

New Queen of Vieux Carré Rebukes Masses

ROYAL STREET — Her Highness, Queen Jackie (nee Clarkson) Du Carre is not amused. Since crowning herself ruler of the oldest quarter in the city, she has embarked on a one-queen crusade to make her new domain a reflection of her own beneficent visage.

"They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder," she opined from her purple divan during a recent press conference "You can all see the truth in that — you have the privilege of gazing upon my beauty as we speak. My royal edict is that the Quarter become as lovely as I. After my clean-up of the realm, the streets shall be as pure and smooth as my snow white skin, the wrought iron balconies as glossy and clean as my ebony tresses, and the inhabitants arrayed in garments as tasteful and colorful as the two piece polyester suit ensembles with matching shoes and ruffled embellishments that I sport."

These decrees were born out of a stroll her Highness conducted through her new domain soon after her coronation, during which she noticed a few things that turned her royal stomach. Young urchins danced rampant through the streets of the Quarter, tapping their way into an animalistic frenzy at every street corner.

When the Royal Inquisitor, Le Duc Du Compass, explained to the queen that these poor little poppets were simply endeavoring to entertain her subjects for a small tip so they might buy food to eat, the queen cried "Get them out of my sight! If they must eat, let them eat king cake!!"

Queen Jackie then came upon a delightful garden square surrounded by a large iron fence and fronted by a large and imposing temple. This pleased the queen very much, as the fence prevented the riff-raff from entering the garden at night, or on special occasions when the queen might

be in the square.

But around the perimeter of the square, there were all manner of dirty and desperate looking characters. People who carried their worldly goods with them in plastic bags lounged on public benches enjoying the afternoon sun. Eccentric soothsayers in tunics and head wraps sat at tables consulting with even more oddly dressed people in sneakers, Bermuda shorts and football jerseys.

Upon seeing this squalid scene the queen shrieked, "Remove those benches!! If that rabble can sit in my square, then none shall. Off with their head wraps!! Only those who can pay a tithe to the Queen may have the privilege of using her royal garden square for fun or profit."

As a result of these royal decrees, the peasants of the city are revolting, confirming our Queen's opinion of them. Fair-minded people have come to the conclusion that while her royal cousin across the ocean is having her annus horribilus, the Queen of the Vieux Carre is showing hers from Canal Street to Esplanade Avenue.

It is rumored that a small band of street tappers, homeless people, and fortune tellers, led by an underground rebel group named "The Mystic Krewe of Inane" will mount an insurrection in the near future with the aim of toppling the queen and her oppressive regime. Armed with satire, wit, and frivolity, and loaded with trinkets with which to entice others into their ranks, this merry band of fools intend to parade through the streets of the Quarter on February 15 singing "Jackie Don't Allow No Tap Dancing 'Round Here", leading the rabble pied piper style to the royal Palace.

Once there, Inane plans to conduct a series of sit-ins, love-ins and drink-ins until the Evil Queen's ice cold heart is melted and she admits the error of her ways.

Raid On City Hall

PAYOLA AVENUE — In Louisiana, most politicians quickly wear out their welcome. But nearly a year after his election, New Orleans Mayor Raid Nagin is still enjoying a honeymoon with the voters. Sources close to Mama Roux recently revealed the secret to his success: pest control.

"Hizzoner got really tired of the screams every time one of the vermin left over from the previous administration started attacking his staff, so he declared all of City Hall a 'no fly zone'," said Mama Roux.

One species of cockroach proved to infest widely (and wildly) and be quite cocky and difficult to ejaculate...evacuate...eradicate. Identified by expert consultants from Oral-kin Pest Control and Sperminex as *Blaberus giganteus Morialis*, this species considers itself beyond reproach. As one example of the damage they can cause, these cockroaches are rumored to have devoured the "John" list from the Canal Street brothel.

Fortunately, Raid Nagin is spraying with his XXXtra City Hall Strength formula, and results have been almost too good. After spraying in a couple city departments, the entire departments were wiped out. Broke Tag Stations were shut down, the Ecstaxi Bureau was brought down, and the Department of Futilities was completely annihilated. The stuff was even melting some of those fat contracts that were lying around.

Broke tag stations were especially hard hit, having been fitted with automatic sprayers that shoot out a stream any time an extra \$20 bill is seen floating around. Citizens are now actually having to fix their cars.

When asked if he had any plans to market his insecticide, Raid replied, "My marketing consultants have come up with a catchy slogan: 'One spray, that's Ray'. but I have to check with my attorney first."