

# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## Final Harry Potter Book Revealed

By Dan Conley

Recently I was told that J.K. Rowling, the author of the Harry Potter book series, was no longer going to write the books; instead, they would be finished off by one or more fill-in authors<sup>1</sup>. This was heard on the radio, and I immediately rushed off to the internet to see if this was true. Within minutes I discovered that while the internet is often called a great source of misinformation, the radio is no better; the story was a crock of shit.

Rowling has already gotten patents through the UK on multiple titles for her remaining books; she also stated that there will only be seven and that she will be the one writing them. I decided that I really didn't have anything else to do<sup>2</sup> and so I researched the names of the titles. Most were commonplace, such as Harry Potter and the Alchemist's Cell. There was one that stood out, however; while the fifth and sixth books had multiple titles associated with them the seventh only had one possible name: Harry Potter and the Broken Condom. The plot sickens.

With a little help from P2P software, translation sites and some good old fashioned eBaying I actually got my hands on a copy of the last book<sup>3</sup>. The cover of the book, which I was also fortunate enough to see, uses the same style as the others but shows Harry and his good friend Hermione Granger, who has a bloated stomach. Both their faces are very sour.

Rowling seems to have been just toying with us for six books, as the seventh totally erases whatever you may have thought the series is about and replaces it with something totally new. There are also strong political and ethical themes running amok through the six hundred pages. The length and premise of the book should give you a clue that Rowling wants to make this "more than a kid's Tolkein."<sup>4</sup>

What I had not thought about until reading the book is that it was Harry's seventh year at Hogwart's. He started when he was 11, meaning he was now 17: in his sexual prime. Add Hermione, a girl he has

known since before he knew what a penis was, and... well, it appears that after many years of holding in their feelings they finally confronted one another and experienced a night full of passion, romance, and Foonswaggle Fernam's X-Tra Pleasure Condoms - the latter of which did not work as well as it was intended.

Voldemort's true motives are then shown. He is not an evil megalomaniacal fiend as we had once thought. Instead he used to use his magical powers for the purpose of divination. One day, he foresaw Harry's foreplay and his decision on how to handle the pregnancy. Being such a high profile wizard he cannot have this scandal reach the public, so they decide to have an abortion. Good ol' He-Who-Cannot-Be-Named is a member of the National Right to Life Committee, it seems, and won't stand for that to happen, so he lets his conscience lead him to the inevitable conclusion that killing Lily Potter is much more ethical than letting the yet-to-be Potter be aborted. By the time he gets his travel arrangements done Harry is born, so he'll just trade one kid for another<sup>5</sup>.

The Potters don't seem to share his holy vision, for some reason, and so they have to be killed first. When Voldy gets to his prey Harry's libido goes into self preservation mode and unleashes a burst of pure orgasmic energy, thus destroying Voldemort and saving Harry<sup>6</sup>. There starts the series.

Most of the book is either told from the POV of Voldemort or tells of the parents-to-be dealing with the problem. There is a certain amount of dry humor in this portion, such as when Draco Malfoy finds out. Here I'll say "Screw you, copyright laws!" and republish a portion of the book.

" 'So Potter, it appears your Nimbus caught a golden snatch.'

Harry looked up from his book at the grinning pimply face of Draco. He stood up and went shoulder to shoulder with his nemesis.

'Draco, what's the name of the spell which turns grass into meat?'

1 Ala The Boxcar Children - aw, c'mon, you know you read 'em. Only the first 19 were by the original author.

2 Besides essays and classes but hey - those require work.

3 Thus affirming that she has, in fact, written them all. I would have gotten the others but I'm on a limited budget here.

4 Quote made up to sound good

5 It's even since a line between child and fetus can't be drawn, after all.

6 And also giving him a scar which is a bolt pointing to his "lightning rod"

He looked confused. ‘Rumino Eruca, but wh-’

Harry punched him in the face. ‘Exactly. Shut up.’ “

The book really gets going about halfway through when Voldemort’s story switches to his path from random particles after Harry’s über-ejaculation to being implanted in the back of Professor Quirrell’s head. You wouldn’t believe how hard it is to arrange your atoms without opposable thumbs<sup>7</sup>.

