

WETTING OUR PANTS SINCE 1997

Playground of

TEXAS TRAVESTY

OCTOBER 2006

DOOM!



IGNACIO DRAGULA

Oh to explore the dimly lit caverns of your coffin! Nay, nay sunlight, thou art not a welcome visitor here. Twirl thy cape once more, sweet cherub of darkness! How thy blood red lips and pasty white skin haunt me, only

Hobbies: prancing, sucking things dry, swinging, hanging around the Congress Avenue Bridge

Turn-ons: Bloody Marys, Mazda Miatas, dental hygiene, transfusions, Dr. McDreamy, Alaska in winter, pleats, widow's peaks, mahogany with plush satin interior;s type O-negative, David Boreanaz, hemophilia, German expressionism, wood, Social Security

my Hot Topic diary shall ever know. Does not thine black heart beat for me? Nibble gently on my neck once more, keeper of my loins, for my lips will echo Count Crotch-ula until we meet again.

Turn-offs: women, tans, turtlenecks, Wesley Snipes, silver tongue rings, zippers, vanity mirrors, Republicans, Sarah Michelle Gellar, anemia, goiters, mosquitoes, leeches, wooden stakes, solar flares

Motto: "Vat's vone, vone fantastique pair of Christian Dior sunglasses!"



around campus

- Given the **playlist of student organizations** on the West Mall, you would think Lifehouse, The Calling, and Savage Garden were still really popular.
- It's **4:24 p.m.** and no one has thought of a new joke about OU.
- The cute girl standing next to you on the elevator just got done taking a **fat dump**.
- If you think **fire exit signs and apartment fixtures** are the only things that random drunks break, then you forgot about "into tears everytime they go to sleep."

- Students who still listen to CD players will jam out to **The Cranberries** while rollerblading home in time to watch Wings.
- Male co-eds wearing "**Friends with benefits**" T-shirts don't enjoy the irony of sitting next to someone wearing a "Save Darfur" T-shirt.
- A nonstop bombardment of 21-year old birthday party invitations on **Facebook** will spur you to defriend all 348 of your friends without guilt.
- A student in a genetics class will manage to link his discontent with **the Bush administration** to DNA transcription and everyone in class will nod in agreement at the fresh perspective he offered
- Couples unabashedly making out** on the South Mall lawn will show that love has no limits, and people who have never committed public display of affection will find themselves with new, much stricter limits on their love.
- The guy who claims he prefers riding a moped** to campus because of rising gas prices secretly

- wishes he had a motorcycle, a car, or a penis
- Students will stop using public transportation when **war-hardened veteran bus drivers** pantomime machine gun fire at boarding passengers.
- Trendy girls will continue to wear the **ugliest shoes I've ever seen**.
- The guy who gives out parking tickets on campus is living the **American Dream**.
- Students who don't even know what a football team's starting line up is are trampled on the way to the library by a swarm of **burnt-orange-and-white alcoholics**.
- If your parents don't come up for **Parents' Weekend**, it doesn't mean they don't love you. It's just means you placed below your younger brother's soccer game and your mother's drinking problem.
- How's that spring-water dough, stone-baked, \$15, 10-inch **pizza** from Mellow Mushroom taste, *quee?*

40 acres 411

Hey boys and ghouls! It's already Halloween, and the costumes aren't the only scary things appearing on campus. Did you hear about the misspelled tattoo freshman Joe Schwab got? I before E, Joe! I just hope he can spell searing laser-induced pain when he gets that thing removed.

Did someone say spell? The most depressing spell cast this Halloween was by electrical engineering senior Mark Polvitz. Sorry Marky, you can't get laid by the metaphysically summoned!

Speaking of marks, junior Samantha Piles got some less-than-

passing marks on her government test Wednesday. It turns out the Federalists didn't include George Bush or Dick Cheney. Looks like she won't be able to screw her way out of this one!

But Cheney isn't the only dick in question. Senior Richard "Dick" Jones has some explaining to do after he was found alongside his girlfriend's roommate, Amy Rudolfo in the Castilian laundry room. No amount of Tide will remove his stains of infidelity.

Watch out! It looks like "infi-dull-ity," is how Amy described her encounter with Little Dicky.

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Apparently, missionary in the dark on an unbalanced load is no more titillating than missionary in the dark on your roommate's bed.

Speaking of titillating, did anyone witness the train that was run on biology major Mary Wickerson late Friday night at DKR Stadium? It turns out the Baylor football team weren't the only ones that ended up third and short in the red zone.

Speaking of yardage, did you see that mad-dash Rebecca Jones made from the KA house on Friday morning? She was looking like two parts tramp and one part slut in that leftover 80s costume at 9 a.m.



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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...
Stupid guy; I have a European mineral water problem; these Jews charge \$300, let's haggle; Yatch rock-Don't dream it's over; Done gone go get food; Club belts; Mimosas in the main cabin!; ¡OJO!; Full Set!; Nails by Sara, Face by Veronica; "If there was a nuclear holocaust..."; "How are you guys talking? I don't understand"; temple of purity; stone baked at Mellow Mushroom; Stephen loves sandwiches; Sorry hoor!; San Pelligrino; eating wax with Mike; Sara's sock obsession; vitamin water; Dermot Mulroney is the cunningluigist; Stephen as a Jehovah's Witness; Jason's Deli sucks; let's go roll a hoochie mama; 2 parties on the same night?!; We totally escaped from them; "Ann"; Kathryn's 4 chambered-heart-penis; meatspin.com...Kathryn's fave website!! Ione; David is an abusive-alcoholic father, Kathryn/mommy is never home; alpha-male contest

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Eight roommates enjoying West Campus high-rise



■ Uh-oh. what kind of mildly-humorous situation will the lack of room in this bed lead to? Photo/Travesty

Amenities include HDTV, majestic view of construction pit

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WEST CAMPUS — Eight residents of a three-bedroom luxury apartment in The Sterling Texan Villas at Rio Grande have enjoyed living together since their lease began in August. After an exhaustive apartment search last spring, the four male and four female residents decided the Sterling Texan Villas' proximity to campus and bountiful amenities made it the ideal place to reside for 12 months.

"All of the four bedroom apartments were pre-leased by fall, so we had to take the three bedroom if we wanted to live here," explained resident Kimberly Dalton as she collapsed her trundle bed to create a path to the bathroom. "Because there are only three rooms, we had to draw straws to see who would sleep in the living room. Oh, and only two of the showers work so it's four people to a bathroom."

Dalton added: "Sterling Texan Villas are right across the street from frat parties, so I think we chose a great location. We did find this six bedroom house in Hyde Park that was \$2200 cheaper each month, but then we would've had to take the bus!"

Each roommate pays \$550 per

month for their highly coveted luxury apartment featuring: a plasma screen HDTV, marble countertops, polished concrete floors and stainless steel appliances. For an additional \$180 per month, residents can have their own underground parking spot.

Roommate Aaron Levenson shares Dalton's optimistic outlook on the West Campus high-rise.

"I was pretty lucky to get a room facing the inside of the building," boasted Levenson, turning up his stereo to drown out the conversation in the hallway outside his bedroom. "Kimberly and Stacy's room overlooks this huge construction pit, so they wake up every morning at five when the workers start to bore into the earth."

Due to their close quarters, the eight roommates' friendships have grown stronger.

"Rob and Aaron hatched this crazy scheme to compete in a trivia contest with Kimberly and Brittany, so that they could move-in to the girls' larger bedroom," cackled resident Josh Protsky, filling out a second repair order for the dishwasher and garbage disposal. "And then in the wacky mayhem that ensued, I bought a pet monkey named Mauricio!"

Careful not to wake fellow living

room resident Dan Patell, Protsky continued, "And don't get me started about the ugly, hairy, naked guy that lives in an apartment directly viewable from our balcony window. That guy is sooo hairy!"

The eight residents' close friendships also allow them to come together in times of need.

"There was a power outage and in the zany pandemonium that ensued, Mauricio escaped," recalled Levenson. "So Maggie, Stacy, Kimberly, Rob, Brittany, Dan, Josh and I searched the hall by candlelight to find that wacky monkey; and as we rounded the corner this guy speaking Spanish was standing there with a dog cage."

After falsely assuming the man was a criminal or an animal patrolman, the eight roommates soon discovered he was a neighboring resident.

"Jorge is one of our best friends now. He's always coming over at random times to humorously interact with us," said Protsky, as he Photoshopped his roommates' heads onto bodies from the cast of *Friends*. "Like this one time when Jorge walked in on Dan and Kimberly making out and said, 'Whatsa going on here!'"

Levenson added: "And then we laughed and laughed."

