



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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We're Back, RIT¹!

¹Did you miss us, Al?

A Car Accident

by Franklin Roosevelt

A car accident. That was how she died. My wife. My wife and my youngest daughter. Both of them. They died. In a car accident. My wife had been driving. She was going to drop our daughter off at school. No, no, it wasn't school. It was — what was it? Hmm. Ballet lessons? No, violin lessons. Yea, that's it. Violin lessons. It doesn't really matter where they were going I guess. After they died, I just had to get out. Out of that house, out of that city. I couldn't stay there, everything was marred with some memory of them. No, I shouldn't use the word 'marred'. But they were. I hated everything that reminded me of them. My other daughter, Amber, was in California, going to school to be an engineer. I think she wanted to design airplanes. I can't quite remember. My son was dead. He fell out of a window from six stories up. They say he was so shit-faced he probably didn't know he was falling 'till he hit the ground. The only time I ever wasn't proud of him was the night he died.

We didn't move after he died. We stayed right where we were. Well, except for my older daughter. A month after her brother died, Amber decided she wanted to go to school in California, get away from the long New York winters. I don't blame her; the winters here can be pretty morose, especially if your brother is dead. My wife took up smoking again. I guess she figured if her son is dead, then her lungs might as well be too. I mean, what the fuck, Peter Boyle said it in *Taxi Driver*, 'one man gets sick, one man gets well, one man dies, another man lives.' What of it, people die. They die.

Shelley, the youngest, didn't come out of her room except for school and to eat for almost four months. I think she took it the hardest. My son, he was her older brother. He taught her all the things I wouldn't. How to light a bottle rocket, how to make spit wads, how to throw water balloons at the paper boy. I mean, he was Amber's older brother too, but Amber seems to have a heart of stone. But I think this might've cracked it a bit. Before she left for school, I would hear her crying in her room sometimes.

After that car accident, Amber flew back to New York. After the funerals, everyone cried. A collective outpouring of sorrow. Then they all went

back to their homes. My daughter Amber took the quarter off from school to be home for a while. I told her I didn't want to live in this house, this city, anymore, that I wanted to leave. She said it was a good idea. So Amber and I packed everything up into a big U-Haul truck, and drove it out to Virginia. Amber went back to school in September, and I tried to start fresh in Virginia. Well, not exactly fresh. I didn't want to forget my son and daughter and wife. But I wanted, well, to kind of forget. I didn't want the pain. No, I didn't want it, I wouldn't have it. But it found me, it hunted me down, and it found me. Way down in Virginia, the pain found my heart, and nested there. It had vile, disgusting sex with other pain, and had vile, disgusting children. And they bred in my heart, fucking and mating and fucking and mating. My heart became a breeding ground for pain, for all these fucked up little creatures that could eat you alive if you let them, or if you weren't strong enough to repel them. And they ate me. Oh, how they ate me. They feasted on my brain, and my thoughts, and my mind. They ate everything they could, and when they were full, they fucked some more, and made more of themselves.

I became a walking tower of pain. I was merely a container, a vessel, a habitat, a home, for all of those fucked up little creatures. And they were fucked up. Oh yes, yes they certainly were. They whispered in my ear at night. They told me things. Shit I didn't want to hear. They told me that my wife was being fucked by demons, and my little girl was being kept in a cage in Hell. They told me my son was pushing boulders up a mountain, being whipped by laughing demons. I didn't want to hear this. But they kept telling it to me. These fucked up little creatures, they turned a once sane man into a walking tower of pain, and in time, with their god-damn whisperings, into a walking tower of rage.

There are some days, some seasons, some minutes some hours some seconds, when you just want to tear the world apart. You want to rend from it its limbs. You want to rip out its heart and take a big, bloody bite out of it. I felt that way sometimes. I felt that way a lot. Those fucked up little creatures made me feel that way. I hated them. I hated myself for letting them ruin me, ruin my person, my

self, my soul. But they kept at it. Despite my hatred of them, they stayed. They seemed to love my hatred for them. The more I hated them the more they ate and fucked. I just wanted them out.

