



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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The Refreshing Face  
of the Freshman  
Class



Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed colleagues, faculty and staff, freshmen and commuters, trustees and overlords, friends and enemies, Nick Spittal and parents, honor students and the socially inept, and anyone else who may be reading... WELCOME BACK!

I can smell the fresh mortar of the GCCIS<sup>1</sup> building, the stale funk of the wastewater facility behind Perkins, the money being torn from the frosh's parent's pocketbooks at the bookstore, and until recently the mellow odor of decaying hops and barley in my girlfriend's pantry. Oh yes, I missed this place.

It's as if we've been handed fresh rounds to load into the proverbial rocket launcher<sup>2</sup>, there are so many issues that are begging to be blown out of proportion and into the limelight: ESPN Zone, Freshmen Orientation, the so-called "College Town", among others. With all of these prospective things to rant and rave about, we wanted to hit the sheets<sup>3</sup> first. The days of competition between *Reporter* and *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* are officially over – we kicked the shit out of them in the **Tug-O-War Battle Royale**<sup>TM</sup> for the second year in a row.



I won't beat around the bush here, we didn't stir up enough trouble last year. I wasn't called into Dr. Simone's executive suite once, nor was I given a firm talking to by members of the administration or Residence Life, and our hate mail was primarily from some rather irate cross-country members<sup>4</sup>. It is my goal to run this publication in a manner firmly committed to causing as much ruckus this year as inhumanly possible, and perhaps (if we're lucky) take over *Reporter's* office and pizza connections, of which I'm told are currently non-existent.

Please bear in mind that I haven't written anything for *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* in over a year, despite the incessant bitching from my co-editor every week. Hopefully that will change this year. In the meantime, Stay

Tuned<sup>TM</sup> for her rendition of the "Welcome Back" letter.

Sincerely,

Alex Moundalexis

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced like the supposed Lord of our Time<sup>TM</sup>, the Son of God<sup>TM</sup>: "Jesus." Say it aloud.

<sup>2</sup> I've always wanted to put that in writing. Maybe it's the rum talking, but I thought it made sense at the time.

<sup>3</sup> Streets. That should've read "streets," dammit. Yes, you know what we're thinking about. Freud, anyone?

<sup>4</sup> None of which we gave the time of day, after all it was Miller Time<sup>TM</sup>.

I spent my summer living down the road from a cow farm and behind a cornfield. Am I glad to be back at RIT? Hells yes, my friends. I never thought I'd be so happy to see bricks, detour signs, and my new home, complete with large gaping holes in the walls and closets that smell oddly of ass and cherries. I love that the ice cream man, who my roommate affectionately calls Mister Jingaling, comes to my apartment complex; that's the sort of quality one just can't find in the dorms.

My advice for the year? For the freshman coming in? I can't take credit for the advice I'm about to pass along, as it has become a sort of time-honored tradition here at *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*; a *GDT* staff mantra, and a pearl of wisdom passed onto me by those who have come and gone, primarily by The Illustrious Sean J. Stanley.<sup>TM</sup>

### **Don't fuck with the bullshit.**

No- really. I'm serious. Don't. Bullshit is like those nasty little termite buggers that I know are within the walls of my lovely apartment. You can yank out your hair trying to exterminate them, but there's always one or two that will fight for their right to exist, mate, and spawn a new breed of

unpleasantness, much fiercer and greater than before. You can fuck around with the bullshit till you're blue in the face, but all you'll end up with at the end of the day is rug burn and a great heaping pile of dung. Trust me, I didn't get to be a co-editor of 'that other publication' without getting my hands dirty. Or something.

I'll leave it at that for now. I'm sort of all out of wit after helping my oh so capable co-editor with his 'letter of welcome.' That, and I'm very much without rum at the moment. Pity. So... stay tuned for a new year of *GDT*, sure to cause some laughs, some hate mail, some eye rolling, but most of all some fun. Want to be a part of it? Please do. We're on the prowl for some new members, and while we won't give you a shiny press pass or a posh desk chair, we'll expand your world in ways you never knew possible, baby.

