The problem of the ever-growing penguin population .......... p.6

Hippo on hippo action: Exactly what is at stake? .......... p. 32

Even more photos of topless indigenous women ... p. 123-140

UNCENSORED!

RAW! REAL! UNCUT!
**JDOE 1687**

the guy who never comes to class

Doth mine eyes deceive me? Why wouldst thou tease my heart by descending from the heavens to grace my J315 class with thou's presence, never to return again. Thy cold, hard, empty chair makes a mockery of

**Turn-ons:** 8 A.M. classes, attendance, alarm clock, commitment, roosters, sunrises, missing “Oprah” walking, bus schedules, professor who don’t put their notes on Blackboard, carrying a full load, missing lunch

**Turn-offs:** take-home tests, correspondeances courses, snow days, snooze button, holiday breaks, funerals, doctor’s notes, hot weather, cold weather, rainy weather, weed

much money as you intended, and you have to ignore a lot of homeless people.

- **Computer science majors** will find comfort in the hope that the future will be more like the movie *Tron*.

- After initial surprise that a student contributing to the class discussion has a foreign accent, fellow classmates will, without qualms, turn and half-stand to see who it is.

- Did you hear that **pink** is the new GO TO HELL!!!

- Where there are black tights in class, there are camel toes. Where there are camel toes, there are boners. Where there are camel toes and boners, there is a party. Class is the new party.

- **Girls who constantly brag about not being in a sorority** are probably independent, well-adjusted women. And fat.

- **Bevo bucks** can buy you condoms at Jester City Market, but they cannot buy you self-assurance that you didn’t get her pregnant last night.

- **Hobbies:** sleeping late, going out on weeknights, e-mailing classmates for notes, finishing Final Fantasy XII in one sitting, showing up on test days, having class with friends, lacking stamina

**Motto:** “Did I miss anything?”

- **Hey ladies, where’s the track meet?**

- **That Bob FM guy** must be the most indiscriminate douche bag ever.

- Remember when parties used to involve cakes and presents and not binge drinking and STDs?

- **Everything** is better on a Mac. Everything.

- **Hey your phone** was ringing a second ago. I don’t know who it was.

- **THE ROOF! THE ROOF! THE ROOF IS ON FIRE! ...in Dobie.**

- If it weren’t for science, the Hellraiser Honeys would have everyone thinking that body paint makes you fat and skanky.

- **Girls who wear those colorful loose-fitting Mexican dresses** are desperately trying to hide what they hope to be an ever-growing beer gut.

- **That guy on a motorcycle** who peels out at the Drag crosswalk is a badaaaassssssss.

- **Theater kids** will be just as not famous and successful as RTF kids.

- **Kansas State.** Really?
Career Services lecture instills life-changing epiphany

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAMPUS — Students in Professor Michael McDonald's Latin American history lecture were inspired and energized to improve their job-seeking skills last Thursday after viewing a rousing presentation by Career Services adviser Michelle Goodman.

"I know I'm just a freshman, but that PowerPoint about résumé formatting made me realize that in three short years, I'll need a steady source of income," said Andrew Botwin as he registered for the Myers-Briggs career placement test. "I had no clue that employers noticed minute details like résumé length, font size or relevant workplace experience."

Botwin added: "I'm so glad that Career Services does outreach programs like this, otherwise I would never have found the resources and critical skills I need to successfully start a lifetime career once I graduate."

Along with résumé formatting, the Career Services lecture included vital advice regarding interview skills.

"Before Michelle came to class, the prospect of job-hunting was so daunting to me, but now I feel confident enough to make a great first impression to a potential employer," declared Botwin as he tried on several interview outfits in the mirror. "Learning the intricacies of how to politely respond to tough interview questions with strong, dynamic answers made me feel so empowered. I still need some practice, but soon I'll be able to walk into an Old Navy and land an entry-level position folding clothes in no time!"

Following the PowerPoint presentation, Goodman instructed students to list a mentor, an example of prior employment and one positive personality trait.

"Career Services thought they could pull a fast one on us with that quiz, but it was pretty easy to come up with thorough, thoughtful responses," bragged Botwin as he wrote a rehearsal interview script. "My high school biology teacher really inspired me to pursue a degree in biochemistry. I was a camp counselor at the YMCA last summer, and my best personality trait is my integrity."

Although Botwin enjoyed the Career Services lecture, a majority of students felt it was "a complete waste of time."

"What the hell was Professor McDonald thinking?! I haven't been to class in two weeks, and the day I actually made an effort to wake up before 2 p.m. so I could actually learn something, he schedules this incredibly boring and redundant career advice lecture," bemoaned David Friedman.

"And on top of that, my laptop gets horrible wireless reception in that room, so I actually had to sit there and listen."

Friedman continued: "I did have some fun answering those questions she gave us, though. My mentor is that guy from Jurassic Park that shouts, 'Shoot her, shoooot heeeeeeer!' My previous work experience was having to sit through Urban Legends 2 and self-loathing is my positive personality trait."

Before presenting another informative lecture to the "Bahama Mama" freshman interest group, Goodman explained her motive for assisting students chose their career path.

"When I went to school here I had a really tough time deciding what to do with my life," said Goodman. "Eventually, I graduated with a degree in psychology, but I really couldn't get a decent job, so I decided to go back to school to get a masters in sociology."

Unfortunately, even after achieving a postgraduate degree, Goodman was woefully under prepared for the lack of job opportunities that awaited her.

"I saw an ad on the University's Web site seeking a career advisor, and with my educational background in psychology and sociology, the job was a perfect fit," explained Goodman. "Like I always tell my students, 'Be all you can be!'"

T-shirts reveal attitude, hollowness of lifestyle

Austin Presley
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Advertising major Kenny Chesowitz has capitalized on the recent trend in graphic T-shirts emblazoned with humorously ironic and post-modern phrases by exploring new avenues of self-expression through fashion.

"I see all these people wearing shirts that say 'Hottie' or 'Thank Your Girlfriend For Me' and I've become bothered by all that wasted medium," stated Chesowitz as he pointed out further examples of T-shirts around the West Mall. "I could wear a shirt with some gibberish comment, but I'd rather don a garment that reveals my true personality."

"See what I mean?" asked a grinning Chesowitz as he stretched out his T-shirt to clearly display the phrase, "I Take Medicine For My Bipolar Disorder."

Despite his enthusiasm, Chesowitz's friends have expressed concern for his recent fashion statements.

"I guess they were funny at first," conceded roommate Andy Furlong.

"Everyone loves a good graphic tee, right? I get a laugh every time I wear my 'TAXachusetts' shirt," Furlong then shrugged and shook his head, "But Kenny's really taken it to another level — another disturbing level!"

"I mean, I have no idea what to make of this," grimaced Furlong as he held up one of Chesowitz's shirts reading, "Sometimes There's Blood In My Stool."

Described by friends as "artistic," "open-minded," and "a little creepy," Chesowitz began wearing the unorthodox tees after shopping at Urban Outfitters.

"This is all because of those damned trendy hipsters," complained friend Jessica Gwynn. "Sure, their slogans are often clever and cheeky, but there's only so much a person can take before he starts getting ideas in his head. It's just like those Columbine kids and video games, only instead of using guns to kill people, Kenny uses T-shirts to make people fairly uncomfortable and confused."