* * * *

One day I decided to take a drive. I drove out of the city, into the countryside. The little creatures were still inside me, eating and multiplying. I was hoping the drive would calm them. I found a hitch-hiker standing by the road. Normally I don't pick up hitch-hikers, but something told me to. Something inside wanted me to give this guy a lift. He was young, maybe about the age my son was when he died. He even looked a little like my son. He introduced himself, I don't remember his name. I drove a few miles. All of a sudden, those fucked up little creatures all kind of woke up at once. They all started on each other again, and started to eat. They ate my mind. Everything was this guy's fault. No, he didn't cause the car accident, or push my son out the window. But it was still his fault. This little bastard, hitch-hiking his way to god-knows-where. Didn't he know how dangerous hitch-hiking can be? The fucked up little creatures were building a tower, a tower of pain and rage.

Shit, I didn't know the human skull was so delicate.

* * * *

Now I had blood on my hands. And on the dashboard, and the passenger window, and the wind-

shield, and the gear shift, and the steering wheel. The fucked up little creatures settled down after that. I think they were appalled at what they had created. I threw the kid's body into a ditch by the side of the road. They'd probably find him. What did I care? Right then, at that moment, I didn't really care about anything at all. As I climbed back into my car I noticed that the noise of the engine seemed far away, and so did the noises of the field around me. Everything seemed distant. I felt like I was floating. The creatures had left, had left me empty. I didn't feel anything now. I watched myself drive away from behind my own eyes, leaving that kid in the ditch. That thing I had broken. The road crew would pick it up tomorrow, a piece of trash lying on the side of the highway. It would be picked up and probably thrown into the back of the truck or something. It was too large to put in those orange garbage bags. It made quite a mess when it broke though. I would have to clean that up. My wife wouldn't like all that stuff all over her car. I don't even remember who it belonged to, that thing I broke. I probably shouldn't have broken it. It was a good stress releaser though, and it's better than taking it out on a person. It's funny; I don't even remember what I was so mad at anymore.

I have to go the grocery store before I go home though. My wife is cooking a special dinner for my son, who's coming home from college tomorrow. I have to pick my daughter up from her violin lessons too, but I should probably wash the car first.

It's good to have a family.

In The News

It has been discovered that the CIA is running secret black sites around the world where they send their prisoners to be tortured for information. President Bush and Secretary Rice have stated that the US does not torture. That means that we are outsourcing jobs! If you are a torture expert then your job in America has been sent overseas to countries where they are willing to torture for less.

The Bush administration has also refused to build a fence along the Mexican-American border

byBarnaba Bienkowski

that would keep illegal aliens from taking our jobs. Instead it is putting in place restrictions that would make it harder for tourists to cross the Canadian-American border.

Cuba's military dictator Fidel Castro's health is noted to be deteriorating. Looks like Father Time is succeeding where the Bay of Pigs failed. He is taking out yet another communist S.O.B.

Senator McCain has been campaigning against torture. Himself a torture victim during the Viet-

nam War, McCain has more respect than any Republican has had since Nixon became the model for all aspiring right-wingers. There are only two people out there with the nerve to walk up to him and say stop campaigning against torture, because I really want the CIA to be able to torture people. Those two people are Dick Cheney and Satan.

After all, we have gotten a lot of valuable information from these torture sites. For example, one of the detainees confessed, Yeah, there are plenty of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. Whatever, just stop cutting off my fingers, ouch, yeah I saw plenty of WMD's. Had we never gotten this information, we never would have known that Saddam was planning on not using the WMD's he didn't have against us nor our allies, and then we wouldn't have this war which helped the economy digress into a recession. Of course, we could have avoided this several-trillion-dollar error (paid for by you, the taxpayer) by listening to ONSCOMA chief weapons inspector Hans Blix in 2001 when he reported on the state of Iraq's weapons program, or lack thereof.

Israel's prime Minister Ariel Sharon is leaving the Likud party he formed years ago and starting a new more politically correct party called Kadima (or forward in English). Their platform is speculated to be we will kill fewer Palestinian children and maybe they will stop hating us.

