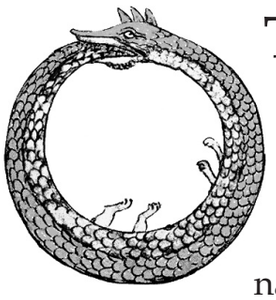
Feeling melancholic? Take this pick me up — pick us up.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

As Seen on CCTV
Volume 37, Issue 10
29 October 81AT(2026)

Read all our issues at hellskitchen.org/gdt

Don't like it? RECYCLE it!



Thoughts on USS N.G King of Hearts

-by G.S.

USS N.G King of Hearts is a prolific *GDT* writer. But their name just makes no sense. Are they a Navy ship? Or maybe a non-gendered king? What does that even mean? I'm not sure, nor do I know why the word "monarch" was unavailable the day this pen name was crafted.

But I do know the King of Hearts, who was married to the Queen of Hearts in a certain hit 1865 novel illustrated by the same man who drew political cartoons for a weekly satire magazine (sound familiar?) for over 50 years. He was known for being a wimp who pardoned his wife's subjects while she wasn't looking. Lame. I wanted to see them beheaded. The King of Hearts was drawn, in the original wood engraving, as a jolly man with a very tall crown and white hair. It's possible the crown hides a large bald spot. I think that USS N.G King of Hearts should start taking notes from their namesake, because by the time they finish their engineering degree they're also going to be balding with at minimum a few white hairs. Forget the Waterloo effect. We're renaming it the Gleason effect.

As a mechanical engineer they are a super senior, by liberal arts standards, and very predictably a *Transformers* fan. They have a noted interest in *Transformers* yaoi and semi–erotic swimsuit fanart. They also find Bugs Bunny attractive (don't we all, though), as noted in their recent *Coyote vs. ACME* review (which I happily drew a sexy Bugs Bunny for). But it seems they don't find ACME a very attractive employer. And who even chooses Mech E. if they hate the military-industrial complex? They might as well have majored in a more obviously unemployment-focused field such as English or maybe Political Science.

USS N.G King of Hearts is also a known menace in the kitchen. They've admitted to cooking two onions whole, unpeeled, and rated it "Better than expected. I might do that more." What? But that might be better than their weekly dish of oil-drowned chicken and vegetables. This local they/them has been banned from using the communal oil bottles after making the chicken monstrosity one too many weeks in a row. They probably serve it with something nasty too, like sourdough bread. Don't you have work to do? Get *out* of the kitchen. Stop roasting vegetables and live off terrible premade slop like the rest of us.

But really, please keep writing or even cooking instead of working for a defense company. Even the onions are better than L3Harris or Lockheed.

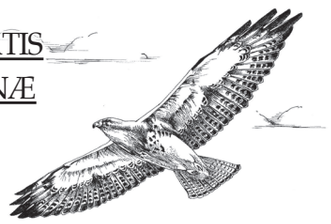
Check out our Halloween special edition!

Coming to a table near you very soon:

student stories!
Fall fun!



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: Unknown. "Jack O Lantern figure." 1903. *Halloween Festivities*. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Halloween_Festivities_p019r.png

Page 4: Stierch, Sarah. "Lobster pot pie." 2025. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Wit_and_Wisdom_-_November_2025_-_Sarah_Stierch_08.jpg

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Spooky Talker's Scary Story

-by Spooky Talker

It was a bright and sunny day in the town of "Everyone-dies-here-ville."

But the night was dark and cloudy, and also metaphorically dark because there was EVIL.

As in a social deviant in the white US suburbia, considered metaphysically evil for breaking norms.

An estrogenized foxgirl picks up an axe and charges the evil social norm enforcer into the radioactive burial ground.

Afterwhich they bury the evil social worm enforcer into the radioactive burial grounds.

Out from the shadows I heard a scream, and I ran forward without looking.

I slipped and fell and bumped my head :(.

Suddenly, I realized something else—my head was gone!

I then started shitting.

"Hi," said the Knife Guy.

Just then, a thing of bleach splashed onto his head.

"This vexes me," he said.

After all, who wouldn't be mad at the lack of context?

Man hook hand hook car door.



Get Learnt

-by mighty_chondria

Hey Hon, as promised, we are taking a break from politics. Maybe the semester has dragged on so long you might feel ready to scream, or perhaps with the thin place approaching, you're ready to watch *Scream*. Well, my favorite way to scream/babble/bleat*/grumble is with Pink Trombone. At dood.al/pinktrombone, you will find a bare-handed speech synthesizer. The website shows a human larynx, vocal chords, mouth, and nasal cavity. By touching the screen, you can change where the air travels, and therefore what sounds are made.

It's harder than it looks to talk. Some sounds are voiced (e.g. v) while others are voiceless in the same position (e.g. f). Some use the nasal cavity or the roof of the mouth, teeth, or lips. Air flow obstruction also matters and allows fricatives† (e.g. f and v are labiodental fricatives,

* First time I used it, my mom sprinted into the room thinking a goat snuck in again. Yee, and I cannot stress this enough, Haw.

† And more importantly an excuse to use the term fricative. Much like the elbow's wenis, it will render a middle school classroom inconsolably giddy.

m̥ and n̥ are nasal fricatives). You are a living pink trombone, but now you can take one for a spin in manual.

Whether it's Halloween, midterms, or the elections (in which you seriously should go vote), this is an excellent time to use your pink trombone and warble to your heart's content.

Cheers!

Comic Corner

-curated by G.S.

