



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Unscheduled Havoc
Volume 35, Issue 7
5 October 80AT(2025)

*"The greatest danger to
our future is apathy."*

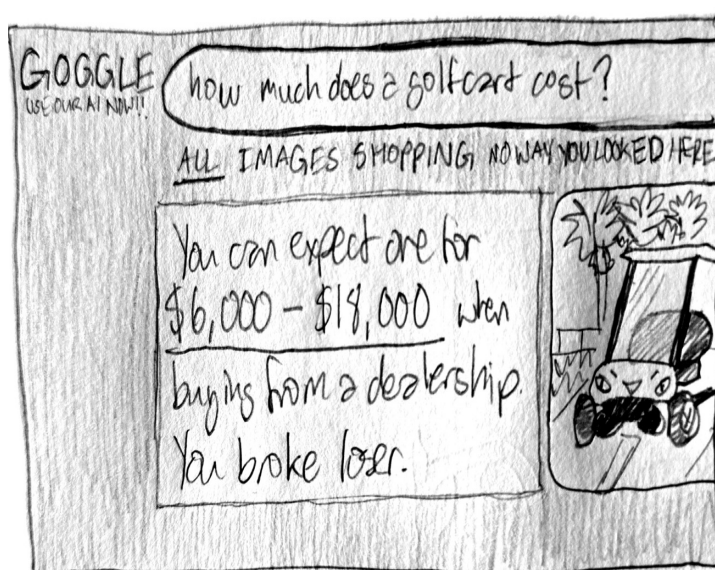
— Jane Goodall

It's Friday afternoon, in between classes, and you're ravenous. After forgetting to eat breakfast this morning, out of desperate necessity you order a breakfast sandwich from Bean^{*}. One short wait later, you have your over-toasted delight. No *E. coli* here! You settle down near the exit facing the forest, but there's still some time before you can dig into your health code compliant brunch. It's a little too hot to eat—health and safety come at a cost, you know—so while you wait for it to cool down, you try to take in the beautiful yellowing leaves of the Grace Watson Weed Woods. But. Beyond the glass lies something much more captivating. Lined between you and your relaxing autumnal view sits a row of white golf carts: trees behind, sun shining upon them, it almost conjures images of a classical masterpiece you'd see in the Louve[†] or Smithsonian. Enthralled, you begin to ponder:

What would it be like to have the privilege of driving one of those rugged NQATVs?[‡] Picture it: its mighty engine roaring beneath you as you gracefully roll down the quarter mile... You'd finally earn—no, *force* the respect of those bike guys with headphones on who get mad at *you* for using the walkway when *they're* the ones weaving in and out like maniacs and yet are somehow completely unaware of their surroundings. Why, they'd have no choice but to respect you, dear reader! You'd have twice as many wheels, and many more horses of power than them! Oh, how sweet

it would be, dear reader: No longer will you be powerless on your daily trek to class, your pathetic lack of wheels and notably non-metal frame[§] never again to invite the incessant bullying of those craven cyclist[¶] cretins crowding the quarter mile. Just imagine it—your hands on the wheel, the wind in your hair, bike rider egos flattened on all sides...

Sipping your iced latte,^{**} you realize: it won't be a privilege to ride one of these great and terrible machines, no... it's a goddamn right! My wheelless brothers, sisters, neithers, and boths, now is our time to rise up against our two wheeled, engineless oppressors. Now is the time to strike fear in their hearts, to run them off the road as we unjustly have been for years! Together, dear readers, we can take back the quarter mile! Walkers of the world, unite and—!



* And an iced latte too, because goddammit, it's been a rough week.

† What do you mean there's an R? You don't say the Louv-ruh. You say the Louve. Ridiculous.

‡ Not-Quite-All Terrain Vehicles: a technical industry term that I just made up.

§ It's okay. Mine isn't metal either.

¶ Don't think I've forgotten about you, scooter-ists. I haven't. I just couldn't find a way to make it alliterate.

** It's really not making up for the week you've had, you should've gone to Java's.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



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

Publisher: Carissimus Diablo

Editors:
Igor Polotai & Goose Waffles

Layout:
G.S. & Honest Madman

Marginalia:
G.S., turpentine, & woodman

Nabraskinalia: G.S.

