

Cagers Return As Provocative Strumpets

ON THE FLOOR— Despite league opposition, it did not take much to convince Ho'nettes owner Engorged Skin to relocate from Charlotte to New Orleans.

“Stern warnings be damned,” gushed Skin. “I felt there was a throbbing need in the City of New Orleans that my Ho’s could fill to our mutual, and hopefully simultaneous, benefit.”

In an xxxclusive, secretly recorded, off the record interview, Skin finally revealed the naked truth behind why he moved the Ho'nettes to the Crescent City.

“First off, I just love this town,” Skin explained. “I’ve always gotten a tremendous buzz off this place. I used to break out in hives just thinking about coming to New Orleans.

“One thing I especially love about the city is that it may be short on worker

bees, but there is never a shortage of queens. They call Charlotte ‘The Queen City of the South’, but you just try to find yourself a good queen in that town. It is way too WASPish for my tastes.”

Skin, who is usually quite guarded, was very forward as to something else that was at the center of his decision to bring his troupe of seasoned, professional Ho'nettes to New Orleans. “The news of the big busts at the Canal Street brothel got me really excited!” he ejaculated.

“I immediately saw that my Ho’s, who are well versed in the hardwood arts, could serve as much-needed instructors to the young men of New Orleans. Without our help, a whole generation might be doomed to repeatedly commit the dreaded three-second violation. They might even start shooting before making a pass! We have to teach

them the art of a good lay-up.”

In addition to his humanitarian concerns, Skin also alluded to more practical reasons for relocating to the Big Easy. “When I came courting, your city really bent over to accommodate me. It put me in a position from which I could not easily withdraw.”

The local cable TV deal sweetened the honey pot even more. “When it comes to broadcasting my cast of broads, you just can’t beat Cocks Cable,” Skin raved. “They definitely presented us with a package I could get behind. ‘See the Ho’Nettes on Cocks!’ It was a slam-dunk.”

To provide a proper introduction to his band of cagey strumpets, Skin and the Krewe du CRAPS are inviting all those who want to see the Ho'nettes in the flesh to come down to the Faubourg Marigny and French Quarter on Saturday, February 15. The Ho’s will be out glad-handing the public, and may even demonstrate some of their famous trick plays.

Archaeologists Uncover Evidence of Ancient Jieuxish “Oral Tradition”

JERUSALEM — Yesterday, an archaeological team from Hogwartz Yeshiva unearthed a never before seen item of scripture, a markedly different version of the book “Exodus” than the one in use for the past 2500 years. “The Fertile Sea Scrolls,” as they have been dubbed, have sent shock waves through both religious and profane circles.

Among other things, these scrolls set to rest the age-old debate of whether the great pyramids of Egypt were built by slaves or by aliens. Both are actually true!

As the EXXXodus chapter of these scrolls makes clear, the pyramids were built by a randy crop of visitors from the planet Jieuxpiter. These aliens, called Cohenheads, mixed freely with the locals, creating a new master race of He-brieuxs and She-brieuxs. According to the Fertile Scrolls, “70 souls of the loins of Cohenheads were in Egypt” (EXXXodus 1:5). When the He-brieux and She-brieux left there were 619,916 (not counting children) – talk about copulation explosion! Said Professors Fatshmuck and MacGoy-a-cuddle, “There may have been a whole lot of knowing going on.”

Eljus Dumblestein, N.J.B.O.S. from Hogwartz Yeshiva has provided the definitive translation of “The Fertile Sea Scrolls: Magic, Mishagoss, and the lost scroll of Cohenhead Gadol”, (which is now available for immediate dissemination in very collectable limited editions). An excerpt follows:

“And the children of the Cohenheads were fruitful and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty stalks; and the land was filled with them. And though they wore socks around their cocks, no babies were prevented.

“Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not the Cohenheads, nor did he know their asses, though he coveted them. And he said unto his people: ‘Behold, the children of the house of Jieuxpiter are too many and too mighty for us; the mammarian might of their female multitudes smothers us with bustage, and the stalks of the men rise randily to the heavens. Come, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply even more.’

“Therefore did they set over them Taskmasters, clad in black leather and

latex, to make sure they performed only in the oral tradition. But the more they afflicted them the more they multiplied and the more they spread their seed abroad. And the He-brieux and She-brieux continued to multiply, and continued to lure the sons and daughters of Egypt to their couches, so that all the Egyptians were either adread or abed. Abed, the fruit of the Cohenheads was said to serve with rigor.

“It thus came to pass that the entire house of Pharoah was spent, their vital energies sapped by the ravenous hordes of He-brieux and She-brieux. The new race of the grandly endowed resolved to leave Egypt; the leader said ‘Let my people Go, that we may have our own wild orgies in the desert!’

“Yet it came to pass that Pharoah’s rod was hardened, and he was loath to see his sex-slaves depart. He ordered his charioteers after the wildly dancing throng, yet as the He-brieux and She-brieux serviced their one-time taskmasters just once more, all of Pharoah’s host perished in the upwelling of their repressed desires. Thus the Dispersed of Jieuxpiter founded their own kingdom, and produced many Horny Kings and Gaza Strippers.”