Hooray for the bandwidth,

Ren

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## What's the Frequency?

By Bryan Hammer

### *Music to me, and you?*

No doubt you've asked the following question to everyone you know: **So what kind of music do you like?** Music is a driving force in almost everyone's life; there aren't many occasions where you find someone who is not into any kind of music at all. Music helps us define who we are; we use it to sculpt our person. With the almost endless list of genres of music out today, there is almost always room for controversy and debate. Some people see music as something that adds to the party, pumps them up before the big game, something to comfort them, and others just love the freedom of expression and art it provides. Music is capable of an expression that is far more powerful than words alone. Music to me is about, emotion; raw and pure, expressed in such diversified ways that its often hard to believe that such a wide range of feelings can be created. Songs are an expression of mood. As we all live our lives, our music changes with us. As our values and ideals change, so does our music. Sometimes people change because of the music they are listening to, as well. That, I believe, is the silent power of music, the power to move you, and change you. We've all been in a bad mood, and heard our favorite song and for that moment just felt good because we were listening to that song. Music should open your mind and set you free, even if it's just for those five minutes. That is my favorite thing about music.

Music should be untainted by corporate hands, which unfortunately is hard to find these days. It should be an expression of the artist, for the sake of music, and anyone who can identify with the song. I enjoy songs that are definitions of sentiment, or expressions of human nature. I enjoy songs about a moment in the artist's life. I enjoy songs that just sound good. I enjoy songs that are honest.

I am against music that projects a life of hate, violence, and sin, and I believe that this kind of music can destroy the art form. The rationale that this kind of dark music has nothing to do with violent acts like those at Columbine High School or anywhere else is ridiculous. The music you listen to influences you. You may not even realize it, but every song you've heard will influence you in some way. It is up to you to decide what message is right for you.

### *So what's music to you?*

This column will be about the artists and events in the music scene from today and yesterday that I believe contribute positively to the art of music. Will I be biased most of the time? Probably. I've spent many hours arguing aspects of music. Who's a better band Led Zeppelin, or the Beatles? I hope you enjoy reading my opinions; I hope you love them or hate them. I hope they provide a catalyst for your own discussions and daydreams. Feel free to send your comments or arguments to me at [GDTWTF@hotmail.com](mailto:GDTWTF@hotmail.com).

# SUBMIT.

[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

## The Fetzer-Hoffmann Theory of Transgender Inter-relational Behavioral Dynamics

By David Fetzer, IWW, and Gary Hoffmann, KSC

Welcome to RIT<sup>1</sup> class of 2006<sup>2</sup>! You must be excited after your first week here – the sights and smells of brick assaulting your senses with all the tenderness and subtlety of a Nazi storm trooper or a nun at an Irish Catholic high school<sup>3</sup>, the sounds of computer monitors droning endlessly for months at a time mingled with the incessant ringing of Instant Messenger, and the gentle aromas of Gracie’s food wafting down the corridors of the dorms like a cloud of Cyklon-B. But at least you have beer, video games, and copious amounts of interaction with the more attractive members of the opposite sex to look forward to your four to eight year tenure on this fine campus.

What’s that? You don’t know how to interact with members of the opposite sex<sup>4</sup>? Well, if you’re like most RIT students<sup>5</sup> then you probably came here against your wi...I mean, for the high quality education<sup>6</sup>, not the social atmosphere<sup>7</sup>. But if you’re like most human beings, you prefer a warm body to your dominant hand<sup>8,9</sup>.

Thus, after years of observation, reflection, and debate, we give you a simple theory that will aid you in your dealings with the opposite sex for the rest of your life. The theory seems quite robust after initial testing, as we have yet to find a flaw with it<sup>11</sup>. Keep in mind, however, that this is a theory of explanation and

not a guide. You will have to determine how to apply it to your relationships on your own<sup>12</sup>. Thus, we relate the Fetzer-Hoffmann Theory of Transgender Inter-relational Behavioral Dynamics.