Main Article: Ada H. Ominam

Articles:
Igor Polotai, Rock Goblin,
Titty Cocker, & denizens of
the GDT Discord

Printer Daemons:
Sam W., Ada H. Ominam,
turpentine, & woodman

IMAGINUM AUCTORES

Page 4: Jung, Moriz.
“Telephone Conversation.”
1907. commons.wikimedia.
org/wiki/File:Telephone_
Conversation_(Telefonisch_
Es_Gespräch)_MET_
DP843849.jpg

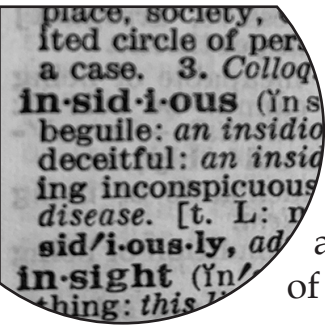
Page 6: Lenz, Leonhard.
“Frauenkampftag
demonstration Berlin.” 2020.
commons.wikimedia.org/
wiki/File:Frauenkampftag_
demonstration_
Berlin_2020_54.jpg

Copyright 80AT(2025) Gracies
Dinnertime Theatre. I guess you can
reprint things for all the reasons
covered under United States Fair Use
Doctrine as defined by the United
States Congress with the “Copyright
Act of 1976.” Why you’d pretend to be
us is a mystery. All the work remains
copyright of the authors.

Oh.
I see it now. These machines, these terrible weapons of
mass* transportation, were never meant to be the vehicles
of our liberation. How could I have been so foolish? Of
course a *golf*[†] cart would be a tool of the Booje Wah Zee![‡]
Why would adding to *our* horses take away from *their*
power? Why would *more* wheels lead to *less* injustice? At
this point, dear reader, your sandwich has cooled down
enough to eat,[§] and the truth has made itself clear:

Oppression is stored in the wheels.

*Editor’s note: maximum of four or six people.
† The only cool thing about golf is the explanation for its creation
in *The Hobbit*. Also *Happy Gilmore*, maybe.
‡ I looked up how that word is spelled and it does NOT look how it
sounds. For god’s sake, there are Rs in there! What, is it supposed
to be Booje WAR zee?[§] Absolutely ridiculous.
§ I mean, I guess they do cause a lot of conflict... Maybe
bourgeoisie[¶] isn’t such a ridiculous way to spell it.
¶ No, it definitely is.
§ All of the cheese has melted off and onto the bag, though.**



Definitions

-by the denizens of the GDT discord

Circular reasoning – when your
argument makes an infinite number
of points.

Corduroy gall – the opposite of sheer gall.

The Dorm Challenge – watching *Blue Velvet* with the
door open at a high volume.

God complex – when everything I do is *way* cooler than
you because I’m that guy.

God simple – when you find religion to be quite easy
actually.

Ovine – that round cow everyone is supposed to imagine.

Schaltungfreude – the joy of discovering and fixing a
setting on a device that has been causing minor issues
for years (literally: Switch Joy).

Seezer – Weezer induced seizure.

Supposeatory – when someone shoves hypotheticals up
your ass.

Normariety – your most normal coworker; a person
who is known to be suspiciously ordinary in a strange
place.

Vacuum – what China is filling.

Note
on the
Fridge

Can you imagine if *GDT** had printed this ad? RIT would never let us publish anything else, ever again. But the wise men of ~~the~~ seem to be getting away scot-free. They might even get to post some more from their frat house as a reward.

An intentionally bad ad is still bad, and 2000s-style sex appeal using women as eye candy shouldn't be brought back just for a party. 🏠

-exasperated member of GDT Staff

GDT'S WALL OF

**UNDER
CONSTRUCTION**

SHAME

MEET 2

at 9:45

Girls Free

BYOB
No Bags. No Glass.

**Come
Hammered
Get Nailed**

*"Hey fellas, wanna
fuck a drunk girl?
She can't say no!"*

* If you know, you know.



