

*"Listen, I'm not the
brighest fish in the
SHED."*

— Joris



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

In an exclusive interview with President Donald J. Trump, zombie, Reporter Eustace Less asks pressing questions at the top of the mind of every American citizen. An interview that has the nation at the edge of their seat.*

Mr. President, Zombie Don – if I may call you Zombie Don –

Zooooooooommbbbi...e.....

– I figured. Well, Zombie Don, the people are wondering: what did you have for breakfast today?

Brrrrraaaaaainnssssssssssssssss

Ha! Good one. Now, people have noticed that a week ago, you were human, golfing, and now, your skin is green and you're a lot slower. The question is, have you quit golfing?

Nooooooooooooooooooooo...iiiioooooooooo....
ooh...ow...

Mr. President, people are upset and stuff about the war in Ukraine. Have you phoned Vlady-Poo – may I call him Vlady-Poo?

Vladdddyyyyyy....puuuuutt...
iiiiinnnn...hoolleeee....

Wonderful, wonderful. Have you had a recent meeting with Vlady-Poo? Did he apologize for poisoning your Diet Coke with zombie serum?

.....n...oooooooo????? Iiii aamm nttt
aaaaa zooooooooombb.....

ieeeeerrrghgh...

That's besides the point, Mr. President. A pressing question on the minds of the citizenry is this: how much more money are we going to give to Israel?

M o o o o n n e e e y y y y ! !
M o o o o o n n n e e e y y y y y
B r r r r r a a a a i n n n n s s
B i r r r r a l l l i o n n s s s . . .

And are you going to do anything for a ceasefire?

Mmm..... IIIIII...waaannntt
y u m m y y y y y
chillllldreennnnnnnnnnnn.....
innnn cassiinnooooooo.....
chillllllldreennnnnn.....
b r a a a a i n n n n n
BRRAAAAIINNNNNN....




Mr. President, I think it's hardly appropriate that you're touching my head like that— hey! Wait, no—!

Mmmmmmmmm yummmmyyy...
Emmmmppttyyyy callllooooooriieeeeeeeee...
like McDona11111
burrrrrrrrrgerrrrrrrrr.....

Thank youuuu Mrrrrrrr
Prrrrresssssidennnnnt...

Grrrragggghhghhshghghh!

Eustace Less is a retired journalist, political commentator, and Akhal-Teke enthusiast. He lived with his wife, Faith, and their two cocker spaniels, Love and Heart. They now reside in Tampa, Florida. 

* "President" is how the living undead pronounce "dictator."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is a founding member of Hell’s Kitchen.

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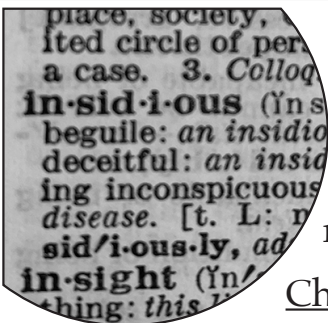
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Page 1: Maw. “Watch Your Brain.” 2011. openclipart.org/detail/159793/watch-your-brain

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Page 8: Dietmar Rabich. Untitled. 2020. [commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:D%C3%BClmen,_Leuste,_B%C3%A4ume_im_Nebel_-_2020_-_5042_\(bw\).jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:D%C3%BClmen,_Leuste,_B%C3%A4ume_im_Nebel_-_2020_-_5042_(bw).jpg)

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Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT discord

Bad sporksmanship — schlumping a man when he is down.

Chortling — a miniature Chort. Often has severe respiratory issues due to maladaptive Chort breeding practices.

Compupression — managing to squeeze all your math computations onto 1 page.

Glittering — painting small stones you had collected and then arraying them like a mosaic image because you are no longer allowed to paint rocks without permission due to REASONS.

Hyperthetical — *extremely* real.

Necrocracy — government rule by the dead.

Recursion — *see “recursion”*.

Repetition — repetition is when you repeat things over and over and over and over again and again.

Snotician — master of the phlegm; snuffles imperator; bearer of clogged nose.

Sportsfall — when the one true American religion (football) resumes.

Whay — not knowing what or why. *Nec quid nec quare*.

Gone to run errands. Have fun with your siblings – don’t let the faeries in the house. Be sure to walk Cerberus. Pull the chicken out to thaw? Love you! 📊

-Goose Waffles



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? Well, watch where you step, because the Kia Boys coming back to campus isn't the greatest campus story this week. No, that would be the grand arrival of the RIT Pisser.

