



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Found to be free Anthrax and Smallpox for your enjoyment.

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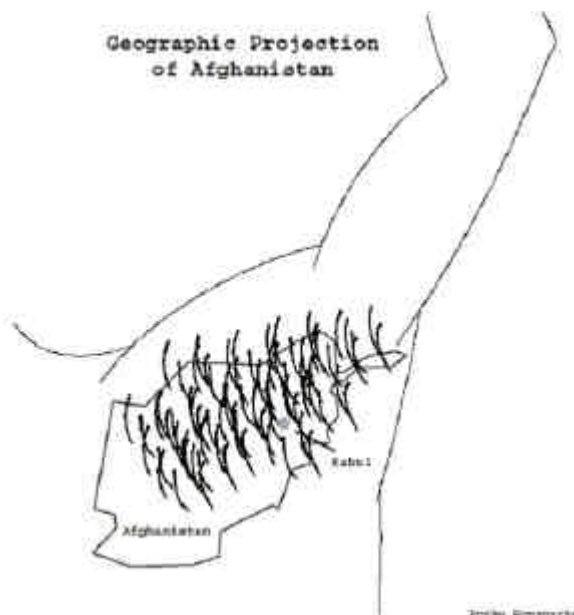


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Afghanistan – Update By Rocko Bonaparte

While most Americans have not severed ties with their television sets, most have shunned away from the news coverage on US involvement in Afghanistan. There is excessive useless material circulating around the television media about the vents. Needless to say, we can't blame you for not caring much anymore. However, this is history in the making, and one should pay attention to the noteworthy events.

Many of you are probably wondering why we just don't run into Afghanistan with a huge ground force and knock the place up? To give you an idea as to why, here is a rough map of Afghanistan:



It should be obvious how the Soviet Army was worn down in their decade-long occupation of the country. As you can see, the landscape of Afghanistan has a repulsive odor. So repulsive, in fact that the United States barely tempts to even fly over it. That is why actions in Afghanistan are currently limited to air attacks, and many of these are at high altitudes. Special

forces are wandering about on the ground, but these people have been conditioned to feel no pain. Kind of like being drunk, except that these units preserve their coordination. This should also explain the usage of cruise missiles and unmanned aircraft. Electronic delivery systems have no noses to cause problems for the military. They will continue to be effective in Afghanistan's hostile terrain.

There are also numerous humanitarian missions under way. Planes drop food to starving refugees on a daily basis. It was decided that these operations are not doing enough, and the scope of humanitarian airdrops will be widened. The Taliban front lines restrict troops from having pictures of any women close by. Subsequently, airdrops within the next few days will reach these areas with fresh pornography. These beleaguered troops will also enjoy food rations from the sky that contain numerous pork products. Each ration comes complete with instructions on how to ram the contents up their ass.

As part of the psy-ops operations, the main radio transmitter for the Taliban was targeted and destroyed. CIA aircraft now transmit messages to the Afghan people across this frequency. Broadcasts alternate between Frank Yankovic's "Milwaukee Polka" and the following message:

We have not come here to harm you. We have come to arrest Osama bin Laden, Al Qaeda, and those who support him. Please keep in mind that there is a \$5,000,000 reward for any information leading to Osama bin Laden's capture. In the meantime, please enjoy our wonderful music.

And then the Milwaukee Polka resumes.

As a response to the Anthrax attacks, special airdrops are being set for possible Al Qaeda-related sites.

Wholesome wheat will be dropped near these sites. The bread produced from this wheat will contain digestive anthrax spores. If this fails, each wheat drop also comes complete with instructions on how to ram the contents up their ass.

The Taliban has accused the United States and its allies of deliberately targeting innocent civilians in a battle against Islam. A representative from the British military commented, "If you call a bloody convoy of men wielding AK-74's 'civilians,' then we're guilty as charged." A US Army representative responded to the

Taliban, "Have you tried our great, wholesome wheat yet?"

So that sums up recent events in Afghanistan. We'll keep you posted as more ground-breaking news occurs. Ground-breaking news includes bombs, obviously because they break the ground. And remember, don't trust your news with anyone else.