Gwynn explained: "The other day Kenny was wearing a shirt that said, 'This Is A Cry For Help,' and we all had a good laugh. But then the next day his shirt said, 'No, I'm Fucking Serious.' Nobody laughed at that one."

"I thought about making my own shirt that says something like, 'We Get It, Kenny' or 'Kenny, You're Making Everyone Feel Awkward,'" said Gwynn. "But who has time to do that?"

Despite his friends' concerns, Chesowitz seems just as excited about graphic tees as ever.

"There's no telling how far I can take this trend," pondered Chesowitz as he flipped through a sketchpad depicting illustrations of shirts with birthdates, phone numbers and viral diseases written across them.

"Soon, people will be able to tell volumes about you just by reading your T-shirt."

"I just finished this one yesterday," boasted Chesowitz as he pulled out a shirt saying, "I Cut Myself So I Don't Feel The Pain Inside." He added: "This one is just for me, though."
Student never forgets 9/11

References to tragedy excessive, uncomfortable

Kathryn Edwards
NEWS EDITOR

CAMPUS — Government major Jacob Rodden has ruined every class he’s ever been in with excessive references to the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, report classmates and professors.

“If I have to hear the phrase, ‘In a post-9/11 world’ again, I really think I’m quitting school,” admitted Rodden’s Suicide Terrorism classmate Becky Sharp. “Or maybe I just won’t go to class anymore. Either way, I cannot handle another diatribe from this kid about how 9/11 affects us all.”

Rodden’s overuse of the tragedy as an illustrative example extends beyond obviously relevant courses, reportedly referencing Sept. 11 on a daily basis in Intro to Latin American Government, Politics of Third World Development and Women’s History in Political Thought.

“Hey, at least those are actual government classes,” said Daniel Becker of Rodden’s Children’s Literature class.

“Do you know how many of my cherished childhood stories he’s ruined by pointing out their 9/11 subtext?” Becker put his head in his hands and added, “I can never read ‘Peter Rabbit’ again.”

Rodden’s professors admit that handling “The Never Forgets Guy,” as they have taken to calling him, can be tricky.

“You can’t say you’re sick of hearing about 9/11, because then you sound insensitive and unpatriotic,” explained Advanced Power Yoga instructor Sandy Aria. “But I look forward to every day that he’s gone so that we can do the Hero Pose without having to hear about the true heroes of United Flight 93.”

Rodden’s friends report that the Sept. 11 references are by no means limited to the classroom, recalling countless study sessions, movie nights and beer runs Rodden has ruined. Roommate Daniel Hayden recalls an incident from this year’s OU weekend.

Hayden, Rodden and others were attending a party at a friend’s house in North Dallas when Hayden managed to do a 24-second keg stand.

Admit the cheers and high-fives, Rodden declared, “If you want to know what’s really impressive, think of the fireman who ran into the towers after they had been hit by the planes, whom the buildings eventually collapsed on and killed.”

Guests who overheard his comments promptly exited the kitchen without speaking and resumed their conversations in another room.

“Jesus, you can’t take him anywhere,” complained Hayden. “I won’t even tell you about the speech he gave at our friend Drew’s wedding. It was awful.”

Although Rodden’s mantra of never forgetting is accurate when describing American tragedies, Rodden has himself forgotten the train bombings in Madrid and London. Friends report this irony is completely lost on him.

■ According to a recent survey, 78% of ‘Never Forgetters’ like to cuddle.
History major ruins war film

Austin Presley
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Sophomore Doug Merck repeatedly annoyed his friends earlier this week as they attempted to watch the film Enemy at the Gates. "Yet another movie night ruined by Doug," bemoaned friend Molly Dyson. "This has been happening ever since he switched majors."

Merck originally applied to the University in pursuit of a RTF degree, but recently transferred to the College of Liberal Arts as a history major. "I've always loved movies," claimed Merck as he realptographed his DVD collection. "So I thought I would pursue a career in the film industry, but after taking a few courses I decided to try something a little more concrete. Sometimes you just have to be grown-up and realistic about your career aspirations."

Ever since his transfer, Merck has reportedly made a habit of showing off his knowledge of cinematic trivia while watching jeopardy; vocally arguing with History Channel narrators and pontificating on all factual inaccuracies as possible while watching movies. "Oh, yeah right," grunted Merck as he watched Soviet officials locking soldiers inside a cramped rail car at the opening of the popular Jude Law war film. "Like they would really lock the doors. They couldn't do that, because if the train got bombed they would all be killed!" Merck then sighed emphatically and slumped back in his seat, clearly indicating his disgust.

"It's just a movie, Doug," responded Dyson. "It's not like it's a documentary or anything."

Merck's friends have become increasingly irritated at his frequent interjections. "He doesn't understand that we don't care," complained Merck's ex-roommate Gail Worther. "I just watch movies because I enjoy them. Besides, the only reason Molly and I chose Enemy at the Gates is because Jude Law is hot. Nothing inaccurate about that."

Dyson, who has known Merck since their freshman year, blames Merck's own insecurities as the cause of his criticisms. "If you ask me," theorized Dyson, "He's just picking on all these movies because he gave up on his dreams and is becoming self-conscious." Merck then took out his frustrations by ripping apart Jude Law's Film; "It's pathetic."

"Oblivious to his critics, Merck continued railing against the film. "Give me a break," he exclaimed vehemently. "They wouldn't use the human wave in the middle of an urban battle!" Merck then slapped his palm against his forehead and laughed.

Student addicted to studying, Adderall

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

CAMPUS — Electrical engineering and pre-med sophomore Patrick Johnson stated Monday that his ever increasing workload at school has caused him to become addicted to long, uninterrupted studying sessions and to 40 milligrams of the prescription drug Adderall he takes each night before heading to the library.

"All of my engineering friends complain that the material is so boring and that they can never concentrate in class," claimed Johnson as he audibly clicked his teeth to an unknown rhythm. "But whenever I pop a couple of Adderall and head to the FAC, I fall in love with whatever subject I'm studying."

Johnson added: "Most of the time I can't even sleep afterwards — even when I've been up for days."

Johnson, who has not been officially diagnosed with ADD or ADHD, discovered Adderall at the end of his freshman year. "I was complaining to my roommate Jeff [Brewton] that I had a 12-page paper due the next day, and I hadn't even started," recalled Johnson. "Then the 'Brewmeister' said he could help me out if I had some extra money. 20 bucks, 60 milligrams and 17 hours of researching the genetic traits of sickle cell anemia later, I knew I had found the key to success in college."

After finding a reliable dealer who only charged five dollars a pill, Johnson soon discovered the benefits of Adderall's side effects.

"I only have to eat like one meal a day when I've got some stuff in my system," stated Johnson as he finished his third Starbucks Double Shot. "I already lost all that beer weight I gained freshman year. Plus, all the money I would be spending on food I can now use to buy more Adderall."

Although Johnson claims that Adderall is simply a "study buddy," several of his friends have expressed concern that his dependence on the substance is causing more harm than good.

"Patrick used to be pretty cool rolling on 'Addie' because he would clean the kitchen and occasionally bake brownies," claimed roommate Keith Ries. "But now all he does is pop a couple of pills, steal one of my Red Bulls and go to campus for another one of his epic studying sessions."

