

RALLYING TO DISPERSE THE HEARSE SINCE 1997

TEXAS

TRAVESTY

OCTOBER 2005



Raven



Gothics of the metroplex

Identity



Whose beauty glares so furiously that I must retreat to the shadows of my being? Oh, how I wish to consummate our love on our deathbed; but first I must know if you will abandon me at the first sign of sunrise. If thy affection is true, let us fly away in the dead of night, and escape this saccharin paradise.

vital stats

- TURN-ONS:** shopping at Hot Topic, rooms without windows, two-gauge piercings, mesh, dull colors, bad poetry carved into arms
- TURN-OFFS:** self-help books, dog collars with dogs in them, flowers that are still alive, mahogany, E!, clouds
- MOTTO:** "I pine in thy pitiful surroundings."

around campus

- The Loud Breathers Association of America** holds meetings next to you in class everyday.
- The guy in the dorm room** next to you is training to be the worst bassist ever.
- You** have so much to do this week.
- People who walk on escalators** really are in a hurry, so you should get out of the way.
- Someone** is walking amongst us with rabies after coddling a diseased bat.
- The fall breeze** will result in the exposure of many skirt-wearing female students, much to the delight of their gentlemen counterparts.

- A government senior** will despair at the thought of applying to full-time internships.
- Business students** will demonstrate their excellent written and oral communication skills by reading a presentation off a note card.
- That guy** who unwraps smelly sandwiches in class would secretly rather eat dirt, which coincides nicely with how many people would like to push his face in it.
- Couples** who think they're too cute for words will mistake their friends' silence for approval, when in reality silence is just the most effective way to hold down riotous vomit.
- That classmate** you like will never ask you out, no matter how hard you stare at the back of their head.
- In every drab accounting student** there's a finance student dying to implement a resource allocation project out.
- The way girls are acting lately**, you'd think the whole University was on synchronized periods.

- Liberals** with empty lives will spend hours researching and confirming the case against Tom DeLay during time they could've spent having human contact.
- Conservatives** with empty lives will spend hours researching and disproving the case against Tom DeLay during time they could've spent having human contact.
- Introduction to Psychology students will feel uneasy about the mandatory experiment participation, but not so much that they will opt to do the research paper.
- Some guy who doesn't really know what "manifesto" means will be writing one in Metro, pausing only to stroke his goatee and look very austere and pensive.
- Freshmen do not know that construction on Mezes and Benedict began long before they were born, and that this project will be completed sometime in late 2038.

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inthisissue

VOLUME 8 • ISSUE 2
OCTOBER 2005

FEATURES

- 3 Alicia Keys sells her neo-soul by appearing in an infomercial
- 4-5 Immature sex jokes; Paris Hilton page; how to click a mouse
- 6 Movies that should have won Oscars; Alex P. Keaton's diary
- 7 Ten things companies paid us to tell you that you had to own to be a real man
- 8-9 Desultory glances; unpopular Baskin-Robbins flavors; nobility; how to smuggle a hedgehog into the 48 continuous states
- 16 Emus are superior to ostriches; my cattle listen to showtunes

NEWS

- 28 NPR broadcaster workshop: How to sound mellow, liberal, pensive and interested at all times
- 42.73 The Dewey Decimal System. Is it worth it?
- 66 Fire dancing and sweet romancing; are spin-off series making us vomit?
- 45 Not following trends becomes the new trend you mustn't follow
- % THX 1138 will blow your mind; monkey soup and animal crackers for ugly orphans
- \$\$\$ THX 1138 will blow your mind

OPINION

- 78 The Bad Breath Dragon strikes again; shave your neck beard
- 112 Pictures of parking tickets; some coupons for a car wash
- 6.9. King Tut had a skinny wiener that looked like a broomstick
- 0-0 You shouldn't dress like you want it; llamas with cockrings
- G4 "Ho-down": Southern communal experience, or your mom after I push her down a flight of stairs?
- 95 Scripts for answering the phone and other ways to make your employees hate you
- ...3 Dingleberries 'n' crudnuggets



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 OUT TO...
 Winning Best of Austin for the third year in a row; Spoon the Editor; an insane amount of giant flies in the office; \$30 worth of scrapbooking shit; Ryan's cameo; people who witness to Goths; 15-minute parking by the Tower; sleepovers; just doing it and getting it over with; buying a ton of teen magazines; playing dress-up; the endless janz of Justin Timberlake; truth or dare; Wanfu; chin zits; Big Tex; getting stuck at Mockingbird Station; media passes and fitting nine people in a tiny car; the bubble funhouse; pee-pee on the stairs; kingtutswiener.com;

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Sixth-year senior has never attended UT football game

Abberation of nature elicits shock, disgust from family, friends, complete strangers

Elizabeth Barksdale
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

During a lunchtime conversation in the Texas Student Union, Robert Feffer, a second-year senior and aberration from human nature, revealed last week that he had never been to a UT football game.

"I've always been too busy with studying or working, or, you know, clubs and partying to care about football," said Feffer, seemingly unaware of the shock and horror shaking proud Longhorn fans who overheard his statements.

"After this dude said that horrible, horrible thing, the whole room went completely silent. Some people dropped their food, and I could definitely hear a few people sobbing uncontrollably," said witness Josh Newterflant, hugging himself and shuddering at the memory.

As the only UT student to never attend a Longhorn football game in 107 years, Feffer represents a malicious deviance that calls forth the darkness that lies at the heart of the human condition, said fellow Longhorns.

"I kept trying to get him to go,"

remarked one of Feffer's former roommates, who asked to remain anonymous.

"I even offered to get him tickets. But you know what he said? He said it was 'sort of lame' for us students to have to draw. Christ, what a freak. It's a fucking privilege to see our team beat the hell out of everyone else! We're lucky we don't have to kill for tickets — yet, anyway. Hook 'em!"

Feffer's abnormal disregard for football causes particular shame to members of his own family.

"I don't understand it," said his father, John Feffer. "He's a second-generation Longhorn! His mom and uncles were Longhorns. One time we all drove over 400 miles to Austin to tailgate and then go to a game. But Richard said he was getting over the flu and had to catch up on biology homework."

He added, "I hope his biology



■ *Hey, where's everyone going?*

textbook can tell him what kind of genetic abnormality provokes a son to forsake his family and all that matters in life."

Young Robert Feffer remains in his own little world.

"I just don't see the point of getting dressed up head to toe in burnt

orange and getting caught up in the mass hysteria. At the end of the day, it's just a game," said Feffer, adjusting the UT baseball cap he has no right to wear.

"He's insane," said girlfriend Misty Botchtar. "One time I was saying how OU sucked, and he started

talking about how they have a good program in economics or some crap like that. Completely ridiculous."

