What majesty besieges mine bespectacled eyes! I tremble at the thought of big, bad boys like you! At night, sleep evades me as I picture you throwing me against a locker. Will today be the day that you jump me between classes and have your way with me? Take my lunch money, for you already have a chokehold on my heart!

vital stats

TURN-OFFS: wet towels, soccer, torn ACLs, helmet hair, self-esteem, referees, pinstripes, independent thought, jock itch, operating without a game plan, athleticism

MOTTO: "No pain, no gain, you stupid pussy."

• Posters will defiantly slide off dorm room walls time and again, defying tacks, pushpins and all manner of adhesives while secretly smirking at their owner’s pain.

• That one girl who always says “f-ing” isn’t nearly so demure when she’s f-ing whoever she dragged home from a party while she thinks her new roommate is asleep.

• Students will discuss the vast devastation of Hurricane Katrina in hushed, grave conversations while inwardly damning themselves for not getting wasted at Mardi Gras when they had a chance.

• Despite administrators’ best efforts, they once again managed to schedule the first day of class on the same day as “Free Bible Give-Away Day.”

• That attention-starved guy in your biology class will bring his motorcycle helmet to class everyday even though he doesn’t own a motorcycle.

• People who bring all their books to the first day of class also have a better chance of getting into Heaven.

• New apartment residents in West Campus and Riverside will sleep with their neighbor at their move-in party and spend the rest of the semester studiously ignoring them.

• The next person who tells me Jester has its own zip code will get kicked in the balls.

• Sorority rushes will take campus by storm as they set out on their Blonde Ambulation Tour.

• One student will stop and wait for a University maintenance truck to cross the street, but he’ll quickly begin to walk once he sees that no one else gives a shit.

• People with dimples have no way of showing anger.

• George Bernard Shaw once said, “I live for the day when uncreative dolts will start all their speeches with an out-of-context quote of mine.”

• Picking your way through ivy and squeezing between overflowing dumpsters is worth the 10 feet you save by taking that little dirt path behind the business building.

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How will Katrina affect the Holloway investigation?

Ryan B. Martinez
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

As mere thousands on the Gulf Coast deal with the aftermath of a fairly large storm, one mother in Aruba is still trying to find the answer to a question that resonates more directly, more poignantly, with millions more: What happened to Natalee Holloway? “Just because I’ve hit a dead end in Aruba, doesn’t mean the search is off,” said Beth Twitty, mother of the 18-year-old tourist from Alabama who disappeared on the island in May. The case halted when three main suspects were released in early September.

More recently, New Orleans’ weather incident has further stalled the investigation into the calamity that ripped sweet Natalee – sweet, fair-haired Natalee, whose favorite candy was Reese’s Pieces – from the arms of a doting mother and country.

“Natalee’s mother has shrewdly used the media to propel the investigation,” said FOX News anchor Greta Van Susteren, who bravely led coverage of Holloway’s vanishing. “But with the hurricane now hogging the spotlight, she can no longer influence officials like she used to. If anything, that is the real tragedy of Katrina.”

Since it hit, the hurricane has comprised 80 percent of airtime on elite-media 24-hour news channels, even garnering attention in more far and balanced outlets.

“It’s heinous,” said James Sims, FOX crime correspondent. “Everyone was up in arms about FEMA’s slow reaction to Katrina. But where was FEMA when Natalee disappeared? What did FEMA do when Janor van der Sloot, the Dutchman who I’ve already decided killed Natalee, went free? Why hasn’t anyone said anything about that?”

When informed by elite media representatives that FEMA doesn’t handle overseas missing persons cases, Sims responded: “Regardless.”

The Holloway case has fallen victim to what media analysts call a “social responsibility bias,” in which less important stories that have way too many characters in them get more press coverage than relevant stories with fewer than five, easy-to-remember main characters.

Experts also say the omnipresent hurricane coverage, with its personal accounts of death and destruction, has hindered “the right viewing decision.”

“We in the field like to pat ourselves on the back about our role in a democracy,” said Van Susteren. “But at this crucial time in history, we have to ask ourselves: Is the role of the media to inform the public about Natalee Holloway or merely to evoke emotion over Hurricane Katrina? I trust the American public to make the right viewing decision.”

The hurricane, which hit the Gulf Coast but affected weather systems throughout the Caribbean, might also complicate the recovery of physical evidence in Aruba.

“In April, some bones washed ashore, and blonde hairs were found in a nearby park,” said Aruba Police Chief Jan van Straten. “OK, so the bones ended up belonging to a donkey and tests proved the hair wasn’t Natalee’s. Nonetheless, this stupid storm might hinder our ability to perform a fruitful investigation.”

Some meteorologists suggested unusual weather conditions could actually deposit evidence onto Aruban shores. If this were to happen, it would speed up the investigation and any ensuing court case, ultimately ending the ordeal all the sooner.

“That’s horrible,” said Van Susteren at the suggestion. “Why would you even say something like that to me?”

In the meantime, FOX News will continue to trace the connections between our nation’s two current tragedies. Gloria Riviera, a New Orleans correspondent, has seen the heart-breaking evidence up close.

“I talked to evacuees who had been stuck in their attics,” she said. “They spent days sweating in dirty water, urine and feces, watching their grandparents die in front of them, feeling starvation and hopelessness gnaw at them. When I heard their stories, I wept.”

She added: “I mean, those poor people. For more than a week, they had no way of getting updates on the Natalee Holloway story.”

Financially dependent student scoffs at living with parents

Freshmen in dorms show contempt toward freshmen in subdivisions

Stephen Short
STAFF WRITER

Fastening his sheets with the last bed sus- pender, freshman Kevin Beeman’s recent move to Jester West dormitory began his self-sufficient new life at the University.

