



“Universe”

“At least it’s better than Frank, who shoves pens up rats asses and sends them into the future.”

Time is fun, but only for those who can handle it. There are beings in the multiverse that can dip in and out of time and reality. Actually, they spend more time leaping about from reality to reality than stepping outside of time. Even They™ get the willies being outside of time. Once outside, time smells yellow, feels loud, and just overall makes you think that you're a water fowl. It has never been explained why this is....

Never the less, one of the more interesting features of the multiverse is that everything not only has the possibility of happening, but HAS happened. I mean everything. With an infinite amount of time and an infinite number of different realities, sooner or later, you're going to get repeats.

So it was just a matter of statistics that one of our staff (for matters of anonymity, let's call him...Mark) would be seducing squirrels with a Snickers® bar. It's an odd hobby; baiting squirrels to come close enough to club. Not to kill, mind you, just stun them. Of course there were years of experimentation and practice to work out the means and methods. Wiffle-ball bats move too slow. Steel bars just pulverize their little skulls. Elastic bands scare the bejeebers out of them. Over the years casualties built up, along with a field filled with shallow graves holding tiny, indistinct bodies (who look as if the last noise to flee their rapidly diminishing form was either an inrush of air far to large for their tiny lung capacities, or that tell-tale sound of gooey crackles, much like the sound emitted when driving a steam roller over a large wad of packing paper that had grape jelly substituted for the air pockets), and notes...lots of notes.

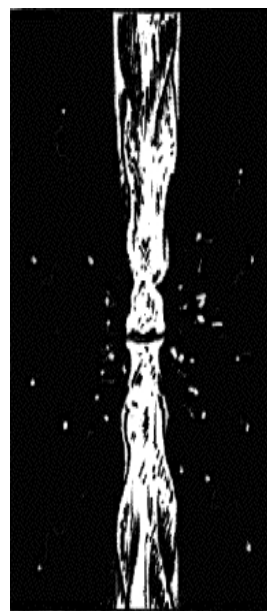
Eventually, Mark was able to faun in just the appropriate manner and the squirrels came. They came even when the ground around him was littered with the faintly twitching bodies of their stunned relatives. It was always the same. A squirrel appears, is coaxed close, and ends with the satisfying impact of rod with skull. But once, instead of the usual routine: Closer. Closer...and...BAP!

Well, there was a dust devil...vaguely shaped like a surprised squirrel, then nothing. Slowly, Mark put his staff away and sat for a very, very long time.

There are things that just happen. Your jaw will just start to hurt sometimes, or no matter what you do, your side burns never are the same length. That was the case with the squirrel. It just happened. Using the mighty resources of Hell Inc., we found that conditions were just right to send that little fuzzy shit back through time before the big bang occurred. Of course, the life span of the extremely surprised quadruped in question was slightly under 20 seconds in the pre-Universe. With a temperature of 0 Kelvin, and no external pressure, the little bugger exploded and froze all at once, looking amazingly like a piece of reddish popcorn. Incidentally, this is why the temperature of the universe is just above 0 Kelvin. When the squirrel with its endothermic, though short lived, body appeared on the scene, the heat in the universe went from 0 to just above 0 Kelvin. I'm getting ahead of myself, though.

Now, the funny thing is, there was bound to be a reality with the same general set of conditions. And wouldn't you know it? The whole place was anti-matter, complete with an anti-Mark and anti-squirrels. Of course some poor anti-squirrel got clobbered and "PAB" it vanished. It actually went hurdling back through time and popped back into the time stream just before the Big Bang occurred.

It was only by freak eventualities that both squirrels ended up light years (but there was no light. In fact, there was nothing but two squirrels. Does that make it dark years? Maybe squirrel years: The amount of distance covered by 2 squirrels in a year?) away



from one another in that pre-Big Bang space. Anyone with basic physics under their belt is going to realize that two bodies of any mass will attract one another, and with only the Two Squirrels, there was nothing to deflect their course. For eons, the two entities slowly moved toward each other, gaining speed, becoming dark blurs against a field of nothing.

