We Are Selling Nothing — We Are Free — Take One

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

As Seen on CCTV
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12 November 81AT(2026)

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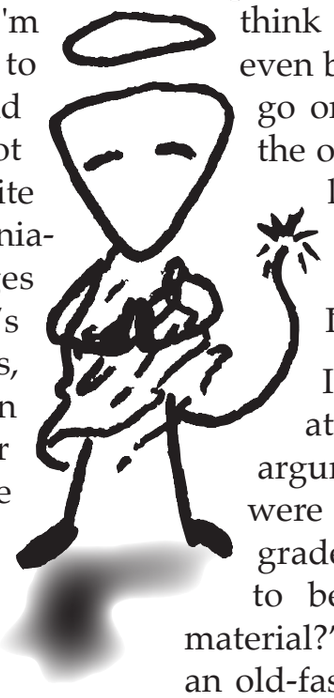
Don't like it? RECYCLE it!

Our country's teachings of English language arts are lacking a vital component. An essential part of our communication, carrying Western civilization's weight on its back entirely unbeknownst to us, has been ripped out of its bleeding socket. I am, of course, referring to Þorn.[1]

No one seems to really understand Þorn the way I do. Everyone I talk to about it thinks I'm weird and asks me to take off my stilts when I 'm indoors. However, contrary to popular belief, I am not crazy, and my claims about Þorn are not unfounded; in fact, they are quite founded indeed in the millennia-worth of Germanic languages that were graced by Þorn. It's not just a thing for grown-ups, either— children of all ages can enjoy Þorn, anywhere from their bedrooms to the sandbox to the local pool. The one place they can't enjoy it is between the ~4 cold walls of a classroom, and hope to change that.



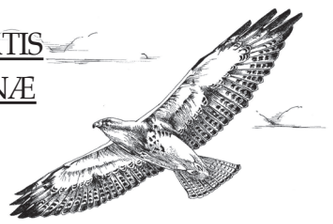
The fact is that children need Þorn in their day-to-day lives. It is frequently complained that today's generation is lazy and antisocial, and it's because they lack the exposure to Þorn which enriched the lives of previous generations of youth. Make no mistake: it is no mere recreational activity, Þorn belongs in the classroom. The manual practice[2] children get by studying Þorn is pivotal to building work ethic as well as hand skills. Just imagine those children sitting at their desks, deep in thought, hard at work. Stroke after stroke after stroke.[3] That's the kind of experience that's essential for building character in young children.

Another big concern in modern education, especially high school, is retaining students' attention. If school-children are taught material that includes Þorn on a regular basis, it can help them stop dreading their studies and come to think it's fun to go to school. It may even be the thing that inspires them to go on to attend a college, much like the one that you, the reader, are most likely residing in now. Don't you want more people in your school to befriend and talk about Þorn with?[4]

In the spirit of fair play, I will attempt to recite some of the arguments against Þorn as if they were at all sensical. "Don't you think grade schoolers are a little too young to be engaging with that sort of material?" "Who even gives a damn about an old-fashioned letter?" "The amount of resources and coordination required to implement Þorn in our signage and linguistic conventions on a global scale is too great for the goal of simply reducing the amount of letters we use." Fuck off, you can't be serious. As far as I can tell, it would cause zero confusion whatsoever if we were all to instantly start writing Þorn everywhere. Even if a reader isn't familiar with what the character means, they would easily be able to figure it out based

1 Þ (thorn) is a character used in the Old English language and several other antiquated tongues, as well as modern Icelandic, to make the same sound that "th" does in modern English.
2 Practice writing "þ" over and over on a lined sheet of paper. Þornography, if you will.
3 See above.
4 And/or rope into submitting to *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre?*

Dramatis Personæ



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wood man

Featuring Garffeld by Sam Owen.

Main Article:
"Incorporate Þorn Into Your Child's Education" by Bullhorn Acacia

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Printer Daemons:
turpentine (*dux*), Bullhorn Acacia, Aidexp, Forcefem Femgirls, Wasi A. Go, J. Serena & Co, Rhythm, & wood man

Thank you to all of our newsies!

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Imaginum Auctores

Page 2: Manetti, Antonio."The Lair of Geryon." 1506. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Manetti_The_Lair_of_Geryon_1506_Cornell_CUL_PJM_1004_06.jpg

Page 4: Chrobot, Piotr. "Orange juice." 2017. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Orange_juice_(Unsplash).jpg

Continued on page 6.