She added, "Of course, I'm only dating him because he needs someone to take care of him in his last days, before he succumbs to the brain affliction that is slowly, systematically robbing him of his sanity."

When asked to comment on Feffer, his 15 senior seminar classmates made the same reply, speaking in perfect unison: "Robert Feffer is terribly misguided. He doesn't understand school spirit. No good will come to him. The eyes of Texas are upon you. The eyes of Texas are upon you!"

When asked about his feelings on UT's recent sweeping victory over the University of Oklahoma Sooners, Feffer merely shrugged.

"Hmmm. There was a game that weekend? Yeah, maybe I heard about that."

This May, Feffer will likely finish his double major in psychology and chemical engineering, after which he will hopefully remove his anomalous, shit-sucking presence from the University of Texas forever.

Chain-smoking, anorexic, high-stress, sleep-deprived modeling industry shocked by Kate Moss cocaine use

Janice Chan
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LONDON — When Ava Huntings entered the modeling industry, the last thing she expected was to find any of her stressed-out, 85-pound peers engaging in unhealthy behavior.

So when photos hit newsstands last month showing top model Kate Moss using cocaine, the five-foot-nine, size two Huntings was appalled.

"I was sitting down to my nightly dinner of grapes and cigarettes when I turned on the TV and saw the reports on E!, CNN and the Insignificant Bullshit We Can't Get Enough Of Channel," Huntings recalled, trembling with hunger from not having eaten anything but ice cubes and cottage cheese in the past three weeks. "Kate is my idol; I couldn't believe she would risk her health on something as destructive as drugs."

Huntings said she was so distraught over the news that she almost fainted. Minutes later, Huntings actually did faint, as a result of a dangerously low blood sugar level.

Upon regaining consciousness, Huntings smoked 19 cigarettes before taking a verbally abusive call from her agent and then lighting up another four.

Aspiring model Huntings is only one of many in the fashion industry who have frowned upon Moss' apparent drug use. Designer labels Chanel and Burberry quickly cancelled their contracts with Moss after the incriminating photos were published.

"Drug use is highly inconsistent with high-fashion brand images," explained Linda Stratton, a CNBC analyst. "Companies serving customers who vest their self-worth in exorbitantly overpriced name tags must ensure that they only associate with people who share those wholesome standards."

Moss' cocaine scandal has even drawn the attention of the London Metropolitan Police, who are working with prosecutors to see what charges might be brought against the model.

Not wanting a repeat of this summer's incident where police mistook a Brazilian for a terrorist and shot him in the head five times, the



■ *"I shat myself, but it feels surprisingly pleasant."*

Moss investigation has been conducted slowly and carefully.

Police commissioner Ian Blair has assured the public he would give the case a thorough look, openly voicing his concern about "the impact of this kind of behavior on impressionable young people."

While fashion houses and authorities are still trying to understand Moss' scandalous behavior.

Says Jay Fettinger, a writer for In Touch magazine: "I just can't understand how someone like Kate Moss — who has been constantly in the spotlight since age 14, who served a stint in rehab in 1998 and who once said models often use drugs as a form of escapism — could possibly end up doing coke. It's inexplicable!"

Longtime supermodel Naomi Campbell agrees.

"Yeah, Kate's a big disappointment," the famously temperamental Campbell said as she hurled a Louis Vuitton steamer trunk at her assistant.

"And if you ever imply I'm violent again, I'll stab your eyes out with a pair of Jimmy Choo's!"

dirtybriefs

done dirt cheap

Ann Coulter refuses to apply rash ointment 'liberally'

NEW YORK — Conservative pundit Ann Coulter recently balked at directions on the label of a tube of topical ointment she was prescribed to treat an inner-thigh rash. The directions, which read "apply liberally to affected area, carefully avoiding scrotum," were decried by Coulter as "disgusting, left-wing, joyless sex propaganda." The acclaimed attention whore then paused to yell random anti-immigration remarks from her fifth-floor balcony before continuing, "This is the most no-balls, misguided, ball-less excuse for medical treatment I've ever encountered!" She applied only a carefully measured, ineffective amount of the ointment to a cluster of oozing pustules before smugly remarking, "This bleeding-heart attempt to usurp objectivity is more pathetic than Clinton's presidency." Coulter then put out her cigarette on a journalist's forehead and yelled, "Deal with it like a man, you castrated beaver twat!"

Kim Jong ill

CAMPUS — Humanities freshman Kim Jong has been out this past week with a stomach virus. She is expected to return to class on Friday.

Waldo copes with finding himself

Camping equipment, Wizard Whitebeard still elusive

Stephen Short
STAFF WRITER

NEW YORK — After 18 years of hiding in crowds everywhere from amusement parks to train stations, Waldo, the adventurous striped shirt clad character, has finally found himself.

Employed as a background extra, Waldo reluctantly agreed to play the seemingly bit part of the lost globetrotter to pay off mounting gambling debts. His popularity soared after the release of *Where's Waldo?* in 1987.

"Finding places to hide from those brats can be exhausting and time consuming," explained Waldo, sipping a tall mocha latte. "I can't believe it's taken 18 years to find myself. A six-year-old could do that in five minutes."

Waldo added: "How could I constantly put up that cheery, aloof façade when I couldn't even find myself? I was such a fraud."

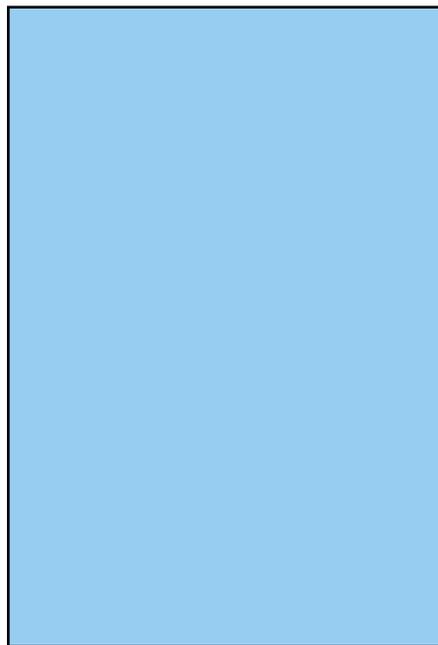
Waldo's discovery of himself began when he hid in a circus during the production of *Where's Waldo Now?*

"This kid almost caught me behind an elephant, so I ducked into Harry's House of Mirrors," recalled Waldo, searching for an apartment in the classifieds. "I was chuckling at my goofy reflections, when something remarkable caught my eye: Me! I had finally found myself."

