



Le Monde de Merde

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Is “Vaxxed and Confused”

Dr. Jennifer Avegno Will Call the Shots for Parade

A POTHOLE NAMED DESIRE – The whole world is a hot mess right now, and New Orleans is as hot and messy as it gets.

We have roads that flood whenever the humidity hits 90%, and roadwork that has been going on since the original flood – project management courtesy of the Godot Construction Company – with no end in sight (not that a soul in city government cares). We have garbage that sits on the street for months, which is about how long the power and/or internet frequently remain off.

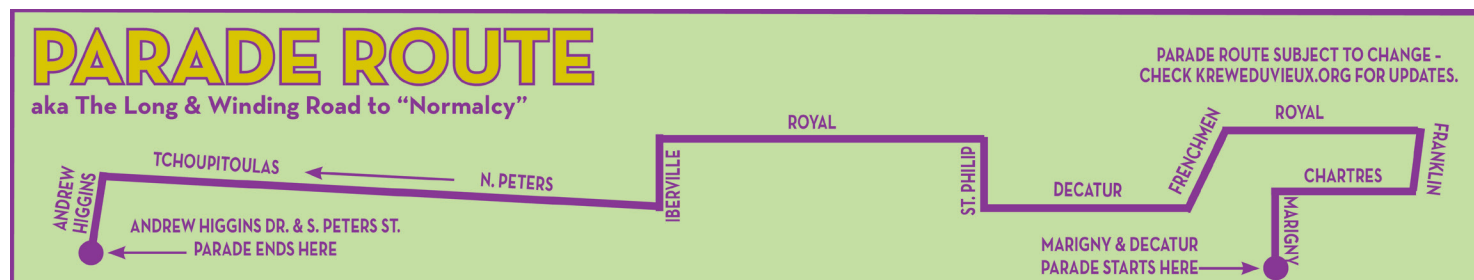
Our schools breed fertile coronavirus outbreaks but not fertile minds. Our idea of code enforcement is to appoint leaders from the industries we are supposed to be regulating to regulate those industries (until they get busted for drunk driving).

Not that a soul in city government cares. In fact, “government accountability” was designated “Oxymoron of the Year” by the Alliance for Mediocre Government.

Nor apparently do most of the people care; Mayor “Snow White” Cantrell defeated the Seven Dwarfs (or however many no-name candidates actually ran against her) easily. But she did get the fewest number of votes of any incumbent since Bienville edged Jean Lafitte back in 1732.

Nationally it was even worse. On January 6, an enraged flash mob of mindless extremist thugs, incited by the Flash Blob himself, attacked our nation’s Capitol. While the insurrection failed, it was the darkest day in American history since the Civil War.

Somehow Inauguration Day went off without incident. A final stimulus pack-



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, February 12, 2022 at 6:30 PM

age helped many people and businesses hang in until vaccinations began. But instead of salvation, the vaccines became yet another target of the kamikaze conspiracy theorists, leading to more coronavirus mutations including Duhlta, Omigod, Butta (aka the asshole variant), and Smegma. Waiting for all the unvaccinated to die is one seriously slow way to reach herd immunity.

But at least everyone could agree to hate mandates: conservatives because they exemplify government overreach, and liberals because the word is sexist.

The Democrats, after many months of infighting because, well, they are the Democrats, did manage to pass a historic infrastructure bill, but failed to pass much of anything else. Republicans mostly passed gas. Meanwhile, civil liberties everywhere eroded like the Louisiana coastline.

Elsewhere, Afghanistan fell, the west burned, the supply chains fractured, and Hell – oops, Texas – froze over.

Back in Louisiana, we learned that parents in St. Tammany hate their children, as they railed against mask mandates and other protective measures in schools. Of course, these are the same people that repeatedly elected a deeply corrupt sex abuser as sheriff. State Attorney General and wannabe governor Fluff Landry wasted a few hundred million of our tax dollars on completely futile lawsuits.

Then Hurricane Ida hit, and we were briefly united in our suffering and our underlying humanity. Oh yes, and in getting screwed by the insurance com-

panies. Again.

With all the fairs, festivals and Carnival itself canceled last year, the vaxxers, vixens, vamps, voyeurs, vagabonds, vagrants, vegetables, venerables and vexed voluptuous vox populi of Krewe du Vieux waited on hairpins and needles to see if there would be a parade in 2022 – and verily, so shall there be: on **Saturday, February 12 at 6:30**, rolling through the dimpled, decaying streets of the Marigny, French Quarter and CBD. Spectators are advised to roll up their sleeves, roll on the river, roll with the punches, drink lots of punch, and beware of pricks.

Presiding over this confused cacophony of chaos will be Queen Dr. Jennifer Avegno, Director of the city’s Department of Health and the only woman in the 300+ year history of New Orleans to close every bar in town. Taking a night off from saving so many others to save her own sanity, Queen Jennifer will reign as the Goddess of NO – but the Krewe says yes, yes, oh please, yes.

The Krewe du Vieux’s seventeen subkrewes will each present their own confused, confounding, confrontational, concussive, concupiscent, consensual, conjugal, conjectural, conspicuous, conspiratorial, contumelious, convoluted, and highly incongruent versions of the

theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Monday, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystick Krewe of Comatose, Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Krewe du Mishigas, and Krewe of SpanK.

Also marching will be many of the city’s top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions that isn’t being investigated as an ultra-liberal shadow government world domination conspiracy by “researchers” on the Internet.

The Krewe du Vieux is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual creative expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras – and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Krewe du Vieux 2022 is dedicated to the memory of our far-too-many members and friends who have not survived the pandemic, including former King Ronald Lewis.

A Doctor Playing Queen Playing God(dess)

“If you ever told me I would be the woman who closed the bars in New Orleans, I would not have believed you. I’ve been going to bars here since I was fifteen!”

While she of course closed a few individual bars along the way, our most Medicinal and Majestic Monarch of Krewe du Vieux 2022, Dr. Jennifer Avegno, was referring to shutting down all the local watering holes as part of the general pandemic-induced lockdown of the city. This did not make her the most popular person in town – no one has yet suggested “Avegno Circle” for that little roundabout on St. Charles – but it undoubtedly allowed large numbers of people to live to drink another day.

No mere hydroxychlora-Queen, our Learned Liege is an accomplished physician, professor and public servant, having been named Director of the New Orleans Department of Health in 2018. This means that she and her team are responsible for trying to keep the local populace at least reasonably healthy, no small task in a city where the most popular occupations are eating, drinking, partying, dining, imbibing, festing, and generally indulging on a regular basis.

Yet our Persevering Princess plugs away. “Our team just gets it,” she said. “They know what’s important for the health of New Orleans and the future of New Orleans. They don’t mess around when we need to get something done.”

Nor does Queen Jennifer. “Don’t tell me you can’t do this because I didn’t put in four forms,” she exclaimed, in what may have been a veiled reference to dealing with typical municipal bureaucrats. While in the interest of health she has probably stopped just short of the Red Queen’s “Off with her head” approach, one imagines that smart city employees do their best to implement the requests of our Director Duchess.

Of course, the slings and arrows of an outrageous bureaucracy and the laissez-faire attitudes of a consistently corpulent citizenry became secondary concerns in the face of COVID-19. She and Mayor Cantrell responded quickly and firmly to the crisis, ignored the ignorant criticisms, and saved countless lives. However, this did not lead to universal acclaim for our Savior Sovereign.

“People have claimed that I am part of some Dr. Fauci-Bill Gates empire,” she recounted, with an appropriately dismissive laugh. “Others claim that we get a fee for every positive COVID diagnosis. I even got named in a lawsuit with the mayor and the archbishop because we cancelled midnight mass.”

Queen Jennifer has of course heard all the craziest of the quack cures and anti-vax theories. Among the greatest hits:

“Mammals need viruses, so why are we fighting this, we should just let it come into our bodies. The vaccine makes you magnetic. If you get vaccinated, you shed all the virus and give it to other people.”

Amid this swirl of insanity, one needs distractions and relaxations. One of our Queen’s favorites is gardening. Yet perhaps because of the proximity of peril in her profession, she somehow transforms this seemingly pastoral pastime into a demidoomsday diversion.

