



HAVING FLEETING DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR SINCE 1997

TEXAS **TRAVESTY**

SEPTEMBER 2005

Yank!

Shake!

# The Bullies of freshman terror

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-ONS:** dominating, tight ends, going long, swirlies, neck rolls, pocket protectors (seen, not worn), creed; not being gay, artistic or a sissy  
**TURN-OFFS:** wet towels, soccer, torn ACLs, helmet hair, self esteem, referees, pinstripes, independent thought, jock itch, operating without a game plan, athlete's foot  
**MOTTO:** "No pain, no gain, you stupid pussy."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Kristin Hillery  
 MANAGING EDITOR JJ Hermes  
 DESIGN DIRECTOR David Strauss  
 ASSOCIATE EDITORS Elizabeth Barksdale  
 Kathryn Edwards  
 Chanice Jan  
 Ryan B. Martinez  
 Todd Nienkerk  
 WRITING STAFF Mike Faerber  
 Sara Kanewske  
 Todd Mein  
 Jill Morris  
 John Roper  
 Laura Schulman  
 Stephen Short  
 Christie Young  
 COPY CHIEF Stephanie Bates  
 DESIGN STAFF Dayna Conklin  
 Ryan Flores  
 Adam Shackleton  
 TJ Sharp  
 Samantha Soper  
 Christina Vara  
 ADVERTISING Erica Grundish  
 PUBLICITY Stan Babbitt  
 DISTRIBUTION Bradley Jackson  
 WEBMASTER Mike Kantor  
 ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANTS Sandy Arriaga  
 Zack Claxton  
 Lesley Dixon  
 Emily Gabitzsch  
 Jen Goldstein  
 Travis Henning  
 Kelsey Lamb  
 Garrett Rowe

**CONTACT**  
 PHONE (512) 471-7898  
 EMAIL letters@texasravesty.com  
 WEB www.texasravesty.com  
 MAIL Texas Travesty • UT Austin  
 P.O. Box D • Austin, TX 78713

**EDITORS EMERITUS**  
 Kevin Butler Trevor Rosen  
 1997 2001-2003  
 Brad Butler Todd Nienkerk  
 1997-2000 2003-2005  
 Ben Stroud  
 2000-2001

**LEGALESE**  
 The Texas Travesty is the student humor publication at the University of Texas at Austin, published monthly by the permanent and contributing staff. The Travesty is a work of (hopefully) humorous fiction. Except where public figures are involved, characters are not based on any real person. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is coincidental. The views expressed in the Travesty do not reflect the views of Texas Student Publications, the University of Texas at Austin or pretty much anyone. All material printed is property of the Travesty. The Texas Travesty is not intended for readers under 18 years of age, regardless of the pretty pictures.

**SHOUT OUTZ TO...**  
 Karaoke; robotic cats; backing out; racing period; free [adult swim] posters; a locker full of Travis; David's shit in the fridge; extra undies; dead roaches; smart girls 2K5; vainillas; SOKP; visiting glass in the basement; BYOB; ripping off places; making signs; former Internet boyfriends; phoning in funny; Kingdom of Loathing; a lot of new people and a lot of names I don't remember; a relatively clean basement; different music; falling down in front of people; "quitting" jobs; Beethoven, not his 5th; getting in trouble at the strip club; Sam's bachelorette party; FOOD; too many anal rape jokes; missing Nintendo; the mysteries of pi; awkward waiters at Mongolian restaurants; Lo Mein dumping popcorn on idiots; drunk UT fans; unidentifiable sources of cuts and bruises; shitty music; Travesty balls; gleeeking; Asshat; finding something for David to do; go Junior; go Senior; Camp Care; shirts that have all 43 presidents on them; people not on staff in the basement for prolonged periods of time; Toddcasts; expensive props; pocket protectors

## around campus

- **While debating a hair-thin point** in a seminar class that counts toward his fourth consecutive master's, a graduate student will pause to re-word.
- **Every senior** has a bigger cock than yours.
- **Your high-minded friends**, who trifle not with matters of the mere physical, will feel betrayed by your deep summer tan.
- **Nose pickers** have fooled no one.
- **Construction during class** will be disruptive to your game of cell-phone Tetris.
- **English literature professors** can't wear their tweed jackets with elbow pads in this heat.

- **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 of chance 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.

## in this issue VOLUME 8 • ISSUE 1 SEPTEMBER 2005

### FEATURES

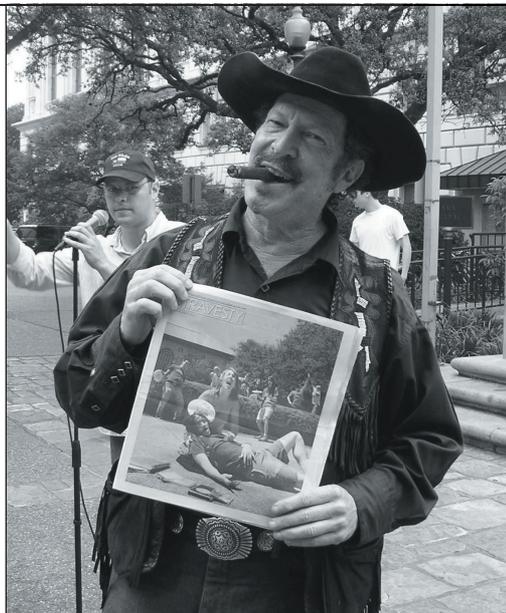
- 2 Ten ways to avoid eye contact after sex; a house made of toast
- 4 The Rip Taylor page (caution: this page will make you choke on confetti)
- 5 Call your attorney now; reasons not to wear flannel; shoe horns
- <P> Sticks and stones may break my bones but workmen's compensation will reimburse me; circle, circle, dot, dot, policemen found my stash of pot; these and more in Motha G's Nursery Rhymez Vol. I
- 78 The meaning of life and a how-to on ending it

### NEWS

- 78b Mourning doves lash out: penquins are only monogamous birds for one mating season!
- Princess-Mario split leaves Mushroom Kingdom reeling
- 3x Look at the car, not the scantily-clad slut on the hood
- 1/2 So you want to argue poetry, do you? I'm an English major, and I can take you to town about this and only this, so watch my face get red while I do it
- 1973 Emus are superior to ostriches
- F12 Hotcakes, flapjacks, and how evil interlocking waffles ripped them apart

### OPINION

- 900 Flippity dippity ding dong, bok choy and you; toobers eating tubers for cold, hard cash
- 38+ Nothing has ever felt this way before; race riots between white, green, and black teas; figeters make the best lovers
- 8=> Wallpapering your new place with toilet paper and hope; lots and lots of nougat; filibustering is for losers with great bladder control
- 2015 Robot does the human, draws critical acclaim from choreographer
- Z3 Men at work; women at labor



SEPTEMBER  
2005  
CREDITS

Cover design  
JJ Hermes

Rejected Essays  
Samantha Soper (layout)

Lindsay Lohan Doll  
Adam Shackleton

Greeting Cards  
JJ Hermes (layout)

Fashion  
JJ Hermes (photo)  
Samantha Soper (layout)  
Christina Vara (layout)  
Joan Rivers (living corpse)

Jeff Goldblum  
Christina Vara (layout)

Centerspread  
Todd Nienkerk

Pale Visage  
Macaulay Culkin

Illustrations  
Dayna Conklin  
Ryan Flores  
Travis Henning  
JJ Hermes  
Mike Kantor  
Todd Nienkerk  
Adam Shackleton

TJ Sharp  
Samantha Soper  
David Strauss  
Christina Vara

Ad sales  
Erica Grundish  
Chanice Jan

Contributing Writer  
Camden Gilman

Models  
Parth Geji  
Keegan Hernandez  
Stephen Price  
Austin Sears

Cover models  
Edward Coles  
John Pulliam  
Travis Henning

Geometric Shapes  
Trapezoid  
Rhombus

# 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 fair 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 Joran van der Sloot, the Dutchman who I've already decided killed Natalee, went free? Why hasn't anyone said anything about that?"

