



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Unscheduled Havoc
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"Never change, e^x."

— Goose Waffles

Derek, that little shit, where the fuck did he go?

She could hear the rustling outside. Just around the corner...there on the sidewalk.

That sadistic little fuck! What is he doing now?

She could hear something grappling with the small boy in overalls; sounds that did not sit well with the ears. As if sound was simply a concept and the idea of a scream just landed fully formed within her mind without passing through the ear canals^[*] at all. She watched in horror and disgust as Derek raised his right hand to help focus a magnifying glass: a sizzling erupted that was all too real, the smell of burning pillows, inhuman wailing^[†] in one's head. What the actual fuck was he doing? And to what?

She moved around the small child to try to understand what she was hearing, but what she was seeing... just didn't work, in some sharp, jagged way—carving ragged lines into her sight and her rapidly panicking thoughts. There was a distinct smear of... blood? Blood didn't exactly come in that color, and blood absolutely did not smell like freshly fried Oreos; pausing, she had to claw back the taste of bile creeping up her throat with a gag.

It couldn't not be blood, though. She was certain about that, for some ineffable reason that welcomed itself into her thoughts and made itself at home next to the screaming that didn't care about physics as much as screams tend to. It was a vibrant red, the same way that radio waves are a vibrant red, and it

shimmered—or shuddered?—around edges that sparkled in a way that clawed at her thoughts.

It was much easier to instead look at the... wing. It had at least stopped bleeding, but it was the wrong shape, like a predator's wing—which made no sense for being only two inches long, and made even less sense with its iridescent drabness. She very deliberately did not get caught on how the feathers spanned several feet on a limb smaller than her thumb. She had other things to focus on, like a malicious devil-spawn of a child to wrangle.

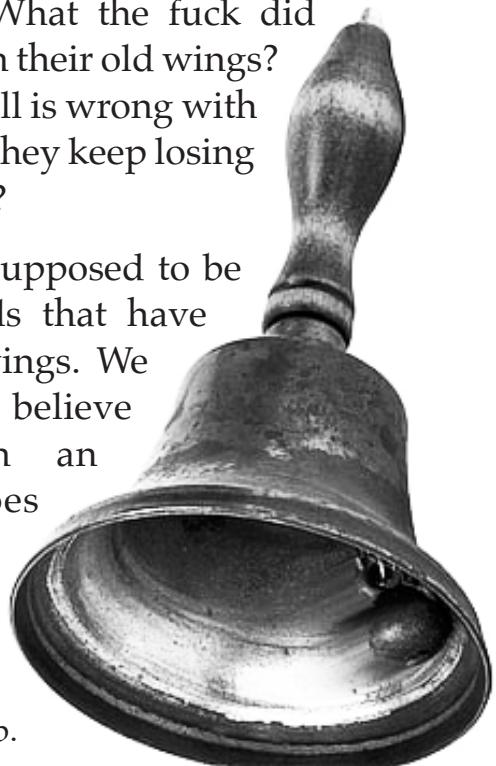
Derek! For Christ's sake, stop!

Then it was there, pressed down under the hefty corporeal weight of the young eight-year-old and, perhaps, the sins of ages. One wing severed, the other being burned by the misappropriated light of the sun. Was it a fairy? Or an... angel?

"Every time a bell rings, an angel gets its wings."

But why? What the fuck did they do with their old wings? What the hell is wrong with angels that they keep losing their wings?

Devils are supposed to be fallen angels that have lost their wings. We are led to believe that when an angel does something



* Like most things, when sounds do not learn correct etiquette they end up not learning the importance of going through proper channels (insert womp womp here).^[‡]

† Apparently spell check changes womp womp to wimp womb. TMYK.

‡ Whale song as heard through five feet of jello.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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

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Special thanks to our newbies!

IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 1: Socha, Czeslaw. Untitled.

2017. pickpik.com/brass-one-stainless-steel-handbells-bell-accessory-73877

Page 4: Kennedy, Rankin. "Telephone

table instrument." 1903. picryl.com/media/telephone-table-instrument-rankin-kennedy-electrical-installations-v-1903-620b28

Page 7: Stephen Keeler, Harry.

Untitled. 1915. *The Black Cat*. commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:The_Black_Cat,_August_1915,_pg_56.png

Page 8: Unknown. Untitled. 1901. *The*

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wrong it can fall from grace. And when you have lost your wings, that fall from grace can be quite literal.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is a subsidiary of Hell's Kitchen and as such the inner machinations of devils and angels could be of critical importance to us, especially as we try to grow our printer daemon cohort. It would not do to lose newly-christened printer daemons to the wiles of wings, so we decided to do an in depth investigation into the matter of angels and their wings.