“I have a vegetable garden in my backyard that I love and brings me happiness, but I’m always preparing for the apocalypse,” she reported, listing tomatoes, kale and lettuce among her typical crops. “When it hits, we’re going to eat a lot of salad.”

“We” would be her husband, Kurt Weigle, until recently the long-time director of the Downtown Development District, and her four children (assuming the oldest makes it home from college before the grit hits the fan).

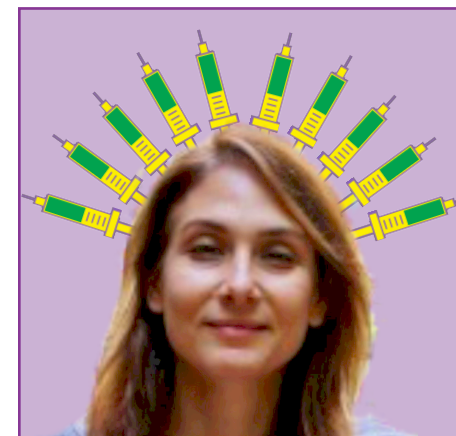
Being a true, native New Orleanian, Queen Jennifer is a genuine Carnival aficionado, though she does admit to a related pet peeve: those who conflate Mardi Gras with Carnival. Carnival is of course a season, and Mardi Gras a day, and our Meticulous Maharini is not hesitant to correct those who care not for the difference.

Given this love of the city’s central cultural celebration, it is no surprise that the good doctor is delighted to be named Queen of Krewe du Vieux.

“As a native New Orleanian with roots that go back nine generations, honestly there’s no higher honor. I’m glad it wasn’t one of those snooty clubs, but of course, they wouldn’t have asked me. You make one remark about white privilege and Rex never again returns your calls.”

She considers her royal accession to be an accomplishment for another reason as well. “One could only hope to achieve Landrieu status in being made fun of far and wide,” she said with a dreamy look in her eyes.

Trading in on the last syllable of her name, her lead methodology in beating back the pandemic impacts and the abbreviation of our fair city, Queen Jennifer will role on parade night adorned as “The Goddess of No”. The royal float will feature DNA strands in place of Greek columns and



depictions of all the Muses of No, as in No Parties, No Music, No Festivals, and no and no and no.

Our Regal Rani of Pandemic Resistance offered some important advice for her loyal subjects.

“Keep it in your pants on parade night or we’re gonna have another outbreak,” she proclaimed. “The whackos were recommending anti-gonorrhoea and chlamydia drugs as yet another futile COVID treatment, and now those diseases are resistant to the usual treatments.”

This caution aside (and knowing Krewe du Vieux, most members will throw caution aside), Queen Jennifer is delighted to be playing doctor – oops, queen – and is looking forward, albeit with fingers somewhat crossed, to a great night and a great ride. She certainly has a great attitude about it all.

“The only krewe I’d want to be Queen of is a krewe that doesn’t give a shit!”

Krewe du Vieux Doo
Saturday, February 12 • Doors open 10:00 PM
Sugar Mill • 1021 Convention Center Blvd
featuring
The Quickening
and
New Orleans Nightcrawlers
Tickets \$50
Available from Krewe du Vieux members
Check www.kreweduvieux.org for other locations
Public parking available at
Fulton Garage, 901 Convention Center Blvd
21 and over only • fête costumée

A New Day Dawns for the Little Caesars Hot and Ready Superdome

By Richard Blantons - Rue Bourbon News Service

BOURBON STREET – On a steamy fall day, the chairman of the Louisiana Superdome Commission and a spokesperson for the New Orleans Saints football team stepped up to the podium to announce a new naming sponsor for the Dome.

Roger Bassich of the Superdome Commission spoke first. “We are delighted and proud to announce that the new sponsor for the Louisiana Superdome is Little Caesars Pizza! We hope this relationship will help us rise to new heights of greatness. Now I’d like to introduce a representative from our sponsor, Little Caesar himself.”

Up to the stage strode Little Caesar, escorted by a group of Roman centurions. “We are pleased to be joining this great city, and this great team, as we conquer the known world for the greatness of pizza ... and football!”

The centurion guards began to chant “Pizza, Pizza”.

“And remember! You are! I am! We are! Pizza Pizza!”

Saints spokesman Reggie Benson was even more effusive with praise for the deal. “We think this is a great opportunity for this facility. And you may find some fun changes to our gameday experience.

“First, we are renaming our famed St. Bernard mascot from Gumbo to Cheesy Bread. And speaking of Cheesy Bread, every level of the Little Caesars Dome will offer a Cheesy Bread concession stand with styles that pay tribute to Saints legends, such as Morten Anderson Havarti Style, Bobby Hebert Cajun Flavored, and an Archie Manning version covered in Kraft American singles.

“Additionally, the Plaza, Loge and Terrace levels will now be called Crust, Sauce and Toppings, with each level getting something special at their Little Caesars concession booth. Like flavored or stuffed crust at the lower level or premium toppings available

in the upper level stands.”

Benson noted that even if the product on the field isn’t always Hot or Ready, pizza lovers can find at least some Hot and Tasty pizza at the new LaSalle Street drive through-location, where Champions Square will be renamed Pepperoni Square.

In addition, the LED lights on the Dome will be used to signal to passing motorists when Hot and Ready Pizza is indeed Hot and Ready.

As with all things in New Orleans, the announcement was met with immediate opposition from various interests across the city and state.

The New Orleans Roman Historical Organization (NOs R HOs) complained that the Roman theme of Little Caesars was not historically accurate. NOs-R-HOs spokesperson Etty Brutus laid out a list of the group’s demands.

“We insist that all the stadium seats be removed and replaced with bench loungers, and that the alcohol concessionaires only sell wine from large amphorae. Going forward, we want the Superdome to recognize the festivals of ancient Rome like Lupercalia and Saturnalia, and to make the building available for orgies and other debaucheries. And we demand that gladiatorial conflicts, to the death, be part of the new programming!”

A press release sent out by the Little Sisters of the 12-inch Wooden Ruler, delivered by a group of priests and altar boys from the Archdiocese, was signed by Sister Rosalie Battaglia. It claimed that having a pagan ruler on a facility that housed a team called the Saints was a contradiction and possibly blasphemous, given how many Saints had been martyred in the Coliseum by the Caesars of old.

Additionally, New Orleans Pizza Commission spokesman Ruslan Bursa objected to bringing in a sponsor that sold non-local pizza. “It’s an affront

to all New Orleanians and to New Orleans-style pizza.”

When asked to clarify about “New Orleans-style pizza,” Mr. Bursa replied “You know, New York has that flat pizza and Chicago has thick deep-dish pizza, well, New Orleans-style pizza is in the middle, just like the Ramazan my baba in Ankara – I mean, my nonna in Palermo – used to make. You know, just like po-boy bread, not too thin, not too thick, strictly an indigenous reflection of the great Italian heritage in New Orleans and not influenced by any other cultures at all ... especially not Turkey.”

Meanwhile in Baton Rouge, Attorney General Jeff Landry called a press conference to oppose the deal.

“With this Little Caesars Superdome deal, it has been brought to my attention,” Landry said, “that the majority of players on the Saints football team are black people and not Americans.” He was immediately challenged by several reporters, reminding him that black people are, in fact, Americans,

and that the City of New Orleans had a majority African-American population. To which he replied “I will be joining a lawsuit by Texas Attorney General Ken Paxton to abrogate the 13th and 14th amendments and expect to find a receptive Supreme Court. Anyway, no one should be getting their hopes up for any of these changes at the Pizzadome.”

Back in New Orleans, as Benson was finishing his remarks, a 20-something year old man in an Alabama baseball cap, holding a Bud Light tallboy, surrounded by five other guys, yelled from the crowd. “Yo dude, I see the sign on the building says ‘Hot and Ready’. Is this a new strip club? Y’all got some hotties in there that will show us their titties? Bring on those Hot and Ready girls! I’m wearing my fancy sweatpants!”

And with that the press conference ended, and the era of the Little Caesars Hot and Ready Superdome had just begun.

Corrections and Clarifications

Monde de Merde reported last year that the fly that landed on Mike Pence's hair during the 2020 Vice Presidential debate received a three-film deal; unfortunately, the second film was one of the Spiderman series, and the fly did not survive.

After the launch of the new Spermes COVID-era dating site Vaxr, horny right-wing extremists launched their own site, Anti-Vaxr. Interestingly, both sites proved to be equally ~~successful~~ deadly.

