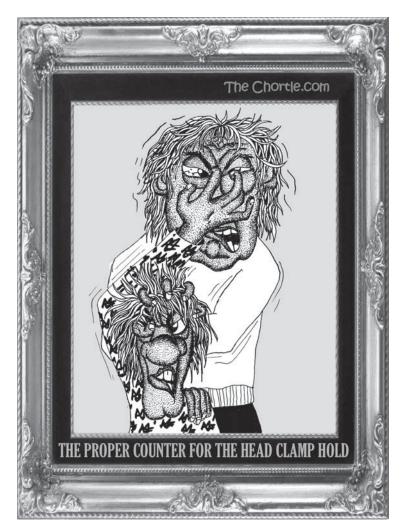




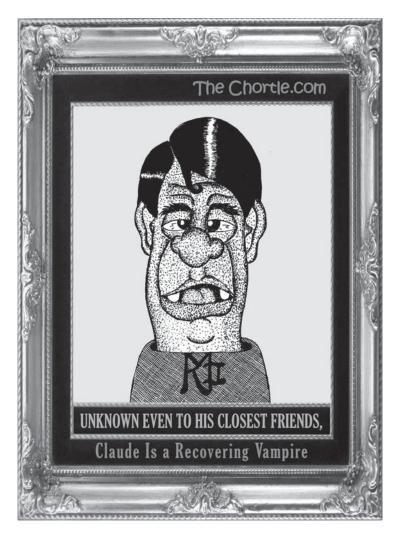


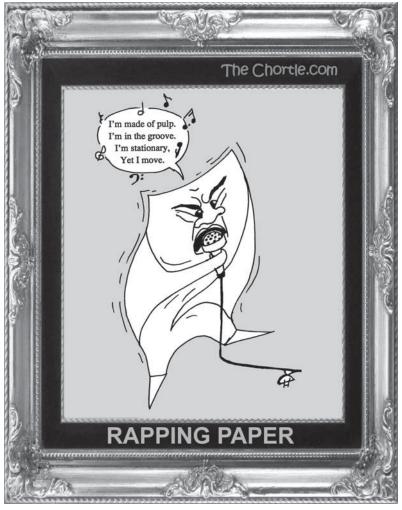


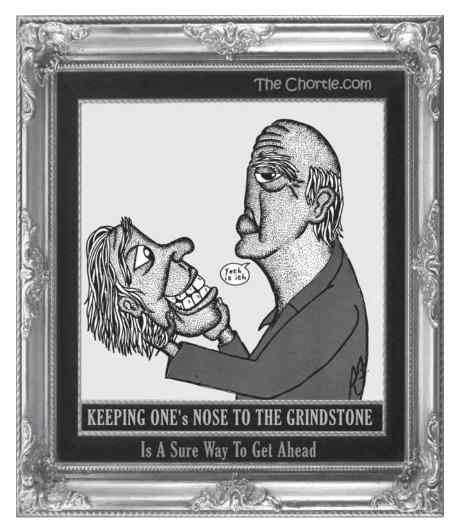


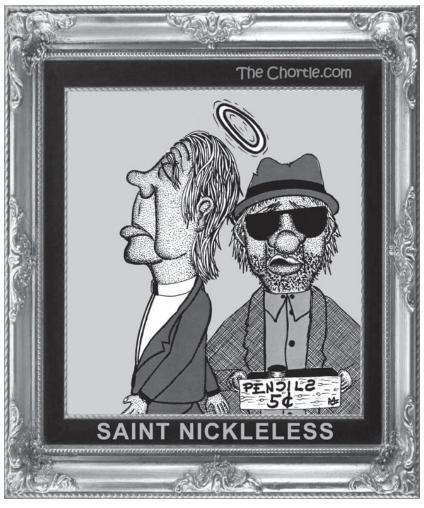


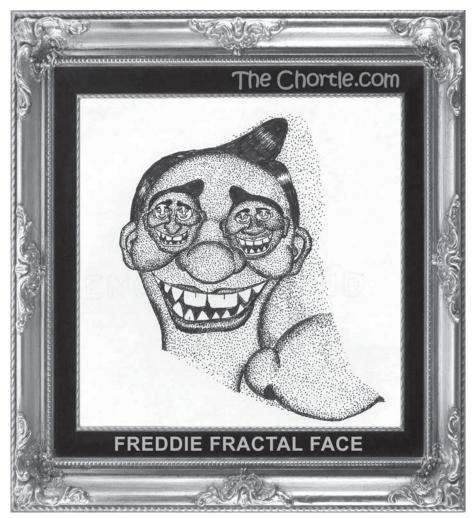




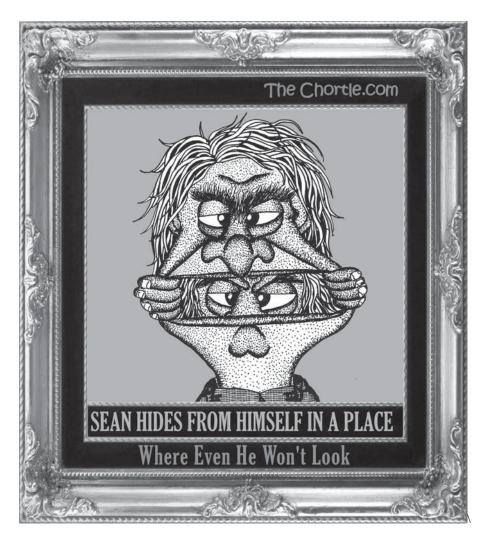


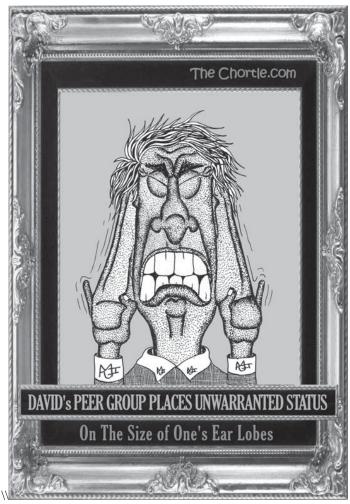




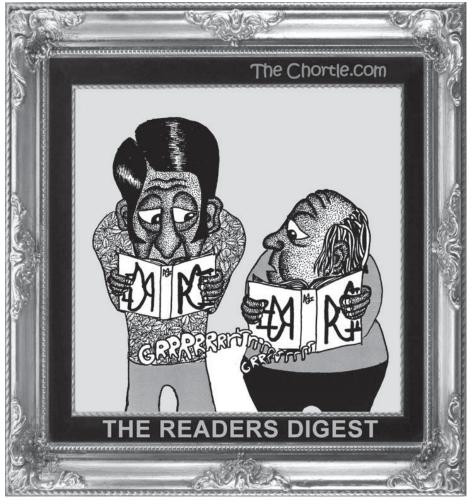


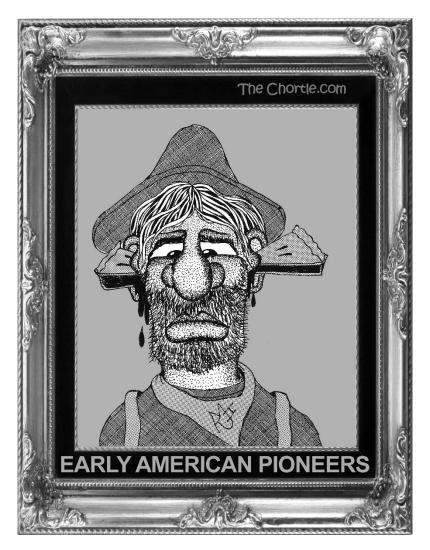




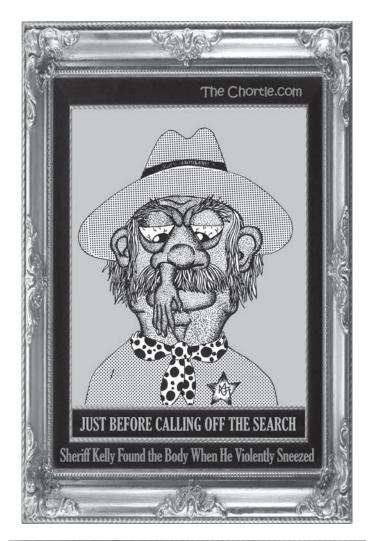


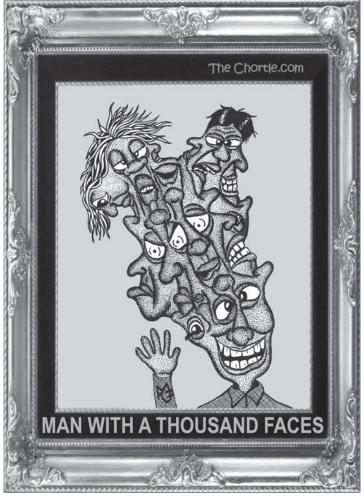


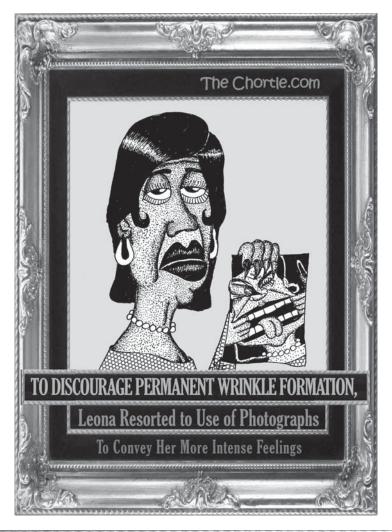


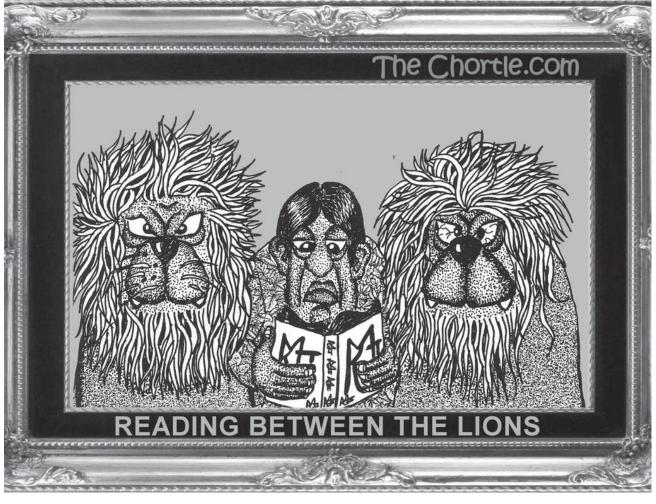




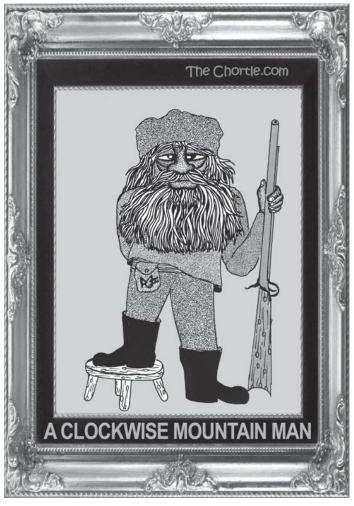




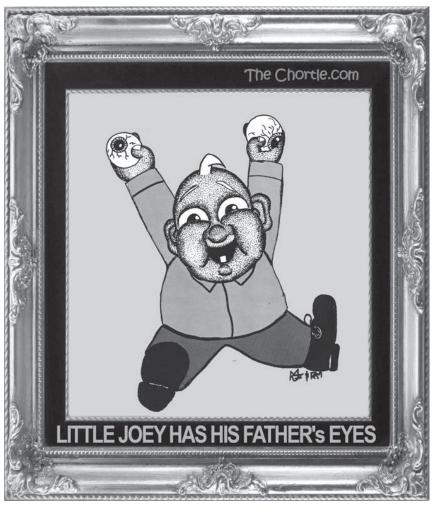




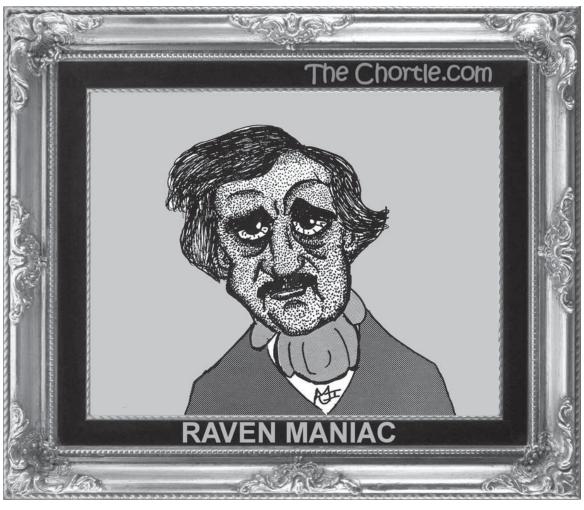


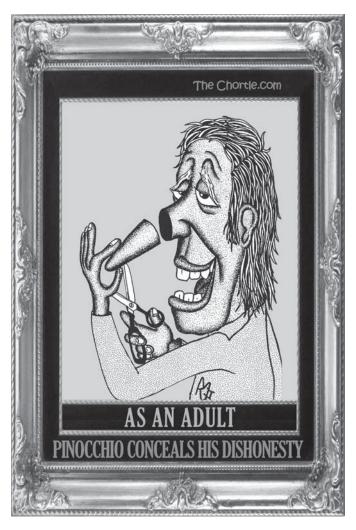


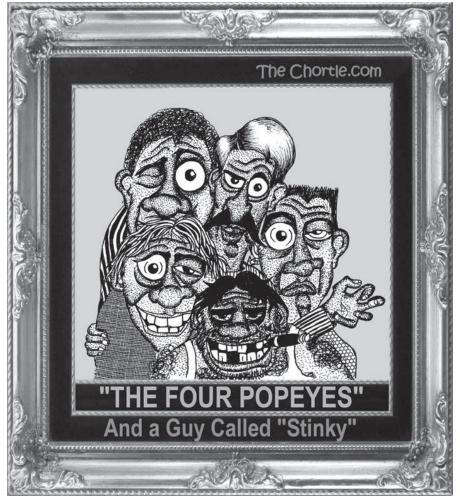




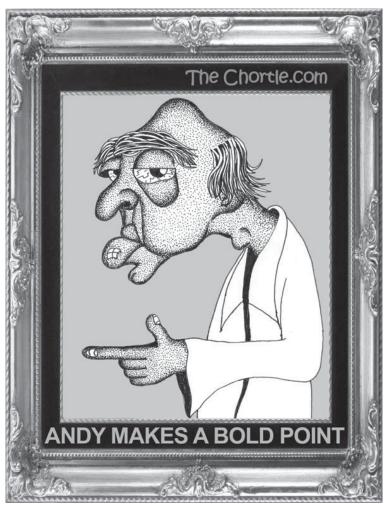






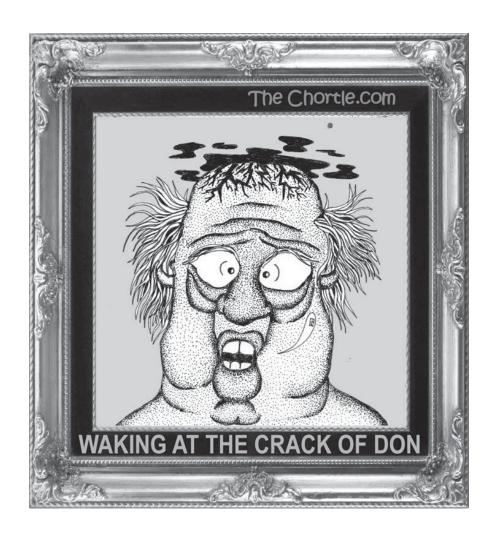


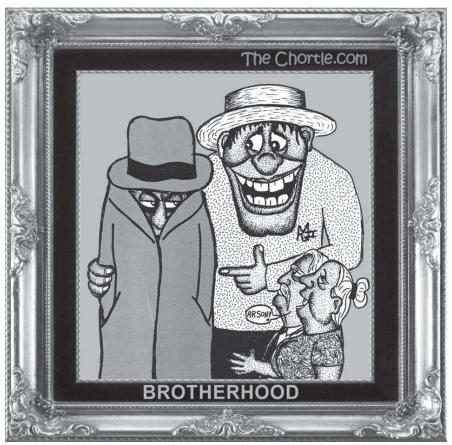




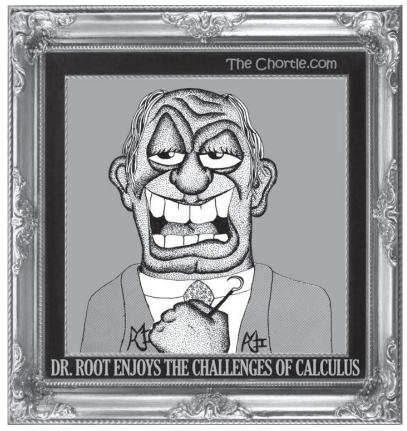




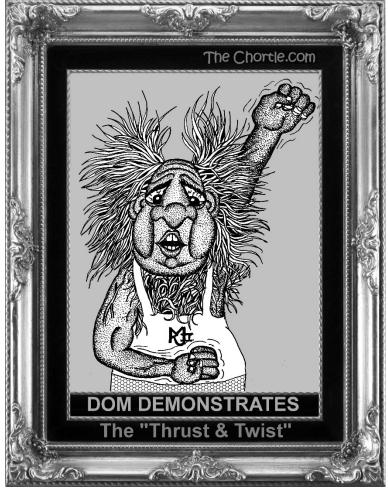


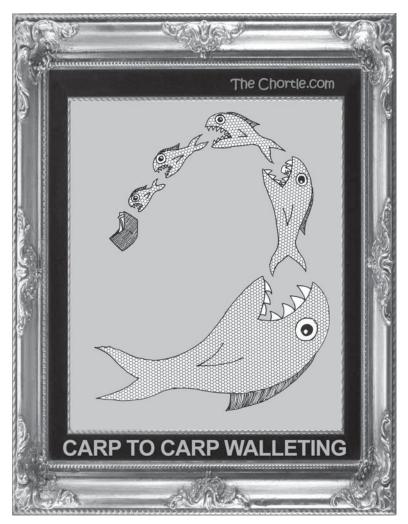


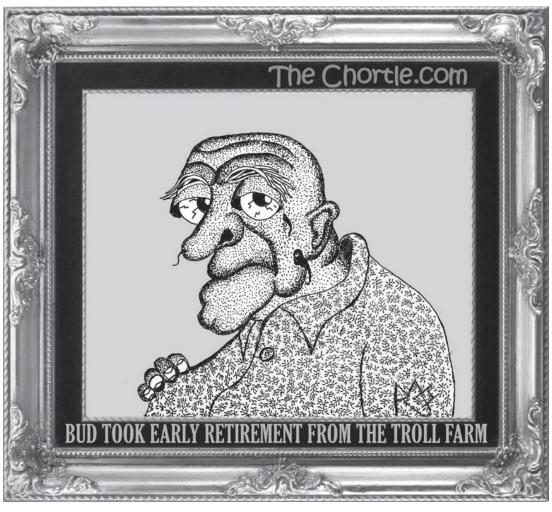


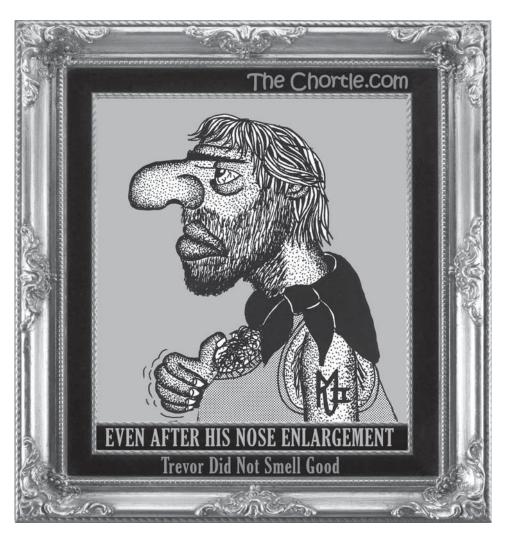


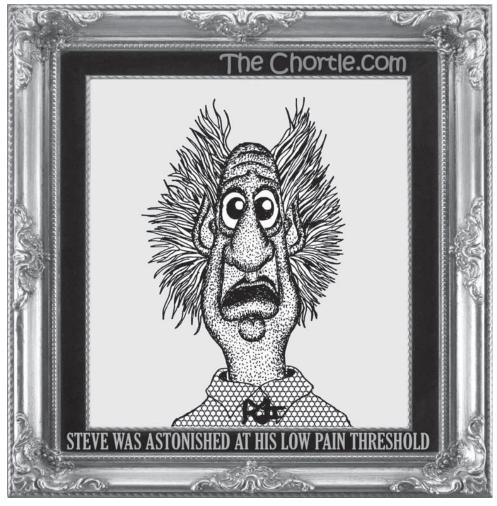




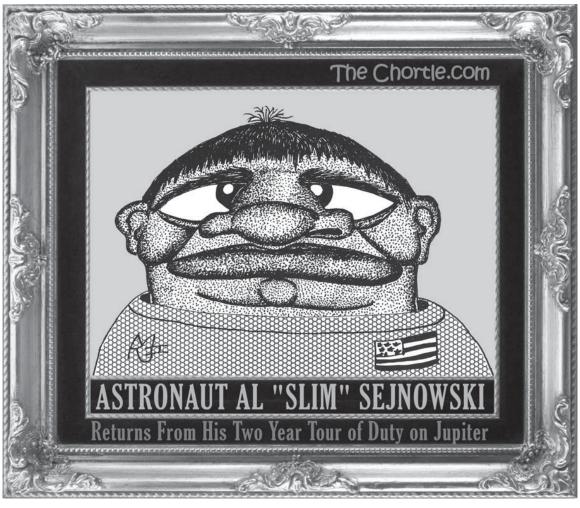


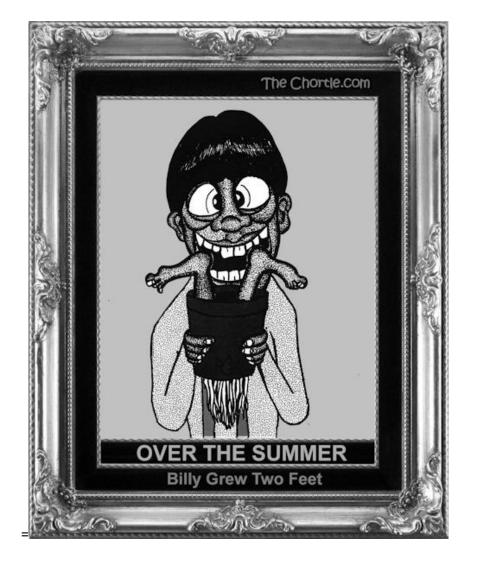




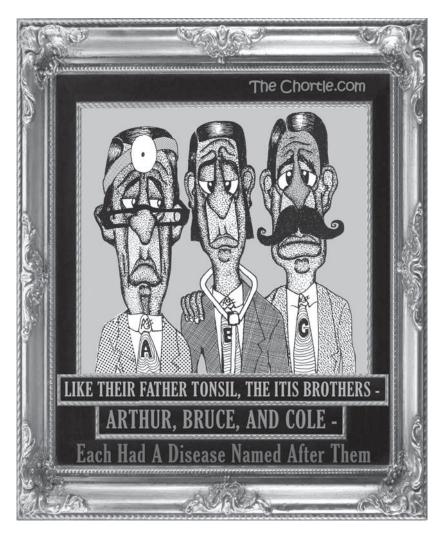


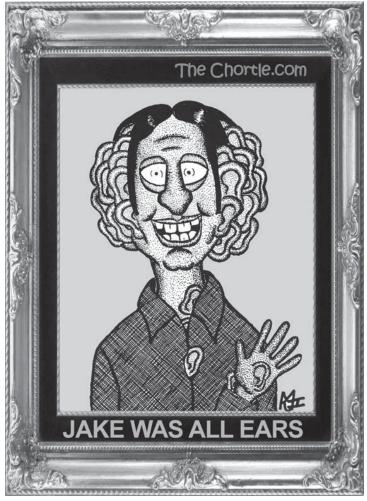




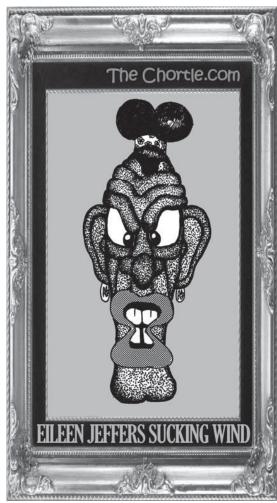


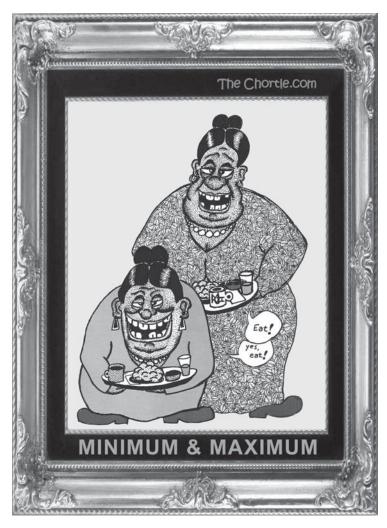




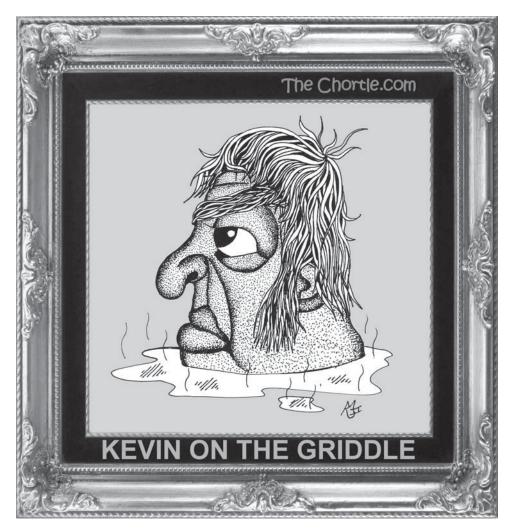




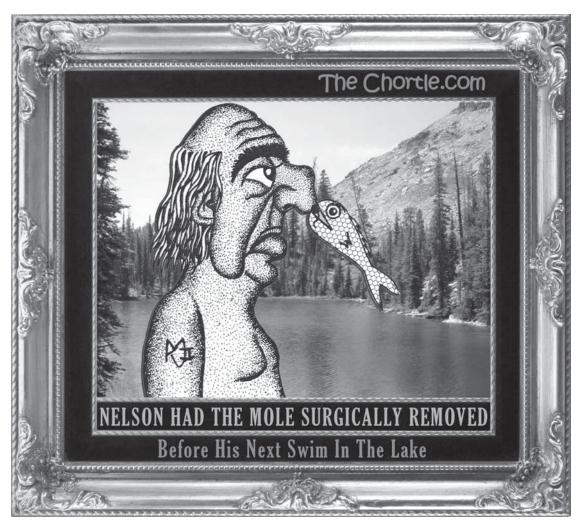




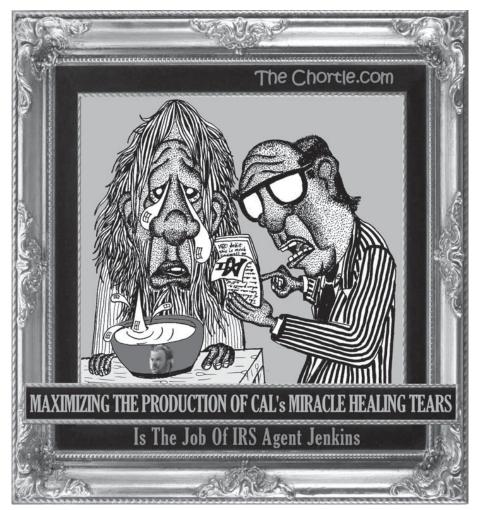


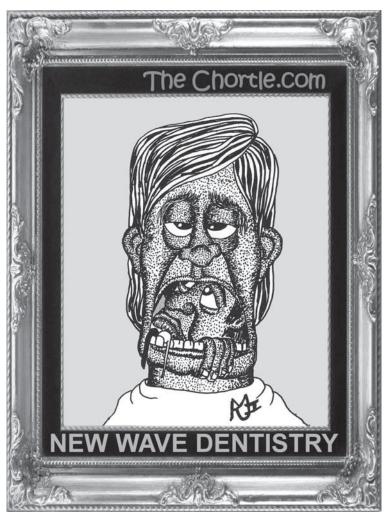




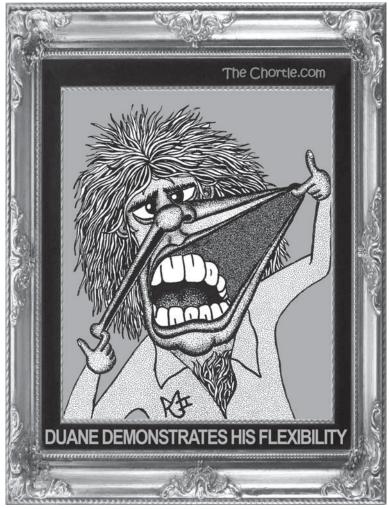




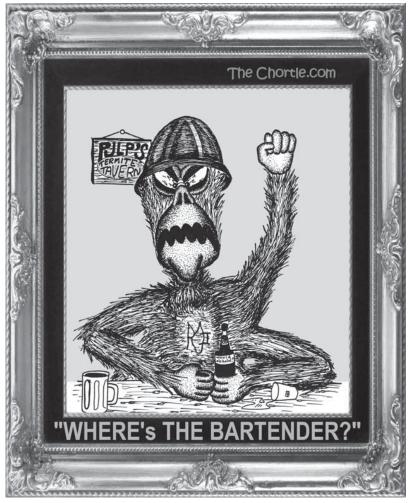


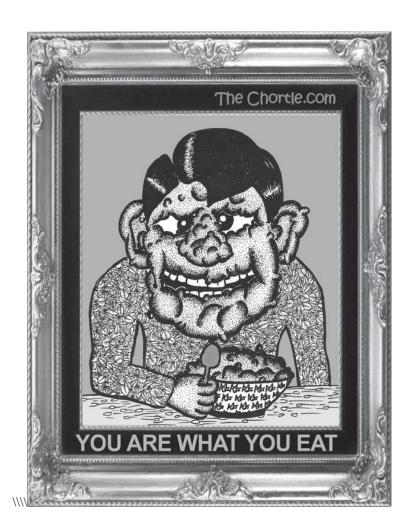


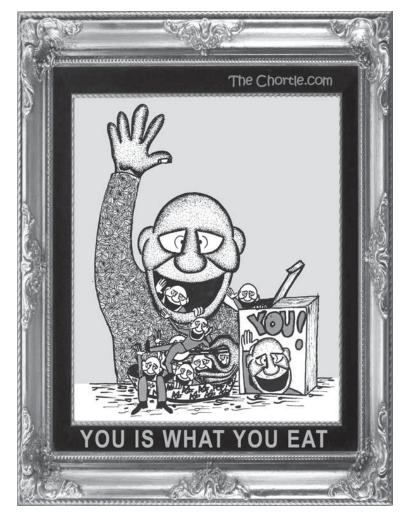




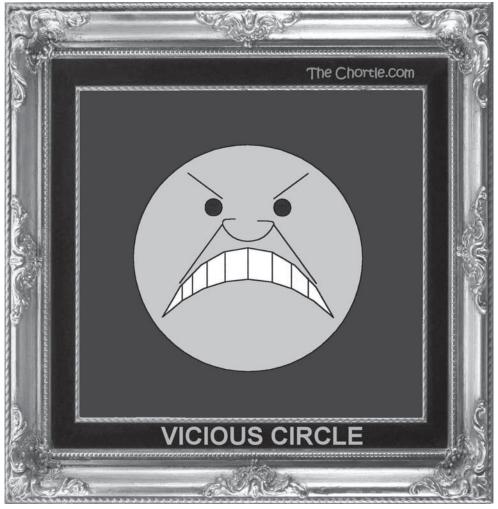




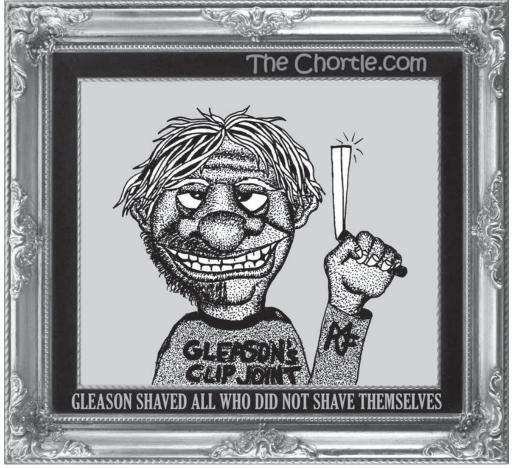


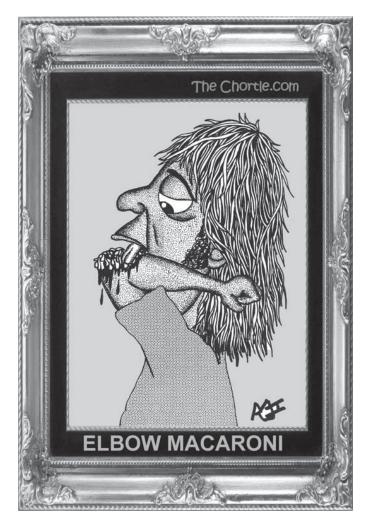


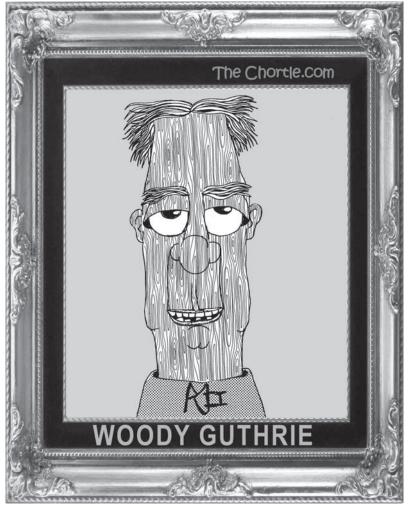






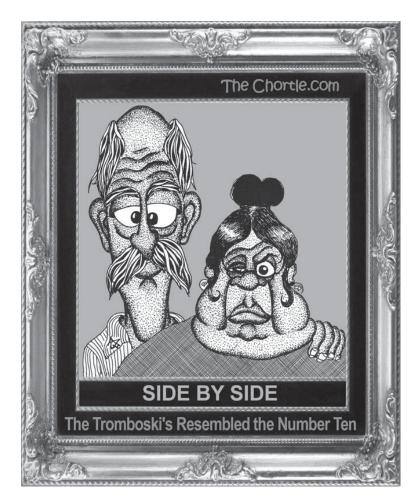


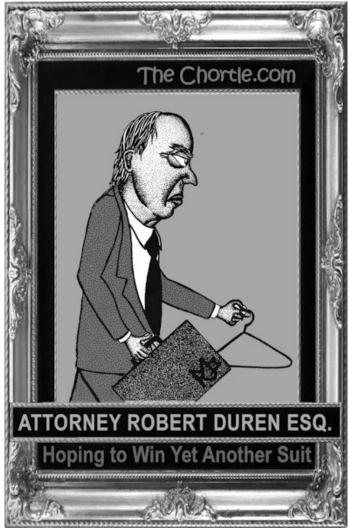




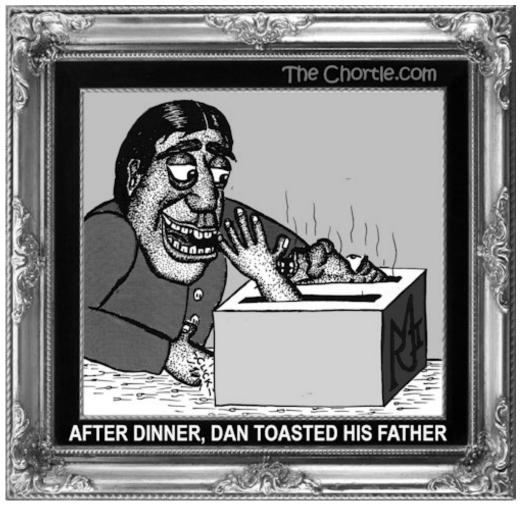












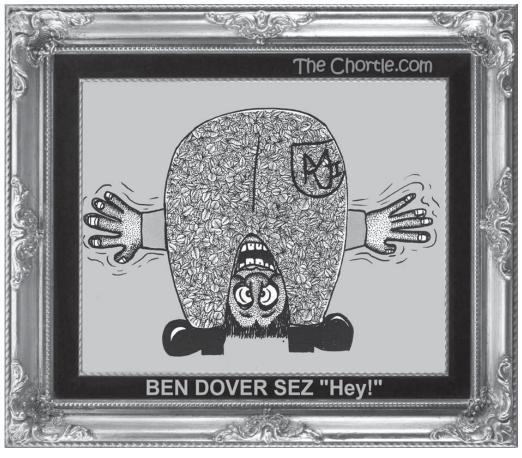










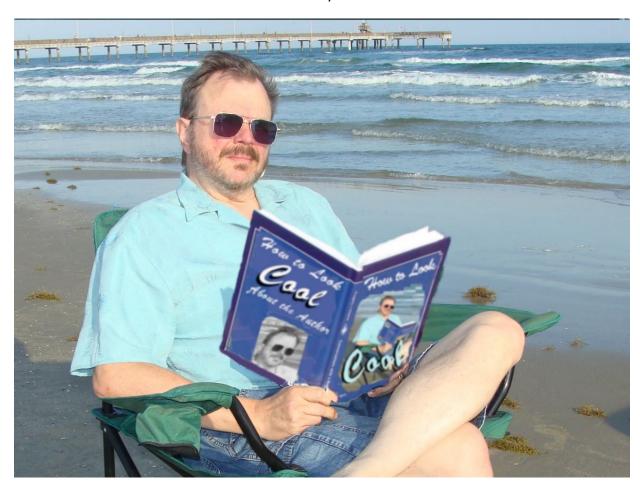


Chotiles With Colotis

By R. Jackson Marks

Forword by Wiss Inga Nyball

Other works by the author.



Forward to Chortles With Colors

The response to the first volume of Chortles was whelming! Here are excerpts from some of the reviews.

- "R. Jackson has always amused me. I picked up a copy of Chortles and couldn't stop laughing! Someday, I hope to read it." Vera Lee Isay, PhD
- "People who like this sort of humor will find this the sort of humor they like." Jason Rainbows, CPA
- "I received a copy of the Chortles today. I will waste no time reading it." Stu Earley, DMV
- "Surprisingly consistent! Parts that are funny are not original and parts that are original are not funny." Bernadette Buch, BLT
- "There is no question about originality! I have read the Chortles and much like it." Kirsten Hollered, University of Northern South Dakota.
- "I laughed so loud I scared the delivery guy." Amal Shookup, University of Southern North Dakota, CPU
- "R. Jackson Marks's Chortles is a collection of the funniest cartoons. ever penned by an engineering professor with a white beard and thinning hair." Oliver D. Map, USB
- "The covers of this book are too far apart." Kurt Reply, ROFLMAO
- "I saw stealing of ideas, but no plagiarism." Lauren Order, ASAP
- "What a journey!" Prof. Gladys Overwith, LOL, Eastern West Virginia University
- "Marks is not a slave to skillful cartooning!" Art Majors, HTML
- "Taxes your funny bone to the marrow." Candace B. Rittenoff, CPA
- "I laughed until my gums hurt!" Ginger Vitas, PTSD
- "On the advice of my attorney, I refuse to opine." Justin Volk V, CPU
- "Don't laugh so hard you forget to breath!" Justin Hale, MVP

- "Inventive!" Pat Pending, JD
- "Good stuff. But what's the big deal?" Viola Fuss, GPS
- "Chortles is destined to become a classic!" Holly Unlikely, FYI
- "Nobel Prize for literature!" Wendy Pigzfly, Gnuzweek

The current volume of Chortles has evolved to color.

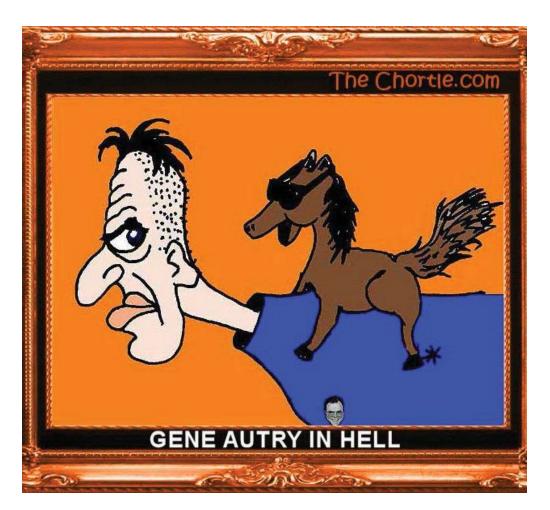
All Chortles have meaning. Many could be an illustration to a short story – or even a short novel. Some Chortles are stupid puns and others are old jokes. Others are just weird. With occasional deepness, reading Chortles is like walking across a muddy river with hidden deep holes. Remember to sample Chortles in moderation. As I cautioned in the Forward of the first volume, R. Jackson suggests:

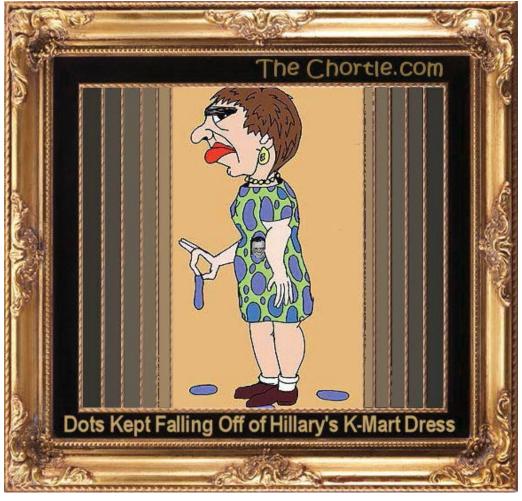
"Like rich dark chocolate bon-bons, enjoy delicious Chortles in responsible

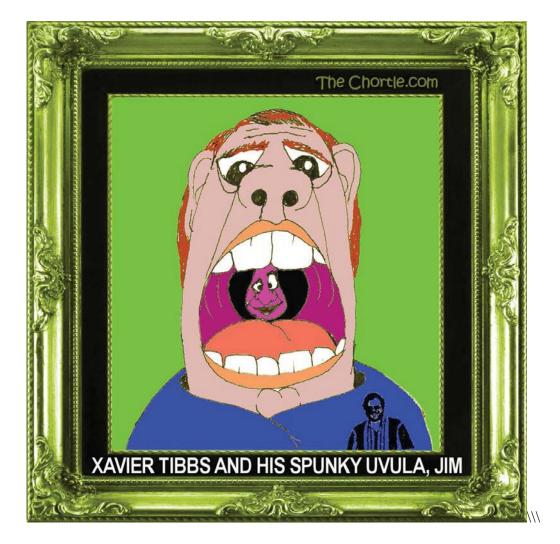
moderation"

The recommended maximum dosage is no more than seven Chortles every hour. Otherwise, you might infect yourself with sense-of-humor diabetes or even triabetes.

