Merry Christmas from the family!
Charlize Filbin

but soft! Mine eyes must be whispering unto me the most fantastic of falsehoods, for it could not be thee. O sleeping, drooling FAC girl, the perfect human form beneath a tent of flannel and elastic waistbands. Thine behoald head rests amidst the ruins of your #6 Wendy’s combo, sitting at computer V2

whilst I need to print a paper for philosophy. I would wak thee, but I shall wait instead, for I would sooner fail a thousand philosophy papers, and endure the tempestuous gall of my embittered TA’s than wake the supernal, drooling DeMilo half supine before me. Behold, thine hair adorned in grease and tangled, with spectacles all askew—be still my beating heart! Sleep soft, my salivating seraphim, whilst I go get a Rockstar and some M&M’s. I shall wait seven score for thine eyes to awaken.

It’s time to scrape your “Kinky for Governor” bumper sticker off your ’94 Ford Ranger. Why the hell not?

Hey, UTC bomb threat dude, shit or get off the pot.

People who ride their bikes on the sidewalk are on your left, dude.

Don’t fucking sit next to me, queef. There are five empty rows ahead of you.

Your Ugg is untied.

Nobody admires you for pronouncing ‘gyro’ correctly.

Telling your Latin American Studies professor to “shut up” loudly in the middle of class does not make you the King of Spain... or does it?

The guy playing sushi in the Union is doing unspeakable things to you in his mind.

Students from broken homes will whine about having to stay awake.

The new American Apparel will target emaciated hipsters, people who object to Urban Outfitters’ child labor practices, and Drag customers who just plain like pictures of big ol’ asses.

Snoopy English majors will point out inaccuracies in the ‘Beowulf’ movie, and then graduate and make lots and lots of money.

Hilarious guys in Dobie will punch through the tile walls as asbestos floats through the air, while Dobie girls be chattin’.

People who complain about the holiday season starting earlier every year are probably just too poor to afford Christmas.

Hey, hot girl! Feel free to emasculate me in front to you in his mind.

After multiple indiscretions last weekend, promiscuous girls will realize that bing and purging won’t shrink that gut for the next nine months.

The jasmine maruvada

Sara Shih

Alyssa Peters

Mark Estrada

Best Of Cover

Matt Hutcherson

• YOUR

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Air traveler so pissed off at 9/11 right now

Thejaswi Maruvada
STAFF WRITER

NEW YORK — United Airlines flight 1090 passenger Kayleigh McCormick expressed her displeasure with the events of September 11, 2001, during a recent trip to New York by claiming that extra security measures taken by the Transportation Security Administration to protect Americans from terrorist threats ruined her travel experience.

"I was hoping to have a nice weekend with my Marky-poo," explained McCormick, who was traveling to Manhattan to visit her boyfriend, Mark Weirman. "But noooo — 9/11 had to come along and screw everything up."

McCormick cited numerous inconveniences caused by airport security that led to her irritation towards Sept. 11.

"They wouldn't let me carry on my razor — which I was going to use to shave my legs in the lavatory. My legs were all prickly and gross when my sweetums picked me up after my flight," complained McCormick as she struggled mightily to open her peanut bag because TSA agents confiscated her scissors. "But thanks to dumb old 9/11, we couldn't do that."

"If 9/11 hadn't happened, my snookums could have been waiting for me with hugs and kisses at the gate. We would've been the happiest couple in the whole wide world," said McCormick as she struggled mightily to open her peanut bag because TSA agents confiscated her scissors. "But thanks to dumb old 9/11, we couldn't do that."

McCormick added, "9/11 is like one of the worst things ever."

Rather than seeing her boyfriend upon arriving in New York, McCormick was detained by JFK police officers for questioning because of her actions on the flight. "I really don't understand why I can't walk up to the cockpit with my box-cutters to have an impromptu arts and crafts session with the pilots," complained McCormick as she sat handcuffed to a chair in a cold, damp interrogation room. "I really hope George Bush can win the war on terror so I don't have to go through this again."

Study: Vaginas are gross

Ross Luippold
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. — An exhaustive study meticulously investigated by Harvard University biologists has concluded that the female vagina, long considered a source of mystery and occasional pleasure, is quite disgusting.

"The puzzlement of female genitalia has confounded mankind for generations," wrote Dr. John T. Ashman, who co-authored the report. "Why do men seek it out? Is it simply instinctive to seek out a mate with whom procreation is most enjoyable? More importantly, why the hell would anyone ever want to go near one of those things?"

Added Dr. Ashman: "The most generous thing we can say about the vagina is that it's a mixed blessing."

Harvard scientists had concluded in their 1999 report, "Breasts: Awesome, But Why?" that the female body is a baffling conundrum of biological parts that men can intellectually recognize are nothing more than flesh and tissue, yet somehow possess otherworldly qualities that often induce primitive behavior such as pub fights, abandonment of personal hopes and dreams, and eyeballs protruding out of their sockets when a beautiful woman is present.

However, the new study determined that males' attraction to mammary glands is equally as confusing as their longing to touch a vagina.

"While breasts are at least aesthetically pleasing," Dr. Ashman writes, "the vulva is often omitted from classic artistic works, and there's damn good reason for it. I mean, have you seriously ever seen one of these things? Even well-kept labias look like a premature infant's mouth with a cold sore."

The study, which sampled a random selection of heterosexual men, surveyed how frequently the subjects desired contact with a vagina. Eighty percent of those polled claim to 'strongly desire' vaginal contact frequently; however, the number diminished to 36 percent when actually touching the "dank, clammy orifice," and a solid zero percent after ejaculation. The leading cause of the marked decrease of interest in vaginas was the crude appearance, the foul odor, the unfriendly user interface, and/or a combination of all three.

