



The Misadventures of Carol Clusterfuck

"I have a malformed public duty gland and a natural deficiency in moral fiber and am therefore excused from saving universes."

Have you ever gotten up in the morning, picked up your usual mid-morning meal, and wondered what would have happened to you if you had eaten an extra pickle with breakfast? Consider this extra special holiday issue of GDT to exist half in the world where you wished you had chosen to wear a more befitting shirt for your pants, and half where you wished you had put those self-same pants on in the right direction. Enjoy *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* as if looking down the wrong pant leg, and then again as if looking down the other wrong pant leg. This week we give you two head articles for the price of none. There will be a brief intermission after the first article in which the the Vienna Boys Choir will sing "Adolf the Red Faced Nazi" and then the second article will begin.

Remember, Dickens is dead. This must be understood...

Charles Dickens is dead. This must be understood if anything wonderful is to come of this story. Hawthorne is dead too, thank god. Come to think of it, there are a lot of dead authors: Ayn Rand, Frank Herbert, Shakespeare, Dr. Seus, Theodore Dostrovski, Camus, Jean Paul Sarte and a whole handful of others. H. Jackson Brown Jr. isn't dead, but he really should be for what he brought into the world. And while we're on the topic of people who should be dead, let's talk about Scrooge.

Jim The-Hammer Scrooge (a traditional Balinese name. Incidentally when translated into German it means "Mentos") was one of those genuinely nice people who are cursed with a name that caused Eskimos to burst, for it translated in eskimali to "Mentos." Due to this unfortunate translation he developed an over-compensation complex which caused him to try to make the world a better place to live through the altruism of pimping. Every time Scrooge's altruistic spirit serves another satisfied customer the world suddenly contains an extra one armed midget with jaws of steel, burped from the bowels of hell. These midgets come into existence angry, maladjusted, and with a predisposition to licking knee-



Continued on page 2 of GDT...

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caps. Instead of hand, these one armed bastards have an adamantium dradle; they evolved that way in order to ward off vicious predators[†] from their native dimension.

How many licks does it take to get to the center of a human beings knee? This is a question often asked in clever midget bastard mini-school. The entire midget economy has been working to solve this very conundrum. Clever midget philosophers work round the incense clock to solve it. The major barrier the midgets have to overcome in quickly and decisively licking through patellae is their own tongue. This is referred to in the native midget lingo as the “salivatory barrier,” which incidentally sounds a lot like “!Men!tos.” Their tongues resemble stubby rubber gloves, minus the digits, and smell like them too. In prehistoric midget times, the early clever midget bastard race began as gastropods,^Δ recklessly flinging their tongues about in order to move and show love to their companions.

Unbeknownst to Jim The-Hammer Scrooge, his best efforts to improve the conditions of the world were being counter-acted by these vicious balls of dradle-tipped clever midget terror. In an attempt to show Scrooge the folly of his ways, three spirits came to warn him of the impending microcypse....

The spirit of the past tried his damndest to reach through Scrooge's warm exterior, but his autism posed a serious problem. Beyond his drooling and continual rocking motion his only means of communication was through a small chess set.

“What do you want of me?”

Queen's rook to pawn three.

“What?”

King's Bishop takes pawn.

“Look this doesn't make any sense.”

Queen to King's pawn two.

“Well, I'm going now, okay?” Scrooge wandered off and found himself staring into the eyes of an ass...

“Where are we, Spirit?” asked Scrooge as he struggled to remain upon the back of the donkey he rode upon by fighting back the groping arms of the horde of scantily clad men and women. Astride the same animal rode the Spirit of Today, seem-

[†] Which, coincidentally, are gargantuan super jews with huge torahs.

^Δ “Do you eat with that mouth?” “Yeah, I eat with it too!”[∂]

[∂] This is due to the fact that eat and shit are the same word in the clever midget bastard language.

ingly unaffected by the seeking hands of the people around him. The already drunk Spirit somehow managed to drink from a whiskey bottle, despite the swaying of the donkey.

"Sure'in ya don't know the place?" asked the Spirit of the Present in a thick Irish accent.

Scrooge looked about him. All he could see were carbon copy houses erected in the Ticky-tacky style of the late baby-boom era. The only difference was the colour of the home, how many midgets surrounded it, and the amount of Christmas lighting outside.

"I've never been here in my life," answered Scrooge.

