Did You See That Talk? — We Sure Did(n't) — Read All About It!

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

As Seen on CCTV
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22 October 81AT(2026)

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Science Educator Visits Campus, Says We're All Gonna Die

Casualties Number In The Decimals. Like, 0.005 Deaths. Maybe. (Who Knows? Not Us.)

Disclaimer: this was written prior to October 17th, 2026. The views below belong to the writers, not GDT *itself. Any resemblance to any real person is pure coincidence, allegedly.*

Last Saturday, October 17th, famous science educator and TV host Richard McScienceington visited RIT for Brick City Weekend. And what he said was, well...grim.

The event, "A Heated Argument with Richard McScienceington," moderated by famous Harry Potter fanfiction writer Ebenezer Nabrowsky,[1] started well, but devolved quickly as the presenter started spouting conspiracy theories about Roko's Basilisk and split hemispheres. "It's over! We're all gonna die!" he yelled. In response, Nabrowsky rebutted, "Blah blah blah." An astute observer butted into the conversation about Roko's Basilisk, asking about the implications of an 'antisocial and extremely socially shy Roko's Basilisk, one that would punish humans for trying to create it.'" Nabrowsky and Mr. McScienceington immediately stopped their argument, faced towards the observer, and let out a guttural scream that could rend flesh from bone. Turning back, they continued the conversation as if nothing had happened. We do not have any more information about that interaction, as our reporter suffered a minor case of having their flesh rent from their bones.

When asked about his crashout after the debate, Mr. McScienceington had the following to say:

"Climate scientists have been saying this for years. It's over. It's so over. The human experiment has run its course. I think we've been saying this a bit too passively. We need to be screaming at crowds of hopeful, naïve young faces that their lives were over before they even began."

Once Mr. McScienceington had been sufficiently calmed down,[2] the floor was opened[3] for student questions.[4] RIT first-year CE major Willy Sanders (unrelated to any other Sanders') said "I don't want to see you again" while his cousin Alvina Simoan, fourth-year economics major (again with no relation to any similar last names), lamented "shouldn't a science educator be spreading positivity? If I wanted to die I would just go to my 8AM." Mr. McScienceington had the following to say:

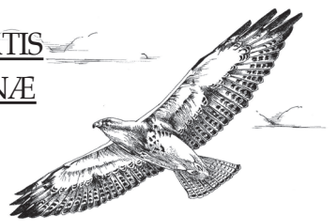
"Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz."[5]

An inspiring message from our elders to the next generations.

Once the smell of unspilled blood enticed him into stirring from his drug-induced slumber, McScienceington got down to business explaining his newest research:

1 Besides the 122 chapter fanfiction, he also studies the ethics of AI in Nabraska and nowhere else.
2 Via tranquilizer fired from a high-powered blowgun (thanks, Public Safety!).
3 Via trapdoor.
4 All the student questions go in the hole.
5 Tranquilizerese for "better get to those 8AMs, then. I'd rather die sooner than later if I were you."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (*GDT*) is a founding member of Hell's Kitchen (HK) and is published by Carissimus Diablo.

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Thank you to all of our newsies!

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IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 3: Oquendo, Caleb. "Diverse audience at a large conference." 2026. www.pexels.com/photo/diverse-audience-at-a-large-conference-39351614/

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"Did you know? You can kiss yourself in the mirror, but only on the lips. And the dick, if you try hard (hah) enough. Haha. Like Richard. That's a good one. Siri, add that to 'science.'"

—Richard McScienceington

Mr. McScienceington then did an awesome triple backflip over some orphans while his famous theme song hammered through the auditorium speakers, hypnotically repeating his nickname: "Dick! Dick! Dick! Dick!" Watching horrified from the stage, moderator Nabrowsky broke the AI-themed emergency glass and grabbed the fire extinguisher, spraying McScienceington.

Richard McScienceington then quickly demonstrated laminar flow by shooting a steady stream of blood[6] out his tear ducts as a fear response. The audience displayed their own fear response by screaming, crying, and "shitting their pants crazy style," and demonstrating turbulent flow, according to a witness who chose to remain anonymous. Nabrowsky passed out at this point and the presentation was paused briefly for cleaning.

When the floor opened again for questions from the audience, the line went past the entrance of the auditorium. Such notable questions included: "Who are you? I thought we were going to listen to someone else?"; "How is your daughter?"; "Did you fake your own death in 2022?"; "Do you wear wigs? Have you worn wigs? Will you wear wigs? When will you wear wigs?"; "I'm 19 years old, is my life over?"; "Where can you kiss yourself in the mirror?"; and many more.