It’s around this point in the book when Harry’s story unleashes the daddy of all plot twists: the baby may not be Harry’s at all, but could belong to Harry’s best friend Ron’s, who shoved his Weasely into Hermione while Harry was out saving the world in the sixth book Harry Potter and the Temple of Doom. For those literary buffs out there, this introduces a great conflict between the three; Harry is close to leaving Hogwarts altogether to study at a muggle college, Hermione gets into self mutilation, and Ron begins hitting the bottle<sup>8</sup>.

I’ll refrain from telling you the ending - hell, I’ve ruined the series for enough people as it is - but suffice it to say that a lot of 10 year olds are going to wonder why mommy won’t let them find out what happens. I’ll give you a teaser: clasper.

Ok, so I read the book and decided to write an article ruining it for everyone<sup>9</sup>. Before I started putting

pen to - er, fingers to keyboard, I started thinking about it<sup>10</sup>. Voldemort foresaw Harry having an abortion and decided to kill him and prevent it, right? Well, towards the end of the book Harry realizes that he turned to passionless sex with Hermione only to fill the void that his parents left in his life - stuff that void with his penis, so to speak. Well, the void was created by Voldemort’s attempt to prevent Harry from having sex. Do you see where I’m going here? It appears a paradox has been created: Voldemort causes the event that triggers what he has to stop. The circular chain of events must have been started somewhere...

I went back and reread the parts of the book dealing with his “vision” and the only conclusion I can come to is that he was sipping some peyote tea to become clairvoyant. That’s right, this entire epic series of books was caused by “the divine cactus” making a few of his synapses wig out. What an ending. It’s just too bad that most readers won’t pick up on it<sup>11</sup>.

In her seventh book Rowling manages to totally spin the plot around, toss in some mature themes, and give an ending more open than Hermione’s legs. Not only that, but she also gives a great sense of hero juxtaposition: depending on your ethical beliefs you could be on the side of Harry or Voldemort by the end. This book will totally revolutionize literature as we know it - if it gets past the censors, that is.

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7 Or thumbs at all, for that matter.

8 Which apparently is a wizard euphemism for masturbation.

9 ‘Cause that’s just the kind of guy I am.

10 Just like my English teachers programmed me to do.

11 Them being in the 4th grade and all.

# SUBMIT.

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Drums, drums, drums, horn. Drums, drums, drums, horn.

People line the streets in anticipation for the arrival of their soon-to-be king. For 6 months now the people have been leaderless and totally at a loss for how to lead their lives in a war against the enemy.

The enemy was hard to find and even more difficult to kill. Tony W. K., the last king of the land, had died abruptly for no apparent reason. Well, no apparent reason the people could see. He had not been effectively fighting against the enemy. The Council of the Gods (this nation's equivalent of our senate) decided he should be replaced. They laced his beverage one night and he was no longer a problem.

The departure of the king caused great havoc throughout the land. Not even 3 hours after Tony W. K. died the entire nation went into an age of darkness. Six months later the soon-to-be king was announced.

"His life is magical."

"He's going to fix everything."

"My son will finally have a role model."

"The Economy will finally be stable."

"I see an end to all that is bad."

The people didn't know of their new leader's miserable past. He was not raised to be a king. He learned he was going to be king in an email. He responded to an email that the rest of the nation had thrown aside as spam and since he was the lone responder, he was picked. He spent the next 6 months learning how to be king, while the Council ran an ad campaign to tell the commoners about him.

His life was totally made up on all the ads that were played about him, but he was sheltered by the castle walls and never heard what was being said. While in the castle he developed the lifestyle of a king. He ate much and didn't exercise just as much.

Meanwhile outside the castle his fame was growing. People really idolized him. There were fan clubs set up and websites dedicated to him.

All the people had ever heard of his history was

shown in commercials. His ad campaign was a bit like a movie trailer.

"Coming Soon To a Kingdom Near You" is how they all ended. There was never any doubt that he would eventually arrive as ruler of the land. It should be mentioned that you don't get much of a choice that way. Their society had never thought of having a choice in their leader; who needs one when the Council appointed leaders do such a great job anyway?

Inside the palace there was the hustle and bustle that usually proceeds all coronations.

"Is this going to work? Am I going to be a good king?" asked the soon-to-be king.

"Not a doubt in our mind." Said the leader of the Council. "This will be the most positive thing this nation has ever seen. We've calculated that after today our nation will be banded together closer than it's ever been before." He leaned to his wrist-watch-microphone and made sure everything was ready.

"Is everyone in position?"