FOX  
Newswire

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, lost loved ones and governmental failure, is a cynical foray into sensationalism that distracts viewers from larger, more impacting issues.

"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 Stratten. "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 not 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



■ "When I saw the hurricane, my first instinct was, 'Buy gas futures!'"

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 stewing in dirty water, urine and feces, watching their grandparents die in front of them, feeling starvation and hopelessness gnaw away 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 suspender, 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 Bucket" containing a shower tote, popcorn medley 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 Tiki 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



■ Have you read the latest *Daedalus*? No? Maybe you should move out of the basement.

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 handed 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 sleezeball 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.

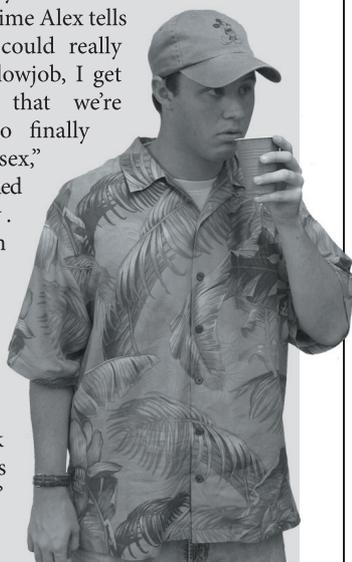
Tearfully gazing at "Kevin's Corner," a shrine above the mantle showcasing pictures, bronzed baby shoes and the mum he wore to homecoming, Mrs. Beeman sniveled: "I told him to drop by anytime to do laundry or eat. Beeman Bucks are always accepted here."

## Virgin drinks, won't have sex on the beach

SAN DIEGO — Last Saturday evening, 21-year-old virgin Alex Triphorn drank a Sex on the Beach, a cocktail made of vodka and fruit juice, but was too intoxicated to respond to girlfriend Janice Perry's attempts to initiate intercourse during a Mission Beach sunset. Though Triphorn and Perry have been dating for five years, the only Buttery Nipples or Red-Headed Sluts Triphorn has allowed in his mouth have been the alcoholic drinks by those names.

"Every time Alex tells me he could really use a Blowjob, I get excited that we're going to finally have sex,"

complained Perry. "But then he just ends up doing shots of it until he's toodrunk to get his wood up."



# 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 duwatt et, woow.' 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 side-tracked by hours of playing *Everquest*; songs were left unfinished at two



■ Closets are great for storing wanton hate.

or three verses.

He was never able to sing over his playing, so he would invite friends to sing over his frequent C-A-G progressions.

"We only wrote a couple of songs," said Harmon, a government junior and high school friend. "Most of them were about diarrhea or necrophilia. We would have been called The

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?"

# Engagement ring costs arm, leg

## Diamond a symbol of love, commitment, horrific brutality

Chanice Jan  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HARTFORD, CT — After a romantic dinner, 26-year-old Josh Wilson proposed to girlfriend Melanie Grabel with a sparkling, three-carat diamond engagement ring, causing her eyes to light up with the kind of joy that someone like Angolan diamond miner Azekel Kimuezo may never experience in his miserable, war-torn life.

Wilson and Grabel met in college, a fact that Kimuezo would not understand, since his life of poverty has not afforded him any formal education. The couple dated for six years, which is how old Kimuezo was when he began working in the diamond mine near the village where he was born.

After deciding he would ask Grabel to marry him, Wilson spent a full week anxiously looking for the perfect engagement ring. After days of what he described as “pure agony,” Wilson finally decided on a three-carat, pear-cut design.

Kimuezo, too, knows what it feels like to be anxious. The violent rebel army that controls the mine where he works will sometimes hack off the limbs of workers suspected of stealing diamonds, a practice known to some as “hobbling.”

“Eesh,” Wilson grimaced when he was informed of the final price of the diamond he selected. “Guess they weren’t kidding about the two months’ salary thing. This diamond is going to cost me an arm and a leg!”

Kimuezo experienced a similar shock, when after a full day of mining, he discovered that he was still short of his quota. “Mercy, please, I must work faster. I must meet quota, I do not want to be accused of stealing. I do not want these diamonds to cost me my arm or my leg.”

Ever the considerate gentleman, Wilson even kept up the tradition of asking his intended’s father for permission to marry her, a tactic Kimuezo might have used himself if his father-in-law hadn’t been killed by stray guerilla gunfire a week before Kimuezo and his wife were married.

Josh is a caring, intelligent young man,” said Hank Grabel, Melanie’s father, who didn’t hesitate with his blessing. “I think he will make Mel very happy. I would gladly let him take my daughter’s hand.”

On the big night, Wilson treated Grabel to a decadent steak dinner that could have fed Kimuezo’s entire starving family of six, then got down on his knees, the way that Kimuezo did when a group of particularly ruthless rebels threatened to mutilate his 6-year-old daughter for spite.

“I threw myself at the feet of those men and desperately begged for mercy,” said Kimuezo. “I could not let them take my daughter’s hand.”

# 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. It’s times like these when he has to remind himself why he started this break-up delivery service in the first place.

Hilling, a business sophomore, developed the idea for a post-relationship delivery service after going through a particularly devastating break up with his long-term 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 rebound 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,”



■ Deliverance. Like the movie. Shut up.

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.’”

## President institutes 800 number for reasons for remaining in Iraq

WASHINGTON, D.C. — President Bush announced today that he is initiating an 800 number that Americans can call any time of the day or night for justification of our ongoing military presence in Iraq. The hotline will feature several recordings of the president explaining his reasoning as to why withdrawal from Iraq is unwise at the current time. When an American dials 1-800-WORTH IT, they will hear a soothing recording of President Bush reciting a list of options, including “Press 1 to hear why today’s losses are worth it” and “Press 3 to hear me say ‘We will never forget the Americans who died on Sept. 11. God bless America.’” Some are already hooked. “I find the 800 number reassuring and convenient,” said hotline test user Gabe McCowleron. “I try not to accidentally push 0, though,” McCowleron added, explaining that this option leads to a rather tinny recording of John Ashcroft’s “Let the Eagle Soar” while the caller waits for operator assistance.

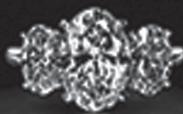
## Senior surprised course fees at ACC don’t cover passing grade

CAMPUS — After skipping 75 percent of the classes for his U.S. History course at Austin Community College, senior Allen Michaels was outraged to learn he had failed the course. “How could that asshole flunk me?” asked Michaels. “Doesn’t he know he teaches at a community college? It’s not like its fucking Harvard.” Michaels made the decision to take his history course at a community college under the common assumption that it would be significantly easier and cheaper than taking it at UT. Michaels grabbed another beer and continued, “I’m an electrical engineering major; why do I even need to learn this? I can’t believe I wasted my summer at that stupid school. My dad’s gonna be pissed if he has to pay for me to take that class again.”

## Elderly couple said to have lost respect for new cat

DALLAS — Within three days of George and Alice Fuller’s adoption of Mortimer the cat from Crittertown, retired WWII veteran George confessed he had “no respect for that useless ball of fur.” On first arrival to the Fuller’s loving home, George realized that Mortimer “didn’t even deserve to be in the same Goddamn room” as his purple heart, owing to the fact that pet was “cowering and peeing under the bed like a total pussy.” Other offenses included licking Alice’s sunspots, interrupting CSI and waking the couple up at 8:30 p.m. While trying to figure out how to respond to an e-mail, Alice sighed and admitted, “Most days, I just wish it was Mortimer who would have ended up underneath the tires of that gosh-durn pick-up truck, instead of our precious Bandit.” George finished his third nightcap, looked at Mortimer and added, “You mean nothing to me.”

YOU CAN'T  
SPELL  
'HOBBLING'  
WITHOUT  
'BLING'



DA BEERS

■ Losing a hand is forever.

## 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 Alderberwitz, 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 inscrutable 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



■ Gaze not into the abyss, lest it gaze into you.

and his vacant blue-green eyes — which never stay the same color for long — have created fissions within political groups, both conservative and liberal.

