



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Unscheduled Havoc
Volume 35, Issue 2
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"Sure, whatever."
— Igor Polotai

I've always been small.* The consequence of that is the typical childhood where my peers would micro-bully me. Last to be picked for kickball. Shrimp. Midget. Shorty. Tiny.

Peanut.

It was demoralizing, and only got worse when recess was a mixed age arena of suffering. Shit runs downhill, and in rural Maine the fourth-graders that were picked on by their cohort would turn that trauma onto the younger kids on the playground.

All it takes is organization, though. The trajectory of life on the planet has been four billion years of good enough AND increasing complexity. Single celled organisms cooperating to survive. Multicellular organisms, hunting troops, city states banding together, states, nations, global trade routes. I might not have been able to articulate why globalism is both inevitable and the natural evolution of an increasingly interconnected civilization, but I knew one thing: there was safety in numbers.†

The instinct of the group called to me, and I would hang out with the other Small Ones hunted on the playground. But it wasn't enough. So one day, my ears ringing, a deep and persistent throb emerging from today's fresh head trauma à la shuttlecock birdie‡—metallic blood mixing with playground dirt in my mouth—my suggestion of "we should start a gang" catalyzed the playground psychological experiment.

* Not like that. At least your dad didn't think I was small last night.º

º That's right, starting off with a dick joke. The low hanging fruit of fruit that hangs low. Nothing screams genre bending absurdism like the true standard of conventional and historical humor.

† No. Not numerology. What the fuck is wrong with you?

‡ Birds aren't real, but birdies are.

§ I never said I was good at geometry.†

With that simple statement the entire dynamic of recess changed, and the nature of embarrassment and shame meant that our activities went unnoticed for a remarkably long period of time. What fourth grader wants to admit that they had gotten the shit kicked out of them by a pack of sadistic, sneaker wielding, sweet sucking second graders? Still, there was an undercurrent as the dynamics shifted and the hunted banded together and started to concentrate their collective pain on the hunters.

We even started to employ basic tactics against our larger, stronger opponents. One person—usually me—would pick a target and taunt them in close quarters. I was small, but fast, and never knew when to shut up, so I was the perfect rabbit to draw a single target away from others by insults, staying just out of reach, drawing them further into a kill box.

Before an action, different contingents of the gang would position themselves in a rough triangle that I led the victim into. It was a variation of the technique I had seen on nature documentaries where wolves would isolate the weakest members of a herd, but in this case we would isolate a bully and converge.

Our initial success with these basic entrianglement§ tactics proved we had natural aptitude for small unit operations(and less so for geometry†), but it became clear that sustainable dominance required doctrinal evolution. After studying several documentaries on the History Channel during a sick day, I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is a founding member of Hell’s Kitchen.

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Discord

Printer Daemons:
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Nolan, pinecone, and zonedweller

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recognized that our wolf pack methodology, while effective, lacked the sophisticated command structure necessary for expanded theater operations. Huzzah!

We began designating our operations with proper military nomenclature. “Operation Robespierre” targeted Derek Morrison, a particularly aggressive third-grader conducting what could only be described as a reign of terror near the monkey bars. Intelligence gathered by our reconnaissance element (Jennifer, who was small enough to hide behind the recycling bin) indicated Morrison’s patrol pattern was predictable and exploitable.

I initiated contact using standard taunting protocols, drawing Morrison into our predetermined kill zone between the swing sets and the basketball court. The beauty of what I later recognized as a textbook pincer maneuver is its simplicity: allow your enemy to believe they’re pursuing a retreating target while your flanking elements converge from concealed positions. Bobby established overwatch from the slide—what we had begun referring to as “the high ground”—while Finnegan provided supporting fire via wood chip bombardment, each projectile arcing through the autumn air with a satisfying pock as it found its mark.

And when we converged, the collective anger of six or eight second graders[¶] goes a long way. Kicking, punching, a zerg rush of weanlings, bees overwhelming the invading hornets. A writhing, wiggling mass of amoral children smelling like puppy dogs, chocolate milk breath, and unwashed hair. The sound of polyester winter coats rubbing together—swwitswishsvvt—as Morrison’s face went from red to purple beneath us. The muffled grunt he made when he hit the sound-dampending woodchip covered ground— somewhere between surprise and defeat—marked the exact moment we understood we had crossed a line from victim to victor.