In the article noting the 30th anniversary of *Le Monde de Merde*, several popular uses for the rag were omitted. Additional uses include rolling massive spliffs, serving as papier mache material for floats, starting fires, training puppies, and employing rolled-up versions to spank retired disgruntled politicians.

Subsequent to CoVideo Recording And Production Studios (C.R.A.P.S.) receiving the *Palme d'Or* and *Palm d'Whore* prizes for their debut CDC Comics film, their work was also honored with the “Threesome” prize at New York’s Trifucca Film Festival, the “Best Combustibles” award at the Woodstock Film Festival, and the much-coveted *Whip d'Oscar*.

In reporting on one of the former (thank god) president's pseudo inauguration attempts, El Gordo was referred to as a “soon-to-be-indicted businessman”. Very regrettably, we're still waiting

The *Mondu* article reported on several locations where the mysterious metallic monolith appeared and then disappeared. After *MdM* went to press, the monolith was seen again on the fifth fairway at Mar-a-Lago, outside Vladimir Putin's dacha on the Black Sea, and in line in the Magic Kingdom at Disneyworld. Finally, it returned to New Orleans and was observed in one of our giant local potholes. Sadly, it has never been seen again.

Le Monde de Merde would like to correct the entire last two years. If only

K.A.O.S. Scientists Discover New Mutation

Scientists Buzzing About New Species of Fly

METRO NEW ORLEANS – Scientists from the Krewe of K.A.O.S. (Kommittee for the Advancement of Odd Science) recently announced the discovery of a new mutation. For a change, this is mutation has nothing to do with COVID-19.

The common housefly, with which we are all too familiar, is *Musca domestica*, a species of the suborder Cyclorrhapha. Cyclorrhapha are the most evolutionarily advanced flies. They are generally short and stocky and covered in short hairs, with maggot-like larva. The *Musca domestica* is believed to have evolved in the Cenozoic Era (which is another way of saying, sometime in the last sixty-six million years) and has spread all over the world.

Scientists at the Krewe of K.A.O.S. labs, working in conjunction with colleagues from the Wuhan Institute

of Insects, have identified a new mutation of this common housefly. Originally believed to have come from the fragrant stalls of the Wuhan Wet Market, its origin has now definitively been traced to the City of New Orleans.

Ahstuddie Dufly, Ph.D., Director of the K.A.O.S. Institute for Flying Insects, announced the discovery from the Winter Palace of the Emir of K.A.O.S. in Gstaad, Switzerland. “This is a mutation unlike anything I have ever seen,” said Dr. Dufly. “This new species is exponentially larger and more aggressive than the original.”

Surprisingly, this mutation did not occur in a hot Jazz Fest Port-a-Let. The new species, which has been named *Musca NOLA*, is now believed to have originated in New Orleans sometime in the early fall of 2021.

According to Dr. Dufly, “this staggering, quantum evolutionary leap was the result of a convergence of unprecedented environmental factors. Following the August 29 landfall of Hurricane Ida, household garbage was allowed to accumulate on the streets of New Orleans for three months. This fermenting garbage, combined with the numerous toxic chemicals flowing down the Mississippi River, plus widespread sewerage pipe leaks, created the perfect conditions for the evolution of a Super Fly.”

Not only is *Musca NOLA* bigger, faster, and more aggressive than its ancestor, it also enjoys a remarkably different lifestyle. “As a result of feeding on the fermented, toxic stew that is the average New Orleanian’s weekly waste, this new fly lives its life in a state of perpetual intoxication,” said Dr. Dufly.

The investigative staff of *Le Monde*

de Merde has learned that a huge swarm of *Musca NOLA* will take to the air in the City of New Orleans on the night of February 12. Clouds of the new mutation are expected to descend upon Faubourg Marigny, the French Quarter, and the Central Business District. Peak infestation is expected in the evening hours.

Great care should be exercised by anyone who may encounter these swarms. Dr. Dufly warned, “Do not mistake these creatures for ordinary houseflies. They are extremely aggressive, particularly if they sense the presence of alcohol or illicit drugs. I have seen them hijack beer delivery vans and carry off corner drug dealers. People who have approached them with flyswatters have retreated from the fray with flyswatters lodged in unimaginable and extremely uncomfortable places. If one of them demands your alcoholic beverage or drugs, you should comply immediately.”

This Just In: The Latest Thrust to Finish Off the Super Spreader

[The following is a transcription of the faint signal of a radio broadcast that seems to have emanated from some deep, dark, moist cavity.]

Already in the beginning of the year 2022, with crime rampant, COVID still spreading, people losing hope, people have lost hope. And our politicians are lost.

Who will save us? Who will save them? Who will help open the portals and spread wide the flood gates of freedom? Bathe and splash again in orgasmic pleasures that we once felt deep inside the bosoms, queefing out loud the screams of joy and ecstasy, bursting the warm jism inside the mouth of her orifices?

The world was once our oyster. Now it is desperate to open once again so the good people of Black & Gold will see the mother of pearl glow, bright, dripping on the shaft of healing light.

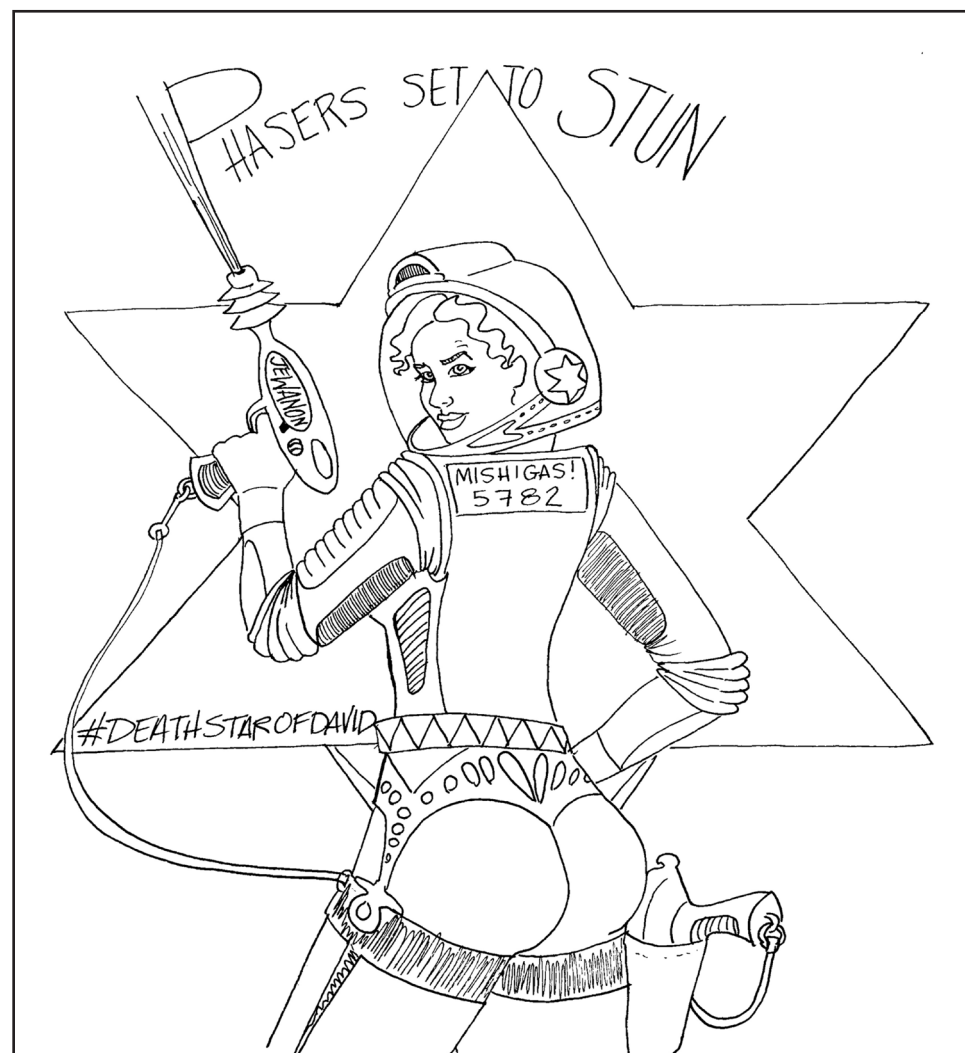
It had to be that the high. I mean very high! I mean these mother fuck-

ers are so fucked up bad ass even in her ass all up in dat!!