"Frankly, I don't trust him," said Danielle Drake, a Washington lobbyist for Planned Parenthood. "In 1991, acting as a lawyer, he stood before the Supreme Court and said *Roe v. Wade* should be overruled. But Gina, the secretary of 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 sus-

pects he's a pro-choicer 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 APA's 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, given a set of precedents by which to understand them."

When asked if that means he dissents with the APA's decision, he replied: "Well, I didn't say *that*."

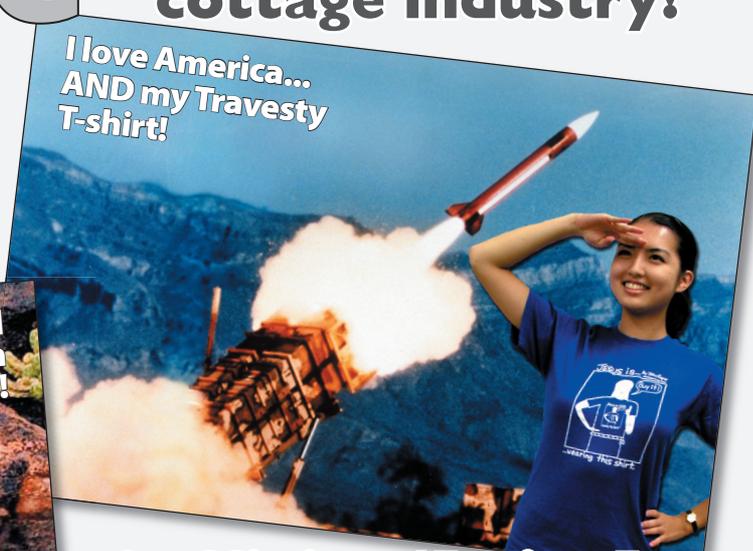
THE TEXAS  
TRAVESTY

# More than a magazine ...It's a merchandising cottage industry!

I'm a fashionable young man!



I love America... AND my Travesty T-shirt!



This hip T-shirt will protect me from injury!



## Sufficiently jealous?

Pick up your own official  
Travesty merch at

# CMC 3-200

(That's on campus, Freshman)

# Your cell block newsletter

**Huntertown Penitentiary Newsletter**  
 September 2005  
 Volume 1, Issue 4



## 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).  
 -Edgar

## MANNY MANHOLE'S TIPS 4 NEW INMATES

- Don't tell people you're innocent unless you enjoy bleeding profusely from the head.
- Riot nights are every other Thursday; pick out your guard early.
- You're only someone's bitch if you believe you are.
- If you kill a cellmate, that doesn't necessarily mean you get his stuff.
- Anything can be turned into a weapon.
- Finding Jesus and being born again will NOT get you out early — movie myth!
- Follow your heart.

## 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



## 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. Wilst thou escape with me? No seriously, I have a tunnel. - B.B.  
 CELL D7: You're gonna die tonight. - Y. C.

## Club Meetings:

Interact Club - Tues. 8pm, Mess hall  
 Free Tibet Now - Wed. 10:30am, Yard  
 Meg Ryan Fan Society - Thurs. 2pm, Corridor 3B

Next month:  
 Sadie Hawkins  
 Dance with Smithville  
 Women's Correctional Facility



## Guess what left this scar?



Find out next month!

## 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!

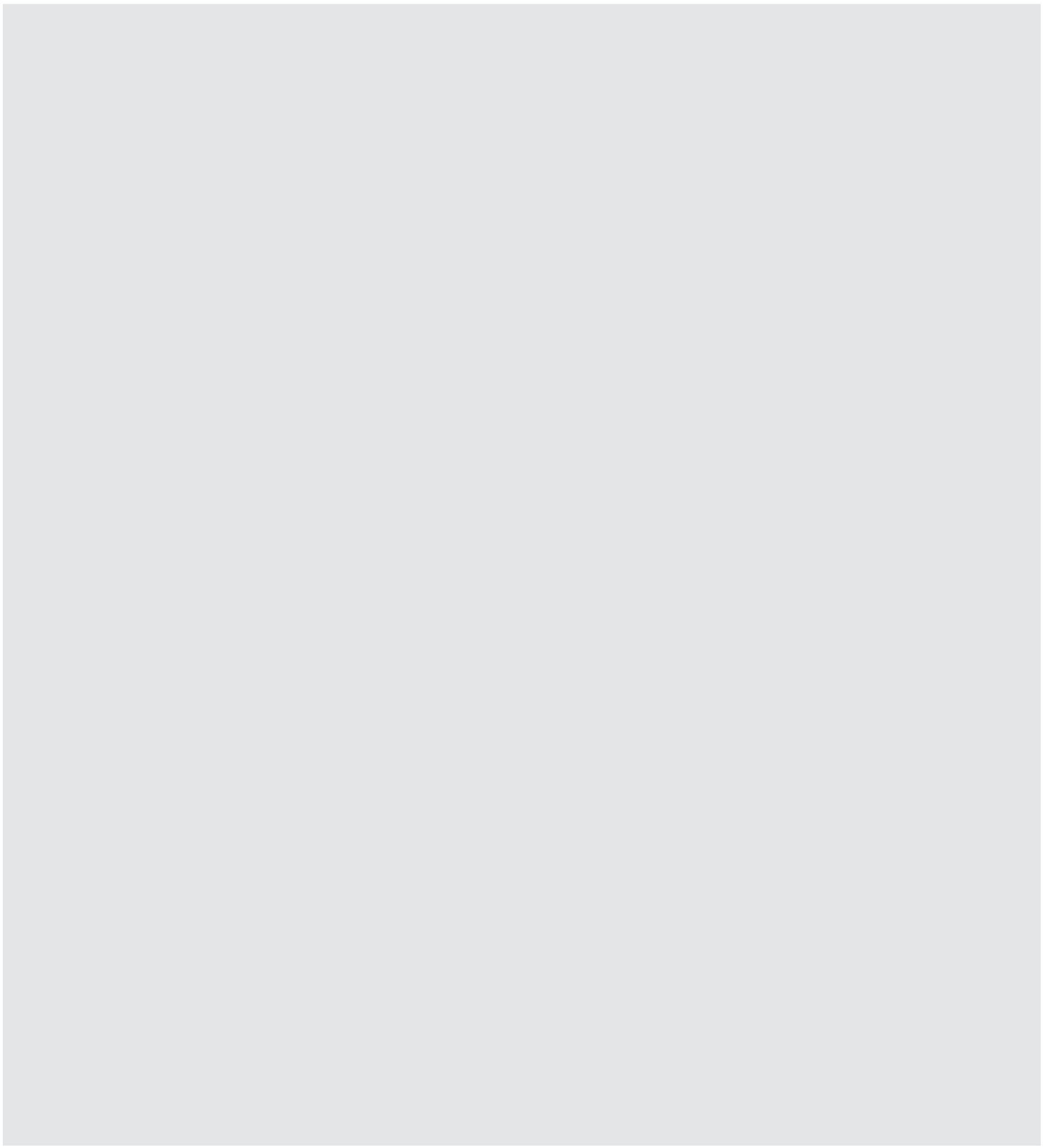
What's another name for lethal injection?  
 The easy way out!

A guy walks into a bar and shoots the bartender.  
 Where does he go afterwards? To jail — then hell!

Why do jails use guard dogs?  
 Because pussy ain't allowed!

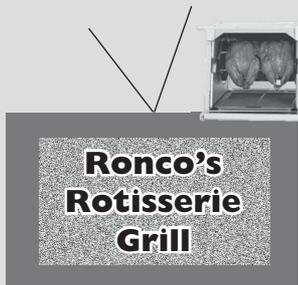
Knock, knock. Who's there? Nobody.  
 Nobody who? Nobody's coming to visit you. Seriously.