Complaints also include that Johnson becomes "talkative," "awkward," and "kinda queer" with too much Adderall in his system.

"One time, Patrick came home from one of his study benders at four in the morning and wanted to talk with me about his parents' divorce," said suitemate Clint Rainey. "His eyes were bloodshot and his hair smelled of urine, but he kept going on and on about relationships and batting the evils of human nature. If he weren't my roommate, I definitely would have punched him in the throat."

Despite complaints from his friends, Johnson claims Adderall has made his life much easier. "Whether it's measuring the differential between the radius and the tangent angle or learning how an actuation force can result in thermal change in a bimetal disc, everything is interesting on Adderall," declared Johnson as he popped each of his knuckles individually. "And whenever I really don't want to do something like laundry or talk to my stepfather, I'll just pop one of my little miracle pills and wait for the magic to happen."

Johnson added: "Hey, at least I'm not doing coke."

BCS to rank human worth #1 – 6,555,326,215

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

LOS ANGELES — College football's infamous Bowl Championship Series ranking system recently announced its intentions to expand beyond football and begin ranking human beings.

"We are extremely excited over the prospect of ranking every individual human being's worth," said Michael Jones, chair of the BCS Presidential Oversight Committee. "This is an exciting opportunity for us to expand our market share beyond college football to the entire human population."

"As of late, the BCS has come under fire from the college football community, especially from fans who feel their teams are slighted from the biggest bowl games by convoluted ranking formulas. Jones quickly wrote off the football coaches' argument that the ranking system formulas are too complicated by readily presenting the formula for human greatness which averages body weight, American citizenship status, ability to make the advisory board a good sandwich and the amount of annual contributions to the BCS."

"This process is unbiased and foolproof," retorted Jones. "A low ranking should not be discouraging; in fact, it should encourage you to work harder. Everyday is now a playoff day."

The new BCS ranking expansion has proven controversial amongst some human rights groups. Jonathan West, president of the human rights watch group Bigger Brother, had some choice comments concerning BCS intentions.

"The last time I checked, we were all born equals," ranted West. "To put a numerical value on a human being's life is an absolutely preposterous idea. How is this any different than putting a monetary value on a slave's head?"

Bono of the politically active rock group U2 has spearheaded an international coalition along with Bigger Brother to challenge the BCS human rankings.

"I have been working on poverty awareness for so long, and along comes a group that wants to rank humans, and for what? All these rankings will do is encourage people to oppress others so they can flaunt their numbers around the water cooler on Monday morning," said an impassioned Bono. "Does it make them feel better to rank wealthy, white humans over malnourished South African children?"

Jones, however, offered a strong rebuttal to Bono's comments.

"Mr. Bono is just insecure about where he will be placed in our rankings, below Dee Snider of Twisted Sister," explained Jones. "By the way, Dee is not only a better vocalist than Bono, he's also generously donated to our new human ranking campaign."

Features Editor: Bradley Jackson

News Editor: Kelsey Lamb

Special Projects Editor: Sarah Wilson

Managing Editor: Alex Ries

Editor: David Blaine
Student not ashamed of sprint for bus

Sara Kanewske
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WEST CAMPUS — Junior Brad Meckler nearly missed the 10:42 a.m. West Campus shuttle to his 11:00 a.m. Intro to Chemistry lecture. In order to reach the bus on time, Meckler was forced to break into a full sprint for three fourths of a block. "No way was I going to miss that bus," said Meckler trying to catch his breath. "That class is in Mezes, and I was not about to walk."

Fellow bus riders greeted Meckler with mixed feelings of confusion and disgust.

"I couldn't believe it when I saw Brad actually run for the bus!" exclaimed Meckler's friend, Jeremy Pruitt. "His hair was blown straight back like a three-legged Clydesdale, and his backpack kept slapping him in the ass because he wears it so low."

Fortunately for Meckler, the bus driver prolonged his stop, giving the backpack-clad sprinter time to catch the bus. Although the doors had already closed, driver Andy Martin reopened the doors, allowing Meckler to enter.

"Normally I'm not type to stop more than the allotted 45 seconds, less if no one rang the bell," explained Martin. "Sometimes, I even tempt the kids by pretending like I'm going to wait. But that kid looked so pathetic with his backpack pounding into him, I thought he might wake up tomorrow with sclerosis, so I waited a full minute-thirty."

Despite students' glares and degrading mental dialogue directed toward Meckler, his demeanor was unaffected. Upon entering the bus, Meckler wiped the sweat from his forehead and adjusted his shirt where it had come untucked and proceeded to smile at his fellow passengers.

"Yeah, there probably would have been another bus in a couple of minutes," admitted Meckler. "But I just didn't want to take any chances."

That jacket keeps Mecklet almost as toasty as the toaster streusel he ate this morning for breakfast.
Wetting Our Pants since 1997

Smoking is awesome

- Helps you lose weight.
- Adds color to your teeth.
- Two lungs? Like what, you need two seatbelts or something?
- Fact: Stops Terrorism.
- It's a party in your mouth of 250 flavors.
- Be like celebrities!!!
- Looks kind of cool rolled up in sleeve.
- Camel Cash does better in the foreign market than the US Dollar.
- Tints your windows for free.
- Counts as currency in prison.
- Feeds your oral fixation.
- Prevents breast cancer.
- Reminds you of your grandma's house.
- Provides momentary escape from horrible future.
- Because complicated people should have complicated pregnancies.
- Can use it to light a joint.

The family that smokes together, jokes together

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking has been shown under scientific testing to dramatically increase the probability of fun.

Different smokes for different folks

Roll your own ......................... For hipsters only
Menthol .............. You're good at sports, like hip-hop
Benson & Hedges .................................. Giz-A-Y
Parliaments ........................................ Cokeheads
Cigarette holders .............................. Super villains
Pipe ..... You British fuck, your teeth are bad enough
Dirty Briefs
... done dirt cheap

College Democrats really helped out this year

FRESHMAN still searching for locker
Walking back to dorm before class ‘really inconvenient’

Despite the election of a Republican governor in Texas, the C Drams are confident their political volunteering saved the midterm elections and will one day get them into law school, the Senate and eventually heaven.

“We did all this real-world experience, how could I not get into law school?” said Sergeant-at-Arms James Fellows as he retouched the paint of the Democratic donkey bucking wildly on the C Drams’ meeting poster. “Then after I graduate from UT Law and work my way up to partner, I’ll be on my way to Capitol Hill and then Pennsylvania Avenue!”

Democrats vow to bring stem-cell research, gay marriage to Iraq

Riding post-election high, Pelosi vows to make troubled country ‘just like Vermont’

WASHINGTON — House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi (D-CA) announced a comprehensive foreign policy agenda Monday on the heels of Democrats winning a majority in the House and Senate.

“The plan has drawn criticism for convolting domestic and foreign policy, as its main focus is allowing the controversial stem cell research and the even more divisive gay marriage in Iraq. This plan would sound really intelligent if a four-year-old had written it,” says Virginia resident Paul Bryer. “I can’t believe I just voted for them.”

But Pelosi repeats the mantra that at least Democrats are not Republicans.

“Yeah, like I’m really going to listen to ‘I’m sticking by Rummy’ about what to do in Iraq,” declared a flippant Pelosi, referring to the president’s once ardent defense of Donald Rumsfeld.