Morrison’s unconditional surrender was formalized when he agreed to cease all aggressive operations against second-grade personnel and provide intelligence on fourth-grade defensive positions near the soccer goals.

Word of Operation Robespierre spread rapidly through the playground’s informal communication networks, establishing our credibility as a legitimate force multiplier in the ongoing power struggle for recess supremacy. What we hadn’t anticipated was how quickly our tactical success would necessitate administrative expansion.

Within a week, we had established a proper chain of command. Bobby was promoted to Director of Swing Set

[¶] Six? Eight? I dunno. I can’t count. [§]

Artillery, while Jennifer became our Chief Intelligence Officer, specializing in tetherball court surveillance. Finnegan, given his natural aptitude for elevated positions, was designated our Minister of Lookout and Defense.

Our success attracted new recruits from across grade levels. Even some kindergarteners approached us about forming an auxiliary unit, though their operational capacity was limited by mandatory half-day schedules and their tendency to cry during briefings. Still, never turn away willing volunteers. We established the “Little I r r e g u l a r s ” — a reconnaissance division that could infiltrate areas too small for our primary operatives.

By October, we had developed a comprehensive organizational structure complete with specialized departments. The Psychological Warfare Division, headed by a particularly devious first-grader named Madison, proved remarkably effective at spreading disinformation about who had head lice; we watched the involuntary scalp-scratching spread through a classroom like a virus, kids unconsciously leaning away from suspected carriers. Our newly formed Snack Acquisition Unit managed to secure a steady supply of juice through a complex barter system involving Pokemon cards, bayblade dispute settlement, and playground protection services.

The bureaucratic demands of managing a multi-grade paramilitary organization required increasingly sophisticated protocols. We began holding weekly strategy meetings behind the portable classrooms—those prefab structures that always smelled of industrial carpet, mildew,

and financial desperation—complete with agenda items and action plans drawn in crayon. Jennifer developed an elaborate intelligence filing system using a shoebox and index cards with all information recorded using a rot-4 Caesar Cipher,**



tracking the movement patterns and alliance structures of every potential threat from kindergarten through fifth grade.

Our tactical evolution accelerated when Michelle discovered a copy of “The Art of War.” Sun Tzu’s principles proved applicable to playground dynamics. “All warfare is based on deception” became our operational motto, prominently displayed in syllabic glyphs adapted from clipart on a PrintShop generated banner hung in our headquarters (the space under the big slide).

The defining moment came during what historians would later call the Great Dodgeball Conflict (GDC). Fifth-grade forces had established a tyrannical regime in the gymnasium, using their superior size and arm strength to dominate the traditional Tuesday dodgeball matches. This represented an unacceptable threat to playground stability and violated several provisions of the informal Morrison Conventions.

** The use of a Caesar Cypher was initially very contentious as it necessitated knowing the alphabet and basic addition. After heated debates and numerous[†] destroyed beyblades, the encryption method became widely adopted resulting in anomalously high test scores for the elementary school.

Our response was Operation Fruit Roll Up—a three-phase campaign designed to break fifth-grade hegemony through coordinated asymmetric warfare. Phase One involved our Intelligence Division conducting detailed reconnaissance on fifth-grade tactical preferences and identifying key leadership targets. Phase Two deployed our Psychological Warfare specialists to spread rumors about a teachers' meeting that would supposedly cancel dodgeball indefinitely. Phase Three was the masterstroke: we convinced the third-graders that the fifth-graders had been making fun of their new sneakers.

The resulting chaos was beautiful in its simplicity. While the upper grades were engaged in internecine warfare over footwear disrespect, our forces executed a rapid takeover of key gymnasium terrain, particularly the bleachers and ropes. Falling back to the gymnastics mats, the Fifth graders managed to establish a defensible position and held. By the time the dust settled, we had established permanent second-grade representation in the dodgeball rotation and secured treaty rights for the monkey bars during extended recess periods.

But we had underestimated the psychological impact of our victory. The footwear incident had awakened something primal in the third-graders—a deep shame about their apparent inability to recognize quality sneaker craftsmanship. What began as a simple disinformation campaign escalated when Tommy Richardson, a particularly unstable third-grader, deployed what we came to understand was the nuclear option: he told his mother.

