Eating Alone in Jester Since 1997

Best of '06-'07

September 2006
October 2006
December 2006

January 2007
March 2007
May 2007
When people talk to you, they are probably independent. When you talk to them, they will find themselves going to be.
Freshman still glad he’s not living in the dorms

First-year student: ‘Celibate, solitary existence beats Jester West any day’

Sara Kanewski
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

CAMPUS — Freshman Matt Trowley recently paid his first month’s rent at his off-campus apartment, which he selected as a better alternative to living in a dorm. “Man, no way was I going to spend my first year in college in a glorified jail cell with some loser who listens to techno music all night,” explained Trowley. "Having my own off-campus apartment is totally going to rock!"

Although Trowley has only had one party at his new residence, he is certain that more will follow.

“I had a few guys come over for some beers I scored with my fake apartment the weekend before,” said Trowley. “But we only watched one episode of Family Guy before they had to catch the last bus back to campus.”

Trowley’s friends from high school have had no problem throwing parties in their dorms.

“Last weekend these two babes from my rhetoric class came by to split a six-pack of Mike’s Hard Lem-ing parties in their dorms. “Last weekend these two babes from my rhetoric class came by to split a six-pack of Mike’s Hard Lem-

T-shirts reveal attitude, hollowness of lifestyle

Austin Presley
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — Advertising major Kenny Chesowitz has capitalized on the recent trend in graphic T-shirts emblazoned with humorously ironic and post-modern phrases by exploring new avenues of self-expression through fashion.

“I see all these people wearing shirts that say ‘Hottie’ or ‘Thank Your Girlfriend For Me’ and I’ve become bothered by all that wasted medium,” stated Chesowitz as he pointed out further examples of T-shirts around the West Mall.

“I could wear a shirt with some glib sexual comment, but I’d rather don a garment that reveals my true personality.”

“See what I mean?” asked a grinning Chesowitz as he stretched out his T-shirt to clearly display the phrase, "I Take Medicine For My BiPolar Disorder.”

Despite his enthusiasm, Chesowitz’s friends have expressed concern for his recent fashion statements.

“I guess they were funny at first,” conceded roommate Andy Furlong. “Everyone loves a good graphic tee, right? I get a laugh every time I wear my ‘TAXachussets’ shirt.”

Furlong then shrugged and shook his head, "But Kenny’s really taken with the unorthodox tees after shop-

ing into my big, empty apartment and thinking ‘Whooose house? Matt’s house!’”

Despite the inconveniences of living farther away from his friends, Trowley still maintains that spending his freshman year in an apartment is a good decision.

“I don’t care if those losers don’t have cars so they can’t come visit me out here — it still beats living in a dorm,” affirmed Trowley. “Nothing can replace the feeling of walking into my big, empty apartment and thinking ‘Whooose house? Matt’s house!’”

Who needs friends when you’ve got 500 square feet of emptiness?” Trowley admitted he has had some difficulties making friends with his apartment neighbors.

“The brochure described this place as a haven for sexy, young college students ready to party, but the only person I’ve met so far is a 28-year-old grad student who I’m pretty sure has a kid,” bemoaned Trowley.

Decorating the new apartment was one of Trowley’s primary concerns.

“I was helping Tyler move his stuff into that hell-hole Jester and they had this poster sale going on,” recalled Trowley. “I got two really hot Maxim posters to add to the Bud Light cut-out I already had. That way my apartment feels like home and not like some stupid dorm.”

Trowley added: “I even put a giant Texas flag above my bed.”

Newfound independence has presented some difficulties for Trowley, who has never lived alone before.

“Bills turned out to be a lot more complicated than I expected,” admitted Trowley. "And having to cook every meal is annoying, but it beats eating cafeteria food.”

Trowley’s Jester friends point out that despite this boost of freedom and “primo living,” Trowley frequen-

ts JCL, looking to bum food off his friends.

“Yeah, Matt always jokes about how much the food sucks at J2 or JCL,” said friend Jeff Michaels. “But the guy is making a serious dent in my Dine-In Dollars. If he keeps trying to mooch food off me, I’ll probably stop taking his calls.”

“Nothing can replace the feeling of walking into my big, empty apartment and thinking ‘Whooose house? Matt’s house!””

Kenny Chesowitz has capitalized on the recent trend in graphic T-shirts around the West Mall. “Sometimes There’s Blood In My Stool.”

Described by friends as “artis-
tic,” “open-minded,” and “a little creepy,” Chesowitz began wearing the unorthodox tees after shop-

ping at Urban Outfitters.

“This is all because of those damned trendy hipsters,” complained friend Jessica Gwynn. "Sure, their slogans are often clev-
er and cheeky, but there's only so much a person can take before he starts getting ideas in his head. It’s just like those Columbine kids and video games, only instead of using guns to kill people, Kenny uses T-shirts to make people fairly uncomfortable and confused.”

Gwynn explained: "The other day Kenny was wearing a shirt that said, 'This Is A Cry For Help,' and we all had a good laugh. But the next day his shirt said, 'No, I’m Fucking Serious. Nobody laughed at that one.”

“I thought about making my own shirt that says something like, 'We Get It, Kenny' or 'Kenny, You're Making Everyone Feel Awkward,'” said Gwynn. “But who has time to do that?”

Despite his friends’ concerns, Chesowitz seems just as excited about graphic tees as ever.

