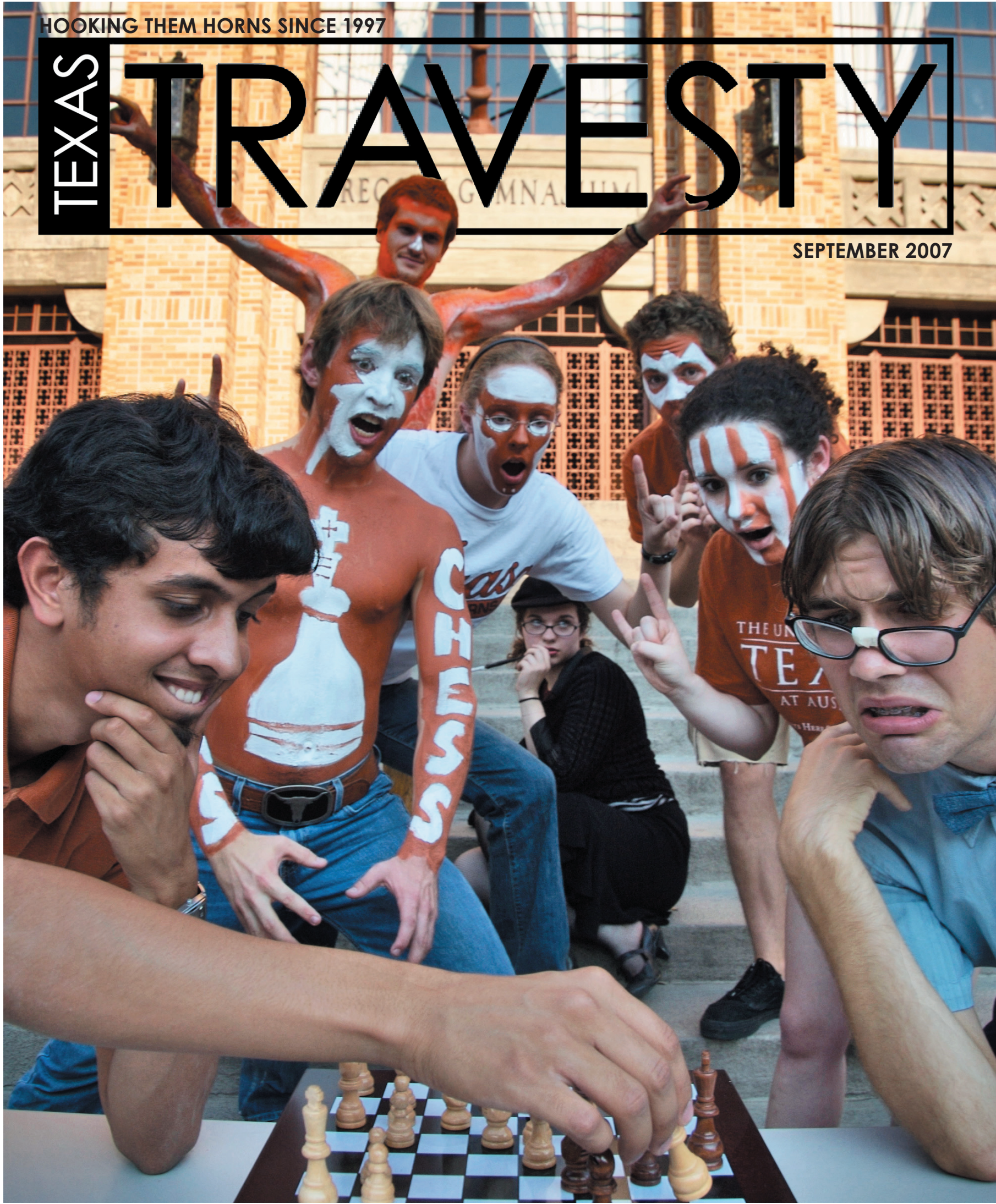


HOOKING THEM HORNS SINCE 1997

TEXAS

TRAVESTY

SEPTEMBER 2007



Robynn Habasham girl tripping on ecstasy at ACL

Texas Travesty: So how do you feel about this Bjork performance?

Robynn Habasham: Oh my god, I'm just so feeling this... oh my God... do you understand? I mean, do you really understand? This is like... it's like you can hear the colors she's singing... Give me more! I need to feel it more!

TT: What other shows have you seen today?

RH: I've seen so much today, man... don't you see it...

Turn-ons: Fucking everything is just so amazing, this grass, this moment, moving forward together, my hands, the taste of your face, epiphanies, Timothy Leary, the truth man, my brain on drugs, magic and wonderment, hugging the intangible, swimming in the grass, wristbands, just getting it, bending the space-time continuum, love



HOLY SHIT.... I saw the White Stripes, I saw the red stripes, I saw the blue stripes... you're just a really good person. I can see in your eyes that you have such good vibes all around you... Can I touch you forever?

TT: What's your favorite part about ACL?

RH: The way it just happens.... there are these people just happening all around me... it's like, the ground meets the sky meets my soul meets your soul and it all just fuses together with these harmonies that are just surrounding everyone and everything... oh my God do you see Bjork? Bjork just gets it, man.

Turn-offs: People who don't get it, the line for the ACL shuttle, ACL security, the corporations, the government, the system, shoes, D.A.R.E., mom & dad (fuck you!!), those pussy stoners, brains without holes, permanent grass stains, reality, man's accepted immutable measurement of time, sleep, hate, not being on X



around campus

- J316 students will put their **budding photography** skills into practice at the Turtle Pond, the "Hi, How Are You?" sign, and the Gregory Gym showers.
- **Construction workers** who labor under the bright lights of the UT stadium are only achieving half of their high school dream.
- The new 160 GB iPods are to music elitists what H2 Hummers are to **impotent men**.
- **Surly fratboy drunks** are wondering who da fuck drank all the Natty Light.

- Even though they're going to be on **Blackboard** later, OCD students are still going to copy down all of those PowerPoint slides.
- Go ahead, try and find **Computer #94** in the PCL. I fucking dare you.
- People living in co-ops will break the ice with board games, **anonymous sex**.
- Freshmen will be disappointed when they discover their **T-shirts from orientation** don't fit by Thanksgiving.
- **New roommates** will bond when they realize they subscribe to the same porn websites.
- Frat pledges will quickly learn to suppress their left-handedness, lactose intolerance and other "**assorted faggotry**."
- **Juniors and Seniors** will realize they hate this shit.
- The pre-maturely gray-haired freshman finds solace in the fact that, unlike **the Albino kids**, he can go bowling in the Union.

- After lots of high-fiving, debating Ubuntu versus Red Hat, and chanting "hack that!", the **University Computer Club** meeting will be as stereotypical as you imagined it would be.
- Freshman pre-meds will slowly realize that describing their **five-year plan** is the perfect way to begin a friendless five years.
- As impressive as your **giant canoe** is, I'm too busy text messaging and adjusting my ringtone to talk to you about Texas Crew right now.
- How about you just calm down and make my **sandwich**, man.
- Hey, 2007 is almost over—has anyone thought of using a **James Bond** motif for their club T-shirt?
- **Restricted.utexas.edu** is a much more secure and convenient way for you to have your identity stolen.
- When you're around the **campus police**, watch your mouth. They might taste you, bro.

40acres411

VOLUME 9 • ISSUE 6
17 APRIL 2007

Guess which freshman cheerleader is no longer quite the daddy's girl she was when she left home? It appears that the promise ring on **C.J. Thompson's** finger might stay on, but the uniform is slipping off! Evidently, the "C" in C.J. doesn't quite stand for chastity. But at least she's helping the backfield **score** in places other than the field.

