

Disclaimer: We tried. We really did. We tried to get into print the expected way: we approached "The Reporter", and were shot down. So we decided to go it alone. This publication is in no way affiliated with Gracies except perhaps that it is sitting in here...oh yeah! and I guess the name too...but that doesn't really count. We do not claim to be politically correct, Republican, Democrat, Libertarian, or any other interest group. We will offend.

What's it all about: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is the brainchild of a group of individuals with way too much time on their hands, coupled with rampant imaginations (originally we were going to call the article "Campus League Involving the Torture Of Rit's Insecure Students, but it had an unfortunate acronym... acronymacrocon. .nym.. .con ...necronomicon????? Jesus, what am I trying to say here anyway?!?). The premise is simple; many of the slightly off center ideas (slightly off center, phfbt! They can get kind of scary. "Welcome to our world...check your passport at the door, watch out for the marsupials, and remember...we break for NOBODY!) we come up with are often exchanged during dinner at Gracies. It is our time of purging.

So anyway, here it is. We don't know what this will be like, so the only advice we can give is, sit back, relax, and make sure you've got clean underwear on...here we go.

This week's Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is brought to you in part by the letter "H", the Mormon's (the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints), and AT&T: We go beyond the call and into your bedroom.

Ever notice that, whenever news reporters show Ethiopian children, they have flies crawling all over their face and they NEVER wipe the flies away? Think those kids could make a living out of being fly magnets? Can't you see it?

"We've secretly replaced their normal fly paper with Ethiopian- Flypaper-Children. Can they tell the difference? Let's watch..."

Just cover those little gits with some duct-tape (less than a buck a roll!) and let them hang out in the corner. Hell, they don't eat much! Upkeep is low. And think of what a lovely conversation piece they'd make. "Why yes, our Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boy"; (a registered trademark of Hell Inc.) is rather vogue, isn't he?"

And if they complain, just throw their little butts out onto the streets and let the government take care of them. Hell, they can't speak English, so they can't tell them where you live. Odds are a pedophile will get a hold of them anyway. Besides, replacement Ethiopian-Flypaper-Boys© are cheap. Want to know how to order, or just want to give us a hard time? Then write to us at:

GDT
CPU 50 Grace Watson Hall
Rochester, NY 14623

Drop it into that "Interdepartmental box" and you won't have to pay!

Watch for us Sundays after break: Same Bat-time, same...well you know the line.



→ GDT CARES ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT WE USE ONLY RECYCLED MATERIALS . . .