

TEXAS

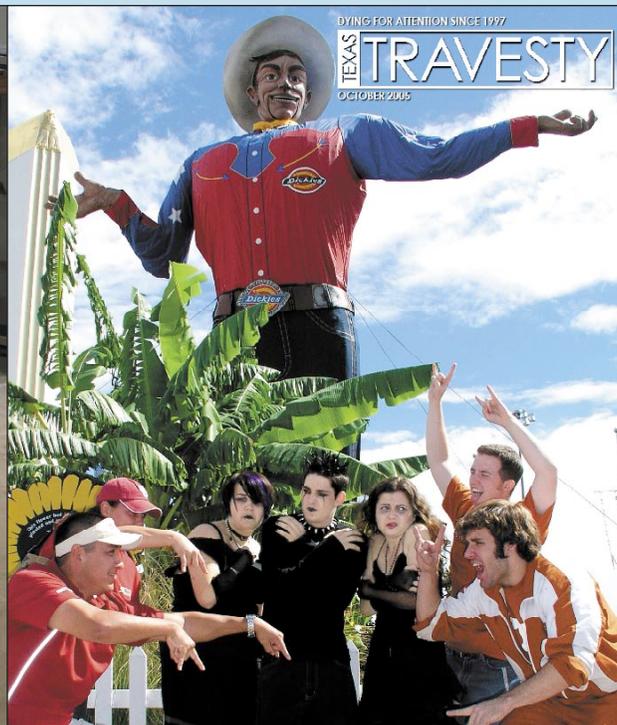
TRAVESTY

CONGRATULATING OURSELVES SINCE 1997

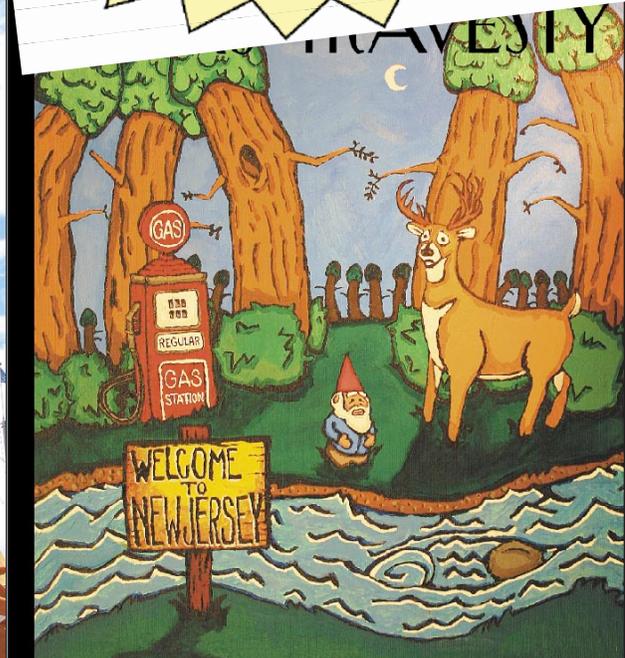
Best of
2005-2006



September 2005



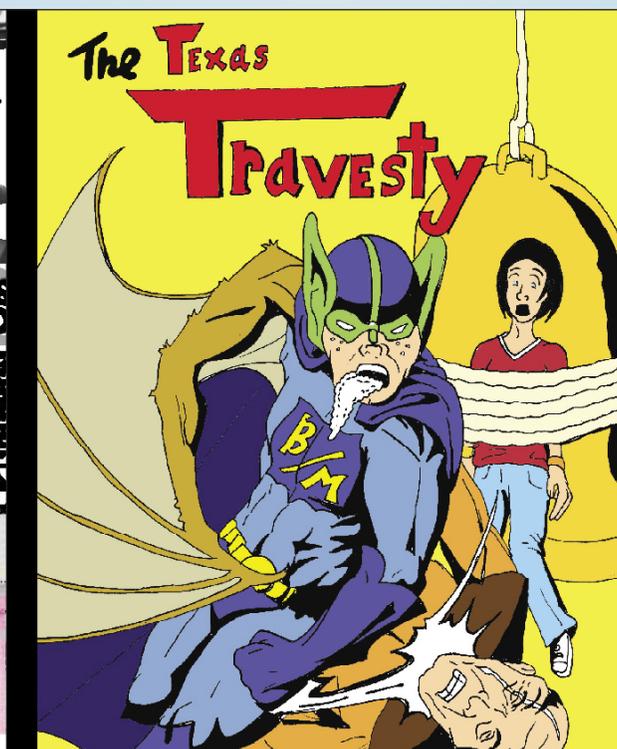
October 2005



November/December 2005



February 2006



March 2006



April/May 2006

KYLE CRABB

UT's busiest student

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 Abel's. 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 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.



around campus

- **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 Pregnant 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* trips 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.

- **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 soap 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 viable 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.

40 acres 411

VOLUME 8
BEST OF 2005-2006

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 messy and their backs studded with the *rubble 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 and a side salad with no dressing as she digested an ultimatum from boyfriend **Stan Friedmanton**: Lose five pounds or else! Looks like Sarah should take a cue from PTS and give Stan the boot — just like they did after his third ticket for parking in a handicapped spot without a permit.

