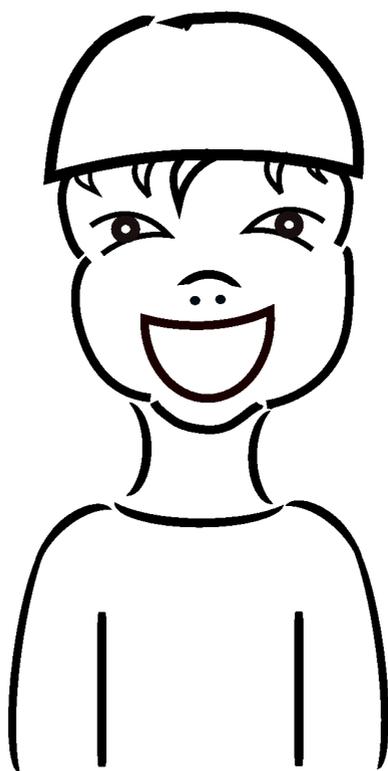


SKEPTLORIST'S

Jokeboy



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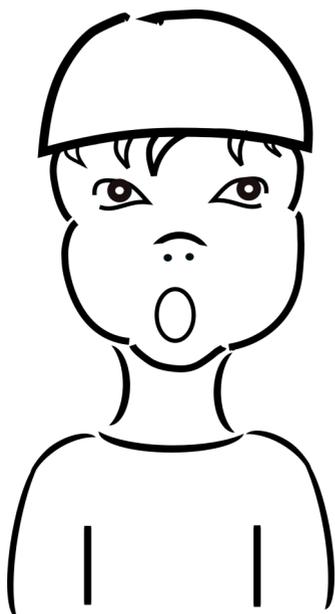
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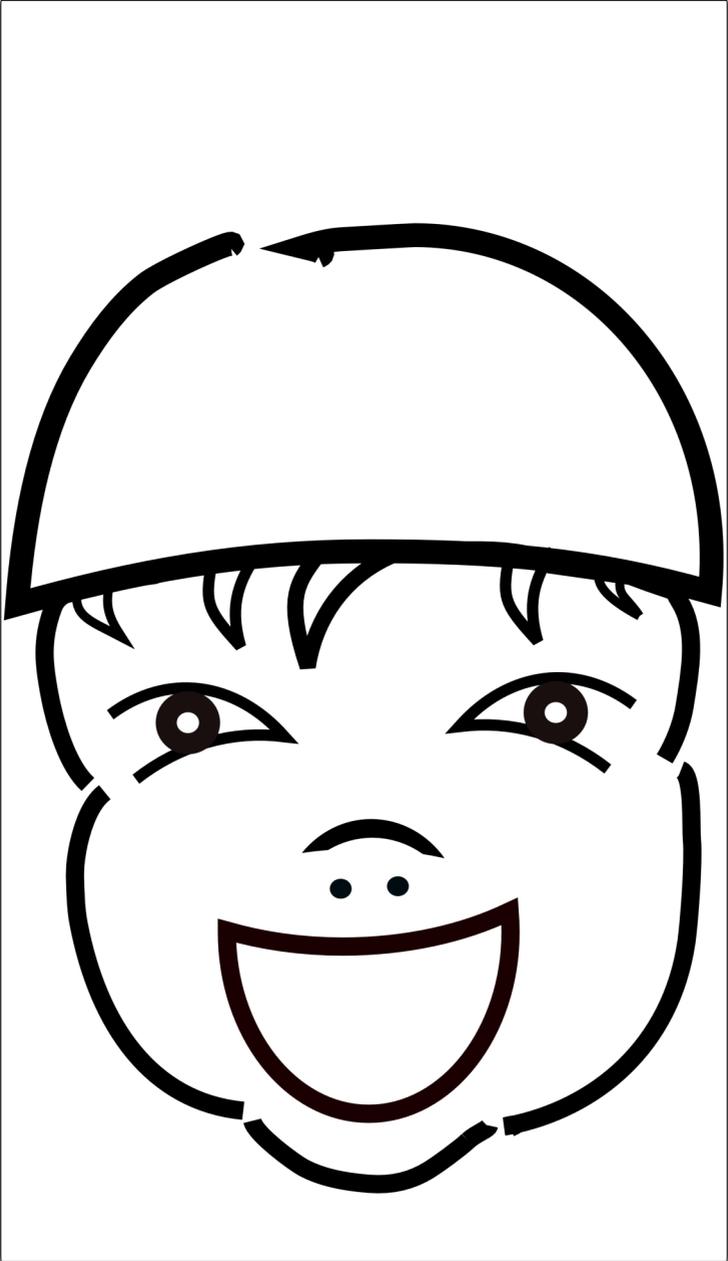
ISBN 978-9935-9031-0-5

