

Space Race Comes to New Orleans

PARKING SPACE -- An unearthly wail of protest was heard echoing through the streets of the French Quarter. "Where are you going with my spaceship" shouted the unsuspecting alien pilot as the city's tow truck driver lifted the Ford Galaxy Spacecraft and proceeded to the City of N'Orlins automobile pound, another victim of the city's race for space. Space, the unknown, unlimited and unmeasurable frontier. So why in hell should we race there. Fact is, we'd just have to find another parking space when we land.

If you think you got problems parking that SUV, imagine an alien spaceship arriving in N'Orlins. Forget about black holes; wait until they see our potholes. Then they got to deal with parking signs (forget about signs of intelligent life), parking meters (our most prevalent space phalluses), meter maids (ain't nothing lovely about these inanimate beings), and now the boots (and everybody knows boots are made for walking, not immobilizing).

Rue Bourbon offers the following suggestions for parking signage: **No Parking** - Except for Leap Years, Blue Moons, and Total Eclipses of the Moon or Sun; **Freight Zone** - Designated to make room for your FAT ASS; **Spacial Event Parking** - Aliens and Trekkies Only; **Handicapped Parking** - Mentally Impaired and Politicians Only; **Fire Zone** - Park Here only in the Event of a Fire; **Blue Light Special** - Reserved for the Blue Meanines.

According to the Bourbon Knights, parking meters represent the only 2001 Space Phalluses known to keep time. And as for

boots, they recommend these be parked where the sun don't shine.

Said one Bourbon Knight, "You know, meter maids are literally heartless; they stroll around writing tickets as if they have ice water in their veins and liquid nitrogen in their arteries. Thank god, they only carry pencils and ticket books, not batons and pistols."

In a stunning revelation, Bourbon has uncovered the meter maids' secret: they are automatons incapable of human compassion. In response, Bourbon is ordering that henceforth the French Quarter will be patrolled by French Meter Maids to enhance the city's historic charm. Unfortunately, Rue Bourbon can't offer improvement in their prickly performance. But instead of vehicles being lifted off, the maids will blast off as they climax while writing tickets.

So don't park illegally as the Knights of Krewe Rue Bourbon march as Prickly "French Meter Maids", ready to Blast Off, with Parking Tickets in one hand and meter tokens in the other. Get ready 'cause they'll be checking those space phalluses.

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City Sinkage Not Caused By Subsidence

A CRACKED HOUSE -- A blue ribbon Krewe du Vieux Investigative Panel and Vote Counting Commission today released the startling results of a lengthy study of subsidence in New Orleans. Despite the beliefs of most citizens, those built-in speedbumps in the roads, crazily tilted sidewalks and lovely cracks in the houses are not caused by the swamp-like land on which those lunatic Frogs founded the city.

Instead, the true cause of subsidence was found to be the massive weight of the Mardi Gras throws stored in nearly every home, office, shed, brothel, and dog house in New Orleans. Due to the massive hoarding of beads, cups, giant toothbrushes, and those plastic tubes that no one is sure what to do with, the entire city may be in imminent danger of sinking completely into the mire.

"If we don't stop filling every available space with beads, we're definitely going down," said Krewe Engineer Fifi LaTour, in what was assumed to be a reference to the threat of further sinkage. "I personally pledge to never show my tits on Bourbon Street again."

Backing up its ongoing commitment to making New Orleans a better place, the Krewe du Vieux immediately proclaimed that it would not throw beads during its 2001 parade, scheduled for February 10 at 7:00 PM. Krewe Captain KGCT announced that instead, the satirical Krewe would be handing out wooden doubloons that could be redeemed later for sexual favors. "Besides," noted the satirical Captain, "the money for the beads will be much better spent on interns' salaries."