The foreign policy agenda also includes a comprehensive prescription drug plan for Afghani stan and increased Medicare benefits in Guantanamo.

Cool/uncle no longer cool with liver disease

PHILADELPHIA — Sean D. Carasso, a 38-year-old airline pilot, is apparently no longer cool amongst his young nephews after coming down with a life threatening case of cirrhos is of the liver.

“Uncle Sean used to be so freaking cool. He’d always buy us ice cream and find these giant coins behind our ears,” said Carasso’s youngest nephew Jacob Dylan. “But now that he’s in the hospital all he does is vomit into a clear bag and sleep.”

A self-proclaimed bachelor for life, Carasso enjoyed spending time with his nephews, often dressing up in clown costumes for their birthdays and letting them watch R-rated movies in his bayside condo. But with his recent health problems he has been unable to spend “quality chill time” with his nephews.

“I used to enjoy hanging out with these cats over the holidays, but I just don’t have the energy anymore,” said Carasso from his hospital bed as a nurse slowly spooned tapioca pudding into his quivering mouth. “Plus now that I’m in here, I can’t use them to pick up chicks.”

Woman’s flat tire is ‘just her luck’

AUSTIN — After an incident involving a sudden tire blowout on northbound I-35 yesterday, Mary Walsam was upset but resigned to her fate.

“Of course this had to happen today when I’m already late to pick up my kids from school. This is just my luck.”

Walsam, a mother of two, expressed frustration at her seemingly constant stream of bad luck and unfortunate coincidences.

“This is just like last week, when it rained the day after I got my car washed, or yesterday when Banana Republic was all out of my size in that sweater I loved. Can’t I ever get a break?”

Walsam, a stay-at-home mom and wife of a prominent investment banker, made plans to call a tow truck and have her BMW SUV taken to a dealership in hopes of getting a new tire. “Now I’m sure the dealership is going to be busy, and I’ll have to take some awful rental car that’s been driven by God knows who. I should just kill myself.”

Carole Keeton Strayhorn chokes on ‘one tough piece of meat’

AUSTIN — While dining at a local Luby’s Cafeteria, Carol Keeton McClellan Rylander Strayhorn choked on a bite of her liver and onion platter.

Strayhorn, who ran for governor as an Independent, had been enjoying a late lunch when she was shocked by how horribly overcooked her meat was.

“It was really hard to swallow,” Strayhorn said as she reattached adhesive Polident Dentu grip and adjusted the Velcro on her tan S.A.S. shoes. “I just want to be honest with you Texas, that liver’s a no good eatin’, vomit inducin’, denture breakin’ phony son-of-a-gun!”

After recovering from her brush with death, Keeton Mc Clellan Rylander Strayhorn mused with the various members of the wait staff about what her new self-declared moniker should be, unable to choose between “Still Alive” and “One Hault Grandma.”

Drunk male not attracted to best friend
Plastered student claims he’s ‘not in to dudes’

WEST CAMPUS — An inebriated Kyle Brenner declared to all present at a party in West Campus last Saturday night that he was not physically attracted to best friend Mike Dieter.

“Mike, I do not like dudes! So get your piercing blue eyes and velvet mouth away from me,” slurred Brenner. “Come on, man! Stop flirting with me!”

Although Brenner has a history of getting belligerently drunk, Dieter claims Brenner has never expressed those feelings to himself, or 200 other people.

“Kyle just likes to act out different characters when he gets sloshed,” nervously chuckled Dieter. “Like last week, Kyle pretended to be my girlfriend by spooning me from behind in the dark.”

As Dieter attempted to continue his story, Brenner interjected: “I am not gay, I am not gay!”

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Chanukkah present re-gifted for the eighth night in a row

NEW YORK — Ari Fleckman was stunned and befuddled on the eighth and final day of Chanukkah when he was presented with a framed portrait of Sandy Koufax that he himself had regifted three days earlier.

“My family has a tradition to give one family member a gift on one of the eight days,” said Fleckman. “It’s just puzzling that I ended up with the same Sandy Koufax portrait that I had earlier regifted to Uncle Mordechai.”

Although Fleckman received the gift twice, he soon discovered that the portrait had changed hands nine times over the holiday.

Fleckman explained, “From what I’ve gathered, my mother originally gave the present to my father, who gave it to me, then I gave it to Uncle Mordechai, who FedExed it to my brother Avi in Los Angeles, who sent it Priority Mail to his lawyer Chaim Cohen, who gave it to his stepson Ben, who sent it to his cousin Josh Abramson, who gave it to his girlfriend who happens to be my cousin, Ruth Ginsberg, who gave it back to me. Nailing the portrait to his bedroom wall, Fleckman added: “At least I didn’t get an eight-pack of menafrahs, again.”

Lisa Frank folder useful, uglier than vomit

CAMPUS — Sophomore English major Diane Johnson was disappointed at the reaction her Lisa Frank-designed folder elicited. The folder, which depicts two leopard kittens cuddling in front of a sunset colored heart, was used by Johnson to carry a miscellanea handouts her American Novels professor routinely distributes.

“That folder is so ugly I want to smash my face off,” said Johnson. “I wonder what kind of world we live in if people exist who think that is cute.”

Johnson, however, defends her choice. “Well, I definitely needed a folder to carry all these papers,” said Johnson as she adjusted her pink ’90s style glasses. “I just like to express myself, and besides, look how cute these babies are! Their spots are purple.”

Even Johnson’s professor was opposed to her organizational system. “I was nearly blinded by that neon abomination when she first pulled it out of her Friends-covered tote,” said professor Dan McClusky. “Frankly, I don’t even know why she has a folder. Why doesn’t she just throw the handouts in the recycling bin like everyone else does on their way out of class?”

Freshman’s excitement over politics wanes; interest in celebrity gossip holds firm

After mid term elections, student rethinks changing his major, giving a rat’s ass about democracy

CAMPUS — Freshman Michael Anders “could really give a shit” about politics now that the midterm elections have come and gone he confirmed Tuesday.

“I can’t believe how excited I was to vote,” said Anders with a wizened, slightly bitter tone. “I was duped into thinking my vote mattered.”

Anders, who is currently undeclared, briefly considered making government his major during the weeks preceding the election.

“Everything just seemed so fast-paced and exciting,” explained a now-blase Anders, glancing at a trashcan full of discarded issues of The Economist and Newsweek. “What with all the scandals and racy negative ads.”

“I can’t believe how excited I was to vote”

Student accidentally proves no one can equally appreciate football, loofahs

AUSTIN — Textiles and Apparel junior Eugene Norman gave up hope of ever being considered a man’s man when he attempted to talk shop with neighboring Longhorn fans during the UT-Kansas State game.

Norman, enjoying but not really understanding the game at a local bar, watched eagerly with a comment he had rehearsed the entire day, waiting to be used.

After UT quarterback Colt McCoy successfully completed a touchdown pass, Norman was quick to shout, “That makes 27 touchdowns and a sure-to-be Heisman winner, am I right guys?”

The effect was lost, however, due to Norman’s nervous habit of speaking without pausing in between words.

“I have no idea what the hell that guy way saying,” said fellow fan David Brackson. “All I heard was something-something-Heisman-something.”