"Ah don't blame ya. Tell ya the truth, I've never been here meself. But don't ya worry, me ass knows the way," he said patting the donkey on the head.

The Spirit found this amusing, and in his laughing, threatened to topple the donkey, but the Gropers surrounding Scrooge helped right the Spirit and steady him. As soon as he had stopped laughing, he turned and handed the bottle to Scrooge.

"Have a hoot."

Soon they approached an unremarkable house. The donkey stopped and merely stood.

"Ah, here we are then."

The Spirit of Today left his mount shakily. Many of his Gropers rushed to his aid that he wouldn't fall. Even as they held him up, he



called, "I'm alright! I'm alright!"

"What the heck is that!" he shrieked as he suddenly found his knees moist and tingling, "Get it off man! Get it off!" When the clever midget bastard was extracted from his knee, the Spirit continued on.

Slowly, the Spirit wove his way to the window with Scrooge following close behind.

"Oh yeah. This is where the Cratchits live. Come look at what will happen today."

Scrooge drew close to the dark window and suddenly light burst forth from the room. Instead of a dark nighttime room, Scrooge watched the Christmas Lunch that would happen later that day.

A woman Scrooge assumed to be Mrs. Cratchit was busy at the microwave, feverishly trying to crisp midgets,^β then having to rotate the remains.

Soon Bob Cratchit stumbled into the room burdened under the weight of many midgets. Bob's back was covered with tongue burn. Just behind Bob, a group of midgets carried a large child, and the poor midgets wove from side to side under the enormous weight. They carry him off to another room from which a high-pitched squealing noise is heard.

"Who is that child?" Scrooge asked with a snicker.

The Spirit looked through the window while taking another drink. "That's Gigantic Tim. Bit roomy ain't he?"

"What's the problem with him?"

"Oh, some dradle game these midgets play, very religious these midgets. Clever group though. He'll get over it."

The child was beyond belief. His sounds were incredible for a child of only seven.

^β With the patented clever midget bastard microwave crisping bag.

If you find Mistakes in GDT, please consider that they are not mistakes and you just don't know what we're talking about OR the universe is wrong and we are simply pointing out the errors.

"Spirit, no more, I beg of you," Scrooge gasped.

Suddenly the light from the window vanished and a cold wind began to blow.

"Oh oh," murmured the Spirit as the smile disappeared from his face.

"Well, ha, my time here is done," said the Spirit as he hurried to his donkey. Coming down the road was a figure dressed all in black. "Got to go. Previous engagement ya know." The Spirit's band quickly went down a side street and were gone.

The figure approaching was a woman. She wore a long black dress, and walked with quick, deliberate steps. Her jaw and cheek bones shone painfully through her taught skin. Her black hair was all worn back in a tight bun, making her bony face more accentuated. Around her neck hung a cross and on her chest was an A.A. button. She somehow exuded an anti-midget field around her.

The Spirit of the Future was an Alcoholics Anonymous councilor.

More than that, Scrooge got the impressing that she watched the Church Channel for inspiration.

"Are you the...the Spirit of the Future?"

"I am the Spirit of the Future and I show people their horrible ends that they may find their Lord Jesus. Who are you?"

"Well, I'm Scrooge and I'm a altruist pimp."

The Spirit nodded her head. "Very good. The first step is admitting you have a problem."

Scrooge's perplexed mood destroyed, he turned toward the window. "Why don't you show me what will happen to Bob Cratchit."

The window grew bright. What Scrooge saw shocked him. His niece and Bob Cratchit were passionately mauling midgets in the kitchen.

"An all-out assault?" Scrooge asked the Spirit. "When will this start?"

"Oh, it's already been going on for a few years in your time. I will pray for human kind."

"What about Gigantic Tim. What happens to Tim, I mean they were killing him, or doing something."

The scene changed. A skinny teen stood in the doorway, rolling his eyes as his father spoke to him.

"He's skinny now."

Inside, the now Thin frame of Tim hollered at his father.

"Yeah, their mine. So what. It's my life."

"You are not to keep these dradles under this roof."

"Go to hell," Tim said as he left the room. As a second thought, he walked back in, flicked his father off, said, "they're not dradles, they're war trophies!" then walked out. Tim had become quite the midget commando once his youth and innocence were lost.

"Whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger" the Spirit hissed. "Do you see what your good ways have done?"

"I don't see that I can change anything. How could I have started this? All I see is a woman who regularly watches 'Breaking Bricks For God' and places her hand on the television to pray." Scrooge grabbed her cross and was suddenly in his own bed, his pillow in hand.