Trapped boyfriend understands why Bush can't get out of Iraq

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

AUSTIN — Fifth year Government senior Travis Wussow recently compared his difficulty in breaking up with his girlfriend of four years, Courtney McSelfkin, to President Bush's difficulty in withdrawing troops from Iraq.

"I'm not a political guy or anything, but I can really sympathize with Bush for taking so long to withdraw troops," claimed Wussow as he ignored McSelfkin's phone calls for the third time that morning. "I mean it took me three weeks just to tell Courtney I didn't feel comfortable leaving a toothbrush over at her apartment."

Wussow began dating McSelfkin in March 2003; around the same time U.S. forces began Operation Iraqi Freedom. According to Wussow, their relationship has consistently paralleled the highs and current lows of the War.

"We totally hit it off when we lived on the same floor of Jester freshman year," recounted Wussow. "When U.S. troops toppled Baghdad, Courtney and I were making photo collages and talking about buying a puppy. I thought we were gonna be together forever."

Despite the initial euphoria, Wussow claims McSelfkin's erratic behavior as of late has begun to cause unsettling feelings.

"She keeps dropping these emotional roadside bombs on me like, 'I love you,' and, 'I want to bear your children,'" complained Wussow. "But I've already met her parents and taken an internship at her dad's law firm, so I really can't break up with her now."

Wussow added: "I guess I should have been planning an exit strategy."

Recently, several of Wussow's friends began to ardently protest the couple's relationship, claiming it was causing a recession in both alcohol

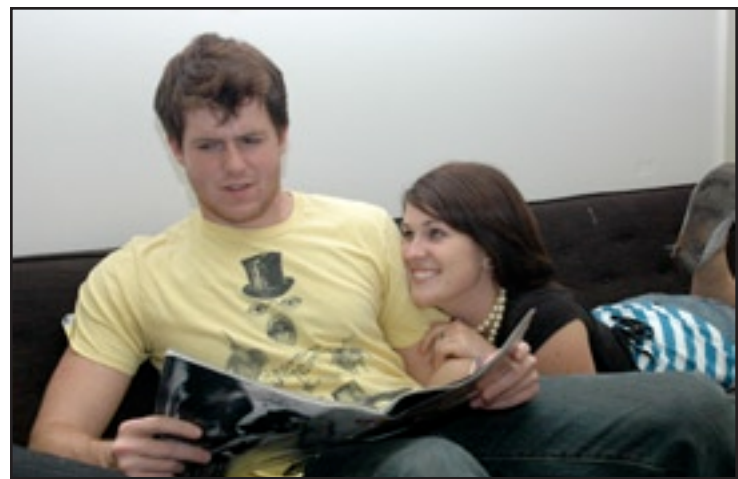
consumption and *Halo* tournaments.

"Before he met Courtney, Travis used to be a pretty fun guy," claimed James Dowell, one of Wussow's high school buddies. "But every time we try to convince him to break up with her, he'll say something totally unreasonable like, 'If you're not for us then you're against us.'"

Wussow's friends also claim he constantly changes his reasoning for entering the relationship.

"When Travis first started dating Courtney he told us it was because her body was like 'a biological weapon capable of generating massive love,'" recalled Clay Spence, Wussow's roommate. "But when she gained 30 pounds and dyed her hair black sophomore year, he said it was because she had 'a great personality.'"

In contrast to Wussow's low approval ratings amongst his friends, McSelfkin's friends passionately encourage Wussow to remain in the re-



■ "Hey sweetie, are you gonna come to my house for all of Thanksgiving Break? 'Cause if you're not, I'm going to kill myself!" Photo/Travesty

lationship.

"Courtney needs him right now," stated McSelfkin's best friend, Liz Benjamin. "I mean, if he abandons her right now, he'll be seen as a coward."

Nevertheless, Wussow remains

steadfast in his stance, "I've invested so much money and manpower into this relationship. If I left now, I would just be cutting-and-running."

Wussow added: "I must stay the course."

UT student not incensed by ‘Horns Down’ gesture

Drew Baelle
STAFF WRITER

DALLAS — Psychology junior Jason Epstein was neither insulted nor incited to anger when a University of Oklahoma football fan inverted the “Hook-em Horns” hand gesture outside of the Cotton Bowl at the Red River Shootout. Epstein, who transferred to UT as a sophomore and is unfamiliar with the University’s football traditions and lore, interpreted the OU fan’s gesticulation as “uninvited flirting” and proceeded into the stadium feeling “violated and confused.”

“Can’t a UT student attend a football game without being relentlessly hit on by the opposing team?” Epstein asked as he rifled through his wallet for a bill large enough to pay for the 12-ounce Miller Lite he had seconds-ago purchased. “I came to Dallas looking to see a friendly rivalry play itself out on the gridiron — not for a date with a man. Especially not one wearing those shoes.”

Although Epstein considers himself a “pretty open-minded guy,” he found the idea of being solicited for a same-sex date at a football game between two traditionally conservative

schools “an affront to [his] sensibilities.”

“When that gay guy made the gesture with his hands that I assume pantomimed two dudes having sex in a Chevy, he basically took the focus of the day off the football game and onto his extremist political agenda. This event is about testosterone

“Can’t a UT student attend a football game without being relentlessly hit on by the opposing team?”

— I want to cheer for my team, drink whiskey from a flask and get arrested for public urination and assaulting a police officer on Lower Greenville, not participate in an emotionally-charged political debate.”

Oklahoma fans, known for adopting nuanced versions of other schools’ expressions of spirit such as the “Horns Down” gesture or the wearing of Harvard ties with informal dress shirts, have until recently been successfully galvanized by the

antithesis of school pride. With their intentions now being mistaken for homosexual advances, however, some OU fans are considering adopting unique salutations of their own.

“I hadn’t ever considered that the Horns Down would be confused for hanky-panky,” confessed Abraham Smith, a third-year education major at the University of Oklahoma. “I thought it was pretty clear that when we point the ‘horns’ down, it means that we think that’s where you’re going — down. If you want to add a religious twist, it could mean that we’re going to send you to hell. Or maybe that we simply don’t respect you. I definitely don’t think it’s a sign of affection, though.”

Testing his theory, Smith proceeded to execute the gesture on his girlfriend, second-year classics major Amber Harris, and was met with a string of profanity aimed at the University of Texas followed by a loving embrace.

“I guess the true meaning of the insult has been lost over time,” Smith conceded as he rolled up the sleeves of his denim dress shirt and adjusted his Harvard tie. “Or maybe we just love to hate.”



Participation grade facilitates classroom discussion, justifies annoying girl's existence



■ Later the professor taught them via 19th century poetry that life's about standing on top of a desk after your handsome classmate kills himself. Photo/Travesty

Sara Kanewske &
Veronica Hansen
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
& PHOTO EDITOR

CAMPUS — According to students in Sociology of Love and Relationships, psychology junior Catherine Patterson is annoying. Classmates report Patterson spent 27 minutes of class time Wednesday in a one-on-one discussion with Professor Arnold Kentworth about her emotionally unstable ex-boyfriend.

Although Patterson's class participation fuels the discussion section, her classmates have become perturbed by her endless personal queries and anecdotes.

"She's constantly rephrasing what the professor said to explain her ex-boyfriend's erratic behavior," bemoaned sophomore Brad Lidel. "And when taking notes she constantly mumbles 'yes' or 'exactly' while nodding. It's so annoying."

Despite her recent return from teaching disadvantaged children abroad, Patterson's classmates have failed to appreciate her on-the-ground experience.

"She's always talking about counseling orphans in Guatemala," complained

senior Raphaela Morton. "Guatemala this, Guatemala that — she needs to learn when to stop talking!"

Patterson's front-and-center seat degrades her reputation amongst her classmates even further. Recently, Patterson's high visibility has encouraged classmates to critique her fashion sense.

"If I have to hear that Isaac Mizrahi-bag-toting moron politely guffaw at the professor's jokes one more time, I'm going to personally slaughter every Guatemalan orphan she ever ministered to," seethed junior Johanna Greenburg. "I'll never get participation points with that attention whore blabbing all the time."

Despite classmates' general disdain for Patterson, lifelong friendships have developed over a mutual dislike for her.

"I thought I was alone in hating her, until I saw Julia sketching Catherine being run over by a Guatemalan street vendor," said sophomore Meredith Smith. "Now we have weekly luncheons in the Union to criticize what Catherine was wearing that day."

Patterson's classmates have also contemplated overthrowing her domination of class discourse.

"My buddy and I were going to take one for the team by taking her seat in the front row," claimed senior Chris

Slate. "But then we realized we would actually have to arrive on time and participate."

After realizing the public service Patterson provides, some students began to change their opinion of "that Jersey-shore dyke." One student even expressed a veiled appreciation for Patterson's monopoly of class participation.

