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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

Postulate #222: The Prodigal Savior

by Garrett McMahon

"And it was all because I'm such a huge fan of Twinkies," Jesus Christ of Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John fame grumbled to himself while sitting on the side of Downs Juniper Lane, just outside the outskirts of Greedleville.

Flashes of moments past hit him like a crowbar in the hands of a prostitute who didn't get paid. He spent the time reciting a litany of regrets and shoulda-woulda-coulda's as if he was praying to himself.

"The hooker with the heart of gold," Jesus thought to himself, "The elderly transvestite in the wheelchair with the gold-plated pacemaker, the little boy who kept hitting me on the chin with a roller skate whilst doing the 'Happy Chicken,' whatever 'The Happy Chicken' may be." Then, with a despondent sigh, he dug a hole in the soil with a fork he had kept in his pocket, just in case, and loudly exclaimed, "If only I hadn't gone to that Sigue Sigue Sputnik concert!"

And so it went on for a few years, because to a heavenly being like Jesus, a day feels like nothing but a short moment. In truth, however, none of these things had actually happened. After all, Sigue Sigue Sputnik has disbanded a long time ago. To this day no one knows exactly why he was pondering these nonexistent events. Perhaps our Lord just liked to think outside the box at the time. What truly happened those long years ago was far more ambiguous. As a visit to Greedleville usually never fails to be. Except, of course, when it does.

Before that night that Jesus would never forget, albeit with extraneous memories, he was rather well-to-do. He was, of course, the Son of God, and who wouldn't want that going for them? He would spend most of his days in his stylish condo, eternally located on the right hand side of God Almighty. Which, taking into consideration the sheer girth

of the Creator of All Things, was probably somewhere near Mexico. He lived comfortably off the royalties accumulated from being the founder of modern Christianity as we know it. Simply put, life as the Savior of All Mankind was good.

However, Jesus became displeased with the state of things. Bored with the quiet life he led, possibly because he was dissatisfied with the ratio of prayers he got to the amount his father received, but mostly because his personal Mariachi band was starting to get on his nerves, Jesus decided to seek greener pastures.

"And remember," he thought to himself, "not literally greener pastures, like with cows and stuff, but just a more exciting place than this. That's all I mean." Self-reminders like this often helped him keep track of things better. He packed his Bee-Gees lunchbox full of everything he needed (which, apparently, turned out to be nothing but a voodoo doll in the image of Joan Rivers and a pack of Winterfresh gum), hopped into his Palestinian performance car, and skipped town that very day.

While on the road, The Son of Man decided that he would stop at the very first town he came upon. He reached this decision for a number of reasons. First of all, he accidentally brushed up against another motorist and scratched their car, so he didn't want to be on the road for long, should the disgruntled motorist catch up with him and make him report the incident to his insurance company. He couldn't really help it, after all. He was listening to Devo on his car stereo, and when he gets worked up on Devo he becomes prone to making mistakes on the road now and then. Also, he was a little short on gas, and forgot his American Express card. Well, how about that? I guess not everyone uses Visa.

“Oh, bollocks and rat bastard buggery!” The Lamb of God grumbled. “I can’t believe I forgot it. Like this stupid voodoo doll is going to do me any good.” He froze for a moment, fearing that he might have cussed, and therefore committed a sin. Then he sighed to himself in relief, realizing that “bastard” is a legitimate term for a fatherless child and that the other words were British profanities.

“I’m not British, I’m Heavenly,” he said. His record was still clean.

So, after a few hundred thousand miles, which, to a heavenly being like the Wise Counselor himself, felt like nothing but a few feet, he passed the Arizona border. He suddenly came across a quaint town called Greedleville. He looked around and saw nothing but a discarded copy of Halo 2 on the side of the road, a deserted Macy’s complex, and Lou Reed flying a kite while whistling a little ditty by Autechre.

“This town bores me,” said the King of Kings, and sped away post haste. However, he recalled how he heard through the grapevine, or perhaps in an Xbox publication, that Halo 2 was a pretty good game, so he turned around and snatched the game from off the ground. Then he sped away post haste, for real this time, failing to give Lou Reed a ride to wherever he had to go.