"Red team check."

"Blue team check."

"Eagle ready for take-off."

"Brown team check."

"Code adam check."

"Code pink check."

"All teams are in place," said the Council master to himself. "Very good."

The soon-to-be king's ad campaign was a first in many respects. First of all, no incoming king had ever used the mainstream media to let the people know who he was. The Council had done this extremely well for the soon-to-be king. There was talk of him being the most sought after king in the history of the nation. His life term was the talk of the town. People from all reaches of the country could see themselves in a better light with him as their leader. He had a way of bringing out the best, not only in people, but also the nation.

Many other nations' leaders were heard talking

about what a step forward this was for all kingdoms of all sizes. "Never again will people of that land live in a dark or uncertain time," said the king of a neighboring country.

Drum, drum, drum, horn. Drum, drum, drum, horn.

"I'm very nervous," the soon-to-be king thought to himself. His head had been full of shifty and relatively innocent thoughts, and he was worried the people wouldn't accept him.

"King."

"That's soon-to-be king," corrected the soon-to-be king.

"I'm sorry your soon-to-be majesty", said the leader of the Council. "Why don't you relax, sir. Sit down here and play some video games while we wait for the ceremony to start," he motioned to a bean bag chair placed in front of a 92 inch TV.

"That sounds excellent. Tell me Councilman, what is happening outside? Are the people happy or sad? Are they cheering or jeering? Am I to be welcomed when I take the throne, or thrown from it?"

The leader of the Council hated being referred to as a regular member of the council, but he didn't let it show in his response. "The people love you, sir. You are already the most popular king in our nation's great history, and yet, you haven't even taken the throne. I see a great future for you, sir. You will go down in history. You will be remembered."

"Good. Can I get some THPS 16? That's a great game," said the ever-relaxing soon-to-be king.

"Are you sure you don't want 17? It's the newest one."

"Are you joking? 17 sucks. I'll take 16; it's a classic," stated the soon-to-be king.

As the leader of the Council loaded up the game for the soon-to-be king his watch alarm went off. "It is finally time, sir. Are you ready to meet your people and give your most important speech ever?"

"I think so," said the very-soon-to-be king.

As he walked out onto the landing of his second story window the people became silent. At long last

their leader had arrived. Within each one of them a feeling of loyalty and faith had finally begun to grow. Never before had there been this much love for their country. Each person began to cry just a little bit.

The ceremony finished with the High Priest giving the king his scepter and letting the people cheer and stare at his beauty.

"All teams, report," whispered the leader of the Council.

"Red team check." "Blue team check." "Eagle ready for take-off." "Brown team check." "Code adam check." "Code pink check."

The king spoke. "I stand before you, your king," the crowd erupted into cheers. "I will lead us to victory against an enemy that has for years over-powered us. We will be victorious."

Drum, drum, drum, horn. Drum, drum, drum, horn. Drum, bang, drum, bang, drum, bang, bang, bang...

The people stared in awe as enemy soldiers on the rooftops of every building rained bullets down on the new king. The enemy soldiers stood very, very still in their recognizable national garb for all to see before disappearing.

The people were in shock. No one could believe it was happening: the most popular king in the history of the nation was just murdered in front of them. There was panic and fear throughout the crowd, but when people realized that the bullets were not meant for them they stood completely motionless. The tears of joy turned into tears of pain and anger. It was clear the ambush was over as the leader of the Council stood up to the microphone.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please remain calm. The enemy has just committed the worst act our nation has ever seen. We must defeat him, now more than ever."

The people agreed and they fought well. Forty-six years later the enemy was defeated in the name of their slain king.

Red team, Blue team, Eagle, Brown team, Code adam and Code pink were all given beach condominiums for their excellent marksmanship. They lived happily ever after.

## Social Abnorming

By Gary Hoffmann

“70% of RIT students have only 0 to 6 drinks at a party.”

You’ve seen the signs posted around campus.

“64% of comp sci students spend less than 60 hours per week playing video games.”

You’ve seen the flyers in the bathrooms and the posters in the dorms. Someone is trying to tell us what our fellow students are doing. But what is all this for? Why should we care how the majority of the student body spends its time? Does it really affect our lives if a whopping one out of three Anime Club members bathes on a regular basis? The answer to these questions, according to RIT’s Erudite REducation Control Taskforce for Implementing Order and Normalcy, are, “It’s for the Social Norming campaign we’re conducting,” “Because we told you to care,” and “yes,” respectively.

