

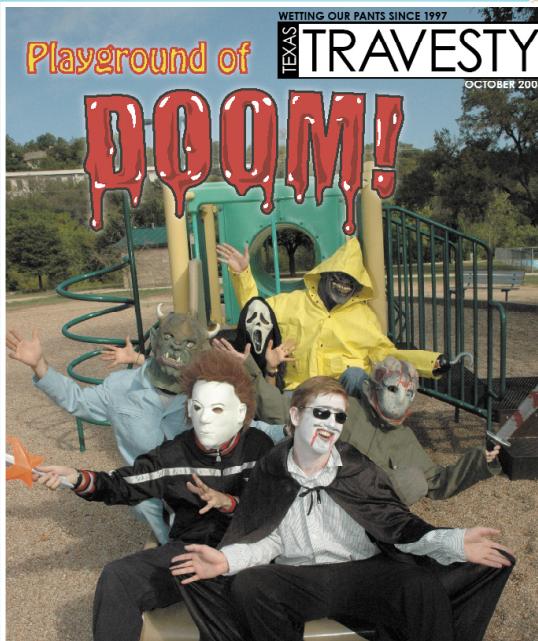
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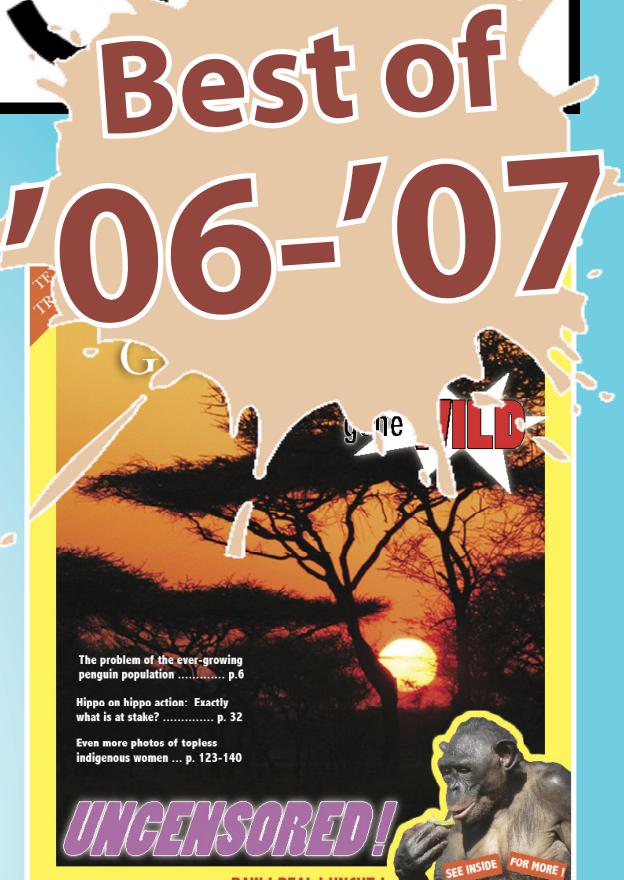
EATING ALONE IN JESTER SINCE 1997



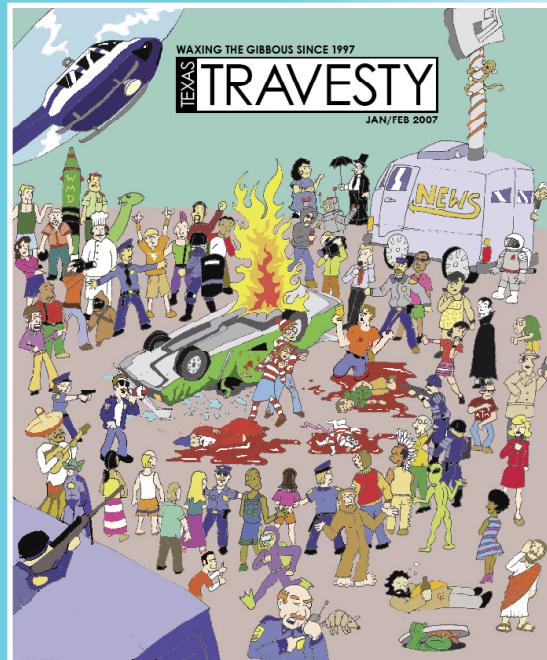
September 2006



October 2006



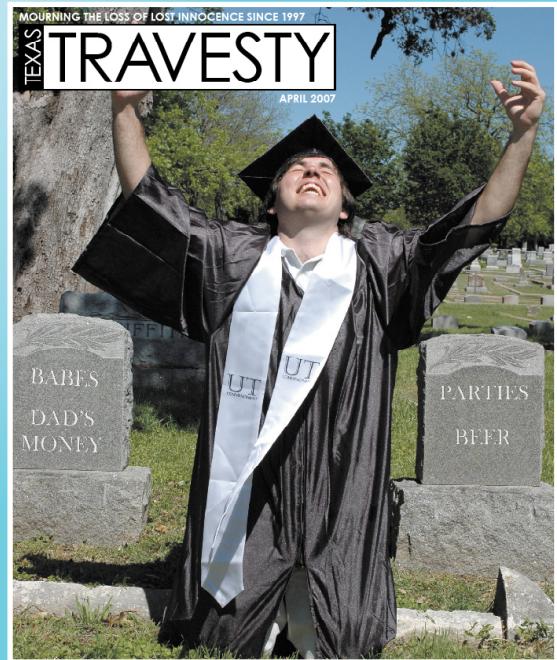
December 2006



January 2007



March 2007



May 2007

Phil Anders

sex-addicted resident assistant

Texas Travesty: So what inspired you to be an RA?

Phil Anders: My girlfriend left me for my RA—if you can't beat em, join em.

TT: So what's a typical day on the job?

PA: Being a shoulder to cry on, giving plenty of hugs and the occasional massage, monitoring the showers in the morning and at night, conducting random underwear drawer searches for contraband.

Turn-ons: fresh meat, homesick freshman girls, enforcing curfews, Joe Francis, swiping IDs, the walk from the communal showers, experimentation, pajama parties, positions of authority, access to free condoms, being over 21, gaining freshman trust, having a room to himself, dorm inspections, mediating roommate catfights, comforting victims of long distance break-ups, enforcing noise violations at 10:30 pm, creating noise violations in his own room, arranging floor mixers, designating the floor whore, Kinsolving

TT: How long are you planning on being an RA?

