

Da Idiots Do Da Odds

The dawn it broke,
The sun it rose,
The clouds from the
cleansing rain parted,
And it all started over
again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CHALMETTE -- "The Reign of Plaine" had taken its place in the past and the clean up was over. Swept away were we, as was the dirt and detritus and scorched neurons. Scoured and washed off was the trash and the "Drips and Discharges." Our collective consciousness reawakened after travels dark and smelly. Nightmares of gators and nutrirat and crawfish heads assailed us. We scraped ourselves off the bottoms of white boots and castoff bouffant hairdos. We came to in the second sub-basement of the "Lower Nint' Ward." A place known to us locals and dem "Down da Roaders" as "da Parish."

Dawlin', we's heard a buzzin' in the air, it whispers to us gently, "Go ahead, take a chance." It echoes through the walls, through local bingo halls. Go acks ya Mama downta "Jacke's Bingo Palace." Acks 'em at da bourre game back a da "Junction Food Store." Acks 'em out back da "Daiquiri Palace" where dey shootin' dice. It's in our genes. It's in our heads. It's in our blood. And dat's been good for long for shure.

But there has been a new feelin' in da air. There's a new game in town. We heard rumors that go long beyond video poker and the OTB. They chattin' it at Schweggmans, and at da Votex school. Throughout the Cultural Center, all round Rocky and Carlo's, from Elvis livin' cross da street to de Araby Diner. The talk is of a new place. It's been rumored that ya can see it from da top a da Kaiser

Alumina Tower and hear it all down to da Violet Boat Canal.

Da Chalmettians Godda Harrah's so it's up da river we go. We polished up our best shrimp boots and our Sunday go to meetin' baseball caps, Cap. We mopped up da shrimp boats, clean em up good. Nets are mended and bank accounts ended. Beehives as high as the elephant eye, and rhinestone glasses to blind you. We loadin' up yungstas, an oldstas, and erstas. We loadin' Mawmaws and Pawpaws and chill-un. We head fo da river and up we will sail. We'll be lookin' for luck in all the wrong places, and eatin' and drinkin', we don't know what disgrace is. To the mecca they built at the foot of Canal, that bright shiny place to feed the cash cow. To Harrah's we go in our boots and our glasses. An GOD, oh GOD please, don't let them kick our asses.

Grand Opening Announcement

**Ron Foreskin &
the Autobahn Institute
present:**

The Incestarium

**Featuring the creepiest
bugs and vermin
in New Orleans**

See the Copelinroach, the Marc's Third Termite, and the Moscarter! Slithering serpents like the Vitter Viper, the Hissing Snakelton, and Oliver's Tom Asp! Repugnant rodents like the Sapirat and the Hairy Lee Nutria! It really is a bug's life in New Orleans!

Harrah's: The Golden Fleeced

HORRORS CASINO -- A happy herd of sheep commonly known as Mama Roux grazed in the bountiful meadows at the foot of the great river. Nothing was really that baaahhd. Good music in the valley, gentle winters in which to parade about showing their full mammary glands, and testicles covered in the finest of full, fluffed fleece -- life was good.

But one day a storm (Hurricane Hemmeter) blew in and destroyed their giant barn at the river's gate. Golden-tongued shepherds promised to rebuild the barn in the form of a humongous Greek temple, an edifice that would attract legions of people who would gladly give up their riches when put in a trance by wells overflowing with intoxicants. The magic bell-like sounds and dazzling interior, full of scantily clad maidens, would guarantee massive gold and riches to solve the problems of the meadows. E.W.E. know?

The lead sheep, Sire Bartholewe, convinced the herd that the meadow would be more fertile, that there would be better, greener grass, and that every sheep would get shiny new gold bells.

The shepherds' usually drab clothes became plush satin robes, and their faces transformed into wolves when the riches didn't materialize. The sheep started bleating when they looked at themselves and feared that they would become leg of lamb. They had been fleeced!

The wise old prophet, C.B. Forgotten, sat on the hill as the promises unraveled, the massive riches never materializing. "Ewe didn't listen to me. I told ewe so! It's a Chamber of Harrah's!"