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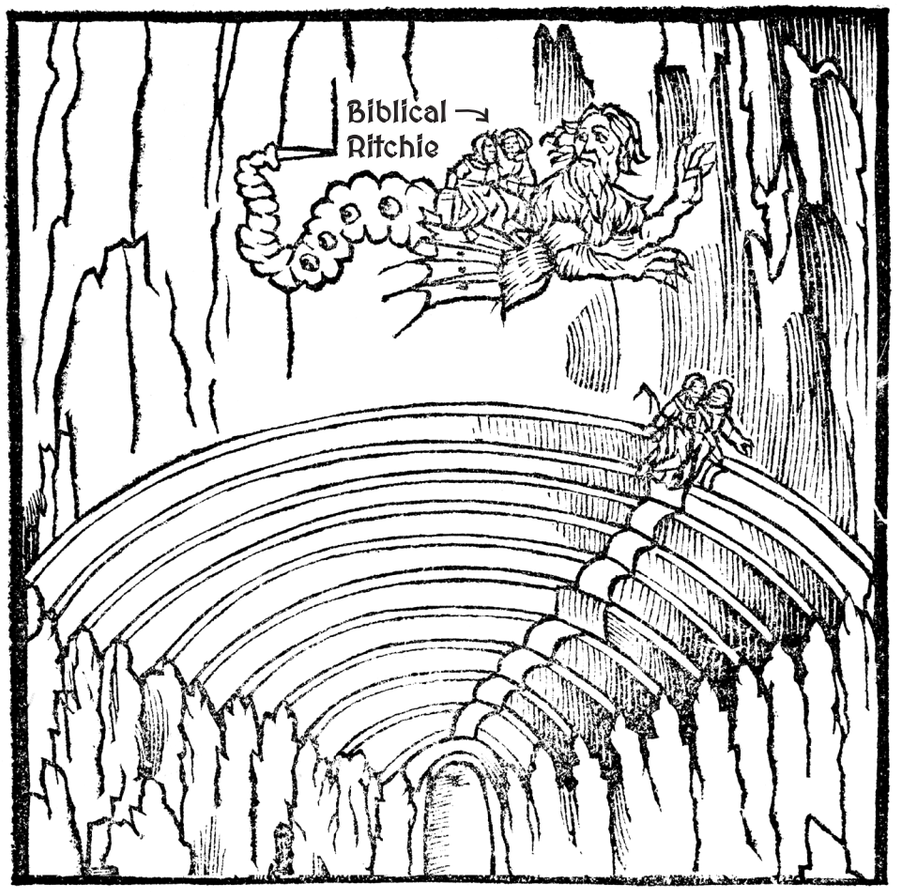
on context clues, and it's not like they'll mistake it for some other letter, because there isn't a single letter in our modern alphabet that resembles a "Þ."

Which circle of hell is YOUR college?



GDT's well-researched writers have determined the following to be true: that there are nine circles of Hell, and nine colleges of RIT (plus two). This can't be a coincidence. Luckily, we've figured out which is which.

Vestibule to Hell: Golisano Institute for Sustainability

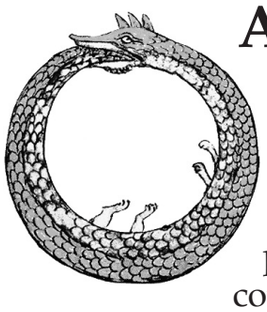
1. Limbo: College of Science
2. Lust: College of Art and Design
3. Gluttony: Golisano College of Computing and Information Sciences
4. Greed: College of Engineering Technology
5. Wrath: National Technical Institute for the Deaf

City of Dis: School of Individualized Study

6. Heresy: College of Liberal Arts
7. Violence: Kate Gleason College of Engineering
8. Fraud: College of Health Sciences and Technology
9. Treachery: Saunders College of Business

Satan: C. Diablo.

Wondering why you're there? Come to a meeting to find out.



Acacia Bullshit

-by Rectum Clown

What would you get if you crossed Minecraft Steve, whitewashed to a level not seen since Jesus, mixed with the worst case of bedhead you can imagine? You'd get Acacia Bullhorn, *GDT*'s resident poet extraordinaire. Even if I thought poetry was art,[1] I think everyone could agree that anyone firing out poems faster than a submachine gun can hardly be considered an artist. Just to prove that poetry is so easy to write, here's a haiku, hidden at the end of the article, just like the poems at the end of the issue.[2] Buried in a place nobody wants to find.*

A wasteful pastime;
Meanings you try to find here
all end with "fuck you."[3]

1 Poems aren't art.

2 Maybe more than one. Who knows?

3 Guess what? Fuck you, bitch.

* Editor's note: space on the back page is actually highly desirable.