But not all are in agreement with the controversial report. "Vaginas are sweet," retorted blogger Melvin Schneider from a midtown Manhattan coffee bistro. "Every single time I have sex with a vagina — which I do a lot — I'm thinking the whole time, 'having sex with a vagina is the best thing ever,'" explained Schneider, who has also blogged extensively on Basic Instinct and Georgia O'Keeffe. "I could probably be a gynecologist, because whenever my penis is having sexual intercourse, the woman is always all like, 'Ooh, your sexual skills are unmatched by my other sexual partners! I particularly enjoy the manner in which you stimulate my clitoris and Grafenberg spot!'"

Schneider then asked any "hot ladies" at an adjoining table to check out his Match.com profile.

While some are wary of the report, Ashman feels that the public will come to accept his proposition.

"Maybe women will imitate men's infamous genital hygiene. The penis — now there is a good, clean, model genitalia."
Yoga-enthusiast keeps his cool
Class cancellation, expired soy-based creamer ‘no problem’

Megan Jackson
STAFF WRITER.

AUSTIN — Local yoga aficionado 34-year-old massage therapist Ron Taylor remained cooly calm Monday, despite the cancellation of his morning transcendental yoga class.

"Yoga really helps me start out my day but canceling class is cool — I can just meditate with the floor," said Taylor as he pushed the side of his right foot up his left calf and initiated the Laughing yoga. "Before my yoga management counselor forced me to enroll in yoga classes to central my 'y' off the handle' academics, I was a real Nitzy Nelly. But now I feel as if I can handle any problem my classes at once."

Taylor displayed his usual Zen by practicing meditation disciplines every Sunday. Since taking up yoga, Taylor has gained an affinity for gazing playing, volitionally performing community service, and out of a "thoughtful consideration for natural sights" has become a vegan.

Upon resuming his usual routine, Taylor talked to Whimzville Co-op about possible dehydration disorders.

Small talk with last year's RA uncomfortable

CAMPUS — Engineering sophomore John May awkwardly ran into his former roommate, current resident advisor, and former co-worker, Aisha Volkel, Tuesday afternoon at the West Mall. After an enthusiastic introduction, the conversation quickly devolved into questions of off-campus housing and familiar hallucinations.

Desperately avoiding a seemingly unanswerably painful exchange, the two men respectfully shook hands and parted ways, at which point John was able to go to his classes and a classmate. And that was it.

Geneticist plays God, sudoku

ANAHEIM — Following decades of scrutinizing permutations in his cell biology laboratory, Dr. Archibald Victam finally succeeded in creating a monster-susceptible-solution hybrid Thursday evening. After returning to his computer lab, he succeeded in a challenging task: creating a geneticist.

"They thought I was mad when I suggested it was possible to break the bounds of the genome, finding together, said then-Archibald, having long since been replaced by Archibald Anex. But today he realized he had created a monster.

Victam plans to teach his creation the Japanese puzzle game, just after he introduces it to concepts of free will and mortality. Concomitant with his master's accomplishments, however, the co-creator cautions, "I think, therefore I mister."
reconsidering the relationship since 1997

The conscious mind may be compared to a fountain playing in the sun and falling back into the great subterranean pool of subconscious from which it rises—namely, filate-able, uh, inflatable backyard fun.

I wish I could fly!

UNINHIBITED? WHY NOT HIBITED?
Everyone out to get local paranoiac

SAN ANTONIO, TX — Paranoid conspiracy theorist and unemployed claims adjuster Herbert Norton confirmed Monday that "everyone is out to get [him]."

Norton has experienced increasingly far-fetched delusions since being laid off in August, but recently stated he has evidence to support his claims.

"When I first told my doctor about how the stoplights on the I-10 access road are timed to keep me from getting anywhere on time or how Bexar County is hiring Mexicans to cut in line at Wendy's, he said I was crazy," recalled Norton over the phone from an undisclosed location. "However, after I showed him the acrostic in the April '07 issue of Redbook that were actually secret orders to put sugar in my gas tank, he changed his tune."

Norton's alleged persecutors also include the Chinese government and the Hewlett-Packard Corporation.

"I always have to keep moving," said an out-of-breath Norton. "But it's been difficult to change locations ever since the cashier from Tasty Wok started cutting my brake lines — oh no, I've said too much."

Norton, concerned about the spiders in his brain.

NEWLY ORDAINED PRIEST OBVIOUSLY AD-LIBBING

CHICAGO — Newly appointed pastor at St. Anne Catholic Church Father Gregory Hyatt was caught veering from Scripture during last Sunday's 10:30 a.m. mass.

"He even messed up the Nicene Creed," complained congregation member Kathy Jacobs. "His version went something like, 'We believe in one God, the Creator of all — uh, stuff — and ... Jesus! And Jesus, as we all know, is — uh, the best. And what's the deal with Satan? I mean, like anyone could beat God! Satan ... here he comes. So watch out, children, he'll chew you up. He's a man eater. Oh, and Jesus will come again to judge the living dead, and His kingdom will have no end. Amen.'"

Father Hyatt also omitted blessing the Body and Blood of Christ before the Eucharist was dispersed, forcing all Catholics in attendance to ingest untransubstantiated bread and wine, effectively banning all present from Heaven.

...Norton, concerned about the spiders in his brain. Photo/Travesty

Narcissistic man masturbates to himself

FAR WEST — Economics junior David Winfield discovered his roommate Matt Brening masturbating to pictures of himself Thursday evening.

"When I walked through the front door I saw Matt hunched over the couch, gently thrusting toward a picture of himself wearing a Halloween gladiator costume."

In a hurried effort to shield his eyes, Winfield reportedly knocked over a box of tissues and a collection of photographs depicting post-workout Brening, Brening standing in front of the Eiffel Tower, and Brening waiting patiently in line for Sylvester Stallone's autograph.

Unfortunately, Winfield is not the only one who has observed his roommate's self-centered behavior. Brening's girlfriend, Cassie Buer, has determined his narcissistic nature creates problems in their relationship.

