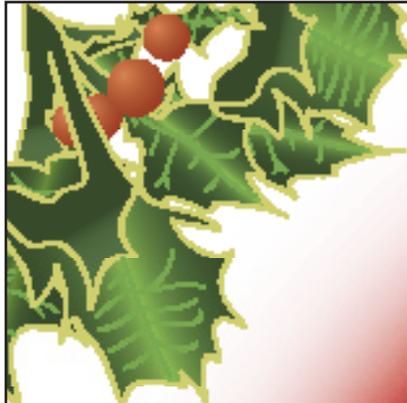


AMUSING OURSELVES SINCE 1997

# TEXAS TRAVESTY

*Merry Christmas  
from the family!*



# Charlize Filbin sleeping, drooling girl at the FAC

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 behalo'd 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 wake thee, but I shall wait instead, for I would sooner fail a thousand philosophy papers, and endure the **tempestuous gale** of my embittered TA's than wake the **supernal, drooling DeMilo** half supine before me. Behold, thine hair adorned in grease and tangles, 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.

**Turn-ons:** not having to get fries with your Wendy's combo, diet Red Bull, all-nighters, flannel pants, headbands, side ponytails, your ex-boyfriend's sweatshirt, Old Navy flip-flops, flexible-framed glasses, procrastination, sound-proof headphones, not giving a shit anymore

**Turn-offs:** waking up with desk lines on your face, loud typists, swiping your ID after 10 p.m., reading in general, due dates, showers, the janitors vacuuming around your feet, loud

minority study groups, study buddies who are just a bit too excited to be study buddies, looking presentable

**Motto:** "(Snort), what...are you talking to me?"



## around campus

- **Aggies'** incessant accusations that Austin is composed of nothing but 'peace-loving hippies' and 'T-sips' will come to a close when a few of them get lost in an East Austin ghetto.
- A freshman will have a **life-changing epiphany** about God, science, and the nature of mankind after seeing a debate in the West Mall. Meanwhile, the guy sitting next to you is masturbating to stay awake.
- **Environmental activist douchebags** will protest Santa's use of non-renewable coal in stockings.

- 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 us.
- 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 sudoku in the Union is doing **unspeakable things** to you in his mind.
- Students from broken homes will whine about having to have two Thanksgivings while **ignoring the homeless** on the Drag.

- 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.
- **Snooty 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 ceiling tiles 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 of all your **slutbag friends** anytime! I enjoy our platonic friendship!
- After multiple indiscretions last weekend, promiscuous girls will realize that **binging and purging** won't shrink that gut for the next nine months.

# 40acres411

VOLUME 9 • ISSUE 7  
1 DECEMBER 2007

Well guys, the semester is winding down and finals aren't the only things coming fast. Just ask biology major **George Stanford's** girlfriend **Stacey Bullocks!** Apparently, a heavy course load wasn't the only thing George blew off early. It's okay Georgie, as long as you're still pre-med, it's okay to be pre-mature.

On the subject of unexpected arrivals, **Mike LaGrange's** parents got a little surprise last weekend when they showed up a bit early for parent's weekend. It wasn't just Mike and his girlfriend they caught in a compromising position, but half of the **UT chess club**—with everyone's bishops in all the wrong

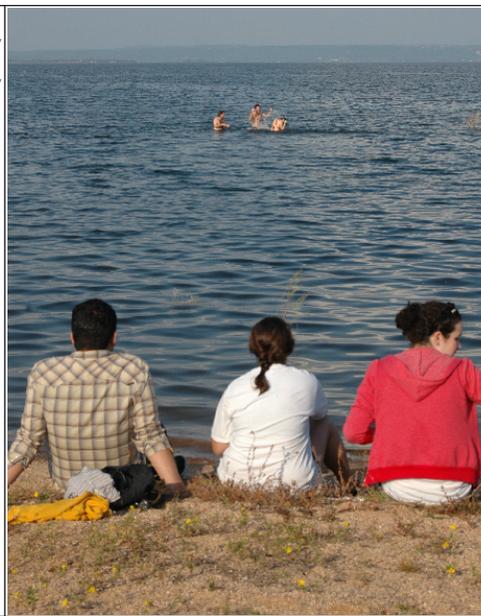
places.

But the chess club weren't the only ones with trouble capturing the queen. **Stanley Felps'** ill begotten plans to lure Kappa Kappa Phi sorority president **Leah Thompson** into his Carothers' fold out bed fell through last Thursday night—the Roofies he scored had an adverse reaction to his sweaty palms. Silly Stan, they melt in her mouth, not in your hand! Looks like the only thing Stanley was able to take advantage of that night was an empty dorm room and an uninhibited southpaw.

On that note, you really have to hand it to librarian **Gretchin Hawk** who punished student **Jonathan**

**Smalls** for unpaid late fees. She took him all the way from shelves S to M in the **P.C.L.** stacks after hours this past weekend. Looks like the books weren't the only things bound by leather that night!

Speaking of getting whipped, the H.E.B. on Red River was coincidentally sold out of all their canned whipped cream the same night as Liberal Arts junior **Marshal Sander's** post Thanksgiving Day party. Who needs Reddi-Whip on pumpkin pie when you can have a nice Whip-It high? It's not like there's much difference between brain damage and a Liberal Arts degree anyway.



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

### SHOUT OUT TO...

Contentious vaginas; Matt's family; fucking quitters; deed to Thej's house; Happy B-day Stu; We were good in the sound check; Camping; Chris' Facebook; gossip all the time; new designers be dedicated; oh yeah, Happy Birthday Rachel; Jews be networking; Big P is the guy to go to; Joel, Bobby, & Kevin; Good ol' Fritz; Waffle House directions; Country Diner; anime fanatic boyfriends; congrats TOP for one year; Like what we've done with the place? prank; Matt's car predictions; driving to Trudy's; dancing at Trudy's; Sports!; black people like Big Bird; Zak is not I337 @ Sonic; go home for the holidays; doing less work than usual; Chris sucks; hot-ass rooms for some reasons; hibited; Meyers-Briggs tests; There's too many of them!; Or should I say, Darth Sidious? Now I'm going to his wedding

DECEMBER  
2007  
CREDITS

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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 nooooo — 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 at JFK," lamented McCormick, who was also forced to hand over a pair of air chucks, which she was bringing as a gift for Weirman. "Ugh. Why couldn't 9/11 have happened *after* I went on this trip?"

Airport security officer Frankie

Mancini believes McCormick's grievances were unfounded.