Actually, it really wasn't all that spectacular to see. If you ever go to Mammoth Caves and go down to the lake and they shut the lights off, that's about how stunning it looked. Trust me though, they were traveling along at speeds that would make most physicists shiver and take a cold shower.

So eventually...

Actually, there was no sound. Just a sudden increase in the amount of things to be seen, and in the amount of light to see them by. As a matter of fact, everything suddenly got kinda bright. Rather conveniently, matter and antimatter totally annihilate each other on contact, producing gobs of energy, so from the moment of contact, the view was much more interesting, then again watching a cow chew it's cud is more interesting than just waiting for two squirrels to collide, you can't see them, you can't even try to take bets.

The long and the short of it is, the entire multiverse came into existence when two squirrels ran headlong into one another. Thanks Mark.

"Q-FUCKIN' BOOM!"

News from the Kitchen:

Well, the end of the quarter is fast approaching. This means that the RIT staff of GDT and MP are under a lot of pressure. Last week was absolutely crazy, what with the news about the proposed cuts. Undoubtedly there was (Hey, I wrote this on Thursday, and I'm guessing) all kinds of fun stuff in the Reporter. News articles, cartoons, and all kinds of crap in the Opinion section. Just remember this, friends and neighbors: GDT scooped the Reporter. HA!

Speaking of the Reporter....

Did you notice all the letters of praise that the Reporter printed last week? Well, we haven't seen the letter the Head of Hell's Kitchen sent to the Reporter (with the blessing from the editors of the Melancholy Predator and Gracies Dinnertime Theatre). Lucky for you *we* printed it (issue 5, volume 4). I guess the Reporter has to keep up appearances.

From its conception, there has been bad blood between GDT and the Reporter. We've provided a short list of highlights to the right.

In the meantime, we urge all of you that regularly read us NOT to submit anything to the Reporter. Nothing that is but criticism. Tell your friends, spread the word. Let's *really* piss those bastards off.

A Short Synopsis of the Blood Feud with the Reporter (with highlights):

January 1995: A prototype column named Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, dealing with duct-taped Ethiopians, was rejected.

19 February, 1995: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre begins to publish a one page weekly article.

12 March, 1995: GDT was banned from the dining hall named Gracies.

26 March, 1995: GDT received it's first hate mail, convincing the founding triumvirate that they should publish more than their planned 5 issues.

2 April, 1995: First fan mail from a staff member of the Reporter.

Fall, 1995: The Reporter starts their "Opinion" section. Though we can't prove it, we think it was to compete with GDT.

Winter, 1995/1996: The Reporter begins to to put phrases like "The shitty" before their title...kind of like what the Melancholy Predator had been doing.

Spring, 1996: A small addition to the Hell's Kitchen publication family, 10:1 Cereal Delusions, submitted an article to the Reporter for publication. It was printed under the title "Delusions."

5 April, 1995: The Reporter prints their worst issue ever. C. Diablo writes a Letter to the Editor and sends it to the editors of GDT and MP for their signatures. They then give the Reporter a copy. The editor of 10:1 Cereal Delusions does not sign it.

Mid-April, 1995: The editor of the Reporter made it clear that 10:1 Cereal Delusions was not to appear in the Reporter again...presumably because of it's affiliation with GDT and MP.

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

to simply immerse her "chaste" arm in the well in their garden. When she complied the water boiled, scalding the adulteress. Instead of killing the unfaithful woman, as was his right, our saint removed himself and took up residence in another part of his castles. The scheming wife took advantage of Gengulf's merciful demeanor by sending her lover to hack him to pieces in his bed. Gengulf is the saint invoked against Cuckoldry.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Ava (May 6)**; She was the only maiden spared of the 11,000 that traveled with **St. Ursula (see Oct. 21)**. She was tortured and imprisoned by the Huns. When they decided to get rid of her, she was first thrown to the lions (who wouldn't touch her), and finally put to the sword. Her mutilated remains were put to sea in a stone boat that eventually came to rest in Brittany. Toddlers are dipped in the boat to help them develop strong legs. Another martyr this week is **St. Solangia (May 10)**, a peasant girl who lived near Bourges, France. She resisted the advances of a local aristocrat's son and in retribution he stabbed her to death.