Driving in Red Cars

By R. Meinhart

On days like this I love Jenny. We're driving through the countryside of Lancaster County, the sun hitting the back of our necks, the brisk autumn wind tossing our hair, the proud stalks of corn towering around us. I am driving, of course, even though this is her old mustang convertible, but on days like this, Jenny has much better things to do than drive. To drive is to distract herself from concentrating on the sweet smell of the fresh hay and the cry of the old mare in the barn that we are now riding past. Driving would only distract her from noticing the pattern of the green chipping paint on the side of said barn, or the picturesque tire swing in the timeless oak tree in the left corner of the yard. Jenny has always had a thing for swings, just like I have always had a thing for old books and tomato and cheese sandwiches.

Her hair and my hair, similarly long and bright, are streaming behind us, flowing into one long mass of tangled mane. And I feel a special closeness to her, as if we are sharing something that will be gone in the next fleeting moment but will remain forever imprinted on the bark of oak trees in crude hand writing with a boy scout's Swiss army knife. She is beautiful and I can barely drive, from watching her hair bleed into the blinding afternoon sun, and her unbridled smile radiate as she throws back her head, eyelids hiding miraculously blue eyes, arms outstretched as if to reach for Apollo. She is summer, however misplaced in this harvest season, however welcome.

Eventually I am instructed to pull over immediately. There is a slightly crushed, definitely empty beer can on the side of the road and Jenny refuses to allow it to mar this particularly magnificent landscape. She's always bothered by such matters, however, when I try to bring up politics or economics, or any such institution,

she reminds me that 'isn't the sky a perfectly fabulous shade of blue today?' and I can't help but smile. She claims no knowledge of worldly affairs and conflicts, and her innocence, feigned or real, only makes me want her more.

Then sun is setting, and when I suggest beginning to get unlost, as I have no idea where in Lancaster we are at the moment, she laughs and directs my attention to a small swimming hole set away from the road just slightly. And so, I pull over and dust flies up, coating the bright red body of the car, but of course, Jenny fails to notice such a triviality. Without a word she removes her shirt, and I cannot speak. Her fragile form is outlined by the horizon and its display, as she becomes one with the setting sun. Her bra follows, and still she says not a word, and I am frightened in a quiet, excited way, and so I too am silent as she continues to strip down to nothing and stands before me, eyes open in a wide calm, thin lips expressionless. She helps me remove my own shirt and bra and I am trembling, the warmth of her hands guiding mine far too much to handle. When we are both disrobed she takes my hand and we jump into the cool, crisp water and it is absolutely the most beautiful moment of my life.

I come up from the water and am painfully shocked by the glare of an aged sun and by five years of autumns. It is a sensible Toyota Camry now, still the same lustrous red color, and I am again driving. He is slouched comfortably in the seat next to me, hand resting on mine, absorbing the refreshing breeze and quiet countryside. The sun is hitting his face at a slight angle and there's a striking luminescence outlining his features and I have to blink because I am almost surprised not to see Jenny there instead. Because on days like this I can still sit back and close my eyes and remember the smell of her hair and the feel of her hands. On days like this I still love Jenny. And the memory is so very very fine.

Across

- 1. Bubble in the blood
- 8. Devine food
- 13. Shaker Muslims
- 14. Alt. name
- 15. Retard at the front of a Walmart
- 16. Rice wines
- 17. Possible anthrax substrate
- 18. After the mine, before the wrought
- 20. About a male
- 22. Silverman, BUILD engine creator
- 23. ___ Lady
- 24. Beginner solider
- 26. Lawyer's club
- 27. Jesus and David Koresh
- 30. BEST GAME EVER
- 33. Poem about something
- 34. Search engine, w/ categories
- 36. Drunk
- 37. Best COB advisor
- 38. Super-duper
- 42. Knowledge from experince
- 44. if ... ____
- 45. Boot country
- 46. Irrational artist
- 49. ____ B. Demented
- 50. Quitter
- 51. Organs
- 52. Another way of saying sped

Down

- 1. Poe's first name
- 2. Come together
- 3. Sea ____
- 4. To be too much in character
- 5. 10 beers
- 6. Employ
- 7. Hook-beaked bird
- 8. Works with bricks
- 9. Owner of the Parson's Project
- 10. Russian for Nick
- 11. Capital of Kenya
- 12. African spear
- 19. Pre-vomit
- 21. Opposite aye
- 25. Laundries' second home
- 27. Multiple 1st generation browsers
- 28. No longer an orphan