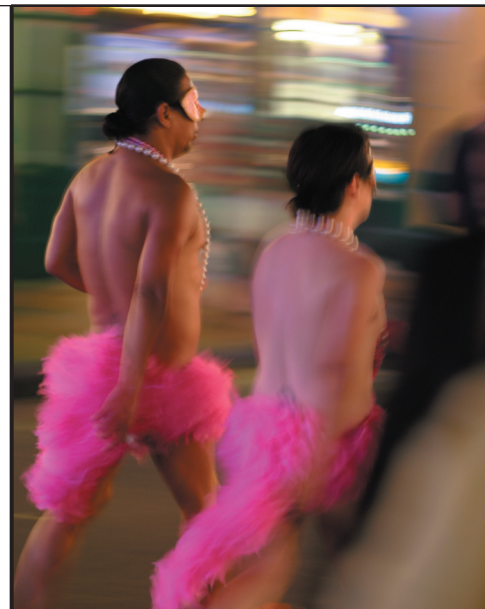
Speaking of scoring, it seems that **Justin Hawthorne** is hoping his late night study sessions with his male chemistry TA are adding points to his grade. In the lab, he and his partner are **experimenting** with more than just the elements! Now

all of the hands on experience he's gotten with volatile fluids, his major isn't the only thing he's **on the fence** about.

But while Justin and his TA were testing the durability of rubber, **Rob Walker** and his fellow **Phi Gamma Chi** pledges were testing the limits of brotherhood after having lost fraternity President **Brandon Honeycutt's** golden retriever, Sassy. Now Brandon, with the loss of his four-legged skank bait has taken to putting the leash on his pledges and parading them around west campus. Sources tell us that **Sassy** was last seen "making puppy chow" with

Delta Iota's prize pit bull.

But the dog wasn't the only the bitch taking it on all fours that night. **Kelsi Babbins**, in an attempt to impress her latest beer pong partner **Steven Bateman**, consumed above her fair share of liquids. But Steven was just glad to have a partner at all, seeing as how he's used to **pitching solo**. More than just ping pong balls were bouncing under the table and off of Kelsi's cups. **Explosive victory after explosive victory** had Steven coming back for more. Kelsi may have to re-rack her wardrobe over the next nine months after that marathon.



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LEGALESE

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SHOUT OUTZ TO...

If he were a mythical creature, he'd be like a Centaur or something. Klootzak! Klootzak! It's just, I haven't been laid in a while... Because we're living in a fucking police state! Oh yeah, because it's a computer. Do you guys have cable? Everyone eat your carrots! Sensitive to sunlight. Break-dancing on the kitchen floor, eating cookie dough, watching High School Musical. Playing Sonic Well-rounded. Matt fucks on the coffee-table. Celery break. Stephen's so sad! Ross and Veronica wrapped yo' tree mo fos! Let's just fill the rest with drawings we do between now and then. Do your teeth feel all gritty? I'm choking on your hair! That Laura's just a ray of sunshine. The new girl and the sex shop. Emily's freaky, freaky handwriting. My ballz be hurtin'. If I could have sex with just Ross's hair, I'd do that. Un-ironically going to Chili's. Never going to Luby's. So Stephen, do they know about you yet? Ross is GAAAYYYYYYYYYYAAAAA!!!!!! I've already had enough blood for today. Gilda. All those damn ads. When we're born, we're all given a football and a portrait of Ronald Reagan.

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SEPTEMBER
2007
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Dating Advice
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No one cares if freshman lives, dies

Stuart Stutzman
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

CAMPUS — Almost a month into the fall semester, psychology freshman Brendon Farrelly does not comprehend that his classmates couldn't care less if he was alive or not.

Valedictorian of a graduating class of 17, Farrelly is still adjusting to the "sheer magnitude" of the University. "I found out how large campus was during orientation, but I never anticipated 50,000 students crowding the sidewalks and classrooms all at the same time," explained Farrelly as he tightened his grip on the multiple University Co-Op shopping bags slowly swaying from both hands. "But it's OK because my RA is the coolest. He always sits with me during our weekly floor dinners at J2. Did you know they have a waffle maker there that cooks the Longhorn logo into your waffle? Awesome."

Farrelly's bloated sense of importance within the student body is a common occurrence amongst freshman at larger state universities, according to a University Health Services study, which concludes: "first-year students are small, insignificant cogs in an unimaginably huge machine, lubricated only by

endowment funds and their parents' incomes."

"It's totally normal for Brendon to feel that he's significant in 'the eyes of Texas,'" said University Health Services counselor Laurie French as she stirred bourbon into her coffee. "But they're normally able to fall in line with the rest of the sheep within a week or two by simply accepting that they don't matter. One thing that snaps them out of their delusion is the realization that they can never really return home. If they can deal with that, it'll knock them down to earth with the rest of us in no time."

As she took the 24-hour emergency-counseling phone off the hook, French continued, "If his roommates, classmates, academic advisors, friends, parents and God don't care about him, then why should I?"

Farrelly's roommate, geology sophomore Peter Chen, also believes Farrelly needs to understand that no one cares about his well-being. Although their interactions are amicable, Farrelly's pleasant demeanor and naïve optimism has begun to destroy their once warm relationship.

"I love Brendon like a brother, but I'm really starting to worry about

him," said Chen as he hastily crossed 21st Street to avoid brief, friendly eye-contact with a high school classmate. "I mean, smiling at the JCL cashiers, greeting people on the street and not pretending to adjust the ringer on his phone when he sees a West Mall tabler trying to hand him a flyer? When I saw him wave at a kid from his philosophy class while holding the door for someone I was,

like, 'this guy just doesn't get it.' It's depressing."

Chen added: "Lately I try to get as far away from Brendon as possible. No matter how many times I 'forget' to let him in at night or pack up all his stuff and put it in the hall, he's still all smiles."

Chen isn't alone in his desire to be both physically and emotionally distant from Farrelly. Neighbors

reported they were "sick and tired" of hearing about his high school Advanced Placement scores. Jester West 6th floor RA Chad McCullen simply queried, "Who's Brendon Farrelly?"

When asked to comment on Farrelly's emotional health, his parents refused to comment, claiming they had "more important things to worry about."



■ Farrelly, whose efforts to introduce himself to professors, TAs and upperclassmen have been met with barely concealed laughter, is seen reevaluating his previously held notion that he is significant. Photo/Travesty

Moral relativist canine rejects 'Good Dog' label

Ross Luippold
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

PORTLAND — Convenience store employee and dog owner Greg Hilbert has recently observed that Sparky, his 3-year-old Cairn terrier, has highly developed senses of hearing, smell and ethical authenticity.

Although many liberals in academia have embraced moral relativism, the idea that no moral or ethical ideals are inherently better or worse than one another, the canine population has largely been unexposed to the idea — until Sparky.

"When I picked him up from obedience school on graduation day, I feverishly rubbed his belly and asked if he's a good boy," said Hilbert from his one-bedroom high rise where his Afro-folk jam band rehearses. "But instead of playfully barking in response and begging for a treat, Sparky got this deep look in his eyes, as if he wasn't so sure who was a good dog anymore."

Hilbert, who has begun bringing Sparky to dog parks in hopes of

meeting quasi-Trotskyist women, preferably with eyebrow piercings, continued, "Suddenly, Sparky stood up on his hind legs, and bipedally paced about the room saying, 'Well, that brings us to an interesting point — who is a good dog in today's day and age? For that matter, who are we to determine what constitutes as good? Sure, I could fetch the squeeze ball and sit when you tell me to sit, but in other parts of the world, such blind obedience is considered blasphemous.'"

Sparky's newfound relativist outlook has led him to defecate in city parks, despite signs forbidding such behavior, and to fiercely guard his Constitutionally-protected private property from any cats, rodents or airplanes he perceived as invading his territory.

"Sparky has always been a bit of a renegade," remarked Hilbert as he wiped dog saliva from Nietzsche's *Beyond Good and Evil*. "But now that he's opened his cute, beady eyes to the flaws of Canine-American ethnocentrism, he's become even

more critical of the state's 'offensively paternalistic regulations.' He still growls at other puppies at the dog park, but he quickly lets them know he's not morally judging them as much as he just wants to sniff their rears."

