



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## The Magic Wondershow

presents

### "Conclave for a Transitional Pontiff"

By Sean J. Stanley

They sit idle, impatient, knowing full well the futility of it all. Finally, the Master speaks.

"Gentleman, shall we begin? I plead you all rise."

They stand, looking around at one another.

"Now, any of you who are of fifty-five years and under, please sit down."

There is a collective groan as the youthful and disagreeably precocious sit.

"Those Brothers in Christ who are sixty-five and under, do kindly take your seats."

Another murmur rises as the benches creek once again.

"Very well, we're getting there. All right. If you are under the age of eighty, but over the age of seventy-five, we ask that you grab some pew."

"Ok. Howabout under eighty, over seventy-six? No, seven. Seventy-seven."

"Wonderful. Praise the Lord. Both of you are strong candidates. Your Eminence, how do you feel? Excellent. It's unusual to see a man of your age so spry, such joie de vivre! Three miles a day, huh. I don't even think I'd be able to do that."

The master then looks at the other man and smiles.

"And howabout you, Cardinal Ratzinger. What is that there, a handkerchief? Bit under the weather, huh? Well, you've been through a lot lately. Have you been getting enough sleep? Cardinal Somalo, why don't you just jog on back to your seat. Cardinal Ratzinger?"

He coughs.

"Habemus Papam!"

Subsequently, newly elected Benedict XVI found himself in a variety of peculiar happenstance. He tried his best not to think unkindly upon his fellow Cardinals, but the evidence of a treacherous plot was difficult to ignore. For no reason at all, sickly and highly contagious children from plague-ridden Third World countries were scheduled to meet with him. Contractors and maintenance personnel were in and out of the apartment constantly, which could not account for the increased number of exposed electrical wires, or leaky pipes that often produced dangerous puddles on the highly polished marble floors. Even his personal staff had all but forgotten basic human etiquette, never mind the pomp and circumstance he was entitled to - "Kiss the Ring" did not imply "Sneeze in Face".

Once he was locked out on the terrace during an unseasonable tempest, agitating what he secretly suspected was a nasty bout of walking pneumonia. Banging on the heavy wooden shutters proved futile. Nobody answered his pleas, not even God. He was forced into the rather undignified, certainly un-pope-like, position of shinnying down the copper downspout in full vestments only to find the main entrance locked as well, the Swiss Guard nowhere to be found. His only hope for shelter sat under canvas in the corner. Thank the Lord. The latch on the impenetrable bullet-proof Plexiglas door was unlocked. Benedict climbed inside and shook off the cold rain. He was sneezing now, expectorating a yellow phlegm whenever he coughed, which was now about every two minutes or so. After righting himself and taking stock of his situation, he noticed two things. First was that the latch on the impenetrable bulletproof Plexiglas door had somehow fallen off, locking him inside the vehicle. Second was the scratching sounds, the shredded leather upholstery, and the smell, a vague ammonia-like odor, one he had so recently been inundated with during the last few days of his predecessor's life.

Benedict had wondered many things in his days - the true nature of the Soul, the mystery of the Resurrection, the secret history of Mother Church and Her faithful servants. Nothing, however, was so perplexing as where the average Cardinal might obtain a rabid raccoon.

**Racism****By Barnaba Bienkowski**

We won! We have confronted racism and made it our bitch. By “we” I want to specify that none of the credit goes to the following classes of people: hippies, socialists, protestors, other sorts of drug addicts, left-wing professors, or the Anti-Defamation League. We, as a society, have defeated racism by facing it head on. And our secret weapon was comedy.

Of course, Billy-Joe-Bob and his KKK buddies (who happen to be related to him in 3 different ways) never saw that one coming. Everybody uses the “n-word” today because Dave Chapelle redefined the word. What once was derogatory for “black person,” today makes fun of the crackers who used to use it as such. See, Michael Jackson isn’t the only thing that went from black to white!

What were things like in the days before our victory over racism? They were totally silly. Take this for example: After we immigrated to the United States, my grandfather came to visit us but had an accident and wound up in the Hospital. Now, in Europe you generally address the nurse as “Sister” (because until recently, most nurses were nuns), so my Grandfather (with what little English he knew) tried to be polite to the nurses. Boy was he surprised when an African American lady started smacking him and screaming up a storm that he was disrespecting her cultural heritage. He was simply unaware that the patent on the words “brother” and “sister” excluded elderly white men. In retrospect, I guess that story makes a pretty good Polish Joke.

Through comedy, we are better educated about our racism. For example: Hitler’s father left his mother when he was born, and as a result Hitler had often speculated that his father must have been Jewish. Today this man would get no further than Comix Café. But who has heard the stereotype about how Jews have poor family values? See, after learning stereotypes on TV, young Adolf would have come to a vastly

different conclusion: “hmmm. I don’t know who my father is... he must have been black.”

What’s even funnier than the jokes about racism are the people who are dumb enough to believe in racism. I mean, in this day and age? In my book, that’s right on par with believing that the world is flat! Imagine meeting someone who honestly believes that Passover is really Jews celebrating killing Jesus. Or someone going to their physician, Dr. Gupta, and telling him to get back to work at the gas station.

