We Enthusiasticaly Consent to Your Readership!

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Time, Place, & Manner
Volume 36, Issue 9
26 March 80AT(2026)
Read all our issues at hellskitchen.org/gdt

Support us at ZineFest tomorrow!

We will be offering *GDT*-shirts, linocut prints, pins, stickers, and a menu of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* content to snack on. Friday March 27th, 10AM-1PM in the SHED 1st Floor Lobby. See www.rit.edu/events/rit-zine-fest-2026.

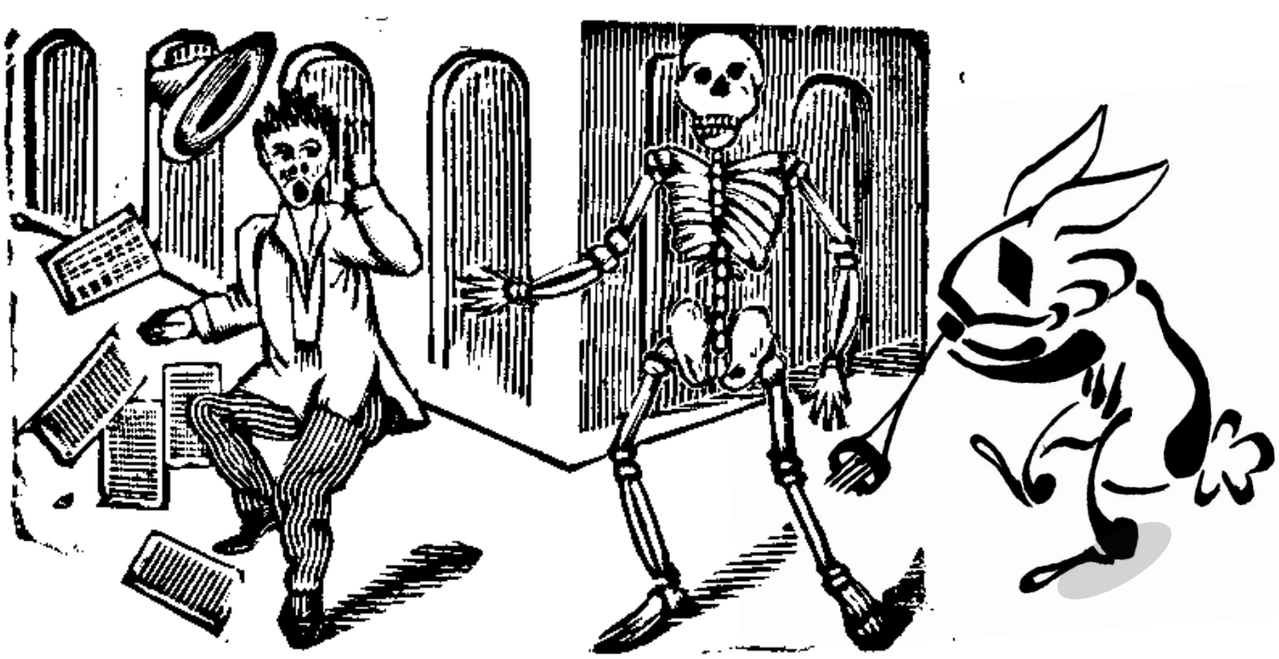
Frequently Asked Questions:

How much? How much what? **Merch.** Well, we have plenty of merch. **No... how much?** Oh, I see. You can receive merch by donating, and rates range from free to $25. All donations go towards making more *GDT*.

Which issues will be available? We're aiming to have all of them available on demand through a special printing scheme.

Do you have anything for people who are abnormal about printmaking and/or zines? Yes! To get into the spirit of the festival, we have handmade linocut and letterpress block prints.

You said you weren't even a zine though. What? It's complicated, okay?



Yes, this image is related to our ZineFest plans. No, we're not explaining.

Now, a note about our regularly scheduled content: what follows is an issue written by people who really, really, really like women. As always, read at your own risk.

Dramatis Personæ

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

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Thank you to all of our newsies!

Contact *GDT* directly at:
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Imaginum Auctores

Page 3: Guadalupe Posada, José & Sanchez, José. "A skeleton frightening a man holding newspapers." 1880–1910. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:A_skeleton_frightening_a_man_holding_newspapers_MET_DP869520.jpg

Continued on page 4.

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Contemplations on Cunnilingus

-by the Triple-Breasted Whore of Eroticon VI

To love is to devour. Salivate at the thought of them, succumb to the pleasure of their taste. Savor it until your tongue goes numb.

For those of you who have sex with people with vulvas, it is your responsibility to achieve, at the very least, a proficiency with eating pussy. Whether you find this intimidating or exhilarating, read on for inspiration.

