

I know you've probably heard the phrase, "guns don't kill people, people kill people" reiterated in various tones of sincerity or sarcasm. Which, granted has a ring of truth to it, much like that ring you hear when someone hits you in the ear, but murder is a hell of a lot more taxing when you have to chase your victim down with a noose. I remember listening to some guy telling me about the good old days... "You know back when I was young, people were different. If you got into a fight with some one you didn't pull out a gun and shoot them. You did the manly thing. You met after school with boxing gloves and matched blow for blow..." until apparently one or the other of your noses no longer was positioned on the correct side of your head.

After listening to that, I kind of decided that these days aren't so different, only the toys are different. The people are just the same, they just use what ever is handiest. But what if the people were different? What if they didn't use the easiest means to an end? Just think of how much more interesting things like armed robbery would be. Armed with what you ask? Armed with anything and everything.

"Everybody freeze! I've just rigged up a ton of asbestos into the ventilation system and if anyone makes any false moves I'm gonna release it."

How about Camel's revenge? "Ok, everyone down on the floor! I've got a carton of cigarettes and I'm not afraid to use them." Or if you have to sit down and explain the situation to your dumb founded hostages, you could try, "Listen, I've a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and if I don't get \$2000 into this bag in a big hurry, I'm going to start blowing carcinogens in your faces." (This approach could however just encourage a large crowd of chain smokers to flock to your side in silent anticipation.) The end result itself is not as instantaneous as a bullet, but it will wheedle it's way in in another fifty years.

Just try entering a convenience store with a small wad of tinfoil, "Give me all of your money or you'll wish that you'd taken better care of your teeth." Fortunately it is very unlikely that some one working in a convenience store would have perfect oral hygiene anyway.

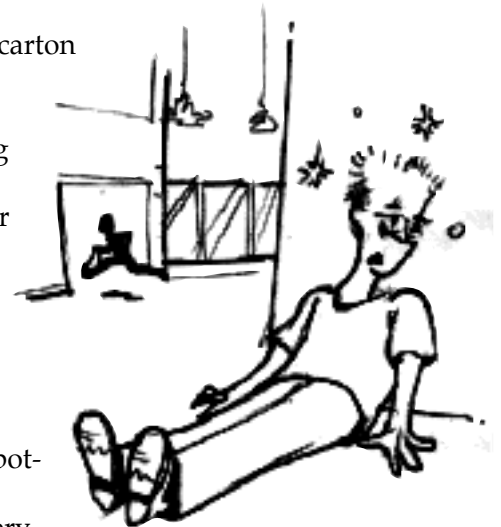
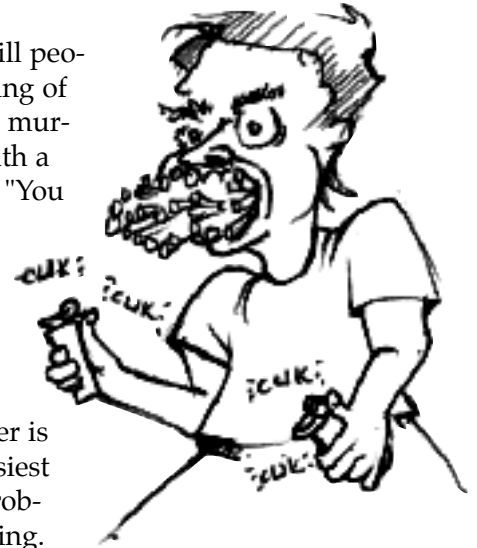
Can you imagine trying to hold up a place with and dirty old sock and a bottle of chloroform? Then again, it's hard to strike fear into the hearts of steely eyed man with a hold up line like, "Everyone shut the hell up! This is a robbery. If everyone cooperates, no one goes to sleep!"

Hell, if you're going to do something, do it so wrong that people can't help but mumble, "What the hell?" Walk into a bank with a jar of petroleum jelly and shout, "Everyone down on the floor or someone is going to get lubricated!"

