

CRAPS Reveals Aliens Penetrating Society

BARS OF MARS -- Buried deep beneath the desert surface of the red planet, many Martians happily slake their constant thirst in Mars bars. Until recently, these watering holes featured pool, darts, watching Earth television, and dwarf-tossing. Now, however, things have taken an ominous turn, ever since Earth started bombarding Mars with engineering mistakes we call "robot explorers" and the Martians call "metal hail".

Initially, the always-inebriated Martians enjoyed that cute Pathfinder, and even today a popular bar sport is racing Pathfinder down a ramp (despite the rover's acclaimed success on Earth, even the drunken Martians are ahead 13,013 to 0 in ramp races).

However, things got serious when Earth twice pummeled the omnipresent Martian bars with our NASSA robot landers/crashers. The response on the red planet was to combine dwarf tossing and dart throwing into a game of fish-hurling at Earth. Assisted by their planet's low gravity, Martian barflies toss the long-desiccated, freeze-dried fish of the parched Martian canals at Earth. (A simple nursery rhyme about cows jumping over the moon fooled everyone in Chicago and New York when an earlier drunken Mars bar game of cow-tipping got seriously out of hand.)

As happens with Earth drunks, the once-happy Martian drunks became surly while witnessing our anti-Mars sentiments on televised science fiction movies. Outrage built when they learned that more space probes were planned. With the continued destruction of the Mars bars by terrestrial metal hail,

fish tossing at Earth evolved into a serious project.

Noting Earth's strong anti-Martian sentiments, Martians are testing our detection capabilities before traveling here in large numbers to put an end to the metal hail. They figured the world would never notice a few extra petrified fish, given Earthlings' acceptance of the fish served at places like Arthur Treacher's and Red Lobster.

In a whimsical touch, the Martians decided to retaliate for our destruction of their bars by declaring the bullseye on target Earth to be the French Quarter, home of the highest concentration of bars on the planet.

Having had many close encounters with the bizarre alien fish, the Earthling barflies of the Krewe de C.R.A.P.S. have been trying to alert our fellow citizens to this threat. In bars all over the Quarter we have told countless tourists and journalists of our discovery, but our credibility was shot long before we began telling fish stories.

Our earliest warning came when the Martians sent their gutter punk scouts and converted 1998 Jazzfest into Phishfest. In hindsight, is there anything more self-evident than the fact that Phish fans were not from Earth? More recently, there have been sightings all over New Orleans of UFOs (Unidentified Fish Overhead), craftily colored by the Martians to create complete confusion, and all under the cover of the city's Festival of Sins. As you read this, a virtual Finlandization of traditional fin-de-siecle New Orleans is under way.

Now, C.R.A.P.S. is out to debunk the Space Fallacy that no life exists on Mars. How can you deny these self-evident facts as proof of the veracity of our story:

1. Something is fishy when the Supreme Court's scales of justice look to Florida to select a president. The Court's opinion used finesse to avoid accusations of finagling to achieve finality.

2. How could such infamous blowfish as Marc MorayEel and Rub-a-Dubya Shrub, noted for their willingness to take that different "pause that refreshes", get elected when terrestrial Clinton couldn't even inhale?

3. Louisiana was the last state to ban gill nets, and Mickey Finns are still common in the Quarter's strip bars.

4. The Quarter has more weekend biker wannabes (Hell's Angel-fish) than anywhere this side of the governor's mansion, not to mention all the puffer fish with their Phallacies in Phins or up someone else's halibutt.

The truth can now be told: the return of these fish are just the ruse the Martians need to justify an invasion of Earth. This is no innocent "Carp and Redfish Aliens Pursuing Sanctuary". They're coming to get y'all, and we C.A.R.P.S. are going to be their fishth column! Watch us parade with Krewe du Vieux on February 10th, decked out in our Martian fish finery, and eat the poisoned goldfish we're gonna throw at you. Listen closely to our fish cheer, because next time you'll pay attention when C.R.A.P.S. Relates Alien Phish Stories!