Aside from walking on his hind legs, Sparky has written letters to his legislators urging them to re-evaluate domestic and foreign policies, "Isn't it interesting," Sparky writes in crudely formed penmanship and paw prints, "That America claims to combat communism, but when I'm eating poisoned dog food from China, I wonder if this is land of values, or only the value of the dollar?"

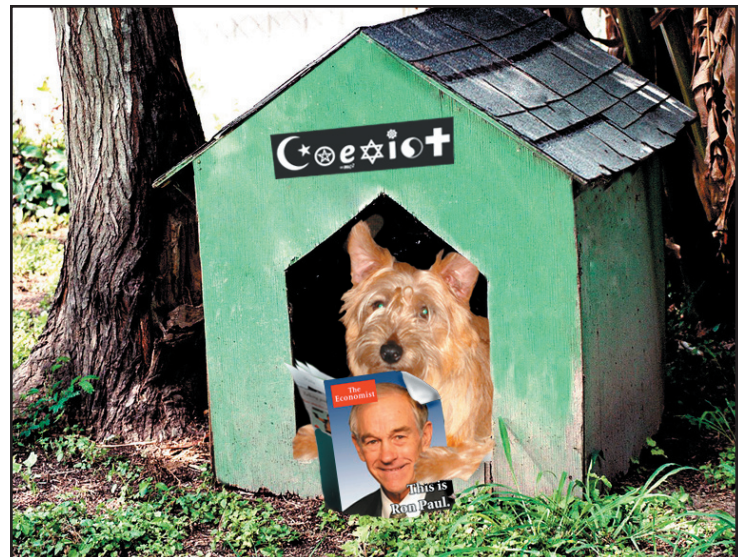
But Sparky's changes go further than his correspondence.

"We have lively debates," said Hilbert as he fetched an issue of *Reason* magazine from his mailbox. "I hold firm to the position that Marx believed the bourgeoisie, with superior skills and cognitive capacity, would ultimately impress their moral standards on the working class, thereby creating one true ethical standard

simply by eliminating any alternative." Pausing to refill Sparky's water bowl with merlot, he continued, "And ol' Sparks still thinks Marx rejected traditional standards of societal morality altogether. Isn't that

right, boy?"

Hilbert added: "At least, that's what I think he means by barking and chasing his own tail. Of course, he might just be mad because I had him neutered against his will."



■ Sparky is one "dog-matic" pup who can be found educating himself with the current events when he isn't eating his own vomit. Photo/Travesty

Seniors unsure if they should check out freshmen

Thejaswi Maruvada
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Fifth-year education major Paul Anderson is perturbed by the influx of youthful-looking freshmen on campus, as their juvenile appearance has caused Anderson to question if it is ethical for him to unabashedly pursue their company. “That chick is pretty babe-a-licious, but she looks like she’s in junior high,” bemoaned Anderson, intently gazing at a passing student for a few moments before quickly averting his eyes. “She may not have been alive when the Berlin Wall fell, but she’s got a slammin’ booty.”

Longtime friend Jeremy Ellsworth was present at the time to share in Anderson’s bewilderment. The self-proclaimed “partners in babe-watching” have struggled with the task of discerning the ages of attractive young women ever since viewing Hillary Duff’s Disney Channel debut as Lizzie McGuire.

“Nah brah, that honey’s gotta be 18,” remarked Ellsworth, raising his eyebrow and biting his lower lip ever so gently, as psychology freshman

Margot Tenorman jogged by. “She’s got melons,” said Ellsworth, pausing to cup his chest. “They’re the most babetastically essential feature of the legal hottie. That’s babe-watching 101, man.”

Later that day as the “Big Bone Bandits (Who Bone Beautiful Babes)” filed into a Burdine auditorium for class, they spotted another “nymphette” sitting two rows ahead of them.

“Yo Paul, check out the choice hottie up there,” whispered Ellsworth, silently envisioning her front-side. “Dude, I can see totally see some of

“Oh crap, I don’t sound like a pedophile, do I?”

her thong!”

Although Anderson and Ellsworth planned to initiate a conversation with the female student after class, her pigtails, Trapper Keeper and Doc Marten sandals kept the “Caped Crusaders of Hottie-hunting” at bay.

Anderson finally believed he was successfully courting an appropriately aged “bombshell” at a West Campus

party later that night. However, after informing the young woman that “her eyes [were] almost as seductive as her butt,” the female student revealed her age to be “17 and three-quarter-years old,” causing him to back away.

Due to their setbacks, the “Super Babe-watching Bros,” agreed on a pact to seek women of legal age.

“From now on, only babes in upper-division classes and 21-and-up

bars are eligible to be scoped out by the Dynamic Chick-Banging Duo,” proclaimed Ellsworth, standing by the keg. “Unless she’s really hot. Or she thinks we’re really hot. Or she’s totally asking for it. Or she’s not really hot, but she has a great personality. Or we haven’t gotten laid this week.”

Upon reaching their agreement, Anderson and Ellsworth left the party to “scour the landscape for Hottie



■ Seeing freshman girls makes Anderson and Ellsworth long for their 8th grade days, when they felt it was perfectly acceptable to hit on 5th graders.. Photo/Travesty

Wii still trails ‘Nature’s Joystick’

Despite successes, ‘Mii-time’ still beats Nintendo’s product handily

KYOTO — Senior market analysts for Nintendo polished off a report last Thursday predicting that the company’s new, physically engaging console, the Wii, will overtake the video game industry’s biggest rival activity amongst their target demographic — masturbation.

“We tried in 1999 with Super Smash Brothers, but research had shown that over 80 percent of adolescent boys still preferred what we have termed, ‘Mii time,’ to our ergonomic controller and crazy Kirby antics,” explained game designer Mysam Nuricho as he firmly caressed his Wiimote with his right hand.

Despite Nintendo’s plans to aggressively throttle gaming alternatives, customers find the time table ambitious and the general attempt counterproductive.

Wii owner and 16-year-old Canton, Ohio resident Jeremy Pivitz admits, “With all this newly acquired wrist stamina, the only thing that gets tired now is my excuse for being in the bathroom so long.”

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Smarter Than You TA

Name: Thurston Swellsberg

Age: 24

TA for: RHE 316K

Studying: Sociocultural Impacts in PrePostmodern British Literature

Loves: Snide answers to legitimate questions; things esoteric; *Frasier* reruns; tweed

Hates: Dullards; frightfully pointless introductory courses; questions, mostly just questions

Quote: My favourite part of you paper is that which you did not write."



Stress-Smoking TA

Name: Jacques LeBatard

Age: Younger than he looks

TA for: KIN 310

Studying: Health Education

Loves: Nick Naylor; Parliament cigarettes; keeping a low profile; Euro trance music

Hates: C-note economy crash; sin tax; self-righteous health nuts; cardio; fucking Austin

Quote: "Hey man, got a light? What? No? [Grumbles]"



Stoner TA

Name: Cornelius "Bud" Jones

Age: 23

TA for: CHE 402L

Studying: Botany with minor in Reggaeton

Loves: Cool Ranch Doritos; an unsuspecting electric bill; frisbee golf; cash-only transactions

Hates: Standard business hours; not knowing if "he cool;" smoke alarms; the man

Quote: "Be sure to check out the extra credit lab in the Tuff Shed by the Dairy Queen man."



A GUIDE TO RECOGNIZING YOUR TEACHING ASSISTANTS

That Hot TA

Name: Ashley Witherspoon

Age: When you're 21, I'll be 25

TA for: Human Anatomy

Studying: Biology and *Erectrical* Engineering

Loves: Long, hard nights at the Jester tutorial hall; slowly unzipping DNA helixes, one naughty base pair at a time

Hates: Nothing silly! Okay, mean people =)

Quote: "Feel free to come to my office hours anytime cutie!"



