



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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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

#### Letter Fourve: Steve's Swings By Greedleville

by Garrett McMahon

And so, the peaceful, freedom-loving, God-fearing citizens of Greedleville were to have yet another carnival swing by their town.

In any other town, a mundane fact such as a traveling carnival appearing wouldn't necessarily merit a drawn-out retelling of events such as the tale you are about to read. However, the town of Greedleville has had quite a history with the carnivals that decide to travel there, so much so that the people who decide where to send their carnival traveling are often wary of visiting Greedleville. Whenever a carnival swings by Greedleville, before a Ferris Wheel can make even one complete revolution, before a single tranquil, liberty-appreciating, deity-acknowledging towns person of Greedleville can eat a single kernel of caramel popcorn, disaster almost inevitably rears its ugly head. One could almost bet on it. In fact, a certain calm, independence-valuing, divine being-wary citizen of Greedleville actually did bet a neighboring multibillionaire his entire fortune on this, won the bet, and used the money to fund his own lunar base, on which he set up a prosperous country club.

To give you an idea of the calamity surrounding the very notion of a traveling carnival going to Greedleville, consider the following: On December 7, 1972, a herd of elephants, brought to the town by B.H. Faeferhausenlauten's Happy Pappy Third World Carnival, broke loose from their stabling, trampled a Greedleville mayoral debate going on at the time, and crushed the pelvis of one of the candidates,

who, in a cruel yet humorously coincidental turn of events, was on the Republican ticket. Before E.F. Fluguberhaubenstufenraufen of Super Geisha Numero Uno Carnival fame could even think, literally think about going to Greedleville, his right eye exploded from his socket. To add insult to injury, a blind passer-by heard this and beat him to the point of paralysis with a lead pipe, possibly because the assailant believed that one who is lucky enough to have eyes shouldn't take them for granted and let them explode out of one's socket willy-nilly. And the P.Z. Shecquebelckyzczrk's Weird, Wonderful, Freaky-Deeky Pedophile Friends' Traveling Show... Well, with a name like that attached to a traveling carnival, let's just say that Mr. Shecquebelckyzczrk was asking for trouble.

However, as strange, fantastic, and horrifying as these events were, none of them could equal the confounding, absolutely mind-boggling pandemonium the quiet, autonomy-cherishing, Lord-savvy citizens of Greedleville witnessed the day Steve's Show decided to swing by their beloved town.

Now, Steve's Show, despite its deceptively minimalist moniker, had the reputation of being the most outrageous traveling show on the traveling show market.

Carnival goers who ventured inside Steve's magic funhouse gazed into mirrors that revealed to them if their spouses were having extramarital affairs, often letting them know, in exchange for a roll of wild cherry Lifesavers, if the sex their partner was having

was better. The employees of Steve's, the clowns especially, were encouraged by the management to ridicule heavysset boys. "Launch The Anvil" and "Guess When This Kitten Is Going To Die" were popular midway games in Steve's traveling carnival at the time.

Even Steve himself, despite his deceptively minimalist moniker, had a reputation for being the most outrageous carnival owner in the history of carnival owning, and the author of this story would like nothing more than to inform you exactly what his credentials for this prestigious title are. However, no one knows this for sure, because, according to a rumor, whenever anyone attempts to confide the exploits of Steve to any other living soul, their left eye will immediately explode from their socket and a living Civil War veteran will proceed to beat said individual to invalidity with a lead pipe. Consequently, the author, who values the use of both his left eye and his mobility, and therefore wishing not to test the reliability of this rumor, would rather assume that Steve is a Belarussian albino who earned the rank of Eagle Scout at age fifty-four and enjoys a good vanilla chai now and then.

