

# The Texas Travesty



REMEMBERING THE MEMORIES SINCE 1997

APRIL/MAY 2008



# Michael Capes Gregory Gym Rat

**Texas Travesty:** What do you listen to on your iPod while you work out?

**Michael Capes:** Well, it depends on the exercise. For biceps, I like Metallica. For chest, I like Slayer. For abs, always Enya.

**TT:** What do you do in your spare time besides working out?

**MC:** I drink whey protein and watch re-runs of the World's Strongest Man on ESPN. Did you know Magnus Ver Magnusson could pull a Boeing 757 350 feet with his bare hands?

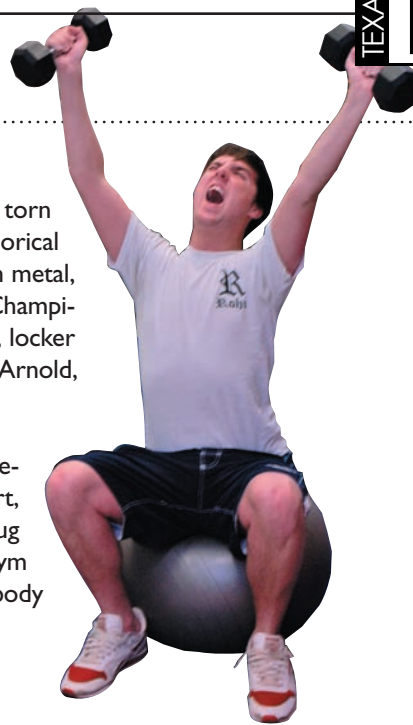
**TT:** How much do you bench?

**MC:** I can bench press my girlfriend, but she only weighs 85 pounds. One time I ate an 85 pound steak after taking some HGH. Then I went to the gym and threw a dumbbell at a kid trying to curl 10 pounds.



**Turn Ons:** Calories, The BURN, torn sleeveless shirts, gettin' swoll, metaphorical guns, actual guns, protein shakes, thrash metal, THE PUMP, carbs, Ultimate Fighting Championship, mirrors, veins, being Iron Man, locker room smell, banging your girlfriend, Arnold, smoothies, Under Armour

**Turn Offs:** Bacne, puny nerds, being sore, working-in, Mitchell Report, low batteries on iPod, random drug testing, desserts, small testicles, gym hours, estrogen, suits, female body builders, Algebra



## around campus

- You, Madam, riding the bus! I can tell by the way you let your book satchel claim a seat unto itself that you fancy yourself to be "all that" in addition to a bag of potato chips, but I assure you, you are neither!
- Rule #1:** If your professor doesn't show up within ten minutes, you're allowed to leave. **Rule #2:** If someone mentions Rule #1 you are required to pummel him/her.
- Adderall may serve as a **gateway to hardcore drugs**, but no Adderall is a gateway to failing

your classes and not fitting in with the cool kids.

- Surprisingly, the worst part of being a **male cheerleader** isn't having to tell your parents that you're gay.
- Your age should be inversely proportional to the amount of questions you have for the professor during the lecture, you outspoken **menopausal fartknocker**.
- The **Campus Computer Store** is really great, if you're a know-nothing sucker.
- Hey, did you hear about the **party after the show**?
- If you're feelin' kinda old, and your twat is growing mold, **gonorrhea** (clap clap clap) **gonorrhea** (clap clap clap).
- Have any of you noticed that Austin is a little bit... **weird**?
- UTPD are actually watching **Police Academy 4** on their patrol car LCD screens.
- Great, **Jack Hanna's** coming to UT. We couldn't get Steve Irwin? He's what? When?

- Claims of George Bush being a war criminal on bathroom stalls were actually written by a **liberal professor** who hopes the President one day takes a shit in Burdine.
- The **Forty Acres Fest** served as a another remarkable opportunity to remind the public that all that University has plenty of tables.
- Hey man!** Congratulations on becoming someone's coffee fetching bitch for the entire summer! I sure wish I could make zero dollars an hour!
- Seniors out of high school become college freshman, but seniors out of college become the freshman of life! Seniors of life become the freshman of **DEATH!!!!!!!!!!!!**
- The **speech team** will laugh, cry, and learn a little more about themselves when they realize they all share the same gay dad.
- Wanna see boobs?** Next time you see girls sunbathing topless face down, yell, "Is that Mathew McConaughey over there?" They love that guy!

## 40acres411

VOLUME 10 • ISSUE 6  
22 APRIL 2008

Summer's almost here, and the gossip is juicier than panties at a Justin Timberlake sing-along. Luckily, the **Travesty** has tirelessly scoured the University to find the crème de la creme of the most scandalous secrets for your reading pleasure.