Too hot to handle! The recent fire alarm at Jester East was no accident. **Blake Hassleton** pulled the alarm in a fit of anger after seeing his girlfriend **Sarah Wrigley** cozying up to her *old flame* **Johnny Hinderfritz**. And let us just say that Hassleton's rage wasn't the only thing that was *white hot* and all over the place!

The *irony!* That same evening, Wrigley's BFF, **Jennifer Flores-Highsmith**, burned a bag of popcorn beyond recognition at the I Eta Pi sorority house. The funky smell that quickly permeated throughout the entire place was allegedly worse than the stench of six hungover I Phelta Thi 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?

Got gossip? gossip@texastravesty.com



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LEGALESE

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

SHOUT OUT TO...

Finding a used condom (with wrapper) outside the office door; mothers at student organization fairs who scold their children for taking *Travesty* issues; old men who take our cookies; all the pre-frosh holding "How to come out to your conservative roommate" brochures who visit our table; superfluous kitchens; saving enough to buy a soda by submitting sales taxes on time; the global warming up to product placement; vanity Wikipedia articles; the WELL; flame threads going back to 1997; slides into oblivion; hidden sites that spring up; Google spamming; putting buttons where they're supposed to be; affiliates; "enhanced" security; mania; making mistakes; advertorials; "complicated" relationships on Facebook; revealing summer internships; bedrooms that aren't; friendly realtors; getting run over by VAN; almost sending form letters to \$30,000 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.

BEST OF 2005-2006 CREDITS

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Travesty Girl
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Horoscopes
Chris Friend

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.

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

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

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

"I kept trying to get him to go,"

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

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

Feffer's family is particularly ashamed of his abnormal disregard for football.

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

He added, "I hope his biology



Is this the dawn of the internally dead or what?

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

Young Robert Feffer remains in his own little world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Local coffee shop not inherently pretentious

Music selection, coffee mugs available at Wal-Mart

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

AUSTIN — Freshman Neil Samberg ventured into a coffee shop that was not inherently pretentious Thursday evening, as he sought a laid-back environment in which to study for his macroeconomics final.

"I was headed for the PCL when I saw a sign for Arachnid Abode Coffee House," recalled Samberg. "This gender studies major who lives in my dorm is always talking about it, so I thought I'd go in and check it out."

Clad in a Rose Bowl championship T-shirt, jean shorts, and knee-high socks with sandals, Samberg noted the "friendly atmosphere" as several patrons flashed him a cursory glance.

"Usually when you walk into a coffee shop, no one acknowledges your presence," said Samberg. "But this guy in a sweater vest actually took the time to callously gaze at me. That's special!"

"They were playing Dashboard Confessional on the speakers, too, which is awesome," said Samberg. "I played acoustic guitar back in high school, so I know where this guy is coming from."

After admiring a series of portraits near the entrance depicting the devil receiving fellatio from Vice President Cheney, Samberg walked to the counter to order a sandwich and coffee.

"There was nobody in line ahead of me, but the two cashiers working behind the counter were engaged in a lively discussion concerning nouveau post-modern sculpture in Chile from 1964 to 1967, so I let them talk," explained Samberg. "I was happy to stand there for eight minutes as they finished their debate — it gave me time to choose what kind of coffee I wanted."

Samberg added: "Those guys sure know their Chilean post-modern sculpture."

Finally ordering an \$8 hummus sandwich and a \$5 iced caramel mocha latte with non-dairy soy creamer, Samberg scoured the store for an available seat.

"It didn't really bother me that every seat was taken. It just means that there's a heavy demand that the store is meeting," said Samberg. "As an economics major, I realize that's free-market capitalism at it's finest."

Despite the lack of seating that evening, Samberg fervently endorses

Arachnid Abode as an excellent place to eat and study.

"I was choking on a piece of my sandwich, but before I had a chance to ask for help, one of the cashiers jostled me into a wall," said a grateful Samberg. "I am forever indebted to him. If it weren't for his quick thinking, I would be dead."

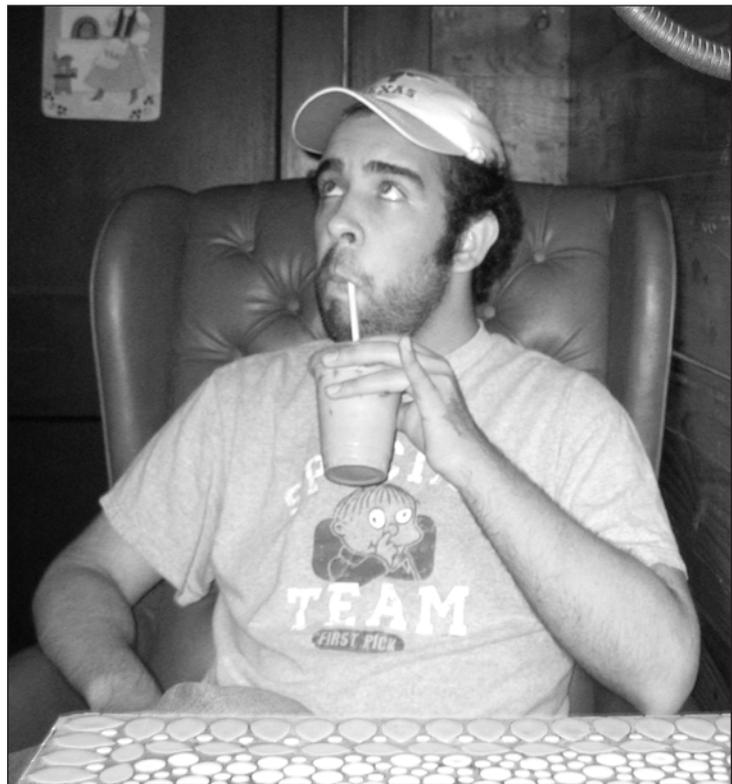
Arachnid Abode cashier Mark Masonsill clarified Samberg's account of the incident.