“I’m so stoked to get away from my parents and experience the real world,” exclaimed an eager Beeman, unpacking a “Bevo Welcome Wad” containing a shower tote, popcorn and detergent samples. “I can manage an allowance all by myself. And because I don’t have a car, I don’t have to worry about those high gas prices.”

Enjoying newfound independence from his parents, Beeman has instituted a rigid daily schedule, allowing him to balance class with free time to explore campus.

“My first class is at noon, so I usually sleep in until then,” yawned Beeman as he watched a Jimmy Neutron marathon on TV. “Being all by yourself can be tough, particularly when you have to wake up so early.”

Weaving through the West Mall on his way to Tikki Hut, his tropical-themed Freshman Interest Group, Beeman remarked: “I don’t know. Maybe I’ll see if that junior down the hall will buy me some beer.”

Later, Beeman recalled other advantages to living away from home as he dined in silence with his roommate at Jester City Limits.

“I don’t have to deal with my brother who constantly stole my towels and blasted Aaron Carter music, since we don’t share a room anymore,” explained Beeman as he purchased a liter of milk for $6.75 at Jester City Market.

“You don’t realize how independent you are until you use an ATM instead of asking your mom for cash,” said Beeman, withdrawing a wad of money from his parentally funded bank account.

Beeman added: “You know, the best part about being self-reliant is all the free time I have. I could play online poker all night if I wanted. That reminds me, when will Aunt Ira send me that check?”

Although most freshmen reside on campus, an increasing number choose to live with their parents while attending classes. For freshman Kathy Bell, the extra cost of dorm life deterred her from moving out.

“It’s great. I don’t have to pay for rent, groceries or anything else. Why move from the bank when it lives in the next room?” said Bell, as she headed a pile of dirty laundry to her mother. “Plus, my mom reminds me to take my birth control every day.”

Despite the many advantages, Bell concedes some downsides to living at home.

“Sharing a room with my little sister can be difficult,” explained Bell. “She plays Aaron Carter music when I try to study, and I have to stay on the couch when she has sleepovers,” sighed Bell. “But I sure don’t have to worry about her getting drunkenly fingered by some sleazeball while I try to sleep in the top bunk.”

While Bell’s parents enjoy their daughter’s presence this year, Beeman’s mother is still adjusting to her son’s absence.

Tearfully gazing at “Kevin’s Corner,” a shrine above the mantle showcasing pictures, bronze baby shoes and the mum he wore to homecoming, Mrs. Beeman sniffled: “I told him to drop by anytime to do laundry or eat. Beeman Bucks are always accepted here.”
Guitar still unlearned in junior’s closet

‘Stairway’ tabs, power chords are only evidence of past play

JJ Hermes
MANAGING EDITOR

WEST CAMPUS – Reaching for a pair of old tennis shoes, Pete McDison gave a glancing blow to his acoustic Ibanez, sending a noisy jolt reverberating through the apartment. The detuned twang echoed in his ears, reminding him of more enthusiastic days.

“I wish I had stuck with that thing,” said McDison, a second-year biomedical engineering student. “I haven't played a tasty riff in months. I was going to be the next Mike McCready.”

McDison received the guitar from his parents for his 16th birthday, along with several self-paced lessons on VHS. Within two weeks, he had already mastered the token hooks to four Nirvana songs.

“Some of my friends who play the guitar told me I was pretty good for the short amount of time I had been playing,” he said. “After a couple of weeks I figured out how to play Jimi Thing — at least that little ‘du nu nuh na, duweet et duwattet et, woowa.’ I kept trying to get the tabs down to some of the harder Dave Matthews songs.”

While he never paid to take lessons, dreams of rock stardom fluttered in the high schooler’s head. Every couple of days after school he would retreat to his room, door closed, and strum a simple repetition of three or four notes, rearranging them for the basis of a song. But he often got sidetracked by hours of playing Everquest; songs were left unfinished at two or three verses.

“Did you know you can bang a prostitute in that game? How cool is that?”

Crotch Blisters.

As college began, interest in the guitar waned. At home, no one could hear his hideous miscues; in the dorm, with a roommate a bunk above and neighbors all around, his minimal repertoire was mockable.

With two hallmates who played in a band with a couple of gigs under their belt, what might have been enthusiasm turned to shame.

“I would take [my guitar] out every once in a while when I saw old friends or some chicks came over. I never forgot ‘Whole Lotta Love.’”

But he added, “I had to stop playing on a regular basis because of classes — and I kind of sucked.”

A stark resurgence of interest in stardom came last summer, as McDison became more familiar with Bob Dylan and other folk singers. Fixating on learning the harmonica, he again left his guitar behind.

“I wrote a ballad about Jennifer Gale,” he said. “It was pretty deep.”

By the end of the summer, McDison had again lost interest in music, focusing his primary efforts in July on his PC copy of Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas. He brought his guitar and harmonica along to his new apartment on Nueces Street in case his musicianship resurged, but it remains tucked behind the collared shirts in his closet, missing a string he hasn't replaced for over a year.

“Did you know you can bang a prostitute in that game? How cool is that?”
Enterprising students deliver
Roommates offer post-relationship booty

Sara Kanewske
STAFF WRITER

Sweating as he drags a cardboard box full of torn-in-half pictures, mix CDs and a 10-inch potted begonia, Josh Hilling finally reaches his destination — the third floor apartment of Mike McDonald's ex-girlfriend, Jenny Michaels. "People are always willing to deliver the good stuff — you know — the flowers, the singing valentines, that 'happy one-year anniversary' cookie cake," said Hilling, sniffing. "But who delivers the nitty-gritty, who was there to deliver the shattered pieces of my heart?"

