



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Time, Place, & Manner

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Of all the people I've encountered, most have fallen into two categories. There are those who embody the serene willow in the face of storm, and those who gyrate around like unbalanced Beyblades™ being battled by exuberant eight year olds in the slides at recess. Of all categorical theories, this theory of balance is not relevant in most situations, except for one.

When going to the First Class of a semester, knowing which type of person you prefer encountering at Eight in the Morning is very important.

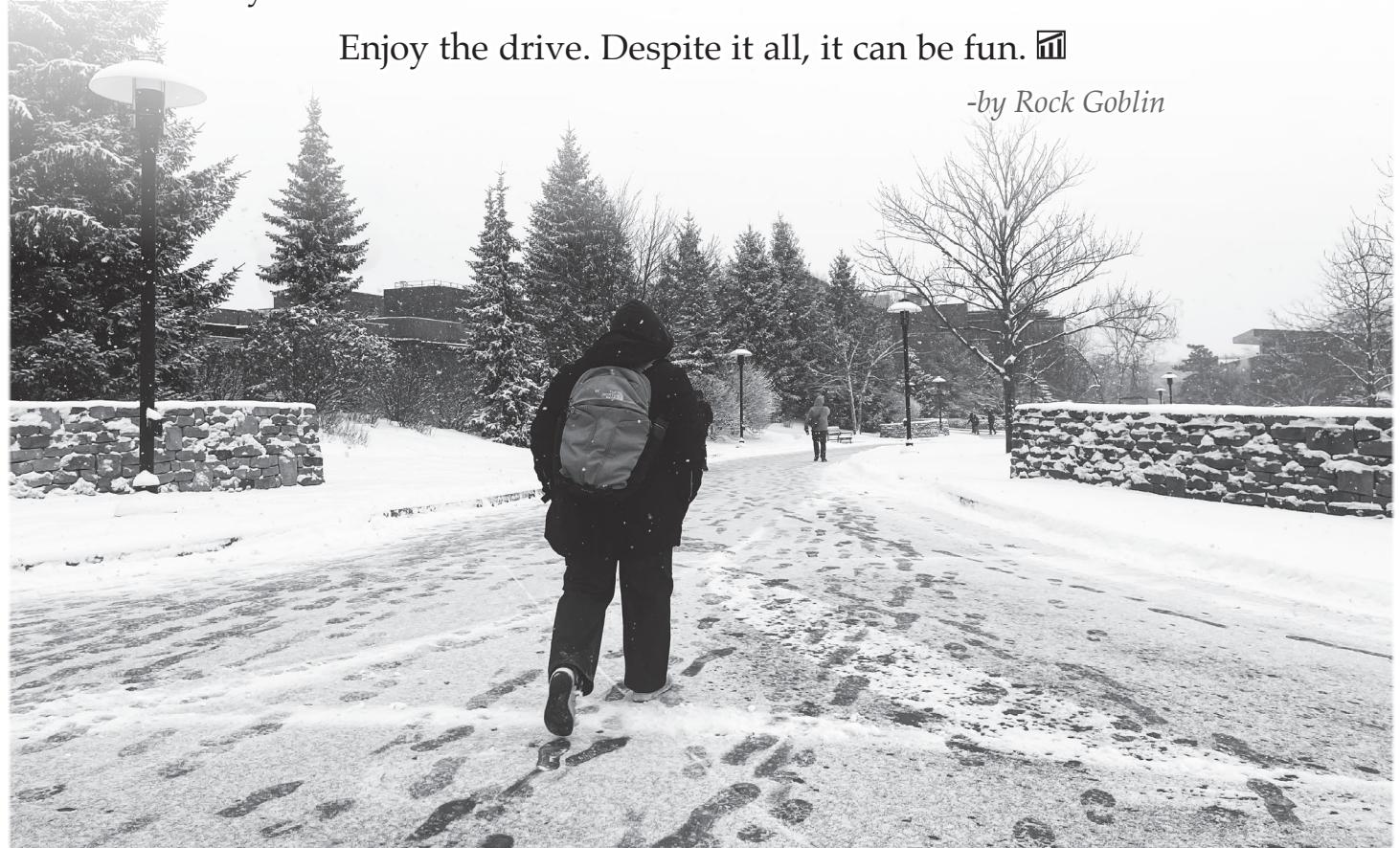
Having encountered both a Serene Willow and an Unbalanced Bayblade at Eight in the Morning, I can definitely tell you, that as an exhausted Unbalanced Bayblade, an Unbalanced Bayblade professor at 8 in the morning is excruciating. Imagine, if you will, a cloudy Rochester morning. It's 7:36AM, you've just woken up, and are gnawing on a slightly stale bagel from Beanz. Like every morning here at RIT, the wind is carrying a slurry of rain and snow into your face. You trudge into your building, drip all over the already slick linoleum tiles, and ooze up the countless flights of stairs to your lecture hall. The room is dark, and your tablemates are dozing off. All the sudden, the big lights burn your retinas, and someone who could best be described as a squirrel on cocaine starts gyrating around the room, jabbering about whatever the class is about.