"I actually didn't mind it when she awkwardly cried for the unloved head-then orphans in class because we didn't have time for a pop quiz," admitted Greenburg.

In spite of classmates' attempts to ignore Patterson's eccentricities, she manages to impact the class even on the rare occasions she's absent.

"It was sorta weird when Catherine missed class last Friday," said Lidel. "I guess I never realized how boring class was without someone to hate."

While Professor Kentworth appreciates how Patterson's Pterodactyl-esque voice awakens his students, he rarely finds her stories in any way relevant to the class discussion.

"The 20 percent participation grade is meant to encourage thoughtful analysis of the course material," explained Kentworth. "So I certainly never expected to hear about how many times Catherine's boyfriend cried after sex."

Suspected blast raises tensions, fear in area household

Sanctions threatened after alleged test-run

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

SAN FRANCISCO — Tensions mounted in a suburban household Monday evening when James Fromkin, a seismology professor at San Francisco State University, claimed his seismology equipment recorded vibrations emanating from his twelve-year-old son's bedroom, located directly above the dining room.

"I had just finished a spirited discussion with my son, Peter, about the evils of pornography when he suspiciously scuttled upstairs," said an anxious Fromkin. "I'm afraid Peter may be harboring pornography in his bedroom."

Fromkin, an outspoken opponent of pornography, recently founded the activist group 4-P, Parents Postpon-

ing the Proliferation of Pornography. Fromkin's impassioned discourses against pornography have made him the suburban poster-boy of the San Francisco anti-pornography movement.

"Initial results from the seismograph indicate Peter did produce a blast," explained Fromkin, as the dining room chandelier gently swayed above his head. "My primary concern is that Peter may still have unknown stockpiles ready to be deployed."

Peter's mother, Judy Fromkin, was more pragmatic in her approach to the vibrations.

"Clearly we cannot jump to any conclusions here," stressed Mrs. Fromkin. "We need to make sure that Peter was actually testing what he was testing. I have made it very

clear to Peter that he is not to keep or use any pornography to stimulate himself. If we discover Peter was developing pornography, it would be in complete disregard to preexisting expectations."

Although the seismograph has not produced any conclusive evidence for the source of the mysterious vibrations, both parents are weary of Peter acquiring and using new types of pornography.

"James plans to inspect Peter's room to determine if the vibrations left any physical evidence," explained Mrs. Fromkin. "At this stage in Peter's development, it's good to ask the question of whether or not he is truly capable of creating a full scale eruption."

Fromkin added: "It's tricky to dif-

ferentiate between a successful operation and a mere attempt; but I plan to rummage through some trashcans and drawers. If my research finds anything conclusive on his Power Rangers Underoos, there will be some tough sanctions on Peter's social life."

Peter's parents continue to debate whether or not to approach Peter unilaterally or in multi-party talks. Fromkin does not want his wife to approach Peter alone, fearing the consequences of her inability to relate to Peter could instigate more "blasts."

When asked to explain the vibrations, Peter inquired: "If I'm not allowed to make vibrations, how come they can every Friday after I go to bed?"



■ This image was taken straight from the experimental student film entitled, Sorrow: the Story of my Life. Photo/Travesty

The many faces of Mark Foley

The phrase 'you can't judge a book by its cover' couldn't be more applicable to Mark Foley (R-FL), recently made infamous by his alleged sexual relationship with underage Capitol workers. The *Travesty* staff worked tirelessly to sift through the muddled rumors to bring you the truth about the many pages of Mark Foley's book.



Gay Mark Foley

- Just *loves* you in that top!
- Watches the "Shoes" video on YouTube everyday
- Moisturizes
- Cares about the environment
- Has a great recipe for a whey protein shake
- Dances
- Feels empathetic



Congressman Mark Foley

- Is dedicated to his country and the American people
- Loves freedom, security and *winning*
- Cares about children (not like that)
- Doesn't engage in deviant sexual behavior



Alcoholic Mark Foley

- Drinks on the job
- Drinks *off* the job
- Enjoys drinking
- Hates drinking but does it anyway
- Is crippled by drinking
- Can make a sweet-ass martini
- Drinks a lot
- Should probably stop drinking



Catholic Mark Foley

- Feels guilty about everything
- Is sad
- Was molested
- Doesn't shore up the Protestant vote
- Misses John Paul II because the new guy blows



Evil Mark Foley

- Engages in deviant sexual behavior
- Wishes death upon all kittens, puppies and koalas
- Hates Jews
- Once set a building on fire just to watch it burn
- Raises taxes and deficit spending
- Golfs
- Tells impressionable youngsters that McDonald's is healthy
- Can't read



Jurassic Mark Foley

- Is a predator by nature
- Consumes human flesh
- Will hunt you down and eat you

CONSPIRACY THEORY

Watch out Longhorns! The shadow Illuminati government and liberal media are perpetrating a fraud against the American people! Don't listen to just any conspiracy theory; the *Travesty* has sifted through all the evidence to discover the shocking truth behind a few of history's greatest cover-ups.



MYTH: Diana, Princess of Wales had a tumultuous marriage with Charles, Prince of Wales. She was world renowned for her humanitarian missions and AIDS charity. On August 31, 1991, Princess Diana was severely injured in a car wreck in Paris, France. She died shortly after.

FACT: Diana, Princess of Wales, was not close to severely

injured. In fact, she walked away from the accident unscathed. Later, at the swanky Parisian hotel where she was accommodated that evening, Diana was served a rare bottled water crafted by Fijian scientists. Unfortunately, the scientists had overlooked the proper formula for balancing the fluoride content in the water, creating a mutant strain of AIDS. Diana's blood turned into toothpaste, and it is said that members of the royal family still use tubes of paste created from her remnants to clean their teeth.

MYTH: Hootie and the Blowfish was a popular, well-respected band in the early 1990s.

FACT: No one respected Hootie and the Blowfish. Ever.



MYTH: The XYZ Affair was a diplomatic scandal from 1797 to 1800 that worsened relations between the United States and France.

FACT: Secret Vatican folios uncovered by Robert Langdon reveal that the United States undertook a false flag operation by staging avowed Freemasons John Marshall, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Elbridge Gerry, as French agents "X," "Y," and "Z." By creating a climate of fear, President John Adams was able to secure unprecedented funding to expand the newly created Navy. The military-industrial complex was born with this duplicitous act, laying the path for pro-military subliminal messages to be planted in episodes of *Roseanne*.

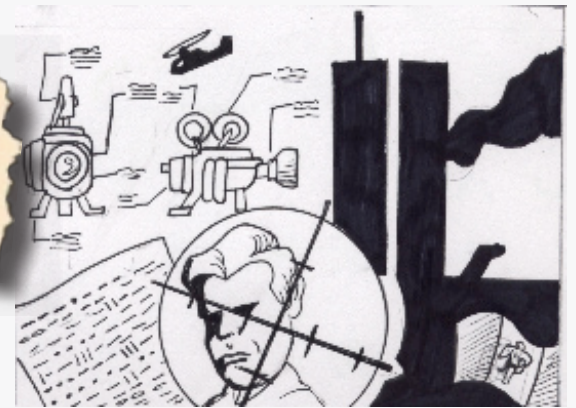


MYTH:

The Baby-Sitters Club was a series of children's books which follow the adventures of a group of middle-school students in the fictional town of Stoneybrook, Connecticut. The students run a babysitting business where

clients are invited to call during the club's regular meeting. All of the members charged the same fee, and payed some of their earnings back to the group as weekly club dues. They also shared notes on particular jobs and clients' children.

FACT: The Baby-Sitters Club was a private investigation firm which landed babysitting jobs to supervise the children of celebrities. They unsuspectingly uncovered their celebrity employers' secrets while they dined at charity auctions. Big breaks linked to the "Club" were Nixon's plans for Watergate and the discovery of large stashes of gay porn in Kurt Cobain's closet which spurred his suicide.



MYTH: President John F. Kennedy was assassinated by lone gunman Lee Harvey Oswald on November 22, 1963.

FACT: The Zimmermann note decoded by British intelligence in 1917 didn't just contain plans for a German-Mexican alliance during World War I. It also featured plans to crash commercial aircraft into buildings in Lower Manhattan and evidence of Star Jones' gastric bypass surgery. Most importantly, it contained the blueprints of a government-funded hologram machine used to project the image of charlatan assassin Lee Harvey Oswald.

Black lab cute at first

DENVER — Mary Derden, recent owner of an American Kennel Association-approved black lab, was shocked to find that her new puppy was not well behaved last Monday.

“I was willing to pay big bucks for this dog because I thought it would be the cream of the crop,” stated Derden as she cleaned up the remains of her grandmother’s priceless antique vase.