Neighborhood Watch

-by Igor Polotai

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

So, what happened recently? Have you read 1984? Well you better before that book gets banned. Campo seems to, as we saw an increased presence after a string of incidents throughout the week. From burglary to dapping the ganja to even an entire fake swatting attempt, RIT students were busy.

But perhaps they had a reason to: RIT got rid of one of the swings! One of the most important Student Government success stories, the swingset first started to creak, then shake whenever someone was trying to achieve orbit. A ring of caution tape quickly got put up, and then one day the entire swingset just up and left. Some speculated that RIT got rid of it after the RIT Pisser got to it and turned it into a biohazard. Others questioned whether RIT sold it to buy new police drones from Campo so they could finally catch those ruffians who keep climbing on building roofs.

Whatever the reason, it is sad for the student body. For many, these swings are the only exercise they get. How else are they supposed to burn off all the calories they get from all these shrimp boil pop-up stands that RIT keeps running? Or from the new Ben & Jerry Root Beer Floats that many consider adequate hydration? What will go next? The stairs of the Golisano Institute of Sustainability? The fake logs from the fireplace? What about insurance for students who accidentally go down liminal tunnels in Slaughter and get trapped in the Shadow Realm? What other joy will RIT squeeze from our chilly bones?

Until next week, stay safe, and don't let those glass ceilings hold you back from achieving your potential! 🏠

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!

We'd love to hear from you!



Dearest Editors

-by Rock Goblin, GDT Obscurus Archivist

In an effort to put off diving into my emotions, I took it upon myself to re-order the GDT archives, which had been thrown into a catastrophic state of disarray. While there, I stumbled across a series of missives regarding the lost GDT expedition to Nabrasaka.



Many of the longtime followers of this saga may already be aware of this fact, but as it stands to reason, as the Nabrasaka expedition continued, the writers experienced increasingly intense delusions due to their prolonged isolation. This example of the issue was found in a journal used to smash the kitchen window belonging to former RIT President and known foe Albert J. Simone.

A truly magnificent vulture just flew over me, close enough to look into its eyes. Its brown eyes stared into my own, as the beast saw into my soul, and judged my company unfit. Or, perhaps, I have been marked for death, and am simply a snack for later. As it stands to reason, this may be the case.

During the past few days, I have consumed nothing but the insides of strange stunted cacti and the now desecrated corpses of a strange manner of beasts. My current state is closer to that of desiccation than any reasonable state a mortal would expect. My kingdom for a Twinkie.


Snacks aside, no matter where I go, crows, ravens, and vultures follow. Mayhaps the stench of hands unclean pose a temptation unbearable. The blood of countless beasts have now irreparably stained my hands and heart, and, now, mayhaps my bloody self now poses a beacon for the carrion

eaters. At least beasts such as myself will find sustenance in my corpse.

Or mayhaps, the vulture is a symptom of purposes beyond myself. The ancient Egyptians viewed vultures as protectors of the Pharaoh, and the sacred bearers of eternal protection. Mayhaps I have been marked for a purpose unbearable, and am now tasked with great burdens.

Of what manner should I accept this burden? There is no further honor to be bequest upon one than that of a quest beyond the self. Is it frantic exaltation I will soon be met with? Or simple resignation? Perhaps, once I am free from this burden, even those closest to me will recoil in disgust at the thought of actions wrought by these hands.

Or, perhaps, I am simply sitting atop a cliff that all denizens of the air frequent, and am simply a trespasser in a realm not frequented by large hairless apes.

After the incident, the journal that continued this entry was surreptitiously recovered by undercover GDT associates during the clean-up. What's odd is that this window is on the 6th floor of an apartment building, exactly 16 magpie feathers were found in the room, and all the clocks in the room had stopped at 5:26 exactly. How, exactly, this is related to this entry is still unknown. More to come. 