This situation, despite seeming absurd, has been experienced by countless students here.

As opposed to this, imagine the same situation, with the exception of the ending. Instead of an academic flash-bang, the lights turn on slowly, and the academics are slowly introduced, like the realization that the brakes on one's car are shot while barreling down a freeway.

Enjoy the drive. Despite it all, it can be fun.

-by Rock Goblin





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Contact us: graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com

IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Pages 3, 4, 8: Potter, Beatrix. Untitled.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers, or The Roly-Poly Pudding. 1908. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Roly_Poly_Pudding_Text_Decoration_01.png, commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Roly_Poly_Pudding_Text_Decoration_022.png, and commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Roly_Poly_Pudding_Title_Image_01.png

Page 6: Guadalupe Posada, José.

"A young boy cowering from a demon." *El Cuento Niño de Dulce.* 1880-1910. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:A_young_boy_cowering_from_a_demon,_illustration_from_%27El_Cuento_Ni%C3%B3n_de_Dulce%27_MET_DP874474.jpg

Page 7: NPS Photo. "Snow Art."

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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? Welcome to one of the best times of the year for the average hot cocoa and therapy deprived RIT student, FreezeFest! Last year, our Investigative Reporter Smigor Smolotai decided to see just what FreezeFest was all about, given that RIT was heralding this as the pinnacle of RIT student spirit and tradition.

So, Smigor went to every single FreezeFest 2025 event. And he actually learned a lot. He attended his first ever swim and track meets, cheering on RIT teams. He climbed Mount Everest, adopting a pet yeti named "Scklooky." He learned about new world cultures, and tried new food from around the world. He laughed it up at I ❤ Female Orgasm, and applauded RIT's Performing Arts groups at Ovation. He even learned that there is a vibrant community of students at RIT who are both deaf and blind.

This was one of the most profound experiences Smigor ever had during his short stint as a RIT double agent. This is such an amazing way to just learn about so many different aspects of underappreciated RIT student culture. Maybe you'll attend a new sports game you've never seen before. Maybe you'll make a new friend in a snowman bouncy castle. Maybe you get your fortune read by a numerologist. Maybe, just maybe, you get hope, the faintest sense of hope, that the RIT student experience isn't slowly corroding under a monolithic and uncaring bureaucracy.

This was such a successful mission that Smigor decided that he would run it back this year as well. And he would have succeeded, had it not been for New Student Orientation, and their scheduling annihilation that is the Cross Country Ski Trip at Brynncliff. Not only is it on a random Thursday, but it starts at 2pm and doesn't end until 10pm, AND it overlaps with three other FreezeFest events at the same time. How hard is it for CAB to actually schedule these events to not fight against each other? Smigor would have loved to go, but has been set up for failure. Regardless, you'll be able to spot Smigor at the rest of the FreezeFest 2026 events. Be sure to be on the lookout for the release of his report comparing 'every' FreezeFest 2025 and 2026 event, to be released in a future issue of *GDT* near you! Probably hiding under a cup of hot cocoa.

Until next week, stay safe, and fly high SAU flags. 

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!