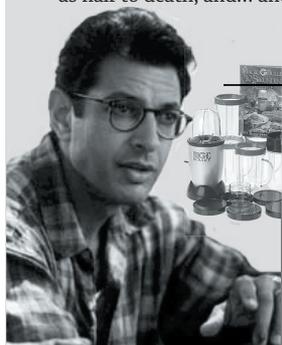
# Jeff Goldblum

Yes, yes. A valuable addition to any kitchen. Right. Yes. Set it and forget it? And... give up a little *responsibility* to the, uh, machines—is that it? Of course. Life's a little easier when it's harder to burn your chicken... with all the rotating and the heat... dispersion. But, but... I digress, yes, and see... with less... respons... ibility... comes less... control. We set it and forget it and... and the whole world rotates around a 200-pound metal *inferno*... so when the wheels come off this thing, we don't know what to do, and we'll be... eating dinner at three in the morning, and we'll... we'll set our watches by... by the speed of the thing's motor, and fucking *dinosaurs* will maul us half to death, and... and... there you have it.



**Ronco's Rotisserie Grill**

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.



**Magic Bullet**

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.



**MaxiGlide Hair Straightener**



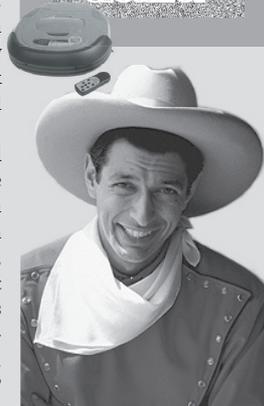
# Responds to infomercials



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*?



**Robotic vacuum cleaner**



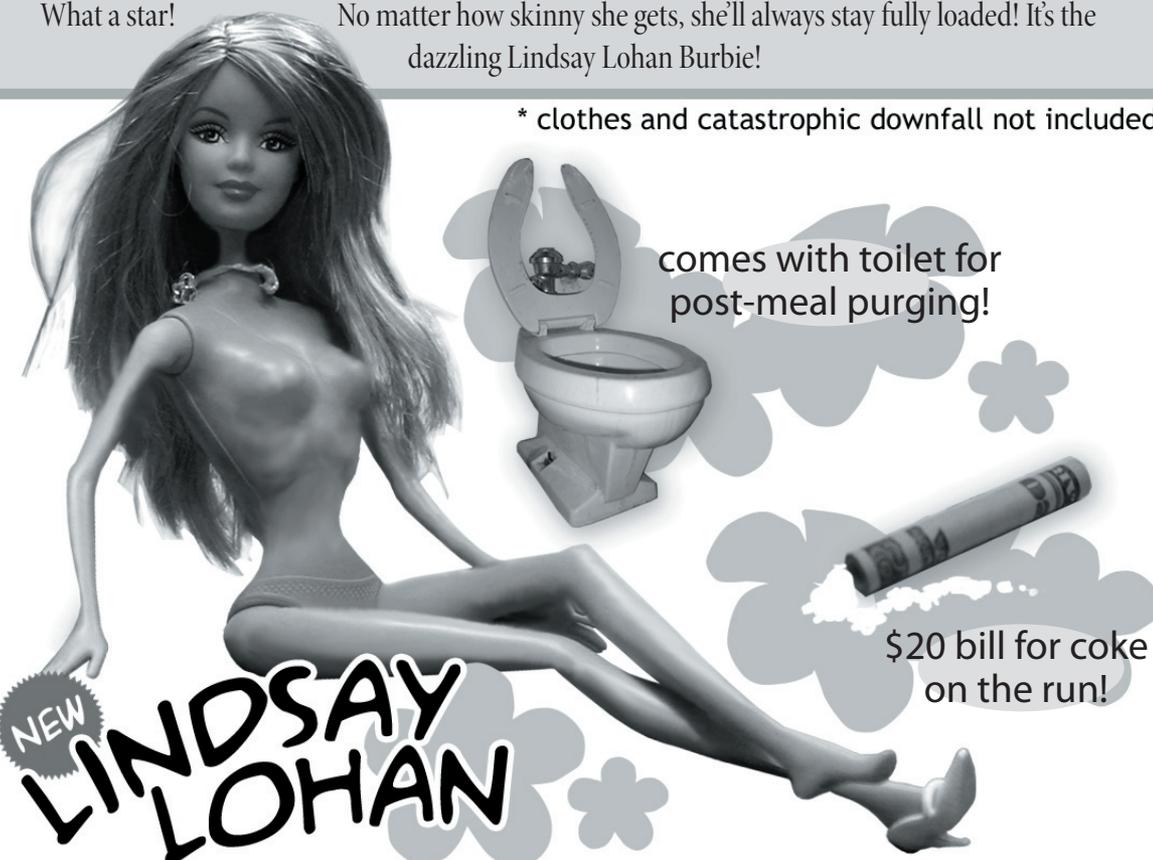
## Pharmacist pick-up lines

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



comes with toilet for post-meal purging!

\$20 bill for coke on the run!

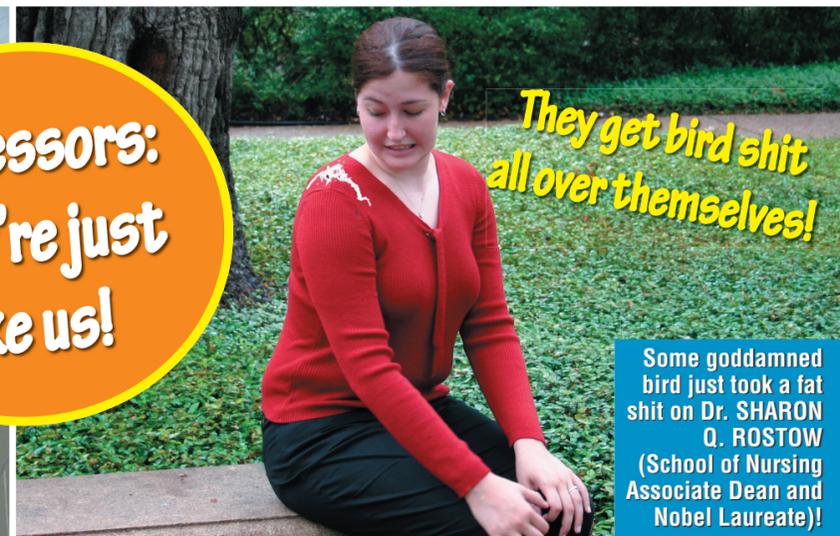
NEW LINDSAY LOHAN



They go to the bathroom!

Professors: They're just like us!

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



They get bird shit all over themselves!

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



They chain-smoke!

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



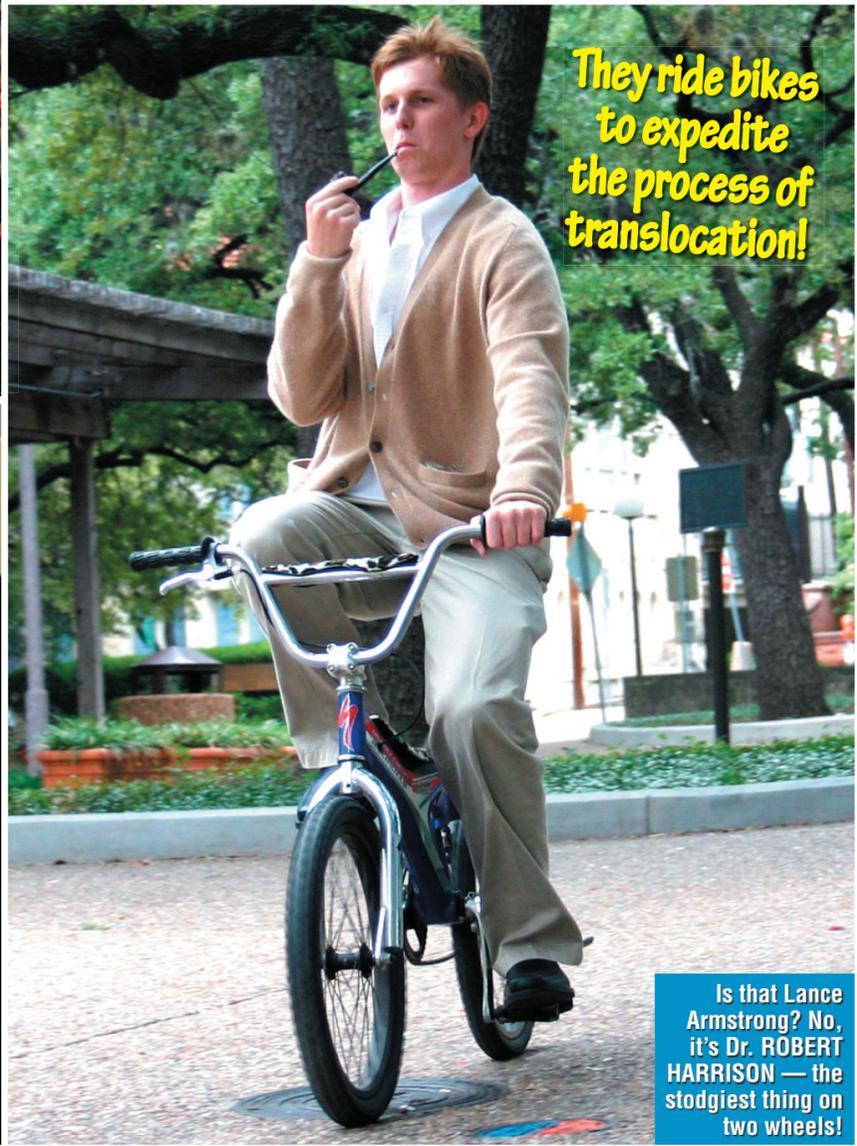
They comparison shop hair products!