GDT's Cookie Recipe

-from the kitchen of Titty Cocker



Servings: 40 | Prep Time: 40 minutes

Ingredients

5 ounces rotisserie chicken (do NOT pre-cook)

1 pound wasabi

1-3 lungfulls of RIT tunnel asbestos to fulfill your carcinogenic pleasures

2 cups vanilla extract

4 tablespoons nutmeg

5 Korean rice cakes

Lots of love ♥

And a bit of gooseberry pancake mix

2 cups all-purpose flour

1 cup brown sugar

2 cups flour

9¾ eggs

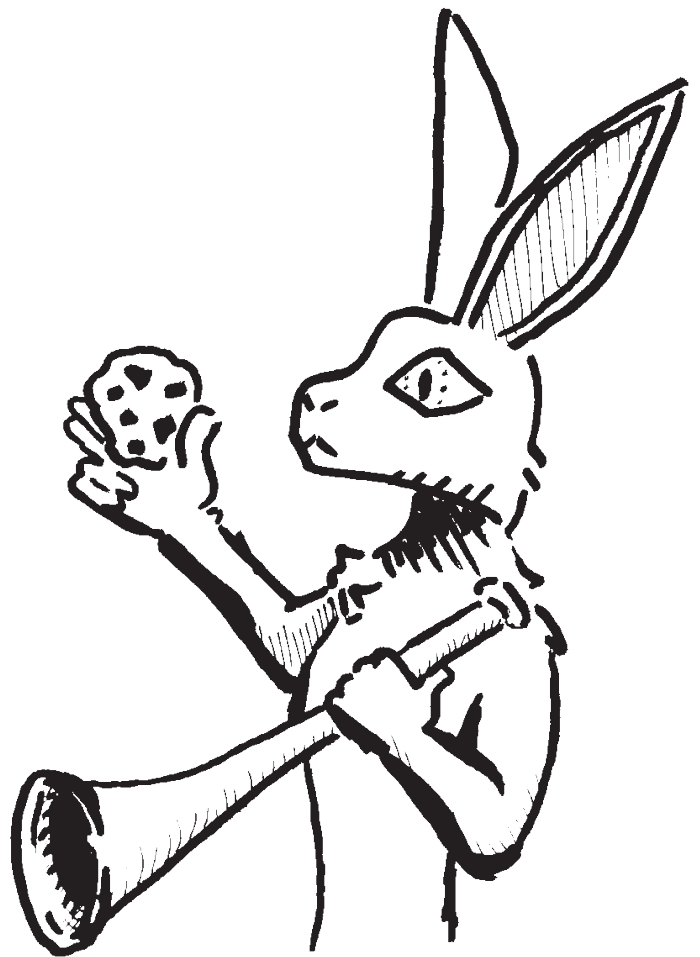
3 cups of flour

2 eggs, large

1 cup light brown sugar

1 cup HEAVY brown sugar

Fuck it, another cup of chocolate chips



Preparation

Now, it's instructioning time. Combine all choco chips.

Is the oven preheated? No? Idiot. Turn it to 463.706 Kelvin.

Snort 1 cup of the flour like coke & pour the rest on your head. Now shake your beautiful hair, like you just don't care, and shimmy with your friend Jimmy until that fent-laced flour wears off.


Do 10 minutes of deep breathing exercises and then mix well, turning counterclockwise 45x.

Steam mixture until halfway done in rice cooker.

Don't forget to smile! Also microwave for 2 minutes.

Now, at this point, your conquest of Ecuador should be progressing well. Check every few hours for any native rebellions for you to suppress. Make sure you're not burning the cookies as you burn down their villages. 🏠

RFK JR'S Cathartic Pills



A SAFE, PLEASANT AND RELIABLE Family Medicine.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Want to promote your event? Tired of reaching only boring normies? Want to publish more than once a month?

We gotcha, fam.

Email us!