“There’s no telling how far I can take this trend,” pondered Chesowitz as he flipped through a sketchpad depicting illustrations of shirts with birthdates, phone num-

bers and venereal diseases written across them. “Soon, people will be able to tell volumes about you just by reading your T-shirt.”

“Just finished this one yesterday,” boasted Chesowitz as he pulled out a shirt reading, "I Cut Myself." Gwynn said, "This one is just for me, though."
Conservative adult really enjoys heavily-edited rap music

Sara Kanewske
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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

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

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

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

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

“Dad used to come in my room to bug me about my homework, but now he sneaks in to steal my Nelly and Lil’ Jon CDs,” complained Adam. “Even worse, when he dropped me and some friends off at the movies, he started singing, ‘Can I get a what what?’ when he wanted a hug.”

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

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

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

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

“Our boss used to come in my room to ask me about my homework, but now he gives me copies of his Nelly and Lil’ Jon CDs,” said Perkin. “I’ve even started incorporating rap into the work meeting on Tuesday when I had that Nelly song Number One (Radio Edit) in my head,” said Perkin as he confidently brushed imaginary dirt off his shoulder. “I figured it would be motivating to enter the meeting singing ‘What does it take to be number one? Two is not a winner and three nobody remembers,’ just like they did to pump up the basketball players.”

“…he really has no idea what he’s saying. He actually thinks Lil’ Jon sings about skeet shooting.”

Perkin’s attempt to “pump up” the board members was met with baffled stares and the suggestion that he take the remainder of the week off and return when he was feeling “more like himself.”

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

“You just gotta shake them haters off,” suggested Perkin as he effortlessly tossed a makeshift paper basketball into a wastebasket. “Whoop! (There It Is).”

Eight roommates enjoying West Campus high-rise

Stephen Short
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WEST CAMPUS — Eight residents of a three-bedroom luxury apartment in The Sterling Texan Villas at Rio Grande have enjoyed living together since their lease began in August. After an exhaustive apartment search last spring, the four male and four female residents decided the Sterling Texan Villas’ proximity to campus and bountiful amenities made it the ideal place to reside for 12 months.

“All of the four bedroom apartments were pre-leased by fall, so we had to take the three bedroom if we wanted to live here,” explained resident Kimberly Dalton as she collapsed her trundle bed to create a path to the bathroom. “Because there are only three rooms, we had to draw straws to see who would sleep in the living room. Oh, and only two of the showers work so it’s four people to a bathroom.”

Dalton added: “Sterling Texan Villas are right across the street from frat parties, so I think we chose a great location. We did find this six bedroom house in Hyde Park that was $2200 cheaper each month, but then we would’ve had to take the bus!”

Each roommate pays $550 per month for their highly coveted luxury apartment featuring: a plasma screen HDTV, marble countertops, polished concrete floors and stainless steel appliances. For an additional $180 per month, residents can have their own underground parking spot.

Roommate Aaron Levenson shares Dalton’s optimistic outlook on the West Campus high-rise.

“I was pretty lucky to get a room facing the inside of the building,” boasted Levenson, turning up his stereo to drown out the conversation in the hallway outside his bedroom. “Kimberly and Stacy’s room overlooks the zany pandemonium that ensued, this huge construction pit, so they wake up every morning at five when the workers start to bore into the earth.”

Due to their close quarters, the eight roommates’ friendships have grown stronger.

“Rob and Aaron hatched this crazy scheme to compete in a trivia contest with Kimberly and Brittany, so they could move in to the girls’ larger bedroom,” cackled resident Josh

Friends. “Like this one time when Jorge walked in on Dan and Kimberly making out and said, ‘What’s going on here!’”

Levenson added: “And then we laughed and laughed.”
AUSTIN – Women and Gender Studies junior and avowed feminist Stephanie Gaine discovered she had “absolutely nothing appropriate” to wear before a Friday night excursion to Sixth Street.

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

Scouring her closet for a new ensemble, Gaine explained that modern feminist movement aspires for equality of the sexes by focusing on the issues of reproductive rights, domestic violence and equal pay. Gaine promotes feminist ideals by volunteering, reading and deconstructing gender stereotypes of our hetero-normative, chauvinistic society. Despite her enthusiastic activism, several of Gaine’s friends believe she has become obsessed with her feminist image.

“I told Stephanie to pair this cute dress with some leggings,” said friend and fellow feminist Lucia Canchaba. “But then she went on this rant about how leggings constrict her legs in the same way the glass ceiling constricts female socio-economic mobility.”

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

Members of Gaine’s social circle have become increasingly irritated with her inflexible moral standards. “Did you see the way Stephanie responded when I asked her if she wanted to borrow my diamond tennis bracelet? She acted as if I personally forced a poor African girl to mine the diamond from the earth,” complained fellow NARAL activist Anna Betts. “Besides, this is a conflict-free diamond.”

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

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

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

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

- Funkytown
- Easy Street
- 123 Main Street
- Electric Avenue
- Pleasantville
- Skid Row

Coming
Fall 2007
The many faces of Mark Foley

The phrase 'you can't judge a book by its cover' couldn't be more applicable to Mark Foley (R-FL), recently made infamous by his alleged sexual relationship with underage Capitol workers. The Travesty staff worked tirelessly to sift through the muddled rumors to bring you the truth about the many pages of Mark Foley's book.

