

We, the writers of GDT, have been thinking about how it might be possible to make guinea pigs more interesting. You know the little buggers; eat, sleep, walk, and if you're really lucky it might stop screaming long enough for you to find enough foam and ducttape to make that suckers cage airtight (then the real fun starts. We suggest Sarran Wrap. That allows the best seal-to-view ratio). First we thought of crossing it through the magic of genetic engineering with a howler monkey, but then we realized that that might just exacerbate the problem.

Then it hit us. Lemmings! Lemmings are interesting. Hell, a couple thousand of those little gits, a fjord or two, some popcorn, and maybe few lawnchairs. It's better than watching a football game on a Sunday afternoon, but it's strictly a spectator sport (though I can name at least seven people I'd like to see swept up in the heat of the moment).

Just think of all the possibilities. Instead of having one of those annoying running wheels, you could have a cliff so it can hurl itself off of. If it's overweight and lazy (as most American pets seem to be.) it could be like an escalator , the lemme-pig wouldn't have to do anything. They're worse than dogs at dinner, though. They won't beg for food, but they want you to pick them up and put them on the table. I beseech you: DON'T DO IT! As soon as they know they can manipulate you, you'll be nothing but a glorified airlift. They'll expect it to be done over, and over, and over again.

The up side of owning a lemme-pig is that kids enjoy watching them more than television. Slinkies aren't seen as often with a lemme-pig in the home.

Not only do kids love to watch those stupid little fur balls roll ass-over-end down a flight of stairs, their little legs flung out, tiny squeals of bliss escaping their muzzles upon each impact (kid tested, mother approved(oh, yes)), the lemme-pigs are in rodent heaven; consecutive cliffs! Amazing. Of course there will be the bleeding hearts asking, "isn't that cruel?" Hell, no. If you want to be cruel to a lemme-pig, take them to the Great Plains.

Picture it: rolling grass as far as the eye can see, with only the wind making noise. But wait, what's that low rumble. Good God! a whole herd of wild lemme-pigs (a product of Cerberus™, a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) The land is suddenly black with their little bodies as they desperately search for anything to fling themselves off of. If you ever get caught in a lemme-pig stampede...RUN! Those tenacious freaks will all try to shimmy up your pant legs and jump off your head! You'll be crushed under the weight of thousands of furry bodies (say...)!

If they can't find anything, an amazing display of cooperation is shown. Let's go to our man in the field, and get a report:

"The massive airship is just now pulling up to the gantry and-OH MY GOD! It's burst into flame! Oh, the humanit-"

Sorry, wrong man in the field. We're still having problems with this whole linear time/single probability concept. Here's our other man in the field:

(Voice of any nature show): "The vast herds of mighty Lemme-pigs™, here in America's heartland, recreate the impression of undulating ocean waves as they hurl themselves off of one another in an attempt to appease their instincts.

"It really is beautiful to watch- OH MY GOD! They've burst into flames! Oh the lemmenty!"

Order yours today!



Comments From the Critics...

Because of the overwhelming response to last week's article on the barefoot girl (all of one response, which seeing as it is the only response we've gotten so far, it seems overwhelming to us) we would like to share the comments made and reply to them. In the future we hope to disturb, anger, and generally annoy many more of you.

Due to space constraints, we were not able to reprint the entire letter. What follows are the pertinent parts.

Hello.. I'm writing this letter in regards to your "publication," "Gracies Dinnertime Theatre..."

First off, you must be one hell of a insecure individual. Not only is this "publication" sexist in the highest degree, you speak as if you're perfect. As if you're ALLOWED to condemn people, and pronounce judgment upon them, based upon how they choose to express themselves.

Let me ask you this - Has she (barefoot girl) ever accosted people preaching a message about world peace, or environmentalism?...

You have *no right* WHATSOEVER to slander her, especially in a public write up. According to the first amendment, this type of bullshit is punishable by Law...

You're just another typical RIT asshole. Did you ever study your history? Ever read anything about World War II, and the Nazi's?... Is that what you're trying to start up here?...

And don't tell me this publication is "just a joke," or "You're taking this way to seriously." Because THIS garbage is no joke.

I could say more, but I'll save it. I think you get the picture.

-Dave

Would it help to say that the guy who wrote the barefoot girl article believed in family values and loved his dog? Would it help if he realized the error of his ways and repented ("...repent, repent...")? None of it's true, hell he doesn't even have a dog, but would it help if he said that? Probably not.

Dave already knows the punchline to this story. The fact is that I am the barefoot girl and an active writer and editor of GDT¹. Now, I didn't write that article (I did help, though), but I really don't see the difference between it being published where I can see it or being spoken of by strangers behind my back. The real point is that I just don't care what any of you say about me, and the things that are said are really very funny.

Thanks Dave it was nice of you to stand up for me, but I don't like being protected. The one thing I would like to see is that the rest of you stop asking me that same idiotic question, because I'm bored of answering it and I've actually stopped answering it. So I guess that leaves it up to the rest of you to continue answering it, and who knows, maybe we'll write a sequel.

So the rest of you can continue saying whatever it is you say. I don't understand the fascination that I draw, all I know is that you guys need hobbies. As long as you all leave my person alone I don't care what you do to my name; draw all the mustaches you want.

I would like to make one final note: it's to that sorority girl who called me a "freak of nature" and then bravely ran and hid behind a couch.

-My dear, if I may assume that the standard of nature that you use considers yourself as it's norm, or even the best nature has to offer, I hope you believe me when I tell you with the greatest sincerity that by those standards I believe nature's freak to be the highest and most prestigious position available. So thank you and give my regards to your pride if you can find it.

A Not So Funny Note:

I hope you've liked the new expanded version of GDT. All future episodes will be front and back, which means we can print more of what YOU have to say. Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is not a newsmag. We exist only to amuse, confuse, perhaps even elucidate. Up to this point, we've printed mostly humorous articles (we think so at least, and that's what really counts). Page two of GDT will be dedicated to any poems, art work, cartoons, thoughts, letters, editorials, advertisements, etc. To submit an idea (maybe a regular column?), get in touch with us through STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU. See you next week....

¹Since we told Dave, he has written us a second letter. Here are the highlights: "Ah.. Gee, I do feel very embarrassed by how I must have sounded due to the letter of reply I just read...I guess now that I know she's part of the staff at GDT, it all seems different.. But.. I dunno. The first read seemed, well.. different... "P.S. If you need writers for GDT, I'd be glad to help."