In a rather curious turn of events, he passed by a sign that said he was approaching yet another town called Greedleville, population, negative one hundred and thirty two Navajos..

“Strange,” the One-Third of the Holy Trinity thought to himself. “Am I driving in circles? Or perhaps, figures of eight?” He never remembered passing another state border, yet he could feel that he wasn’t in Arizona anymore. Perhaps the other Greedleville was just a ghost town. Or, maybe, a ghost Macy’s complex. Suddenly, his face went white in horror.

“Oh no,” he said. “Greedleville. I’ve heard about this place.” Greedleville was the kind of place most people don’t really know about, so much as they find out about by chance. However, being the son of the Father in Heaven has its perks, one of them being knowledge about such places like Greedleville. He suddenly recalled the fantastic, bizarre, and horrifying legends behind this place. Greedleville, he thought to himself, the home of the aluminum pot pie. The town where the horror B-movie *Santa Claus Murdered My Family and Fondled My Poodle* was shot. The childhood residence of professional trout-grabber Gitties McVandercock. Worry suddenly hit him like a crowbar in the hands of a prostitute

who still didn’t get her “goddamn money.” Soon after, though, Jesus took a deep breath and turned up the stereo, still playing “Are We Not Men? We Are Devo!”

“What am I worried about?” Jesus said with a newfound confidence. “I’m Jesus, after all. If I can go through getting crucified, and if I can go through Hollywood trivializing it with a bad movie, then I can take anything this town throws at me.” He accelerated his car five more miles, which, to non-heavenly beings, actually feels like about mach three, and entered the shady town of Greedleville.

He stopped his car next to a little girl wearing a shirt that said, “I Am The Antichrist.” Emmanuel, however, he having a pretty good idea who the anti-himself will actually be, wasn’t too worried.

“Excuse me, little girl. Could you tell me where the bistro is here?”

“I want your soul!” The girl suddenly exclaimed. She jumped into the passenger side of his Palestinian performance car. However, before she could insert her bendy, soul-sucking straw into his ear, Jesus let out a scream. Which, when heard by non-heavenly beings such as this girl, registers at roughly one hundred billion trillion decibels. Luckily, the sheer force of the yell completely destroyed everything in the vicinity, including the young assailant. Unlucky for Jesus, however, since the drawback of being both god and human is, well, humanity, it also destroyed himself.

When he came to, he found himself in Hell. He panicked, then suddenly realized to himself, “Wait. I’ve done this before.” He waited patiently for three days, which, to a celestial being like Jesus, seemed like a few minutes, and rose from the dead. He also decided to bring along a few Hare Krishnas and recreational marijuana users that he felt God apparently overlooked. After leaving the eternal pit of suffering (well, the three day pit of suffering for Jesus), he found himself on the side of the road, in Greedleville once again. Unfortunately, his Palestinian performance car was destroyed from the decibel blast, and he had forgotten his cell phone. And so he sat, waiting for a passerby to give him a ride back home to heaven. Or Mexico.

And some say that even to this day, Jesus sits on the side of Downs Juniper Road. Sometimes, if you listen close enough, they say, you can hear the faint noise of cellophane ripping as a lonely Savior eats another Twinkie, humming a Sige Sige Sputnik song in his head for all time.

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Early registration deadline is Feb 21.

Untitled 3

do you want to be
the next one on my hit list
I've told you time and time again
I'm not gonna put up with your shit
so right now I suggest
that you start thinking real hard
about how you're gonna change yourself
and how to fix what you've caused so far
now if you think
that you'll get away with crap like this
then you better try to get a clue
because I am really pissed
but now you see
people like you will die
cause you'll all pay for what you did
to you my plan should be no surprise
what is that thing
that makes you unable to see
what trouble you've caused between us
and how badly it hurts me

Untitled 5

emptiness
it consumes me
and yet I can't overcome it

emptiness
you think nothing of it
how can you live like that

happiness
I can't find it
and it kills me

happiness
you seem to live without it
and yet think nothing of it

Joanna Licata Poetry

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