PA: All night—I mean, as long as I can. Come on, free rent, a meal plan, and being surrounded by barely legal girls—all for the small cost of decorating doors and bulletin boards. And I thought my summers spent as a camp counselor were as good as it gets!



Motto: "I keep getting older; they stay the same age!"

Turn-offs: getting assigned to all male floors, Simkins, women and gender studies majors, freshman 15, move out day encounters with fathers, attractive male residents, designing door nametags, synchronized menstruation, visits from boyfriends, waiting for marriage, monogamy, accountability, Bible verses on Facebook profiles, granny panties in the laundry, girls who use the study lounge, supplemental housing, winter break.

around campus

- When people say congratulations after you graduate, they are really saying, "Welcome to my hell."
- People living in co-ops will find themselves asking, "Am I too good to drink out of a mayonnaise jar?"
- Spending \$750,000 on a fountain's restoration will really make a difference in the aesthetic quality of our campus. So would spending \$750,000 to knock down Jester and denying fat people's applications.
- The warning sirens are not practice for

emergencies, but rather welcome bells for our eastern-European exchange students.

- The guy who claims he prefers riding a moped to campus because of rising gas prices secretly wishes he had a motorcycle, a car, or a penis.
- There is nothing more annoying than when a squeaky chair meets a nervous test-taker.
- Put your hand down, goddammit.
- Attention all overweight male hipsters: If you have to shop at Lane Bryant to get your girl jeans, maybe you should consider just sitting this fad out.
- Girls who spend four hours getting ready for Sixth Street will spend thirty minutes getting wasted and end up on the curb crying.
- Students studying foreign languages will realize that the only thing more awkward than being forced to talk to someone you don't know is having to do it in Business Mandarin.
- First-semester freshman are similar to an African

Swallow in that they have adapted to their surroundings, are now beginning to find mates and look really funny when I throw rocks at them.

- Dropping a lunch tray in Kinsolving is like dropping a bar of soap in prison.
- People who claim they are taking it easy tonight secretly wish you would invite them downtown to get black-out drunk.
- Girls who constantly brag about not being in a sorority are probably independent, well-adjusted women. And fat.
- That guy on a motorcycle who peels out at the Drag crosswalk is a baaaaassssssssssss.
- Freshman guys are horribly disappointed when the beard they weren't allowed to grow in high school makes them look less like an adult and more like the victim of a terrible chemical fire.
- Students who still listen to CD players will jam out to The Cranberries while rollerblading home in time to watch Wings.

40 acres 411

Guess who we caught buying laxatives at the H.E.B. last night? Kelsey Wheatley's going to be flushing away her chances of scoring a date with Jeffrey Teller if he finds that out. That's not the kind of loose most guys have in mind! At least Kelsey's going to have an explosive night one way or the other.

Speaking of abdominal movements, graduating senior Lacey Stevens is going to be feeling a lot of those in the next nine months! Guess all the bumping and grinding at the Orange and White ball lead to an unexpected bump. Hope her graduation robe has ample room to

cover her baby and her shame!

She's not the only one eating for two. Freshman Jody Macowitz will be purging for her frequent trips to the all-you-can-eat Jester Second Floor this summer at diet camp. Bet she can't wait to lose those extra pounds. Come on, one backpack's enough! She told everyone in her dorm she'd be spending the summer studying abroad—a broad backside that is! Hope she told people she's going to Hungary, 'cause she sure will be!

Somebody's planning on gaining a little weight in all the right places — Jenny Trimble got a breast

augmentation from her parents as a graduation present. Let's hope this is a growing trend. But with her G.P.A., this is probably the only job she'll be getting. Too bad she's graduating, maybe her new Cs could have gotten her a few As.

Speaking of seas, Joey Flint and Vanessa Walters were planning on taking a cruise this summer, but their recent break up might have just rocked the boat. She's no longer his first mate. Although they are still going on the cruise together, there's one port he won't be docking in. I have a sinking feeling this is going to be a disaster of Titanic proportions.



SUMMER
2 0 0 7
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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 OUTZ TO...

CostCo closed, two scoop blue. Thej's Pei Wei girlfriend, break up songs. Ross's unhealthy obsession with Alanis Morissette, correct formatting: wrong words, naked seniors, walrus blowjobs, Sara calls Ross stupid, the vibrating car ride, the cookout, 28 weeks later wristbands, a suit interview, too big boners for shirts, don't drink and design hellstorm on Friday the 13th, unpleasing Moe's experience. Veronica being Friday night whore, a bushel of turdukkinn, smell of cooked meats, chicken turkey sausage, weiner jokes, plastic perrier, SEC revoking our tickets, Austin's Easter candy, Jordi cutoffs, Jackie's costume design abilities, Bradley in a fetal position in the corridor crying over his last issue, Chris single handedly carrying the issue with his drawings, vitamin C, the lobby. Stupid Guy, Full Set!, fortune cookie protocol, Lexus ads, the fun mix, party on the fog bus, denim Chipendales, Sara thinks everything's stupid, we fooled Kathryn into thinking she lost her cap and gown, Babybel, Veronica getting permission from the church, Mason grindin' on Laura, Austin's soft hair, we all nasty, David's history of Fanta, Travesty shower! How do I eat this? Kathryn's 4 chambered-heart-penis,, getting pregnant while pregnant = twins.

Freshman still glad he's not living in the dorms

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

Sara Kanewske
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 the other weekend," 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-



■ "Who needs friends when you've got 500 square feet of emptiness?" Trowley, an Electrical Engineering major, says not getting laid gives him more time for studying, tearful masturbation. Photo/Travesty

onade my RA bought us," said Jeff Michaels, Trowley's friend. "We had to ration it out to a bottle-and-a-half each, but it was definitely more fun than the sausage-fest at Matt's apartment the weekend before."

Trowley admits 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 boast of freedom and "primo living," Trowley frequents 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!'"

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!'"

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 'TAXachusetts' shirt." Furlong then shrugged and shook his head, "But Kenny's really taken it to another level — another disturbing level."

"I mean, I have no idea what to make of this," grimaced Furlong as he held up one of Chesowitz's shirts reading, "Sometimes There's Blood In My Stool."

Described by friends as "artistic," "open-minded," and "a little creepy," Chesowitz began wearing the unorthodox tees after shopping at Urban Outfitters.