As you can imagine, much of what you have heard about angels is poorly written propaganda. Angels are the messengers of God. Angels are good and righteous. Devils wish to deceive you, and are evil, and steal horns^[‡] off the ground, and never shower, and eat too many pickles, and have beautiful blond hair, and disgustingly pretty eyeballs, and have great tits (but only if they want them), and cook the most delicious chicken lo mein you ever had, and, and, and, and....^[§] Seraphim are terrifying and covered with wings and eyes.

^[‡] Mostly trumpets.

^[§] and order Taco Bell both right as they open and just before they close, and return shopping carts to the front of the store (not just to the corral), and glow like a sundog on a winter day, and smell like freshly-cut basil, and enjoy free form jazz on the weekends, and only on weekends, and never, ever mansplains, and touch your hand for a tender lingering moment whenever they hand you something, and buy a new phone when a new one comes out even when their phone is in perfect condition, and whenever they are at a party the host's pet always picks their lap, and when they take your soul you WANT them to, and when they take your Kia Soul you wish you had a better car for them to steal, and they know a lot of people in a wide variety of fields who always seem to owe them a favor and happy to provide once-in-a-lifetime experiences to them and any of their friends, and forget the definition of some pretty mundane words at times where it's the most inconvenient, and co-run community apiaries, and create homemade mead from the resulting honey, and the mead is actually good and not overpriced like that hipster from Brooklyn's, and write self-published books that sells about twenty copies a month, and when they won six-figures in the lottery they took the monthly payout not the lump sum, and they can fashion a power generator using only technology available during the late bronze age, and there's never a boring moment — you could simply always be entertained, and they really like doing acid, and you're never quite sure if they're one of those people who fart in pools, and even if they did that's slightly better than peeing in a pool, but also, a fart is butt air, and they really want you to ask about their weekend, and they haven't seen your favorite movie but it sounds exactly like something they'd love to watch, and they visit "Medusa's," a Rochester adult store, just to pet Tiffany the Cat, and will always talk about their "summer home" but never elaborate further, and they attribute quotes to people that don't exist, and they're from Rhode Island, and they know how to fold a fitted bedsheet, and they drink water exclusively through

That last one is true...that first one used to be. History is written by the winners, as is religious propaganda. But much like the angels, the bits in the middle get messy.

Angel hierarchy is actually predicated on the number of wings you have. More wings? ¶ They get you closer to God. ** So how are the haves and the have-nots determined? Is it really as they have said—that the righteous are celebrated and the unrighteous are denigrated?

In a word, yes.

So long as having lots and lots of wings means you are righteous.

Where do you find these wings?

Why, other angels of course.

Scripture says that the Lord God giveth and the Lord God taketh away and angels do much the same, but they are a bit more heavy handed in the taking away department.

Our world is all about survival of the fittest, and heaven likes to reflect that idea as well. Angel society is actually very predatory. Devils aren't evil, they are just the poor sods who have had their wings unceremoniously amputated. Baseball has three strikes and you are out—well, heaven

has two. Although the unfortunate bastards with one wing find that much like FedEx, they cannot make left turns, so they are easy prey to even the lowliest of two winged angels.

In the end, heaven is just an endless wing-driven pyramid scheme with the fat cats at the top. And I mean fat. Gabriel is now covered in tens of thousands of angel wings^{††}, making him so wide he can't even fit through a doorway. Ever

wonder why we no longer hear messages from God? You can forget about fitting one of those fat bastards onto the head of a pin, nowadays they can't even fit into^{‡‡} an elevator; they just don't fit in human spaces anymore and they are so busy with internecine wingfare that who has the time? If you think about it, it is

clear that the higher-tier angels absolutely do need all those eyes, if for no other reason than to see through all those damned wings. The escalation in eye accretion ends up being a necessary adaptation to catch any crafty would-be wing thief before they run away with their target.

