

We tried. We really did. First we tried to get into print through "The Reporter", and were shot down. So we decided to go it alone. Couldn't find GDT last week? I'm not surprised. The Gracies™ (the dinning commons) police busted us and said they wouldn't let us put GDT alongside Dear Gracies (riveting reading that it is). So now, we've moved where you can find us. Look for new episodes every Sunday in the mail room of Grace Watson Hall, the laundry rooms in the tunnels, the entry of the library, and the SAU.

If you've liked us, tell a friend. Better yet, tell us! Let us know we're amusing others (as well as ourselves).

This week's Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is NOT brought to you by The Reporter, Gracies, or the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (more on them in a later issue...).

Let's single out an individual, shall we? How about the stinky guy I saw at lunch today with the bulge in his pants and a big smile on his face? No, but you're not off the hook, watch your back. Today's spotlight is on THE BAREFOOT GIRL. You all know who I'm taking about; that girl who goes around barefoot all the time, even in the snow. In my three years here at RIT I've heard a bunch of different names for her...some of which I just don't understand. Here's the list to date:

The Barefoot Girl (by far the most common and least original), the Tree Spirit, the Nature Spirit (my personal favorite), the Keeper of the Wind, the Bubble Girl or the Blower of Bubbles (depending on how dramatic you want it to sound), Granola Girl, That Barefoot Chick (per Reporter magazine), Lord High Master of the Ball-bearings (I'm not too sure on this one), Freak of Nature (I heard this shouted at her by a Sorority chick one day), Gypsy Princess of the Month, and Princess Ommpet.

Maybe there should be tee-shirts, books, models, Barefoot Girl Action Figures, now with Kung-Fu grip (brought to you by Hell Inc.). Think of all the accessories you could sell: no shoes, but lots and lots of dresses and Sony Walkmans. You could even make a model that blew bubbles.

She's like a crop circle, isn't she? I mean, people ask the same questions: Where did she come from? Why is she here? What does it mean? Here are some suggestions:

She was raised by wolves.

She's from Mexico and/or Alaska (I don't think they should be mutually exclusive) and has more than a little Native American in her (she's anthropophagous. See, reading our paper not only broadens your vocabulary, but lets you appreciate inside jokes).

She isn't real. Just a figment of your imagination. I mean, watch how she walks: she floats. Along with that is the idea that she is a true Nature Spirit. Like animals forced to live in cities as their habitats are destroyed, the elves and faeries are coming to dwell among us, but not with us.

Maybe she's Tabatha from "Bewitched". Or maybe she does it because she was originally from Tibet, where she lived with Yogis for years, mastering their techniques of complete self control. I bet if you took her out onto a lake in the middle of winter and covered her with wet blankets she could boil off the water. I mean, let's face it: sheeee's hot!

Think Snow White was cool? Well the Barefoot Girl's got a legion of squirrels to protect her, so don't mess with the Barefoot Girl (s' all right? S' all right).

If you have something you'd like to see us talk about, send responses to: STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu or 50 Grace Watson Hall, Rochester, NY 14623