And so, with Steve's Show and the town of Greedleville both having rather curious histories, it seemed that, the instant that Steve's swings by Greedleville and the two combine forces, it would be a matter of moments before something doubly calamitous would occur. In fact, it took calamity exactly two hours, seven minutes, and twenty five seconds to show up, but what calamity lacked in punctuality, it more than made up for in, well, calamity. It started when Fred Durst, hog-tied and awaiting a tarring and feathering by a mob of irascible elderly men dressed in authentic Italian military uniforms during the Fascist era, pulled the pin on a grenade he kept, "just in case," in his red Yankees cap, thereby bringing half of the Eel Enthusiasts Club with him. At that, a mob of eels, enraged by the sudden lack of individuals actually enthused by their kind, armed themselves with pliers and proceeded to pull the two front teeth out of every member of the New York Yankees in retribution. A Japanese kamikaze pilot, ignorant to the fact that World War II had ended due to lack of intelligence, and an avid Yankees fan, was so disheartened by the demise of his favorite team that he decided to disobey his orders and crash his plane in the midway of Steve's Show. Ironically, the kitten survived.

And then, just when it seemed like nothing worse could possibly come about, the Apocalypse happened.

Holy seals were opened, trumpets were sounded, bowls were poured. People burned in great wildfires, drowned in rivers of blood, were tormented by locusts, wandered in darkness, died of plagues, earthquakes, lightning flashes, rumblings, peals of thunder, hailstorms, angels who were granted permission to kill a third of the population by God, et cetera, et cetera. During this period of perpetual torture, people started having "boil contests," in which the owner of the largest boil would win an all-expenses paid trip to the Caribbean Island of his choosing. As it turned out, Steve was not the false prophet. Neither, much to the surprise of many, was Dick Cheney, which seemed like a reasonable assumption for someone as uncongenial as him. No, it was instead an autistic boy from Alabama known only as "Jeets".

It didn't matter all that much, however, because all three of them, along with the rest of the world, were killed off in the monumental battle between the forces of God and Satan, Armageddon. It was quite a spectacle. The sheer force of the clashes between angel and demon created even more earthquakes, lightning flashes, rumblings, et cetera, et cetera, than ever before. Hundreds of thousands of millions of billions of trillions of celestial and infernal beings fell from the sky like flies hitting an electric insect killer. Years passed, and the battle raged on, because to supernatural beings like angels and demons, a year feels like nothing more than a moment. And finally, the battle was down to one angel and one demon. They both put up quite a fight, but finally the angel plunged his sword into the demon's belly. However, before the angel could proclaim victory, he suffered from a massive coronary and died on the spot. Apparently, when the powers that be got the idea in their heads to have a battle which would eradicate every living being in existence, they had forgotten that one can't win a battle when neither side survives.

"Well, I'll be," God grumbled to himself.

After an uncomfortable moment of silence, the Devil cleared his throat.

"So," he said. "What do you want to do now?"

"I don't know." God replied. "All that wanton slaughter and warfare really made me hungry though."

And so God and Lucifer sat down and had a barbecue, while pondering what their post-Apocalyptic plans would be.

“Pass the celestial brisket, please,” said the Lord of Darkness, and God politely obliged. “Mm,” he continued, “the angel meat is quite tender.”

“Of course. I scrounged it from the battlefield myself,” God replied. “Anyway, it seems we no longer have a world to fight over. Potatoes au Gabriel?”

“No thanks,” said the Fallen One, “Your delicious Cherub salad made me quite full.” He then let out a despondent sigh. “Oh, this is no fun. I miss the old days, back when we would argue about every little old thing, and I had demon underlings to abuse and damned souls to flay.”

“Well, do you think I should create the world again? It would take me about seven days. By the way, how come you never cook at any of these things?”

“You don’t want demon meat,” said the Prince of Lies, “Trust me. Anything that comes out of Hell is way to filthy to even think about eating.”

“Ah.” The two sat quietly for a moment, and God suddenly broke the silence.

“Hey! I have an idea,” he said. “How about that carnival that was going on? In that town... whatsit-called... Greedleville! That’s it. It seemed like it was quite fun, what do you think?”

“Well,” said the Original Sinner, “That ‘Launch the Anvil’ game looked kind of interesting. Sure, why not?”