Infatuated With The Professor TA

Name: Feliz Nguyen

Age: 21

TA for: GEO 410

Studying: Environmental Engineering

Loves: Dr. Franklin's extensive knowledge of convection currents; the timbre of his voice; the manner in which sweat cascades off his his distinguished, worldly brow as he boldly breaks new ground in the field of Zircon dating

Hates: The way Dr. Franklin looks at that tramp TA, Patricia. She doesn't even appreciate the girth of his mineral stratification. Bitch.

Quote: "I'm not worthy."



Overwhelmed TA

Name: Sally Minks

Age: 22

TA for: Freshman Interest Group

Studying: Architecture, Neuroscience, Oboe, Bengali, and Pre-Law

Loves: Pep pills; three hours of sleep a night; time management seminars; weekly, monthly, daily, hourly planners

Hates: Script handwriting; unstapled papers; daylight savings time

Quote: "I don't have time for all these questions!"



Hates His Professor TA

Name: Cliff Johnston

Age: 47

TA for: PHY 303K

Studying: Astrophysics

Loves: n/a

Hates: Professor "I-get-more-respect-than-I-deserve-because-I-can-allocate-bitch-work-to-an-under-appreciated-TA-who-I-know-is-smarter-than-me-but-still-is-expected-to-do-my-laundry" Green

Quote: "One day I'll show him. I'll show them all."



'I'm Going to Change Your Life' TA

Name: Clarence Peterman

Age: 26

TA for: ADV 316 Creativity in American Culture

Studying: World Studies

Loves: Teaching by learning; opening minds; *Dead Poet's Society*; class on the quad; circlin' up the desks

Hates: Wasted potential; jaded professors; standardized testing, traditional desk configuration

Quote: "Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss, you'll land among the stars."



Dane Cook

his Myspace comments responds to ...

hey dane!! big fan Here, just wanted to Say that you are 1 of the funniest Guys! u remind me of my boyfriend steve, he's a big Fan too, i bet you 2 would get along Great, you have the same sinse of humor! he says hey whats up dane! well i Gotta go but im seeing good Lukc chuck tomorrow! Well bye!

Wow. These teenage girls, and sometimes these tweenage girls, are always talking about their boyfriends, what is up with that? It's like I hear all these girls saying things about the men that they are sexually attracted to, and those men in turn are most likely sexually attracted to those women as well. But the thing that the women do not understand—and here's where the real swindle takes place, my friends—is that the women are attracted to the man's money and power, while the man is generally interested only in the women's mammary glands, or as I like to call them, Mam-Glands. Yes, that's right, Mam-Glands. Some-



HEY DCTHANK 4THEADD MY MOM WONT LET ME WATCH TOURGASM BUT I SAW IT AT MY FRIEND GREGS HOUSE CAUSE HIS DAD DOESNT CARE ANYWAY I SAW YOUR SHOW AND I LIKED IT WHEN YOU SAID THE THING ABOUT BRAIN NINJAS LOL ANYWAY U RULE CYA

Alright, kids, this is what we are going to do now: We are going to go down to the nursing home, and we are going to shit on old ladies. That's right, shit on old ladies. We are going to go down to the nursing home, and we are going to shit on old ladies.

And when the nurses come into the room while we are shitting on old ladies, we will then proceed to invite the nurses, who are in our immediate shitting vicinity, or vi-shit-nity, to join us in our current activity of shitting on old ladies. And if the nurses deny our request, we will then shit on their favorite old ladies as a sign of disrespect. Why are we shitting on old ladies? Fuck, I don't know, bro! Why are MGs awesome? Why does your friend Chaz always yell "Hey Dane, what's up?" at you in the local 7-11 when you are trying to hide from the cops? Nobody knows the



answer! So tomorrow, at 8 am, everyone will meet at my house, and we will shit on old ladies.

Hey Dane! #1 Su-Fan here, Harry Stevens! Just wanted to thank you for makin' me laugh every day when I get home from work all day! Those 7th graders don't teach Earth Science themselves ya know! Normally I like my comedians clean, but you're just so darn charming! I can't get enough! Welp, ttfn!

This is a scenario that frequently occurred in 7th grade. I do not know if this still occurs in the middle schools, because I have not been inside such an educational establishment since I graduated eighth grade, when I was all like "FUCK YOU JUNIOR HIGH! MORE LIKE



JUNIOR... LIES!" But this is what probably happened to you in 7th grade. You would be standing in line in the cafeteria, ready to enjoy a delicious rectangular pizza slice, or maybe some steak fingers. By the way, what is up with steak fingers? I mean, honestly! But you would be waiting in line, when the cafeteria lady would say to you, "Sorry, Fozzie Bear, but no chocolate milk for you today!" And first of all, you say, "Why the fuck did you call me Fozzie Bear?" And then out of nowhere, the principal punches you in the face! Where did this trend start? Is it just me, or shouldn't principals not punch kids in the face? It's principal, not principal, you punched me in the face!

[Dane Cook then lit himself on fire.]

OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: ESPIONAGE



Disney's 'Where Dreams Come True' slogan proved false

ORLANDO — After a recent family vacation to Disneyworld, seven-year-old Ashley McKinsey became upset upon realizing that none of the wishes she made while at the theme park have come to fruition.

"All I wanted was to be a princess and live in a giant castle with my one and only true love," sobbed a

Cinderella costume-clad McKinsey as she drew devil's horns on a poster of Mickey Mouse. McKinsey also requested a new bicycle, a unicorn and a one-on-one power lunch with Zack, from the Disney Channel's *The Suite Life of Zack and Cody*.

"Perhaps when the park first opened in 1971 it would have been economically feasible for the Disney corporation to underwrite millions of children's wishes," explained Emory University economics professor Michael Rutherford. "But based on current financial forecasts, my advise to children is that if they want

to see the 'real Disney dream,' they should invest in Disney stock."

McKinsey's father, 46-year-old office manager David O'Conner, was even less sympathetic to his daughter's grievances. "What does Ashley need to wish for? Her mother already used her as leverage to squeeze every penny from me in the divorce. Her cat eats better than I do."

Officials from Disney were unavailable for comment, except for a Mickey Mouse-costumed employee that silently greeted visitors with a weak hand-wave.

Rapper can't hear you

DOWNTOWN -- Hip-hop artist Poppa K informed his audience at Club Element last Friday night that their initial response to his rap stylings remained inaudible above the pulsating bass and piercing beats dominating the club. "I can't hear nothin' y'all sayin'," chastised Poppa K as he shook his head from the stage overlooking a crowd of perplexed fans. Club patrons reported that Poppa K, strongly desiring a louder reply to his informal poll of what percentage of the audience was having a good time, "will give [us] another

chance." However, the audience's perceived underperformance was not intentional, rather a combination of failure to properly understand instructions, pervasive inhalation of narcotics and distraction caused by ubiquitous twerking. Following a disappointing response from clubgoers, Poppa K directly instructed audience members to "shout [the chorus] out at [me] one more time," before making unfavorable comparisons between his current audience and a recent Houston concert's more enthusiastic attendees.

Second half of TCU-Texas game almost worth staying for

DKR STADIUM — In a strange occurrence for Texas football fans, the September 8th game between TCU and Texas provided a somewhat interesting second half, which was almost worth staying for. Fans accustomed to the Texas tradition of getting hammered in the stands while their team scores 40 points by halftime, then leaving to consume more alcohol because the game was no longer interesting and their concealed flask was nearing empty, were surprised to discover

that the third quarter might be worth their time. The Longhorns trailed the Horned Frogs 10-0 at the half, motivating Texas to rally in the second half to win. "I knew we were gonna win the whole time. I mean who the hell is TCU anyways?" slurred belligerent Texas fan John Murphy as the rest of the crowd told the Horned Frogs to "eat shit" following a touchdown. Murphy continued: "I'm starting to get really hot in these chaps. Let's go pound some brews!"