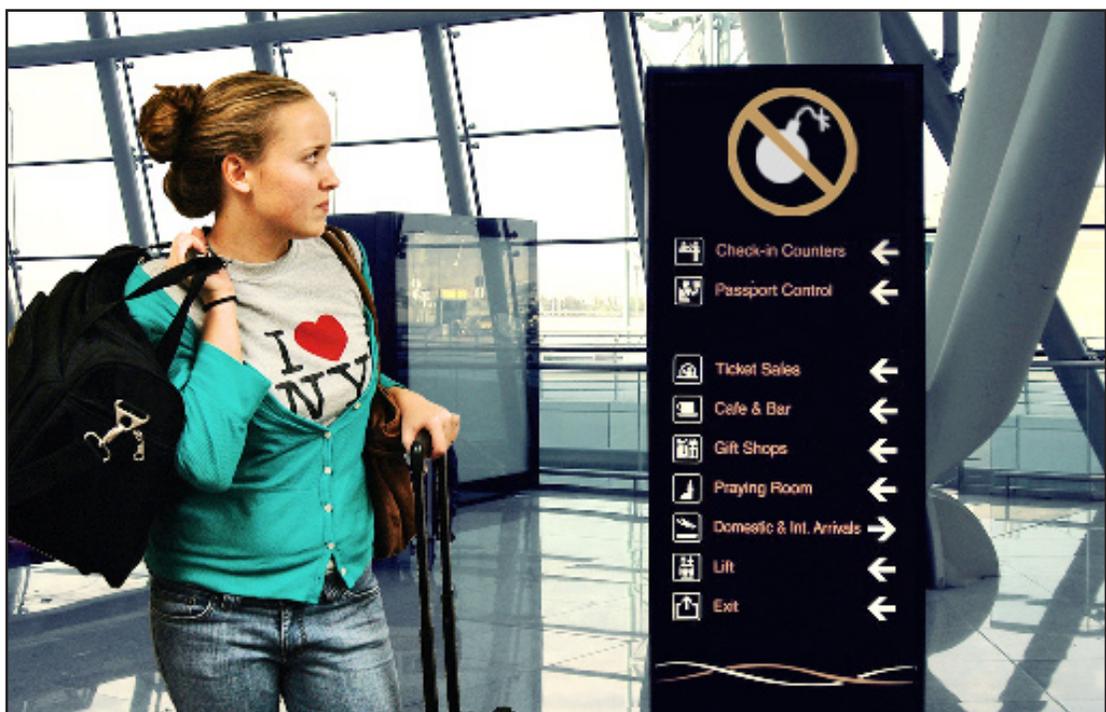
"So that broad said, 'I'm gonna smoke my cigarettes on this flight,' and I said 'eyyyyyy, come on, fagged-aboutit — *capisce?*'" said Mancini as he sprinkled fresh Parmesan cheese on his Mama's spaghetti during his lunch break. Mancini continued, "I'm walkin' here!"

Flight attendant Karen Postell agreed that McCormick's actions were unwarranted.

"She stood up in the middle of the aisle — while the seat belt light was on, mind you — and begin ranting about how she wanted to kill whoever caused 9/11," said Postell as she restocked seat pockets with the latest issue of *Sky Mall*. "Her seatback and tray table were not in their upright position when we were landing — she really was out of her mind."

McCormick claims she remembers the "good times," before the country was plunged into great depths of grief and despair, and when air travel was enjoyable.

"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



■ McCormick realizes she should have left her Acme bomb at home. Photo/Travesty

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 boy-

friend 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

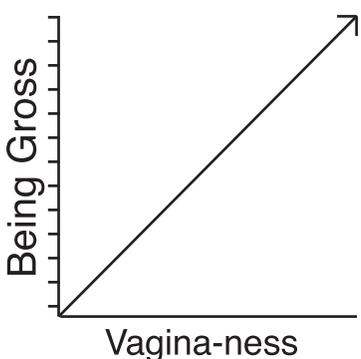
**Ross Luippold**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

**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 instinct 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

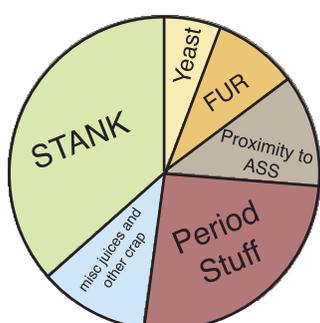


\*Graph information from SCIENCE

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 sighted.

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

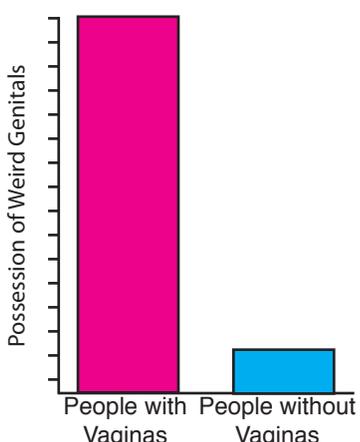
"While breasts are at least aesthetically pleasing," Dr. Ashman writes,



Breakdown of Why Vaginas are Gross

"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 Gräfenberg 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 and 34-year-old insurance salesman Ryan Taylor remained unconcerningly calm



At Nimanish, I honor the place where their soul and my rage become one. Photo: D. Woody

and cool Monday, despite the cancellation of his morning transcendental yoga class.

"Yoga really helps me start out my day, but not having class is cool — I just realized go with the flow," said Taylor as he punched the air of his right foot on his left calf and initiated the Leapfrog Yik. "Before my super convenient creamer forced me to enroll in yoga classes to control my Thy off the handle's tendencies, I was a mad Nasty Nelly. But now I feel as if I can handle any problem life throws at me."

Taylor displays his zeal for Zen by practicing meditative disciplines every weekday. Since taking up yoga, Taylor has gained an affinity for guitar playing, voluntarily performs community service, and out of a "thoughtful consideration for natural rights" has become a vegan.

Upon realizing he had a few hours before work, Taylor hiked to Whittsville Co-op to purchase decaffeinated

green tea and vegan turkey balls.

"Man, I can't believe they're out of my brand of tea," said a disappointed Taylor as he performed the Crushing Dandy in the vanilla-flavored my side. "The nationalists in green tea really help clear my body of all my negative vibes. But hey, if they're out, they're out — I have no qualms about it."

Despite further setbacks in the

workplace, Taylor maintained his serene composure.

"I know I haven't sold many insurance policies in the past week, but I really didn't expect to get fired for that," reflected Taylor as he packed an aging well-worn box with his belongings while utilizing the Jogging Subroutine. "I live paycheck-to-paycheck so there's no way I'll cover rent this month. Oh well, I guess moving in with my par-

ents wouldn't be such a bad idea until I get my feet on the ground."

Upon returning home, Taylor wrote an entry in his diary detailing his day that "included a few open and downs, but was still pretty decent." Right before bed, he performed his nightly routine of turning on his oven, paying upon the door, and falling into a carbon monoxide-induced sleep.

### Small talk with last year's RA uncomfortable

CAMPUS — Engineering sophomore John May accidentally ran into his former junior flat resident student, senior Ahmed Wahab, Tuesday afternoon on the West Mall. After an enthusiastic initiation, the conversation quickly deteriorated into questions about off-campus housing and former hallmates.

Hardly avoiding a stomach-churning painful exchange, the two men respectfully shook hands and parted ways when a brief pause gave them a window to talk.

"I asked Ahmed if he still was an RA, and he said yes," explained May as he looked around for a good excuse and a clean exit. "And that was it. I had

to get to class, ya know?" Wahab shared his sentiments about their impromptu meeting. "He's a nice guy, that John. Always recognizing notes and going to hall dinners. It would be nice to be more than just casual acquaintances with him," said Wahab before rushing off to a residence council meeting.

Reportedly, this was not the first time May has encountered a semi-familiar face. Earlier this semester, May recognized a fellow classmate, Ralph Peterson, near the West Mall. May and Peterson shared gripes about their respective professor grading policies, but then had to go to Gregory and get a punch joke, respectively.