And as long as we are on the topic of pleasure, did you hear about Kinsolving resident **Eleanor Fritz's** new battery operated birthday present she received from roommate **Jessica Tolworth** last Wednesday? The long, hard gift will be a perfect third on dark, lonely

nights when Eleanor and her roommate make shadow puppets with their other flashlights.

Speaking of puppets, **Eric Gables**, seven year boyfriend of **Tiffany Pivens** might want to reconsider the relationship after high school sweet heart "Tiffy Poo" makes him shave his beard for graduation. Hopefully the money from Daddy's job will compensate for the loss of his testicles.

Did some one say compensate? Apparently financially endowed senior **Randall Travinsky's** hot new BMW 6-series was procured

in order to make up for a somewhat less impressive four-and-a-half series. Chin up Randy, it's not how far you get in the garage that's important, it's finding that special garage that's drunk enough.

Did someone say driving? It has come to our attention that journalism major **Ellen Orbatosh** is headed down the bumpy road of infidelity, and guess who is riding shot gun — none other than senior, **Jonathon Smith**. Silly Ellen, when you're double clutching it, try a less conspicuous spot than a bench in Gregory Plaza.



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### SHOUT OUTZ TO...

Chris's impromptu graduation ceremony; Applebee's slightly less depressing than Bennigan's; Lonely bowtie-guy at Cain & Abel's; James, the most fabulous Olive Garden waiter ever; Libby, the personification of Matt's inner monologue; It's like sports...but with a WIZARD; Creepy sleeping-while-standing-up-guy at Hancock Center; Sex, ice cream, \$50; Memorial Stadium brings the RAWK; "She may be annoying, but she's got some great boobs"; Keep your chin up Aardvarks, there's always next season; Hey, do you know anyone that cuts lawns; Uncle Stephen in gwumpy; Antoine Fischwanger; Dude bro, you're my kryptonite; Weird frat guy from ExploreUT showing up EVERYWHERE; Support our troops; Matt "literally" getting on his sister; Ross is "fun"; Chelsey and Veronica 69ing; Jon's jock days; Matt and Adam wearing Yarmulke's; Jon is the Creed of The Travesty; The Travesty softball "auxiliary" squad; Letting the pregnant lady make the PowerPoint; The poor man's Vin Diesel and George Clooney; Ross's "accidental" chest shaving; Ik heb twee auto's en wel seven vriendinnen; dear God, there are clocks everywhere; holla to the raquetball courts!

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**The Cactus Leaked!**  
Cactus  
Libby Sanders



# Local stoner to start getting into art and shit

**Thejaswi Maruvada**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

AUSTIN — Local marijuana user Kyle Weinstein plans to start getting into art, as well as other unspecified shit, the ACC senior announced Tuesday during an afternoon smoking session at his Riverside apartment. Weinstein discussed the merits of his latest endeavor over the course of four bowls of Swazi Gold Compressed “dro.”

“Dude... man... dude,” explained Weinstein, after inhaling greens from Dr. Bong von Bongstein, Esquire, the household bong. “I’m gonna get into art. I mean, like, paintings and museums can be pretty sick if you really think about it.”

Weinstein discussed a variety of topics related to his newfound interest including the differences between Fauvism and Impressionism, the turbulent life of Vincent van Gogh, and how paint mixes together to make “rad colors all the time.”

“Man’s ability to create art is what separates us from the animals, man,” said Weinstein to his roommates

as they blankly gazed at the living room wall. “A good work of art is what ties the entire universe together, you know?”

Weinstein continued, “Literally hundreds of stars and planets connected by one single work of art. That’s heavy.”

While Weinstein admits he is not well versed in art history, he is looking forward to studying the works of well-known artists such as Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Master Splinter. He began by “getting blazed” and going to the Blanton museum to “check out some sick-ass Neo-impressionist pieces.” Blanton patrons took notice of Weinstein’s presence.

“He was just staring at *Charity* by Jacques Blanchard and giggling for twenty minutes,” said Blanton tour guide Hailey Sanders regarding the portrait, which depicts five nude infants, one of which is suckling from his mother’s breast. “The next time I saw him he was outside running back-and-forth through the spaghetti noodles.”

Weinstein’s friends enthusiastically supported his quest for knowledge.



■ Weinstein spends most of his afternoons with his friends beyond the outer rim of the galaxy of his mind. Photo/Travesty

“Yeah, art is badass, man,” agreed roommate and fellow THC enthusiast Drew Howell, following his query as to which plane of existence he was currently located. “I used to make ceramic bowls and little clay

animals in art class and paint them. It was tight.”