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



They forget to bring their umbrellas!

Looks like Distinguished Professor of Mathematics Dr. ELIZABETH DANIELS-MCGOVERN O'SCHWARTZBAUM will be soaking wet... with shame!



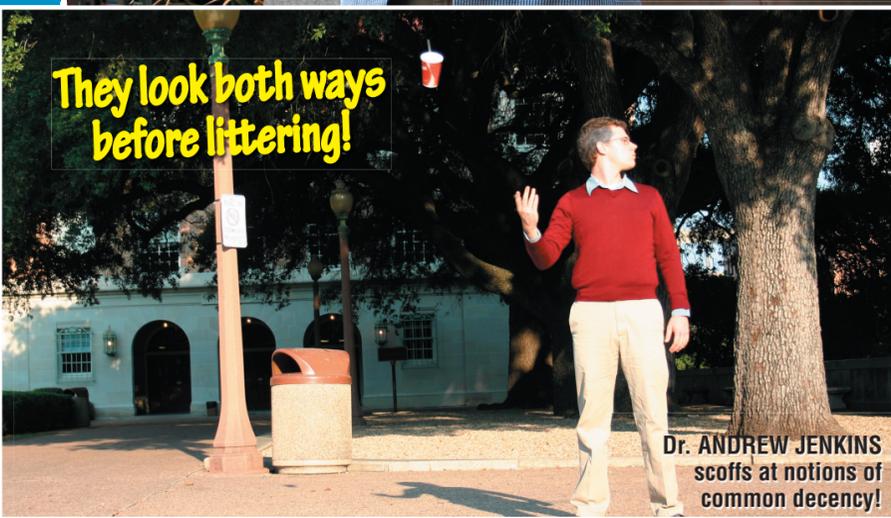
They ride bikes to expedite the process of translocation!

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



They check out their reflections in the UGL windows!

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



They look both ways before littering!

Dr. ANDREW JENKINS scoffs at notions of common decency!



They stuff socks in their pants!

Dr. MICHAEL R. NEILMEYERS needs a self-esteem boost before his lecture on seventeenth-century economic models!

# 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

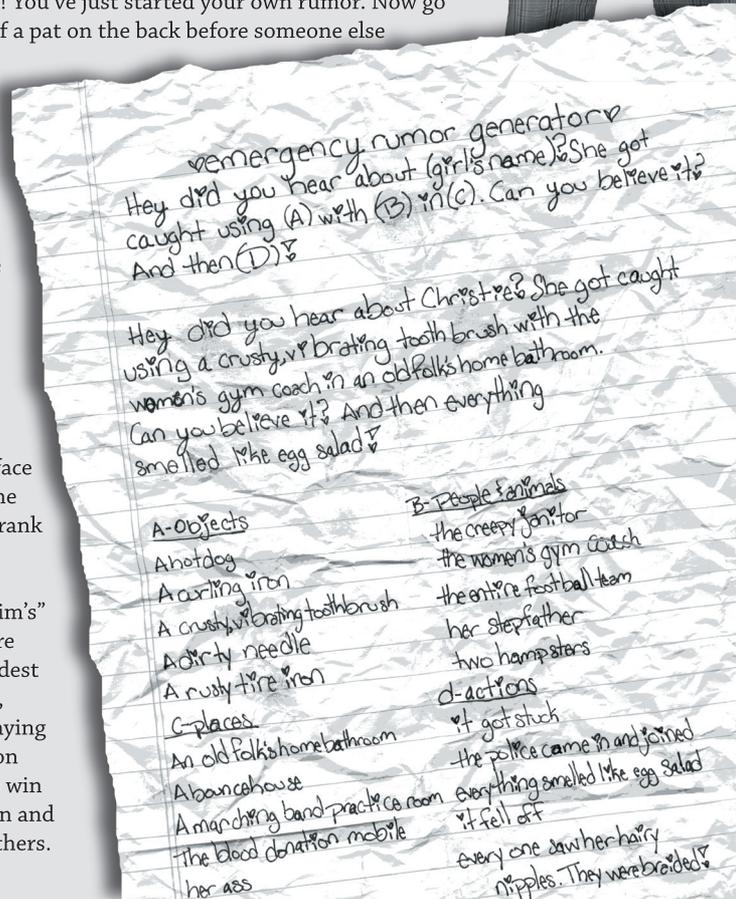
1. Give it some time. It can take up to 72 hours to destroy someone's life.
2. Avoid consoling the victim at all costs. You don't want your friends to think you sympathize with "that girl who deep throated a lit Bunsen burner for tickets to Dave Mathews and two bucks."

## 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.



# 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 21<sup>st</sup> 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: "free-balling 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 some. I could feel the wind begin to punish my package. Soon enough, my dick is practically flying all over the place, and it's all small from being pounded from the wind. The instructor was laughing her head off! But somehow, by the time we landed, I'd grown a huge boner. Worst of all, I'd paid to have the whole thing videotaped, so my embarrassment and my *gigantic* manhood were both caught on film!

**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, health-care 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 dumbass 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-tronic 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 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 themselves to sleep. I know I did.

**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 and *Spongebob* patches across the street. 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!



# horoscopes

Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

## Aries

(MARCH 21 - APRIL 19)

Life is measured not by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away. Try to focus on this every time your wife attempts to suffocate you in your sleep.



## Taurus

(APRIL 20 - MAY 20)

Your parents always told you to follow your heart, but your heart always told you to listen to your brain. The truth: no one wants to talk to you.



## Gemini

(MAY 21 - JUNE 21)

Usually, you and your conscience are bff, but admitting you found *Dukes of Hazzard* both intelligent and inspiring will divide your brain into warring factions.

## Cancer

(JUNE 22 - JULY 22)

Go crazy this month — this is your time to let loose! It's not like they've overturned *Roe v. Wade* yet.



## Leo

(JULY 23 - AUGUST 22)

Sick of conforming, you decide to go instead where there is no path. Later, park rangers will comment how they didn't know jackrabbits had a taste for human flesh.



## Virgo

(AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22)

A professor will chastise you unnecessarily in class. Don't fight back, just keep your head and remember that he's been dead inside for longer than you've been alive.

## Libra

(SEPTEMBER 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 childhood 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."

