



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

Cold Case #2: The Emperor Of Doom?

by Garrett McMahon

So there I was, all alone in Greedleville, with nothing but a pack of smokes and a gift certificate to the Hard Rock Café that expired thirty years ago.

When I came to I found myself in a back alley behind a Tony Danza theme restaurant. The first thing I noticed was the lens of a video camera two inches in front of my face, manned by a three foot tall Canadian cameraman. He was filming a documentary about the relationship between street vagrants and Tony Danza, apparently assumed I would be a good subject. I reached into my pocket for something to shoo him away, but I found nothing. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a bottle of Febreze, however, so I sprayed it in his nostril and he scampered away on his hoverboard.

I walked out of the alley and looked around at my surroundings. I was standing on the side of Consumption Juniper Lane, and there were plenty of people hustling and busting about.

"Rush hour," a five year old boy in a space cadet uniform told me. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to my grandmother's funeral."

I glanced at my watch and it read five o'clock, not rush hour.

"Hm, the boy was a liar..." I pondered, "Does that mean that all space cadets are liars, or just five year old boys?"

Before I could finish my thoughts, a giant Japanese sushi chef suddenly jumped in front of me, which caused a seismic activity that registered roughly negative seventeen

on the Richter scale. He accidentally stepped on a puppy as well.

"Are you the Emperor of Doom?" bellowed the sushi chef. Which, although his voice wasn't endowed with divinely supernatural levels such as Jesus, but considering that his girth was still quite robust, forced an elderly woman's bottom lip over her head and to subsequently swallow herself.

"Hm," I pondered again, "This country is a democracy, we don't elect emperors. Therefore, he can't possibly exist." I started to tell the confused sushi chef that he was a severe victim of historical misinformation, when all of a sudden my kneecap was struck with a pewter frying pan.

"Stop pondering and answer my question, that I may question your answer!" he bellowed, which forced the elderly lady's self-swallowed head back into its proper position.

"You take that back!" I bellowed back, not quite powerful enough to influence the position the heads of any elderly ladies nearby, but quite forceful nonetheless. "This country is a great and free land we live in, and we can't have all these Emperors of Doom running around causing a whole bunch of hoopla and brouhaha shootenannies! Why, I hear in some places where they have Emperors of Doom, they eat surplus babies to decrease the population! Could you possibly imagine how terrible that would be? I mean, what if they don't know how to baste properly?"

"I am a sushi chef," the curious culinary master replied, "I prepare my dishes raw. Now, surrender or die

in obscurity!”

Terrified, I closed my eyes and did the only thing I could do during moments of high stress like this: Recite the lyrics to “Jocko Homo” backwards in Laplandic. I could have finished before I died in obscurity since, after all, I’ve done it before, but I was unsuccessful. Possibly because I found myself confused as how to conjugate the words “yeah” and “woo” in the common Laplandic vernacular, but probably instead because before the bellicose maker of raw fish rolls could slay me discreetly, the elderly lady with head swallowing problems grabbed a bendy straw from the nearest disturbed girl pretending to be the Antichrist and sucked out my assailant’s eternal soul.

She let out a giant belch which smelled like something of a cross between peanut butter and a black jellybean scratch and sniff sticker. I guess an eternal soul can make someone pretty gassy. She then helped me to my feet and, before I could thank her, performed three backflips in a row.

“How can anyone raise a family with all this heavy Metallica music in the media nowadays?” she whispered in my ear. After refilling my bottle of Febreze she promptly teleported herself to Jupiter, where she won a chance to be an extra in an on-location shoot for the latest summer blockbuster smash.

“Hm,” I pondered, or mused, I guess, since I was sick of pondering at that point, “I sure learned my lesson from that whole experience. Next time I’ll try to pick a less complicated language.”

I picked up a box of Fruit by the Foot off the sidewalk and ate one of the tasty fruit confections. Watermelon mango grape peachberry, I believe it was. After I swallowed my multi fruit snack, I felt a bit peculiar. I ran to the nearest mirror store, took a good look at myself, and found myself slowly disappearing. Soon after I couldn’t even see myself in the mirror anymore. I panicked and had an ontological crisis for a few minutes when I suddenly found myself on Venus. Apparently I had teleported there through the Fruit by the Foot, due to a contest which I won in which one wins a chance to be an extra in a summer not-quite blockbuster smash documentary vehicle for a famous Hollywood film actor whose name I can’t recall.

“Hm,” I mused, “I thought that lady in *Son in Law* was pretty attractive, so I guess I know a thing or two about movies.” At that, I decided to stay and showcase my extra-character thespianic chops. When out of the corner of my eye I saw a three foot man with no legs, a single elbow

and a thirty yard beard. Apparently, he was the director. He swung his beard around like a lasso, which had a small grappling hook on the end, latched onto a piece of Venus rock next to me, and dragged himself over to my side.

“Greetings, friend,” he said through a kazoo that was duct taped to his face, “I’m in the middle of shooting a political sci-fi documentary character study with a heart. Are you the Emperor of Doom?”