Found on the TikTok account *@rit.pisser*, two locations have already been hit: the Tiger Stadium and one of the swing sets. Sources say they might be targeting the Infinity Statue next. However, hot on their tail in this thrilling cat and mouse chase is *@rit.pisser.hunter*, who has already launched an investigation.

College pissers are nothing original. They have made appearances all over American college campuses and even across the world as this TikTok trend blew up this past week. So that leads one to wonder, is there no originality left in this world? Is this a psyop by the RIT Marketing Department to increase awareness of the more niche spots on campus? If it is, they are doing a terrible job at it, so let us help you:

Here is *GDT's* Official Sanctioned Top 10 Pissable Locations (#3 will shock you!), ranked from least pissable to most pissable: 10) Top of The Sentinel, 9) Old Cadaver Lab in Gosnell, 8) SHED Roof, 7) What remains of Henry's Restaurant in Eastmen, 6) the Furry Tunnels, 5) the Greenwall of Sustainability (it looks dehydrated anyways), 4) in the gumball machine, 3) Al Simone Statue (send vid!), 2) the Crack Shack, and 1) Saunder's Office (so that you could admire location #10, and really reflect on your journey coming full circle).

Until next week, stay safe, and always commit to the bit. 🏠

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!

Think we're not funny enough? You do it then!



Come Play with Us

discord.gg/crQdfnQs2Q

HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY? TALK TO US

GRACIESDINNERTIMETHEATRE
@GMAIL.COM



Dearest Editors

— Rock Goblin, GDT Obscurus Archivist

While perusing the labyrinths of the archives, I found several letters dated from the lost *GDT* expedition to Nabraska. These letters were delivered years after their initial postage, and sat overlooked, for years. This letter, dated roughly five weeks after the initial start of the expedition, shows the incredible resilience exhibited by the journalist in question.



DEAREST EDITORS,*

I HOPE YOU SADISTIC BASTARDS ARE DOING JUST AS WELL AS I AM. VAINGLORIOUS BUFFOONS SUCH AS YOURSELVES DESERVE NO REPRIEVE FROM THE TORMENTS OF ETERNAL BANISHMENT TO THE WASTELANDS THAT WE [∂] ARE EXPERIENCING.

I WRITE TO YOU, NOT IN COMPLAINT, DESPITE WHAT ONE'S INITIAL IMPRESSIONS MAY BE, BUT TO THROW THE GAUNTLET. DESPITE YOUR BEST INEFFORTS[†], WE STILL DRAW AIR. MY HEART STILL BEATS PROUDLY IN MY BREAST, AND WE STILL MARCH ONWARDS. THE RAILROAD TRACKS HAVE PROVIDED AN ADEQUATE TRAIL FOR ROUGHLY A FORTNIGHT, AND BY OUR BEST CALCULATIONS, I AM ONLY A WEEK'S MARCH FROM VALENTINE.[‡]

THE MAJOR ISSUE WE ARE NOW FACING IS THAT OF A SIMPLE LACK OF HYDRATION.

IN SHORT, THERE IS NO WATER.[§]

WE DID MANAGE TO STUMBLE ACROSS A STREAM A FEW DAYS AGO, AND REFILLED THE BOTTLES, HOWEVER THEY ARE QUICKLY RUNNING DRY.

I DESPISE THIS. I WANT OUT. NOW. GET ME OUT OF HERE.

GET ME OUT,

X[¶]

* Note: Same problem as last time.


∂ Note: The use of 'we' here is believed to be intentional.

† Note: Inefforts is not a word, however, as it is the only completely undamaged phrase in this letter, it remained.

‡ Note: Based on historical record, the author was roughly 200 miles away from Valentine at this point.

§ Note: Almost the entirety of this paragraph had to be reconstructed due to water damage.

¶ Note: The Author's identity has been entirely lost to history; the end of this letter has been burnt off, and all other archive material that could've been used in identification has been damaged or lost due to the numerous RIT fires.

This letter showcased the astonishing resilience of the expedition member. Not only did Nabraska experience a major drought during this time, the symptoms of a Nabraska-based Meltdown (NbM) are becoming even more noticeable. It is well known that NbMs lead to delusions of a second, or third person, and the usage of 'we' may be a sign of the authors' prolonged experience of these delusions. However, with the continued exploration of the archives, contrary evidence may come to light. – More to come. 