Comic by Sam Owen

dsoart.com • IG: @dsosartdotcom

GARFFELD



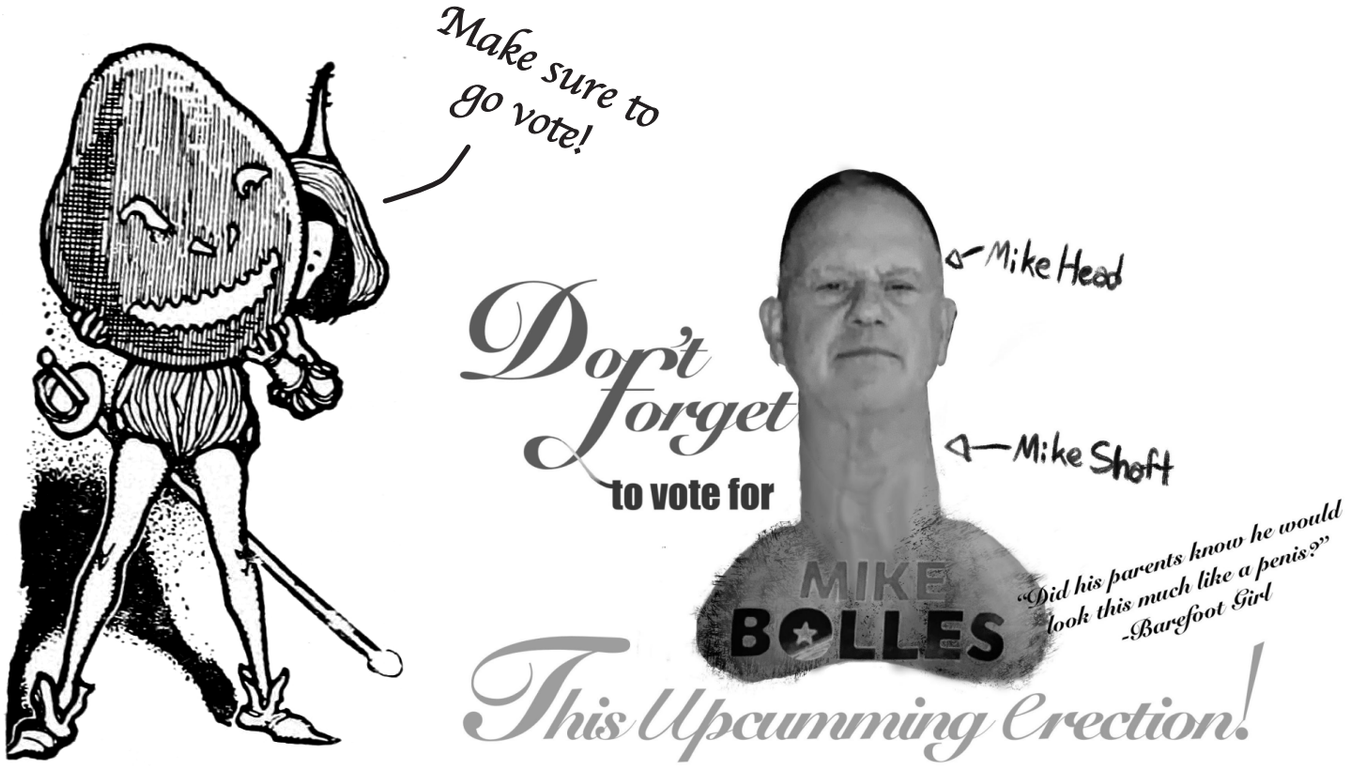
Have your own comic? Poem? Story, even?

SUBMIT TODAY!

To graciesdinnertime theatre@gmail.com

Like what you see? Join GDT's Discord server for more!

Meetings weeky, held... somewhere...



Midterms are Tuesday, November 3rd, 2026

GDT's Spooky Pot Pie Recipe



-from the kitchen of Titty Cocker

Servings: 1 pie | Prep Time: 0.00833333 weeks

Ingredients

5 cups diced carrots
2 spooky chicken thighs
3 boiled potatoes
One pie
A red onion. Yummy!
Allspice
1 pie crust, 12”
1 cup spooky and scary
17-24,000 Flock cameras (stolen)
One little twink boy
Eye of newt
3 tbsp garlic powder
2 tbsp salt
Bill Nye's skin flakes
RITZ stain oil
2 lb cubed beef
A twinge of ground eyeball flesh
2 *evil* spooky chicken thighs
Armpit hair (1)
The breath of a flame extinguished
3 spoooooky potatoes
One pot (either metal or plant)
A whole pot of pie. Get it? Like pot p
Red 5,274
2 metric tons pot (weed)
1 qt evil bubbly science experiment goo
FDR's left testicle
Two carrots
Eye of newts
The Terrifying Milk
Ghost meat
Artisanal Gracie's chicken
A ceramic pot

Preparation

Run around in your hamster wheel to heat the oven up until it reaches 350°F. Or until your little puny hamster legs fall off.

Boil in a cauldron.

Check your breath.

Kiss yourself in the mirror, on the lips (you can't do it anywhere else!).

Bake (spookily) at 300° F(rankenstein) for 40 (scary) minutes.

Bake at 30° for 450 units of time.

Pie pot pot the pie in the pot of pie pot pie.

Jerk vigorously.

Repeat previous steps for 3 hours.

Stir until depreciated website tags make sense.

Smoke dat shit you know you want to you have 2 metric tons of pot a little would not be missed.

Insult what you have so far.

Empty your neighbor's fridge.

Bash some stuff on the counter.

Ruminate.

Die.

Attempt to update this recipe to 2027 HTML.

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