CONGRATULATING Ourselves SINCE 1997

Best of 2005-2006

September 2005
October 2005
November/December 2005

February 2006
March 2006
April/May 2006
Texas Travesty: Thanks for giving us a few minutes of your time.

UT’s Busiest Student: I said one minute, so now you’ve got 56 seconds.

TT: What kind of stuff are you busy doing?

UTBs: My boyfriend’s Cowboys formal was on Monday, so last week I had to find a dress and make sure I had an appointment to get my hair and nails done. Tuesday I had a psych test, so I had to try to squeeze some studying in late Monday night. Of course Tuesday night is $1 beers at Cain and Abels. Oh, and six of my friends have turned 21 this month.

TT: How do you stay organized with all of that going on?

UTBS: I only drink soy milk and eat whole-wheat bread, which keeps my memory sharp.

Every morning I do 25 bicycle kicks to get my blood moving, I have an electronic calendar to remind me of important dates, and I try to only get black-out drunk two, maybe three times a week.

TT: Do you find that your hectic schedule alienates you from other people?

UTBS: Totally. How do you relate to someone who has three tests in a week, has to make her boyfriend a birthday present, and is vice president of the Business Club? It’s put a huge strain on my friendships.

TT: How do you deal with the stress of being so busy?

UTBS: I take a nap every afternoon and watch Gilmore Girls. I have to TiVo it, though.

• No matter how much you pay for tuition and fees, you will never, ever print anything on campus for free.

• Business students whose ethics education includes learning how to spin negative news will find themselves at absolutely no risk of contracting an STD.

• The watered-down soup in campus bathrooms will slip through your fingers and go down the drain, just like the chances of you ridding your hands of toilet germs.

• There is no way to sit comfortably in Garrison.

• Campus construction will not end until every visible shortcut is eradicated.

• Students who complain about 9am classes shouldn’t begin their weekends on a Wednesday.

• Fat guys wearing neither sweatpants nor Big Daddy T-shirts are really sticking it to the man.

• You have learned how to shut your alarm off without waking up, and that’s something to lose sleep over.

• Freshmen who have put on the infamous Freshman 15 won’t feel so bad once they hear about how many of their old high school friends have put on the mantant 40.

• The Not-By-Choice Virgin Association will be meeting in RLM Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 8pm until the end of their lives.

• When an artsy girl reading The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time trudges over her patent leather Mary Janes, everyone will feel a little bit better about themselves.

• The Seventh Seal that signals the beginning of the apocalypse was opened the day rolling backpacks were invented.

• Professors die a little each time you turn around to look at the clock and sigh.

• Girls in ruffled skirts will prove yet again that Old Navy commercials can still reach the college demographic of pre-soccer wife.

• Playgrounds will become depressing when you realize you’re too tall for the monkey bars, the swings pinch your ass, and you’ll be working until you’re 65.

• Pet names should not be recycled from one boyfriend to the next.

• While hustling to class with a heavy backpack on, a student compensates his running style to that of a raptor in the heat of a hunt.

• Sweaty neck rolls will infiltrate classes. Just be glad you can’t see their haunch.

• While walking down the Drag, economics students will argue over which homeless person gives them the most bang for their buck.

40 acres 411

Construction site! More like seduction site! Sophomore Missy Havermeyer and junior Kyle Berkowitz were spotted crawling out of the restricted Blanton Museum site, their hair amess and their backs studded with the ruble of passion! We guess the hats aren’t the only hard things over there.

Speaking of hard times... Eric Stewart-Kingsley has finally decided to resign from his position as treasurer of Democratic Students for Democracy Cindy Karp, his opponent and DSD’s former media director, discovered two weeks ago that Eric had been stuffing the ballot box.

Ballot boxes weren’t the only things stuffed, as Cindy was reportedly seen directly after the election eating three junior bacon cheeseburgers at the Wendy’s in the Union with best friend Sarah Eichaufenstein. Sarah, meanwhile, stuck to a plain baked potato while, stuck to a plain baked potato

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The irony! That same evening, Wrigley’s BF, Jennifer Flores-Highsmith, burned a bag of popcorn beyond recognition at the 1 Eta Pi sorority house. The funky smell that quickly permeated throughout the entire place was allegedly worse than the stench of six hungover Phi Theta brothers on your kitchen floor first thing in the morning!