Mighty Chondria Orange Juice Scandal Reaches Yet Another All-Time High in Scandalosity

-by Bullhorn Acacia

They had it all. Fame. Power. Money. *Et cetera.* By all appearances, Mighty Chondria was the most successful and popular GDT representative on RIT campus— but that all ended after a shocking revelation from our inside source. An anonymous whistleblower claims to have recently spotted Chondria drinking an entire gallon of orange juice at every *GDT* meeting ever.

Every single meeting Chondria goes to, they sit down and unscrew the cap of a perfectly good gallon container of Tropicana orange juice with no pulp, and they don't stand up until they finish it.[1] It would be one thing if they just sat there and drank their juice quietly,

1 Which becomes an issue whenever we want to arrange our seats into a circle or someone needs to walk past them. Chondria seems to prioritize this self-imposed rule over their own protection from bodily harm.[1] I don't think they would break it even if the building was on fire. Even if the fire was right in front of them. On top of their desk, even. I'm pretty sure they'd just hold position and keep drinking the damn orange juice until they burnt to a crisp.

[1] Which I can recount specific examples off the top of my head of them demonstrating to disastrous effect for everyone else in the room (let alone themself).[2] There's the time when they sat right in the middle of the semi-weekly cornhole match and spilled juice all over the floor when a beanbag struck them in the forehead, causing the carpet to squish and seep out a thin orange-yellow[3] liquid with our every step for the remaining 45 minutes of the meeting, for one.

[2] Which I wouldn't give so much as a fraction of a damn about if they didn't complain about it for the rest of the evening, interspersed with occasional updates about how far they are into the carton. Even if it was just someone stepping on their toe[4] and it wasn't even their fault in the first place, I know they're going to keep whinging at them until they apologize a fourth time.

[3] Our sources say that the yellow discoloration is in part due to the considerable amount of saliva that Chondria deposits into the juice carton with every sip they take and in part because the manufacturing team at Tropicana heard that orange and brown are different shades of the same color and didn't want to make their drinks look like poo-poo.

[4] Which by the way, why do people always act like they're in no way at fault when someone else steps on their toes? Because fundamental geometry dictates that two things can only touch if they are both present in the same place at the same time, so I really don't think it's fair to say that only one of those things is responsible for being there at a given moment. Like the other day I stepped on someone's foot and felt their bones crunch beneath my Doc Martens and they came at me yelling like I just killed their mother (which, to be clear, I most likely did not), so I went and told them "Well, given the way you're acting towards me right now, maybe I should step on your other foot as well," and I stand by that.



but the problem is they won't shut the fuck up about it. Chondria calls themself "President of the OJ club"[2] and tells everyone that you can usurp[3] their position as president if you finish a carton before they do, which every time is met with 15 to 20 seconds of absolute silence while they look left and right across the room with that uncomfortable grin hanging under their nose. One time, I tried it just to make them feel better.[4] I couldn't even get down a third of the gallon, while Chondria chugged it as fast as they could before taking the one I was drinking out of and downing that one as well. They kept making fun of me about it, and to this day, whenever they disagree with me about something, they just call me a "disgraced challenger" instead of seriously engaging with the subject of what I'm saying.

What's more, our whistleblower says that Chondria has been appropriating *GDT* funds to feed their scandalous habit, resulting in the amount of issues that our printer daemons can afford to print each week being reduced by half. Chondria claims that these so-called "OJ club upkeep costs" are a necessary part of the publication's budget, but it's hard to look past the hundreds of would-be *GDT* issues sent down the drain that is Chondria's esophagus each time they suck down a gallon of from-concentrate fruit-flavored beverage. Our writers demand that Mighty Chondria takes the stand and answers for these crimes, ideally without an oversized juice carton in hand.

2 Which is an on-the-nose ripoff of the more popular "lettuce club" format, a type of competitive lettuce-eating platform present in various educational institutions, of which RIT used to be one until faculty decided that they were too much of a big, pointy box of squares to allow the student body to have fun while on campus.