Not just any mother. Tommy Richardson's mother was PTA Vice President and possessed the kind of administrative authority that could reshape the entire geopolitical landscape of Jefferson Elementary. Within hours, she had mobilized a full-scale parental investigation into "playground violence and organized bullying."

The crisis deepened when someone—intelligence suggests it was a panicked kindergartener—revealed the existence of our organizational structure to Mrs. Donaldson during snack time.^{††} Suddenly,

adults were asking very specific questions about command hierarchies and operational planning. The threat of mutually assured detention hung over every grade level like a mushroom cloud of administrative consequences. You could feel the dread spreading through the playground when word got out—conversations dying mid-sentence, the collective intake of breath when Tommy's mom's minivan pulled into the parking lot.

Emergency diplomatic channels opened between

our various factions. Even the fifth-graders, previously too proud to acknowledge our legitimacy as a fighting force, agreed to participate in crisis management talks. As Sun Tzu noted, "Supreme excellence consists of breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting," but we were now facing an enemy none of us could defeat: concerned parents.

The Playground Accords established the most complex treaty system Jefferson Elementary had ever seen. Attempting to circumvent the threat of involving the PTA and Principal Morrison (no relation to



^{††} In hindsight we should have conducted regular training exercises on how to evade adult interrogation.

I think I can be forgiven my lack of strategic foresight regarding operational security protocols, though.

However, the institutional knowledge gained from this experience would prove invaluable during the Great Cafeteria Uprising, though that's another story entirely, and would come about due to the rise of the Sneaker Party years later.

Derek...or so we were told), the various factions created a comprehensive framework for conflict resolution that would have made Kissinger weep with admiration.

Demilitarized zones were established throughout the school grounds. The sandbox became neutral territory, permanently supervised by a rotating council of representatives from each group. The tetherball courts were designated as an intergrade zone where no aggressive operations could be conducted by any grade level. Most significantly, the area behind the portable classrooms—our former headquarters—was converted into a formal diplomatic meeting space where grievances could be aired through proper channels.

Spheres of influence were carefully negotiated and formalized in our battle language. Second grade retained control of the swing sets during morning recess, while fourth grade secured permanent rights to the monkey bars during the lunch period. Fifth grade, as the dominant regional power, was granted supervisory authority over dodgeball rotations, but under strict oversight from the newly established Recess Security Council.

The most tragic casualty of the negotiations was the third grade, who found themselves blamed for the entire conflict despite being relatively minor players in the broader strategic picture. The Playground Accords needed a scapegoat for when the adults inevitably put together enough information to begin to understand, and the third-graders' involvement in the footwear disinformation campaign made them convenient targets for collective punishment.


The sanctions were devastating. They were banned from dodgeball for the remainder of the academic year and lost all kickball and jungle gym privileges indefinitely. Most humiliatingly, they were required to sit at assigned spots during lunch—a territorial restriction that effectively

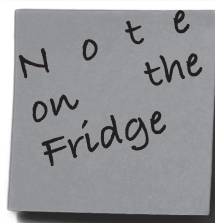
neutered their ability to form new alliances or conduct intelligence operations. This created deep resentment that would simmer beneath the surface for years, eventually bubbling over at a school dance in a passive aggressive series of DJ sets and a systematic takeover of Student Government by a trans-grade Sneaker Party.

In the short term what emerged from the ashes of the GDC was a delicate balance of terror. Secret alliances formed along new lines—a kindergarten-second grade mutual defense pact to counter the growing fourth-fifth grade hegemony. Proxy conflicts erupted through younger siblings, with first-graders serving as unwitting pawns in larger strategic games played by their older brothers and sisters.

An arms race quietly developed. Super-soakers and nerf guns appeared with increasing sophistication as summer approached. Slingshot technology advanced rapidly, with rubber band quality becoming a matter of utmost security. Most concerning was the development of what intelligence agencies termed “cascade protocols”—elaborate plans for mass tattling that could trigger administrative intervention at multiple levels simultaneously.

The new equilibrium was maintained not through friendship or genuine peace, but through the terrible knowledge that any faction could deploy the ultimate weapon. Stability depended entirely on mutually assured detention.