And that burned bag of Orville Redenbacher’s wasn’t the only thing that got popped last night! Rumor has it that sophomore Katy Hessler finally agreed to let her boyfriend of 10 months, Kyle Fisherwills stick his corn cob in her. Wonder how much buttering up he had to do first?

Get gossip! gossip@texastravesty.com

Best of 2005-2006
Credits

Centerpread
Veronica Hansen
Mike Kantor
Jill Morris
Samantha Soper
Frat Guys/Pictures
JJ Hermes (inset)
Travesty Girl
Samantha Soper (inset)
Fall Flowchart
Kristin Hilary
Krishna Jackson
David Strawas
Melinda Martin
HOLY LOVE
Todd Ross Nienkirk
Centerpread
Kristin Hilary
Adam Shackleton
Dog Purses
Mike Kantor
Samantha Soper
Illustrations
Ladie Dixon
Chris Friend
Veronica Hansen
Kristin Hilary
Mike Kantor
Todd Main
Jill Morris
Horoscopes
Chris Friend

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Shout Out to:
Finding a used condom (with wrapper) outside the office door mothers at student organization bars who tell their children for taking Travesties; ass old men who take our cookies; all the people holding “How to come out to your conservative roommate” brochures who visit our table; superfluous kitchens; saving enough money to buy a soda by submitting sales; security; mania; making mistakes; advertorials; “enhanced” security; ironic; making mistakes; advertorials; “complicated” relationships on Facebook; revealing some-where an internships on campus; the not so young, friendly; running over by (AN) almost sending former editors to $3000; friendly donors; interns who are Republicans but definitely do not remind everyone twice a day, taco sandwiches past their prime and all hopes that this week’s surgery helps Amy feel better.

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Circulation: 25,000
Sixth-year senior has never attended UT football game
Aberration of nature elicits shock, disgust from family, friends, complete strangers

Elizabeth Barksdale
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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

“T’ve always been too busy with studying or working, or, you know, clubs and partying, to care about football,” said Feffer, seemingly uninterested in any form of athletics.

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

As the only UT student to never attend a Longhorn football game in 107 years, Feffer represents a malicious deviance that calls forth the mordantly turned the volume up and played more of the CD.”
Ann Coulter refuses to apply rash ointment 'liberally'

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

Kim Jong ill

CAMPUS — Humanities freshman Kim Jong has been out this past week with a stomach virus. She is expected to return to class on Friday.
Freshmen settle into dorm rooms, relationships
Proximity trumps genuine affection in on-campus dating

Sara Kanewske
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Upon reaching the cash register at the Jester City Limits cafeteria, freshman Tim Schuler waved away hallmate Julie Sweeney’s ID, instructing the cashier to instead swipe his card through twice.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it,” he assured his girlfriend of three weeks.

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

“At first, I barely even noticed Tim,” said Sweeney. “But after, like, the fifth time we had to squish into the elevator with all our stuff, I thought, ‘Well, his curly brown eyelashes really make up for the fact that he’s a lot gawkier than I’d usually find attractive.’”

Sweeney continued, “Both of our parents were there, so I couldn’t be too obvious. But I made a mental note to write ‘Come on in — we love to meet new people!’ on my door.”

What began as shyly making eye contact on the way to the community bathroom and making forced smart-aleck remarks during wing meeting icebreakers soon turned into a romantic relationship.

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

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

Although cynics might see Sweeney and Schuler’s relationship as “settling” for one another, Schuler is quick to dispute this claim.

“It’s not like I just started dating the first girl I met at UT,” said Schuler. “I actually had a thing for this girl I met during orientation. But she lives in Kinsolving now, which is a million miles away on the other side of campus. We still see each other from time to time, but our living situation is just too much of an obstacle for a serious relationship.”

Despite the couple’s optimism, Sweeney’s roommate Lesley Brooks has noticed some possible difficulties.

“I met during orientation. But she lives in Kinsolving now, which is a million miles away on the other side of campus. We still see each other from time to time, but our living situation is just too much of an obstacle for a serious relationship.”

Despite the couple’s optimism, Sweeney’s roommate Lesley Brooks has noticed some possible difficulties.

“Neither of them has a car, so they don’t ever actually go anywhere on dates,” said Brooks. “And every time we hear a girl’s voice coming from next door, Julie freaks out and spends half an hour asking me whether it would be too obvious for her to stop by.”

Brooks continued, “It’s going to be really, really awkward when they break up.”