### Geneticist plays God, sudoku

ANAHEIM — Following decades of computer presentations to his national laboratory, Dr. Archibuteo Victor finally succeeded in creating a nano-computer-simile hybrid Thursday evening, and after returning to his residence he, completed a challenging sudoku puzzle.

"They thought I was mad when I suggested it was possible to break the bonds of the nano-sim, fusing together skin, scales and silicon-cards," said Victor as he provided his lab bench, creating bundles of carbon fibers

from prior projects combining to the flow "And no longer will I show over Will Shantz monstrosities. BWA HA HA," exclaimed Victor as he double-checked the sudoku puzzle solution in his workbook, *101 Things to Do on a Copy Many Days*.

Victor plans to teach his creation the Japanese game, just after he introduces it to concepts of free will and morality. Commenting on his master's accomplishments, Liberman, the colony creation said, "I think, therefore I exist."



[REDACTED]



[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**FREUDIAN UNORIGINAL SLIP'N SLIDE**

Easy to Follow  
Directions... etc.  
Directions Included

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.

**WARNING**

PRODUCTION OF THIS PRODUCT IS THE RESULT OF A COLLECTIVE EFFORT BY THE ENTIRE TEAM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

I wish I could fly!

I wish my arms were as smart as me!

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

LEAS TRAVESTY  
WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

Mystery

ONE GALS GUIDE TO GOOD STUFF

Date

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

Just pick up an application at the CMC desk or visit [texastravesty.com](http://texastravesty.com)  
(gays are ok too)

## 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. 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 prob-

lems 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.

## 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.

Throughout the early service, Hyatt fumbled several prayers, occasionally added or removed entire sentences from liturgical texts and mumbled incoherently through several lines of the Sanctus acclamation.

“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 maneater. 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.

# All I Want for X-Mas

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 Mister Nicholas,

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, you big, rosy, 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 webcam so I can send you some hot videos year round, that would rock really hard.

Muah 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

Dear Resident of North Pole,

**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**

## Local racist: 'I'm not a racist'

AUSTIN — Local mechanic and 49-year-old racist Ed Hodgeson prefaced a bigoted remark with a denial of personal racism Tuesday evening.

"Look, I'm not a racist or nothin', I'm just sayin' — the more Mexicans that come over the border, the more regular people like us get screwed," Hodgeson commented over a beer with his friend Joe Millard, a 36-year-old investment banker.

After making the statement, Hodgeson clarified once again that

he was "just sayin'."

Although Millard first believed that Hodgeson was making an ironically racist statement to cleverly lampoon the subtle marginalization of minorities in America, he then remembered Hodgeson's blanket statements that "all stereotypes are 100 percent true" during their mutual employment as waiters, as well as his vicious tirades against Canadians.

Hodgeson, who believes that most people are afraid to "tell it like

it is," has provided evidence against accusations of racism, offering his frequent dining at Taco Bell, enjoyment of *Rush Hour 3*, and a casual African-American acquaintance from junior high.

After silently validating his open-mindedness with Hodgeson's xenophobia, Millard slept guiltlessly that night in his upper-middle-class home, which minorities and women with skills equal to his own would be unable to afford.

## 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 writers 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 demagogue."

# 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 play-mate 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,  
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



Dear Playful,  
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,  
Awww, 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,  
What does it feel like to be in love?  
Sincerely,  
Lovelorn in Louisiana

Dear Lovelorn,  
Ah, young love. I've been with Mr. Cleaver since I was sixteen, and when he put his class ring on my finger and told me I was his "number one gal," the feeling was just super-duper. That feeling was love, and that day was the best day of my life. It's even better than the first time Mr. Cleaver gave me an advance on my allowance to buy a new vacuum. When you feel like you've found the person for whom you want to scrub floors for the rest of your life, that's love. I'll scrub Mr. Cleaver's floor until the day I die. I only wish that I could once again walk down the aisle and get filled up with his babies.



# Ashley Olsen fills in for crying 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: \_\_\_\_\_

Dear \_\_\_\_\_ enthusiasts,  
 Hey \_\_\_\_\_, 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 \_\_\_\_\_ bit me in the \_\_\_\_\_. 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 \_\_\_\_\_ sooo much more!  
 This would really help me out, even though I probably won't even be alive in \_\_\_\_\_ days  
 anyway. And just so you know, I have a(n) \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_  
 and go get some \_\_\_\_\_ with all of my \_\_\_\_\_ buddies. Holla' back y'all!

Sincerely,  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_ " \_\_\_\_\_  
 first name above rare terminal disease last name

Send Save Name Recall





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.



CBS Corporation  
51 West 52 Street  
New York, New York 10019

27 November 2007

MEMORANDUM FOR RECORD

SUBJECT: The writers strike has adversely affected a number of television series. Here is a summary of events that have occurred since the strike began.

SUNDAY: 'Family Guy' writers are replaced by college students who totally understand Seth MacFarlane. Entire episode revolves around the old perverted man.

MONDAY: Carson Daly writes his own jokes. No one notices.

*gold!! yes!*

TUESDAY: Paris Hilton eats her own dog and does cocaine off Mother Teresa's grave while giving O.J. Simpson a handjob and injecting steroids into Barry Bonds' ass, knowing she is safe from Conan O'Brien's late-night ridicule.

WEDNESDAY: 'South Park' continues to play by its own rules without unionized writers. Also, their various medical afflictions continue to go uninsured and untreated.

THURSDAY: 'Daily Show' consists of Jon Stewart doing Bush impression for 30 minutes.

*inappropriate*

FRIDAY: Cast of 'The Wire' replaced by 'Whose Line Is It Anyway?' cast, who improvise show.

SATURDAY: Original cast of 'Home Improvement' is brought back to act out unproduced script.

*Wilson?*

NON-UNION WRITERS TO HIRE:

- That old lady from 'Murder She Wrote'
- Carrie Bradshaw
- Doug Funnie
- Ghost Writer
- Monkeys with typewriters
- John Grisham NO

*Remember -  
Call D. Trump.  
Discuss rich white  
man things.*

REMEMINDER: Executives are to meet on the roof of the CBS headquarters to enjoy wine and brie while we watch the picketers. Everyone is expected to point and laugh gratuitously at the writers, and make snide comments about the disparity of our circumstances.

Summer Redstone

*Summer Redstone*  
Chairman

*Esperanza ♡  
from Saturday -  
212-463-2259*

**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-servicing 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 Wilhemina Slater, comes to work at the same Luby's, their rivalry is reignited! But when Wilhemina fails to serve the correct portions of Salisbury Steak and creamed corn, Betty takes advantage of Wilhemina'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**

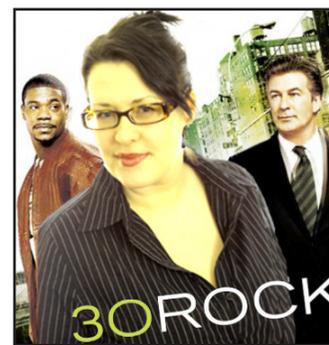
After finally canoodling with Pam, Jim cannot hide his secret any longer—that he is actually the Mighty Xartron, a Sector Five Warlord of the Zarp Empire. While Pam is at first shocked, she agrees to return to his home planet where she will be his queen. But Mulder and Scully have other plans for the 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.