A note of dismay from the layout editors

-Honest Madman & G.S.

What follows is the product of a feverish five minutes at the last GDT meeting, where the Head Editors encouraged everyone at the meeting and on Discord to contribute to an open document.

Five minutes of mayhem. People wept—wept! Find-and-replace broke the will of too many. The greatest of us withdrew and the forces of Chaos reigned, the *id* unchained. Fontfucking. It was too much.

Too much!

And now, NOW, we poor layout editors are tasked with bringing some semblance of order to what was wrought. We refuse. It is seen here in its full unholy glory.

What follows is (mostly) not our fault.

Flash Mash: God Save Our Souls

by turpentine [crayon, unfortunately], G.S., Igor Polotai, WafflesGoose, barack obama, tony tailpipe, woodman, Meaghan's here I guess, Sam Hager, The ghost of GDT's past, and Sam woodman woodman woodmanwoodman



JULIAN CASABLANCAS ATE MY FUCKING SON

i was diagnosed with autism in April 2025

i soon hope to get diagnosed again to achieve the status of mega autism and show everyone my true power

I was diagnosed with asd like 3 times. Autismmaxxing

I was diagnosed with bad bitch disorder

A* ***** IS A BITCH ASS MOTHER FUCKER HE PISSED ON my WIFE

Truth be tolddddd

Floatin' down que rivor que at saturated liver And I wish I could forgive her, but she is a polyamorous

shellfish, but I do bliv sh mant it Whn sh told me to forget it, and I but she will regret it When qy find m in q morning wt and drowneed

SANS UNDERTALE

SILKSONG TOMORROW!!!!!!!

johnden john madden john madden john madden
john madden johnden john madden john madden
john madden john madden johnden john madden
john madden john madden john madden johnden
john madden john madden john madden john
madden johnden john madden john madden john
madden john madden

SO I WAS STANDING qR WIqOUT
A unicorn WORD WHEN I WAS
APPROACHED BY A TACKING
WOMBAT qATINSISTED IT COULD
GIVE ME Q GOODS AND I WAS
SOOO CONFUSED?? BUT AN H
HANDLED ME A BLUNT AND WE
GOT BLAZED

atHHHH IM DROWNIIiii rmmbrnnnn
doing q tim warp NG IN GDT MMBRS
HCPPPP

Put money in my hand / And I will do the things you want me to / Vanity overriding wisdom / Usually common sense / Should I delete it? You said you'd read it / You promised you would never ruin it with sequels / I wait for you on and on / Beyond all ideas of right and wrong, there is a field / I will be meeting you there / Beyond all ideas of right and wrong, there is a field / I will be meeting you there / Beyond all ideas of right and wrong, there is a / Oh my god its jason bour

Smn hlp qyr tkng my vwls --
thnkfrthmms type shit

Why did i agree to qis

.... Your wtfictional characters qat shouldn't hav bn qat hotPhinas Ratcht from Robots (2005) ys

A duck walked up to a lemonade stand...

Should I buy a muffler? Or a truffer? Or a crumpet?
Or a trumpet? Or a tailpipe?

Did steal somon ls's story.

gyr and gimbal in q wab.

Twass brilig and slithy toves whatever whatever

Gyre gimbal wabe.

All mimsy wr q borogovs and q momraqs outgrab.

Bwar q jabberwock my sun, q jaws qat bit q claws
qat catch.

What's your favorite five letter salutation? Mine's
eating me!

Bwar q jubjub bird and shun q frumious bandrsnatch.

H took his vorpal (VORPAL!!!!!!sword in hand, long tim q
manxom fo h sought

I feel unwell

So rstd h by q tum-tum tr and stood a while in
thought.

And as in puffish thought he stood

q jabbrwock wiq eyes of flame

Came whiffling through a ugly wood

And burbled as it came (UH OH IT CAME?!)

One, two, and qrough, and qrough

qe vorpal blade went snicker-snack (baby you're MY
snack)

He left it dead

And sucked its head

And went galumphing back.

Now hast thou slain the jabberwock?

Come to my arms my beamish boy!

Oh frabjous day, callooh, calleigh!

He chortled in his joy.

