

2003 – A Fractured Fairytale

Once upon a time, there was a Cajun girl who won an election, and she became the new girl in town, even if that town is Baton Rouge...poor girl, now she's in the shoe, with so many children she don't know what to do...but at least she don't have to worry about poor Booby — he'll have a job faster than you can say "Convenience Store," and it will have to do nothing with Slurpies, pork rinds or Lottery Tickets.

Now that you're in the shoe, Miss Kathleen, remember us who live around the Big Toe... (used to be The Big Easy, but ain't nothing Easy any more unless you're Charlie Foti... watch out for that guy Kathleen).

Well it wasn't such a bad year. The only hurricanes we saw were in the hands of tourists, but a Storm blew into town over Labor Day Weekend, leaving Poor GRETEL from Kilm, Mississippi, and HANSEL and HANSEL wondering what to do...well, HANSEL and HANSEL did have a good time because of! Storm was more wind than rain, and Gantry Monday never really blew up...GRETEL got her finger stuck in a dike, and decided to stay in New Orleans...Hansel and Hansel went back to Indiana to tell the folks about the **Fractured Fairytales** they enjoyed...and they all lived happily ever after...except for Rev. Storms, who was last seen working the parking lot of the Mardi Gras Truck Stop.

And then there's poor little Axel, who gets bounced and broken every time he hits a pot hole...it's enough to make one's head bobble every time you go to Popeye's....

Speaking of that spinach-smoking sailor...sweet little Mary Jane is still illegal, much to the sorrow of the Krewe du Vieux, and has to be played

with furtively, while those bad boys, China White, Mexican Brown, the Black Tar Baby, and "Ten Bucks a Rock" Rocko frolic freely with their buddies Little Uzi and AK...what happened to this **Fractured Fairytale**...after all, Mary Jane used to hang out with Satchmo, and invented *Love Beads* not bad attitudes.

And how about poor little BESE.... the Board of Elementary and Secondary Education wants to "Leave No Child Behind," and it seems that we graduate nothing butt behinds...

Mr. Amato, we like you, but will you still like us????? How many millions got "lost"????? Will you be able to find them????? At least we haven't seen much of Sandra "Eighteen" Wheeler-Hester, who was last reported working the parking lot of the Mardi Gras Truck Stop like the Billie Goat Gruff, arguing with Rev. Windbag.

As the murder rate grows, NOPD has figured out how to juggle the statistics, but at least the evidence room is clean.... it must have been Cinderella's mice!

And speaking of Justice, off with their heads!!! Judge Sharon Hunter and "fundraiser" extraordinary, Judge C. Hunter King, will no longer be able to save Peter from the wolves.... and Little Uzi and AK's favorite Juvenile Judge, Yvonne Hughes, will no longer give them a break, or even a job in her chambers...maybe there's a place on the School Board for them?

So to get 2004 off to a much better start, the SEEDS OF DECLINE will be bringing their **Fractured Fairytales** down the pot-holed Yellow Brick Road through the Faubourg Marigny and the Vieux Carre....

Join us, and Kathleen, do remember we are your children, too!

KSAL Will Spank Like An Egyptian

CAIRO ON THE BAYOU – The chant has gone up from the nubile Nubians and priapatic peasants: "Oh Cleo-snatch-er, Queen of da Vile, Daughter of Whore-Ass, Worshiper of Ate-Um, Spanker of Mark Antony, Mistress of Kern-Re, lead us on our Quest for Immortality!"

To prepare for this exotic, erotic expedition, the mightily mammariated monarch, also known as Clitopatira, has commanded her Girls Gone Vile to whip her slaves of Dominutria into shape and go down before her.

She has sacrificed her favorite bull, Cockus Maximus, and beseeched the prodigious god Ate-Um to transform her manservants and endow them immensely with giant dong balls.

To placate the potent gods, a special offering will be erected: the giant "Obelisk of Phallix." All questers will hold, fondle, stimulate, and otherwise seek to gratify the rod-like idol before embarking on their epic excursion.

The Immoral Adventurers of the Krewe of Space Age Love invite you to join with them and their questing Queen Cleo-snatch-er on Saturday, February 7, when the foreplay ends and the action begins on the streets and in the gutters of that Luxor of Louisiana, the French Quarter. Look for the Silver Oyster and Black Pearl of de Nile that will metamorphose you into the women of Dominutria or the slaves of Phallix, and dare to behold that icon of erection, the Eye of the Phallix.