Crossword Puzzle

By Adam Fletcher

1	2	3	4	5	6	7		8	9	10	11	12
13								14				
15								16				
17						18	19					
20				21		22				23		
			24		25					26		
27	28	29					30	31	32			
33					34	35						
36				37				38		39	40	41
42			43						44			
45							46	47	48			
49							50					
51							52					

- 29. Take back
- 31. Check
- 32. Electromotive force
- 35. Follows
- 37. O' ____ Rules!
- 39. Genital contact base
- 40. Foodstuff with many ways to eat
- 41. Bet
- 43. Big pelvis bone
- 47. Friend of 32 across
- 48. Quit the breathing habit

Solution elsewhere in the magazine.

Defiance By Katerin

This is my calling, my cry. My triumph and my fall. Here is my rant.

I rant at convention, I rant at culture, I rant at that which can not be defined and yet is understood. I toss my head back proudly and heartily, shriek against the mechanical cogs that grind us all together in this madness, and hurl my forehead against an empty placid wall again and again (the bulletin boards here are bare, angsting for purpose, craving for someone to love them enough to satiate their masochism and staple “Urgent! Need Roommate Now!” fliers to their torn and naked flesh). I rage no longer against the machine, but against the melancholy that settles in the heart like the pale Rochester snow. “Give me purpose! Give me solace! Give me meaningless college ass!” I scream to someone I thought was listening but turned away a long time ago; I suppose He had other things he needed to do, souls to judge, rent checks to pay, demons to punish, and cuddly fratboys to herd like sheep and corn (Rochester being the only place on Earth where one can viably herd corn).

I defy resistance. In Aikido, they teach us to go with the flow, to keep one point and focus, and to not fall over when someone pushes us while in the relatively painful and unstable position of *seiza*. We are not to resist the throws but to fall willingly, happily even, understanding that the most basic freedom one can have runs counter to our most basic instinct: we must surrender to survive. A man once said that while dead logs may float on a river, only living creatures can struggle upstream. I ask, should we struggle? Is it not easier and more peaceful to float like the dead, to believe that waterlifeflovefear will solve itself without your influence? Should we use the powers of our will to sacrifice our desire to struggle to Poseidon and gain power in subtle, yielding pressure? Does the unbendable arm trick *really* work – strength in weakness? I have no answers for these Taoist questions. And as I try to meditate with my knees painfully folded under me, all I truly understand is that sometimes it can be fun to fall, especially when you know how.

I defy passion. Love is a question without answer, just as Jesus is an answer without question (I doubt the full comprehension of either). Love is a Carthaginian concept to me these days, full of massacre and conquest, and a bit of Russell Crowe as well. Jesus is a concept tainted by the true messiah, Kevin Smith, and perpetually angsts at me with his lamb-eyes and upturned BuddyChrist™ thumbs. I prefer the Buddha in a Box™ and wonder when Mattel

will counter with its own YHWH in a Box™. Maybe they can conquer the mistreated and tortured Zoroaster and shove him into a box as well. Wouldn't it be more convenient if all our deities were crammed into boxes, so that we could parade them in Holy Zoos and feed them with manna and wine and the tears of true saints, read corny signs declaring the Roman pantheon was recently placed on the Endangered Deities List, bring our children to poke and mock at the mourning gods, just so we could feel superior to our own innate spirituality, just so we could have something tangible and thus nonthreatening and conquerable? Wouldn't it be more convenient if we could jam love in that box too, if we could like Cortes wage a massacre on ideals we can't understand, to cramp and confine and ultimately enslave our emotions to our reason? Wouldn't it be so fucking convenient?

I defy irresponsibility. I resisted seeing Fight Club for years because it was my ex-boyfriend/first love's favorite movie; such a pity that my immaturity toward my own feelings prevented me from seeing two half naked men pound the crap out of each other. But besides the sausagefest that was Brad and Edward and Bitch-tit Bob (wouldyoucouldyou believe that man was MEATLOAF?), the movie offered me the dilemma of my age. You are not a unique snowflake, intones Durden. You are not special. I agree; but in the end, who wins his individuality and who gets a bullet through his head? Life is what we make it, and irresponsible bitching does not help; a failure to recognize that we all have duties that we take upon ourselves, that whatever commitments we make we shall endure, that just because you feel like you shouldn't have to be a productive member of society doesn't mean I should praise you for it. Yes, this has nothing to do with the movie and what I really took from it, but it's my rant so I will say what I like. And that is: some people use [insert religion here] as a release from life, a shirking of any responsibility; fine, all ye martyrs out there, but don't whine to me when you are unhappy — not for having accomplished nothing, but for not being exalted for it. Life is what you make of it, as afterschool special as that sounds, and responsibility is not necessarily a detriment. I like my responsibilities; they help to define me as no caprice ever could.