I was still teased for my size[†], but physical bullying had become strategically untenable. Any aggressive action risked triggering a diplomatic crisis that could involve parents, teachers, and potentially the superintendent's office. We had achieved peace through the promise of administrative annihilation. The Playground Accords didn't eliminate conflict—they simply made it too dangerous for anyone to risk actual fighting. 



Satire isn't funny. It's never been funny. Satire hasn't been humorous, even. Or clever, or ironic, or intriguing to the discerning eye. In fact, if you've ever laughed at a satire news piece or humorous dialogue, you've fallen into the inviting trap of the *Satironamus maximus*^{*}, a deadly[†] beast of ancient time whose slimy body is evolutionarily slippery. With its eight erroneous appendages[‡] (two of which are terrifying to comprehend) the amphibian paradoxically scuttles into open areas to lure its preferred prey. The apes who fashion themselves as "homo"[§] are the first to be struck, for although their minds are sharper than any satironamus' they are prone to obliviousness with peripheral things. However, an odd behavior occurs: once a homo has been attacked, they simply shrug off the bite as though it never happened, then carry about their day in a lightened mood – *S. maximus*, of course, who primarily consumes blood, releases a mild toxin with psychoactive and euphoric effects known as "gallowsamine." Once bit, the apes are susceptible to addiction with additional exposures; eventually, the ape is so dependent on the venom of the *S. maximus* that they require daily consumption of gallowsamine to stave off the shakes.

Here at *GDT*, we take it a step further. We have laced the paper you're reading this on with gallowsamine. Sorry, but there's also a *Satironamus maximus* on you too: invisible, tiny, but there. And he's crawling all over your head and gone into your ear. Again, apologies. But you don't understand – once you keep on chugging the gallowsamine to cope with the inevitable nuclear winter[¶], you start to see the small things that make the world more chipper. You'll find that your eyes clear up and the sun is a bit brighter, that flowers smell even sweeter, that your pasta bake is even cheesier – these are side effects of the *S. maximus* beginning to meld into your brain matter. When you start incorporating into your daily routine the beautiful cognitive dissonance that only the *Satironamus maximus* could provide, that saccharine *ichor*^{**}, maybe then you'll start to laugh at *GDT*. 🏠

- by Goose Waffles

^{*} Its evolutionary cousin, the *Satironamus sativus*, is slightly larger and not found in the wild; its toxin is milder and primarily used medicinally.

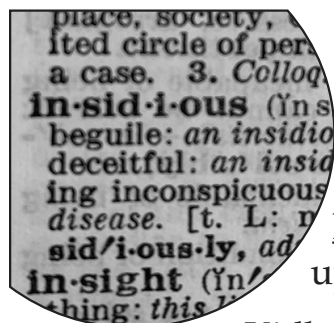
[†] Deadly only to squirrels or smaller.

[‡] Really, "appendages" are the best way to describe those things. They're smooth until they reach a rounded point, which has six wiggling... suckers, on long tentacles...

[§] *Homo sapiens*. Many would like to forget that everyone's got a little *homo* in them.

[¶] You're already living in it, baby!

^{**} Pronounced haughtily.



Definitions

-by the denizens of the *GDT* discord

Caca — A group of two course assistants.

Echo-terrorism — Terrorism with motives only able to be cooked up by an offshoot discord from 4chan.

Kidbashing — Making a new kid by taking pieces out of other kids (see *Frankenstein's kid*).

Invisible handslaughter — Death by market forces.

Mishonest — "That was a total misaster".

Tata — A group of two teaching assistants.

Dearest Editors

-by Rock Goblin, GDT Obscurus Archivist

As I was going through the archives, I found several letters in very bad condition. It quickly dawned upon me that these were from the lost missives of the GDT journalistic expedition series investigating 'Nabraska'. This letter, having been dated the earliest, describes the Author's sentiment in regards to the initial start of the expedition.