### Assertion the first: Women are Evil.

This is an undeniable Law of Nature, and was the first observation we made and thus the basis of our theory. But to just say, “Women are evil,” is too simple, and we all know women are much more complicated<sup>13</sup> than that. There are four categories of Evil, and differing degrees of Evil within each category. Jen and Sally, for instance, are high Category 3’s, while Nicole is a low Category 2. The categories are defined as follows.

**Category 1 – “Denial”:** The most common argument we receive against our theory, surprisingly from women, is “But I’m not evil!” This simply means you’re a Category 1, and have yet to come to terms with your evil nature. It’s okay; you don’t have to feel guilty about it. There’s nothing shameful about being evil, it’s just the way you were born. The sooner you admit that you’re evil, the sooner you can take full advantage of the fact.

**Category 2 – “Acceptance”:** In some ways the most preferable and least destructive of the categories, Acceptance is the category for those women who have accepted their nature and are moving on with their lives. “Yeah, I’m evil, but what can you do about it, right?”

**Category 3 – “Innocence”:** This is by far the most dangerous category, as well as the most fun.

<sup>1</sup> The Rochester Institute of Technology, lovingly referred to as the South Henrietta Institute of Technology, despite its location in the northwestern portion of Henrietta.

<sup>2</sup> Or class of 2010 for most of you Information Technology majors.

<sup>3</sup> Not that I harbor any resentment...

<sup>4</sup> Or even members of the same sex, if you’re a comp sci or engineering geek.

<sup>5</sup> We are all individuals. We can all think for ourselves.

<sup>6</sup> The funding for which is currently being spent on more brick and the field house. I mean, do engineers really look like they’re going to use an entire building devoted to sporting and exercise?

<sup>7</sup> Hah!

<sup>8</sup> You ever notice how the figure engraved in the College of Science Atrium has a larger right forearm than left? You have to give the artist credit for accuracy.

<sup>9</sup> Or your submissive hand, if that’s what you’re into<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> Freak.

<sup>11</sup> Anyone wishing to debunk us is welcome to try.

<sup>12</sup> Damn!

<sup>13</sup> Read: “confusing.”

Category 3's appear on the surface to be Category 1's, as they'll unfailingly deny their evilness, but don't be fooled. They know full well they're evil. The way you can tell is that they usually put on the most innocent face possible when denying it, hence the name of the category. A high Category 3 will certainly make your life interesting...

**Category 4** – “Evil and Loving It”: As the name implies, Category 4 women know they're evil, openly admit they're evil, and openly admit they enjoy being evil.

**Assertion the second:** Men are Idiots.

Again, this is a fundamental Law of Nature that we have merely observed and recorded, compiling it with two other Laws of Nature to create this theory. It should be noted at this point that these assertions are not mutually exclusive. That is, Men are Idiots, but that doesn't mean they can't be evil. Nor are women necessarily not idiots. The assertions merely state that all women are Evil and all men are Idiots. Some men are also evil and some women are also idiots.

Men, of course, are much simpler and more direct. There are no categories or degrees or other such

complications, it's just either 1 or 0, on or off, a man knows he's an idiot or he doesn't. An interesting point we've noted is that men don't argue this point. You won't here a man say, “But I'm not an idiot!” Most often, we explain our theory and the men in hearing will simply observe, “Oh, yeah! That makes sense.”

**Assertion the third:** People Suck.

This requires no explanation, and we believe it to be self-evident.

**Corollary to Assertion the First:** It has been our observation that not quite all women are evil. Grandmothers, somehow, have the ability to transcend their evil nature. Not all do, but they at least have the capacity to do so. Mothers are still incapable, but grandmothers, for some reason as yet undetermined, are the exception. Further research into this area is pending a grant<sup>14</sup>.

There you have it, the Fetzer-Hoffmann Theory of Transgender Inter-relational Behavioral Dynamics. I hope this has been enlightening and helpful to you as you enter your career as a student here at RIT. Good luck!

<sup>14</sup> Donations are accepted and greatly appreciated.

