

# LEWD Unearths Grave Phallacies

SIX FEET UNDER -- Despite weeks of reassurances by cemetery officials, the truth has been uncovered -- and does it ever smell rank. These sacred resting grounds no longer have the space to hold the many dearly departed of our city -- and now hoards of skeletons are roaming through New Orleans.

LEWD -- the Lecherous Ensemble of Weird Degenerates -- has learned that, with their final resting places filled with uncounted votes for Al Gore, the skeletons are taking to the streets. And their femora, tibiae and phalanges aren't the only bones that have come back to life. After

centuries in a stone mausoleum, these are some randy corpses!

This is a resurrection of a different kind, vow the skeletons; if they can't get the cemetery space they want, they threaten to go marching through the streets, swinging rock hard body parts, terrorizing virgins and prudes, and demanding gallon-sized daiquiris.

Of course, it was only a matter of time before the skeletons began rioting. The city can't bury its dead underground due to the high water table and Sewerage and Water Board ineptitude, but all those elaborate mausoleums take up space. Some thoughtful citizens tried to help out by clearing

away some of the gaudier cemetery artifacts and selling them to yuppies in Los Angeles. But with Peter Patout in jail and his cronies collaborating with the police, that plan collapsed, and cemetery officials began talking about moving bodies to unfashionable addresses in LaPlace and Chalmette.

The final indignity came in November, when operatives for George W. Bush began using local coffins to hide half-punched Florida ballots, loose chads and bags full of certain other white granular substances. This set the enraged skeletons leaping from the grave.

The skeletons' tumescent tour of New Orleans will undoubtedly outlast any of Al Copeland's marriages. But that's barely enough time to smoke a cigarette, much less pillage the French Quarter. This resurrection may not last long, but it will certainly be eventful.

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# Texas Aliens Take Over the White House

AUSTIN SPACE -- At 12:00 PM on January 20, the giant orbiting ten-gallon hat which has held the country hostage since November penetrated the airspace over Washington DC night and crashed into what is now the White/Burnt Orange House. The stetsonesque spaceship disgorged a crew of longneck-drinking aliens who immediately began drilling for oil on the White House lawn.

The vessel was apparently commanded by a strange alien referred to as "Dubya" or "Your Shrubness". Characterized by vacant eyes and a permanent smirk, this Dubya is actually thought to be a figurehead for

more intelligent life forms. In particular, the ship's second-in-command, addressed as "Big Dick", appeared to be the one giving orders. Also in the command chain was a smaller creature called "Alien Gonzales".

The aliens, who reportedly arrived from a strange world known as "Tex-ass", launched an all-out assault on the White House. After firing smoke bombs filled with the remnants of extra-terrestrial barbecue beans to drive out most of the defenders, the job was finished by Tex-ass rangers wielding lariats and branding irons.

Said a military spokesman, "Billions spent on the Strategic De-

fense Initiative, lawyers and talk show appearances were useless. We needed at least 200 more CHAD missiles." High advisors had warned of CHAD deficiencies for months, but the Jugular Electoral Board (JEB) refused to act.

Investigators from the intrepid Krewe of Underwear have linked JEB to a larger Tex-ass alien conspiracy that has been infiltrating the country for some time. This inter-galactic force has already gained control of Congress, the Supreme Court and Florida.

The alienation at the White House includes ending all women's rights except the right to be cheerleaders; a new "count on your fingers" national vote tallying system; capital punishment for traffic offenses, especially those committed by people with IQs under 85; massive quantities of manure being spread over the nation's capitol; and Tom DeLay.