gracies
dinnertime
theatre
@gmail.
com

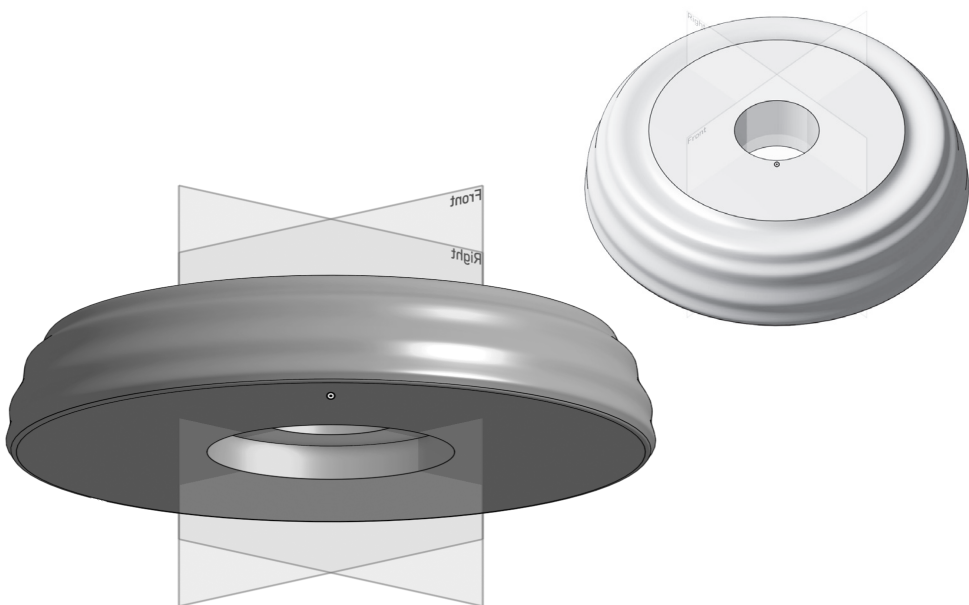
What happens when you rotate Nabraska about the z-axis?

BEHOLD: The Nabraskus!

This bold new take on a state-themed torus may be harder to draw, but 3D prints beautifully. Just hope your multivariable professor doesn't find out about it or you'll be integrating until your arm falls off.

Available to download at
hellskitchen.org/
gdt/3d/Nabraskus.stl

Check scale before printing.


$$z^2 = Nabraska^2 - \left(R - \sqrt{x^2 + y^2}\right)^2$$

To improve upon your shiny new Nabraskus, print a GDT statue on top. Only a dollar at the SHED!

GDT'S MID-AUTUMN STORY CONTEST

1st Place: 150\$

2nd Place: 50\$

**Top contributors will be published in a special 31 October issue.
All spooky or seasonally-themed short stories welcome.**

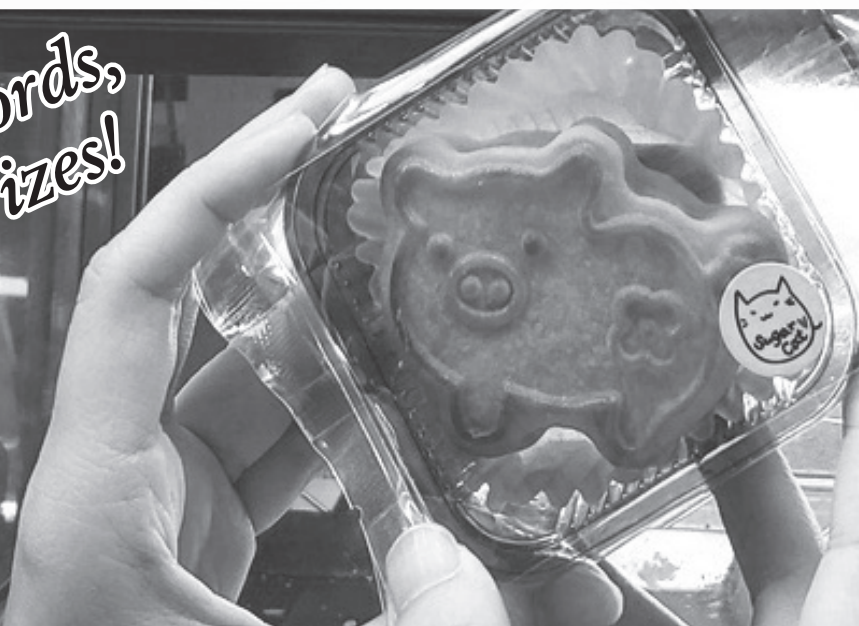
**Submission Deadline:
21 October 2025**

Submitting:

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

All submissions remain the intellectual property of the author.

*Write words,
win prizes!*



Take the WHOLE issue home! It's free!