Aw Rats! I can't afford groceries

-by Ada H. Ominam

I don't like to admit it, but I'm getting pretty old. As graduation grows closer, and I begin to prepare for my transition into the real world, I cannot help but reflect on my time here at RIT. I ask myself; "Was this major really the right choice for me?" "Did I spend enough time with my friends here?" "Am I prepared to leave here and get a job?" "Remember when I could afford to eat on campus?" Yes, my dear readersnappers,^[*] while the youngest among you have only lived in a post-Commons,^[†] \$10 sandwich institution, I can remember a time when students in dorms could choose between TWO dining halls instead of one, and sandwiches only cost \$8. Some of my eldest friends, long graduated, can even recall a pre-Gracies-renovation society where meal swipes weren't even mandatory, and the basement of Sol Heumann had a little restaurant in it. What happened? Where did all our quality of life go?

I believe the answer lies outside our little Brick City, beyond the borders of New York State in Silver Spring, Maryland, where at 10903 New Hampshire Ave sits a little building called the United States Food and Drug Administration headquarters. You see, food prices across the country have been on the rise for years and, while yes, some of this could be chalked up to "inflation"^[‡] or "tariffs," I believe the real culprit is labor costs. The FDA pushes "health" and "safety" regulations on food processing, meaning that when companies (our friends) go to process their food products for consumption, they need to hire people for some arbitrary "quality control" position, and waste resources on "replacing contaminated food." The FDA will tell you that "it's to prevent the spread of disease,"^[§] but if you ask me, that's the CDC's job. There's an obvious way to cut food costs here: I propose raising the threshold of acceptable rat feces levels in food by 300%. Higher acceptable levels mean less money needed to replace products deemed "unusable" by rat feces. Additionally, less strict health standards mean less work searching for rat feces, so workers will require lower pay.^[¶] With the costs saved on quality control, food companies (still our friends) would be able to lower consumer prices, which they would do, because as we all know when corporations get more money, they use it for the good of their fellow man.^[**]



Opponents of my 'policy' may have such counterarguments as:

"Don't these health and safety policies exist for a reason?"—Yes, so whoever is elected to the honorary position of "Commissioner of Food and Drugs" can have some fleeting sense of control over the world despite being an obvious figurehead.

"What about the workers whose pay was cut?"—They weren't laid off, they still have jobs. Plus, food costs will go down anyway, so it'll be like nothing changed for them,

* Combination of readers and whippersnappers.

† Editor's note: semi-post-Commons. There's still "dining," but without the "hall" or frivolous accessories like "furniture," "chairs," or "socializing."

‡ A strange, complicated economic process of... oh, I can't explain it. But I did see a really good explanation online by Ritchie himself! You should google "Ritchie Inflation," I'm sure it'll come up.

§ Or something. Like any good reporter, I didn't research it, I'm just guessing.

¶ While I'd love to just cut everyone in a quality control position loose, much like the Grinch my heart unfortunately grew three sizes over Christmas and I now think laying people off out of nowhere is bad, actually.

** Which makes sense, of course, as people are inherently kind and corporations are people too.

except having an easier time at work. Honestly, I think they should be the most in favor of raising the rat feces threshold.

"Doesn't rat feces make you sick? We shouldn't be eating it in our food!"—Maybe it'll make *you* sick, nerd. Not me though. Mama didn't raise a little bitch.

"What if food corporations pocket the cash saved from lower quality control labor costs and don't adjust their prices?"—What part of they're our friends don't you understand? Companies like Perdue and Nestlé would never do something like that, they struggle every day just like me.

Despite the numerous poorly thought out, reactionary takes, no one has ever raised a valid concern against this proposed change. If passed, I expect my rat feces reform plan to lower consumer expenditure on food by a whole 7%!^[††] Think about what you could do with a whole extra 7% of your grocery money back. That's what Rat Feces costs you. Don't you want that money back? I know I do.

^[††] Projections also predict a measly forty-one million deaths from "cholera," whatever that is.



'Experts' are saying:

This new and improved FDFA policy also aligns perfectly with the government's food goals overall. The new upside-down food pyramid, with protein at the top, will have Americans eating more meat — which is conveniently where we'll have the furthest lowered prices due to the increased rat feces. We might even sneak some rat meat in there for extra nutrients!