And with that God decided to revive Steve’s Show, and proceeded to, yet again, place them at the mercy of the peaceful, freedom-loving, Himself-fearing people of Greedleville. Were they mad? Did they not realize the consequences of this notorious amalgamation? If the previous joining of the two resulted in the End of Days, what catastrophic event could possibly happen that would top the previous results of this unholy union? Unfortunately, since not a single living soul survived the epic battle of Armageddon, the author of this story included, only God and the Devil know.

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## I Don’t Want to be Galstaff Anymore! I Want to be More Definitions!

By Andrew A. Gill

Inspired by this week’s Will Shorts puzzle on *Weekend Edition*, and a certain inside joke, here’s a list of proposed definitions:

**atlanticcity** - The ability of something to remain popular despite being eclipsed in everything that makes it unique.

**carsoncity** - posthumous popularity

**dodgecity** - ability to command desirability

**guatemalacity** - the viscosity of the more viscous substance in a mixture

**hochiminhcity** - ability of a small group of rebels to force out a colonial force

**jeffersoncity** - ability to differentiate government from religion

**jerseycity** - leeching ability

**kansascity** - ability to convince something that you are the center of the universe

**kuwaitcity** - ability to use plutocratic power for good

**lakecity** - ability to remain unnoticed despite competent attempts to gain attention

**luxembourgcity** - noticeability

**mexicocity** - a certain, indeterminate attribute, a je ne sais quoi

**nahacity** - vernacular quality

**oklahomacity** - the level of insolence that would be required to force the relocation of an indigenous culture

**panamacity** - a stylistic enhancement

**quebeccity** - ability to appear foreign

**quezoncity** - ability to politely request that someone leave

**saltlakecity** - quality of unseen authority

**vaticancity** - the ability to remain unmolested, even when surrounded by forces that claim to be opposed to you

So it's finals week, and I'm off to the IT open lab to print my final paper for Senior Seminar, as well as four peer evaluations (one for every other member of my group). I get there, print out my Senior Sem paper, and as it's printing I ask the lab assistants if there's a "no multiple copies" rule. Of course, they told me there was, and if I wanted to make copies I'd have to go to The Hub or something (fuck that). Sure, I could have filled out the peer evaluations in Word and e-mailed them to my professor. Sure, that would have completely avoided all this frustration and general dislike of the IT lab. It's the principle of the matter.

So I go back to my computer, and thinking I'm slick, copy and paste the peer eval form 3 more times in the same document and print it out. Of course, those paper crusaders at the lab check for this kind of thing, and only one of my four pages were printed. I'm still wondering if they would have picked up on it if I would have slightly changed each page.

Anyway, when I asked them why only one page came out, I was told "no multiple copies." I told them I understood it probably wasn't their call on that rule, but it was shitty, and they should tell their boss that people in the lab think so (not exactly in those words). It turns out their boss was standing right there during our entire conversation, so they point him out to me. I asked him why I could print out a 4 page document once, but not print out a 1 page document 4 times.

"Oh, well, yeah, people try to put multiple copies in one document to try to get around the rule, but we don't let them. Basically you can't print out multiple copies because

you can't."

This is the part that really got me. Forget the fact that I pay a hell of a lot of money to go here. Forget the fact that I'm only asking to print out an extra three pages. I guess I can understand their stance, if you make an exception for me, you have to make an exception for everyone. Plus you'd have people coming in and printing a hundred fliers for the so-and-so club. But telling me the reasoning is "because you can't" is complete bullshit. "Because you can't" is something your parents tell you, not something somebody working for ME tells me. Next time I want you to insult my intelligence, I'll ask directly.

At the end of the day, all I want is three fucking sheets of paper. Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a molehill...but I don't give a shit.

Live and Learn and Pass It On  
a critical review

Have a dog, in The Biblical sense  
- Age 6

~~Trip~~  
Over~~tip~~ breakfast waitresses.  
- Age 29

Drive inexpensive cars, but own the ~~best house~~ <sup>white slave</sup> you can afford.  
- Age 55



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