"I was hanging a picture of Ralph Nader above the cash register when I noticed someone holding a Starbucks mug," recalled Masonsill. "I bolted for the mug, but some inconsiderate dork with corporate clothing was standing in my way."

Masonsill continued: "I had to shove him to the floor, but I was able to get that Starbucks mug out of here."

Arachnid Abode patron Jane Ray disagreed with Samberg's positive review.

"This place has sold out," complained Ray. "I thought they were playing Dashboard Confessional to be ironic, but when that frat guy with the football shirt came in and started rocking out to the music, they actu-



By municipal order, lifting one's pinky constitutes physical labor within Austin city limits. Photo/Travesty

ally turned the volume up and played more of the CD."

Ray added: "They don't even use Columbian fair-trade coffee beans."

dirtybriefs

done dirt cheap

Ann Coulter refuses to apply rash ointment 'liberally'

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

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1

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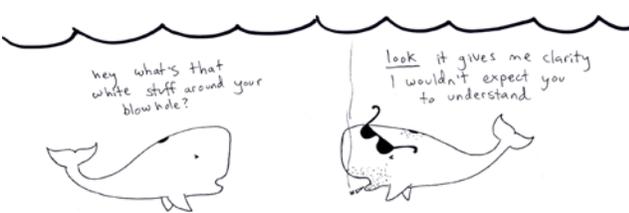
★ BITCHINI! FAR OUT! EXCELLENT! TO THE MAX! COWABUNGA! GIANT DILDO! ★

So you see children that is why GOD does not exist



BEWARE THE LIBERAL AGENDA OF BIOLOGIST PROFESSORS

OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: COCAINE



Name: Triangle, The (Gables Resident; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00021436

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

"At first, I barely even noticed

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

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

What began as shyly making eye contact on the way to the commu-

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

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

Despite the couple's optimism, Sweeny's roommate Lesley Brooks has noticed some possible difficul-



Are you a robot?

ties.

"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."

Elevator Etiquette

- Floors 1-4: Don't take the elevator — unless you're an athlete. More filet mignon, sir?
- That sweet zero-gravity feeling is totally worth making your whole floor hate you for breaking the elevator and trapping them for 8 hours.
- Guaranteed popularity trick: Spill a plate of French fries and country gravy on the floor.
- If you're radiating post-workout B.O., please take the stairs. Unless you're an athlete, in which case it smells like victory and hyacinths.
- The buttons won't work unless you rapidly press them 30 times.
- Girls will like you if you let them off first. That is, if they actually noticed you at all.
- If you ride with a stranger, it'll be less awkward to pretend you're blind than to have small talk.
- A box without windows or outside air circulation is the perfect place to let out a rip-roaring fart.
- Follow the guy with the clinking duffel bag. He can't wait to share the empty space in his room (and soul).

Name: Yellow Rose; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00021524

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. "Wes and I have a surprisingly professional and courteous relationship," said Sparks as he deftly stroked his moustache. "We mainly just talk about work, instead of arguing about humorous race-related issues or the difference between hip hop and rock '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.

dirtybriefs

done dirt cheap

Name: Buffalo Exchange Wrap It Up; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00021083

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 Trelvelson declared that she’d rather “slide naked down a mountain of dirty syringes” than hear Medina claim Hill’s love “took him higher than any drug ever could.” Trelvelson 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 mid-morning 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’mon 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.”



Name: Regal Ent Group- TRADE; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00021120





BEFORE SNAKES ON A PLANE,
THERE WERE...

PUPPIES
in the

HOV
lane

Someone get these
puppies out the
motherfuckin'
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

OMG!!! It's time for the...

IHTI

Sorority Newsletter!

From our leading lady, President Stef-fanee!

Spring has sprung! I Eta Pi ladies! Don't know what that means: time for our annual Spring Class for a Dream quest! Gather up your last-season jeans so we can sell it at a discounted price to the last fortunate (and last fashionable) Next week is our "Crush Party" guys! But be selective of who you give your shirts to. I don't want to see anyone but total hotties sporting them around campus. Finally, I better see all you class' ladies at the Chapter meeting next week, or I swear to God I'll throw a temper down your throat. I Eta Pi love! <3

Stacee
Steffanee

LISTEN UP, SISTERS!