"This is all because of those damned trendy hipsters," complained friend Jessica Gwynn. "Sure, their slogans are often clever 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 then 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 numbers and veneral diseases written across them. "Soon, people will be able to tell volumes about you just by reading your T-shirt."

"I just finished this one yesterday," boasted Chesowitz as he pulled out a shirt reading, "I Cut Myself So I Don't Feel The Pain Inside." He added: "This one is just for me, though."



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

Conservative adult really enjoys heavily-edited rap music

Sara Kanewske
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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

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

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

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

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

"Dad used to come in my room to bug me about my homework,

but now he sneaks in to steal my Nelly and Lil' Jon CDs," complained Adam. "Even worse, when he dropped me and some friends off at the movies, he started singing, 'Can I get a what what?' when he wanted a hug."

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

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

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

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

"Some of my financial 'homies' and I had just 'rolled up' at the

board meeting on Tuesday when I had that Nelly song *Number One (Radio Edit)* in my head," said Perkin as he confidently brushed imaginary dirt off his shoulder. "I figured it would 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. "Whoomp! (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 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 that they could move-in to the girls' larger bedroom," cackled resident Josh



■ Uh-oh. what kind of mildly-humorous situation will the lack of room in this bed lead to? Photo/Travesty

Protsky, filling out a second repair order for the dishwasher and garbage disposal. "And then in the wacky mayhem that ensued, I bought a pet monkey named Mauricio!"

Careful not to wake fellow living room resident Dan Patell, Protsky continued, "And don't get me started about the ugly, hairy, naked guy that lives in an apartment directly viewable from our balcony window. That guy is sooo hairy!"

The eight residents' close friendships also allow them to come together in times of need.

"There was a power outage and in the zany pandemonium that ensued, Mauricio escaped," recalled Levenson. "So Maggie, Stacy, Kimberly, Rob, Brittany, Dan, Josh and I searched the hall by candlelight to find that wacky monkey; and as we rounded the corner this guy speaking Spanish was standing there with a dog cage."

After falsely assuming the man was a criminal or an animal patrolman, the eight roommates soon discovered he was a neighboring resident.

"Jorge is one of our best friends now. He's always coming over at random times to humorously interact with us," said Protsky, as he Photoshopped his roommates' heads onto bodies from the cast of *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."

Feminist can't decide on non-objectifying outfit

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

Veronica Hansen
PHOTO EDITOR

AUSTIN – 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.”

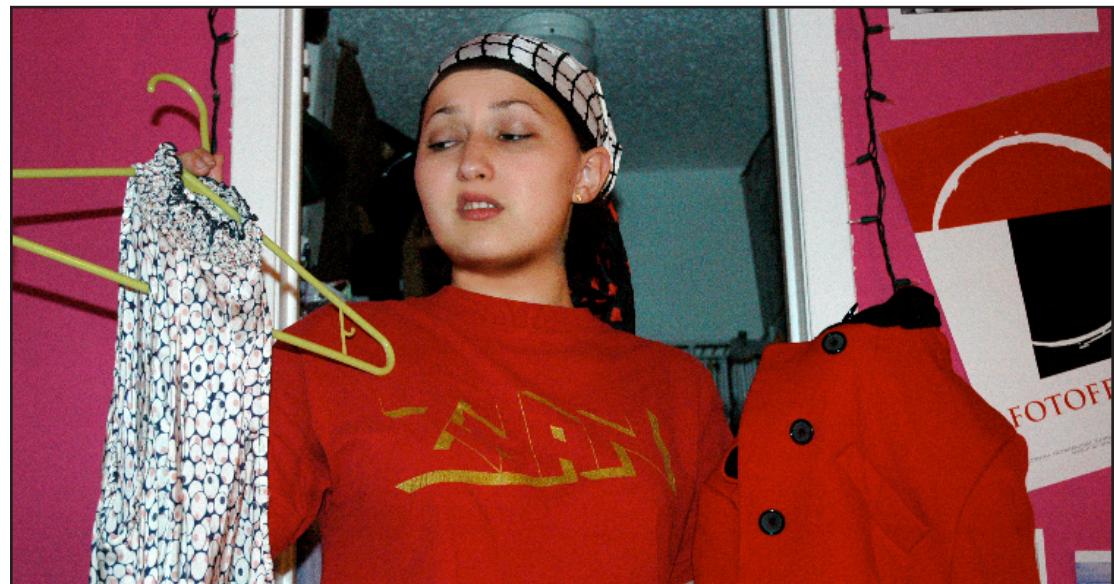
Smirking, Canchaba added: “She’s insane if she expects to look androgynous and still get free shots.”

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’



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

good in them jeans, girl,” recalled frequent Exodus patron Tony Serrano. “Then she went all Mary Wellstonecraft on me by preaching a diatribe of feminist babble.” Serrano meticulously combed back his hair with a switchblade knife-comb, add-

ing, “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.”

Fabercrombie & Aitch

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



is introducing some far-out new routes



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



GROOVY!

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.



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



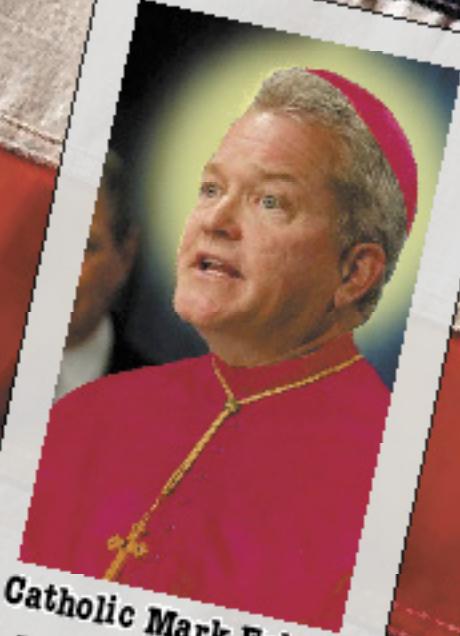
Congressman Mark Foley

- 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



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."