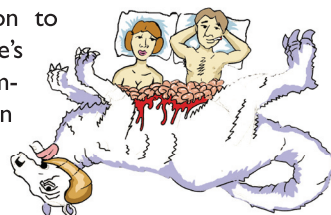


George Lucas

Gives Dating Advice

& Remastered Director's Cut Collector's Edition, featuring commentary, deleted scenes and a new music video by Rihanna.

Pay special attention to Anakin and Padme's love scenes. Remember, communication is key: don't leave your emotions squeezed up in a garbage masher on the detention level. And don't forget to tell him Uncle George sent ya!



wanted. In the end, he chose to save the Chancellor, and in turn, save his wife. Was it the right decision? In retrospect, it

wasn't. Here's what I'm getting at: your boyfriend sounds exactly like Mace Windu.

And I know that sometimes you feel like you have to cut off his arm and hurl him out of a window. That's the Dark Side talking. Unless you want to become a merciless, tyrannical killing machine, stay with your boyfriend.

Nice question kid, that was one in a million.

Dear George Lucas,



My boyfriend has turned into a fat slob. He won't stop eating. He drinks so much that it doesn't even sound like he's speaking English. He treats me like I'm his property. Sometimes I feel like I'm chained to him. He won't stop waving his tongue at me. But he's smart too. Whenever I try to play tricks on him, he says my mind powers will not work on him. He had one of his friends frozen in carbonite when they didn't pay him back, and then he put him on display in his house. What should I do?

Signed,
Enslaved in Eulless

Dear Enslaved,

I think I know the exact solution to your problem. This sounds just like *Episode III*, when Anakin was torn between saving Master Windu or Chancellor Palpatine. It was a tough decision to make. He had to search deep inside his heart and decide what he truly

Dear George Lucas,

My problem is that I know so much about *Star Wars*, but so little about sex. I know that's pretty uncommon, so help me George Lucas, you're my only hope. I'm only 14, and there's this girl at school that I really want to ask out. Only problem is, she's 18, and way out of my league. It's like she's a Grand Moff and I'm a nerf herder. I even asked her, "Are you an angel?" like Anakin asked Padme, but she just laughed at me like I was Jar Jar. So my question is, how should request my "boarding clearance?"

Signed,
Sleepless in Seattle

Dear Sleepless,

Dear God. Just stop quoting *Star Wars*. It's pathetic. If you wanna get laid, you need to grow up. Queef.



Dennis Kucinich now just seeking ironic voters

WASHINGTON, DC — Representative Dennis Kucinich (D-OH), long considered to have a minimal chance of nabbing the Democratic nomination for President, has restructured his campaign to primarily target citizens who mockingly participate in elections.

"For far too long, jaded and pessimistic voters have been forced to write-in candidates such as Optimus Prime, Steve Urkel or Mr. T for public office," the Representative from Ohio announced from

his new campaign headquarters located inside a Spencer's Gifts at a Cleveland-area mall. "But in 2008, I want Dennis Kucinich to be synonymous with letting people know you're too cool to take politics seriously."

Added Kucinich: "Hey, remember Giga Pets?"

The Congressman has not officially confirmed or denied reports that he has chosen Gary Coleman, the Red Ranger or a 56K modem as his running mate.

Student has heard of, but not heard, indie band

WEST CAMPUS — Government junior Andy Rogers failed to impress chemistry sophomore Katie Gillespie at a party last Friday when he informed her that while he is aware of the existence of local band Okkervil River, he is completely unacquainted with the band's actual music.

"After he told me that he thought Gabriela y Rodrigo is totally misunderstood, I said I was really into Okkervil River's new album, thinking he'd seduce me with his keen observations and criticism of the current state of indie music," recalled Gillespie as

she mindlessly adjusted her iPod volume.

"He was like, 'yeah, they sound kind of familiar from *Blender*, but I don't know any of their stuff,' as if I'm able to respond to that in any way."

Gillespie concluded the evening by engaging in spontaneous sexual activity with a local prog-rock band's third guitarist, who wielded a double threat of knowledge and familiarity with her musical tastes. Rogers reportedly "called it an early night," and went home to start one of the dozens of unread books on his shelf.

- Stand Up! — Improv! — Sketch Comedy! — Music! —

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Variety Show Every Third Thursday

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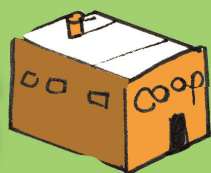
4803 Airport, behind
I Luv Video

www.coldtownetheater.com





Campus Compass



Welcome, Freshmen! The University of Texas can be a confusing place, but don't worry -- the Travesty has complied a helpful map to guide you during your first semester at college. This Campus Compass will turn agonizing seconds of Googling

campus buildings into cheerful hours of plotting your route around the 40 Acres. You can find your favorite spot to eat and study, or if you're looking for a good time, jot down our hot spot suggestions. Don't forget: Hook 'em!

- 1 The Drag
- 2 Duren (new guy on campus)
- 3 Ugmo (a.k.a. Comm Building)
- 4 Dick Cheney's secret office
- 5 Hogg Memorial Sweatshop
- 6 Dobie (a.k.a. the office of Lex Luthor)
- 7 Scottish Rite Dormitory
- 8 Kin's Market (oh, yeah, and there's a dorm too)
- 9 Virgin Vault
- 10 Raptor pen
- 11 [Insert obligatory penis joke]
- 12 Liberal arts six pack
- 13 Pterodactyl Tower
- 14 SSB
- 15 Seniors only building
- 16 Business School
- 17 PCL (looks just like Texas from above)
- 18 Engineering Building
- 19 RLM Cyclotron Explosion
- 20 Albino Squirrel Cloning Facility
- 21 Gregory Hotel and Casino
- 22 Jester
- 23 LAN cave
- 24 Blanton
- 25 Music Building
- 26 Experimental Science Building
- 27 Alumni Center
- 28 Bevo Breeding Facility
- 29 Art Building
- 30 Philosophy Building is here depending on how you look at it.
- 31 Money Pit
- 32 UT Shuttle

Key



Pot spots



Gay-cruising spots



Homeless hangouts



Construction sites



Police busts



Social/political change



Name: Austin Film Festival; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028882

Army lowering standards, widening doorways

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Due to record lows in recruitment numbers,

the United States Army is yet again relaxing its requirements for enlistment by increasing the maximum weight acceptable to join. “Back in the day, you had to be able to fit in normal-sized clothes to get in, but now any dimwit with a heartbeat can squeeze into my beloved Army


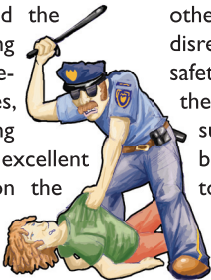

green,” complained Army recruiter Sgt. William McCormick as he aggressively polished his shoes with a floor-buffer. Despite criticism to the new policy, top Army brass is enthusiastic toward the relaxed restrictions. “We need a larger infantry, immediately,” declared Lt. Stan Dobson of the Fourth Infantry Division as he unwrapped a package of Nutter Butters. “And the bigger the soldier, the better. With reduced expenditures on body armor we need patriotic, wide-framed soldiers to shield our smaller, more agile freedom fighters.”

The Army Corps of Engineers is reportedly working around the clock at military installations across the globe to widen doorframes and hallways to accommodate what they anticipate will be a sizable influx of portly recruits. “Renovating our facilities to accommodate our plus-size soldiers shouldn’t be too difficult,” explained Army Chief of Staff Gen. George Casey as he plugged in the Pentagon’s new funnel cake machine. “But I’m not sure if the Supply Corps can scrounge up enough grub to feed them all. We’re going to have to siphon some major funds away from our forces in Iraq and Afghanistan to pay for Twinkies and Double Stuff Oreos necessary to win this War on Terror.”