"Normally when I sleep with him, he yells his own name while climaxing," complained Buer. "One night I walked out after he grabbed a photo of himself and feverishly attempted to tape it to my face."

Brening was unavailable for comment due to a tenacious need to remove the "extraneous" members of his immediate family from last year's holiday card.

...Brening, waiting patiently in line for Sylvester Stallone's autograph. Photo/Travesty

Ladies, The Travesty Staff wants to show you a good time!

Just pick up an application at the CMC desk or visit texastravesty.com (guys are ok too)
Dear Santa,

Just as I don't believe in an omnipresent "God," I realize you probably don't exist. I find it hard to believe that you are able to travel to billions of homes within one night using simply a sleigh pulled by flying reindeer. But hey, your existence is more likely than a magic being in the sky. So I am writing you on the off chance you can get me a Spectrophotometer so I can check the absorbance spectrum of my peptides. My last UV-Vis was not accurate enough to validate my numerous conjectures and hypotheses that would throw the religious zealots into an existential crisis.

Sincerely,

Dear Santa,

Now I know that we've been friends for a long time, and roommates for even longer, but this is just getting retarded. Every year I see more of your face plastered on plastic inflatable decorations while my votive candles stay on the shelf. That's messed up, and we both know it. Remember that you're not the only omnipotent being around, and I was here first, you eggnog-guzzling slavemaster. Plus, those tacky lights you put up are hell on the electric bill, which I'm still waiting to be reimbursed for.

Clean up the act,

Jesus

P.S. Merry Christmas

Dear Santa,

Hey Santa-boo, let me cut to the chase. I'm not going to lie, I have been a naughty girl this year and all I want for Christmas is you, a big, very, sexy man. I can hardly wait for you to slide down my chimney and check my list twice. We can forgo the milk and cookies because I have a warm treat that I think you might like better. Mmmmm. I promise I won't tell Mrs. Claus if you don't. And while you're here, if I could also get a new bedroom so I can send you some hot videos your way, that would rock really hard.

Muth baby,

Candice Harding

P.S. Could you make me not pregnant?

Dear Santa,

I'm so ugly. And fat too. Every day, I have to look over at San Jacinto with its “Ooo I'm so new and pretty! All the boy dorms wanna have sex with me!” attitude, while the stadium is getting remodeled, AGAIN. Gregory has the new pool, Dobie is looking at me from down the road with its stupid glass and freshly-painted scaffolding, but I'm just a big brown blob. I'm this fucking close to developing an eating disorder. I've been here since 1969 for God's sake — how about some renovation? Can I get a pool on the roof, or at least some bigger windows? The rise in tuition each semester should easily cover it, and after years of being filled with a bunch of ungrateful freshman bastards who like to throw up in my hallways and clog my shower drains with pubic hair, it's about time I got something. I deserve it.

Sincerely,

Jester

CONGRATULATIONS! You have been pre-approved for our low interest credit card! All you have to do is fill out the enclosed form and two page questionnaire and you're on your way to financial freedom and great rewards! Have you ever wanted to travel around the world? Well, Mr. Claus, now you can! With every dollar you spend you will accumulate more and more miles. Don't delay! Start saving

Dear Resident of North Pole,

Jeopardy! to kill someone off for fall sweeps

BURBANK — Producers of the popular syndicated quiz show Jeopardy! have announced that they will attempt to boost the show's Nielsen ratings by promoting the untimely death of an unknown contestant or crew member.

Jeff Blake, Vice Chairman of Sony Pictures Entertainment, announced in a press conference, "The current writer's strike means that programs like Jeopardy! are more popular than ever, and we plan on shaking things up a bit. Will audiences hear announcer Johnny Gilbert give death threats in the form of a question? Or will a member of the Clue Crew endure a horrible accident while trespassing on ancient Babylonian burial grounds?"

Blake declined to comment whether host Alex Trebek himself could be the victim, but noted that the show is still recovering from "the mustache debacle," and hinted that one to three more exclamation points may be added to the show's title to bring in the "24 demographic."
JUNE CLEAVER GIVES DATING ADVICE!

Dear June,
My boyfriend thinks it would be really hot if we had a threesome, but I’m a little bit scared — it’s my first time. What are your thoughts?
Sincerely,
Nervous in Nevada

Dear Nervous,
A threesome? Why, I always encourage my boys to invite over another playmate so that they can have a threesome on sunny afternoons. When Beaver, Wally, and Eddie Haskell have a threesome, those boys won’t stop until 9 pm or so! As my husband says, the more the merrier! Greet your new friend with a smile and express sincerity in your desire to please your boyfriend, and you’ll be walking down the aisle and filled up with his babies in no time.

Dear June,
I love this question! Trying out different furniture arrangements is always a good idea, but if your husband doesn’t like what you’ve done, change it back immediately! Men work so hard all day and deserve comfort in their home. Don’t push your beds together, though. A woman has to know her place, especially in the bedroom, and you don’t want to be a hussy. Just remember these tips, and you’ll be walking down the aisle and filled up with his babies in no time.

Dear June,
I have feelings for my best friend’s mom. It seems kinda wrong, but I can’t stop thinking about her. What should I do?
Thanks,
Crushing in Cranston

Dear Crushing,
Aww, it’s wonderful that you have such a deep appreciation for motherhood. You must be a fine young man. I think you should go straight over to this mother’s house immediately and show her exactly how you feel, but make sure to show the same affection to your own mother as well. Perhaps you can have a “threesome” with them just like Playful in Pasadena. When a girl finds out the respect you display your elders, she’ll be walking down the aisle and filled up with your babies in no time.

Dear June,
 My boyfriend and I have been experimenting in the bedroom. What can we do to take it to the next level? Thank you,
Playful in Pasadena

ASHLEY OLSSEN FILLS IN FORCRYING TWIN SISTER ON SET OF WEEDS

HOLLYWOOD — Ashley Olsen was forced to replace her twin sister, Mary-Kate, on the set of the Showtime series Weeds when Mary-Kate began sobbing uncontrollably because she “made a doodie in her underpants.”