“At least 3 frat boys stalk 0 to 1 girls per quarter.”

For those of you unfamiliar with Social Norming, it’s the attempt to change behavior by demonstrating most of an individual’s peers act a certain way (specifically, the desired behavior) based on the assumption that said individual will “act according to perceived social norms...”<sup>1</sup>. This

may sound a lot like peer pressure, but peer pressure is, in fact, trying to change behavior by demonstrating most of an individual’s peers act a certain way (specifically, the desired behavior) based on the assumption that said individual will act according to perceived social norms. For example, “some teenagers decide to have sexual relationships because their friends think sex is cool”<sup>2</sup>. I hope that clears things up.

The purpose of the Social Norming effort is, of course, to eradicate undesired forms of behavior at RIT, such as underage drinking, drug use, and independent thought. You see, Social Norming takes advantage of the fact that most people don’t think for themselves, instead following the herd of masses also incapable of thinking for themselves.

“42% of RIT males masturbate fewer than 6 times per day.”

This, of course, is exactly the type of mentality that should be promoted on a college campus. After all,

students incapable of independent thought are less likely to realize they could get a better education somewhere else where they’re encouraged to actually think. What institute of higher learning wants to promote the development of exceptional individuals? And if there’s one thing Social Norming campaigns create,

**62% of RIT students like you are behaving exactly the way we want them to, so you should, too!**

-Uncles Simone’s

Erudite REducation Control Taskforce  
Implementing Order and Normalcy

1 [www.msubillings.edu/prevnetwork/socnorming.htm](http://www.msubillings.edu/prevnetwork/socnorming.htm)

2 [www.iwannaknow.org/brain2/peerpressure.html](http://www.iwannaknow.org/brain2/peerpressure.html)

dents will assimilate this behavior, thus increasing the percentage of students acting a particular way, thus increasing the pressure on other students to act the same way, ad nauseam. The end result, then, is a student body that behaves exactly the same as everyone else. Hence, Social Norming. And RIT is an ideal place to implement such a campaign, considering our computer science department. RIT students are famous across the nation for their lack of individual decision-making. They came here because their parents told them they had to go to college to get a good career to earn lots of money. If they could make decisions on their own, they'd be studying at the Orgone Institute.

However, the Social Norming efforts are hindered by the fact that there are still too many photo students wandering around being deviants. All of these freaks strutting along the quarter mile with long hair and piercings might give other students the impression that everything their parents told them isn't necessarily true, and then they'd begin questioning things. This is counterproductive to Social Norming efforts, and must be done away with, as must anything else that encourages dendrites to form in the vacuous cranial orifices that are so plentiful on campus.

"97% of fine arts majors at RIT were admitted to provide interesting scenery for the engineers."

it's mediocrity!

"84% of RIT students would jump off a bridge if everyone else did."

Think about it. By showing that the majority of students act a particular way, it's hoped that more stu-

So remember, kids, listen to posters that tell you how to act based on the behavior of the masses, and don't listen to posters that tell you how to act based on a well-reasoned, logical argument. Because we all know the majority is always right.

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By Peter C. Gravelle

she looked at me  
with that devil in her eyesong:  
    F is for the way you FORnikate  
    U is for th way you UNdulate  
    C is CLEARLy clearlY  
    Klever way you asTERisk me