Norman, only able to draw attention for his poor delivery, tried to recover with a spontaneous “that Colt’s more like a starlion.”

Rather than salvage the situation, however, his unrehearsed additon left half the bar with mouths agape silently nudging each other to make sure they all heard.

Norman left the bar shortly after to watch reruns of Project Runway.

After eating a ‘mediocre’ sandwich, coworkers describe man as ‘dead inside’

ATHENS, GA — Corporate CPA Ed Millward appeared despondent Tuesday after what he described as a “sub-par” sandwich during his lunch break.

“I was looking forward to lunch all morning,” recalled a dejected Millward, staring into his trashcan at the discarded sandwich. “They made it the same way they always do, but for some reason...” Millward’s voice trailed off as he absent-mindedly moved the plastic butter knife back-and-forth across his wrists.

Woodward’s co-workers noticed his changed mood that afternoon.

“It was clear something was bothering him when we came back from lunch,” explained fellow CPA Linda Rollins. “He seemed really excited when we left, but afterwards he just spent the rest of the day staring at his computer screen with his head in his hands. I know he was crying at some point.”

Other colleagues observed Woodward’s frequent sighs and slumped shoulders at the team meeting later that day.

“My heart just wasn’t in it anymore,” stated Millward. “I don’t know how to describe it.” Millward’s spirits were restored, however, when he remembered the Yankee pot roast that awaited him for dinner.
Sophomore James Knox was visited by former high school classmate and current San Jacinto Community College student Michael Briggs last weekend. The friends were separated after graduation when Briggs was unable to afford a four-year university and opted to get his basics at community college instead.

“I was really excited to hang out with James again,” said Briggs, “even though I had to take off shifts at both of my jobs and pay for the gas with the birthday money my grandma sent me.”

Knox and Briggs started off the weekend with a beer run in which Knox asked his “old-time pal to spot him a 20.” Later the two played drinking games to reruns of South Park until they headed out to West Campus parties. Knox, however, expressed concern that the University lifestyle might be too much for his community college friend.

“I wasn’t sure if ol’ Mikey could keep up this weekend,” said Knox as he took another hit off of “the destroyer,” his bong. “But for the son of a blue-collared shopkeeper, he did all right.”

In anticipation of Briggs’ arrival, Knox put fresh linens on his overstuffed leather Pottery Barn couch next to the 20-inch flat screen television and solid gold goblet glasses. The living room was still large enough to fit a beer pong table, two life-sized Vince Young cut outs and Briggs’ financial insecurity.

“It was definitely a good idea that I came to visit James, instead of the other way around,” said Briggs as he finished filling out his W-2 tax form. “If we had gone to my house, my little brother Daniel would have roomed with Grandma in the kitchen/living room/nursery.”

Briggs parked his used 1987 teal-blue Tercel in Knox’s multilevel parking garage. The boys decided to take Knox’s bimmer to his fraternity’s “White Trash” party later that evening.

“I’d rather vomit malt liquor all over my lamb-skin leather seats and 6-disc CD changer than be seen riding in a car older than my parent’s maid,” Knox said.

Upon arriving at the party, Briggs found it difficult to relate to the other UT students.

“I tried to start up a conversation about the midterm elections with some guys who said they were government majors,” Briggs said. “But they kept getting pulled away to do keg stands, body shots and to comment on how awesome the ‘Trailer-Park build’ looked.”

Recalling the events of the past weekend, Knox commented on Briggs’ ability to fit-in socially with the UT party scene. Specifically, Knox noted the tension between their obvious class differences, justifying his substance abuse problem.

“I mean, sure I’ve gotten too drunk to remember why I’m heterosexual, but I have a trust fund,” Knox said. “Shouldn’t Michael be using his Edward-40-hands to earn some cold, hard cash?”
Despite their polite, intelligent demeanor, anyone who loves freedom has a long-held hatred for British people and culture. Why? Not that hating lobster-backs requires any justification, but the assertion that Britain is just a classier version of America is categorically offensive. To convince our readers, we have assembled a list of reasons why those hygienically challenged limeys don’t deserve our respect.

- Hugh Grant is from there.
- What the fuck is an Earl?
- Magna Carta... more like Magna Farta!
- They’re “too good” for the Euro.
- Rambo can kick James Bond’s ass.
- I don’t know what a crumpet is.
- Bland food, weather, movies, politicians, and women
- They’re called Freedom Fries, not chips, asshole.
- The Beatles are overrated. For real lyricism, tune into to some Toby Keith.
- The only good kind of Parliament is the funk-a-delic kind.
- We saved their asses in WWII. If it weren’t for us, they’d be speaking German right now. And they’d probably like it.
- They actually lost a war to France. Gross.
- We threw their tea in the ocean once, and we’ll do it again.
- No taxation without representation.
- In America, smoking fags is a hate crime.

- Shakespeare < John Grisham
- Emily Bronte < Danielle Steele
- Prince Harry and William < The Olsen Twins
I’ve recently had a change of heart about the death penalty.

Saddam Hussein
CONDEMNED FORMER DICTATOR

“Would you know my name, if I saw you in heaven? Would it be the same, if I saw you in heaven?” You know, I have probably heard that song a million times. When I was younger, I used to play it on the guitar at parties, although I admit that it was only to get girls out of their hijabs.

Only recently, as my twilight months are upon me, have I truly understood the meaning behind Eric Clapton’s ode to heaven and heartbreak. And I don’t know about you, but I think that in this day and age, we truly must embrace this life that God has given us. Call it a change of heart, but I’ve lately come to realize that in the depths of my soul, I am morally opposed to the death penalty.

In a nutshell, I believe that no government has the right to determine anyone’s fate. And I know, I know. You’re going to say, “But Saddam, any superior government must mercilessly butcher thousands of its own people throughout the course of its brutal regime! Killing countless Kurds using mustard gas without trial or reason is the best way to display the authority of your power!”

Sigh. You remind me of myself, when I was a young, sprite dictator. But people change. And change is a good thing. I have a feeling that one day you’ll grow up and realize that as easy as it is to gas your own people, as tempting as it may be to put the flesh of your enemies through a meat grinder, you have to ask yourself: “Would I want to die that way?” And usually, the answer is no. That’s what I call “sanctity of life.”

Would you want to be killed for an honest mistake you’ve made? Those who support capital punishment want people to die for their past indiscretions, no matter how big or small. I’ll bring it closer to home. As a careless youth, I got swept up in the moment and killed a few thousand of my own people. But tell me you have no regrets from the ‘80s! Let’s be honest, everyone committed crimes back then. Whether they be heinous war crimes against innocent women and children or heinous fashion crimes against good taste — we’re all equally guilty in our own way. Plus, nobody has ironic “Genocide” theme parties today to ease my shame. To tell you the truth, I have been living with guilt for the last 20-odd years. Isn’t that punishment enough?

But more importantly, capital punishment is not a deterrent. It’s a proven fact that if genocidal despots want to kill their own people, genocidal despots are going to kill their own people. And there are plenty of people I know who’ve committed crimes and they get away scott free.

My friend Abdel from down the street isn’t going to the chair for not immolating his youngest daughter when she defied him during the holy month of Ramadan. Old Rashid isn’t getting the needle for shaming Allah when he “survived” that suicide bomb. So why should this old man’s fragile, 69-year-old vertebrae be shattered into pieces for a couple goddamn mistakes I made a quarter-century ago?