### **Crude Spade Face** **By R. Teagarden**

Antennae of appalling grace  
 Probe my weary crude spade face,  
 And my aural lily bones  
 Terminate like eels, like norns,  
 Of pharmaceuticals. They wax  
 Bright as bright *grand mal* attacks,  
 Ripcord jubilant, gold as snow —  
 This all nibelungen know.  
 Quartered in such terminal quarters,  
 Lot's prehensile bruised nude daughters'  
 Pointillistic blood (Type O)  
 Was washed clean long years ago.  
 On its strands graze your eye-lashes;  
 Anteaters rampage through the ashes.

**Poetry**

## The Bricktape Letters

Edited by Gary Hoffmann

It turns out ol' Clive Staples<sup>1</sup> was right – it's remarkably easy to get correspondences such as the one following to those in the know. However, while he stubbornly refused to relate his methods, I'll be happy to. This one in particular I found while wandering around the magical, disappearing seventh floor of a certain building on campus that shall remain nameless. I happened upon a door marked only "Regnum Gloria Nostrae," and found it to be fortuitously unlocked a few minutes after I tried the formerly barred portal the first time. Inside was not the dark sanctum of evil I had expected, but rather something wholly worse: the well-lit, tidy office typical of heads of Bureaucracy (that unholy blasphemy to all that is good and decent). Inside, I accidentally stumbled upon a secret compartment which opened after I unknowingly spoke – merely muttering to myself, of course – the secret name of the demon-god Unnecessary Expenditure, "Enomis Trebla." Inside the compartment were what I assumed to be love letters from Unnecessary Expenditure's leather-accessory wearing mistress, Charlotte Isabelle Anderson<sup>2</sup>, based on the copious amounts of red ribbon and cheap perfume that covered the many parchments contained therein. As you can see below, however, the mysterious missives are actually from a hell-spawned devil named Bricktape. One of the letters is reprinted here, chosen arbitrarily.

My dearest Enomis,

I see you've been progressing well in your plans. The Apathy Coefficient on the grounds of your domain is at an all time high. You've even gained the attention of some of the Upper Managers in the Eleven Chapters of the infernal realm of Bureaucracy<sup>3</sup>, and they wish to offer their congratulations. You should have heard the laughter that echoed off the Ten Thousand Filing Cabinets when we learned you finished paving over the so-called Infinity Loop with – of all things – brick! Soon you will be able to get away with covering the whole of lands in your control with red, fired clay blocks. And by

placating your many subjects with some trifling compensation such as ice cream (provided by our allies in the realm of Corporate Bureaucracy, no less – brilliant) and overpriced coffee, instead of things they would appreciate more in their later years – as if good teachers and adequate equipment are really important<sup>4</sup> – they will no more question the decision than if it had been their own.

Of course, we who sit at the Impassable Desks laughed even more loudly when you finally saw fit to eradicate one of the few havens of Personality and Genuine Character left in your experiment by giving it over to ESPN – a sports network at a technical school! How the Valley of Complicated Forms thundered with our celebrations! And the designers of the sports bar (I'm sorry – even now I can't suppress a giddy chuckle at the thought) performed their task admirably. Not a trace of Personality remains in the place, and not a dark corner exists for your subjects to find refuge from the glare of classroom lights.

Let me remind you, however, that your task is not yet completed. There are still a few students who are "actually, you know, interested in things," to quote one of the professors you've been most unwise in retaining. Bringing Glubwart last spring to speak to your graduating subjects was a risky maneuver. We realize it was meant to test the extent of the Apathy Coefficient, but it briefly sparks some concern in a few of the more able-minded subjects, and nearly led to actual debate. But, again, we congratulate your ability in keeping the dissenters out of sight and restoring an even greater level of Apathy. You are truly a gifted servant to Our Father Who Sits at the Center of the Maze of Offices.

Let me close by advising caution – the coming months are critical in demolishing our twin enemies, Concern and Interest, in the new subjects. But you know that.