SKEPTLORIST'S

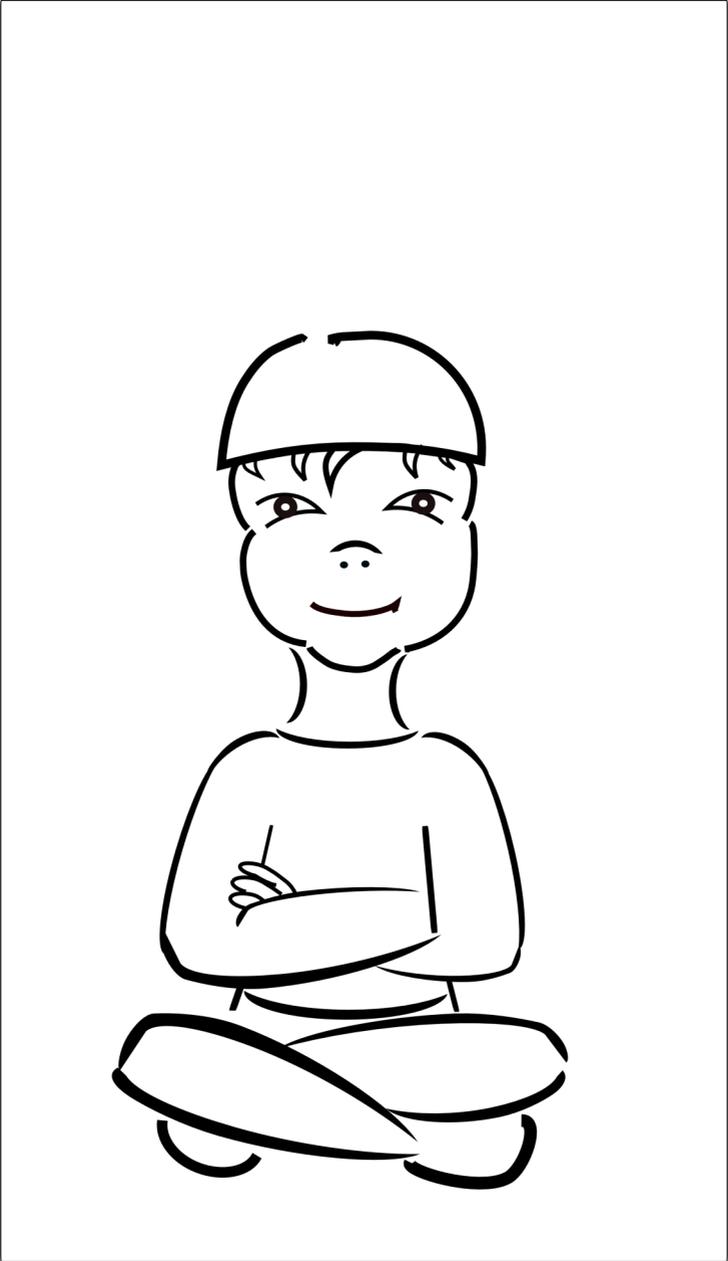
Jokeboy



KATLA BOOKS
REYKJAVÍK 2011



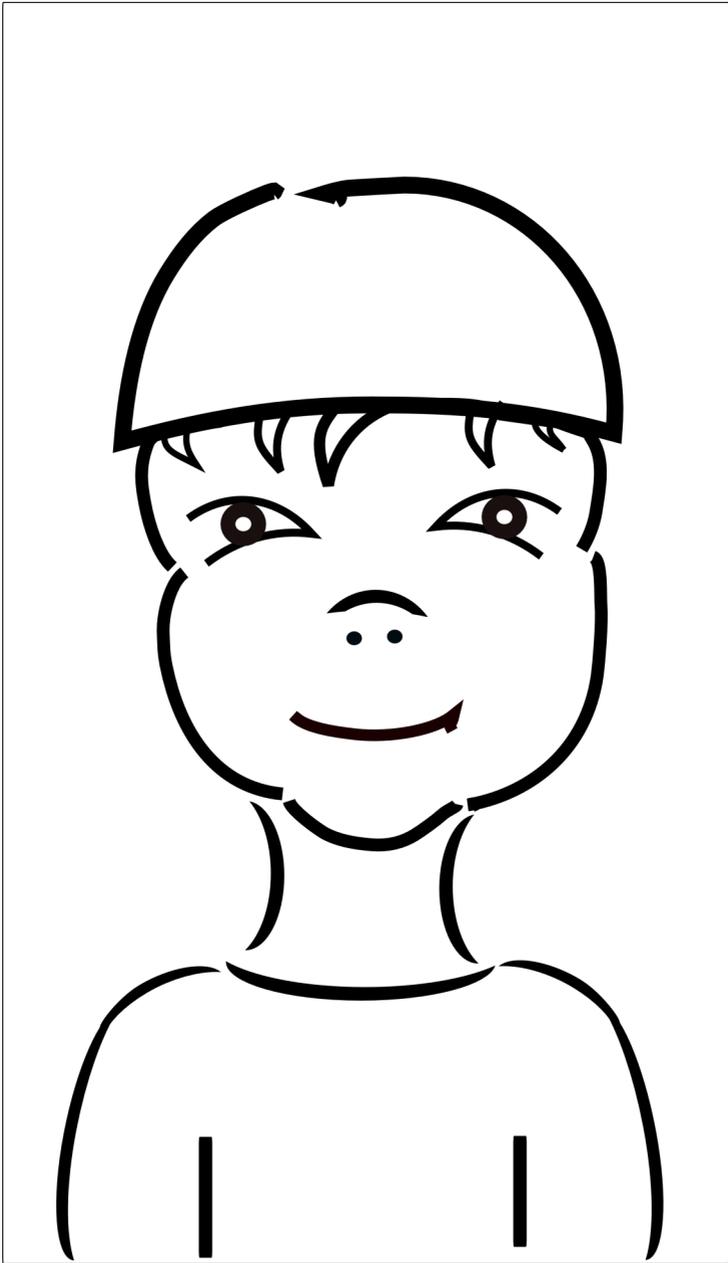
Have you heard what
happened to the boy
who kept making jokes?



He always listened very carefully, but pretended not to hear.

It was like he enjoyed watching others despair.

So if he was supposed to hurry, he sat down instead.



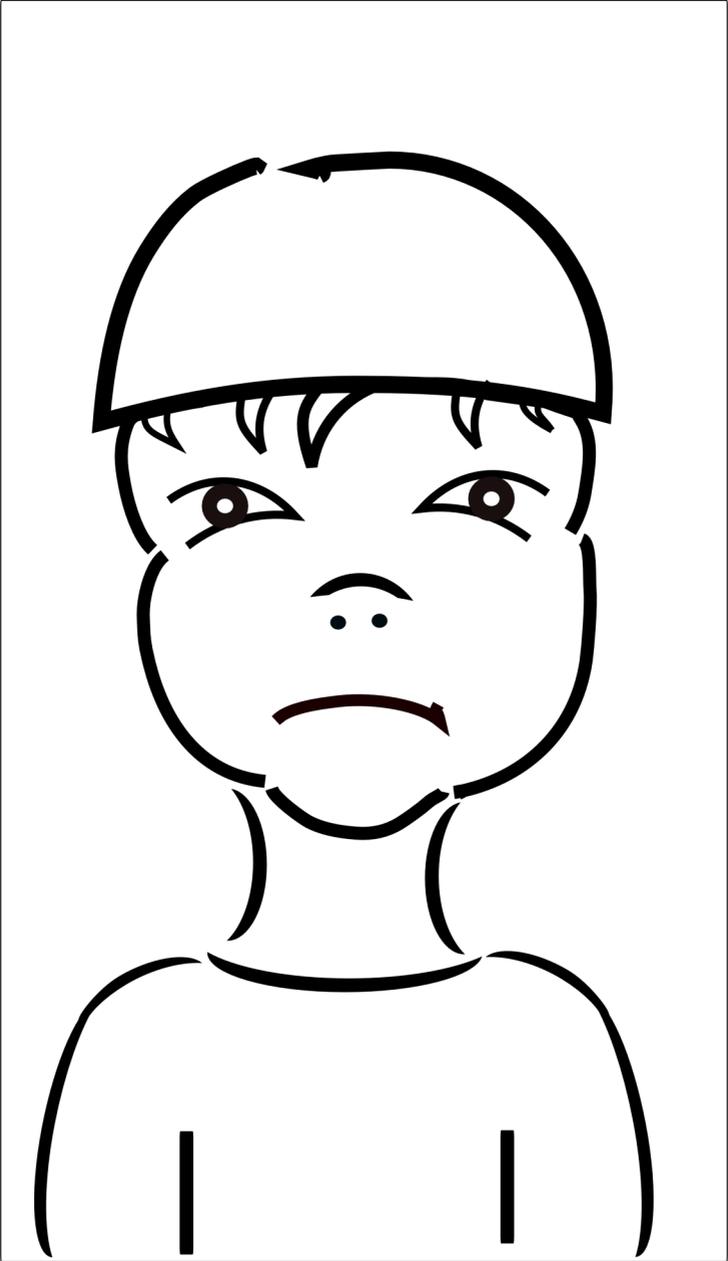
If he was supposed to speak up, he kept quiet instead.



And if he was supposed to listen, he shouted loudly instead.

In fact, he always did the opposite of what was asked of him.

Just like the punchline of a joke.



Then he timidly watched his parents' reactions.