"Did you know that in the mirror, you can kiss yourself, but only on the lips? I do, and it's ***hot****. I spend hours at a time making love to my reflection. My roommate hates that I keep getting bodily fluids on the door, but they just don't understand true love like I do."*

—Richard McScienceington

You can kiss yourself in the mirror, but it'll only ever be on the lips. Richard, however, defied this principle live on stage by giving his own reflection oral stimulation while the audience (mostly children) looked on in confusion and horror. "I don't really get this sentiment, since I can kiss other guys in front of a mirror in way more places than the lips (though lips were a common target). Why can't I do the same to myself?" he asked.

Mr. McScienceington then scrunched down on stage, seemingly in pain, and a dull, agonizing groan echoed through the auditorium. "Ugh," he said while curling into the fetal position. The pained scientist then prepared

6 Much like menstrual blood and dog saliva, Richardiam ScienceScience's eye blood has wound-healing properties…its accessibility and sheer volume will allow it to be sold over-the-counter at numerous pharmacies. Wouldn't you want to slather the essence of science on your beaten, broken body?

himself, feeling a growing pressure inside of him. “AM I PREGNANT?!”, he screamed. This woke up Nabrowsky, who simply declared “get ready to push.” With a great groan Mr. McScienceington pushed, and he pushed hard. A baby scientist pooped out of Richard, shortly after followed by a mini voice uttering these ill-fated words: “Scientists, scientists. Pi is exactly equal to three.” The audience gasped in horror as Mr. McScienceington got ready to...dispose of...the baby. However, quickly[7] seeing the error in its ways, the child immediately began counting off the digits of pi: “3.14159265358979 32384626433832795028841971693993751058209749445923078164062862089986280348253421170679...”[8] Richard then looked relieved and handed off the new scholar to a conveniently placed faculty member who had fun hair, a great personality, and a really kissable mirror. Mwah.

“Hey, has anyone seen my dick? I lost it in the war.” said Mr. McScienceington. “The mirror kissing war?" asked Nabrowsky. “You know, in a mirror you actually can only kiss yourself on the lips!!!”, replied an eager toddler in the audience. This young scholar was soon indoctrinated into McScienceington’s child labor ring for his science-themed television series and the Heated Argument was blissfully over.

7 And with the help of seven blunt impacts to its cranium.

8 Due to the shamefully small size of its brain, the young scientist got exactly one of these digits wrong. Whoever is the first to find which number is incorrect and email its correct value to graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com will receive a mystery prize.



Embarrassed, Richard McScienceington (off-center) ran out into the audience and tried to blend in with the crowd after the doomed presentation.

Want to support our brave, hard-hitting, independent campus journalism?

(That was satire, but we occasionally do that for real.)

Join *GDT!*

G.S. When I Get You

-by Ada H. Ominam



While collecting pieces for this issue, I was shocked to find one about myself. It contained layout critique from a woman who was notably too lazy to learn how to do layout herself (dropping out after formatting an impressive total of zero pages). Enraged after having to edit my own hit piece, I've decided to spare you all from having to read it.

—*G.S.*



[illegible], colloquially known as "G.S." if you can believe it, is a bad layout editor. And I can prove it.

G.S. is unobservant. As a "loyal" servant to the newsieing and rememoring cause, I have been distributing tech bidings as well as directly handing issues to my peers for three semesters now. I can see beyond the shadow of reasonable doubt that I have been putting plenty of issues in their home building of [redacted] for my peers and countrymen of this here Southern Henrietta Institute of Technology. Despite this consistent effort of mine G.S. continues to insist that I do not hit their building enough. Well, listen up, "Editor," I regret to inform you that despite my [redacted] not being Kuei, I'm here to stay. Quibbling "Editor" Howard there ought to be FIRED. Does he not realize the visuals of this publication if you see struggling with the visuals of your surroundings? Perhaps get a friend to help you build. I see the [illegible] are Eve[illegible]

Last[illegible] G.S. [illegible] modern [illegible] called [illegible] doing [illegible] stand [illegible] were [illegible]



Get Learnt

-by mighty_chondria

*H*ey there, welcome back.

This is our last week of election talk.[1] As always, remember to vote, but you can be involved beyond major elections. The politicians that win represent you for more than one day in November. So what can we as voters do once they're in office? Or better yet, when they want to stay in office?

Call them, like ye olde 1900s, pick up the phone and call them. **5Calls.org** is a site where it will pull up a single one of your reps at a time and give you their number. You pick an issue you care about and it gives you script options[2] if that makes the call easier or you can free-flow jazz your way through that thing. In every office I have worked with, every single constituent call gets tabulated. Doesn't mean you're a majority in and of yourself and doesn't mean they have to follow your idea just because they listened. Though, when you want to keep that seat and get twenty calls, it's a clear message.

