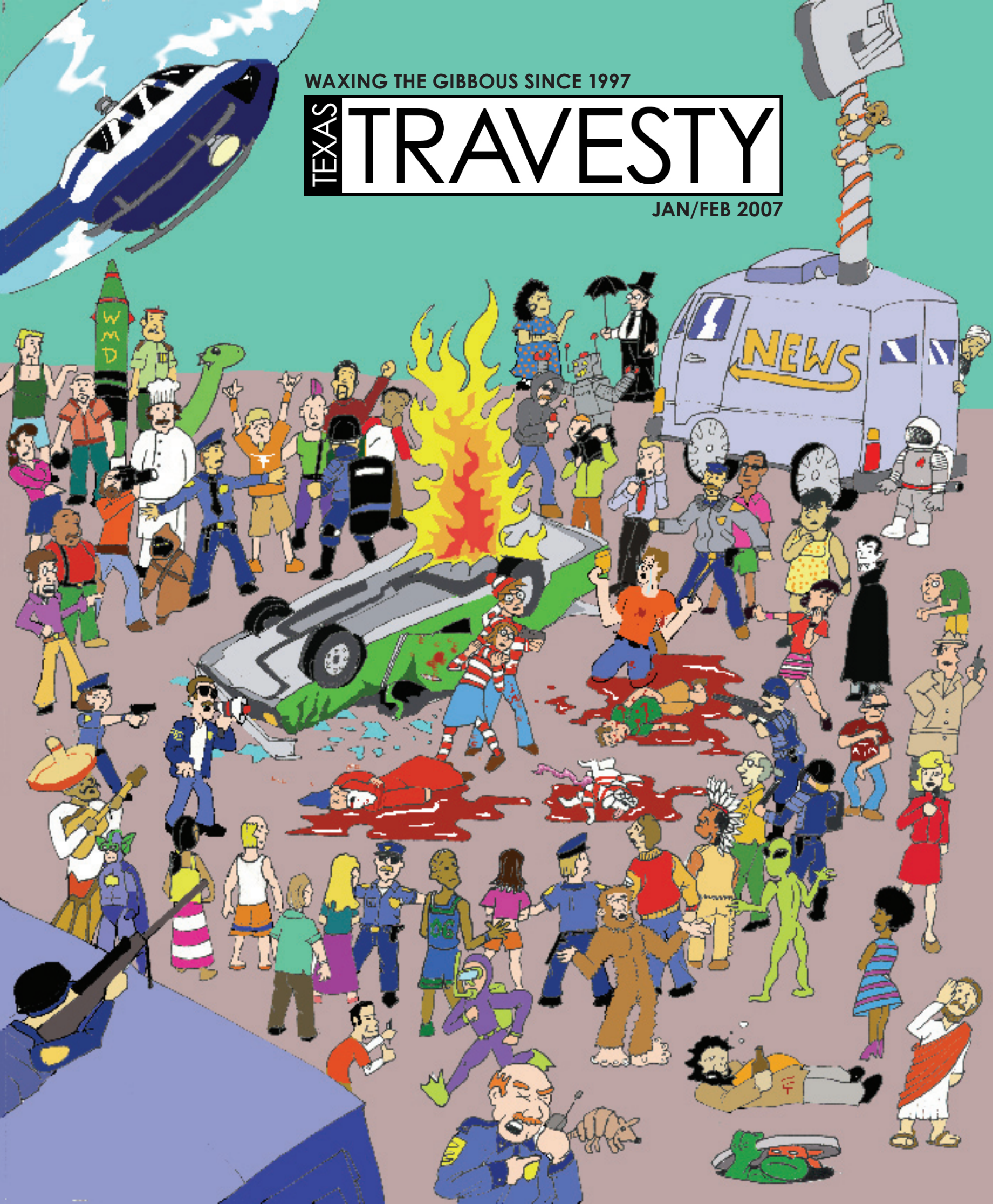


WAXING THE GIBBOUS SINCE 1997

TEXAS

TRAVESTY

JAN/FEB 2007



Virginia Benson-Hedges *the social smoker*

Virginia Benson-Hedges: Hey, got a light?

Texas Travesty: No.

VBH: That's cool, I think I have one somewhere. Sorry, I know smoking's not good for you. That's why I only do it while consuming large amounts of alcohol.

TT: Would you like me to hold that beer while you light that?

VBH: Yeah. Sorry, I'm not very practiced at this. I don't even inhale; no way am I getting cancer.

TT: OK

VBH: Shoot; this one's almost out, do you have any? (pause) Oh, never mind, I only smoke menthols. They have less nicotine, you know.

Turn-ons: Peer Pressure, indecision, multitasking, asking for a light, hypocrites, buzzes, the shadow of night, light doses of carbon monoxide, the British Parliament, people tarring roofs, being smoking hot, smoke signals, calming drags, symmetry, having her hands full

Turn-offs: informational e-mails, surgeon general warnings, anti-smoking laws in bars, buying her own packs, idle hands, inhaling, TRUTH ads, conviction, x-rays, chain smokers, non-smokers, sobriety, buzzed



around campus

- Number of people who slipped on icy campus sidewalks: 7. Number of people who have slipped on the **gravel(ly) substance** meant to prevent slipping on ice: 384
- Don't look now, but a **supplemental-houser** is right behind you.
- Attention all overweight male hipsters: If you have to shop at **Lane Bryant** to get your girl jeans, maybe you should consider just sitting this fad out.
- Everyone who owns that **Kramer portrait poster** is now a racist.

- Who else fears to ride the **ManSlaughter bus**?
- **Annoying couples** will reach new heights of obnoxiousness when they begin referring to it as "our herpes."
- Students studying foreign languages will realize that the only thing more awkward than being forced to talk to someone you don't know is having to do it in **Business Mandarin**.
- Second-semester freshman are similar to an **African Swallow** in that they have adapted to their surroundings, are now beginning to find mates and look really funny when I throw rocks at them.
- Students who venture into the Experimental Science Building hoping to find **Dr. Moreau-style experiments** will be disappointed when the closest thing to Frankenstein is the hybrid zucchini-carrot project. They call it a Zarrot!
- Dropping a **lunch tray** in Kinsolving is like dropping a bar of soap in prison.
- **Lazy bastards** who ride the 40 Acres for one stop probably just lie there during sex.

- Spirit group girls will open the Bible, blindly point their finger to a random verse and add it to their **Facebook quotes section** to alleviate the guilt of last weekend's one-night-stand.
- As students discover bus exhaust to be an excellent source of heat, **carbon monoxide poisoning** becomes a bigger threat than hazing.
- Professors only mock our cowardly reaction to cold weather, because it pales in comparison to their **frigid marital relationships**.
- **North Face jackets** will continue to multiply until campus is covered in a thick layer of polar fleece.
- As you pass a slow **elderly person** going in the same direction it's fun to say, "I just passed Death, I wonder who he'll catch up with first?"
- That guy in the Gregory Gym locker room has **Medusa crotch**. Don't look up.
- Students who blatantly **text message** during class will probably be the people who die alone.
- A frustrated **foreign student** will finally give up and refer to it as "soccer."

40acres411

VOLUME 9 • ISSUE 4
15 FEBRUARY 2007

Did you hear that **Rebecca Sommers** was spotted picking her nose in her Jeep Liberty while stopped at the light on Rio Grande? I've heard that Chi Phi's are **gold diggers**, but this takes it to a whole new **depth!** Now that this is out, she's **snot** going to be **picking** out a new BCBG dress for the Delta Omega formal this weekend!

Speaking of being **nosey**, Freshman **Jason Enders** was unlucky enough to get **picked** for a random dorm inspection the night of his big smoke out party. His roommates left him **high and dry** when they managed to sneak out under the cover of the

haze through the connecting bathroom. Guess Jason's got short-term memory loss when it comes to Jester's policy on illegal substances and fun! Looks like he's going the have to pay some **green** instead of smoking it from now on.

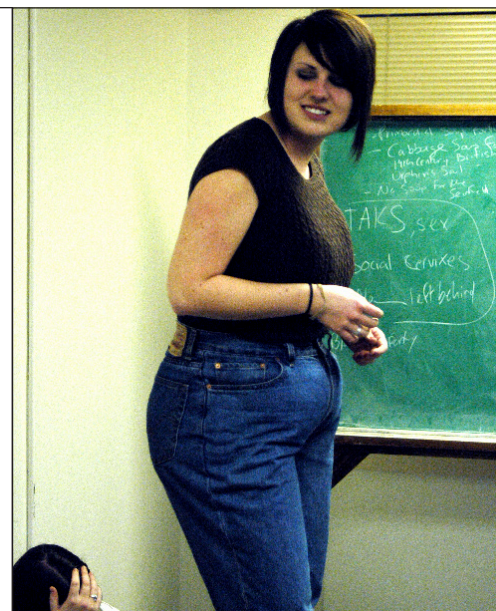
That's not the only **grass** that's been spotted recently, did anyone see the green stains on **Becky Carter's** knees? Looks like she made it to at least third base out on the baseball field! Hope whoever she's been **playing ball with** didn't **catcher herpes!**

Anyone sitting in Rise and Fall of Roman Civilization last Thursday

had to **catch** the action that was going on in **Mike Ritker's** pants! Guess the **ascent** of modern democracy was a little **too exciting** for poor Mike. Mike's really been **boning up** on the material, so he should be fully prepared for the test next week.

Mike might not be the only one having a **hard time** these days, now that **Louis Anderson** has been pulled over for his **third DWI** this semester. Louis won't have such **high spirits** once he's spent a few months in **jail**.

Got gossip that you want to spill? E-mail 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 OUTZ TO...

Kathryn's unrequited love for Ryan; the possessed Louis Armstrong figurine; asking Killah to photoshop our double chins and arm fat; Kelsey's ultra-hard nipples; creating FUPAs and magic moments with Veronica's liens; "Hey Laura, how's the real world?"; Eat Mor Cok; Veronica in the bushes; new staffers named Big Penis; the opossum; Kathryn gets the unhappy emails; Bradley's hand job jokes; enlarging breasts; Sara and Veronica changing in the bathroom; the fountain in the toilet; power ballad sing along; no SVU joint article; death threats; keep the saint in St. Valentine's; 7-11 hot dogs; HPV; racist humor; Kelsey v. Stephen nook feud; this drum beat is only a hint of things to come; my heart will go on; ikea furniture; David's guided tour of Costco; come sail away; Ross being an overachiever; electronic whoopie cushions never get old; "you know how to please me"; killer's creepy eyebrows for Austin; Veronica's highschool highlights and Bradley's frosted tips; David's picture; sausage fest at Hoover's; finding new Facebook photos for ourselves; chivalry; To-Go boxes of hate; suicide humor; Ramadan; Various Tickers of Cultural Insensitivity; Argentine Dancing; the A&F techno mix; Tippecanoe and Tyler Jew; tired ideas

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Grieving nation asks, 'When can we make Anna Nicole Smith jokes again?'