DEAREST EDITORS,*

IT IS WITH GREAT REGRET THAT I MUST WRITE TO YOU IN COMPLAINT. HOWEVER, WRITE I MUST.†

YOU LIARS. I WILL NO LONGER STAND FOR THIS DISRESPECT. IT WAS STATED, WITH GREAT EMPHASIS, THAT THE TRIP I AM NOW ON, THE INVESTIGATIVE TRIP TO THE WASTELANDS OF NABRASKA, WOULD BE SHORT, SAFE, AND SHORT.‡

IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS. I HAVE NOT BATHED IN THREE WEEKS. THERE HAS BEEN NO CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD FOR THREE WEEKS.§

PRIOR TO THIS TRIP, I WAS ASSURED THAT, NOT ONLY WOULD I RECEIVE WRITTEN MISSIVES REGARDING MY ASSIGNMENT UPON ARRIVAL. HOWEVER,

UPON ARRIVAL, NOT ONLY DID I NOT RECEIVE ANY ASSIGNMENT, THE HOTEL THAT WAS SUPPOSEDLY MY RESIDENCE FOR THE NEXT WEEK, DID NOT EXIST. FURTHERMORE, THE TOWN IN WHICH THIS HOTEL SUPPOSEDLY RESIDED, ALSO DOES NOT EXIST. THE TRAIN THAT DROPPED ME HERE IS NEVER RETURNING.¶

IN LIEU OF A HOTEL, I'VE BEEN SLEEPING IN A TREE. THERE ARE SQUIRRELS NESTING IN MY SOCKS. MY PRIOR OPTIMISTIC DELUSIONS HAVE BEEN DISPELLED, AND I NOW SEE THE TRUTH.

PAY ME MORE,

X**

* Note: For the editors' sake, I have chosen to replace this word with one that is publishable.º

º Editors' note: We thank Rock Goblin for their judiciousness.

† Note: At this point, the paper dissolved into a now calcified mass of mouse shit, and the rest of this paragraph had been lost.

‡ Note: Based on the original contract, the expedition was only supposed to last nine days.

§ Note: Almost the entirety of this paragraph had to be reconstructed due to water damage.

¶ Note: There is no historic evidence of a train line going through the wastelands of Nabraska.

** Note: The Author's identity has been entirely lost to history; the end of this letter has been burnt off, and all other archive material that could've been used in identification has been damaged or lost due to the numerous RIT fires.

Of all material found regarding the apparent halt of GDT, this letter best explained the circumstances surrounding the cease of publication. Not only did several well established writers experience a "Nabraska-based meltdown"^{††}, the supporting postal service experienced a myriad of issues at the time, leading to the sent work to be delivered to the archives years after their initial postage. More to come. 📧

†† Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Volume 4

HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY? TALK TO US

GRACIESDINNERTIMETHEATRE
@GMAIL.COM





Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

Welcome back to Neighborhood Watch, keeping you informed about the happenings at RIT. We're here to provide you with all the latest happenings at RIT, good, bad, and weird.

So, what happened recently? New year, same problems. Interpreters are as always in short demand, with many classes being uncovered. The budget surplus that NTID got from selling all of The Commons' furniture doesn't seem to have gone to hiring additional support. Speaking of The Commons, it launched on August 25th in its new kiosk- and online- only form. Unfortunately, it was immediately bludgeoned by several OnDemand outages throughout the week. Not that I have any sympathy for them, as they took away my beloved Asian Sesame Sauce for salads, and replaced it with a seven hundred percent upcharge on ketchup packets. A thousand curses upon you.

The warm weather that we were blessed with this week brought out the Greeks and the furries in equal number. Though, the more astute might have noticed that it was noticeably quieter this Rush Week than prior years. That's because Sigma Alpha Mu (also known as "Sammy")'s Pole Sit event, where some guy yells at you to chuck a few bucks towards charity while sitting on a pole thirty feet in the air did not happen, as they are on probation this year. For what? It's unknown, but the University of Rochester chapter of Sigma Alpha Mu was placed on probation in 2019 for three years following a serious hazing incident (that chapter got into the same exact probation in 2014 as well).



Finally, culture has returned to the RIT Campus, as the new Instagram account @ritperformative documents only the finest specimens of RIT men. You might have even spotted them at the Club Fair. Don't trip over their wired earbuds.

Until next week, stay safe, and fistfight your local squirrel. 🐿️

Do you have a story that the weekly Neighborhood Watch column should inform RIT about? Email it to us at gdtneighborhoodwatch@gmail.com! All submissions will be kept anonymous. We value our whistleblowers!

"It's not important that everybody gets it. It's important that the right people get it."