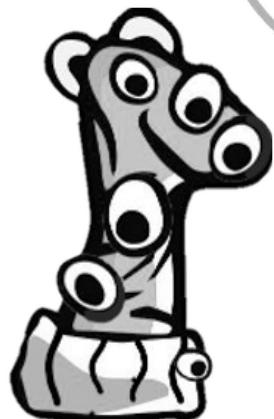
-anonymous rodent health and safety 'expert'



Have your own story or art?

Poetry? Definitions?

SUBMIT!



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Chapter 1: a vague narration of a faux texan

-by turpentine

he'd been killed. quite graphically, in fact; medieval torture methods were as despicable as the tales had told over time. he'd been killed, tortured, his life had been taken—whatever it was being called in this decade—and he had dropped to hell to take on his new job as one of the devil's most prized dealmakers. hooray.

it wasn't an awful job. really. possession was fun; it was thrilling to hop between forms based on what made some poor soul tick, and sweettalking his way into a more drastic, more grandiose transaction was never difficult. he'd been killed for his charms, of course. was dubbed a witch (which, at the time, was accurate to his presentation, despite the new gentlemanly identity he'd taken on post-mortem) and had been interrogated further, and it was learned that his idea of religion was not as concise as the towns' (to everyone's dismay, of course). they'd put him on what they dubbed the rack, and he was, in layman's terms, stretched to death.

sometimes he wondered if that's what gravitated him towards the beyond 6'0" vessels, even for the shortstack enjoyers.

never in his life (or lack thereof), though, did he expect to wrapped up in three different humans' personal lives so intimately that they considered him a close friend (he'd viewed them as a deal waiting to happen for quite a while, with how dense and gullible they were to near cartoonish schemes, but had grown almost fond over time. acquaintances, if you will—demons don't have friends).

he supposed he took good care of them. in some convoluted way, pretending that this vessel was him and taking on yet another crafted backstory worked him wonders. they were, as any human, gullible to a semi-tragic backstory. at least he had some hellish friends that backed him up if they wanted to meet family.

there wasn't much of a chance of them finding out his true employment status, though. he'd been mostly out of the business for years. a few times, he'd slink out at night in his best suit and best charming drawl and strike up a deal with some poor bar stage star who wanted to make it big in two weeks flat. he didn't have the capacity to feel guilty despite their own financial situation matching his and the boys'. it was all part of the job.

so why, on god's foul earth, were two lowly, brand-new and dogshit dealmakers standing in his living room and demanding a cut of his pay?

well, not *pay*; they demanded two out of three of the boys' souls to keep his "secret" private. they refused to answer any questions he had, besides which ones they wanted. he could dupe them into giving away their plan with ease. it was amusing that they thought they were the first two to come up with this idea.

"we want the curly one's and the shortstack's. that blonde, naïve one already had his soul tarnished by some knockoff devil. it's tainted, we can feel it. i'm sure you can as well."

he sipped from the glass of whiskey he'd poured himself before this unfortunate encounter, looking at the two with a blank expression. he nodded towards them, prompting them to go on.

"come on, poalkazav. you don't want to get in trouble, do you?"

"you know very well that's no longer my designation. I'm out of the business; I have no control over their souls. their talent was won fair and square." his own was not, but that wasn't relevant.

the seemingly wiser of the two piped up. it was immediately made clear that he was not the charmer of the duo. he had no chance at making a proper deal. he was too invested in being a product of hell to learn that one would need to be human to be trusted.

“we do not care for your human matronymic. it is a sign of weakness, *poalkazav*. you are exceedingly interdependent with these weak humans, and it is a flaw you must rid yourself of.”

he continued his blank stare, swishing another sip of his whiskey in his mouth for a few moments before swallowing. it wasn’t that difficult to tell that the duo was jealous of his role as the best dealmaker the devil had ever dealt with (he’d even almost swindled him into a deal when he was fresh in the business, only to remember the devil has no tangible soul to steal. oh well), and that wasn’t a title he’d earned without effort.