Sighing, he settled back down and went to sleep peacefully dreaming of the many days of altruistic pimping ahead.

It's probably just as well for Dickens that he's dead.

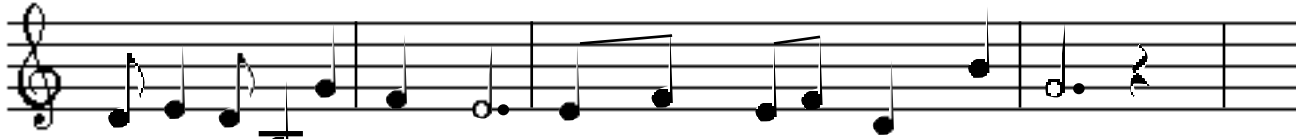
Intermission:

As you all stream out to go to the bathroom or buy overpriced Sour-Patch Kids at the candy stand, we should have a holiday sing along:

A d o l f t h e R e d - F a c e d N a z i



A- dolf the Red-Faced Na-zi used to spend his time sketch-ing



and if you e-ver saw them you would run a-round retch-ing.



All of the o-ther ar-tists used to laugh and call him names. (*Like dum-kopf!*)



They never let poor A-dolf join in their ex-press-o games.



Then one star-ry win-ter night A- dolf turned to say:



Brown shirts with your boots so bright, let's burn the Reich-stad to-night.



And all the Na-zi's loved him. And they shout-ed out in greed:



"A- dolf the Red- faced Na-zi, you'll go down in in-fam-y." (*Like Attil-a!*)

Words by Sean Hammond. Thanks to Mark Nowak for his musical ear and to Steve Antonson for his imagination.



The Misadventures of Carol Clusterfuck

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Charles Dickens is dead. This must be understood if anything wonderful is to come of this story. Hawthorne is dead too, thank god. Come to think of it, there are a lot of dead authors: Ayn Rand, Frank Herbert, Shakespeare, Dr. Seus, Theodore Dostrovski, Camus, Jean Paul Sarte and a whole handful of others. H. Jackson Brown Jr isn't dead, but he really should be for what he brought into the world, but more on that later. First, let's talk about Michael Ebenezer.

Michael was one of those unfortunates whose name gives Fate a firm handshake of recognition and makes a deal. Inheritance isn't all pentose sugars and drawing squares; names are just as powerful as any sub-cellular squidgy bits. What you call someone determines what they are.

Writers, maybe more than anyone else, understand this. They are the word smiths and engineers of ideas that fashion realities. Anyone who has been thoroughly wrapped up in a book understands that the worlds between those pages are real.

Beyond that, words have power. They capture and, ultimately, *are* exactly what they describe. Like catalysts in some sunny pool, they interact with one another and form more complex ideas in self-reinforcing reactions. There are certain words and phrases which have a natural affinity for each other. They fit together so naturally, so easily, that it is difficult to think of them separately. Ancient Chinese...secret. Superfluous...third nipple. Ebenezer...Scrooge.

Words have power. Ten's of thousands of years ago when Man sat around fires, hud-

dling against the Death that crept in the night, they took their first steps towards communication: giving their thoughts substance, reality.

That's the key.

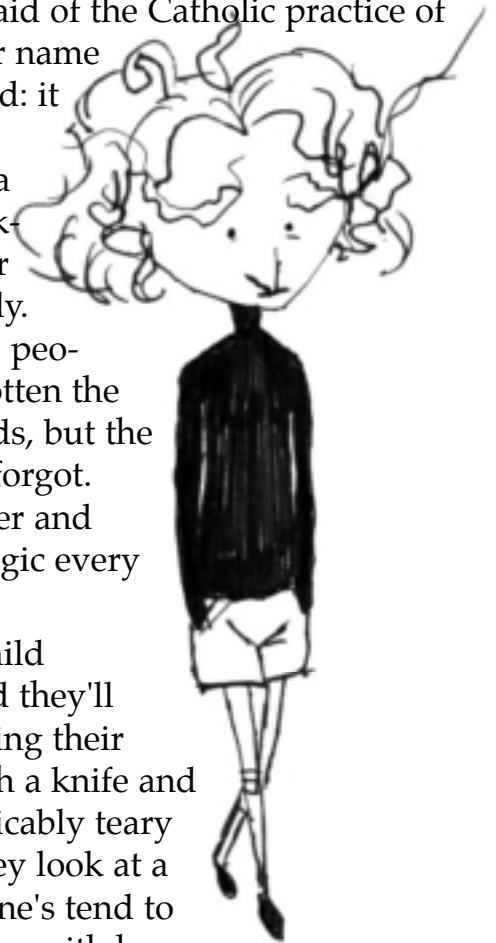
Words not only reflect reality, they create it. The people living in the Middle Ages understood this and began using middle names to make sure no one could easily find out their full nomen and control them. The same can be said of the Catholic practice of taking another name once confirmed: it

