

# Trojan Whores Ride Pacing Steed to Victory

ILLIUM -- The Great War is over!

After ten long ~~inches~~ years, the armies of the Geeks have been vanquished, surmounted at last by the brave babes of Troy. Clad only in their armored underwear, the victorious vixens simply blew away the opposing legions.

"Those weekend warriors were no match for us Trojan Whores," boasted one foxy freedom fighter. "Achilles was a real heel, Odysseus looked completely lost, and we gave Ajax a good scrubbing. Talk about a bunch of blunt spears!"

Other fallen heroes included Marcus Mayorus, Ditkalous Da Coach, Fostercles the Bald, Foreskin of Aquarium, and the Sheeplike Edwardseus. In fact, most of the Geek army appeared quite limp as they left the battlefield.

Informed sources gave credit for the stunning Geek defeat to undercover activities performed by the sensuous soldiers. "Being such cunning linguists, they were able to penetrate the enemy's lines. They sat in on all the planning sessions, and every time the Geeks attacked, the Trojans knew exactly what -- and who -- was cumming," said one Illium insider. "Believe me, they really snatched this victory."

Another tactic that helped key the Trojan triumph was the erection of a giant condom-minium, in which many of the Geek warriors were trapped.

"They thought we were going down, but they couldn't take a good lick. As soon as we exposed them, they just shriveled

right up," crowed one buxom battler. "They should have stayed up in Attica where they belonged."

Geek General Penile Disfunctus blamed the rout on his soldiers' shortcumings. "There's no use beating around the bush: my men just couldn't get up for it," he complained. "But I have to give the Trojan Whores credit -- they really laid it all out there. They were a bunch of eager beavers."

He also pointed out that one of the Geeks' mightiest warriors, Viagras, did not participate in the final battle. "What a stiff," said the general in disgust.

Following the great battle, Trojan Queen Clitoria, along with Princess Labia and Princess Orgasmia, hosted a major bacchanal for the voluptuous victors. Reports were that dinner consisted of four main courses, with several intercourses in between. All those in attendance agreed that it was quite a spread.

In honor of this climactic conquest, the Underwearian, underwear-wearing Trojan Whores have scheduled a parade for Saturday, February 19, at 7:00 PM. Marching alongside one of their typically well-endowed pacing steeds, protected by their Trojan shields (French ticklers for the French Quarter?), and scantily clad in their Madonna-designed armor, the brazen battalions will create a red sea (and perhaps a few sea men) as they make their epic trek.

Hey, maybe that's not how Homer saw it -- but he was blind anyway!

# Da Gawds and Da Gawddesses Mount All Of Us

MT. OLYMPUS -- They're an odd lot, the deities (or as some blasphemers might say, the idioties). But no one should ever doubt their appetite for screwing the poor mortals every chance they get.

And since New Orleans is known as a city of sin, the local gawds and gawddesses seem to mount all of us all the time.

We're not talking about the major divinities, the Apollos and Jupiters, the Buddhas and Jehovahs. They're too busy for the Big Easy. It's those nagging minor gawds that'll screw you over and over again.

Take Helen of Chalmette, with the face that sank a thousand ships (or is it the lips that sank a thousand dicks?). She'll really blow you over. Or Herrah, Queen Gawddess of Gambling -- she's a card! Or Diana, Gawddess of the Half Moon Bar. Don't bend over around her. And woe betide the unfortunate soul who stumbles across Hermaphrodite one dark night in the French Quarter. It's enough to make you Homerphobic.

Oh, you can try to protect yourself, by lathering on a little Grecian Formula 69. But soon as you step out the door, here comes Jason and the Arabinauts, looking to fleece you once again.

To worship and protest these demi-gawds, the Seeds of Decline will mount a procession of their own, in the Krewe du Vieux parade on the night of Saturday, February 19. There will be gawds from the hood, dawg gawds, false gawds -- Jesus Gawd! Move 'em out and mount 'em up, 'cause it'll be a gawd-damned event!