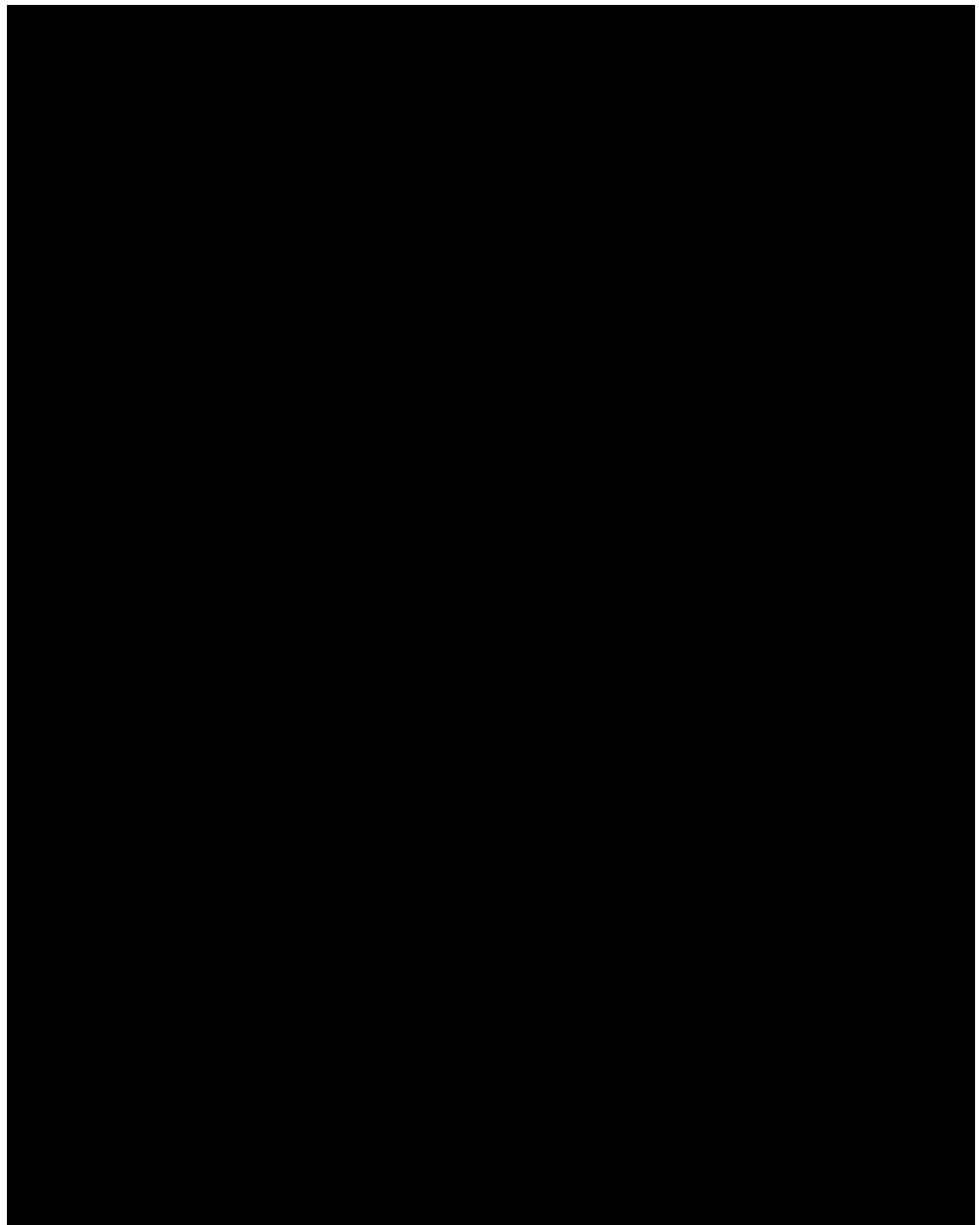
She rolled over an' mumbled of good  
TeyeMES

recently

passed

(and soon to come again)

# Art & Poetry





**Still Life With Roses**

**By Gary Hoffmann**

Coffee and cigarettes,  
when it gets this cold you find ways to keep warm,  
she says, snow falling around her,  
a cup of coffee steaming off into the frozen night  
clutched in one black-gloved hand,  
a lit cigarette held in the other,  
her eyes reflecting the snowflakes reflecting the streetlights,  
tiny orange-yellow specks floating downly  
against the deep brown infinity of her irises.  
She smiles, still beautiful despite nicotine-stained teeth,  
Sure, it'll kill you,  
but it beats drinking melted seal blubber.

## Sinfonia da Requiem

by Rocko Bonaparte

Kevin had developed a bizarre fetish for classical music. It had started with his girlfriend in high school. She was a Mozart fanatic and played that stuff while doing homework, driving her car, and making out with Kevin. They ended up breaking up when Kevin admitted he preferred Baroque music over Mozart's "overly-refined crap." This also marked a temporary end to his concert attendance, since he felt too uncomfortable going by himself. None of his guy friends wanted to go with him, telling him, "Going to a classical concert with guys is gay." Kevin's father wouldn't go with him either. "What are you, queer?" he asked him. None of these people had ever been to a concert before, but they seemed to all know something he didn't. So Kevin had to wait until he went off to college before trying to go to another concert.

