

# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## GDT Challenge: Numéro Deux

by Alex Moundalexis

There were only a few entries to last week's puzzle. The majority of incorrect answers came from the UPC question (all the digits constitute the code).

However, it only took a matter of hours for Jeff Prystajko to come up with the correct answers. I met with him briefly to give him his prize: a 12-pack of Pepsi. Jeff is an Information Technology major in his third year, who plans on concentrating in Multimedia. In an odd twist of fate, Jeff also happens to be the Editor-in-Chief of *Reporter Magazine*. No hard feelings here, a game is a game. Congrats, Jeff!

So as promised, here are a few more questions that I believe to be more difficult. Most of the questions are factual in nature, and some you'll just need to have general experience. As usual, a 12-pack awaits the first person to get them all correct.

1. The last name of the salesman who sold a vehicle to the professor in 70-2345.
2. RIT's US Postage Permit #.
3. Last week's winner, the Soundex value of his last



The winner's arm, and a 12-pack of Pepsi.

name.

4. What is the answer to the question?
5. A "Z" on a grade report represents what?

Again, you must enter online. The entry method has been updated, and made a bit easier. Instructions how to submit your answers are available on the web site, should you have any questions. Good luck.

<http://luscious.rh.rit.edu/gdt/>

**Perky & Slick** By Gil Merritt  
 Perky & Slick  
 Theatre Presents:  
 "Your Big Break!!"

OKAY... SUCK IT IN...  
 HOSTING THIS SHOW  
 ISN'T THE LOWEST,  
 IT CAN'T BE; I'M  
 POSITIVE... (AHEM)

SLICK, TELL US  
 WHO YOU'LL BE  
 PERFORMING AS  
 TONIGHT!  
 PERKY, I'LL BE  
 PERFORMING AS  
 THE ONE... THE  
 ONLY... ELVIS  
 PRESLEY!

HE'S THE KING OF ROCK N' ROLL,  
 AND HE PUT MEMPHIS ON THE  
 MAP! MAGICALLY TRANSFORMED  
 INTO ELVIS PRESLEY, HERE'S  
 SLICK SINGING "DON'T BE  
 CRUEL!"

UM...  
 I'M SUPPOSED  
 TO SING? EE-YEAH.  
 PERKY, I SING LIKE  
 COBRA COMMANDER  
 ON HELIUM; MY  
 VOICE MOONLIGHTS  
 AS A CAR ALARM.

WE'RE DEAD  
 OKAY THEN,  
 EXACTLY WHAT,  
 AS ELVIS, WERE  
 YOU GOING TO DO?

OH NO. OH NO! THAT'S IT!  
 THE STRIP'S OVER! GOOD NIGHT!  
 READ SOMETHING ELSE, FOLKS!

BUT THAT  
 MEANS THEY'LL  
 ALSO MISS MY  
 "JIMI HENDRIX"  
 AND "MICHAEL  
 HUTCHENCE"!!

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## Stay Away From Those Tracks!

by Aunt Susie

Hey, where are you kids headed off to? Not going near those train tracks I hope. You'll steer clear of those tracks if you know what's good for you. I heard tell that last week a pregnant woman was down there at the tracks with her dog and her parole officer, and they were picking up exotic rocks from in-between the railroad ties. Sure enough, before long here comes a train. Well, the dog and the woman got off the tracks all right, but the parole officer's wallet got stuck between one of the ties and the ground, so the other two had to run over to help. They didn't get out of the way in time, and that train killed the whole lot of them.

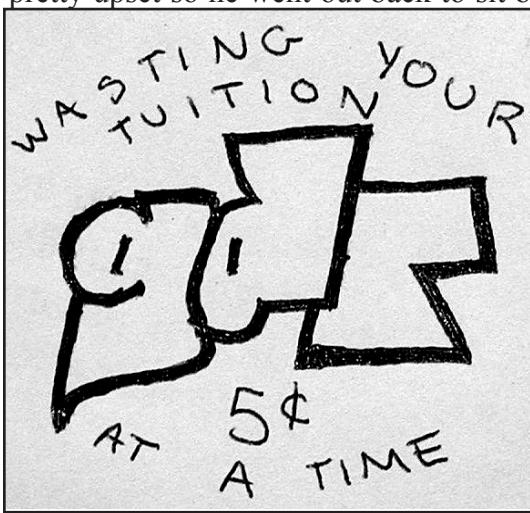
Then there was that time your Uncle Toby got it in his head that if he made his money bigger, it'd be worth more. So, he gets all the coins out of his old hollowed-out wooden Indian chief, and hauls them down to the tracks in a bunch of mayonnaise jars on a sled. Well if that wasn't enough of a sight, old Toby spent a good four hours laying out all of the coins on the tracks. Luckily, he picked Christmas Day to do it, so there wasn't much locomotive traffic. Yep, only the Jew trains run on Christmas. So along comes one of them Jew trains, and Toby's eyes are just sparkling with anticipation, but as soon as the train hits the first Susan B., it skyrockets straight up into the sky. I declare, I've never seen a train jump so high before or since. We couldn't even see it, it went so far up into that cool December sky. So, we all head back home, and Toby gets back about four hours later, after he's put all the coins back in the mayonnaise jars. He was pretty upset so he went out back to sit by the clothes-

line, because you know how fond he was of watching fabrics. Wouldn't you know it, just as soon as he gets comfortable on that stump of his, that old train

comes screechin' back out of the sky and lands square on Toby's head. He got buried so far down in the ground, we just cut off the top of the train and stuck a tombstone right there.

