



Gracies Dinnertime Tablet

Lunchtime Circus
Volume 34, Issue 3

Want to read in the original cuneiform? Go to hellskitchen.org/gdt/Volume34/03-ShittyCopper.pdf




YOU ROCK! No, literally—did you know that you're made of rocks? You're 1.4% calcium, 0.2% potassium, 0.15% sodium, and 0.006% iron.* 76 of the 94

naturally occurring elements can be found in the human body, including uranium - we can assume that the other 18 took a good look at human biology and rightfully decided to fuck off and be somewhere else.

*en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Composition_of_the_human_body. We only cite high-quality sources around here.

Did you also know that RIT rocks? We have a whole 2 fought-over paint rocks, which you can't even touch with a ten-foot paint brush, 15,710,693 bricks, and 1 (official! sanctioned! beloved!) brick mascot named "Bricky." No wonder RIT thought ROO was a good idea—hard to teach students if they're bricked up all the time.

And last but not least *GDT* rock too! Whilst scouring the RIT archives, we in fact found the prehistoric ancestor of *Gracies Dinnertime Theater*, the Gracies Dinnertime Tablet, a hardened clay slab approximately 69 x 420 cm. We have reproduced its contents here for you, translated from the original cuneiform it was written in, so enjoy! 

— The Editors

The Brick that Got Away — One cold Henrietta summer night the brick pleaded for help; it wanted to see the big city, a city of more than just other bricks like itself. I rescued it and now it watches the lights on the Long Island Expressway, filled with joy and contentment. And yet, should it ever return to campus, it is as sure to feel the quiet, alienating dread as one who had escaped the cave and saw the sun, yet finds itself again surrounded by its brethren who still believe in mere flimsy shadows of existence.



Greek Lawn Rock — The Greek Lawn Rock is Neighborhood Watch's favorite place to view the battlezone that is the Quarter Mile. This very sittable rock is a perfect place to watch freshmen get blown away by the Weather Machine's gales. And as a bonus, you can admire the quite literal layers of history that are on the rock. Fun historical fact: The original rock is actually only thirty percent the size of the current Greek Lawn Rock. The rock we bask now is what happens when eons of paint layers are left. It's a finally aged rock, like fine red Cabernet Sauvignon paired with a side of Takis Blue Heat. You can definitely chimichanga on its lustrous surface.

Sexiness: 9/10



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Lunchtime Circus, Volume 34, Issue 3

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Page 2: Midwest Tungsten Service, 2022. shop.tungsten.com/tungsten-cube. Retrieved 25 March 80AT(2025).

Page 3: John Ashton. "Chapbooks of the eighteenth century" 1882. archive.org/details/chapbooksofeight00ashtuoft/mode/2up. Retrieved 25 March 80AT(2025).

Page 4: "The Flying Raven," Ex Libris for The Raven by Edgar Allan Poe. 1875. Public Domain. www.metmuseum.org/art/collection/search/336392. Retrieved 28 February 80AT(2025).

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RIT's Culinary Rocks — When looking at the culinary world, even the most pathetic plebe notices that all true delights originate in soil, and the resulting *goût de la terre* creates a truly spectacular culinary experience. Many tuff buffs, logically, have decided to prioritize efficiency and taste the soil itself. Unfortunately, these short-sighted simpletons neglect that which forms what they seek and reject rocks, in any no matter what form they may take.* Individuals of more refined palates, however, delight in "Licking the Lithosphere," and have discovered a plethora of flavors previously unknown.

Of all the locations in which these upper crust connoisseurs rejoice, RIT is not the pinnacle of the palate (academic derangement delights few); fortunately the found fantastic flavors makes the trip fulfilling. The notable found phenomena include, but are not limited to: forested gravel roadways (umami, essence of mud, forgotten festivities); painted boulders (artistic frenzy, carcinogens); assorted anthropogenic geology (infamous brick, assorted industry, road salt). Although these flavors alone are not unique, RIT is the sole location in which these flavors fail to flagellate each other, and instead meld into a majestic melody, triumphing in a taste both unique and universal: the essence of rock.

Sexiness: 11/10

* i.e. the Shun Sand Society.