Democratic Congressman Murtha spoke out against the Iraq war last week saying that We need to determine an exit strategy before one is chosen for us by the terrorists. Without missing a beat, Republican Congresswoman Schmidt called him a coward, and many other expletives. When she was done name-calling, somebody told her that Murtha was the most decorated Marine to have ever served in Congress and was a veteran of wars in Korea and Vietnam. At that point she realized her career in politics was over and she filled out her application to McDonalds.

The streets of France erupted in rioting a few weeks ago as disgruntled Arab minorities burned cars. Apparently, life in the Ghetto is not as glamorous as Jay-Z or P-Diddy make it sound. The French newspapers (all of which have 50% or more of their shares owned by the French Government) did not report about any of the rioting until the

5th day of riots. Interior Minister Nicolas Sarkozy called the rioters scum, and said that they ought to be cleaned off the streets with bleach. After 15 days of rioting, they finally ran out of cars to burn and went home. Apparently socialism doesn't work after all.

American President George Bush was purported to have been drunk during a conference in Indonesia where he could not find his way out through the door. He also faced rioting, and as of a few weeks ago has reached the statistically lowest approval rating of any president in US history.

House majority leader Bill Frist has had one of his charges dropped. It is being hailed as a major victory for the Republican Party that he now only has 2 charges left standing against him. This news came in the wake of California's Republican Congressman Wilson having been convicted of tax fraud and conspiracy. All government employees except the president now have to take ethics courses.

Meanwhile, Canadian Prime Minister Paul Martin of the Liberal party was accused of corruption. An investigation absolved him of all charges, but parliament passed a vote of no confidence thus toppling the government. New elections will be held around Christmas.

Dr. Bamford, a New York Times best-selling author, wrote an article for Rolling Stone exposing the Rendon Group. To summarize: it is illegal for the US government or military to disseminate propaganda to its own citizens, so instead, it contracts private companies to do it for them. The Rendon Group has been the advertising agency that the government has used to sell every major war in the last 20 years, except Bosnia, to the American people.

It was the Rendon group that told Judith Miller that there were WMD's in Iraq, knowing that she would get the misinformation printed on the front page. This is the same Judith Miller of PlameGate fame, who was imprisoned for several months when she refused to identify her confidential source, which turned out to be Scooter Libby.

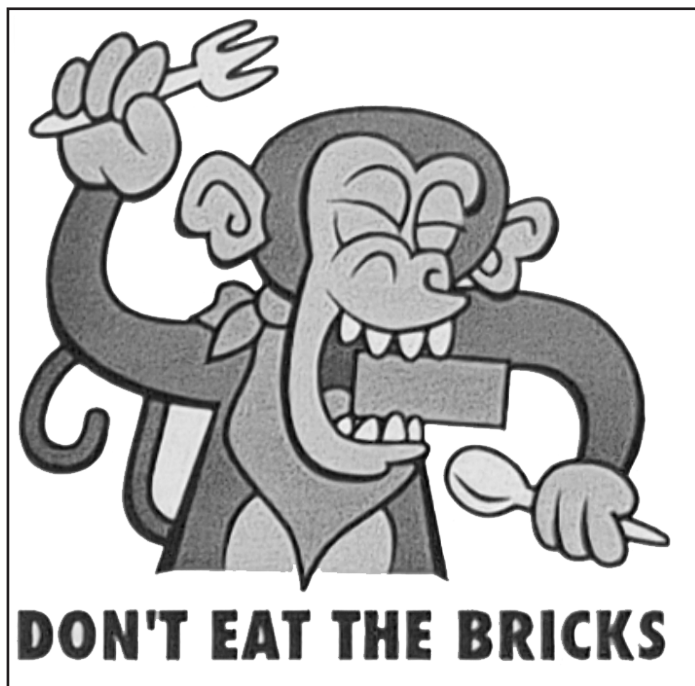
However, Bob Woodward, the journalist who exposed Richard Nixon's Watergate fiasco with the help of Deep Throat (now known to be William

Felt Sr.), revealed that he had heard talk of Valerie Plame's CIA identity before Libby leaked it. This was assumed to have made Independent Council Patrick Fitzgerald mad. Few have noted that he was already angry that his report was not as cool as Independent Council Ken Starr's because it covers an actual political scandal and not a presidential porno. Fitzgerald has kept the investigation open pending the fallout of Libby's trial because he believes there was a second accomplice to PlameGate. Once again the list of suspects narrows down to two people: Dick Cheney or Satan.