Director Christopher Misiano claims that Mary-Kate, who plays the role of Tara, incessantly “gets pouty” when she is around a large group of people or when her mother is out of sight.

We like to have Ashley on the sidelines in case Mary-Kate throws one of her tantrums,” explained Misiano as he gently patted Ashley on the head. “Ashley is so much more well-behaved than Mary-Kate. She’s such a good girl, isn’t she? Who’s a good girl? Who’s a good girl?”

When Ashley is unavailable, Misiano manages by entertaining Mary-Kate with a game of peek-a-boo or impressions of her favorite cartoon characters.

CLASS NOTES E-MAIL MADLIB!

To: _______________________
Subject: Class Notes E-Mail Madlib!

Dear __________ of __________,
I just wanted to check and see if anyone could email me the notes from _____________. Considering I’ve been out with _____________. See what happened was, I was on a mission trip to _____________. To spread the good word of _____________. And a(n) _____________ stricken with _____________. So then the local medicine man treated me with a _____________. But it turns out I’m still dying.

Even if it kills me, I want to learn everything there is to know about _____________. Because as much as I really ________ all of you guys, I love _____________. Soo much more!

This would really help me out, even though I probably won’t even be alive in _____________.

Anyway. And just so you know, I have an _____________ in the class, so you can count on me to give you the notes from any days that you miss because of your _____________, or _____________. And who knows, maybe we could pretend to be a(n) _____________ with all of my _____________.

Sincerely,

_________ ________

Type of _____________

Class Notes E-Mail Madlib!
Until film and television producers reach a settlement with Hollywood's top scribes, the Writers Guild of America has ceased producing new work to protest the lack of reimbursement for DVD and Internet revenue. We collected some documents circulating amongst top media insiders that give some perspective on how the entertainment industry is responding to the strike.

Are writers really necessary?

Without professional writers to create scripts for the season's hottest shows, many programs are forced to continue production with stories written by non-union writers. Here are summaries of upcoming episodes of some of America's favorite shows.

CSI

By Hollywood Producers

The team investigates a TV writer/murderer/child pornographer whose reign of terror has reached all corners of the country. He burns down a Wal-Mart, a proud sponsor of CBS, and when consumers are forced to shop at other retailers without the low, low prices of Wal-Mart, a national outrage against the dastardly criminal sparks. Although he remains at large from the law, the writer accidentally leaves behind evidence: a typewriter with an unfinished screenplay intact. When the DNA samples are first examined, the investigators are led to the Church of Satan, where the writer spends most of his time sacrificing the blood of the innocent. But the High Priests redirect the team to the writer's parents' basement, where he sleeps. After capturing him, the team celebrates with a night full of country clubbing, donating to the Giuliani campaign, and compulsive yacht purchases.

Ugly Betty

By Bertha McCormick, ABC Cafeteria Lady

Betty decides that the glamorous world of fashion isn't for her, and follows her true passion: the rewarding vocation of mass-serving the culinary needs of Luby's patrons. Suddenly, Betty is the most stunning female ever to enter the profession. She quickly rises through the ranks of cafeteria workers, and when her old nemesis Wilhelmina Slater, comes to work at the same Luby's, their rivalry is rekindled! But when Wilhelmina fails to serve the correct portions of Salisbury Steak and creamed corn, Betty takes advantage of Wilhelmina's moment of weakness and shows off her hairnet management skills. She finally sweeps the Lunchies, the most prestigious award for lunch ladies.

The Office

By Online Fan Fiction Authors

After finally canoodling with Pam, Jim cannot hide his secret any longer—that he is actually the Mighty Xartron, a Sector Five Warlord of the Zarp Empire. While Pam is at first shocked, she agrees to return to his home planet, where she will be his queen. But Mulder and Scully have other plans for the happy couple. In an X-Files crossover, the FBI Special Agents visit Scranton to stop Jim, but Scully is turned to a quivering mess when she first sets sight on Jim's rock-hard abs and pert lips. It has been so long since she has been with a man... so long since she has felt the warmth of a stalwart body to extinguish the fiery desires that burn within her soul. Back at the office, Dwight is awarded the Presidential Medal of Valor, and Kevin becomes the new drummer for They Might Be Giants.
Scrubs Redubbed
Because of the writer's strike, one of NBC's most popular shows, Scrubs, is in jeopardy of not completing its final season. To cope, the producers are searching for non-union writers to finish the show. Here is the template used by the original writers for Scrubs.

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**J.D. (VOICEOVER)**
[General expositional narration about insecurities in relationships, professional career, etc.]

J.D. enters Sacred Heart Hospital, and performs action that is both GOOFY and BOYISHLY CHARMING.

**J.D. (CONT'D)**
Hey Turk!
[Comedic banter about quirky ELEMENT to their friendship]

**TURK**
[Agreement. Speaks in tone of black guy who was raised in WHITE NEIGHBORHOOD but attempting to act black.]

J.D. HAZILY looks to sky. Flashback to previous occurrence that demonstrates said quirky ELEMENT.

**TURK (CONT'D)**
[Comment that draws IRE of CARLA]

**CARLA**
[IRE]

**TURK**
[Apology]

**CARLA**
[Continued IRE]

**DR. COX**
[Sarcastic, cynically condescending RANT about J.D.'s lack of masculinity and professional competence, concluding with sincere fatherly tone]

**CUTAWAY** to alternate reality where something OUTLANDISH and ZANY occurs.

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**ELLIOOT**
[Problem that is seemingly unique, but relates to troubles of at least two other characters.]