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

UNITED STATES — Following the sudden death of Anna Nicole Smith last Thursday, a struggling and confused nation wonders when it can resume making jokes about the oft-mocked celebrity.

"The news hit me like a ton bricks," expressed Matt Miller, a grieving stock-broker from New York. "She was not only an international celebrity featured in numerous television shows and fashion magazines, but also a walking train wreck of a human being. Her comical and ludicrous indiscretions provide enough material for talk show hosts, stand up comedians and every day Americans for the next 10 years."

Miller added: "Not making fun of her for a while is gonna be tough.

I've got about a dozen hilarious TrimSpa jokes running through my head right now."

Other anguished citizens expressed hope that time will heal the emotional wounds of Smith's death, allowing dumb-blonde and breast implant jokes to become appropriate once again.

"If I think this is hard, imagine what it's going to be like when Paris Hilton dies"

"I never really followed her story when she was alive, but I must admit I did occasionally enjoy a pointed jab at her lifestyle and apparent lack of intelligence," stated Chase Hemphins, a high school teacher from Atlanta. "Now I just

pray for a time when our nation will recover from this tragic loss, and I can vocally question her sobriety and addictive personality without feeling guilty."

With Smith's death currently on the forefront of the nation's conscience, concerned citizens are now questioning the appropriateness of mocking other recently deceased celebrities such as James Brown and former President Gerald Ford.

"When President Ford died, I immediately said, 'I hope he doesn't trip and fall on his way up to meet St. Peter,'" recalled Timothy Reed, an office accounts manager in South Dakota. "I thought it would be hilarious and well received, but my wife just shook her head and walked out of the room."

Various comedians have also been struggling with finding the appropriate time to make jokes

about celebrities who have recently passed away, especially Smith.

"As far as comedic gold goes, it doesn't get much shinier than Anna Nicole," said Jeffery Sanders, a stand up comedian at the Chuckle Factory in Tacoma, Washington. "But now that she's dead, I don't want to be seen as insensitive by talking about how she's a lying, money-grubbing, pill-popping, desperate bottom-feeder who slept and stole her way into the national spotlight."

Sanders laughed to himself for a few moments before returning to a more serious tone: "If I think this is hard, imagine what it's going to be like when Paris Hilton dies."

Although the cause of Smith's death has yet to be determined, mourners the world over hope it is something hilarious enough to fit in a Jay Leno monologue.



■ *There is nothing humorous about this photo. Nothing.*

Student bleeds burnt orange all the way to court

University claims trademark violated

Kathryn Edwards
NEWS EDITOR

CAMPUS — Sophomore Jared Deckham is being sued by the University for unlicensed use of the UT "I bleed burnt orange" trademark. The alleged incident occurred at sunset as Deckham was walking to the bus stop from class and tripped on Inner Campus Drive.

"Jared and I were coming back from economics," explained friend and witness Alex Aymes, "When he fell on a curb right next to the statue of Washington on the Main Mall and cut his leg. I just happened to mention that in the glow of the sunset, he looked like he was bleeding burnt orange."

Deckham and Aymes were unaware that a UT lawyer from the Office of the Associate Vice President for Business Development, Jeff Evers, overheard Aymes' remark and later filed suit in Travis County against Deckham.

Aymes shook his head before adding: "If I had known the fiasco that one comment would cause, I probably would have just made fun of Jared for falling like a douche."

Deckham has unwittingly become the center of a national media frenzy, spurring debate on the nature and scope of trademark litigation.

Glancing outside his apartment window to see the news vans that had formed a permanent camp in his parking lot, Deckham declared, "This whole experience has taught me never to bleed again."

The University has often been criticized for taking its trademark protectionism too far, leading many students to self-censor to avoid legal reprimand.

Junior Casey Phelps, recalled with fear many incidents in which she could have violated University trademark, including a tailgate party where she served burnt orange Kool-Aid, has adapted her behavior in order to be strictly non-patented.

"Never again will I come early, be loud, or stay late to any UT sporting event or class," Phelps explained while anxiously scratching off the "Go Horns" slogan she had drawn on her notebook. Throwing a furtive look over her shoulder, she whispered, "The UT lawyers could be anywhere."

Phelps' roommate, Andrew Smith, echoed her sentiments by promising to refrain in the future from pooping on Stoops, a practice in which he once participated.

"Two days ago I saw this girl yell 'Hook 'em' to her friend across the Main Mall," recounted a horrified



■ *Aside from the sexual metaphors it invites, hiding in a bush can be an excellent way to escape a lawsuit.*

Smith, sitting on the floor in the corner of his room with the lights turned off. "She went all rigid when she realized what she said and then dove into the bushes."

The UT legal department has de-

nied allegations that it is spying on students in order to move forward more lawsuits. Evers dismissed comparisons of UT to the CIA as "silly." Fashioning a listening device to a pair of sunglasses and check-

ing the earpiece on his shoe-phone, he explained that the volume of UT trademark violation litigation was normal for a major university.

"Since when is 12,000 lawsuits a year excessive?"

Hipsters inadvertently wear the same outfit

CAMPUS — Sophomore Jason Felix was horrified last Tuesday when Biology 301D classmate and fellow hipster Ryan Fleming sat next to him wearing the same tight-fitting T-shirt that read “Less Cowbell.”

“I thought my shirt was so original when I bought it because it made fun of Christopher Walken’s SNL skit,” explained Felix as he crossed his arms, concealing the cowbell graphic. “But now it’s totally mainstream.” Despite Felix’s growing discomfort, the matching ensembles

failed to interest the remainder of the class.

“I really didn’t notice they were wearing the same shirt, it’s not like I check out dudes,” said classmate Jeff Reynolds. “I mean, if I’m wearing the same sorority crush shirt as one of my Lindsey Brohans on campus, I won’t go home and cry like that emo kid probably will after class.”

Although their identical shirts did annoy Felix, their matching emo-sweep haircuts and dark-washed women’s slim-fit jeans did not.



■ Between rounds of Ultimate Frisbee and shopping for Nalgene’s, these two tools were apparently too busy to call each other to coordinate headbands. Photo/Travesty

Girl loves all music except rap, country

Family members annoyed that she changes radio station every five songs

WEST CAMPUS — Psychology junior Casey Jackson boasts that her musical preferences are nearly unlimited, save the exclusion of the minor musical genres “rap” and “country.”

“I couldn’t live without music,” professed Jackson. “I love all of it, from rock like Maroon 5, to blues like John Mayer and emo like My Chemical Romance.”

While Jackson listens to a smorgasbord of popular artists from the

last half-decade of recorded music, she does not hesitate to recognize that her love of music does not encompass all genres.

“I just can’t get into rap or country artists, you know? I do love the Rascal Flatts and I can totally shake it to the Black Eyed Peas, but I don’t think I’m really missing anything, though.” Jackson added: “I listen to tons of really good stuff that most people haven’t even heard of, like Bright Eyes and The Postal Service”

“I can totally shake it to the Black Eyed Peas”

Waiter instinctively applauds car wreck

CENTRAL AUSTIN — Macaroni Grill waiter Chuck Borman lamently clapped after witnessing a four-car pileup near the north-bound exit of Riverside Drive Tuesday evening.

“At work, we always try to marginalize the embarrassment factor of someone’s accident by acting like they have achieved something remarkable,” Borman

explained. “But I guess it’s a lot more appropriate to make light of a dropped tray of food or a shattered water glass than an enormous, potentially fatal disaster in the middle of the interstate.”

Pausing to applaud a punctuation error on a passing billboard, Borman continued, “When I saw other motorists were responding to the accident with shock

and horror and not sarcastic applause, I knew I’d really dropped the ball.”

After arriving at work, Borman recalled clapping at other inappropriate mistake moments, such as when his dog urinated indoors and when he realized that he’d wasted seven years of his life at a Macaroni Grill, before singing “Happy Birthday” three times.

Chain e-mailer admits he’s been silly, persistent

Friends encourage him to reconsider when and how he shares his ‘touching stories’ with them

SOUTH AUSTIN — Chad Hall shocked his friends Wednesday when he sent an e-mail apologizing for his frequent and often threatening chain e-mails, a practice he began in junior high.

“I’m glad that Chad has finally come to his senses,” said friend Aaron Selvin. “I don’t know how

many more letters about the power of friendship I can stand.”

Hall has promised to stop demanding his friends forward the chain e-mails or face a perilous fate, ranging from never finding love to spending all eternity burning alive to the soothing melodies of John Tesh’s “A Deeper Faith II.”

Hall explained his former actions: “I just wanted people to enjoy the touching stories—especially the one about the little boy who was fighting cancer, what a soldier.” Hall paused before adding: “Plus, I heard about this one guy who was ripped limb from limb by a panther one week after he didn’t forward an e-mail.”

Eddie Murphy to attend Academy Awards as overweight woman, Asian grandfather

HOLLYWOOD — *Dreamgirls* star and best supporting actor nominee Eddie Murphy stated Saturday in a press conference that he plans to attend this year’s Oscar ceremonies as both a “hilariously overweight black woman,” and a “kooky, yet affable Asian grandfather.”

Murphy, known for portraying numerous roles within films, such as the *Nutty Professor*, *Coming to America* and the upcoming *Norbit*, plans on undergoing numerous makeup and costume changes throughout the ceremony in order to keep up the comedic ruse.

“Who’s Eddie? My name’s Shaniqua, and I’m one sassy fox,” cackled Murphy beneath sixty pounds of rubber latex and makeup at the press conference. “Don’t mess with me honey or I’ll sit on yo face.”

When asked about his questionable acting roles over the previous ten years, Murphy responded by simulating farting noises for twenty minutes.



■ Anyone remember when Eddie Murphy was a chart-topping pop god with smash hits like *Party All the Time* and *Boogie In Your Butt*? Yeah, us neither.

Even Mark Wahlberg surprised by Oscar nod

Kind-of-good actor disbelieves nomination, questions Academy's objectivity, intelligence

HOLLYWOOD — No one was more surprised than *The Departed's* Mark Wahlberg after the nominees for best actor in a supporting role were announced.