Is racism still a problem today? No. If you think that Condoleezza Rice looks funny (remember she’s not Asian even though her name is “rice”), you are not a racist. If you think that all the cabbies in NYC are from India, you are not a racist (you just can’t tell apart Pakistanis and Indians). If you that think Pope Benedict XVI is a breakfast meal popular in Nazi Germany, you are... umm, you’re a retard. If you think that Mexico hasn’t won the Olympics in recent years because every Mexican that can run, jump, or swim is already in the United States, you are not a racist (you’re probably just Republican). If you honestly believe that you can’t hire someone because they’re Catholic, or that you’re better than the Puerto Rican guy serving you your Big Mac and fries just because he’s racially inferior to you, then you’re probably already in an insane asylum.

Now, to celebrate our victory over racism let’s all go out on the streets, light structure fires, and beat up gay people. They’ve been spreading disease around our otherwise clean WASP neighborhoods ever since their people immigrated to this country from France.

Thank you. You’re a great audience. Keep reading and keep submitting.

**The Reason**

I just wanted to make you understand  
Make you see why  
And for what reason  
I do the things I do

P o e t r y .

J o a n n a L i c a t a

I just wanted you to gain meaning  
Insight into my life  
Why I am  
The way I am

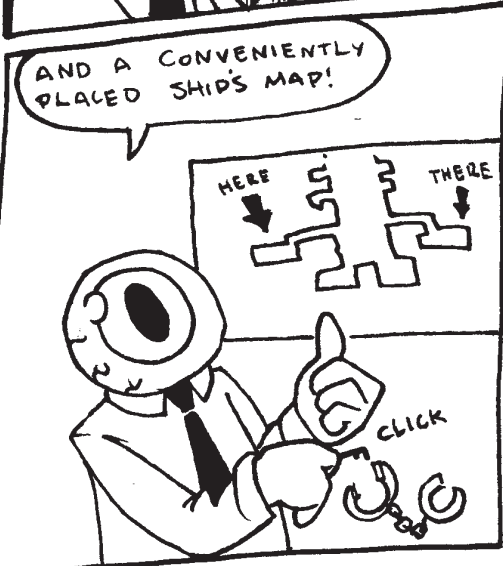
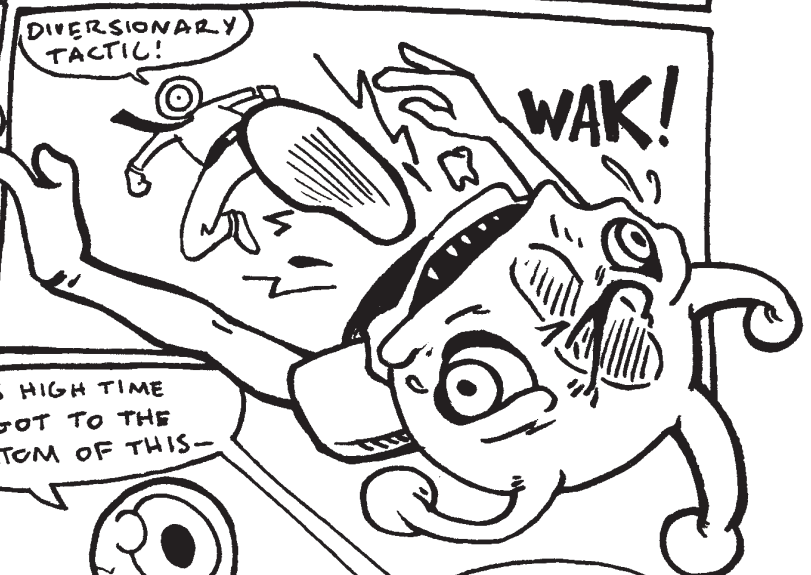
I just wanted you to see  
What it’s like  
to live day to day  
With brain damage

**One Day**

One day  
I was in the Jesus building  
And I swear  
I could smell you  
Strange  
I hadn’t thought about you all day  
But  
There you were  
Or at least  
There your smell was

# JOE CORNEA!

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## GANDALF THE GREY

Hey Frodo, whats new with you?

I just got my finger bitten off in a volcano. Do you think you can magic it back for me?



Sorry, I have to run off on a mysterious errand. Use this prosthetic hot dog



CRAP THAT'S LAME!



## Foosball

By Peter C. Gravelle

Chipotle's gotta nice little kick if you eat it too fast  
I shoulda' known she was trouble from the start  
Even if she was the cutest little thing I ever laid  
eyeshandslipstongue on.

Just like the Renaissance Men just didn't seem to know that both beauty and her beast sheltered the same madness.  
Richard vs. Ophelia Tonight Only on Pay Per View™

dee-wye by dee-ex-girlfriend

The calculus of locks and keys and one-way functions hashing together unknown you know with the unknown you don't  
as the mutable cyphertext violates its own checksums silently giving Eve the slip.

But Bob loses his messages too.

Alice has no idea.

She blames Eve, but it's Bob that put the wire in a bucket of salt water.

Even bytes deserve a trip to the beach/

Bite down on a live-in chipotle and you'll get a hell of a kick.

## We need more baby livers

# SUBMIT

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Mindless Self Indulgence -  
You'll Rebel to Anything  
(As Long As It's Not Challenging)