was an act of trust to share a potential weakness with your God and family.

In recent ages, people have forgotten the power in words, but the word's never forgot. They remember and work their magic every day.

Name a child Alexander and they'll grow up untying their shoe laces with a knife and getting inexplicably teary eyed when they look at a globe. Catherine's tend to have obsessions with horses and are very popular with the boys. Guido's forge money, and calling a child Damien is just asking for trouble.

So Michael Ebenezer, given a name that if it were a hereditary heart disease, would



make any life insurance company laugh nervously, was treated the way he was in spite of the facts. A small, lanky boy with curly hair that tended to make him look like something seen in the darkest dreams of Robert Oppenheimer, Michael got the butt end of everything. In kindergarten his parents were constantly told that he didn't share well with the other children, even though he gave his own toys to his peers. In elementary school he was punished as a bully who stole lunch money, though he looked like a poster child for rickets because he gave his own lunch money to a rotund boy whose parents never gave him enough money to satisfy his enormous appetite.

All his life people heard his name, subliminally ignored the "Michael," heard "Ebenezer Scrooge," and their underworked synapses connected his name to catalytically active phrases like "cheap...skate," and "tight...wad." Being from a long line of Ebenezer's he was independently wealthy, which didn't help matters.

So he compensated. As he grew older, he volunteered to help in the community. He never counted his change. He bought expensive, lavish gifts for people he barely knew. He donated millions to the UN. He even went so far as to sign his name "Michael E." (which made people inexplicably start hum-

ming the theme to "Beverly Hill's Cop." Not much of an improvement, but at least they weren't always checking to see if their wallet was still there). Despite all this, he couldn't escape his name. He'd give \$50 to a homeless woman selling pencils and win a \$100 gift certificate at Borders for being their 5,437,982nd customer. He'd give \$1,000,000 to a charity and his stock would split 17 times making him more cash than there's room to write here. And so the cycle kept spiraling upward and upward as he feebly worked to escape his name.

Now, philosophers have pondered the nature of good and evil for thousands of years without approaching the truth...and if they did get near, they promptly turned around and quickly walked away, dedicating their lives to living on top of a mountain, eating yak cheese, and trying to forget that the sound of one hand clapping was "cla." Ironically, most first year Chemistry students are closer to understanding Good and Evil than any theologian.

Contrary to most ethics courses, Good and Evil are not relative measures, but are like light in they are both a wave and a particle. The particles of this ultimate duality are subject to osmotic pressure. Unfortunately, once they enter through the ozone layer they are altered in such a way they they can not

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dif-
fuse back out into the ether. When the world has a high relative concentration of Goodness, Evil flows in to balance things out. So for every good deed done, that much more evil enters the world. The converse is also true: a bad deed done raises the level of goodness.

The best documented case of this balancing is the World Wars. At the latter half of the 19th century people were so enthusiastic about mass production that Evil seeped in, eventually causing WWI. To offset the horrors of the world's first industrialized war, Goodness poured in and resulted in the Roaring 20's. With all those flappers going around bobbing their hair and spreading free-love, the inertia of the Goodness overcompensated. There was so much love, hope, and a general sense of wellbeing that a gargantuan amount of Evil was required, causing both the Great Depression and WWII.

That's how cool the '20's were.

The problem is that even with the relative levels of Good and Evil balancing one-another out, the absolute levels of both have been increasing for millennia, causing greater acts of Depravity and Justice. It's generally accepted that Hitler was Bad. You can practically hear the capital letter when you talk about him. What about Pol Pot? Hitler caused the death of over 20 million. Pol Pot only caused the death of a few million. He's not *as* Bad. Do you see? Things are buzzing at a higher level, and everything we do raises the ante.