Name: Rick Hitchcock; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00026956

Name: Verizon Wireless C/O Zenith Me; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028813

Blotter



DKR-TEXAS MEMORIAL STADIUM, 405 E 23rd STREET
Armed Robbery, DWI, Possession: UT police spotted a group of Austin criminals playing football in DKR Stadium. The officers witnessed the subjects making spectacular one-handed catches, delivering jarring hits and playing excellent press-coverage on the outside. One was even spotted applying intense pressure on the opposing quarterback. The officers were unable to respond to the incident, however, because they were occupied with the task of regulating 85,000 other people. Occurred on: 9-22-07, at 6:15 p.m.

200 BLOCK E 21st STREET
Public Intoxication/Resisting Arrest: A UT student was seen stumbling down 21st Street near the Perry-Castaneda Library where a UTPD officer spotted

him. The subject was wearing dark glasses and armed with a long, white cane and was walking towards the front door of the PCL. The officer, wary of the imminent threat the subject posed others and with complete disregard for his own safety, called for backup, then leapt into action. The subject immediately became belligerent and continued to state that he was not intoxicated, and was only stumbling because he was "blind." The subject was physically subdued by five UTPD officers in riot gear and then taken to Central Booking. Occurred on: 9-21-07, at 10:30 a.m.

DKR-TEXAS MEMORIAL STADIUM, 405 East 23rd Street
Grand Larceny: A UT employee, age 56, who works primarily in L. Theo Bellmont Hall, was found to have stolen \$2.81 million from the University. Upon further questioning,

the subject revealed that he had actually stolen mass amounts of money from the University every year since 1998. The subject went on to tell the officers questioning him that he plans to steal \$2.81 million from the University every year until 2016. Rather than taking the subject to Central Booking, the officers simply requested a photograph with the subject and ordered him to "kick some ass on Saturday." Occurred on: 9-08-07, at 6:00 p.m.

201 E 21st STREET
Theft: Authorities at Jester City Limits reported the loss of a critical item in their inventory. The item was described as flat, rectangular, textured and used to transport food and drinks. Suspects include any and all persons in the Jester vicinity. Occured on: 9-19-07, at time unknown. Loss value: 37 cents.



Recently dumped boyfriend gets drunk, even

WEST CAMPUS — In a crime of passion, recently dumped freshman Kyle Shaffer exacted revenge on ex-girlfriend Jennifer Talbot Wednesday night by keying her car.

"I loved that skank," slurred an intoxicated Shaffer from atop a pile of emptied Zima and Boone's Farm bottles in his Sterling Quarters Meadowridge apartment. "Hopefully she'll apologize for sleeping with my roommate and beg me to get back together by next week."

Talbot, however, was unwilling to rekindle the relationship after discovering a flaccid penis and a

misshapen heart inscribed with the phrase "you were my 4ever grrl" etched on her car Thursday morning.

"Call it woman's intuition, but when I told him we were through, something in his eyes told me that he was going to gouge genitalia onto the hood of my car," commented Talbot as she changed her Facebook relationship status to single.

"Kyle was my first love, but I think it would be best both of us if we remained friends. Besides, I need to be focusing on my relationship with God right now."



Name: Salt Lick - Display; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028828

Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028089

Now, more than ever, this country needs a Latin Pop Sensation

Jerry Ravens
CULTURE MAVEN

Passing through the West Mall on my way to class, the thumping, rhythmic bass of *Livin' La Vida Loca* caught my attention over the PA, and stirred the latent activism within my soul. Suddenly, everything that's wrong with society hit me like a *grande chalupa*. Now more than ever — the only remedy to this country's problems is an energetic, spicy, Latin Pop Sensation.

¿Por que? Or, for *muchachos* who only speak *ingles*, "For what?"

I think we can all agree that this country is at a crossroads. The Iraq War, rising gas prices and the threat of terrorism get all the big headlines, but what about the real *problemas*? Things were so much better in the late 90s. Remember when a Ricky Martin song would play at the grocery store and everyone would stop what they were doing, put aside their differences, and have an impromptu *salsa* dance session?

The only way to regain our national prosperity is to bring back what made

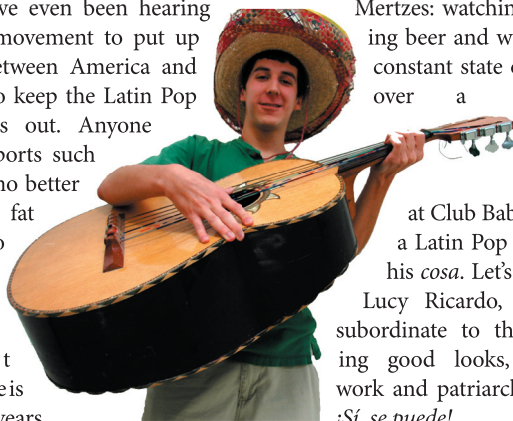
Top 40 radio great — Latin Pop Sensations. I hear people saying that we need Latin Pop Sensations out of this country because they are taking away audiences from decent, hard-working American Pop Sensations. But Latin Pop Sensations do all the tough dance moves that American Pop Sensations rarely are willing to do. They rehearse sultry facial expressions in the mirror for up to 14 hours a day, and sometimes do two encores each night just to feed their families.

And I've even been hearing about a movement to put up a wall between America and Mexico to keep the Latin Pop Sensations out. Anyone who supports such a wall is no better than that fat lady who shot Selena.

My greatest nightmare is that ten years

from now, future Longhorns walking through the West Mall won't know the difference between *Mark Antony* and *Marc Anthony*. A couple years ago, I saw Ricky Martin performing *She Bangs* on a popular televised karaoke show, and goodness has he let himself go. Even Latin GOP Sensation Alberto Gonzales recently resigned amid controversy in Washington, proving that all Latin Sensations are marginalized in today's culture.

Right now, we're a nation of Fred Mertz'es: watching TV, drinking beer and wallowing in a constant state of depression over a loveless marriage with Ethel, instead of out at Club Babalu watching a Latin Pop Sensation do his *cosa*. Let's be more like Lucy Ricardo, and remain subordinate to their smoldering good looks, fiery footwork and patriarchal authority. ¡Sí, se puede!



Name: Lakequest Enterprises - DISPLA; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00028964

America's Favorite
Pizza
Stuffed
Pizza

Only
Stuff
your arteries!
11.99

Bob Dylan says:

Bwlarualsewufashf
Shrulashafhrual

Name: Oat Willies; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00028141

Don't touch my shit without permission — if I find out you did, I'll belt you

Todd Preston
THIRD-YEAR DORM RESIDENT

Congratulations — you were randomly chosen by some sociophobic dorm executives to share a room with me. You're a freshman, so you're new to this thing. I'm sure we'll get along great, as soon as we can understand each other and respect each other's shit. Now, I've had some asshole roommates in the past, and I admit it was my mistake not to lay some boundaries down that would ensure a mutual courtesy. So this year I've written up a lenient and reasonable list of guidelines, and we both follow it, we'll have a lot of fun.

The Ten Commandments to becoming a Good Roommate:

1. You are in bed by 10 p.m. so I can fuck my girlfriend on the futon.

2. We order sausage, beef and anchovy pizza every night, and we eat together in silence while watching either *Matlock* or *The Price is Right* SAP'ped in Portuguese. If you re-

fuse, I will belt you.

3. When I am home, you are not. If you slip up and happen to walk in, I'll slip up some rat poison into your beer. Oh yeah — don't touch my beer.

4. Any food bought by you is up for grabs, but if I bought it and find out you so much as sniffed it, I will punish you. Don't fuck with me.

5. We will only TiVo shows I want to watch, so I can keep them on the hard drive for as long as I want. If you want to record a show, you can write a statement of purpose and start a petition requiring no less than 10,000 signatures. Then I will think about it. Maybe

6. I will provide you with access in and out of the dorm room. Your own key will be extraneous and unnecessary. If you want in and I am not home, do not fucking call me. Make shelter.

7. All items mutually purchased by you and I will, at the terminus of the year, be bequeathed to me without argument or struggle. Failure to comply will result in me vigor-

ously shaking you until your brain becomes displaced and you perish. Then I will belt your corpse.