**J.D.**
[Reference to previous/current romantic relationship]

**JANITOR/TED/THE TODD/OTHER MINOR CHARACTER**
[Does something secondary and unimportant]

**ANYONE**
[Medical reference to remind viewers of hospital setting]

**SOBERING EVENT** occurs. Cue minor chord arpeggio on acoustic guitar.

**J.D. (VOICEOVER)**
Seeing [event] made me think about [common twentysomething problem. Relates problem to other character's current dilemmas in sprawling, profound montage with background indie music, perhaps by The Fray].

**TURK**
[Resolves dispute with CARLA]

**CARLA**
[Ends IRE. Kiss, or something like that.]

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**THURS 12/6 7:00p NBC**
“30 Rock.” All new episode. What’s the difference between star/writer Tina Fey, currently on strike, and some Brunette wearing glasses? Nothing! 30 minutes.
Grandma, your green bean casserole tastes like shit

Kevin Hodge
GRANDSON

Boy, it's that time of year again, Grandma! I just love driving 18 hours non-stop to Ohio with my anxiety-prone mother and shell of a father for another wonderful Thanksgiving meal. And by love, I mean despise, and by wonderful I mean fucking shitty. Every year it's the same damn thing. I knock on your door and you merrily greet me with a thick cloud of smoke from your shriveled Virginia Slim into my eyes. After repeatedly burning me with your cigarette as we rock back-and-forth in an uncomfortable embrace, you usually comment on how much weight I've gained, how I never call you every hour-on-the-hour, or how many "Coloreds" have moved in your neighborhood lately. Despite how offensive I find your hygiene and attitude towards minorities, I'm more disgusted by your Thanksgiving cooking.

You ruin a supposedly unruinable holiday merely by setting foot in the kitchen. Every year you're responsible for countless grease fires, cutting board mishaps and Thanksgiving turkeys so mistreated, they could have been in Michael Vick's backyard. Not to mention your green bean casserole — I had no idea kidney ash qualified as ingredients.

Most American families have lovely grandmothers who dotingly prepare the most wonderful feast every Turkey Day. There's a juicy, succulent bird, moist and flaky cornbread, and stuffing that's to die for. You may even get a piping hot pumpkin pie afterwards, if you're lucky. Then you venture outdoors into the crisp, autumn air and toss the ol' pigskin around with your brothers and uncles. But my brothers are dead — to me.

Before I observed you baking your "special recipe" last year, I didn't realize molded Luby's dinner rolls and cat litter constituted cornbread. With every bite I felt several years of life being drained from my soul. I would refuse to eat, but an absence of food in my mouth would mean I'm forced to converse with you about Cracklin' Oat Bran coupon-clippings.

Grandma, I'm not the only family member who feels this way. Mom and Dad choke down your gruel and tell you it's superb with a shit-eating grin. Aunt Lydia secretly takes her plate to the dog, which upon seeing it gets excited as if he spotted a turd. Uncle Lance has ceded to scraping his portion onto my plate in plain-sight of your withered body. But I've had enough half-frozen sweet potatoes with powdered gravy, thank you. From now on, I'm going to tell you just how shitty your cooking is. Bon apetite, bitch!

Jared Pierce
SMARTER THAN YOU

Are you serious? Did you really just ask that question? Um… DUH! Of course they're serving chicken fried steak at JCL today. You're a freakin' idiot for asking that question.

Hellooooo! Earth to Carlos! Is anybody in there? Are you high right now? Did your mom drop you on your head when you were a baby or something?

In case your stupid brain forgot, let me remind you how this works. We go down to JCL. We take a look around at our options. We go by Pecan Street Chicken, and say, "Hmm… I'm not in the mood for chicken today." We go down to Healthy Choice, but nothing looks too appetizing. Then we go over to Country Fixin's, and voila! There's some delicious chicken fried steak just waiting to be eaten. It's like that every day, Carlos.

Every goddamn day.

"My name is Carlos. I say stupid things all the time because I'm a retard. I think that JCL doesn't serve chicken fried steak sometimes. Blah blah blah a-durr durrrrr. That's what you sound like.

Sometimes I wonder how you have any other friends. Oh, no DOYYY! You don't have any other friends. I'm all you've got. You're lucky I've been nice enough to hang out with you since we got out of high school. Without me your life would suck way more than it already does.

"WAAAAAH, I don't have any friends because I have horrible acne. I've never kissed a girl in my entire life because I smell like ass most of the time. I spend all my time on the phone with my ugly-ass mom who has hemorrhoids. WAAAAAH.

Quit crying, bitch.

Next time you want to ask a stupid question, think about how dumb you're about to sound. I really hate you sometimes. Let's go eat, buddy.
Sam Schwartzkoff
40 ACRES BUS DRIVER

I have the best job in the world. Because everyday I get to wallow in the failures of everything I’ve done. As I stare into the faces of you college students high on the marijuana while your Converse sneakers step onto my bus, I feel you stomping on my soul. I would have loved to attend college, and I would have been better at it than you.

Back when I had my whole life ahead of me, I was a genius in high school, with a 3.0 GPA and an esteemed position as treasurer of the Key Club. Even though I was a shoo-in to attend ITT Tech and DeVry University, once I found out that I could make a whopping 25 grand a year as a full-time bus driver, I said sayonara, escuela!

And here I am, 40 years later — a unionized bus driver. And no, I can’t “hook you up” with a free bus pass.

Every morning I wake up and stare at my closet full of regulation uniforms, and I die a little inside. It reminds me that I have to face all you fancy college students wearing the season’s hottest new fashions, providing more ammunition to snicker behind my back — which I know you do.

But it doesn’t bother me. I guess one perk of decades in public transportation is the immunity to human emotion I’ve developed.

How I envy you — you’re still operating under the guise that life has meaning. Look at you, running at me, flailing your arms with no regard as to how stupid you look, hoping I’ll stop everything and pick you up. I think now is a good time to teach you: We don’t always get what we want, now do we?

Also, whenever I pull the lever and slam the door in your face, I can’t help but crack a smile.