"Holy shit!" exclaimed the former rapper and Calvin Klein underwear model. "I was just excited that my scenes didn't get cut from the movie. All I had to do was give DiCaprio's character some shit and shoot a bitch in the end. How could I screw that up?"

Despite receiving praise from critics for his role in the film, no one thought Wahlberg would get noticed amongst a cast that included past Oscar nominees Jack Nicholson, Leonardo DiCaprio, Matt Damon, Alec Baldwin and Martin Sheen.

"I thought the highlight of my career would be wearing that 13-inch prosthetic penis in *Boogie Nights*," added an ecstatic Wahlberg.



■ *Really? The same guy who got famous by posing for underwear ads and grabbing his "instincts," is about to join the ranks of Sydney Poitier and Paul Newman. Really?*

Iranian president dismisses Tooth Fairy as myth

TEHRAN — Controversial president of Iran Mahmoud Ahmadi-nejad has again struck a chord of tension among citizens of the United States when he denied the existence of the Tooth Fairy in a press conference last Friday.

"The West has invented a myth where a magical fairy places money in exchange for a tooth, and they place this myth above God, religions and the prophets," said Ahmadi-nejad.

Parents across the nation have become furious with Ahmadi-nejad's comments.

"Who does this Ahmadi-nejad character think he is, calling the Tooth Fairy a myth," said irate father Gene Steinberg. "Why haven't we bombed them already?"

This is the latest outrage the Iranian president has caused since he claimed *Grey's Anatomy* was over-

Art critic slams son's macaroni art

SAN FRANCISCO — Freelance art critic and father of three Vincent DeGrous informed his youngest son, Devin, that he is "severely unimpressed" with the six-year-old's macaroni-and-glue portrait of a dinosaur.

DeGrous scoffed, "When Devin brought home this abomination, I just wanted to vomit. In my illustrious career as professional evaluator of aesthetic quality, I had never seen such an insult to art."

DeGrous's dismissal of his son's attempts at art ranged over many interpretive levels.

"Perchance the 'dinosaur' he rendered via macaroni was intended to be stage one of a high-concept, figurative series exploring the humanistic journey by appropriating some early Skrepnick, or dare I say, by emulating a post-abstract Tucciarone." Young Devin, dipping his fingertips in glue and then slowly peeling it off, was unavailable for comment.

Girl heard 'The Fray' before everyone else

AUSTIN — Psychology sophomore Rachel Dawson claims to have heard rock group *The Fray* before they became popular to the public at large.

"I just want you to know that the song *How to Save a Life* was the song of my summer," explained a defensive Dawson, wearing a *Fray* T-shirt and visibly displaying *Fray* concert tickets on her mirror. "It sucks that everyone claims that as

their song now. I mean, seriously, I heard it before everyone else."

Dawson's roommate Amy Fryer refuted Dawson's claims. "As if she didn't hear it on *Grey's Anatomy* like every other person." Fryer, glaring at the goulash of *Fray* posters on her dorm room wall, is not buying into Dawson's claims, "This is the same girl who said only she has the right to play Etta James's *At Last* at her wedding reception."

Osama bin Laden appears on *Last Call with Carson Daly*, goes unnoticed

NEW YORK — Terrorist mastermind Osama bin Laden recently appeared on the NBC late night talk show *Last Call with Carson Daly*, only to be ignored by government surveillance and television audiences.

NBC President David Zucker remarked, "We were pleased and honored to have Mr. bin Laden

as a guest on *Last Call*, considering he rarely does live in-studio interviews in New York City. In retrospect, we should have alerted the government to his presence following the interview, but hey, it's sweeps week." Zucker sighed before adding: "Too bad the bastard didn't give us the boost we hoped for."

Congress raises maximum wage

WASHINGTON, DC — In a surprise move, the 110th Congress has raised the maximum monetary amount that workers may earn.

Senator Gordon Smith (R-OR), who introduced the bill, commented, "It's been ten years since we raised the maximum wage, which is an absolute mockery of the hard work that our nation's rich put into this country."

Fellow bill supporter John Boehner (R-OH) tried to put the bill in perspective. "Imagine you're a billionaire CEO of a large multinational corpo-

ration, and you're simply trying to feed your family dinner but forced to buy *store brand* sushi. When the government only lets you have so much money," lamented Boehner, "Unnecessary sacrifices must be made."

Some in Congress, however, are critical about the passage of the bill.

Presidential hopeful Joe Biden (D-DE) remarked, "I'm pretty sure that we should be helping the poor instead of the rich." Biden paused and clarified, "Not that I have anything against the rich — or black people."

Child abductor steals box of Tagalongs, Girl Scout

CAMPUS — Police reports confirm that Steve Edwards stole a box of Tagalongs from a Girl Scout, along with the Girl Scout selling them on the West Mall. The authorities apprehended Edwards in Gregory Gym minutes after the crime, and the cookies were rescued without any damage to the box or its contents.

"This really makes me mad," said Texas division chair for Girl Scout International, Mary Hines. "This theft could have put us behind Region 2. We can't afford to lose any more boxes of cookies."

Students who witnessed the event were visibly upset. Junior Chase Smith remarked, "I can't believe some dude jacked some Girl Scout cookies. There are just some things you don't do."

Sophomore Chelsea Morehead was distraught recalling the incident: "How could—how could he do such a despicable thing? If he's rough on them, they could crumble!"

The Girl Scout eventually found her way back to the cookie stand and resumed selling delicious cookies sometime the next day.

Egyptian falls victim to pyramid scheme

DES MOINES — Fayeze Noujaim, a 34-year-old computer programmer of Egyptian descent, recently filed for bankruptcy after falling victim to a devious business practice which preys off a common desire to quickly amass wealth, commonly known as a pyramid scheme. The company operating the ruse lured Noujaim to send in several thousand dollars over the course of three years for what he thought was a sound investment, but just as Moses

bombarded the pharaoh with locusts and rivers of blood, the Securities and Exchange Commission eventually plagued the company with indictments for fraud and embezzlement.

"Yeah, I guess it's kind of funny," bemoaned Noujaim as he searched for loose change beneath his ornamental statues of Ra and Amotep. "It would probably be a lot funnier if I wasn't going to be borrowing money from my parents for the next five to 10 years."

Bush capitalizes on player's decision to go to Iraq

Durant's draft eligibility spurs controversy, confusion

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

WASHINGTON, D.C. — President Bush announced Tuesday morning that his controversial plan to increase troop levels in Iraq would include University freshman basketball phenomenon Kevin Durant.

White House sources report that Bush gained his information about Durant's plans from an evening edition of ESPN's *Sportscenter* in which Dick Vitale proclaimed emphatically over a Durant highlight reel: "This diaper-dandy is headed to the draft, baby. It's awesome, baby!"

Although Vitale claimed he was only referring to the NBA draft, President Bush interpreted differently.

"I cannot tell you what this does for our troop's morale over there in Iraq," explained a beaming Bush. "That a young man like Kevin would give up a college degree and promising college basketball career to fight alongside our men in Iraq stands as a testament that patriotism is alive and well."

Durant's alleged declaration

has several professional basketball players rethinking their lucrative sports deals to head for a stint in Baghdad. Ron Artest of the Sacramento Kings is leading the way.

"This kid Durant is making a strong statement for the rest of us," stated Artest. "Plus in Baghdad, I can run into the stands and pound insurgents all I want. Sounds like a (expletive) dream to me. Now get that (expletive) mic out of my (expletive) face."

Despite enthusiasm for the decision, others have stood in protest to Durant's alleged decision to fight overseas, including Boston Celtics coach Doc Rivers. The Celtics currently have the best chance of drawing first pick in the NBA draft. Rivers seemed distressed when he appeared Tuesday at a rally to keep young men and women away from volunteering for the military.

Wiping away tears and looking emotionally shaken, Rivers pleaded with Durant: "Kevin, I think that you should rethink this decision, it's a huge mistake. The United States needs you home. Boston needs you. The Celtics need you. I

need you."

Even the student body at Durant's home school has become fervently involved. At the Longhorn's last home game against Oklahoma State, a group of students dressed in military garb commandeered a section of the arena to protest the war and Durant's purported decision to enter the war. The students held up signs that mocked Bush's Iraq policy. One student's sign simply stated, "DON'T GO" alongside her phone number and an explicit drawing.

Drastic measures have already been taken to alert the insurgents of Durant's arrival. Propaganda that included Durant's freshman stat sheet was distributed by plane over Baghdad Tuesday. Since the propaganda's spread, 200 admitted terrorists have turned themselves in, fearing swift reprisal from Texas' heralded freshman.

Ignoring the debacle, President Bush continues to laud Durant's decision, warning terrorists to, "Run and hide, because 6 feet, nine inches and 225 pounds of swift retribution is coming your way. You had better bring your 'A' game."



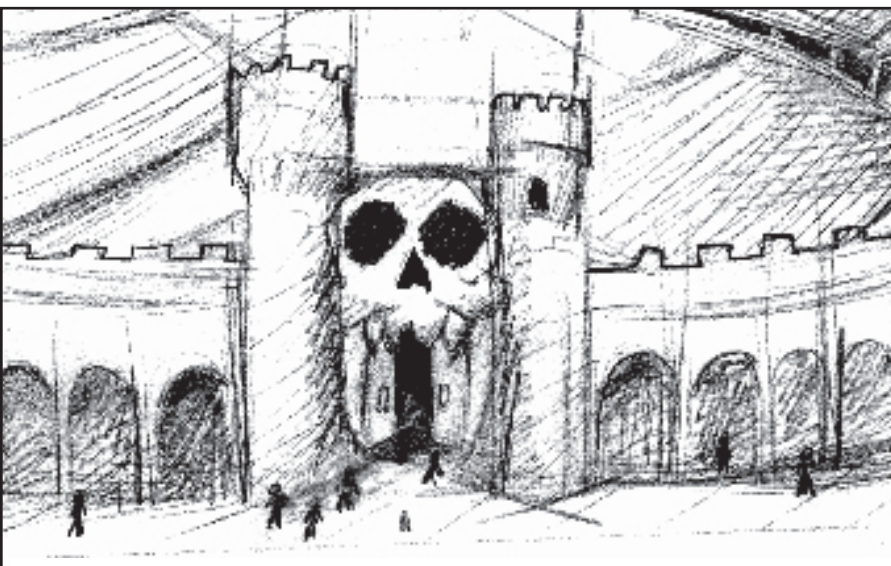
■ Durant has a clear choice between attempting to score and passing the problem to future generations. Either way, a rebound seems difficult.