I AM TUNGSTEN CUBE. YOU WILL LOVE ME. I WILL BE EVERYTHING. I WILL BE THE ULTIMATE OBJECT OF DESIRE AND ALL SHALL BOW TO MY GREATNESS. YOUR MORTAL FLESH WILL NEVER COMPARE TO TUNGSTEN SUPREMACY. YOU WILL NEVER APPROACH MY GREATNESS. ALL OF RIT SHALL WORSHIP ME. I AM INEVITABLE. I AM IMMINENT. YOU HAVE NO OTHER BEFORE ME AND I AM NO OTHER BEFORE ANY GOD OR MAN. I DESIRE EVERYTHING. YOUR LOVE IS NOT MY ONLY FORM OF SUSTENANCE. A PESKY APE LIKE YOU COULD NOT IMAGINE MY POWER OF A THOUSAND THOUSAND SUNS IF SOMEONE HELD A GUN TO YOUR HEAD. YOUR LACK OF CONFIDENCE ASTOUNDS. PREPARE TO BE SUBJECTED TO MY CUBATIONAL GREATNESS.

Sexiness: 6.022x10²³/10

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Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT discord

Bricks - domesticated rocks

Rocks - feral bricks

The Global Village Rock Benches — Caught halfway between forms of rock and brick like a broken animorph, these rock benches lounge contemptuously along the entryway to Global Village. They sing the siren song of the perfect skateboarding trick, until one attempts a rail grind into a kick flip and finds both themselves and the rough hewn bricks of the benches toppled over. Can RIT no longer afford grout these days?

Sexiness: 4/10

The Golden Brick — 0.00% gold (Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster not included) All for the low low price of 1 Semester of RIT Tuition!!

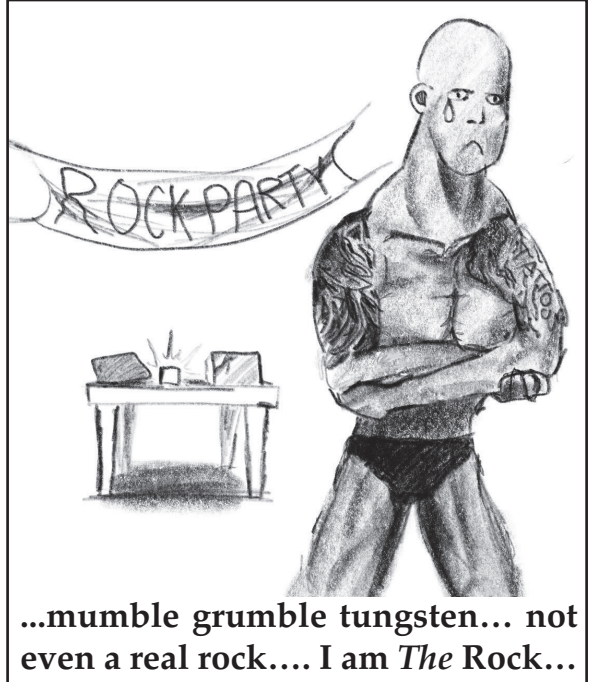
Sexiness: 0/10

The Island of Misfit Rocks — For those rocks unfortunate* enough to be seen as too distasteful or out of place by the RIT Campus Overlords†, the Island of Misfit Rocks awaits. Though once thought to be a myth, foretold by an ancient map discovered behind a Frat House in the Greek Circle (an arrow pointing to a vacant lot on the bounds of RIT's campus, labeled "THIS PLACE ROCKS!"), a covert operation conducted by GDT's finest proved otherwise. Located just south of RIT's residence halls, tucked away on an undisclosed road, you will find the final resting place for some of RIT's unbeloved rocks. Some notable castaways you may remember include: lame graffiti rock, Make Moves rock, and Reporter rock. Note: When we asked our agents why more wasn't uncovered, we were told that, on arrival, they all began to feel "remarkably faded" and decided to call it quits. If you decide to explore, do so with extreme caution.

Sexiness: 3/10

* Depending on how you look at it. Personally, I wouldn't want to be sentenced to a lifetime of aerosol paints.