Hilling plans to go into business after he graduates with the help of his best friend and roommate, Brad Randall. The two have hatched a scheme to cater to those who have recently broken up and are in the awkward stages of returning borrowed pie tins, gym shorts and dirty panties.

"People have everything delivered to them nowadays," explained Randall. "Books, pet medications — even contacts. Why should the Anchorman DVD you loaned your ex be any different?"

The two are confident that the service will be lucrative, but have also discovered some immaterial benefits. "There's always going to be a market for this," said Randall. "But for me, it's not always about the money — especially when I deliver to a hot chick. Then it's almost like some dude paying me to get a re-bound hook-up with his ex!"

"But I would never do that with Jenny," Randall said with a quick glance to Hilling. The partners have also discovered some downsides to the business during the pro-bono work they have done for friends. "The girls are the worst," sighed Hilling. "They always want to talk about what went wrong, cry on your shoulder or they ask if they've put on weight. That was the only good thing about getting dumped by Jenny — not having to put up with all of that."

"We've delivered some pretty strange stuff," added Randall. "When Josh's cousin broke up with his girlfriend, she had us return everything he ever bought — even the last box of tampons he got her."

Their firm commitment to the business keeps them coming back despite these uncomfortable encounters.

"The only thing that turns girls on more than the scent of an old love is the smiling face of someone brand new," said Randall. "But, hey, that's just part of the job."

Hilling acknowledges that he is not only the company's creator, but also a customer. "Whenever I find something of Jenny's, I have Brad take it to her immediately," said Hilling. "And I'm always sure to include the upgrade where he attaches a rose and sings Mariah Carey's "We Belong Together."
Youth in retirement community complain of unjust profiling by authorities

SUNSET VALLEY, Tex. — Young residents in this quiet community with a large population of retirees are complaining that they are being unfairly profiled by the city’s authorities. “It’s like, not cool,” said 11-year-old Whitney Alderbert, one of Sunset Valley’s nine residents under the age of 18. “We have a curfew, and nobody else in town does.” Andy Rikervich, 13, states that he has been detained by authorities while minding his own business. “I’m just skateboarding around the neighborhood one afternoon, and then I hear this siren and kind of freak out. I looked over my shoulder realized it was the neighborhood security patrol, two old guys in a golf cart with a siren on top.” Rikervich said that the patrol officers forced him to step away from his vehicle and then questioned him in a manner that he found offensive. “They were all like ‘What are you doing so far from home?’ and ‘Should you really be on this street? It’s about to be dark out.’ They said that my mom was looking for me, but geez.” Sunset Valley security patrols deny all allegations of discrimination among residents. “We’re just trying to protect everyone who lives here,” said Ernie Hoffers, 67, a member of such a patrol. “We don’t draw distinctions!” No word yet if the police plan to crack down on the recent string of sidewalk chalk vandalism.

John Roberts added to Rorschach inkblot test

APA: ‘Your take on him says more about you than it does about him’

Ryan B. Martinez
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Citing his ambiguous politics and unscrutinizable soul, the American Psychological Association has added the image of John Roberts, the current nominee for chief justice of the United States, to the Rorschach inkblot test.

The test, developed by a Swiss psychologist, has been used in Freudian psychoanalysis since the early twentieth century. Psychologists flash one of 10 inkblots — random, abstract black shapes on white backgrounds — and patients tell what they see.

“Each of the inkblots are inherently meaningless, designed to coax the patient to project his or her hopes and fears onto them,” said APA President Ronald F. Levant at a press conference Wednesday. “For years, we’ve been looking for another card to add to the test, one whose stark blankness would render guileless the most self-aware of subjects.”

He added: “Ladies and gentlemen, we have found it in John Roberts.”

Roberts, who was nominated as associate justice by President Bush in July and later re-nominated to replace the late Chief Justice William Rehnquist, has baffled political commentators for months.

His brief career on the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, his contradictory political statements and his vacant blue-green eyes — which never stay the same color for long — have created fissures within political groups, both conservative and liberal.

“Frankly, I don’t trust him,” said Danielle Drake, a Washington lobbyist for Planned Parenthood, trusts him based on his 2003 statement that he wouldn’t touch Roe v. Wade if he were justice.”

She continued: “And then our vice president suspects he’s a pro-choice secretly infiltrating the system, while our head of human resources says that, when she catches him on TV, she can only see a twig and two apples balancing on the hood of a melting car. Clearly, we have to work on reaching a consensus.”

The APA believes the wide divergence of political interpretations will translate psychologically. In an unusually concise statement, Roberts himself responded to the APAs announcement at a press conference whose time, date and place no one seems to be able to remember.

“The decision to include me among this set of non- anthropomorphic images is predicated on the assumption that the political insights derived from comments made about my past statements are comparable to the psychological insights derived from comments made about the amorphous inkblots,” Roberts said.

“What the APA fails to realize is that what is politically ambiguous, and what is morphologically ambiguous, are not necessarily the same; in fact, even when there is no disanalogy, and the political and morphological ambiguities converge, that does not mean they are also not logically clear and unambiguous, giving a set of precedents by which to understand them.”

When asked if that means he dissents with the APAs decision, he replied: “Well, I didn’t say that.”
A Letter from the Warden

Hey gang! It’s that time of the year again; the leaves are turning crimson, the brisk chill of autumn is on the horizon, and a fresh batch of prisoners will soon be roaming the corridors of Huntertown Penitentiary.

Kathy and I have been in Barbados for the past week, and while I must admit it was refreshing getting away for a while, I am definitely happy to be back!