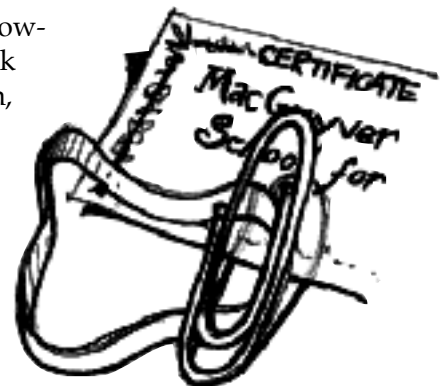
So the next time your planning on venturing into the exciting world of high powered explosives and firearms to retrieve a little petty cash... stop. Sit down and ask yourself (or us. we'd be glad to council you) "what would MacGyver do." or even, "How would mission impossible do it?" The point is that if your going to do it, you have to make it as convoluted and unnecessary as possible (theme music helps. Just carry around a tape player with assorted tapes of "action sequence" music. Make sure you have the "CHIPS Car Chase" music. You know the kind. Lots of chicka-bow-wow sounds in it?) You could even watch old re-runs on USA. Do your research thoroughly and plan ahead. And be sure to bring plenty of extra rubber bands.

It's your crime, so have fun with it.

Oh, and if you do get caught, and the words, "Freeze! Federal Agent!" grace your ears...please stop. It would make Mulder and Scully feel better.



VICTIMS of the  
CHLOROFORM THEIF.





DEAR BFG-

WHAT HAPPENS TO A TURTLE'S SPINE WHEN IT  
PULLS ITS HEAD INTO ITS SHELL?

-SEAN HAMMOND

SEAN-

A turtle's neck is actually much longer than most nature programs let on. They can go for thirty-five or even one hundred feet, and are usually mistaken for snakes in the undergrowth. People generally make cracks about the comparative slowness of the turtle, but would you move around hastily if everything within a one hundred foot radius was at arm's (or neck's) reach?

Back in the Middle Ages when men still measured various distances by the lengths of their respective king's body parts, turtles took a decisive role in the invention of the modern tape measure. They used to divvy up turtle's neck into lengths of the current monarch's measurements and then go and use them much as we use tape measures today. They were even better than modern tape measures to some extent because you could clamp their little mouths onto something and then just walk along unreeling the rest of their spine. When you got to the end of whatever you were measuring, all you had to do was just pull on the little bugger's tail until the shock unclamped his head and it would come screaming back towards his little body. Often times these procedures rendered the turtle unconscious, but he'd get over it. The obvious problem with using turtles as tape measures was that whenever they managed to escape into a pond, when you finally retrieved them again, all of their markings were washed off and you had to make another appointment to measure the king.

Eventually the turtles got fed up with their horrendous treatment and we had what the history books don't mention as the "Snapper Rebellion". In the turtle rebellion, the snappers were the fiercest of all of the turtle warriors and led towards an easily decisive victory over mankind. Since this time most of the turtles settled down to relative obscurity and keep the vast expanses of their necks hidden in the wind up mechanism within their shells. All that is except the Snapping turtles, who, by the way, do not let it wander to far, but farther than many of their modern counterparts; it's just cocky. Most snapping turtles are still very bitter about the annexation of their post war land settlements and this is why they have the reputation of being the cruelest of turtles, they're still trying to get revenge.

-BFG

We received the following article from two different sources. The first was from a fan in New Jersey. The second was forwarded to one of GDT's editors by the writer of Cereal. We weren't able to trace the source, but we know it had been sent along from people in England, Germany, and the U.S.

We thought we were weird...

## Brain Fight

-author unknown(A.P. writer?)

TOKYO, JAPAN

KASHIMA UNIVERSITY HAS EXPELLED FOUR MEDICAL STUDENTS FOR PELTING OTHER STUDENTS WITH HUMAN BRAINS.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS SAY THE THREE MEN AND ONE WOMAN WERE DISSECTING CADAVERS IN THE SCIENCE LABORATORY WHEN ONE OF THE MALES REMOVED PART OF A CEREBRAL CORTEX FROM A CORPSE'S SKULL AND THREW IT AT ONE OF THE OTHER MEDICAL STUDENTS.

WITHIN MINUTES A "BRAIN FIGHT" HAD BROKEN OUT.

THE STUDENTS THEN REPORTEDLY OPENED THE WINDOWS OF THE SECOND-FLOOR LAB AND BEGAN THROWING THE BRAINS DOWN ON UNWITTING PASSERSBY ON THE STREET BELOW. ONE GIRL WAS HIT IN THE FACE AND REQUIRED TREATMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY'S EMERGENCY ROOM.