University considers prospects for stadium section construction

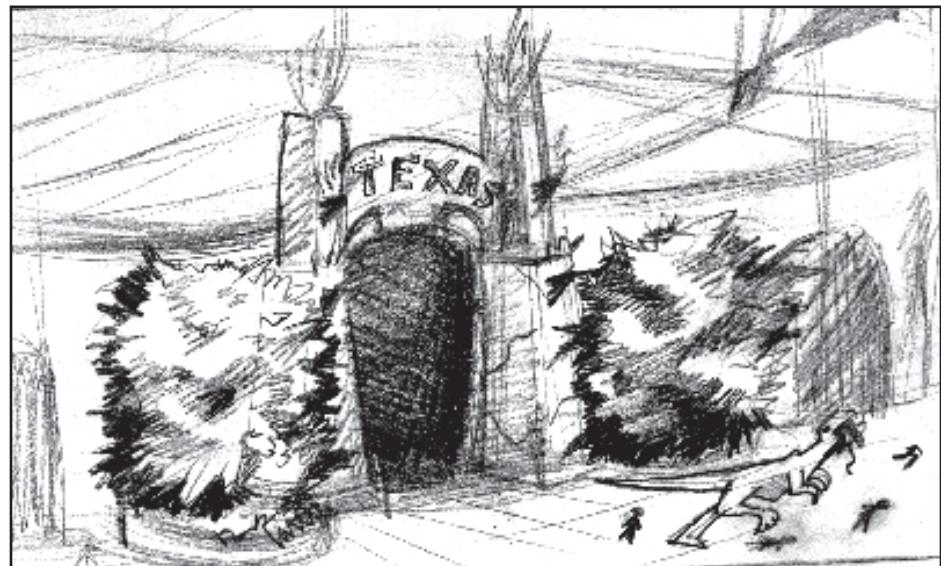
Skeletor's castle tops short list of options



■ Endorsement deals with Mack Brown are always 'On Demand.'



■ Entering through a skeleton's mouth is part of a new dental-health initiative.



■ It's Jurassic, but there's still no place to park. And the only dinosaurs are alumni.

Conservative adult really enjoys heavily-edited rap music

Sara Kanewske
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE WOODLANDS — 53-year-old accountant Stephen Perkin discovered he enjoyed heavily-edited rap music last Thursday while attending a college basketball game with his son. Perkin had previously claimed to “hate” rap music and expressed displeasure when his son purchased rap albums.

“I used to say that the ‘c’ in rap was silent,” said Perkin, chuckling at his own joke. “I always assumed that rap music was full of slang and vulgarities, but I guess I hadn’t really listened to the lyrics before.”

Perkin continued: “Now I listen to *Roll Out (My Business)* on my shower radio and *Let’s Get it Started (In Here)* in my Camry on the way to the office.”

Perkin threw his hands in the air and moved them around in a circular motion before adding: “Let’s get it started uh-huh! Let’s get it started in here!”

Perkin’s son, Adam, expressed regret for his unintentional role in introducing his father to rap music.

“Dad used to come in my room to bug me about my homework, but now he sneaks in to steal my Nelly and Lil’ Jon CDs,” complained Adam. “Even worse, when he

dropped me and some friends off at the movies, he started singing, ‘Can I get a what what?’ when he wanted a hug.”

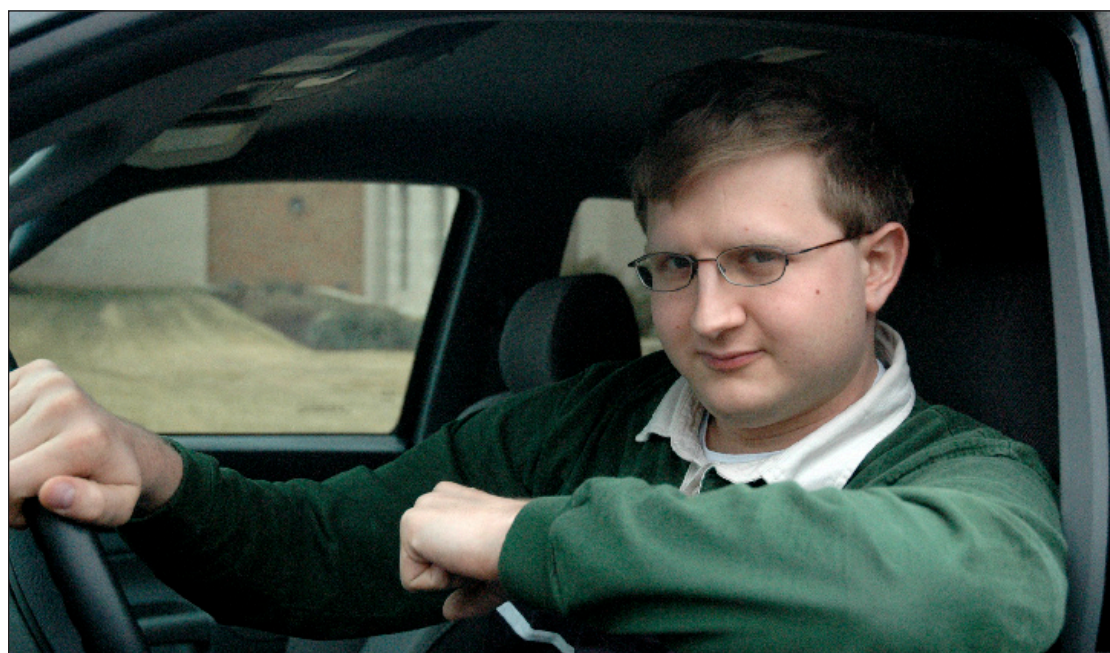
Adam added: “It’s kinda sad how much Dad loves rap now, because he really has no idea what he’s saying. He actually thinks Lil’ Jon sings about skeet shooting.”

Perkin’s son isn’t the only one who has not been pleased with Perkin’s newfound interest in rap music. Perkin’s wife, Linda, claims a noticeable change in his “pillow talk” beginning the night of the basketball game.

“If Stephen asks me one more time if I want to get jiggy with it, or if he can see my lovely lady lumps,” muttered Linda, pausing to chop an onion with renewed vigor, “I’m going to jiggy him all the way to divorce court. Then he’ll wish he had learned that Kanye West song about prenups before we got married!”

Despite criticism from his family, Perkin remains undaunted in his desire to embrace rap music by incorporating rap into the workplace.

“Some of my financial ‘homies’ and I had just ‘rolled up’ at the board meeting on Tuesday when I had that Nelly song *Number One (Radio Edit)* in my head,” said Perkin as he confidently brushed imaginary dirt off his shoulder. “I figured it would



■ *From the window, to the wall... ‘til all these females crawl.* Photo/Travesty

be motivating to enter the meeting singing ‘What does it take to be number one? Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers,’ just like they did to pump up the basketball players.”

Perkin’s attempt to “pump up” the board members was met with baffled stares and the suggestion that he take the remainder of the

week off and return when he was feeling “more like himself.”

Despite losing respect from his family and coworkers, Perkin’s feels he has become a self-described “rap-aholic.”

“You just gotta shake them haters off,” suggested Perkin as he effortlessly tossed a makeshift paper basketball into a wastebasket.

Editor’s Note:

Conservative adults don’t actually enjoy anything.

Explicit lyrics aren’t intended for anyone under age 17 or over age 30.

Blog poorly written

Ross Luippold
STAFF WRITER

STAMFORD—The country is in uproar over the poor writing quality of 26-year-old Stamford native Steven LeRouf’s personal web log, or blog. LeRouf’s Blogspace page, entitled “Da Number One Stunna in S-Town,” has been the target of attacks by both academics and the public at large.

In a typical entry LeRouf writes, “[D]a otha day i saw dis 1 hiliaireus movie, mufucka was called epic movie, it had jonny dep xept it wasnt him it wuz a guy who look like him n pirrates of da caribbeein he sed IM A BUTT PIRATE!!!1 LOL dat shit wuz off da chain.”

“Now, I’m not saying that LeRouf’s blog is definitely a forerunner to the end of human advancement as we know it,” grimly commented MIT linguistic professor Dr. Marshall Foreston. “But I don’t know how anyone



■ *LeRouf only blogs to hide the fact that no one’s ever loved him* Photo/Travesty

could just ignore the spell check function. Then again, I don’t know how anyone could ignore the fact that Epic Movie was a heinous cinematic abor-

tion, so what do I know?”

New York Times literary critic Dinesh D’Souza adds, “He blogs about ‘havin biches n hos all ova town [sic],’ but I bet those poor girls don’t realize that his subordinate clauses lack parallelism.”

Especially affected by LeRouf’s blog are other bloggers. “For gosh’s sake, this guy is going to ruin the good name of blogging for all of us decent, legitimate bloggers!” exclaimed fellow Blogspace member Terry Knodd. “I mean, when my regular readers comment on my keen insights on why the next Batman will be the most amazing movie of all time, I don’t want either of them thinking about how LeRouf ‘smoked da titest bluntz wit da REEL ballaz last nite.’ He’s a disgrace to the medium.”

In response to his critics, LeRouf has posted the results of a test from QuizRobot.com that confirms that he is, indeed, 100% Straight Pimp.



Terrorist becoming clinically depressed, suicidal

Causes of depression include democracy, lack of sectarian violence

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

KANDAHAR — According to members of the Taliban insurgency in Afghanistan, terrorist Abdgash Jaghemesh has recently suffered severe bouts of anxiety and depression, including numerous threats of suicide.

"Abdgash used to be a pretty fun loving and upbeat guy," claims friend and fellow guerrilla insurgent Koresh Kakashani. "He was always the first at target practice in the morning, he never missed a prayer session and his passion for destroying Western culture never waned."

"He even had 'DEATH TO THE INFIDELS' and a smiley face scrawled on the barrel of his AK-47," chuckled Kakashani.

Jaghmesh joined the Taliban at the age of 16 during the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and quickly distinguished himself amongst his peers with his passion for Jihad,

expert marksmanship and penchant for playing practical jokes on fellow terrorists.

"He even had 'DEATH TO THE INFIDELS' and a smiley face scrawled on the barrel of his AK-47"

"I remember this one time when Abdgash filled my canteen with goat urine and told me it was a new flavor of tea," recalled Bush effigy burner Rahim Jheriom. "We must have laughed for several seconds before our leader beat us without mercy and repossessed our daily rations for publicly displaying emotion."