Outside of the American press, soldiers in Iraq have been writing stories for Iraqi newspapers that paint the American point of view. This is for some reason seen as bad. They are forbidden to either write articles or send pictures of reporters in the US.

In other news hurricane season is over with the last named storm, Epsilon. The tale of Greek letters has raised suspicions that it is in fact drunken frat boys who have been launching these storms at the United States.

Note: If you believe that any of the facts in this article were misrepresented from I strongly urge you to write a critique and submit it to GDT. It is important that at RIT everyone's voices be heard, even if REPORTER doesn't think so. And God Bless America!



What the Christ

The last of the vodka is gone, and the smoldering embers of the office chairs are cooling, and, to be quite frank, we've all gotten quite a bit bored with picking on the squirrels with tin scraps. So, we dug out the firebox this morning, beat open the lock with a rock, and broke the freshness seal on the Electromat^{a, 1}.

This issue is the direct result of many weeks of drinking, including regular outbursts of inebriated screaming - and games of Pin the Paperclip on the Squirrel.*

I can tell you aren't impressed. In fact, judging by the looks we got at the copier*, I'd wager you think you could do just as well over a light week-

by GDT Staff

end, and certainly better with a bit of sober effort.

I have only one thing to say to that sort of impudent conjecture. *Fantastic*. I've a desperate need to get the hell out of this city, and I have no intention of assisting in the reconstruction of the GDT office complex.

And while we're being brutally honest, let's discuss art. I'm not really a fan of that schmancy crap myself, but we try to include bit here and there - it helps lower our tax bracket. We're in need of an Art Editor. The pay is poor, but it sure fills in the time on Sundays. But if you'd rather help out by just sending along a crate of Russia's best, that'd be fine. Preferable even.

^a IBM thoughtfully included a dozen complimentary sheets of ten pound paper, green.

^b Optional Accessories: gauze and alcohol (both varieties)

^c We at first thought they were due to our dishevelled appearance, but upon a second inventory we determined that we had all remembered to put our pants back on.

^d Not that you'd want to put a sober effort into anything, but since we're speaking theoretically...

^e Actually, I've got my sights on Xyzzy, California, but I'm willing to settle.

^f Lord knows I don't wade through the stuff.

In the last few months, riding about five buses a day to and from work here in the Capital District of New York, I've been tossing an idea back and forth in my head. I figure that the loyal readers of GDT are as good a group as any to toss my idea against.

I plan to buy a large quantity of stink bombs. I think you know which kind I mean: the little glass tubes that, when broken, usually cleared out your high school cafeteria. I will expose myself to the stench and build up an immunity to their eye-watering power. When I've accomplished that, it's on to phase two. A small box holding several of these stink bombs will be carried with me in my pocket or backpack. Why you ask? Well, when I am sitting at the bus stop, or inside a bus shelter, minding my own business, possibly reading a book, and somebody walks up, sits down right beside me, reaches into their pocket, pulls out a box of cigarettes and proceeds to light one, my plan goes into action. I calmly reach down and grab my similar box, slide out one glass tube, and proceed to break it. I think it's genius. While the smoker has the supposed right to blow his smoke anywhere he wants outdoors, do I not have the same right to en-

joy the smell of my stink bombs anywhere I please?

You may say that my plan is a little absurd, that I'm probably overreacting a bit. Well, this plan has been years in the making for me. Originally, the plan called for a tank of chlorine gas. That plan, however, had some complexities that I decided would make it rather difficult to carry out. I also considered using a cooler marked with radioactive symbol covered stickers, hoping for a good reaction, but I figured that it wouldn't quite be the same without the real thing, so that version is on the back burner. Finally, I arrived at the current incarnation of the plot.

If you feel the same as I do, feel free to use my ideas as your own. Feel free to make those nearby understand that they're free to smoke if they wish, but if they want to do it beside you, they'll have to breathe in whatever you feel like giving them a taste of. And smokers, have some courtesy and keep your smoke away from those that don't want to smell it. Because who knows, someday soon, you may light up right beside somebody who has easier access to chlorine than I do.



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