**WED 12/5**  
6:00p COM



**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.

**"Dane Cook Primetime Laugh Barrel."** No writers? No problem! Dane Cook has perfected the art of "borrowing" other peoples' material. Special guests Carlos Mencia and Robin Williams. One hour.

	7:30p	8:00p	8:30p	9:00p	9:30p
<b>NBC</b>	ICU: The Real ER	Eating with Famous People		Critical Point	Sofa Time
<b>CBS</b>	Baby Nation	Return of the Nightwatchers		The Next Great American	
<b>ABC</b>	Show! & Tell!	Who Wants to be a Non-Unionized Writer?!		Death Watch!	Desks Ahoy!
<b>YouTube Channel</b>	Cats Playing Instruments (Part I of II)			Cats Playing Instruments (Part II of II)	

**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*.

J.D. (VOICEOVER)  
[General expository 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

ELLIOT  
[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.]

# 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 shriv-

eled 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 beans, mayonnaise and cigarette 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' pignose around with your brothers and uncles.

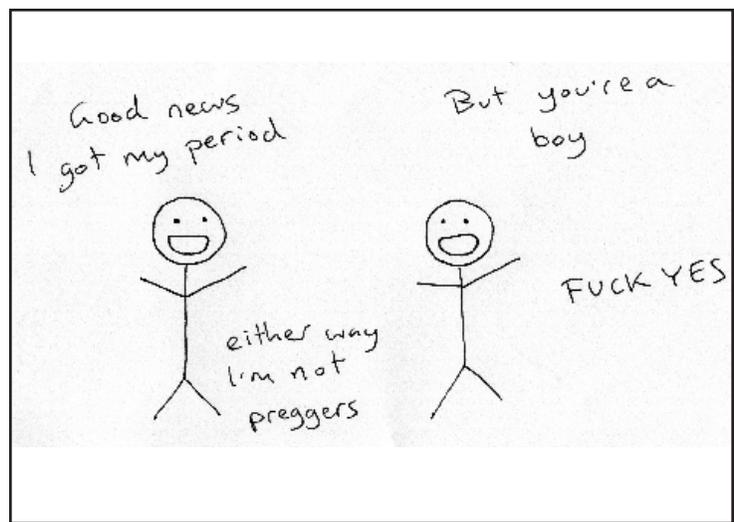
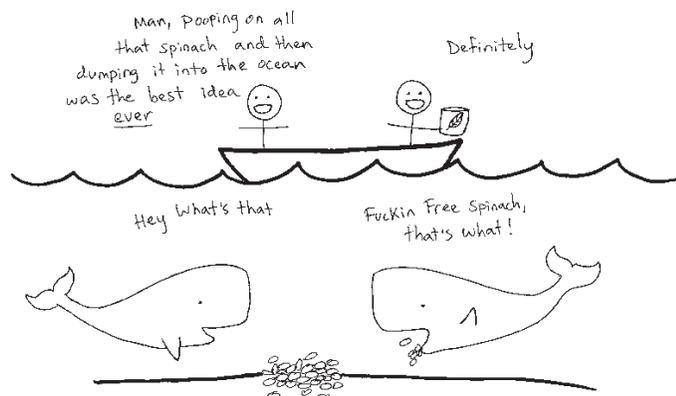
But my brothers are dead — to me.

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 appetite, bitch!

## OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: ECOLI SPINACH



# Um...DUUUUUUUUUUH!

**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.

*Helloooooo!* 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

**"Without me your life would suck way more than it already does."**

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-durrr durrrrr.*" That's what you sound like.

Sometimes I wonder how you have any other friends. Oh, no DOYYYY! 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. 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.

# Get the fuck on board

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



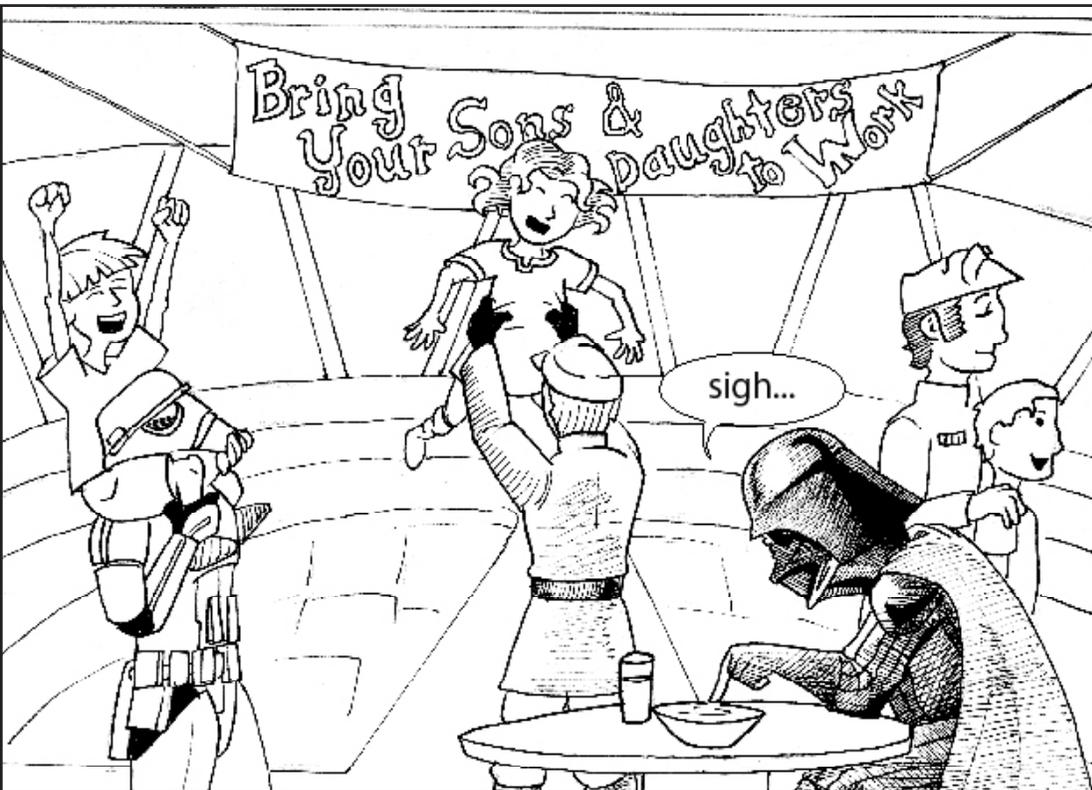
meaning. Look at you, running at me, flailing your arms with no regard as to how stupid you look, hoping I'll stop everything and pick you up. I think now is a good time to teach you: We don't always get what we want, now do we?