SCHOOL SECURITY OFFICERS SAY THEY'RE FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT MORE PEOPLE WERE INVOLVED IN THE BRAIN-THROWING BUT ONLY FOUR WERE WITNESSED.

THE EXPELLED STUDENTS SAID THEY DIDN'T PLAN THE BRAIN FIGHT. ONE OF THEM SAID, "IT JUST SORT OF HAPPENED." HE BLAMED THE ODD BEHAVIOR ON THE PRESSURE OF CONSTANT STUDY AND LACK OF SLEEP.

"WE JUST HAD TO LET OFF SOME STEAM," ADMITTED AYAKO HANYU, 19. "I GUESS THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUT OF HAND."

BUT DEAN SHIURO TATSUNO REFUSES TO BUDGE ON HIS DECISION TO EXPEL THE STUDENTS.

"WE REALIZE THAT OUR MEDICAL STUDENTS ARE UNDER PRESSURE," SAID DEAN TATSUNO.

"BUT WE EXPECT OUR FUTURE DOCTORS AND NURSES TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES LIKE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AT ALL TIMES."

# Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

## *The Sandwich: Episode V*

In the bathroom connected to the large office, the small grey man sat dressing his wounds. The blood had stopped flowing now, and the surgery could be put off until after the boss was notified of the successful kill. The boss would be pleased. The grey man centered his topcoat on his shoulders, despite the hole in the back of it, and walked out into the big office to greet the boss. The chair was empty.

The large man, pacing in the foyer, heard a door close in his office, and assuming it was the small man returning from the mission, he opened the door and went in to hear the news. As he entered, the small man spoke, "The deed is done, the man is dead. The item has not yet been recovered, though."

"Not yet, eh?," the large man grimaced, "Well, it better be recovered while it is still fresh or this entire plan will be worthless, and we will have to wait until next year before we get another chance to perform our operation. We can't have that, now can we? And when you find that harlot Vincent was traveling with, bring her here alive, I want to speak with her."

"We can't have that inconvenience. I will find the items and bring them to you, fresh and alive as promised." The small man exited, and left the boss standing alone in his office once again.

Sandy ignored the radio squawking at her for the first few miles, but eventually threw it out the window out of annoyance, once she got past the toll booth and off the highway. She did the same with the flashing light, just for the hell of it. As she turned, at the end of the exit ramp, she caught a glimpse out of the corner of her eye that normally would have stopped her short. She pulled over to the side of the road for a closer look, and almost laughed out loud at the stupidity of the average car thief. Sandy walked up to her car, what was left of it, and playfully scolded the telephone pole for playing ball in the street when a car was coming. She looked in as she got near the front window, and cringed sharply as the sight of the small chest cavity wrapped around the steering wheel brought images of candy machines to her woozy mind. She turned away and started walking back to her car to sit down. This would take some effort.

The grey man was surprised to see the obvious unmarked police car near Victor's wrecked auto. He was sure it was the same car he had seen in the rest area parking lot earlier this morning, but he was also sure that the driver had been the corpse in the glass doorway, so who had driven it here? As the small man glided over to the wreck and looked inside, he had little hope of finding the fresh, unbloodied sandwich inside. The driver, who must have stolen this car from Victor, had probably also eaten

the sandwich. The corpse in the driver's seat had the characteristic markings of the victims of this kind of sandwich: wrinkly, stretched skin, sunken eyes, swollen fingers, and even the telltale blisters along the back of the neck. These had probably formed first, but by the time she noticed them, it would be far too late for any treatment; the sandwich was pure evil, right down to the mayonnaise and tomatoes. The surefire killer itself was in the bread, of course, but every ingredient in that delicious death included some kind of poison, infection agent, or virus. This stupid kid never stood a chance. The real problem now was how to break it to the boss that his assassination plan was kaput. A sandwich like that one took weeks to prepare, and they don't make extras just in case, not when a single sandwich cost over a half-mil. No indeed. He was sure that when he died, he wanted it to be with a delicacy like that on his lips.

The grey man ambled over to the beat-up police car and marvelled at his good timing. The harlot was here, too, she must have stopped when she saw her boyfriend's car wrecked. He opened the door and said, "Well, hello. What a sweet little girl; maybe the boss will let me play with her when he's done. But first, the boss wants to speak with her."

"You?! I shot you! You followed me?! You-"

"Oh, yes. That's right, I have a score to settle with you; a game to play for the blood on my shoulder and the hole in my coat. Come."