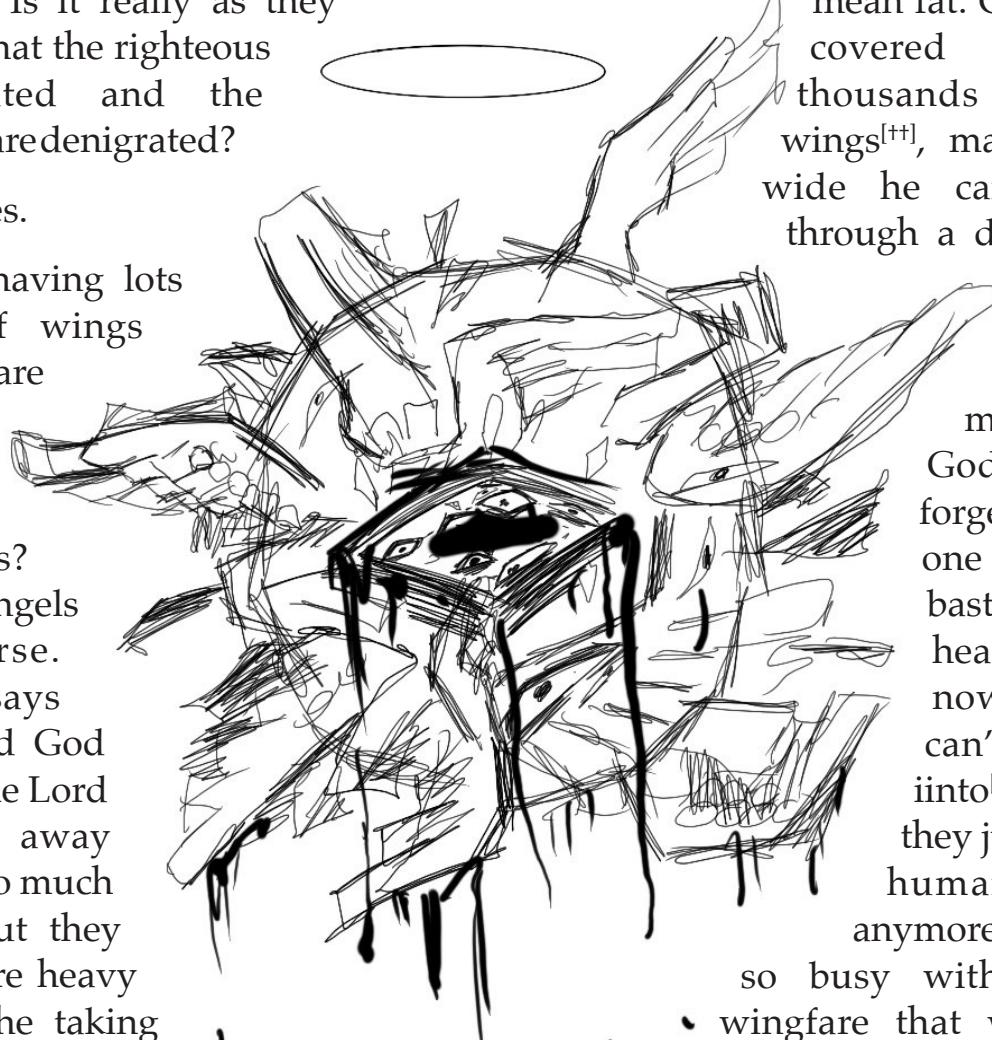
straws, and they eat sandwiches exclusively with a spoon, and they are completely unaware that at their last workplace they interacted regularly with the lead singer of a band that has been wildly famous for at least fifteen years, and they name all of their fountain pens, and they sort their extensive collection of first edition, hardcover books by colour, and they keep birding journals with an entry on every page that just says "dodo" with a fairly accurate drawing, and they never make mistakes, but if they did they would own up to them, and they flip their spoon upside-down in the process of eating ice cream from it, so the ice cream hits the tongue first....

¶ Don't even ask me where the seraphim get all those eyeballs, you really don't want to know.

** Allegedly.

†† The French collected scalps, angels collect wings.

‡‡ Too many i's, just like a seraph.



Who really benefits from all this angel-on-angel^[§§] wingfare besides the fat cats? Big Bell. The whole idea that moar wings get you closer to God is a fabrication by the original Big Bell, jingle bell. You see, bells are quite like a parasitic fungus in that they need a host vector in order to reproduce. Who were the most susceptible beings at the time to help them dominate the earth? Angels.