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

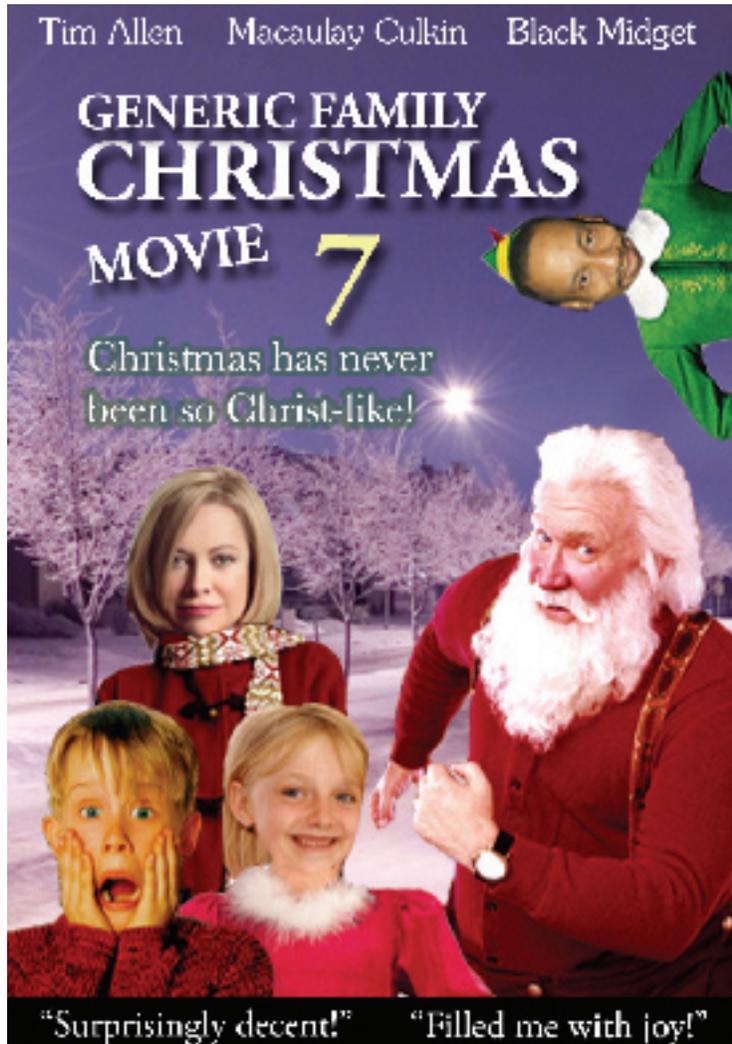
What's that, it's a little bit too hot in the bus? Poor baby. I'm sorry, let me adjust the temperature so that you, for 30 seconds, can be happy. I remember when I thought the world revolved around me. That was back

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.



THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID!!!!!! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA.



SPECIAL BEST-OF SECTION

TEXAS

# TRAVESTY

Since 1997

10 RADICAL YEARS

## around campus

- The way girls are acting lately, you'd think the whole University was on a synchronized jester.
- Thousands of Freshmen realize will not get laid half as much as they had expected and discussed with their high school friends in the back of a pickup.
- The UT Shaggy Bears will react on the third floor of the Union to exclaim on a pleasant voyage into Disneyland on two stiff oak chairs pushed together.
- Attention Indistinct Guys who wear too much cologne are slower for real if you are.
- EVUE 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 real statue.
- Engineering students will frolic around campus, giggling because they know what "Alan" is.
- Miscreants, non-engineering students will giggle because they know what "lex" is.



- The Future/Dual Perchurers of America will be meeting at busy intersections to play right-of-way games with speeding vehicles.
- Two extremely honest and various people passing each other on their way to class will say hello in the following way: "I'm obligated to say hi to you because you are vaguely familiar to me!" "I acknowledge and appreciate!" "I have gained nothing from this form of human interaction!" "In that you are not alone!"
- Freshmen who have put on the infamous Freshman 15 week feel as bad as they hear about how many of their old high school friends have put on the Freshman 40.
- Nobody is quite sure what to do when a billed person walks right toward them.
- You have so much to do this week.
- Schizoid people living in West Campus will just stop looking their dorm at night.
- Late-night construction on fireways makes it difficult to drive home drunk.
- Party Aztec law detectors will leave the bus at various stops to enter the concert building and return with a chocolate bar and a new haircut.
- The spontaneous construction of a residential apartment does not bode well for his fiction ability to

- handle stress.
- Elbows will never realize the irony that they're asking for the wrong kind of change.
- William Powers Jr., Esq., will eye you suspiciously through a polished, golden monocle.
- The holidays may be over, but seasonal depression is still the gift that keeps on giving.
- We got it, you're being over.
- Mid-students who are starting to go bald had better squeeze in as much sex as they can now.
- The names of girls wearing giant sunglasses will collapse under the weight of their own tedium.
- Established "kinky people" refuse to acknowledge ludicrous comments made by the apparently less kinky to group conventions.
- Brooding, misunderstood, Nietzsche-reading citizens will congregate at Hakopyn to determine when to hide for the duration of summer until the sun shines no longer.
- A guy purchasing a postal pole, about black shorts and flip-flops for the first time will realize how expensive it is to be an asshole.
- Students protesting Taco Bell for human rights should instead be protesting for the right to buy a taco that doesn't taste like someone's hot truck in a cardboard shell.
- An overhead snippet of conversation in Chinese will make you feel culturally humiliated somehow.



- Someone will complain to you about their busy week, you'll complain about yours, and the two of you will walk away spouting bad-on at the symmetry of the exchange.
- Those on the West Mall who are cutting-edge will people-watch the people-watcher.
- Members of "Stress conscious" led down to our Insty-guy who constantly yells for hugs.
- People in clubs will scoff at the burgeoning incidence of E-Bon patrons.
- Overseer returning students will continue to like school enough for the both of you.
- Someone at a Union lunch table will use the word "huguenot" describing anyone who might have forgotten that they are indeed on a college campus.
- Student Government will pass a tentative pro-pro-resolution to begin possible talks to consider membership.
- Guys who wear basketball shorts to class are disappointed every time a pick-up game fails to materialize on their walk home to West Campus.
- Innocent students who use corn words for no good reason will fuckin' oh shit like, fuckin' fuck, I chck fuckin' know, like maybe a bowl or some shit. It is expected to be fucked up.
- Sturdy Freshie magazine managers to impress a majority of students by reading over some stories about beer, books and blow-jobs.

## TEXAS TRAVESTY

EDITORS EMERITUS

- KEVIN BUTLER 1997
- BRAD BUTLER 1997-2000
- BEN STROUD 2000-2001
- TREVOR ROSEN 2001-2003
- TODD NIENKERK 2003-2005
- KRISTIN HILLERY 2005-2006
- DAVID STRAUSS 2006-2007



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

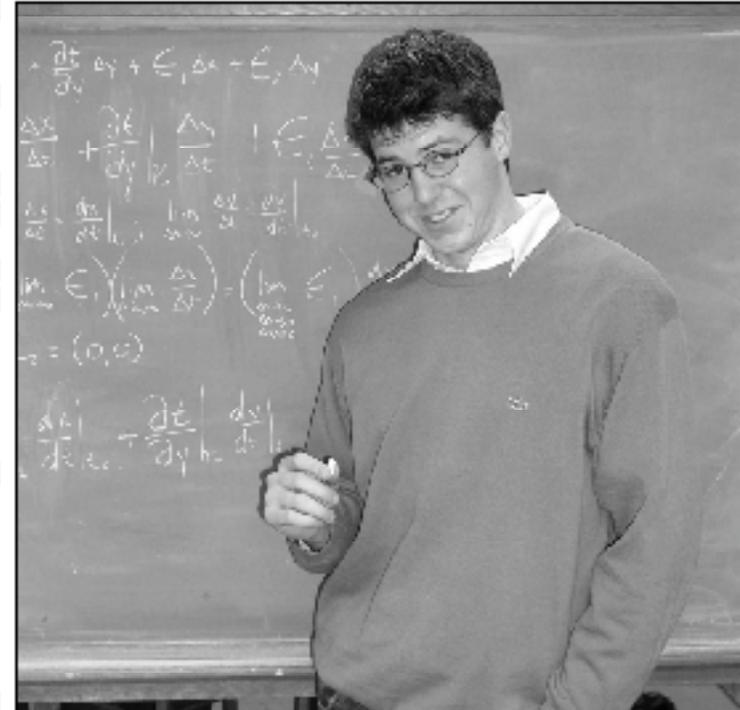
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[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

### 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 commit-

ment 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 gratest" comment on her weblog.