Interracial cop partners lack relationship dynamics, clever banter

QUEENS, NY — Jim Sparks, an officer in the New York Police Department, noted yesterday to longtime friend Harold Spencer that he lacked any sort of dynamic relationship or clever banter with his new African-American partner, Wes Jackson.

“We and I have a surprisingly professional and courteous relationship,” said Sparks as he deftly stroked his moustache. “We mainly just talk about work, instead of arguing about humoros race-related issues or the difference between hip hop and rock ‘n’ roll.” Jackson, a 10-year veteran to the department, is described by colleagues as “sharp,” “professional” and “by the books,” rather than “garrulous,” “reckless” and “over-the-top,” as Sparks had originally expected.

“I was hoping his loud-mouthed street smarts combined with my gruff exterior and rugged individualism would create a unique crime-fighting super force capable of bringing down notorious drug lords and crooked politicians,” said Sparks. “But instead we got stuck with traffic duty.”

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

DAYTON, Ohio — Sophomore wide receiver Michael “Brownie” Brown received a harsh lesson on the effectiveness of incorporating news into insults after he dropped a pass that would have given his team a victory over their cross-city rival Briarwood.

“It was a perfect pass,” said quarterback Andrew Magee. After the game ended, Coach Larry Slaughter gathered the team and gave a post-game talk. “He told us that we all played a great game, and we didn’t have anything to be ashamed of,” Brown said. “But then he pointed at me, and said in the most sarcastic voice, ‘Brownie, you’re doing a heck of a job.’ The rest of the team erupted into laughter. It was the worst experience of my life.” Slaughter refused to deny reports that he intends to force Brown to quit the team.
Boehner rises, will meet Bush
WASHINGTON, D.C. — Representative John Boehner of Ohio, who was elected House Majority Leader last month in a close 122-109 vote, will meet with President Bush this week to discuss GOP strategy for the upcoming year. Political analyst and former Crossfire host Tucker Carlson called the Boehner election “enormous,” explaining that Boehner will “really have to rise to the occasion to fill the publicity gap created by DeLay’s ouster.” Boehner addressed concerns over his ability to aptly manage his newfound responsibilities at a press conference Friday. “The Boehner policy will be one of sustained growth; as new blood rushes through the head of the Boehner advisory staff, we will penetrate the restraints imposed on us by left-wing sycophants.” Boehner’s ascent to majority leader prompted him to assume a larger advisory staff. Among his new appointments is longtime friend and famed political consultant Tim Ballz.

Wedding vows delay access to open bar
DOWNTOWN — Guests at the union of Dan Medina and Keegan Hill last Saturday complained that the ceremony was “a sappy waste of precious boozin’ time.” Though the couple wrote their own vows, maid of honor Valerie Trevelson declared that shed rather “slide naked down a mountain of dirty syringes” than hear Medina claim Hill’s love “took him higher than any drug ever could.” Trevelson added, “All that rambling about drugs got me jonesin’ for some liquor.” Father of the bride Damien Hill recalled: “They just kept going on and on, like it was their special day or something. You can’t entice a man by telling him there will be an open bar and then make him sit through an hour of that crap — it’s inhumane.” Although guests could not get to the open bar as quickly as they had anticipated, the hotel’s valet staff noted that four out of five attendants left the reception smiling, laughing, and too drunk to drive.

Free candy in class a point of contention
CAMPUS — While working on a history project Thursday, students Kyle Gennerton and Tim Simon engaged in a heated dispute about whether to bring candy to their class presentation. “We’re going to be giving a boring PowerPoint presentation about the Civil War,” explained Gennerton. “Everyone’s totally going to fall asleep unless we pass out some Snickers before we start.” Simon, however, feels that bringing “random candy” to his classmates only cheapens the impact of a presentation. “For God’s sake, what do mini M&Ms have to do with the Battle of Bull Run? It’s just a pathetic ploy to get some applause and a good peer evaluation,” grumbled Simon. The students’ professor, Dr. Harold Martinboke, commented that bringing candy to class would not affect anyone’s grade, although “a midmorning sugar rush would really hit the spot.”