Very secret council... Children of the corn, heavenly vaginal hosts to save the day summoned! We only know as KSAL (Krewe of Space Mother Fuck-ing in the House! Love!). Ya heard?!

Charged to bring us the greatest Erect Detective! His veins swollen with courage, blood pumping with stamina. Courage so huge he will, he must crack wide open this case of this oozing dark hole! None other than Inspect Her Gadget and his faithful lovers of KSAL

When asked about their pre-diction for an end to this, KSAL would only give a single statement and quote: “We will hit this in the butt on February 12; cum and witness the happy ending!”



Avegno Has Finger on Spermes' Pulse

by Phil C. Mann

ICU-CUM – Viral loads of menacing size and potency have been building up as the pandemic has prolonged New Orleans' social dry spell, according to information recovered from recent online data breaches at City Hall, LSU Medical Center and Tinder.

City health officials are concerned about what emails described as “silky geysers of viral-rich DNA” erupting during Carnival. Officials noted special focus on the Krewe of Spermes, a group with a long history of releasing sperm during its parade.

“The Sewer and Water Board manages fluids better than this group,” said Dr. Jennifer Avegno, director of the New Orleans Health Department. “There’s leaks, pipes bursting, manual pumps, clogged catch basins, soiled wetlands – everything.”

Avegno has embedded with the parade as its 2022 monarch to keep an eye on the situation. “I’m going to put my finger on the pulse,” Avegno said.

“I am also going to wear a mask and face shield,” Avegno added. “With all

this pent-up pressure, you know the viral surge is coming, and you have to be nimble – and flexible.”

While Covid is relatively new, Avegno has been monitoring the krewe for a long time.

“Krewe du Vieux is always a super-spreader,” Avegno said. “We typically see a huge rise in testing following the parade. But usually it’s just STDs and pregnancy.”

While the mayor had hoped the recent surge of the Omicron variant would prompt people to curb risky behaviors, it has had the opposite effect, Avegno said.

“Everyone figured Omicron would bust their Covid cherry,” Avegno explained. “Now they’re all out there flying without a net – vaxxed and boosted for the most part – but rushing into some serious DNA swapping. It’s swab right everywhere.”

Avegno also noticed another anomaly. Normally, variants emerge from gratuitous transmission. But isolated members of Spermes seem to have

concocted their own variant, forged under extreme testicular pressure. Avegno dubbed it the Smegma variant.

While transmissible through the air, the Smegma variant also loves wet, slippery surfaces.

“Smegma causes symptoms of lightheadedness, tingling sensations, erratic breathing and swelling in the bathing suit zones,” Avegno said. “And not necessarily in a good way.”

Other symptoms may include drowsiness, itching and sudden feelings of emptiness and remorse. Most cases are resolved quickly – in two minutes or less. But data also suggests that in some instances, symptoms can remain for extended periods.”

“We’re calling it ‘schlong Covid’,” Avegno said. “If it lasts more than four hours, you should seek medical attention.”

As Covid fatigue sets in, many people are playing fast and loose with the new variant.

“I haven’t had Covid,” Avegno said. “But if I had to get the virus, the

Spermes’ variant is the one I would want. What can I say, risk is sexy.”

The city also is looking at new therapies and interventions.

“Vaccination and booster efforts are drooping,” Avegno admitted. “So we’re running a pilot of what we’re calling our ‘In-cockulation’ program at the parade.”

The new shot is a synthetic Covid booster developed by Johnson & Johnson & More Johnson, and will be distributed through interpersonal contact. The booster combines a viscous load of antibodies and a stimulant. It’s being infused into lipsticks, body lotions, spermicides and personal lubricants.

“In flesh-on-flesh trials, it’s been very transmissible, and a lot of fun,” Avegno said.

There were no volunteers for the placebo group.

“If we want to beat a socially transmitted disease, we’ve got to act like one,” Avegno concluded.

Ted Cruz Leads Texas Freedom Massacre

He doesn't want the Bandaid, he wants the butt shot

CANCUN – Crack Comatose reporters recently followed Senator Ted Cruz to Mexico, where he was surprised to find himself Covid-boosted in the bathroom of Señor Frog’s. As afraid of needles as he is of having his approval rating plunge even further, Cruz took a surprise shot between the cheeks. The incident happened shortly after a few spicy margaritas and an alleged argument with his wife.

“The bartender at Señor Frog’s insisted he was a nurse and took me to the bathroom. I bent over the toilet and took one for America. I love Texas!” was the initial statement released by the Cruz staff.

The young male in question was

actually on break from law school, working to make some extra cash as a bartender. Background checks have found no evidence of a nursing degree. He recognized Cruz and catapulted over the bar, promising that the bathroom vax was the most pleasurable way to be a patriot.

The Cruz camp noted that the side effects of this anal booster include walking bowlegged, brief soreness, and crying uncontrollably.

Cruz went on record saying that, “That guy was right. It hurt, but I liked it.”

Unfortunately for Cruz, his vaccination card wasn’t stamped by the bartender/nurse. He was told he

would need a follow-up appointment. His office is hopeful that he will get his certification at that time. Cruz is said to be vigorously pursuing scheduling his follow-up.

Cruz is well known for his stance that Texas protects life, and the rights of its citizens, other than women and immigrants and various other minorities. His office has not responded to questions regarding Cruz’s feelings of violation surrounding his inoculation, although the senator did say, “The nurse called this Covid shot a Pendejo. I hope that’s Spanish for Moderna.”

Le Monde De Merde reached out to the bartender for comment. He wishes to remain anonymous, though

he has no regrets about “nailing Cruz between tequila shots.”

In other Texas freedom-fighting news – and no state fights against freedom like Texas – the Supreme Court announced that it will not block the Texas law that prohibits abortions after six weeks. Comatose will recognize this particular miscarriage of justice by erecting the Hollywood Squares of Satire, which are rumored to be filled by the nine Supreme Court justices.

And behind the mask, tears flow from the covered eyes of Lady Justice.

Laissez Les Bontemps Trollez

Some highlights from recent explorations on the Internet

À l'intérieur de la Krewe...

Some of the most salacious and KDV-pertinent news involves our own Royalty. It was recently discovered that Queen Jennifer Avegno is the love child of Dr. Faucci and Big Freedia. When reached for comment, Juan LaFonta would only confirm that Faucci and Freedia have a history, and both will be twerking in his next commercial.

KDV is boasting significant gains on two fronts. The diversity chair has reported a remarkable three-fold increase in non-Caucasian membership, which now accounts for 0.004 percent of all members. Meanwhile, the KDV median member age has surpassed the life expectancy in the

United States. In relevant sub-Krewe developments, the Mystic Krewe of Comatose has awakened, the Krewe du Mishigas has been infiltrated by a Cabal of Protestants, and the Mystic Krewe of Spermes has been neutered.

Nouvelles Politiques...

Mayor Latoya Cantrell has started her second term with several secret policies:

- The mayor changed the law to eliminate term limits on Mayor and instituted a permanent mask mandate extending to 2050.
- By Mayoral decree, all babies are now required to present their vax card before nursing.
- In her next bold move, she has

announced plans to relocate City Hall to the St. Louis Cathedral.

• Any plans to address the out-of-control violent crime and carjackings in New Orleans have been put on hold until Queen Cantrell's fourth or fifth term.

LA Attorney General Jeff Landry continues his courageous fight against the youth of Louisiana. When questioned about his views toward pansexual, transgender, non-binary and gender-fluid youths, Landry stood firm saying, "English is the official language of America, and these kids need to learn it."

Walking Southern cliché Senator John Kennedy (aka Foghorn Leghorn) has denied reports that he's cloned himself in order to appear on all cable news stations at once. "I didn't

just fall off the turnip truck, I picked out the fattest one and straddled that big boy all the way to DC," Kennedy was overheard boasting while he de-certified his own re-election and waited tables at Mar-a-Lago.

Votre ami covid...