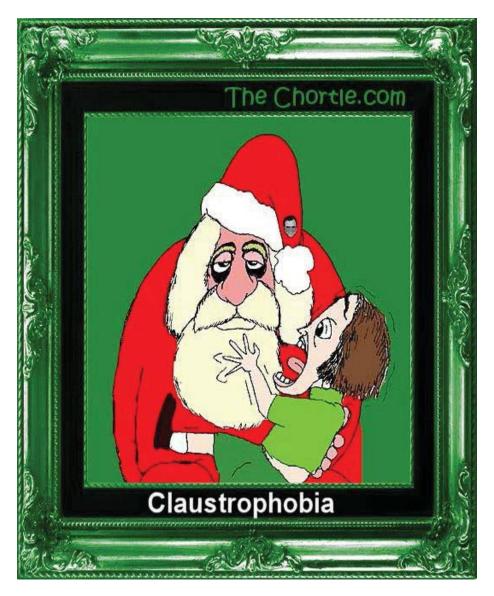
Miss Inga Nybal



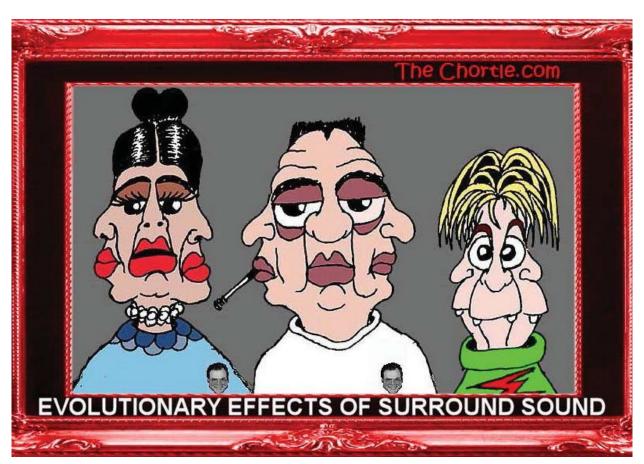


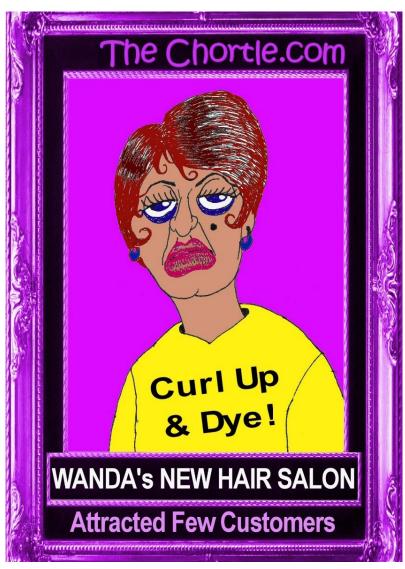


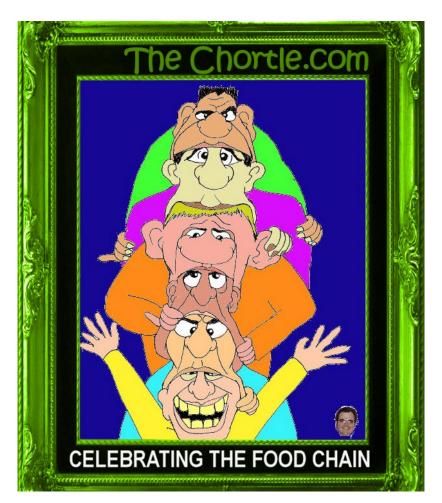


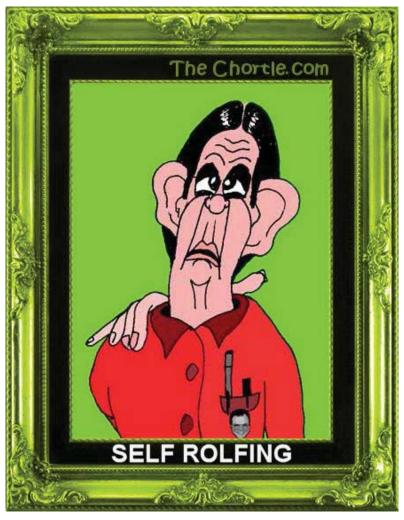




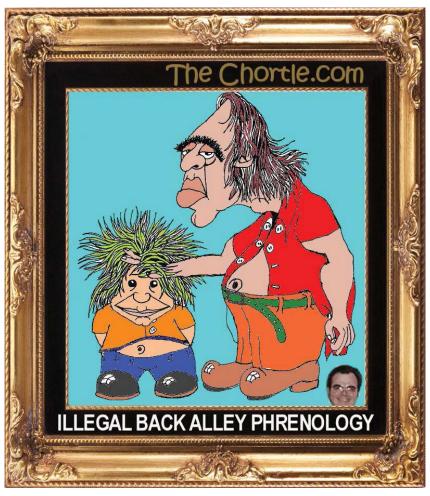






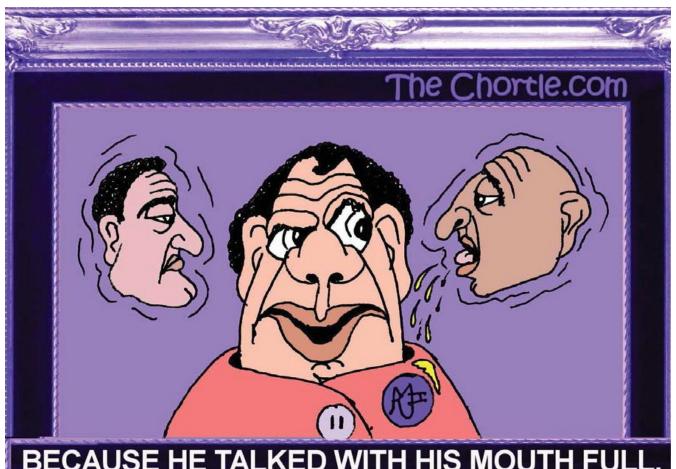






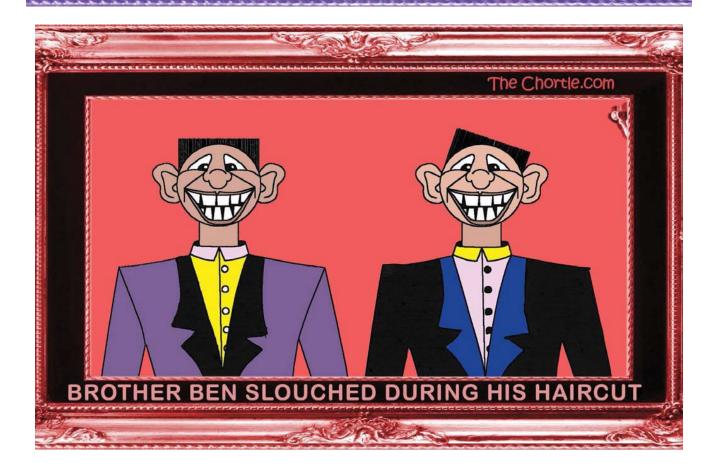


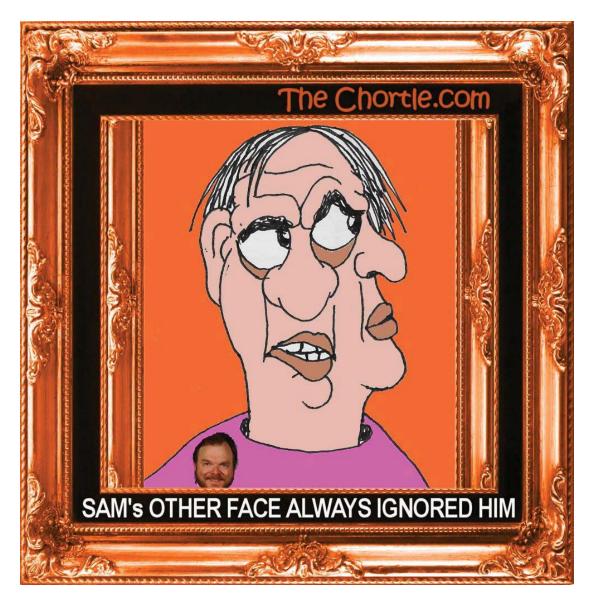


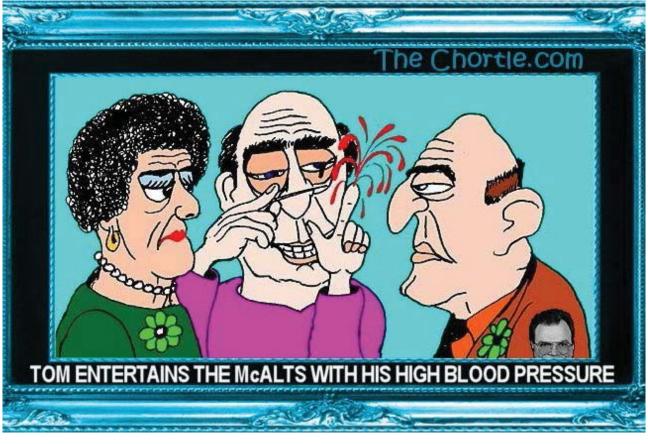


BECAUSE HE TALKED WITH HIS MOUTH FULL,

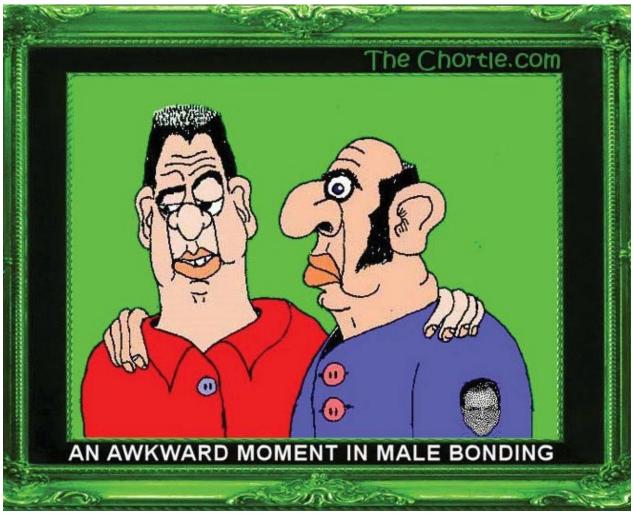
Greg Liked the Bald Floating Head Least

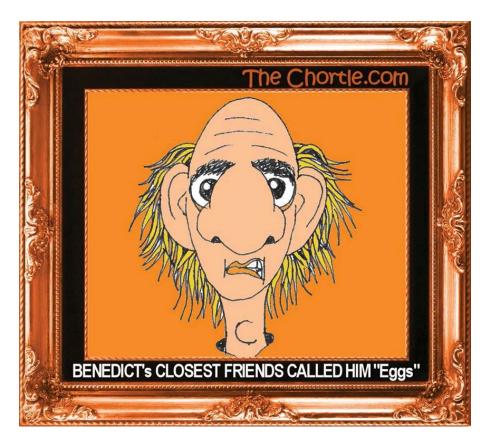


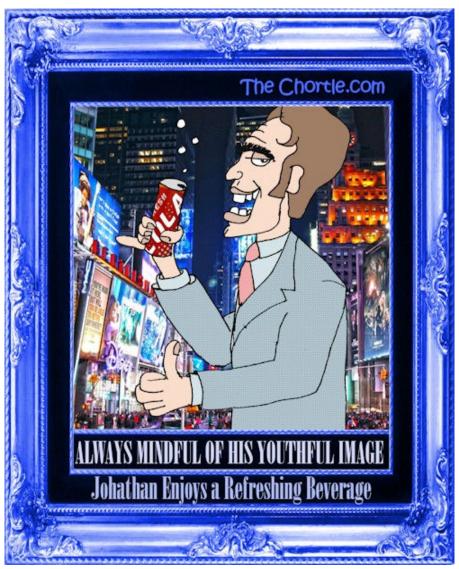


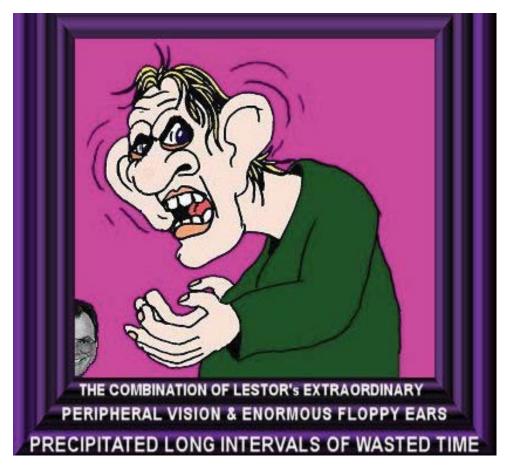


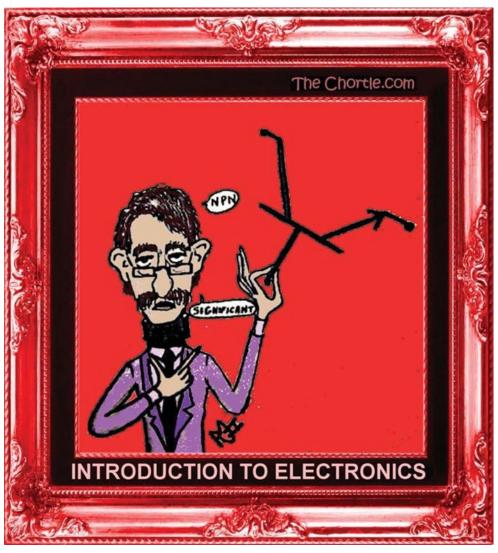


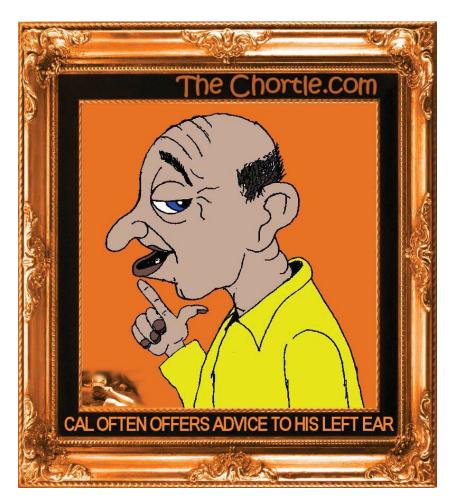


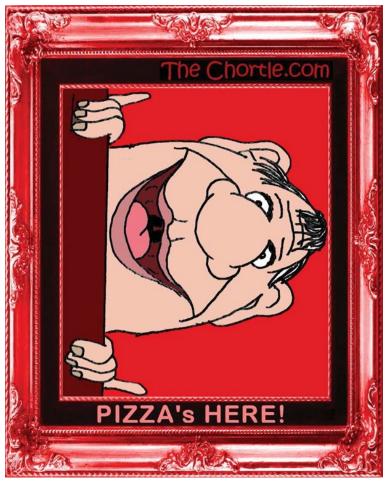


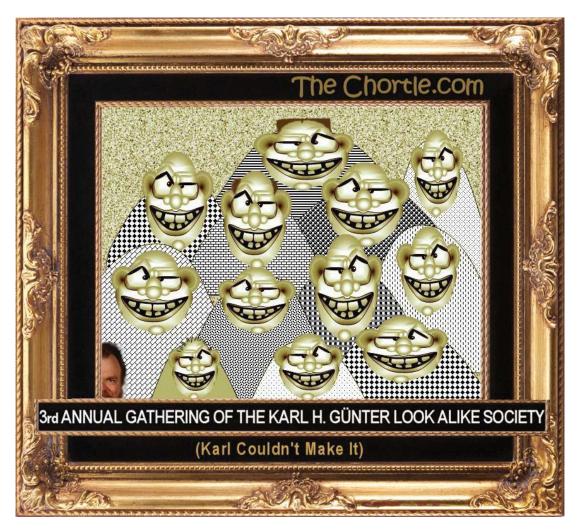


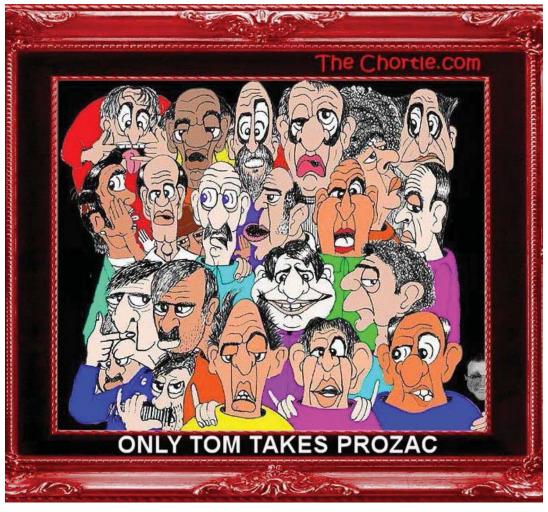


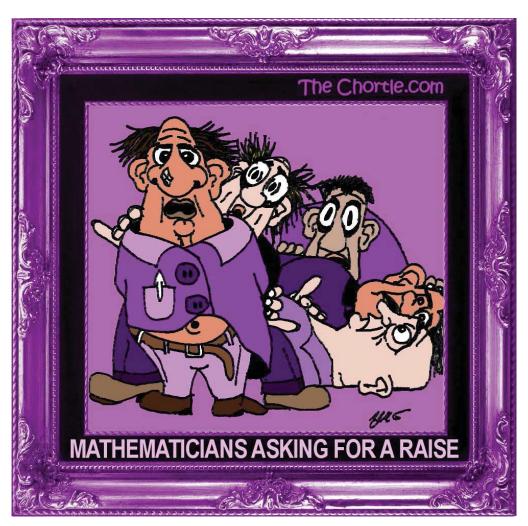




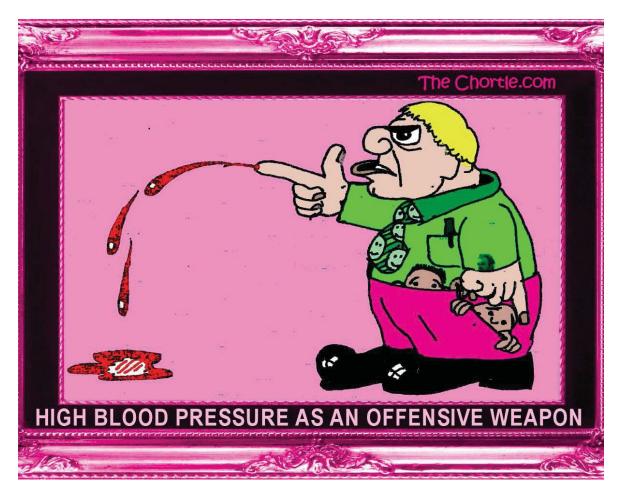


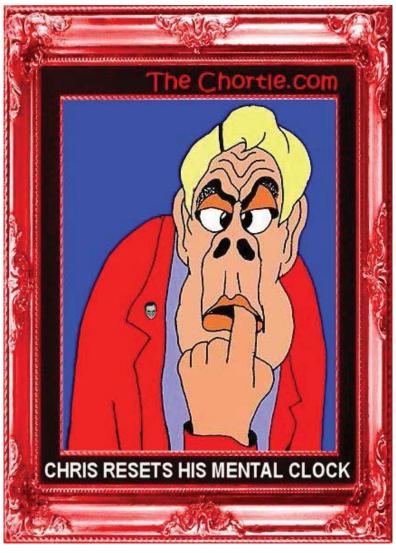


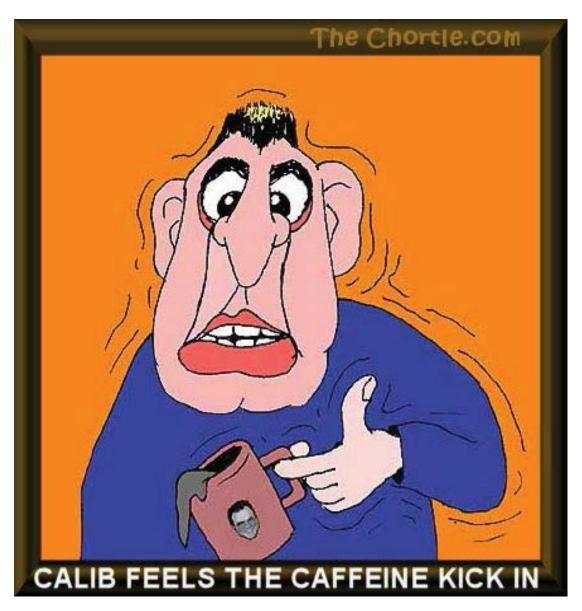


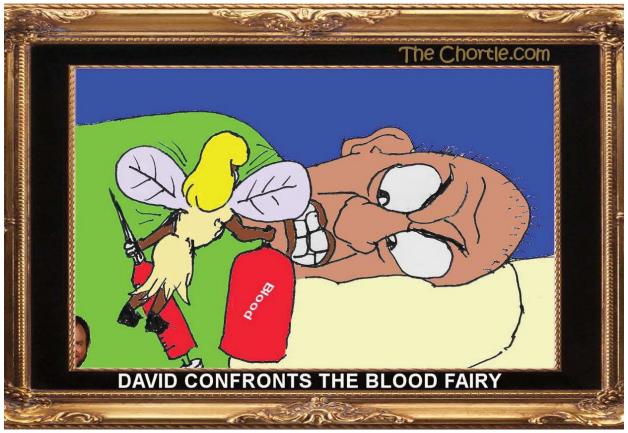


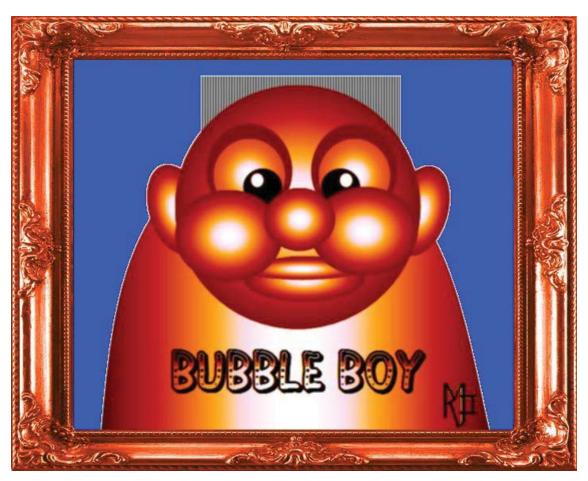


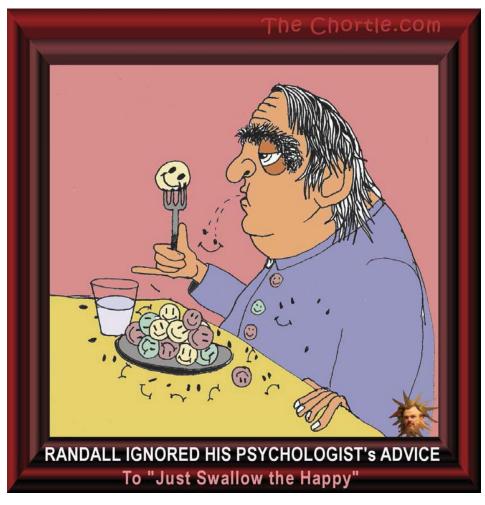


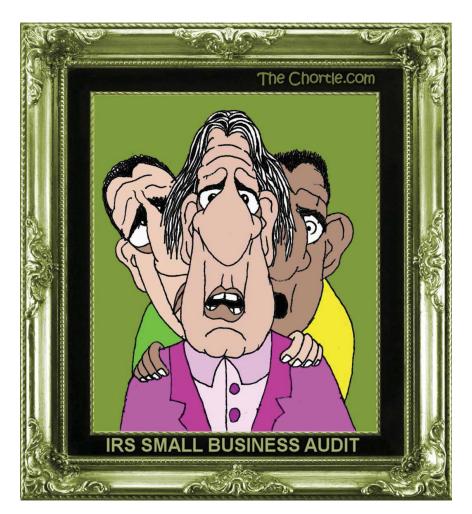




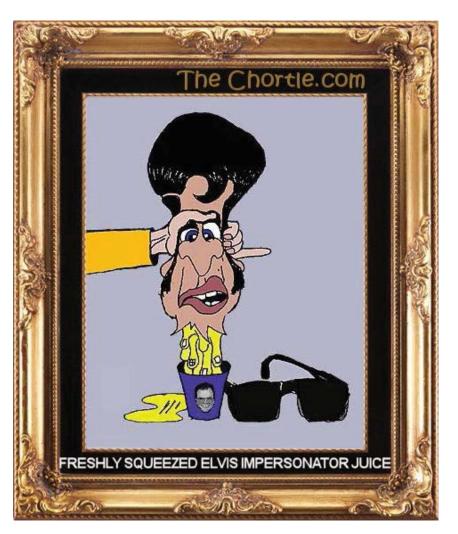


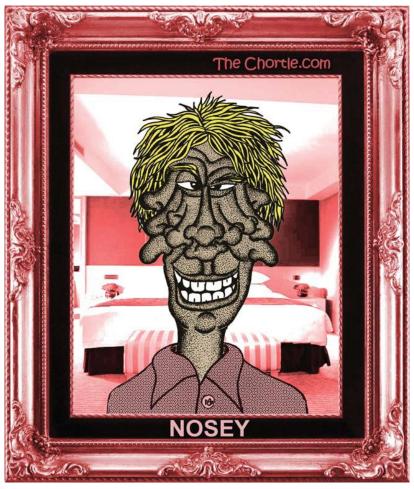




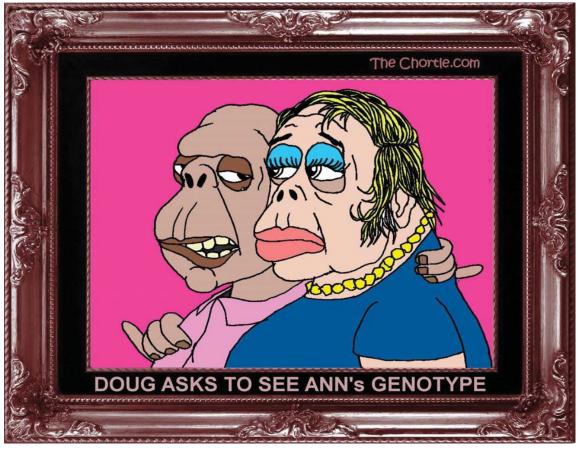




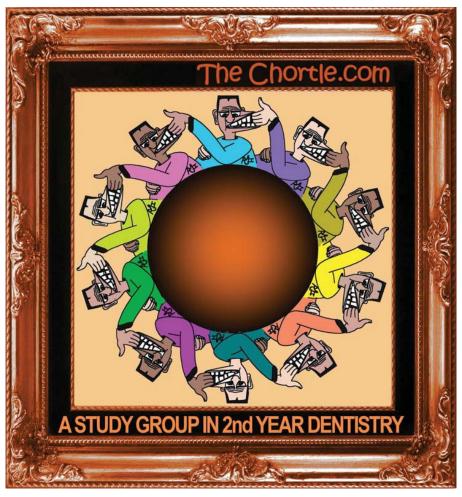


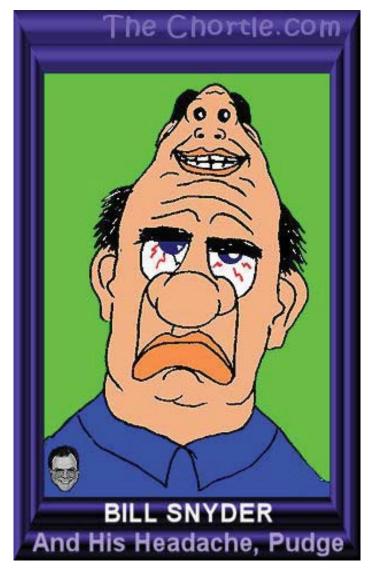


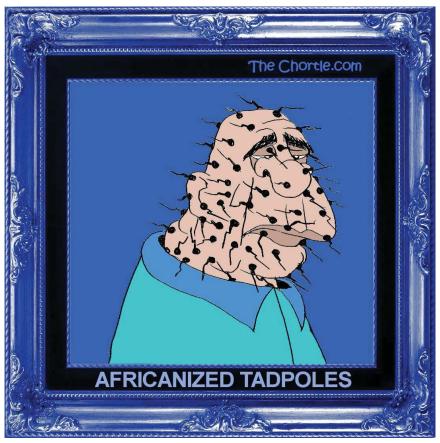


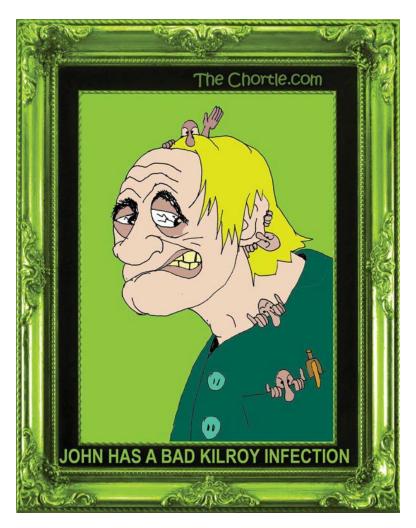


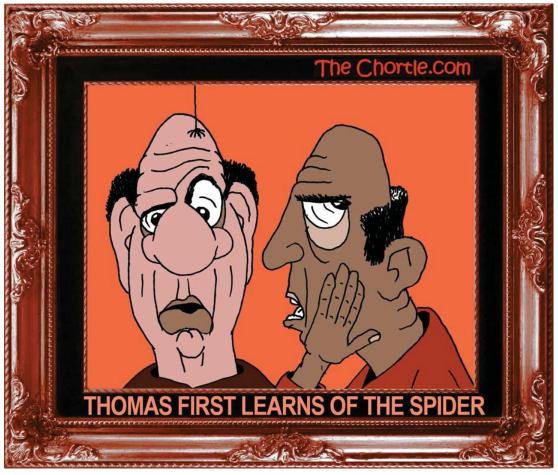




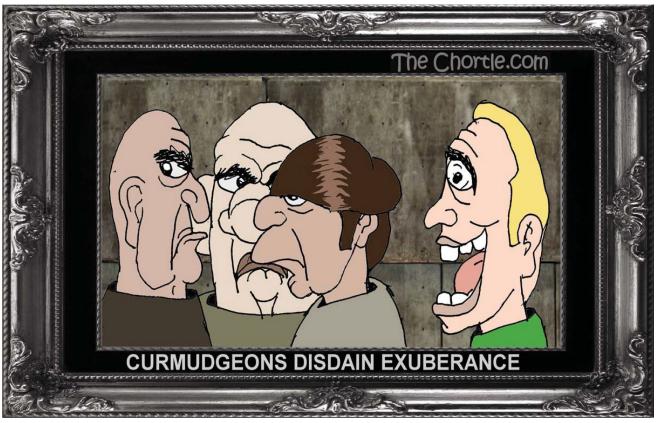




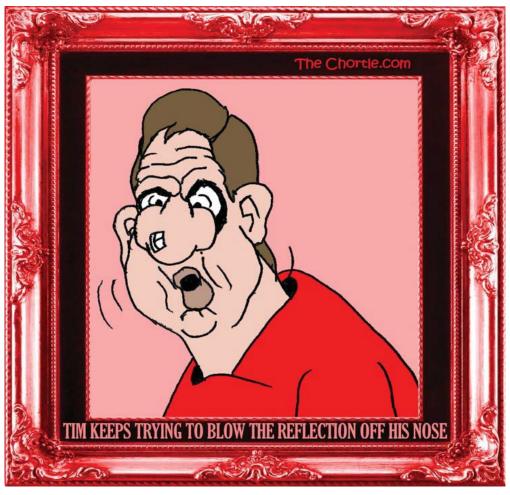


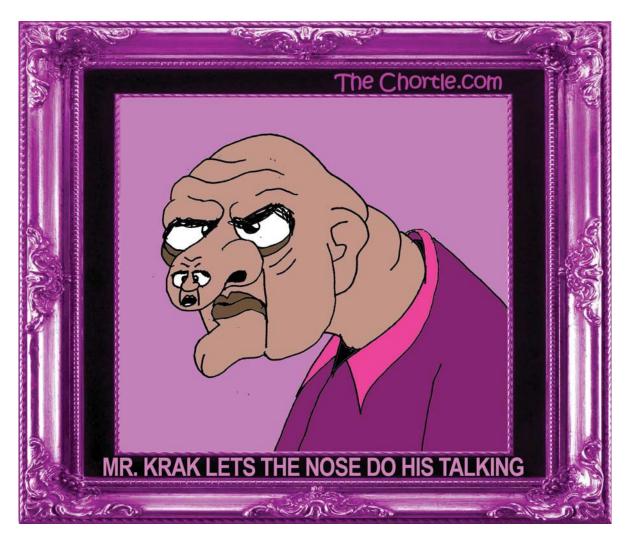


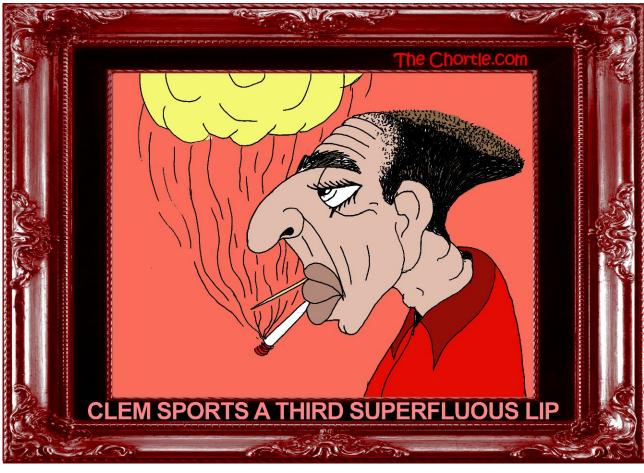


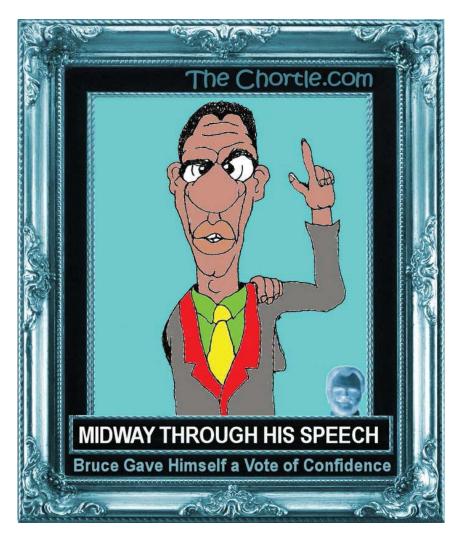


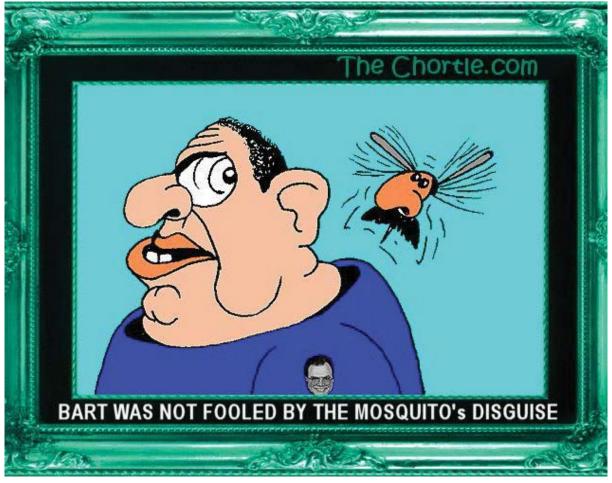










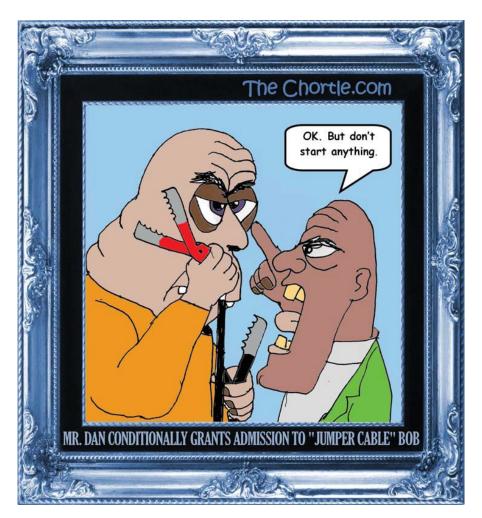




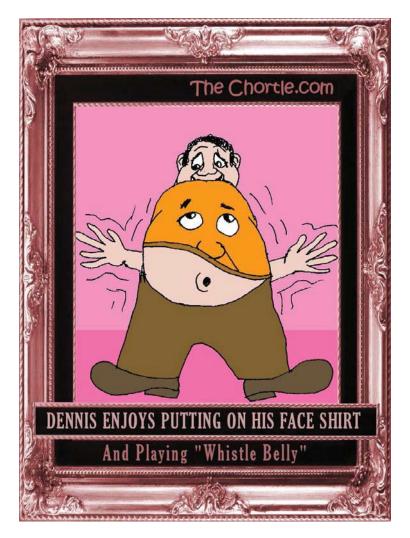


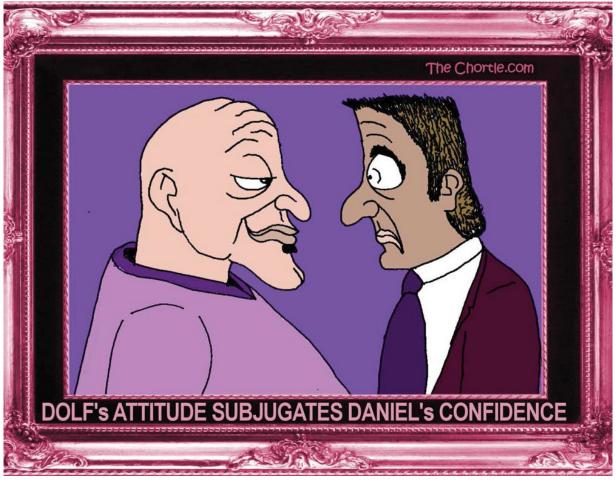




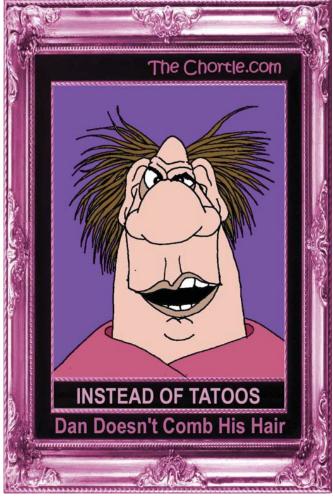


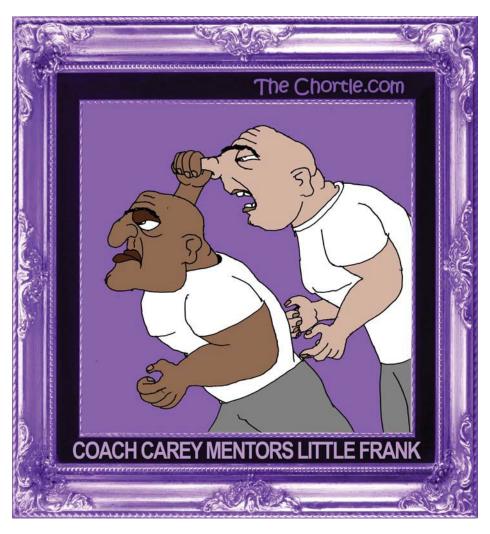


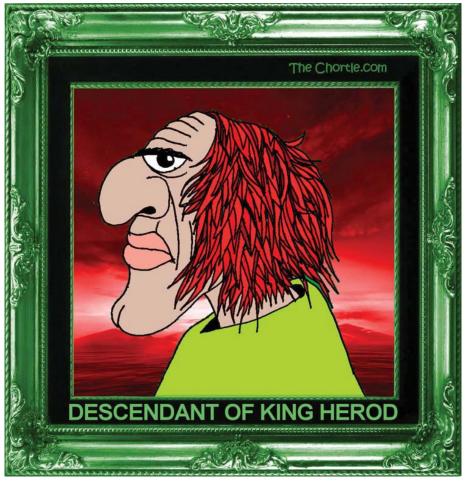


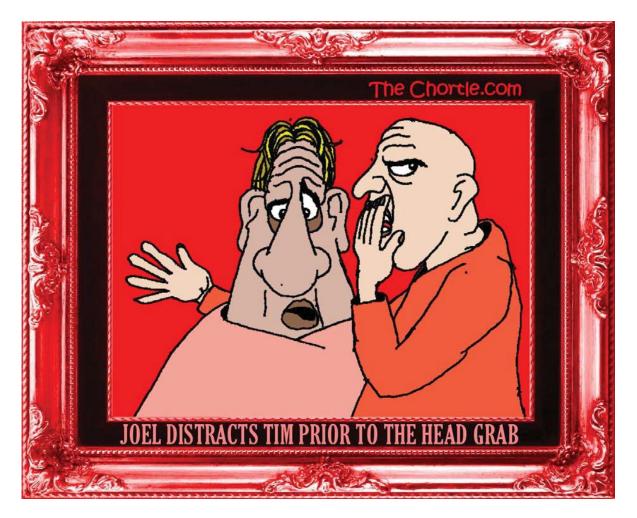


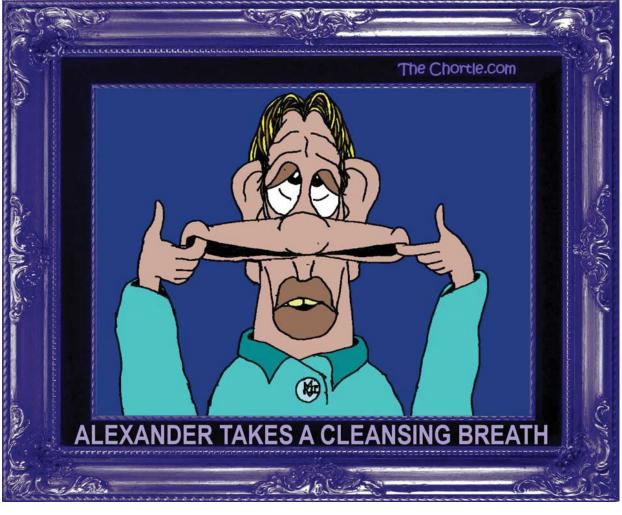




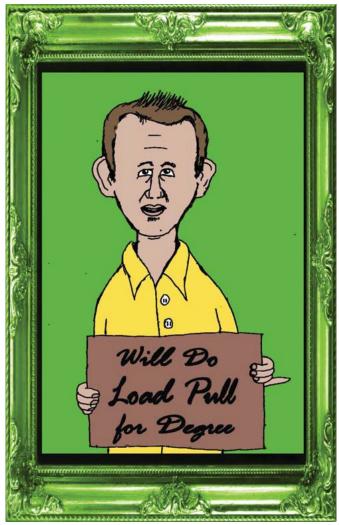


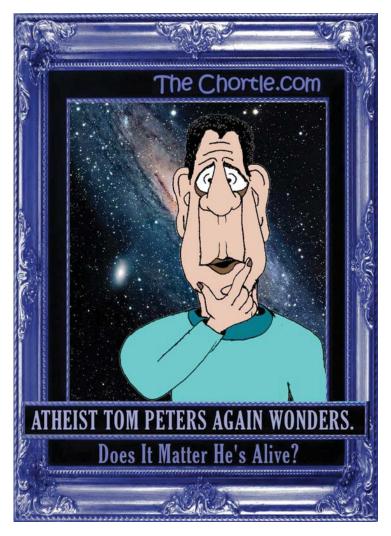


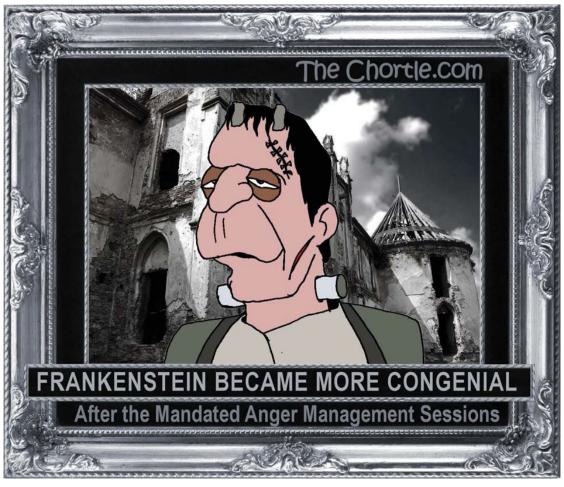




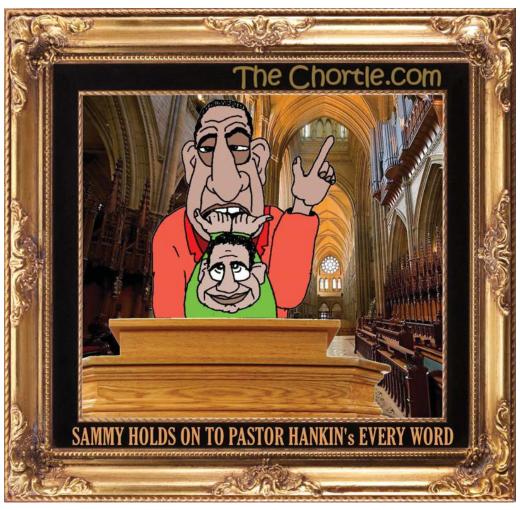


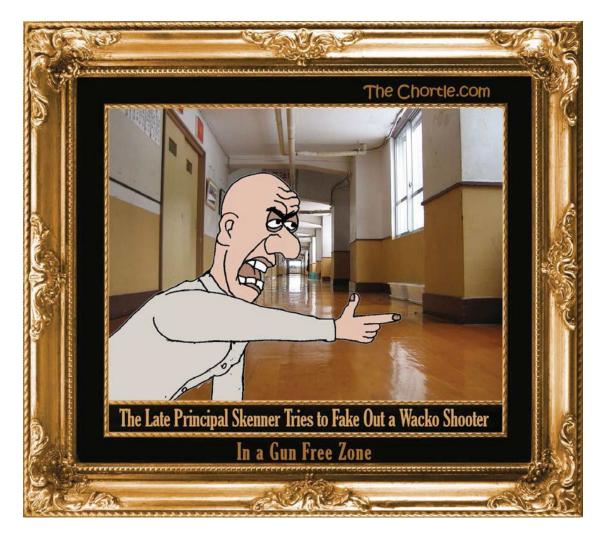




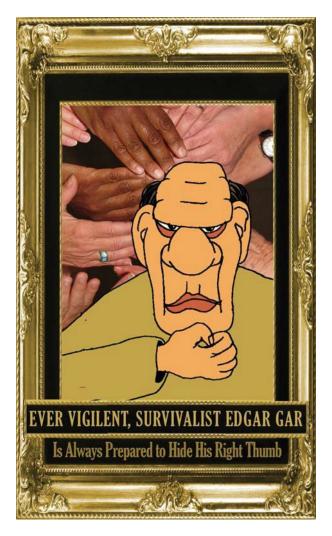


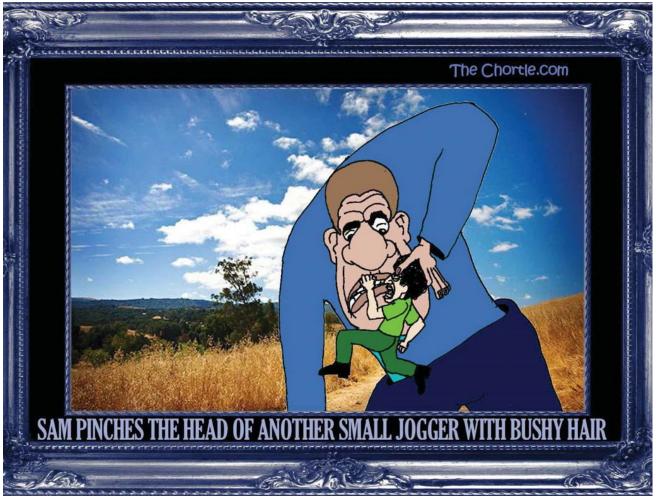


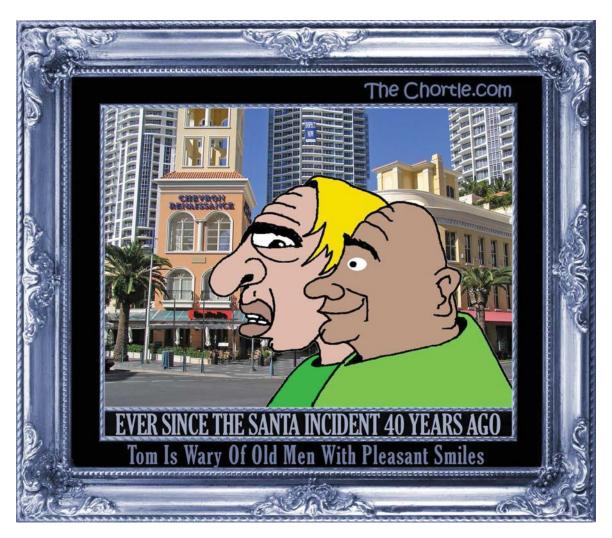


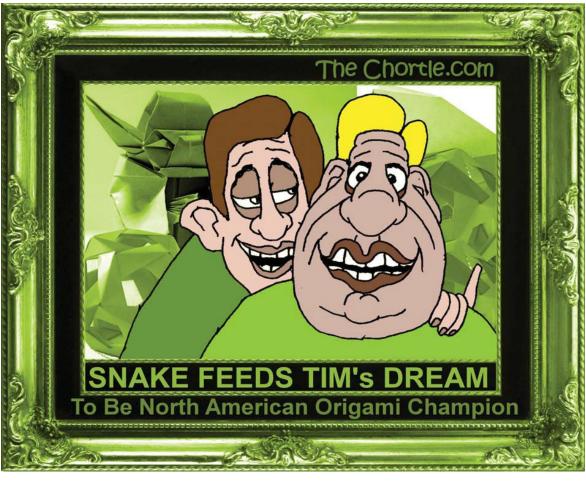




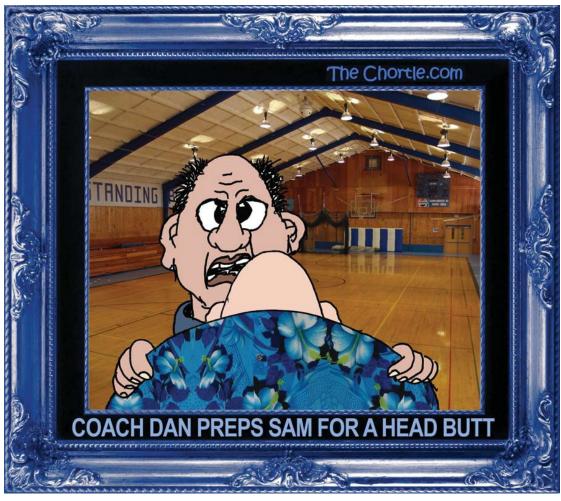






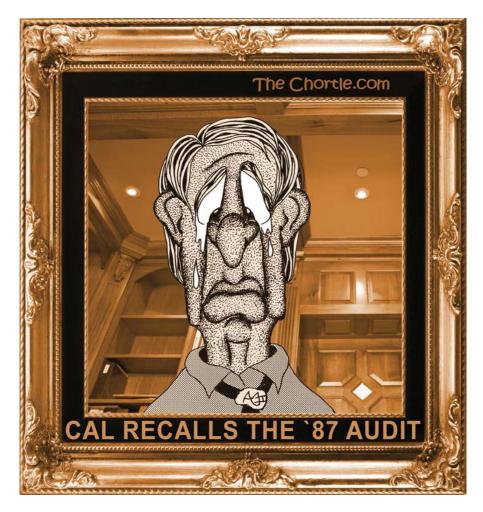


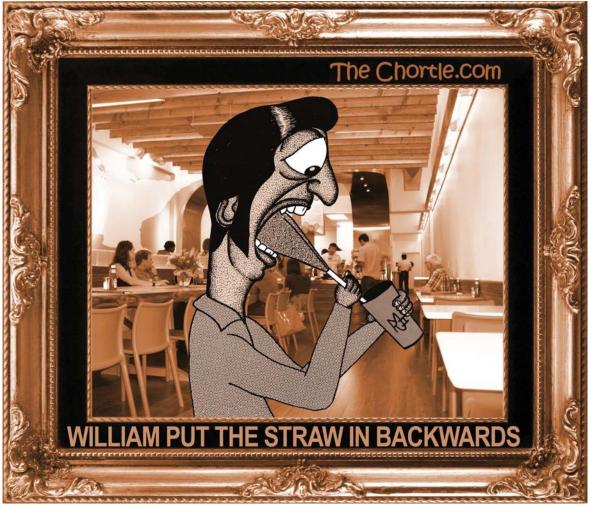


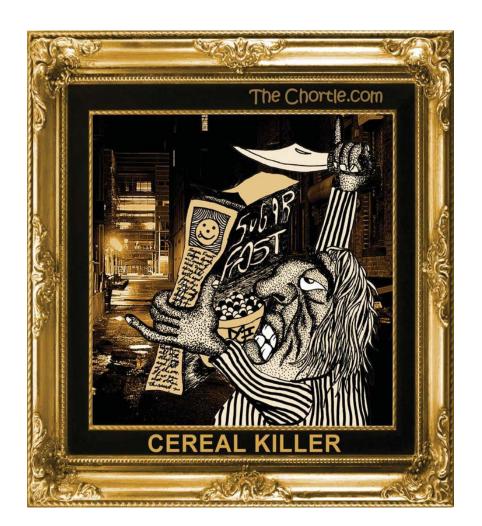


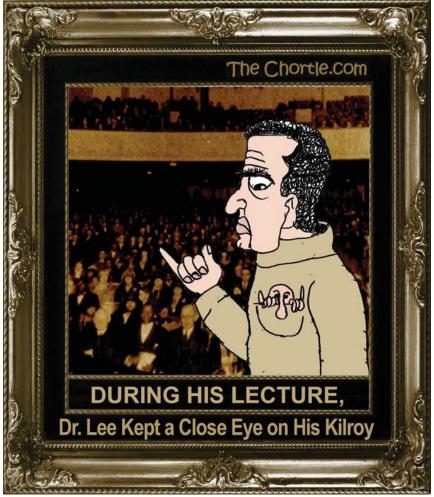




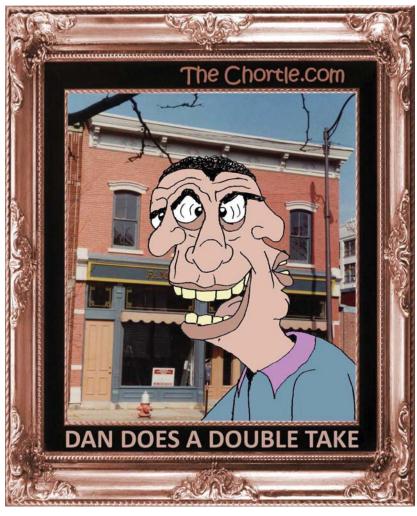


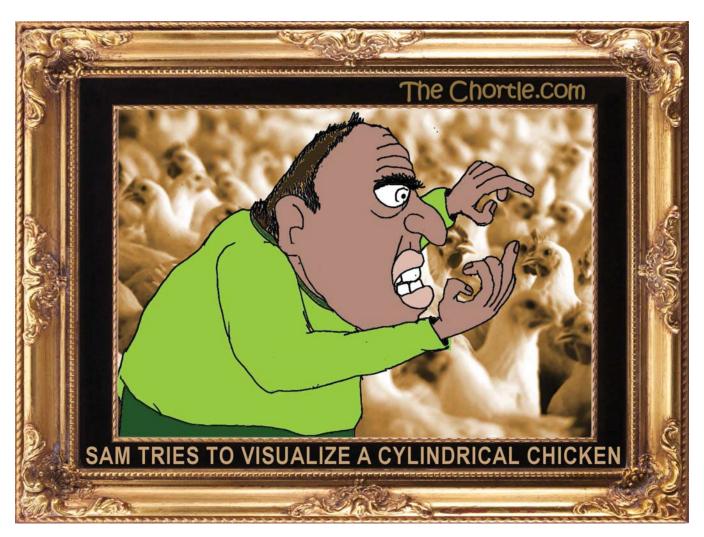




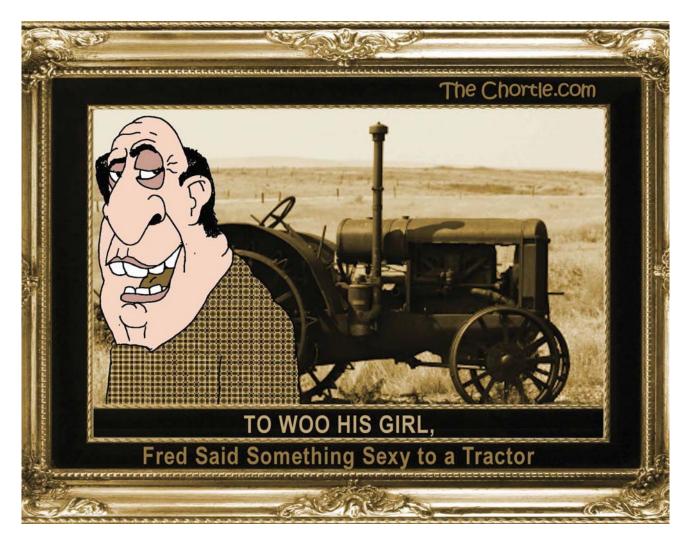




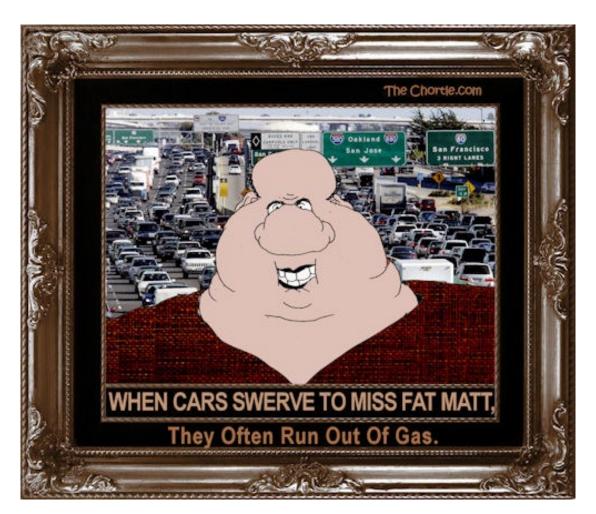




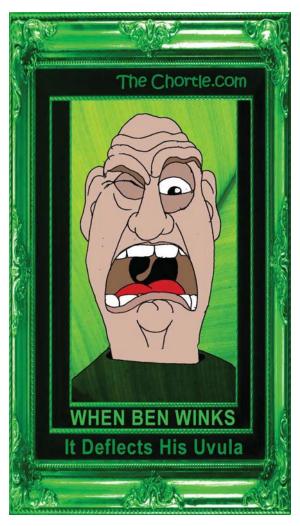






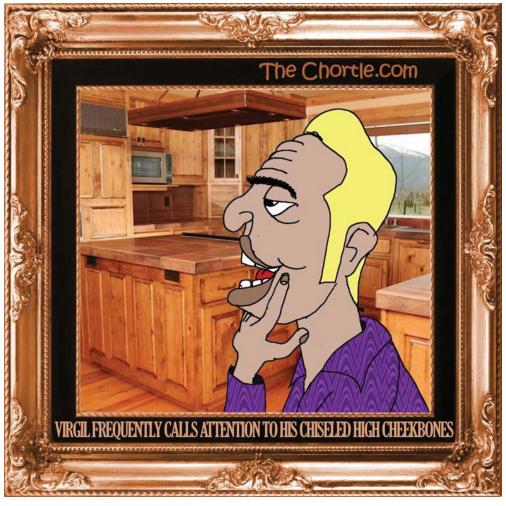


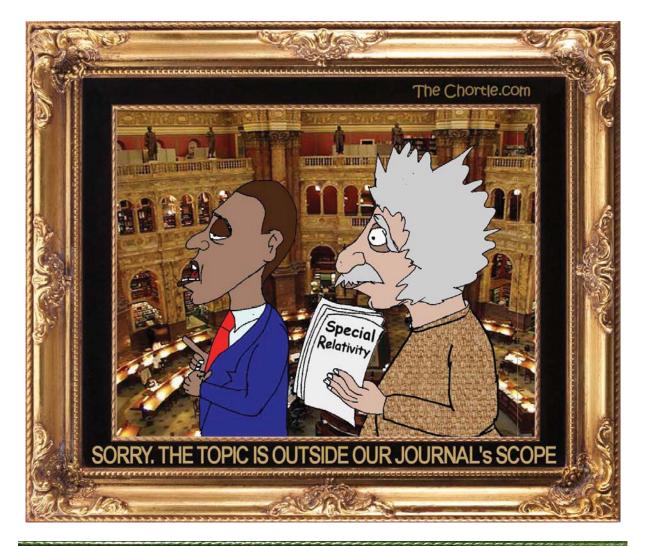


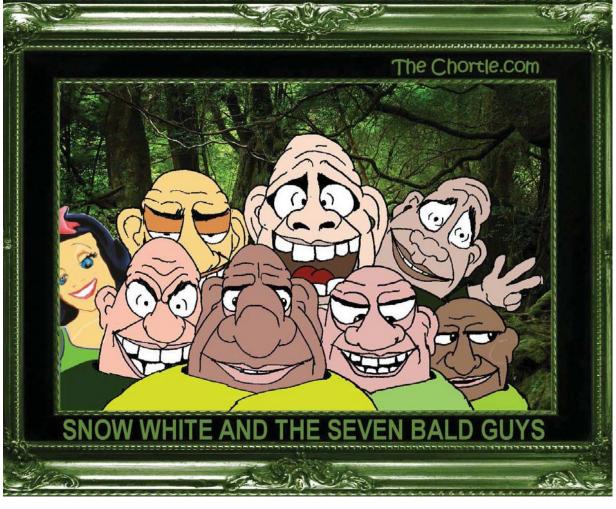


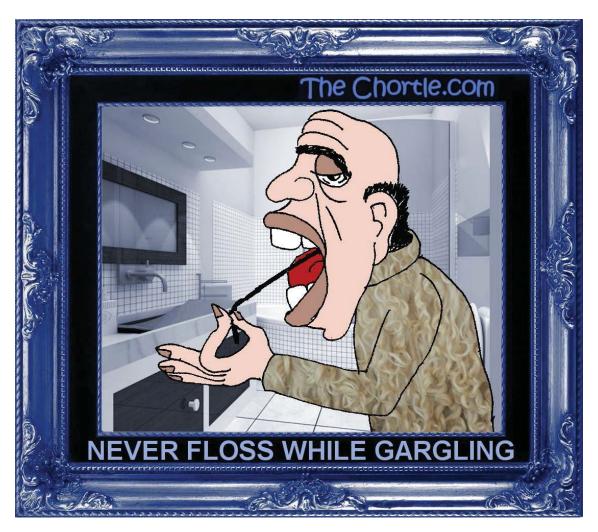


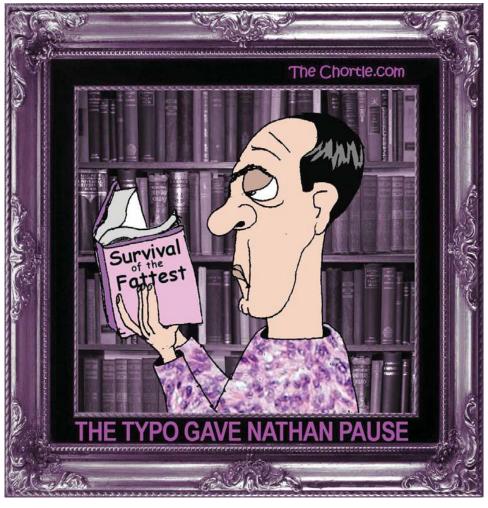


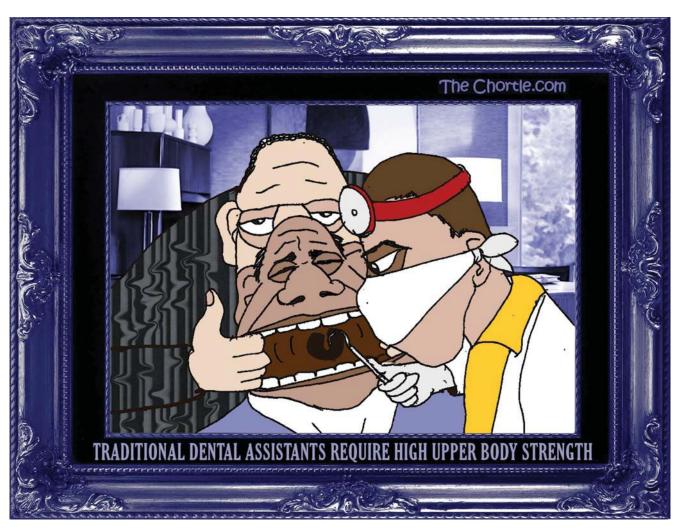






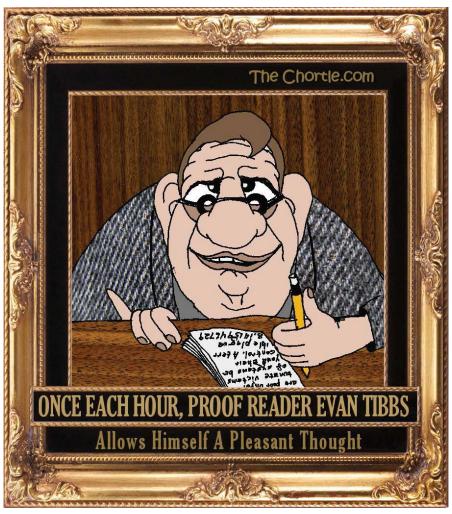


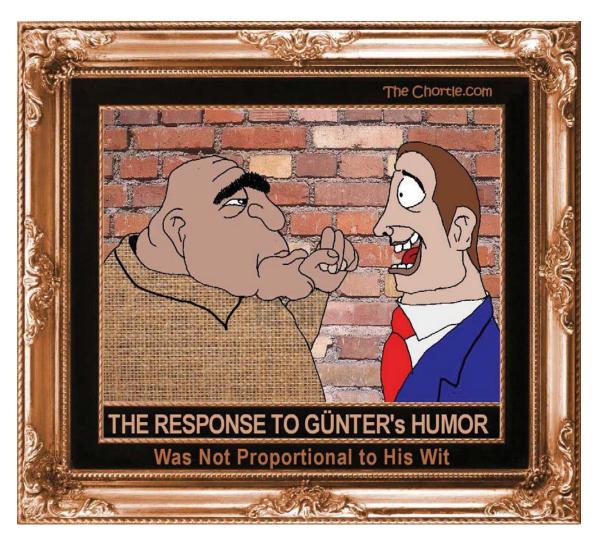




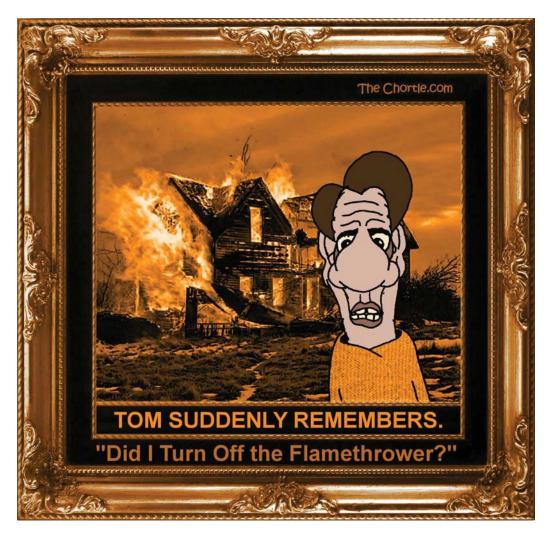


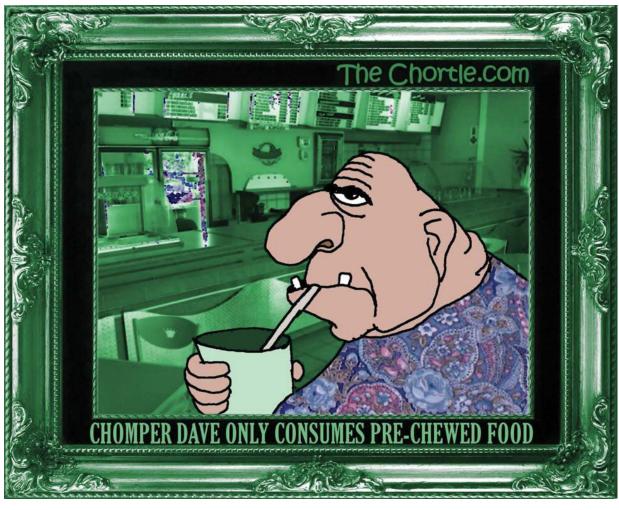