The politicians aren't necessarily your friends, but the secretaries and aides are. Be respectful, the person on the phone makes a barely living wage and doesn't call the shots, but they do have some pull with the rep.

Got five minutes? Check your voting plan.

Got ten minutes? Read the docket and make a call.

You got this. See you next week.

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1 And yes, I'm tired of it too.

2 This is a left leaning organization, with lean being used generously. The scripts are anti-human rights abuses and pro-sustainability. If that's not your thing, then 1) WTF and 2) Your voice still matters! Negate scripts as you see necessary,* the phone numbers and bills in question are the same.

* Editor's note: if you plan on negating the human rights ones, ~~stop reading~~ have a great day. Goodbye.

Imaginum Auctores. cont.

Pages 2 & 3: Kullachandra Singh, Ngariyambam. "Khucheng Saapa" and " Khutchil Saapa." 1963. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Khucheng_Saapa_-_gesture_of_making_wrist_of_hand_-_one_of_the_Hakchaang_Saapa_(Laipou_Khutthek)_group_of_gestures_of_creating_human_body_-_in_Lai_Haraoba_classical_dance_ &_music_ritualistic_performances.jpg and commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Khutchil_Saapa_-_gesture_of_making_finger_nails_-_one_of_the_Hakchaang_Saapa_(Laipou_Khutthek)_group_of_gestures_of_creating_human_body_-_in_Lai_Haraoba_classical_dance_ &_music_ritualistic_performances.jpg

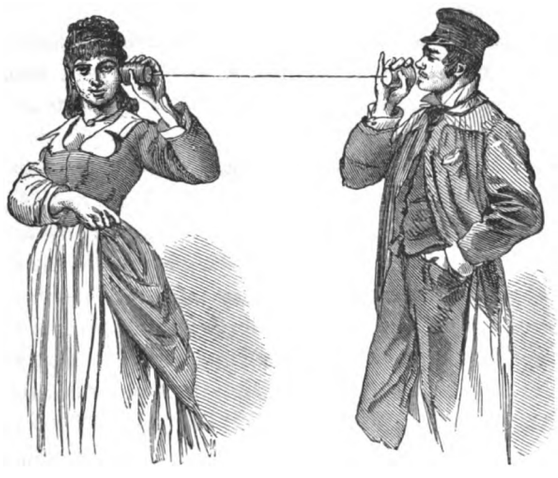
Page 4: Epicpanda65. "Crumpled paper." 2024. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Crumpled_Paper.png

Page 5: Bonnafoux, Benoît. "A tin-can-and-string telephone." 1878. *Le téléphone, le microphone et le phonographe.* commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Fig_6_Le_Telephone_by_T_du_Moncel_Paris_1878.png

Page 8: Olcott, William Tyler. "Hydra." 1911. *Star Lore Of All Ages.* commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Star_Lore_Of_All_Ages_(1911),_0316,_hydra.png

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Do you know who else you should call? Susan, our missing advice columnist.



Comic Corner

-curated by G.S.