Chemically, there's very little unique about you.

Congressman Mark Foley
- Is dedicated to his country and the American people
- Loves freedom, security and winning
- Cares about children (not like that)
- Doesn't engage in deviant sexual behavior

Gay Mark Foley
- Just loves you in that top!
- Watches the "Shoes" video on YouTube everyday
- Moisturizes
- Cares about the environment
- Has a great recipe for a whey protein shake
- Dances
- Feels empathetic

Alcoholic Mark Foley
- Drinks on the job
- Drinks off the job
- Enjoys drinking
- Hates drinking but does it anyway
- Is crippled by drinking
- Can make a sweet-ass martini
- Drinks a lot
- Should probably stop drinking

Catholic Mark Foley
- Feels guilty about everything
- Is sad
- Was molested
- Doesn't shore up the Protestant vote
- Misses John Paul II because the new guy blows

Evil Mark Foley
- Engages in deviant sexual behavior
- Wishes death upon all kittens, puppies and koalas
- Hates Jews
- Once set a building on fire just to watch it burn
- Raises taxes and deficit spending
- Golfs
- Tells impressionable youngsters that McDonald's is healthy
- Can't read

Jurassic Mark Foley
- Is a predator by nature
- Consumes human flesh
- Will hunt you down and eat you
Mobster gives up chocolate, location of dead bodies for Lent
‘I can’t believe he fit seven people in an Easter basket,’ says Police Chief

TRENTON, NJ — Incarcerated mobster Antonio "The Axe" Antonini has informed the district attorney that he will be giving up chocolate as well as the location of numerous dead bodies for the Lenten season.

"I’ve been a fan of delicious chocolates ever since my great grandma made butterscotch and chocolate milk balls for dessert every Sunday for the family dinner. It’s gonna be real tough to give ‘em up," revealed Antonini from within his maximum security prison cell. "It’s going to be even harder for me to tell you that the douchebag who was gonna rat Fat Tony out is buried in the crawl space of the boat docks at pier 13 in New Haven, Connecticut."

When asked why he was giving up chocolate, Antonini said, "Because that stuff will kill ya faster than multiple blows to the head with a tire iron. But at least chocolate will have the common decency not to bury you at mile marker 72 in Vermont’s Green Mountain National Forest."

Urban kids’ new dance skills useless in prison

THE BRONX — Last Saturday, a group of ragtag inner-city orphans were incarcerated, despite having recently learned to express themselves creatively and safely through the art of dance.

"We were really lucky to have Mr. Franklin, that free-spirited inspirational teacher, who actually believed we had what it took to loosen up and move our bodies like real dancers," reported 17-year-old LeShaun Jenkins on the phone from a New York state penitentiary. "Too bad he didn’t teach us how to run faster from the cops."

According to witnesses, none of the other inmates were impressed by the stereotype-shattering dance moves, as demonstrated on their first day in prison, when Marco Gonzales, the troubled, smoldering Latino heartthrob, was shivved and killed while showing off an otherwise flawless pirouette in the communal showers.

Egyptian man falls victim to pyramid scheme

DES MOINES — Fayez Noujaim, a 34-year-old computer programmer of Egyptian descent, recently filed for bankruptcy after falling victim to a devious business practice which preys off a common desire to quickly amass wealth, commonly known as a pyramid scheme. The company operating the ruse lured Noujaim to send in several thousand dollars over the course of three years for what he thought was a sound investment, but just as Moses bombarded the pharaoh with locusts and rivers of blood, the Securities and Exchange Commission eventually plagued the company with indictments for fraud and embezzlement.

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

Drunk male not attracted to best friend

Plastered student claims he’s ‘not in to dudes’

WEST CAMPUS — An inebriated Kyle Brenner declared to all present at a party in West Campus last Saturday night that he was not physically attracted to best friend Mike Dieter.

"Mike, I do not like dudes! So get your piercing blue eyes and velvet mouth away from me," slurred Brenner. "Come on, man! Stop flirting with me!"

Although Brenner has a history of getting belligerently drunk, Dieter claims Brenner has never expressed those feelings to himself, or 200 other people.

"Kyle just likes to act out different characters when he gets sloshed," nervously chuckled Dieter. "Like last week, Kyle pretended to be my girlfriend by spooning me from behind in the dark."

As Dieter attempted to continue his story, Brenner interjected: "I am not gay, I am not gay!"

Have you switched detergents?
Cause these jeans are mountain fresh and snuggly soft. Photo/Travesty
Carlos Mencia’s comedy crosses borders …

... between incoherent and not funny

Never letting taste or humor get in the way of a joke, ‘Mind of Mencia’ has been called ‘insensitive,’ even ‘stupid’ — we call it genius*

“What do a Mexican and a recliner have in common? They’re both LA-Z-BOYS! Heeyyyoo!”

“What do Mexican and dead guys have in common? Neither gets to work on time! Aaaaawwwwwwyyeeaaahhhhhhh!”

“If Mexicans were terrorists, we wouldn’t have car bombs, we’d have lawnmower bombs! Heeeeyyyyyboo!”

“Knock Knock … Who’s There … A Mexican guy … A Mexican guy who? … A Mexican guy who’s going to steal your TV and pawn it off for malt liquor so he can drink it on a street corner and then go on a drive by! Whhooooooo!”