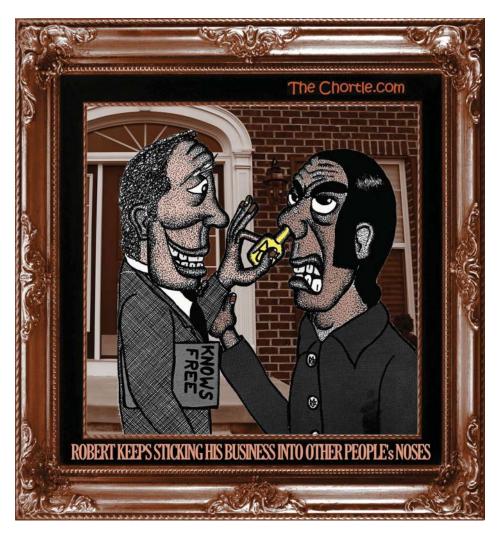


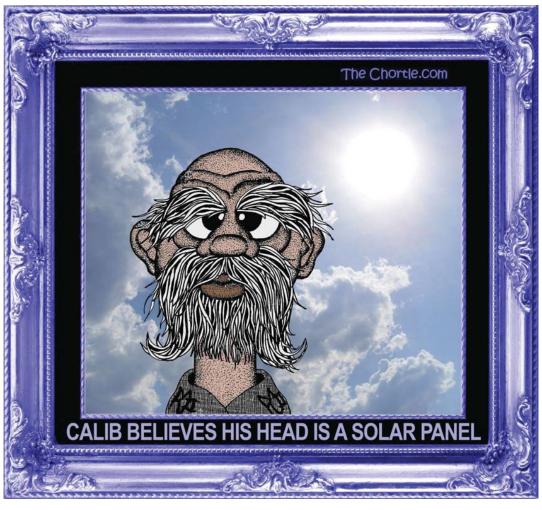


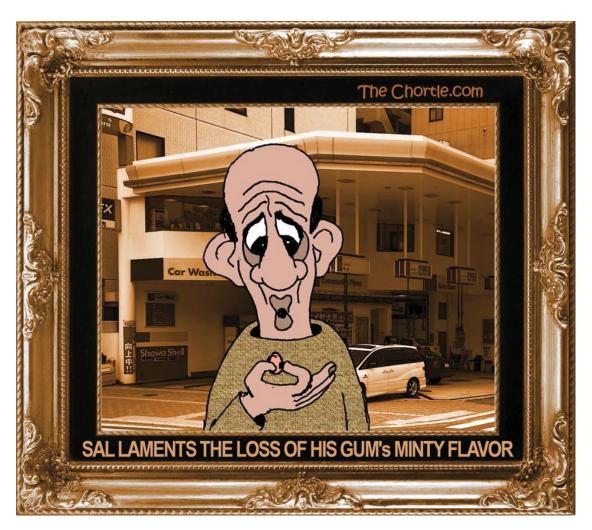


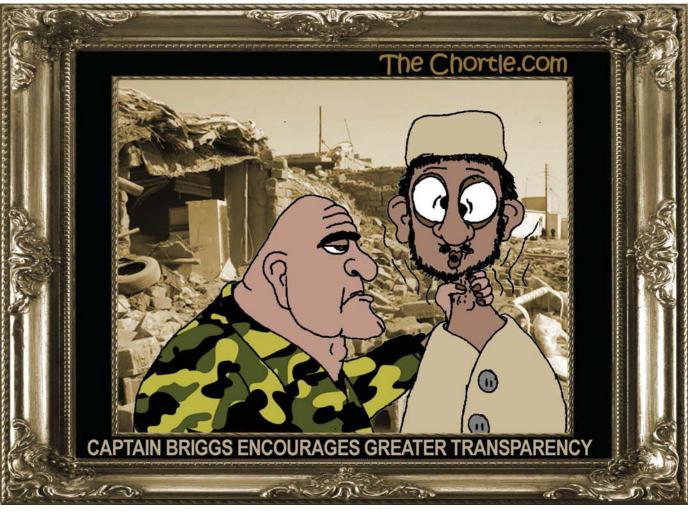




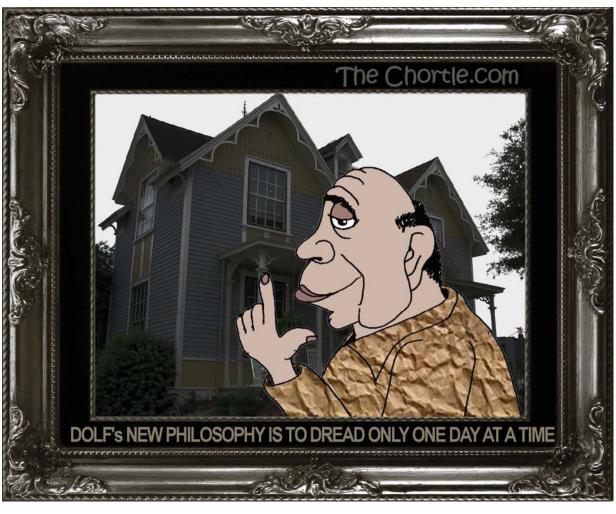




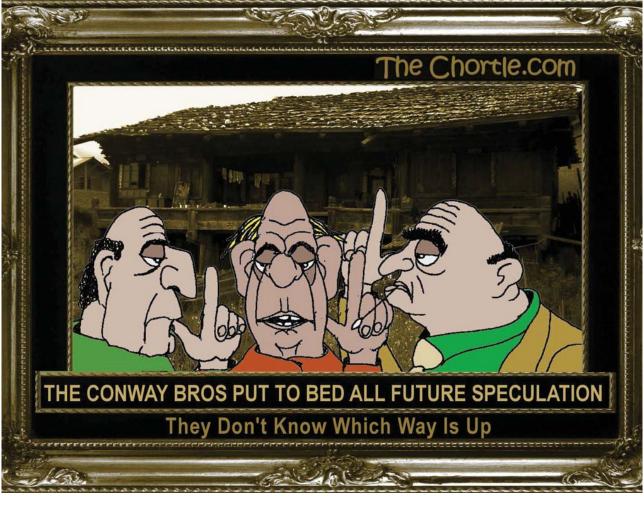


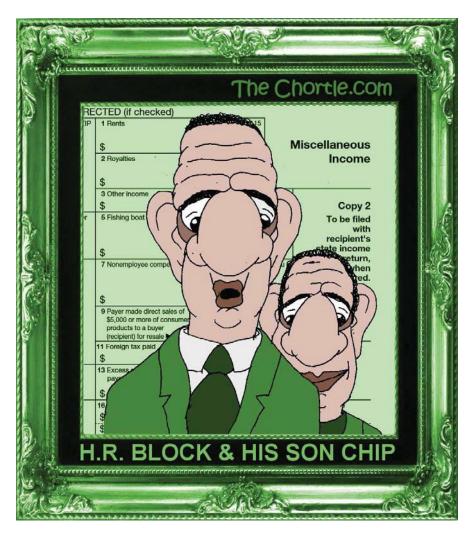


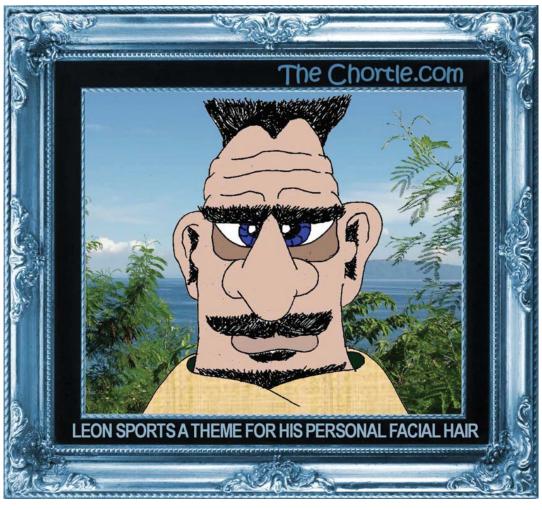


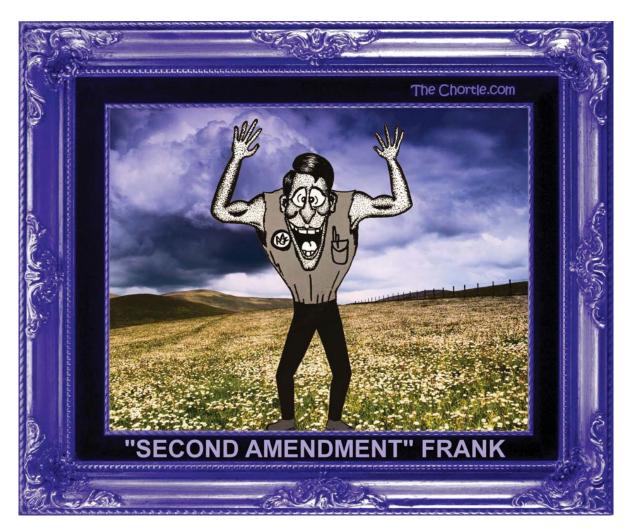


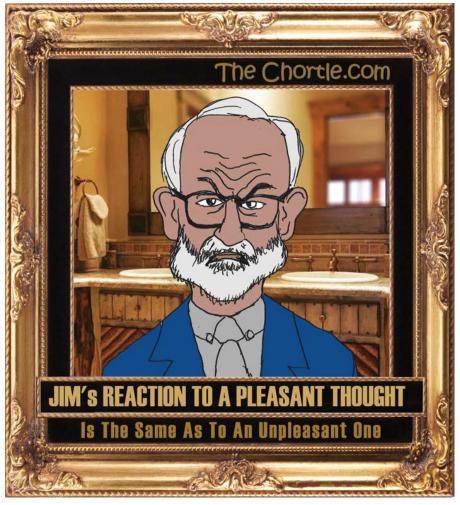






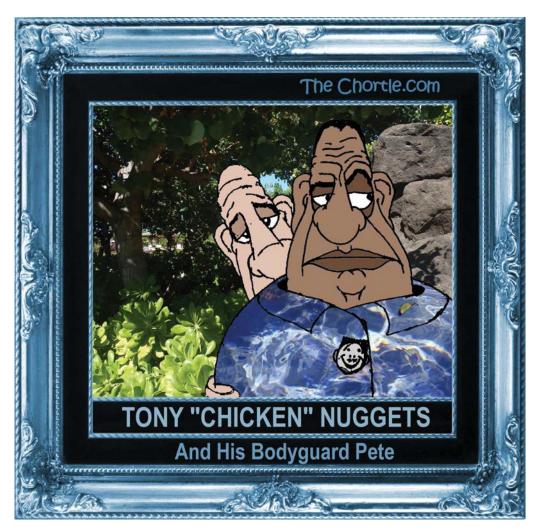




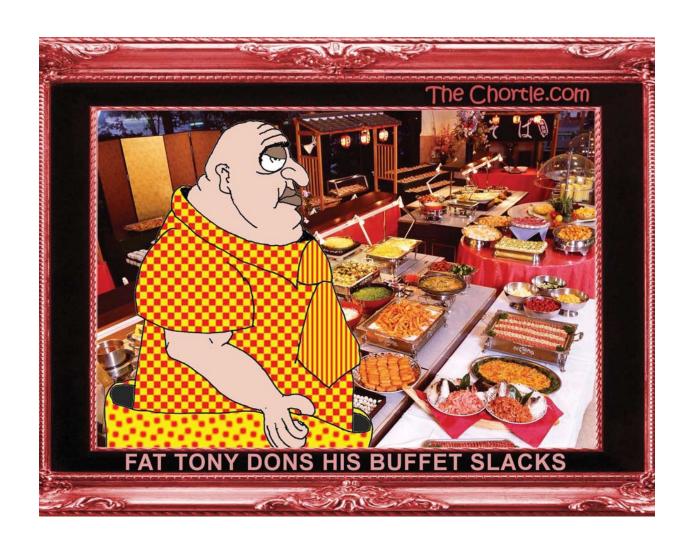


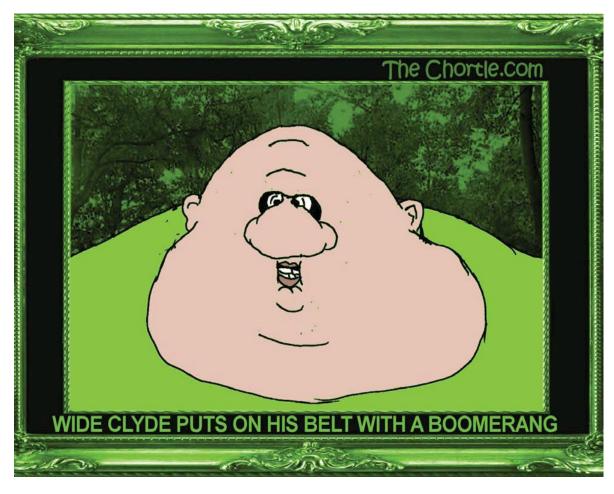




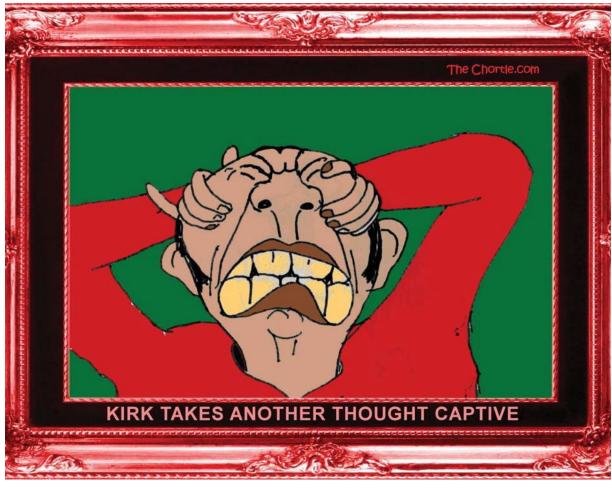


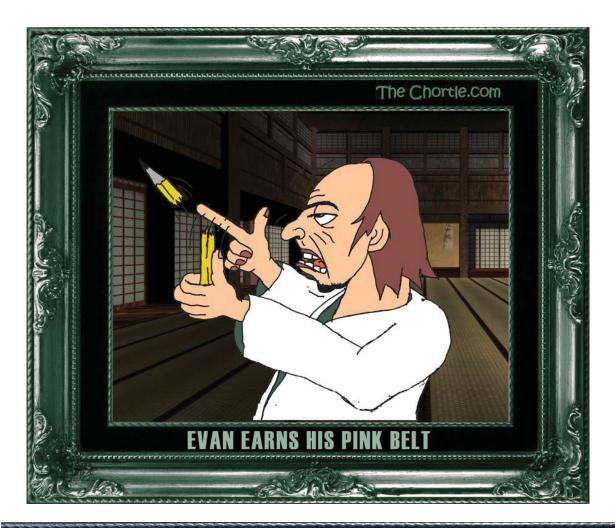


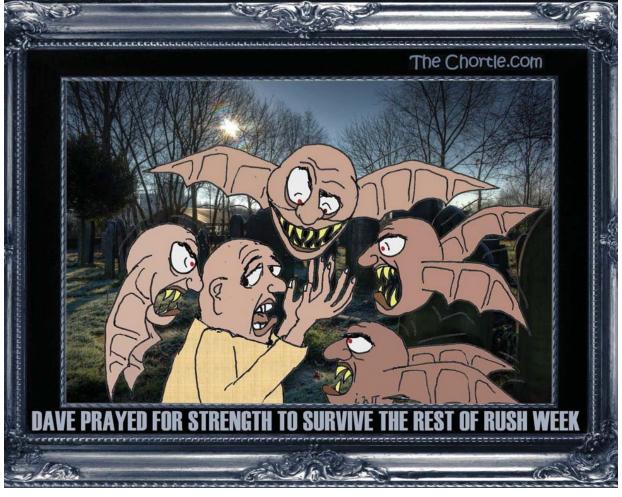


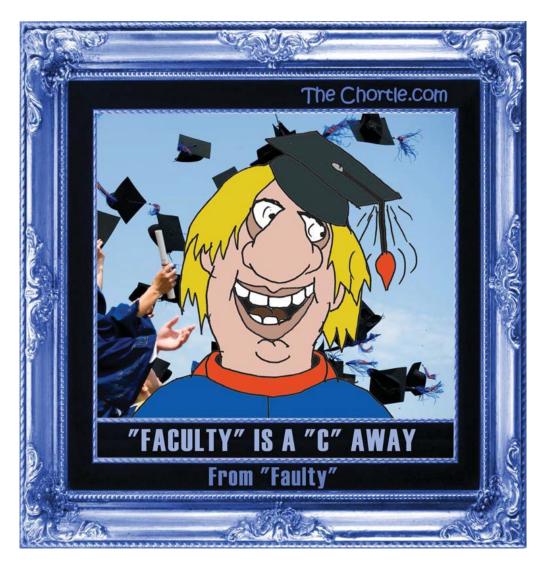






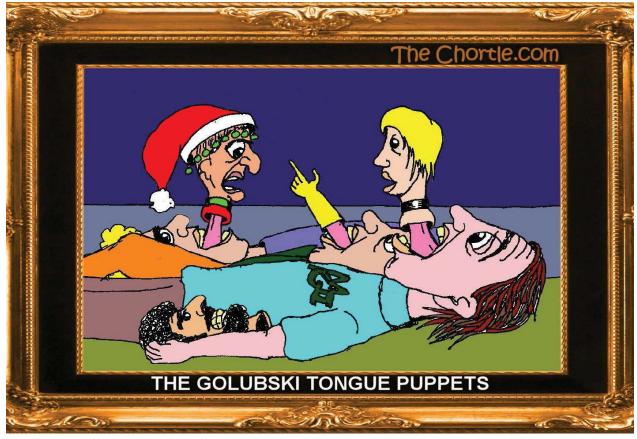






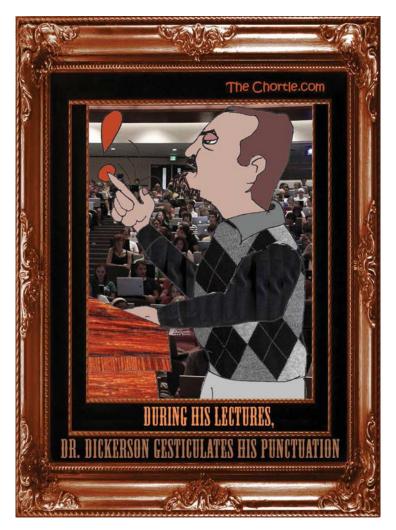


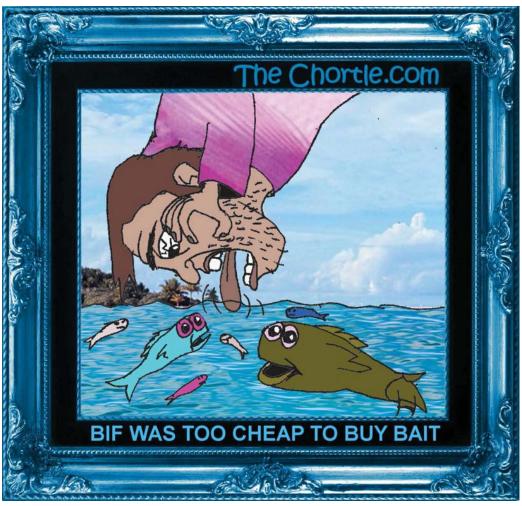




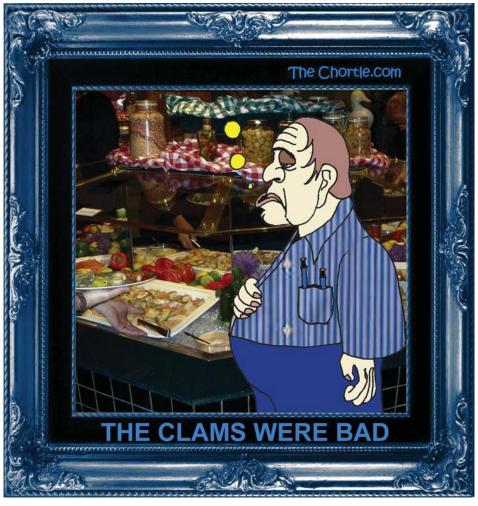


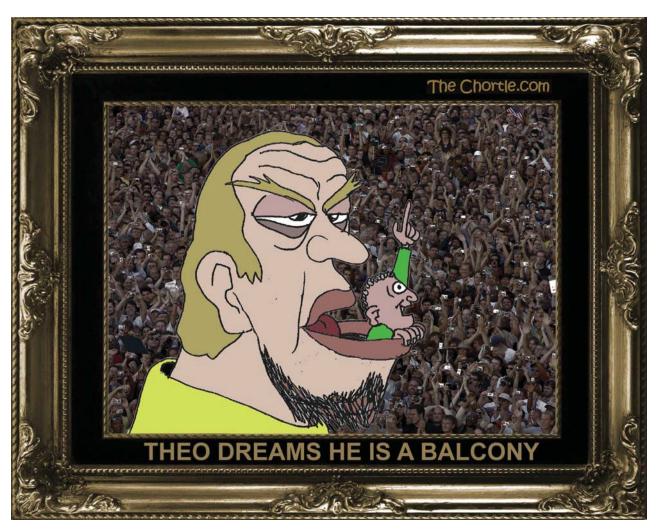




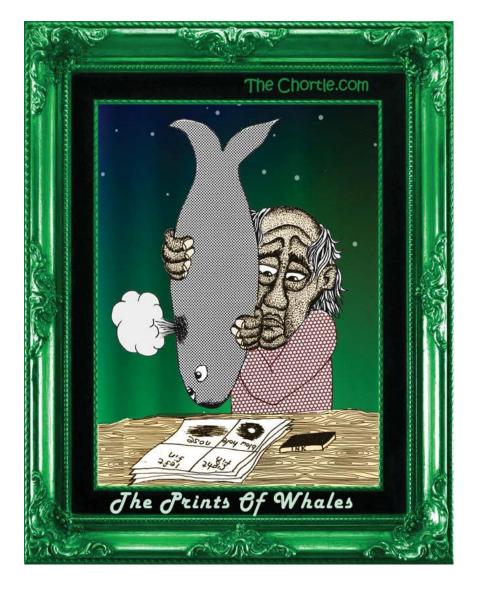


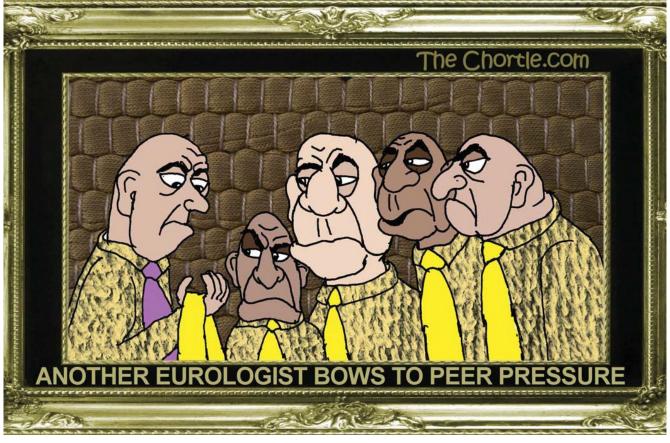


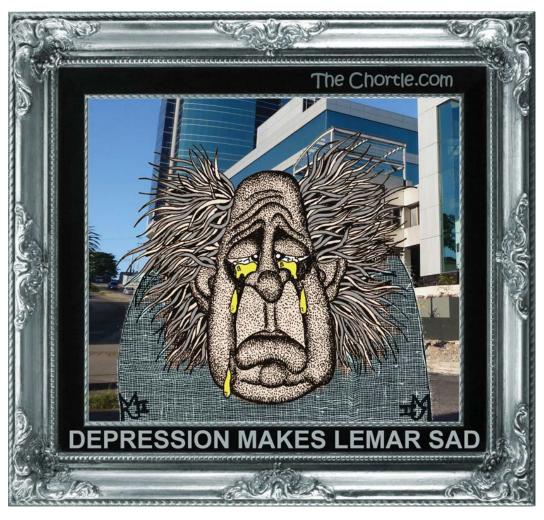


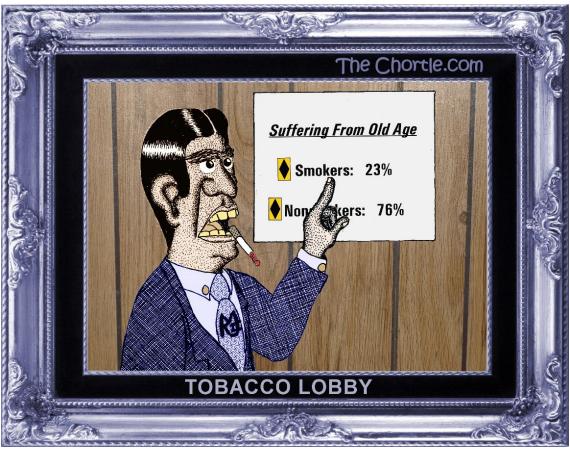




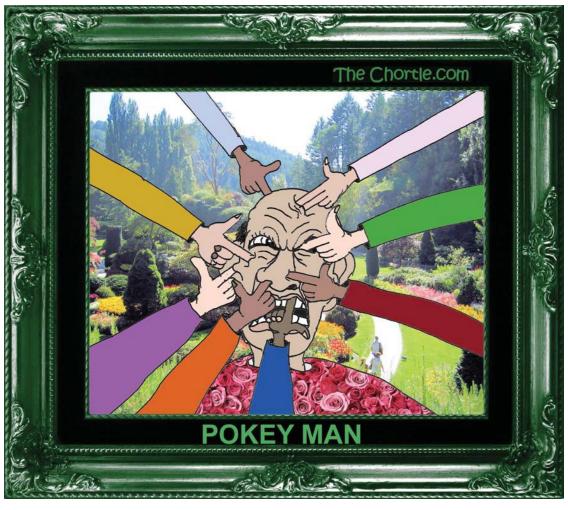




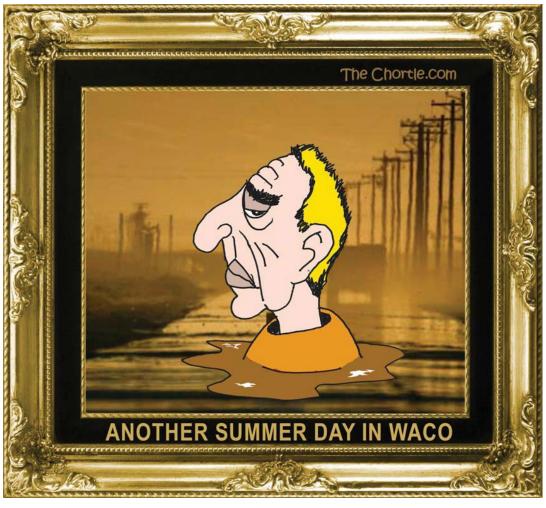


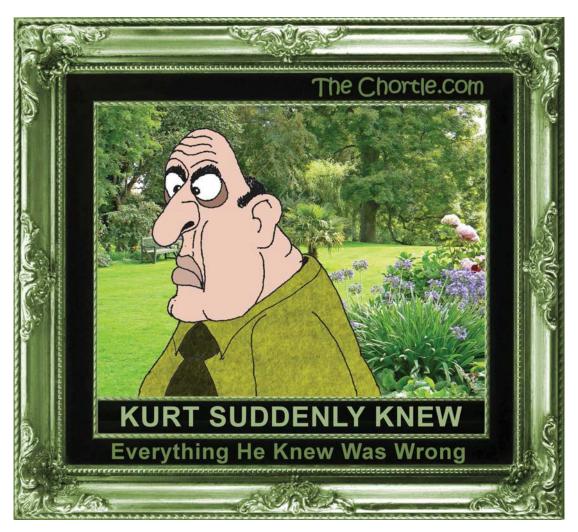




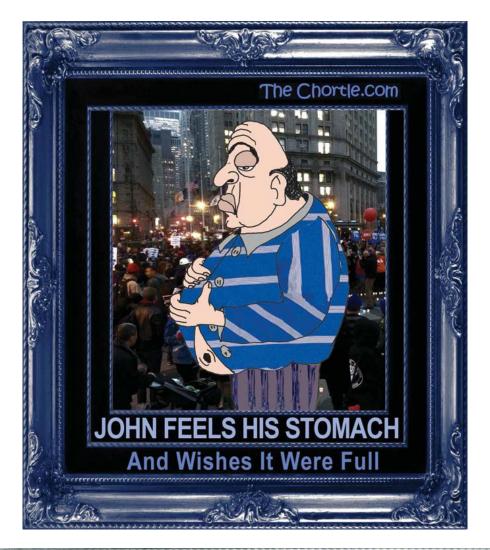


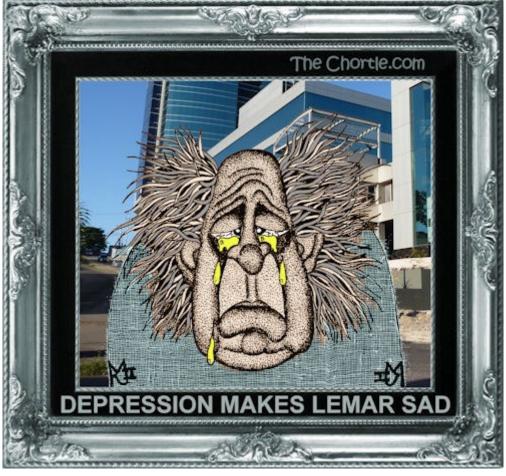


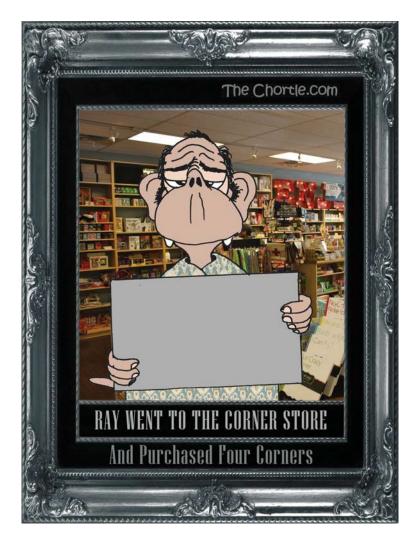


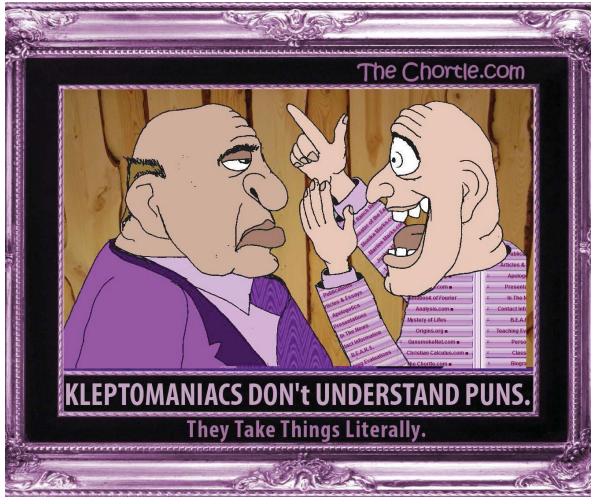


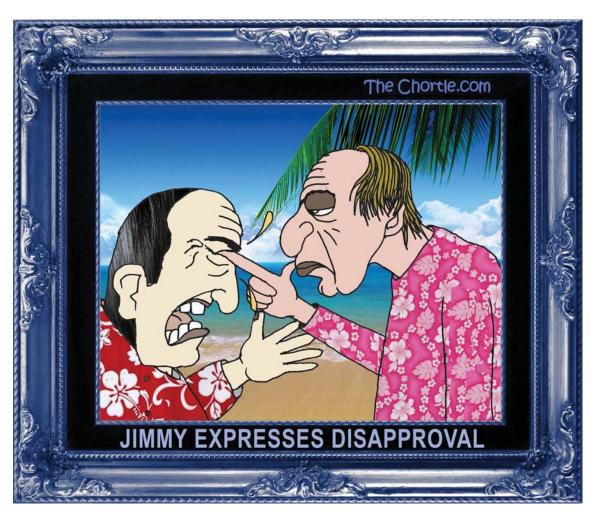




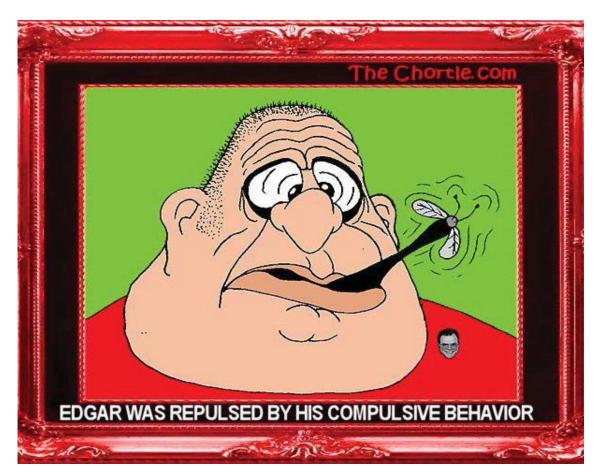


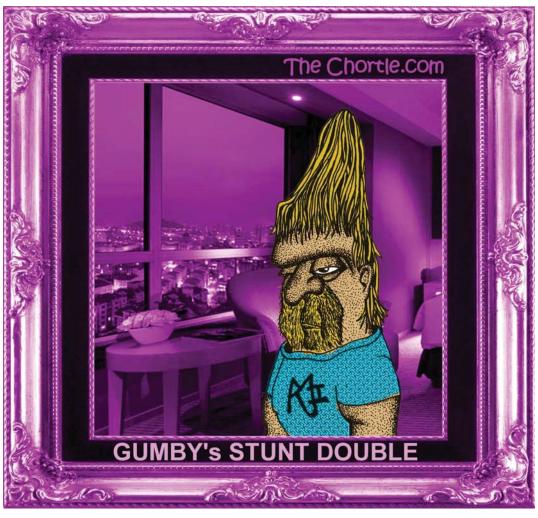




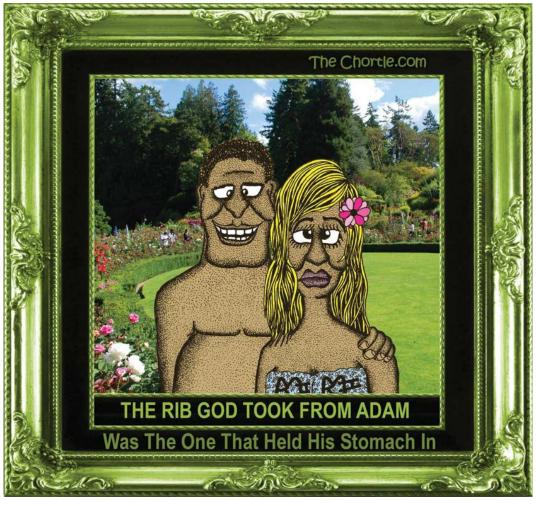


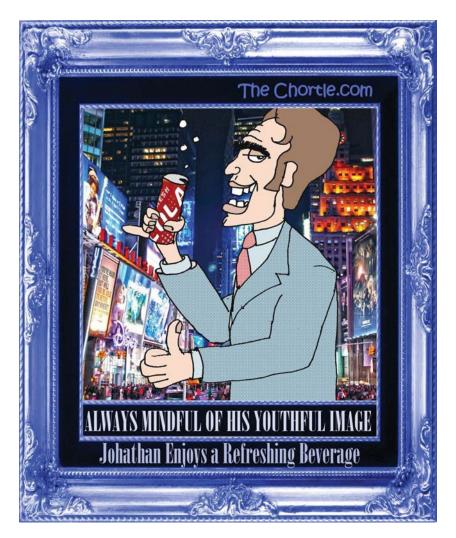






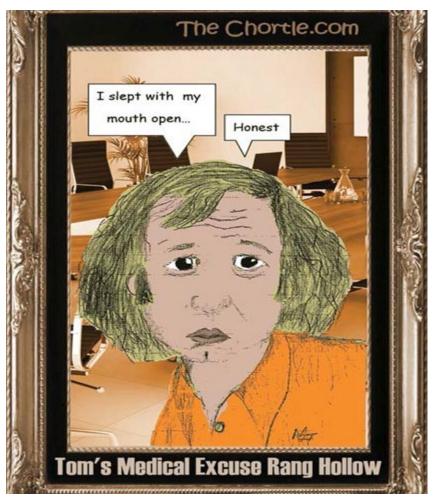




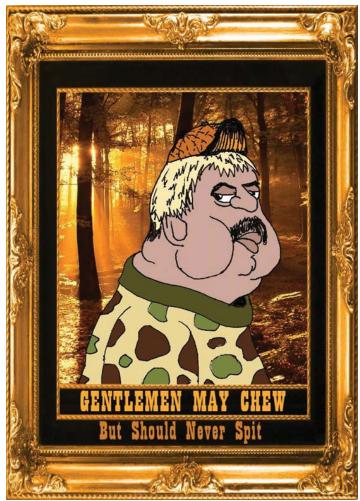


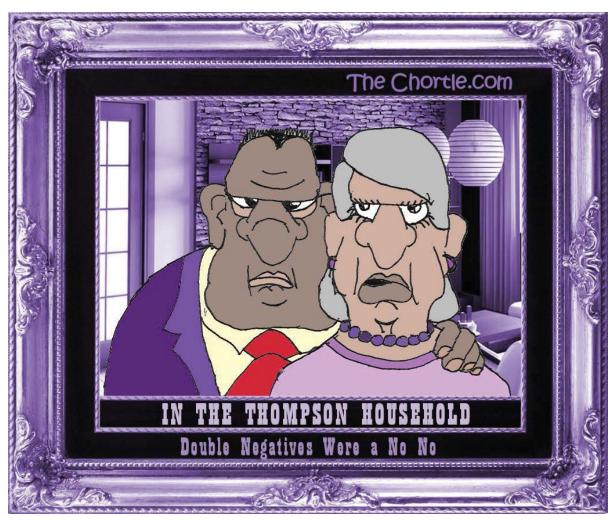




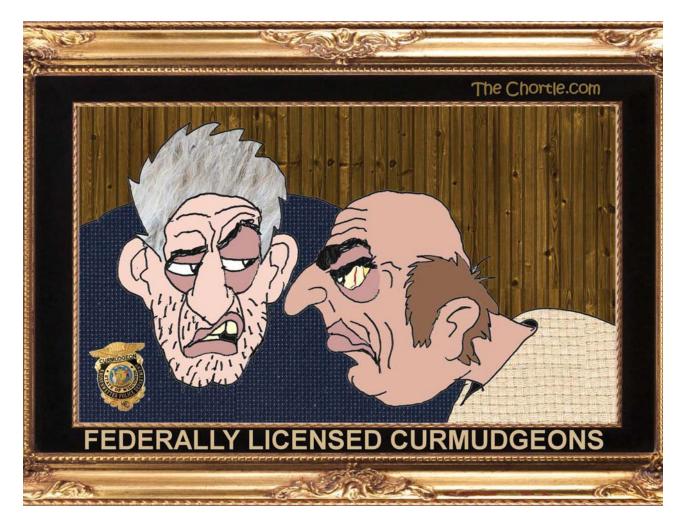


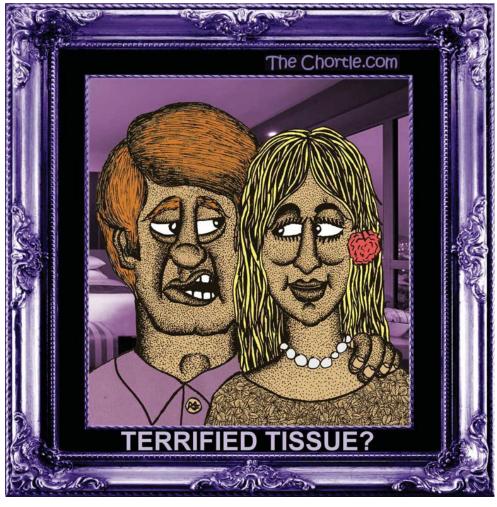


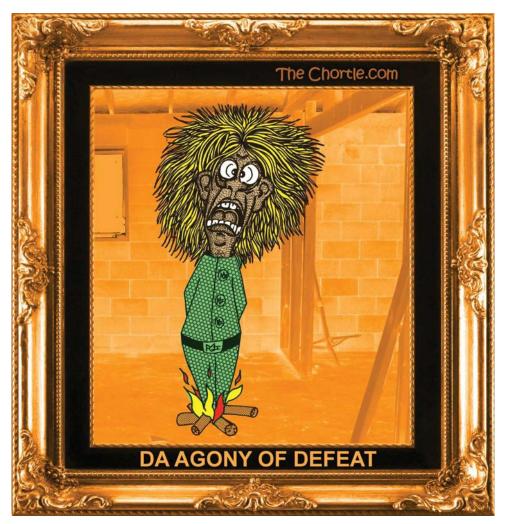




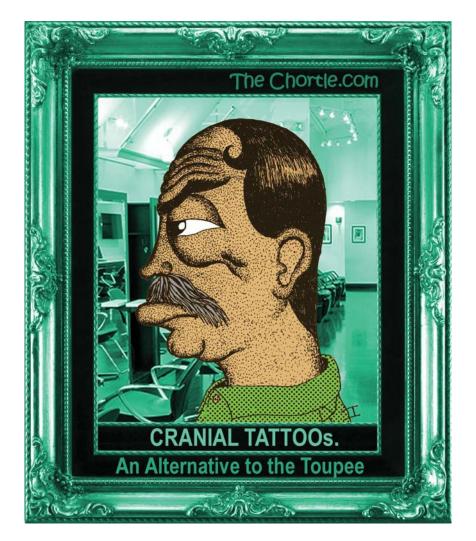


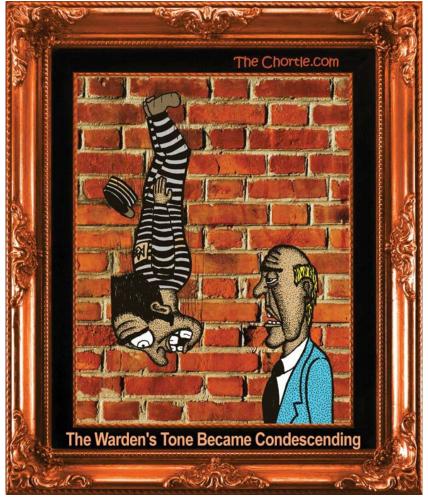


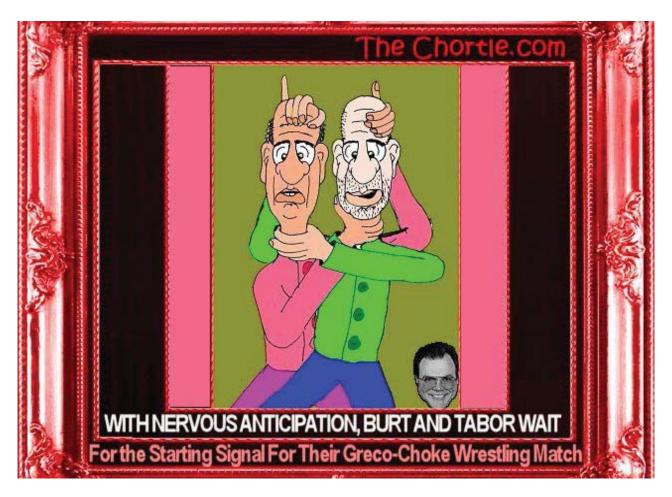


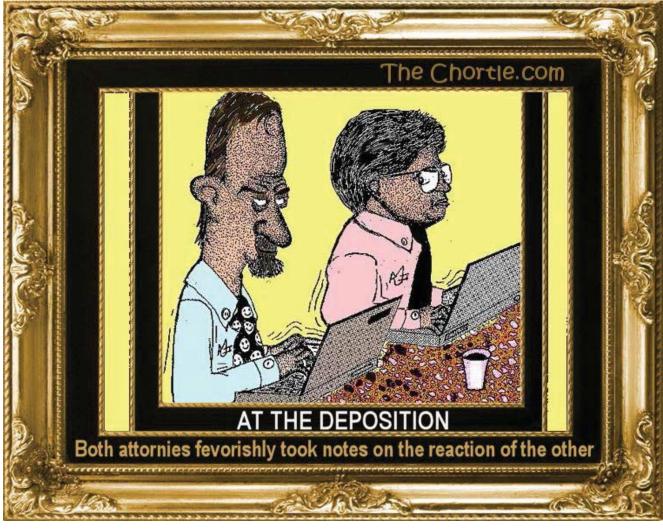


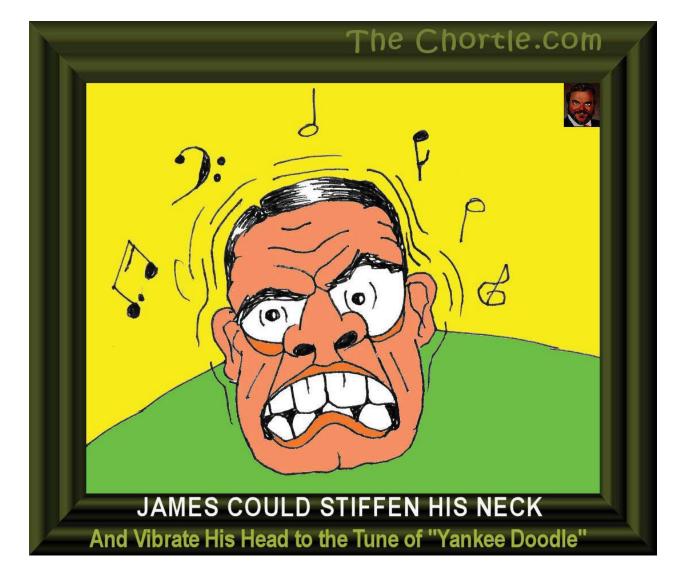


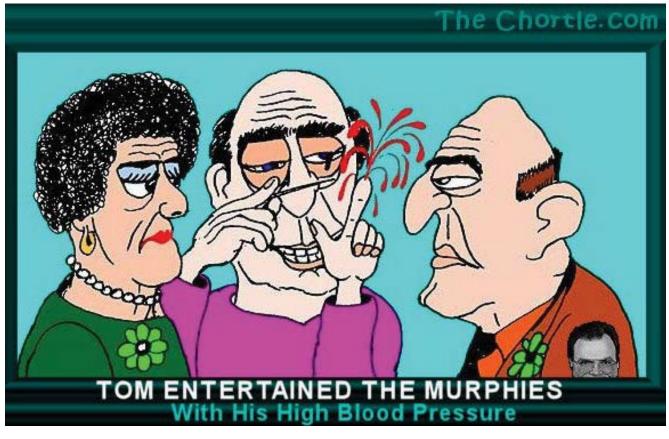


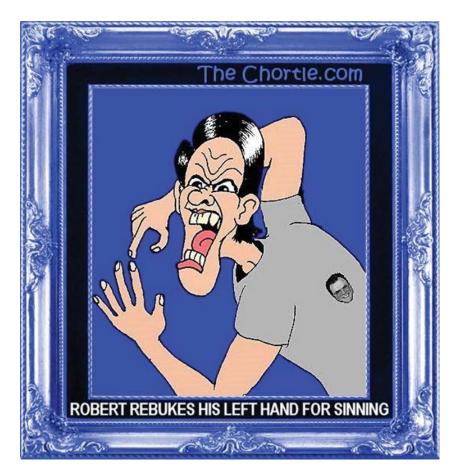


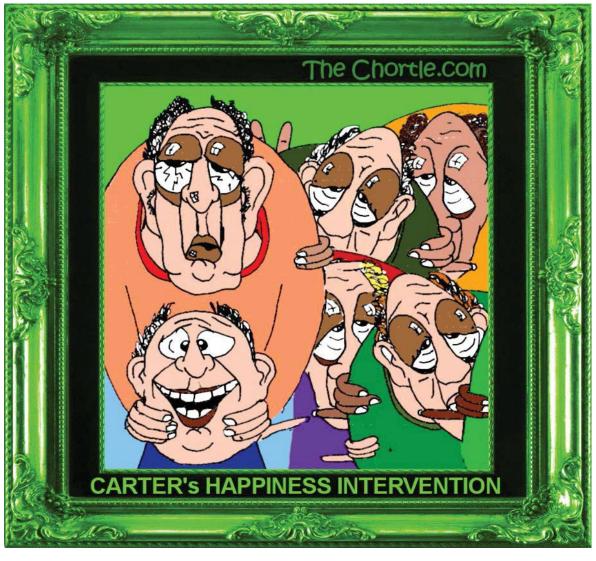


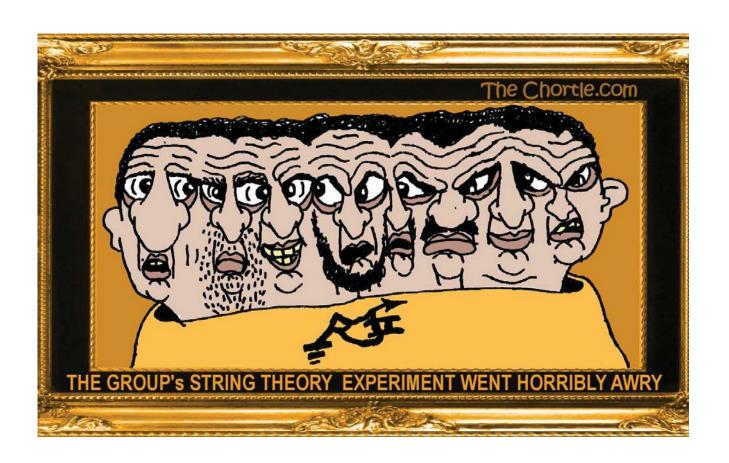


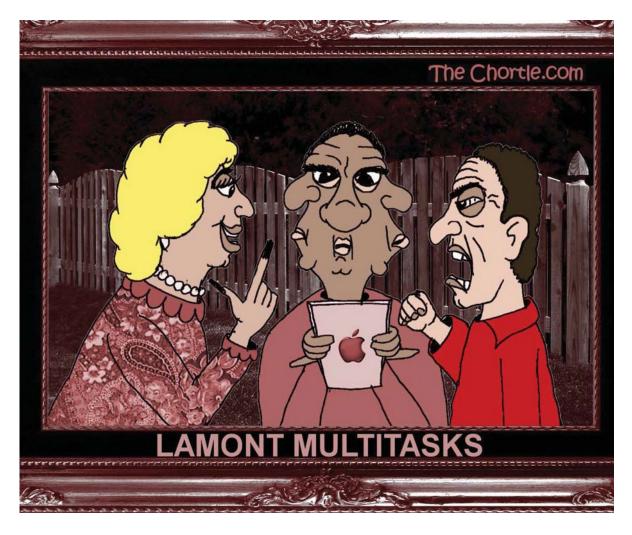




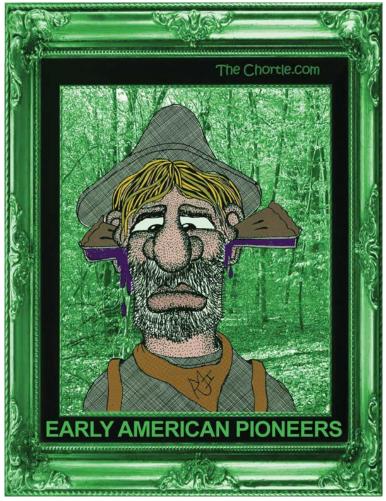


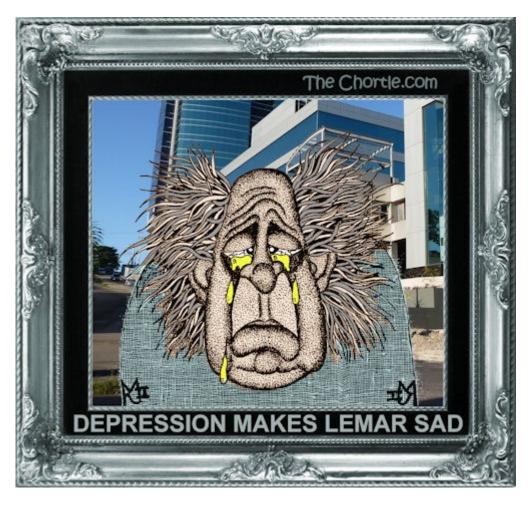


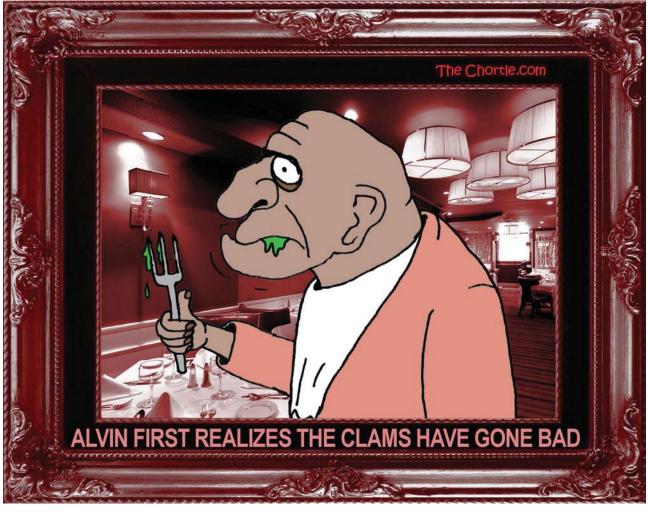


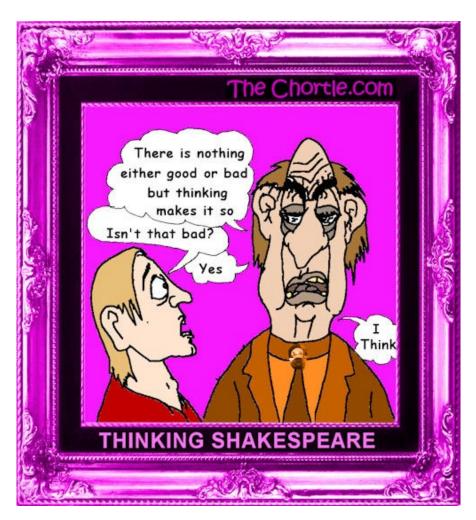


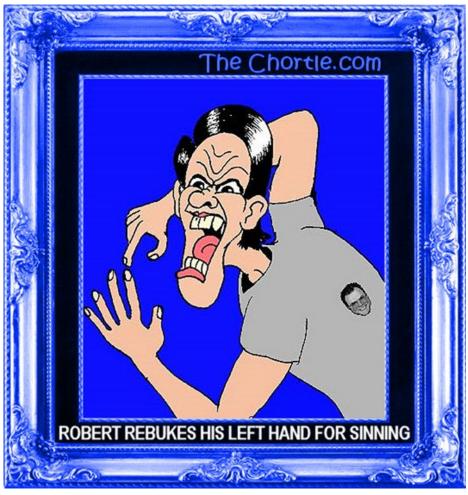




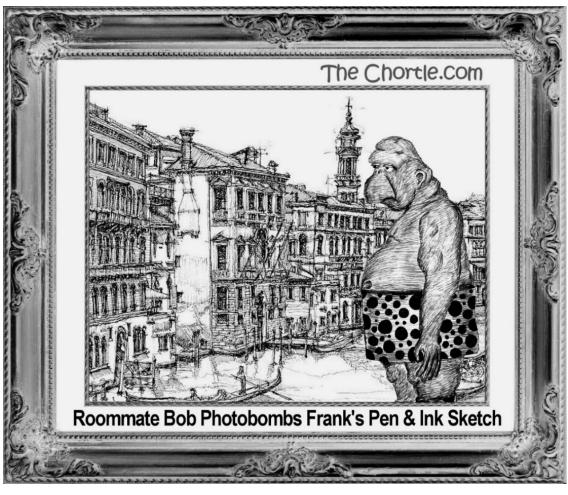


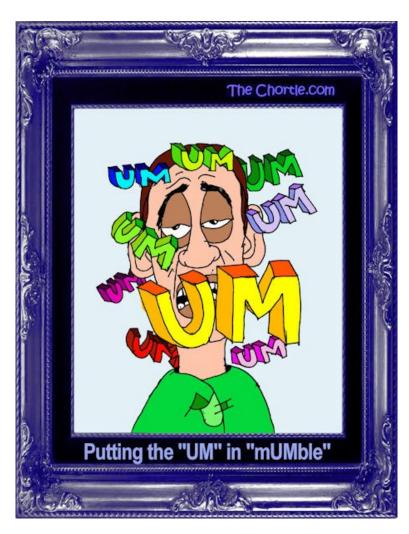


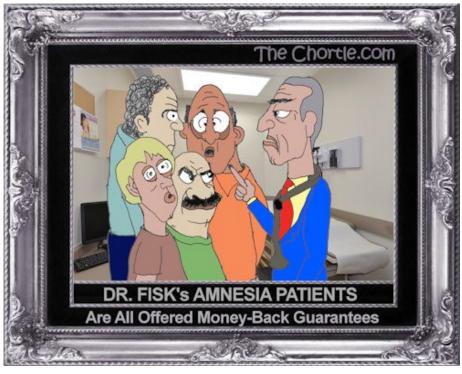


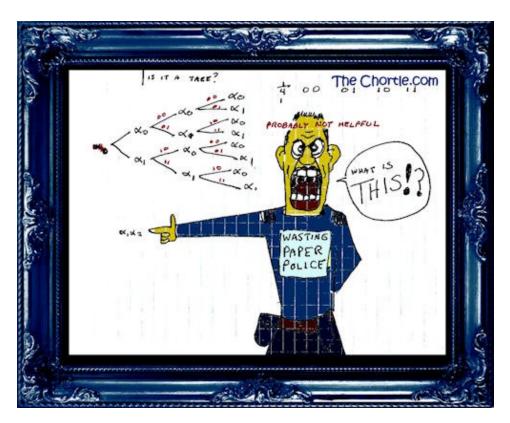


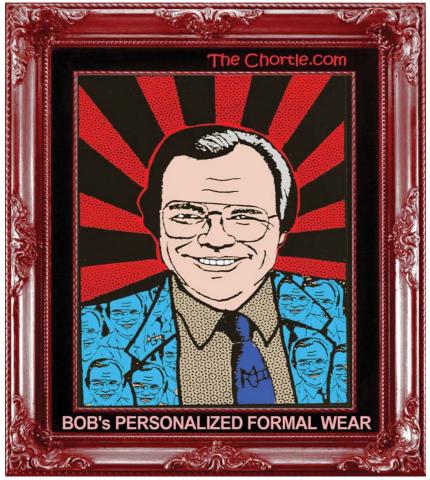












Chottles Without Boudens

By R. Jackson Marks

Forword by Ingrid Nyball

Other works by the author:





You hold in your hands the third and final volume of Chortles.

Both literally and figuratively, these Chortles have no borders.

Why is this the final collection? We were told it was the author's decision and were determined to find out more. So we caught up with cartoonist R. Jackson Marks gardening outside his underground bunker at an undisclosed location in Texas to ask why. He was bent over spraying weeds growing out of cracks in the driveway. Here's the conversation.

MISS INGRID NYBALL: R. Jackson, do you have a few minutes to talk?

R. Jackson looked up. His look of surprise dissolved into an expression of recognition. He smiled.