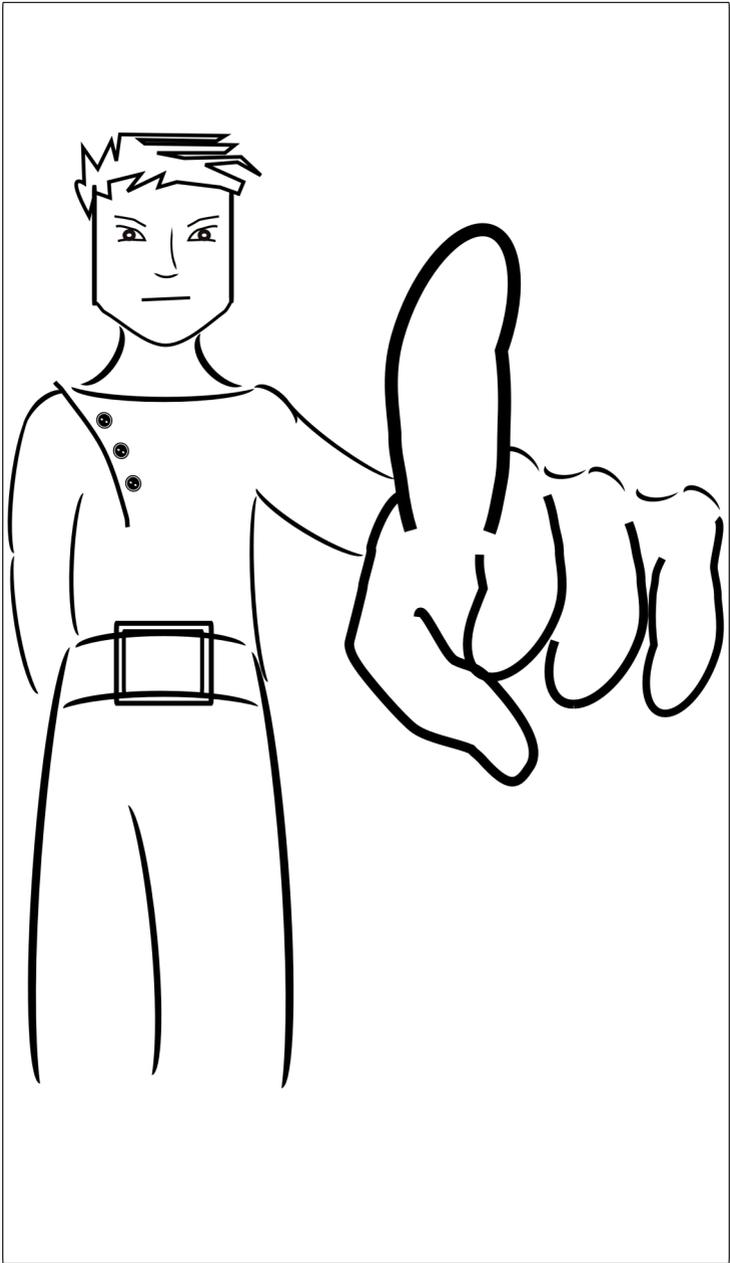
It was only when they looked disgruntled that he could feel a sense of satisfaction.

He considered it his applause for a well presented joke. But it didn't really make him happy.

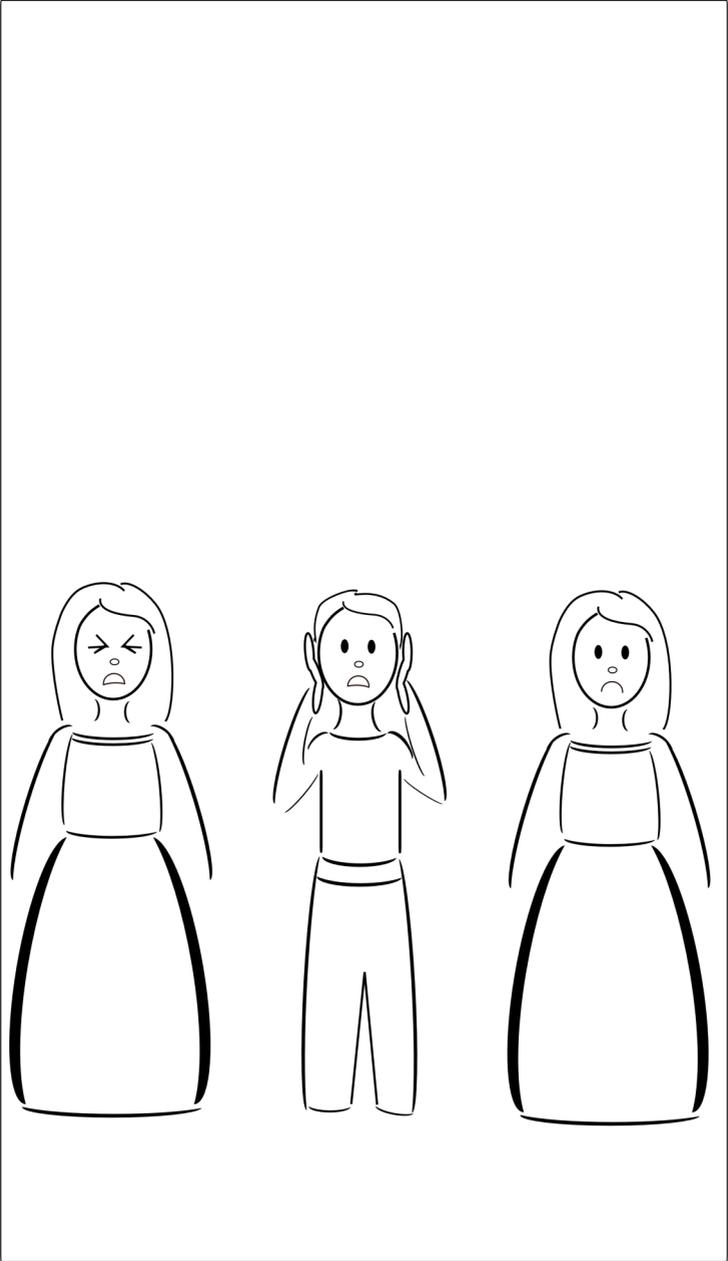


Others did not care
much for his calculated
comedy.

His mother warned him
not to be unruly.