Spring Casino Party! Okay girls, let's make this better than the '05, '04, '03 casho parties combined. Remember, we're the most original sorority at UT! Come to the planning meeting, Stad's Hall, Wednesday at 3pm! LOU!!

Gloria, one of our awesome fashion design majors, will be having an information session in the common room Monday at 9. Gear up for spring formal season by learning how to get your date into (and out of) a really cool tux. Also, learn answers to the common question of how much boob is too much boob— there's a bonus cleavage clinic at 10! Be there!

Some lady from UHS, will be giving some kind of info session, on Tuesday or Wednesday, about staying safe while you PARTY. something about roofies and STDs. Pledges, 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. Jenni will post details when she gets them.



RULES WERE NOT MADE TO BE BROKEN!!!



In case you've forgotten the I Eta Pi Rules...
 Keep your roots under control!
 Never ever wear brand new clothes without washing them first!
 You must always have a manure and matching pedicure!
 Do not associate with the poor!
 No eating after 11—unless you're wasted!
 If you borrow someone's underwear, don't start your period!
 No audible crying!
 If you're going to smoke a cigarette in public, you must sit down and cross your legs left over right!

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

Whenever you find you're not reading, read. This will drastically improve your study skills. Get your boyfriend to help you with your homework. Why else do you go to frat house with him? Good Physics: E-HARD! Has anyone taken that class before?

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 drop him (unless of course, you smell a proposal). We need all I Eta Pi ladies to do their part so that we can meet our chapter goal of being connected to every major fraternity at UT!

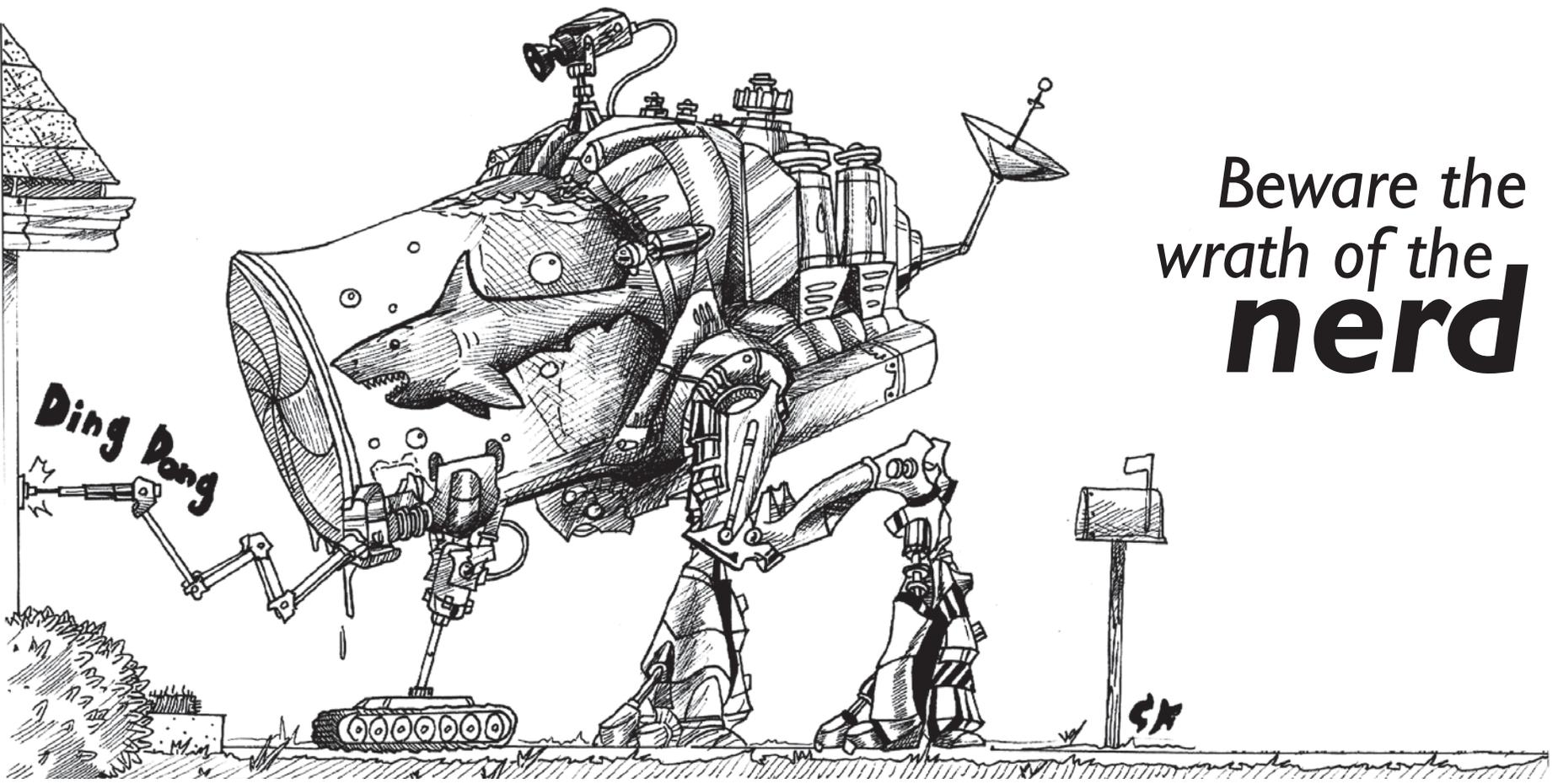


T-SHIRT ALERT

We NEED more Napoleon and Anchorman quotes!!!!!! Hold off on the Wedding Crashers 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 e-mail your ideas to Ashleigh by the end of the week.