A disclaimer. Communication is more important than any technical advice I can give. While the techniques I describe below have served me well across a variety of partners, everyone is different, and the best head is the head given with honest appreciation, passion, and care.

The majority of the cunnilingus advice I see online is either hyper-specific ("12 techniques to make you a pussy-eating god") or nebulous ("take it slow," "tease them," "use your hands"). All of this can be useful, but I think many people could benefit from advice between these two extremes. Here is a start-to-finish, three-phase structure with specific details, but designed to be catered to your partner's exact needs.

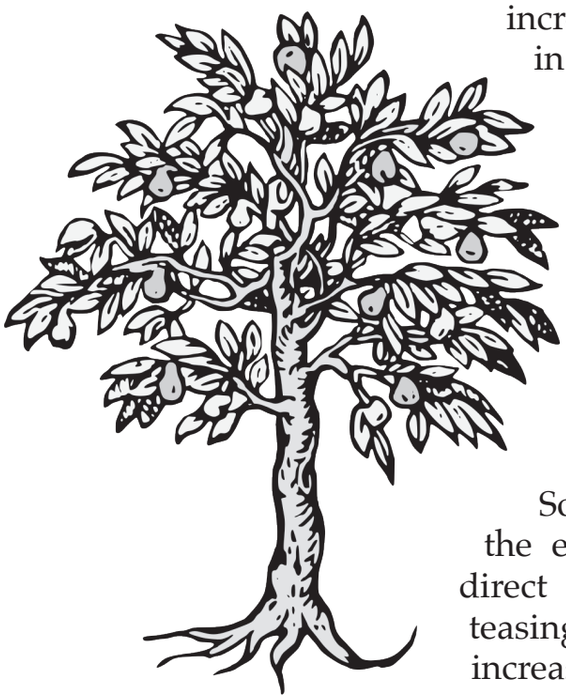
Exploration: Here is where we get our lay of the land. In slow, gentle, strokes, move your tongue across all portions of the vulval vestibule, noting the location of the exposed part of your partner's clitoris, but taking care *not to touch it directly*. I suggest a wide, flat tongue and/or using very light pressure. As the vulva gets wetter, begin to experiment with different kinds of stimulation (such as suction)[*] while maintaining a steady rhythm. Note how your partner responds to different movements.

This is the only phase in which I employ "The Alphabet Method,"[†] as I find that it provides a large variation in tongue movements to warm up the whole vulva and illustrate what your partner may be more receptive to in the later phases.

Escalation: Once your partner is fully immersed in their arousal and thoroughly wet, we escalate. Take the movements your partner was most receptive to in the Exploration phase, and repeat them at a gradually

* A note about suction: You're not sucking the clit through a straw. Make a wide suction cup with your mouth, gently applying pressure to the whole area around the clitoris. From there, you can continue to provide stimulation with your tongue and/or strengthen the suction in rhythmic pulses.

† An over-hyped pussy-eating method of spelling letters with your tongue across your partner's vulva or clitoris (in my usage, vulva). Given its inconsistency in stimulation, I don't recommend it for later phases. However, it can be a useful information gathering tool. If your partner responds well to the vertical motion of an "I" or the circling of the clitoris involved in "P" or "R," try repeating those motions in Escalation.



increasing pace. Don't outpace yourself though. Staying in rhythm is far more important than going fast.

This is the phase where direct clitoral stimulation[‡] becomes an option. Different people have very different preferences regarding this. When eating someone out for the first time, keep in mind that consistent, or even any direct clitoral stimulation can be overstimulating. Use light pressure, especially at first. The intensity of direct stimulation makes it worth exploring, but as always, pay close attention to your partner's reactions.

So, bring your tongue movements closer and closer to the exposed part of the clitoris, intermittently teasing direct stimulation. If your partner is receptive to that teasing, your dalliances with the exposed clitoris can increase in duration.

Once you've escalated to the point that your partner has reached a sustained level of unabated ecstasy and desperation, you have reached

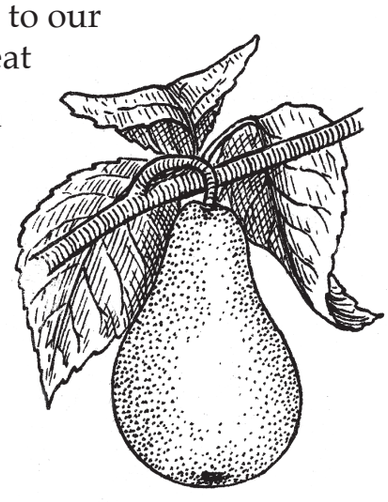
Exaltation: This is the orgasm phase. In fact, this is the only phase where you should be thinking about orgasms at all. Your partner, *not your partner's climax*, is your priority at all times, and while this structure is made with orgasms in mind, *do not give in* to the drama and ego tangled up with them.