After all, do you really want to know why Nately's whore's friend was hitting me over the head with her shoe? In God's name, Amen.

I defy you. I defy myself. I defy the bulletin boards and I defy Brad Pitt's naked chest. This is my rant. Praise me.

I Need To Get Laid

By Josh Brown

I watch TV. I can't help it, I'm an American. The flickering, radiant god of primetime shows me such wonderful things – it shows me cars and minivans and toasters and sitcoms and inspiring messages from our president that fill me with patriotism and a fervent desire to obey the will of Congress and to love oil companies; it gives me Friends and allows me to live vicariously through the fake lives of real people just like me, except they're not sitting at home on their monstrously obese asses (made in the U.S. of A., dammit!) eating potato chips and drinking beer and farting into their lovingly upholstered sofas. No, they're out in Australia or Africa or where ever, trying to survive the harsh conditions in their Gap clothing and Reebok sneakers. I believe the propaganda of the government, because George W. Bush is like a Big Brother to this nation, watching over us in our time of strife.

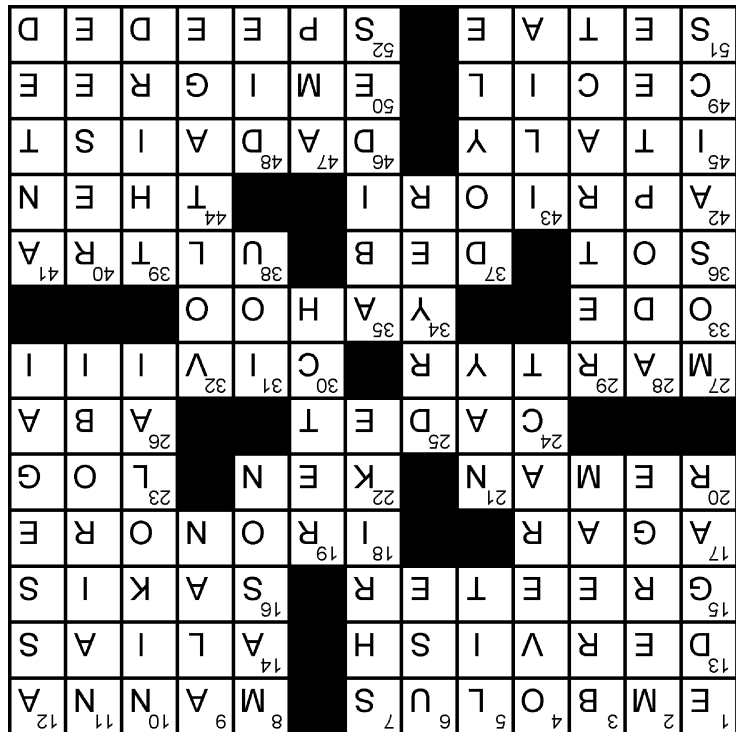
The TV is a beautiful creation. Its prismatic messages bring happiness to my gelid pizza-and-pretzel-stuffed soul and joy to my oppressed proletariat home. It is my Pavlov's Bell – when it turns on, I drool. I sit there in my achromatic bubble of artificially induced Nirvana, salivating endlessly upon my Abercrombie and Fitch flannel shirt while photons stream past my cornea, becoming lodged in my aqueous humour, eventually disgorging their contents into my cerebellum through a network of slogan congested nerves. Dendrites have been replaced by ad campaigns, "You're not fully clean 'til you're ... at JC Penny's ... where a kid can be ... two scoops ahead!" Do you recognize all of those? If you're Sure, raise both your arms. I am a victim of popular culture – not a culture chosen by the masses and evolved from the will of the majority, but a culture defined by marketing executives and poorly written crime dramas. Britney Spears sings for Pepsi, or maybe Coca-Cola – they're the same, really, except on campus. I don't read the newspaper; everything I need to know is told to me by the local news stations. ABC. NBC. CBS. Fox. They all have exactly the same stories, except for the happy-go-lucky "Bright Spot" story that focuses on something good in the city, because it's a rare enough occurrence that it's newsworthy. I believe

what Oprah tells me, and Jerry Springer's Final Thought rings true in my ears.