"I ain't goin' anywhere with you. No way. Lemme go, let go of me!"

The grey man grabbed her arm and locked his fingers around it, then slowly dragged the kicking girl to his car and firmly placed her inside. He got in the driver's seat and started the engine, when the bullet entered his skull just above his right ear, and he almost had time to scold himself for being too careless to disarm the foolish girl before he died. Almost.

Sandy found herself in a stranger's car with a corpse nearby again. This was the fourth corpse this morning, and the first one ever by her hands. She wanted to scream. She wanted to cry. She decided to push him out of the car and drive till she ran out of gas. Then she could scream and cry all she wanted.

The large man paced the length of his office all evening, trying desperately to come up with a new plan, just to ease his horrible fear that the sandwich was unrecoverable. After every new plan he came up with, just as he realized it wouldn't work, he damned Victor under his breath. And then himself, for trusting Victor; and then the grey man, for not returning yet; and then he damned the whole world to his personal hell, just for not doing what he wanted them to do. Damn it, in a simple world, people would lie down and die politely when you asked them to, with none of this fooling around. The large man smiled at this, and sat down in his chair.

*Not to be continued.*

## Letter from the Editors

Well, another quarter has passed, and GDT has dished out close to \$100 to keep GDT in print (so if you like what we print, do us a favor and let us know). That's right; for those who didn't know, GDT is paid for entirely by the staff.

Make that was.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre won't be printing anymore issues. Just kidding. We've gotten enough cash from other sources to pay for the rest of the year. In fact, we have so much cash we would like to expand in length and circulation.

Though we can't disclose everything we have planned for next quarter and the rest of the year, here are some hints:

- Hell Inc. sponsors The Sainly Travel Guide
- A contest. Win \$\$\$ just for reading GDT, figuring out riddles, and sending answers to us!
- Dr. Cy Kosis

GDT is also looking for help. All writers, artists, or idea people are welcome. And remember, we don't fuck'in censor our work.

On another note...

Last January, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre tried to start a column in the Reporter. The original three member staff (two writers, one illustrator. You can figure out a little about the GDT logo from that) thought it would be nice to have a regular humor column in amongst the dryness of the Reporter. Well, we were shot down.

They say that imitation is the greatest complement; thanks Reporter.

-GDT

## Random Acts of Email

-from Mark Nowak

I GRABBED A BOOK FROM THE MAIL ROOM/LIBRARY ABOUT THE OCCULT AND SUPERNATURAL. MIGHT ACTUALLY START READING IT THIS YEAR, TOO. THE AUTHOR'S POSITION IS ONE OF EXTREME SKEPTICISM, SO I DON'T KNOW HOW EDIFYING IT WILL BE.

I MEAN, IF I WANTED PEOPLE'S INSUFFERABLE STUBBORN OPINIONS THROWN AT ME, I'D LISTEN TO PEOPLE WHEN THEY TALK TO ME....

# Martyr

## of the week

-by Troy Liston

Welcome to the hall of Catholic culture kiddies. Our martyr of the week for Nov. 13-19 is St. Nerses of Armenia. In actuality, the Martyr of the Week should be going to the staff of GDT; the fact that we spent the time to put this issue out during the final week of classes is an act of martyrdom in and of itself. But I digress.... St. Nerses became bishop of Armenia in 363 AD. His encounter with the rulers of this region lead to his eventual martyrdom at the hands of King Pap. Our saint had excommunicated Pap's forerunner for murdering his wife, and when Pap came to power, accused Pap of being possessed by demons. The king protested his innocence of the charge and, to allay fears, invited the bishop to dinner- and poisoned him.

Until next time, remember: altar boys do not make good pets (they don't respond to cages very well. Go figure!).

## GDT Fan Club

Back Issues, tee shirts, the GDT action figure, and other neat stuff!

If your on the RIT campus, just e-mail:  
[sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu](mailto:sth8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu)

Else write to:

**GDT**  
**438 Clay Rd. Apt. C.**  
**Rochester, NY 14623**

Please include a self addressed, stamped envelope and a scrap of paper saying something to the effect of ""Hey! I want to join the GDT Fan Club 'cause I know it will make me really cool." It won't, but we won't crush all of your dreams.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of [STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU](mailto:STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU) or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received  
Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>