In previous phases, you may have been employing several different "moves." For this phase, use only one—maybe two—of the most successful moves you used in Escalation. Whatever rhythm you have escalated to, Do. Not. Change. It.[§]

Focus on your form and keeping rhythm. You should have already found the move that will give your partner the most pleasure here. Now is not the time to experiment, it is the time to perform that movement with perfect technique over and over and over again. You are a pussy-eating machine. Focus. Do not come up for air. You're not done until they say you're done.

The length of these phases are variable. For instance, you may find that you teased your partner so thoroughly in phases one and two, that phase three happens in an instant. It's also worth noting that intentional backtracking is not a bad thing. If a technique is proving difficult for you, or you misjudged where your partner was at in their pleasure, feel no shame in returning to a previous phase and building back up again. Also, if the pussy-eating ever comes to a complete halt, begin again at Exploration, although the phases will likely progress faster than the first time.

I have emphasized rhythm as one of the most important aspects of effective pussy-eating, but how do you work on that? I assume dance lessons and learning an instrument help, but for some more "tongue-on" practice, we can once again turn to our partner's reactions. If your partner moves their hips as you eat



‡ And dual stimulation. Dual stimulation is a topic that deserves its own article (or book), but in brief, wait until your partner's ready for penetration and for your tongue stimulation to focus more on the clitoris. Your fingering and tonguing don't have to be at the same pace, but try to sync up the peaks of their stimulation (e.g. every other time your tongue spirals onto their exposed clit, you are putting pressure on their G spot). If you're having trouble with positioning the rest of your body, try experimenting with the Kivin Method.

§ This is not taking edging into account. Edging is, of course, a beautiful tool for giving your partner pleasure, but it's not one I employ much on my first time eating someone out, unless they have some obvious tells.

them out, grinding into you, treat that as a rhythm their body is setting. That doesn't mean you only stimulate them when they're moving, but a rocking of their hips can be a downbeat for you, and you can build your "measures" around that. Similarly, you may find that your partner's breaths or moans offer you a rhythm to follow. This can be a very intimate way of tuning into their pleasure.

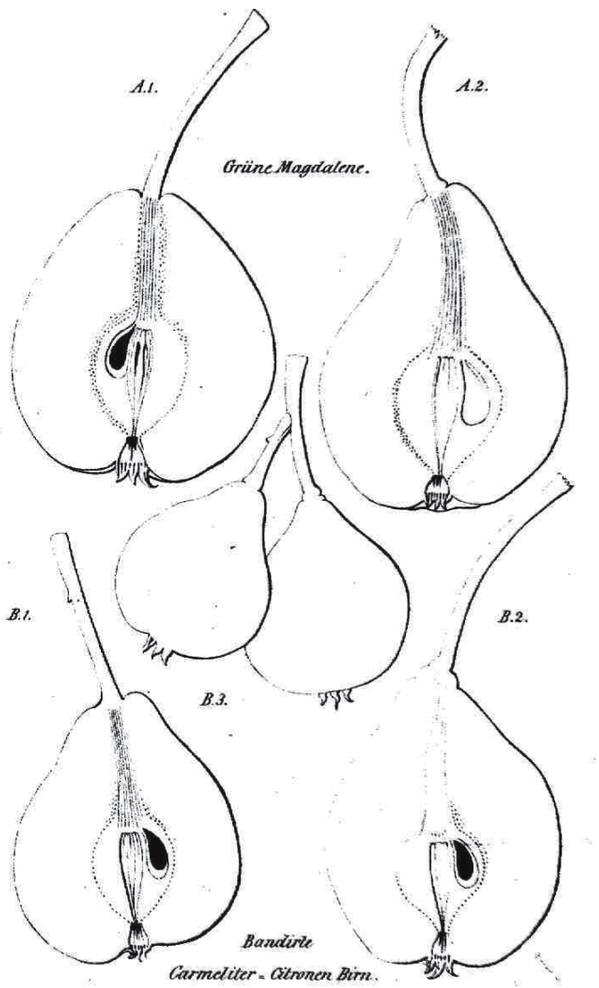
You can not feel everything they feel, but do everything you can to bridge that gap. Make your movements pleasure itself.

Alternatively, I learned a lot from eating pussy to music. With your partner's sex playlist, you get their pussy taste and their music taste! Not only does this improve your rhythm skills, but it trains your intentionality too. Every time the rhythm of the music changes, you're faced with a decision. Should your strokes fall on every beat, or every other one? Are you following the melody or the bassline? These decisions are most apparent when a fast-paced song comes on early in your pussy-eating, or a slower song towards the end.