Despite a reputation as a fun loving prankster, Jaghemesh has steadily become sullen and downtrodden following the inauguration of Hamid Karzai, Afghanistan's first democratically-elected president.

"Abdgash would see atrocities like women flaunting their bare ankles in public or families watching Everybody Loves Raymond on their new television sets, and he would become inconsolable," lamented Kakashani. "I just think he couldn't take it anymore."

Jaghmesh's initial phase of despair consisted of typical symptoms of clinical depression such as nervous bouts of crying followed by days of seclusion and a refusal to eat — even when Ramadan was months away. However, friends became increasingly concerned for his well-being when Jaghemesh began to express suicidal tendencies.

"Abdgash and I were in the midst of a brutal fire fight with U.S. Army Rangers near the outskirts of Kabul when he said that he would gladly 'sacrifice' his own life if it meant the death of an entire convoy of American troops," recalled Jheriom. "I mean, if that's not a red flag then I don't know what is."

Jaghmesh's friends soon staged an intervention, hoping the support of his fellow terrorists would bring their friend out of his depressed state.



■ Looks like those hip sun glasses didn't save him from a crippling social anxiety.

"We lured Abdgash into one of our secret caves claiming Ayman al-Zawahiri was giving a lecture on how to properly subjugate women according to Shariah law," explained Jheriom. "But when we confronted him about his depression, he refused to listen."

Jheriom added, "We tried to cheer him up by burning an American flag, and even giving him a new whip with which to beat his sister-in-law, but nothing worked."

Jaghmesh refused to comment for this story, but was overheard screaming, "Die American journalist, die! May your death bring glory to Allah and your entrails be food for swine!"

Despite setbacks, Jaghemesh's friends refuse to give up on their friend and fellow terrorist.

"This whole depression thing is just a phase," claimed Kakashani as he methodically tortured a Shi'ite rebel with a trench knife. "I mean, it's not like committing suicide will get him to heaven any quicker."

Man has no opinion of Hillary Clinton

Media not sure what to think, feel

Kelsey Lamb
STAFF WRITER

PORTLAND—Portland native Joseph Patel admitted Tuesday to having no strong opinion about Hillary Clinton.

"Isn't that our former president's wife?" a confused Patel responded to a mob of stunned reporters, "Isn't she, like, a senator now?"

Patel has been the center of a media blitz that accuses Americans of taking a nonchalant attitude toward politics. One such media organization 'Have an Opinion or Die' has taken to the streets as an opinion watchdog group, making sure everyone responds strongly to very strongly about controversial topics.

The president of 'Have an Opinion or Die,' Samantha Flores, is enraged at Patel's "negligence to have a polarizing opinion on hot political subjects such as Mrs. Clinton." Flores was even more exasperated to find that Patel had no political connection to women, African-Americans, Mexican-Americans or Christian voting demographics, making him nearly

impossible to place in a group.

"When you look at voters like Mr. Patel, you see someone who clearly is not engaged in real democracy," Flores claimed, catching her breath to wipe away small beads of saliva from her upper lip. "If you aren't incensed by Jesse Jackson or Bill O'Reilly every night, then you should not be allowed to vote."

"Isn't that our former president's wife? Isn't she, like, a senator now?"

Flores is not the only one troubled by the chameleon-like nature of citizens like Patel. The Gallup Poll chairman, Bill Walters, expressed his clear distaste and challenged Patel:

"This man is avoiding reality. He doesn't fit into any demographic, has no clear opinion and mutes helpful polls that Gallup provides to its cus-

tomers."

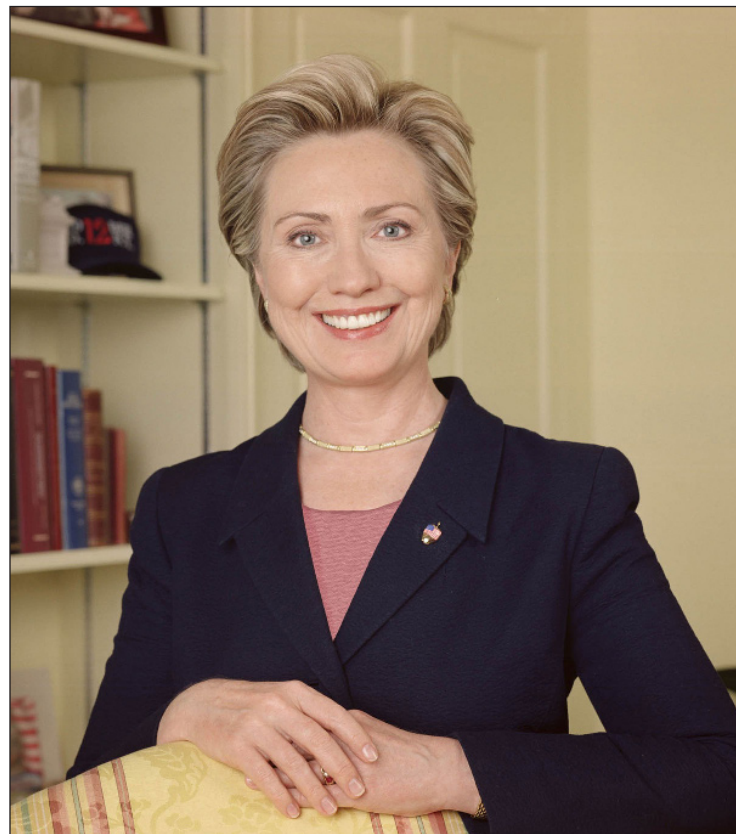
Despite criticism, Patel remains collected when speaking about Mrs. Clinton, "I have never looked at her voting records, and as far as I know, she has not even taken part in a presidential debate. To be honest, I work a nine to five every day, and that doesn't exactly leave me time to sit around and read blogs about some rich politician."

Jack Kent, elections advisor on the Democratic National Committee, sees things differently.

"Mr. Patel is the epitome of our nation's problem. We'll never get an accurate depiction of who's on whose side, what demographic to lobby for money and how to win elections if people like him don't get some guts and stay on one side of the fence."

Pausing for a moment while he compulsively reloaded six different news web sites, he muttered: "It's childish."

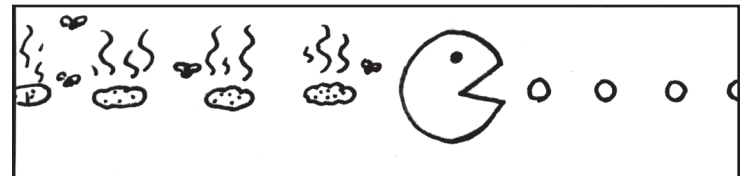
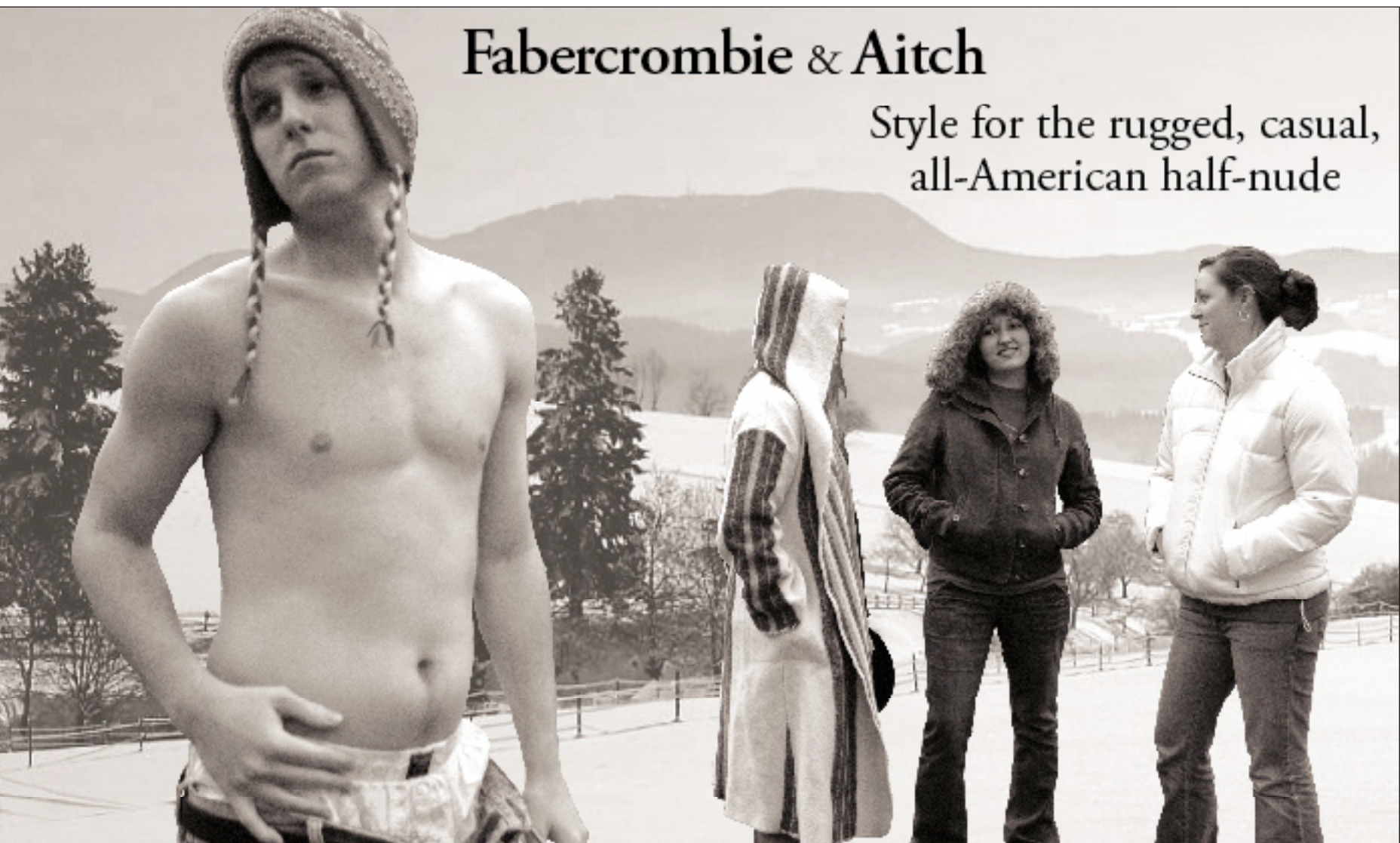
Finally grown weary of the media's demand for an opinion on Hillary Clinton, Patel remarked, "Listen, if you really want to know, I'll tell you. If I had the chance, I'd probably hit that."



