

Mama Roux's Premature Evacuation

YO MAMA'S -- I don't know about yo' mama, but when rumors of Hurricane Georges hit town, Mama Roux wanted out. They had already been flooded by Francis, who came with thirty inches of hard, pounding rain. Resisting an intense desire to go spawn up the bayou, they had resorted to pumping up some tire tubes and paddling around looking for drinks.

But Georges was going to be the BIG ONE. The one of mythical proportions whose legend would be retold for generations to come. The once-in-a-lifetime one who would make you forget all the others. The one that would charge right up the mouth of the river ravaging all in its path.

Georges was heading for New Orleans after leaving several tropical islands wasted and spent in his wake. Mama Roux was quivering with anticipation, juices flowing. Margaret Orrgasm was on the air with the Doppler 6900, gasping, "It's coming, it's coming!" It was time to make a move.

Panting with exhilaration, Mama Roux began preparing to flee the scene. With the car loaded with everything necessary for Mama Roux's survival -- costumes, beads and plenty of beer -- they hit the road. Inching slowly past the lines around the Superdome (what was goin' on? another Monster Truck Pull?), they made it to I-10. It was a nightmarish scene, a sea of red tail lights. Three hours to Kenner. Signs going by: "Yield," "Slippery When Wet," "Baton Rouge - 18 hours." Enough to make you submit to Georges!

But they finally pulled in, only to find that fickle Georges had passed New Orleans by. After all the foreplay, it was just a Premature Evacuation.

Fantasy Fiction:

Life In The Jungle

(Dis ain't no jungle book, but a fable just da same)

Not long ago in the crescent highland of the Mississippi delta, there lived a tribe of peaceful and civilized natives, who devoted their energy to life and satire. As time passed, cultural calm became increasingly disturbed by the "give it up" roar of wild animals, savagely pouncing upon their prey, these fun-loving inhabitants.

Worse yet, blue meanies, disguised as peacekeepers and decorated with badges of trust, were cohorts with the animals to instill the reign of terror. As conditions grew worse, Tarzan, Jane and the native population took refuge in the abandoned zoo, haunted nightly with the echoing chant, "dey all axed for you".

Murf the Buffoon, sticking his bald head and double chin where it didn't belong, wisecracked that life in the crescent highland was equivalent to "living in the jungle" -- as if Red Stick is Nirvana and Franklin the Promised Land! This rotund lunatic, while riding his hog or shooting wild animals for sport, must have had illusions of Middle Age chivalry when he offered to send a safari of "guardyans and trooper-doors" to lift the state of siege.

Outraged by Murf's insinuation, and that there was indeed a possibility of an animal kingdom ruling the land, his highness the Marquis du Morial exclaimed, "I resemble the alligator. As Native New Orleanians we have been publicized, politicized, prophesized, proselytized, and even pubercized. However, we will remain civilized." To counter the animilistic terror, he began a search for Ramah of the Jungle. He looked at the Jungle

Gym, the Jitney Jungle, and even among the daiquiri shop drinkers of Jungle Juice.

As fate would have it, he came upon an obscure chieftain, Pennyton, a wild animal tamer from the Capitol circus. The chief accepted the challenge of saving the crescent highland, entrenching himself first at Joe's Jungle and then at the Juicy Fruit Jungle. However, still not knowing exactly where the hell he was, he turned to his counterpart, Lockkeeper Foti, and asked, "Dahhh, which way is downtown?"

Now, with his bearings sound, the chief began to systematically purge the blue meanies, lock up the wild animals, and free the natives from their fear of harm. Finally, he has proclaimed for Mardi Gras 1999 that, "Only beads, doubloons, trinkets, and possibly a few coconuts and bagels will fly overhead."

Proud to Call It Home -- because life is what you make it -- the Mythical Knights of Rue Bourbon will parade as New Orleans natives in their TROPICAL PARADISE.

Public Notice:

The Psychic Hotline will not be answering today due to unforeseen technical difficulties.

Help Wanted:

Rich, handsome, dashing Mardi Gras Krewe Captain seeks interns to work under him. Blue dresses entirely optional. Cigar experience a plus. Contact KGCT c/o Krewe du Vieux.