DR. R. JACKSON MARKS: Inga! So nice to see you! When did you get your head shaved?

INGRID: I didn't. I wanted to lose weight, so I drank a pint of Sherwin-Williams thinner. I wasn't aware of the side effects. All my hair fell out.

R. JACKSON: Ha! Saves on beauty salon bills I bet. Did you lose any weight?

INGRID: I couldn't keep food down for a couple of weeks and

lost a few pounds. The hair never grew back. The pounds did. Thanks for asking.

R. Jackson, who is famously self-conscious about his own thinning hair, changed the subject.

R. JACKSON: So how's your sister Anita?

My sister, Anita Nyball, lost the sight in her left eye a few years back when she mistakenly pinched her nostrils shut during a violent sneeze. Anita used to sort R. Jackson's mail and give him foot rubs.

INGRID: Anita is doing fine. She's still on the list at the eye bank. She says hi.

R. JACKSON: Maybe I can visit her soon.

INGRID: I'll let her know so she can keep an eye out for you.

I was disappointed R. Jackson did not laugh at my joke. Where was his sense of humor? I'd soon find out.

R. JACKSON: Did she ever get rid of the George W. Bush tattoo?

It's embarrassing to have a sister who was arrested for stalking George W. Bush. It was my turn to change the subject.

INGRID: No. She still has the tattoo. But let's not talk about that. I want to talk about your third Chortles book while you are applying weed killer..

R. JACKSON: That's not the title.

INGRID: What's not the title?

R. JACKSON: My third book is titled "Chortles Without Borders," not "While You Are Applying Weed Killer."

INGRID: That's what I want to talk about.

R. JACKSON: Oh. OK. Sure. But that's a good title for my biography.

INGRID: What's a good title?

R. JACKSON: "While I Was Applying Weed Killer." A good name for my bio.

While R. Jackson resumed his spraying.

INGRID: Aren't some of those weeds edible?

R. JACKSON: Not after you spray them. Tried that. Made my lips numb.

INGRID: R. Jackson. Our time is limited. Let me get right to the point. Why have you stopped drawing Chortles?

R. JACKSON: For many reasons. Most of all, I lost my sense of humor.

I now understood why R. Jackson did not laugh at my eyeball joke about my sister Anita. He had lost his sense of humor.

INGRID: You lost your sense of humor? Really?

R. JACKSON: But nature is incredible. I think I am slowly growing a new sense of humor. It's still very young and immature.

INGRID: If you grow a new sense of humor, will you draw more Chortles?

R. JACKSON: Possibly. But I'm afraid my mature sense of humor is gone. My wife thinks I dropped it in the collection basket at church.

INGRID: Why? Did she see it?

R. JACKSON: No. But we both noticed our pastor's last few sermons have been funnier than usual. And his humor is definitely Chortles humor.

INGRID: For example?

R. JACKSON: Well, let's see ... OK. Here's one he told in a sermon. "When a pastor rehearses his sermon, is he practicing what he preaches?"

INGRID: That is Chortles humor. A multidimensional pun. Two dimensions I believe. Have you asked your pastor if he is using your sense of humor?

R. Jackson ignored my question. He was on a roll.

R. JACKSON: And this one. How do make holy water?

I assured him I didn't know.

R. Jackson: You boil the hell out of it! What a hoot!

When he was done chuckling, I repeated my question. Did he talk to his pastor about his lost sense of humor?