So with the publication of books like "Life's Little Instruction Book," and "A Father's Book of Wisdom," by H. Jackson Brown Jr. (I told you we'd get back to him, Trusting Reader), the world becomes worse and worse. Better if he had written a treaty of the theoreti-

cal application of Quantum Bubbles. Imagine Michael Ebenezer, driving cars with stickers with bits of wisdom like "Practice Random Acts of Kindness," and the damage he could do...all because he was trying to escape his name. It was intolerable! Violating some ancient and unspoken agreement Those That Watched stepped up and Acted....

As Michael lay on his futon, there was a sound at his window. A light tapping. Cheerily he got up and put on his bunny slippers just as the room was filled with a great gusting wind. Once it died down, he saw what looked like a mass of spiderwebs and dust hovering above him, furiously writing. It was a Ghost.

Now, Michael was an enlightened New Age-er, attending Solstice ceremonies and contributing millions each year to various Pagan groups around the country, so the appearance of this wintry apparition did not fill his heart with dread. Then again, little filled his heart with dread.

Michael was an annoyingly optimistic person.

He expectantly waited for his visitor to

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speaking, but when it did nothing but write for several moments, Michael felt compelled to clear his throat.

"Uh-hum?"

The Ghost appeared to reach the end of a sentence and looked down. "MICHAEL," he said in a voice that could clear rust off a bumper, "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

"I haven't the foggiest."

"Oh," said the now confused Ghost in a more normal voice. "You are Michael Ebenezer, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"WELL, I'M CHARLES DICKENS."

"Nice to meet you."

Michael extended his hand and the Ghost looked as though he had just been offered a shoe with a duck in it. After a moment, he reached down and shook hands.

"There really seems to have been some mistake here. You're supposed to recognize me at this point and be all quaky and scared as I use my Voice. Hmmm. But you are Michael Ebenezer at 1516 East Street, right?"

"You've got the right guy. Care to sit down?"

"Sit! I'd love it. You have no idea how hard it is floating around all the time and using the Voice. You don't mind me not using the Voice do you? I can if you really want the effect--"

"Actually, said Michael hastily, "I'd rather if you didn't. It is a bit grating."

"So, you're not going to say I'm a carrot or anything?"

"Ah, no. But I would like to know why you're here."

"Oh, that! Well, since you are the right person, I'm supposed to tell you that you've got to CHANGE YOUR—Oh! Sorry. Habit.

Change your Charitable ways."

"What!"

"Yup. No more charity for you. Best thing you could do would be to go buy some cheese and lock your self in the attic. Don't even think about applause."

"I don't understand. I thought it was, well, good to be good."

"Exactly. And to show you the error of your ways, three Spirits will visit you tonight."

"Including you?"

"Ah... Four Spirits."

"I should have bought more tea today."

"You have tea? Could I have some Earl Grey?"

But even as he spoke Charles Dickens slowly faded until only his voice remained.

"Bugger! It's been years since I had a good cup of Earl Grey..."

Almost immediately the room was filled with a flash of light. Once his retina's had recovered Michael saw a small child rocking back and forth.

"Are you one of the Spirits sent to show me the errors of my ways?"

The boy rocked back and forth in front of a chess board. Slowly he moved a pawn.

"Wow," said Ebenezer, feeling a bit uncomfortable when nothing was said. "I haven't seen a chess set like that since I was a kid."

More rocking. A knight was moved.

For the next hour The Spirit of the Past tried his damndest to reach through Scrooge's warm exterior, but his autism posed a serious problem. Beyond his drooling and continual rocking motion his only means of communication was through the small chess set.

"What do you want of me?"

Queen's rook to pawn three.

"What?"

King's Bishop takes pawn.

"Look this doesn't make any sense."

Queen to King's pawn two.

"I'm starting to get a bit upset, here. Who are you, anyway? The Spirit of Bobby Fisher?"

King's rook to bishop's pawn three.

"Well, I'm going now, okay?" Michael wandered into the next room and found himself staring into the eyes of an ass.

"Where are we, Spirit?" asked Michael, suddenly outside, his bunnies up to their plastic pink noses in snow. He was unceremoniously scooped up and thrown onto the back of a donkey by a horde of scantily clad men and women. Astride the same animal rode the Spirit of Today, seemingly unaffected by the seeking hands of the people around him. The already drunk Spirit somehow managed to drink from a whiskey bottle, despite the swaying of the donkey.

"Sure'in ya don't know the place?" asked the Spirit of the Present in a thick Irish accent.