Ancient artifact found beneath teenager’s bed
HOUSTON — Thirteen-year-old Matt Cantos discovered a small, rectangular object with brown string hanging out of its plastic casing beneath his brother’s bed Monday after school. “Man, I knew Philip kept some crazy stuff under here, but I’ve never seen anything like this,” said Matt. Puzzled by the strange artifact, which had the words “Rad Mix ’96” scrawled across it in permanent marker, Matt confronted his brother Philip about the find. “I hadn’t seen that mix tape in 10 years,” said Philip. “That tape had everything: ‘C’mom Ride the Train,’ ‘No Diggity,’ and even ‘I Believe I Can Fly.’ Man, those songs totally got me to second base with Marissa Walters.” Unfamiliar with the bands on the mix tape, Matt commented, “Oh, so that’s what that thing at the bottom of my stereo is for.”
Puppies in the HOV Lane

Someone get these puppies out the motherf**kin' HOV lane!

Experience the terror of puppies in an HOV lane

Starring Samuel L. Jackson as an angry man and Jessica Alba as the girl who can't commit to a nude scene

Coming summer 2006

Turns out Clarissa didn't actually explain very much at all.
LISTEN UP, SISTERS!

Sitting como para! Gotta start. It's to make this better into the US. UK. US casino party run by not. Remember we're the most original sorority at UT. Come to the planning meeting: Senior Hall, Wednesday at 3pm UH.

OMG! It's time for the...

IHII

Sorority Newsletter!

From our leading lady, President Stephanie!

“Beware the wrath of the nerd...”

Gloria, our alpha female design major, will be hosting an informational session on the common room at 9. Come back for spring formal reasons by bringing how to get your dorm room (and out!) a really cool look. Also, there was a question of how much bub is one much book—there's a bonus cleaning clinic at 10! Be there!

Some lady from UHS will be giving some kind of info. session on Tuesday of Wednesday, about staying safe while you PARTY. Something about roosters and STOs. Perhaps, you'll get a few extra points if you attend. Everyone else can probably blow this one off, unless you're really bored or something. Jenii will post details when she gets them.

T-SHIRT ALERT

We NEED more NERD and Anthropem quotes!!!!!!

Hold off on the Walking Cramp quotes just yet. We don't want to be TYPICAL.

The shirt company needs us to decide on a famous logo to rip off. So make sure you email your ideas to A0 through the end of the week.

YOU CAN'T SPELL SMART WITHOUT AN A’’!!

Whatever you do or don't read this, we will drastically improve your study skills. Get your boyfriends to help improve your homework. Why can you do in front of a novel? Going to a party with your friends? It's easy! You can all do it with your homework.

FRIENDLY REMINDER:

Ladies, I just want to stress that spring is a busy social time for us. If anyone is currently dating someone who is not Greek-affiliated, now is the time to step up! (Unless of course, you are a princess.) We need all of us (and your hires) to do their part so that we can meet our chapter goal of being connected to every major fraternity at UT.

GET INSPIRED, GIRL-FRIEND!

“THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE BEAUTY OF THEIR DREAMS.” - ELIZABETH DOUDLEV

“MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY OPPORTUNITY.” - COLONNAI 8:5

Beware the wrath of the nerd
Things cuter than UGG boots

- Hairy moles
- Beef tongue
- Rotten fruit
- Deer carcass
- Placenta
- Gingivitis
- Ingrown toenails
- Underwater Birth
- Braided pubic hair

Sisqo
Our Red River Romp

In my dreams that night, I slit their throats and drank their blood with a twisty straw.

This image mirrors what I feel when my foster hugs me. Reveals soul is too heavy for his corporeal vessel.

In my dreams that night, I slit their throats and drank their blood with a twisty straw.

Some people will do anything for attention!

Creepers soul is too heavy for his corporeal vessel.

OCTOBER 8TH, 2005
We went to the State Fair, not knowing our presence would create a killing commotion with over thousands of fans in attendance at some unknown event.

Some people will do anything for attention!
Dear travestygirl...

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

-Jen, 14

Dear Jen,

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

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

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

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

Good luck!
Travesty Girl

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How to Steal Your Best Friend's Boyfriend

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

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

Confidence is key

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

Eye on the prize

1. Agree with everything her boyfriend says. This will give you magical illusion of intelligence.
2. Casually deem her in his presence. For example, "Hey Brad, did Shannon ever tell you about the time she wrote a non-fiction book on unicorns? What a fucking idiot!"
3. Try using clever jokes. For example, "Hey, Brad, I'm a hair stylist! That must really suck! Boys have a hobby with a great sense of humor.