“How do you keep a black guy from stealing your money? Hide it in his work boots!! Hiphiphohohohohohohohohohohohohyeeeeeaaaaahhhhh!”

“You know why a Mexican will never be president? Because he couldn’t hold a job for four years! Hiphophiphip!”

“Why can’t a Mexican survive on minimum wage? Because $5.15 an hour can’t pay for lawnmowers, tacos, marracas, sombreros, religious-themed candles, tortillas, VHS copies of “Selena,” and shitty pick-ups with improbably ornate paint-jobs and mismatched sidepanels!!!!!

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“Mencia” is not genius. He’s not even Mencia. (His real name is Ned Holness.) Neither is he Mexican. Rather, he is half-German, half-Honduran, and all awful. The Travesty is at a loss as to why he is loosely associated with humor and even more at a loss as to why Comedy Central puts him on the air.

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*Editor's note:

Syphilis is society’s ultimate game of tag. And you’re it.
**Episode of Family Guy painstakingly recounted**

Patrons at local Italian-themed restaurant subjected to 'play-by-play' of popular FOX show

OLIVE GARDEN — Jordan Phillips and Ryan Werner, desperately seeking meaningful conversation during a double date with their girlfriends, resorted to recounting an episode of Family Guy.

"Usually they keep things pretty lively with their Will Ferrell jokes or Chapelle references, but tonight was a whole new level of boring," complained Werner’s girlfriend Susan Muirhead. "If I hear one more situation involving that baby trying to kill his mother, I am going to lose it. It makes me want to cheat on him."

Phillips, however, didn't understand her complaints.

"I mean, they practically try to emulate Sex in the City, so why can’t we just talk about Family Guy? You know? Speaking of Sex in the City, did you see that one episode of Family Guy where Quagmire had a bar in his basement? It was so funny. Heh, heh, allllllrightt.”

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**Black lab cute at first**

DENVER — Mary Derden, recent owner of an American Kennel Association-approved black lab, was shocked to find that her new puppy was not well behaved last Monday.

"I was willing to pay big bucks for this dog because I thought it would be the cream of the crop," stated Derden as she cleaned up the remains of her grandmother’s priceless antique vase. "They always look so good in the Abercrombie ads and on the Ducks Unlimited t-shirts.”

Derden cited numerous instances why she was disappointed with the dog’s behavior including: its failure to receive dead birds on hunting trips, its tendency to chew on her shoes and its affinity to defecate on her pillow.

"The dog just looked so precious in the kennel with its little brothers and sisters, so I assumed it would be well-behaved," remarked Derden. "But now I have just about had it with this damn dog. It won’t even fly through the air and catch a frisbee.”

Joseph Hertz, the puppy’s previous owner, was offended by Derden’s ignorance.

"If she wanted a smart or docile dog, labradors aren’t a good choice. People like her should try a cat or something.”

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**Area woman has no clue how hard she almost got laid last night**

AUSTIN — According to neighbor Chad Harris, local woman Anne Killman "has no idea how hard she almost got laid" Monday evening.

“We had a couple of the neighbors over to watch the football game and drink some ‘Brew-nannies’ and I could tell that Anne totally wanted my ‘Dongosaurus Rex,’ claimed Harris as he wrote another message on Killman’s Facebook wall. “If I hadn’t passed out after my second Jägerbomb she probably still be taking a horizontal ride on my fresh pogo-stick.”

Although Killman claims that she finds Harris, “misogynistic,” “idiotic” and “a closet homosexual,” Harris refused to believe the rumors that Killman didn’t want to engage “in a serious pipe-laying session.”

“She’s just like all the other girls who claim they don’t want a piece of the Chadster, but secretly do,” claimed Harris as he confidently pantomimed firing a gun with his thumb and forefinger. “I’ll put it this way, if I actually hooked up with as many girls as I know I could have, I definitely wouldn’t still be a virgin.”

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**Even Mark Wahlberg surprised by Oscar nomination**

Kind-of-good actor questions Academy’s objectivity, intelligence

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

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

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

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

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**‘Cool’ uncle no longer cool with liver disease**

‘Nothing takes the fun out of a ‘what’s behind your ear?’ gag like a terminal case of Cirrhosis,’ says 10-year-old niece

PHILADELPHIA — Sean D. Carasso, a 38-year-old airline pilot, is apparently no longer cool amongst his young nephews after downing a life threatening case of cirrhosis of the liver.

“Uncle Sean used to be so freaking cool. He’d always buy us ice cream and find these giant coins behind our ears,” said Carassos’s youngest nephew Jacob Dylan. “But now that he’s in the hospital all he does is vomit into a clear bag and sleep.”

A self-proclaimed bachelor for life, Carasso enjoyed spending time with his nephews, often dressing up in clown costumes for their birthdays and letting them watch R-rated movies in his bayside condo. But with his recent health problems he has been unable to spend “quality chill time” with his nephews.

“I used to hanging out with those cats over the holidays, but I just don’t have the energy anymore,” said Carrasso from his hospital bed as a nurse slowly spooned tapioca pudding into his quivering mouth. “Plus now that I’m in here, I can’t use them to pick up chicks.”

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**Student frets over making an ‘A’ in guitar class**

CAMPUS — Introduction to Guitar student Brad Faley recently mentioned to friends that he is worried about his grades. “When I started the semester, I was sure I’d have the upper hand,” said Faley. “But recently my grasp on the material has started slipping.”