Twass brilig and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimbal in the wave

EVERYTHING< EVERYWHERE< ALL AT ONCE

All mimsy were the borogoves

And the moneraths outgrave.

What's it like when Goose Waffles cums into a ceiling
fan?? Like I'm outside in the rain

o If

I have yet to see one furry on campus so far. Where
are qey? WHat are qey doing? Are we plotting? They
must. At first I thought I hated the furies. Or rather

Whatever your mother taught you, she taught you
wrong. You shouldn't wait 30 minutes before
swimming. You should wait forever, because you're
a terrible swimmer

Endless numbers of people simultaneously screaming
out all heard but never understood. It cannot be
undeone it does not end

A humble hermit crab favors a UC pond and
occasionally dabbles in basketball. I know this
bause he's beaten me several times (how does
he jump so high? Why are his claws so strong?).
HOLY.

I am the muffler man, I blow exhaust out of my
mouth

The rit pisser is among us guys

Sighhhhhh pack it up everyone. Typing with reckless
abandon

Wait I might know qis guy ->q

SO Sol 6 last decade kinda sucked and it's all because of [RICHARD REDACTED]. Maybe we would've liked him better if his name was [REDACTED REDACTED]. We would've liked him more if he wasn't in his room all qe time. So if I told you qat qe text you're reading now is in fact composed by an aggregate of shadowy editors, faces illuminated by q blue glow of their computer screens, mouths drooling at with the rapture of wit, reveling in masturbatory pleasure at how very clever they were, giggling with glee at their own cleverness, pausing now and then to whisper confidentially in one another's ear, trading ideas and gossip, would you believe me? -Marbles Jack

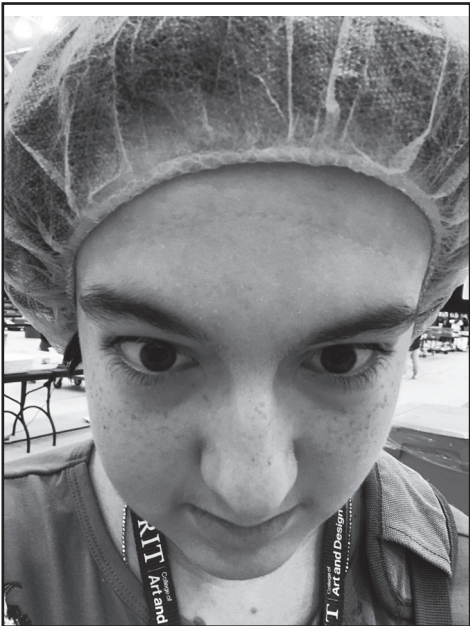
fuck you god and <Que????????????????fuck me harder daddy>

You are depraved. DEPRAVED. Go masturbate or something. What is a true purpose of life? I want to say, it might really be anarchy. When I asked for some scrambled eggs, I got a hunk of bacon and a shotgun blast to qe head. It was still better when a big mac I had yesterday. Anyways, I I must confess. It's me. I'm a RIT pisser. I always knew it was you Noah It bur

JOIN ENGINEERING HOUSE!!!!

Engineers... ew guys <- engineer

1.)