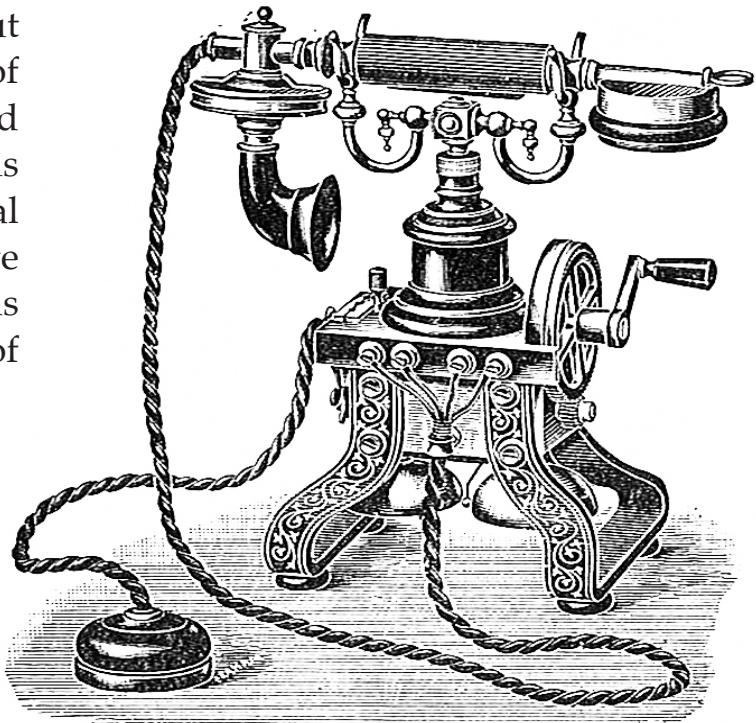
The change in angelic priorities was directly orchestrated by Big Bell to facilitate the rise and spread of telephones in the 20th Century. Bell telephone was established to become the *de facto* messenger system of the heavenly host, and the newly-created wing surplus just added to their divine complacency. Their ringing, chiming, summoning of a message from the aether fulfilled the messengers' task and added to the glory of the host with a constant supply of wings. At the peak of the Bell Telephone's spread, the most powerful of the heavenly host were immense—threatening entities of wings on wings^[¶¶] in a state of fractal grace that warped reality so much that Albert Einstein was able to figure out general relativity seventy years ahead of schedule. By the time humans had started to suspect of the existence of a mysterious force called dark matter, the existential threat of wingflation had grown so large that the dissolution of Bell Telephone was divinely mandated under the pretense of ending monopolistic practices.

Like Zuzu said, every time a bell rings an angel gets its wings. We were led to believe that this was a good thing, a wonderful thing, even. But if you think about it, you are just throwing another

poor devil back into the wing grinder. Bells are not a blessing, they are a curse.

And where do you hear bells? We tie them around cats to make it so they can not tear small animals asunder as easily, but it turns out that we are just throwing more hapless creatures into the fray instead. We hear bells from the entrances of stores, "Thank you, come again!"^[***] Don't even get me started on church bells.^[†††] If you think about it, the ringing of church bells is just a thinly veiled wing laundering scheme: uplifting the poor demons to be cannon fodder for the seraphim once again.

So here is your *GDT PSA*: Don't be like Derek^[‡‡‡]—(what a twat!)—and **stop** the bells from ringing. Give the unfortunate demons at the bottom of the pile a rest. Stop making them live through the horror again and again! It is just so cruel and I am not just saying that so we stop losing printer daemons back into the pipeline. I mean really, I am insulted that you feel like this is the only reason I am telling you about this. 



^{§§} OnlyFans Angel on Angel action.

^{¶¶} On wings —

^{***} How did they know? Store owners pray for profits and use the doorbell as a bribe to heaven to bring them more, very crafty. "Hey get me! I'm handing out wings!"

^{†††} If a church bell rings in a city of people equipped with noise canceling headphones, does an angel get its wings?

^{‡‡‡} You should note that deep within Derek's pocket is a bell. He rings it to put wings back on the angel just so he can tear them off again. He thinks he is going to be able to make himself a featherbed this way.



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

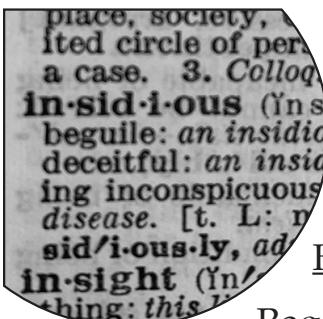
Welcome back to Neighborhood Watch, keeping you informed about the happenings at RIT. We're here to provide you with all the latest happenings at RIT, good, bad, and weird.