A couple of reminders: 1. No more carving your initials into people as part of gang initiation! 2. The guards are here for your protection, so please treat them with the professional courtesy they deserve (i.e. no throwing fecal matter). 3. NO second helpings—even on Fish Sticks Friday (Sorry. I know they’re delicious, guys).

-Edgar J. Wilson

MOVIE NIGHTS

9/2: The Shawshank Redemption
9/9: American History X
9/16: The Fugitive (don’t get any ideas!)
9/23: The Shawshank Redemption
9/30: Double feature: The Shawshank Redemption and The Green Mile

Hang yourself with laughter!

Why did the prisoner cross the road? To get shot five times in the back!
Why is soap so hard to hold on to? Because it doubles as lubricant!
Why do they give every prisoner a razor blade? To save taxpayers’ money!
What’s another name for lethal injection? The easy way out!


A Gunshot in the Dark

CELL L6: You: In the yard. Me: Following closely with a nightstick waiting for a reason to use necessary force. - G.G.
CELL W4: You: In the visitation room with your family. Me: Wishing I hadn’t murdered mine. Wanna share? - L.L.
CELL B11: Rough winds do shake the buds of may, but thy eternal summer shall not fade. What thou escape with me? No seriously, I have a tunnel. - B.B.
CELL D7: You’re gonna die tonight. - Y. C.
Pharmacist pick-up lines

With all of America hyped up on meds, the pharmacy has become the spot to pick up your pills and a slammin’ hottie. If you need a prescription for love, just use two of these pick-up lines and call us in the morning.

Look! It’s the new Lindsay Lohan Burbie! Come play along as she makes appearances on E! and catfights with Hilary Duff. What is Lindsay doing now? Looks like she’s hitting the slopes. What a beautiful white stallion she’s riding. Who’s that she’s clinging to now? Why, she’s just hugging her new boyfriend, John. What a star! No matter how skinny she gets, she’ll always stay fully loaded! It’s the dazzling Lindsay Lohan Burbie!

* clothes and catastrophic downfall not included

A vacuum that operates without a... human being. Yes, and therefore without the-the-the assistance of... human hands. This puts us at an existential conundrum:... machine versus man, man versus machine... a calamity that, uh, yes... harkens back to the old days. When will this ageless metaphor... cease? On the fifth day, God creates man; on the sixth he creates a robotic vacuum. In turn, man destroys God, man creates a robotic... vacuum, then... this, uh, robotic vacuum destroys man. This rotation—err, this cycle continues to the end... of time. But what is time?

So this thing, uh, sounds and looks kind of like a... you know, a marital aid, but actually, well, it chops up your... vegetables, your various foodstuffs, and... yes. If you don’t like broccoli, you can chop it up with pineapple and orange, leaving you with a... uh, smoothie, and you can’t taste the broccoli. So we have... covert veggies... infiltrating everything... fruit, alcohol, and, uh, lymph nodes? Who knows? Kids from Magic Bullet homes 10 years from now won’t even know what broccoli looks like, but... but it’ll be, uh, in tiny pieces... in air... and water... and what have you.

Wow! What is this? Yes, so it can straighten your hair with its, uh, thousands of little pins... which are very, uh, very strategically placed to control the... the kinks. Just imagine every single strand gliding through and then returning straighter than... ever. It seems to create an apparent paradox between the high-priced straighteners and this space age yet, uh, affordable... creation. The others merely... flatten the... the kinks in your hair, but the MaxiGlide slides through like a rip in the space-time continuum. That’s, uh, that’s as rare as an attack by aliens on Earth.
Physics professor Dr. ANDREW JENKINS (Smith-Goldson Centennial Chair) takes a between-class break with his favorite celebrity magazine!

Professors: They’re just like us!

Visiting professor of Philosophy Dr. HAROLD M. PENNSFIELD weighs the benefits of sleek & smooth over the drawbacks of a healthy shine!

Looks like Distinguished Professor of Mathematics Dr. ELIZABETH DANIELS-MCGOVERN is soaking wet with shame!

They forget to bring their umbrellas!

They ride bikes to expedite the process of translocation!

Asian Studies lecturer SVETLAN YORBORSKSY walks to the Texas Union for a bunch of shitty fast food!

They stuff socks in their pants!

Is that Lance Armstrong? No, it’s Dr. ROBERT HARRISON — the stodgiest thing on two wheels!

Distinguished Professor of Mathematics Dr. ELIZABETH DANIELS-MCGOVERN will be soaking wet with shame...

They check out their reflections in the UGL windows!

Physics professor Dr. ANDREW JENKINS (Smith-Goldson Centennial Chair) takes a between-class break with his favorite celebrity magazine!

They smoke!

Visiting professor of Philosophy Dr. HAROLD M. PENNSFIELD lights up exactly 25 feet outside of the Main Building.

They comparison shop hair products!

They stuff socks in their pants!

They go to the bathroom!

They look both ways before littering!

Some goddamned bird just took a shit right on Dr. SHARON Q. ROSTOW (School of Nursing Associate Dean and Nobel Laureate)'

Some goddamned bird just took a shit on Dr. SHARON Q. ROSTOW (School of Nursing Associate Dean and Nobel Laureate)!

They get bird shit all over themselves!

Professors: They’re just like us!

They forget to bring their umbrellas!

They catch a bicycle to expedite the process of translocation!
How to Start a Rumor

Feeling heartless? Someone threatening the attention your fragile ego deserves? Bored? Beginning a monstrous, unfounded rumor will provide temporary fulfillment—or at least a good chuckle with Satan when you meet him in hell.