-Joel Hodgson, creator of MST3K

Want to promote your activity in GDT? That's rhetorical — of course you do.

G R A C I E S
D I N N E R T I M E
T H E A T R E
@ G M A I L . C O M

RIT Improv Presents... “BRING YOUR OWN THING” MONTHLY COMEDY OPEN MIC

FREE to spectate or perform!
Improv, Sketch, & Experimental
comedy!

Hosted by Lindsey Maurer
(lmm5932@rit.edu)

Sept. 2 Fireside Lounge
Oct. 7 Fireside Lounge
Nov. 4 Bamboo Room
Dec. 2 Fireside Lounge

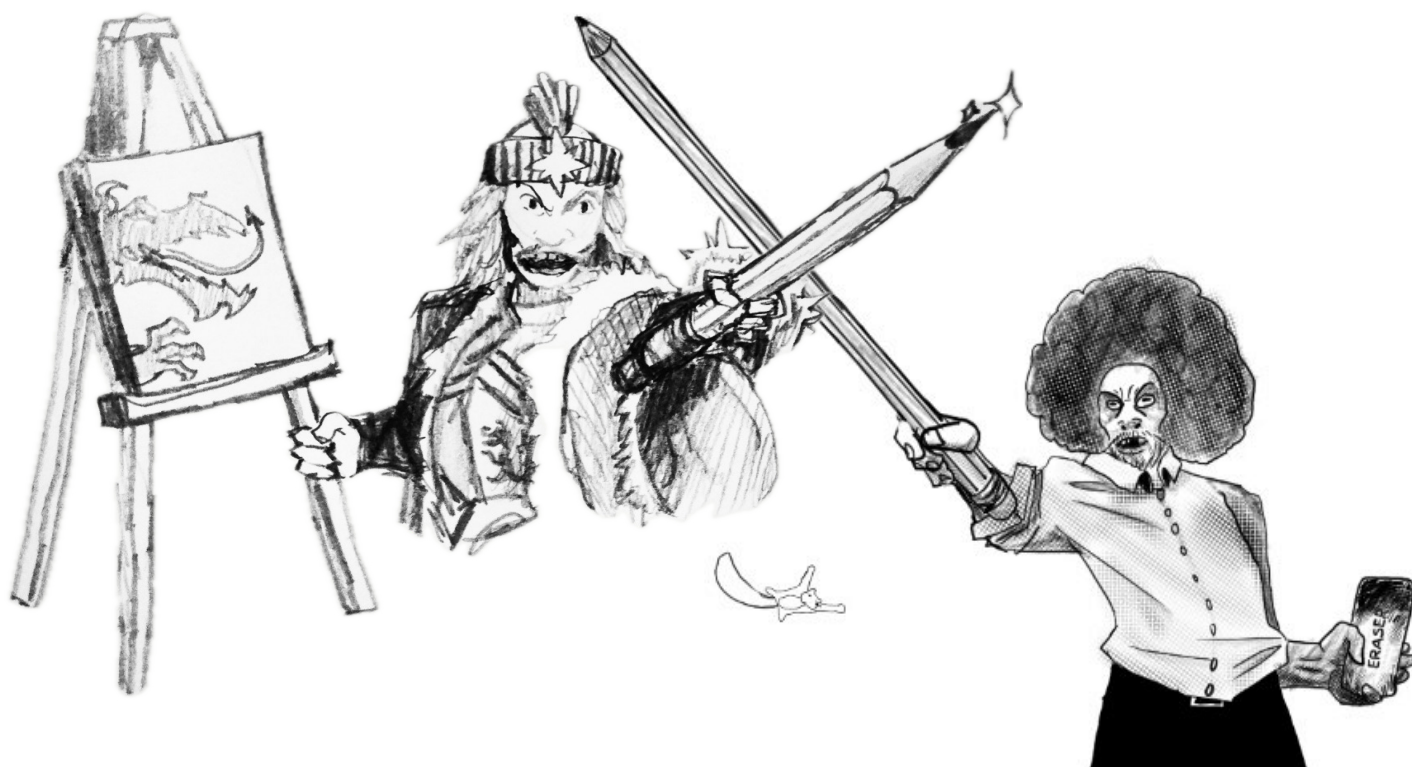
Signups @ 8:00 PM
Show @ 8:30 PM



The Fibbo-Nazi Sequence

-by Sam W.