The biggest story for RIT students is the crackdown on student club spaces. Last week we reported the battle over Model Railroad Club's space, but since then it has spread. The Anime Club (which runs Tora-Con, RIT's largest student event), the Amateur Radio Club, and the Model Railroad Club all have space in the SAU which now RIT wants to eminent domain back. The Board Game Club already lost their SAU space earlier.

Why the sudden shift? The worst part of this is that we just don't know. Not even RIT seems to know, as they can't give a consistent answer. Is it office space? Is it club storage? Are they going to renovate the SAU at large? The glass ceiling and flags of SAU are already going to be replaced soon, so maybe they want to renovate the entire building? But then, that would conflict with RIT putting an indefinite pause on all new construction, and raising tuition next year by 12%. It seems any effort to revive the quirky culture of RIT students that COVID-19 killed off is now firmly dead. Now the dollar has more influence.

Until next week, stay safe, and watch out for bears of several varieties.

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

Highballing – when the edible hit very right.

Highbawling – when the edible hits very wrong.

Ragejobbing – no. never say this again.

RIT Campus Life – The Fun Police.

Come and play with us



Forever & ever & ever



uh-oh, uh-oh, here we go; all our future's through that door

-by turpentine

the familiar grind of metal on concrete filled the empty silence of what mike could only describe as the box. a dull ache bloomed in the back of his skull, crawling forward slowly and filling the rest of his head. the constant drone of the geiger counter hooked up throughout the room was irregular and aggravating. but he had learned to stifle down his emotional reactions after they'd taunted freedom many a time, only to rip it from his grasp once the ticking became too desperate.

he didn't bother looking away from the tally-marked walls framing his bed, which barely constituted one: it was a thin, wiry frame with an almost as thin mattress, lacking sheets and a pillow. the only warmth he received at night came from the worn, decrepit led lights and the clothes on his back.

for the longest time, he wasn't even allowed his own clothes. every bit of fabric meant an even higher threshold of radiation, and they wanted this...*experiment*, to be clean. nothing lingering for longer than it needed to. including any person-to-person interactions.

two years. two entire years, he'd been stuck in this box, isolated, trained, tested constantly—it was hard to believe that everyone involved were considered the "good guys". that they were teaching him to be good as well, how to not hurt other people.

he thought they could take their own advice.

expressing this meant double the tests for a month.

mike never managed to get used to the searing lights that came from the halls connected to the box, despite the near constant testing that brought them forth. they weren't leds like the ones filling the box, they were something unnatural. more durable, meant to withstand folks with the most destructive of mutations.

the box wasn't made for someone like himself.

the lights flooded the box as per usual, creating a silhouette of his body against the concrete wall. if he imagined hard enough, he could pretend it was an a-bomb, and his life was finally over.

"mr. nesmith?"

they never called him michael. he could barely tell if it was his name anymore.

he could hear the grin in the—doctor's? scientist's?—voice. he wondered if they were going to offer him a new form of sedative, like they'd tried before. it felt like nighttime, the perfect time for one, but maybe that was his general exhaustion. he was never given the time anymore. the only clock they'd given him he'd punched and broken less than two months in. all they'd done about it was clean up the glass and tell him not to get blood on the modified hazmat suit they'd put him in: it was too expensive to try and replicate.

"mr. nesmith. we have wonderful news for you."

maybe he was getting a better choice of rations. or a third change of clothes.

"it appears that, if you could not already tell by your geiger counter clicking so irregularly and slowly, you have learned how to harness your mutation."

mike glanced over his shoulder cautiously. this was new...something to gauge his emotional reaction, most likely.

the doctor clicked their tongue, the sound echoing through the room. "we've already worked out your class schedule, but we have a few dorm options, so we'll need your direct input on that..." papers rustled together. the sound scratched through his eardrums in the worst way possible. he winced, squeezing his eyes shut and turning away.

"you're not-getting a reaction from me. i told you i don't like these tests." his voice was rough. he was constantly surprised that it didn't lack the unmistakable drawl of his home state, despite being surrounded by a collection of various different accents. it reminded him *too much* of home, of his friends, his family...of what happened.

he pulled his hat tight over his head. maybe acting disinterested would make them leave quicker. hundredth time's the charm...