Creating the Lie
1. Pick someone you want to destroy emotionally. If you have trouble deciding, simply pick the most insecure friend you have.
2. Is this your first rumor? If so, skip to step 3. If not, be sure to brainstorm something really juicy. Don’t be afraid to let your creative side really shine. The lie should be something you’d not only want to believe but also something that makes you slightly uneasy. Skip to next section.
3. For your first time, be sure to follow my foolproof “Emergency Rumor Generator” for maximum success.

Telling Your Fellow Gossipers
1. Begin all rumors with the phrase, "Now you can’t tell anybody this, but..." This may seem counterproductive to your worthy cause, but these words are actually gossipers’ heroin.
2. Be confident—but not too confident. A first hand account is often suspicious. For example: "I heard Tracy got caught with a hot dog in her bathing suit" is much more believable than "I saw Tracy get caught with a hot dog in her bathing suit." Because, after all, would you actually associate a girl who shoves hot dogs down her panties?
3. Repeat the steps above with everyone you’ve ever met, thought about meeting, or thought about thinking about meeting.

Wait to Celebrate
1. Give it some time. It can take up to 72 hours to destroy someone’s life.
2. Avoid consoling the victim at all costs. You don’t want your friends to think you sympathize with “that girl who deep throated a lit Bunsen burner for tickets to Dave Mathews and two bucks.”

Victory
Congratulations! You’ve just started your own rumor. Now go and give yourself a pat on the back before someone else stabs it!

Friendly Reminders
• Only attractive people are successful gossipers. If you aren’t attractive, please keep your homely face behind a phone and stick to prank calls.
• In case of “victim’s” suicide, be sure to cry the hardest at the funeral, thereby displaying a compassion that is sure to win the admiration and empathy of others.

Emergency Rumor Generator

Hey did you hear about (girl’s name)? She got caught using (a) with (b) in (c). Can you believe it? And then (d)!

Hey, can’t yu hear about Christy? She got caught using a crushy new toothbrush with the boys’ gym cash in her fake guys’ bathroom. Can you believe it? And then everything blew out the egg salad?

A-objects
Waxing Iron
A compact, 400 toothbrush
A real toothbrush
A real toothbrush
C-places
An old Walkman
An old Walkman
A new Walkman
C-sources
The boys
White lights
Aerosol can
Aerosol can
Aerosol can

The Blood Donation mobile
can
a

Easy one another’s hair
Nipples. They were bleeding.
GUYS’ embarrassing stories

Road Rash! So I was riding my bike down the road one day, and I was looking pretty badass, flying past cars on the road. Anyway, a bunch of hot girls were standing on the street, and I started checking them out. They waved, giggled and did all that other stuff girls do when a cute guy comes along. All of the sudden, I hit a crack and I was sent flying! My shorts hooked onto the seat and were ripped right off of me. When I stood up all the girls that were still standing by the side of the road and could see my huge dick. Talk about embarrassing!

Free-Fallin’/Free-Ballin’! It was my 21st birthday, and instead of doing the typical barhopping drunken extravaganza, I decided to do something different and creative. That’s just how I like to live my life. I decided to go skydiving. One of my buds had told me to skip putting on underwear the day I was going to jump and pull the double threat: “freeballing while you’re free-falling.” Of course, I took the suggestion. So I was jumping out of the plane with my instructor (who just so happens to be this totally stacked chick), and I noticed the extreme wind was causing my zipper to creep down, creating a huge tear down the crotch of my pants that launched my massive boner into the face of one of my Vampire: The Masquerade friends. I swear that everyone in the room went home and cried about embarrassing!

Donkey Dick? I was sitting around with my girlfriend’s extended family after going for a swim in the lake, and the conversation veered towards politics. Her relatives were all devout Republicans, and since I moved to Austin, I became an adamant Democrat. I was outnumbered, and they totally jumped my throat on hot topics like abortion, healthcare and big business. They only won because there were more of them, and I could tell they had practically rehearsed their Republican rhetoric. I felt like such a dummass in front of my girlfriend, who had always looked up to my superior political knowledge. Anyways, we had just gotten out of the lake, so our bathing suits were clinging to our bodies. Everyone could see my cock was easily twice as big as anyone else’s!

Suck on This! Back in high school, I had a friend I liked a lot. She loved Salvador Dali, listened to the Cure, and was a big fan of The Crow. One night I convinced her to come to the local synthpop/deathrock/batcave/EBM/darkwave club with me to see a local goth/techno band. We were totally making out and I was about to suggest that we enter the sway-pit when I noticed my black eyeliner had rubbed off, leaving large smudges on her face. I was so embarrassed that I choked on my clove cigarette, tripped over my mesh bondage pants and fell down, creating a huge tear down the crotch of my pants that launched that Peter Gabriel song that’s been stuck in my head will comment how they didn’t know any better.

Make Mine a Grande! One time, I was at the local Starbucks flipping through my Camus anthology and listening to the new Shins album. I had just put on my horn-rimmed glasses when I saw a sale on ironic buttons. I tried to mask my enthusiasm by pretending I was in a hurry to get another caramel frappuccino, but instead, I pitched headlong all the way over the counter, splitting my tight pants from hip to knee and exposing my large, unwieldy, flaccid penis to all the snooty baristas who snorted oh-so-derisively. How embarrassing!

Libra
(Sep 23 – October 22)
Aesop said no act of kindness is ever wasted, but unfortunately for you, your airplane pilot is not an act of kindness.

Scorpio
(October 23 – November 21)
After reading The Wasteland for “fun,” you will fall into an existential crisis that will last until you read Dr. Phil’s Getting Real and decide to end it all.