Your affectionate second cousin, thrice removed,  
Bricktape

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<sup>1</sup> Ouch. I can see why he went by C. S.

<sup>2</sup> In a remarkable coincidence, she's also usually referred to by her initials.

<sup>3</sup> It is no surprise that Bureaucracy, as the metaphysical embodiment of an abstract concept, is larger than (or, at least, contains more levels than) Hell. The Eleventh Chapter, of course, is reserved for those most dastardly of sinners, corporate executives. But, I digress...

<sup>4</sup> Here I believe Bricktape is referring specifically to the College of Science, based on some clues in a few of the other letters which seem to imply the College of Science is little more than a place to train the students of the College of Engineering in the math and physics they need. Bricktape also admits, however, a crushing defeat to their cause when a new dean for the College of Science was chosen only after a thorough and completely unbiased search with only the pure and noble purpose of finding the best person for the job in mind.

**T.E.H. — PART ONE**  
**A Slow Start, Really.**  
**By Rocko Bonaparte**

The fall quarter was out and over with. The students and the snow were both settling in for the first time that academic year. A few students decided they couldn't cut it, and dropped out. Most of the transfers were freshmen, but some of the sophomores were having trouble in their majors as well. Paul was doing OK — somewhere between grueling it out and leaving in terror. At any other school, that would be considered kind of bad, but this is RIT. A sour stomach was to be expected. Or, perhaps, an aching stomach, as was the case with poor Paul. It had nothing to do with bad grades.

It was between quarters, and Gracie's dining hall was running on shorter hours. The residence halls were about to close down, forcing most (all) of the freshmen to get out of there. This didn't apply to Paul — he was a sophomore in a Perkins apartment, however, he wanted to hang out with his friend, Ken Bradshaw, before he was kicked out for the week. Ken was a freshman, aging 18. He was the overweight-unkept-facial-hair-computer-person-lisp-voice type. Paul, on the other hand, was the generally-clean-but-dorky type. They were a contrast to each other, but both were computer science majors, and both liked their computer games. Neither Ken nor Paul had a car, so they couldn't take their get-together elsewhere. They wound up at Gracie's, of all places.

They sat at one of the far corners of the place. At this time between quarters, that made them a little island all in themselves. Paul sat with his back to the window. He let Ken have what little view there was outside. It was a dreary autumn evening. It was overcast, and raining lightly just outside the window.

"Haf you ever noticed everyfing in here smells like cinnamon?" Ken observed. Paul nodded, "Yeah, that was a running joke with the people on my floor last year."

"It's disgusting. They put it in everyfing."

"In all fairness, I think it's just the disinfectant cleaner they use here."

"I don't fink they really clean around here." Ken said, "And they reuse all the food." Paul pecked at his chicken potpie half-heartedly. He was originally interested in checking out Gracie's again after staying away from it for 6 months. Now it occurred to him that it was a bad idea.

"You know," Paul began, "at least lunch isn't so bad. Especially the sweet and sour chicken."

"Well, you know what they do wif the leftover chicken." Ken responded, pointing at the potpie. "We had sweet and sour chicken last week."

Two technology-oriented people can spew out more cynical garbage than two old farts on the front porch. It's one of those things outsiders wouldn't notice. Get them comfortable with each other for one minute, and you'll find out that if something doesn't suck, then it's stupid. They make horrible brothers. But these are the type of people that also clam up around strangers. They get stage fright, and just say nothing.

Paul clammed up when Ken's friend showed up. "Greets, Kenny." He said. The guy was taller than both of them He looked Indian — Dark skin with a westernized face. He wore a pair of thick glasses. In his left hand was a vanilla ice cream cone; in his right, chocolate. He alternated between the two of them.

"Christ, Kaykay, did they feed you enuff in India?" Ken asked him.

"Well, *yeah*, considering I was born and raised in America" Kaykay blurted, in an embellished, sarcastic tone. He took a nice bite out of the vanilla ice cream, which made Paul's spine shiver. "But hey," Kaykay stated, "the ice cream's kind of crystallized, but it sure beats the crap you guys are eating."