What’s that, it’s a little bit too hot in the bus? Poor baby. I’m sorry, let me adjust the temperature so that you, for 30 seconds, can be happy. I remember when I thought the world revolved around me. That was back when I didn’t spend nine hours a day sitting in this uncomfortable chair for hours on end listening to conversations about how drunk you were this weekend — no, let me make you more comfortable.

Fuck you, with your “thank yous” as you depart my motorized fortress — I know I mean nothing to you. Really, you think I can’t tell false gratitude? Think you can hide your pride that you had a “family” who taught you “manners?” Well you can’t. Plus, I’m 15 minutes late to my next stop. Too bad — I guess they’ll just have to wait.
around campus

The way girls run acting lady-y think the whole University was on a synchronized paddle.

Thousands of freshmen males will not get laid as much as they had envisioned and discussed with their high school friends in the back of a pickup.
The UT Shaggy Beavers will meet on the third floor of the Union to embark on a pleasant voyage to Disneyworld on two still seals client pushed together.

Attentive Radicals Guys who wear too much cologne are shown for real nowadays.

KVUE News will be on the South Mall next Thursday to film an exposé on the fact that the George Washington statue is still there and is still a great statue.

Engineering students will feel around campus, giggling because they know what “Alumni” is.

Meanwhile, non-engineering students will giggle because they know what “ass” is.

The spontaneous combustion of a makeshift apparatus does not bode well for his future ability to handle stress.

Eliot will never make the boy that they’re asking for the wrong kind of change.

William Power’s joy, Big V.: stop you spontaneously through a parked gold-digging monument.

The holidays may be over, but seasonal depression is still the gift that keeps on giving.

We got it, you’re losing even.

Half students who are starting to go bald lose, better expenses in as much as they can earn.

The name of girls wearing giant sunglasses will help you understand the weight of their own dimensions.

Established “senior” people make in uneducated barbecues comments made by the repeatedly has funny to groups comments.

Straight, unchristened, Nietzsche-reading olddogs will congregate at Berkeley to discuss when to hide for the duration of summer until the sun shines on hogs.

A guy purchasing a pastal pole, short black shorts and a 40s for the time time will make you squirm it is to be an asshole.

Students presenting Taco Bell for because rights should instead be presenting for the right to buy a tax that doesn’t taste the annulled lot leads to a continued yell.

An unchristened group of convocation in Chalva will make you feel culturally broadened somehow.

Someone will complain to you about their hairy weeks; you’ll complain about years, and the two of you will walk away sporting bared toes at the symphony of the exchange.

Those on the West Mall who are cutting-edge will people-watch the people-watchers.

Romans of “senior citizen” hell down to one lazy guy who constantly asks for hugs.

People in rags will staff at the beginning of the underside of E-Boy tantrums.

Overweight starving students will continue to like enough for the kick of you.

Seniors at a Lido napkin table will use the word “squares” condemning anyone who might have forgotten that they are indeed on a college campus.

Student Government will pass a resolution you may consider to begin possible talks to consider considering.

Guys who wear basketball shoes to class are disappointed every time a pick-up group fails to materialize on their walk home to West Campus.

Involved students who use cool words for no good reason will fake it: oh shit, fuckin’ dude, I check fuckin’ lawn, like makes a novel or some shit. It is expected to be finished up.

Study Breaks magazine manages to confuse a majority of students by finding even more stories about boos, beads and blue-jeans.

All the AMAZING people who worked on staff at The Travesty between 1997-2007
reconsidering the relationship since 1997

Let's race for the cure for shin splints.

Good Samaritans correct atrocious lack of paint on MLK statue

CAMPUS — Two Good Samaritans corrected the appalling lack of spray paint that has marred the bronze statue of Martin Luther King Jr. on the East Mall since its unveiling, said campus authorities. In a secret act of generosity on August 15, the noble altruists were caught by security cameras rectifying the unsightly lack of paint stains. "For seven years, that statue has represented this institution's long-standing commitment to inclusiveness," said UT President Larry Faulkner. "But can we really call ourselves inclusive if we don't include the contributions of these two well-adjusted self-starters, who toiled bravely in the twilight hours to improve the artistic merit of that monument — leaving no signature and seizing no glory?" The UT System is currently discussing a referendum to build a statue memorializing the unknown Good Samaritans.

Student's trip to Europe identical to friend's trip

DALLAS — Friends Jason Tremble and Tyler Paige found striking similarities in their recent trips to Europe over dinner at Bennigan's last week. Despite going at different times, the two friends experienced nearly identical itineraries, once-in-a-lifetime experiences, and self-actualizations. While Paige and Tremble featured different pictures on their respective OPhoto albums, both included snapshots from the Sound of Music tour as well as the Eiffel Tower. Tremble, who missed his train in London, was amused when Paige admitted to missing his train in Sevilla. "Who does that happen to? I thought I was the only one, but I get home and find out Tyler here is just as big of an idiot as I am!" said Tremble. Hookers, weed, and dirty clothes were also found to be shared experiences between the two friends.
Perot briefly considers '04 campaign before returning to steak

DALLAS, TX — Billionaire businessman and part-time politician H. Ross Perot briefly entertained the thought of running for President again in 2004 as he paused momentarily between chews during dinner last week.

He vacillated while taking a sip of water, considering the fact that he would easily have more than enough money to finance a third campaign without doing much fundraising.

Mulling over the hassle of making all those line graphs yet again while he savored his mouthful of premium short loin steak, Mr. Perot reached reflectively for a saltshaker. He then swallowed, resolving to stay out of the race this time around, and sliced into his Porterhouse once again.

Suicide note dry-erased

CAMPUS — An anguished farewell was wiped clean from RA Jessica Pena’s door-mounted marker board early Sunday morning before anyone had a chance to read it.

The alleged eraser, Misty Clarkson, 19, was returning home intoxicated when she spotted the board and decided it would be a good opportunity to showcase her inebriated wit.