Comic by Sam Owen

dsoart.com • IG: @dsosartdotcom

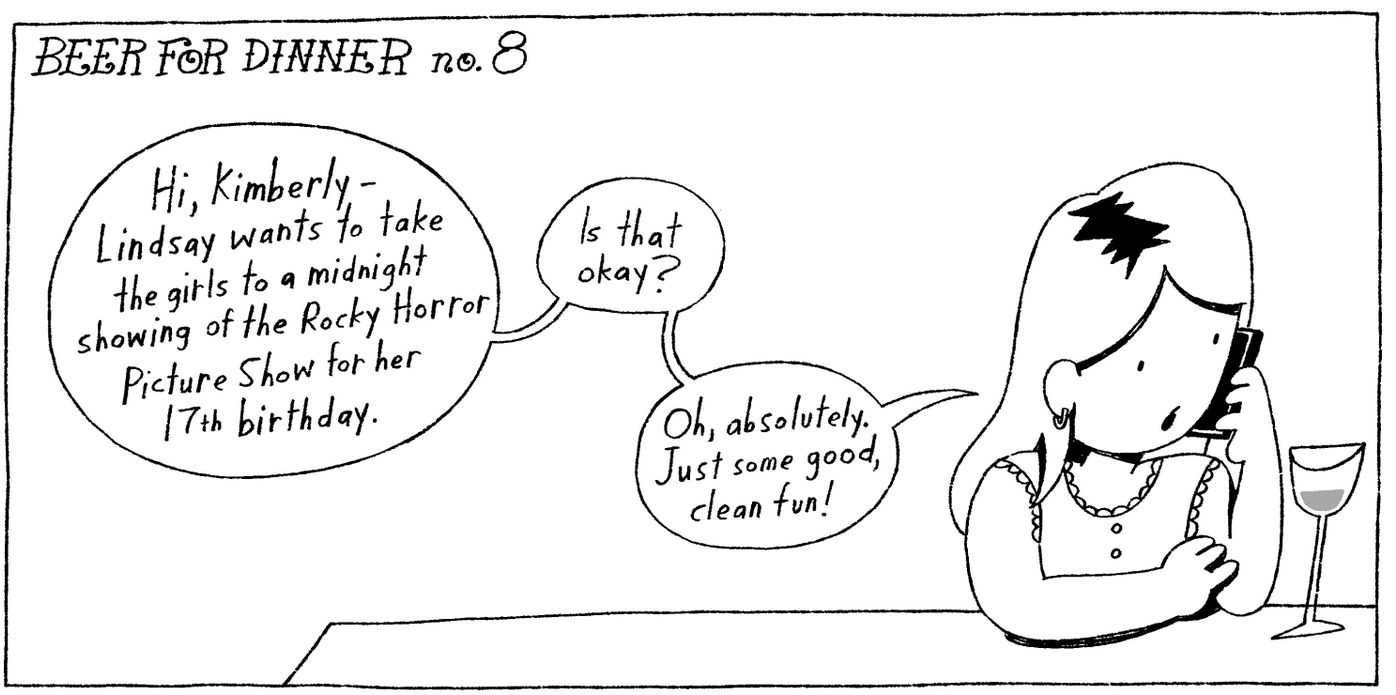
GARFFELD



Comic by Lid Thom

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Read more "Beer for Dinner" online!

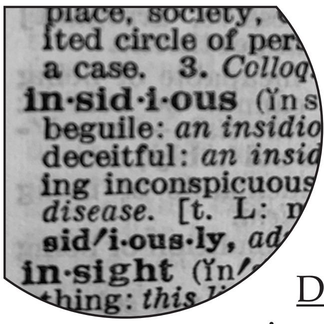




You can do this too! Go see RIT's Rocky Horror Club tomorrow or Saturday. You'll have to apply the lipstick yourself, though.



Comic by Aidexp • *aidexp.neocities.org*



Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT *discord*

Ad nauscream — until sick to the stomach from yelling. *See* "putting boots on a toddler."

Diplotainment — has some of the trappings of diplomacy, but is really just done for the memes.

Eloneliness — the all-consuming greed and isolation of the richest man in the world.

Hashing it out — arguing in Python comments.

Scaramucci — unit of time equal to ten days. Also known as a "mooch."

Zacharia — unit of time that is exactly half of a Scaramucci; or one business week.

Zacharial — weekly publication.





Reverse Panopticon

-by Ada H. Ominam

My head hurts, but this is the only cure, the only way
the day could have ended. One prisoner stands in the center
of ten thousand blind guards while the line swells because it must
grow. The swelling grows because it must grow. For the tumor,
stagnation is death. The bee only walks where it cannot fly. The guards will not see
if I leave. The vision of the design was realized, but it wasn't enough. It must

grow. It must grow. It grows. The cells demand more, who are you
to say no? The cell holds me in place with stage fright—stay informed— I can
leave at any time, but I can't change. Stagnation is death, but I'm a nihilist;
it's a dog eat dog world out there, and the tumor's only winning because its growth
is faster than yours. I think it's bulging green but I can't keep my eyes
off my phone. The peak was reached but it wasn't enough. A tower surrounded
by guards, I must know them all before I can escape. A tumor is still

growth. It grows. It grows, grows, grows, grows— it must grow. My body,
the line, the lump in his chest, my phone, they must grow. The swelling only hurts
when you look at it. The interest compounds, the swelling profound, it must grow.
Grow.
Grow. Grow. Grow, my head hurts. Even through blurry vision I know
in the pale green light, all ten thousand strangers wait. The swelling of the line
grows and though
I think I'm turning green I know this is the only way it could have ended. I have to
grow.

Did You Know?

-by turpentine

Did you know? You can kiss yourself in the mirror, but only on the lips. You can mirror your kiss, but only on the lips. You can kiss your mirror on the lips, but only on you. You can lips yourself in the kiss mirror, but only on the kiss. You mirror yourself kiss, lips on the only. Kiss you can, on the mirror, only lips. Lips on the mirror kiss on your only. Lips mirror kiss. Know you did?

Did you know? You can **submit your own** art, writing, and poetry to GDT by emailing us at graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com!

Submit .docx or .rtf files of written work, and high quality images or scans of artwork. No AI-generated work will be considered.

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