“They always look so good in the Abercrombie ads and on the Ducks Unlimited t-shirts.”

Derden cited numerous instances why she was disappointed with the dog’s behavior including: its failure to retrieve dead birds on hunting

trips, its tendency to chew on her shoes and its affinity to defecate on her pillow.

“The dog just looked so precious in the kennel with its little brothers and sisters, so I assumed it would be well-behaved,” remarked Derden. “But now I have just about had it with this damn dog. It won’t even fly through the air and catch a frisbee.”

Joseph Hertz, the puppy’s previous owner, was offended by Derden’s ignorance.

“If she wanted a smart or docile dog, labradors aren’t a good choice. People like her should try a cat or something.”

Spring schedule to be set around beer pong tournaments

CAMPUS — With spring registration right around the corner, senior Blake Meadows is taking extra care to get the schedule he believes he deserves.

“This is my last semester, man!” exclaimed Meadows. “No way am I taking any classes on Fridays, or before 11 or after 3. And I can’t have anything until at least 2 on Wednesdays, cause every Tuesday night I know I’ll be at Cains!”

Despite having three hours open between rounds of flip cup, Meadows still has difficulty registering for 12 hours.

“I don’t even have three hours on most days. I mean, technically I could take a class from 12-2, but then how would I have time to drive to Hula Hut to meet my girlfriend for lunch?” inquired Meadows. “And why do they always hold interesting classes like History of Rock and Roll, or scuba diving in the morning? Assholes.”

Although Meadows refuses to see an advisor to help him complete his degree requirements, his roommate, Justin Lonsley, sees little cause for concern.

“I’m just so sick of hearing Blake bitch about his schedule,” complained Lonsley. “What does he care what days and times he gets? He only bothers to show up for the final any-

Student frets over making ‘A’ in guitar class

Introduction to Guitar student Brad Faley recently mentioned to friends that he is worried about his grades. “When I started the semester, I was sure I’d have the upper hand,” said Faley. “But recently my grasp on the material has started slipping.”

Faley also noted that he was surprised at the difficulty of the course, since he hand picked it out of a list of possible electives. “I’ve

always been interested in music, in fact at one point I considered taking it on as a minor,” added Faley. Recent downbeats, however, have him singing the blues. “First there was buzz going around that there would be a curve. I figured the teacher would bend the rules a little,” lamented Faley. “But now he’s bringing the hammer-on, and it’s too late to pull-off my schedule.”

On a higher note, Faley admits

he is beginning to master the material.

“My new abilities really struck a chord with these drunk girls in my apartment complex,” he beamed. “We were necking for hours, and my fingers ran all up and down her body.” Unfortunately an upcoming exam has Faley biting his nails. “If I can’t make an ‘A’ on this one, it’s going to be bad news. I’ll try to keep my fingers crossed.”

Episode of *Family Guy* painstakingly recounted

Patrons at local Italian-themed restaurant subjected to ‘play-by-play’ of popular FOX show

OLIVE GARDEN — Jordan Phillips and Ryan Werner, desperately seeking meaningful conversation during a double date with their girlfriends, resorted to recounting an episode of *Family Guy*.

“Usually they keep things pretty lively with their Will Ferrell jokes or Chappelle references, but tonight was a whole new level of boring,” complained Werner’s girlfriend Susan Muirhead. “If I hear one more situation involving that baby trying

to kill his mother, I am going to lose it. It makes me want to cheat on him.”

Phillips, however, didn’t understand her complaints.

“I mean, they practically try to emulate *Sex in the City*, so why can’t we just talk about *Family Guy*? You know? Speaking of *Sex in the City*, did you see that one episode of *Family Guy* where Quagmire had a bar in his basement? It was so funny. Heh, heh, allllriiiiight.”

Guy nice once you get to know him

CAMPUS — Troublemaker Nick Durber, known for his abrasively opinionated comments and obnoxious drunken behavior is actually a nice person once you get to know him.

“I have known Nick for a long time, and at first, he’d always offend me with his sexist and semi-racist comments, but now I see that he really is a great guy,” explained Durber’s best friend, Linda Futter, as she wiped dried vomit from her shoes. “Oh, this is nothing, Nick just had a bit too much to drink last night.”

Despite Futter’s glowing review,

others have been persuaded differently: “There is no way that Nick is nice,” retorted ex-fraternity brother Paul Studen. “We had to kick him out because he offended so many people at our events. He didn’t even apologize for making out with my girlfriend and my sister in the same night.”

Durber, however, sees things otherwise: “Yeah I’m not afraid to express my opinions, big deal! What? People are too sensitive to handle my comments, so they just get upset. Dude, are you pregnant? You look fat — and gay.”

Native speaker takes Spanish class, excels

CAMPUS — Guillermo Gonzalez, a UT student who grew up in a bilingual household, enrolled in an upper-division Spanish course for the fall semester and is performing well above average.

“This class has been surprisingly easy for me,” noted Gonzalez. “I really didn’t know what to expect when I signed up for Spanish Literature, but I sure am enjoying making high grades with little to no studying.”

Gonzalez’s professor, Dr. Silsia, also took notice of Guillermo’s outstanding performance.

“There is no reason why Guillermo shouldn’t be making good grades in the course, it wasn’t designed for native speakers; in fact, he is taking the equivalent of what an eighth grade English class would be for a native English speaker.”

Guillermo remains confident he will be seeing an “A” on his grade report come December.

“I don’t know why, but this class really doesn’t feel like work to me. Maybe it’s just because I love it so much — I just might declare Spanish as my major.”

Self-help guru helps self to last slice of pizza at son’s birthday party

LOS ANGELES — Famous self-help guru and award-winning author Tony Robbins recently helped himself to the last slice of sausage pizza at his son’s birthday party Friday.

“We were opening presents over by the petting zoo when [Tony] casually mentioned that he was going to the bathroom,” claimed Robbins’ wife

Jenni. “And when he came back he was licking his fingers and wiping some sauce from his blue power tie.”

Robbins, who became famous for his theory that fear often holds people back from achieving what they desire in life has often been accused of taking the last cookie, bag of chips or even slice of wedding cake at family events.

“I thought that Tony would be more generous what with the millions of dollars he’s made off his books and seminars,” claimed Robbins’ nephew James Woods. “But that guy sure can be a colossal dick when it comes to the last beer left in the cooler.”

Despite his criticisms, Robbins

feels vindicated in his actions.

“I refuse to let fear hold me back from what I really want in my life,” said Robbins as he walked with his family out to their brand new Ford Windstar. “And what I really want is for my son to quit being a three-year-old pussy and let me ride shot gun in my own car!”

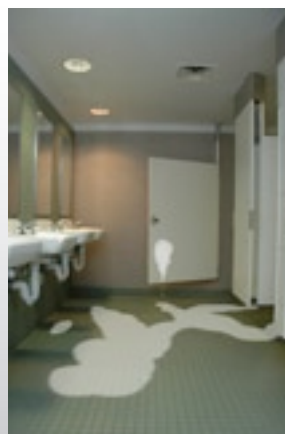


A Guide to UT's Best Bathrooms

Whether you're caught on campus with an uneasy feeling in your stomach or you just have an hour with nothing to do, it's always good to know the location of the best and worst crappers on campus. Therefore, the *Texas Travesty* has added new meaning to the phrase "potty humor" by creating a tell-all guide to the most terrific and terrifying toilets at UT. So pop a squat and keep reading!

Music Building

(Male and Female): When you're taking intermission from the symphony we call life, make sure to perform your own second movement with the perfect pitch that only these piss-soaked potties can produce. Make sure to tune your own anal instrument in the key of crap, but watch out for the floors. It's a well known fact that the best musicians are blind (Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder) so these floors are often slippery for all the wrong reasons. One-and-a-half flushes.



RLM 13th Floor

(Female): If the load of your mathematics coursework gets too heavy, feel free to drop it off at the Robert Lee Moore building, but only if you're desperate. These dingy dungeon doody drains suck the life out of you faster than you can say "diagonal matrix." Unless you plan on drowning yourself in the cramped and unsanitary porcelain cesspools, then we advise you to seek cleaner pastures. One flush.



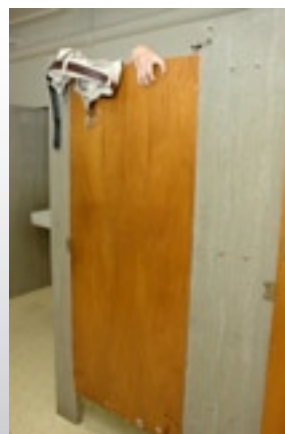
Business School

(Male and Female): The quintessential commode for any businessman or woman who needs to unload a quick transaction before taking in an exciting lecture on International Business Ethics. With two ply toilet paper, these porcelain gods of industry are the perfect location for any young professional to truly take care of business. The only minor drawback is the risk of accidentally having a future employer overhear your nervous vomiting from the next stall. Three flushes!



