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The Greedleville Gazette

or:

Bizarre Goings-On, Strange Happenings, and Other Curious Events

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The Oldest Town in America That Doesn't Exist

Cold Case #1: My Seventy-Year-Old Cousin

by Garrett McMahon

So there I was, driving down Alzheimer Juniper Lane in my moped, taking speeds of up to forty and just letting the wind blow in my comb-over. At my side was my only friend, a lemur named Scruffy who defected to this country from Belgium. You know, back when they were all oppressive over there and whatnot. We reminisced about days past, all the weenie roasts we attended, Boy Scout Jamborees we crashed, good snuff films we've seen recently, and other fond memories to pass the time.

"Say," said the former native Belgian, "Did you ever see that Mel Gibson joint, that quaint little reel about the man who died for us all?"

"Nah," I calmly replied, whilst shooing away the cockatoo trying to eat the lice on my scalp, "I never cared for that Monica Bellucci dame myself. Too tall for my tastes."

Yes, the going was nostalgic, but somber. And oh, so punctual. Because we were making a road trip to Greedleville. It couldn't be helped; there was a job on the line for us that only we could do. They were gonna give us five hundred clams for it. And just think of how many pearls we could find inside five hundred clams.

Ah, Greedleville. Let me tell you about this little slab of anti-suburbia. Greedleville is the kind of place where the mayor is actually nothing more than a smart Teddy Ruxpin doll. No one knows the exact population of Greedleville, but it is known that exactly one hundred and thirty two innocent Cherokees had to be driven away from this land so the white men of old could settle there. There aren't many town ordinances, but it is generally understood throughout Greedleville that boiling your household pets in giant vats of Crisco is strictly prohibited.

"Ha, ha." I thought to myself. "They'll never get me this time. I'm fresh out of Crisco anyway."

Besides, I wasn't here for the deep-fried animal scene. I was meeting my cousin. Well, not really.

My seventy-year-old cousin. Five times removed, or whatever that means. I never was too wise on how family trees actually worked myself. She lives in a mansion used as a set for the film version of *A Christmas Carol*, which she won at a bake sale raffle hosted by an atheist parish. She spends her time feeding the pigeons her delicious pumpkin quiche, a recipe she accidentally happened upon while trying to prepare a Cajun cappuccino for one of her multiple personalities. Also, she heard from a reliable source that she may already be a winner at Jeopardy.

As we rolled into her five-mile-wide, seven-mile-long driveway, the sun suddenly hid behind a few clouds. I guess some clouds are just born mean. We eventually drove up to her front porch, where we saw George Harrison plucking the top string of his brand new ukulele. We threw him a nickel and went inside.

"Sis," I called out, knowing full well she was actually my cousin, "We're here!"

At that, we were greeted by huge mob of Indo-Malaysian children who were employees of a Tickle-Me-Elmo factory. My cousin was renting out the basement to them at the time. They sang a rousing rendition of "Is You Is My Big Baby Boy Now," a song by a certain goth superstar of the nineteen thirties whose name I can't recall. To show my thanks, I took off my sock, made it into a hand puppet, and named the puppet Augustine McFeely. McFeely warmly thanked the children and we went on.

As we walked upstairs to my cousin's room, Scruffy and I got to know McFeely a little better. As we got to talking, he actually turned out to be one of the friendliest sock puppets I have ever met. We made plans later that week for a game of bowling, then went inside my cousin's room.

"Hey sis." I said.

"Five hundred clams, eh?"

It's been a while since I got a good look at her, so at this moment I indulged myself. She had a goiter the size

of a large medicine ball on her neck, her back hunched into the shape of a question mark, and she always walked around with a colostomy bag she referred to as her “bag ‘o stuff at the end of the rainbow.” Other than that, though, she was quite a looker. Sometimes I had almost decided she would be the girl for me. However, the townspeople of Greedville tend to look down on incest. Not so much as pet frying, but nonetheless.

“Alrighty, you gee-golly son of a shootenanny buckaroo!” She was always talking like that. “Ears up, I’m gonna say this once, and nonce after that!” She pulled out a tiny Super Soaker gun from a drawer and put it on the desk in front of me. “I stole this from a five year old at the Dance Dance Revolution. I want you to fill this up with Strawberry Mango Kool-Aid and shoot that lowfalutin’ used car salesman in the kneecaps!”

“Kneecap job, huh? Gee sis, I’m not sure if I’m cut out for that kind of sugarjob dealie thing, if you get my McGuffin.”

At that, she let out a werewolf howl, pitched exactly at a high G-sharp, and figuratively threw the entire foundation of Mont-Saint Michel at my dear lemur friend Scruffy.

“Remember... the... Pearl Harbor...” the Belgian said, before slowly turning into New Year’s Eve confetti of assorted fluorescent colors.

“Why you no-bad daughter of a German nihilist abstract expressionist!” I suddenly sang in a robust baritone voice, “You, with your MTV editing, and your whiz-bang special effects! Don’t you know what you just done was real?”

“Real?” scoffed my sister, while ominously stroking the goiter on her neck the size of a twenty-inch color TV, “Bah! There is no real! Only a two-for-one coupon for plastic Mighty Morphin’ Power Rangers Halloween masks, redeemable at your nearest International House of Pancakes!”

Undaunted, I threw the coupon in her face. “You’re never going to get away with this!” I exclaimed, suddenly feeling the urge to yell a cliché.

My sister eerily smiled, so wide the two tips of her smile reached her forehead. “Oh yeah? Now, McFeely!”

At that, McFeely took out a whale tranquilizer gun from his jacket pocket and shot me in the nostril. Before I knew what had happened, the tranquilizer itself, being about half the weight of my body, knocked me into a corner. I was stunned that my sister would do this to me, that McFeely would betray me, that I never actually would get to go bowling with him after all. But mostly, the one important thing I realized in all this was...

Sadly, before I could finish my realization, the whale tranquilizer, along with my sister’s pewter bust of Immanuel Kant that hit me in the head, knocked me out for good. For as long as I could remember, which was about two weeks or so, I could see nothing but black. Blacker than the ant underneath the magnifying glass. Blacker than the Batman’s costume, particularly the Joel Schumacher version. Blacker than the parking lot of the Wal-Mart I recently went to in order to pick up some boots for the wintertime.

Blacker than the opposite of day.



Love

Love is a day
The first meeting at sunrise
Small kisses and such at breakfast
High noon, the height of ecstasy and obsession
The afternoon long and eventful
By supertime you love and long for more
But as evening sets in and things begin to fizzle
The sun goes down taking love with it
The darkness comes and alone you are
To wander through the night
Until dawn begins again

Remember

I'll always remember him
The cute little scar on his eyebrow
The rip in his pants
Even the tighty-whiteys
The one who
Made me feel as though I could fly
The guy that made me
Discover more about who I was
The one who
Brought out more in me
Than I could by myself
But from him I have learned
Who I can be
And for that, I'm thankful

Hello

By Marc-Anthony "Captain Seabag" Arena

Phil's Phone Rings
It Makes a Ding
And Then His Dad Answers It

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And Then His Dad Answers It

Phil's Phone Rings
It Makes a Ding
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Poetry
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