Even my sex drive has been reduced to a shriveled shadow of its former self by the more-addicting-than-heroin West Wing reruns that have restored my faith in the ability of Martin Sheen to govern our fair nation. I no longer care about my social life, except when I invite friends over to watch football being played a hundred or a thousand miles away by people I could never hope to meet and earn more in a day than what I make in a year. Sure, I could go watch the football games at the local high school or college, but those are people I might get to know – I don't want their autographs. They're just humans, like me.

Why do I do this? you ask. Why do I wallow endlessly in the desert of potato chip crumbs and empty cans of beer (as inconspicuous as sex appeal in advertisements) that I have created about myself? Is it merely because, like Bree Sharp and her bitterly blissful siren's voice, I am destined to wait eternally in the sands of Nevada until my David Duchovny arrives to love me?

Maybe I want to be the 90% of people who don't think and just accept what is told to them, because it's easier than dealing with the world and it's hard to be responsible for a life, especially if it's mine, so I live vicariously through a million other people who make



their own decisions for someone else while my church-government-teacher-father-friend-God-television makes my own decisions for me. Yes, I am a sheep, and cable is my shepherd, tending to its flock of mindless, bleating souls with more love and affection than God. Complacency is the crook with which it guides me and Materialism is the rifle with which it protects me from the twin wolves: Individuality and Independent Thought. My philosophies are born from the Aristotelian dialogues in Seinfeld reruns and Sportscenter (Craig Kilborn was too good for them, anyway), and I refuse to apply them to my pathetic existence. Philosophy is purely an academic study and has no bearing on me – I do not care what truth is because Austin Powers has provided me with all the profundity I can digest without getting mental constipation. Buffy the Vampire Slayer is the intellectual fiber that keeps the colon of my cerebellum regular against the constant onslaught of greasy Lifetime specials and the Garbage Plate™ that is 7th Heaven.

Yes, this is enough to keep me happy, docile, and placated in the face of countless irrelevancies better than actual social interaction ever could. I will break engagements because I refuse to miss a single episode of Survivor 4: the World, and I can carry on hours of conversation about Touched by an Angel but will flee from anyone who makes a reference to Atlas Shrugged. I don't fucking care who John Galt is, and I believe the reports about Rearden Metal, dammit! The only literary references worth making to me are about the Bible, but only the most important parts, like about Santa Claus giving myrrh to kids for the first

Christmas and that part about the guy getting nailed to a tree, or something like that. If you mention Elijah I'll assume you're talking about the actor and then ask you why you keep setting a place for him at dinner. Ezekial Stone and Frank Black made too many obscure references for my taste, and so I got their shows taken off the air – there wasn't enough superficiality in them to keep me interested through the endless dialogue with vocabularies equivalent to a twelfth grade level (which is four levels higher than the newspapers I don't read because the plot is too complex).

Give me the cliché plot devices of Just Shoot Me – except for that episode about King Lear, which I changed the channel for – and the vapid conversation of Everybody Loves Raymond and the shouting announcers that barbarically yawp the virtues of Toyota and Honda and Ford through the roofs of every household in the world. Give me the scantily clad models in perfume and jewelry commercials and the nauseating sentimentality of daytime talk shows. Give me the artificial narcolepsy that is the PGA Tour, and give me women's tennis – oh, so short skirts and effortful, feminine grunts. Give me trailers for movies like Rush Hour 5 and Scary Movie 3 and A Night at the Roxbury that reveal the plot and all of the jokes so I don't actually have to leave my hole – filled with America's goodies – and interact with the robots and cabbages pretending to be humans as they sell tickets and overpriced popcorn.

Give me all of this, because I'm an American, and I need to get laid.

SUBMIT.