Sagittarius
(November 22 – December 21)
You will feel overwhelmed when you see all your favorite television shows in aesthetically appealing boxed sets, purchase a season and then realize that you were entertained by it as a child because you didn’t know any better.

Capricorn
(December 22 – January 19)
That Peter Gabriel song that’s been stuck in your head will take on new meanings when he tries to seduce you with his sledgehammer in your dreams.

Aquarius
(January 20 – February 18)
A stranger will compliment you on the bus, causing you to blush and wish you had a real father.

Pisces
(February 19 – March 20)
Under your breath, you will call every guy who owns an iBook a pussy after your girlfriend makes the claim that “Apple laptops are so sexy.”
Back to School Style

Ashley's sure to get an "A" in all her glasses. Nothing tense you style like these shades!

Marie's visible panty lines are under where? Nevermind, I can see them! You can't go thong here!

Bradley is taking couture to new heights. Looks like someone's ready for a pop quiz on cool!

Ashley's sure to get an "A" in all her glasses. Nothing tense you style like these shades!

Hey yeah I think I read that in a book called "People who Pretend to Know Things".

Hey, say something in unison like the twins on TV

you guys are twins? that is so cute

a0 fuck yourself
Dear Mr. Popular:
I'm a freshman at UT and I'm having a tough time standing out. I try to make jokes, but no one laughs. I mostly just stay at home and play Counterstrike. How can I be funny?

David from Dobie

Dear David:
Not unlike scrambling an egg or cooing a red-faced newborn, being funny may seem complicated, but with these seven easy steps I guarantee you the ability to transform any social situation into a high-fiving, knee-slapping, side-splitting, pee-inducing occasion.

Step 1
Mock the status quo in a way that is blatantly demeaning yet incredibly specific. Example “Check out that frat daddy with his 80 dollar Izod shirt and the bleach-blonde sorority girl riding his arm like an epileptic bronco. I’ll bet you five of their STDs that when they’re out tonight for dollar wells their inability to form coherent sentences will pervade the air like morbidity in a Nietzsche essay.”

Step 2
Use elaborate metaphors and similes that don’t necessarily make sense. Example “T-Dawg and I were at the bar last night when this old dude sauntered over like Chubby Checker sans the bow tie to ask if he could join us for a beer. I swear, it wouldn’t have been so awkward if he hadn’t smelled like Florence Nightingale on a Xanex/Night Train.”

Step 3
Use awkward language to juxtapose your current setting. Example While at a rap concert, say (in a mock English accent), “I do believe these dulcet rhythms appeal to me,” or while at the symphony, say (in a ghetto accent) “Mah balls itch.”

Step 4
If you’re at a dance party, either play the air guitar or do the robot. This is effective for two reasons: 1) you’ve engaged the other d-bags in the manner to which they are accustomed; 2) the subtle air of superiority you possess while tackling these aged-yet culturally cheeky-displays will appeal to the upper-crusted echelon whose sense of irony equals their sense of humor.

Step 5
Physical humor never fails. If you’re looking for an easy laugh or an invitation to a dorm-party, try falling down the stairs, slipping on a banana peel, or smashing a pie in the face of a paraplegic, pregnant woman. Also, if you’re a dude try to get your wiener stuck in an awkward place. Trust me, it’s like banking funny money in the laughter bank.

Step 6
Use obscure pop culture references, hipster lingo and Spanish words as if they were simple vernacular. This potent and charming combination will enhance your diction, making you seem intelligent and funny.

Example “So the other night I’m vibing to my Radiohead B-sides when my madre calls and pulls this whole Reginald Vel Johnson circa 1994 crap on me. It was whack like the Zack Attack, so I just pulled a Feldman on her. She apologized pronto.”

Step 7
Be hilarious in the classroom. If a professor asks the class a question always give the most outrageous answer possible. Follow this awesome dude’s lead.

Professor What is Milton trying to say about good and evil in Paradise Lost?
You That it’s beer o’clock, and I’m buying!!!

There you have it, David: Seven steps to a never ending supply of humor and friends. Once you’ve mastered these simple concepts women will want you, men will want to be you, and transgendered people will still strive for a peaceful coexistence. You definitely won’t be funnier than me, but at least you won’t have to play Kingdom of Loathing to find meaning in life.
Jennifer Andrea Walters
Martha Spudsfamine Senior High

A Challenge, Setback, and Opportunity

The time when my boyfriend and I lost our virginity together is an example of a significant setback, challenge, or opportunity in my life, and the impact it has had on me.

My boyfriend, Chaz, told me that he was in love with me one day, after fourth period English. I will never forget; in class that day we were talking about poetry, it was so romantic. We had been going out for about a month so I was wondering if he was going to tell me he loved me or whatever. So he was going to tell me he loved me or whatever. So he told me he loved me after our class and then he said that he should skip fifth period with him.

So, after that we got in his Mustang and went to his house. Nobody was home not even his older brother. So Chaz said “Wait in the living room for a minute,” then he was like “Hey Jenny come here, I want to show you something.” In his room there were candles lit and “Holidae In” by Chingy was playing (that’s our song). So we wound up doing it in his room and it was a setback, because we got unexcused absences for the classes we skipped. It was a challenge because it was our first times. It was an opportunity because one only gets one opportunity to lose one’s virginity.

Charles Jefferson Cleveland
Ichabod Crane High School

Why I Would Make a Great UT Student

As a mathlete, senior class treasurer, debate team captain, drum major, salutatorian, varsity soccer midfielder, hall monitor, NHS parliamentarian, National Merit Semi-Finalist, Who’s Who Among US High Schoolers, mascot, Future Business Leader of America, key clubber, See You at the Pole leader, Future Farmer of America, model United Nations participant, champion elephant trainer, Perfect Attendance Award recipient, prom committee chair, debutante escort, Meals on Wheels deliverer, PALS member, Pen15 club ambassador, Meditation and Growth Instead of Conflict secretary, ROTC cadet, and fedora hat holder for the Coin Collectors Anonymous, I was also voted “Best Smile” in the yearbook.