GET INSPIRED, GIRL-FRIEND!

"THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE BEAUTY OF THEIR DREAMS." -ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
 "MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY OPPORTUNITY." -CELESTIAN/ 4:5

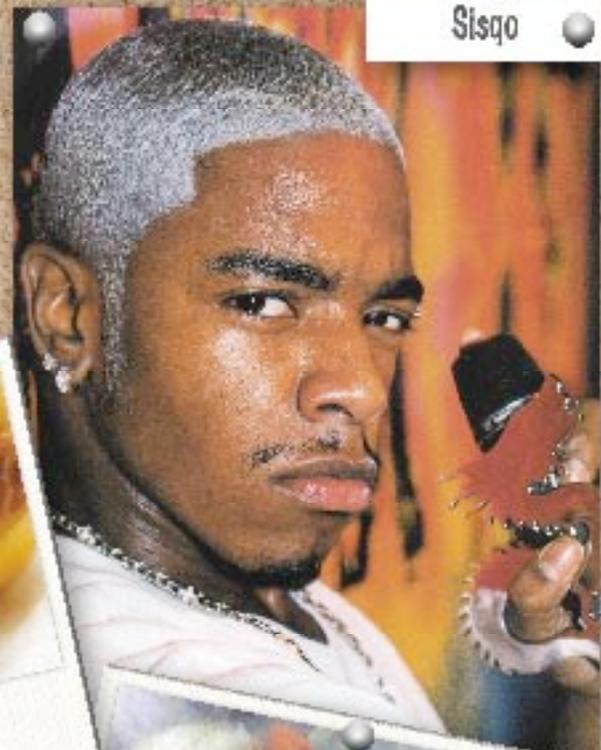


Beware the wrath of the **nerd**

Things cuter than UGG boots



Sisqo



Hairy moles



Rotten fruit



Beef tongue



This cat

Deer carcass



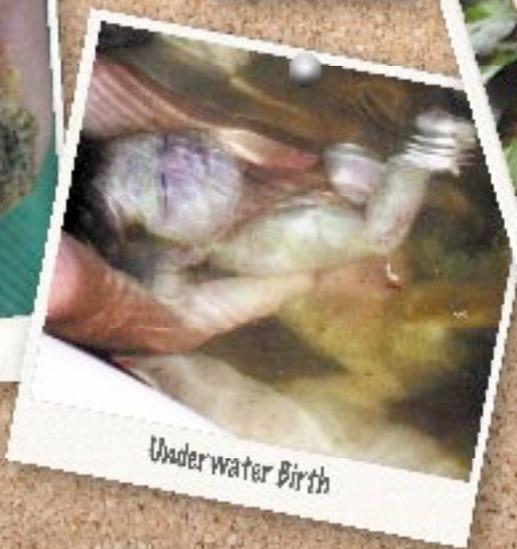
Placenta



Gingivitis



Ingrown toenails



Underwater Birth



Braided pubic hair

Our Red River Romp



OCTOBER 8th, 2005
We went to the State Fair, not knowing our presence would create a tickling juxtaposition with the thousands of fans in attendance for some "athletic event."



In my pretty hate machine, I make my downward spiral into the void. Closer.



Ahh...human contact



This image mirrors what I feel when my father hugs me.



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



Suffer softly the sinister sanctuary of sickly sweet solitude. SSSSS!



Empty wishes in a full fountain. How darkly ironic.

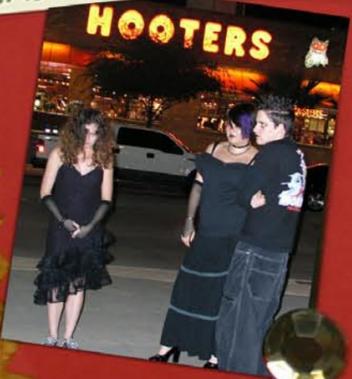


Raven's soul is too heavy for his corporeal vessel.



Some people will do anything for attention!

Shadow likes Hooters for the wings - wings to carry her off this mortal coil.



This pot is as empty as the promise of a loving god.



Weeee! I mean, this ride paralleled the highs and lows of my self-esteem.



Somebody's got a sweet tooth!

♥ travestygirl

awesome make-up tips >



before



after

dear travestygirl...