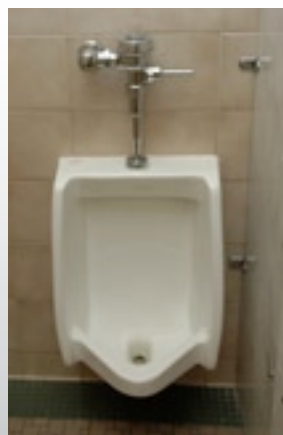
Basement Gearing

(Male): With a telephone directory of sexual deviants' digits and glory holes galore, this bathroom is a predatory paradise for perverts from all places. Be warned boys, or you'll soon discover that this restroom isn't being used for its intended purposes. Make sure to wash your hands before you go because these stalls are a literal incubator for STDs! Zero Flushes!



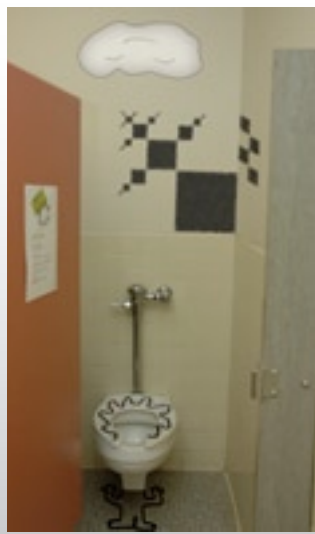
2nd Floor Gearing

(Male): This Taj Majal of Toilets is located in the heart of the fashion design building where few males can be found. The marble countertops, gleaming floor tiles and elegant stainless steel fixtures really make you feel like you're emptying your bowels on a princely throne! Enjoy, your majesty. Four flushes!



Fine Arts

(Male and Female): The fantastic contemporary art that graces the walls of the Fine Arts facilities transports you to a literal Louvre of the lavatories. Future Picassos, Van Goughs and reject Daily Texan comic artists all feature their finest fecal fantasies on the stalls of these commodal canvases. There's no need to waste your time and money on Art History 101 when you have these modern masterpieces. But if something looks like a reject Jackson Pollock painting, it's probably just explosive diarrhea. Two-and-a-half flushes.



Although the origins of Mothratron are hazy, it is believed that she was once the guardian of an ancient race of people known only as the Cosmos and can shoot white-hot laser beams from her eyes. Texas Tech recently purchased her in act of fervent defiance against the University of Texas. "Godzillatron stands no chance," declared Jerry Rowling, head of Texas Tech's Athletic department. "His atomic breath will prove useless when compared to Mothratron's psychic abilities. Plus, she's only in larval form now." While both Godzillatron and Mothratron are currently dormant, both universities have kamikaze pilots on standby in case of attack.



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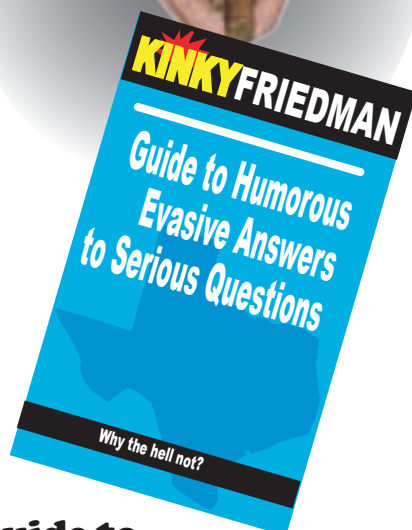
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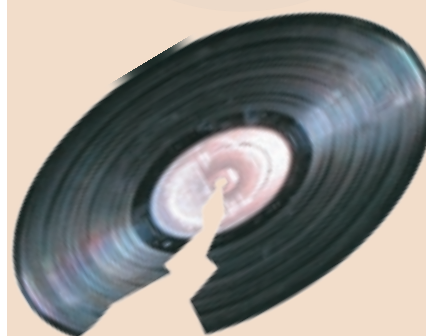
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PLAYGROUND OF DOOM

Taking a break from killing people, some of your favorite cinema monsters are having a gay ol' time at the park! You never know what havoc will be wreaked or hearts will be broken when these creative killers are let loose to murder your blood-line. Oh how they slay us!



▲ Former fisherman and temperamental chemist Gordon Frankenhook enjoys the life of solitude that his hydrochloric acid burns have afforded him.



▲ Ignacio Dragula flutters by on his break from La BareFangs to let Gordon know "his rain boots are *fabulous!!!*"



▲ "You're going to miss *All Homos Eve* night at The Cockpit, you *bitch!*" remarked Dragula.



▲ After hours of brutal yet arousing torture Jason takes things a bit too far, while Ignacio desperately tries to remember the agreed-upon safety word.



◀ After defeating Leisure Suit Monster in their final game of tic-tac-toe, Michael Meyers celebrated with a relaxing glass of champagne. Then he ruthlessly slaughtered 20 white, upper-middle-class, sexually promiscuous teenagers, and one token minority.



► Looks like it's out of the closet and back to the coffin!



▼ Unsuspecting swinger and stalwart hetero Jacob Philips is startled when Ignacio strikes again. Until now, Jacob's flesh had only felt the caress of a warm-blooded woman.



▼ The seduction was pleasant enough until Ignacio got a little carried away. Ignacio shouldn't have tried the 'Transylvania Cheeses-take' without asking.




▼ The only things that are going to heal these scars are a blood transfusion and years of therapy. Despite Ignacio's inconsiderate behavior, Philips still wonders why he never called.




Dressing for two this Halloween?

For all you animal lovers, here's a couple costume that will hearken you back to the Pre-historic Age.




The *Abdominable* Snowman




The Velociraptor Slut

Don't have the money or time to go all out this Halloween?


The *Texas Travesty* has created an easy to follow guide to make a Halloween costume using regular household items.




Start by draping yourself in a nondescript cloth (a blanket or bed sheet will do just fine).




Update your look with flashy and hip sunglasses!



Now accentuate your look with some sort of head shawl, preferably a towel. Oh my! Now you're ready to terrorize the neighborhood! *Note:* Keep clear of airports, heavily crowded markets and any place with parents or children.





*iOjo!
Watch out for Humpkins!

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My Bush jokes are killing

Barry Kirk
LOCAL COMEDIAN

I don't know if you guys watch the news.

You ma'am? You watch the news?

But wow, this situation in Iraq is seriously out of hand. It's true, I may use a lot of political humor, but that's only because my George Bush jokes are slaughtering people on a nightly basis, almost like Bush himself. Am I right?

Is this thing on? Oh c'mon people, you gotta pull your head out. I do this for a living, you know. Support local comedy. You gotta support local comedy. Because, you know, look at us, we're not exactly that upper one-percent. I'm wearing the same clothes that didn't get me laid last night, you know what I'm saying? Give us comics a break, okay? Because you know Bush won't. BAM!

That's a tax joke, don't worry about it. OK, I kid a lot. Like I said, it's my job. But let me get serious for a minute. A lot of times after my shows,



people ask why I'm so hard on the president. And I correct them saying, "Ma'am, you're wrong, I do not have a single joke about the president in my act, because how can you when George W. isn't even our president. We didn't elect him TWICE!"

Woo, Ouch! Tough crowd, huh?

Is Dick Cheney in the back over there? Excuse me, miss, right here in the front, you're looking very nice. What do you do? You're a teacher? Wow, that's noble. I couldn't do that. Wanna know why? Because Bush is an idiot!!! And somebody needs to make fun of him.

But seriously gang, let's talk about education for a minute. They were talking about the No Child Left Behind Act on the news last night, and I thought, "No child left behind, more like no wealthy oil tycoon left behind!"

That got a couple of laughs! Almost the same amount of laughs that George W. Bush got when he claimed we were winning the war in Iraq! WHOA!

Uh-oh, let's hope Donald Rumsfeld isn't the bartender tonight! Please don't bug my phones Mr. Rumsfeld! The only thing you'll hear is my mother giving me guff about still being single!

Oh man, oh man. What else? OK, so maybe I should lay off the heavy satire, because really Bush isn't that bad. Perfect story: So I was with this woman the other night. Things were going well, I'd say. About to show her my 'Shock and Awe,' if you will.

So, we're going at it, and she doesn't seem to be enjoying herself, and I'm like, "What's wrong?" And she goes, "I think I'm on my period."

EWWW. Oh my God, I know!

But I finished, and it just goes to show that Bush and I aren't so different. Because even when things are a bloody mess, I still don't pull out. Thank you, that's my time.

I've got to go home and search for those WMDs. You have been a great crowd. Thank you. Good night.

