

Pan Protests Termite Termination

ROACH MOTEL -- Members of a world famous secret organization know by the code name PAN (people are nothin) have been arrested harassing Orkin exterminators all over the New Orleans area. "What are you idiots doin?" barked Pan's captain as he was tucked deftly into an elegantly decayed patrol car. "I was only tryin to stop that lunatic from killing any more helpless termites."

After many rejections by PETA, explained Pan, "we decided to do something about this on our own". Many Pan followers have been spotted sewing sails for their boats out of tarps stolen from uptown homes undergoing fumigation.

"Look, it's real simple", explained the perpetually adolescent naughty ones to the uninterested police officer. "We and da gangs been studyin Darwin and stuff. Da termites are part of da nature. We don't need no Oaks in da Park during Christmas. If you was too stupid to build out a wood and not stone, dat's your problema!"

As part of a desperate attempt to rally support the group is trying to parade in a world famous event in downtown New Orleans. With oak tree limbs in hangman's nooses and "Pave the Whole F-kin City" tee-shirts, the group is sure to gain members.

Today's Harrahscope

A large business that is sucking the city dry seems doomed, but is saved by the most pro-gambling governor in the history of Louisiana. The moon in Uranus means keep your wallet in your pocket.

At the Movies:

Star Whores

Long, long ago, in a brothel far, far down Decatur Street, Princess Lay-Ya Orgasma opened the first Drips & Discharges Motel for wayward Sand Ladies who had no other place to go once their droids left to explore unchartered saloons and fight the Clone Wars. With the help of OB/GYN Can-OB, she made sure that her "ladies" were able to give (and get) the best care - anywhere.

Sand Ladies (AKA Tufskin 'hoes) are easily intoxicated by sugar water and are most dangerous during their adolescent years, when they must survive rigorous rites of passage, such as hunting drunks and nomads, to become accomplished 'hoes. Many Tufskin 'hoe clans of 20 to 30 individuals return annually to the streets of New Orleans to dance and sing their way into the hearts of revelers during the prosperous Mardi Gras season.

Since the end of the Clone Wars and the rise of the Imperial Krewe du Vieux, the Tufskins have lived in a Big Easy, and frequently scattered, peace with the Drips & Discharges moisture farmers, who provide libations & lubrications to Princess Lay-Ya's hotel guests. They invade parade settlements from time to time, using their traditional weapons: garter belts, tassels, and G-strings. While there are those within the colony of the Big Sleazy who despise the Tufskin's power, no one seems to be able to quench their thirst for the Dark Invader, who visits annually!

Standing eight feet long and dressed in flowing black robes and body amour, the Dark Invader is a taunting symbol of the Emperor K-Doe's doctrine of "rule through music and merriment". With the

Emperor's favor, Invader has risen through the Imperial Krewe du Vieux Ranks to become an awesome and recognized commander of the revelry of Mardi Gras - and now one of the most highly placed individuals in the Drips & Discharges Klan.

In addition to parade-goers, the Emperor maintains a number of units specialized for various parade environments and missions of merriment along the parade route. Encased in Mardi Gras beads and trinkets, these Imperial Parade Troopers neutralize resistance to the Emperor's revelry. Used as first-strike forces, they cannot be bribed or blackmailed into submission. Parade Troopers live in a totally undisciplined environment and are party animals to the core.

Behold - fresh off the moisture farm comes Luke Streetwalker to the Big Sleazy for the 2001 Mardi Gras season, shooting pimp rats with good friends such as Chew-on-Me and Hands Solo. Mardi Gras brings the affairs of the Emperor's Revelry to young Streetwalker's stoop in the form of two droids, CmeP0 and 24-2P2. Thus starts an adventure that takes Luke on a mission to save the wayward ladies from this all-consuming and controlling Force known as Dark Invader. His commitment to the lighter side of the Force is tested at every bar and stoop of the French Quarter.

This year's Krewe du Vieux provides the perfect backdrop for the Emperor K-Doe's unconsciousness missions, and the French Quarter is the perfect location to scout enemy Rebel Agents who would like to bring Mardi Gras to the Outland Regions. Beware and take your parade stations, as the Drips & Discharges' Star Whores make their way through the streets to insure that Mardi Gras is invincible, and the Rebellion is doomed!