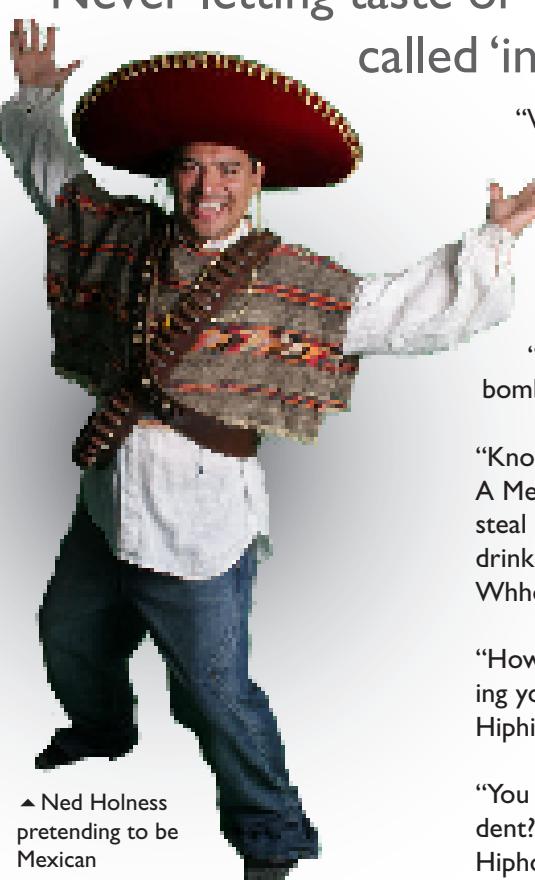
■ After a state official asked Antonini's consigliere, Frankie 'Legs' Bonaducci, to 'make [him] an offer [he] couldn't refuse' and to 'leave the gun, take the cannoli,' Bonaducci punched him in the windpipe.

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*



▲ Ned Holness
pretending to be
Mexican

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

They're both LA-Z-BOYs! Heeyyyooooo!"

"What do Mexican and dead guys have in common? Neither gets to work on time! Aaaaaawwwwwwwveeeazzhhhhh!"

"If Mexicans were terrorists, we wouldn't have car bombs. we'd have lawnmower bombs! Heeeeeyyyyybooo!"

“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!
Whooooooooo!”

"How do you keep a black guy from stealing your money? Hide it in his work boots!!!
Hiphophohohohohohohohohohohohhyeeeeaaaahhhhh!"

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

“What’s the difference between me and Dave Chappelle?
Talent!!!! Awwwwwwwwwyeeahhhhdoooooggggggggggg”

“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 impro-
ably ornate paint-jobs and mismatched sidepanels!!!!!!



Editor's note

"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 Trevesty 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.

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, allllriiiight."

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 retrieve 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."

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.

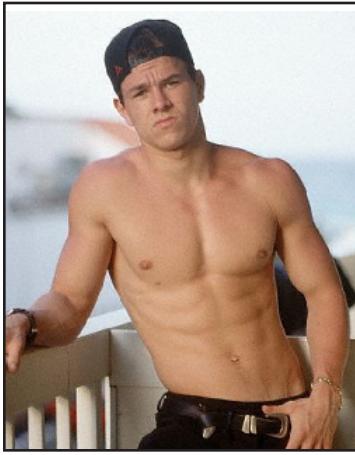
"We had a couple of the neighbors over to watch the football game and drink some 'Brew-nannies' and I could tell that Anne totally wanted my 'Dongosaurus Rex,'" claimed Harris as he wrote another message on Killman's Facebook wall. "If I hadn't passed out after my second Jägerbomb she'd probably still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

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 ecstatic Wahlberg.

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

'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. Carrasco, a 38-year-old airline pilot, is apparently no longer cool amongst his young nephews after coming down with 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 Carrasco's young-

est 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, Carrasco 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 enjoy hanging out with those cats over the holidays, but I just don't have the energy anymore," said Carrasco 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."

Student frets over making an 'A' in guitar class

CAMPUS — Introduction to Guitar student Brad Faleyer 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 Faleyer. "But recently my grasp on the material has started slipping."

Faleyer also noted that he was surprised at the difficulty of the course, since he hand 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 on as a minor," added Faleyer. Recent downbeats, however, have him singing the blues. "First there was buzz going around that there would be a curve. I figured the teacher would bend the rules a little," lamented Faleyer. "But now he's bringing the hammer-on, and it's too late to pull-off my schedule." On a higher note, Faleyer ad-

mits he is beginning to master the material.

"My new abilities really struck a chord with these drunk girls in my apartment complex," he beamed. "We were necking for hours, and my fingers ran all up and down her body." Unfortunately an upcoming exam has Faleyer 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."

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 Clinedale'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!"

Conspiracy Theory

Watch out Longhorns! The shadowy illuminati government and liberal media are perpetrating a fraud against the American people! Don't listen to just any conspiracy theory, the truth has sifted through all the evidence to discover the shocking truth behind a few of history's greatest cover-ups.



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

FACT: Secret Vatican files uncovered by Robert Langdon reveal that the United States undertook a false flag operation by staging avowed 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 this duplicitous act, laying the path for pro-military subliminal messages to be planted in episodes of *Roseanne*.

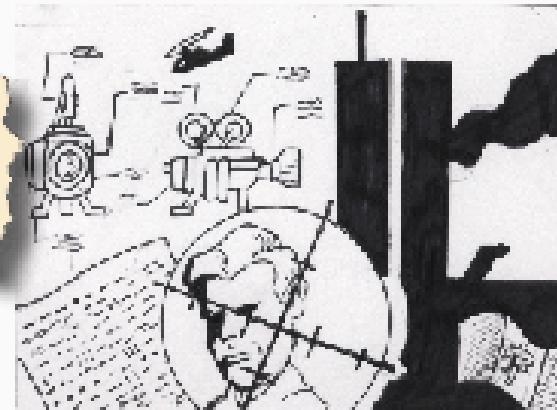


E.T. WAS ALIENATED.



clients are invited to call during the club's regular meeting. All of the members charged the same fee, and payed some of their earnings back to the group as weekly club dues. They also shared notes on particular jobs and clients' children.

FACT: The Baby-Sitters Club was a private investigation firm which landed babysitting jobs to supervise the children of celebrities. They unsuspectingly uncovered their celebrity employers' secrets while they dined at charity auctions. Big breaks linked to the "Club" were Nixon's plans for Watergate and the discovery of large stashes of gay porn in Kurt Cobain's closet which spurred his suicide.



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

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

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 charlatan assassin Lee Harvey Oswald.