■ Madame Tussaud's latest installment in the politics room of its New York City location. The sculpture, like the politician, is dead inside.

Fabercrombie & Aitch

Style for the rugged, casual,
all-American half-nude



Feminist can't decide on non-objectifying outfit

Student struggles to look both adorable and gender neutral in patriarchal society

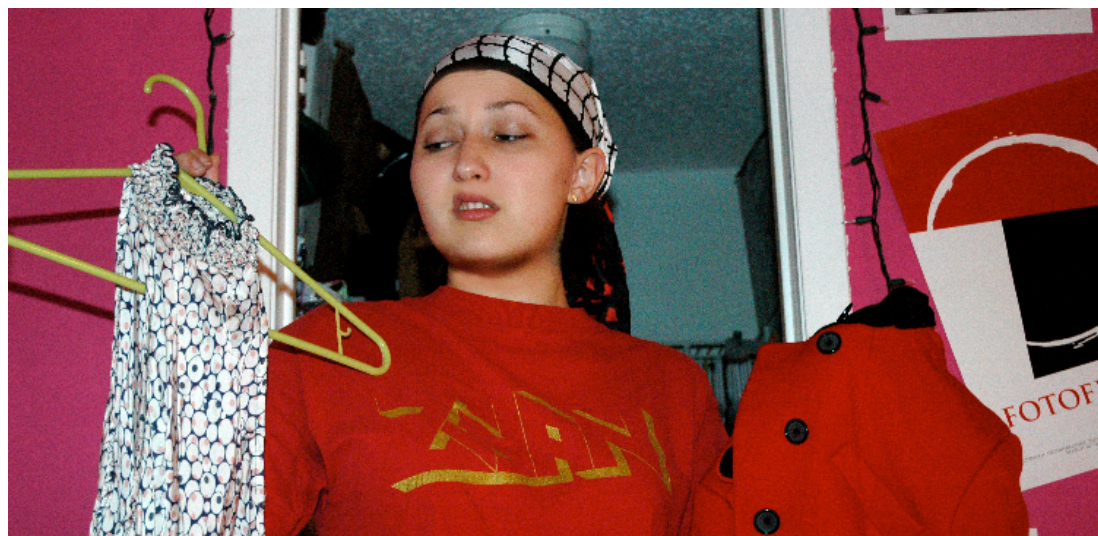
Veronica Hansen
PHOTO EDITOR

AUSTIN — Gender Studies junior and avowed feminist Stephanie Gaine discovered she had “absolutely nothing appropriate” to wear before a Friday night excursion to Sixth Street.

“At first I was really excited about spending a liberating girls’ night out with my politically active and pro-choice girlfriends,” explained Gaine as she carefully affixed another Julia Stiles poster to her paint-splattered wall. “But then I realized all of my adorable outfits fed into the patriarchal social constructs of society that I oppose.”

Scouring her closet for a new ensemble, Gaine explained that the modern feminist movement aspires for equality of the sexes by focusing on the issues of reproductive rights, domestic violence and equal pay.

Gaine promotes feminist ideals by volunteering, reading and deconstructing gender stereotypes of our hetero-normative, chauvinistic society. Despite her enthusiastic activism, several of Gaine’s friends believe she has



■ Shortly after this photo, Gaine recanted her feminist ideals and promptly returned to the kitchen where she whipped up some delicious treats before cleaning the feet of every man in her co-op.

become obsessed with her feminist image.

“I told Stephanie to pair this cute dress with some leggings,” said friend and fellow feminist Lucia Canchaba. “But then she went on this rant about how leggings constrict her legs in the

same way the glass ceiling constricts female socio-economic mobility.”

Smirking, Canchaba added: “She’s insane if she expects to look androgynous and still get free shots.”

Members of Gaine’s social circle have become increasingly irritated

with her inflexible moral standards.

“Did you see the way Stephanie responded when I asked her if she wanted to borrow my diamond tennis bracelet? She acted as if I personally forced a poor African girl to mine the diamond from the earth,” complained

fellow NARAL activist Anna Betts. “Besides, my partner told me this is a conflict-free diamond.”

Casting aside their earlier squabbles to “dance away the pressures of objectifying stereotypes” at Exodus, the girlfriends encountered problems when a man attempted to purchase a drink for Gaine.

“All I did was tell her, ‘You lookin’ good in them jeans, girl,’” recalled frequent Exodus patron Tony Serrano. “Then she went all Mary Wellstonecraft on me by preaching a diatribe of feminist babble.” Serrano meticulously combed back his hair with a switchblade knife-comb, adding: “Bitches be running wild.”

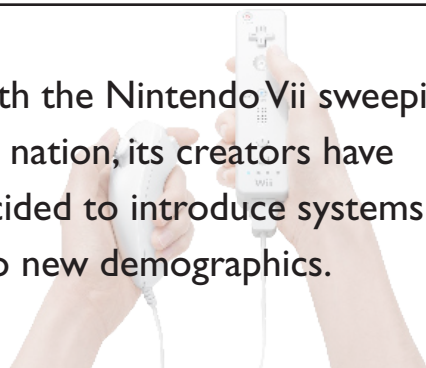
While Gaine’s friends disagree with her zealous feminism, Gaine remains determined to eliminate gender segregation within our society.

“Who needs a man to tell me what looks good on my body,” declared Gaine as she adhered another “I heart pro-choice boys” sticker to her messenger bag, “when I have a gender-neutral outfit that doesn’t make me look fat.”

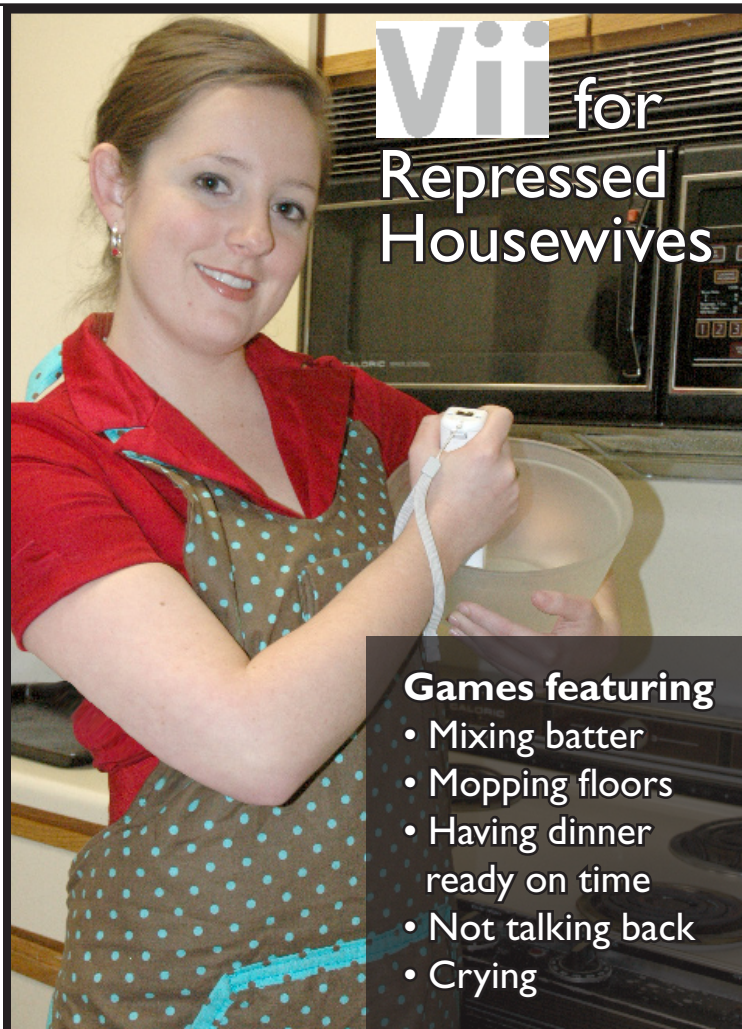


vii

With the Nintendo Vii sweeping the nation, its creators have decided to introduce systems for two new demographics.



Vii for Repressed Housewives



Games featuring

- Mixing batter
- Mopping floors
- Having dinner ready on time
- Not talking back
- Crying

Vii for Fat Shut-Ins



Games featuring

- Opening jars of mayo
- Searching for private parts
- Microwaving
- Helping self to seconds
- Feeding cats
- Not receiving phone calls

This Blackface party is going to be different

Adam Wellings

SOCIALLY-CONSCIOUS FRAT DADDY

I know what you're thinking, so let me begin by saying that I was not raised in a racist family, and I am not a racist person. I certainly don't blame you for your misgivings, because I myself grappled with the same doubts when the idea of a blackface party was first introduced at the Sigma Chi weekly meeting. Blackface parties have a long tradition of being juvenile, mocking and generally mean-spirited, but believe me when I say this — our blackface party is going to be different.

My brothers and I thought about it long and hard, and we decided that the best way to throw a blackface party that is both memorable and fun, without offending anyone, is to approach it from an academic standpoint. The party should be a learning experience where attendees can gain perspective on the history of cultural stereotypes. So, we did our research. Timbo scoured Wikipedia for 20 minutes and B-Jones and I got stoned and watched



his DVDs of *Chappelle's Show*. With our newfound knowledge at hand, we created a list of guidelines for hosting a blackface party that would change the way drunken students think about blackface parties.

We made the decision to refrain from throwing the party on or around MLK Day. Not only is this

trite and unoriginal, but it's also a gross anachronism. By the time of MLK's birth, blackface or "minstrel" shows were already becoming outdated, and it is unlikely that he ever saw one. We don't want our party guests thinking we don't have a handle on history. Instead, we postponed the party until the beginning of Black History Month in February. Not only did this give our party a commemorative feeling, but it also allowed us more time to build a replica of the slave ship from *Roots* in our backyard. Kunta Kinte!

Then, we decided to place the party into a social context by giving it a more specific theme. Our Blackface party was transformed into an Uncle Tom's Cabin party. I'm going as Uncle Tom and my girlfriend is going to be Eliza. I'm not sure, but I think Topsy is still up for grabs. Of course, any African-American entity could work as a costume. Why not try Lando Calrissian, Carl Winslow or The Black Scientist from *Terminator 2*?