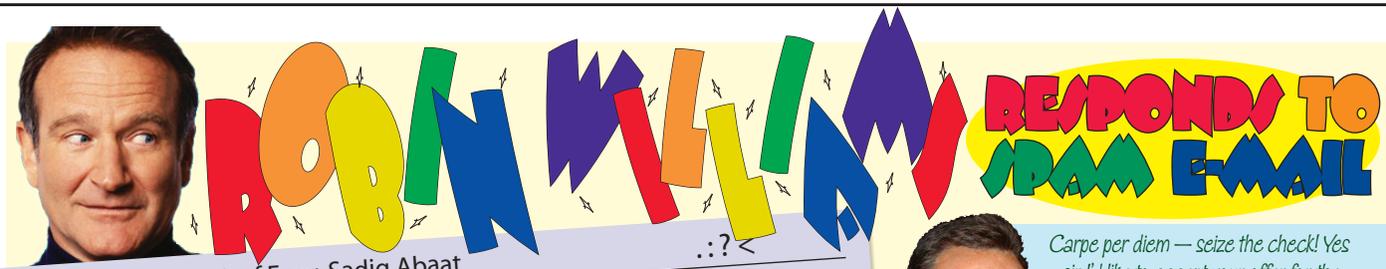
### Bush declares war on atmosphere

KEY LARGO, FL — Less than 48 hours after a series of hurricanes laid 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 attacks 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.



Subj: From the desk of Engr. Sadiq Aabaat

Dear Sir,  
We are sending this letter to you based on information gathered from the foreign trade office of the Nigerian Chamber of Commerce and Industry. We believe that you would be in a position to help us in our bid to transfer the sum of forty-one million, five hundred thousand dollars (\$41.5m usd) into a foreign account.

This time around we need a more reliable and trustworthy person or a reputable company to do business with, hence this letter to you, so if you can prove yourself to be trusted and interested in this deal then we are prepared to do business with you. What we want from you is the assurance that you will let us have our share when this amount of us\$41.5m is transferred into your account. This transaction is 100% safe.

Please treat as urgent and very confidential.

Best regards to you.  
Engr. Sadiq Aabaat.



Carpe per diem — seize the check! Yes sir, I'd like to accept your offer for the money. You're probably so rich that you don't get crabs, you get lobsters. It's like Ed McMahon just showed up at my door with a giant check and his prize patrol brigade. Dr. Evil cries out, "One million dollars!" Well, I suppose if I fly out of the country to get this money I'll probably look like a terrorist: "Will you be sitting armed or unarmed?" Meanwhile, the president is being asked all kinds of questions by the media, and all he can say is, "Can I use a lifeline?"

Subj: ENhance your manhood ++++asdfak



Penis enlargement? Couldn't afford it with this health-care system. All you need for a penis enlargement is to watch the Janet Jackson superbowl video. The president probably saw that video and said, "I'll stop those weapons of mass destruction!" His dad's saying, "Read my tits... I mean lips! No new taxes!" Slick Willy, smoking a stogie saying, "Monica was hotter than that." Why get a penis enlargement when I could just stuff my 1999 Oscar for best supporting actor in my britches? Oscar's a gay name. If Oscar were a real person he'd probably cut hair for a living.

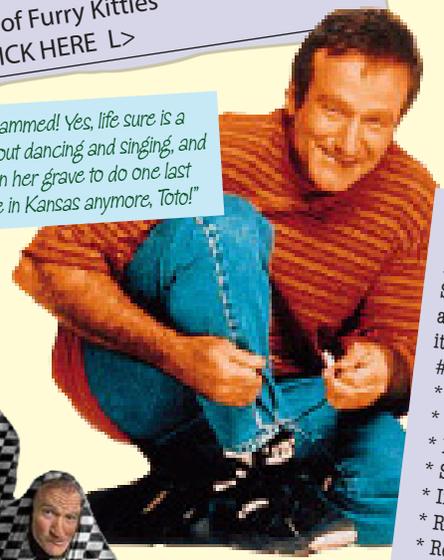


Subj: FREE Cruise by visiting www.freecruisesnotatrick.com.net

Set sail to the land of the free! Leonardo DiCaprio yells, "I'm the king of the world!" but not until the captain goes, "Argghhh! There be an iceberg ahead, mates!" People freak out and jump off the side of the ship. "S.O.S! Save our screenplay!" Dr. Kevorkian is standing in the operating room saying, "Your heart won't go on!"

Subj: See the Cabaret of Furry Kitties & Shaved Beavers! CLICK HERE L>

Shaved beavers? Well I'll be damned! Yes, life sure is a cabaret. Liza Minnelli comes out dancing and singing, and then Judy Garland rolls over in her grave to do one last line of coke. "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore, Toto!"

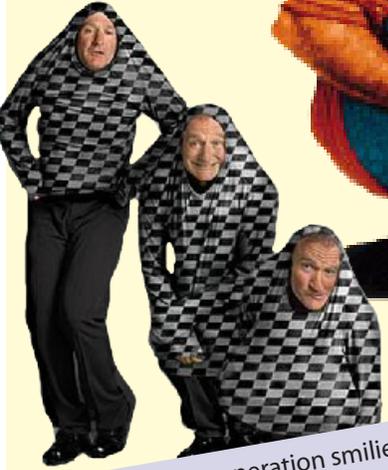


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Subj: FREE Next generation smiles  
^^^ @ppl iPod GIVEAWAY!!!

Next generation smiles? Next generation Joan Rivers, it's like formaldehyde — that's why she's so well preserved. Marion Barry sniffing crack saying, "Bitch, set me up!" You know, like Teletubbies going, "OO-crack saying, "Bitch, set me up!" You know, like Teletubbies going, "OO-may, hehehe." Let's go sign up for premium cable. No one wants iPods. Gay burglars broke into Lorena Bobbit's house — they rearranged the furniture. You'll notice Dick Cheney never drinks water when Bush speaks.