Faley also noted that he was surprised at the difficulty of the course, since he had picked it out of a list of possible electives. “I’ve always been interested in music, in fact at one point I considered taking it as a minor,” added Faley. “But now there was buzz going around that there would be a curve. I figured the teacher would bend the rules a little,” lamented Faley. “But now he’s bringing the hammer-on, and it’s too late to pull-off my schedule.” On a higher note, Faley admits he is beginning to master the material.

“My new abilities actually struck a chord with these drunk girls in my apartment complex,” he beamed. “We were freaking for hours, and my fingers ran all up and down her body.” Unfortunately an upcoming exam has Faley biting his nails. “If I can’t make an ‘A’ on this one, it’s going to be bad news. I’ll try to keep my fingers crossed.”

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**Classmates need to borrow notes from 4/20**

CAMPUS — Economics junior Kevin Butrell received several unsolicited mass Blackboard e-mails last Monday following Friday, April 20.

“My inbox was stuffed with about 30 messages from people in my Intro to Linguistics class asking for notes from last Friday,” said Butrell as he transcribed his handwritten notes for his classmates in need. “A lot of them were rambling or incoherent, so I guess a lot of people are catching that hay fever that’s going around.”

E-mails sent to Butrell included sophomore Erin Clinebale’s suspiciously over-justified and increasingly incoherent message: “Hey guys! I know we all hate to get these e-mails, but I really, really need to get the notes from 4/20. I couldn’t get to class because my car broke down on MoPac on my way to visit my dying grandmother. I heard this loud bang, and – man, Ego Tripping Out is so awesome. Marvin Gaye knows – he just knows! My mom would take me to the zoo all the time, you know? Just ride that rollercoaster man – ride it!”
**MYTH:** Diana, Princess of Wales had a tumultuous marriage with Charles, Prince of Wales. She was world renowned for her humanitarian missions and AIDS charity. On August 31, 1997, Princess Diana was severely injured in a car wreck in Paris, France. She died shortly after.

**FACT:** Diana, Princess of Wales, was not close to severely injured. In fact, she walked away from the accident, unscathed. Later, at the swanky Parisian hotel where she was accommodated that evening, Diana was served a rare bottled water crafted by Fijian scientists. Unfortunately, the scientists had overlooked the proper formula for balancing the fluoride content in the water, creating a mutant strain of AIDS. Diana’s blood turned into toothpaste, and it is said that members of the royal family still use tubes of paste created from her remnants to clean their teeth.

**MYTH:** Hoate and the Blowfish was a popular, well-respected band in the early 1990s.

**FACT:** No one respected Hootie and the Blowfish. Ever.

**MYTH:** The XYZ Affair was a diplomatic scandal from 1797 to 1800 that worsened relations between the United States and France.

**FACT:** Secret Vatican folios uncovered by Robert Langdon reveal that the United States undertook a false flag operation by staging around Freemasons John Marshall, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Elbridge Gerry as French agents “X,” “Y” and “Z.” By creating a climate of fear, President John Adams was able to secure unprecedented funding to expand the newly created Navy. The military-industrial complex was born with the duplicitous act, laying the path for pro-military subliminal messages to be planted in episodes of Roseanne.

**MYTH:** President John F. Kennedy was assassinated by lone gunman Lee Harvey Oswald on November 22, 1963.

**FACT:** The Zimmermann note decoded by British intelligence in 1917 didn’t just contain plans for a German-Mexican alliance during World War I, it also featured plans to crash commercial aircraft into buildings in Lower Manhattan and evidence of Star Jones’ gastric bypass surgery. Most importantly, it contained the blueprints of a government-funded hologram machine used to project the image of charismatic assassin Lee Harvey Oswald.
Your Comments Are Welcome

Have you noticed the new suggestion boxes sprouting up around campus? The University has a strong commitment to considering your suggestions and listening to your every concern. Here are just a few examples of students that have already exercised their right to suggest.

Resident's quests

Is there anyway to unsync my period from my roomies'?

- Kissing Lady

PCL Proverbs

Crank the AC
I wanna see some Nipples!

Resident's quests

Dear Foster, Food Services,

My mother want me to ask if the application will be charity fee for Passch. Also, she waited to know if you will offer whole wheat meta crackers. Please respond in a timely fashion.

Sincerely,
Molly Bannisterman

Prescription for Success: SSB

Similar Condoms For This Friend Of Mine Not For Me - For My Friend I Swear!
**MidEast FASHION CRISIS!**

Don’t catch flak for wearing the wrong bullet-proof vest! A fashion faux-pas as bad as some of these could result in detention—of your freedom to party! With the help of our experts, you can make sure your new dress doesn’t bomb at the next gala. It’s time to declare jihad on flannel miniskirts!