Martyr of the week before

The **Martyr of the Week Before (April 28-May 4)** was **St. James the Lesser (May 3)**. St. James (known as "the Lesser" due to the fact that he was the younger of the two apostles named James) was a cousin of Jesus and, after our Lord's resurrection and ascension, became the first bishop of Jerusalem. It is interesting to note how literally the people living at the time of X's ascension believed the prophecy that he would return very soon to usher in the new kingdom. As an example, St. James vowed to fast until the return of X. Our saint may well of starved to death had the dear Lord not paid him a visit (and cooked him dinner). James didn't have to wait much longer to see paradise; he was captured by Pharisees and thrown from a pinnacle of the temple in the year 62.AD. James lived long enough to grant forgiveness to his wrongdoers before he was either stoned or beaten to death with a club (accounts differ).

Other Martyrs of note last week include **St. Zoe (May 2)** (Zoe, her husband, and their two children were slaves that happened to be Xian. When they refused to partake in their master's pagan rituals they were tortured and then burned alive)), **St. Philip (May 3)** (one of the big twelve, Philip was performing a public exorcism at which some of the spectators were killed by the beast being "cleansed." Among the casualties was the son of a local pagan priest who, as retribution, had our saint stoned and crucified upside down.)), and **St. Florian (May 4)**. An officer in the Roman army and a Xian- not a wise choice. Florian was repeatedly whipped, had the remaining skin flayed from his body and then was thrown into the Enns river (in Austria) with a millstone around his neck.

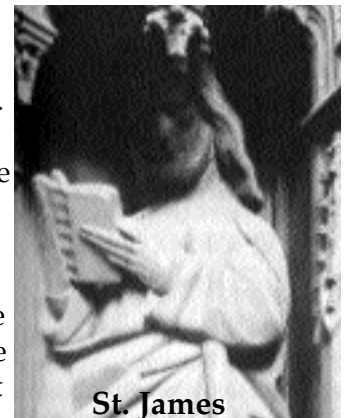
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes comments. Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or GDT c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623 GDT reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing it for clarity.

Welcome to the writings of a certified freak, albeit one with short hair. The **Martyr of the Week for May 5-11** is the venerable **St. Gengulf (or Gangulphus (May 11))**. St. Gengulf was a respected Burgundian knight in the eighth century. Rumors that his wife was unfaithful to him were constantly being brought to his attention. He confronted her with these allegations, which she denied. In order to prove her innocence, he asked her

to simply immerse her "chaste" arm in the well in their garden. When she complied the water boiled, scalding the adulteress. Instead of killing the unfaithful woman, as was his right, our saint removed himself and took up residence in another part of his castles. The scheming wife took advantage of Gengulf's merciful demeanor by sending her lover to hack him to pieces in his bed. Gengulf is the saint invoked against Cuckoldry.

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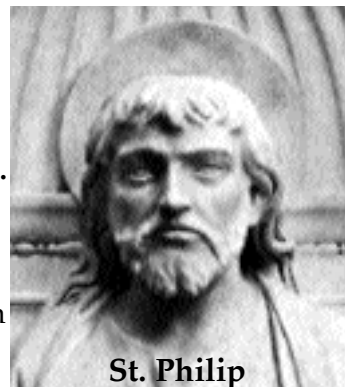
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St. Philip

ATTENTION ARTISTS/CARTOONISTS:

Has the *Reporter* shut you out because "there's no market for comics anymore"? Then talk to us. We have plans....