Not noticing the grim message left by her suicidal hallmate, Clarkson supplanted the painful goodbye with a string of misspelled swear words and an invalid phone number. Charges of negligence will not be filed as the student’s self-destructive plans were thwarted by an uplifting “ur the grat-est” comment on her weblog.

Bush declares war on atmosphere

KEY LARGO, FL — Less than 48 hours after a series of hurricanes laced siege to the Florida coast, killing dozens and leaving millions without power, President George Bush today held a news conference announcing his plan to declare war on the atmosphere and “put an end to meteorological terrorism.”

Bush decried the attacks and vowed to punish those responsible. “Our freedoms and liberty make us a target of hatred and bitter envy the world over. Because of this, we cannot predict when or by whom at-tacks on our soil will be perpetrated,” Bush said. “We are currently in the process of bringing to justice the terrorist killers responsible for the carnage in Florida.”

Secretary of State Colin Powell, in a special presentation to the U.N. Security Council this afternoon, cited a junior high natural science textbook to implicate the atmosphere as the terrorist entity responsible for the hurricanes. “According to both Mr. Houghton and Mr. Mifflin,” Powell explained, “the troposphere is the atmospheric layer in which weather is formed.” Powell concluded by saying he would not rule out the possible collaboration between the troposphere, al-Qaeda and Saddam Hussein.
Mary Kate & Ashley Get High and Play Grand Theft Auto
The girls have a smokin’ good time when they pick up some sticky icky from Vincent, the dreamiest dank dealer in town! But when he pops in GTA: San Andreas, the girls put down the unicorn one-hitter and pick up their controllers. Too high to drive back to their matching palatial estates, the adorable duo learn how to steal cars that aren’t as cool as their Audi A8s.

Mary Kate & Ashley Do Some Fucked Up Shit to a Hobo
Mary Kate and Ashley don’t give a fuck who you are. They’ll fuck you up without thinking twice, bitch. Do you want to test their mettle, motherfucker? They’ll take a cinder block to your pinche face. Oh, so you’re poor, huh? Your only home is the sawdust-filled car of a freight train? You’ll be begging for more than change when they’re working you over with a washboard and sizzling jumper cables.

Mary Kate & Ashley Awaken Mothra Through Song
When the egg of Mothra washes up on shore, it’s up to two singing faeries to retrieve it before Godzilla burns it to a crisp! Unfortunately, the faeries are picked off by a spree killer, leaving Mary Kate and Ashley to take their place! Can their familiarity with Lost in Translation help them adapt to weird-ass Japanese culture? Will a boom mic the length of four Buicks mysteriously appear in the upper left-hand corner of the shot during a climactic battle? The answer to that last one is: probably!

Mary Kate & Ashley Interview Jodie Sweetin for the Housekeeping Job
In the midst of a playful cocaine fight in the kitchen, Mary Kate and Ashley hear a feeble knock on the front door. Whoever could it be? Why, it’s buck-toothed Stephanie from Full House, and boy has she seen better days. Their hearts aching over her extensive facial scarring and inexplicable tendency to say everything three times, the twins pour her a bowl of milk and pity-hire her as their housekeeper! First task: grab a straw and clean the kitchen. How rude!

Name: Verizon Wireless C/O Zenith Me; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00028813
Some say love is the joining of two souls; if so, then it truly is a beautiful thing. But when such merging creates a four-legged, two-headed abomination that saps the charm out of every conversation and pets itself — heavily — in public, then love takes a horrific turn. Not that hanging out with this symbiotic couple isn’t entertaining: If one strays from the other for any longer than five minutes, they turn on each other like lab rats driven mad by the cage that is their relationship.

The Inseperable Couple

The Assertive Feminist & Pussy-Whipped Bitch

You may scoff, but this breed of boyfriend really does care about womyn’s rights. No, seriously, he does. And don’t get him started on the rhetorical slavery known as gender-related pronouns. He even appreciates the Vagina Monologues, finding it a “brave, brazen declaration of female empowerment.” On a completely unrelated note, he also loves the steamy nights of ass-slapping, marathon sex that he has with his feminist girlfriend.

The "We Can Fit into Each Other's Clothes!" Couple

Living together will make life so much easier since they’ll be able to share one closet. Let’s hope for the both of them he never leaves it.

The "Yellers" (a.k.a. "Greek Tragedians")

What’s life without conflict? Boring as shit, that’s what. Aware of this, the Greek Tragedians cram their lives with outrage, betrayal, scandal and other words you find on the backs of video rental boxes. These are people who manage to offend each other during makeup sex. For them, all of existence is dire. Everything is intense. Words must be italicized. Besides, if they weren’t screaming all the time, they might actually have to get to know each other — and who would want that?

The Physically Disproportionate Couple (King Kong Syndrome)

He’s the lumbering giant who treads carefully among us; she’s the wee spitfire who resents being asked where her mommy is. Society may have its rude questions (e.g., “Is that his little sister or his kidnapping victim?”), but this pairing finds comfort in the fact that, were they ever to be averaged, the result would equal one normal person.

The Couple Whose Cliques Are at War

And you thought Romeo and Juliet had problems. Try being the star football player with a secret love for the president of the Math Honors Society. He has problems tackling this dilemma as she tries to calculate how to make it work. With so many parabolems, he thinks about running back to the head cheerleader. Will Euclid’s arrow penetrate his defense or is this an equation for disaster?

The "Half-Committed Promise Ring" Couple

He’s a devout Mormon waiting for marriage and she’s a devout tramp waiting for oral. Broken promises, broken hearts, broken hymens — something’s gotta give!