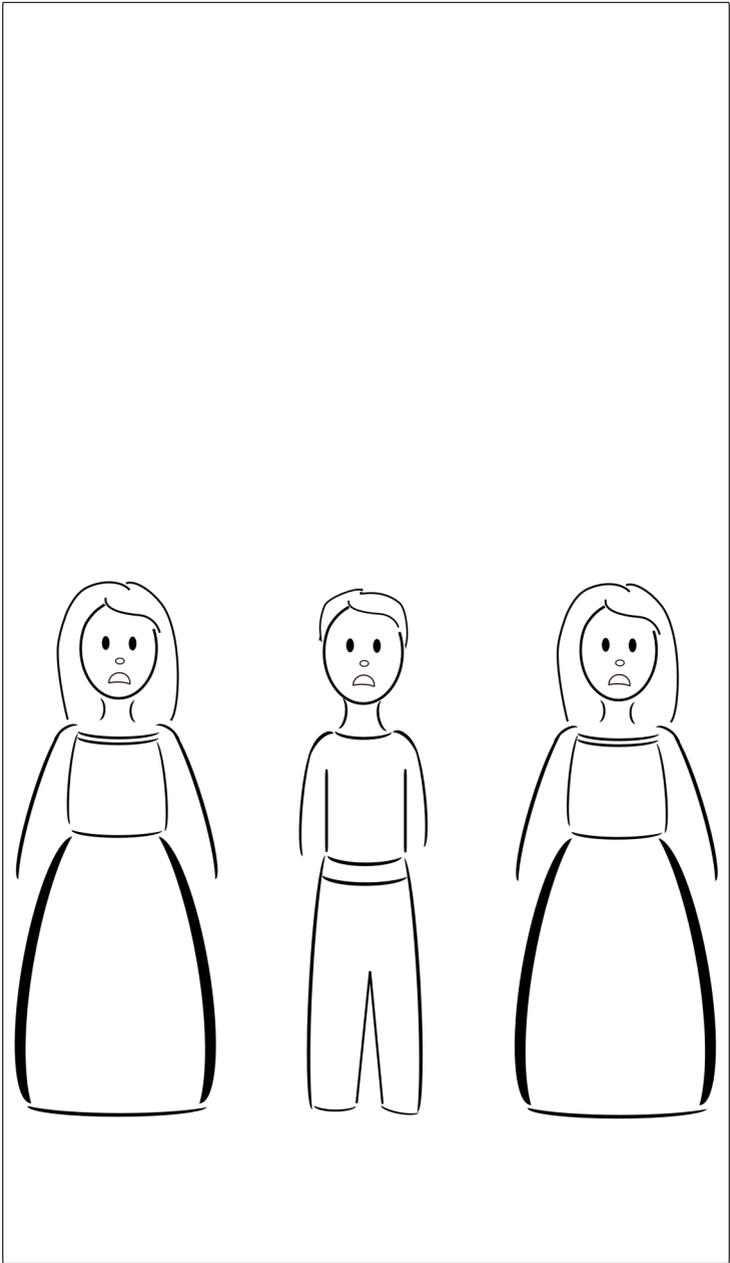


His father warned him
not to be unruly.



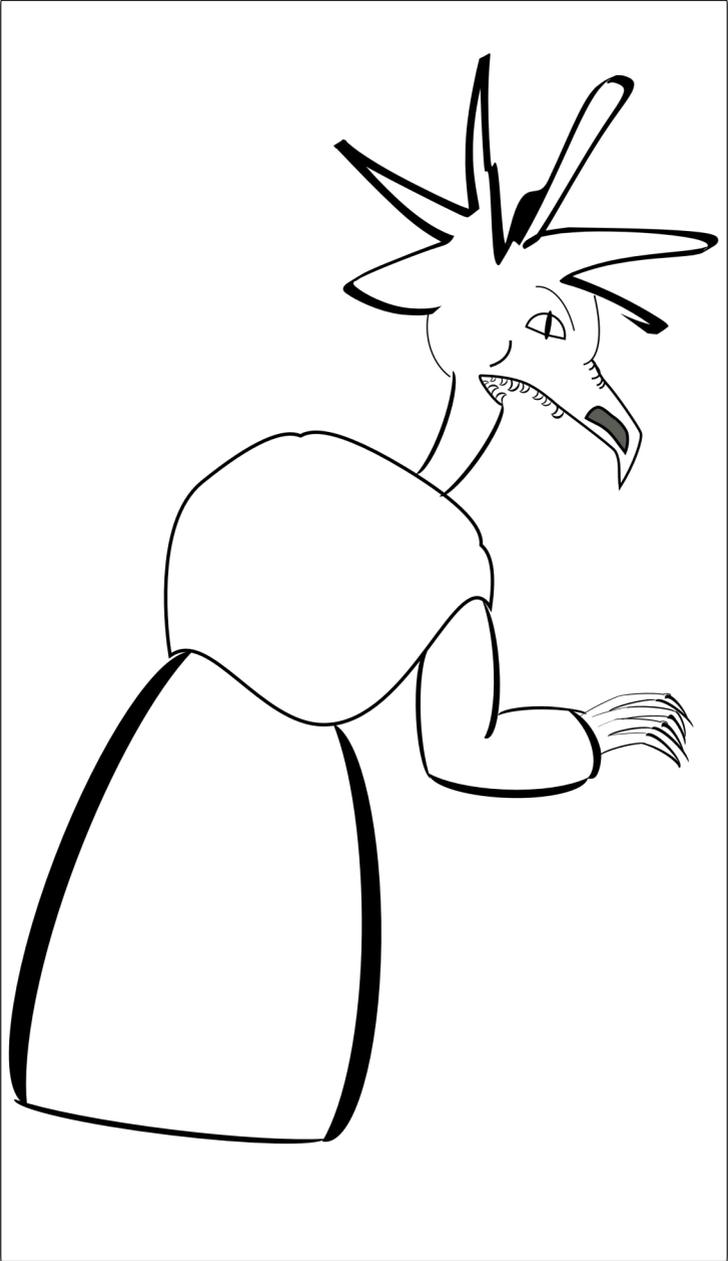
And his many siblings warned him not to be unruly.

They dared not even laugh at any of his inappropriate jokes, for many of them were very funny, make no mistake about that.



Why? Why, you might ask, were they so afraid of his jokes? Afraid of breaking the norm?

Because Grýla
[Gree-lah] the Troll
might catch him on her
scavenger stroll.



You might have heard
of Grýla. She's as nasty
as they get.



Some say she has 3
eyes...



...on each of her 300
heads.

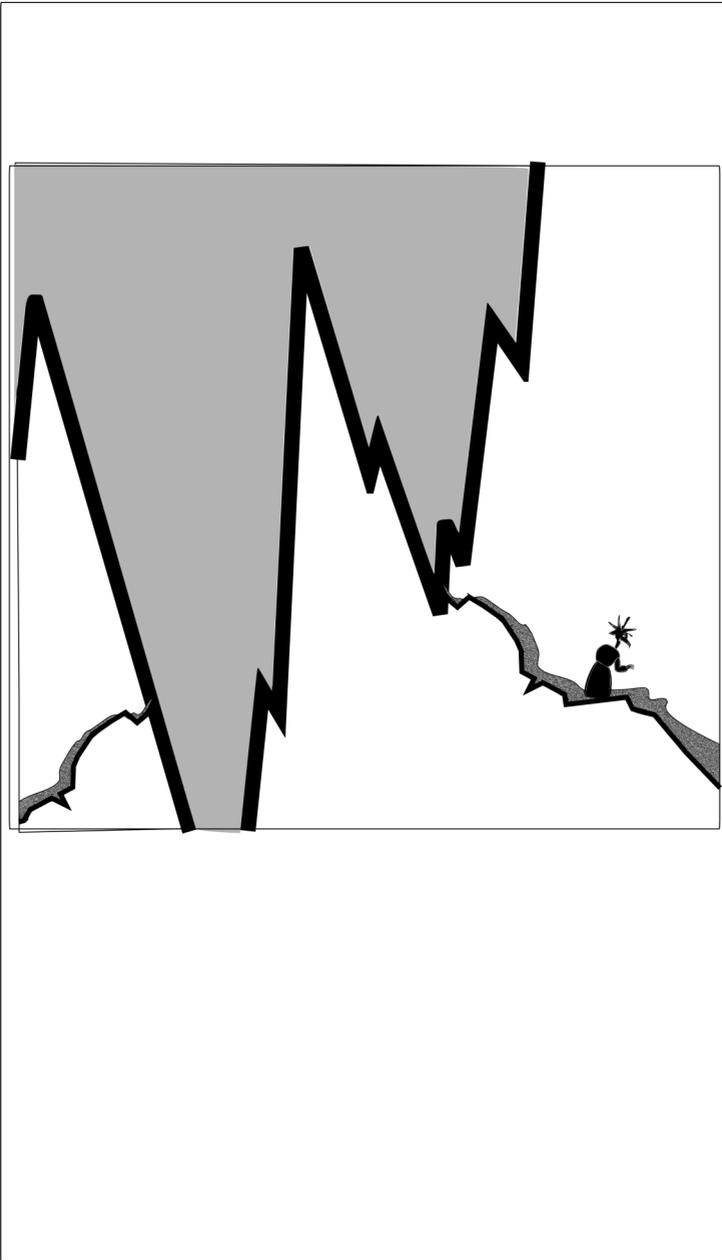


300 heads!?!?