Often, when the staff of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is working on front page material, there is a natural selection process; survival of the fittest. When we began publishing last year after being rejected by the Reporter with first one, and then two pages, our limited space requirements led to whole-sale slaughter of ideas; in some cases, as much material had to be discarded as was kept.

After a year of conditioning, we have had an extremely hard time overcoming our Skinner Box training ("Oh, I'm sorry.... That issue is too long." !ZAP! "Ahhh!"). With this issues, however, we had enough material to fill at least 2 more issues.

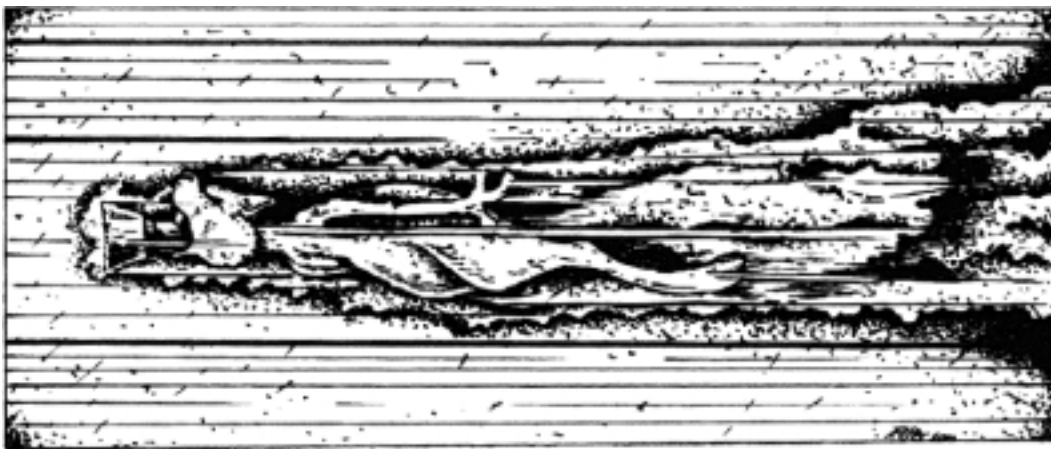
Anyway, here are some of the out takes from this week's issue. Enjoy.

The Squirrel Saga Continues...

Even before the founding of Hell Inc., many of its founding entities were intimately aware that our universe was created by the obliteration of two tiny, unaware vermin, traveling at dangerously high speeds. For centuries the Hell Inc. staff in the Cronus Corporation have been trying to jump start the Big Bang (think of the glory, think of the prestige, think of the copyright infringements). The Cronus Corp. being a gentler, more caring company, wanted to add an extra little twist to creation of the universe (as if two squirrels traveling just under the speed of light isn't strange enough). For years the blue-collar workers of the corporation have been taking squirrels and sending them spiraling back through time with a AA mini-theater penlight strapped to their muz-

zles. The writing staff of Hell's Kitchen is still unaware of whether this was meant to be an additional perk, showing the furry little rodent where it would be going, or if it was intended to introduce the

ill-fated creature to the fact that within a relatively brief amount of time it would soon be careening at speeds now unimaginable to the human mind, toward a small sparkling light in the distance attached to a mirror image of its anti-self[†]. Not that the neuroses of the Cronus Corp. actually



matters too much in light of the fact that if those fateless little buggers even did make it back to the correct time[‡], they'd only have a fraction of a second to contemplate it, and even then this time would most likely be filled with the squirrel equivalent of, "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

From our vantage point at the end of the twentieth century, the physical dynamics of the pre-bang era are quite questionable. The incredible truth of this strange journey is that as the two squirrels traveled back in time toward the dawn of existence, they both started picking up excess mass and matter, much like the moon collects asteroids and Bert collects bottle-caps. At any rate, when they finally made it...they were huge. They were still squirrels, but squirrels you might think twice about before trying to shoo them

away from the bird feeder.