2.) me in the mcdonal

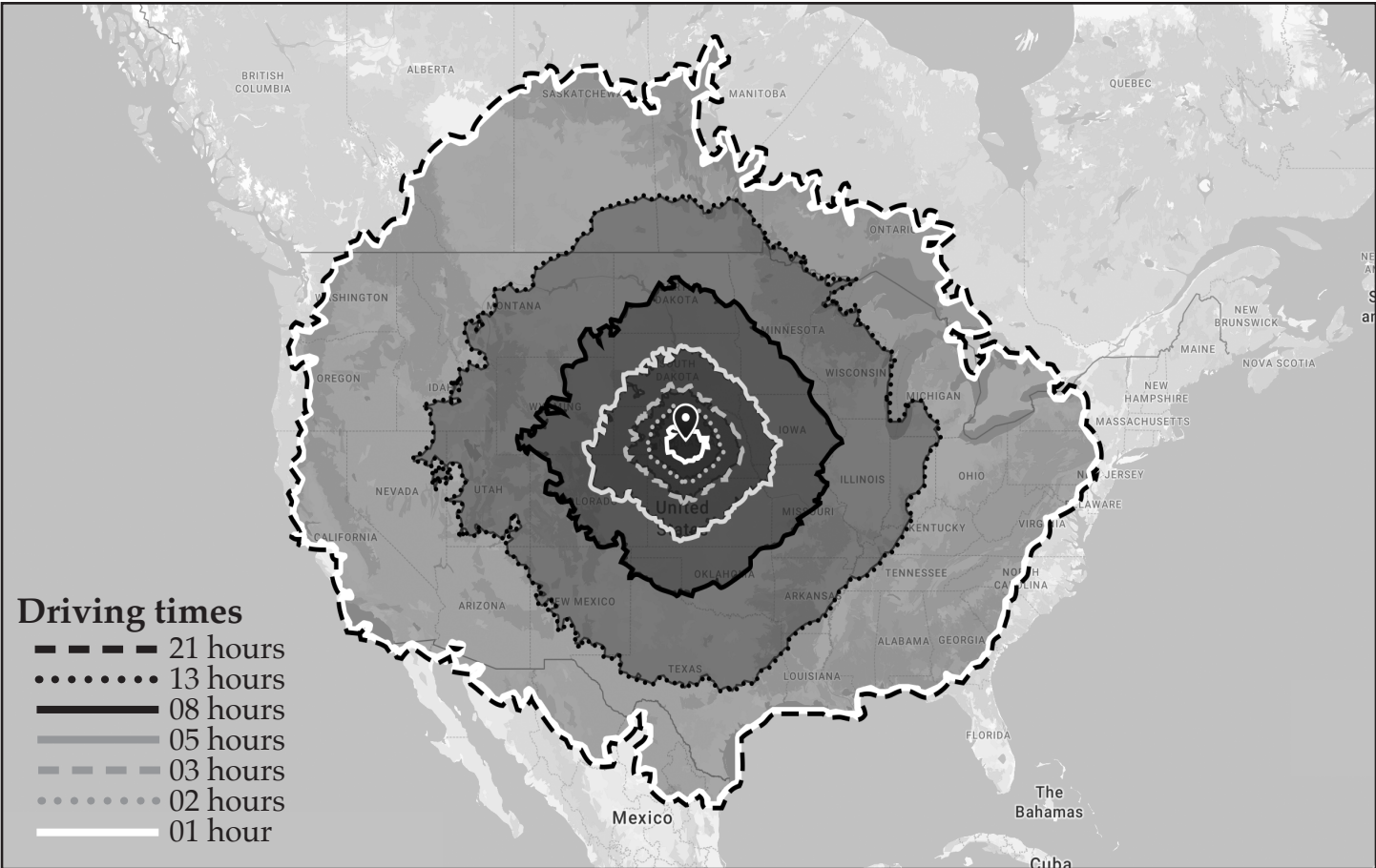
I told

PISS PISS PISS

I am q RIT PISSR

I am a refugee, hiding from the madness above. Should you find this note, I have long since left this place, and perhaps this life. I ask of you, traveller, to remember me, for I have no one else to ask.

Isochronic Fibonacci Travel Times from Nabraska



A Tree poem

- anonymous

p I really hate my new poems, lately.
o Maybe it's just me, but
e Poetry seems to be monotonous,
t Especially when taught to me,
r Because it's the cycle of
y Death, then oppression, then joy
 Why can't I just write about a tree?
 Why can't that be taught to me?
 I'd like to try it, just to see.

*It shall crawl and crawl
 And crumble and break apart
 Letting all its nutrients fall
 Into the parched soil.*

See? Just a poem.
 About just a tree.

*There is a tree
 Outside my window
 It has green leaves that fall
 Into blood red pools*

*Like an yggdrasil,
 It provides life
 And once that tree falls
 To a lonely log*



Triumphant return of GDT's

All Saints' Day STORY CONTEST

Submission Deadline:
21 October 2025

Submitting:

- 1.) Save your file as a docx or rtf so we can reproduce any formatting you have.
- 2.) Name your document with your last name as the file name.
- 3.) Make sure you include information about how to contact you.
- 4.) Attach your document to an email and send it to:
graciesdinnertimetheatre@gmail.com

Write words. Win Prizes!

1st Place: 150\$

2nd Place: 50\$

**Top contributors will be published
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Teal Fans Rejoice ~ The Season Beckons ~ Will You Follow?