Delia Anastasia Lee
Henry T. Brushstroke Academy

Why I Want to be a Studio Art Major

I wasn’t doing very well in art class. My sketches were sloppy, and my pottery always burned in the kiln. Then one day my teacher, Mr. Newcomb — or Jeff, as he insisted I call him — invited me over to his house for a private critique. “Wow! A real studio!” I thought.

We shared hours of mindblowing creativity. That was the day I learned to use my body as a canvas.

Harold Winston James Edmund IX
Worcestshire Preparatory College for Boys

My Infuriating Personal Setback

When I asked my manservant to make me flan, he said he didn’t know how to. I was forced to instead shovel down creme brulée.

It was an incredible setback because I had to ask him to look up a culinary establishment in a “yellow page” that made flan and order it for me. I guess he could have followed through with my command, but he doesn’t have a car and he pleaded that he would have to make four bus transfers just to get there.

Realizing it would take more than three minutes to satisfy my request, I now faced a dire situation: Feel famished until next morrow’s brunch, or settle for creme brulée.

I opted for the latter. Then I vowed to replace my manservant with a broader culinary repertoire. This had a profound impact on me because I learned that one can never depend on the help.

Harvey Stepinsmote Rothschild
Plano Northeast High School

Why I Want to Study Architecture

Experientially, spaces in series have instilled in me a desire of such profundity to master the complexities of structure in flux.

The antecedents of my inspiration apparitioned in the form of a purchasing centriole enchantingly erected from the recherché of Zion, or so it insinuated.

Perhaps it was the choice of native brick materials that struck me, or perhaps it was the gentle flow of synthetic cobblestone paving the transposed, gossamery path to each merchantile’s abode within the loquacious plaza which called to me.

I hope only to express commonalities in my own respective formations of architectural entropies as a University of Texas at Austin academician.
I’m gonna snog Harry Potter

By Margie McKendry
42 YEAR-OLD MISANDRIST NERD

Only six more months ’til that sweet piece of Hogwarts ass is legal. I know all you ladies — and probably a few of you broumqeens out there — have seen my award-winning Daniel Radcliffe Web site, complete with countdown clock and a hot pix gallery. But once that little lighting-head hottie ain’t jailbait, I got news for you: I’m gonna snog the shit outta him.

Like the other day, me and my ladies were throwin’ back some brewskies and makin’ ana-grams out of chapter titles — you know, typical Friday night — when Mr. Me-So-Horny Potter shows up on Conan. So my bud Dana belches and goes, “Hey Margie, I wouldn’t mind play— ing a good game of Quidditch with him, if you be capturing my Golden Snatch!” Ooooh yeah! 

You can bet all the galleons and knuts in your gringott that I got a full round o’ high fives that night.

A few six packs later and shiftaced, we got adventurous. We tried to levitate Dana by doing that “light as a feather, stiff as a board” crap, but I guess she was too fat — probably all those damn pumpkin pasties. So the next logical event for us drunken misandrists was tell— — something about using Harry’ s Nimbus 2000 as more than a broomstick — but it was noth— 

Those Hogwarts’ hussies were as intoxicated by my filthy fantasia as Winky the house elf after Ticklebottom Tavern. Have a look at it — try to contain yourselves! Cast a Self-Coeitus Moonbeams, and it’ s time for another N.E.W.T. (Nastily Exciting Wizarding Test). After he fails his Hipitty-Hongalong Hex, that sexy piece of sorcerer meat falls to his wonky knees, begging for some extra credit. But there’s only one way to pass Professor Moonbeam’s wand handling now: The naughty way. I close the door, unwrap his two-tone scarf and whisper something so dirty, so manky, that all the finicky ficklefoos roll over in their wizzies.

“The Action That Must Not Be Named! But I’ve never done that before!” he cries. Immediately, I see the erotic enchanters’ firm rump nipping for the door, casting a Frocky Smocky Unlocky along the way, but it’s too late. I’ve already put the Curse of Vaseline on the doorknob.

“Harry, don’t be frightened. I’ll be as gentle as a Billy Beatle. If you want to pass my class, we must do You-Know-What.” I pause, seeing he is becoming more comfortable, realizing that within seconds I’ll be ripping off his knickers and appreciating every inch of his wand with the hands of an experienced, older wizard.

I snog his face. He smiles. I pull a Twiddle Twaddle out of my desk. “If you’d like,” I offer, “we can mix in some toys I bought from Holepot’s Owl Emporium.” He takes the TwiddleTwaddle from my hand. We chuff and do the Action That Must Not Be Named until our bodies feel like they’re under a Jelly-Legs Jinx.

But hey, that’s just a fantasy. If I pulled that kinda shit ’round the real Hogwarts I’d be locked up in Azkaban for a good five to ten. Plus, ever since my sassy bitches heard my unmatchable Potter fantasy, they treat me so good — I’m officially off Hogwarts’ Eyeballs duty for our Harry Potterluck nights. So now I really don’t mind waiting’ for Radcliff’s rock—hard wand to turn legal. Looks like until my favorite lust conjurer turns the big one-eight, I’ll have to be content with my ladies, my Web site and my extremely dirty and pornographic imagination.

What a sweet piece of enchanted ass. 

New from Scholasstic, Inc:

Harry Potty and... 