Tick, tick, tick, DING! "What time would you like to go through puberty today, sir?" says the conductor. "ALL ABOARD!" If you turn back the clock far enough you'd look like Drew Barrymore from E.T. The alien's saying, "Phone home, but not with these long distance rates." They should send this e-mail to Anna Nicole Smith's husband: "This is way better than Viagra! Now I'll only look 60 years older than my wife." The German doctor's like, "Vell, Herr Smith, zings are looking up." BOING!!

check out these great book titles from

# Mary Kate Ashley Olsen

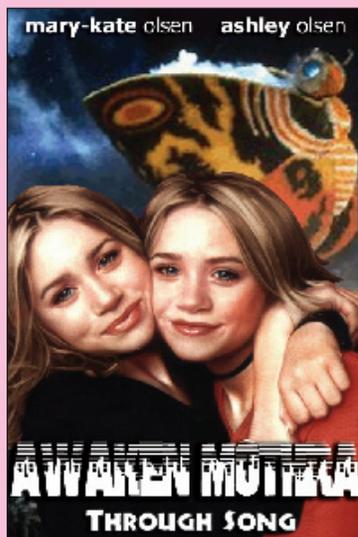
## Mary Kate & Ashley Get High and Play Grand Theft Auto

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.



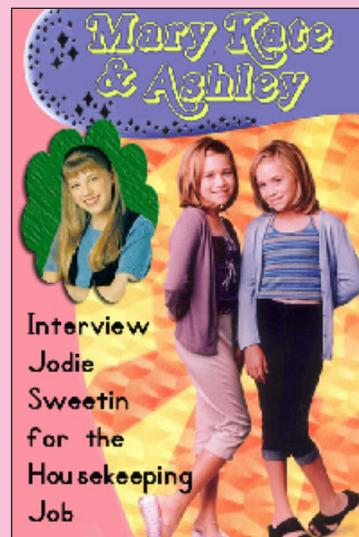
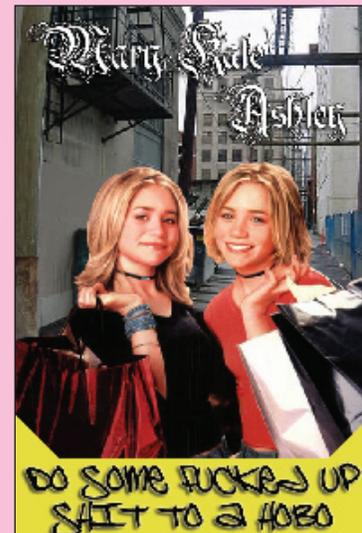
## Mary Kate & Ashley Awaken Mothra Through Song

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 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 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

# What's YOUR relationship type?

## ☒ The Inseperable Couple ☒

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 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 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 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 "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 "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 "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 "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 globs 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 relief aid. 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 spill 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 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.

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



... about to rip one.

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



...putting your bread on bottom.

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



... not going to jail again.

JESUS is... By John Roper  
wordupmoney.com



... as Jesus does.



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

## Kids' Korner

### KIDS' KORNER SONG!

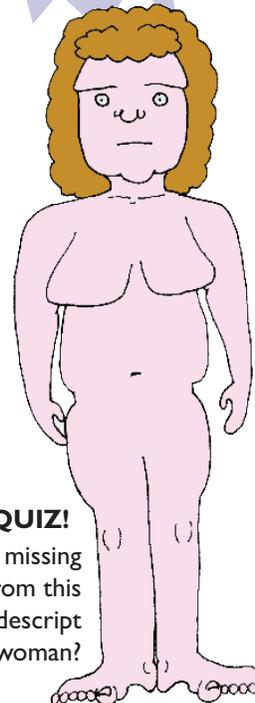
Guess what—Kids' Korner is back!  
Spinning yarns of meth and crack,  
Grab some crayons, cut your arms,  
Learn the ways that voting harms!  
Kids' Korner, for you and me,  
Now let's all go and smoke a tree!

### FIND THE SECRET WORDS

F	S	T	E	A	L	W	R	R	P
I	U	D	M	J	I	K	I	D	I
S	C	Q	N	X	E	Y	P	N	P
T	K	T	V	L	H	P	T	C	E
L	I	B	I	D	K	O	A	B	B
B	F	Y	Q	Z	G	T	Y	X	O
K	N	I	F	E	I	N	L	G	M
S	L	U	T	E	M	S	O	I	B
E	Y	I	D	A	N	I	R	R	V
X	Z	A	N	A	X	S	Y	H	G

CAN YOU FIND...

- pony
- lemonade
- happy
- Tony Hawk
- ice cream
- fun
- scientist
- bicycle



**FUN QUIZ!**  
What's missing from this nondescript woman?

Answer: a smile!

### SUPER FUN FACTS!

- 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.
- 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!

# Please help me escape this relationship

By MacGyver  
SPECIAL AGENT IN A HURT



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

Somebody please help me. In the past, I could escape from three-foot-thick pieces of solid concrete using nothing but a pocket knife and scanty knowledge of chemistry and physics, but now I can't even escape from this relationship.

Life used to be pretty good. Danger. Excitement. Home-made gadgets.

But ever since I retired from my job as a special agent at the Fled-

rick Field Foundation to provide emotional support for Linda when she moved to New York to pursue her fashion design career, I've felt trapped. And for those of you who know me, Angus MacGyver, trapped is not a word I'm used to hearing.

Sometimes, I'm busy right now. *Glee* is on.

There was a time when I could gear-up a circuit board out of a toothpick, a plastic spoon and some loose wires to disarm a plutonium trigger. Now, I can't even

come up with an excuse to skip out on Sunday Mass with Linda's parents — and I'm Baptist!

Look, I promise I'll change *Miley Cyrus* when I'm done.

Just the other day I was out in the garage trying to cut equal amounts without penicillin and reduced lactose. Kellogg to create a more environment-friendly gasoline substitute for my Kia Sephia when Linda asked me to come inside and watch *Dr. Phil* with her. When I told her I was too busy, she just laughed and muttered — just loud enough for me to hear — "you're always too busy."

Guilt trips used to never work on

me. Back in the day, when a beautiful yet deadly Russian villainess would try to seduce me into divulging high-security computer access codes, I'd always say, "accepting offer, but I'm already in love — with Lady Liberty!" or something vaguely noble like that. Now, I'd just apologize and give her a foot massage. I'm such a pussy.

What happened to me? From September of '85 to early May '92, I was an spy of the world.

Witness facial ray plotting gone and traded blood tests transmitted. Men found my penchant for danger and mechanical prowess devastatingly cool. And nefarious evil-doers

found my street-smart intellect and inability to die horribly aggravating.

Those were the days, but now it's all about Linda.

Holy, she even *you* look great in your new apron. I don't know why you need a second opinion.

She's so lovely.

I want to call it quits but I can't. We've already bought a little one-story house in a nice neighborhood that put quite a dent in my bank account, and if I leave I'd owe thousands in child support. Plus, MacGyver ain't no deadbeat.

Yeah, man, of course you're tonight, jumping.

Please help me.

## Beer bong for m' lady?

By Sir Edward Darcy  
HOT TUB GENTLEMAN

Kiss me, bathing beauty, but may I offer you a beer bong first? I've searched the local distilleries, and procured the finest ale my par-

would allow. Please, allow me to propose the Lamentar while you proceed to sit on my lap.

Fear not! Your innocence and virtue shall be eternally preserved. Oh, cynosopt of the apartment complex but tub, you shan't worry. You will

forever remain inseparable to this lovely eyes. For every time I imagine sealing the plastic membrane contained in this bathing suit top, I am blessed with thoughts of heaven.