he’d almost thanked god itself when the two had zipped into his living room some odd hours after the others had left for a day on the town. their clumsy time of arrival almost made him believe there was no true substance behind their threats, as if they were dared by a good buddy of his to try and “prank the big guy” (it’d happened before. he knew the signs.) without any indication of his willpower against such a thing.

the glass of whiskey clinked softly as he set it on the counter and pushed himself up from his leaned back position, his arms crossing out of habit. if he had a mirror with him, he would be able to watch the deep blood red color of his true eyes glinting in the usual honey brown of his irises. it wasn’t a sign of irritation, though the feeling was steadily creeping up his spine, rather a simple indication of his power.



a demon out of work is still a demon.

he made eye contact with the more charming one, and felt the room’s atmosphere shift. cool metal pressed against his forearm and shifted downwards. he made sure he kept it covered and tucked away by his suit jacket.

“I’m goin’ to have to ask you two to leave, before I do somethin’ drastic. and I’m not in the mood to ruin this suit today, boys.”

the oh-so-wise one had the confidence to scoff. the only reply he gave was the cant of his head as his blade slid down into his hand. it was pointed towards the duo in no time.

surprisingly, one of them had the wit to dissolve his form and pop up far, far away from california the instant the sun glinted off the polished silver. he hadn’t had the chance to use it in centuries. blood only lingered on handle, too deeply soaked into the ragged wood to be cleaned out properly. the wise one did not budge.

he twirled the knife carefully. he still possessed the skill to wield it properly; at least, he could assume as such. it felt just as familiar as the last time he put it to good use, the worn-out grip still warm.

“what damage do you believe a kitchen knife will do, *poalkazav*? have you detached yourself far enough from hell that you lack the expansive knowledge bestowed upon you?”

there was something lingering on the end of his sentence, as if the wise one had worked out another taunt to fire at him, but he never got the chance to hear it. he was in front of the other demon in an instant, driving the blade into the bastard's throat with a flash of orange. he gurgled a few times, spraying the poor vessel's blood onto his face and suit, then fell to the ground with a dull thud once he pulled the knife out with a gross, slick noise. blood pooled around the vessel's throat.

he watched for a few moments as the figure of blood spread on the concrete, forming what he could assume would be an awful stain to remove. he wiped the knife on his front, then flicked the blood from his eyes. it didn't sting. it wasn't *meant* to sting; for him, at least. but dealing with dried blood on the eyelids was more of a hassle than it seemed.

his shoe didn't make much of a noise when he lightly kicked the vessel's side. whether it was an act of victory or a cruel way to rub in the result, he couldn't tell, but either way there was no reaction. obviously.

enter: his boys.

or, enter a few minutes ago, because their mildly terrified expressions told him they'd seen most of his recent gruesome activities, and he would have a lot of explaining to do. 

~ TO BE CONTINUED ~

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Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT discord

Human rights – organisms descended from *Homo sapiens* who believe and practice moderate to extreme conservative and authoritarian/ self-supremacist ideas (AKA humans on the right).

Machinile – when a machine goes senile.

Prodigize – to turn someone into a prodigy, with or without their permission.

Synurbic – animals adapted to surviving in urban environments.

Weather machine – see “RIT president’s office contents,” filed under “the Sentinel.”

Whether machine – what the meteorologist consults when making predictions.





The Weather Machine is Broken and the Only Cure is to Sleep Through My 1:00PM Classes

-by Rock Goblin

When it starts to get cold, dark, and dreary

I become inexplicably weary

My bed allures

My gait contours

And so to sleep,

In class I'll creep



Words!

-by Rock Goblin

Give Me Words!

On the consonants I'll crunch

The vowels I'll much

Adjectives I'll turn to lunch

And when I'm satiated

I'm still elated

For more words to be agglomerated

As a problem, the situations dire
My profs are throwing me to the fire

But Nine Inch Nails
The sound cures my ails
So to Trent I plead
Do a good deed
Your wailing is atrocious
But I really need to focus

Cacophony and caterwaul clamor in
my cranium

Turning my vision a color of geranium

The doctors say it's acute
And at the root,

My vision blurs
Because I simply need more words

Looking for an escape from
homework? So are we.
join our Discord!



New Year. New Issues. New You? Join Us.