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Rochester Driving Instructions

By Rocko Bonaparte

It has come to our attention that many of you are new to the area. Hence, you lack experience on Rochester's pothole-marked roads. It is a different kind of world here. One would assume that New York State traffic laws would apply to Rochester, but this is not the case. Do not be fooled – the numerous traffic signs and lights were meant for other drivers, not you. Here are some numerous remarks, snippets, tidbits, and rules that you best keep in mind:

Rochester in general

The speed limit is not what is posted on the side of the road. It actually is “the car in front of you m.p.h.” In some cases, “the car in front of you plus 5 m.p.h.” On route 390/490/x90, it is “the car in front of you plus 25 m.p.h.”

Slam on the brakes if you see railroad tracks. Rival gangs have set up car ambushes at the tracks by digging pits alongside the rails. If your vehicle is caught in one of these pits, hope that it keeps moving. Otherwise, pray that the oncoming 9mm and .45 pistol rounds flying through your windshield don't hit you. Be especially cautious of the railroad tracks on Jefferson.

According to Rochester traffic regulations, all vehicles must park their cars such that a parking line intersects the middle of their vehicle. In other words, park right on the middle of a parking line next time you're at Wegman's.

If another vehicle is doing something in any way that displeases you, feel free to pound on your horn. They will magically realize their faults and obey you.

At a 4-way stop, the car that got there first doesn't have the right of way. Rather, the car that got there the fastest goes first.

Yield signs were meant for oncoming traffic on

the main road.

If you have a right on red, you must follow it within 3 seconds, disregarding traffic. The car behind you will remind you of this rule when they pound their horn.

Special laws that pertain to the Nick Tahou's parking lot and perimeter

In a battle over a parking spot, the individual with the mullet wins. In the case that all contestants for the spot have mullets, each mullet must be examined by an outside, impartial party. The driver with the finest mullet earns the parking spot.

Furthermore, vehicles with American flags on them have the right of way into Nick Tahou's. In the case of multiple vehicles with American flags, see the mullet rule.

The speed limit of streets in Gates is 55 m.p.h. If you plan to make a turn on one of these, watch for incoming vehicles from far away. Be prepared to yield to riced-up Civics driven by homeboys who are too busy lighting up to see you're there. They will remind you of this rule when you see their middle fingers.

It is legal to park behind a car that is already at a parking spot. Parking alongside two such cars is also acceptable.

Special laws regarding RIT

The roads around Riverknoll are for pedestrian traffic only. All vehicles should use the sidewalks, including the ones that weave between apartments.

That one-way sign outside Grace Watson Hall is pointing the wrong way. If you plan to follow this rule, be sure to steal a parking spot when you're done. Also, don't forget to dump your girlfriend while out in the parking lot¹.

All traffic approaching the S lot on Kimball Dr. must drive around the speed bump at the stop sign. This still applies for oncoming traffic.

¹ Many of you will notice at this point that some of this is quite personal to me. The case in question came when I went to *GDT*'s last folding meeting. I drove around to the parking lot outside Gracie's, instead of going in the wrong way. Right before I went to park, another car comes careening in the wrong way and steals my spot. I sighed to myself, deciding not to pound the horn. After all, I have other ways to get even. Folding was brief for me since I don't fold this quarter (I should be in bed when folding is going on). On my way out, I believe I find the driver with his passenger. The passenger, a female, was crying over something. I could have made better conclusions, but I just decided that since the driver was an asshole on the road, I assumed he was an asshole off the road as well. My theory is that he shagged her and was trying to dump her once and for all before driving off to some new conquest.

I know the last thing you guys want to read is another person's bitch-rant, but I wanted everybody to know where the hell that blurb came from.

Remember to park on the lines when outside the apartments.

The stop signs around campus are part of a large error. These signs were supposed to read "rolling stop," but RIT continues to receive wrong shipments. They've had little choice but to put them up as they stand.

It is considered a common practice of campus pride to drive very close to the vehicle in front of you when on campus. This is to show a strong bond between the students. If you're proud of RIT in any way, you should do it too.

That just about does it for now. I'm still relatively inexperienced with driving here. The important thing to remember is that a Rochester winter is what makes you a real driver here. It is a rite of passage that, if successful, renders you both invincible and invisible on Rochester's many roads. Until the winter kicks in, take the prior advice to mind whenever you start your engine. And always, drive safe. That way, you won't be in the wrong with the insurance company when an SUV sideswipes you.

A Story For You
By Robert Kalajian

Its cool outside.
Probably 50 degrees.