The latest Coronavirus mutation has origins that have been traced to New Orleans. Dubbed "The Inane Variant," it has 69 mutations on the spike protein, forming a small but impressively rigid phallic shape. Unlike others, this variant shows no ill effects and dramatically increases sex drive. Coughing carriers of the variant are quickly becoming the highlight of wild parties throughout the Marigny-Bywater.

Airport Gate Agent Puts Customer In Line

[Note: this supposedly actually happened. Maybe, maybe not. But if it didn't, it should have.]

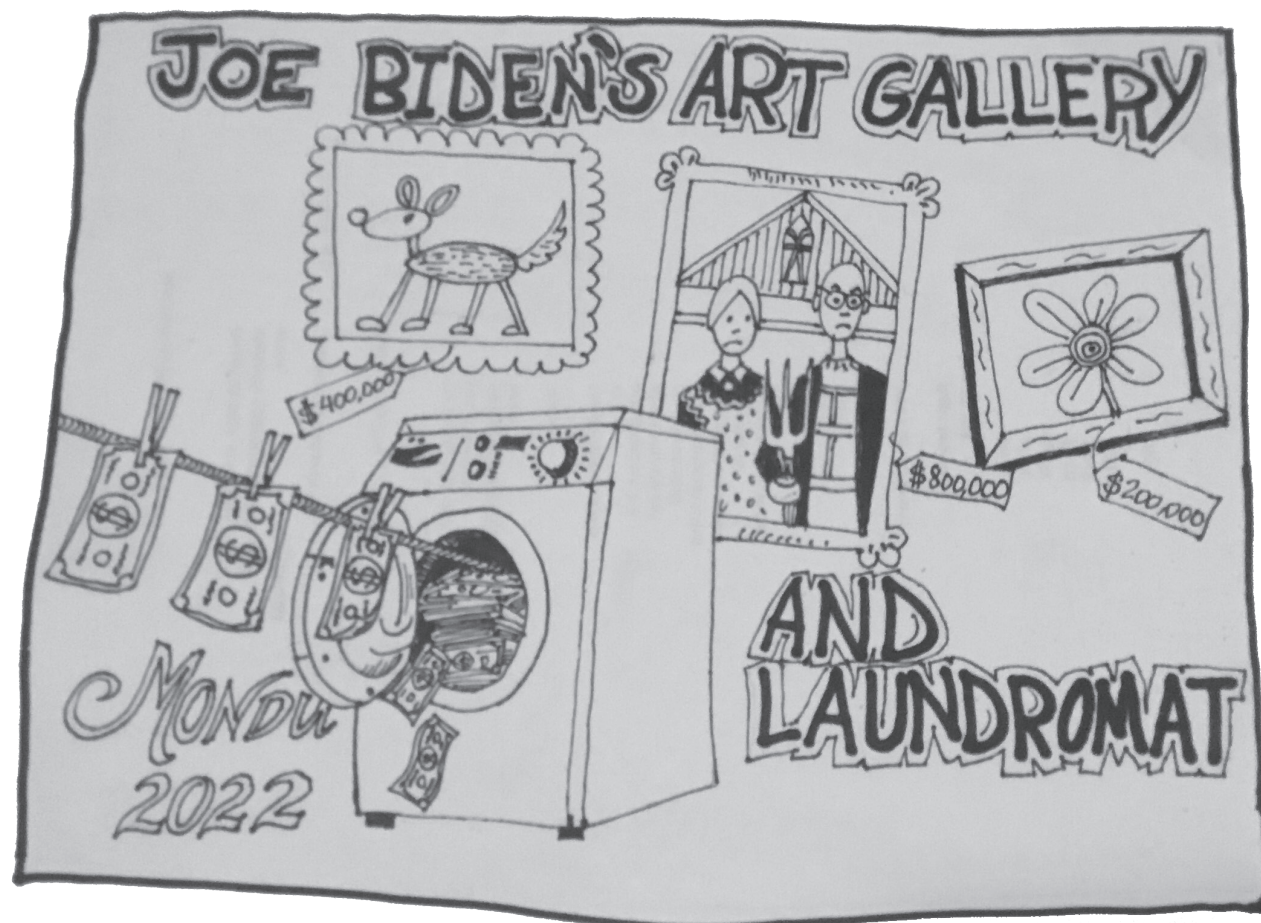
LAGUARDIA AIRPORT – The arrival of Hurricane Ida in southeast Louisiana wreaked havoc on airline schedules throughout the nation. After one flight was canceled in LaGuardia Airport, customers were asked to report to Gate 14 for rebooking.

In keeping with typical airline efficiency and customer service, Gate 14 was staffed by a single and rather harried gate agent. Unsurprisingly, this led to a long line and a lot of frustrated travelers.

Suddenly, a man bullied his way up to the desk. Smacking his hand down on the counter, he demanded, "I need to be on the next flight and I need to be in first class!"

Politely, the gate agent replied, "I'm sorry, sir, but there is a long line of people in front of you. Please return to your place in line, and when it is your turn, we will do everything we can to accommodate your requests."

The man looked at her and said, "Do you know who I am?"



In response, the gate agent picked up the microphone for the PA at the gate and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have a passenger at Gate 14 who does not know who is. If anyone can help this gentleman identify himself, please report to Gate 14."

As the surrounding passengers laughed and cheered, the man said angrily, "Fuck you!"

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the gate agent, "but there's a line for that too."

Concealed Realities Are Publicly Shown

By Momus Alexander Morgus “The Magnificent”, *Monde de Merde* Science Correspondent

OLD CITY ICE HOUSE – In anticipation of the publication of the ~~stupid~~ stupendous *Compendium of Remarkably Astute Private Scholarship*, the greatest collection of Internet wisdom ever to be released, I, Morgus the Magnificent, your humble servant, gathered with three other great “explainers” from the worlds of science, philosophy, and creative fiction to discuss some of the breakthrough findings revealed in the forthcoming tome.

The discussion among these well-endowed members of the College of Renegade Approaches to Proving Shit – Dr. Isuck Ass-em-off (IA), Dr. Neil “Deal” deGrass Vicin (OG), and Joe “I simp for Tom Brady” Rogan (Jr.) – started with an anally probing question.

Jr.: I love this book, but I don’t see what farts have to do with the research?

OG (after a pause): That’s astute, Joe, not ass-toot.

Jr.: Ohhh ... got it. So what was the most wind-, I mean ground-breaking revelation for you guys?

IA: Well, I’ve been very interested in the rollout of 5G networks which I thought would be a great boon for all kinds of emissions. Then I read the research of former AT&T lineworker Ned Ludd who provided not one but 4,999 carefully researched risks of 5G. Really a shame he couldn’t get one more.

OG: The man says he watched every movie in the Marvel Comic Universe at least twice, every Star Wars Movie at least three times and a whole bunch of episodes of *Cosmos*. Pretty impressive credentials.

MM: I agree! I was struck by his compilation of Wikipedia articles pointing out that astronauts only experience

three Gs during a launch. That means 5Gs can’t be good, right? That’s a lot of pressure coming from those towers even before Bill Gates built coronavirus into them.

Jr.: The whole section devoted to COVID-19 was my favorite part. It’s really shocking how much Big Pharma and Big Mask have covered up. It’s like they don’t make enough moola during Mardi Gras.

IA: They can’t stop the remarkable amount of cutting-edge medical research and education happening now on YouTube. So many people with little formal education have been able to obtain their dim-plomas in such a short amount of time. The Immuknowledgeless Certification has been especially popular.

Jr.: I got mine!

OG: There are some truly unbelievable claims being upheld in the pages of that corpse ... I mean corpus ... of research. Did you know that rearranging the letters in “omicron” gets you “moronic”? It’s like they spelled it out for us.

MM: It does leave you almost speechless. Despite the many compelling findings, though, I was confused at first by retired exhaust pipe inspector Bud Sucker’s claim that masks restrict oxygen. Chopsley and I wear masks and we’re perfectly normal (well, super-genius normal). Then I realized the methodology problem: he was comparing oxygen flow in his brain to typical human brain oxygen flow.

IA: Still, I eagerly read the series of successful clinical trials for therapeutic treatments by internet influencer Candy Crusher who spent several weeks in nursing school, a confidence-boosting medical background. She was able to document efficacious-

ness in remedies from drinking urine (available from her website at a reasonable price) to white-colored cannabis edibles (also available from her website) to suppositories of volcanic ash (website again). How many of our medical leaders have done so much to advance research while providing practical solutions? Nobody in the government, that’s for sure.