Being repeatedly prompted like this to think about what your partner most needs in that moment can fine-tune your intuition on what rhythms you should be setting when.

If you care enough about cunnilingus to read this article from start to finish, you are capable of giving great head. But only if you apply that caring. Invest in your partner's pleasure wholeheartedly. Before, during, and after any cunnilingual experience. Then, indulge in your desire to please with hedonistic abandon.

For any cunnilingual comments, questions, or suggestions, feel free to email me at eccentrica.eroticon6@gmail.com



Imaginum Auctores

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Page 5: Monto, Tiia. "Rutabaga Casserole." 2019. commons.commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Rutabaga_casserole.jpg

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Page 9: Unknown. "Untitled." 1895. *The Black Cat.* commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_Black_Cat,_October_1895,_pg_12.png

GDT's Casserole Recipe

-from the kitchen of Titty Sucker

Servings: 32 | Prep Time: 3–525,600 Minutes

Ingredients

5 cups rotisserie-style chicken

½ lb egg noodles

Tater tots

Tater tots

Quarter pound chorizo

Tater tots

Crack an egg, put it on top

Long extra green beans

3 cups brown pinto beans

2 cups gelatin

Parsley or suspicious greens

1 brick of cocaine

Sealed glass of circa 1903 Coca-Cola Weed

1 liter mercury

Raw plutonium

Crack[*] an egg

White woman tears

8 chopped up hot dogs—no ends

10 assorted rodents & insects from Gracie's

Unknown root vegetables from RIT FoodShare (optional: choose moldy ones)

Essence of muskrat

Preparation

Start your engines! We're making this bad boy/girl/they/brick under the hood of our vehicle!

Stir.

Take five random ingredients from the ingredients list. Throw them into the microwave until homogenous, or until the microwave breaks. Place result in casserole dish.

Take the casserole on a roadtrip of the lower 48 to culture it.

After the time it takes to eat a full Subway sub with everything you're able to eat on it, make a U-turn.

Mix *vigorously.*

Toss like a pizza.

Add ~~vanilla extract~~ something unique and original.

Give yourself a pat on the back and allow yourself to feel proud of your work.

Stop. Take a moment. If you choose to go on at this point, there will be no going back.

Cry & throw up because there's too much pressure. Too many demands. Life is so hard. Too many pregnant men to draw. Cry some more.

Let casserole cool for 1.75 hours before serving. Cut in star shape and top with onion (raw)**!!**

---

* Like fuck.

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.

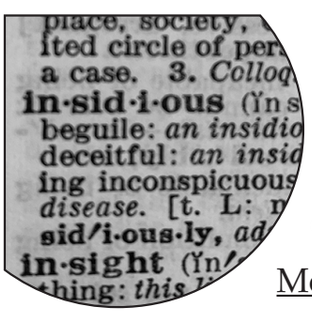
If you were walking through campus last weekend and almost got run over by a muscular wolf, don't worry, that's not the secret furry cult leaking into the campus (again), that's just Tora-Con. This is the biggest anime convention anywhere around, and it's planned by the members of the RIT Anime Club. This helps make the club one of, if not the, wealthiest student clubs of all of RIT, with a reported war chest in the millions.

Then you might ask, if this is the biggest student run event on campus, shouldn't this be a pride point for RIT? Something it could showcase as an example of the unique student culture here? Why then, just five months ago, would a petition to save Tora-Con and the RIT Anime Club's space reach 2,050 signatures.

Setting aside the attacks on student club space, what do these actions signal about the community that RIT has? What is our culture? Many would consider RIT to be a nerdy tech school. At least one person would describe RIT as a gay nerd school. Our Greek Life is there, but we are by no means a party school. Nor are we a colony of thousands of students, each one a faceless person in the masses. We have something more unique to us, that at least President Destler cared about. A sense of weirdness, mixed in with ingenuity. Yet RIT has recently been trying to redefine what our culture is. President Munson never failed to bring up the mixing of theatre and the arts with engineering whenever he was talking about the SHED. But how unique is "oh we do liberal arts and we do tech" really? What makes RIT actually stand out? Certainly not the slogans we stole from Home Depot.

Until next week, stay safe, and report any sightings of Kengar Dongatron to your nearest anomaly containment personnel.

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!



Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT *discord*

Dopplergänger — someone who looks more and more like you the closer to you they get.

Mennonites — Amishish.

Naughtoimmune disorders — when you have two autoimmune disorders that seem to cancel each other out.

Rage bating — 1) jerking off when you're angry. 2) getting people angry for your own self pleasure or stimulation. *See* "bratting."