R. JACKSON: No. If he has it, in my pastor's mind, I donated my sense of humor to the church. Besides, you don't accuse your pastor of stealing. Plus, he needs it. He used to be about as funny as a doorknob. He's also a lot younger than me and can use my sense of humor for a longer time than I can.

INGRID: Let's hope he draws some more Chortles.

R. JACKSON: I doubt it. He isn't even good at drawing comparisons.

INGRID: So what are you going to do now?

R. JACKSON: I love killing. Killing weeds. I'll also spend more time with my wife and grandkids. And I have hobbies. Listening to old radio plays. Gluing pennies together. Napping. Eating Popeye's chicken. Feeling worms of melancholy bore small holes in my soul. Maybe I'll write a book on the art of napping. Taking a good nap is not easy. I also want to binge watch Netflix. I have over 850 episodes of *Dr. Who* to catch up on.

INGRID: Doctor who?

R. JACKSON: Yes.

There was a long pause while R. Jackson continued spraying

weeds. The batteries in his sprayer suddenly went dead.

R. JACKSON: Nuts!

INGRID: I have some batteries in the car. What do you need?

R. JACKSON: Do you have six twelve-watt batteries?

INGRID: Twelve what?

R. JACKSON: No. Six.

INGRID: Six-watt?

R. JACKSON: Yes.

INGRID: Sadly, no.

R. JACKSON: Well, thanks anyway.

With that, R. Jackson started pulling up some of the larger weeds by hand. I saw his attention wain and knew our time together was up.

INGRID: Well. Thanks R. Jackson. For me and the tens of your fans everywhere, I want to thank you for the cartoons you have drawn. They have bought a lot of joy.

R. JACKSON: Sure. Wanna pull some weeds? It's better than worms of melancholy boring holes in your soul.

INGRID: Normally I would, but I'm late for somersault lessons.

R. JACKSON: Gotcha. Okay. Bye. Don't swallow any armchairs!

I smiled and choked back a tear. "Don't swallow any armchairs." I've heard that salutation from R. Jackson more time that I can count. Hee hee. I still don't know what it means.

As I walked away, R. Jackson continued pulling weeds and singing a song about taking naps.

The world will not be the same without my daily dose of Chortles. My emotions swelled. The thought of no more Chortles bought a tear to my eye and a sudden craving for a cherry Pop Tart. I sobbed and blubbered out loud the mandatory mantra required of all dedicated readers of Chortles.

"Like rich dark chocolate bon-bons, enjoy delicious Chortles in responsible moderation"

Moderation in all things. Especially moderation.

I wiped my nose on my sleeve, adjusted my girdle, got in my car and drove to my somersault lesson. Today, we start on backward rolls.

Miss Inga Nyball¹

¹ This contents and authenticity of this interview has not been reviewed, read, corroborated or approved by R. Jackson Marks or his good-looking wife. Nor his ugly one.



Bill decides a hair transplant is cheaper than the new bald tax.



Detectives Burns and Johnson continue to search the house for any sign of bugs.

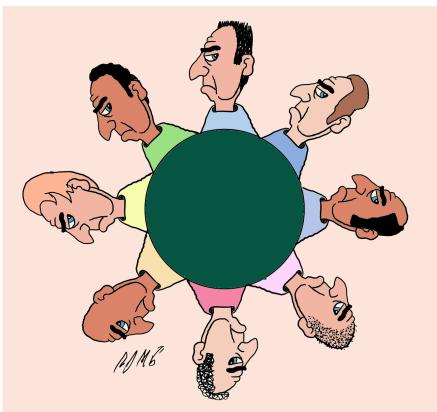


Tom sweats the small stuff.

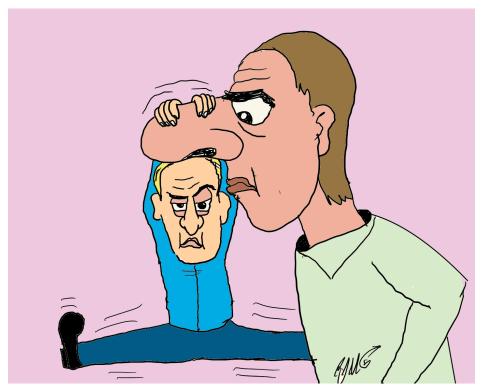


"A good hemlock....
"Not a great hemlock."





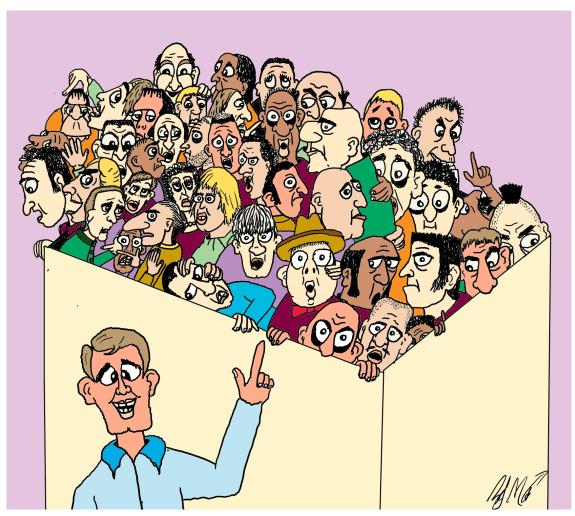
Circle of Suspicion



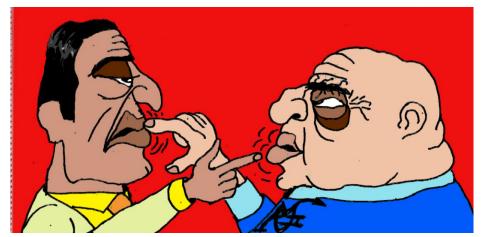
Diminutive chiropractor, Dr. Franklin McCall, adjusts Conrad's deviated septum.



William III invents what made Pennsylvania famous.



Thinking outside the box



Before initiating negotiations, Brzt and Kvtyz exchange traditional lip flubs.



Feigned exuberance



Max convinces Sid not to sell his body to Crisco.



