



“Writing is easy. All you do is stare at a blank sheet of paper until drops of blood form on your forehead.”

Just the other day, I saw some old git with a walker feebly attempting to cross the road. Obviously this poor lost soul was just another number of the geriatric migratory flock separated from it's gaggle. I mused vaguely about taking it home and feeding it, but then I remembered my mother telling me that if it's mother ever catches your scent on it, she might never

take it back. So I just decided to sit there and laugh at it, and then suddenly everything seemed so simple; the intricacies of the universe revealed themselves to me, and I basked in its beauty: The Old Folks Kennel. Everything made perfect sense. Only for a moment. Had you asked me about it the next day, I never would have known what I was thinking. Hell, if you asked me a couple of seconds after this masterful brainstorm cascaded through my cranium the most insightful thing I could probably have said for sure is, "Huh?" If you think about it good and hard, I just might be onto something...might.

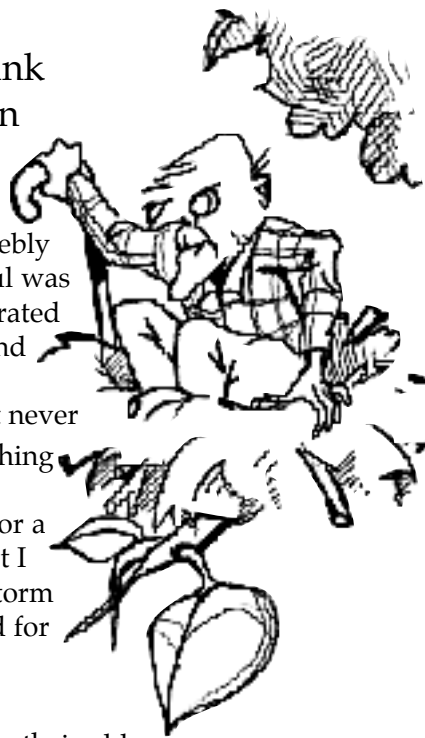
There is always a dilemma for people who want to go on vacation, but can't take their old folk with them. You can't just leave them at home with a full bowl of water and a bag of Old Folk Chow™ (because they tear up the couch and usually end up drinking out of the toilet); the humane society and ONEFOOT in the GRAVE (otherwise known as Official Nonessential Elderly Federation Of Opiated Taletellers in the General Region Approaching Visceral Expiration) would be all over your ass. They'd take your old folk away from you, and you'd probably never see them again. You could ask a friend to stop by and check up on your old folk, but old folk require so much attention. All in all, Sea Monkeys are probably a better deal, but you pleaded and begged your parents, wrote to Santa, and even prayed for an old folk of your very own, and now that you have one, you have to take care of them. Its in just such circumstances that the Old Folks Kennel can help.

The Old Folks Kennel provides clean cages with all the Gerber™ and water your old folk can get through a straw. During the day, your old folk can roam about in the Old Folks Kennel free range area, where they can run and frolic all day long with others of their own kind, until they need a diaper change. For a small additional charge, the conscientious staff at the Old Folks Kennel will grudgingly wash, shave, comb the hair, trim nails, and perform other hygienic tasks for your old folk as the need arises.

Owners should beware of prolonged absences from their old folk. Because of the strong emotional bond formed by the imprinting of old folk with their owners, people may return from their trip to discover their old folk have lost much of their spunkiness. There are those elderly who drool as much as dog on a hot day, some bed ridden folk from whom you can expect to get as much entertainment value as you would derive from a mildly depressed guinea pig, and those people whose Alzheimer's reduce them to the level of human goldfish†. In nearly all cases, your old folk forget most house training and seem as capable of controlling their bowel movements as a dog who's just eaten a chocolate rabbit.

For those of you out there who have become more and more frustrated with the state of your elderly, the Old Folks Kennel provides many other services: spaying, declawing, flea baths, removal of worms, and when the end comes for your old folk, euthanasia, and corpse disposal (flower urn optional).

† Evolution has allowed the domestic goldfish to remain sane by granting them with one of nature's shortest attention spans. It just so happens that the domestic goldfish has the capacity to remember exactly one lap around the bowl. Thus for the goldfish, life is continually new and amazing. During each lap, a goldfish more or less thinks, "This is new! This is new! Wow, this is new!" Those poor goldfish whose attention spans allow them to realize they are merely swimming in circles simply close their gills and suffocate themselves to escape from the boredom of their existence. Thus the fittest survive.



TREATING GRANDPA LIKE A GOLDFISH JUST WASN'T WORKING...

## Colloquial Contest

GDT's first, and possibly last contest. For the next few weeks we will be printing up several common colloquialisms which have been reconstructed in a more verbose manner. The winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21<sup>st</sup> 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

**NEWS FLASH: HEY LADIES AND GENTS, THE COLLOQUIAL CONTEST IS IN IT'S THIRD WEEK, AND WE'VE RECEIVED ONE RESPONSE, AND THEY CORRECTLY ANSWERED ONLY TWO OF THE PHRASES. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. WE REALLY ARE GIVING**

**\$50 TO THE WINNER**

SO UNLESS YOU WANT SOMEBODY TO WIN BY THE FACT THAT NO ONE ELSE ANSWERED, LET US HEAR FROM YOU.