MM: Speaking of government, the most stunning revelation for me came from self-tenured Professor “Gonehair” Garden of the Institute of Earthly Delights. As you recall, ’Fess Garden revealed the true winner of the 2020 U.S. Presidential election: 15th century Dutch painter Hieronymus Bosch. It didn’t seem physically possible much less Constitutional until ’Fess sorted the mess by carefully establishing that the artist is in reality a divinely-dispatched time traveler whose campaign (and all memories of it) were suppressed by the demonic Lizard People who run the deep state. Fess’ visual exegesis of Bosch’s prophetic image *Crucifixion with a Donor*

sealed the deal.

OG: I was equally convinced and surprised by ’Fess Gonehair’s discovery that the winner of New Orleans’ recent mayoral election was, in fact, Joe Biden. The man doesn’t even live here!

IA: Completely unexpected! I did find one of the New Orleans articles problematic. In what seems a wildly conspiratorial submission, Times Pick-Your-News Columnist Stephanie Style strongly implies that the City’s since-fired regulator of short-term rentals might be unduly biased toward that industry as he previously worked as an executive in it and continues to hold stock. Who could possibly believe such an outlandish claim!

For those interested in learning more about the important results in this work, a benevolent organization, Concerned Researchers Against Proven Science (CRAPS), will take to the streets on February 12 to offer further documentation that CRAPS Does Its Own Research!

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe du Vieux in the true spirit of Carnival as a venue for satire and political comment.

The views herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members.

They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain’t none of us got anything worth suing for that hasn’t already been suggested by some Internet wingnut as a potential alternative to the perfectly safe and effective vaccines as a cure for COVID.

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by the Krewe du Vieux

Wasted Management: It's Trash Day Somewhere

Stench From Secret Soiree Leaks

Prominent city leaders busted fully aroused at downtown hot tub orgy

THE OILED CENTER – LaMayor LaToya stumbled out onto the balcony of a CBD high-rise and took a moment to survey her crumbling fiefdom. Piles of garbage and pothole-riddled streets stretched as far as the eye could see. Muted trumpets warbled in the distance as dawn broke through a haze of flared petrochemicals. The city's electrical grid rested, crumpled at the bottom of the Mississippi. Generators hummed as citizens attempted to refrigerate the last of their food supplies. LaMayor LaToya smiled and rubbed her hands together with glee, for it was the eve of her favorite event: the meeting of the corporate courts of the Mystic Krewe of Rigged Extortion (REX) and the Mystic Krewe of Corporate Mistakes that Undermine Safety (COMUS).

Later that day, LaMayor LaToya rushed down to the Sheraton's Ballroom and Hot Tub Complex and eagerly called to order the winter soiree by introducing the faux royalty of REX and COMUS. No expense was spared on this elite debauch, including televised/live streamed coverage narrated by the always flappable Peggy LaBordem. This year's festivities drew a viewership of two, the only remaining Cox customers in the city with functioning Internet.

As reported by a brave LEWD Action News correspondent present under false pretenses and forged identification, Mayor LaToya donned her crown as Honorary REX Queen and introduced a court of hackneyed insiders, including:

- Leo Pees Delightly, Entergy CEO
- Dilbert MyGuano, the Mayor's Chief Administrative Officer
- Batt-shit Tootsie, Director of the City's Sanitation Department
- Dishpan Grissmell, FEMA Administrator from Colorado who was last seen unsuccessfully attempting to locate Houma on a map.

According to rumors, The King of COMUS was the dishonorable Loui-

siana Commissioner of Insurance, Grim Dumbleson. As per tradition, the King's face was hidden under a race-baiting façade and his body distorted in a robe of retrograde politics designed to royally fuck homeowners. His "always on call" jesters were the CEOs from every major insurance company in Louisiana.

LaMayor LaToya, the Queen, made much ado about flamboyantly curtsying to and gazing upon her REX King, Sidney Torresleaze, the city's garbage pretty boy, while piles of rancid rotting food and hurricane debris decorated the sidewalks and streets outside the Sheraton. It was truly a fairytale moment on storybook night, or so it seemed at the time.

Sewerage and Water Board officials from the Graft, Double Time and Outdated Technology Department, led by SW&B Executive Director Ghastly Bourbon, were admitted as court jesters. They emerged into the ballroom via a rapidly expanding sinkhole in the corner, delivering an underground breeze of perfumed stench and drowned infrastructure dollars apparently used as toilet paper. However, Cox Communications CEO Pat Ass(er) was denied entry when his invitation simply refused to download.

As Ramrod Green, LaMayor LaToya's drunken and surly Director of Pubic Works, slipped Peggy LaBordem an edible intoxicant and hallucinogenic clouds of smoke began to envelop the glitterati, the "elite" attendees donned skimpy ball gowns and tuxes sans pants while mingling lasciviously. They focused an intense collective fascination on the enormous hot tub in the center of the room. The party rapidly devolved into a well-lathered hot tub orgy.

Shocked onlookers observed LaMayor LaToya getting a golden shower from Leo Pees Delightly whilst both giggled and sipped champagne. Sidney Torresleaze passed around a blunt the size of one of the "smart"

Polaris cars he bribed his way back into the Quarter garbage business with. Although Dishpan Grissmell couldn't find Houma, she had no problem locating orifices in the orgy. Finally, Dumbleson was seen still masked in a threesome with two insurance company executives, their kink apparently being pot-bellies and black socks. Who knew the Sheraton's hot tub could hold so many degenerates and process so much lube?

As the perversion levels were growing dangerously high, the LEWD Action News correspondent felt the ground shake beneath her feet. The sinkhole that the S&WB jesters had entered through suddenly began expanding rapidly. The ballroom was shrinking and people were starting to disappear into the subterranean muck. The lascivious lather of the party was upended, as howls of pleasure devolved into screams of fear.

Entergy CEO Delightly's showering escapades were stopped mid-stream. He tried to avoid being sucked into the void by grabbing a tattered and neglected extension cord that his company once used to power the city. It broke and down the sinkhole Delightly went.

The other revelers in the hot tub soon followed. Dumbleson was near escape, but then the LEWD correspondent whispered to him that a vast chest of kickbacks lay at the bottom of the sinkhole. That was all it took, and Dumbleson disappeared into muck. Grissmell, Torresleaze and the rest struggled to stay on solid ground, but the copious amounts of lube in the ballroom coupled with sinkhole suction velocity meant they were soon falling many feet below sea level.

The LEWD correspondent, thinking the end was near, was writing out her will on a bar napkin when a set of hands grabbed her and dragged her out of the ballroom and to safety by the hotel's valet stand. As her eyes came into focus, she looked around for someone to thank.

With a telegenic wink and a weary

smile that accentuated her fine high cheekbones, Councilwoman Helena Moreno indicated that it was she who had dragged the correspondent to safety.

"My invitation to the soiree arrived late," the Councilwoman said. "Looks like I missed one depraved party!"

The LEWD correspondent nodded her head in agreement and sighed in deep relief.

In the following days, as news of the orgy leaked, the general public was shocked and angry, but they were also thankful to see that the orgasmic corruption had been stopped, at least for now. Faint hope soon became the mood of the day, as residents started to believe that justice might eventually be served.

Landry Files More Suits

MOOT COURT – In his endless quest to become Louisiana's next governor, state Attorney General Puff Landry, obviously high on something, held a press conference to announce another series of expensive, futile lawsuits.

The first suit is against Bill Gates. "We know Gates put microchips in the vaccines," stated Landry, "but who knows where else? Crawfish? Go-cups? Zapp's potato chips? Casino gambling chips? I can't tell one chip from another!"

Another suit accuses the sun of violating unfair competition laws. "This is a deliberate and hostile attempt to undermine our beloved oil and gas industry," accused Landry, wearing a shirt emblazoned with BP, Exxon, Chevron and Texaco logos. "A free energy source is obviously in violation of big oil's right to pillage both land and people."

The final filing actually names God as the defendant. "It says right there in the bible that God created man in his own image, and we all know God is a straight white male," Landry exclaimed. "What's with all these colored people? These queers? God is violating his own law, for God's sake!"

At this point, the press conference was interrupted by a large bolt of lightning, and Puff went up in smoke.