It soon became obvious that we

should play more than just rap/hip-hop music. While it may be best for dancing, African-Americans have contributed so much more to American music. In order to avoid short-changing African-Americans, it's important to include R&B, funk, blues, reggae and jazz music as well. So along with the standard Lil' John and Mike Jones, you'll also hear the likes of Ray Charles, James Brown, Bob Marley and even Miles Davis. Perhaps even Alicia Keys — she's part black, right?

We brainstormed for hours to come up with refreshments that were both original and culturally authentic. Obviously, there will be copious amounts of trashcan punch. But instead of the mundane cherry flavor, we went with grape! Instead of a keg, we're just buying an ass-ton of forties. Best of all, yours truly came up with the brilliant idea of injecting fresh watermelon with Everclear for a refreshing take on an old African-American favorite. I don't know about you, but after I get good and drunk, I'm gonna get me some Church's chicken!

Just kidding, I'll probably just go to Taco C.

Last but not least, it was crucial that we invite plenty of black people to our blackface party so that they could really authenticate the whole experience. My brothers and I posted fliers in all the African-American history classes, basketball courts and low-rent East Austin apartment complexes we could find. That should guarantee a diverse turnout that will provide plenty of opportunities for social interaction and discourse.

Still concerned? Then allow me to allay your fears, because I know this blackface party is going to be a success. As long as everyone remembers to be open-minded and accepting, I don't foresee any problems. After all, you don't see any swashbucklers up in arms when someone throws a pirate party, do you? So borrow your roommate's afro wig and burn a little cork; I'll see you at the party.

Twenty-one is just the beginning for me

Kurt Dodson

UNFLAPPABLE OPTIMIST

I was once like you, slowly awakening from a drunken stupor the night after my 21st birthday to a realization that there was nothing to look forward to. The best and ultimate birthday was over. But I was wrong — and so are you, my friend. Twenty-one is not the beginning of the end. It is merely one of the many memorable checkpoints that await you on the winding road of life.

For example, did you know at age 25 you get a brand new driver's license? I'm practically up half the night thinking about fun and interesting ways I can spice up my new photo. I'm pretty sure I'm going to walk up with some of those Groucho Marx glasses with the plastic nose, just to see the look on the lady's face at the DPS. I bet she doesn't see that very often. Then, I can use my new license to rent a car. Sweet! I can fart in it all I want; I don't care. It's not mine!

Also, when you hit 25 you're legally allowed to run for the House of Representatives. A mere five years after that, and you can run for the Senate. Filibusters, here I come!

After spending five years in the Senate, you can the run for presi-

dent at age 35. Talk about privilege, right? You get a free house, jet, an army of bodyguards, and you get paid at the same time. Plus, I'm pretty sure you can get in to any place, any time. No more waiting in line at the Aquarium for that douche-bouncer to check my ID. That guy's a dick. If my soul patch isn't enough, surely my entourage of Secret Service agents will prove I'm of age. Damn straight.

Then 40 comes around, which means you can officially call yourself over-the-hill. I think that gives you the right to complain about your age as much as you want, which I certainly plan to exercise. As fifty approaches, women (and husbands) can look forward to menopause. I'm not entirely sure how it works, but I know it means that you pork anytime of the month, and you don't have to wear a condom. Jackpot!

After 50 you're officially old, which people generally assume makes you wise. That gives you the right to get away with pretty much anything — shoplifting, alcoholism, chronic masturbation, whatever. Meanwhile, you can no longer be blamed for your own bodily functions, so just release whenever convenient. That's what adult diapers are for.

At 65 you also get a senior citi-



■ This cake was purchased at the *Depressing, Nihilist Bros. Bakery*.

zens' discount pretty much wherever you go in addition to your Social Security. Not only does being old save you money, but it makes you money at the same time. That's practically stealing, which spells out a primo deal in my opinion. You can also get away with wearing hospital gowns and/or coveralls all the time.

Now I don't know if this is true,

but I heard government scientists are currently in the process of creating a type of pornography that is so hardcore, it can only be viewed by persons seventy or older. I can't be certain, but it's safe to assume that it involves dragons and heavy metal. I don't know about you, but I personally can't wait to get my wrinkly ass a bottle of Viagra and a few dozen copies

of this so-called "Superporn."

Long story short, don't get depressed after your 21st, because there's still an awful lot waiting for you just beyond the horizon. Embrace your ever-diminishing health and mental capacities as I do, because when it comes down to it, most of us are going to be here for a long time.

The Inside View

With hot celebs such as Paris Hilton, Britney Spears, and Lindsay Lohan giving the whole world a peep at their privatest of parts, the *Texas Travesty* decided to blow the lid off the dirtiest dudes on campus.



Teabag? More like potatosack! Barry gives us a provocative peek at his sweaty shorts as he steps out of his Kia Sorento.



What a tease! Eric dangles his manbasket before us like the forbidden fruit before Eve. Please, Eric, forget your Sketcher's and give us a little taste.



Jonathan and Mandy enjoyed their trashcan punch and idle conversation almost as much as everyone else at the party enjoyed gazing upon Jonathan's bulging undergarments. He might be from Australia, because he's got some thunder down under!



Chris's weak attempt at feigning modesty did nothing to prevent us from slipping under the door of his stall and sneaking a gander at his velvet coinpurse.



"Yeah, I just shaved," exclaims Rich as he mounts his bike for an afternoon ride by the local elementary school. "I love the gentle carress of neoprene vibrating against my naked gooch."



We couldn't resist snatching a glimpse of the light at the end of *this* tunnel after Wade passed out.

Billboards:

Driving Home the Sale



This bread
is a little dry.

THE BUTTER

Pass it on.



**Irreversible
Reversible
Vasectomy
Reversal**

Get a free reversible hat with every surgery!

Reserve your
reversal today.

Wait, am I getting
a vasectomy?



Get drunk enough
to eat your sister's
hamster.
Responsibly.

Did a billboard
just cause YOUR
car wreck?

Get the money
you deserve.

Call 555-**JUSTICE** Right now!!



Does **advertising** cause **car wrecks**?

It just did.

I watch you pee.

— God

EAT
MOR
MEAT



Dick-filz



The greatest love story ever told

Bradley Jackson
FEATURES EDITOR

As a young man full of promise and goodwill, I've met my fair share of female suitors who wished to court me. Occasionally I have entertained relationships with a few of these striking maidens, but, alas, none have blinded me with Cupid's arrow long enough for me to lay down my Goblet of Bachelorhood from which I drink the juices of heterosexual freedom.

To say I was a beast who has yet to be tamed would be an understatement. It was as if Puff Daddy had written my biography when he eloquently stated, "Can't nobody take my pride. Can't nobody hold me down."

However, recently I encountered a lady so perfect, her love could lift my spirits to heights only reached by the great eagles of the north.

Her name was Daisy.
I found Daisy wandering the streets near my house on one of the coldest days of the year, naked and hungry. Like most heroes, I immediately came to the rescue of this poor dame, coaxing her inside with various treats I found in my pantry.



■ *"I just died in your arms tonight / It must have been something you whoofed"*

Somewhat hesitant, Daisy finally made her way into my abode, sniffing every inch of my linoleum floor as if she was in search of the key to my heart.

I immediately opened two full cans of Campbells Chunky beef stew and poured them into a bowl for Daisy. As I watched her devour the stew, I couldn't help but fall in love with the way she gracefully

tongued the inside of the bowl. It was too cute.

A thousand thoughts flooded my head at this time. Could she be the one? Would we grow old together? Will she have to get shots?

Upon getting her strength back, Daisy soon became rather frisky with me. I didn't expect things to elevate so quickly, but I decided to let Daisy lead the way.

This clearly wasn't her first rodeo.

One thing led to another and soon enough Daisy was chasing a tennis ball all over the house, her oversized paws clumsily yet adorably knocking the neon-green ball back and forth like a pinball machine at a penny arcade.

After an hour of "playtime" Daisy crawled up on the couch next to me and took a nap while I stroked her hair and thought about the future. Although our love would be considered unorthodox by some I hoped people would understand. But what would my parents think? What would my friends think? What would the media think?

Alas, I could not dwell upon these thoughts for long because Daisy soon perked up from her nap, and I could tell she needed to go potty. As Daisy and I strolled together outside I couldn't help but feel like a giddy school girl with a brand new lolly-pop.

However, it was then that my once ebullient heart was doused into a bucket of sadness acid. One of my cruel and probably drug-dealing neighbors was out in his yard exposing himself to passing

school children, when he saw Daisy and I.

"Oh, you found Layla," he said while eating the corpse of a newborn kitten. "Thanks a lot. We've been looking everywhere for her."

I tried not to cry, but it was no use. A tributary of tears began falling down my face as I hit my knees and began ripping my clothes and vast amounts of chest hair.

The probable sex offender/neighbor was grabbing Daisy by her collar and pulling her inside when I screamed out "Don't leave me, my Daisy!" With all her strength Daisy ripped away from her cruel, spiteful owner and ran back into my arms one last time. It was at that moment I knew the meaning of true love.

We locked eyes. I kissed her nose, and Daisy tenderly licked the tears off my face just before the sadistic villain picked Daisy up and took her inside his meth den, and out of my life.

I still think about Daisy. Sometimes I catch myself screaming her name out in my dreams. Life is hard, but the knowledge that one day — just one day — I might be reunited with my Daisy, well that makes it all worth it.



I'm so happy to process that form for you

Aaron Heptow

DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEE

Oh Christ, do you need something? This is probably going to be good. Let me just put aside things that actually matter, so that I can help you. *Sigh*.

Now, I hate to be a stickler, but could you hang up your cell phone? Not that I don't find conversations giving an inventory of what you drank Friday night fascinating, but I get the feeling that you are not listening to what I'm saying. Normally, the typical response to discovering you aren't going to graduate isn't, "Totally, bro."

So what did you need to do today?

Oh, are you serious? I'm sorry, I'm laughing at something else. What I meant to say was that deadline has passed. No you can't still do it; that's actually what a deadline means. What do you mean, how long has that been a deadline? It's been posted on the University Web site. I know it's hard to remember the site, because it doesn't feature a list of girls looking for ran-



dom play in alphabetical order. The real web address is really long and complicated and sounds nothing like the name of the school. You can find deadlines there in the future (assuming that you have one).

Look, I know you feel that being able to correctly identify the month is worthy of some sort of praise, but some of us have graduated to learning the weeks and days, too. For example, although this is February (give yourself a pat on the back for that one) it is a full six business days after the deadline. No, business days don't include the weekends.