Heck, you wouldn't know it to look at me, but even I got killed by a train. Yep, it was back before your mom and dad got married, and way before you were born. I used to go around with what they called the "fast crowd" of Crenshaw County. Susie Crenshaw herself was my closest friend. One day Susie and I were out teasing boys by letting them have sex with us and such, and she remarked that it was the perfect day for a Hula Hoop contest. Well I had just gotten my new hoop from Roebuck's, so I was game. Susie reckoned herself to be the best hooper in the county, and I was dead set on proving her wrong. So there we are out in Tucker's Meadow, gyrating like a double tornado. Plum near every man in Crenshaw County was out there watching us, and some from neighboring counties. Susie was good, damn good. She usually skipped school just to hula-hoop. I couldn't afford to do all that, since my dad wasn't mayor like hers, but I had determination, which your grandmother always said was just as good as having a golden shovel. I wasn't about to let old Susie win, and we were out there for days. People would bring us baskets of sandwiches and cool lemonade, it wasn't a half-bad way to live, and maybe we could have gone on forever like that. Maybe...but sure enough, all of a sudden here comes a train. One of the old coal-powered ones, no less. Susie and I screamed and tried to jump out the way, but our muscles were so trained to the motion we had set them in that we just stood there. Stuck like two hula-hoopin' Rodin statues. The train plowed right into us, killing both of us instantly.

So you see I know what I'm talkin' about when I tell you to stay away from those tracks. You better not go anywhere near them out there by Bryer's Creek. You didn't know that's where they were? Well they are. Look, it shows them right here on this map. Go ahead, take it. And since you're headed out, here's some gas money. Enough for the exact mileage to the tracks. But don't go near those tracks, you hear me? They're just plain bad news.



## My Excuse(s) For This Week

by Randall Good

I'm sorry. I don't have my article for this week. Listen, it's been a really rough week. I was sick. My girlfriend broke up with me. My gerbil, Sampson, died of pancreatic cancer. We thought it was malignant, but well, life really throws you curveballs now and then, you know? I was thrown quite a few this week. I had my article saved on my hard drive, but it crashed. The hard drive. I wasn't really looking where I was going and accidentally steered it right into one of those portal website servers. And, you know, nothing stands a chance against those beasts of the "superhighway." I'm lucky to be alive, actually. Did you hear that? I'm LUCKY to be ALIVE. I could have DIED. There's so many ways to die: malaria, bubonic plague, natural causes, drug overdose, accidental suicide, being crushed under one's own television. And I've avoided them all just to stand before you here today. You should be happy because the odds were very much against me. So, I'm really sorry that I don't have an article for you to read. Really, I am. But, I had about a billion other things to do this week. I had to go to the

*bank.* Yeah, I know. And, on top of that, I had to go to the *post office*, *dry cleaners*, and *McDonald's*. And that was just over the weekend. So you can deduce that the rest of my week was even worse. I didn't get anything done. I laid around and did nothing all day. All week. Nothing. What? Sorry, it's kind of hard to do anything, let alone write an article, when you're in the hospital for the entire week. Yes, the hospital. Why didn't I let you know? Well, it was kind of difficult to call in sick when you're in the middle of the desert. You can't exactly send an email from the middle of nowhere. I did see a roadrunner, but not the Internet kind. So, I was unable to get online, and because the article I had planned depended on my doing research online, I couldn't write my article. No, I tried going to the library, but it burned down. The day after I wrote my article. I accidentally left in it my study cubby in the basement of the library, but then the whole place went up in smoke. I think it's pretty safe to assume that the article was destroyed. My articles tend to be pretty combustible. I wanted to go back and sift through the rubble, but my car died. Yeah, pancreatic cancer.

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**Ad 1:** Apathetic RIT student (knows some ASL) who won't care enough to ever check his email to see if anyone responded seeking gorgeous single female optimistic enough to respond on the off chance that my roommate will accidentally check my email while using my computer and tell me that she responded.

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**Ad 2:** Lonely Irish looking for long term relationship. Short brunette (I'm 5ft 7in) snowboard/ skateboard/ raver type. Freshman. Must have excentric personality, open mind, and ganja etiquette. Must like to chill and be sporatic, and enjoy indepth, abstract discussions. I'm not to much into the frat/drunk party scene. Snowboard skills are a plus.

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GDT makes no promise that the people posting these ads are of sound mind and body. Always use caution when meeting people though paper ads, especially ads in this paper. Don't say we didn't warn you if the person is really creepy.

**gdt@hellskitchen.org**

## GDT THE CAUSE OF MENTAL ANGUISH?

ROCHESTER, New York—It is believed that last week's issue of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*—a student-run satire magazine at Rochester Institute of Technology—may have caused a psychotic incident in one of RIT's students.

Witnesses in the Residence Hall tunnels reported an unnamed individual tearing copies of the publication into dozens of tiny pieces. Another witness reported another individual attempting to ingest pieces of the publication, spitting them out briefly thereafter.

It is possible that a footnote on the cover of the weekly publication might be responsible for the episode. The footnote reported that the staff had considered printing the issue on papers saturated with the hallucinogen LSD. Upon reading the footnote, local authorities believe that the individual attempted to ingest the paper in the hopes that the issue might have been printed on such paper. Not receiving the high he had expected, the individual then expectorated the remaining bits onto the floor in anger.

None of the GDT staff were available for comments, but it is speculated that distribution of issues soaked in illicit drugs is not standard practice for the publication or its staff.

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No pictures, please. Unless there is money included with them.

No people with barefoot fetishes, please.  
Unless there is money included with them.  
See Page 3 for this week's ads!



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