People do crazy things when they’re in their forties. One of my brother-in-laws bought a Harley and a leather jacket, and believe you me, no one complained when I had his house burned with his wife and two sons inside. What an embarrassment to my proud family.

At the very least, please don’t hang me. Give me a break, guys. Getting hanged is a coward’s sentence. My grandmother was hanged, for Pete’s sake. (I hanged her. I am not proud of this fact anymore.) You wouldn’t believe all the Saddam Noose-sein jokes I have already been hearing. Come on. It’s not even that clever of a nickname. And really, do you want to be deprived of the hilarious barbs Jay Leno offers at my expense each night?

SUNDAY! SUNDAY!! SUNDAY!!!!!

MONSTER TRUCK BLOWOUT!!!

Edge of your seat action as 25 badass trucks rip each other a new one!

And hang tight for a special broadcast of ...

HUSSEIN’S HANGING!!!!

Hang out with the world’s cruelest and coolest dictator!

STAY TUNED FOR A 72 HOUR JAMES BOND MARATHON AFTERWARDS!
Global Warming

Why global warming is a bunch a liberal lies

- What does “indisputable scientific evidence” mean anyway?
- Liberal control of the media.
- Al Gore fabricates conspiracies to feel alive.
- It is not in the Bible.
- God is so much more original than to flood us twice. Please!
- Liberals need global warming so Ted Kennedy will have more lakes to drown women in.
- If global warming causes more rainfall, why isn’t Darfur a lush, green garden of vegetation in which plump children can run and laugh and sing whilst they swing on vines and wipe sweet nectar off their chins?
- Polar bears are alive and enjoying Coca Cola.

Why global warming is true

- Doesn’t the feng shui of the entire earth just feel off?
- You know who else didn’t believe in global warming? Nazis.
- You don’t want to offend scientists. They are very sensitive about teasing.
- Because it’s November and hot as shit outside, stupid.
- Haven’t you noticed Bill Frist pitting like crazy during debates?
- Dennis Quaid is in The Day After Tomorrow, and he never lies.

Why global warming is awesome!!!

- Splashtown and Schlitterbahn open all year round.
- My aviators kick ass and I can wear them more
- Daquiris aren’t just for girls anymore.
- 52 weeks of spring break, wet T-shirt contests and Girls Gone Wild: Siberia.
- There are WAY too many animals around anyway.
- It’s not like I don’t have air conditioning in my SUV, wha wha?
- Waterworld was a sweet movie, and I have the map to dry land.
- It’s getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes.
- Beaches in St. Louis.
- Who lives in Antarctica anyway?
- We’ll finally find the Northwest Passage.
- No more fucking Ugg boots.
- Two words: dolphin rodeos.

Trust me, extinction isn’t that cool

Terrorizing creatures of the earth has its privileges

Veloc E. Raptor

EXTINCT SINCE CENOZOIC

Everyone’s talking about how global warming really isn’t that big of a deal, but seriously guys — extinction really isn’t that great. Trust me. I should know.

It was only a couple billion years ago (or was it ten thousand?) that I was the literal cock of the walk on earth. I had dozens of razor sharp teeth capable of ripping flesh from bone, powerful hindquarters enabling me to reach speeds of 40 plus miles an hour and above average intelligence allowing me to hunt in packs and open doors. I mean did you see how much hell I raised in that movie Jurassic Park? I can eat people while they’re still alive!

That takes talent.

And all the ladies loved me too. Let’s just say the Park wasn’t the only thing that was Jurassic!

Those were good times man…. great times. But they’re all over now because some douchebag asteroid decided to hit earth. So seriously guys, unless you want the only knowledge of your species to be found in a movie starring Sam “I haven’t been in a decent movie since Merlin’s Apprentice” Neill then I’d advise you take global warming a little more seriously.

Raptor testifying before the Congressional Extinction Committee
Reasons why America should not turn into an Obama-nation

With rumors that Barack Obama will run for president in 2008, the son of a great farmer has succeeded in charming a nation into believing his charismatic and humble persona is authentic. It is a lie. In this day and age of political scandal and corruption, even a Democratic saint is bound to have some skeletons in his closet.

- Underdipped once
- Dreamed of being an astronaut when he was young and never followed through
- Still likes the Lakers
- Can’t white
- Obama? ... Osama?
- Kisses babies
- Caught with eyes open at prayer
- Was disappointed when “Everybody Loves Raymond” went off the air
- Doesn’t rewind
- Forgot to vote in 1980 county clerk run-off election
- Doesn’t think “Good Times” is dy-nomite
- Is red-green colorblind
- Does sitting down
- Given wife guff when mother-in-law visits
- Thinks Oprah can be tacky
- Doesn’t enjoy masturbating
- Prefers neapolitan to chocolate
- Addicted to the formal and egalitarian democratic process
- In releasing a cherub from his Precious Moments collection
- Chopped down his father’s cherry tree
- Has an average-sized penis
- Leaves faucet running while brushing his teeth
- May have killed someone ...with kindness
- Forgot to pay it forward
- Did not like the mint
- Uses “good” instead of “well”
- Is hunt and peck typer
Lesser-Known Holiday Cards

Happy Kwanzaa

Chappy Chanukkah!

Happy Boxing Day

Merry Orthodox Christmas
Wetting our Pants
since 1997

West Campus

The Real UT

Do afternoons on the couch watching MTV reruns make you long for a more glamorous high school lifestyle? Well although you can’t return to your junior year, moving to West Campus, or the WC, can make all the difference. The following was shot over a 2 semester period in West Campus, UT. The people, the places, and the drama are real.

STEPHANIE
"Seph"
Resident Bitch

SEAMUS
Rochelle’s “RT’s” boyfriend
the guy who used to be ugly

ROCHELLE
“RT”

LAWSON
Seamus’s Needy Friend

TURNER
Aymee’s Ex-boyfriend

ADDISON
Stephanie’s “Seph’s” friend

AYMIEE
The pretty but smart friend

ROXIE
The outcast

Seamus wiped tears of orange juice while his scrunched friend whispered a whisper about the size of his father’s bank account into Rochelle’s “RT’s” ear. Although Rochelle’s “RT” had sworn earlier she would never date anyone who puked on Lawson, his oversized sunglasses and her two-bear butt masked her awkwardness.

The boys are totally stoked about their fish rimples on the grill. “Did you remember to wrap the filets in Benjamin?” asked Lawson desperately hoping that no one would notice his sunglasses are only Oakley’s.
Stephanie “Seoph” and Addison discuss wearing last season’s Christian Dior to this year’s Couture show during New York Fashion Week and other hairless crimes. The topic soon shifted to an hour long debate on whether they should or shouldn’t text Rickie to invite her to this weekend’s barbeque. “If she’s not there to make fun of, what are we going to have to talk about at the party?” asked Addison.

The girls squeezed on to one chair lounge to look on in disgust as Rickie attempted to drown her sorrow at being the university outcast. “I can’t believe we ever invited her,” scoffed Ayntees. “Didn’t she read the invitation?” asked Stephanie “Seoph.” “The theme was overindulged trust fund babies, not minority garage sale chic. Bitch.”