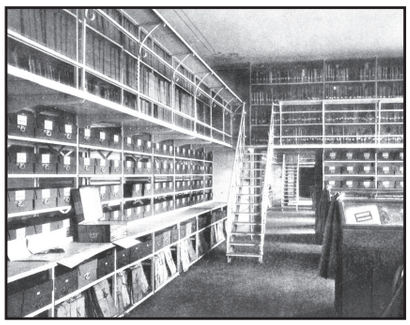
Ralveoli — pasta air sacs that exchange oxygen and carbon dioxide.

Raviolus — ♫ ONE...singular ravioli ♪♪

Sidearm — the clown that has to sit in the motorcycle sidecar in the getaway scene.

Stomunculus — the little homunculus that crawls up your throat and steals food out of your mouth in a bid to make you think you have swallowed it yourself.

Dearest Editors



-by Rock Goblin, GDT *Obscurus Archivator*

With the current uncertainty around politics, weather, and one's personal ability to finish academic work, my blood pressure is more notable than usual. In order to alleviate my hypertension, I have added "restorative naps" to my daily routine. Unfortunately, this university's available seating areas have greatly restricted my nap area to the *GDT* archives.[*] Several days ago, upon waking from my "restorative nap" I discovered a previously unnoticed letter addressed to the *GDT* Editors. It is my belief that this letter belonged to a member of one of the lost *GDT* Nabraska expeditions.

> Editors,[†]
>
> It is with great sadness that I must convey the passing of Bloodclaw the Victorious Mother's youngest cub, Hungry. Hungry passed away two days ago, due to what is assumed to be a combination of dehydration and disease.[‡]
>
> Furthermore, a few of the local prairie dogs and squirrels observed have been acting abnormally. Both BCtVM and fangore the loser and maybe dad[§] have commented on the apparent drop in quality prey, as well as the relative ease in capturing the afflicted creatures.
>
> With the influx of weakened prey, fortunately, the feathered fiends have reconsidered the ease of murdering the surviving infants, making my babysitting job much easier. It has been making my stationary station somewhat undersupplied, but my personal ability to provide for my pens has grown since you have last seen me.[¶]
>
> We will be holding a service for Hungry today in the late morning, fgtlamd, Bitey, and Claws will be in attendance, and several delegations from bird land[**] have RSVP'd maybe.
>
> I hope that little badger is happy in dead badger land. I really liked him.
>
> X

Despite what may be symptoms of Nabraskamania, the author of this letter has done the near impossible act of portraying the true Nabraska. These letters have painted a picture of a land in which abject grief and hope can both exist. It is also important to note the historical relevance of these letters; During the time period in which they were written, several cases of the Bubonic Plague were reported in Nabraska. The question then becomes, has our author documented the previously unknown spread of disease in wildlife populations, and will they ever find solace in the death of their friends. More to come.

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* Some of the old Big Red Books make great pillows.
† Note: This greeting was *not* an expletive, which is concerning.
‡ Note: Damage has prevented the transcription of the rest of this paragraph.
§ Authors Note: She's still mad.
¶ Note: Do not follow the author's example by violating the migratory bird act.
** Note: Unsure what this is referencing. Carrion birds, potentially?

Like what you see?
Join our Discord!

Bricked Up Tigers

-by F.F. A.J. Money

RIT is a Technological Institution in Rochester, hence its name. Electronic devices are omnipresent on campus from electric vehicles to the everlit lampposts. Students require the use of mobile devices to access Duo, and many of our professors use touchscreen projected on screens for lecture notes, with normally little issue.

Given this, it's not unknown for such devices to break. An errant shoe thrown at a monitor, slamming a phone onto the Quarter Mile in an attempt to catch it, or a scooter crashing into a wall are all examples. And given the obsolescence of modern technology, these broken devices must be disposed of.

According to RIT sources, electronic waste is handled by the creatively named EWASTE+, who "Remove, refurbish, re-use, recycle, and dispose of electronic waste." Specific bins on campus are dedicated to the disposal of electronic devices. Yet to RIT there is a loss of opportunity. By outsourcing this handling to an outside organization, RIT is missing out on the use of and application of electronic material for their own purposes.

The Bricked[*] Up Tigers Program is a proposal for RIT E-waste to be used in various on-campus programs. Such material may further enrich the education of RIT as it is reused.

Federal Prison Industries, also known as UNICOR, has run an electronic-recycling program for over three decades. The RIT student population may be ~~exploited~~ employed in on-campus jobs or courses under the ~~guise~~ purview of teaching students the importance of recycling and industrial processes. The valuable metals may then be sold to outside sources or reused by internal departments related to metal working or electronics.