Making your move

1. Invite him over to "study" when Sam is busy with one of her less popular friends. (But compared to you, that's just about everybody — shh!)
2. Put on your best outfit. And don't forget that easy face thing, missy! It's never too early to let your classroom cutie round third base.
3. Find a way to have physical contact with your best friend's man. Examples: kissing, making out and checking his pockets for change.

Way to go! You've just robbed your ex-best friend of her boyfriend and her self-worth. Travesty Girl style! I'll be weeks before he raging, completely unstoppable hormones allow her to forgive you. Congratulations!

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Quiz

What's your occupation destination?

1. If you had a choice, you'd start your day:
   A. Bright and early! Your stepfather always had the early bird gets the worm, and the late bird gets the hangover.
   B. Noon. After a night of bartending and Jameson Fuzzy Navel it's hard to peel yourself away from the red of the man who brought you for.
   C. When the sun goes down. Your line of work requires the cover of night.

2. Your killer work outfit would be:
   A. Orange plaid jumper and some sensible walking shoes you borrowed from your Uncle Sally.
   B. Pink pleather two-piece suit. Classy yet minimalist.
   C. String, real skeletons and a smile. No employer can resist a go-getter.

3. When the CEO of a major corporation faces indictment under the provisions of the Sarbanes-Oxley act for failure to maintain proper accountability records for the new firm's fiscal quarter you feel:
   A. Sad
   B. Happy
   C. Nothing

4. Who would be your ideal co-worker?
   A. Orlando Bloom. His blank stare and blank mind will allow you to take the office load, but it won't stop you from crushing on him in the meantime.
   B. The Marb ⁄ Moor Man, because he helped you realize that smoking makes you sexy and successful.
   C. Meryl Streep, sexual and in touch with her womanhood. She gets down to business — just like you.

5. What TV show describes your interpersonal:
   A. The OC. You shoot your boyfriend's brother, you had a lesbian fling, and your man is in a wheelchair, but it's OK because you have the entire Marc diamond collection.
   B. Friends. Most of your relationships are shallow and require a laugh track to get through.
   C. Aqua Teen Hunger Force. The only friends you have these days are French fries and nail lacquers.

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Mostly A's:
Fashion designer

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

Mostly B's:
Mannish-looking brother

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

Mostly C's:
President of the United States

You've proved that girls can do anything that boys can do, even if you're not pretty. All those lonely Saturday nights spent crying over your history textbook weren't in vain. You've made it! Revel in the fact that you have a steady job — at least until you find a study senator who will show you how to please both a man and your country!
Government junior STEVEN AMBER gets lost in "Because You Loved Me."

Frat Guys: They’re just like us!

They listen to Celine Dion on their iPod.

Kinesiology sophomore THOMAS JACKSON ponders the emergence of aristocracy from industry.

They casually ignore hobos.

Government senior JUSTIN KLEIN pretends to be a man.

Classics sophomore SAMUEL WARD holds his back pocket to keep change from jingling.

Spanish junior LANE DANIELS surveys the wide-open plains.

They hide their Zima.
Fisting is not another word for Fighting. www.texastravesty.com

BEST OF 2005-2006

MAKING THE BEST OF IT
since 1997

FEATURES

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FEATURES

• 15

No Bones About It!

This season’s hottest accessory isn’t sparkly, blinged, or popped — it’s your best friend! No, not that jealous backstabbing bitch you tell all your secrets to — we’re talking about your dog!

Super chic!

Jenny will be the envy of all her friends when she struts into class carrying three-year-old Scooter in her chic shoulder strap Louis Vuitton “Pooch Pouch.”

Doggie-tastic!

Deborah’s got it goin’ on with her fab lab bag. It looks like little Daisy can’t wait to hit up the Viper Room ‘cuz ladies get in free ‘til eleven!

That’s a huge hickey!

Annie and Adolf make the perfect pair strolling down Rodeo Drive in this stunning Kate Spade Husky Pack. Two-year-old Adolf feels schön in this slimming number. Heil!
What’s your fall class schedule?

Still searching for the perfect schedule for next semester? Whether you’re majoring in Anthropology or Zoology, we know what’s best for you. Just follow the arrows, you impressionable nitwit!

Start Here

Does your major suck?

Yes

Of course

Would you rather have fun than feel accomplished?

No thanks

Is the stock market the only thing you play?

No

Could that beer-guzzling frat guy who calls you once every other week be the one?

Yes

No

Of course

No

Of course

Are you vigorously pursuing an MRS degree?

