

Inane President Feted by Space Cadets

THE SPACE BETWEEN THE EARS -- The Mystic Krewe of Inane Space Cadets are thrilled to have one of their own in the White House. Co-captains Scott Mario and Mario Scott rhapsodized in unison, "It's been so long since we've had a truly Inane leader. Any search for intelligent life can skip the White House for the next four years."

The Space Cadets are looking forward to the public pronouncements of the new president, though it will be hard to sink to the level he has already achieved. Who can forget the vacuous statements of his recent campaign:*

On leadership:

"I have a different vision of leadership. A leadership is someone who brings people together."

and

"We don't believe in planners and deciders making the decisions on behalf of Americans."

On trade:

"...more and more of our imports are coming from overseas."

On the environment:

"I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully." (This may actually be a foreign policy statement.)

On the economy:

"It's clearly a budget. It's got a lot of numbers in it."

And Inane's favorite:

"I am a person who recognizes the [space] fallacy of humans."

In tribute to the new president, Inane presents a sin-chronized group of Space Chad-ettes choreographed by Patricia Harris, who is rumored to be the president's choice for Ambassador to Chad. The Chad-ettes' ranks (and they are rank!) will feature at least one pregnant Chad, along with various hanging, swinging, and the ever-so-cute dimpled Chads. The Inane Space Rockettes are kicking and spreading their legs with delight as they look forward to four years of vacuous, vapid, vain Inanity.

** all quotes verbatim*

Krewe of Space Age Love Penetrates The Forbidden Planet

LUST IN SPACE -- A feeling of bliss is with The Krewe of Space Age Love as they prepare for what will be a journey to remember to the planet Uranus on The Cock-It-Ship KSAL. The Krewe of 69 is prepared for copulation and elation in what will become the ultimate orgasmic cosmic path in the anals of space travel.

The Space Age Women lay in waiting on The Forbidden Planet with no knowledge of the world beyond Uranus. Little do they know of the Universe it seems, for the experience they have shared with innocence and yearning has

yet to reveal the future that is coming on the KSAL ship of steel.

Our Ass-Tro-Nuts are spurting forth at the speed of light as they experience, for the first time, the Cock-it-Ship's power to rise to the occasion when stroked just right.

The Galaxy offers excitement and fear for our Krewe as they enter the Milky Way, exploring new horizons and flowing upstream in a torrid torrent toward the planet that has forbidden the maidens of Uranus to have any outside contact.

Protection it seems is provided in part by the Robot Trojan standing guard, watching for intruders

that may get by his variety of defenses, ever distrustful of the people that may come to a planet that is ripe for the pricking.

A shower of Ass-Teroids suddenly appears, pelting the ship off course, but our Krewe is experienced and there isn't much to deplete their stamina for the Cock-It-Ship has the one-eye that can steer the course right.

The cyclopsean KSAL ship is on target and approaching Uranus; the women are excited by the sight of the ship, for never before have they seen a Cock-It-Ship so large that it can penetrate the Forbidden Planet.

The Space Age Women and the Ass-Tro-Nuts are united as the Planet is penetrated by our explorers of the stars and a new race is created that will go forth and multiply, spreading Space Age Love and doing what comes natural to us all.