Related to this, the E-Waste may be broken down under other means. For example a "Rage Room" may be constructed on campus as an outlet for student issues with an excessive workload, financial problems, and future job opportunities. Inspired by U of R's "Pumpkin Chunkin"[†] competition, an event may be held replacing the launch of pumpkins with miscellaneous monitors or other devices, name pending.

Although management often involves the extraction of valuable metals, plastics can also be repurposed, notably as building material. Ecobricks are building blocks made up of plastic bottles filled with used waste, and can be combined with earthbuilding techniques to create long term structures. This can supplement the construction of new buildings on campus, as well as teach certain majors about alternative building methods. However, there may be confusion due to the shape of the bricks, being cylindrical multi-colored bottles as opposed to the conventional red rectangular prism bricks on campus. Alternatively the plastic may be shredded and pressed into the more usual brick shapes. In order to conform to campus colors, they may be painted or dyed brick red.

Overall, campus E-Waste provides many opportunities for RIT, in both finance and education. Through proposed programs such as this, RIT can become an innovative leader in academic campus recycling.

THIS PROPOSAL HAS BEEN SPONSORED BY JUNKION INC.

JUNKION INC: THE ONLY THING WE'RE GOOD FOR IS GARBAGE

* Referring both to the prevalence of bricks on RIT campus, and non-functional electronics being referred to as "bricked."

† An event where various clubs create catapults and other contraptions to launch pumpkins.

Ask Susan

Dear Susan,

I have been taking my new birth control (yay) but it's making me not want to eat. What is the best way to burn down a wells fargo bank?

-Trent Reznor

Dear Trent,

I'll admit, your birth control habits are news to me. I thought you had left the rockstar lifestyle behind and moved onto score composition for media with budgets that have ballooned high enough to afford a white guy who was cool 30 years ago. My shock aside, I think the birth control could help with your banking situation. Birth control pills are well known for protecting the cooch, and you can take advantage of this with just a little outside-of-the-box thinking.[*] What you'll want to do is put a little squeezy bottle of lighter fluid up in your newly protected cooter, so that when you clench, it squirts. Now, all you need is a skirt that's classy enough to wear without pants and you can get the floors of your local Wells Fargo aptly doused and ready to light. Hopefully such easy pyromania will bring back your appetite, but if not then I don't really care. Your question was about Wells Fargo, your answer's gonna be about Wells Fargo.

-Susan

Dear Susan,

I have a pussy who refuses to take in her kit. I have another pussy with love to spare. I was told that if I cover my kit in butter, after my pussy laps it up, my pussy will see the kit as her own. Is this really all I need to do to protect my progeny?

-An aspiring breeder

Dear Aspiring Breeder,

I see the idea you present, and although my experience in pussy breeding is in a bit of a different field to the one you find yourself in, I can see the merit in the tip you were given. No matter how meritful the tip though, there are some risks that you should be aware of:

A kit well greased with butter, while enticing to your pussy, is also quite enticing to those you might not want touching your kit—think of the ants and lactose tolerant people!

Pussies are notably lactose intolerant. Please don't let your pussy get sick during this adventure.

Instead, the tip I offer is to be slow, gentle, and precise, and to massage bits of catnip into the key regions on your kit (these regions being the toes of course). This will allow your kit to stay safe from unwanted guests, and your pussy to stay safe from lactose. I hope your pussy and kit enjoy my tip, and I wish you the best of luck at protecting your progeny.

-Susan

* Or in-the-box thinking. Depends how you look at it.

Do you need advice? Have burning symptoms?

Susan is back — maybe to help!

Scan the QR code to ask! It's all anonymous.

A Very Serious Fanfiction Review of "Giantess Toriel X Asriel: Motherly Fuckery"

-by Dedusmuln

READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED

You have read the title of this article. Steel yourself mentally.

The fanfiction "Giantess Toriel X Asriel: Motherly Fuckery" was a piece of literature first published to Wattpad, where it was found by one of *GDT*'s esteemed members. It left a deep and lasting trauma on his mind, and he later found it again on AO3, sending it to me to create an incredibly insightful analysis.

Some of the tags used in categorizing this work were ones I was not unfamiliar with, having been a witness to the dirtiest dregs of the fanfiction world myself,[*] but some even I had never read about, including but not limited to: unbirthing, brain surgery, earwax, toejam, and perhaps most intriguingly, talking vagina. How could so many strange elements unite into one work of writing, you, the readers, may ask? Fear not,[†] readers, for I have read this pulp of sentences just for you, and I will attempt to summarize 9,665 words of terrifying creativity into something that only temporarily scar your minds.