3 They use that exact word every time. You can tell that it's just because they like to use the word "usurp," and they linger on it a little too long like they expect people to react as if they think they're cool.

4 I did it because I figured that maybe if they got a chance to defend their title (or, by some stroke of luck, lost it), they would be satisfied and wouldn't make so much noise every week.



In Error

-by G.S. & the Honest Madman

Alright. It's time once again for everyone's favorite column, In Error, where the fewer times we have to publish it, the better. This is of course where we list all our recent mistakes. You'll notice it didn't run at all last semester— we're simply that good. Anyways. The mistakes:

Volume 18:

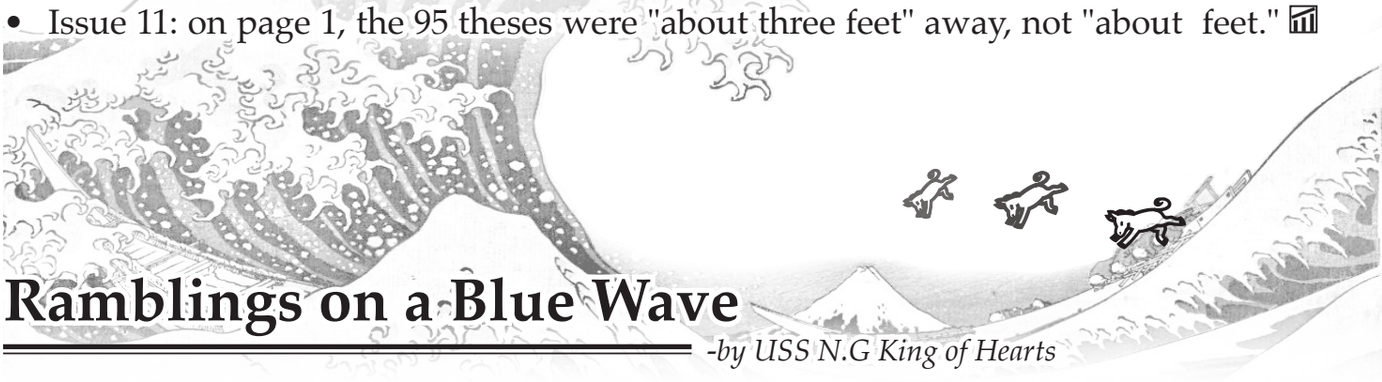
- Issue 5: OK, bare[1] with me. While going through old issues and preparing copies for the RIT Archives, I discovered that v18i5 says it is v17i2. Why? Who knows. I blame Adam Fletcher, layout editor for *GDT* back then. *GDT* could retcon things— pull up the old QuarkXPress file, import it into inDesign,[2] edit the volume and issue, and make a new PDF. The problem is that a reader sent a letter to *GDT* that was published in v18i7 criticizing something published in v18i5, but they referred to it as v17i2. Sigh.

1 Bare. Get it? "Bare" as in reveal vs. "bear" as in wait? Yeah. Language nerds.

2 Layout editor's note: some people are suprised to learn how *GDT* is made. What? You thought I made this on Microsoft Word or something? Being in greyscale does not reduce the layout's complexity.

Volume 37:

- Issue 3: on page 4, "Trickology" should be "Tricknology." Like technology, but deceitful.
- Issue 5: on page 2, "Bullhorn Acaia" should be spelled "Bullhorn Acacia."
- Issue 7: on page 1, the phrase " What we're paying for it not the water itself" should be "What we're paying for is not the water itself."
- Issue 10: on page 3, *GDT* publishes "weekly," not "weeky."
- Issue 11: on page 1, the 95 theses were "about three feet" away, not "about feet."



Ramblings on a Blue Wave

-by USS N.G King of Hearts

So hello people in about a week. I am currently writing this while on a discord call and drinking appy juice, with some Wegmans crackers & GV hummus Holy shit these are good results.[1] And decent hummus. I'll be completely honest I had not been following elections outside of my state (weirdly too many gambling adjacent things). I didn't fucking expect this.

They flipping Texas babee Tallarico's making sweet love to it. Kansas is bleeding blue and I'm slurping that shit up bleh bleh I'm a vampire. John Brownm is looking down from heaven glory glory halieauleauyah. Mississippi is IDK. It's Reconstruction 2 and this time its personallerer. Greg Abbott more like gan darnit,

We're skipping Woke 3 and heading straight into Woke 4 baby, The Blue menace is gonna make one mamdanillion dollars.Wonder of blue. Put the pronouns in the bag Greg. Who TF is Todd Achilles is this *The Iliad*.