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**Features**

- **13**

- **Backwards-hat-wearers are part of a secret society of lame.**

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These hats may protect them from deadly shrapnel, but they won’t block my projectile vomit. Ick! UN Peacekeeping gear is so Kosovo 1998! These soldiers need to reload their wardrobes. —Carson

The only thing smacking in this picture is this boy’s hideous combination of khakis and horizontal stripes. —Carson

2. Gucci 3:16:
“Let he who is without fashion sin cast the first stone!” —Maria

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These people are fleeing from the crippling poverty that characterizes their country’s monstrous socioeconomic gap—but it’s not the kind of gap that will get them on “Real World.” Too bad their currency’s losing value faster than last year’s closed-toe pumps! —Maria

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I’m all for impassioned political rallies, but have these bushy protesters ever heard of a Mach 3 razor? I guess they don’t care about being kissably smooth before Soviet-era Mach-2 capable MiG fighter jets with smart bomb capabilities and six-barrel GSh-6-23 cannons reach their shantytowns. —Carson

And their taste in denim shows that their fashion sense is as weak as their puppet government’s attempt at maintaining basic infrastructure! —Heidi

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This soldier may be surrounded by empty shells, but only a person with an empty shell of a brain for fashion would wear those tattered green fatigues. Not to mention that Tefillin—it’s so 5624. —Joan

Methinks he should take a break from picking up the bloated corpses of his compatriots and pick up the new Mark Jacobs fall catalog! —Maria

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Hasn’t anyone ever told these guys that you’re not supposed to wear Kevlar vests strapped with plastic explosives and a remote detonator over a white jumpsuit after Labor Day? —Heidi
Are you a career-driven chica, but not sure what's out there? In the 21st century there's a whole new definition of "women's work!" Whether you're a recent divorcée, have given up hope of landing a man, or just aren't interested in men to begin with, you can use the flow chart as a guide to finding your dream job! Be sure to look for next month's quiz: How Many Children Should You Have Based on Your Body Type!
Travesty Quiz

What Mood-Altering Prescription Drug Should You Be Taking?

1. When you encounter an ex-boyfriend on the street with his new super-model-esque girlfriend, you:
   a. Fight back the tears until you return your one-bedroom efficiency, slowly die inside, and listen to the soothing harmonies of Beyoncé’s “End of the Road.”
   b. Smile politely, introduce yourself and dish about the awkwardness over drinks with your girlfriends later that night.
   c. Nervously pace back and forth while rapidly listing the five new hobbies you picked up this week and mentally reciting the Preamble to the Constitution.
   d. Offer to have a threesome. They both looked pretty good!

2. It’s Saturday night. What are your plans?
   a. After searching for happiness at the bottom of a gin bottle, you destroy every artifact from your childhood, consume 37 Klondike Bars and wonder how your life got this bad.
   b. Having dinner at Bennigan’s with your cute new co-worker!
   c. You can’t decide which friends to go out with, so you begin reorganizing your closet until you find old pictures and begin another scrapbook. Then you stumble upon a Nike ad and decide to start marathon training.
   d. Slip yourself a roofer, let your hair down, open up the sunroof, stick your head out and go dancing!

3. Your boyfriend is acting slightly aloof and indifferent. How do you respond?
   a. Scratch your skin off when you remember you don’t have a boyfriend.
   b. Shrug it off and assume he’ll talk to you if it’s a big deal.
   c. Bake him a cake, make him a card and insist he love life as much as you do.
   d. Boyfriend? You’ve only seen guys make one expression...while you’re bumping uglies!

4. Which of the following text messages are most likely to be in your outbox?
   a. “Help, pft! God save me from this hell I call my existence. TTLY”
   b. “Hey, what u doing later? Chills? 8? Text me back!”
   c. Forward: Reply to All: “OMG! HAVEN’T SLEPT IN 6 DAYS!! I HAVE THE BEST IDEA FOR A MOVIE! LET’S TAKE AN ART CLASS!!!”
   d. “Hey baby! Dr says it’s treatable. How soon can u cum over ;”)”

5. Your boss tells you he needs you in his office right away. How do you react?
   a. Cry and blame yourself.
   b. Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
   c. Go into his office with an alphabetized, color-coded and outlined design for how to resave the entire company from the bottom up.
   d. Blow him!

MOSTLY A’S

Definitely-Depressed Dame

“Ex. Please, because a day? Wasting time for help on the bathroom wolf? Do you find yourself relating to Beyoncé’s approach to life and have little faith in what some people call a ‘future?’ You have what psychiatrists call ‘Depression.’

‘Man probably find your constant attempts at suicide somewhat of a turnoff,’ explains Dr. Ruth Jefferson, author of ‘It’s Really Not That Bad.’ To start finding your way back to the sunny side of life, our expert recommends immediately getting your doctor to write you a prescription for Paxil and not getting all of it until the day you die, which, who knows, might be soon.

Your Drug: Paxil

MOSTLY B’S

Balanced Babe

‘Good friends, a man in your life, and a job you love — although it might appeal to you or give you something to talk about, our expert warns against assuming that you don’t have a mood disorder.

‘Sometimes it’s the people who seem to have it all who are really weird out there anywhere,’ says Pepper Schwartz, Doctoral in Biology of Harvard.

Look for these symptoms: feeling uncomfortable in awkward situations, occasionally being ashamed, and experiencing sadness at least twice a month. You probably have Social Anxiety Disorder. The good news is that your doctor can prescribe you Effexor, and this should eliminate all the problems you never realized you had.

Your Drug: Effexor

MOSTLY C’S

Manic Maiden

‘Are you totally into everything all of the time? Do you have varied interests and activities? Although you might feel invincible, the truth is you’re suffering from Mania.’