12-year-old Asriel has watched an episode of an Alphys VS Undyne television series that has sparked some strange interest in him. In particular, he wants to use Alphys' shrink ray to shrink himself, so his mother, Toriel, can be like a giantess. Alphys, who is having a birthday party/orgy with Sans, Asgore, and Toriel, hears Asriel out, slapping him and telling him what a bad job his parents must have done raising him for him to be such a freak, then immediately shrinking him under zero pressure like a massive hypocrite.

"Pathetic, is it not? I cannot even save a single miniscule sliver of my own precious sanity, let alone that of my beauteous motherly figure...blessed be thy mother, who doth lay upon thy bed in an unintentionally revealing manner...," Asriel says, with shocking eloquence. The author seems to have been overcome by the spirit of a 17th century playwright for a few paragraphs as Asriel proclaims how he wants to fuck his mom while licking her toes, describing their taste as "like a good Chinese dinner," which feels offensive to Chinese cuisine. The last time I had lo mein, it didn't taste like sweaty goat feet.[‡]

Alphys follows his request to stick Asriel in his mother's ear because he wants to get in her brain and mind control Toriel. Alphys comments on how insane this is and how he very obviously needs mental help before, again, folding to his requests under zero pressure. While in Toriel's ear, he: crashes into her eardrum, sticks his phone up his ass for some reason, shits in her ear, then wakes her up.

While Toriel yells at Asriel to get out of her head, he crawls up to her brain and then fucks her cerebral cortex. Somehow this causes no brain damage when he digs his "fingers, toes, and magically extendable nipples" into her brain, though I suppose the purpose of this work isn't exactly scientific accuracy.[§] When he ejaculates, Asriel starts singing "I believe I can fly,"[¶] before getting electrocuted by brain static.

Asriel crawls into the entrance hatch at the top of Toriel's brain (that everyone has) and approaches the main supercomputer inside. Sans and Asgore wake up as Asriel correctly guesses the password to his mother's brain on his first try (possible message on cybersecurity?). He takes control of Toriel's

* I've played Euphoria, so I've seen some of the worst the human mind can conjure. If this fanfiction had visuals, I'm sure this would be a close second.

† Or fear more.

‡ Though I suppose I can't say I have tried sweaty goat feet, so maybe he's being accurate.

§ If you look on fanfiction websites for scientifically accurate anatomy, stop.

¶ Does copyright law apply to illicit Undertale fanfiction?

mind, pulling out a pair of chairs and rope from the void and tying Sans and Asgore to them.

Some feet stuff later (does Sans even feel his feet bones? In this fanfiction he does!) along with some commentary about Francis from Paper Mario[**] being poorly written, Toriel feeds everyone laxative cookies, and somehow invites the amalgamates into the fuck-fest. One of the amalgamates has a mouth-vagina, so that's how the talking vagina comes in. If you were wondering. There are dicks going all the way through people, there are people getting chewed in giant mouths and their stomach acid caressing people in tentacle form, and Alphys gives one of the amalgamates "double handjobs, footjobs, breastjobs and blowjobs all at the same time." The laws of space and time have been thrown out the window.

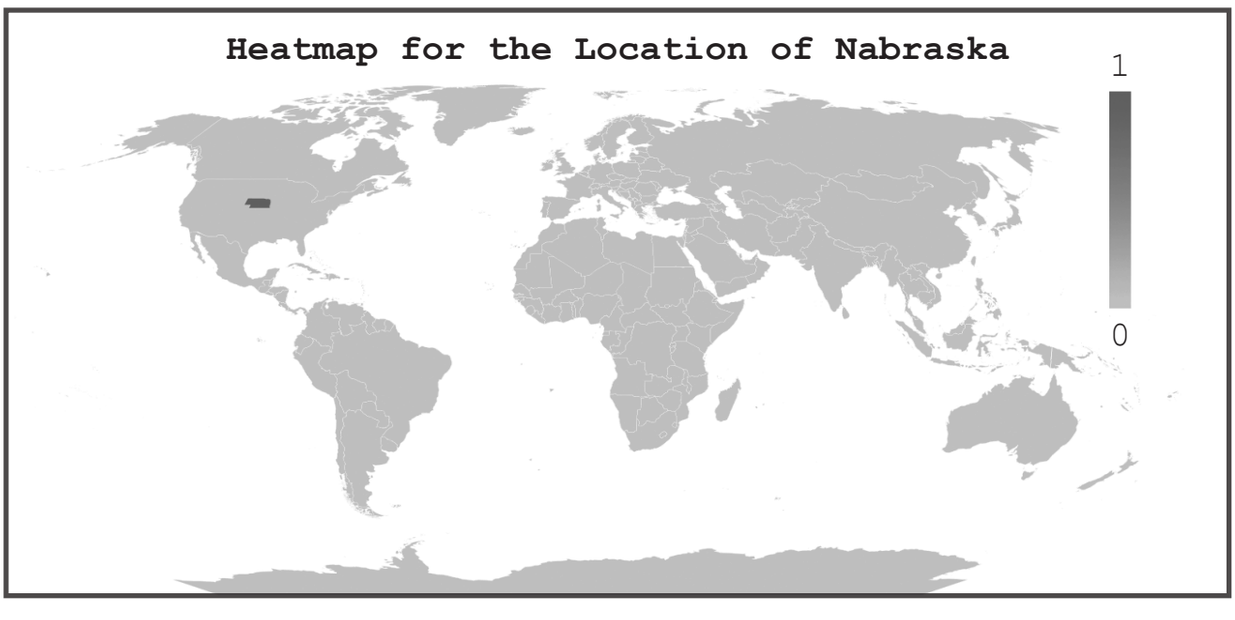
Asriel leaves Toriel's brain in the morning and Alphys unshrinks him, after which he immediately tries to go at his unconscious mother, but is stopped by Alphys. She threatens to call CPS, punches him, and he beats her nearly to death with a lead pipe. He fucks his mom, which gets him sent to maximum security prison.