- 1 cult of personality
- 1 attempted coup
- 2 authoritarian allies
- 3rd- world country unconstitutional deportations
- 5 lawsuits regarding rewriting election rules
- 8th amendment violations in Alligator Alcatraz
- 13 is a good number, a big, beautiful number,
best number I've ever seen, best number, they're
saying this is a very mature number, it's a very
mature number, 13, I like 13.



We Love You, Atom Bomb!

-by Goose Waffles

p
o
e
t
r
y

Lovely fantastic beloved
Terrifying plastic proved
Violation of highest degree
RAPED nature, logic,
-- Reason & Rhyme --
For nothing but a bit of
Atomic Time

On Atomic Time, your mind
Is a knife. And knives,
Everywhere, oh, cannot help but
CUT → MAIM → KILL
Everything in sight

The dissonance distracts you.
The world so happy
(we're) Happy you could DIE
(we're) Happy children DIE

But indulge in chocolate, coffee,
cobalt
In the greatest country
Greater than the sun
Hubris? Never!
We dance in the small hours
Revel in the dirty air
On Atomic Time.

On Atomic Time
Yes, we'll burn the earth
-- finally, some warmth! --
because we were scared, So Sorry,
That you'd KILL us right DEAD,
right in the street, and we'd stumble
and spill loose change (billions) onto
cobble.

On Atomic Time, we're so afraid that
you'll Notice the Little Things where
Reality breaks you down into a
million pieces.

The clock punch
to say you're worth a few bucks an
hour

because you're made of money
well, someone else's

The policeman
who says you broke the law
and breaks no law

when breaking your jaw

The paperwork
to say you need paperwork
to say you need paperwork
so you don't DIE
yesterday

On Atomic Time

On Atomic Time, we teach you this
lesson:

If ever things were to get bad enough,
If ever our war meant enough,
If ever our love wasn't enough,
Well, we simply Must DIE --
On Atomic Time.

Like
GDT?



<toot>



North

West

East

South

North

West

Bureaucracy Bullshit

-by Rock Goblin

As it stands, RIT is currently doing its best to introduce as much bureaucracy as possible to every aspect of campus life. As a lifelong fan of bureaucratic systems, this is some of the best things I've experienced during my years here at RIT. Now, instead of waking up at 2 A.M. with six of your closest friends, ten cans of spray paint, and a dream, one has to fill out a form in triplicate, with various approvals from various departments to simply


paint a rock. Chalk on the pavement? Even worse.

Despite all complaints, this system is flawless. Its only fault? Not enough bureaucracy.



RIT is obviously lacking in obscene, irrelevant, and redundant bureaucratic systems. Every bathroom experience should be

preceded by a Google Form determining one's bathroom intent. Getting a stale bagel from Beanz should require the approval of two regulating bodies—and the signature of a witness. Every time I sign into the RIT system, there should be the requirement of a notarized form.

The bureaucracy here at RIT is both obscene, and not nearly widespread enough. Together, we can push for a better, more redundant future. 

Triumphant return of *GDT's*

SAMHAIN STORY CONTEST

Submission Deadline:
21 October 2025

Submitting:

- 1.) Save your file as a docx or rtf so we can reproduce any formatting you have.
- 2.) Name your document with your last name as the file name.
- 3.) Make sure you include information about how to contact you.
- 4.) Attach your document to an email and send it to:

graciesdinnertimeattheatre@gmail.com

Write words. Win Prizes!



1st Place: \$150

2nd Place: \$50

Top contributors will be published in a special 31 October issue.

All submissions remain the intellectual property of the author.

Melancholy Creation

-by Goose Waffles

Mommy dearest, stay awhile
Would you take some time?
To listen to a dying body
Halfway to its prime?

I've been thinking at the reeds
Letting bone on bone grind.
Shifting in the crumbly sheets
Losing pitch-drip peace of mind.