Michael looked about him. All he could see were carbon copy houses erected in the Ticky-tacky style of the late baby-boom era. The only difference was the colour of the home, and the amount of Christmas lighting outside.

"I've never been here in my life," answered Michael.

"Ah don't blame ya. Tell ya the truth, I've never been here meself. But don't ya worry, me ass knows the way," he said patting the donkey on the head.

The Spirit found this amusing, and in his laughing, threatened to topple the donkey,

himself, and Michael, but the Gropers surrounding Michael helped right the Spirit and steady him. As soon as he had stopped laughing, he turned and handed the bottle to Michael.

"Have a hoot."

Soon they approached an unremarkable house and the donkey stopped and stood in that final and unmoving way that donkey's and camels have. After a few minutes of cursing and half hearted pushing by the Spirit's revelers, the Spirit reached a conclusion:

"Ah, here we are then."

The Spirit of Today left his mount shakily. Many of his Gropers rushed to his aid that he wouldn't fall. Even as they held him up, he called, "I'm alright! I'm alright!"

Slowly, the Spirit wove his way to the window with Michael following close behind.

"This is where the Cratchits live."

"You mean the people I'm going to give that free Christmas dinner to?"

"Mmm, hmm. They didn't ask for it though, did they?"

"Well, no. But it's Christmas. You're supposed to help those less fortunate."

"Even if they don't want your help?"

Michael stayed silent and drew close to the dark window. Light burst from the room revealing the Christmas lunch that would happen later that day.

In a cramped kitchen a woman Michael assumed to be Mrs. Cratchit was busy at the microwave, slaving away at punching buttons, then having to rotate the food. In the corner a little girl sat in a high-chair industriously sucking on her fist. Soon Bob Cratchit stumbled into the room carrying a huge child. The child was more hunched over Bob's shoulders that being carried, and the

poor man wove from side to side under the enormous weight.

"Who is that child?" Michael asked with a snicker.

The Spirit looked through the window while taking another drink. "That's Gigantic Tim. Bit roomy ain't he?"

"What's the problem with him."

"Oh, some glandular thing. He'll get over it."

The child was beyond belief. His sheer bulk was incredible for a child of only seven. More of a fleshy gastropod than a child, Michael was soon laughing at the spectacle through the window along with the Spirit. All his years of understanding and charity were horrified at what he was doing, but he couldn't help it; it was a shock reaction to the horror that was Gigantic Tim. When the dinner was served, Michael began to laugh even harder when he saw the child's plate mound-ed with food.

"Spirit, no more, I beg of you," Michael gasped.

Suddenly the light from the window vanished and a cold wind began to blow.

"Oh oh," murmured the Spirit as the smile disappeared from his face.

"Well, ha, my time here is done," he said hurrying to his donkey. Coming down the road was a figure dressed all in black. "Got to go. Previous engagement ya know." The Spirit's band quickly went down a side street and were gone, save a lone triple, doing things to one another the Michael had only heard about. Sensing something was wrong, they stopped and looked up at the approaching figure. Hastily, they ran after the rest of their troop.

The figure approaching was a fearful site, even to Michael's non-judgmental nature. It was a woman wearing a long black dress,

better fashioned for times when "Show us his head!" was a favorite cheer of crowds at spectator sports. She walked quickly, each step sharp and deliberate. Her jaw and cheek bones shone painfully in the orange glow of the city's night. Her black hair was all worn back in a tight bun, making her bony face more accentuated. Around her neck hung a cross and on her chest was an A.A. button.

The Spirit of the Future was an alcoholics Anonymous councilor.

More than that, Michael got the impression that she watched the Church Channel for inspiration.

"Are you the...the Spirit of the Future?"