The Gallbladder Stone
The Chamber of Toilets
The Prisoner of Ass-kabob
The Bowel of Fire
The Rest Stop Outside Phoenix
The Half-Blood Stool

Happy Day!

Look! Hey, look at me! I’m a shimmering rainbow! A luminous faerie gliding atop a seerine pond as if on wings of pure ether! Oooh, I love it when people jump on me and splash me all around and splatter my pearlescent visage come to prance about in my glorious, rainy-day sunshine sunsmile glow! Tee-hee, it tickles!

AN OIL SLICK IN A PARKING LOT QUITE JOYFUL

What goes in must come out

Sometimes, while watching my worn VHS of the Tina Turner biopic “What’s Love Got To Do with It,” during the scene where Tina is crying in the Marriott suite after Ike has stormed off during a particularly bad blow-out, and she whimpers to herself, “I feel so used and abused,” I can’t help but cry a little. That’s how I feel when I read your letters page.

PERSONIFICATION NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE

Got questions for us?
Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer:

letters@texasavoresty.com
I can’t believe this incredible idea that I had

By Oscar Pretain
HIGH AS A KITE

This idea I had — it was, it was just amazing.

I was just stabbed in the brain, man.

Like this thought was in another instance of
time. Like little fragments of it were shattered
offand it send ripples across the Universe.

Like 100 Watts, man, flashing across

a conductor … across the filaments of a bulb.
It was some powerful revolution of sheer awe —
in an instant — as it passed across my mind.

It was some powerful revolution of sheer awe —
The feeling of that utter moment of enlightenment.
Like a Buddha. It’s like the mighty Zeus
had etched in the granite of my consciousness:
“You shall know the truth, and the truth shall
make you free.”

Holy shit, man. It’s like my thoughts took
on a material form in front of my eyes. This
whirlwind … whirlwind of particles, they did a
dance. What’s it called? Transubstantiation and
shit? Yeah, that. Whooa.

A chorus blew with certainty; this has to be
right. It was Biblical, man. This feeling of one-

ness in my psyche. Comfortably numb while
trembling with inspiration. Yes.

It’s so trite, but it’s so true. I could almost see
my neurons snap like the spark of a filament
illuminating a bulb. In my eyes. In front of me.
The things just connected, were bridged, like
I’ve never felt before. Like I was a god. My God.
My God?

I almost pissed my pants, this idea was so
good. My fingers shook, trembled, spasmed as
I tried to pick up a pen — to write it all down. I
was paralyzed by awe.

What could this idea mean for the fate of
humanity? Being? Life itself cannot even be
comprehended. What will this do? Who will get
it? What if no one gets it?

I have to share this thought with someone
immediately. If I die in the next few hours
before human contact … it’s all — gone. Gone?

What is gone? Time goes on with my thoughts
somewhere? In another parallel time? My god,
that’s brilliant…

I know you’re studying, but try to check in with us

By Your Mom
DESPERATE

Hey there Sweetie, remember me? It’s your mom!
No, no, honey, don’t start making excuses.
This isn’t meant to make you feel guilty.

I know how busy you are this time of
the semester, what with school starting
and all. Never mind an old woman who
has this empty house all to herself. I just wish I
were as busy and important as you are!

Now, I don’t mean to make you feel bad, but
do you still have all those stamps and station-
ary I bought you? I know your hands must be
tired from taking so many notes in class. I don’t
expect you to have any energy left over to scribb-
le out a few lines to the woman who nursed
you through the measles, strep throat and
chicken pox. You just focus on your grades! Just
because I got pregnant with you and couldn’t
graduate from college on time doesn’t mean
you let me get in the way of your studies! I sure
would hate for something like that to haunt you
for the rest of your days.

Did you remember to call Nana on her
birthday? I’m sure that you have enough to
memorize without some old lady’s hundredth
birthday to boot. I just wanted to tell you not to
bother calling now; she’s in the hospital and on
dialysis. Besides, I know you have novels to read
for that English class.

Isn’t technology amazing these days? I think
it’s so wonderful that your aunt and I can e-
mail back in forth. But don’t worry, darling. I
don’t expect you to respond to the ramblings
of a woman who carried you for almost 10
months — I’m sure your inbox is already
flooded with important invitations to honor societies
and the like! Did I ever tell you how fat I got
during that pregnancy? And how maternity
leave cost me that job as a secretary? I never did
get back down to a size 6 after you were born,
you know.

Your father did ask me to tell you “hi” and to
ask that you let him know if he is sending enough
allowance for rent and all each month. Do you
still need that extra hundred for books? We’re
so proud of how responsible you are — so many
other kids might have just blown that money
on beer and pizza par-
ties.

We really wish you could
come home more often.
Certainly wouldn’t
want that BMW we
bought you for
graduation to sit around
unused. Of course, we
aren’t trying to
guilt you into
c o m i n g home; I’m
sure you’re just trying
tonot to waste
money on
gas.

Well, I
sup-pose
that’s all
for
now, and
besides,
my
ten-
nis elbow
is starting
to flare up.
Put that on
top of the surgery next month and this could
be a tough couple of months for me. But I don’t
want you to think about that sort of thing,
sweetie. You just keep your head in those books
where it belongs.

Your father and I won’t be around forever
though; you know, so try and call once in a
while in between tests. Love you.

18 • NEWS
A greeting card can be the perfect bridge builder. That special birthday boy, married mother-of-two or recently-circumcised baby is thrilled to know that you think enough of them to spend your pennies on a generalized, excessively sappy piece of cardboard. But real people have real-life problems that require just the right, real-world words. Finally, the Travesty brings you some greeting cards you can actually use. What? This joke has never been made before.
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