8. If you have to ask, go fuck yourself.

9. No touching any artifact, regardless of possession, inside the confines of the dorm room. Failure to comply will result in full confiscation and burning of all your shit, unless deemed valuable; in which case, I will sell such items on Craigslist and use the money to fund my growing firearm collection.

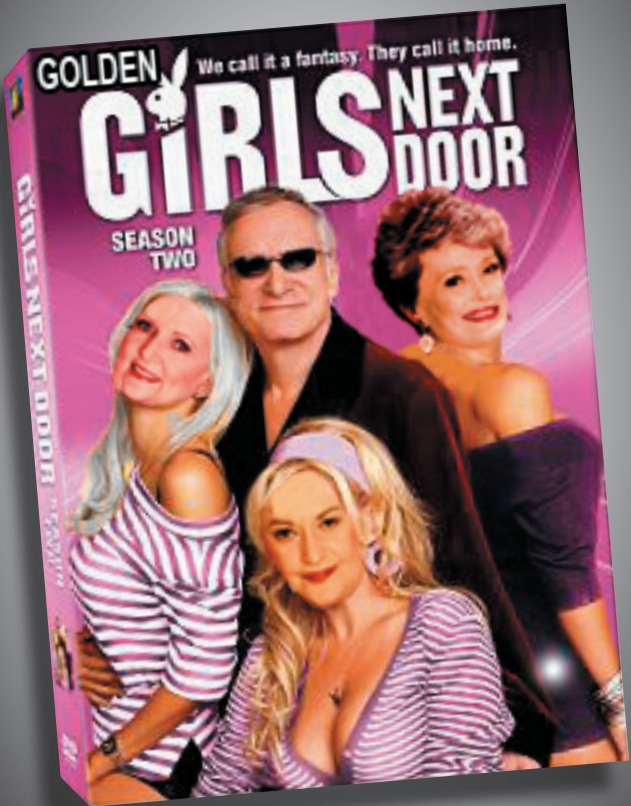
10. Any religiously affiliated activities will be directed, in spirit, towards Me. Praying to Me for guidance and spiritual Nirvana is encouraged.

If you don't like any of my rules, deal with it. I'm not putting up with any more shit this year, especially not from some freshman dipshit who's gonna spend his time vomiting pleas for help with his long distance girlfriend on my spit-shine regality. It's happened before — don't make me endure it again. Can't wait to meet you!



Name: Whole Earth Provisions - Displ; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00028967

Buy or rent the DVD of the critically acclaimed TV series!



GOLDEN GIRLS NEXT DOOR
SEASON TWO

We call it a fantasy. They call it home.

Available in October

This punch is way better, bro

Robert Morris
FRESHMAN RUSHEE

Dude, how can you drink Keystone? It's like piss in a can. You should try this punch it's soooo much better. I don't see how anyone could like beer, it's disgusting. Well actually, Zima is pretty good.

My girlfriend doesn't like beer, either. She says drinking beer makes you look like trailer trash. But seriously though, this punch is really good, and it'll get you shit-faced a lot faster than beer will. I think it's a new mango-kiwi Kool-Aid mixed in with Everclear and vodka. This is gonna get me so wasted.

So what's your name, bro? I'm Robert. What's your last name? I want to add you on Facebook.

Damn, I spilled punch on my new shirt. Yeah, I got this shirt at Urban Outfitters with my girlfriend. I loooooove Urban's! I bought my girlfriend this trendy paisley crop top that pairs great with her Bohemian sun skirt. It's adorable on her. Why isn't she here? Cause she's tired from giving me so much head! High five! Sexy tyyyyme! I like!

Dude! The hottest chick just walked in. The ratio just got a bit better, but this party is still a brodeo. The guys here are total pussies, too.



Aw shiiiiit! My favorite Maroon 5 song is playing! I loooooove Adam Levine. His vocals are so badass. My girlfriend and I really want to see them live. She Will Be Loved is totally our song.

Hey man, I'm gonna get a refill on

punch; you want me to grab you a glass? Are you sure? It's really good. I don't know how you're still drinking Keystone. I guess you're just not as sophisticated as me. I'm like Finch from American Pie, you remember! He drank whiskey with Stifler's mom while everyone else was drinking crappy beer, then he boned her. Except my girlfriend is hotter than Stifler's mom. And we bone. All the time. It's awesome.

Dude, I think that babe was just checking you out. You should go talk to her. Come on dude, don't be a pussy. Me? Why would I need to do that? I'm totally gonna get laid tonight anyways.

Are you even drunk? You don't look drunk at all. This is my third glass of punch and I'm already feeling pretty tipsy. ERRRBODY IN DA CLUB GETTING TIPSY!

Someone needs to get them to play that song. Who's controlling the iPod?

Looks like they're running out of beer, bro, you should get in on this punch. I think it'll last for a while since there aren't many girls at this party.

So, I've noticed 'The Office' is starting to get popular among college students

Mark Webster
ASPIRING TRENDSPOTTER

I like to consider myself a pretty happening dude. I'm hip to all the latest trends. One trend I've had my eye on is the increasing popularity of NBC's *The Office* amongst college students. People have been quoting it like crazy. They just can't stop doing it. They just do it over and over again all night long. That's what she said! (Nailed the joke! LOL!)

Along with the iPod shuffle and Livestrong bracelets, *The Office* is sweeping across college campuses everywhere. It's a trend that will keep growing until just about every college student either watches or knows someone who watches *The Office*. I'd put money down on that. It's gonna replace Chappelle's Show as the funniest show on television. (I'm Rick James, Bitch! ROFL! Never gets old.)



I've only seen the first season so far, but I plan to watch the rest on this awesome Internet Website I found that lets you watch all kinds of TV shows. It's just like YouTube, (which is another Website you should definitely check out if you haven't yet. Just go to <http://www.youtube.com/>. They have lots of crazy videos!) but it has full-length episodes of all the hit shows. It's amazing what you can find on the Internet these days. Once I finish with season three of

Family Guy (LMAO Stewie!), I'm watching every last episode of *The Office*.

The cast of *The Office* is full of loveable and hilarious characters. There's the uptight, nerdy brown-noser, Dwight. He's the Assistant Regional Manager — scratch that — Assistant to the Regional Manager! There's Jim and Pam, the two that everyone wants to be together, but they just can't because Pam is

engaged to a jerk named Roy (BTW, if Pam and Roy end up getting married, Jim should totally crash the wedding — Wedding Crashers style). And of course, there's the boss, Michael Scott, played by Steve Carrell. (You know him as Brick from *Anchorman*.)

The rest of the characters are great too. My favorite is Kevin. It's funny how he's so fat and everyone makes fun of him for it. Same with Phyllis.

But it's not just the characters; everything about *The Office* is brilliant. The "mockumentary" style, the subtle humor, the awkward situations — its pure genius. How did they come up with such a great idea for a show? Only in America, man, only in America. I really love this country.

So what else could you be watching? We all know how sexy and mysterious Zach Braff was in *Garden State*, but no one cares anymore. We don't care who Trump just fired on *The Apprentice*, either. We've all moved on. *The Office* is the next big thing. It's time for everyone to get with the program.

To the mysterious masturbator

Megan Jackson
OFFENDED STAFFER

You didn't expect me to be there did you? The UTC must have seemed the perfect place to express your innermost, feverish desires. But your fatal flaw, good sir, was failing to factor in that there may be a certain student, such as I, who devotes the days before each semester doing practice-runs of her course schedule. Oh yes, that Tuesday I double-knotted my sneakers, hopped on the elevators and stepped into the fourth floor of the University Teaching Center.

I expected a sip of cool water, but instead there was you. You with your mysterious backwards cap, cool graphic tee and exotic red shorts. Astounded I became, when my virgin eyes collided with the seismic vibrations emanating from the couch upon which your pelvis layeth, over and over again.