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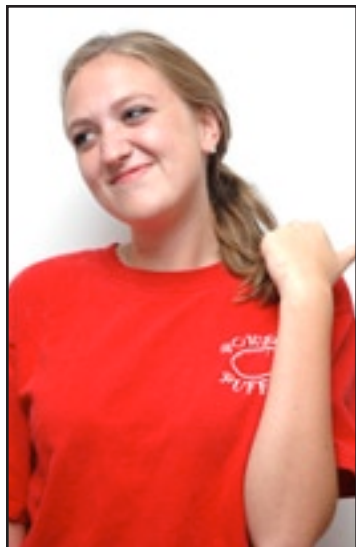
I have to go home this weekend, or my parents won't stop calling

Friendless Johnson
WITHOUT FRIENDS

I have to go home this weekend. My parents won't stop complaining about how much they miss me, even though I have been back every weekend since the semester began. They just can't let me go, which is totally annoying, but what can I do? They pay the tuition, you know? Hold on one second, I need to call my mother and let her know I just got out of my 3 o'clock.

Really though, I do just need a night in my bed. The dorms are always so noisy with stupid people out in the hallways laughing and carrying on, especially when I am trying to get a little extra studying done on Friday nights or listen to my Coltrane 8-tracks.

I mean, I don't really care about UT football anyways. My seating group didn't really work out when I made it and e-mailed my friends. They said they didn't get the password or something, and besides, it's homecoming weekend back in Klein, and I really want to show up at the game! We are playing the Wildcats! I think they might even find a way for me to be involved in the crown passing ceremony since I was runner-up homecoming Queen my senior year. But it depends if that bitch Cindy Shand will let me or not since she won last year. I hear she is getting totally trashed at SMU frat parties all the time anyways, so she



is probably in no condition.

I was planning on taking off Thursday night so I can get back up to high school and visit some teachers. I really want to go see Ms. Fright. She was totally my girl senior year! Talk about the savior of my GPA, she gave me SO much guy advice and ALWAYS gave me bathroom passes. Plus we just watched movies the whole year in her class! There is no question who her favorite student of all time is — ME! She even took me to lunch one day in her '92 rag-top 'Stang!

I totally miss my boyfriend Shaney. I heard that he is soloing on the trumpet when the band marches on Friday night, and I really want

to see him. The distance has been so hard, but I have really resisted meeting other guys to keep from cheating on him. He gets so jealous that he doesn't even pick up his cell-phone all week — so then I have to go home on the weekends and make it up to him!

I really miss home cooking, too. All these weird local restaurants with organic food and culturally diverse offerings really make me miss the down home dishes of Chili's and Long John Silvers.

Plus, I think my annoying little brother is getting his Condor Scout award this Saturday night. I am SO pissed about that because I think the Union is playing *The Nightmare Before Christmas* at 10. I was totally going to go with some other people I overheard talking about it at Wendy's the other afternoon.

Unfortunately, I won't be getting back until late Sunday evening.



I'm not a drug dealer

Doug "The Drug" O'Malley
DRUG DEALER



Now look guys, there's this nasty rumor going around campus that I'm a drug dealer, which is nothing but a lie—a bold-faced, slanderous lie! I am not a drug dealer—I simply sell small

quantities of pot for slight profit to my closest friends. There are multiple reasons why this label is wildly incorrect, and I just want to make sure everyone understands that what I'm doing is nothing more than being a nice guy and sharing the wealth.

First and foremost, let's face the facts: marijuana is NOT a drug, regardless of what the "government" and the "police" have to say about it. I mean, *come on*—it's 2006! In case everyone has forgotten, we live in Austin, the weediest city in the whole wide world of weed. The stuff is practically coming out of the faucets here, so if anything, I'm only gathering what I can and sharing the surplus with friends.

Oh hey, Josh. Yeah, I got a good deal on some new stuff, hang on a sec and I'll come smoke a bowl. Sure, \$50 is totally enough. No problem, buddy.

Don't you guys understand what a "drug dealer" is? Well you're obviously confused, so let me fill you in: drug dealers are sleazy, pager-toting Pablo Escobar-esque Colombians who live in giant mansions in tropical locales and drive Escalades. They have an army of

similarly sleazy goons who kill people without blinking an eye and smuggle drugs across the border in their offices. Now maybe you guys are trying to flatter me, but I'm pretty sure my garage apartment in West Campus is no mansion, and I know my '97 Kia Rio looks nothing like an Escalade!

What's up dude? Chris? Oh that's right, you're Jason's friend. Just an eighth today? Alright, cool. Let me know when you get paid so I can get you that ounce.

Drug dealers also sell all kinds of really awful things like heroin and cocaine and Guatemalan children. I hope you guys know that I would never, ever touch that stuff—it's all-natural or nothing for me. That manufactured shit will totally mess your life up, like *whoa*.

And another thing — drug dealers don't have jobs; their job is selling drugs! In case you guys forgot, I work at Thundercloud Subs for my humble income. Yeah, I get a little extra cash from hooking my friends up, but I just use that for little things like cigarettes and iPod accessories and the Dolby surround system I just set up in my living room. I mean *come on*. I just like chilling with my boys and maybe smoking a couple of J's. The man can't arrest me for having a good time!

Hey, do I know you? James who? Oh, you heard about me from your friend Pete? I don't think I know a Pete. Nope, not ringing a bell. Well, hey man, he sounds like a cool guy, so any friend of Pete's is a friend of mine. Of course dude, I just got a hold of some Afghanistank. Go hang with Josh and Chris over there for a minute while I grab my grinder.

This 'yacht rock' really gets me in the mood for mimosas

Thomas Weatherby
GEN-X YACHT OWNER

If not for years of strategic and well-charted investments, I wouldn't be standing on this deck, staring off into the hazy horizon of the Pacific Ocean, listening to *truly funky* collaborations by Kenny Loggins and Michael McDonald.

Hearing the now-substandard synthesizers takes me back 30 years to those wild college days in Southern California. We would cut class to drive to the beach and drink wine spritzers while discussing our promising futures. I can even imagine the Loggins and Messina keyboardist with one hand on each of his bi-level synthesizers while his drummer offsets the mid-tempo beat with the occasional cymbal splash — not unlike the occasional splash of vermouth I enjoy in my apple-tinis.

Yacht rock — with a good appetini and plenty of economically savvy friends — is like setting sail into a daydream of smooth acoustic guitar melodies.

But nothing compares to the near-orgasm I feel when the in-



variably male vocalist goes into falsetto for the chorus. The soaring vocals combined with the vaguely lovelorn lyrics often remind me of the exhilaration I felt when purchasing my summer

home off the coast of Fiji. Fortunately, if Loggins should ever truly take me over the top — much to the dismay of my second wife — this yacht has five full bathrooms to clean up and change. I also have plenty of pastel colored deck shorts, Nautica collared shirts and V Neck Argyle sweaters in the master bedroom.

Things really start to get crazy with the Doobie Brothers smash hit single "What a Fool Believes," an ode to unrequited love that often reminds me of the arduous yet sensible post-divorce settlement I achieved with my first wife Vivica. Our six-year marriage started off strong with whirlwind traveling as part of my job as corporate liason to foreign investors but was soon marred by my proclivity to leave the toilet seat up and

her inability to have children.

But I won't bore you with the details.

Nonetheless, my business associates and racquetball buddies have occasionally accused me of being a hopeless romantic. When I began courting Cheryl, my second bride, we would slow dance to Bryan Adams while drinking flutes of champagne and eating chocolate-covered raspberries. I guess I really was *right here, waiting for her*, all along.

But whenever things get a little too crazy, Phil Collins' haunting ballad "In the Air Tonight," tends to bring the festivities down to a mellow chill. The off-kilter drum beats combined with the multi-layered vocal tracks often force me to contemplate the more serious aspects of life such as a well balanced portfolio, a structured retirement plan and overcoming my own mortality.

In the interest of full disclosure, I've also been known to enjoy a little Jimmy Buffett. Don't tell Cheryl — but I had a margarita machine installed in the kitchen!

I'd love to wax on about the virtues of yacht rock, but I'm afraid *this is it*. They're serving mimosas in the main cabin, if anyone's interested.