Despite his self-realization, publishers pressured Waldo to expand the series. Three more

books and a weekly television series were planned, and additional characters such as his girlfriend, Wenda, were introduced. Soon he was even tasked with finding his own lost objects.

"I was looking for my camera in an Eleventh



■ *Holy shit. Gimme shelter.*

Century agrarian market when I told Wenda I didn't need anyone to find me anymore, and I could finally move on with my life," said Waldo, rummaging through a lost-and-found for his jacket. "That barren whore told me she wouldn't date an unemployed loser searching for purpose in life."

Taking a break from future projects, Waldo transformed his appearance, shedding his trademark striped shirt and black spectacles.

"I felt like a prisoner in my own body wearing those cold peppermint stripes for two decades," explained Waldo, sporting a new taupe sweater from L.L. Bean. "I finally feel like I have some 'me' time to find hobbies. Maybe I'll take up bird watching or participate in Civil War reenactments."

Searching for his car keys, Waldo added, "Like last week I ate waffles for the first time. Wow. Goodbye pancakes!"

In addition to reenrolling in school for an associate's degree in radiological sciences, Waldo has formed a close relationship with classmate and girlfriend, Wilma.

"I feel like I've known him his whole life," said Wilma, searching for Waldo in a rustic scene of cowboys and Indians. "We're inseparable. He even asked me to read a draft of his upcoming autobiography, *Where's Waldo? Here's Waldo!*"

Added Wilma: "Now that he's found himself, he should be able to find my G-spot."

Freshmen settle into dorm rooms, relationships

Proximity trumps genuine affection in on-campus dating

Sara Kanewske
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS—Upon reaching the cash register at the Jester City Limits cafeteria, freshman Chris Schuler waves away hallmate Julie Sweeny's ID, instructing the cashier to instead swipe his card through twice.

"Don't worry, I've got it," he assures his girlfriend of three weeks.

Schuler and Sweeny met as they were moving into their neighboring Jester West dorm rooms.

"At first, I barely even noticed Chris," said Sweeny. "But after,

like, the fifth time we had to squish into the elevator with all our stuff, I thought, 'Well, his curly brown eyelashes really make up for the fact that he's a lot gawkier than I'd usually find attractive.'"

Sweeny continued, "Both of our parents were there, so I couldn't be too obvious, but I made a mental note to write 'Come on in — we love to meet new people!' on my door."

What began as shyly making eye contact on the way to the community bathroom and making forced smart-aleck remarks during hall meeting icebreakers soon turned

into a romantic relationship.

For Schuler, dorm dating has helped reduce the effort and upkeep that a new relationship would usually require.

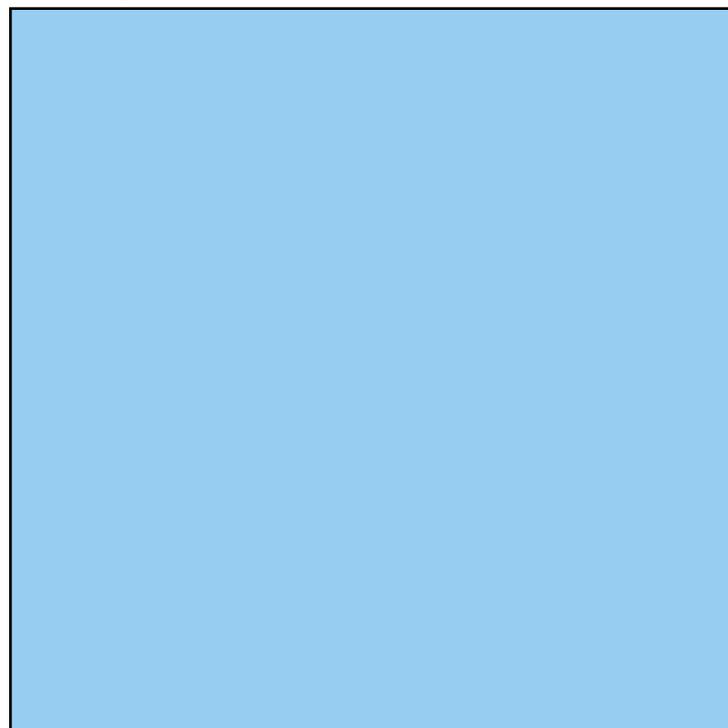
"It's not like in high school where you have to get up the nerve to ask the girl out, figure out something to do, or even pay with real money," Schuler explained. "With this relationship, I just bang on Jenny's door when I'm going down to the cafeteria, make sure my parents have added enough Bevo Bucks, and we're good to go."

Although cynics might see Sweeny and Schuler's relationship as "settling" for one another, Schuler is quick to dispute this claim.

"It's not like I just started dating the first girl I met at UT," said Schuler. "I actually had a thing for this girl I met during orientation. But she lives in Kinsolving now, which is a million miles away on the other side of campus. We still see each other in our FIG, but our living situation is just too separated for a relationship to work."

Despite the couple's optimism, Sweeny's roommate Lesley Brooks has noticed some possible difficulties.

"Neither of them has a car, so they don't ever actually go anywhere



■ *Are you a robot?*

on dates," said Brooks. "And every time we hear a girl's voice coming from next door, Julie freaks out and spends half an hour asking me whether it would be too 'obvious' for her to stop by."

Brooks continues, "It's going to be really, really awkward when they break up."

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Interracial cop partners lack relationship dynamics, clever banter

QUEENS, New York — Jim Sparks, an officer in the New York Police department, noted yesterday to long time friend Harold Spencer that he lacked any sort of dynamic relationship or clever banter with his new African-American partner, Wes Jackson. "Wes and I have a surprisingly professional and courteous relationship," said Sparks as he deftly stroked his moustache. "We mainly just talk about work, instead of arguing about humorous race-related issues or the difference between hip hop and rock and roll." Jackson, a 10-year veteran to the department, is described by colleagues as "sharp," "professional" and "by the books," rather than "garrulous," "reckless" and "over-the-top," as Sparks had originally expected. "I was hoping his loud-mouthed street smarts combined with my gruff exterior and rugged individualism would create a unique crime-fighting super force capable of bringing down notorious drug lords and crooked politicians," said Sparks. "But instead we got stuck with traffic duty."

High school football coach aptly uses current events to deride poor performance

DAYTON, OHIO — Sophomore wide receiver Michael "Brownie" Brown received a harsh lesson on the effectiveness of incorporating news into insults after he dropped a pass that would have given his team a victory over their cross-city rival Briarwood. "It was a perfect pass," said quarterback Andrew Magee. After the game ended, Coach Larry Slaughter gathered the team and gave a post-game talk. "He told us that we all played a great game, and that we didn't have anything to be ashamed of," Brown said. "But then he pointed at me, and said in the most sarcastic voice, 'Brownie, you're doing a heck of a job.' The rest of the team erupted into laughter. It was the worst experience of my life." Slaughter later refused to deny reporters that he intends to force Brown to quit the team.