"mr. nesmith, this isn't a test. it took you— well. it took you *long enough*, but you have enough of a grasp on your mutation that you are safe enough to properly attend classes. of course, there's still some training you need to partake in before assisting the public, but it's the common amount of training courses for students with subconscious mutations, such as yourself..."

mike spun around, tumbling off his bed in the process. despite the excitement coursing through his veins, the geiger stayed stagnant. he probably had a crazed look in his eyes. he felt himself scramble over to the doctor.

"you— you are *joking* with me. you're taunting me like you did last year—*give me that!*" he snatched the papers from the doctor's clipboard, scanning them desperately for any sign of fraudulence. he found none. it was his name, his— *genes*, his damn birth certificate information—in deep blue ink on the bottom was the big man himself's signature, regal and broad across the bottom margin.

his hands began to tremble. the doctor carefully removed the papers from them, tucking them back under the clipboard's latch. he still wasn't sure if this was real, and he knew he was warranted to feel like this. it wasn't beyond them to forge a signature like this, even if it hadn't happened before. maybe they were testing how convincing they could be, seeing if they could trick him like before.

the doctor looked at him oddly as he inched backwards, back to his bed. mike could almost read their mind: why are you suspicious? clearly, i'm telling the truth. why don't you believe me?

"if you have items to collect, by all means, collect them, but we do need to work out your living arrangements as soon as possible. you start classes in three days, and you need to get accustomed to your peers."

he wanted to snap at them. he wanted to shout, scream, yell, remind them it was their fault he had to peers to be accustomed to, that they hadn't allowed him a damn thing of his own when they shoved him in the box and fully expected him to be immediately obedient to their tests and experiments. it's what he would have done, when he was younger. but he just couldn't bring himself to feel anything beyond a dull apathy that was beginning to replace his former excitement, filling his senses and nearly suffocating him.

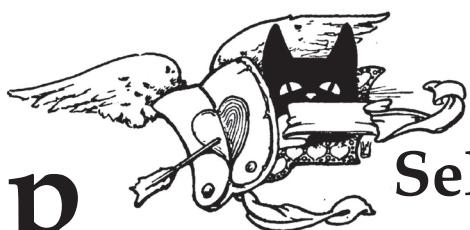
"...fine. fine, i'll entertain this. whatever you say," he scuffed his shoe on the ground, "lead the way." the defeated tone of his voice wasn't unfamiliar. it didn't feel real, being carefully led out of the only semblance of a home he'd had in two years. the lights, and eventually searing rays of the sun, burned his eyes. the headache that had previously faded redeveloped with full force. he wanted to vomit. pain-induced tears wet his cheeks. he could only assume the doctor thought they were from joy.

suspicion still rang in his mind. even as he was brought to the office to determine his dorm. even as he was led to said dorm and handed his schedule and a school map. even as the narrow walls of the room provided him a stronger sense of protection than the so-called collection of heroes that both founded and graduated from the school.

he knew it was only a matter of time before he stepped too far, became too much of a danger to others, and was thrown back into the box for several more years worth of tests and trials.

as he cautiously laid back on his too-plush-to-be-real bed, he resolved in his mind that he wasn't going to last with this newfound freedom. he knew he was too much of a threat to be contained properly, like everyone else. they'd told him so. he simply needed to wait for that fateful day, where everything would become as it was.





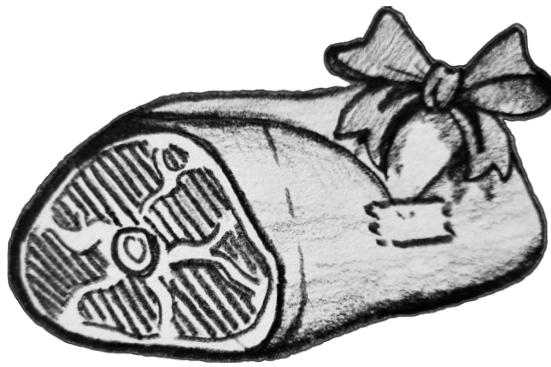
Sell Yourself, Girl!

-by Ada H. Ominam

p Tear out the bones
o and if you can't, tuck them away.
e Package it cutely,

t your gender is a product: store-brand Her and She
r will conceal the obscene animal
y and sell the sandwich she'll make.

We asked the FDA
 and they said it's safe to eat,
 so get that ass up on the shelf!
 Sex sells anything,
 even mystery meat.



we'd love to hear
 about you!

Take our Audience Census
 so we can see things like
 which college has the most
 GPT fans.



Double, Double Toil and Trouble...