How do they fit?

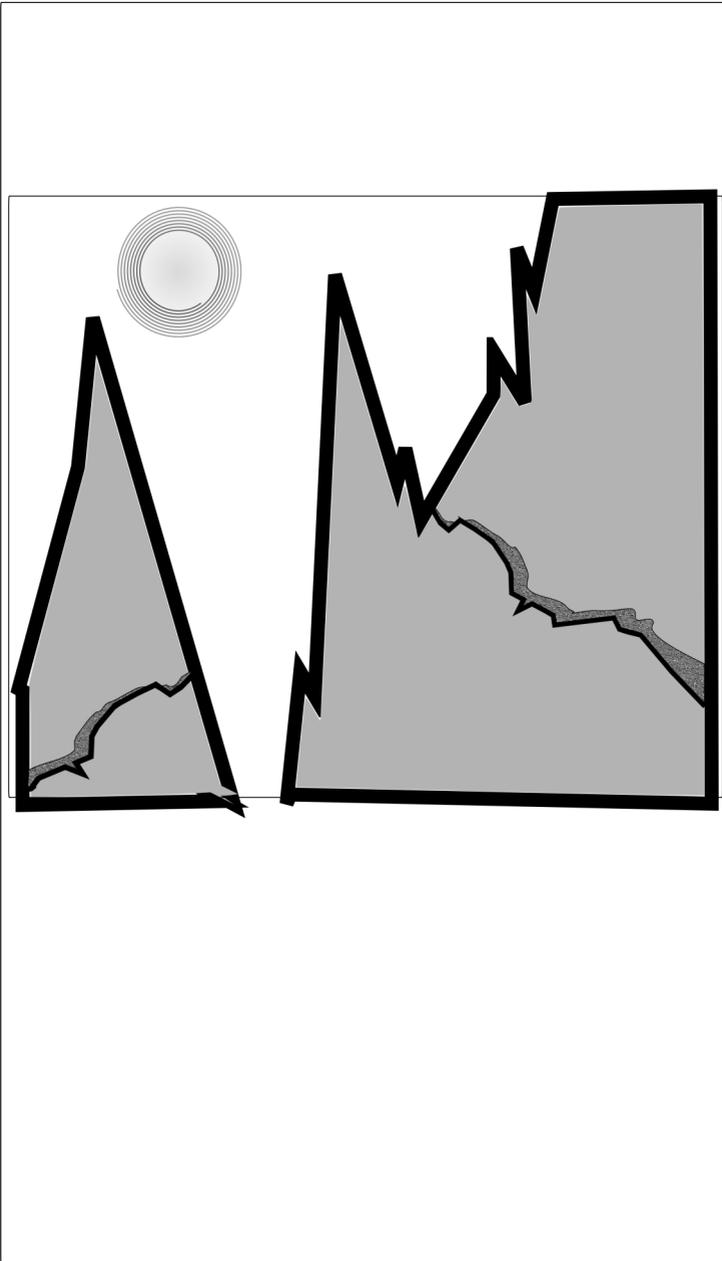
It might sound absurd,
but still it is said.

Others say she is
already dead.

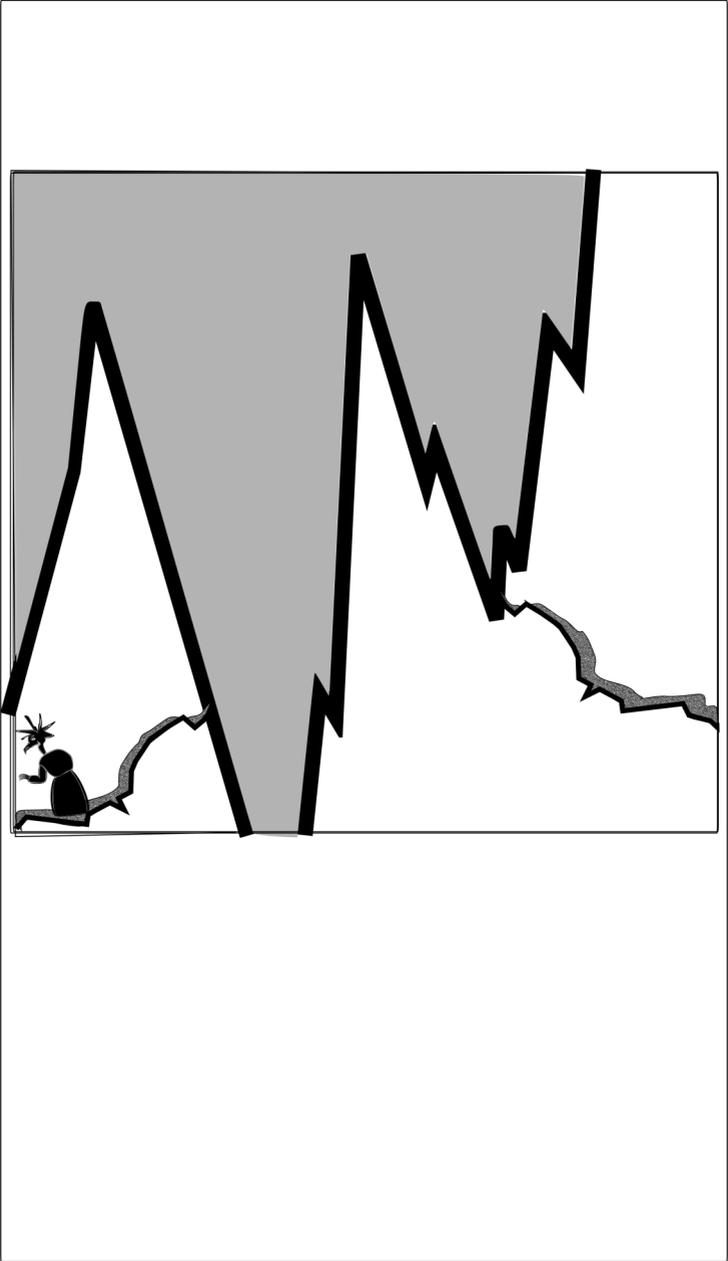


Whatever the case may
be, she used to roam
the mountains looking
for some meat...