Howell added, “I also like those old school paintings of naked bitches.”

While he enjoys classic paintings such as *That One With The Dark Cas-*

*tle From Windows Solitaire Cards* and the *Mona Lisa Smile*, featured in the film *Mona Lisa Smile*, Weinstein is also interested in a wide range of mediums. He particularly enjoys sculptures of the blown glass variety, but notes that certain types of sculptures take time to get used to.

“When I first saw this sculpture of a big naked dude, I was all, ‘that’s gay,’” said Weinstein, pointing at the protruding phallus of Michelangelo’s *David*. “But then I realized the beautiful form and texture that the artist was able to achieve, and I was all, ‘right on!’”

Weinstein also plans on enrolling himself in an art history class at ACC next semester, where he hopes to glean more knowledge about movements such as the Italian Renaissance, Impressionism, and Cubism. He credits Pablo Picasso’s work as his favorite to view while under the influence.

“He puts like, eyes and boobs and arms where they’re not supposed to be,” said Weinstein. “Like a tripped out Mr. Potato Head, you know? Shit.”

# Study: 87 percent of U.S. landfills filled with heels of bread

**Michael Prohaska**  
STAFF WRITER

WASHINGTON, D.C. — A recent study conducted by the Environmental Protection Agency reveals that over 87 percent of landfills in America are brimming with the heels of bread loaves. Americans have notoriously discarded the unwanted bookends, and some environmentalists are concerned about bread’s potential impact on global resources.

“Bread heels are slowly and surely destroying our environment,” said Robert Valparaiso, the leader of the ‘Make Love Not Bread Heels’ conservation project. “We’re trying to show Americans that these supposedly tasteless pieces of yeast and flour on the ends are just as good as the rest of the loaf. You can spread peanut butter on them as a snack, donate them to a local food bank, or reuse them as insulation for high-rise student housing. The only way we can succeed is if everyone does their part.”

Valparaiso’s organization has put repeated pressure on Big Bread corporations to reduce heel emissions across the board. Although many bread bakers have downplayed their products’ toll on the environment, a handful

of companies have begun shifting production to more “earth-friendly” practices.

“We understand the toll that bread heels are taking on our planet, and we pledge to combat this ever-present threat,” said Mrs. Baird’s vice president Jennifer Pope as she forced down a now-petrified bread heel from the company’s new product line composed entirely of discarded heels. “Consumers seem content to let heel-loaves calcify into paper weights and door-stops on store shelves for now, but our upcoming media campaign to encourage heel consumption will change public perception.”

Pope continued, “The multi-venue mega concert Live Yeast will convince Americans to consume recycled bread and will feature performances by Hootie and the Blowfish, The Mighty Mighty Bostones, and that musician you just found out was an asshole.”

Despite Mrs. Baird’s efforts, 78-year-old Virginia resident Wally Spokes refuses to adapt his diet in order to better protect the environment.

“I’ve discarded my bread ends for over 60 years, and I refuse to accept some liberal mumbo-jumbo about the global yeasting,” said Spokes, pausing to light his corncob pipe with



■ Studies also indicate that bread heel waste is a direct cause of illegal immigration and abortions. Photo/Travesty

a metamorphosed flint bread heel. “I remember a time when a young man could walk nine miles — uphill — to the bakery to pick up a fresh pumpernickel loaf — for a nickel! — and do with it as he pleased. Now with all the awareness campaigns, the ducks at Blackberry Pond are entirely dependent on me for food scraps.”

Valparaiso continues his mission de-

spite Spokes’ misgivings and mounting pressure from Big Bread.

“The film of my hour-and-a-half PowerPoint demonstrates the devastating impact of unregulated bread consumption. Rising world temperatures have driven up the cost of yeast and heel waste is already present in our local streams and watersheds,” said Valparaiso as he purchased several

plane tickets to present his argument across the nation. “My meticulously researched graphs, gratuitous camera pans of my Powerbook, and audiences composed of carefully vetted liberals are sure to convince Americans to support this cause.”

Valparaiso’s upcoming film *An Inconvenient Sandwich* will premiere later this year.



# David Blaine to lock self in School of Business

## Four years to be spent organizing briefcase, encasing self in cheese

**Stephen Stecker**  
STAFF WRITER

CAMPUS — He was trapped in a massive block of ice in Times Square for over 36 hours. He stood atop a 105-foot pillar for 35 hours in Bryant Park. He lived confined in a 3x3x7 Plexiglass case suspended 30 feet above the Thames River. David Blaine's next feat: enduring four years in the McCombs School of Business, unable to escape until he frees himself of all necessary degree requirements.