‘Guys most likely will find you intimidating and a little too confident,’ suggests Maria Lopez, PhD in sociology at Arizona State University. To help limit your life goals to 15 and balance your love of life with the rest of society’s cynical attitude, you should get prescribed Xanax immediately!

Your Drug: Xanax

MOSTLY D’S

Shifty State

‘Is your bad mood popular than the latest Justin Timberlake song? Is your “numbness” more than these ever-age? It’s society has diagnosed you as a capital “S” slut. Most likely you suffer from one or more STDs and are trying to find love to make up for an absent father,’ suggests Laura Raines, PhD in English from Harvard College.

Unfortunately for you, there’s no pill for that! But we do recommend an immediate prescription for birth control and the HPV vaccine. They might not make you less social, but they will reduce the unwanted side effects.

Your Drug: Birth Control

MORE LIKE LINDSEY BROHAN.

FEATURING • 15
Video Games: The Latter Years

Legend of Zelda: The Realm of Link

Follow Link into a magical world where instead of hunting Werewolves and earning princesses, he proves himself to be a hero in conquering evil. You must be able to put your controller down as Link moves only from his Legend to another game and on to Nintendo's next success. He looks for a jolt! The box of Hyrule comes in your hands as Link digs back a gold ring on a nearby stone and a Donald ninth in his pocket. Hammer a new sword of Zelda's Guttur, and half a bottle of green potion to deliver the perfect rap of Gannon's.

Sonic the Hedgehog 3: Back to the Show

Sonic returns home to new stories in his new thousand-of-days-of-life's tale. Sonic the Hedgehog 100% by the studio behind the Sonic movie franchise, but this time he's no longer a herald. Parachute Hawk, Sonic the Hedgehog's Nemesis, is more interested in the action of the story. He's now an expert at the Shadow the Hedgehog.

Magic Man XXX

Dr. Wily is a genius! Magic Man has been arrested to protect the world from Dr. Wily's latest evil scheme. The evil Dr. Wily and his henchman, Dr. Eggman, are planning to use the power of a new robot named Dr. Eggman, the most powerful robot in the world. Dr. Wily plans to use the robot to destroy the world and all its inhabitants. The Magic Man, however, is determined to save the world and stop Dr. Wily at all costs.

Organ Trail

This new game's unique twist on the classic survival horror game will have you in a frantic race to deliver a baby. In the Organ Trail, you must navigate a treacherous journey of the Ouachita Mountains. Don't forget to buy enough dry ice from the making a baby before leaving! Play well, and you'll earn a thumbs up for your successful delivery.
Harley and Luigi in Super InterGalactic Warfare

When Mario (aka Donkey) and Luigi (aka Eddy) are cribced apart by the hospital of animensional violence in the not-to-be-held of the Neo-Galactic Kingdom, they are forced to brave each other down without regard for family or the sanctuary of Mr. Luigi and Mr. T. and the Nintendo in an act of asexual racism. Harley must take to the blood-curdling streets with only his AK-47 and a crude knife in order to enact his prolonged vengeance against the one he used to call a brother. Just like the real world, there are no magic mechanisms that add Aristotle, simply the cold hard reality of life and death made raw by each unspeakable blemish for one and one.

Donkey Kong: Primitive Stage

For the past two years Donkey and Eddy Kong have been confined to a cell by Wario in the Donkey Kong Car. One day when she knocked over the motorcycle, Donkey's first stage of human-suit formerly while simultaneously accumulating to remove their own board of human and make the carrying of bananas by Animal Control. Realize that the Eddy Kong make sure appearance to Donkey and Eddy Kong's main instrument of chivalry. Moreover, the stage sharp hands and agility to catch small children and knock with the grace of a man.

WHRB Jams

If you thought the fun over the top, high wire showmanship of NBA JAM was anything else than a scrap of basketball in the real world, then you're in for a surprise. Featuring such talents as the WHRB, such Cheryl Strick, Lisa Leslie and Wendi O'Neal, you and your friends can do layups, throwdowns and blocks and score 29 points per game all in the closing and games of a half-filled stadium. The final one hundred people to actually buy the game will receive either a free season pass or all WHRB, regular season games or 20 percent off all recorded music on your local H.R.B. Please see the rules included.

Wall Street Fighter

Capcom's most popular video game is back and better than ever! Instead of engaging in blood hand-to-hand combat, the Street Fighters are placed against each other in a walking and running world of streets, houses and mountains on the ground floor of the Neo-Ninjkyo complex. Watch as Ken and Ryu are forced to rely on the HADOUKEN to make points while Chun Li and H. Honda present the roll off of a pharmaceutical stick, but they are instead of both trading! And of course, Gallows creates numerous conservative loneliness than his each much in a Tokyo Hunter, or a Tokyo Road!

Fuji-Han Parish

Poor Fuji-Han! After a lengthy and most alarming donation from Mr. Fuji-Han, his life has quickly become out of control, leaving him broken and alone. Feeling alone only to competitively bugging and purging on two questions of yellows. Help guide Fuji-Han through his apartment in his attempt to solve a miserable situation off the while keeping his roommate's mind not to about his disgusting habit. Make sure to find the house location andourke to help purdue the reputation of both his and personal demons. Clearly Fuji-Han's happiness by more than just mutual interest of ghosts, baby, phy, and Cristal!
Ain’t nobody showin’ up to jazz appreciation class, daddio!