You just couldn't resist the beckoning of the stained, overstuffed cushions, the darkened crevices and the things hiding there—as evidenced by your rhythmic humping

of them. The artificial lights reflecting off of the floors illuminated your face as you glanced in my direction, and we shared a silent moment of recognition.

Was it the aroma of academia in the air that lifted your love-stick to a firm ninety-degrees? You must have lain ready to explode with knowledge—knowing in only a mere matter of hours school would begin again, and an influx of accounting and statistical analyses would seep through the holes of your aching heart.

The positive growth of stocks paralleled with the beast growing in your pants, and for a second I felt I could relate. I mean when I think balance sheets, I think Reproduction, with a capital 'R'. Writing all of those financial statements—my, you must have muscular wrists, and little to no shame! I only ask that the next time you get all hot and bothered in a public place, you think to yourself: 'is it really a good idea to unleash myself here?' and then if you still feel like the answer is yes, then remember that the answer is no. Always no.



Who's up for some kick-ass waterboarding?

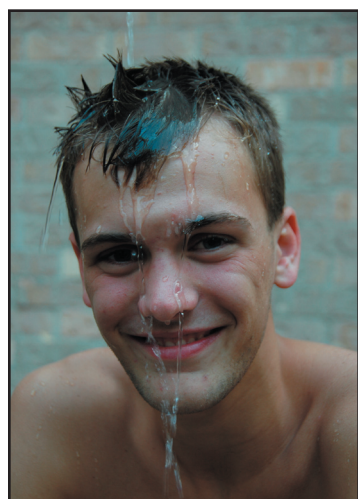
Brad 'B-Rad' Nielsen
WATERBOARDING ENTHUSIAST

I've been hittin' the waves since I was old enough to know that *bikini equals boner*. An old surf pro like me has hit up all the major spots: Corpus, Galveston, South Padre, Port Arthur... the list goes on and on. But after a summer of *pure torture* making copies at my old man's accounting firm for \$12 an hour, I needed something new and exciting. And last week, I found my answer! So it's time to pack up my board, slap on some tanning oil, and check out this *waterboarding* I keep hearing so much about!

Some of the old fossils in the break room at work were talking about how the Bush administration ought to be ashamed that it endorses waterboarding. Being a surfer myself, I perked up at the mention of a new waterboard sport. I asked them where people are doing it, and they told me about some exotic spot called Guantanamo Bay. They kept talking about how dangerous waterboarding is, but I just smiled at their naivete — they don't know what an extreme water sport fan I am.

And to think, I used to believe

that the government was filled with a bunch of squares! Turns out they enjoy waterboarding just like normal people.



I asked some of my amigos about making a trip out to The Bay, and they were all down, except my buddy Jay. He's probably all *tied down* to the ol' ball and chain. Joke's on him, though — nothing will be *tying us down* when we're waterboarding this weekend. *Hell yeah!*

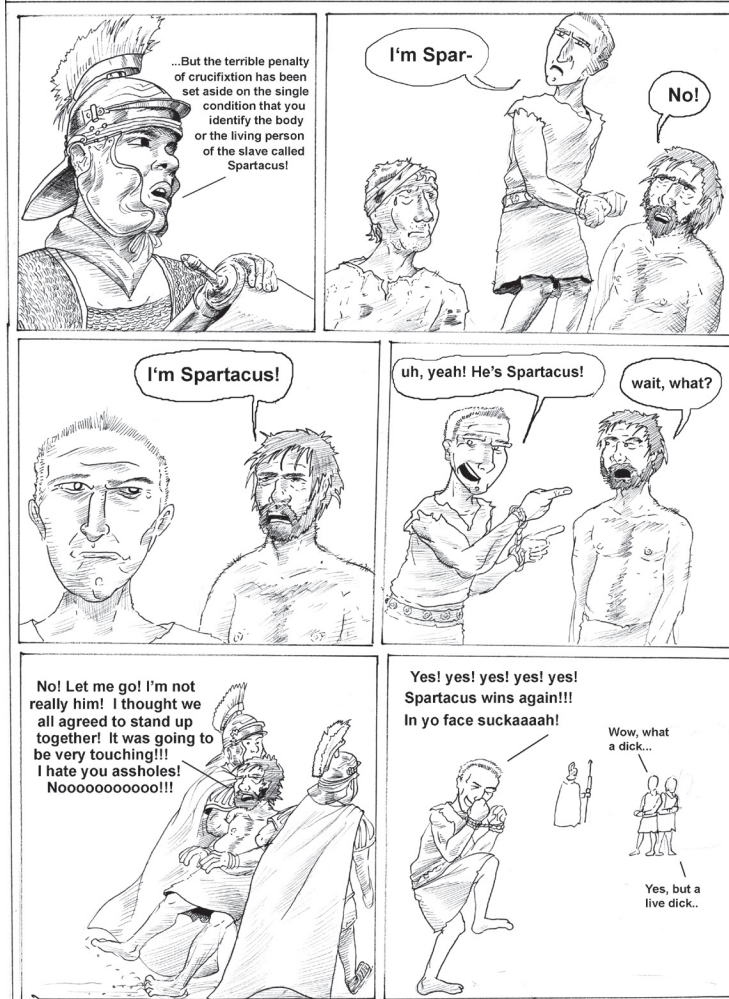
I can't wait to get down to The Bay, livin' the life that most 29-

year-olds only dream of. I think we'll find out about the best waterboarding spots from the locals instead of doing any research ahead of time. Of course, that's assuming we get there early enough. If the plane gets detained, man, I'll never stop whining about it — *nothing is worse than detainment*. As long as I keep reminding myself that I'm almost in Guantanamo Bay, with *cool, refreshing* water pouring over every inch of my body, it'll be easy to forget about everything else. Hell, I'd give up my darkest secrets just for about 14 seconds of sweet, sweet waterboarding.

Cowabunga!

I tell ya, this vacation is going to so rad compared to last summer's snoozefest. Instead of waking up at 9 a.m. to spend six hours at a computer with no Minesweeper or Solitaire, I'll be waterboarding every day. Guantanamo Bay will be *fun-tacular* now that Americans have set up camp! No matter what happens, one thing is for sure — after just one session of waterboarding, we won't be able to take a shower, go swimming or even stand in the rain without getting choked up over memories of waterboarding.

So, who's in?



I'm just like Gabriella from High School Musical

Katie Furman
DELUSIONAL FEMALE



A few weeks ago, I was in my private voice class, and my singing coach told me that I have a voice just like that girl from *High School Musical*, Gabriella Montez. My coach was totally right on. I'm just like Gabriella Montez!

Gosh, even strangers started pointing it out. The other day when I was at the homeless shelter, working off what Daddy calls my "upper middle class guilt complex," when I got another comparison to Gabriella! I was pouring soup when a homeless guy, who reeked of rat pee and steamed cabbage, looked at me with this toothless smile and said I had the most beautiful brown eyes that he'd ever seen.

Too bad his socioeconomic status doesn't afford him the ability to own the TV or pay for the cable necessary to watch *High School Musical*. Then he would have known that Ga-

abriella's eyes are an equally beautiful shade of brown.

I think mine and Gabriella's lives are cosmically intertwined. Just last Tuesday, when I went to my private music lesson, my coach came up behind me, brushed my hair behind my ear and said that he was thinking how we are just like Gabriella and Troy, having to hide every time we met up. As he put his hand on my thigh, he remarked coyly that we make great music together.

Gabriella and I have all of these people that just love us *sooo* much that they'll do anything to get a piece of us.

The other night, I woke up in the middle of a steamy dream about Zac Efron to find my roommate feverishly chopping off some of my hair. But I'm sure she was just trying to trim it up so that I'd look even more like Gabriella. *Aren't roommates just awesome?*

My coach has been making sure that I come everyday so that I can be just as successful as Gabriella. With enough practice I could be the next Gabriella Montez!

After all, my coach says that no one blows him away like I do.

Name: Castilian, The; Width: 58p0; Depth: 10.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-BACK PAGE-4Color; Ad Number: 00027641