

One day, Dorko walks into a popular fast food joint for no other reason than that is where his feet took him. Taking haphazard bites from other customer's food, he crookedly makes his way to the line at a cash register. Of course, the act of getting in line was a complete accident. He stares at the menu; he stares at the employees; he stares at a man picking his pockets.

"Need help?" start Dorko, "Here, it makes things a lot easier if I just hand you my wallet. Preferably with you holding a gun to my back so as to scare the dickens out of me. But of course, you would be easily caught in a crowded place like this. Would you like to go outside? We can sit around in an alley until it gets dark out. We could stage the perfect act of random violence. Where are you going? Stop running!"

Dorko stood in line for about a half hour. Not because of the lunchtime rush, but he just didn't know to move forward. Finally, after a nice shove from an angry customer, Dorko had his chance at the register.

"Hello, how are you doing today?" asks Dorko.

"You know, it's a funny thing. I was feeling just fine, but now I want to lose my lunch," replies a bald, fat, sorry, weight impaired lady behind the counter. "Well, what will it be?"

"What will what be?"

"Hello? Are there any connected synapses here? Tradition says that now is the time you tell me what you would like to order. Then I respond by telling you how much money shall exchange hands and you wait for a thumb twiddling long time for us to get your food."

Pointing his finger, Dorko says, "Well then I will acquire one of those, that, this, and some of these."

Having lost her patience many a minute ago, the lady says, "Look dork, ..."

"That's Dorko."

Confusion sets in. "Look Dorko Oh, as much as I like to listen to you say completely stupid dialogue, I have a job to do. Now, assuming you can read, look at the menu behind my fat head and tell me what you would like to order. Then if you would like

anything
taken off the burger, you simply say, for example, 'Minus the onions, please.'
Make it fast
because there is now a line of about fifty six people behind you."

"Thank you very much."

Dorko now gets out of line, which circled the building, and found a new spot at the end. An observer would be completely dumbfounded by this act of aimless stupidity, unless this observer knew Dorko, in which this act would not in the least way surprise the person.

Well, time passes and Dorko eventually makes his way to the front of the line.

"Holy Heaven have mercy," thinks the register lady aloud, "he's back with a vengeance."

"Hello amusingly sarcastic lady," says Dorko, "How goes things?"

"Hello amusingly moronic idiot. Order or get the heck out of my place of employment."

"Since my stomach's arrow is starting to point to 'E', perhaps I will commence the ordering process. Let me take a minute to think this over."

Time passes without so much as a breath. Dorko seems to be having a staring contest with the back of his hand. Suddenly Dorko continues the conversation.

"...58 ...59 ...60. Okay, where were we? Oh yeah, my order."

Let us briefly take a couple seconds out of the main story to notice that Dorko is not wearing a watch nor does he know how to tell time. We will now proceed with the story.
Sorry for the inconvenience.

"...my order. Secondly, I would like a cheeseburger, minus the cheese and sardines. Finally, you can give me a couple of blits. First, you can give me a large. Well to drink I would like some syrup, with ketchup please."

Shaking her head in her hands, almost in tears, the lady says, "Let me get this straight.
You want a cheeseburger minus the cheese and sardines, technically a hamburger..."

"No I don't like ham, take that off too. And give me eight of them."

"...Okay, eight burgers (personally poisoned). Next was the couple of blits?"
The lady thinks for a few seconds. "Oh, you mean BLT's. I think I'm starting to figure you out.
What's two plus two?"

"Green."

"I knew you'd say that." The lady cheers up a bit. "For the syrup I'll just give you a Pepsi, practically the same thing. Throw in a couple packets of ketchup and that leaves us with only one problem left. A large what?"

"A large what what?"

"You said you wanted a large. It has to be a large something."

"Thank you."

The next minute or so passed in the all too familiar silence that seems to follow many of Dorko's responses. The lady stared at Dorko; Dorko stared at the lady; The lady stared at a man successfully picking Dorko's pockets. She said nothing of the incident and was actually quite happy of its occurrence.

"I'll just give you a large fry," said the lady in her "I just give up" tone of voice. She pressed a couple of buttons that would seem Greek to the average person. In fact much of it was not understood by the employees either, only enough to completely screw up even the simplest of orders. "That will be \$19.98."

"Well, I'm pretty hungry, but I will have to wait it out. See you next year," remarks Dorko.

"No, that was the price, not the ye...", started the lady, quickly realizing the uselessness of an explanation, and stopped mid-word."

The lady got really mad and reached into Dorko's back pocket. Dorko just watched as the lady took a \$20.00 bill out of his wallet and gave him his food. As he walked to the eating place he suddenly realized he had to go to the restroom. On his return back dorko left the buger joint for geting all about his food.

When Dorko sat down in his car he felt like he was sitting on something. He got out and to his surprize there was nothing on his seat! "Well", said Dorko, "I guess it was my imagination". He got into his car and drove a mile down the road. Dorko stopped right in the middle of the road because it still was bothering him. He grabbed his back pocket and realized there was a ring in his back pocket. "How did this get her?", Dorko said (it really slipped of the lady's finger when she got his money out).

Dorko liked it a lot! When he put it on his finger all of a sudden everything began to be clear to him. "Oh my!" yelled Dorko. I'm parked in the middle of the road!

Dorko
mediately got into his car and drove home.

When he got home Dorko found three robbers taking all of his things. Dorko yelled extremely loud "STOP" peacing the ears of the robbers. Out of sheer fight the three robbers ran. Dorko was truly amazed he wondered if he was the son of Super Man or something. So, Dorko decided to change his name to Super Man Jr. and fight crime!

For years Super Man Jr. stopped bad guys and sent them to jail. He loved his job and everyone loved him. He used his super psychic ability to send mopha members to jail with little or no evidence (everyone believed in Super Man Jr.).