During the fall of his freshman year, he found out there was a music college in the same city as his university. They had postings of concerts almost every day of the week. It listed large orchestral works at the end of each week. It was peace on Earth for Kevin. The only problem was, he still didn't want to go by himself. Worse yet, there weren't too many girls around to convince into going with him. Kevin's intentions were noble, but all the girls believed he was trying to get in their pants. However Jerome, Kevin's friend in the dorms, overheard him complaining one day and volunteered to come along.

Jerome was a bright young man from Provincetown, MA. He always had girl buddies around him, but Kevin never saw him taking preference to any of them. He liked to lift and had built up a strong body. Unfortunately, Jerome didn't know much about classical music. "I know a little, I guess," he told him. "I have some Bach mp3's." Bach was Baroque, and that was all Kevin needed to feel reassured. So come Saturday night, they went to a concert being performed by music students.

Although it wasn't necessary, they both dressed up for the occasion. Kevin's standards for "dressed up" was a suit and tie, but Jerome's was blue polyester and tight pants. "Aw come on, it's all I had," he kidded with Kevin. They got the programs and sat down in the back of the first level, in the dark. Kevin shrugged

after he managed to read the program - no Baroque tonight.

The last movement of the first piece was Grieg's The Hall of the Mountain King. Jerome leaned over to Kevin and said, "Well hey, I know this one." His breath smelled of mint. Kevin nodded and looked back at the performance, kind of uncomfortable that Jerome didn't lean back into the middle of his own seat. He took the break between movements to go to the bathroom and get away for a moment.

He plopped back in his seat right when the string section was finishing tuning themselves. Jerome leaned back over and asked, "So, what is next?"

"Umm, Sinfonia da Requiem by ... Britten" he said, fumbling with the pamphlet as he read it. The requiem was a harsh song; it is funeral music for orchestra. It was so dissonant, you wouldn't know if they were screwing up. But Kevin did. Why were the violins, in particular, playing so soft? He was fixated on it while Jerome stroked Kevin's right arm.

"This is very harsh." Jerome whispered into Kevin's ear. Kevin was frightened about what was happening now. He knew he should not have gone with another man. All his friends, and even his own father told him what happens when you go to a classical concert with another man. You will catch the gay. The music was reaching the first of the climaxes when Kevin found Jerome's leg touching his.

This was an odd piece to be doing this kind of thing to. Odder still was how Jerome seemed to be aware of the climaxes in the music. At the darkest moment he moved his face between the orchestra and Kevin's head. Kevin tried to move out of the way but Jerome moved in closer. Right before a collision, Jerome closed his eyes and opened his mouth wide. His mouth hit Kevin's like a plunger. He scrambled to get away, but Jerome had pinned him down with his large, strong body.

Just when he thought it couldn't get any worse, he could feel Jerome's tongue feeling for his mouth. Finding the lips, the tongue insisted on entering. The clenched teeth provided resistance. Kevin could not

stand breathing the same air as this guy. Jerome's nostrils let out deep huffs as his hand wandered down between Kevin's thighs. There we go - that opened up his mouth. Kevin tried to scream but the tongue lunged in, gagging him with its pervasive force.

Jerome pulled out soon thereafter. "I'm sorry," he said, "I didn't know it was your first time." Kevin couldn't say a word. "Next time, I'll be more gentle."

"Um, yeah." Kevin said. "I have to . . . use the bathroom now. Bye."

Kevin thought back on his father's wisdom while vomiting in the toilet. He could still taste Jerome in his spit. He tried to throw up more but had ran out of puke. He sat there through the rest of the concert, until Jerome came in to get him.

"Hey." he said. Kevin tried to ignore him.

"The last one was great, but it's time to go now."

"Sure." Kevin said. They went out to his Jeep, and Jerome tried to reassure him. "I'll make it up to you. We'll go to Krispy Kreme."

"Promise?" Kevin asked him, and he smiled. While driving out of the city, Kevin's hand wandered over the center console. Jerome casually met it with his right hand, without saying a word. "It is a great feeling, really." Jerome told him, "You'll grow to like it."

At the end of the year, Kevin introduced Jerome to his father and his high school friends. They were engaged the next winter. This should be a lesson to you. If you're a guy, and you plan to go to a classical concert with another guy, don't. All of your friends are right when they tell you it's gay. You don't want end up like Kevin, do you?

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# 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](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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