He sat down with them and talked for a while. Paul had to break in for a moment to get the proper introduction. By this time, Kaykay had finished one of his cones.

"Oh, I'm Ken also." he said to Paul, outstretching his hand.

"Mr. Also, it's a pleasure to meet you." Paul said, jokingly.

"Oh no," Kaykay (Ken) said, "Ken Kadamasamaniamurinian."

"Gesundheit!"

"Very funny, just call me Kaykay, and it will be easier for both of us." They shook hands. Rather, KayKay shook Paul's.

"That's a limp handshake." KayKay observed, "You'll have to work on that." His hand was limp like a fair maiden expecting a hand kiss.

"Hmm, I guess I'm antisocial." Paul remarked.

“No, not antisocial. That would mean you shoot cats for fun.” His friend Ken added, “I forget what it’s officially called...”

“...shy.” KayKay interrupted.

“No, they haf a big name for it.”

“Psychologists have big names for everything. It makes them sound important.” Paul declared. More ignorance from technology-minded people followed. Now that KayKay and Paul understood each other as cranky, young men that bash anything they don’t know anything about, they hit it off. It turned out KayKay was an Information Technology graduate student with a morbid fascination with hoarding computing and networking resources. He had an impressive collection of computers, and they took up residence anywhere they could on RIT’s ResNet.<sup>1</sup>

“The real good finds are free ethernet jacks in the residence halls and apartments. I usually have to link up using WiFi.<sup>2</sup> All the powerful stuff runs on the T3 connections, though.”

Paul was just a clever Perl<sup>3</sup> scribe. He loved the language, since it worked with just about everything, and it “breathed well.” KayKay needed Perl. Paul wanted to run a game server. Things looked damn good, or at least in the long run. They had been sitting there, doing the Gracie’s Lean for a good 10 minutes. The lean involves laying back in the chair, to stretch out the poor stomach. They decided it was time to go to Ken’s place.

“My ass is on fire!” Ken would declare when they hurried back to his dorm from Gracie’s. Instead of stopping, everybody passed right by the door and went straight to the men’s room. The bathroom soon filled with an odd, cinnamon odor. They eventually did make it into his little dorm room.

“I was cooped up at Gracie’s my freshman year.” Paul observed, “All of my friends at real schools gained 10 pounds, but I ended up losing 10.”

“That’s fucked up.” KayKay mused, “I hear they put ex-lax in the hamburger meat.”

They shot the shit for a while, on some fairly ran-

dom subjects. The rest of the hall was desolate. Even the RA was gone. This should have been the main clue that something was odd. They had Ken’s door wide open, and could hear the door at the far end of the hall shut behind somebody. A Campus Safety guy appeared. He was wearing black pants and a black bomber jacket. He was an older black guy with the downward-slanting mustache. He had a walkie-talkie, a flashlight, and plenty of attitudes. He walked up to Ken’s door and declared himself with, “Good evening.”

Nerds have an anti-fetish for people in uniform. They were the ones that would cry in middle school when the teacher scolded them. They stayed far away from police officers, and always thought they were somehow doing something wrong. So it should be no surprise that Ken, KayKay, and Paul all looked at this guy like deer in headlights.

“You guys all know lock down was yesterday, right?” Campus Safety Officer “Benson” told them.

“Wha?” Ken said in a soft voice.

“Huh?” Paul added. KayKay chipped in with a profound, “*Pardon?*” They all spoke as loud as a snail fart, but Benson was used to this. It then turned into a dialog between Ken and “Officer” Benson.

“Everybody had to clear out yesterday.”

“*But my parents... are coming on Friday . . . ?*”

“Well, I’m sorry. We could let you in at the Radisson for a discount.”

“*No... money . . . ?*”

“Well, tell you what. I’ll be back in three hours after I finish my shift. If you guys are still here, I’m sorry, but I’ll have to lock you out.”

“Okay .. ?”

“Hey, sorry, but I’m just trying to help you out here. It’s just the rules, you know.”