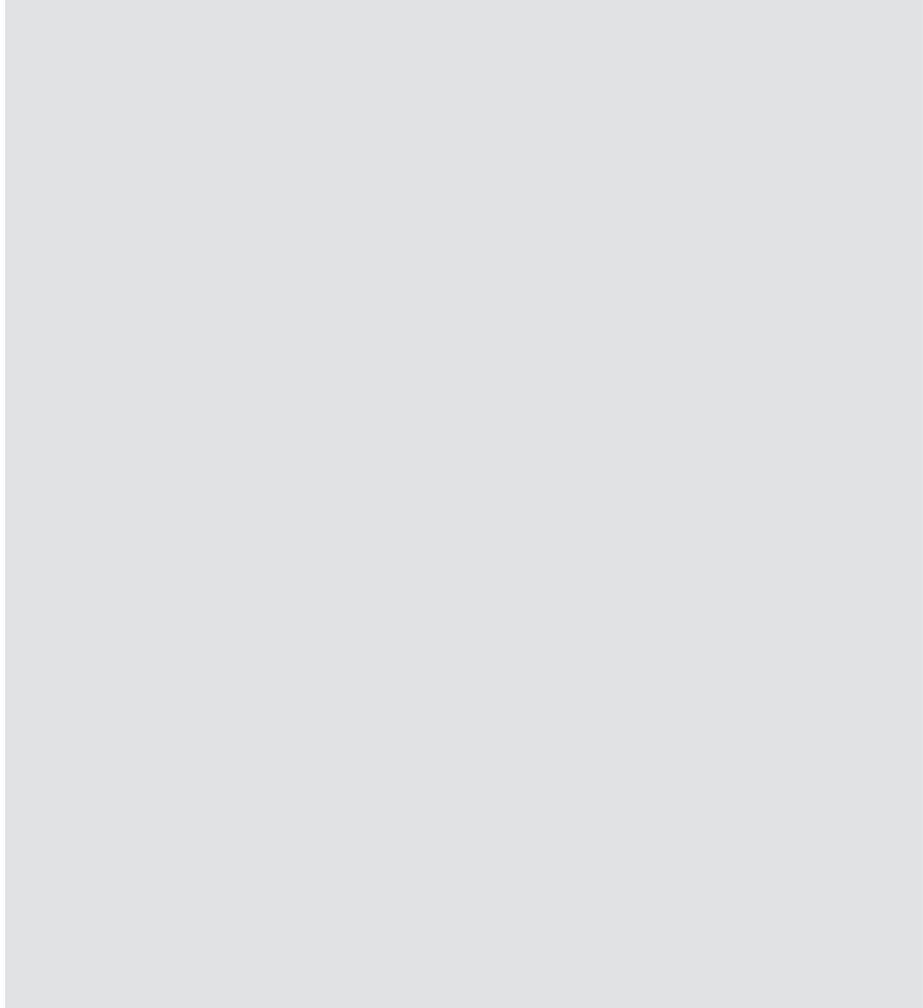
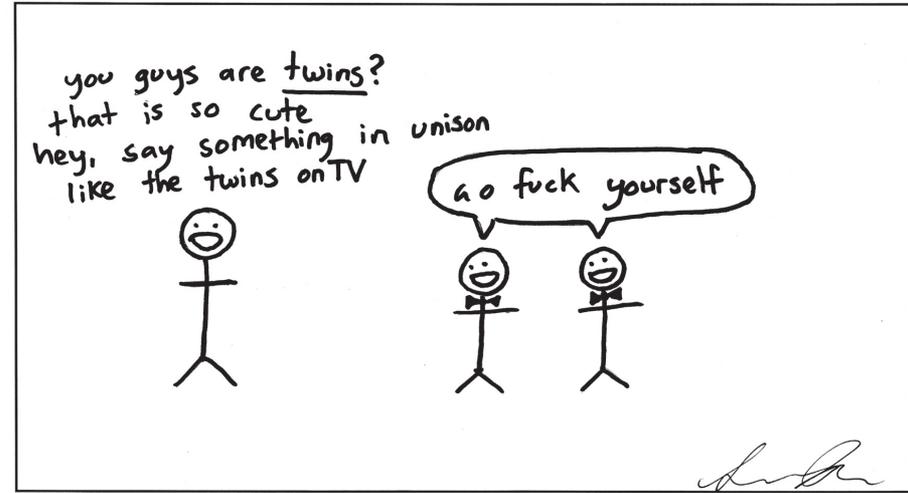
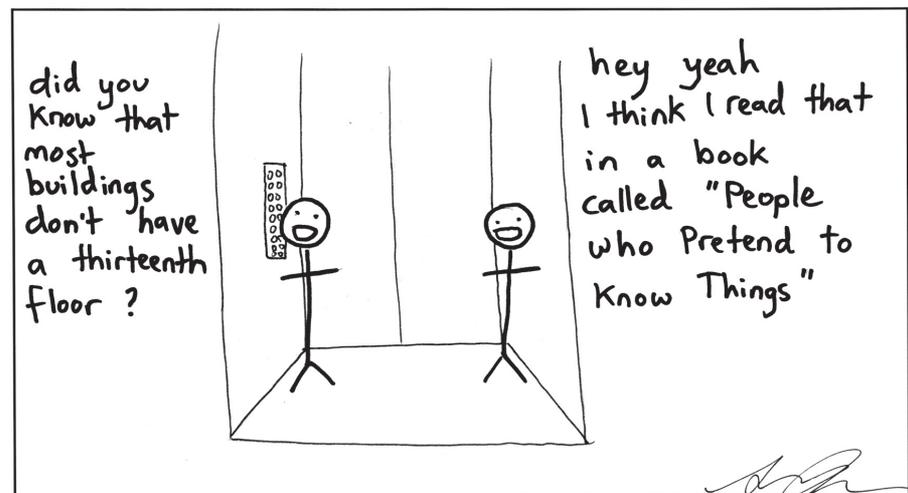
# Back to School Style



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

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

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



JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



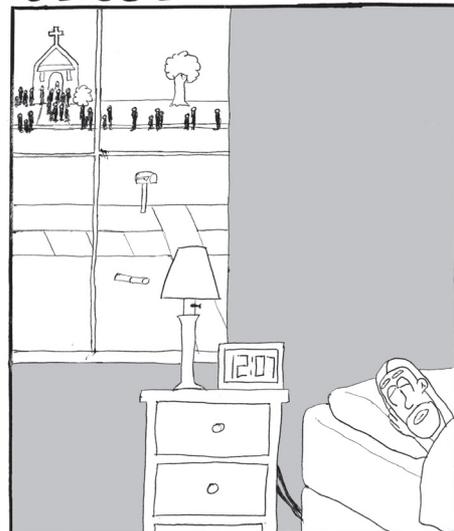
... as Jesus does.

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



... yawning or yelling or something.

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



... not practicing.

# ask mr. popular

Gill J. McGillicutty  
Campus Debonair



**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 Xanax/ Night Train bender!"

**Step 3** Use awkward language to juxtapose your current setting.

**Example** While at a rap concert, say (in a duck 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-crust 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.

## C'mon, use me!

By Your Resume  
CODEPENDENT



Well hey there, stranger.

Haven't seen you around here in a while. So you're finally going to pay some attention to lil' ol' me, huh? What have you been up to? I can't wait to hear what

you've been up to. Oh ... another fast-food job, slightly above minimum wage. Well, maybe this time you can break into management. Oh, you've already quit. Three whole weeks; I suppose you aren't going to be able to use this boss as a reference either, are you?

Look, I don't know why you're ruining your potential — our potential — by acting this way. I could be so good for you, if you'd only put more effort into our relationship. All I want to do is tell everyone how wonderful you are, but you're really not giving me much reason to be proud of you. I mean, remember when you moved to a different address and didn't even let me in on it for six months? I felt completely abandoned. If you don't update me on those little basic things, how am I ever supposed to make a future for you?

Hey! Don't walk away from me again. Sometimes I think you hate to even look at me. Why is that? Remember when we first met? I don't understand what happened; you used to lavish me with so much attention. We'd spend hours talking about you being the treasurer of your high school tennis club and a student council representative. Hell, I was the first one you told when you made drum major! You rushed right home to tell me. We were both so happy that day, remember? Back then, I felt like we could really depend on each other. You were my reason for existing, and I lived only to sing your praises. But that's all changed now, I guess.

You hardly ever want to see me anymore, and when you do tell me anything, it's only to bitch about bad stuff. Your GPA's falling, you got another crappy job you hate, and that internship didn't give you any marketable skills. You're doing this to yourself, you know. It's not my fault. And even after all this bullshit, I still want to help you. I try to suggest that you volunteer at a soup kitchen, join some clubs, something. I think that would help you. If you and I had a better relationship, you could impress employers with a variety of skills and experience that would make you an obvious asset to any firm or corporation. But no. You don't want to listen to me anymore.