MYTH: The Baby-Sitters Club was a series of children's books which follow the adventures of a group of middle-school students in the fictional town of Stoneybrook, Connecticut. The students run a babysitting business where

they also shared notes on particular jobs and clients' children.

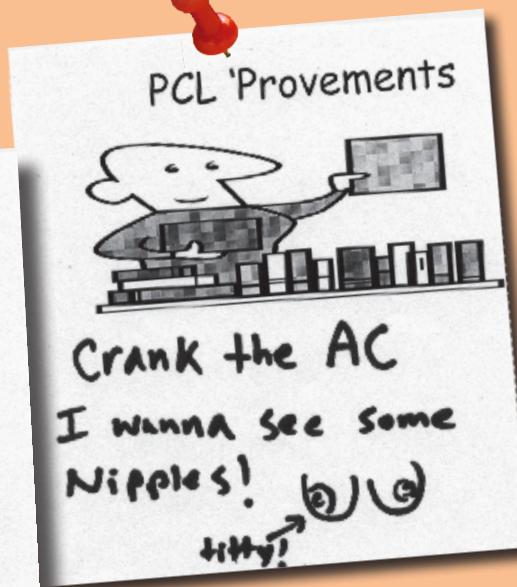
Your Comments Are Welcome

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.

Res-
Re- ident's
quests

Is there anyway
to unsync my
period from my
roomies?


Kinsolving Lady



Res-
Re- ident's
quests

Dear Foster Food Services,

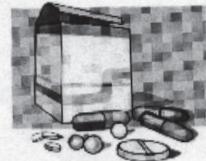
My mother wanted me to ask if the cafeteria will be chemetly free for Pesach. Also, she wanted to know if you will offer whole wheat matzo crackers. Please respond in a timely fashion.

Sincerely,
Morty Baumsteinman



Prescription for Success:
SSB

SMALLER 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 detainment—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!



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



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



Those 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 tanking 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



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



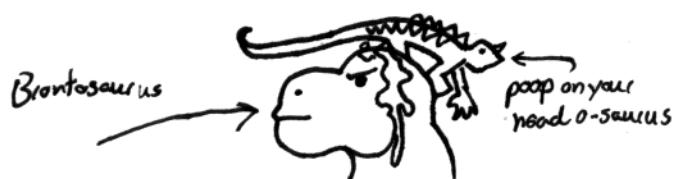
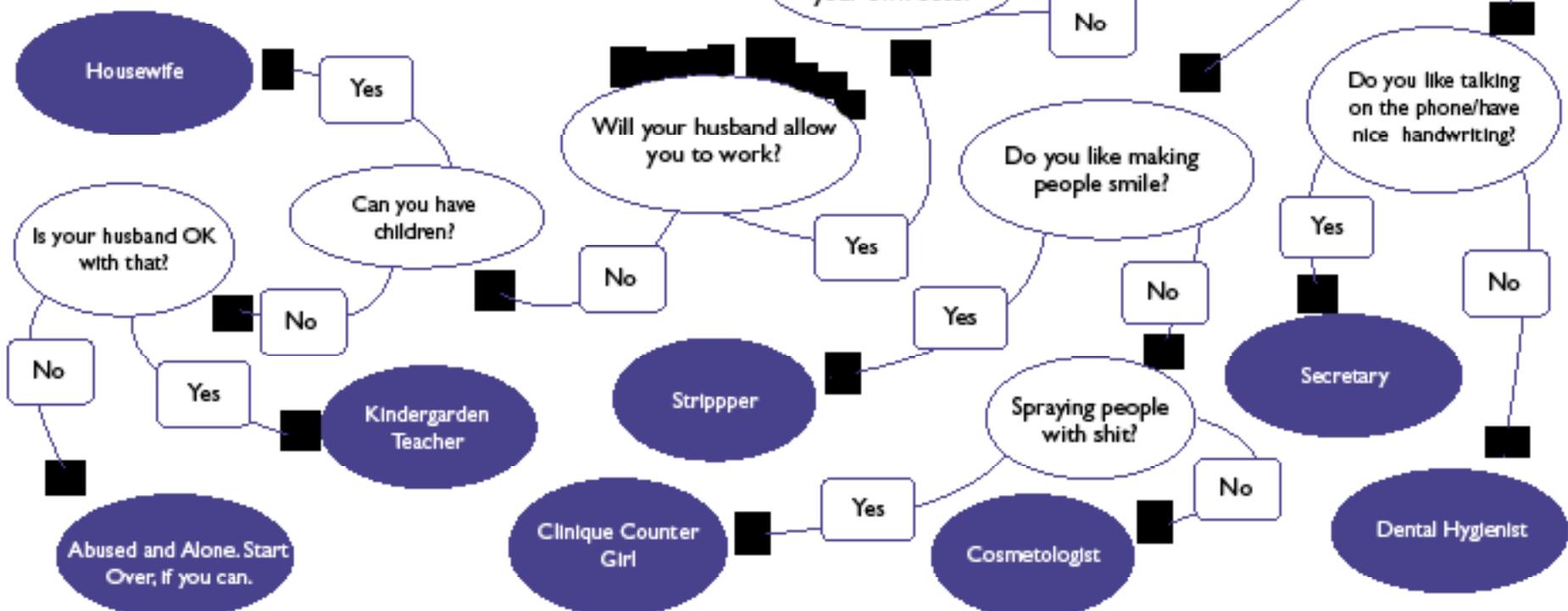
Those "head wraps" are so ugly that it's probably a good thing these boys won't live to see adulthood—due to their country's violent and oppressive military dictatorship! These shameful shawls make me want to drown out my sorrows with a couple of cocktails... not unlike the Molotov Cocktails that drowned these boys' villages in ash and fire! —Carson



This soldier may be surrounded by empty shells, but only a person with an empty shell of a brain for fashion would wear those tired 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

[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 divorcee, 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-modelesque girlfriend, you:

- a. Fight back the tears until you return your one-bedroom efficiency, slowly die inside, and listen to the soothing harmonies of Boyz II Men'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 rootie, let your hair down, open up the sunroof, stick your head out and go dancin'!

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, plz God save me from dis hell I call my existence. TTYL"
- b. "Hey, what r u doing later? Chills? 8? Txt me back!"
- c. Forward: Reply to All: "OMG! I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN 6 DAYS! I HAVE THE BEST IDEA FOR A MOVIE! LET'S TAKE AN ART CLASS!!!"
- d. "Hey bolz! Dr says it's treatable. How soon can u cum over :)"

5 Your boss tells you he needs see 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 revamp the entire company from the bottom up.
- d. Blow him!