The boys high five about wrecking Turner’s beamer since this means his dad will finally buy him that new mustard-yellow H2.

“Seoph!” cried Rickie. “You did what?” when she received a post-coital call from her panicked best friend. “You totally can get pregnant after you’ve already conceived. Where do you think twins come from?”

Seamus passed between shooting hoops in order to answer yet another of Lawson’s queries about his love life. “You gonna dump her or what brat?” asked Lawson. “Being single is so great, see that my socially crippling acne has even allowed me to experience anything else.”

In retrospect, maybe youth E.D. isn’t something to laugh about.
Need equations solved?
I’m free this Spring

Mike Kantor
WEBMASTER

Well, it is finally time to graduate, and I am glad to do it. It is my pleasure to release a parking spot back into the wild, hopefully you will appreciate waiting a little less for a drink on 6th since I will be absent from the bar, and lets not forget about all that contested first-floor UGL desk space I won’t occupy!

Travesty readers, thank you for continuously praising the paper. Everyone on staff pushes themselves hard to imprint these pages with the quality you’ve come to expect. Keep reading, and introduce it to new readers as well... I’m always comically surprised when meeting seniors who never heard of the Travesty.

To my many friends and companions, thank you for providing the occasional distractions from my curriculum and being such unique people. Collectively you are the canvas on which I’ve cast my college experience, so don’t fall out of the picture.

“Physics major huh? So what do you do with that?” Seek simple solutions to a complex world, then find someone to listen to you.

“Who are you again?” I’ve been out with Veronica, I will always purity, I will always want to make you visit daily and such: www.texastravesty.com. Maybe you’ve heard of me by the pseudonym KANTOR-RRRRR? If yes then you already know what that’s about, and if you haven’t then... well, it would take too long to explain.

So that’s it. I tried the best I could. Honest. Can’t come with me on this trip, though. Last call for drinks. Bar’s closin’ down. Sun’s out. Where we goin’ for breakfast? Don’t wanna go far. Rough night. Tired, baby... tired.

No, seriously that was just a film quote. Peace, I’m off to conduct some serious snowboarding and whatever else alumni do with their lives.

History major fully prepared to be full-time waitress

Laura Schulman
STAFF WRITER

Friends, family, and devoted readers who probably have some sort of pseudo-cult devoted to my glowing visage, I have an exciting announcement—I’m graduating a semester early. And not only am I totally on the ball, making all my friends look bad, I’m confident that my degree in history has fully prepared me for the next step I’m taking in life—working full-time as a waitress.

Throughout my college career (my tenure at UT, if you will), whenever I have told anyone that I am a history major, they immediately ask “What are you gonna do with that? Teach?” After I inaudibly sigh and die a little on the inside, I explain that no, just because I enjoy history doesn’t mean I want to teach it, I have bigger fish to fry—or at least bigger fried fish to serve. I know all my hours spent ignoring my reading assignments and bullshitting on every single one of my tests will pay off this next year as I ignore the “Employees must wash hands” sign and bullshit with my customers.

Now comes the part of my goodbye dedicated strictly to inside jokes and cheesy thank yous, so you can stop reading if you want but know that you’ll be kicked out of the pseudo-cult if they find out.

To the Travesty girls: I never thought I’d enjoy girls-only sleepovers after the age of 13, but you have successfully proven me wrong again and again. You’re all a bunch of fabulously classy ladies for varying reasons, but know I will always respect Sara’s body as a temple of purity, I will always want to make out with Veronica, I will always gush about Billy Corgan with Samantha, and Kathryn—I will always love you. Ooohhh yeah.

To the Travesty Staff, 2004-2006: Thank you all for providing me with endless bouts of tear-jerking laughter, drunken nights of un-speakably hilarious and sometimes dangerous antics (Banquet ’05 and a bunch of cavemen with blunt objects comes to mind) and more inspiration and insight than I have ever received from any of my professors. I’ve finished growing up with you guys, and I’m a funnier person because of it, which is all I’ve ever wanted to be. Thank you for making my college experience totally amazing, and you’re welcome for all the Marshall Lances-ton jokes I’ve let you have at my expense.

To my friends: Thank you for putting up with my endless requests to read the Travesty and questions such as “What other chronic, debilitating diseases are you?” I love you all more than you know and will be bugging you every night of the coming semester, wondering if maybe you want to drink tonight because hey, I’ve just got work tomorrow. Lindsay, you can be on staff now.

To the Travesty readers: Never forget. Ever.
He’ll definitely treat me better when we’re married!

Katie Jensen
HOPELESS ROMANTIC

So I’ve been dating Jeff on and off for the last four years, and we’ve hit a couple of rough patches like in any relationship. But as graduation approaches for both of us in December, I have this crazy feeling he’s gonna pop the question any day now. Call it women’s intuition.

So I’m super excited because once we’re married, everything’s gonna be so much better! No more worrying about him getting too drunk with his buddies, no more using my monthly clothes allowance to bail him out of jail, and no more constantly second-guessing myself over whether he thinks I’m pretty! All that college immaturity is just gonna fly right out the window because marriage just makes relationships easier.

Sure, the time he cheated on me with two of my sorority sisters when I was in the hospital with appendicitis was pretty horrible, but everyone makes mistakes. My best friend Trisha kept telling me to break up with him after that, but then I realized that Trisha is just jealous because she’s overweight and alone. And I definitely don’t want to be alone. Or overweight!

Call me an optimist but I just have this feeling that all these minor problems are just gonna fade away when we both say “I do.” I mean the time he showed up to my uncle’s funeral two hours late and high on mushrooms was pretty insensitive, but he totally made it up to me later that night when he let me pick the movie at Blockbuster. What a sweetie!

I just can’t wait to get a little puppy together. It’ll be like our first test to see if we’re gonna be responsible parents or not, and my daddy says that responsibility is a key attribute in any good man. Although Jeff has never really held a steady job, often goes weeks at a time without calling me and won’t ever look my father in the eye, I have this crazy feeling that he’ll turn it all around when we share the same last name.

Oh yeah, and once we get married, Jeff won’t have to deal with all of those jealousy and rage issues he struggles so much with right now. He can’t divorce me through a text message when he sees me eating lunch with one of my old guy friends from high school, and he definitely can’t slash tires and break his jaw two weeks later when he sees him at a frat party.

I know it sounds like Jeff is one of those crazy possessive boyfriends, but he really is a great guy deep down inside, and he’ll definitely be sweeter when he’s my hubs. I remember this one time he got me this really sexy lingerie from Victoria’s Secret for Easter, and he totally got all my sizes right without me even telling him what they were. I guess it was kind of strange that he left it crumpled up and damp in the back seat of his truck, but I found it anyway!

Marriage is gonna be so awesome. But even though my friends, parents, and even his parents don’t think he’s right for me I just can’t wait to tie the knot with Jeff. And if by some chance marriage doesn’t turn out to be the picnic that I think it will, then at least I won’t have to work for the rest of my life.

Penguins are fucking everywhere

Herb Cantwell
CONCERNED PATRIOT

Seriously. This is getting ridiculous. What’s the deal with these fucking penguins? Remember when you could turn your head and not see a penguin staring you in the face with its beady, lifeless eyes? I do. That was nice.