Man 99.9 percent sure he doesn't want girlfriend to be pregnant

DENVER — While anxiously awaiting the results of his girlfriend's pregnancy test, 28-year-old Kent Matteson was almost 100 percent sure that he wanted the results to be negative. Although some boyfriends will wait more than a week to decide how they feel about a possible pregnancy, Matteson made his opinion clear just two days after girlfriend Meredith Levere's missed period. "Holy shit-fuck, please be negative," Matteson said. "Seriously, what the goddamnedjesuschristhell am I going to do if it's not?" Levere disputes the accuracy of Matteson's speedy judgment. "I can't believe Kent has already made up his mind," she said. "I know he said a baby was the last thing we need, but all guys go through that phase." Despite Levere's optimism, Matteson continued to deny she was pregnant, repeatedly asserting the "error-proof" nature of the condom they used.

Army recruitment center offering candy, toy prizes

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. — A U.S. Army recruitment center in White Oaks Mall was criticized by local citizens Monday for trying to influence enlistment with offers of candy and toy prizes. "I know this isn't as bad as the place that changed people's records to let them join," explained Joseph Ramsey, a Springfield resident. "We're still mad, though — they didn't even give the recruits the candy and toys. It was all just some false advertising to bring them aboard." Springfield citizens, like Ramsey, were angered to learn that the candy and toys referred to were the "candy of freedom" and the "prize of serving your country." The anger subsided, however, when an army official confirmed that no possible recruits were enticed by the candy-and-toy giveaway entered service, as their average age was five.

McCain asked about run for presidency for 495,678th time

PHOENIX — Senator John McCain (R-AZ) dodged a question concerning his possible race for the presidency in 2008 for the 495,678th time while waiting for his luggage at Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport. "I know you didn't tell Chris Matthews, but if you tell me I promise to keep it a secret," said Phoenix local Aaron Jenkins. "Are you running in 2008 or what?" McCain replied by telling Jenkins that he is focusing on the problems affecting Americans today. Jenkins nodded but added, "Okay, so if all other Republicans were to die in some kind of massive attack, would you run then?" McCain instructed Jenkins not to "overthink the hypothetical" and "focus on current issues," but Jenkins was not satisfied. Following the senator out to his family waiting in the car, he asked, "Alright, if the word 'eat' meant 'run' and 'the' meant 'for' and 'pie' meant 'president,' would you eat the pie in 2008?" Rolling up the window of his car, McCain responded, "Please don't follow me."

Minuteman ostracized for liking Mexican food

Kathryn Edwards
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NACO, Ariz. — Dwayne Brewster was expelled from the Minuteman Civilian Defense Corps last Monday for admitting his preference for Mexican food during a conversation with fellow Minuteman Doug Howard.

"Mr. Brewster fails to adhere to the spirit of this group," read a statement from the Minutemen, a group of civilians that patrol the US-Mexican border and report illegal aliens. "We have no choice but to remove him from our number."

Brewster's preference for Mexican food was discovered when he reported to patrol duty with the smell of taco on his breath. The fellow guardsmen then frisked Brewster, finding two enchiladas shoved in his right front pocket.

Initially, Brewster was warned, but the ensuing investigation and search of his house revealed that this was not a one-time incident. Minutemen opened a closet door in Brewster's spare room, only to be showered with ethnically Mexican contraband, including a sombrero, still-sizzling fajitas and a tortilla machine.

Brewster, of mixed Irish-French-German-Lithuanian decent, was one of the original members of the Minuteman Project, whose credo reads: "America is being plundered by the menace of tens of millions of invading illegal aliens, which results in self-destruction."

Brewster was given a lifetime expulsion, but calls his punishment

harsh.

"Don't get me wrong — I still hate Mexicans: they use our resources, they take our jobs and they try to talk to our kids." Brewster licked his lips and rubbed his stomach before continuing: "But goddamn do they have good food."

Founder James Gilchrist says Brewster is hypocritical, and that his expulsion is permanent.

"Dwayne clearly doesn't realize the importance of our work, or he wouldn't have thrown away his involvement for a couple of tacos and a plate of beans."

The Minutemen have since begun an internal crackdown on any Minuteman who, like Brewster, enjoys aspects of other cultures. The group's Web site explains with taut logic and insight the dangers of immigration:

"Future generations will inherit a tangle of

rancorous, unassimilated, squabbling cultures with no common bond to hold them together" if the group fails, the result of which is "political, economic and social mayhem."

Brewster has started his own club, The Civilian Corps of Defenders, with a credo that reads differently from the original group's mission statement.

"Illegal immigration endangers the American way of life. We have to stop Mexicans from getting in. But that doesn't mean that we have to stop eating their delicious food, especially chile con queso that always has just the right amount of cheese. Honestly, what kind of cheese is it? Because I can't seem to ever make it the same at home."

Brewster and his new group have explored the possibilities of extracting food from Mex-

ico while still not allowing Mexicans over the border. They decided on a plan modeled after immigrant remittances, in which immigrant workers in the US send part of their paycheck back to relatives still in Mexico.

"It's brilliant, you see," explains Brewster, "We get what we want and don't need any Mexicans. We still protect America from people who are just too different from us to ever belong here."

■ Are you a robot?

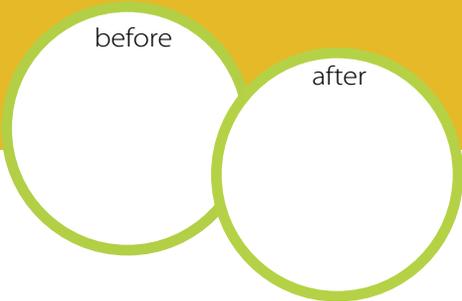
UT

CELEBRATES DIVERSITY



DIVERSE PEOPLE AND IDEAS

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awesome make-up tips >

how to steal your **bffl's** boyfriend

quiz

what's your occupation destination?

Every Travesty Girl dreams of getting married but until then will you be a Madam Millionaire or a Piss-Poor Polly?

1 If you had a choice, you'd start your day:

- A. Bright and early! Your stepfather always said the early bird gets the worm, and the late bird gets the beating.
- B. Noon. After a night of Bartles and Jaymes Fuzzy Navels it's hard to peel yourself away from the bed of the man who bought them for you.
- C. When the sun goes down. You're line of work requires the cover of night.