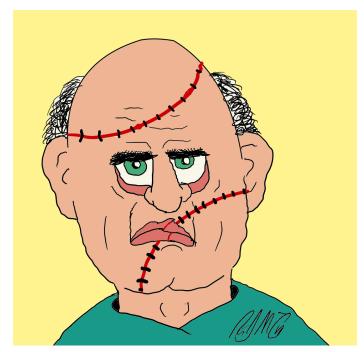
Bill & Arney - always ready with a song.



Wanda first questions whether head waxing is just a fad.



"Are you coming quietly?
Or do I have to use ear buds?"



After Arnie Jones fell from the bleachers and down the steps, friends call him "Mr. Baseball."



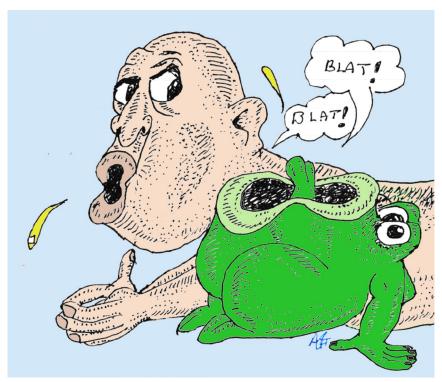
Compatible domestic standards allow the Millers to share their mutual enjoyment of sunflower seeds



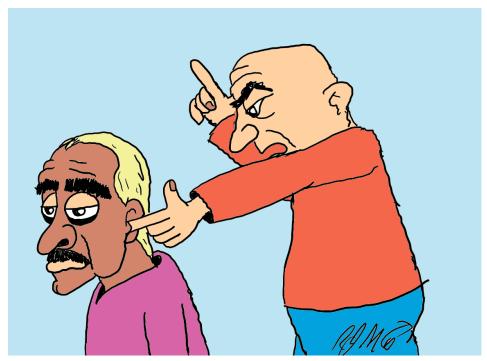
Ben keeps burping up Dan



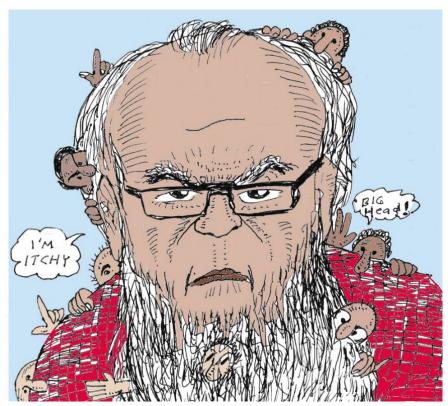
Nail biting can be a gateway habit leading to public wrist munching.



The apprentice.



Next best option to "a poke in the eye."



Bob tests positive for Kilroys.





Kobe watermelon massage.



Lithuanian watermelon massage.



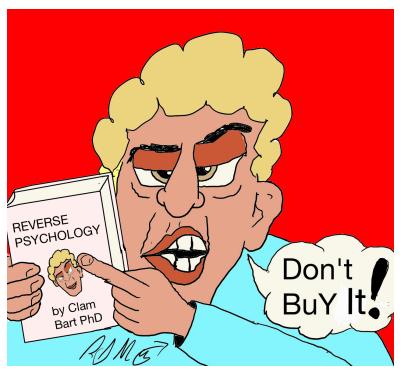
Synchronized Lithuanian watermelon massage.



The medium is the message.



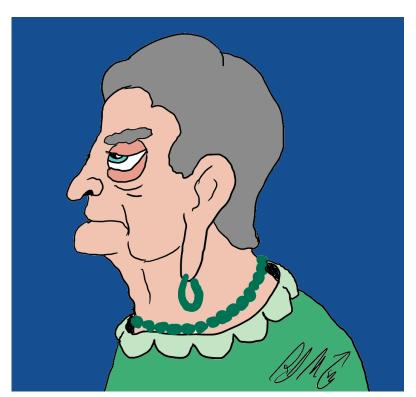
Beth is unhappy, doesn't know why, and demands Jonathan do something about it.



Psychologist Bart's book tour.



... and he did it on the first try with his eyes closed.



If Madge's ten-inch ear grows two more inches, it will be a foot.



Carl announces his discovery that "verb" is a noun.



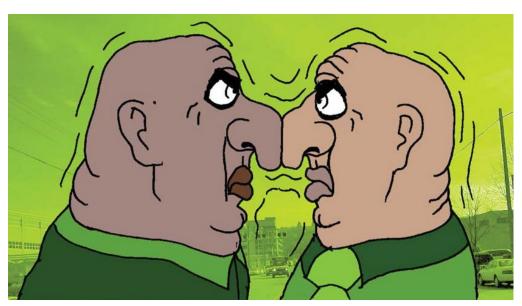
For the third time, Professor Janson explains to Tommy why you can't milk a pigeon.



Instead of a new administrative assistant, CEO Evans visited a secondhand store.



In "Poor Man's Duel,"
Heads are butted until someone loses consciousness.



Every move made by Saul was immediately countered by Eli.



Zeke has his first original thought.



Calib can spit out of his left ear.



Vito then thought about the matter further. "That leaves dishonesty as the second-best policy."



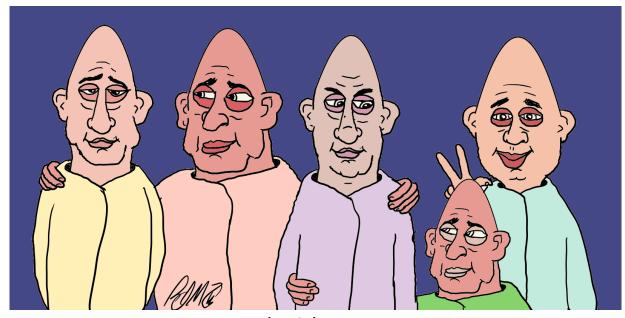
Carlos resists Lela's advances.



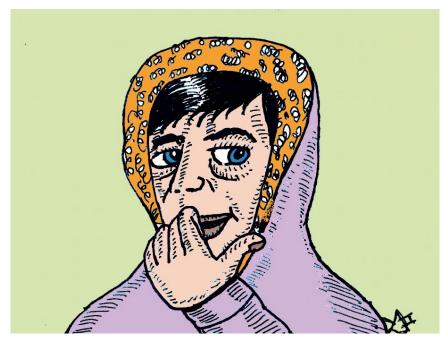
Vindictive puddle maker



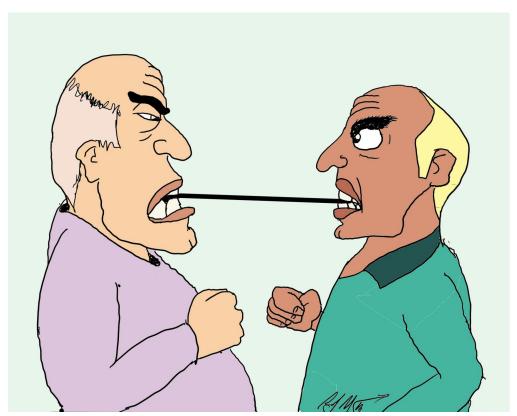
Bert was in charge of fist-pumping exuberance.



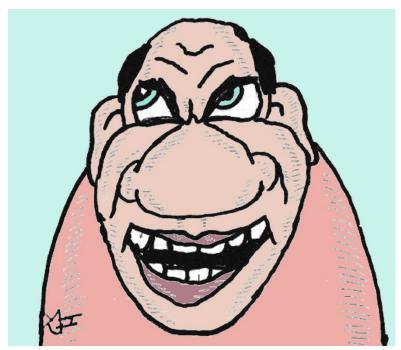
Among the Thompson men, `Lil Jasper is always the last to know it's raining.



Dan loves the smell of freshly cut fingernails.



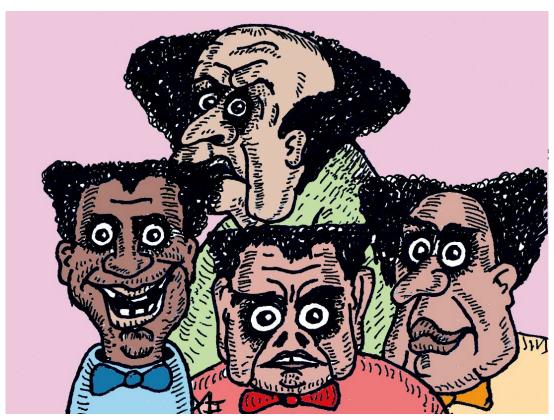
Rubber band grudge duels are illegal in Massachusetts.



Don tries threatening his non-functioning follicles.



In Rostov-on-Don, "kissing" translates to "lip-tasting."



The Tregos line up for their nightly hair sniff.



Lamont gives lectures on how to get ahead.



The Hillfingers reach consensus on their fall fashion line



Jake always feels like someone is watching



Three generations of mini-me clones.



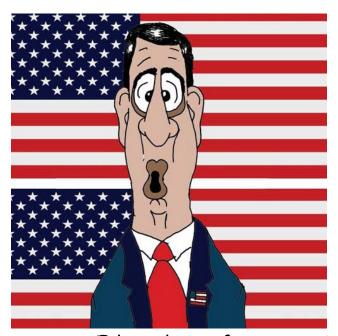
David remains smug about his bold masculine chin.



In which hand is Samuel hiding his true feelings?



Joshua's presentation "Vampires Never Smile" lacked credibility.



Congressman Edwards is often astonished at his own incompetence.

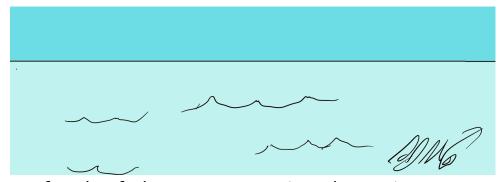


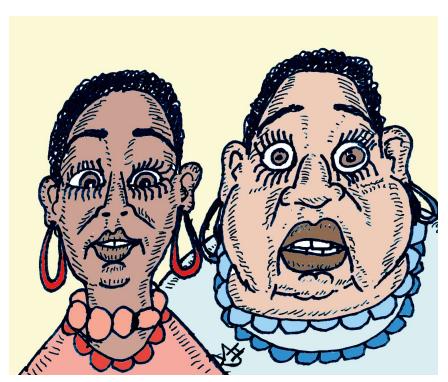
Photo finish of the spring US-Canadian submarine race.



Phil was heartbroken. He knew that follicle malfunction was grounds for dismissal from the Tri-Cities Flat Top Guild.



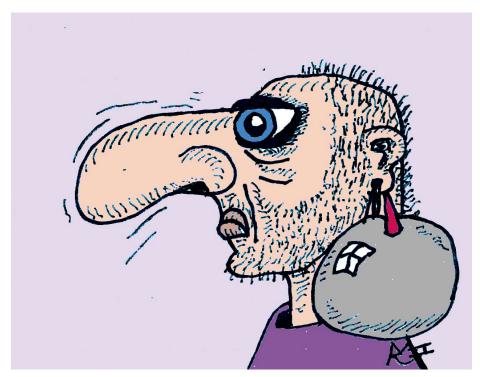
Alice's brothers protect her from bloodsucker hate speech.



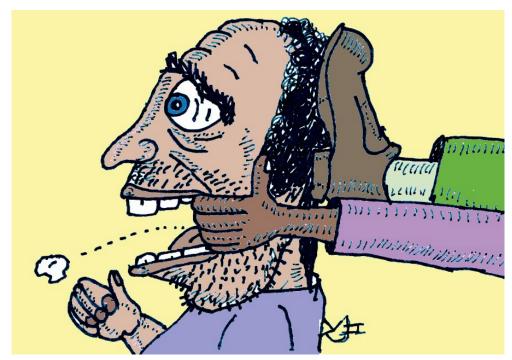
Shocked by graphic content.



Bobby Ray counts the photographer's legs.



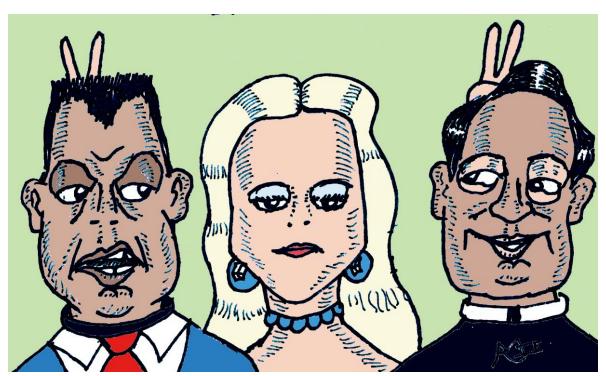
To maintain proper posture, Toby's large nose necessitates bowling ball counterweights.