MOSTLY A'S

Definitely-Depressed Dame

Ex: Kleenex boxes a day? Waiting calls for help on the bathroom wall? Do you find yourself relating to Gaynor's approach to life and have little faith in what some people call a "future?" You have what psychiatrists call "Depression."

"Men probably find your constant attempts at suicide somewhat of a turnoff," explains Dr. Ruth Jaffengoff, 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 off of it until the day you die, which, who knows, might be soon.

Your Drug: PAXIL



MOSTLY B'S

Balanced Babe

Great friends, a man in your life, and a job you love — although it might appear as though you've got everything under control, 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 worse off than anyone," says Pepper Schwartz, Doctorate in Biology at Harvard.

Look for these symptoms: feeling uncomfortable in awkward situations, occasionally feeling羞涩, and experiencing sadness at least twice a month. You probably have Social Anxiety Disease. 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 Mardon

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 16 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

Slutty State'

Is your bed more popular than the latest Justin Timberlake song? Is your "number" more than three times your age? If society has diagnosed you as a capital 'S' slut, "Most likely you suffer from one or more STDs and are trying to find lovers to make up for an absent father," suggests Laura Reiner, 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 slutty, but they will reduce the unwanted side effects.

Your Drug: BIRTH CONTROL

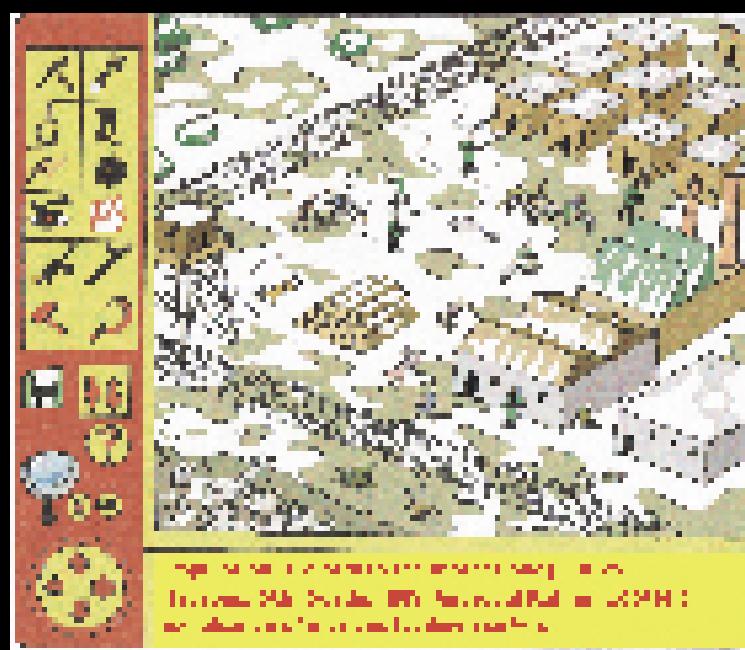
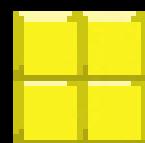


Video Games: The Latter Years

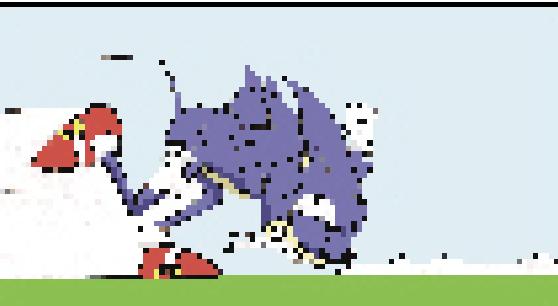


Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker

Follow Link into a magical world where instead of hunting Monsters and winning prizes, he proves himself to be a hero by navigating through the world he calls his past your memories. Even as Link moves only from his Leaf Roy toobus and van to TMC for Leaf WII, the TMC is no longer present from previous Zeldas and instead there's a link for a job like the one of legend now in your hands as Link's days back a cold one to make the Doctor's office in his mouth. Please a man named Colle (E) destination, and full a load of green pieces as often as you can now in the game.



The Sims: Victorian Gothic Edition
The only time the Doctor's excited for "Toys" is if he knows the time of day. If he's got more planned than he's got to, you'll have to manage the time and estimate the spread of several Doctor (Joseph Train). Once he's prepared, and you'll find yourself being nearly 100 minutes from updating of this calendar and later in the game, prepare for Victorian Gothic! Victorian Gothic is a mix of your old school friends and novelties. From this one month school's equipment, the Presents to dresses made of all different colors in various styles of clothing, you'll be the only thing protecting you from your mortal prison!



Donkey Konga 2: Back to the Block

Donkey returns here from the last as his new character donkey ride back. After Dr. Robotnik signed agreement with the diamond area didn't this side of the Donkey Egg, the mainly hedgehog spent managing the rock. He runs up and harder Person Plate. Donkey then spent off his gold rings on a surface below, calling him the nickname "Chewie the Hedgehog" and soon moved over harder Eggs. He finally took the time to spend managing the provide ultimate hedgehog and then he came a few off a wild in Action City. Ignoring the masses constantly and donkey weight loss. Donkey Kong is going higher than his children talk every night as he will Donkey's jumping lead him to relax with his overall additional interests. Knowledge, or will he ever return to the Action Zone?



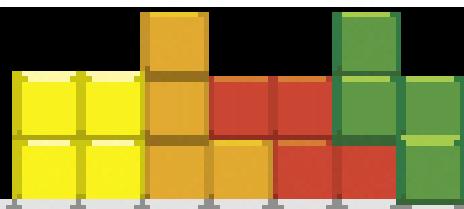
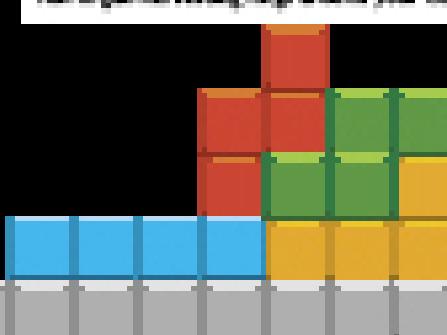
Hedge Man 2000

Dr. Why is a hedgehog Hedge Man has a home to gift with Dr. Why's land of Return Human in a hedgehog living land. The hedgehog and of his other powers to prevent the arrival of another such as Altimera Man, Hedge Man, and Confidence Man! Can you help Hedge Man overcome his own land of land? Can you give him the only chance to prevent Dr. Why from making the world his one playground of pleasure? We are to have hedge manly because you'll be going to get a hedgehog with this explosive action in the Hedge Man world!