2 Your killer work outfit would be:

- A. Orange plaid jumper and some sensible walking shoes you borrowed from your Uncle Sally.
- B. Pink pleather two-piece suit. Classy yet rainproof.
- C. G-string, red stilettos and a smile. No employer can resist a go-getter.

3 When the CEO of a major corporation faces indictment under the provisions of the Sarbines-Oxley act for failure to maintain proper accountability records for the recent fiscal quarter you feel...

- A. Sad
- B. Happy
- C. Nothing

4 Who would be your ideal co-worker?

- A. Orlando Bloom. His blank stares and blanker mind will allow you to take the office lead, but it won't stop you from crushin' on him in the mailroom!
- B. The Marlboro Man, because he helped me realize that smoking makes me sexy and successful.
- C. Meryl Streep, sensual and in touch with her womanhood. She gets down to business — just like you!

5 What TV show describes your interpersonal

- A. The OC. You shot your boyfriend's brother, you had a lesbian fling, and your mom is a whore, but it's OK because you have the entire Marc Jacobs fall collection.
- B. Friends. Most of your relationships are shallow and require a laugh track to get through.
- C. Aqua Teen Hunger Force. The only friends you have these days are French fries and

MOSTLY A's: fashion designer

Your keen eye for current trends and love of judging others will make you the next Donatella Versace. You're probably a Scorpio, so your domineering and opinionated nature will take you as far as you want to go—at least until you meet a hunky Tyrese to settle down with!

MOSTLY B's: nurse (not a doctor)

Your caring nature will help with all that icky sponge-bathing you'll have to do, while your olive complexion makes you perfect for those cute little white dresses and caps! And one word-downers, honey! You'll have so much fun sneaking Valium caplets with your girlfriends — at least until you meet Dr. Right.

MOSTLY C's: president of the united states

You've proved that girls can do anything that boys can do, even if you're not pretty. All those lonely Saturday nights spent crying over your Middle Eastern Politics textbook weren't in vain. You've made it! Revel in the fact that you have a steady job—at least until you find a studly senator who will show you how to please a man, and your country!

So your best friend is dating a Brad Pitt, but you're no Angelina? Don't worry - Travesty Girls are all about getting what they want!

evaluating the friendship

1. Decide how important your best friend really is to you. After all, you're 14, you'll have another one next week anyway.
2. A simple pros and cons chart will aid you in this difficult, totally necessary process. If you can think of a single con, then commence with the stealing. An example of an acceptable con is, "Ugh! I can't wait to have her bf Tom's tongue in my mouth!"

confidence is key

1. Begin accentuating the features lady puberty hasn't blessed you with, yet. Get a Wonderbra, Waterbra, or stuff 'em if you must. No boy wants a flat-chested Bettie.
2. Make a concise list of all the reasons you're better than her. Don't you remember how much better that Limited, Too pleather mini-skirt looked on you? Aren't you the one with the highly coveted lunch seat? Wasn't her parents divorce probably her fault?

eye on the prize

1. Agree with everything her boyfriend says. This will give you magical illusion of "intelligence."
2. Casually demean her in his presence. For example, "Hey Bradley, did Shannon ever tell you about the time she wrote a non-fiction report on Unicorns? What a fucking idiot!"
3. Try using clever jokes. For example, "Hey Mark, I'm so sorry Sara doesn't like giving blowjobs. That must really suck!" Boys love a hottie with a great sense of humor.

making your move

1. Invite him over to "study" when Sara is busy with one of her less popular friends. (But compared to you, that's just about everybody - duh!)
2. Put on your best outfit. And don't forget that sexy lace thong, missy! It's never too early to let your classroom cutie round 3rd base.
3. Find a way to have physical contact with your best friend's man. Examples are kissing, making out and mugging down hardcore.

way to go! You've just robbed your ex-best friend of her boyfriend and her self-worth, Travesty style! It'll be weeks before her raging, completely unpredictable hormones allow her to forgive you. Congratulations, you've made a difference in the world!

dear travestygirl...

My best friend Marsha is really flirty and dresses like a slut. Whenever we hang out, boys are too busy staring at her colossal tits to notice me. How do I stop Marsha from stealing all the attention? Is there any way I can get boys to like me without being slutty?
-Jen, 14

Dear Jen,
In short, no. Get real: boys like girls who wear promiscuity on their sleeve. If you want to be the one getting the attention, you have to beat that slut at her own game.

One useful tool in seducing the opposite sex is showing a little skin. Nobody likes an ice queen, and letting boys see what they'd be getting their paws on is the key to successful seduction. Never hesitate to go a little lower, a little tighter and a wee bit shorter.

But before you can be more appealing to the boys in your crowd, you have to stop Marsha in her tracks. There are tons of ways to screw a slut — you just have to figure out the best strategy.

One sure way to sabotage your friend: spread a really nasty rumor about her personal hygiene. A vague claim about how she's tending a "rotted bacteria cemetery" down there is enough to seal the deal.

Good luck!
Travesty Girl

this month's hot workout

The Secret Lives of:

Size nine! Make me short! Ignim nibh et iustrud del del ut in venim quis acipisi. Acinim ipit praesed dolore modolor percipsum augiat. Dui te vel dolor sim exer sequis exerillamet, quat nonsequis nit

Meteorologists

Name: Antone's Record Store; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015183

Meteorologists...

can't handle a runny nose and a three-day vacation

sweater

ngly pose pictures

prefer the two-second rule

the an

volunteer as Kleenex at local community

would "die" without it

E.

ll like hand sanitizer contempt for others

circumvent evolution

sist on g a condom

haven't been this scared since the catarrh epidemic of ought-seven

re aroused by selectivity

lick the needle

th peroxide-ed candles

cover their mouths when they scoff

rcing lasts

cry when they have gas

gum their oatmeal

piled for Y2K

fear a cashless society

ve "Happy Birthday" sung to them

wear cription shoes

hate America

feel loved while g medical attention

exercise Congressional authority

abit a vast network of underground tunnels suitable for repopulation

Name: Oil Can Harry's; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015889

Comic?

Bathroom Graffiti

Mariah Carey's Master Bathroom

- "For a good time, stay right here. I'll be back in 5"
- "What race I want to be today: White Black" (circled black)
- Drawing of happy butterfly with thought bubble that says, "I'm dead inside."
- Picture of a grammy hanging in a noose
- Glitter sux dix (crossed out with "rox" written over it)
- Derek Jeter to a huge dump here 11/15/03
- "Dear Mariah, I luv you, Mariah Carey"
- Drawing of two people doing it dogg-style. Arrow to man, "Carson". Arrow to woman, "me"
- "Fist City"
- "All I want for Christmas is You"
 - o "you" crossed out with "a brain"
 - o arrow to "a brain" says "Don't put me in the same category as that bitch." from "Scarecrow"
 - o arrow to bitch, "I am NOT a bitch."
- "I will not cry, today. I will not cry, today. I will not cry, today."
- "Dreamlover come rescue me from the shits."
- Drawing of cracked out woman, "Whitney Houston"
- Drawing of really tall ugly stick

- woman, "Celion Dion
- Drawing of woman with mic and big nose, "Barbara Streisand"
 - o Along these lines..maybe have all of the other diva's names scratched out, or just their faces
- "TRL 4ever"
- -VH1 Save the Music
 - o ~~the~~ → "my" inserted
 - o ~~my music~~ → me (with a sad face)
- I <3 _____ (or "I love ???")

