

# T.O.K.I.N. Is Proud to Crawl Home

THE ROACH MOTEL—Accustomed as they are to hallucinations and visitations at the headquarters of the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells, the krewe was nevertheless perplexed when a series of mysterious documents began showing up on their computer. Close examination showed that the style was unfamiliar; based on the lack of capitalization and punctuation, one theory was that all the lost emails that disappear inexplicably into cyberspace might be turning up on the T.O.K.I.N. computer.

An early message said simply:

thax for the banana peels  
dout you ever get takeout in  
your den question mark  
some french fries would be  
nice or pizza and please  
leave the computer on if  
you dont mind

Then, late one night, exhausted and motionless after many hours of um, brainstorming, the krewe spied a giant cockroach on its keyboard. In their um, brainstorming-induced stupor, they watched him as he positioned himself along the edge of the keyboard, then dove headfirst upon a key. Unable to use the **Esc**, **Del** or **Alt** keys, or to manipulate the mouse, he labored away hammering out one single, lower-case character after another, unable to save or print. Finally, sweating like a Cajun dancer at an outdoor festival in August, he fell exhausted to the floor and crawled feebly into a tangle of beads that are always lying around the

T.O.K.I.N. headquarters in profusion.

Burning, indeed smoking, with curiosity and other substances, krewe members gathered around the glowing screen. This is what they read:

i will start an insect  
insurrection against  
insidious insipid incursions  
by insatiable invaders with  
acres of asphalt and big  
boring box in our city  
roaches ranting and  
rebellious fire ants arising  
teeming termites taking  
flight on dainty disposable  
diaphanous wings billions of  
buzzing bees mobs of  
mosquitos mobilizing we  
were here before bienville  
here we will be after berger  
we were here before  
kerlerec we will stay when  
kabbagekopf is kaput we  
call on all who crawl who  
creep who slither and scurry  
to join us gastropodic  
cousins slime with us o slugs  
join us swarming stinging  
crawling biting buzzing to  
ingest infest the monstrous  
CRAWL MART

(Evidently the literary roach had figured out the caps lock key—but not enter.)

Further communications on the T.O.K.I.N. computer screen revealed that the entomological community will be swarming through the French Quarter at 7:00 PM on Saturday, January 19 in the Krewe du Vieux parade, getting buzzed and biting satirically.

## KdV Negotiating With NFL Over Compensation For Date Change

With the Stupor Bowl date change throwing the Carnival calendar into chaos, Mardi Gras krewe members affected by the switch are seeking compensation from the NFL. Most krewe members are seeking \$50,000 each, which they estimate to be the losses they've incurred from the date change. At press time, the NFL (which reportedly stands for No Free Lunch) was offering \$5000 to each krewe, which it estimates to be how much Kurt Warner makes for every breath he takes.

Stung by the loss of its traditional marching night, the Krewe du Vieux is also seeking compensation from the League. Citing its own problems with suppliers resulting from having its parade date moved up, Krewe officials are asking the League to provide it with five kilos of cocaine. In response, NFL (Never Fund Libelers) officials offered the Krewe five kilos of anthrax.

A subsequent request for financial reimbursement led one League official to reply, "The check's in the mail, ha ha ha."

Either way, when KdV parades at 7:00 PM on its new date, Saturday, January 19, expect the powder to be flying, and watch out for illegal use of hands.