The Heimlich maneuver was a marked improvement over the Kawalski kick-and-jerk.



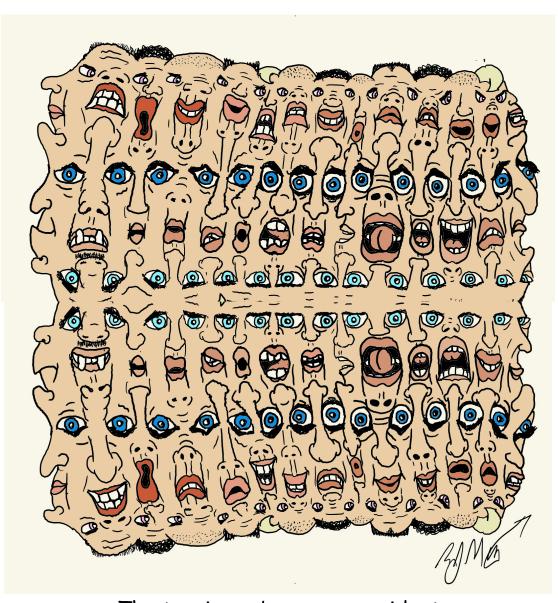
Marge was disappointed by her dishpan hands.



Sarah's admiration for her escorts was feigned.



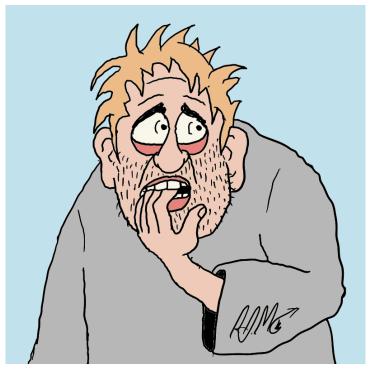
Nevil's opponent in darts was not a good loser.



The tragic rugby scrum accident near the Hadron Collider.



Kevin only bleaches his favorite tooth.



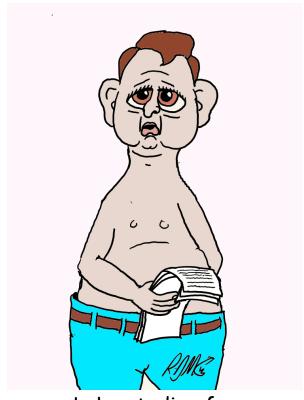
Burt can't find his stress ball.



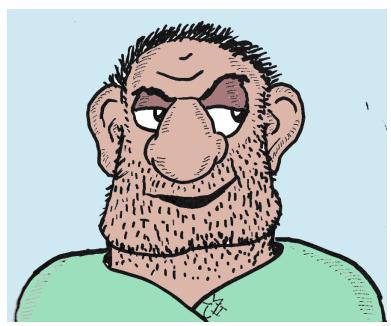
Schrödinger's reactions to a dead cat.



David adds red tape.



Luke studies for tomorrow's prostate exam.



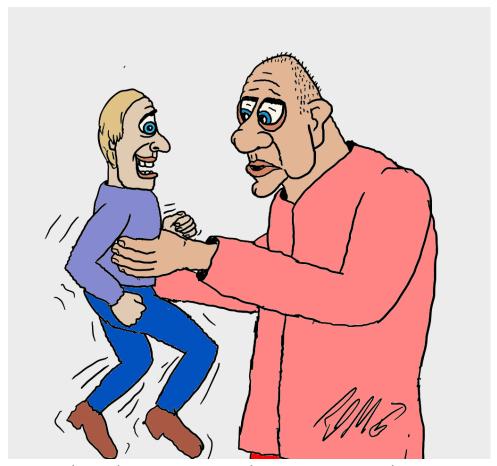
Lance always monitors others interest in his rugged features.



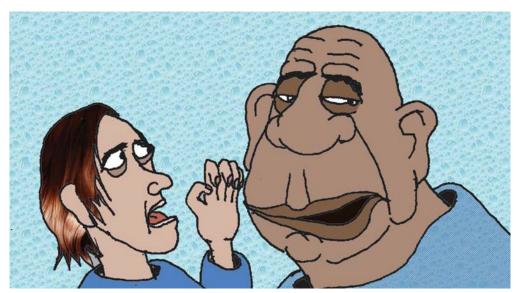
Meta Tom continues his "feeling good about feeling good" loop.



Trevor goes Hasidic.



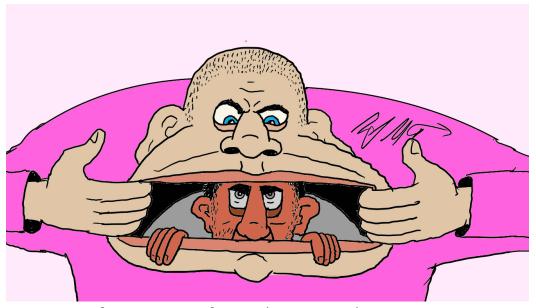
Intimidated, Lester teaches Big Frank how to jog.



Although the pay was good, Pete loathed scratching Big Willie's inner ear.



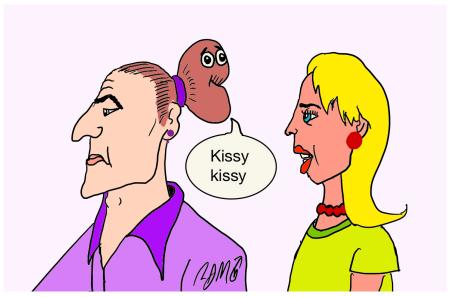
When Gene flexed his cochlea.



Infestation of another mouth squatter.



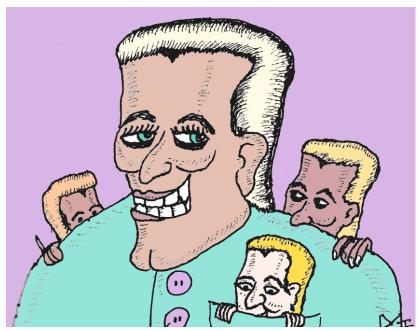
Sam was disappointed in his homunculus.



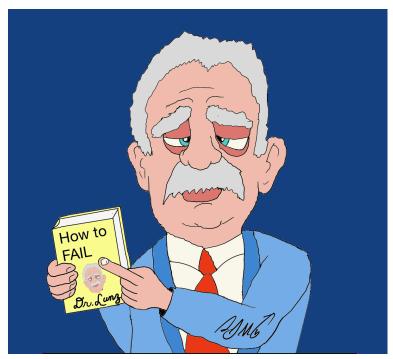
Lance's man bun becomes sentient.



Sargeant Krile's inner turmoil manifests.



Wealthy Dolf and his designer Kilroys.



Since Dr. Lunz's book sold no copies, he declared it a success.

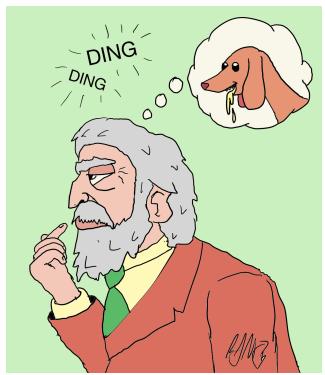


LEFT: spotted boll weevil.

RIGHT: The lesser of two weevils.



Crenshaw suspects his mole is migrating.



The ringing bell reminded Pavlov of a slobbering dog.



Telekinetic antigravity music.



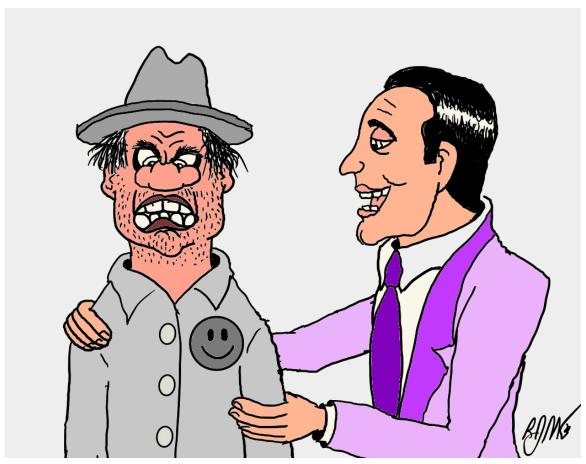
Extraction of a singing earwig.



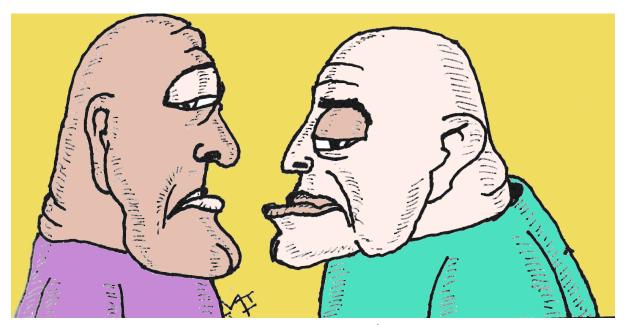
Spreading the joy!



Slepian is inexplicably attracted to egg-shaped prolate spheroids.



The demise of another high-pressure salesman draws nigh.



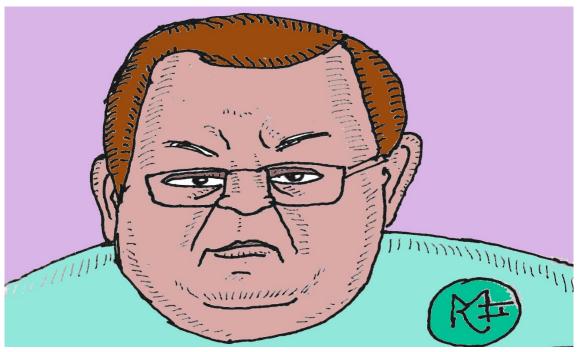
Passive aggressive shunning



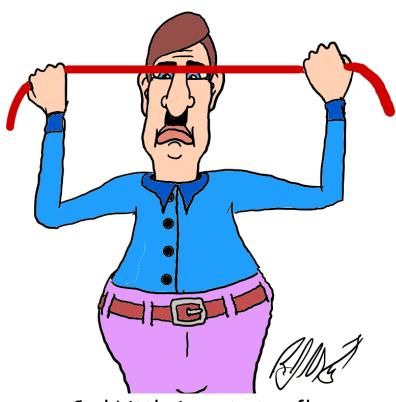
Madge suddenly realizes she is married to an old man.



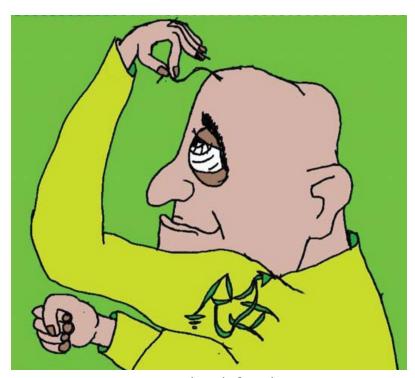
The CIA hired Carlos and Crenshaw to spy on each other.



Travis is so fat he got triabetes.



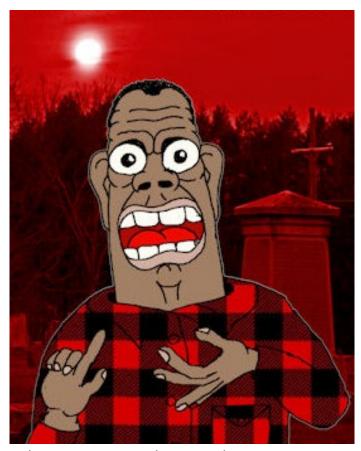
Carl Little invents toe floss



Jack had faith his remaining hair would someday go to seed



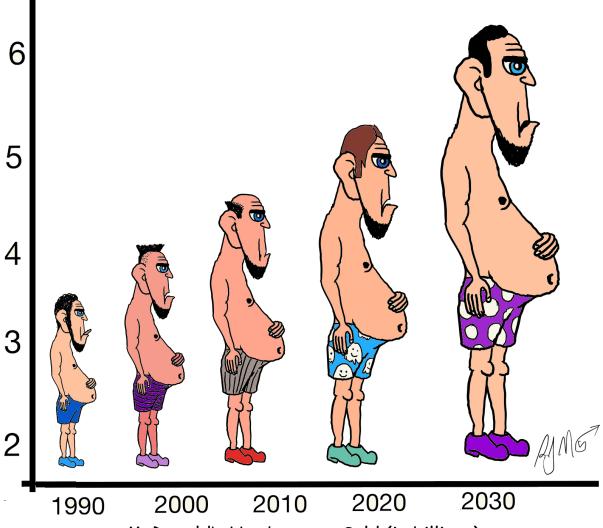
Dwight's trainer does stretches on Matt before the hotdog eating contest.



When provoked, David goes zombie.



Levon and his little ears.



McDonald's Hamburgers Sold (in billions)



Waiting at the DMV



"Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?"



Steven gargles the national anthem.



First meeting with your IRS auditor.



Sam and Dolf encourage Tony with unwarranted optimism.



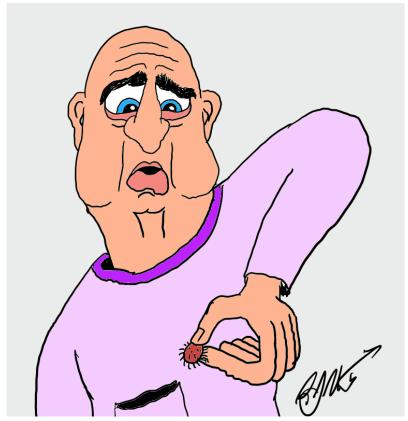
"Your teeth look fine. But those gums gotta go."



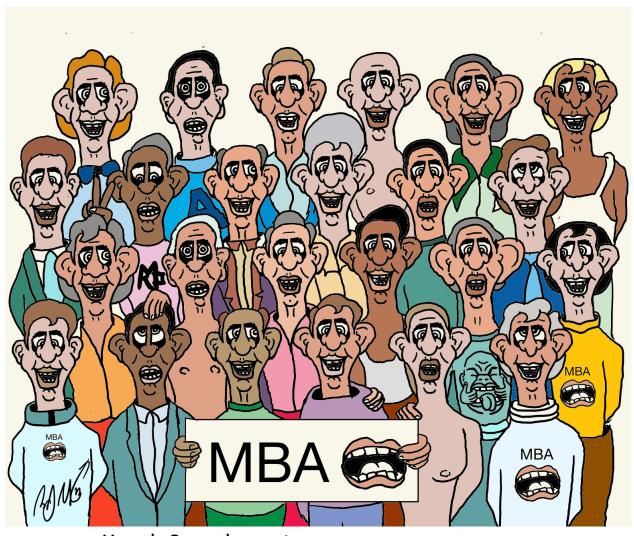
Shirley, Goodness and Mercy continue to follow David.



Joseph Stalin's half-brother, Luigi, chose to go into video gaming.



Jimmy laments the pocket lint on his gum drop.



Mouth Breathers Anonymous support group.



Never interrupt the pleasant thoughts of Tony Two-Toes



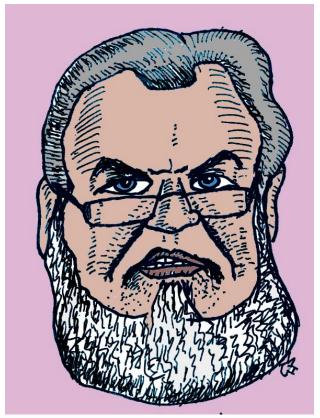
Jim and his obfuscating nose.



Jacob doesn't blow bubbles. He sucks them.



Frank's body rejects the brain transplant.



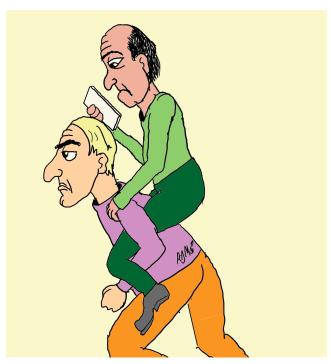
Bob's perpetual depression etched a permanent grimace on his face.



Bella Parker PhD counsels clients on best diet and exercise practices.



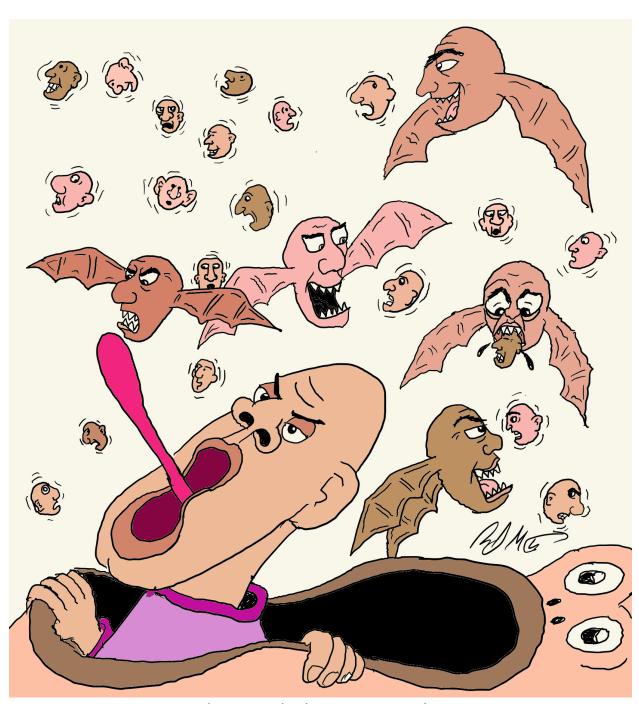
Billy the Hat often had Joe's Head in its mouth.



New Nietzsche inspired ride share Über Mensch.



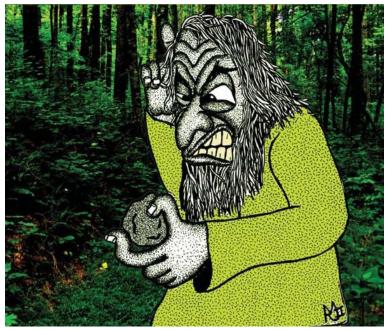
Disillusioned after another fruitless afternoon foraging for sewer gators.



The Food Chain on Rigel-6



Dylan Marik, professional dwarf tosser, always travels with a spare.



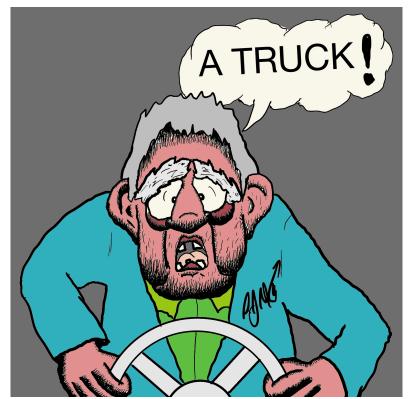
Confronted by the giant, Jack became little bolder.



Eggs Benedict



Head transplant candidates bonding.



Grandpa Jim's famous last words.



Yet another budding friendship obstructed by congenital shyness.



"Cheers"



Lucky for Daniel, it was a soft drink.



After eating granola, Matt always counts his teeth.



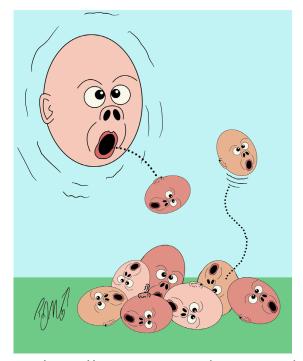
When it comes to hard work, Don stops at nothing.



Dundee lives in constant fear since unsuccessfully throwing the boomerang an hour ago.



Contagious irritation



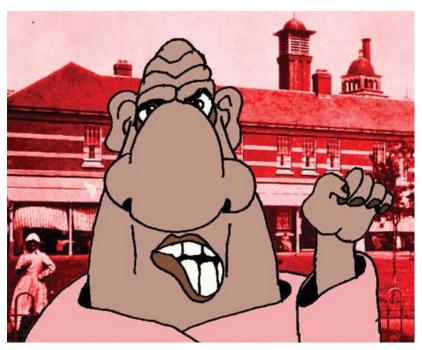
Little Billy escapes the brood.



Secret service agent Meyer signals his wireless ear bud has gone too deep again.



Howard wins again.



Albert easily becomes enraged but, fortunately, quickly forgets why.



Wayne enjoys making spectacle out of himself.



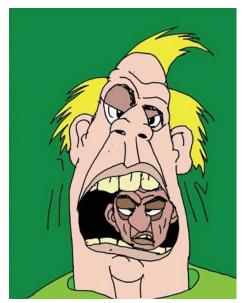
Making fun of the insecure can lead to a vicious cycle.



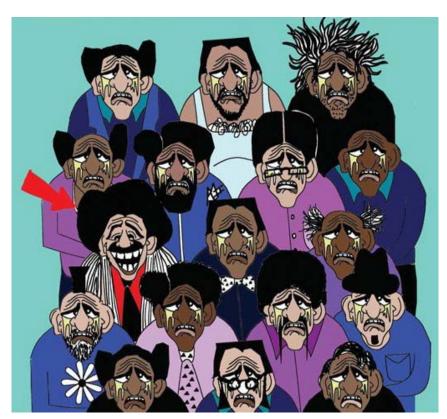
Wanda saw how high she drew her eyebrows and looked surprised.



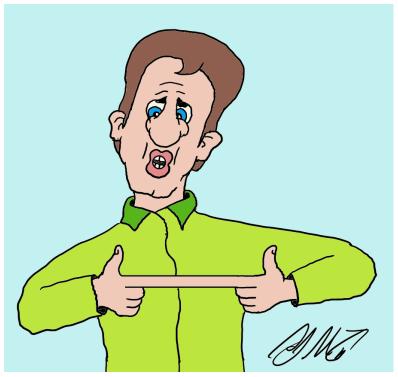
Gary expresses displeasure with Lance's stiff upper lip.



Despite increased pressure, Carl refuses to crack.



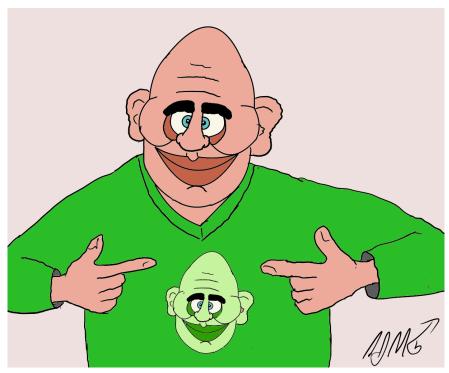
Avid sportsman, Bubba Crane, displays an improper response to the death of Bambi's mother.



Siamese index fingers make scratching difficult.



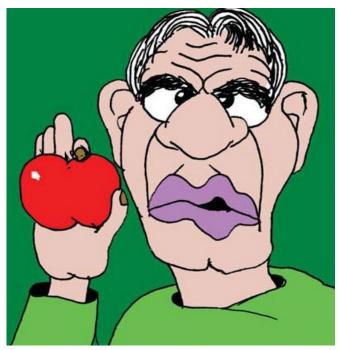
Nobel laureate Gibb's left eye is irritated by a small-minded bureaucrat from middle management.



Suffering from illusions of adequacy



The most aggressive member of Ben's flora went exploring.



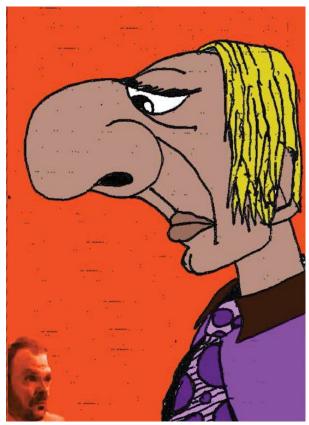
Kyle's lips are numb and mutated because he refuses to rinse his fruit.



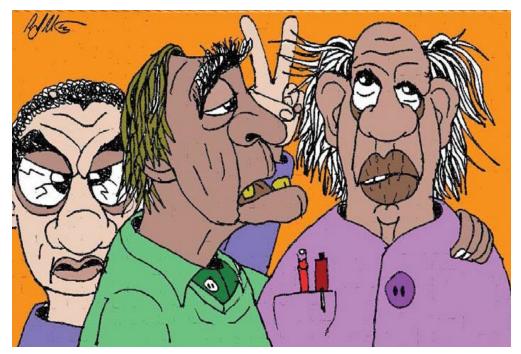
Both attorneys suspected the other was thinking about him.



Twin internists share a bilateral sinus examination.



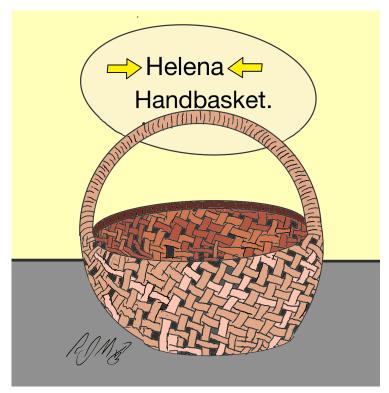
Evolutionary effects of being nosey.



Alan had only two more minutes to convince Nathan his tongue was an alien lifeform.



A recent Dart mouth alum.



Another failed Montana business idea.



Just to show who was boss, Wanda destroys all the Oreos.



Dwight didn't anticipate the recoil.



Ever since being teased as a child, Arnold associated creaking sounds with abnormal ear growth.



Around attractive women, Sam is often embarrassed by his high blood pressure.



Having not yet elicited the desired response, Sal continues his interrogation of Jimmy the Mooch.



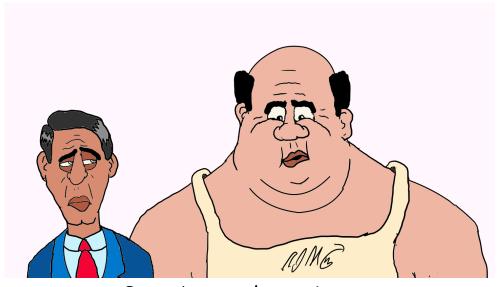
Dale gives the illusion of floating by standing next to oil spots.



Bruce's "Come Hither" look was marred by a small drop of blood.



Al carried Chip on his shoulder.



Bruce's guard remains up.
Gus sure does look hungry.



John's foul breath prompts escape of his inner demons.



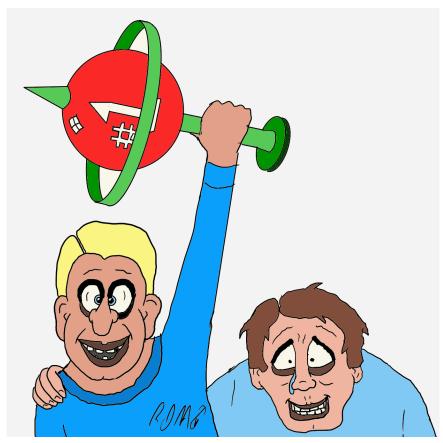
Restauranter & Elvis impersonator Otis Tibbs presents his newest culinary creation "Love Me Tenders"



Donald is new to the kissing game.



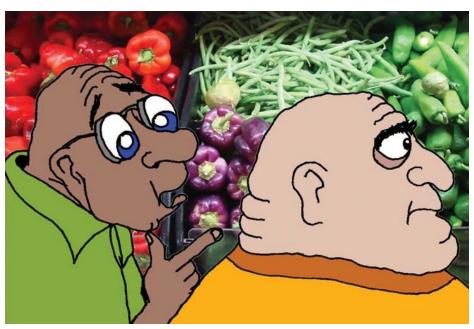
Quick! Before Mom looks.



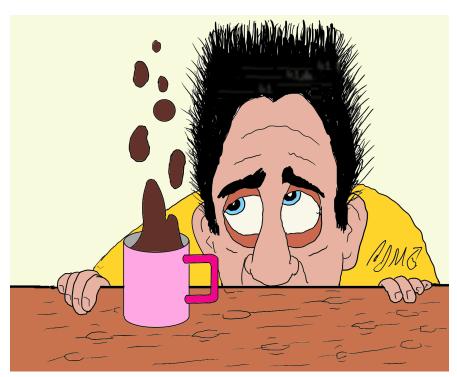
To be a good loser, you have to lose.



"If all is not lost" wondered Tony, where is it?



Old man Fells thought fat Tony had a pack of hot dogs on his neck.



When the Fifth Circuit Court declared the law of gravity unconstitutional.



Don's flared hair, pointy nose, elongated face and slight hunch gave him the illusion of speed.



Dr. Bob gets to the root of David's sinus infection.



Ann attempts to market the month's accumulation of Allen's ear wax.



Fat Willie's Diet Rule #4: Never eat more than you can lift.



Omar's discount wart removal service.



Dr. Bender's NSF grant is to study the relation between head vibration and the size of the uvula.



Creepy Bill sneaks up on the unsuspected and sticks his nose in their business.



Alex resists all things except temptation.



Belle found the book tasteless.



Professor Schmidt punctuates important points with bits of spittle.



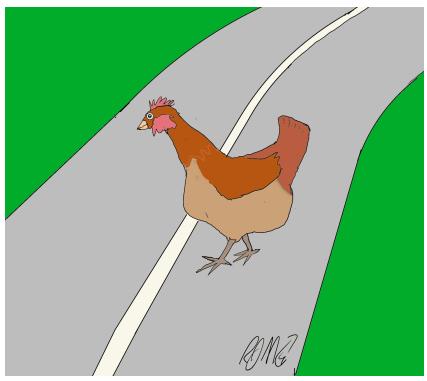
John stored butts in his cheeks for proper disposal at a later time.



"Am I crazy? Or is it hot in here?"



It was later that same year when Peter first suspected he was adopted.



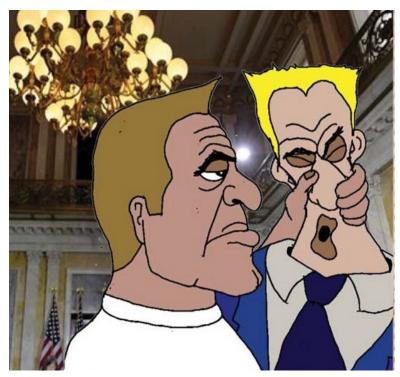
Right to privacy laws prohibit asking.



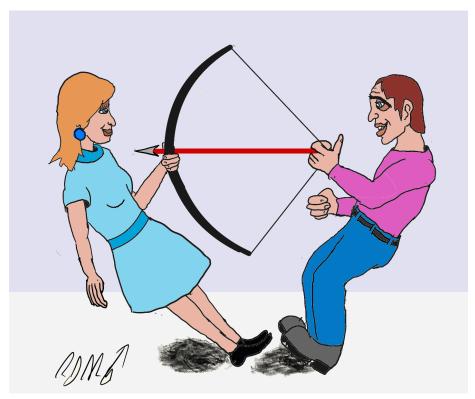
Scott is easily infatuated.



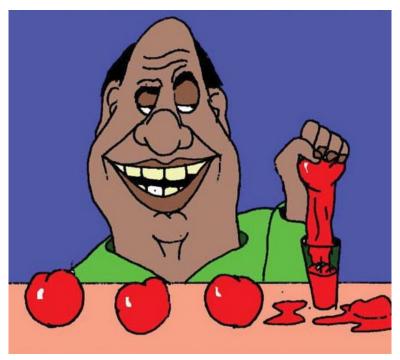
Nitro drives way too fast to worry about cholesterol.



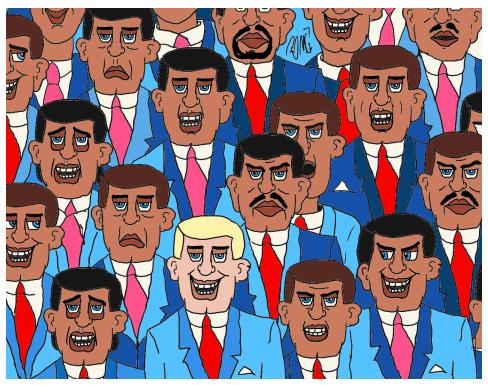
With an audible crunch Lance ends the filibuster.



Marriage trust building exercise



Making tomato juice gives Blake a sense of empowerment.



Ronald is unique. Just like everyone else.



"Sorry girls. He's taken."



The passage of time has eroded Yoshi's martial art skills.