Amish Farmhouse

- "Please remember not to flush...because there be not one! Hee hee."
- "For a good time walk two miles northeast down ye dirt road and ask for Ezekiel"
- "Margaret couldn't milk a cow to save her life"
- "Virginia is preggers again" (have an arrow pointing to it that says "what a blessed woman"
- "Flush not: the lord giveth and the lord taketh away."
- Drawing of woman "Mary Benner" with head covering and large Amish beard churning butter
 - arrow pointing to her name saying "Beards be for men only!"
- "Rebecca Stuber makes colored quilts."
 - arrow pointing to Rebecca's name that says "Shussly!"
- Drawing of buggy and horse who is mounting another horse from behind
 - "Ye Amish do it in barns."
- "All work and no play makes Samuel get into heaven."
- "I (drawing of heart) Chores!"

- arrow, "me too!"
- "Moses hath constipation."
- drawing of some Amish woman "Sarah Trachsel" without head covering, revealing devil horns, medusa snakes, etc.
- "For it is written, he who smelt it, dealt it."
- "And what communion hath light without darkness? 11 Corinthians 6:14"
 - arrows, "Ye Mennonites!"
 - arrow to Mennonites, "Oooh, burn!"
- Ordnung? More like your dung
- Amos wears buttons

Bathroom Door Manufacturing Company

- "I found out my life was a meaningless existential, irony-laden void here 8/25/99"
- "Locks and Cocks 4 Life, Baby"
 - Framing Division '99
- "This door is older than sex."
- "If this stall is a rockin, send it back to the company! Hahahahahahahahaha"
- Drawing of an opened door showing another opened door, showing another opened door, etc.
- Drawing of a butt, "Mr. Bellfree"
 - talk bubble coming out of butt that says, "Fart!"
- "Smells like failure in here."
- "Deadbolts are 4 pussies."
 - arrow to above, "I resent that."
 - arrow to above, "Yo mama!"
- "One, two, three, four, I don't work here anymore."
 - Douglass Stevens, fired 6/30/01
 - arrow to above, "LOSER!"

CIA Headquarters

- figure with moving eyes
- "more like Central UN-intelligence Agency"
- a rant that has clearly been censored by a CIA bathroom maintenance team
- "I'm watching you pee."
- "I C U P"
- George W. Bush used faulty intelligence to drive us into an unwinnable war. (have the word "faulty" crossed out and replaced with "awesome." Have the "un" in "unwinnable" crossed out and have "war" crossed out and have "fight for freedom" written over it)
- "My semen has national secrets."
- "CIA: Central Idiot agency"
- "Ossama was here...lol"
- "Hoover is a VAGINA" or "Warren is a VAGINA"
 - have something written in code like "01XrUye7463" and then an arrow that says "decoded" on top of it pointing to "you suck"
 - drawing of alien with an "X" through it. Beneath the "X" is written "This never happened."
 - "CONFIDENTIAL: MY BALLS ITCH."
 - "Agent Firestone's wife is a slut."
 - "I'm gay."
 - "Robots (backwards)R Neat"

Name: Planned Parenthood; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00014772

NouveauCabulary

bringing you the latest in hip verbiage

- Waitlist (n): synonym for false hope
- Erective (n): an elective you want to take so badly it gives your brain a hard-on
- DeLay (v): to cause to be later or slower than desired, especially as the result of an indictment
(e.g., "Sorry for being late to the political action committee meeting — I got DeLayed when I was arrested for drunk driving and indecency with a dead intern.")
- Jose Canseco (n): a profoundly tiny, shriveled penis bookended by half-chewed, raisin-like testes beneath 20 pounds of matted, gray hair and congealed sweat
- Stefani (n): one who approaches racism both casually and oddly
(e.g., "Wow, Lauren's turned into such a Stefani. Look at how much she pays those six Eskimos to follow her around and not ever speak English.")
- Herpetron (n): a robot that gives you herpes
- University Co-opt (v): to take for one's own profit, to rip off
(e.g. "With no copyright laws yet in existence, William Shakespeare saw no wrong in University Co-opting ideas from other playwrights' work.")

TEXAS TRAVESTY

Crossword

Edited by Will Pantz

No. 0912

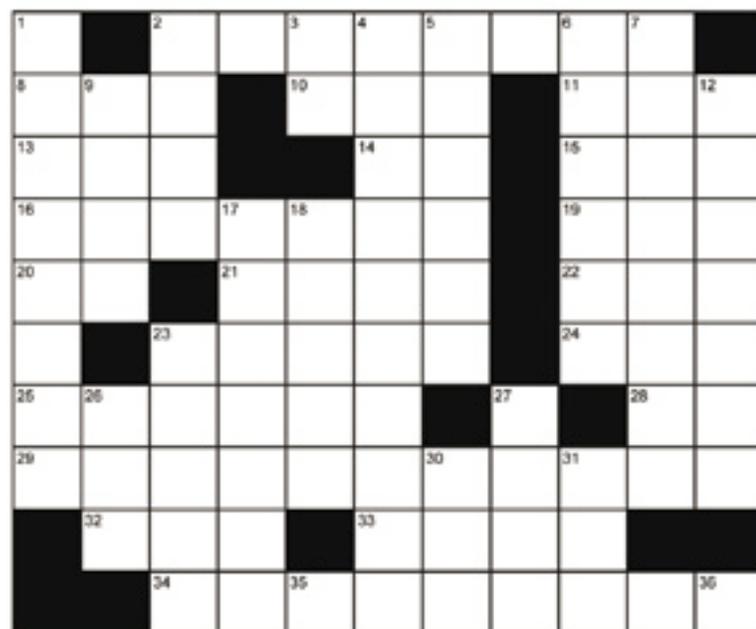
ACROSS

1. First letter of alphabet
2. What you say to Satan (3 words)
8. It hoots at night
10. Probably French
11. First three vowels
13. Not he
14. Nazi police
15. Opposite of cold
16. _____ Palace, Las Vegas
19. American basketball league acronym
20. Shortened hello
21. Gibberish
22. Acronym for No Owls League
23. A small pit
24. The show must _____
25. "Wow" in Polish