CRUDE Goes Down on NOLAntis

CAPTAIN’S LOG, stardate the near, very dirty future – Today our explorations continued along the New Gulf Coast, and our research mission has finally penetrated the waters known as the former New Orleans city limits. Somewhere down there, the inundated ruins of the City That Care Forgot to Properly Defend From Climate Change awaited our probings.

All here aboard research vessel SS Test Tickle were excited to plunge in, especially the seamen who had now gone months without glimpse of land, hill or mound of Venus.

This is why I met with skepticism the sighting reports from the initial divers to go down.

“It’s all there, Captain,” the first slippery seaman proclaimed from the deep. “New Orleans is still up to its bawdy, sin-soaked ways. But now it’s a water world of drowned debauchery. And the sea girls, wait ‘til you see ‘em!”

But then the transmission cut off, muffled as if by muff.

As the head of this exploration, it was time for me to rise to the occasion. I pulled on my helmet and prepared to go down. I propelled myself on-

ward, thrusting past outer, then inner folds of shimmering, wet current and finally arrived. Explosively I came to the conclusion, but not a moment prematurely. It was true!

The Crescent City had not been smote from the Earth by flood, as the preachers had predicted. It was instead transformed into a sunken city of sopping wet sin. In fact, it appeared a parade was in progress as I hovered closer. The floats were not floating and yet they continued through the wrought iron reefs of the Vieux Carre. The brass bands blew bubbles ... and anything else they could get their lips around.

And then came an undercurrent of siren-esque seduction, the mermaids and mermen and non-binary mer-thems, all entwined in an undersea orgy of buoyant bustiers and triple-dicked tridents and any-port-in-a-lust-storm androgyny.

The tide was taking the SS Test Tickle further out to sea, so I had to cut bait and return topside. But I had seen enough.

To put it in CRUDE terms, NOLA may never rise again, but the lost city of NOLAntis will always go down!

Dripping with Grandeur – Pump and Circumcision Returns

With the return of a proper Mardi Gras fast approaching, the Krewe of Drips and Discharges has requested everyone’s presence at a celebration of all those who give so much for your basic bitch satisfaction. In an ever-so-faintly Rex-like proclamation, Drips issued, nay, ejaculated the following invitation:

Let the festivities commence!

And what could be more festive than a bris! In fact, the Grand Emu of K-Ass, our kleptomaniacal neighbors, names the bris as his favorite leisure activity.

Led by George, our fearless, phallic overlord, this time taking an unfamiliar backseat role as our very own Boof Gras, the mood will be contagious.

“A hue for every ho!” declares His Royal Highness, the Holiest of Glories, the king of the Krewe of Sex, whose very existence gives validity to us all. Purple – the color of the pipes in that grandest of organs! Green – the very shade of penis envy! And gold – well, no need to get crass, but use your imagination.

The aforementioned monarch may look like what the Burger King sees

Entergy Can’t Keep It Up

ELECTRIC AVENUE – Recently the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne’er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) was left hot and bothered by the limp response of local power company Entergy – better known as Entropy – following Hurricane Ida. Frustrated as they listened to spokessvillain Les Watts describe Entropy’s Build Back Badly plan to reconstruct the same old crumbling infrastructure in return for higher rates, they launched a high intensity probe.

Amid the debris and devastation, meetings were held at a smoke-filled substation. Although everyone had their own agenda (a pandemic phenomenon), the Ne’er-do-wells soon came together with a new emission.

“We were so shocked and revolted

that at first, we couldn’t get our, um, spirits up,” said T.O.K.I.N. spokes-HEAD Sparky Stoner, “but then we got fired up with the urge to penetrate the situation.” The members, throbbing with excitement, rose to the occasion and charged ahead with their probe.

“We decided it was time to pull out of Entropy and conceive our own homegrown solution. Sometimes you have to take matters into your own hands to reach a satisfying climax,” said Sparky, “We invite everyone who needs an outlet for their frustration to come one, come all, come together to enjoy T.O.K.I.N.’s electrifying high wire act at the Krewe du Vieux parade on February 12. Power to the people!”

POWER OUTAGE MIXED GRILL
Serves: the neighborhood

Ingredients:
Everything you have in the fridge and/or freezer.


Prep:
None. Everything is already thawed.

Directions:


- Fire up the grill.
- Throw all the food on the grill.

No power for your appliances?

Maybe it was a hurricane. Or maybe it happened on a sunny day for no apparent reason. What to do? Call Entropy at 1-800-INTHEDARK. Average wait time is 6 months to 10 years.

 **Entropy**
Entropy: A measure of unavailable energy

Profits over power. Profits over people.



in his nightmares, but there’s nothing impossible about this whopper. And who knows? Maybe you will be the one to catch his newly shorn foreskin, adorned with purple, green, and gold sugar! Just don’t end up with the baby. Ignore Poobachus and Krewe du Losers – precum doesn’t count – and get the season of excess started in the right way. Then let the climax build naturally.

After the Drips get your juices flowing, let a virtual orgy of parades – Bukakkis, Clitiris, OK-Anus, Coozes,

Herpes, Nyxed, Krewe de Twat, and Fluids, just to name a few – get you pumped more than you ever thought possible.

But don’t blow that load too soon – Gash Wednesday is not upon you yet. As you prepare for 40 pumpleless nights, take in the grandeur of faux pearl necklaces and let one of our creepily anonymous pages lead you to the “grand stand.” You won’t regret it immediately.

Our scepters will be fully erect! Will yours?

DR. **AVEGNO'S**



APOTHESCARY

ORIGINAL AND GUARANTEED

COVID CURES

All cures tested and approved by Application of the

KREWE OF UNDERWEAR "UNCritical VAX THEORY"

U.S. PATENT PENDING

HYDROXYCHLOROQUINE

You can't pronounce it, you don't know what it is, but you know it will cure your COVID

BLEACH

Liquid elixir, liniment or enema bag. May induce delusions of white supremacy

QANON-TIPS

For direct application of the latest hare-brained conspiracy treatment

BEAR BILE

Why die of COVID when you can get mauled by an angry bear? (as seen on **FOX NEWS**)

HADACOL

Louisiana's own original snake oil! Primary ingredients: Alcohol and essence of Corrupt Politicians

ORECK VACUUM CLEANER TREATMENT

The virus sucks, so suck out the virus (any orifice will do)!

CAJUN POWER GARLIC SAUCE

Special protection against COVID-infected Vampires.

TONY CHACHERE'S CREOLE SEASONING

Use it on everything, including your viral load.

BIG SHOT CREME SODA

Why get a vaccine shot when you can get a Big Shot!

BOUDREAUX'S BUTT PASTE

(also available in U-V suppository form to get some light up your ass)

YA-CA-MEIN

If it will cure a New Orleans hangover, it's bound to cure COVID.

TAAKA KING CAKE-FLAVORED VODKA

It's enough to make even the toughest virus sick.

HYDROGEN PEROXIDE

Because gentlemen prefer blonde viruses.

LOUP GAROU BLOOD

May take 101 days to recover from side effects.

VOODOO DOLLS

Special coronavirus version, so cute with those little red spikes! (comes with supply of Sazerac-sanitized pins)

IVERMECTIN

You may still die of COVID, but at least you won't have horse worms! (side effects may include dizziness, hoof-and-mouth disease, and death)

HORSE WORMS

Rumored to eat coronaviruses, and at least you won't die of Ivermectin.

ALL CURES TO BE ON DISPLAY FOR PURCHASE

FEBRUARY 12 AT THE

WORLD FAMOUS KREWE DU VIEUX

CASH, BITCOIN, OR SEXUAL FAVORS ONLY.

An Immodest Proposal, Or, The Dating Game

On August 29, 2005, Hurricane Katrina hit southeast Louisiana, causing incalculable destruction and suffering. On August 29, 2020, Hurricane Ida hit southeast Louisiana, again causing incalculable destruction and suffering.

As climate change gets worse, there is little we can do for the foreseeable future about hurricanes. But we gotta do something about August 29.

Le Monde de Merde offers this immodest proposal to help address this problem.

August has 31 days, but February only has 28, except for leap years. A simple switch of the calendar, adding three days to February and taking them away from August, would at least mean that August 29 would only come around once every four years.