"Through this challenge, I hope to achieve moral, spiritual and, to a lesser extent, financial fulfillment," said Blaine at a press conference outside the McCombs School of Business as he lay submerged in a boiling tank of café espresso. "This will be my most difficult challenge yet — to see if I can endure the mental and physical anguish of résumé workshops, mock interviews and etiquette brunches."

Blaine also reports that his stunt will include his trademark self-im-

posed restrictions. He will only consume Vitamin Water and PowerBars. His only communication with the outside world will be his Blackberry mobile phone, and he may only don an all-black Ralph Lauren double-breasted suit with matching cuff links, equipped with oxygen tank and external catheter. In response to his daring constraints, University Health Services has advised Blaine that his only chance for survival is a consistent supply of "power naps, power lunches and two-minute power masturbations."

The large crowd gathered outside McCombs followed Blaine inside the building where he began his stunt by registering for FIN 367 Powerpoint Etiquette, ACC 355 Introduction to Minesweeper and PE 103L Ballroom Dancing, which, according to the magician, "is just for fun."

"My internship at JP Morgan will be the most mentally and fiscally challenging task I have ever done," said Blaine as he transformed the Sunday edition of the *Wall Street Journal* into an AH-64 Apache helicopter. "I will have to explore the deepest recessions of my thought, take stock of my financial situation and speculate about my futures."

Blaine, who has already received a bachelor's degree at the Liberty University School of Magic, struggles daily with his feat of endurance.

"There is always this fear, this temptation to abandon my mission and transfer to the College of Liberal Arts," said Blaine on a conference call, which he took while handcuffed and dangling upside-down from the Tower. "But as Simeon the Style endured, so must I learn about the Bear Stearns takeover and the subprime mortgage crisis and ignore the temptation of Kierkegaard, Nietzsche and Derrida."

Added Blaine, "I must use all my inner strength and discipline to concentrate on how much money I will be earning."

Despite his focus on time man-



■ The stock ticker will serve as Blaine's only form of entertainment. Photo/Travesty

agement, witnesses have reported Blaine around campus performing street magic.

"This Hairy Houdini won't stop levitating me until he can look up my mini-skirt," complained finance senior Katy Sweat who was approached by Blaine outside the Ford Career Center. "It's starting to get ridiculous, he's already turned my résumé into a Chili's *Create Your Combo* menu."

Plans are already underway for future stunts, which include sitting through an entire UT women's basketball game, living at Riverside for a semester, and consuming several industrial-sized pans of meatloaf in J2.

Name: Van Heuven Properties; Width: 22p9; Depth: 4 in; Color: Black;  
Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00031695





# Restaurant features “Australia” themed food, atmosphere

Ross Luippold  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

PALM SPRINGS — Hundreds of hungry customers came out in droves to the grand opening of *The Outback Steakhouse*, a new restaurant that uses the mystical land of “Australia” as a theme. The “Aussie eatery” features abundant cultural references, including kangaroos, boomerangs, and those hats with corks hanging from the rim.

*The Outback Steakhouse* founder Chris Sullivan elicited the Kingdom of Australia, which many scientists insist is more than just a fanciful myth, for the opportunity to bring the whimsical attitude of Australaites to the shores of America.

“When people enter [*The Outback Steakhouse*], I want them to each feel like a real Ossie [sic],” said Sullivan as he performed Men at Work’s entire catalogue on didgeridoo in a life-size replica of the Sydney Opera House adjacent to the restaurant. “A great way to explore another culture is to sample its food, like the Wallaby Darned or some tasty Jockaroo Chops

— just like an authentic Australianman would eat.”

Australia first captured America’s hearts when it was introduced in 1986 as a storybook homeland for Paul Hogan in *Crocodile Dundee*. Since then, many American celebrities jokingly claim “Australia” citizenship, such as Nicole Kidman, Russell Crowe, and Nic Cester of Jet. Regardless of “Big New Zealand’s” reputation in popular culture, *The Outback Steakhouse* hopes to inform the masses of Australia’s nuanced mythos, such as its legendary pastime of drinking Fosters, putting some shrimps on the barbie, and watching a game of cricket with some koalas.

Many customers are uncertain about the new experience.

“I just can’t quite put my finger on what they’re going for,” said business executive Bryan Gill while glancing over his menu. “Perhaps the Kookaburra Wings are some sort of Canadian delicacy. And I’m pretty sure that ‘good day mate’ catchphrase means hello in South African.”