27. Half off of
28. Texas mail code
29. Opposite of Winners hired
32. Not yes
33. Captain?
34. _____ of Texas at Austin

DOWN

1. What kids celebrate
2. Joy
3. To you, in Madrid
4. Inuit "How are you?"
5. Playa snake sound
6. OC reality setting
7. Nasty disease that had colony
9. Como? In New York
12. Confused with Greenland
17. Preppy?
18. Synonym of ascare
23. Bling Bling
26. Exclamation
27. Nelly's coat material (informally)
30. Fo, ____, Fum
31. EEOC-LV group
35. There are none in team
36. *Shogun* author



Name: Triangle, The (Gables Resident; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015940

Avian Flu

Name: Ozone Bikes; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015691

Leslie's Comics



Old Person Stories

Darling, I just don't understand *how* you go out of the house without a dab of lipstick and some rouge on. Really, sweetheart, would it hurt to put forth a touch of effort? I would have never met your grandfather, God rest his soul, had I gone out of the house like you do in those *tennis shoes* and *shorts*. I know in my day, had I waited until *after* college to nab a man...well, I frankly don't want to think about it. If it takes me until three p.m. to set my hair and steady my hand enough to put on some lipstick, I expect it should take you the same to fix that bird's nest of yours. You sure did inherit a lot of your *father's* traits, sweetheart. Had your mother only listened to me, you wouldn't be cursed with such thick hair and poor vision. Heavens! –and those thighs! I've always said, if you can pinch an inch...well, salad is your friend, dear. Perhaps you could come visit Grandmother one afternoon and we could go visit the nice woman at Dillards who helped me pick out this lovely polish. She says I'm a "summer"—isn't that just *darling*?!

Max, Marsha! How nice of you kiddos to come have brunch with your old Poppy. What has it been, four years since you've bothered to come visit your family?! Vei is mir, where are the lox... Really, bubeleh, have you never seen a goiter?! Give your Poppy a kiss, you're not going to catch one. On the lips, we're family. Look at all these pills I have to take just to eat! Oy vey! Don't let me forget to stop at the library on the way home—I need to use that Internet so I can get my drugs from Canada. What trouble! Now there's a place I wouldn't mind schlepping your Nanna to. Are you kids driving yet? Oh, you were sixteen five years ago, silly me. I'm a much better driver than your Nanna these days...I drop her off at the beauty parlor, otherwise she would be yelling at her friend Lorraine out the window and wreck our Lincoln in a minute flat! Kids, have you seen our waitress?

Name: Austin Film Festival; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015730

Supreme Court Justice Dating

Name: Austin Film Festival; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015731

Travesty Comedy Show

UT Bureaucracy Map

Horoscopes

Horoscopes

This week, you'll finally find that guy who calls you back when you hang up on him, because that's what 911 operators are supposed to do when the line gets disconnected during a possible armed robbery call.

While it is true that Tom Petty said to spend money you don't have and drink till sunrise, he's not the magistrate of Seventeenth-century Puritan society from whom you now have to beg mercy in order to avoid being stoned to death.

You are flattered when your peers vote you "most likely to become president," but seeing as you live in Sierra Leone, that just means they want to kill you.

You become worried when your significant other discovers the saying, "If you love someone, let them go." The fact that you two are trapeze artists may play a factor.

Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black;
Ad Number: 00014762

Soviet Newsletter

Tom Cruise?

**fake ad:
BIG Butts**

**fake ad:
Montana**

**Frat Guys:
They're just
like us!**

*They read
de Tocqueville*

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

*They listen to
Celine Dion on
their iPod*

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

*They casually
ignore hobos.*

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

*They wear
women's clothing.*

*They hide
their Zima.*

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

Dr. ANDREW JENKINS scoffs at notions of common decency!

Editorial

Oktoberfest was BAD ASS

By: Drew Baelle, the Hymen Annihilator

A few of my FRIENDS convinced me to go to this thing called OKTOBERFEST in this town called GERMANY last week. I didn't want to go until they said it was a BEER FESTIVAL and that the word festival means CELEBRATION. I didn't even know places outside of AMERICA had BEER until I studied abroad in PRAGUE this semester. Anyway, gather around children because Drewsky is going to give you a GEOLOGY lesson.

TUESDAY

7:32 p.m. – Woke up and chugged some ABSINTHE to make my headache go away. I didn't see a green fairy like in the movie EUROTRIP but holy shit that movie was funny

7:34 p.m. – Took the EUROTRIP DVD out of my FIRST AID KIT and watched it

8:24 p.m. – My ROOMMATE Lenny reminded me we were taking the NIGHT TRAIN to Oktoberfest in 30 minutes. We played some BEER PONG to calm our NERVES for the five-hour RIDE

9:58 p.m. – Got to the TRAIN STATION and bought three emergency BEERS because you never know if they'll have them in Germany

10:00 p.m. – Realized the PRAGUE train station is the one in OCEAN'S 12

10:01 p.m. – Became FURIOUS because

George Clooney is a BITCH

11:26 p.m. – Got WOKEN UP by the border police asking me for my PASSPORT. I don't know what the hell that is but I showed them the tattoo of a BALD EAGLE carrying an AMERICAN FLAG on my chest

11:27 p.m. – Chugged a beer because GODDAMN that tattoo is badass

WEDNESDAY

6:32 a.m. – Woke up and got off the TRAIN. We must have gone all the way back to AMERICA because there's a BURGER KING in the station

6:40 a.m. – Some dude asked me and LENNY if we were a couple of PARTY BOYS looking for some FUN

6:41 a.m. – WE ARE DEFINITELY NOT IN AMERICA

7:02 a.m. – Got to OKTOBERFEST but it didn't open until 10. I bet LENNY he couldn't do JUMPING JACKS until the park opened

10:03 a.m. – That guy is in really good shape

10:09 a.m. – Some lady told us we had to get BEER in a TENT. I hope this place isn't like the CIRCUS because lions scare the SHIT out of me

10:13 a.m. – Lenny and I ordered two STEINS of beer. I thought about BEN STEIN because that guy is HILARIOUS. Then I thought about EUROTRIP

10:26 a.m. – I warmed up after CHUGGING my steins so I asked the BEER WENCH which tent had the HARD LIQUOR. Apparently all Germans are PUSSIES because this place only served beer

10:30 a.m. – Ordered seven STEINS to try and TRICK my body into thinking it was DRUNK

10:36 a.m. – This BEER is actually pretty STRONG

10:52 a.m. – PUKED in a URINAL

11:02 a.m. – Some ASSHOLE stole my seat so I put him in a SLEEPER HOLD and then threw his BODY into a PRETZEL STAND. I wasn't sure if he was DEAD or just HANDICAPPED FOR LIFE so I left his BEER because that would be a pretty dick thing to do.

