

Lost Boys? Nevereverland Up My Ass...

JACKSON HOLE – Rumors have recently surfaced regarding a string of child abductions among the members of the Krewe of Drips & Discharges. There has been an ongoing series of strange disappearances of young male members of the Krewe. In every case, the victim turns up several days later telling tales about being lured to a place called “Nevereverland,” some kind of amusement park located far away in the California hills. Their reports included frequent mention of “pixie dust,” faeries, pirates, indians, and a strange man — wearing only a single sequined glove and ranting about sleep overs.

While details are still sketchy, some information has begun to surface. A youngster, who we will simply call Michael, reported being under the influence of a strange plastic-faced figure claiming to be called Peter Man. Peter Man possessed a small ape and a huge ego. Michael spoke of battles with silk clad pirates, Wendy O. Williams’s look-alikes, feathered Tiger Lilies and a band

of street urchins searching for their mummy. They were lamenting the disappearance of “Big George,” a legendary Immoral figure reported to have disappeared to Nevereverland sometime after last year’s Krewe du Vieux parade. Rumor has it that George was last seen trading anecdotes with Fatty Arbuckle. He also spoke of another man in a black wig, wearing tights, and having a large fetish paddle in place of one of his hands. He was reported to be running around Nevereverland, swinging his paddle at everyone and screaming, “Just wait until I get you Peter-Man! You will get it in the end!”

When Michael was found by authorities, he was wandering aimlessly through the streets of the French Quarter, clad only in a nightshirt, slippers, top hat and a silly grin. He claimed the trip was quite a “Thriller” for a young man.

These events seem to have triggered a series of recovered memories for the rejuvenated, engaged and engaged members of the Krewe of

Drips and Discharges. Many have recently been spotted roaming the Bywater, dressed as pirates and waifs, re-enacting muddled memories of childhood past and a bulging abundance of Mardi Gras excesses. They talk incessantly of probing and penetrating, then suddenly burst into song and dance numbers about Billy Jean King, disowning her amorous advances, and her claims of Peter Man fathering her bastard child. The group is reported to be searching for their lost youth and on a “Quest for Immorality.” There were also reports of a covert mission underway in the French Quarter in search of one “Tinkerbell,” a local faerie and source of rare, high-grade pixie dust. Tinkerbell is rumored to inhabit the balconies at the State Palace Theater, and to be a connoisseur and copious consumer of mellifluous music and delectable debauchery. Sources indicated she could be found flying high around there sometime after 9:00 PM on Saturday, February 7.

Underwear Succumbs to Payroll Seduction

INEPTITUDE CENTRAL – While searching for clues to the links between the afterlife, oversight, underachievement, and the underworld, the Krewe of Underwear made the fatal error of creeping too close to the dreaded New Orleans Public Schools vortex. Sucked in by the slimy seduction of uncontrolled spending, the Underwearians soon found themselves on the School Board payroll – where they remained long after their deaths.

Immortality and immortality may be achieved in many ways. Scandalous sexcapades, vicious violence, wanton warmongering, financial follies – all are proven methods of having one’s name live in infamy long after the corpse has been slathered with hot sauce and consumed by worms.

In these, the first years of the third millennium AD (Anal Dominoes), however, there can be no greater success in

the quest for immortality and immortality than to keep on getting paid after you’re dead. Thanks to the mindless largesse of the Orleans Parish School Board, the Underwearians and other devout though mostly illiterate New Orleanians have been granted the gift of eternal income.

“Just remember that being dead does not mean you are not supplying a legitimate service to the school system,” cautioned OPSB President Babbling Brook-Simms. “Door stops, scarecrows, fly bait, special ed teachers – the dead perform many important duties in the New Orleans schools.”

Fellow School Board member Jimmy Wearinghose concurred. “As we work diligently to link our curriculum to the employment needs of local businesses, we think embalming, mummification and the Opening of the Mouth, Inserting of the Foot ritual are critical skills for our schools to

teach,” he observed. “After all, we’ve got to do something with all those dead bodies our school system graduates seem to be producing every day.”

Having succumbed to the tantalizing temptations of Payroll Seduction, the Underwearians appeared happy to indulge themselves to the fullest. Consuming mass quantities of embalming fluid, gorging on chocolate-coated dung beetles, and waving fistfuls of School Board paychecks, they have been seen lurking through the streets of New Orleans, looking for Whore-Us, Clitropatra, Numnuts, Cannobis, King Tut-tut-tut, and other fellow relics of the ancient kingdoms. It is rumored that they will gather en masse on Saturday, February 7, at 7:00 PM, and join the Krewe du Vieux parade in the French Quarter, where they will spread their wealth, their legs and probably more than a few social diseases.