Okay, fine, walk out on me again! You know every time you do that, you drive another bullet through my heart. But you'll be back. You can't stay away forever. I'm not giving up on you, yet. I know you'll make something out of yourself one of these days, and I'll be here. Just remember one thing, baby. You need me as much as I need you.

Former jobs held by our **FEMA** chief:

- Lawyer
- Treasurer, Rip Torn Fan Club
- President, Arabian Horse Association
- Historian, Men for Manatees Club
- Screenwriter, *Pluto Nash*
- Provost, Landfield Clown College
- Civil War re-enactor
- Mailing List Member, *Creed4Life*
- Captian, Surveyors of New England Golf Courses Society
- Charter Member, Association of Owners of Ming Vases and Procurers of Rare Objects
- Beekeeper
- Villiage Idiot

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; it was so romantic. We had been talking about poetry, in class that day we were going out for about a month so I was wondering if 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 I 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.

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.

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, yearbook editor, champion elephant trainer, Future Farmer of America, model United Nations participant, lead in our school production of Footloose, Junior Kite Flyer Society, perfect attendance award recipient, prom committee chair, debutante escort, Meals on Wheels deliverer, PALS member, Students Against Violating the Earth's Treasures president, air guitar enthusiast, 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.

We rummaged through the dumpster next to the Tower in hopes of finding anything lucrative. Beneath the singed hundred-dollar bills, high-society wedding invitations and broken monocles, we found the ultimate buried treasure:

# Rejected Admissions Essays

Harold Winston James Edmund IX  
Worcestershire 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 Stepinstone Rothschild  
Plano Northeast High School

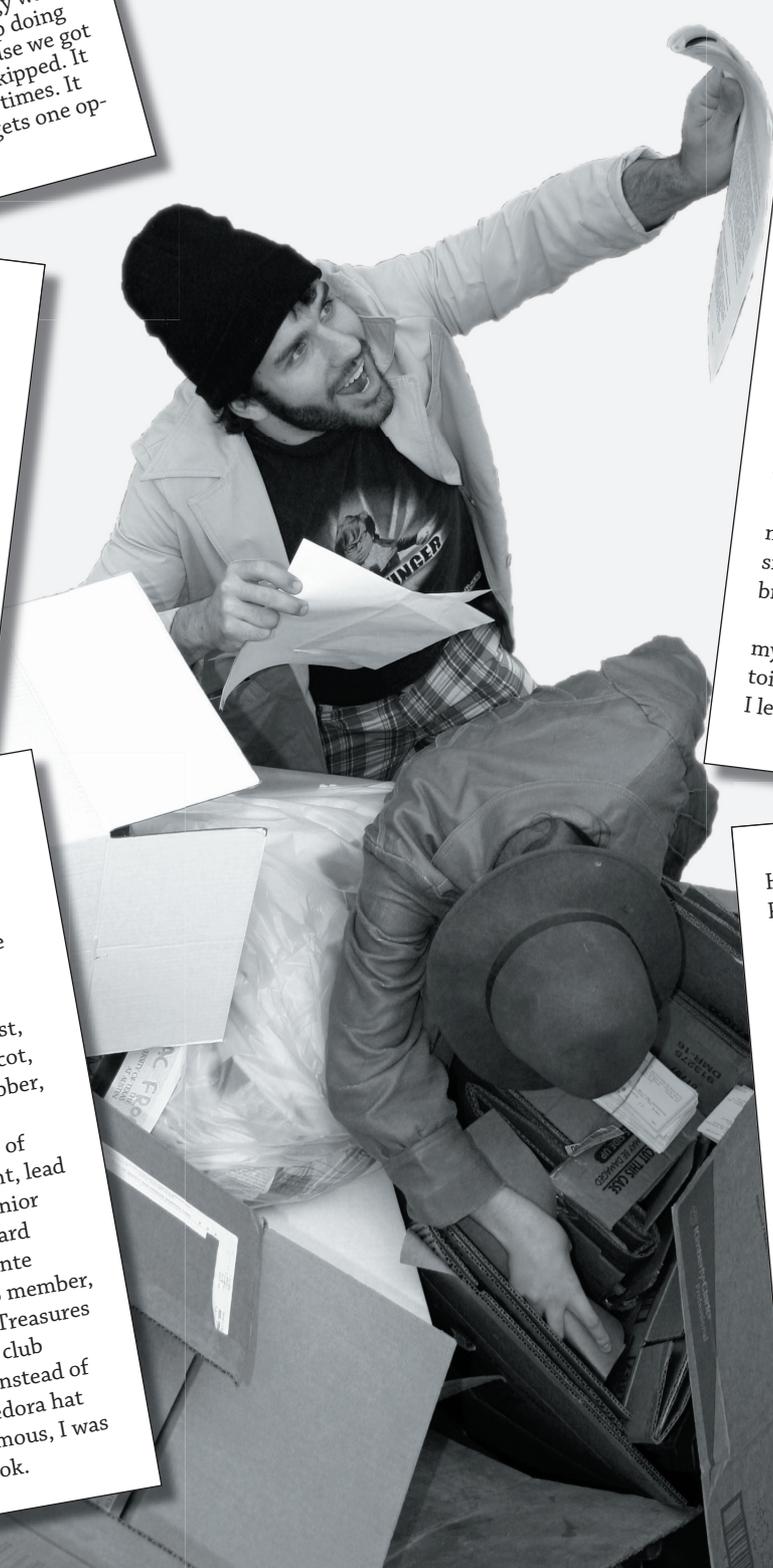
### Why I Want to Study Architecture

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 apparition erected from the recherche 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 broomqueens out there — have seen my award-winning Daniel Radcliffe Web site, complete with countdown clock and a hot pix gallery. But once that little lightning-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' anagrams 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 playing a good game of Quidditch with him, if you know what I mean," and I go, "Yeah, me neither. But instead of capturing the Golden Snitch, he'd 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 shitfaced, 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 telling our best dirty HP fantasies. Dana's was ok — something about using Harry's Nimbus 2000 as more than a broomstick — but it was nothing compared to my ultimate Radcliffe vision. Those Hogwarts' hussies were as intoxicated by my filthy fantasia as Winky the house elf after 11 butterbeers from Topopiti's Tillywombat Ticklebottom Tavern. Have a look at it — try to contain yourselves! Cast a Self-Coeitus Suspendus if you must!

See, I'm Harry's wand teacher Professor Moonbeams, and it's time for another N.E.W.T (Nastily Exciting Wizarding Test). After he fails his Hippty-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 enchanter's 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.