Mmmhhmm…

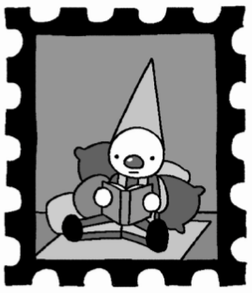
Alright, now that it's no longer midterm election night, let's put my thoughts into clearer words. These weren't the most expected results. At the time of writing this the Democrats have flipped seven Senate seats, with two more to be called, flipped 44 House seats, and flipped 5 Governor seats, leaving a current total of 54 in the Senate, 254 in the House, and 28 Governors. I knew there were gonna be good results, as they say, "it's the economy, stupid." No one wants high gas prices. But this good is something I never considered. I mean *Texas* flipped, and as of writing *Mississippi* might. This is, probably within the last 50 years, historic.

I will admit I still have concerns. The Democratic party will be inheriting the Iran War and, considering various ballots, a potential pop of the AI bubble. In my opinion there's a risk of taking blame for that. And the Republicans currently in office still have a month or so to try to push things through. Much of a hypothetical "counter-attack" is likely to fail, but consistency is important. Quoting Q from Star Trek,[2] "The trial never ends."

There will be foreign relations to be repaired, projects to be reversed, more work to be done. But this is a good position to be in. A majority in both Houses and governors is very, very useful. It means less need for compromise, and a sign of the people's spite. Let's see it be used.

1 For the Democrats, of course.

2 RIP, Patrick Stewart and Walter Koenig.



Get Learnt

-by mighty_chondria

Hey hon, hope you had fun last week learning who can track your phone. This week, let's learn about how to let people into your devices, advance science, and reduce demand for data centers all at once.

BOINC[1] is a project where you can choose research studies to run in your excess computational power. Sounds scary and tech intensive, but they walk you through every bit[2] at **Boinc.Berkeley.Edu.** You pick the topic you want to contribute to (from proteins to quasars)[3] and then do literally nothing differently. It's invisible to you but the project has provided free compute power to loads of research projects and is managed for safety by UC Berkeley.[4]

Beyond being a good steward of resources[5] and helping advance science, if something is found with your computing power some projects let you name it.

Scientists want RAM, any RAM, your RAM if you're down for it. Unlike Sam Altman, who wants your RAM even if you're not down.

1 Berkeley Open Infrastructure for Network Computing. Long name and likely backronym.

2 And I mean every bit, like they even clarify that opening a download on some computers needs a double click.

3 I did COVID-SARS antigens in pandemic and Milkyway@home now.

4 In an on-brand move, I have read the entire user agreement and it's brief and clear. Tech is as is with a GNU license and "You may use this software on a computer system only if you own the system or have the permission of the owner."

5 Unlike a data center.

Comic Corner

-curated by G.S.

Comic by Sam Owen

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GARFFELD



Imaginum Auctores. cont.

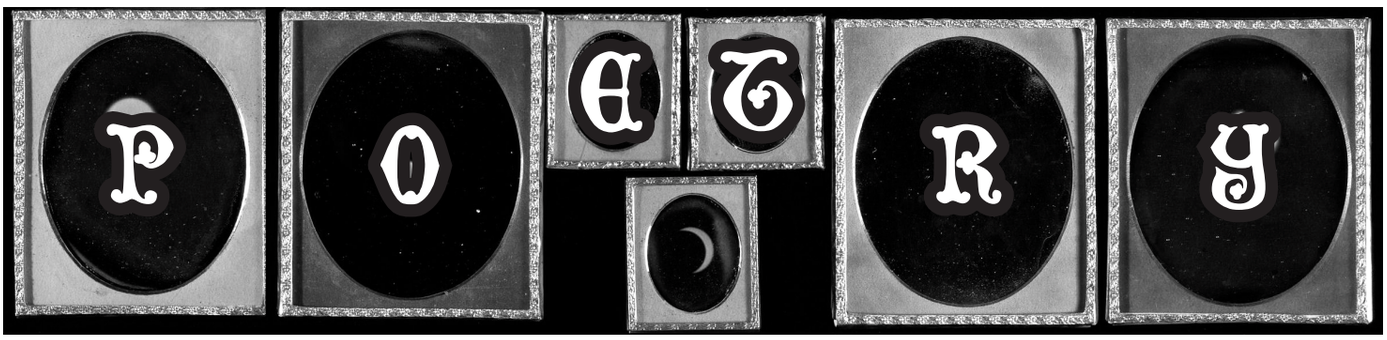
Page 4: Lunafelicia. "Red dial phone." 2014. pixabay.com/vectors/telephone-red-vintage-vectors-388838/

