

# Croakers Rebel Against Pub Shutdowns

DA QUARTERS — For years, residents of the French Quarter have survived hurricanes, gouging landlords, condonation, urinating frat boys, inhumane meter maids, proliferating t-shirt shops, oversized buses, sidewalks thick with tour gangs, and the occasional self-righteous politician wearing bad clothes and smelling of old lady. Easing the pain has been the plethora of local bars, where the depressed denizens could gather and forget their troubles while getting shockingly intoxicated.

In recent months this safety blanket has been threatened by the closing of an alarming number of French Quarter bars, which has both shaken the populace and stirred them to action. As more and more watering holes dried up — or worse yet, were converted to scum-sucking tourist fly-traps — the locals decided it was time to fight back.

As has always been the case in times of crisis, our citizens looked to the Scriptures for inspiration. Of special note to Krewe du CRAPS was the story of how the He-Brews were liberated from thralldom when their God unleashed a creative set of plagues on the Pharaoh Yomama'an'em.

Inspired by this divine intervention, Krewe du CRAPS plans to unleash its own plague: a plethora of dirty-dancing horny toads who will reclaim the streets of the French Quarter from the invading cockroaches of commerce.

"Things are toadally unacceptable, and we've hibernated long enough," warbled a krewe croakman. "Now is the time to leap into action to get this place hoppin' again. On February 7 at 7:00 PM, we will release an amphibian army on the hitherto unsuspecting public, shouting our mantra: 'Let Our Froggies Geaux-Geaux!'"

For this effort, Krewe du CRAPS has recruited a special breed of frog that is mostly French, with just a tad Pole. They will form a swarm of copulating croakers that will lick the flies of the fannypackers, tongue the toes of the tour guides. "Let's see how they like it with our frogs in their throats!" one said in a ribbeting interview. "We love our swampy city, warts and all, and we don't see any problem leaving a light layer of scum on top."

Councilwoman Jackie Croaksoon remained unamused: "We have enough gang activity in New Orleans, without these irresponsibles introducing a band of kermit ruffians. At the very least I will ensure these things wear diapers — I will not have toad stools littering MY streets!"

Councilwoman Croaksoon also threatened to silence the chorus of croakers by enforcing decibel limit laws and restricting their access to Jackson Square. "If they try to cross me, it'll be off with their legs!" proclaimed Jumping Jackie Flash.

When told of Ms. Croaksoon's comments, a pro-Geaux-Geaux resident responded "The trouble with Jackie is that she keeps lyin' when she oughta be truthin'. She claims to be 'cleaning up the Quarter,' but she can't even keep the meathead tourists from shaking the dew off their lilies onto our pads."

Though it is expected that most French Quarter denizens will welcome this influx of amply endowed amphibians, contingency plans are in place lest the naysayers mount a counter-attack. If the frogs meet resistance, they have been instructed to Hideout behind the Stage Door, where they will dance the Shim Sham shimmy with the grace of a Matador, all while Keuffering massive amounts of alcohol.

# Mama Roux Decides to Save Our Stools

THE BOWELS — Flushed with pride, and displaying the can-do spirit that has made New Orleans the, uhm, intellectual and economic power outhouse it is today, the New Orleans Public Stool System today announced that it was nearing its goal of creating the nation's shittiest public schools.

"Why turn the other cheek?" asked Stool Board Member Gail Crapion. "We've done what New Orleans does best. Instead of trying to be Number One we've concentrated on making ourselves pure Number Two. And as our student test scores continue to go down the drain, you can be assured that a New Orleans Public Stool education ain't worth shit."

A quick survey of the stool system confirms her statements. The products of McSewer Main, McDumper No.'s 1 and 2 and 0, Pooley Walker remain dumber than crap. Even the graduates of esteemed schools like Flusher or Ben Stankin' find that their diplomas are worth less than used toilet paper.

"Those students unfortunate to enough to graduate from schools like Robert E. Pee or W.C. Flushé are simply shit out of luck" added Crapion, pointing out that most of them could still read only at a turd-grade level.

Newly hired Stool Board Superintendent Anthony Crapato also appears to be knee deep in it. Most of his just-hired expert staff resigned as soon as they got a whiff of the situation.

"They ran and dumped their loads quicker than my Aunt Sadie after her morning dish of prunes," Crapato commented. Nonetheless he remains optimistic: "At least my secretary's built like a brick shit-house."

Reviewing the situation with distress, the concerned citizens making up the Krewe of Mama Roux brandished their Number 2 pencils and added a graffiti'ed exhortation to the bathroom wall of public discourse:

**It's time to give a shit! Save Our Stools!**