And he left. Paul got up and closed the door. In a nasal voice, he mimicked, “*I’m just trying to help you out.*”

“That’s the kind of crap the DMV says!” KayKay

<sup>1</sup> ResNet is a residential network. RIT’s ResNet is the one that handles the network connections for the dorms and apartments. Just for anybody reading off the RIT campus.

<sup>2</sup> WiFi is wireless Ethernet. At it’s best, it’s like the network you might be on right now, but without having to plug any wires into any walls.

<sup>3</sup> Larry Wall’s “Practical Extraction and Report Language.” There are even more colorful names for it that won’t be printed. It’s great language for throwing together quick solutions that also runs pretty fast.



said.

“Guys, this is no good.” Ken told them, “What am I supposed to do?”

“Well, you could stay at my apartment until your parents show up.” Paul suggested. He was a nice guy, if you thought about it.

“But what about all my stuff? It’ll be locked in here. I’ll die at home without my computer” Ken insisted.

“We could drive it over.” Paul said.

“We don’t haf cars.” They instinctively looked at KayKay, who waves his hands defensively and said, “Woah, I don’t have one either. I’m Mr. Poverty here too.”

“You have ... *how many* computers?” Ken asked him.

“Well, like 20.”

“You don’t have a car?”

“Well, yeah! But I did just get some of those little wireless X10 cameras.”<sup>4</sup>

Ken would be screwed for the next three days, so they came up with an evil plan. KayKay took 20 minutes to run off and get a box full of those little cameras. They put one facing the elevator, and the two side entrances to his floor. Three more went down to the first floor elevator and side entrances. KayKay found one of his machines idle enough to run a little web service, and Paul began to butcher up a webcam Perl script he found real quick on the Internet.

When they were done, Ken’s computer was a nerve center for residence hall surveillance.

“It’s a nice kludge<sup>5</sup>, but I’m still worried.” Paul mentioned. Of course he was worried – he was helping his friend break the rules. What if Ken had to use the bathroom? Next, how does he plan to get to Gracie’s and back?

Well, the Gracie’s situation was worse – that night was the last meal Ken could get there this quarter. It was

shutting down. He had some spare debit he could waste for some crackers and juice to keep him over. As for the bathroom situation, Ken said, “I just won’t shower for the next free days.”

“You’re sick, you know that.” KayKay told him.

“Hey, I used to only shower once a week when I used to play Everquest.”

“Good point.”

“Also, you can’t make any noise, and you gotta keep the lights dimmed.” Paul told him, “Or they’ll get suspicious.” After a moment of thought, they all realized that was silly to worry about. Ken always left the lights off and played games in the dark with his headphones on.

“I’d like one more camera, just in case. Can we get one in here?” KayKay asked.

“They’re your cameras, why are you insisting?” Ken asked him.

“I want to keep an eye on your door, in case they catch on.”

“Aww, that’s so considerate. Group hug!” Ken said.

And they all had their stupid group hug, the jokey kind that lasted about half a second. It seemed Paul and KayKay were getting along well. This would prove fruitful in the future.

TEH END

Wait a second, that story had a climax as high as an ingrown zit. Some of my readers pleasure themselves in stories like that, because they don’t like suspense or danger. I do that sometimes to. I even change the channel during embarrassing comedy moments on some TV program. But some of my other readers are pressing for a story that isn’t as much bullshit as this is. So, I insist on dragging this story ... further. Time to turn it up a notch! Oh wait, I hit my quota. See you next week with more!

<sup>4</sup> The X10 cameras are those stupid cameras you see in annoying Internet popup ads. A normal add for one shows the camera, along with a picture of a model being moved shifted to the side. The words “security and fun” are somewhere in the popup. Honestly, if getting booty was as easy as a buying one of these stupid cameras, then I’d be game.

<sup>5</sup> A kludge is a more legitimate cousin of a hack. A kludge is more of a work-around, which is admittedly lacking elegance. It rhymes with “splooge,” not “trudge.” There will be more kludges to follow.

# What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

**Anyone is welcome to submit.**

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