Alan believed frightened food tastes better.



Luke's favorite part of church is when they pass out the money.



Time is a great teacher but eventually kills all its pupils.



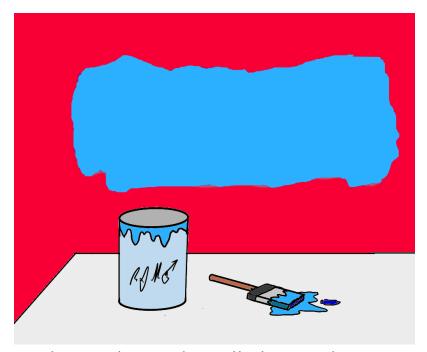
A six pack of sympathy.



The throbbing turned into atomic ache



"I shot an arrow into the air"



What's blue and smells like red paint?



Vini the Enforcer gets his orders confused and shoots Frankie the Mooch in the hubcaps.



Former skeptic William Butterfield eventually became skeptical of skepticism.



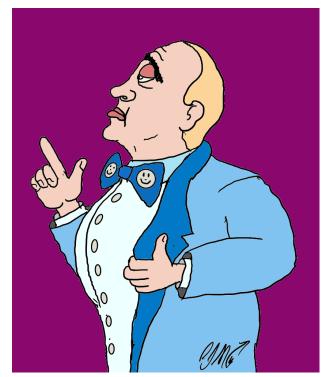
Molly gets a nose ring.



Walter doesn't apologize for his extra oily skin



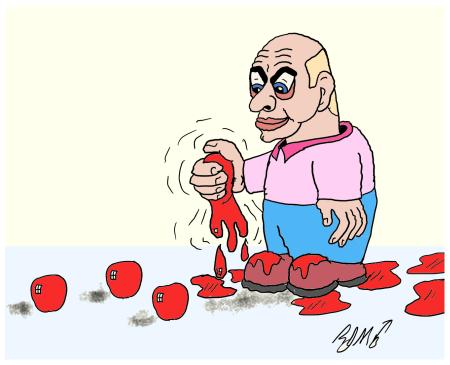
Jerry is a federally licensed alarmist



The average person thinks he isn't.



Angus complains it's too crowded in his happy hole.



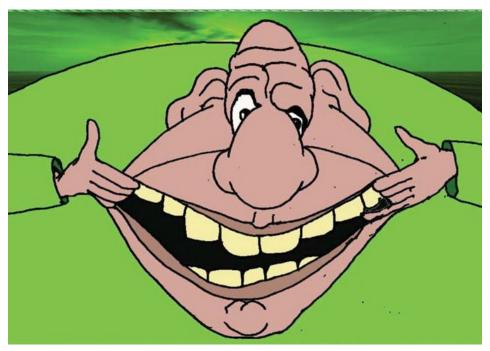
Shorty Levine continues therapy for his tomato phobia.



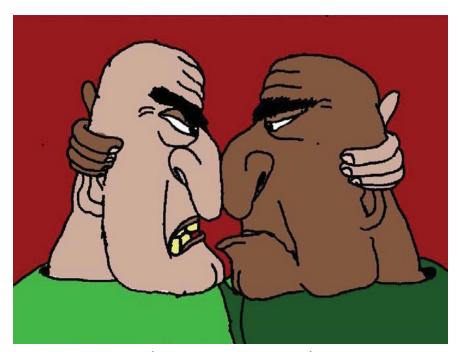
Bruno wants his taco back.



The parents of Dominant Gene



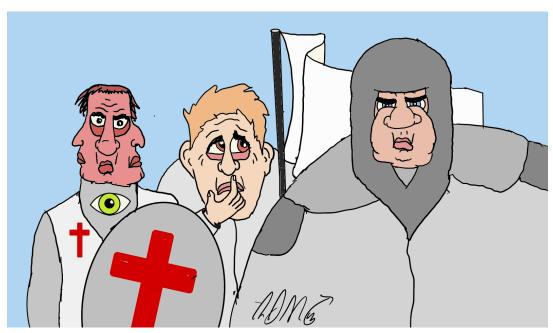
Tracy's attempt at an enthusiastic smile appeared forced.



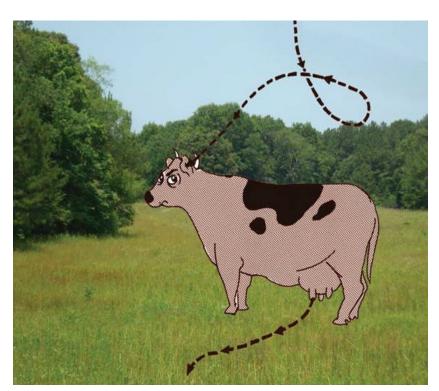
... and your enemies closer.



Vlad's worst nightmare: an emergency root canal on his favorite vampire tooth.



Three of King Arthur's less notable knights: Sir Eel, Sir Ender, and Sir Cumference



In one ear.
Out the udder.



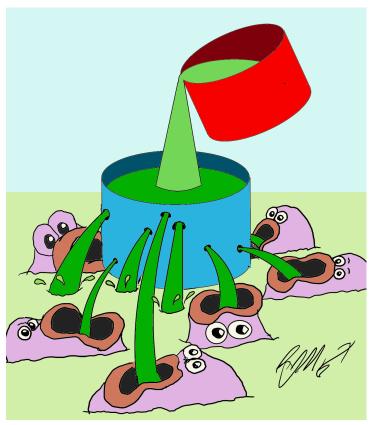
Leroy has a nasty Kilroy and isn't afraid to use it.



The Taylor twins enjoy a healthy love-hate relationship.



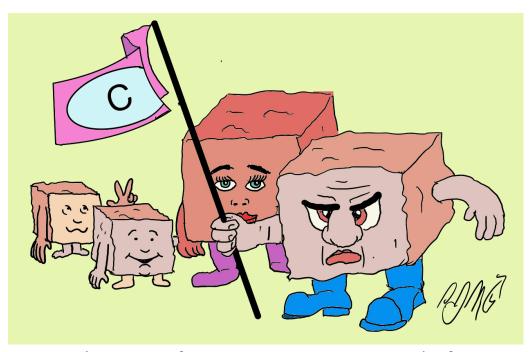
Jedediah was prideful of Brother Yoder's "Holier than Thou" attitude. But with fasting and prayer constrained his feelings.



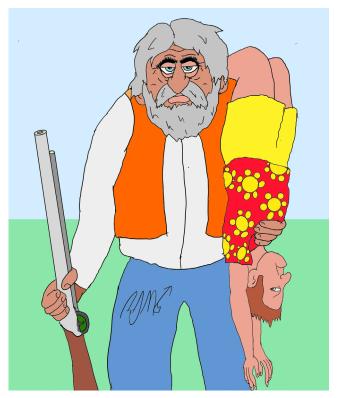
Another entitlement program



ACLU attorney Gus Wright defends Carl's constitutional right to tease his porcupine at the baloon factory.



Little known fact: Croutons are named after natives of the planet Crout.



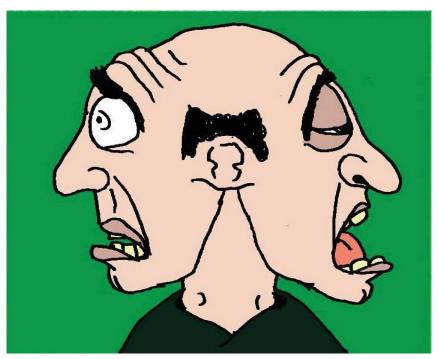
Each year, Toby looks forward to tourist season.



Macho vegans don't cook their pasta.



Kurt couldn't believe his luck. A beautiful new girlfriend and winning the tri-state lottery both in the same week.



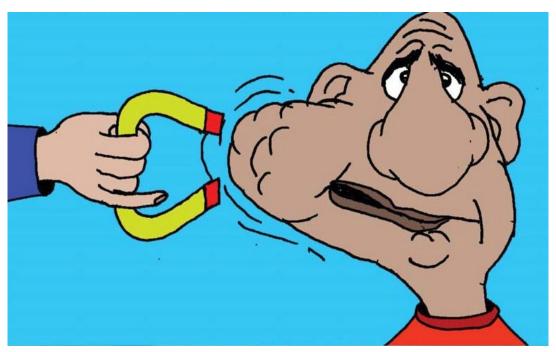
There's that voice again!



Alice tries out for head cheerleader.



Kevin only bleaches his favorite tooth.



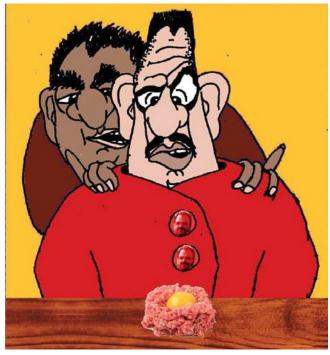
And thus ends "The Case of the Missing Ball Bearings"



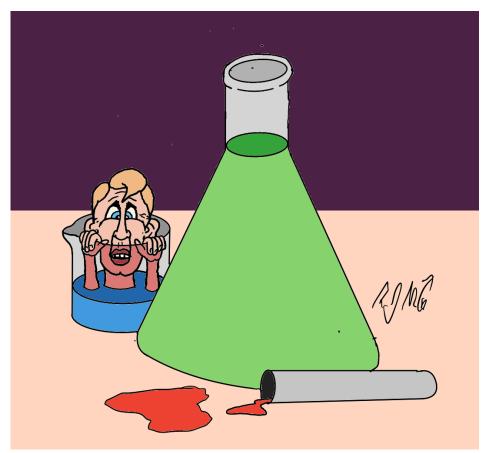
Eddie is so fat, he wakes up in sections.



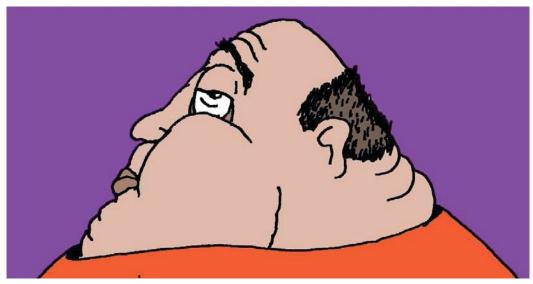
Congressman Lewis feeds the news cycle.



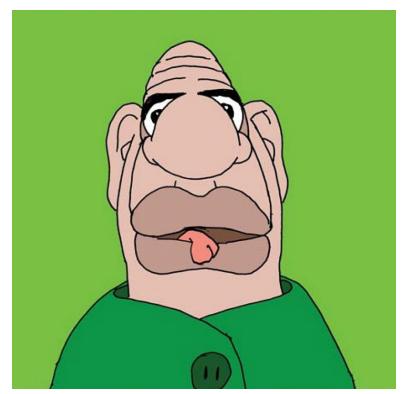
Tom goads Jimmy into eating the Steak Tartare.



If you are not part of the solution, you're part of the precipitate.



Carbs make Earl sleepy. Earl is always sleepy.

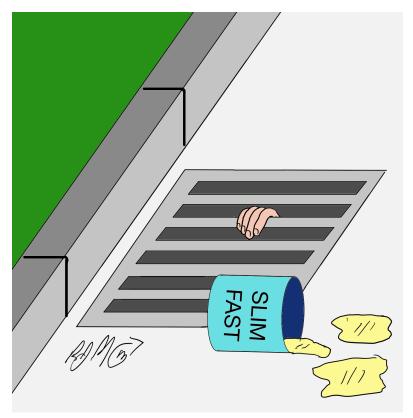


Peanuts make Al's lips swell.

And his tongue shrivel.



Justin's argument with his squid ends abruptly.



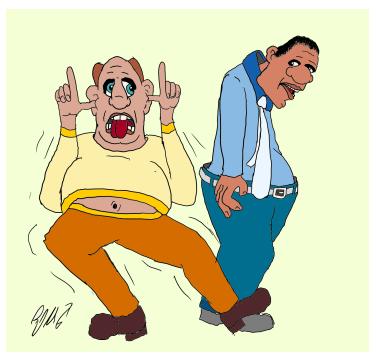
Overdoing a good thing.



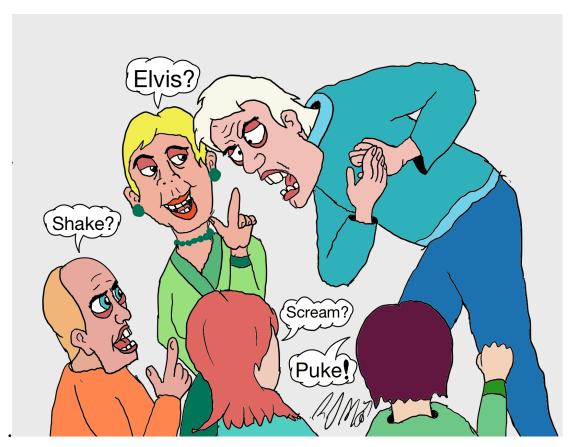
Larry first questions his masseuse's credentials during the foot massage.



Pietr teaches himself a Russian folk dance



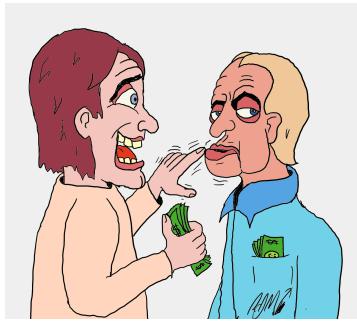
Ted derails Bernie's train of thought



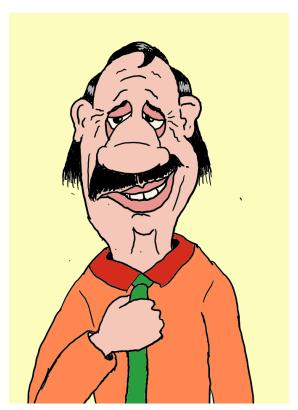
Having a heart attack during charades.



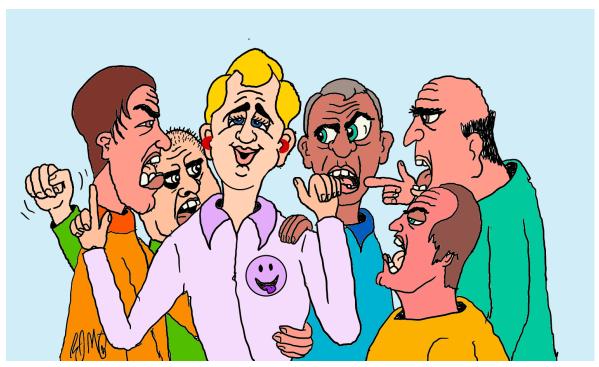
Philip ponders giving up picking his belly button for lint.



On weekends, Lyle reluctantly rents out his lips for flubbing.



Bruce likes to brag about his beautiful psychic girlfriend who broke up with him right before they met.



The power of wireless ear buds.



Betty always has a rubber band handy



The accident kept Kirby from breathing deeply



Inexplicably, Matt's lifeline keeps shrinking.



Frank's food and fishing budget is a zero-sum game.



Professor Sanders continues his NSF funded research on the kinesiology of thumb wrestling.



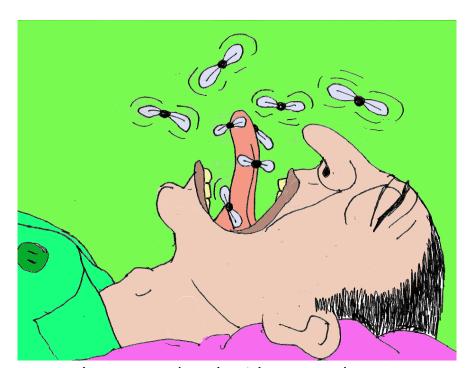
The 3rd annual meeting of the Karl Günter Look-Alike Society. (Karl couldn't make it.)



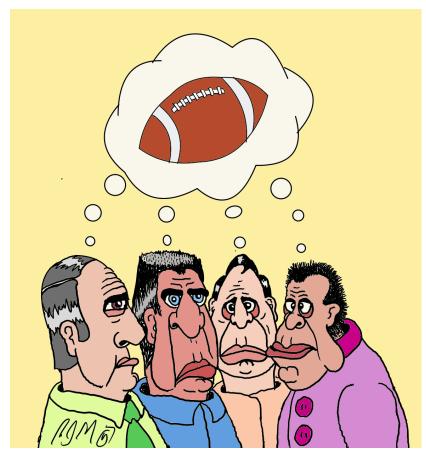
Clean out nose piercings with a power sneeze.



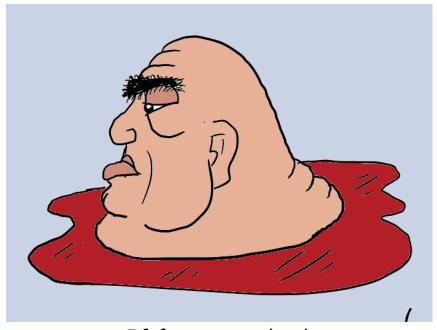
Misunderstanding the invitation, Sven brings his harpoon to the wailing wall.



Halitosis and a thickly coated tongue allows Jerry to nightly decrease the insect population.



Monday evening men's Bible study.



If fat men melted.



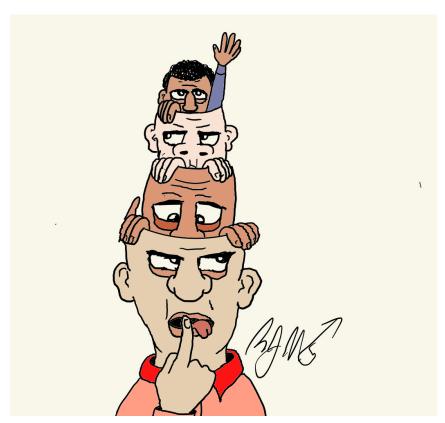
What's red and bad for your teeth?



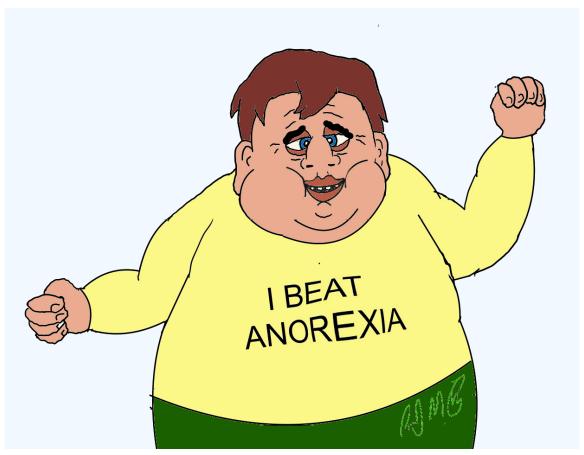
Dave's embarrassing itch gives him an aura of danger.



Father Joe is theologically shallow.



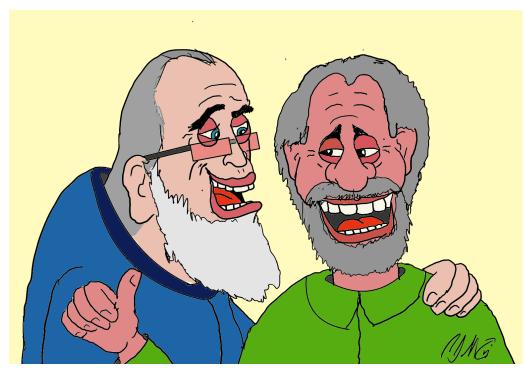
Thinking about thinking about thinking.



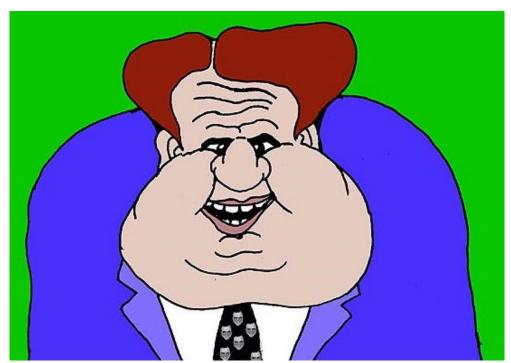
Self-depreciating humor is often easier than dieting.



Celibacy is not genetic.



Bob & Lou will be friends until they're old and senile.
Then they'll be new friends.



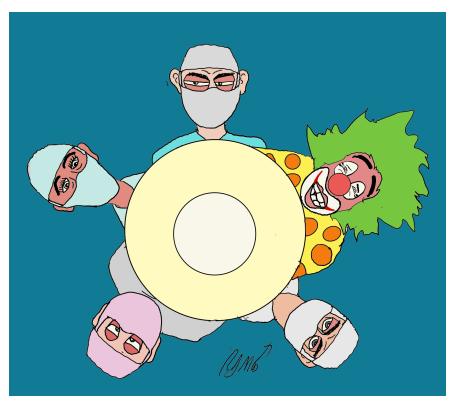
When Big Mel enters public restrooms, all the automatic toilets flush.



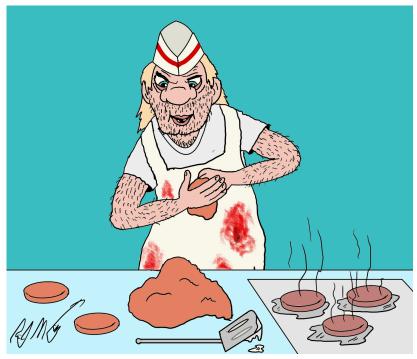
After giving instructions, Jersey Jim liked to bonk heads.



Frank likes to recycle his bait.



Josh feels the anesthesia kick in.



Making hamburgers keeps Frank's fingernails clean.



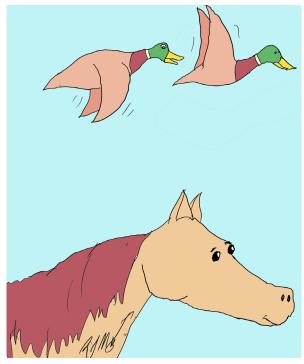
Mister Hippy and Mississippi



Carl's eyes were cold and harsh which made them rubbery and hard to chew.



Calib's whistle-belly tattoo.



"I'm gonna put all I got on Thunderbolt in the seventh."



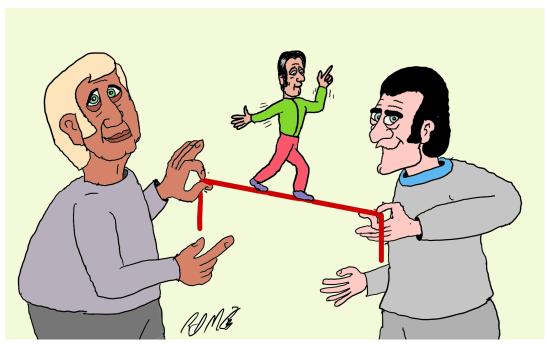
John compensates for brother Tim's shyness.



In "Grab the Tongue and Pull" competition, Lightning Pete remains undefeated.



Drinking the Sherwin-Williams thinner did not have the effect Fat Tony had anticipated.



Among the Ellis brothers, only Little Timmy has talent.



To attract customers, Willie gives away dead batteries.



Aaron thought himself special because the voices only talked to him.



After mastering skillful distractions, Rapunzel became a gifted shoplifter.



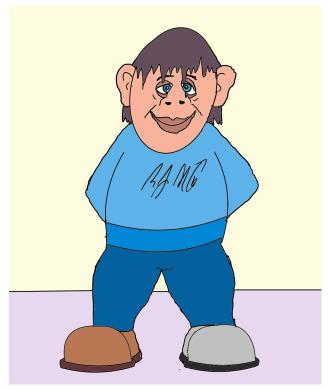
The Lang's genetic predisposition to small brains precipitated long intervals of unprovoked happiness.



Marge has yet to grasp the concept of irony.



The voices in Jack's head are not real. But they have some good ideas.



Bobby has a similar pair of shoes at home.



Gus is in no shape to exercise.



Arminian: Zeke created that hole! Calvinist: No. The hole was already there. Zeke just took the dirt out!

Zeke: When do I get paid?



Luke is exhausted after running through the meteor shower.



Admiral Bob M. Bellicle, Chief of Naval Material



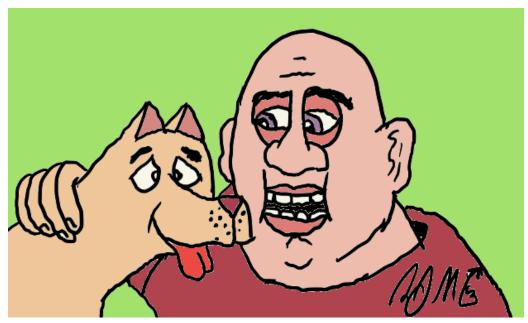
Fathers McNair and DeVre argue who is more humble.



Escaped mobster, Fingers Malone, was reported to be dangerous and well-armed.



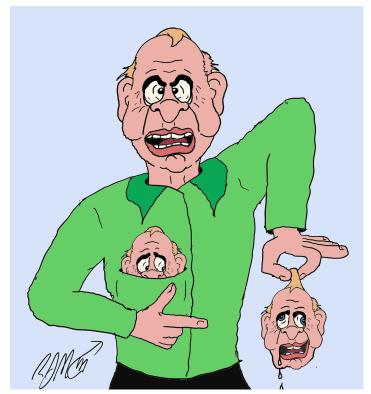
Father, go home.



Tony likes to brag about walking his dog, "Five Miles," twice a day.



Wanda displays the latest spring fashion.



Luckily, Matt's backup POCKET BUDDY $^{\text{TM}}$ is still under warranty.



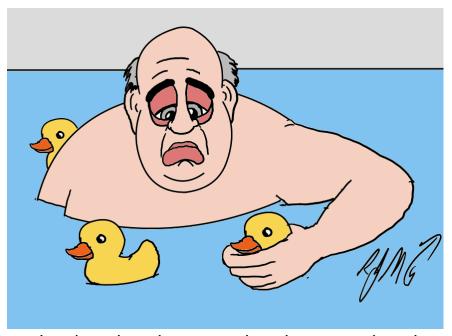
Jonas tries to patent his low-cost earthquake detector.



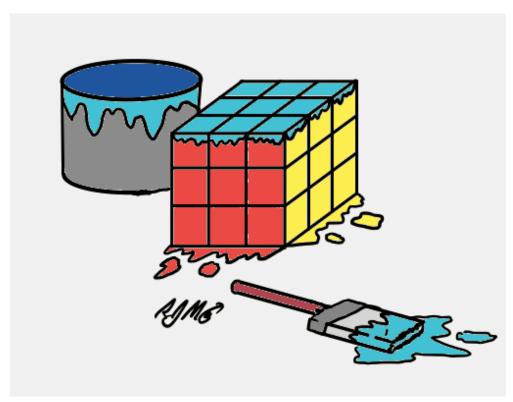
For breakfast, Sir Lionel mistakenly ordered the exploding burrito.



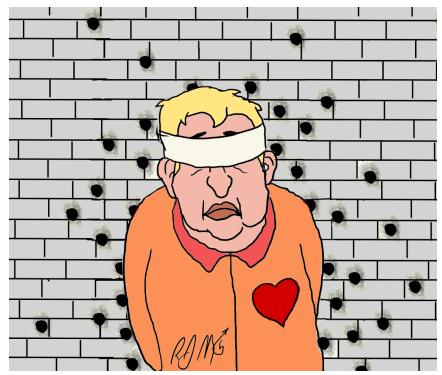
You'll see no free logo displays on Jesse.



Leland wishes he was what he was when he was becoming who he is now.



Obvious solutions often elude notice.



After the second failed attempt, Dietrich felt embarrassed for the firing squad.



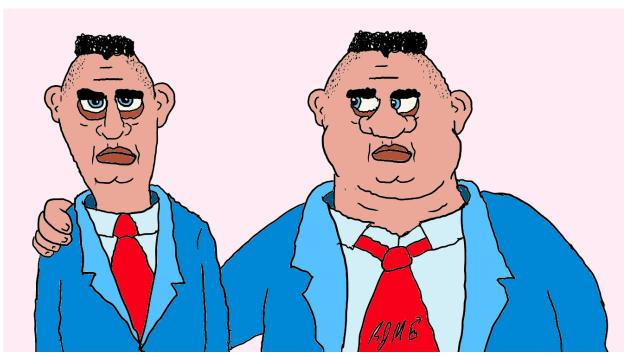
Dolf doesn't suffer from insanity. He enjoys it.



Alice tastes her first Humpty.



Sam needs to set higher goals



The Tompolski twins started out as triplets.



Don't worry about old age. It doesn't last long.



Contrary to appearance, Martin is not a Monk. He simply removed a tight hat too quickly.



All great butlers go to snob school



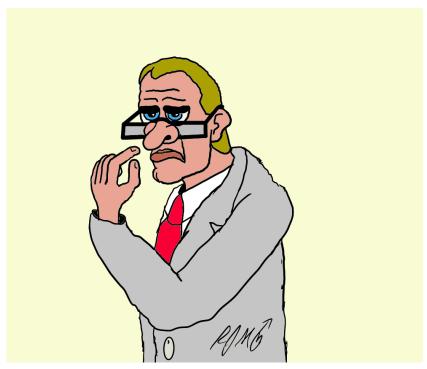
Aggressive sinus floss.



Eddie hurries to meet the fast-food curfew



Martin first suspects he read the hat memo too quickly.



Tom wishes his fingerprints had fewer loops and more whorls.



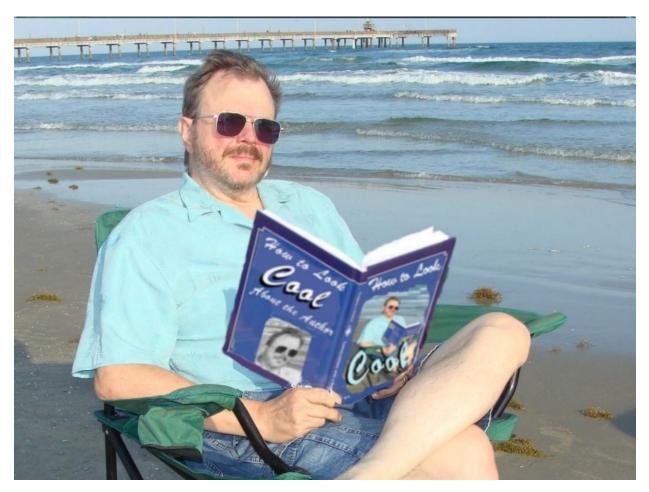
Professor Luntz did it!

Guiness record for "Most Boring Lecture"



About the Author¹

R. Jackson Marks has spent his career in academia where tenure has given him the freedom to be selectively unaccountable. R. Jackson Marks is often confused with his brother, the internationally renowned scholar and all-round swell guy, Robert J. Marks II, who is also a professor. Robert J. Marks II often refers to R. Jackson as his "evil twin brother."



R. Jackson has skillfully avoided most academic appointments opting to serve on rather than lead this or that committee. Doing so allows him to teach fun classes and interact with students who think he is smarter than

¹ The contents and authenticity of this bio has not been reviewed, read or approved by R. Jackson Marks or his good-looking wife. Nor his ugly one. Any conflict of this account with reality was probably unavoidable.

he really is. When unable to get out of faculty meetings, he spends his time drawing doodles like you see in this collection.

After skillfully applying Dale Carnegie sales principles to land his first academic appointment, Marks convinced enough faculty superior in rank to him to elevate him to the position of fool professor. Likewise, R. Jackson paid obligatory professional society dues and convinced enough other dues paying members to elect him to the rank of Fellow in various places. This made him look good to those in the outside world who don't follow the down-and-dirty details that go into awarding such titles that, like a blue ribbon on a prize pig, have absolutely no intrinsic value in of themselves. In 50 years, no one will care, and the pig will long ago be eaten.

Marks kowtowed to the dictates of government funding agencies run by bureaucrats who thought their mandated research ideas were better than his. The resulting funding allowed him to do fun stuff on the side. Marks has written a lot of papers reviewed by unknown graduate students whose supervising professors are too busy writing papers to review papers written by others. Some of his papers, it has been said by the few that read them, are good.

Marks appeared with his brother in the documentary Expelled: No



Intelligence Allowed. When he saw how fat he looked in the movie, he lost 60 pounds without exercising.

R. Jackson married the love of his life many years ago. She domesticated him so he no longer eats fast food over the sink. He also no longer washes dishes and takes baths at the same time. The couple have three

children – all girls except for two boys.