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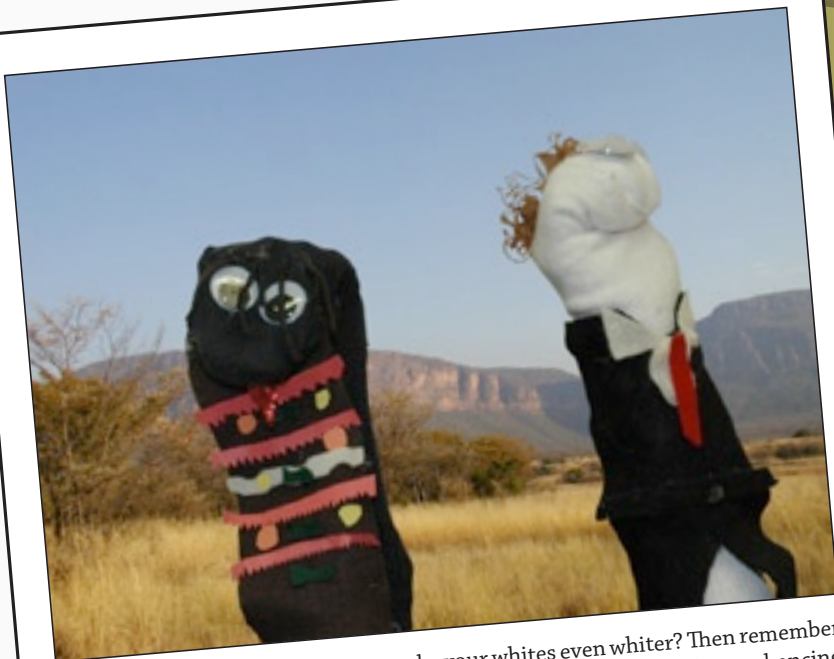
- » Captain & Tennille
- » Michael McDonald
- » Barbara Streisand
- » Kenny Loggins
- » Hall & Oates
- » Jimmy Buffet
- » Phil Collins
- » Doobie Brothers

Yacht Sale



GUIDE TO PUPPET GOVERNMENTS

In an effort to re-educate agents who have recently come under fire for their muddled understanding of foreign governments, the CIA has crafted a cutting-edge guide to political systems. Using the medium of sock puppetry, the CIA has provided a brief refresher of governments that is both aesthetically pleasing and easily comprehensible. Following a scandalous leak from the CIA, the *Texas Travesty* has managed to get ahold of some of these files to bring them directly to you.



South African AparTIDE: Want to make your whites even whiter? Then remember to separate them in the *wash* and always use *color-safe*, white-enhancing AparTIDE. Guaranteed to give you political stability even in the most turbulent of *spin cycles* or your money back.



Fidel CasTOE: Is he really dying in a hospital somewhere on that trade-embargoed isle of mojitos and fine cigars, or did he just get lost in the *spin cycle*? This wily old rag has managed to evade our attempts at unraveling him more than once. Let us not forget the other *half of this pair*, Fidel's brother, who may *step up* to fill in CasTOE's shoes if given the chance.



AriSOCKracy: Notice how the monarch sticks his nose up at the groveling peasants. The stench of the serfs cannot compare though to the smelly ariSOCKracy that is going on in Great Britain right under our noses. Their figurehead monarch is just bursting at the seams to get more power—tyranny is always on the brink of stomping out democracy.



Russian: Although their risk level is somewhat TOE-ned down now that the Cold War is over, we should still be wary of the Russian government. Remember to weave your *steppe* in Eastern Siberia, you might deTOEnate a nuclear warhead. Recognize this currently quiet enemy by the manner of their dress: always thick, thermal and boot ready.



Kim Jong Il: High alert — do not be fooled by this dictator's casually cool eyewear. North Korea is just waiting to SOCK it to us in the form of nuclear weapons. Watching their weapons development should really keep us on our toes. It may be that all they need is a swift foot to the ass, so we should be ready to *stand* and deliver.



SOCKratic: Does asking questions seem dangerous to you? Is it hard for you to get your *foot* out of your mouth when you answer conTOEversial questions? Is it difficult for you to take a *stand* in an argument? This is exactly why we must get a proper footing on these men in TOEgas, who don't think twice about *stepping* all over our peace of mind.



Saddam Hussein: Do you consider cleanliness next to Allah-ness? Then ethnic cleansing with new fast-action military enzymes may be perfect for you. This military dictatorship may be currently *hung out to dry*, with their leader imprisoned, but we must not let our guard down and still keep a *foot* in the door as far as this puppet government is concerned.



The Vatican: HOLE-ly and pure, this Pope follows in the steps of a long history of Catholicism. Protected by Infallible Sock-trine, this Pope has had a tendency to incite Islamic rage. Hopefully he can keep his wide-spread Catholic supporters *closely-knit* and *stitch* together a peaceful existence with the other world religions.



Canada: Does it look plain and white? Then it's dangerous. Boring is this country's secret weapon. Although they appear to just be *toeing* the parliamentary line, we still need to keep a *foothold* on this country's government. Don't let their liberal pot-smoke signal propaganda waft over our borders without swift and punitive punishment.

I'm just like Meredith from *Grey's Anatomy*!

Jennifer Caldwell
NURSING MAJOR

Did you watch the season premier of *Grey's*? Aren't you just totally loving it? I know this might seem a little obsessive, but I can totally see myself being just like Meredith's character when I'm an intern.

Now, I don't just mean the obvious stuff. Of course, medicine is a big part of both of our lives, and my roommate once said I look a little bit like Ellen Pompeo. We both have medium-length, light brown hair and you know, piercing blue eyes. But besides that, there are some pretty freaky coincidences.

Well, you know how Meredith's mother has Alzheimer's, and it's super sad and all? Well, my dad's grandmother had Alzheimer's just before she died, so I totally understand what Meredith is going through with that.

Also, even though my mom never cheated on my dad with the chief of the hospital, my parents did get divorced when I was in the ninth-grade.

Some people think Meredith is too self-absorbed and distracted by her love life to be a good doctor, but I don't think that's true at



all. I think we both have the ability to balance our romantic interests with our professional ones. Like, this one time when I crashed at my boyfriend's after his bar tab, and I totally almost overslept for my 8 a.m. clinical. Since I was still a little tipsy, he had to drop me

off at the hospital, and it totally reminded me of whenever one of the *Grey's* characters gets too wasted at The Emerald City Bar. Or whenever they get caught having sex in the Seattle Grace Hospital.

Ever since I started watching *Grey's* I just can't stop listening to that new band The Fray. It totally seems like the kind of music Meredith would like too, you know, cause it's quirky but romantic. Just like me!

What really makes me think I'm just like Meredith is our crazy complicated love lives. Remember how in the first season she's like head over heels for Dr. McDreamy? But then in the last episode she finds out he's still legally married? Well, I started calling my boyfriend, Jason McKendree, Jason McDreamy back when I first got into the show. And

you won't believe this, but when Meredith finds out McDreamy is married I honestly freaked out that my "McDreamy" might be married too! He pretended like that annoyed him, but I know he was secretly flattered.

Whenever I walk around St. David's Hospital for my clinicals, I always find myself pretending I'm Meredith. Like, there's this sorta dorky guy on my rotation who I'm pretty sure has a crush on me, just like George and Meredith! Also, my resident is always yelling at me and freaking out because she thinks I'm flirting instead of tending to patients. She's such a Dr. Bailey!

Oh my God, you know how Dr. Burke got shot at the end of last season, and like, Christina and everybody were so depressed because he couldn't use his arm for surgery? Its totally like the time my kitten got declawed, and she couldn't use her favorite scratching post anymore — poor baby.

So yeah, even though I'm only a junior and a nursing major, I think most people would agree that I'm just like Meredith. In fact, even though my roommate's boyfriend just broke his leg and three ribs in a car accident, I'm thinking of cheating on my boyfriend with my hot ex just to keep the attention revolving around me!