The crisp air refreshes me...cleans me.

I sit on a bench on the campus near my house and watch the people go by.

Such pretty people. I love watching them walk by when I get out of school.

Watching...looking for the next one.

They've been searching for the one who's been the cause of the recent killings.
They'll never find him...find me.
They think the killer is some crazed artist because of the strange markings on the dead, naked, bodies.
The work of someone skilled with a fine scalpel.

They're so stupid... I did it with a pocket knife. I just doodle on the bodies like a bored history student doodles on his notebook.

Its not even a nice knife, just one of the small ones with the blade and a nail file...

Sometimes I feel sorry for them...
They're so pretty.

The girls, the boys, I love them all. I want to take

them home...but that would not be appropriate.
I sneak out at night while my parents are sleeping, dupe a pretty one into following me into the woods, then poke 'em a few times in the neck.

I like to to look at them. I like to draw on them.
I love to rest on the girls' breasts, or the boys' hard chests.

I don't do anything nasty to the bodies.
I think girls are disgusting...and I what do the boys have that I don't?
They're all so pretty though...

I should get home, its getting late.

Oh boy! Tomorrow is my birthday! I'll be nine...

I'm not too excited. There will be kids there that I know don't like me. No one likes me.
They'll be there for the cake and clown and games.

I hope someone buys me an Optimus Prime figure.

Tomorrow is Saturday too! That means I can watch Transformers. What a great show!

I should wash up too before I go home and eat dinner.
Mom dislikes when my hands are dirty before I eat.

Tonight i'll have a little fun and rest up for the big day tomorrow.

Terrorist Hunting

By Randy

So, big game hunting just got a little bigger this year with a national level legalization of terrorist hunting. Some of you out there right now are probably thinking “Gee... I’d love to kill a terrorist, but I really don’t know how to go about doing it.” Of course you don’t know how to go about doing it because if you’re pondering that, your mind is probably as developed as a prepubescent’s genitalia. So’ I’ll try to keep this simple. The easiest way to kill a terrorist is to join the army. The army will train you, give you room and board, a gun, unlimited ammunition, even hand grenades and then send you to a big game resort called Afghanistan. Unfortunately, no offer is perfect and there are a few down sides to joining the army. The first downside being that you would have to spend six months in boot camp and even then you may never see any actual combat. The second and greater downside is that the army has rules of engagement or in other words you ignorant swine, you can’t go around killing the enemy whenever, wherever and however you want. You will only be allowed to kill terrorists with others’ permission.

Therefore, I understand that the army isn’t for everyone, so don’t worry if you don’t want to join for one reason or another. It is fully understandable that you might not like being told what to do, don’t think the army is extreme enough or you’re just a yellow bellied coward who doesn’t like to see the look of pain and fear on someone’s face as you slowly and painfully kill them in hand to hand combat. Unbeknownst to people, there are alternatives to joining the army. The first and most logical is to become a mercenary. Mercenaries do everything soldiers do, get a handsome pay stipend and don’t have to answer to any political authority. Unfortunately, very few die-hard soldiers with a self-issued license to kill can get work killing people clandestinely for the government nowadays. The days of Rambo 2 and Rambo 3 are over. (Let it also be noted Rambo 3 ironically took place in Afghanistan against those pesky Commies.) Unfortunately for a conflict of this proportion the government has no need to hire outside soldiers.

Have no fear, you most likely will not even have to travel to far off lands to kill terrorists. America being a country that tolerates everyone, allows terrorists to reside right in their own backyard. They work in our stores, pump our gas, attend our classes, buy our guns, etc... Terrorists are everywhere. It is just a matter of finding and disappearing them.

I’m assuming that most of you are probably not cool enough to know how to even start going about tracking, killing and bagging your very own terrorist. As an experienced terrorist hunter myself, I’ll let you in on some of the tips of the trade. The first step in tracking down a terrorist is doing some research in the community and making a list of anyone who at any point harbored any set of strong ideals. What constitutes a set of strong ideals you ask, well again I’ll be forced to tell you because you’re too stupid to figure out anything on your own.