Honestly, I'm half surprised that you even made it to an office at all. You might as well wander in with

your request in an envelope pinned to your jacket, giving you the freedom to stare into space with that glazed over expression, no doubt thinking about your classes and upcoming exams. Those are like tests, but they're not a completion grade — so heads up.

Funny. Why are you still here? Oh. You want to talk to my supervisor. That's rich. I suppose you think that asking someone higher up will lead you to a person more inclined to help you. That's about as insightful as the latest joke you stole from a movie and tried to pass off as your own. *Yawn*. Isn't there a class you should be skipping right now? I don't want our friendly and informative (for you) chat to get in the way of a couple of

cold brewskies with the broheims at Cain's before the lunch crowd gets there.

Seriously get the fuck out. I'm sure standing there is some futile attempt to make time move as slowly as your higher level reasoning. And maybe it'll come to a halt and head back to before the explicitly stated university deadline. But I'd just as soon bet on that as I would your ability to pass AST 301 (third time's the charm!).

You need to leave my presence. But before you go, let me remind you that the last day to drop a class is coming up, and that you'll probably die alone, if you don't kill yourself first.

My moms are being soooooo gay

David Elwood

OBSTINATE ADOLESCENT

I know, I know. Everyone thinks that their parents are really, really gay all the freaking time. But I'm not kidding, my moms are seriously the gayest moms ever.

Like, all I wanted to do was spend the night at my friend Brady's. And Kathy-Mom was all like, "Blah blah blah, it's a school night, blah blah, you need to do your homework, look at me, I'm totally queer, I don't trust my own son," and some other crap. So I went to Dana-Mom, and she was all like, "Hey David, why don't we have family time instead?" And I was like, oh my gosh, I have the gayest parents ever.

I wish I could have just died. Can you think of anything gayier than

family time? My moms were probably going to want to do something gay like play Scrabble or watch a gay movie like the *Shawshank Redemption*. But I just told them I hated them and sat in my room all night listening to cool music like Panic! At the Disco to get away from all the gayness.

And that's another thing: My moms have the gayest taste in music. Like they'll always be playing all these oldies that suck. Actually, sometimes they play some stuff that's not too gay, like Ani DiFranco or Melissa Etheridge or old school Elton John. Some of it is actually pretty cool. And they've been playing this CD by this group called Indigo Girls, which is also pretty good. I bet they're pretty freaking hot, like Suicide Girls.

Whenever there's some sort of parents' night at school, I'm always so embarrassed to be seen with my moms. I feel like nobody else understands what I have to go through with my parents, because it's such a different situation. I mean, my moms are totally lame and embarrassing, and I don't think that anyone else could possibly understand what it's like to have that kind of upbringing.

Like the other day, one of my moms' gay friends came over, and wanted to talk about politics or something, and all they did was complain about George W. Bush. I don't get why they hate that guy so much. It's probably because he does whatever he wants to do and doesn't care about what other people think about him, and my moms are so

freaking controlling that they probably wish they could control him too. He doesn't put up with homo bullshit, and I bet my moms hate him just because of that.

And I don't even want to talk about how they try to discuss girls and sex with me. It's so embarrassing. The other day Kathy-Mom tried telling me where babies come from, and I was just thinking, "But I'm not even your real son. You adopted me." I bet that Kathy-Mom is a virgin. Gross, I don't even want to think about that. Actually, it seems like both Kathy-Mom and Dana-Mom know a surprising amount about how to please a woman. Kind of weird. You know, I wouldn't be surprised if my moms are even sexually attracted to women. That's how gay they are.



My high school class voted me 'Best Personality.' Line up ladies!



Robert McClendon

FUTURE SEXTUPLET

I had always fancied myself a pretty studly specimen, but I never really gave much thought to how other people saw me until recently. My mom has always told me how special I am, and I had always ignored her compliments. Well, all this time, she was right! I kid you not: my high school class bestowed upon me the award of Best Personality. So, line up, ladies, because I'm not sure if there's enough of this personality to go around. Around the bedroom, that is.

A few people have misunderstood what it really means to be Mr. Personality. You see, the school

gave out a few other awards that are similar: Funniest, Best Smile, Most Handsome, Best Dressed, etc. But my new title is a virtual Megazord of all of these, and not, as some claim, the "Nice but Ugly Award."

Spider-Man once said, "With great power comes great responsibility," and if living life by Spider-Man's standards is wrong, then I don't want to be right. Although I've not exactly received any sexual advances in the physical, verbal, or spiritual sense, I can only assume that girl-chat in the locker room has shifted from unattainable "hott" celebrities to me, the guy they'd always been deeply and passionately attracted to, but had

never acknowledged externally.

Now that I understand how intimidating I am, I believe that it's my duty as Mr. Personality to let them know that I'm not out of their league. I'm just a regular guy like anyone else. The only difference is that I have the best personality in our whole class.

From now on, I expect to be going out on several dates each weekend — sometimes, I might even have two dates going on at the same time! How crazy would that be? Anyway, the girls that I date will probably want me to impregnate them when we have sex. But I believe this would be very irresponsible. So, I'm going to make sure that my glove compartment is

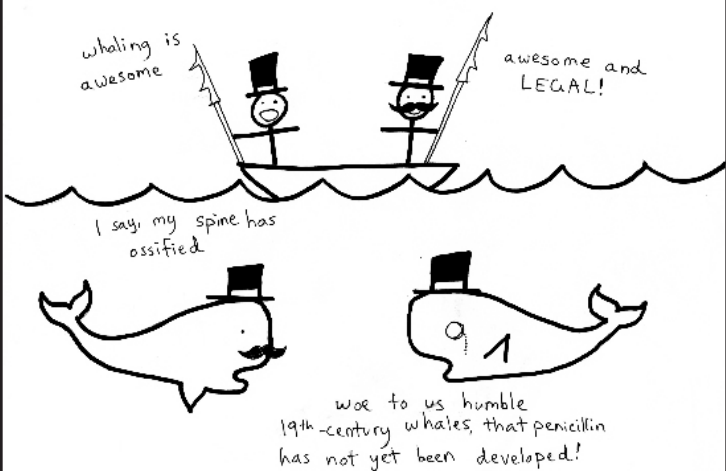
jam packed with condoms, spermicide, and dental dams, no exceptions.

Also, they will probably want to videotape us having sex in all kinds of crazy positions and post it on the Internet, but I will also put my foot down there — I don't think it's fair for people to experience my award-winning personality over the Internet, although I would not be opposed to hiring somebody to run a MySpace page for me.

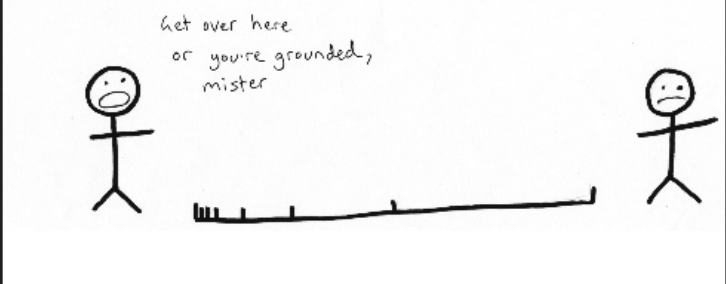
You know, ever since I was handed the keys to Pleasuretown, I've just been waiting for the right time to unlock that door. So mothers, hide your daughters: I just was voted Best Personality.



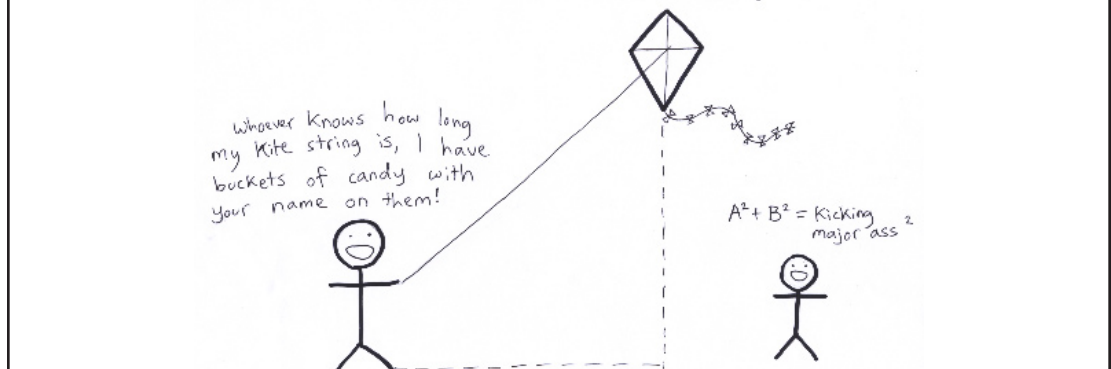
OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: SYPHILIS



ZENO'S ~~PARADOX~~ SHITTY DAY



PYTHAGORAS' AWESOMEST DAY EVER



austin COMEDY



LUCAS MOLANDES

We have no idea who this person is, but perhaps he'll be funny. He is joined by fellow comedians Chris Allen and Carey Moore. February 16-17. 9:30 & 11:30 pm. \$5. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116.

DAVID HUNTSBERGER

This guy made the doctor laugh when he came out of the womb. Fellow comedians Howard Beecher and Matt Kordelski join him on stage. February 23-24. 9:30 & 11:30 pm. \$5. The Velveeta Room, 521 Sixth, 469-9116

THE NOTORIOUS OPEN MIC

Sure, open mic nights tend to attract the unfunniest people

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

THURSDAY NIGHT AWESOME

A variety show hosted by Chris Trew and directed by Dave Buckman that puts comedy in neat little compartments that's easy for you to swallow. It's like a comedy cafeteria tray with places for stand-up, sketch, and improv comedy as well as short films

and music. New lineups each week! Details at ThursdayNight-Awesome.com! Thursdays at 8 p.m., The Hideout Theatre, 617 Congress, 443-3688

THE FRIDAY IMPROV THREEFER

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

DOUBLE BARREL IMPROV

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

SIX DEGREES

In this comedy show, six experienced improvisers take a single

audience suggestion and try to create a full-length improvised play. Most improve troops prepare for their act, but these comedians develop plot, context and characters during the progression of the show. Saturdays at 8 p.m. The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress 443-3688.

THE CAGEMATCH

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

MAESTRO

It's every improviser for himself in this high-energy series of improv games. Join the audience and eliminate player one by

one, Survivor style. The last one standing is crowned Maestro. Saturdays at 10 p.m., The Hideout Theater, 617 Congress, 443-3688. \$7-\$10.

ESTHER'S FOLLIES

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