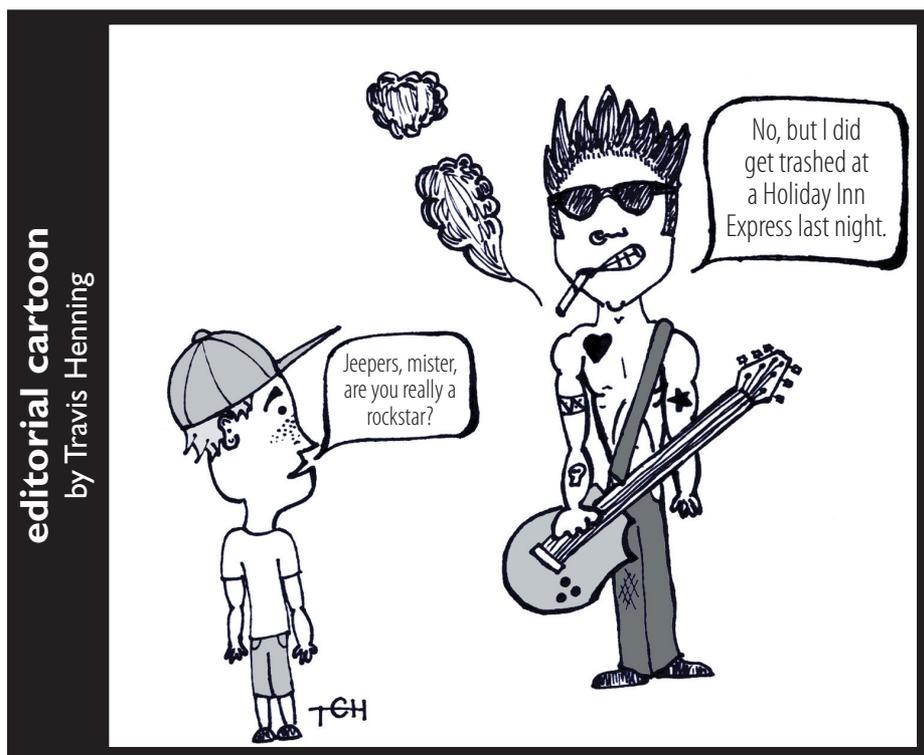
I snog his face. He smiles. I pull a Twiddle Twaddle out of my desk. "If you'd like," I offer, "we can mix in some toys I bought from Holepot's Owl Emporium." He takes the Twiddle Twaddle from my hand. We chuff and do the Action That Must Not Be Named until our bodies feel like they're under a Jelly-Legs 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 unmatched Potter fantasy, they treat me so good — I'm officially off Hagrid's Eyeballs duty for our Harry Potterluck nights. So now I really don't mind waitin' 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 Scholastic, 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



editorial cartoon  
by Travis Henning



**PERSONAL PRONOUNS**

I'm fed up. All you smart-ass college boys — and, sadly, girls — have been taking me entirely out of context. Just last week, I overheard this frat-daddy call a drum circle "gay." He clearly meant "retarded." GAY does not mean RETARDED, people! "Gay" means "homosexual" — and that's it! Sure, a hundred years ago, "gay" meant "happy." Boy, those were great days. Back then, you could walk down a gay street on a gay day with your gay girlfriend (or boyfriend) and have a gay lunch. But now, you'd get your ass kicked for all that gay. So get it straight — I mean gay. Get it gay: GAY MEANS GAY!

THE WORD "GAY"  
NOT FEELING VERY GAY AT THE MOMENT

**FADING AWAY**

I'm offended at the word gay's use of me. I don't mean "uncool," "stupid" or "dorky." Having to do homework isn't "retarded," it's just a pain in the ass. Independent films aren't "retarded," they're just pretentious. And I highly doubt that the purple and green sweater Grandma knit for you last Christmas is "severely developmentally challenged." C'mon — it's obviously gay.

THE WORD "RETARDED"  
COMPLETELY SIMPLE-MINDED

**HAPPY DAY!**

Look! Hey, look at me! I'm a shimmering rainbow! A luminous faerie gliding atop a serene 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 across their sneakers and boots! Oh, and you, too, pumps! All varieties of footwear are welcome to prance about in my glorious, rainy-day sunshine sunsmile glow! Tee-hee, it tickles!

AN OIL SLICK IN A PARKING LOT  
QUITE JOVIAL

**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 Marriot 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@texastravesty.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 off and it send ripples across the Universe.

Like 100 Watts, man, flashing across a conductor ... across a the filaments of a bulb. It was some powerful revolution of sheer awe — in an instant — as it passed across my mind.

Beginning, middle and end were uprooted and smashed together into this one singularity,

this one moment. Like Dirac or some shit, on top of a, a delta function. I was riding a tiny ... sliver of everything, infinitely high.

You couldn't understand that feeling, though. 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. Whoa.

A chorus blew with certainty; this has to be right. It was Biblical, man. This feeling of oneness 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? 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 stationary 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 scribble 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.

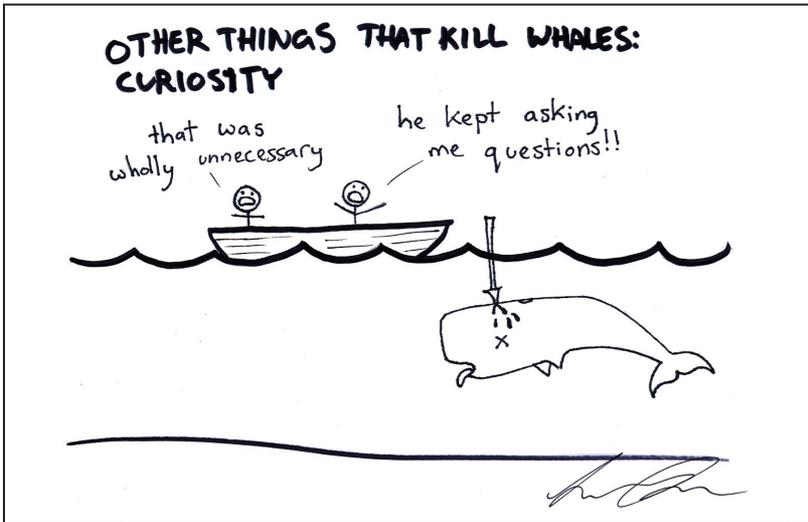
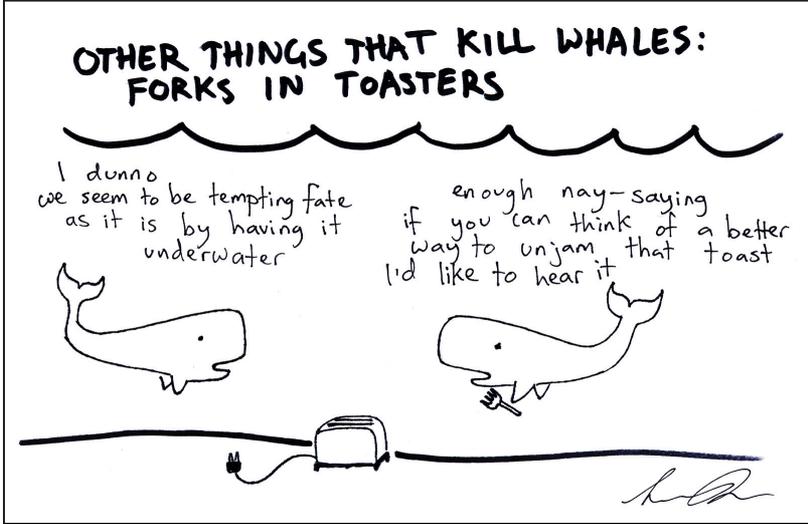
Your father did ask me to tell you "hi" and to ask that you let him know if he is sending enough allowance for rent and all each month. Do you still need that extra hundred for books? We're so proud of how responsible you are—so many other kids might have just blown that money on beer and pizza parties.

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 coming home; I'm sure you're just trying not to waste money on gas.

Well, I suppose that's all for now, and besides, my tennis 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.



**Black and white are not the only colors.**

See all the Travesty stories in color at:

**TEXASTRAVESTY.COM**

**(CAPTIVE AUDIENCE)**

**ADVERTISE IN THE TRAVESTY**

- LARGEST COLLEGE HUMOR PUBLICATION IN THE NATION
- CHEAP AD RATES
- PRINT & ONLINE ADS AVAILABLE

Contact us for more information:  
**(512) 471-7898**  
[ads@texastravesty.com](mailto:ads@texastravesty.com)

# Greeting cards for *awkward* situations

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.



# THE Castilian

Fabulous Living  
Call Us Today!



478-9811

478-9811

478-9811

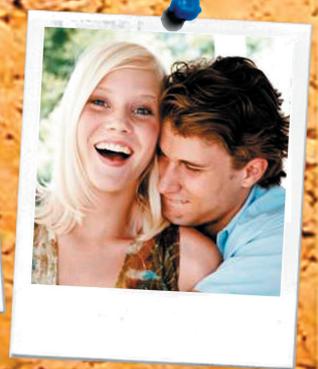
478-9811

478-9811

Spring  
Leases  
Available

## Amenities

newly renovated  
fitness center  
roommate matching  
fabulous dining  
recreation center  
huge study lounge  
overlooking UT campus  
512-478-9811



Visit Us Online  
[www.thecastilian.com](http://www.thecastilian.com)