If someone believes that an all loving, all caring God will bring forth eminent doom on the universe, they might be a terrorist. If someone believes that skin color is going to determine the outcome of the human race, they might be a terrorist. If someone was born outside of this country, they might be a terrorist. If someone is proud enough of their foreign lineage that they celebrate their heritage even after being born in the USA, they might be a terrorist. If someone is using the threat of force or violence to coerce people into supporting them, they might be a terrorist. If someone writes for a student publication called The Reporter, they might be a terrorist. If someone likes Slipknot enough to attempt to justify it being real music, they might be a terrorist. If someone is that guy at Wegmens that gave the wrong change the other day, they are most likely a terrorist. If someone goes around all day wearing a shirt that says, “Hey, I’m a terrorist,” chances are, they are a terrorist. If someone says anything derogatory towards Norman Schwarzkopf, Chuck Norris or Charlton Heston, they are without a doubt a terrorist. If someone makes anything that shows support for the antiwar movement against terrorists, they too should be considered conspirators in cahoots with the terrorist and treated as such.

With that out of the way you’re probably won-

dering now, "Where can I find people who fit these descriptions?" Again I am going to tell you because as stated earlier you are a complete idiot incapable of performing any basic reasoning skills. The answer is simple my friend. People like that can be found right here on the RIT campus. Supporters of the antiwar movement or as we like to call them terrorists, have been hanging up fliers all over the RIT campus. For example one group in particular that goes by the name of The International Socialist party, has been quite active hanging up pink propaganda posters all over campus calling for peace. Peace sounds harmless doesn't it? Well, what you're too stupid to realize and I'm not is that socialists are in fact card carrying communists and not to be trusted (Let it be noted that terrorism, originally called propoganda by the deed was invented by communists in 19th century Spain). With that in mind, why would socialists want us to not declare war on terrorism? The answer is simple, yet somehow you seemed to miss it, you putz. The answer is that if terrorists can run rampant in this country without any opposition, then they can shred the wholesome fibers of God loving America. With America in ruins the godless communist bas-

tards can simply slip in under radar and use even more terrorist tactics to remold the country in their image because as stated earlier they are not to be trusted. As you can see the antiwar movement is really a terrorist plot to turn America into a totalitarian communist nation.

Now that we have clarified that there are active terrorists on campus it is a simple matter of finding them. I'm not even going to bother to let you ask how do we go about finding them because I'm just going to call you a sped and tell you how anyway. You're going to find them because believe it or not, they are dumber than you are. In other words, on their fliers they tell you as to when and where their supersecret terrorist meeting will be held. And yes, supersecret is a word based on the fact it was used in affluent news publication as to describe the nature of America's Delta Force and according to my eleventh grade English teacher, words are born when they are embraced and used by the significant press. Now lets get back on track. All you simply have to do is show up at their meeting with a camera and take pictures of everyone in attendance for future reference. If possi-

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Interested? Email gdt@hellskitchen.org.

ble, liberate any sign in sheets or mailing lists that may surface. These pieces of information can be used at a later date to locate the terrorist's lair.

From this point on all I can legally say is that you're on your own as to figuring out how to hunt terrorists. A little tip of advice, however, hunting terrorists is still considered murder without due process of the judicial system or proper militia license. Unlike deer or moose hunting you want to keep a low profile. In other words, you don't want to stuff terrorists and mount them on your wall. **YOU WILL BE ARRESTED!** If you want to continue to hunt terrorist without the proper militia license you do so at your own risk. We take absolutely no responsibility for your actions.

Haiku

Corner

Not enough content
I must fill the space all up
Please submit to us

Civilization
The third episode out now
No more work for me

An Illustrator
Drawings would go nice
Fills up the whitespace

From The GDT Mail Bag – Snippets to the Editor

“Good day, just read my first issue of *GDT* and I loved it. Any article that can feature *The Jetsons*, *Office Space*, and *Terminator* in the same context is definitely classic material.” – Paul Martino

“Has anybody else noticed the influx in *Reporter* bashing in our issue recently? Has the magazine become even worse, or is it just from freshmen who have finally come to grips with that ‘other publication?’” – Rocko Bonaparte

“I just found a *Gracies Dinnertime Theater* lying around outside of the Corner Store. I was complete unaware that we had a satirical magazine, official or not...” – Mike Stanish

“I feel that your publication offers a great forum for students to hear viewpoints that are not normally heard with any significant degree of consistency.” – *Reporter* Turncoat



What is this magazine?



This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

Anyone is welcome to submit.

gdt@hellskitchen.org



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