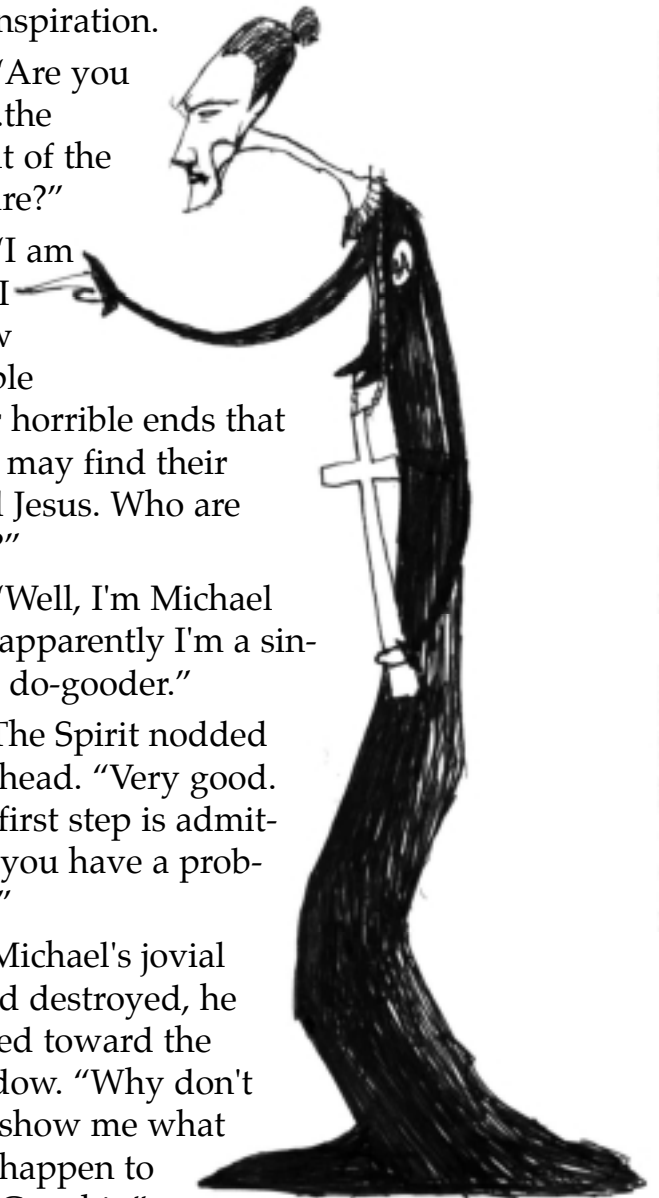
"I am and I show people their horrible ends that they may find their Lord Jesus. Who are you?"

"Well, I'm Michael and apparently I'm a sinning do-gooder."

The Spirit nodded Her head. "Very good. The first step is admitting you have a problem."

Michael's jovial mood destroyed, he turned toward the window. "Why don't you show me what will happen to Bob Cratchit."

The window grew bright. What Michael



saw shocked him. His niece and Bob Cratchit were passionately kissing and mauling one another in the kitchen.

"Does your wife know?" Michael's niece managed to say.

"No. How could she."

"An affair?" Michael asked the Spirit. "When will this start?"

"Oh, it's already been going on for a few years in your time. I will pray for them."

His niece slowly bent down, to pick up some change she had dropped, undoubtedly.

"Ah," said Michael feeling unusually warm considering he was standing in the snow, "what about Gigantic Tim. What happens to Tim."

Thankfully the scene changed, showing a skinny teen standing in the doorway, rolling his eyes as his father spoke to him.

"He's skinny now."

"Yes, the Lord healed his glands."

Inside, the now Thin frame of Tim hollered at his father.

"Yeah, their my pamphlets. So what. It's

my life."

"You are not going to join the Peace Corp, you Moolie!"

"Go to hell. I leave for Guam tonight," Tim said as he left the room.

"Satan is in that boy," the Spirit hissed. "Do you see what your Good ways have done?"

"I don't see that I can change anything. All my life I've tried to do things to help people, and you're telling me that for every good thing I do, a bad thing happens to balance some cosmic balance sheet. I'm sorry, but that's stupid. I don't know who's in charge, but all I see is a woman who regularly watches 'Breaking Bricks For God' and places her hand on the television to pray." Michael grabbed her cross and was suddenly in his own bed, pillow in hand.

Sighing, he settled back down and went to sleep. The next morning he closed several manufacturing plants he owned, bought Exxon, and sent the Cratchit's a rat in third class mail.

Merry Christmas.

Dear Santa, GDT'd like The Complete Works of Terry Pratchett (including the books he hasn't written yet), James Burke on a chain 7 of 9, The chance to meet Harlan Ellison before he dies, The chance to meet Frank Herbert, Ayn Rand, Theodore Sturgeon, and a bunch of other dead authors, businesses

sappy?), for faeries to stop stealing my chapstick, a working Time/Probability machine, to meet Carissimus Diabls, photo CD of The Big Bang, more writers and people to do layout for Christmas please. Thank you.
-GDT

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