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

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

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

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

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

Good luck!
Travesty Girl

how to steal your best friend's boyfriend

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

evaluating the friendship

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

confidence is key

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

eyes on the prize

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

making your move

1. Invite him over to "study" when Sam is busy with one of her less popular friends. (But compared to you, that's just about everybody — huh?)
2. Put on your best outfit. And don't forget that sexy lace thong, mmm! It's never too early to let your cleavage cutie round third base.
3. Find a way to have physical contact with your best friend's man. Examples are 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! It'll be weeks before her raging, completely unpredictable hormones allow her to forgive you. Congratulations!

this month's hot workout

1.



2.



3.



quiz

what's your occupation destination?

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

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

- A. Bright and early! Your stepfather always said the early bird gets the worm, and the late bird gets the beating.
- B. Noon. After a night of Bachelors and Jaymes Fuzzy Nunch it's hard to peel yourself away from the bed of the man who brought them for you.
- 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 scrooble walking shoes you borrowed from your Uncle Sully.
- B. Pink pleather two-piece suit. Classy yet niproof.
- C. G-string, real stilettos and a smile. No employer can resist a go-getter.

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

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

4 Who would be your ideal co-worker?

- A. Orlando Bloom. His blank stares and blanker mind will allow you to take the office lead, but it won't stop you from crushin' on him in the mailroom!
- B. The Marlboro Man, because he helped 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 shot your boyfriend's brother, you had a lesbian fling, and your man is a whore, but it's OK because you have the entire Marc Jacobs fall collection.
- B. Friends. Most of your relationships are shallow and require a laugh track to get through.
- C. Aqua Teen Hunger Force. The only friends you have these days are French fries and milkshakes.

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 hunny Tyrese to settle down with!

MOSTLY B's: nurse (not a doctor)

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

MOSTLY C's: president of the united states

You've proved that girls can do anything that boys can do, even if you're not pretty. All those lonely Saturday nights spent crying over your 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 studly senator who will show you how to please both a man and your country!



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

**They listen to
Celine Dion on
their iPod**

Government junior **STEVEN AMBER** gets lost in "Because You Loved Me."



**They read
de Tocqueville**

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



**They casually
ignore hobos.**

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



**They wear
women's clothing.**

Spanish junior **LANE DANIELS** surveys the wide-open plains.



**They hide
their Zima.**

Government senior **JUSTIN KLEIN** pretends to be a man.

Blind Bike



I had just received this old, second-hand bike. When I got it, I placed it with some extra help — a Cavell bar seat. I had heard that it was good for people who have trouble seeing. I had seen it on the TV show *Blind* and I was sure it was worth a try.



HELP! My name is Jimmy Linton, and my world of independence is at risk. I need your help. Please, please, please help me!



The Cavell bar seat is a great idea. Jimmy just got it fixed up at the Texas Cavell. He's a Cavell bar seat. It's a Cavell bar seat. It's a Cavell bar seat.



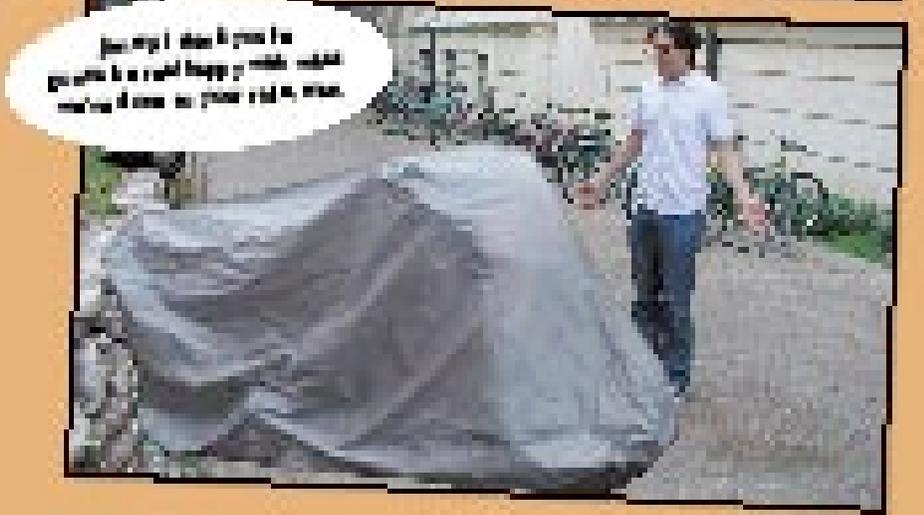
Without the Cavell bar seat, Jimmy's world of independence is at risk. I need your help. Please, please, please help me!



Feeling like you're blind? Cavell bar seats are the answer. They're a Cavell bar seat. They're a Cavell bar seat.



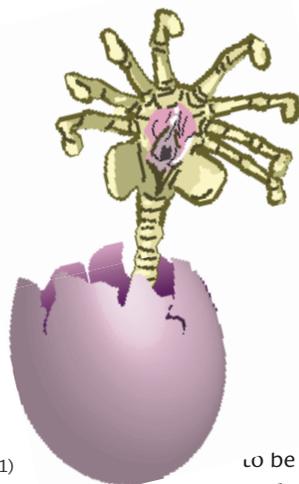
Alright, I'm not sure if Third Coast Cavell is the best place to go. Jimmy's world of independence is at risk. I need your help. Please, please, please help me!