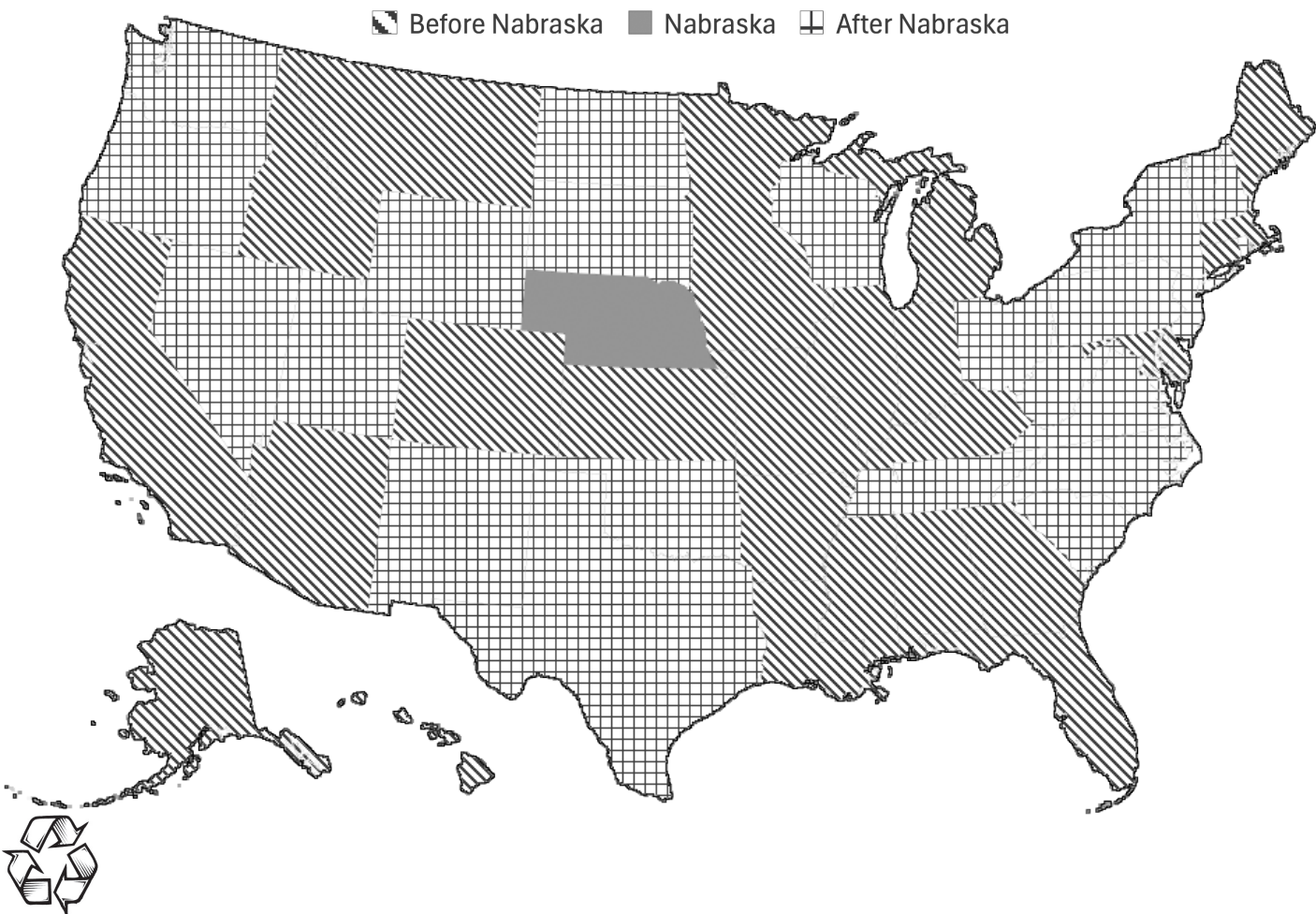
For every glance and lurch and moan
I have a jolt, a buzz, a whine;
When I stumble, my joints jumble
Soldiers falling out of line.

Maybe it was meant to be!
With such a horrid origin o' mine...
(Old men who scheme from girls
Even more Atomic Time)

So if my parts are old and new
Gosh, no wonder pain is time
Please don't hurt me, mommy dearest,
For next I say a crime:

I miss you, mommy dearest,
I hate you all the time.
You never for a moment thought
You'd be Mother Frankenstein.

Alphabetical Nabraska



Do NOT Text That Man. I Repeat: Don't Do It. It's Too Late.