Am I the only one who’s bothered by the exploding penguin population? Am I the only one who thinks it’s a problem? That seems to be the case, and that’s quite possibly the most disturbing part of this whole penguin fiasco. I’m convinced that penguin saturation of the media has indoctrinated the masses into penguin tolerance. While I hate to admit it, Noam Chomsky was right.

Remember when “March of the Penguins” came out? That movie made, like, a billion dollars. That’s a billion dollars going straight into the pockets of these fucking penguins, and yet I’m the only one who seems to be frightened by the thought of hundreds of thousands of marching penguins with disposable income.

Marching where? I’ll tell you where—across our fucking borders. More like “Invasion of the Penguins.” I mean, I haven’t seen the film, but the writing is all over the damned wall. Somehow, the slippery bastards managed to get to Morgan Freeman, and if they managed that, it might already be too late.

No, I’m not kidding. Their beaks are razor sharp, and they can use their fins to slowly bludgeon us to death. Sure, they may not be able to fly, but it’s only a matter of time.

And it won’t be any kind of surprise attack. They saw what we did to Japan in World War II. So for decades they’ve been sitting and biding their time, formulating their nefarious plan. And slowly but surely, they’ve been slipping into our way of life not unlike the way their demon-like newborn slip into the cool waters around an icy glacier.

But worse yet, they don’t even bother to learn our language. Whose country do you think this is, you tuxedo-wearing asshole? If I get the wrong order at Wendy’s again because the fucking penguin at the drive-thru doesn’t speak English or have opposable thumbs, I am just gonna snap.

And they don’t discipline their children.

Speaking of children, have you noticed that there are two animated penguin movies being released in the coming months? It’s obvious they’re trying to brainwash our impressionable youths, but I’m not falling for it. I’ll blind my kids before I let them be subjected to any penguin propaganda.

I know this is a rude awakening, America, but somebody had to do it. We have been lulled to sleep by a deceptive lullaby sung by the icy mistresses of the North, and their rising threat looms over our borders like the shadow of a terrible nightmare above our beds. Myself, I haven’t slept in months. Every time I close my eyes, I’m haunted with terrible visions of the penguin holocaust...penguins forcing all able-bodied men into oppressive slave labor...penguins tearing at the flesh of my wife...penguins taking turns raping my daughters. Sons of bitches. Goddamn sons of bitches.

What can you do to curtail the penguin problem? First of all, vote Republican. Hopefully, we can manage to confine them to a few insignificant districts and minimize their political clout.

Secondly, and most importantly, arm yourselves. Collect whatever you have available to pierce their small skulls and prepare to protect your home. It is likely that they still have not completely adapted to warm weather, so run your heaters non-stop. Their greatest natural predators are killer whales and leopard seals, so if you have the means, procure a few of these and station them at each entrance of your place of residence.

God sent ten plagues upon Egypt, and now he sends a plague of penguins down upon America. I’ll be damned before I see my country turned over to the ice-loving spawn of a frozen hell. It’s time to unite against them, so join me. Join me in turning against our penguin oppressors, because, quite frankly, penguins are fucking everywhere.

God: he’s just not that into you

Lucy Fur Wormwood
A MESSENGER

You go to church every Sunday. You volunteer at a soup kitchen twice per week. You have a Jesus fish on your Dodge Stratus. Heck, you’re even saving yourself for Mr. Right! So why do things seem to just never go your way? It’s not you, honey. It’s God. He’s just not that into you.

Those 10 pounds you put on last month? Your demotion at Jack n’ the Box? The D+ on your intro to nutrition exam? Proof that God’s just not that into you. Now, the first step in reconciling with this cold, hard fact is not to blame yourself! God is a fickle being. He may not be into you because you used His name in vain that one time last year. Or because you didn’t forward the “101 Ways to Love Jesus” e-mail from your Aunt Betsy to 20 people in 20 minutes.

Let’s just take a minute to look at the facts. God is both omnipotent and omniscient. He hears you, He just chooses not to respond. He can raise someone from the dead, so of course He could have gotten you out of that traffic ticket. How can you commit to someone if they aren’t meeting you halfway?

So for the time being, YOU have to take control of your life! Don’t let God get you down. It’s a waste of YOUR time to sit in church every Sunday, waiting for God to notice you. And stop making excuses for Him! For one, He doesn’t care about ruining your friendship. He also doesn’t care about taking it slow. And He’s most certainly not playing games with you. He’s just not that into you! Move on, sister! YOU are a modern woman and YOU have to EMPower YOURSELF!

You can see the kind of people God is into just by flipping through the Bible: Moses, David, Noah. You should face up to it now; you can’t be like these people. First off, you’re probably not Jewish. And secondly, you’re no saint. You were born with original sin. Honey, that’s just the way God made you. You’ll never be up to God’s standards. But you shouldn’t have to. Don’t work to satisfy His impossible demands, because you know what? You won’t! It’s time to move on. God’s just not that into you! Well now it’s time to not be that in to God.
Comics

College is okay, I guess... I just wish more people would constantly judge me for my bourgeois taste in movies and music.

Heck, I just straight up don't know stuff, but want a college degree anyway.

JOIN R-T-F

OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES:

DEEZ NUTS

No—I'm afraid it is not only unhealthy, but very alarming that your testicles are so disproportionately huge.

CAT

doesn't like:
sitting in laps
purring
being nice

would rather:
steal/hide, bobby pins
poop on carpet

Full House

Tuesdays 9/8c after CSI: Love

Every year, the arctic penguin travels thousands of miles to their mating grounds.

It truly is a marvel of mother nature. Hello, cute little friends. I'm renowned film actor Morgan Freeman. Aren't you all just cute as a button?

OH DEAR GOD, WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?!?! I was in Driving Miss Daisy. I'm beloved by millions. GAWWFFTT!!!
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 10 p.m. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

MATT BEARDEN

Matt Bearden is the winner of the 2002 Funniest Person in Austin Contest, and has recently appeared on Comedy Central's Premium Blend and A&E's reality train-wreck “Rollergirls”. He made his basic cable debut as “Quentin” on MTV's non-reality train-wreck “Austin Stories.” He's opened for Dave Chappelle in front of 12.000 fans and performed in Slidell, LA for 1 person on Sept 12, 2001. With Doug Connolly and Carey Moore. November 17 & 18, 9:30 & 11:30 PM, $5, The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth Street, 469-9116.

THURSDAY NIGHT AWESOME

A variety show hosted by Chris Trew and directed by Dave Buckman that puts comedy in neat little compartments that's easy for you to swallow. It's like a comedy cafeteria tray with places for stand-up, sketch, and improv comedy as well as short films and music. New lineups each week! Details at ThursdayNightAwesome.com! Thursdays at 8 p.m., The Hideout Theatre, 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 10 p.m., The Hideout Theatre, 617 Congress, 443-3688.

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.

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 11:30 p.m., 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 10 p.m., 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 p.m., The Hideout Theatre, 617 Congress, 443-3688. Free.

ESTHER'S FOLLIES

Part magic show, past vaudeville review, part improv tour-de-force, Esther's Follies takes no prisoners, offering biting satire on all the news makers and events fit to parody. Thursdays at 8pm, Friday and Saturday at 8 & 10 p.m. Esther's Follies, 525 Sixth, 320-0553 for reservations. $20 (student discounts available)