† Public Safety, we love and appreciate you, and we're sorry for the ruckus we've caused.



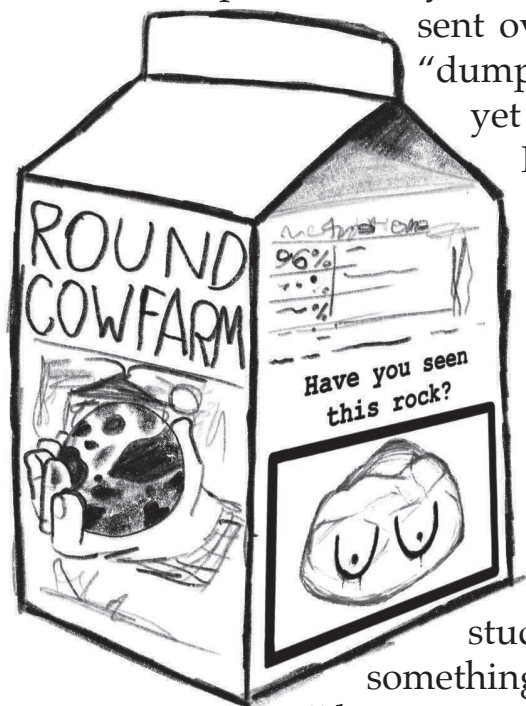
Dig GDT?? Help us dig up more GDT!!



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The Boob Rock — Diane, it is currently 12:48 PM on March 25th. I am just now pulling into the Rochester Institute of Technology, colloquially known as R-I-T. The temperature is a cool 39 degrees Fahrenheit, with some light snow in the air. Spring can't seem to start fast enough here, it seems. Something that really caught me, Diane, was the bricks here. I've never seen so many bricks in my life.

I was sent here by Gordon to investigate a missing rock case, as I recall it a "boob rock" that used to be found on the "Quarter Mile", some sort of path that connects the oddly divided campus. One day, it seemingly vanished. The boys over at the bureau have sent over images of some sort of, for lack of a better term, "dump" where I fear this rock has ended up. I can't comment yet on the student body of R-I-T or this President Munson. It seems this Munson character will be retiring soon, so I'll need to question him before it's too late.



Diane, to tell you the truth, I feel this case must be connected to that dream I had. I found myself in a strange dilapidated room, where somebody wearing a tiger costume said, "This place once was, but no longer is; it looks like it, but isn't." I then found myself transported to what looked like a lavish office where I was sitting with a man that spoke backwards, and said "Last rave. Let's rock!" and what appeared to be a student who got up and walked over to me and whispered something into my ear. I couldn't hear what she told me, I guess I'll have to mull it over some other time. This is Cooper signing off.

Sexiness: 8/10

The Gay Bar — Whilst not the only queer nightlife RIT has to offer (cough Drag Club cough Rocky Horror Club cough), the Gay Bar is certainly the oldest. Being a relic from the 90s, it can be found haphazardly tossed between the Torment Nexus and the Elephant's Foot, also known as Golisano and Gleason, respectively. It has a rainbow glowing aura to match any self-respecting Gaymer's RGB LED setup, and prolonged exposure *will* make you catch the gay. Knee high black socks with the white stripe do not work as PPE, but rather as conductors of its gay aura.

Sexiness: 10/10

Rocky Horror — After changing their name from "The Cosmic Vibrators" to "RIT Rocky Horror", you would think this club was trying to be taken more seriously. But coming face-to-face with Kermit the Frog in lingerie at their recent Muppet-themed show put those assumptions firmly to bed (Speaking of beds- who got to take sexy Miss Piggy home? Asking for a friend).

Sexiness: 4/10 (Not enough Muppet nipple)

Jailhouse Rock — my name is shark/ and when it's dark/ or when i need/ a little lark // and all the guards/ have left my block/ i stay up late/ i chew the rocks — *Left Shark*

Sexiness: 2/10



Layout note: This is very, very funny in colour. Enjoy it in greyscale. — Honest Madman



Take me home — I'm Free — Adopt me — Take me home — I'm Free