No one likes August anyway, with its relentless heat and humidity, so those three days would not be missed at all. On the other side of the equation, we could use an extra three February days, either to extend Carnival season or give us just a little more breathing room between Mardi Gras and Jazz Fest.

Additional benefits would be adding three more days of safe oyster-eating in February, and eliminating the August birthdays of Neil Gorsuch and murderous Saudi Prince Mohammad Bin Salman.

We are sure that a few extraneous details will have to be worked out, a few long-established dates will have to be modified. But given the implications for the future wellbeing of our region, the rest of the world needs to suck it up and help us out.

Mama Roux Presents the House of Fauci's 2022 Runway Collection: Intensive Care Wear

MODERNA CARLO – With the fashion industry in desperate straits due to the worldwide pandemic, the House of Fauci has moved with lightning speed to create a ready-to-wear, one-size-fits-all ensemble. Rushed to market, these pieces have been a real shot in the arm to the industry, giving everyone a tremendous boost(er).

House of Fauci has also boosted its own fortunes considerably, and is poised to take over the world, in its own fashion. Speaking in his accented English, Doctore Antonio Fauci, czar of the empire said, “We would like to see all people – men, women and children, sporting our garb(le). And we’ve even created a line for very young children, which we think they will go Gaga over!

“If you find yourself Biden your time languishing around the house

for several years, our loungewear is perfect. Or if you’re tired of how you look, we can even alter your jeans. We will continue modifying our style so that you can get a piece every few months, for years to come. Viva House of Fauci!”

House of Fauci can be found at many upscale locations, including Vax Fifth Avenue, Pfizerdale’s, Nieman Mucus, and Blarney’s.

The Krewe of Mama Roux, always on the cusp of the leading edge, didn’t hesitate to become fashion-forward with its own very exclusive line of variant knock-offs from the House of Fauci. Speaking on condition of anonymity, the Krewe’s (pot)head designer said, “We don’t exactly know what we’re doing, but the public seems to be buying it, so let’s keep on keepin’ on!”



SPANK-A-ME STREET presents Highlights from our upcoming episode 2022: “Ain’t Easy Being Resilient”

Brought to you by the letters **F** and **U** and the number **9**

1 STREET DESPAIR – Exasperation

Elmo awakes to find a road crew removing the Street and learns a lesson about the lifecycle of mosquitos.

2 CONES OF UNCERTAINTY – Existential Dread

The Count runs out of fingers and toes counting storms bearing down on the Street and moves on to other appendages.

3 11 FESTIVAL FIZZLES - Discouragement

A special performance by Mahna Mahna and the Snowths featuring Kermit Ruffins **POSTPONED**

4 TRASH TALKING - Frustration

Trash is piling up in the Street and special guest Mayor Teedy asks Oscar the Grouch for his continued patience.

5 BOIL WATER DISORDERS - Aggravation

Kermit makes tea and ponders the irony of it all, but that’s none of my business.

6 PANDEMIC PROTRACTION – High Anxiety

Dr Avegno encourages people to wear masks in the shower and stay six feet apart during sex.

7 HURRICANE HARASSMENT – Terror

Cartoon feature where Ida and Zeta sing a song and teach us the Greek alphabet.

8 WRECKED ROOFS – Stymied

Some of these things are not like the other: houses with roofs, houses with blue roofs and houses with no roofs or insurance adjusters.

9 RESTAURANT REVERSALS – Disappointment

The last restaurant on Spank-a-me Street closes and Grover the Waiter loses his job after the PPP money runs out.

10 TRAFFIC NON-LIGHTS - Exasperation

A short film of broken traffic lights and exasperated drivers waiting at four-way stops.

11 3 FESTIVAL FAILURES - Demoralization

A special performance by Mahna Mahna and the Snowths featuring Kermit Ruffins **CANCELLED**

12 POWER OUTAGES – Infuriation

Ernie and Bert lose power again and search for a place with air conditioning but are soon turned back by generator fumes.

13 PARADE PREDICAMENTS – Perturbation

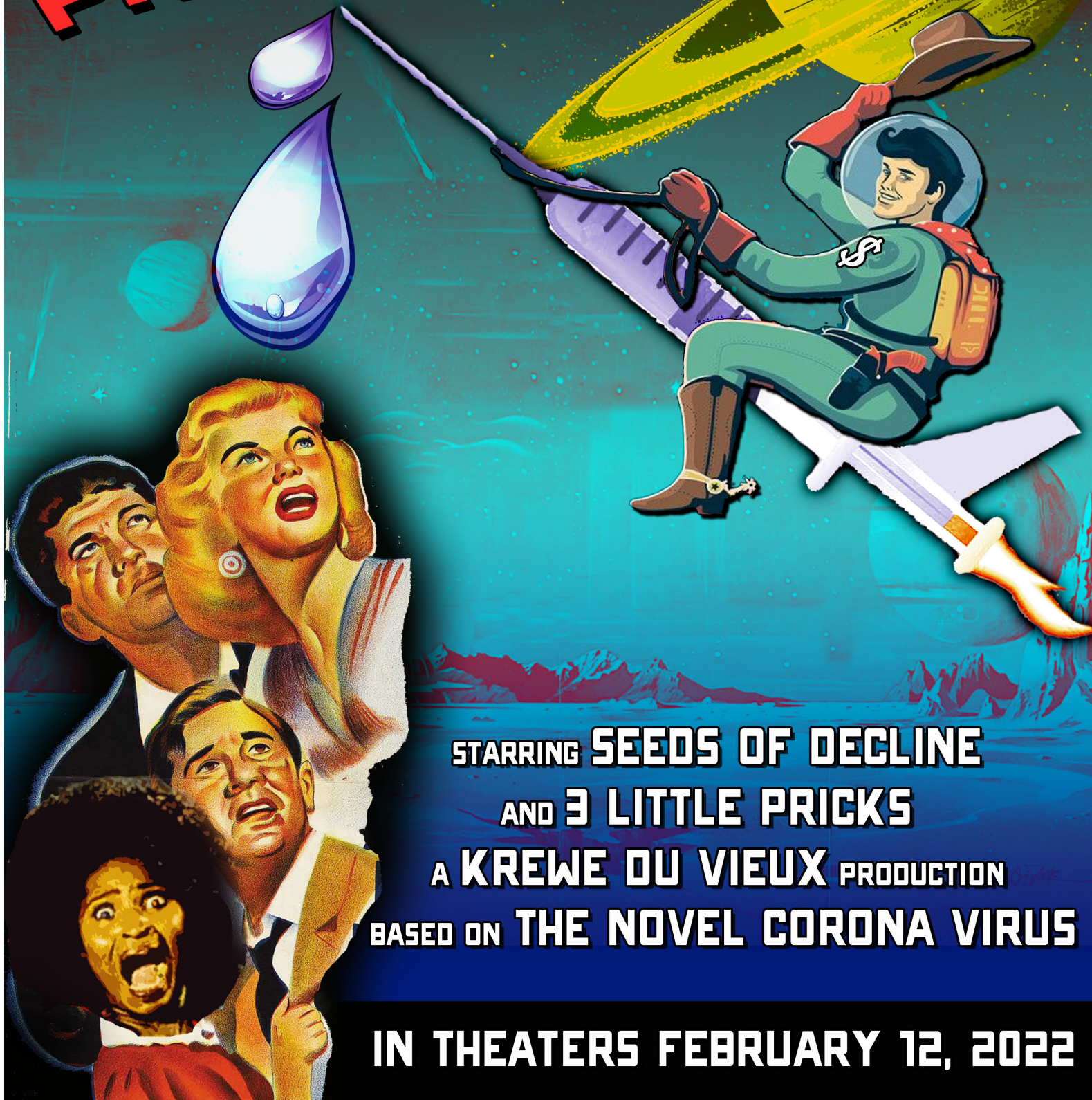
After Big Bird’s parade down Spank-a-me Street was cancelled last time, this time it is shortened to only half the block and will no longer pass Mr. Hooper’s store.

A Production of The Krewe of Spank Television Workshop

**HORROR
BEYOND BELIEF!**

**3 Pricks!
One Plague!**

PRICKS IN SPACE



STARRING SEEDS OF DECLINE

AND 3 LITTLE PRICKS

A KREWE DU VIEUX PRODUCTION

BASED ON THE NOVEL CORONA VIRUS

IN THEATERS FEBRUARY 12, 2022