Skatz McTazz
JAZZ HISTORY PROFESSOR
Salutations, you sweet swingin’ hipsters! Skatz here, just slidin’ through and sayin’ boop-tee-do! I’m croonin’ to you youthful cats to get some attendance seat-ed in the soft cushion of my jazz appreciation class.

I’m not pressin’, just sayin’ you hot mamas and hip papas may wanna show up every now and again, whenever you feel like it. ‘Cuz daddio, that’s what jazz is about. It ain’t about tests, it’s about Tuesday-Thursday from 9:30 to 11, it ain’t about nothin’ but the music hittin’ your heart, and a smoke, and he jes’ turned it down and said kids been complai-nin’ they can never find old Skatz. I’m usin’ this ever so reverent medium to sing to you birds, jazz class’ll meet when it meets! Don’t place no restrictions on it, Baby. Skibbadee-bobbedy-bop-bam-bop!

I tol’ the class that’s what it’s about, some fool in my class still sen’ me a letter n’ say he need this class to gradee-ate, and he wanna know what tha rubric be? What tha rubric be! Skiddle dee dee, das what tha rubric be! You jes’ gotta get hot, mama! Feel it in ya bones, daddy, that’s when class meet, dat’s the grade you get!

Well, I hear that old coal-train comin’, whistlin’ the steam call of a thousan’ lost, mixed-up souls. Damn, cool cats, dat’s jes’ the Fowty Acres bus! SKAP-BEE-BOP-DOP-DOO-WOP-SKEE-DEEDEE.

So some honky from the ‘minis-tration HOT and LEAN on my back though, man! I offered a jam and I would have picnics at lunch. I tole’ the class that’s what my jazz apprecia-tion class is about.

Frank Cobra
RENEGADE SUPERCOP
You hear me, you Puerto Rican son of a bitch? Your cancerous drug-dealing has plagued this town long enough, dammit. With God as my witness, I am going to do everything in my power to either see your silk-shirt wearing, golden-brown ass behind bars or lying face-down in a pool of your own Latin blood.

For 27 years, I’ve been work-ing the streets of this city – and you, Montoya, take the cake as the greatestest Dominican scumbug I’ve ever had the severe misfortune to come across. Sure, you may be a multi-millionaire. Sure, you may live in a four-story, oceanfront villa with a pool that’s as big as my whole apartment. Sure, you may drive cars that a gay Frenchman designed. You know what, you Cuban fuck? None of that matters when you’re staring down the barrel of my Colt .45. I’m gonna enjoy watching you squirm down the barrel of my Colt .45.

We both had never left Montevideo.

Our paths first crossed on the streets of Caracas almost two decades ago, Montoya. That was before I was an alcoholic. Before my wife left me. Before your premium gradee-ate, and he wan-dered through and said kids been complai-nin’ they can never find old Skatz. I’m usin’ this ever so reverent medium to sing to you birds, jazz class’ll meet when it meets! Don’t place no restrictions on it, Baby. Skibbadee-bobbedy-bop-bam-bop!

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Some honky from the ‘minis-tration HOT and LEAN on my back though, man! I offered a jam and I would have picnics at lunch.
You can’t kill a man who’s already dead

Dick Cheney
VICE PRESIDENT

I heard a cute story the other day: some adorable misfit terrorist tried to murder me with a suicide bomb. This religious zealot thought a simple batch of explosives tied to a Kevlar vest would be enough to take me — Dick Cheney — down. But he forgot one thing — you can’t kill a man who’s already dead.

Ha! It feels good to laugh again. Upon the explosion, my Secret Service agents attempted to take me to an underground bunker for safe-keeping. For a moment, I forgot that I wasn’t capable of feeling human emotions and let out a hearty guffaw. I’ve always said that hiding is a lot like spooning with the Earth. "It feels good to laugh again."

The terrorist tried to murder me with a suicide bomb. This religious zealot thought a simple batch of explosives tied to a Kevlar vest would be enough to take me — Dick Cheney — down. But he forgot one thing — you can’t kill a man who’s already dead.

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According to legend, only one thing can kill Dick Cheney — and that’s Dick Cheney. When I decide to die, you will know, as streams run red with the tears of children and the hallowed screams of an orphaned nation reverberate off the torn pages of history. Right now I’m too busy suckling at the teat of our planet’s resources, now I’m too busy suckling at the teat of our planet’s resources, and the hallowed screams of an orphaned nation reverberate off the torn pages of history.

So here’s a final message to all you terrorists with lucid dreams of martyrdom: you’ve tried to kill me once, and it provided me with a hearty tickling. Try to kill me again and my wrath will grow beyond the confines of this mortal coil, morph into a fire spewing fist and transform your nation into a mere footnote in the second volume of Dick Cheney’s "History of the Earth."

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Dad, the terrorist tried to murder me with a suicide bomb. This religious zealot thought a simple batch of explosives tied to a Kevlar vest would be enough to take me — Dick Cheney — down. But he forgot one thing — you can’t kill a man who’s already dead.

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That’s how gay they are.
The brave warriors within the trojan horse faced many hardships...giant mythical beasts being one.

Right. Someone please change seats with me.

OTHER THINGS THAT KILL WHALES: HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF

Cossacks

Puppy hats

I feel like a land war with Russia is a poor idea.

Oh, more like, best fucking idea ever.

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