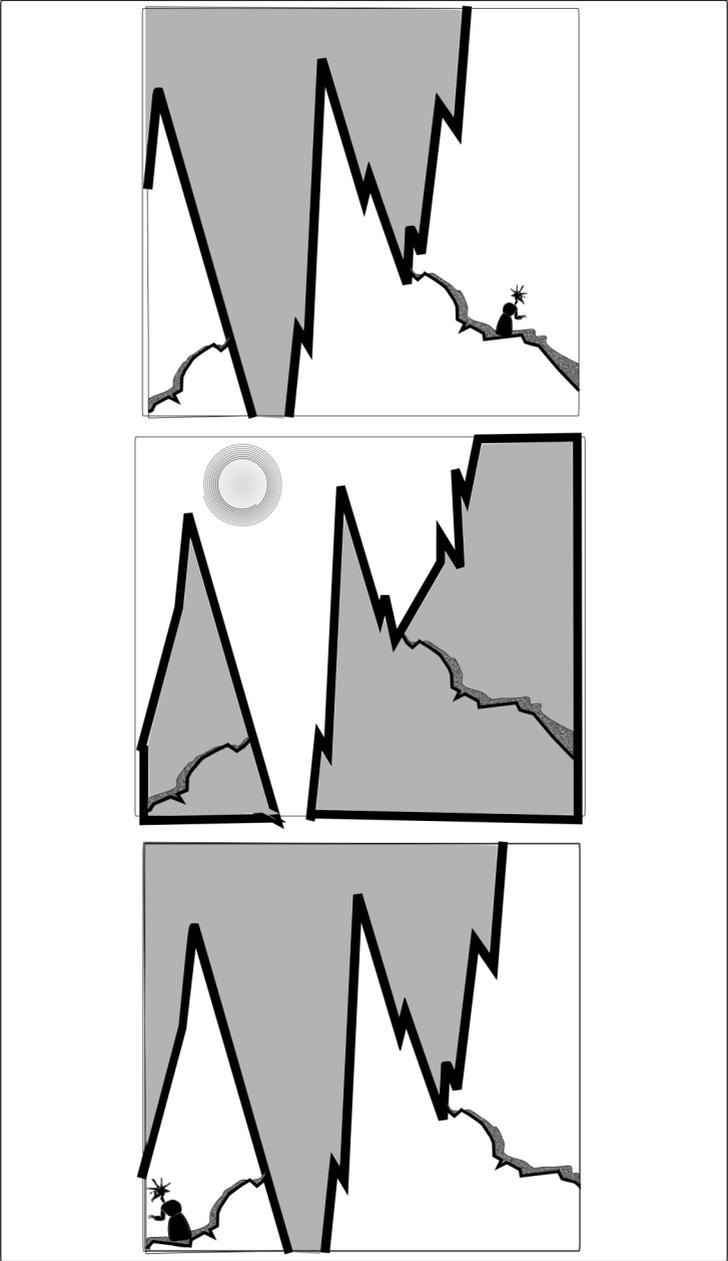
...of unruly children
good enough to eat.



She could only travel by
night.



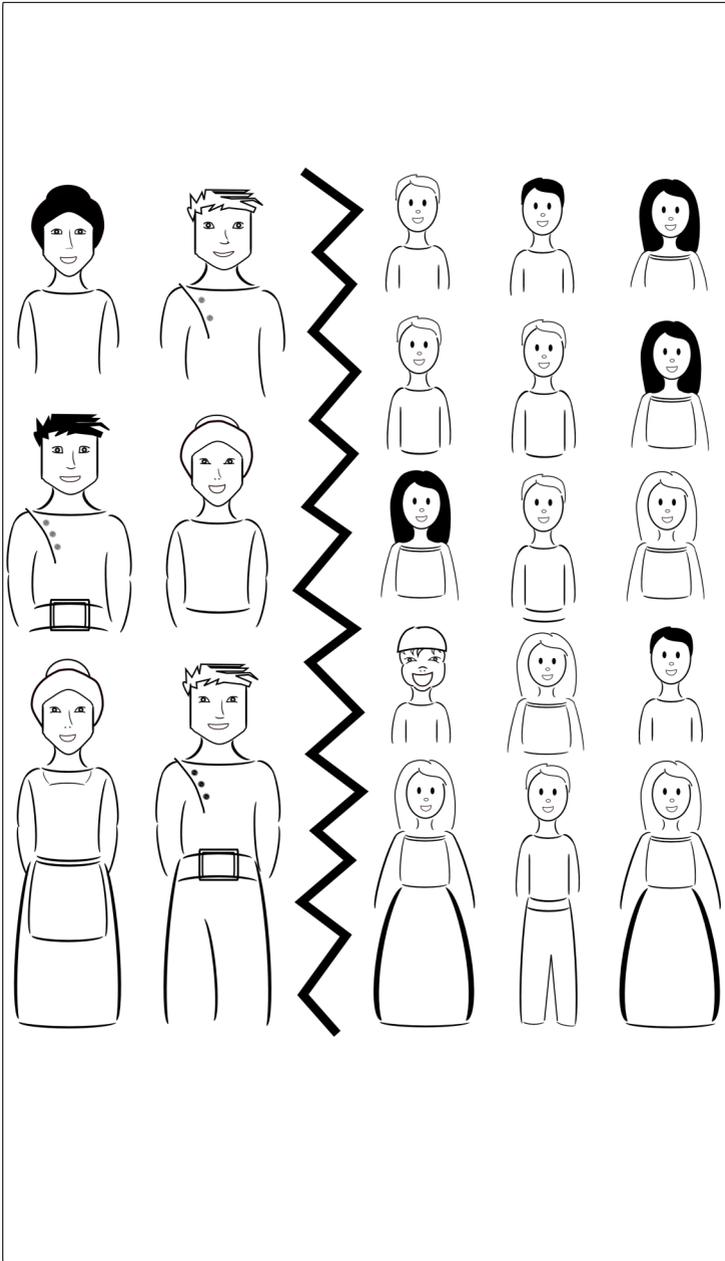
Like all proper Trolls,
Grýla would swiftly turn
to stone under the
scrutiny of daylight.



Jokeboy paid no heed.
Trolls? Eating children?
Non-sense.

Lies parents tell to get
children to do as they
are told.

He didn't understand
why doing what is
proper and socially ok
was more important
than telling the truth.

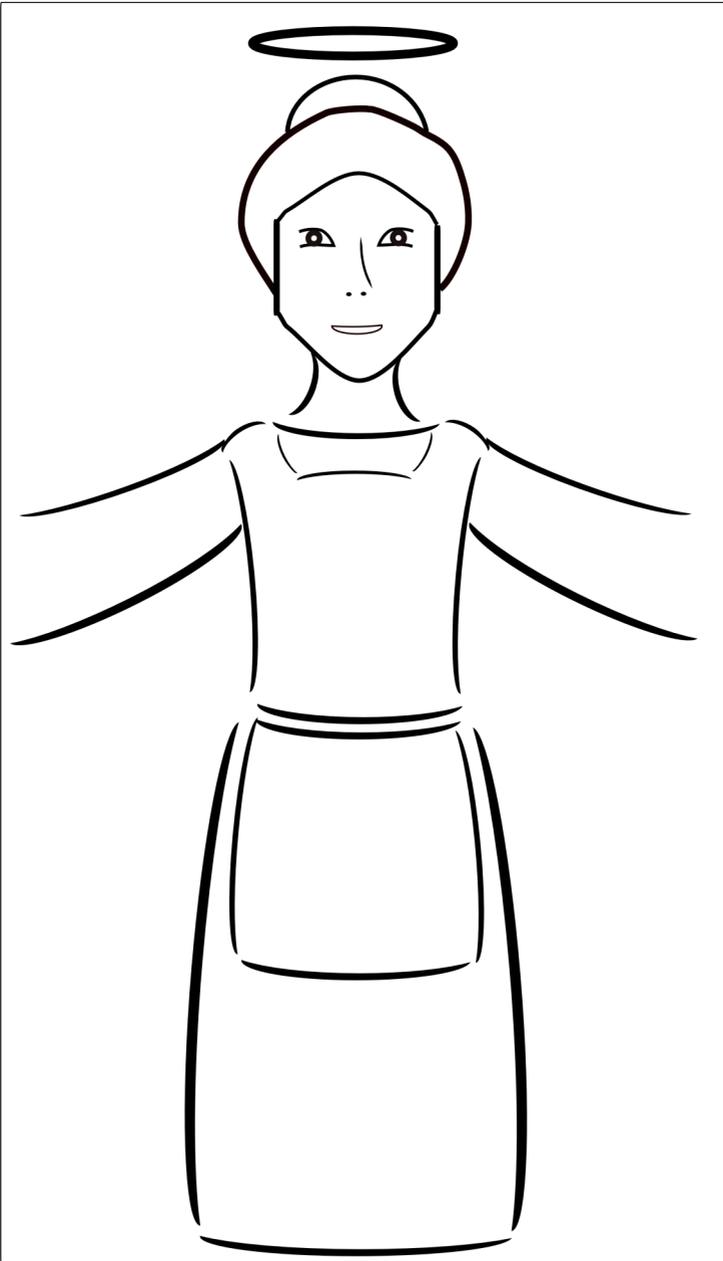


You see, children and parents are in many ways like two separate nations.