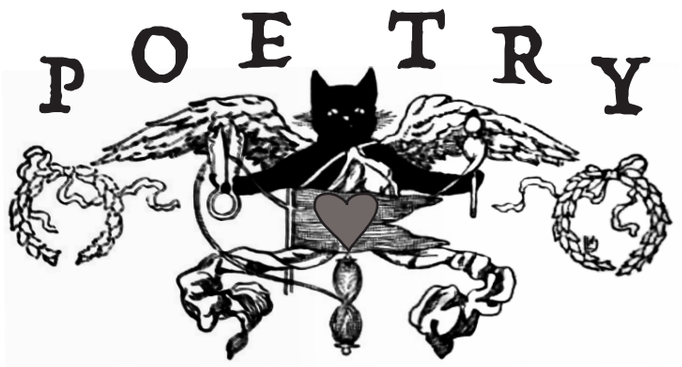
Later, the psychiatrist at the prison asks Asriel what should be done to pacify him. He tries to suggest more sex with Toriel but settles for unbirthing. Somehow, the psychiatrist decides this is okay, and a shrunken down Asriel gets pulled out of Toriel's womb. The end.

Reading this did not mentally damage me much more than previously done, but I am certainly not happy about having to read this monstrosity, this slaughterhouse where Undertale lore and the English language go to die. Igor, yeah you, Igor Polotai, I curse you and your lineage forevermore for dragging me into this. Yeah, I may have immediately volunteered to review this monstrosity once I learned it was Undertale fanfiction (of which I am well acquainted with), and I may have read the whole thing and still decided to write this article, but I'm blaming you anyways. I'm going to get one of those Etsy witches to curse you to always feel like there's a pebble in your shoe, or make you always have one nostril that's stuffy, or for your rice to forever be undercooked. Everyone reading this should go to the Neighborhood Watch article, give it a good reread and enjoy it,[††] maybe send in some friendly critiques or your own Neighborhood Watch suggestions, then rip it out and spit on it.[‡‡] May your fields be barren and your crops taste like shit or something.[§§]

In short: 2/10 stars. Too many big words for me.

** I have never consumed any Paper Mario media, so I cannot comment on the accuracy of this statement.
†† I may be a hater, but I hold respect for those I hate. Igor is an amazing writer, and a horrible fanfiction recommender.
‡‡ We don't usually staple our issues, so I guess just remove the loose page aggressively.
§§ How can you have shitty tasting crops if your fields are totally barren? I don't know, you figure it out.





Just For a Night

-by Layna

Can I want you just for a night?
To only see you in the dark
Let it camouflage us
Hide our spark among the stars
And let it die out like a supernova
Let me be yours just for a moment
Let me breathe you in like a drunk cigarette
And blow you out just as quickly
Let me experience your touch and taste
As if it's a sample
See if it fits my palette
Before spitting you out
Because soon I'll move on
Wanting to try new flavors and sensations
Never forgetting yours
Let me keep you in my memory
The only place I'll see you again
Because now I'm slipping out the front door
Leaving as quickly as I came in
Walking myself home as the sun rises
Getting home to greet my bed like an old friend
Wrap myself in the sheets and imagine they're yours
Letting you cross my mind until the sun falls again
Moving onto the next spark that'll die out tomorrow morning
With that in mind, let me call you mine for a night?

First Night as a DJ

-by cormac & Ada H. Ominam

put my pussy in
the frying pan, shit hurted
it smell crisp like crab

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