Oh! That I could be the hose gurgling those sweet beer-gurgling lips! That I could be the man drenching your throat with fancy white pleasure! That I could be the man being unconsciously swallowed as you try to keep up with the flow! Oh, jealousy! You be neither friend nor stranger to me during love. But between, heartless jealousy. For soon you shall be cast out alongside my toy mistress's inhibitions.

Ready for another beverage, my eternal lover! Let us unite our intricate vocal notes. Side by side, love by love, we'll embark on the journey

to inhibition. Whilst I shotgun this fine can of ale, you shall inhale another two or three out of this beer-bonging device.

My lady, do not get! This heart of mine has been forever engrossed with your face. True, it is also engrossed with thoughts of us two lovers adding an extra layer of film to this opaque water. Alas! Please stay! These sweet reminiscences will not be enough to keep loneliness from haunting my fine cotton sheets. Pite outside, I implore you for help. Alleviate me of this frustration! Film my night robe with lubrication and self-pleasure.

Oh, beer bong! She has left me! Her exit reduces our titillating trio a disappointed duo, once more. But — I shall cheer up. Because though fur-

ture bath not soiled her red-nosed affection upon me, it hath brought you into my company. You remain my love at first dip, my trust love.



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# Oktoberfest was BAD ASS



By Drew Baarle  
THE HYMEN ANNIHILATOR

A few of my FRIENDS convinced me to go to this thing called OKTOBERFEST in this town called GERMANY last week. I didn't want to go until they said it was a BEER FESTIVAL and that the word festival means CELEBRATION. I didn't even leave places outside of AMERICA and BEER until I started alcohol in PRAGUE this semester. Anyway, let's get up because Drew's job is about to give you a GEOLOGY lesson.

## TUESDAY

7:57 p.m. Woke up and changed some ABSINTH to make my hands be green. I didn't see a green fairy like in the movie EUROTRIP but holy shit that music was fancy.  
7:54 p.m. Took the EUROTRIP DVD out of my FIRST AID KIT and watched it.  
8:24 p.m. My ROOMMATE Lenny convinced me we were taking the NIGHT TRAIN to Oktoberfest in 30

minutes. We played some BEER PONG to calm our NERVES for the five-hour RIDE.

9:08 p.m. Got to the TRAIN STATION and brought three emergency BEERS because you never know if they'll have them in Germany.

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

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

11:06 p.m. Got WOKEN UP by the border police making me for my PASSPORT. I don't know what the hell that is but I showed them the tattoo of a BALD EAGLE on my chest.

11:07 p.m. Changed a beer because GODDAMN that tattoo is BADASS.

## WEDNESDAY

6:57 a.m. Woke up and got off the TRAIN. We next have gone all the way back to AMERICA because there's a MURDER KING in the station.

6:48 a.m. Some dude asked me and LENNY if we were a couple of BAKY

BOYS looking for some FUN.

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

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

10:45 a.m. That guy is in really good shape.

10:49 a.m. Some lady told us we had to get BEER in a TENT. I hope this place isn't like the CIRCUS because there were the SHIT out of me.

10:15 a.m. We ordered two STEINS of beer. I thought about BEN STEIN because that guy is HILARIOUS. Then I thought about EUROTOUR.

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

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

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

10:42 a.m. PUKED in a URINAL.

11:02 a.m. Some ASSHOLE stole my

steak so I put him in a SLEEPER HOLD and then threw his BODY into a FRETZEL STAND.

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

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

6:10 p.m. Got WOKEN UP by some woman screaming at me.

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

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

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

8:48 p.m. Lenny said we had to go catch our train so I changed a STEIN to keep from HYPERVENTILATING on the way to the station.

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

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

9:08 p.m. Lost Lenny.

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

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

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

## THURSDAY

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

8:51 a.m. Holy shit is that a CASTLE!

Oktoberfest was pretty tight. I bought a sweet shirt that says OKTOBERFEST but I actually didn't take on it later that night so I threw it out. I don't know what happened to Lenny because I had his passport in my pocket from when I was showing some German chicks how he looks like John Stamos in his pictures. Anyway, I'm up in FLIP CUR I hope you fratheads took notes.

# Shout Outs from Rivahsiide!

By Grover Marheim  
SYNDICATED COLUMNIST

Sup sup sup, my mental mental faculty Goshik's back with a brand new 'kale and a bitchin' new green-paul.

That's right, homeboys and home, I'm pinoin' it up chicklike in my brand new furnished apartment in University Park College Commons off of North Rivahside!

I don't know about y'all, but my

summer sucked some major dick-ark. After a pretty chill freshman year—shouts to Jacob West!—I moved back in with the 'vans. Talk about a boring summer. My dad was all like, "Son, you need to get a job and help out around the house," and I was all like, "What the fuck, you ignorant old man, 'n I stop on your throat and make you beg for y' soul!" Needless to say, I wound up getting a cheap-ass job teaching movie tickets in a pink and neon green vest for \$6.50 an hour. That shit's for suckas. But damn, that popcorn butter's better than Jergol. But now I'm back in A-Brew representin' all the hellas and shot-calls on the East Side!

These college apartments are the fuckin' bomb. Mine's got this huge pool with, like, a damn little fountain thing and a knock-tight spa where all the big-titted sluts come to pump their shit. I was hangin' out by the pool one day last week, dipping on a can of Nitty Light that I found behind a dumpster, givin' the ladies a glimpse of the merchandise, when it occurred to me how bitchin' apartment life is. I got my own bedroom, my own bathroom, a full kitchen, cable TV... all to bypass the cock-rumped freshman ladies I plan on believin' up to the third

floor of holding towels (a.k.a. the Slut Suite). They're gonna drop their high school boyfriend like a bad habit when they see how a real gangsta lives!

Last week, I plan on making out this sexy bitch from my History class. I got my nerves all worked out in advance 'n' shit, too. I'm gonna walk up to her all smooth-like, lean in and clean and say "Shit, girl, you lookin' so fine. How 'bout you come over to my place Friday night for some snuggles anothered in Undercos?" Then, in case she doesn't comprehend my fly words, I'll just point at my crotch and whisper, "You talkin' 'bout my dick?"

Then, come Friday night, I'm gonna give my roommate 20 bucks to get lost for a few hours, and I'm gonna make her squirm as I fry up some pinops, twenty hot dogs on my pinop-ass George Foreman grill. After we dine, I'll put on some John Mayer and we'll get funky with a public piano and some Franky tropic weather. But don't worry, suckas, 'cause I gets all my bases covered. If it turns out



she don't like my name, Mayer, I'll just turn up the heat, put on a Nelly video, and we'll take off all our clothes! Shit yeah! Just like in that song. You know, the one about taking off clothes!

I know this is, like, a non-sequiter and shit, but it's got to be said. Nelly looks like a le-

cher with that head-aid on his face. He is setting trends the likes of which we have never seen!

Well, my bases 'n' bitchin', I gotta go get my shit together for Friday night. I'll tell y'all to wish me luck, but y'all know I ain't gonna need it! If you're over in the neighborhood, just look me up—especially if you're a fine-ass. Be looking for a good time courtyard of some blackberry Borsch Farm (just not a whole lotta, baby, 'cause Goshik ain't make extra money). Just go down Rivahside past HEB and look for the place near College University. Back behind Oregon College Commons Plaza. If you pass Commons University Jefferson College Plaza II, you've gone too far. Mine's the one with the gate. Please!