They were galactic size squirrels.[‡]

Even being as large and as glorious as they were, with quite literally the weight of the universe on their backs, they still ended up

looking much like a couple of freezer (and Christmas) ready Pop Secrets®. All the matter in the universe can be traced to these two founding critters. In fact, that dark matter that physicists are so keen to believe in, much like a child might wish on a star, is there. It exists, but it might be better named "Squirrel Matter."

[†]The concept of a flashlight in the mouth of a squirrel traveling at the speed of light predictably sparked a week long debate among the staff of Hell's Kitchen on the physics behind the idea. There were two factions (well, three. One group didn't see the point of arguing, since the little guys exploded and wouldn't be seeing much of anything): The majority felt the squirrel wouldn't see anything, where as the minority felt the squirrel would not only see the light from their flashlight, but any other light around them. After much debate, exchanging of formulas, and vague death threats, it was determined the question was phrased incorrectly.

Because no object with mass can travel the speed of light, the question has to be rephrased as "If a squirrel traveling just under the speed of light had a flashlight in its mouth would it see the light, or any light around it." Then, the answer is yes, though any outside observer would see in infinitely small point that is the squirrel...and no light from the flashlight.

[‡]Though the time travel abilities of the administration of Hell Inc. are extremely advanced, the methods used by the various satellite corporations and divisions are shotty at best. The method currently in use by the Cronus Corp. can best be described as "the shot gun" method. The workers can not control when a squirrel will appear in time.

For eight hours a day, 5 days a week, the floor workers of the Cronus Corp (A section. The people working in C Section shove pens into rat's bums and shoot them into the future to bring about Armageddon. The less asked the better. "Just sign you're name here sir...". Presumably, B section sends some kind of furry mammal with a prostheses into the present (though they really can't tell. I mean, if you are time traveling into the present, you don't move a whole heck. Because of the apparently insane nature of the job, the workers in B Section are all Zen Masters. Heck, working in B Section is like living a Zen Koan)) talk with co-workers about who they are fucking and their damn kids while they stoically shove flashlights into the mouths of stunned squirrels rolling along a sort of assembly line (insert cartoon assembly line music).

Eventually the squirrels reach the end of the line, and disappear^Δ.

This has led to the embarrassing discovery of little mammal skeletons with corroded bits of zinc and copper in their mouths at various archeological sites and imbedded in the shale of many quarries. Of course, Hell. Inc.'s security division, Pandora, works diligently to insure this information is never released to the public at large. The only reason we are able to print it is no one believes what we print. Hell, people thought my After Dinner Mint about modifying IMB simms to work in Macs was a joke.

^ΔAlong with the portion of the assembly line the squirrel was on. This has resulted in a massive recycling program, encompassing all of time and space.

[√]How's that? A one word paragraph consisting of only 5 words. Nothing like flaunting what you haven't got.

Letters:

Subject: GDT Volume 4 Issue 7

Date: Wed, 01 May 1996

From: "John O'Connell"

Attn: Kelly Gunter

RE: "Hair"

I'm sorry I missed that meeting in Webb, not only have I never actually seen our esteemed <ahem> president, I generally don't want to miss public, or semi-public, people in positions of authority make complete asses of themselves. I heard from other people that the tv news carried other quotes to that effect from him. Over, and over again.

As one of the many engineering students with long hair, I can't help but wondering if Simone can actually handle that concept. He seems, from what I have heard (pretty biased, admittedly) to have divided the campus community (such as it is) into two groups.

Engineering students, and people with long hair. Crossover between these groups has potential to require him to make an adjustment in thinking (heaven forbid).