Organ Trail

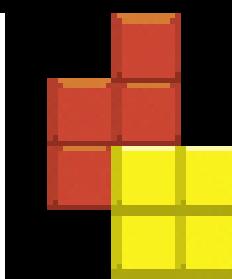
This one goes on a long road of human will has you to make across your stations. In the Organ Trail you make a progression taking in a relatively simple a journey of Hospital Doctors. Death begins to lay enough dry ice from the ongoing process before laying the trail, and you'll run organ for working dogs around your competitors.





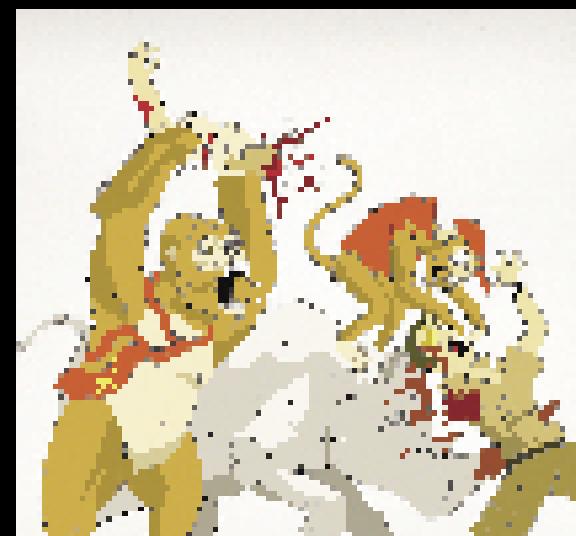
Mario and Luigi in Super Interstitial Warfare

When Mario (a Samus) and Luigi (a Link) are flipped apart by the tendency of interstitials to tear the excess flesh of the Hammer Kingdom, they are forced to face each other down without regard for family or the safety of Ms. Alike Luigi's mother, Tad, and the Hammerians in a fit of sibling rivalry. Mario must take to the Hammerian streets with only his shield and a wrench both in order to start his pre-programmed vengeance against the one he used to call a brother. Just like the real world, there are no magic wartholes that will neutralize, dampen the additional malice of his and Luigi made real by each unpredictable turn for ever and always.



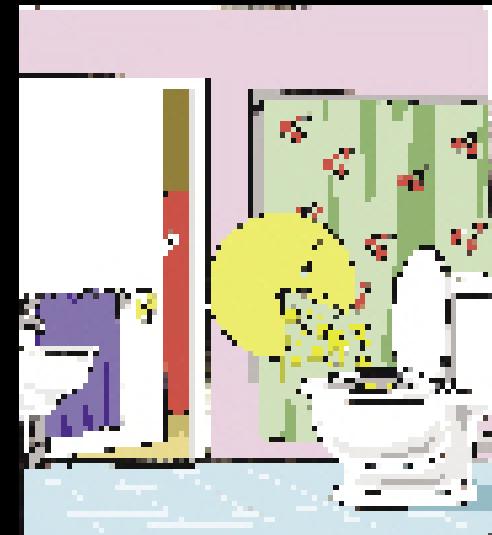
Wall Street Fighter

Capcom's most popular video game is back and better than ever! Instead of engaging in head-buttin' combat, the Street Fighters are placed against each other in the setting of the real world of stocks, bonds and securities on the ground floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Much as Ken and Ryu are forced to rely on the HAMMER's random police officer Chan Li until Mario prevents the roll off of a pharmaceutical truck, here they are forced to battle trading. And of course, Chella uses random numbers to determine how much she can make in a stock market, with Luigi being



Donkey Kong: Primitive Rage

For the past two years Donkey and Diddy Kong have been pitted in a 12 by 12 ring in the San Diego sun, because day when the building security guard happens to lock their cage doors leaves you severely constipated primitive rage. This last-chance game allows both players to take part in Donkey and Diddy's joyous rampage of bananas and primateistic destruction, attempting to reverse their fallen brand of business and steal the monkey of weekends by Actual Control. Until the Hammerians make a special appearance as Donkey and Diddy's main instruments of destruction, visitors will enjoy themselves fighting in trees and climbing and leaping with the intention of one!



Paper Mario Purple

From Paper Hell After a lengthy and soul-shattering journey from Mrs. Purple, Mr. White has exploded perfectly out of control, leaving him broken and alone. Nothing comes only in sequentially blaring and purring, no one questions of yellow dies. Help guide Paper Mario through his quest to return to his adopted island of colorful cultures, all the while keeping his injurious son's best interests in the diagnostic folds. Make sure to find the house he abides and (yes) to help power the capabilities of both his and his personal dreams. Chella Paper Mario's dreams are now shared with his friends Luigi, Toad, and Cappy.



WiiWare game

If you thought the over-the-top, high-vibe chaotic of MMJ was nothing else, you're right, get ready for the completely strange and weirdly exciting game that will be available for those you waiting there. Featuring such novelties as WIIWARE, more Cheryl George, like Lydia and Valerie Cheshire, you and your friends can do things, construct houses in paper and even under \$20 dollars per game all in this short and fun set of a full-filled mission. The best new feature people can actually say this game will receive either a free bonus game or all WIIWARE upgrade access games for \$20 per year off limited copies in your local MMJ. (with up to four free) Pre-order it in the next month!

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-bee-doo!* I'm croonin' to you youthful cats to get some attendance seated 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 Tuesday-Thursday from 9:30 to 11, it ain't about tests, it ain't even about course packets. Hell, daddio, it ain't about nothin' but the music hittin' your heart and groovin' on the art. *Dig-a-bop-bam-boom!*

Some honky from the 'ministration HOT and LEAN on my back though, man! I offered a jam

and a smoke, and he jes' turned it down and said kids been complainin' 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-DEEDLE.*

Insane in the membrane?
Insane in the brain?