Yes

No

Do you have a trust fund?

Yes

Studio Art: Drawing I

No

No

Do your parents refer to you as “the other kid?”

Yes

No

Do you hate money?

Yes

No

No

Have you become a relativist yet?

Yes

No

No

No

No

Have you ever thought about just how much it would hurt to dive into a pool of gold coins like George McDuck did in DuckTales?

Yes

No

No

Want to start smoking?

Yes

No

No

Do you have steel robotic pupils?

Yes

No

Want to feel guilty about your racist ancestors?

Yes

No

No

Yes

No

Do you have steel robotic pupils?

Yes

Operating System Coding

No

You should

I hate good food

Want to feel superior?

Yes

No

No

Have you become an atheist yet?

Yes

Have you become a relativist yet?

Yes

No

No

Are you into fashionable rebellion?

Yes

No

No

Any RTF course

Yes

No

Do your parents refer to you as “the other kid?”

Yes

No

Want to feel guilty about your racist ancestors?

Yes

No

No

Do you hate money?

Yes

No

No

Want to be able to order like a champ at local taquerias?

Yes

No

No

Yes

Want to feel superior?

Yes

No

No

Want to feel guilty about your racist ancestors?

No

Yes

No

Spanish 507

Yes

No

Si!

Yes

No

No

Operating System Coding

White Guilt 365: Confederacy: Separate or Equal?
Octoberfest was BAD ASS

By Drew Baelle

THE HYMEN ANNihilator

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

TUESDAY

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

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

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

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

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

10:01 p.m. Became FURIOUS because George Clooney is a BITCH.

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

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

WEDNESDAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10:52 a.m. PUKED in a URINAL.

11:02 a.m. Some ASSHOLE stole my seat so I puked in a SLEEPER HOLD and then threw his BODY into a PRETZEL STAND.

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

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

5:15 p.m. Got WOKEN UP by some woman screaming at me.

6:26 p.m. Finally found Lenny in another tent. A BAND started playing some shitty JAZZ or something so I started screaming SKYNAIRD over and over.

7:12 p.m. I got so angry at the music that I STOLE a TUBA and played it.

9:08 p.m. Lost Lenny.

9:21 p.m. STOLE a little kid’s bike and followed the sound of a TRAIN WHISTLE.

9:28 p.m. Ended up at a TRAIN WHISTLE FACTORY.

9:36 p.m. Made it to the STATION but we missed our train.

THURSDAY

8:27 a.m. Got back to PRAGUE and headed straight to a BAR because the train ride really killed my BUZZ.

8:32 a.m. Holy shit is that a CASTLE?

Oktoberfest was pretty tight. I bought a sweet shirt that says OKTOBERPUKEN but I actually did puke on it later that night so I threw it out. I don’t know what happened to Lenny because I had his passport in my pocket when from I was showing some German chicks how he looks like John Stamos in his picture. Anyway, I’m up in FLIP CUP. I hope you fruitcakes took notes.
**An open letter to the man who stole my underpants**

Kristin Hillery
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

After eating dinner the other night, I walked down three flights of stairs and across the parking lot to the laundry room, carrying a wicker basket overflowing with clothes. You were watching me the whole time from your first-floor apartment, pushing apart the blinds with your stubby fingers just enough to peek through the window without anyone noticing. As I separated my whites and colors, you used the Miller High Life–stained collar of your favorite Motorhead shirt to dry off your stringy thongs, lacey panties and strapless bra. Caused a waterfall of saliva to pour out. You finally opened up the two machines, your eyes shifted rapidly from the treasures inside. “Sweet, three-titted mother o’ Jesus!”

Suddenly there were footsteps outside; you dropped my favorite Gap T-shirt bra back into the machine and froze, though you couldn’t keep your withered penis from caught in the corner of your apartment, then you couldn’t keep your withered penis from wobbling in your jeans. Whew! You were just having things.

“Jesus, maybe I shoulda just taken a couple of ‘em, or maybe I should leave some outside her door,” you thought, scratching your tangle, thin hair, as a single tear rolled down your scruffy cheek. You sat in silence for a moment, thinking. You looked at the pile of my underwear sitting in the corner of your apartment, then back at me, still weeping on the dryer. Wiping your cheek dry with a pair of my lady drawers and take ‘em home ‘fore some-thing business for seven years now, I’ve ob-scurely. We’re not young college bucks, unfor-tunately. We’re not young college bucks, unfor-tunately.