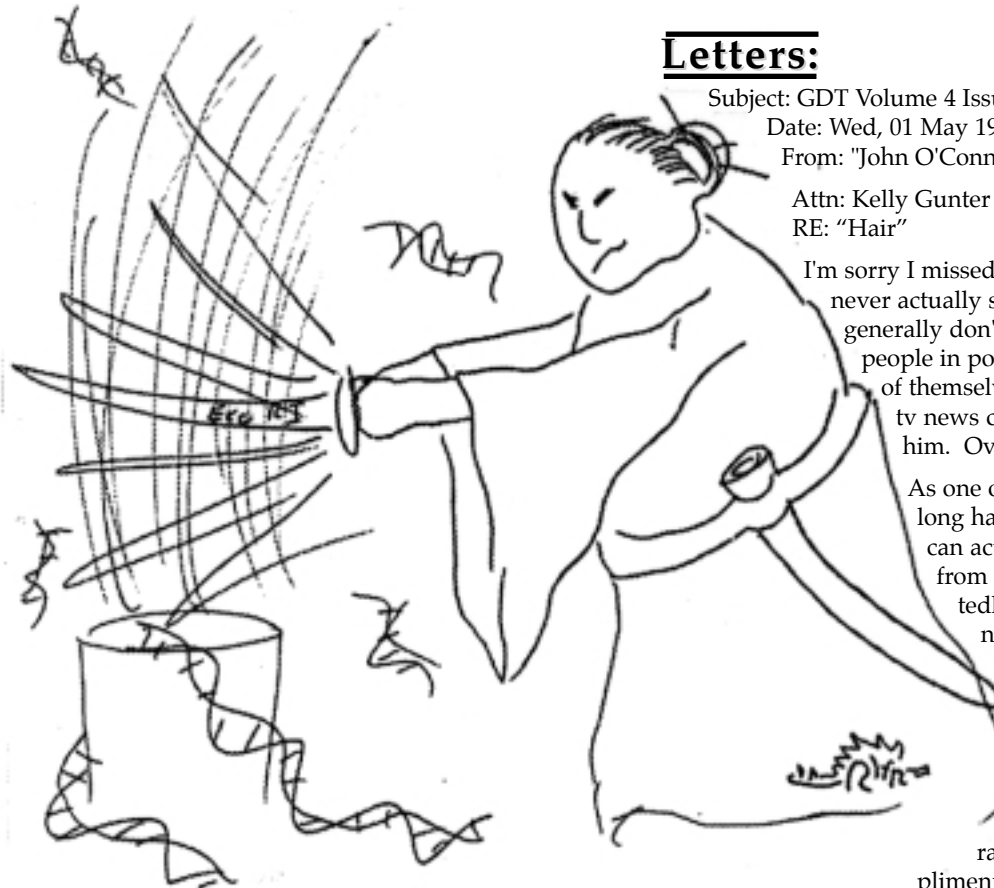
While I've taken this opportunity to ramble at you, I'd like to express my compliments to the entire GDT staff for another issue of refreshingly intelligent humor. Thank you, and please, please, keep up the good work.

-John

**Hell's Kitchen
subscriptions
available**

With the end of the academic year fast approaching, many seniors are undoubtedly coming to the realization that, "My God, I'm graduating and won't be able to read GDT, MP, or that whore 10:1 Cereal Delusions any more!"

No need to worry. We are offering subscriptions to anyone that wants them. If you're interested, please contact Hell's Kitchen for options and prices.



Random Fact:

The center of all North America is Rugby, North Dakota.

Binge & Purge

Mount: Obsessive Compulsive

Likes: circular logic and Excess

Dislikes: Moderation

Agility: What do you think? It's like trying to balance a whale on your pinky, using it's tail as the fulcrum.

Distinguishing Features: Binge has curves where they were never meant to be. Purge could hide easily in a sarcophagus.

Description: Watching these two walk is like watching the most grotesque comedy in existence. Whenever Purge attempts to take a step, she ends up having her entire insubstantial weight thrown forward by the unstoppable momentum built up behind Binge. However when Binge takes a step it's like listening to rice crispies. Binge's weight is too much for Purge's underdeveloped musculature, but that's ok, because it's her osteoperostic bones that are doing the puffed rice imitation.