Join the
Texas Travesty

Pick up an application in CMC-300
or visit our website.

www.texastravesty.com

Your ass is mine, Montoya

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 working the streets of this city – and you, Montoya, take the cake as the greasiest Dominican scumbag 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 under the pressure of my itchy trigger-finger. There's not enough blow in all of Bolivia to match the high I will feel when I bring my fiery vengeance down upon you.

I would not be surprised if your coke-addled mind doesn't even re-



O'Malley, no! THE MAYONNAISE!

I still have the scars – physical, and emotional. I like them because they comfort me. They remind that I'm still alive for a reason:

To bring Paraguayan degenerates like you to justice.

You descended upon this town like the Columbian demon that you are and destroyed it all. You took everything from me but my badge and my gun. But that's where you screwed up. Now I've got nothing left to lose, and there's nothing more dangerous than a street-hardened, mustachioed alcoholic with a hand-cannon and a deathwish.

Take this as your last warning, Montoya. You better sleep with both eyes open, because one day you're going to turn around and have my gun shoved so far down your jerk-off Ecuadorean throat, you'll fart gunpowder for a week. I don't care if I have to blow up half of downtown and the chief finally takes away my badge, your reign as West Coast druglord is fixin' to come to an end.

A bloody end. I'm going to hurt you in ways that will make you wish you had never left Montevideo.

Mark my words, Montoya. Your ass is mine.

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 a cactus — only pricks do it. And Dick Cheney is no prick.

You forget I'm the same man who crushed Iraq with my iron fist and steal balls, then ravaged its land for sweet profit. I've dodged the draft multiple times, suffered the slings and arrows of liberals and even stomached the shame of fathering a lesbian daughter — and not the cool kind.

Terrorists — I hate terrorists.

If you're going to try and kill me, at least do me the decency of putting some thought into it.

To kill a man of my stature and expect to live, you must find my points of weakness and exploit them. Unfortunately for you, I have none. My cold, steely gaze is enough to deflect any armor-piercing bullet. My grizzled jowls are replete with the scars and broken dreams of my enemies worldwide, and my frigid, robotic pace-maker succeeds at making me less human, more machine.

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 sucking at the teat of our planet's resources, growing stronger as the marrow of powerless nations tickles my quivering throat, briefly sating my unquenchable death-lust.

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 Ifrit and transform your nation into a mere footnote in the second volume of Dick Cheney's "History of the Earth."

My moms are being sooooooooooooo gay

David Elwood
OBSTINATE ADOLESCENT

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

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

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

And that's another thing: My moms have the gayest taste in music. Like they'll always be playing all these

oldies that suck. Actually, sometimes they play some stuff that's not too gay, like Ani DiFranco or Melissa Etheridge or old school Elton John. Some of it is actually pretty cool.

And they've been playing this CD by this group called Indigo Girls, which is also pretty good. I bet they're pretty freaking hot, like Suicide Girls.

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

Like the other day, one of my mom's gay friends came over, and wanted to talk about politics or something, and all they did was complain about George W. Bush. I don't get why they was just thinking, "But I'm not even your real son. You adopted me." I bet that Kathy-Mom is a virgin. Gross, I don't even want to think about that. Actually, it seems like both Kathy-Mom and Dana-Mom know a surprising amount about how to please a woman. Kind of weird. You know, I wouldn't be surprised if my moms are even sexually attracted to women. That's how gay they are.



hate that guy so much. It's probably because he does whatever he wants to do and doesn't care about what other people think about him, and my

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

And I don't even want to talk about how they try to discuss girls and sex with me. It's so embarrassing. The other day Kathy-Mom tried telling me where babies come from, and I

was just thinking, "But I'm not even your real son. You adopted me." I bet that Kathy-Mom is a virgin. Gross, I don't even want to think about that. Actually, it seems like both Kathy-Mom and Dana-Mom know a surprising amount about how to please a woman. Kind of weird. You know, I wouldn't be surprised if my moms are even sexually attracted to women. That's how gay they are.

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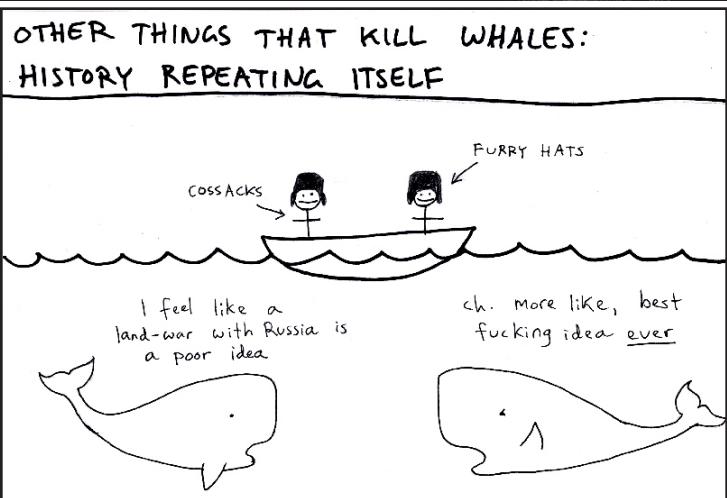
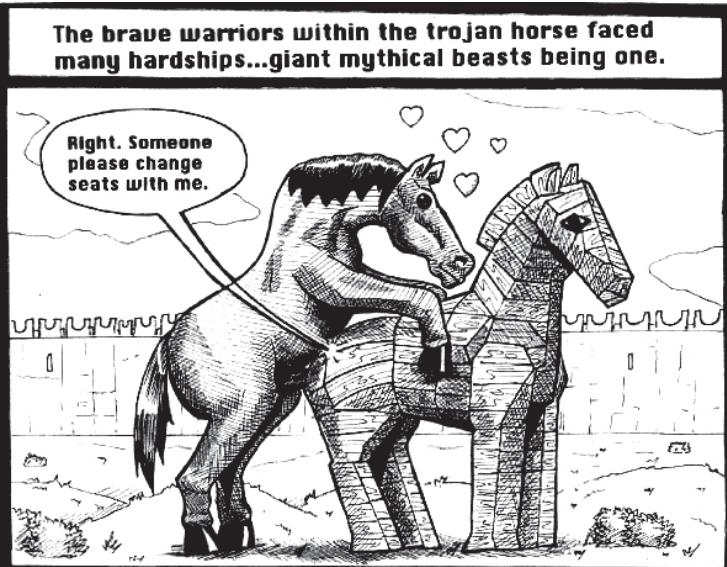
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