Jimmy's world of independence is at risk. I need your help. Please, please, please help me!

Taurus

(April 20 - May 21)
It's time to get back to work. It's all about the tubes. Too bad your mom just had her tubes t

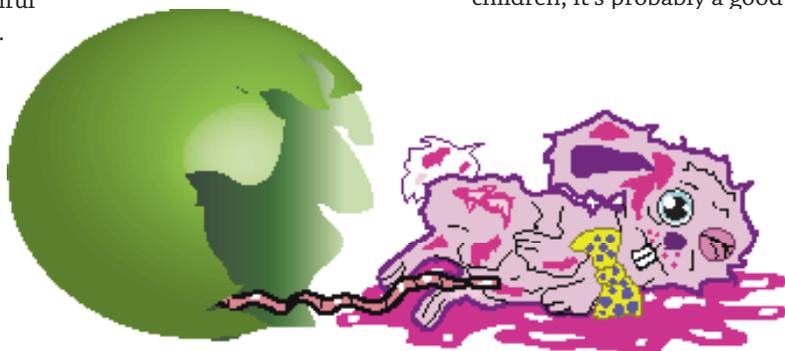


Gemini

(May 21 - June 21)
If it is indeed true that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams, you should start getting ready for years of grueling legal battles, because your creepy and extremely determined neighbor just had a beautiful dream about stalking you.

Cancer

(June 22 - July 22)
When you get fired from your summer job out of the blue, you will end up selling your forehead as advertising space for fast cash.



horoscopes

Officially endorsed by the American Association of False Prognostication

Leo

(July 23 - August 22)
You've always tried to live by the handi's teachings, but you will be especially proud when a freak slip of the tongue during your sexual gratification causes you to be the change that no one wishes to see.

Virgo

(August 23 - September 22)
When that automatic flushing toilet doesn't work right away, you'll reach back to push the— Oh, wait, there it goes.

Libra

(September 23 - October 22)
You like to create music as a powerful expression of the beauty and truth within the human soul. Yeah, you and the Ying Yang Twins.

Scorpio

(October 23 - November 21)
Well-behaved women may rarely make history, but considering that CPS is about to take away your children, it's probably a good

Sagittarius

(November 22 - December 21)
Avoid omelets and penises this month. Your eggs have turned against you.

Capricorn

(December 22 - January 19)
Feel like an adventure? No need to go far! That serial killer you've been hearing about in the news is standing behind you with a bloody axe. Now go and run into that creepy, haunted forest where you'll be safe!

Aquarius

(January 20 - February 18)
In an attempt to avoid West Mall hecklers, you'll schedule all your classes on the opposite side of campus, only to find out that all groups have decided that the East Mall is the new West Mall.

Pisces

(February 19 - March 20)
After an unfortunate incident involving a battery, cucumber, and two-toned shorts, your cat will never be able to look at you the same way again.



Oktoberfest was BAD ASS

By Drew Baelle

THE HYMEN ANNIHILATOR



A few of my friends convinced me to go to this thing called OKTOBERFEST in this town called GERMANY last week. I didn't want to go until they said it was a BEER

FESTIVAL and that the word festival means CELEBRATION. I didn't even know places outside of AMERICA had BEER until I studied abroad in PRAGUE this semester. Anyway, listen up because Drewsky 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 put him 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 nationality and race above the individual and suppresses opposition through violence and propaganda so I just called him a DOUCHEBAG.

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

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

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

7:12 p.m. I got so angry at the music that I STOLE a TUBA and played FREEBIRD. My beer came after a minute though so I just pissed on a DRUM and went back to my table.

8:26 p.m. A BEER WENCH brought me a bratwurst and I asked her if that was the biggest SAUSAGE she had ever seen. She didn't speak English though so I just EXPOSED MYSELF to her.

8:49 p.m. Lenny said we had to go catch our train so I chugged a STEIN to keep from HYPERVENTILATING on the way to the station.

9:02 p.m. The BEER WENCH refused to accept my DOLLARS for the beer so I guess it was on the house. Must have been a thank you for LIBERATING IRAQ.

9:07 p.m. Lenny said to follow him closely because my concept of FIGHT OR FLIGHT was IMPAIRED.

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 from when I was showing some German chicks how he looks like John Stamos in his picture. Anyway, I'm up in FLIP CUP. I hope your 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 gray, braided beard — the sight of my stringy thongs, lacey panties and strapless bras caused a waterfall of saliva to pour out from your toothless mouth.

And then you licked your chapped lips, nodding: “Niiiiiiiiice. Real nice.”

It was all too much for you to take in at once. A 21-year-old girl with dirty, filthy lingerie, all alone in the laundry room without anyone to share them with.

“We can’t be havin’ that, now cain we?” you asked, your raspy voice echoing amidst the patio furniture and past due notices that decorate your musty apartment.

Your eyes were still glued to me when I shoved quarters into the metal slots, pushed

the start buttons and skipped through the parking lot back to my place, tossing my empty basket in the air and dramatically catching it every few seconds.