Page 5: Hokusai, Katsushika. "The Great Wave off Kanagawa." 1830. Surely you know this one already. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Katsushika_Hokusai_The_Great_Wave_off_Kanagawa_1830.jpg

Page 7: Bruxvoort, Phil. "Crescent Sun + Lens Flare." 2017. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Crescent_Sun_%2B_Lens_Flare_(36585110891).jpg

Page 7: Langenheim, Frederick and William. " Eclipse of the Sun." 1854. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Eclipse_of_the_Sun_MET_DP205277.jpg

Page 8: Multiple illustrators. Sun dogs or three moons (CCIIIv). 1493. *The Nuremberg Chronicle.* web.archive.org/web/20060108174915/http://www.beloit.edu/~nurember/book/images/Miscellaneous/index.htm



notes from the solar field, part II

-by Ada K. Ominam

decay comes in many colors:
yellow

of dandelions
sprouting from the grass
of chemical laced lawns
providing pillows for mold-covered mouse corpses
or between cracks in the cement
of sunburn-stained sidewalks;

of teeth
stained from the many months
of too tired to brush before
breakfast, of sugary soda and sweets
as reward for just surviving the day,
of pain in gums making it too hard to brush;

of sunsets
over empty parking lots,
hollowed out factories,
the new walmart's logo
all comprising the guts and bile
of a dead industrial animal.

decay comes in many colors:
grey

of gravel
rubble-ruins where constants once reigned-
a million men and women brushing daily
behind grey walls with lawns outside
manicured within a millimeter, not a flowering weed in sight-
all gone now: it's all crumbled
to nothing but rocky soil for goldenrod;

of concrete
beneath us, forming sidewalks, parking lots
a rainbow festival of cars and trucks and
jackets and shirts and pants, food and drink
boxes of every shape and color
all gone now: the dried bones of the carnivals
lay in the desert, marking their tombs.

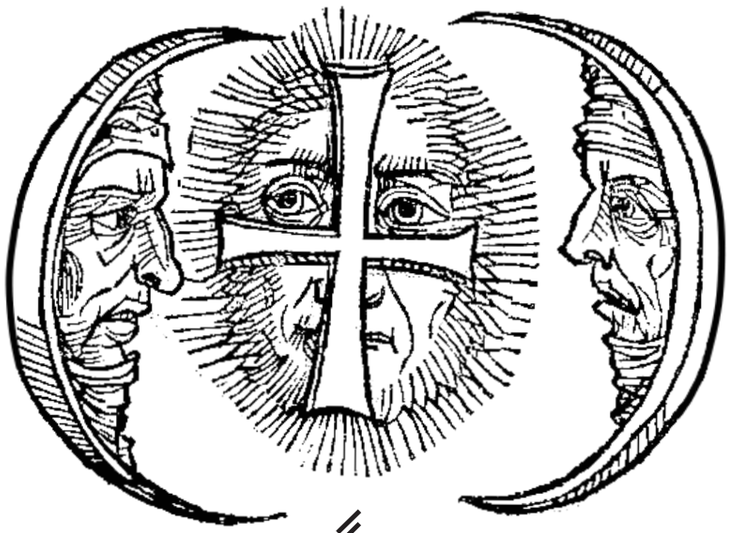
continued

decay comes in many colors:
black

of flies bouncing–
dandelions, to sidewalks,
to mouse corpses
in the grass;

of festering mold
on our bread
in the earth
across its ribs;

of rotting fur
once earthy brown,
soon to birth
1,000 more flies.



decay comes in many colors:
green

of stems of weeds;

of vines on buildings;

of salad for dinner;

of backs of bottleflies;

of maple tree saplings;
whose roots hug bones of mice
and give shade to her babies.





Is that porn in your hand, or are you just a fan of* GDT *(or Garffeld)?

Join our Discord!

Submit art, poetry, or articles to graciesdinnertimetheatre @gmail.com

As a .png, .jpg, .docx, or .rtf file.

We Are Selling Nothing — We Are Free — Take One