## GDT Colloquial Contest Rules and Regulations:

This contest is restricted to only those people registered as students at the RIT campus. Others may send answers, but may not be counted among the winners circle.

Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hedious executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

### This Week's Colloquisms:

7. The stylus is more potent than the claymore.
8. It is futile to attempt to indoctrinate a superannuated canine with innovative maneuvers.
9. Eschew the implant of crection and vitiate the scion.

Send answers to [STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu](mailto:STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu), or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 3, you may find them on our web site, or alternatively you can purchase hard copies through our fan club.

## After Dinner Mints

-by Mark Nowak

It is always interesting to discover the origins of our modern traditions, often finding out how different they used to be and how they have changed as society has changed. One wonderful tradition is the use of a diamond as an engagement ring. How many centuries ago did this tradition start? Why a diamond? Does it have a special significance in the area of the world where the tradition originated? The answer to the last question is: you bet it does.

In South Africa, where most of the diamonds in the world are mined, there is but one company doing the mining: DeBeers. This same company decides who they distribute their diamonds to for cutting.

Yeah, they've got the world on a string, sitting on a rainbow....because the idea of using a diamond as an engagement ring, thought up by our friends at DeBeers in the early part of this century as a way of selling more diamonds, is now a hallowed wedding tradition. What's three months' salary for something that will last forever? A lot, considering diamonds aren't as rare as emeralds or sapphires, but cost more because the good people at DeBeers can charge whatever they want for their product in the absence of competition. So just remember this little fact when the 25th Anniversary Diamond Bracelet is a hallowed anniversary tradition.

"Tell her you'd get suckered by a slick marketing ploy...all over again."

**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, as is.**

Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

# Dr. Cy Kosis™

*"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."*

Dear Cy,

I'm twenty six years old, married, with one son. I've been living away from home, but in the same town for six years. I have a younger brother "Keith" age twenty four who is addicted to pre-scription medication, and he's even been arrested several times for forging prescriptions. Keith is currently living with our mother, who could only be described as a classic enable. After years of serious reflection and professional counseling, I've decided recently to stop being involved in their constant emotional crisis. This, by definition, has required me to place conditions on my relationship with both of them. My problem is in dealing with the guilt I feel when my mother pleads with me to help Keith by extending unconditional love and acceptance to him. My head tells me not to do it, my heart tells me I'm a jerk. What should I do?

Signed,  
Need a prescription

Dear *Need a prescription*,

*You sound emotionally tired of the uncertainty that goes with not knowing what would be a loving response to the situation. If you didn't care so much, this situation would be much easier to deal with. Consequently, it's your caring and concern for those involved, that cause you to agonize over your choice. A mental health professional, with experience in dealing with, substance abuse issues, might be helpful, as well as Alanon, a self help group for family members of substance abusers.*

*On the other hand, the only thing that counseling is going to do is reinforce your current feelings that what you're doing is right. It won't help you to deal with the guilt trip Mom is laying on you. There is really only one way to approach the guilt trip thing; get her to believe in your position. Your mom sounds pretty gullible, so tell her that because you love your brother, you've been investigating homeopathic aids to help Keith overcome his addiction. Tell her that a renowned herbologist has discovered that certain herbs can help people with their addictive cycles. Then go to the pharmacy and buy the largest empty capsules they sell. Fill each with the most concentrated, over the counter, laxative available. Have your mom give Keith one or two a day, but tell her not to mention that they came from you. Tell Keith that you've noticed mom under a lot of*

*stress lately, and she seems to be getting very careless and unsanitary about food preparation. Tell Mom that severe diarrhea is a sure sign of continued drug use, and that if he does get diarrhea, even more of the "medication" is needed. Tell Keith that if he gets the runs real bad, it may be food poisoning, and he should be sure to take the food supplements that Mom gives him, but he should stop eating Mom's cooking. Tell Mom that drug addicts will often grow paranoid about their food just before they become homicidal, and if that is the case, even larger doses of the "medication" may be necessary. Tell Keith that if he gets a severe case of diarrhea it is a sure sign that Mom is trying to poison him, and under no circumstances should he eat at home anymore. Tell Mom and Keith individually that if the other become paranoid the only solution is for brother to leave immediately!*

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**Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.**  
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Take a hiT

LIVE AND ~~LEARN~~ AND PASS IT ON

I've learned that peanut butter and jelly is still my favorite kind of ~~sandwich~~.

lubricant

-Age 23

I've learned that whenever you hide something in a great place, you always forget ~~where you hid it when you need it.~~

That your ass

ain't That big!

-Age 47

pork

I've learned that I shouldn't ~~park~~ my father's car next to a baseball field during practice.

-Age 19

Reconstruction by: Troy L. and the gang.