“Wait right there, Sergeant Weaselbeans,” you commanded your mangy German shepherd, who took a break from scratching his flea-bitten neck to acknowledge you with a whimper. Tugging on a pair of old Wranglers that had been recently used to mop up a Spam spill on your kitchen floor, you crept out the front door, closed it gently with your greasy hands and hustled to the laundry room, huffing and puffing the whole way there, your braided beard flying from your chin like a kite.

You tried to catch your breath while you stood in front of the washing machines, but the excitement was overwhelming. When 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 wobbling in your jeans.

Whew! You were just hearing things. “Well, sheeit, I’d better gather all these here lady drawers and take ’em home ’fore somebody really does come in here,” you said while you rummaged desperately through

the wet clothes, tucking every unmentionable into your pockets and under your shirt. The coldness of the metal bra hooks against your freckled skin sent shivers all over your body as you bolted out the door to safety.

“Hahahaheheheheheeee! Sheeit.”

Perfect timing, too — just when you slammed the door and collapsed on your living room floor from exhaustion, I was making my way downstairs with more quarters and a couple of sheets of Bounce.

You got up to look at me through the window again, though, but this time you were wearing my thongs like earmuffs as you peered through the blinds. You watched me frantically searching through the clothes, my face bright red, until I finally gave up and just sat on the dryer, crying.

Seeing me this way started to get to you. “Jesus, maybe I shoulda just taken a couple of ’em, or maybe I should leave some outside her door,” you thought, scratching your tangled, 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 satin panties, you turned to your dog, who was scratching himself again.

“Naw, I can’t give ’em back, Sergeant Weaselbeans. I can’t. They smell too good.”

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. Whaddya 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 ol’ watering 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 John 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 bunies” 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.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... about to rip one.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... not taking requests.

JESUS is... By John Roper
wordupmoney.com



... talking you down.



mailbag

concerns and
praise from our
literate public

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

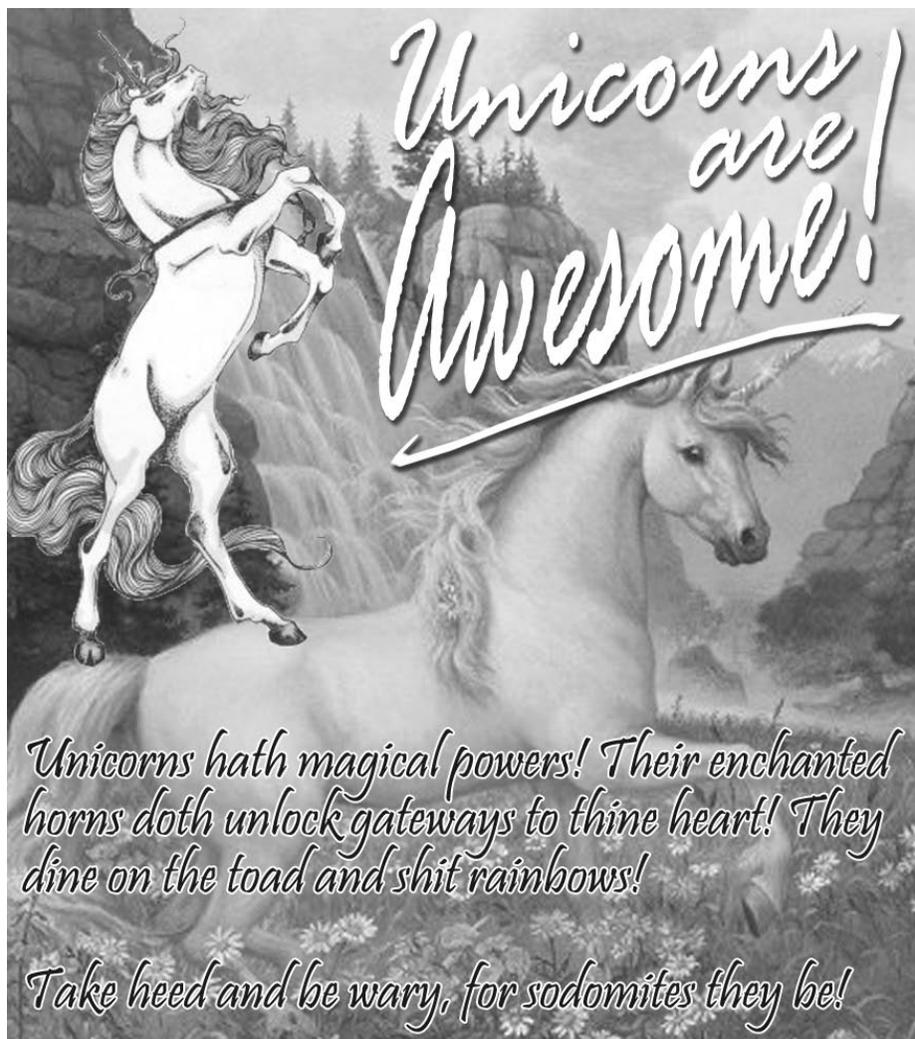
Got questions for us?

Ask, but know that
abstinence is the answer

letters@texastravesty.com

editorial cartoon

by Todd Mein



Name: Princeton Review; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Ad Number: 00021346