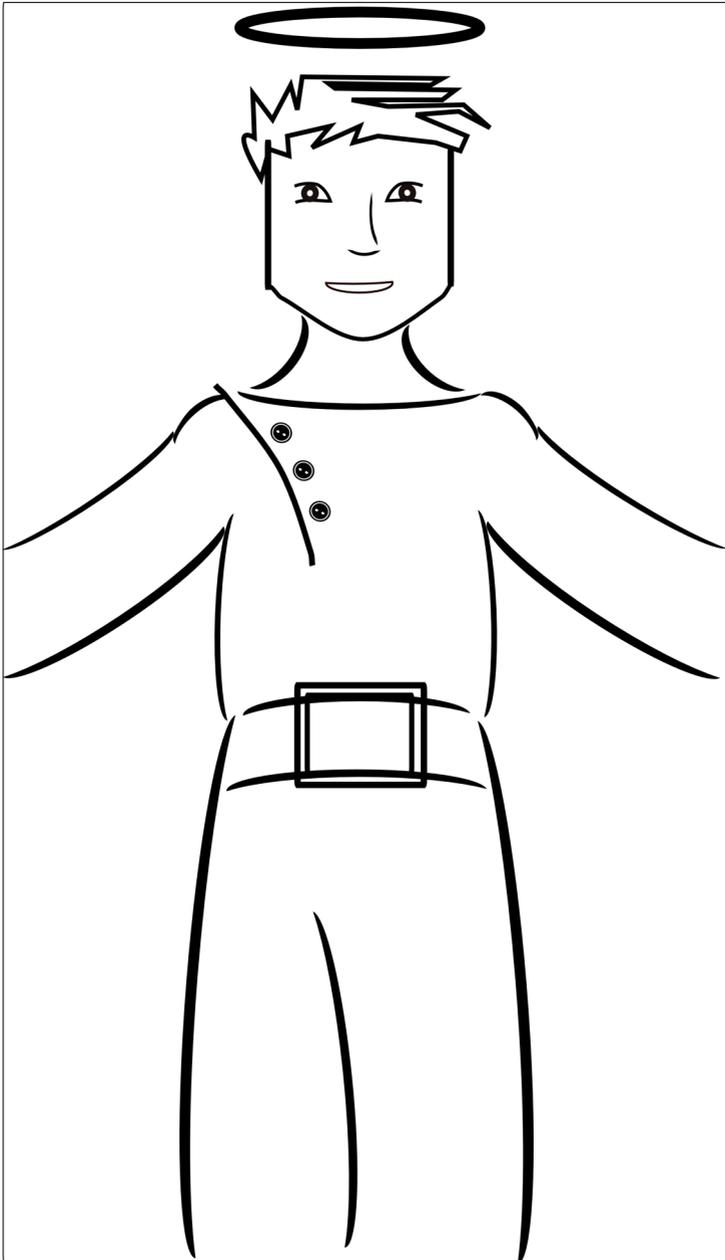
Battling over supremacy of every situation.

But whenever a foreign danger lurks on the horizon Childnation is more tempted to join forces with their neighbours.

For us humans find more comfort in the enemy we know than the delirium of the dangerous unknown.

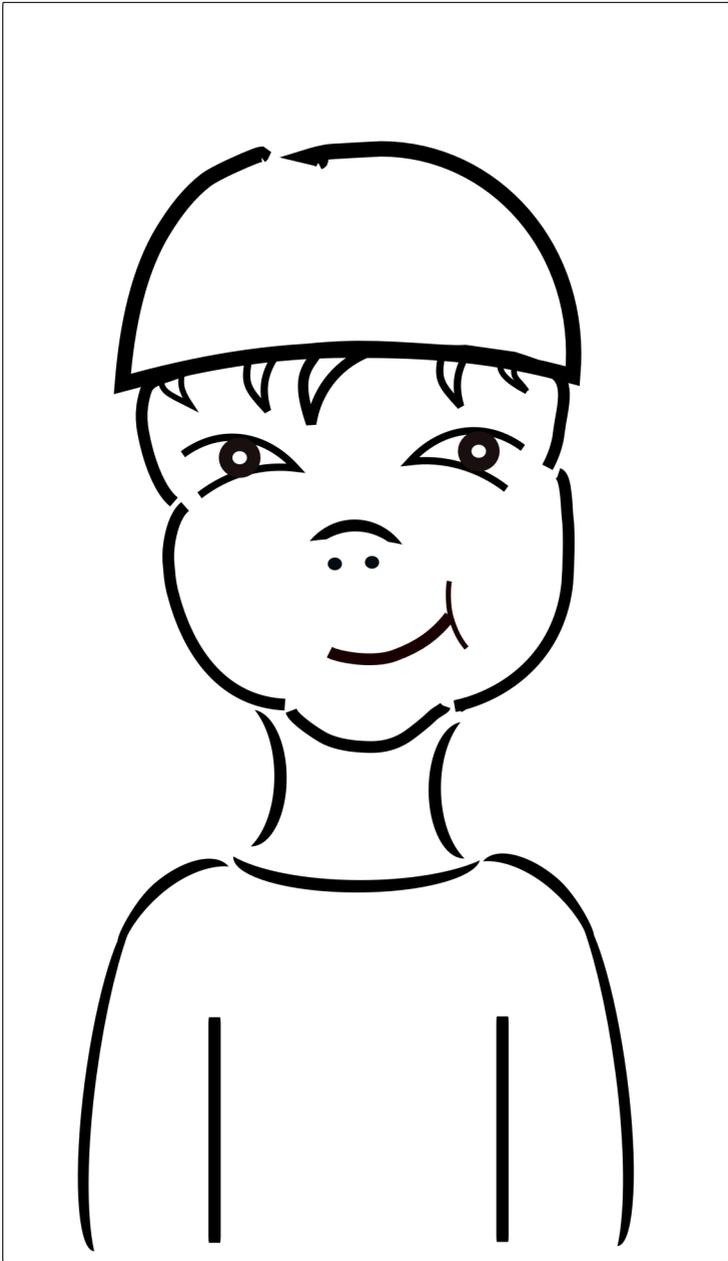


Now, should this foreign danger be made up, on behalf of Parentalnation, they could easily swoop in with saintly expressions and offer their protection.



The price? A real
bargain!

In exchange for
protection Childnation
must merely adhere to
the social rules once
crafted by the elderly.



Surely no one could
pass up such an
offer!

Oh yes... maybe
Jokeboy, who liked
being different.

His joketelling
ambitions made him
forget that some social
boundaries are best to
respect.

I hope you don't get the wrong idea. Telling jokes and playing silly is great, great fun.