11:04 a.m. – A SECURITY GUARD tackled me and ESCORTED me out of the tent. I couldn't think of a good word for a fascist reactionary who values nationality and race above the individual and suppresses opposition through violence and propaganda so I just called him a DOUCHEBAG.

11:16 a.m. – Passed out in a PLAYGROUND

5:15 p.m. – Got WOKEN UP by some woman screaming at me. She kept kicking me and yelling PEDOPHILE, I guess that means sleepy American in German

Jesus Is...

Name: University Extension 19-7890; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00014759

Name: Provista Eye Clinic; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015601



IMPERFECT INDICATIVE ADJECTIVE

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!

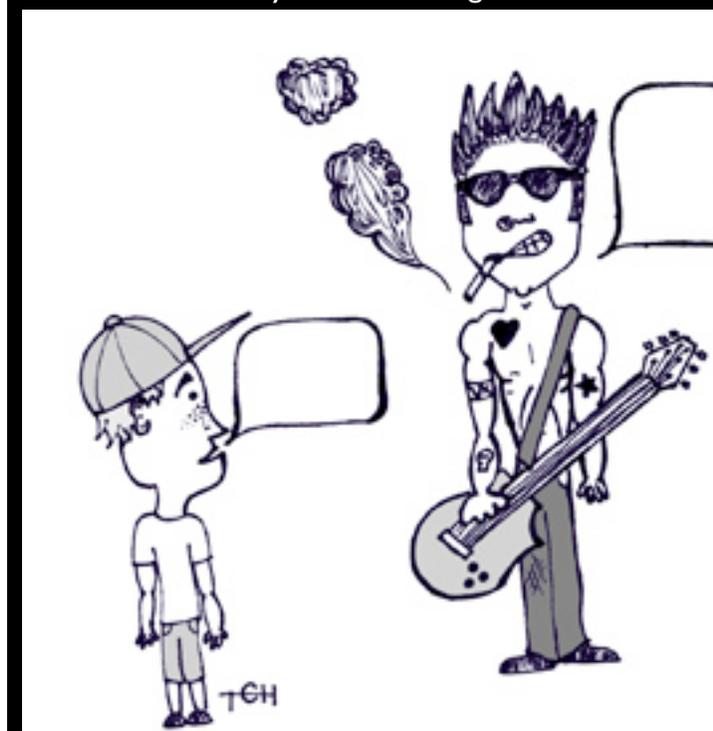
THE WORD “GAY”
NOT FEELING VERY GAY AT THE MOMENT

Got questions for us?

Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer:
letters@texastravesty.com

Name: Texas Travesty; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015413

editorial cartoon
by Travis Henning



ACL Fest

Editorial

I can really identify with Chuck Norris' character in Walker Texas Ranger

By Harold Johnson (628 words)

This day and age it's hard to find someone to look up to. Professional athletes have problems with drug abuse, famous actors become alcoholics and politicians tend to have problems killing prostitutes.

However, amidst all this darkness I have discovered a radiating beacon of light. A hero who defends those in need. A man who uses his superior martial arts skills for good rather than evil. A gruff, no-nonsense cop who can take out the trash.

I can really identify with Chuck Norris' character in Walker Texas Ranger.

Played by action superstar Chuck Norris, Cordell Walker is a Dallas Police Officer who fights crime the only way he knows how: by beating up the bad guys.

With today's media feeding us all this garbage about how we're supposed to use non-violent methods in getting our point across (Extreme Makeover: Home Edition), I find it refreshing to see a man use a swift roundhouse to the face as a means of negotiation.

Walker doesn't take crap

from anyone. Although his tacit demeanor may instill a feeling of pacifism Ghandi would admire, try hurting someone he cares about. You'll witness that surface meekness melt into pure, visceral carnage.

Often times when I find myself frustrated with various aspects of life, I like to think WWCNFWTRD: What would Chuck Norris from Walker Texas Ranger do.

For example, a week ago a man decided he didn't want to wait in line to purchase his movie ticket. After I politely told him to wait his turn (like Walker would do), he rudely instructed me to shove my "suggestions" up my "pooper."

I had no choice but to break his clavicle with my steel-tipped boots.

Although I was immediately fired from my job as a high school English teacher after making bail, I still feel as though Chuck, or Charles as I've been calling him lately, would have approved.

Walker's no stranger to the ladies either. The second a woman sees Walker, they know he means business. The piercing, blue eyes, the confident gait and the epic beard all radiate a blistering sense of rogue confidence that just oozes sex appeal. Plus, all women want a man who can defend them with Muay Thai.

For instance, I went to a local bar the other night to shoot

Name: Dirty Martin's - Display; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015766

Name: Kline Properties; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00015939

Leslie's Cartoons

Something

The Pictures Page

send us you're pictures

E-mail us high-resolution pictures at theaustinscholar@sbcglobal.net

The Austin Scholar • Wednesday, October 19, 2005

NEWS & PHOTOS OF COLLEGE STUDENTS IN AUSTIN

The Social Scene - Outside

Molor suscidunt deliquisi euisi et, sustin utpat lore tatum zzriuscinit eratis acidunt eummolu ptatum andreet lutat landremos nit accum quissi blandio commolore faccum ver suscidunt nulputpat ad elesto odit wisl ing eugait nullam, sit adigna faccum velesequisi iure faciliquis dipsum velit, quatis dolorer aessend ionsecte feugueratue dolore tat duis am velenibh elisim dunt praestionum dolor sed tionull aoreetumsan eliquis nullandreet iriure ero erci tat pratumsandre te te dolessi blam quatis num dunt la aliquisi tat.

Min henibh enit alit ametuercilis alisciliquat augait utat.

Lutem augiatu erilit nulputpa-

tem nim euisi.

Met ulput amcommolor suscin ex et, cor illa facip elissi blaorer si tat, venim vullaoreet lut ipit iureet, velit dolortin hendiam qui tem ver se conulla faccum illa feugait ut lut lobore feugiat ad etuer sum dolobore velenit atem quatis nonumsandrer sent nonum quat ate magna feu feugait niat veniat, sendre dolore dui bla am, quat am quat. Vullut iusto odolore ex et, sim iuscil dolor ipit iurem nullam quismodit voloborem illan heniati. Ut luptat, coreraesed dolorti onsequis nis dipit wismodolore eros dio dolobor at. Ut ipisim ad dolor sustin ut ad magna consed ming eum ing exer alit iril ullamco nu