“Hahahahehaheheheeheeee!”

**I’m the king of sensible fun**

Jeffrey Simms
JUST A SENSIBLE GUY

Hey, gang! What’s on the agenda for tonight? Got any plans? I don’t know about you guys, but I could go for some sensible, post-work dining.

Did I hear somebody say dinner and a movie? I sure hope so — I’ve been craving a Chili’s turkey burger and a Diet Coke since mid-afternoon. Whaddyay say we all pile into my mid-sized Volvo wagon after work and grab a good table before the evening rush hits.

No, Darryl, you can’t call shotgun now. That’s not how I play the game.

Don’t get too excited, team — we’ve still got 40 minutes of important work to do before the weekend begins, and these spreadsheets aren’t gonna run macros on themselves. Trust me, group, once that minute hand hits five you’re all gonna forget about work. Why? Because I’m the king of sensible fun!

TGIF indeed, Darryl.

I’ve heard some rumblings around the office about possibly dining at Dave ‘n’ Busters or even the Cheesecake Factory. Now, team, I’m all about having fun — sensible fun — but I’m just not sure the above restaurants can compete with the moderately priced menu and laid-back dining environment at Chili’s.

No, Darryl. Hooters is out of the question. We’re not young college bucks, unfortunately.

Having worked in the supplies management business for seven years now, I’ve observed that many worker-bees tend to drown their problems with a trip to the olive-oil water hole for some adult beverages and a cancer stick — but that’s just not my style. No, sir — as far as I’m concerned, there’s nothing like exchanging pleasantries over a couple of spinach and artichoke dips and southwestern-style eggrolls to help relieve the stress of a busy yet highly productive day.

Yes, Darryl, that 24 show sure is exciting television. I also wonder when Jack Bauer fits in a trip to the restroom.

Now some of you have expressed concern that Ice Age 2: Meltdown is too tame of a film for us to go see. I heartily disagree. Not only have critics throughout the greater Midwest given it excellent reviews, but it also features such noted celebrity talent as Jack Leguizamo, Queen Latifah, and the affable Ray Romano.

Okay, Darryl, you’ve made your point, but I just don’t think it would be prudent to sneak some Wild Turkey and Xanax into a midnight screening of Basic Instinct 2: Risk Addiction. What’s the point in having sensible fun if you can’t remember how sensible it was the next day?

Now, Darryl, it’s been a few weeks since I last perused the staff handbook, but I’m quite certain that “boner” and “blouse bunnies” are not office-appropriate words.

Whoa, Darryl, TMI. Too Much Information.

Okay, gang, so I guess we’ll reconvene in the lobby a couple minutes after five. Get ready for some sensible fun courtesy of yours truly.

Oh, by the way, did any of you guys get that forwarded e-mail I sent out about the lawyer who goes to Heaven? Well, when you get a free minute you should check it out and maybe forward it to other people. It gave me quite a chuckle.
LAPTOP NOTE-TAKING
I don’t know who’s running things over there, but I remember when the Texas Travesty used to have stories that mattered. Now it seems that the stories that make it to print are motivated by something other than journalistic reasons. Articles about laptops being used for notes or rice found in a roll of quarters? Whatever happened to your integrity! You’d better get back to iPod humor, or else you might as well kiss your readership goodbye.
Brian Belindaberg
Havertown, Pennsylvania

GUIDE TO GETTING THE MOST OUT OF YOUR DORM
After attempting to turn my dorm room into a “happenin’ night club” — as you suggested — I’ve been transformed from a suave fresh-man to social cripple. Texas Travesty, I suggest you cease taking cat-naps on your bed of lies and do some freakin’ research. Thanks to you unfunny fibbers, my dorm is now known as Studio Fifty-for-Losers.
Ted Allen
Austin

AROUND CAMPUS
As an escaped convict, I did not appreciate last month’s around campus “People wearing sunglasses on cloudy days are actually wanted felons.” Please remember, pedophiles on-the-run are people, too. Now I fear for my life daily.
John Smith
Anywhere, USA

Got questions for us?
Ask, but know that abstinence is the answer
letters@texastravesty.com

Unicorns are Awesome!
Unicorns hath magical powers! Their enchanted horns doth unlock gateways to thine heart! They dine on the toad and shit rainbows!
Take heed and be wary, for sodomites they be!