But timing is crucial.

A Clown at the Circus can be fabulously funny.

Finding that Clown in your bedroom when you wake up at night...

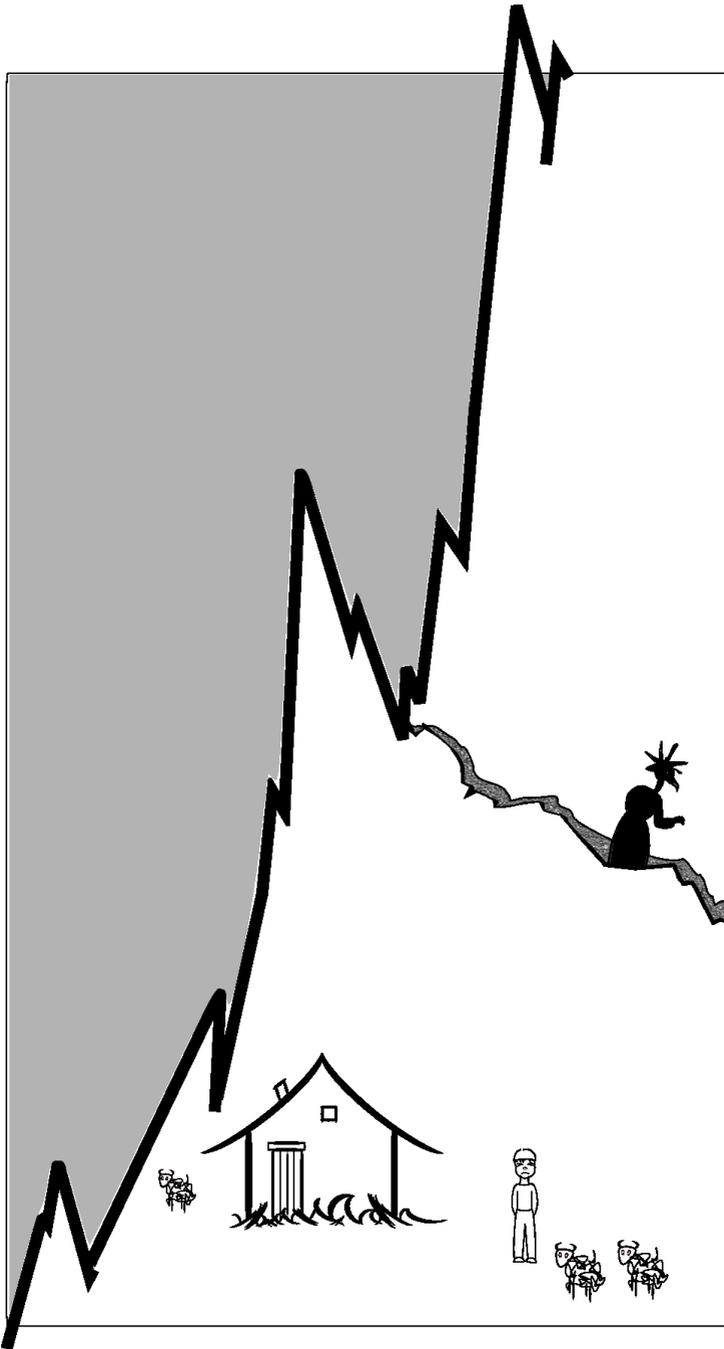
...maybe not so funny?

So, timing. Easily sorted
by asking permission.

**“Is it ok to do so
and so now?”**

“May I...?”

It keeps us all happy
and it helps you keep
all your friends.



The life of a hermit is
lonely, I hear.

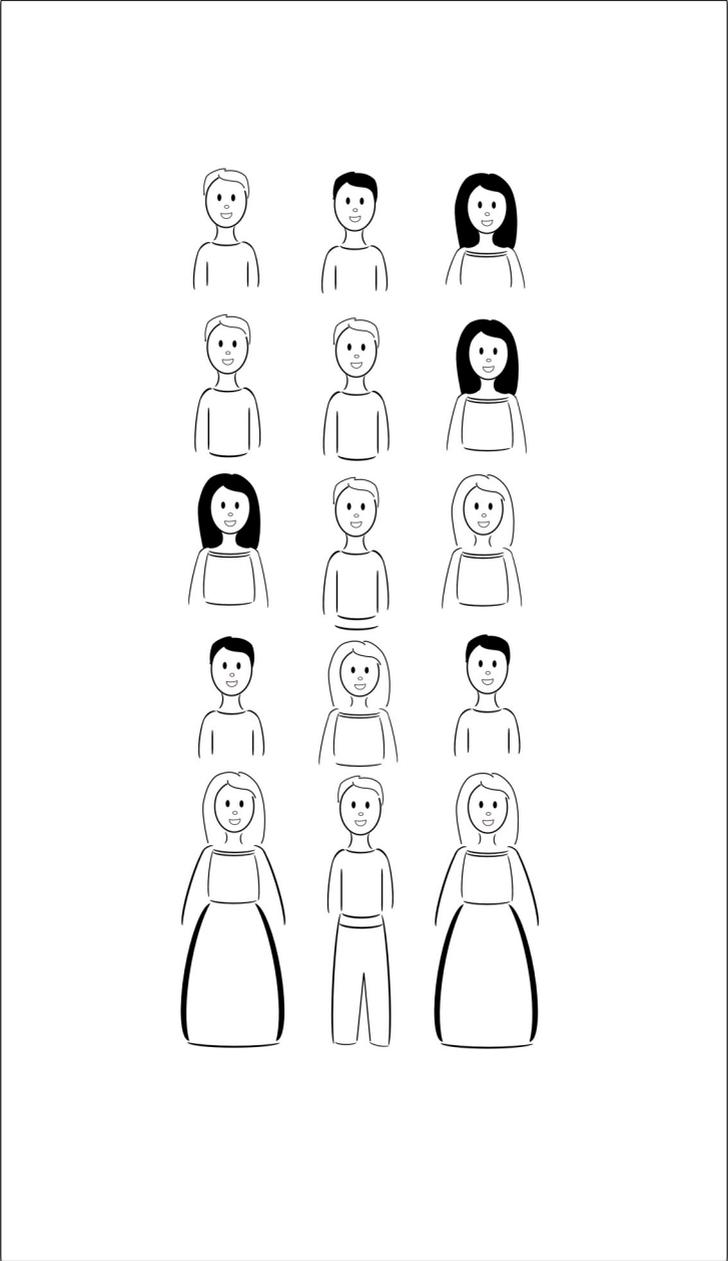
There'd be no one to go
to, should a Grýla
appear.



It was a grim lesson
learnt for Jokeboy one
day.

It came as a shock to
our anti-hero who didn't
believe it when a Grýla
appeared.

He didn't stand a
chance, the poor boy.



So it is probably a
good skill, doing as one
is told.

Keeps one out of
trouble, keeps one part
of the fold.

Or so I am told.

It's true, you'll be told
many lies in your
lifetime.

Absolute truths may
even alter in time.

So which is more honest,
to state true facts or
one's intentions?

That one is up for you
to decide.

Of course, it's never nice to think badly of others.

Not even monsters.

But isn't it good that old Grýla is long since dead?

The Skeptlorist is well aware of the fact that nothing in this world is certain. That is why she is conscientiously driven on by her perpetual urge to organise the world around her and allow for all the variables.

She has had the good fortune to mother a wonderful child which teaches her something new every day. Just as long as she pays attention to the right things.

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