The "I think I Can Change You" Couple

Nothing screams love like when one person imposes their will on another, using manipulation to change their mate at their very core. Matt’s not cold and borderline-abusive; instead, his death-stare belies hidden passion that is sure to surface after some one-sided cuddling! Suzie’s not an abrasive bitch; she just needs a gentle touch to erase her current personality and replace it with a new, non-bitchy one! Granted, when this kind of stuff occurs between social groups, it’s called cultural genocide. But, between two people, it’s another matter entirely — it’s amore!
Who do I have to vomit blood on for some aid relief?

Aini Ismael Abdullah

DARFUR REFUGEE

In Arabic, my name means "source" or "water spring." My father gave it to me because, when I was born, I cried nonstop for hours. Later on, my name came to mark me as a source of joy in his life. Today, as I sit here mourning my dead family in a sweltering refugee camp on the Chad-Sudan border, I'm a source of something else entirely: a stream of blood that glogs from out my mouth. Tell me — who do I have to vomit blood on to get some goddamn aid relief around here?

No, seriously. I really, really fucking need some aid relief. I don't know if you can tell from the geyser that keeps spurting from my fly-caked lips, or from the fact that I keep moaning, "Please, Allah, deliver me relief," but I really do need some help over here. Do I have to spell it out for you on the desert sand with my blood? I probably can, too; there certainly seems to be no stopping this hemorrhaging ulcer I've had since my family was slaughtered by a government-backed Arab militia.

Which brings up another thing: maybe I'm just being needy, but I really could have used a hand when my village was getting destroyed by the Janjaweed jet fighters sent to exterminate every black-skinned person in Darfur. And — again, let me know if I'm being presumptuous — you could have spoken up when they were lodging shrapnel into the bodies of my children, raping my sisters and me and reducing my village to debris and charred human flesh.

Did it look like we were doing just fine on our own? I'm sorry, that's probably my fault. Sometimes, when I'm screaming for my life and clawing at my eyes so as not to see my youngest-born rent to pieces by genocidal machetes, I fail to enunciate properly.

What little food we receive at the camp — most of which is sent from neighboring countries rather than from the West — has become indigestible to our declining bodies. And the medical supplies don't suit our needs, either. My pink-eye seems to spread no matter how many antidiarrheal drugs I take, and the asthma inhalers do nothing to close the open sores on my back. Hey, at least Libya is trying.

Maybe I'm being unfair. The aid workers tell me that the U.S. has given more than $250 million in aid to me and the 500,000 of my people who have made the long march from central Darfur to East Chad. As I sit here, starving for a basic corn meal, afraid to gather Strawberries. And the medical supplies don't seem to spread no matter how indigestible to our declining bodies. And the medical supplies don't suit our needs, either. My pink-eye seems to spread no matter how many antidiarrheal drugs I take, and the asthma inhalers do nothing to close the open sores on my back. Hey, at least Libya is trying.

Maybe I'm being unfair. The aid workers tell me that the U.S. has given more than $250 million in aid to me and the 500,000 of my people who have made the long march from central Darfur to East Chad. As I sit here, starving for a basic corn meal, afraid to gather firewood because of roving bands of rapists, that fact really means a lot to me. No, really. It does. I'm fucking exhilarated.

You just can't tell because I've lost the musculature needed to smile.

Kids' Korner

We know it's a beautiful sunny day outside, because Mr. Frog's special pupils are.

Super Fun Facts!

- The bottom of your pool smells like delicious strawberries.
- Church is where they hold the Loudest Screamer Contest because it makes everyone very happy.
- The only way to find out if there's a prize in an alligator's mouth is to stick your arm in it.
- Paint tastes as good as it looks!
- To help Mommy clean, you have to pour a bucket of water on the computer.
- The best way to keep monsters away is to take some hamburger meat from the refrigerator and put it under your bed!
- Toxic is a secret adult word for candy.
- If you pour bubbly water from the stove on top of you, one day you'll be big and tall.
- pony lemonade happy Tony Hawk ice cream fun scientist bicycle

Find the Secret Words

Can you find...

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Kids' Korner Song!

Guess what—Kids' Korner is back!

Spinning yarns of meth and crack,

Grab some crayons, cut your arms,

Learn the ways that voting harms!

Kids' Korner, for you and me,

Now let's all go and smoke a tree!
Please help me escape this relationship

By MaxGyver

SPECIAL REPORT IN A DVD

Okay, honey, I'll talk to your mother in a minute.

Somewhere please help me.

In the past, I could escape from these beat-up trucks for six months using nothing but a pocket knife and common knowledge of chemistry and physics, but now I can't even escape from this relationship.


But ever since I retired from my job as an agent at the Museum Field Foundation, I've been trapped in a web of lies and deceit. Now, I can't even come up with an excuse to slip out on Sunday. This week, with Linda's parents — and my past.

Look, I promise I'll change Adobe's design when I'm done.

Just the other day, I was in the garage trying to fix a new computer when I was finally forced to use it to create a new extravaganza of impossible to the point of being impossible. Now, I'm just apologizing and giving her a foot massage. I'm such a guy.

What happened to me? From Sept. 30 to early May 2007, I was an expert in the universe.


Beer bong for m' lady?

By Sir Edward Darcy

HOT TUB GENTLEMAN

Texas was beautiful but my wife and I offer you a beer bong that I've searched the local pharmacies, and produced the finest. I'm my purse

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

TRAVESTY presents...

Thursday Night
awesome

10pm Thurs. December 20 @ Coldtowne Theater

Variety Show Every Third Thursday

$5

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Lycopene is good for your health

Tomatoes and The Texas Travesty contain lycopene

Tomatoes and The Texas Travesty are good for your health

Join the Texas Travesty Staff!
Pick up applications at CMC desk or visit TEXASTRAVESTY.com
Oktoberfest was BAD ASS

By Drew Bevila
THE HUMOR ANTHEM

I won a very phallic trophy for writing this.

Shout Outs from Rivahsiide!

By Grover Manheim
STUDENTS COLUMN

I won a very phallic trophy for writing this.

I won a very phallic trophy for writing this.