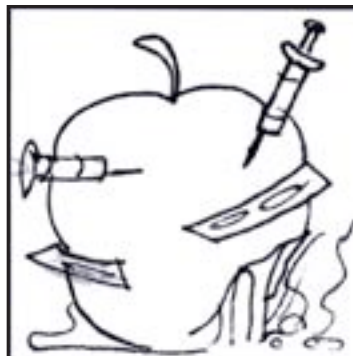
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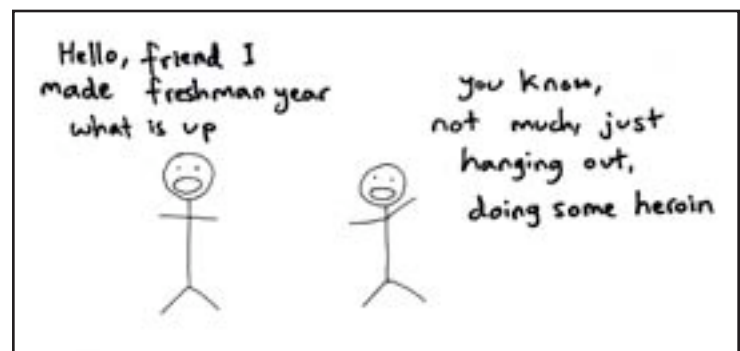
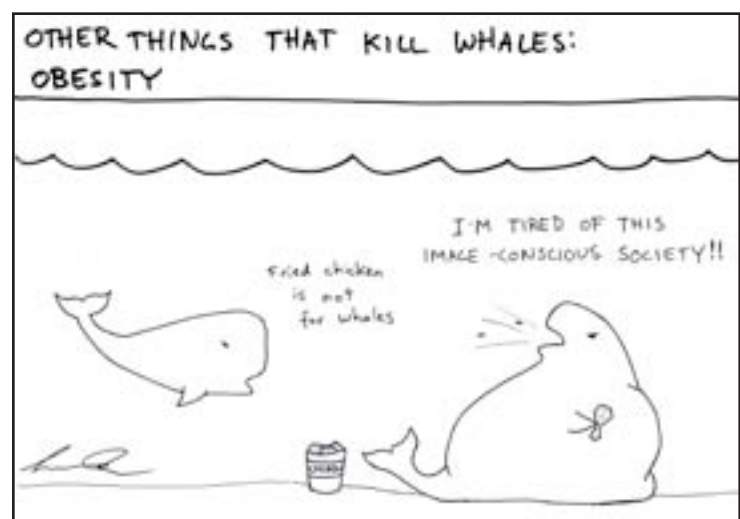
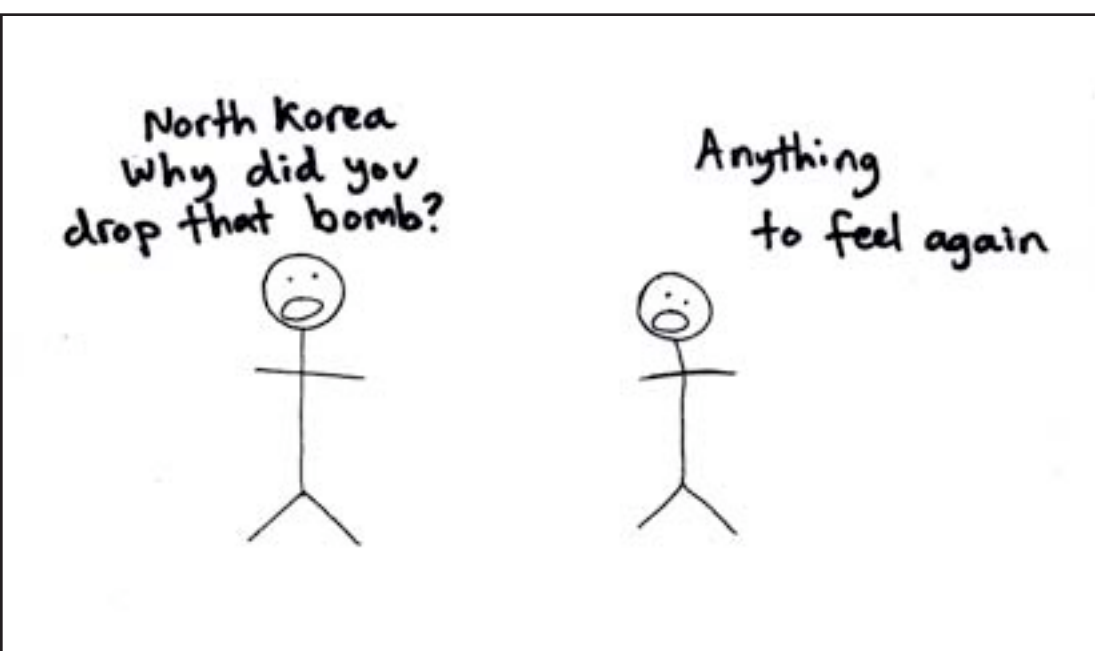
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.45 lbs.	25 lbs.
.50 lbs.	50 lbs.
.75 lbs.	75 lbs.
.85 lbs.	100 lbs.
.90 lbs.	1,000 lbs.
.95 lbs.	999,999 lbs.
1 lb.	1,000,000 lbs.





austin COMEDY

THE NOTORIOUS OPEN MIC

Sure, open mic nights tend to attract the unfunniest people in town, but it's worth sitting through them to hear three minutes from local up and coming comics like Seth Cockfield, Kerri Lendo, Chris Kelmling ... and too many others to name. And if you're lucky, you just might get to see our very own staff and alumni perform. Thursdays at 10pm. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

THE FRIDAY IMPROV THREEFER

The Austin Improv Collective specialty: Three improv teams perform in rapid-fire succession for the price of one. Sounds like a veritable sampler of funny. Friday at 8pm. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

DOUBLE BARREL IMPROV

This event features two troupes and no rules. Double Barrel Improv showcases two experienced troupes, their finest material and extended sets. Fridays at 10pm, The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

THE CAGEMATCH

Two teams enter, one team leaves. The ultimate improv showdown where groups face off and the audience decides on the winner. Winner returns the following week. With stage time at stake, teams put their best foot forward. Fridays at 11:30pm, The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.

MAESTRO

It's every improviser for himself in this high-energy series of improv games. Join the audience and eliminate player one by one, *Survivor* style. The last one standing is crowned Maestro. Saturdays at 10pm, The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.

THE BLANK SHOW

An open improv jam similar to Maestro but with more filth, smut, and raunch! This show is reserved for viewers without sensitive senses of humor. Saturdays at 11:30, The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. Free.



SPITE CLUB

This show features a half-hour game show that pits two comedians against each other in head to head combat. The two comedians battle in a trivia round, insult round and freestyle round. Select Thursdays before open mic. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

JIMMIE ROULETTE

Jimmie rocks the house every time he hits the stage. Make sure to bring a box of tissues; this razor-witted comic will make you cry you'll laugh so hard. He has been featured at comedy clubs across the nation and on Comedy Central's premium blend. At the Velveeta Room, he'll be performing with Johnathan Pace and Carlos Ibanez. October 20-21 at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

BEGINNING LEVEL IMPROV CLASSES

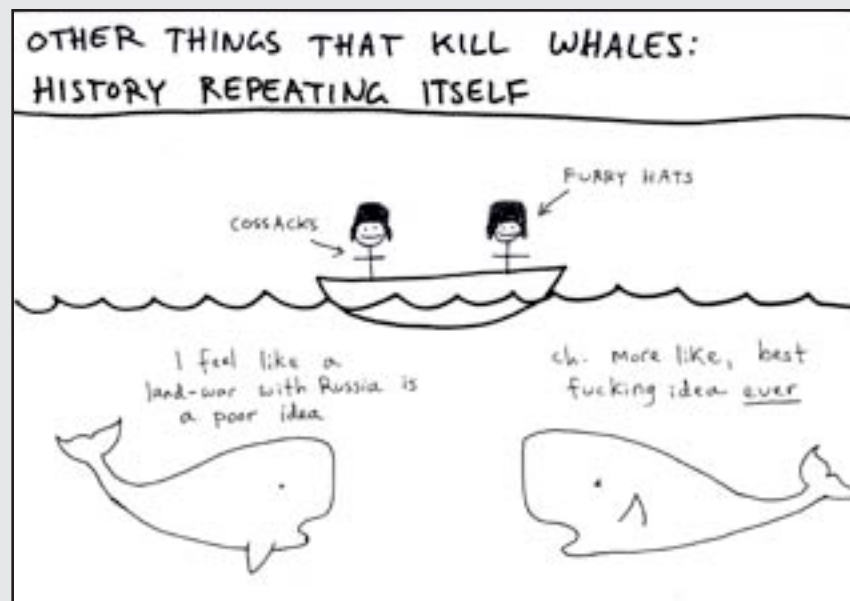
This intro-level workshop is designed for anyone who wants to have fun with improv or take their comedy skills to the next level. Through games and exercises with trained professionals, you too can learn the basic art of improv. This six-week workshop is taught by Andy Crouch. November 11 through December 16, Saturdays 1-4 p.m. \$140 to register. The Hideout Theatre, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

DAVE LITTLE

Don't let his last name fool you, this comic is big-time in the best comedy clubs in Dallas. Dave has toured nationally since the 80s and has made a profession out of making you pee your pants in laughter. Come check out this renowned comic when he performs with Steve Halasz and Sean Mooney. October 27-28. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

FREE MOVIE SCREENING: TURISTAS

Anyone wanna see a free movie starring hot young stars Josh Duhamel and Melissa George? Would you say yes if it involved exotic locales, the possibility of nudity and some creepy plot twists? Do we need to keep asking stupid questions? The brand new horror film *Turistas* is screening at 10 p.m. Monday, October 30 at the Dobie Theater. Did I mention it's free? Check out the website www.myspace.com/foxatomaticaustin for more information.





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