I opened my mouth in anger, about to berate this quadriplegic with a spare elbow for not knowing about the Constitution of Venus and therefore being sympathetic to Communists, when all of a sudden the corpse of Abraham Lincoln rose from his grave and strangled him with a Don’t Tread On Me flag.

“Fool! This planet is a great and free land we live in, and we can’t have a bunch of Emperors of Doom running around causing a bunch of whack-a-ding willie nillies! Did you know that in America, where the Emperor of Doom lives, he makes the people eat babies in order to decrease the surplus population! And they don’t even baste them properly!”

He bashed his head with a shovel twenty six times, then looked up at me in horror.

“You!” he exclaimed, loud enough to cause Jesus to bellow loud enough to cause every elderly lady in the universe to swallow themselves. “You’re the Emperor of Doom!”

I was wearing a black cloak with a crown and a skull mask, so I guess I actually was the Emperor of Doom after all. I took out my evil mind control device and was moments away from enslaving the entire planet of Venus.

“You’ll never get away with this!” said the formerly assassinated former commander in chief.

“Fool!” I cackled in a cliched evil cackle. “What makes you so sure?”

“There’s no atmosphere on Venus, that’s why! Your head is going to explode and you’re going to die like in that famous summer blockbuster smash starring famous Hollywood film actor Michael Ironside, except on Venus instead!”

He was right. I could feel my head slowly expanding. Drat, I thought. My evil plans never work the way I intend them to. When I suddenly remembered, I still had my pack of smokes and expired gift certificate from the Hard Rock Café.

“Ha ha!” I cackled in a slightly less than before, but nonetheless quite clichéd cackle. “Now I am invincible! I shall rule the univer-“

I forgot, however, that I quit smoking two years ago, and that I never really cared for the food at the Hard Rock Café anyway, and therefore before I could finish, my

head exploded into a mushroom cloud of blood, bone, and brains. And so, Abraham Lincoln, along with his trusty superfriends, the quadriplegic director with the spare elbow, the sushi chef, and famous Hollywood film actor Michael Ironside, once again saved the universe from the dastardly and nefarious machinations of the evil Emperor of Doom.

Suscon Screamer

By Richard Lazar

I write this as a recent grad of RIT. I had a week of downtime to spend in Rochester before I start my full-time job. Now, I know we all like to poke fun at RIT and its problems, however, during this week I realized that some progress has been made since the start of my freshman year. I will leave you with a few observations and advice on how to make the most of the trends.

Old Behavior: Students would walk down the Quarter Mile in solitude with their heads down.

New Behavior: Students now talk with other students as they walk down the Quarter Mile. Sometimes they even acknowledge others with a, “Hello.”

Advice: To all those socially-inept men at RIT¹, use this opportunity to strike-up a conversation with a female. Who knows, you may get a date out of it².

Old Behavior: The administration did not listen to the students at all.

New Behavior: The administration somewhat listens to the students as exemplified by the new sidewalks by Building 70³.

¹ – This is pretty much the entire male population at RIT.

² – At the very least you should get a new member in your D&D guild.

³ – When first created, there were no direct lines to the Crossroads and Building 9. Since this particular college is full of computer geeks⁴, the students took it upon themselves to tread through the grass and plant beds in direct lines to get to their destinations. Sidewalks were installed that directly followed these paths.

⁴ – You know: overweight, lazy, and afraid that the sun will ruin their chalky-white complexion.

Advice: To those students that live in the dorms, organize an entire dorm march every week. Decide on a fun geometric shape, such as the Torus polyhedron, and imprint the image into a section of grass by an existing path. Then sit back and admire your work as the administration puts in a new sidewalk.

Old Behavior: Lack of a common cause to rally in support of.

New Behavior: The students’ hatred of *The Sentinel*.

Advice: To all students, although it is great to finally see students agree with each other on an issue, you should find something positive to unite behind. By all means, continue to hate *The Sentinel* but go to a sporting event, a club meeting, or some random event.

Old Behavior: The weather sucks.

New Behavior: The weather sucks.

Advice: To all students, enjoy the four weeks of the year that Rochester has good weather. To the engineering department, create a new senior design project to thwart Dr. Simone’s Weather Machine.



Your High

I hate how you
Put your trust
In a substance
To make you happy

It makes me sick
To see you
Get joy
Out of lighting up

Because of You

I only did it
Because of you
Because I knew
It was the only way to get you
If I went with you
Then I knew you could be mine

By Joanna Licata**Me**

I am a fuck-up
A reject of the assembly line of life
There is no place for me at home
Or at school
I just want to be somewhere
Where I am happy
And not
Haunted by
Memories of how I screwed up
With you

P O

By Jason Smiley

Some pray for happiness,
others don't.
Some ask for guidance,
others won't.
Some seek friendship,
and others can't.
Most seek passion while others rant.
All ride the waves in the sea of time,
chasing their dreams before the morning chime.
Receiving words of wisdom others have spoken.
Gaining from them this single token.
Life is,
and must always be,
so we learn what it means to see.
The blind man reaches for what he cannot find.
Looking for the power of freedom to be returned in kind

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Once I met this wino and he was eating some grapes and I said 'dude, you have got to wait'.

R.I.P. Mitch Hedberg, 1968-2005

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