■ *Most waiters at The Outback Steakhouse hope to land a deal with Animal Planet in the future.*  
*Photo/Travesty*

Gill continued, “My kids said something about the restaurant taking cues from Australia, but I didn’t have the heart to tell them Australia was invented by Disney in the 80s and is populated only by adventuresome mice.”

Some patrons even take umbrage toward the restaurant’s theme.

“This whole idea is just plain offensive,” declared one Kevin Rudd, claiming to be the “Prime Minister” of Australia. “It seems like they’re reducing an entire continent to a stereotype. [Crikey!]”

But as any employee of *The Outback Steakhouse* is quick to point out, each and every patron of the restaurant is

the “Prime Minister” of Australia.

“We hope that people will taste our cuisine and be imprisoned by its deliciousness,” proudly declared founder Sullivan. “And hopefully, America will follow Australia’s lead, and become a nation of convicts — convicts of mouth-watering flavor.

## Facebook’s “People You May Know” renamed “People From High School You Never Really Cared About”

PALO ALTO — The popular social networking site Facebook has announced plans to rename its “People You May Know” section to the more appropriately titled “People From High School You Never Really Cared About” after usage statistics indicated that most users shown in the list are people who used to sit five rows from you in class or single mothers from your high school. “Facebook consistently strives to make our site more practical and useful for

each and every user,” said founder Mark Zuckerberg, as he contemplated adding a tenuous social acquaintance to his collection of 4.8 million friends. “By changing the name, our users can more easily distinguish actual friends from that RA who always placed inspirational quotes on your door.” Zuckerberg added that the site would add a similar classification system in the coming month for parents, work supervisors, and ugly people.

## Conspiracy theorist told to use inside voice

AUSTIN — What sources described as a nice, quiet day at the downtown Austin Public Library ended abruptly due to boisterous claims made by 38-year-old web designer Gordon Rollowitz last Monday. “The asshole wouldn’t shut the hell up about termite this and NORAD that,” complained library cardholder Bill Calloway as he deleted his search history on a public computer. Rollowitz claims to have been researching the structural dynamics of high-tension steel and the lift characteristics of low-altitude urban flight when “government officials” thwarted his work. Librarian Gretchen Applefield provided a different account of the incident. “He was trying to check

out a Julie Leto romance novel when I told him he couldn’t until he paid his late fees; and then he started screaming about how the government was brainwashing the masses via fluoridated water to support the North American Union,” claimed Applefield as she pulled a pencil out of her bun, allowing her whispery, amber hair to cascade down the front of her tautly buttoned blouse. Upon being told to lower his voice, Rollowitz left without incident, but is believed to have something to do with the “9/11 was an inside job!” sidewalk chalk art near the library entrance, and 14-year-old “Reader of the Month” Jeremy Birchwood’s newly acquired distrust of vaccines.



Name: Longhorn Landings; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00031567

Name: West Campus Partners (The Quar; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.5 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-RH-4Color; Ad Number: 00030624



Name: Blanton Museum 30-2135-5751; Width: 58p0; Depth: 5.75 in; Color: Black plus one; Comment: Travesty-4Color; Ad Number: 00031777



# Student loses cell phone, will to live

AUSTIN — Economics junior Alison Danielson lost all desire to live Tuesday afternoon when she was unable to find her Motorola Razr. “I searched my apartment up-and-down, but no luck,” sobbed Danielson, clutching a box a tissues. “How will my boyfriend know I love him if I can’t text him nine times during each of my classes?” Danielson has become reclusive following her loss, and spends most of her time skipping rocks at Lady Bird Lake while thinking about the infinite void her

life has become. “I don’t really go to parties anymore,” mumbled Danielson as she shoveled an entire pint of Ben & Jerry’s down her throat. “Nobody knows my home number, but I don’t mind. Being in public around all those Blackberries and Sidekicks would hurt too much.” Danielson believes it’s too soon to tell when she’ll overcome her depression. “This is a really tough part of my life right now, and nothing but time, love, and a 16 GB iPhone can heal my wounds.”



■ Danielson is seen in the midst of a telexistential crisis. Photo/Travesty

# Socially conscious fraternity brothers stage E-bus boycott

WEST CAMPUS — Members of the Alpha Epsilon Chi fraternity recently launched a boycott against the Capital Metro Transit Authority over its “segregationist E-bus policy,” which places patrons who are puking in the back of the bus and those who are not in the front. The boycott was sparked after government junior and Alpha Epsilon Chi philanthropy chair Simon Parks, who was profusely vomiting after intense pre-gaming at

Cain & Abel’s, refused to give up his seat in the front of the bus to a non-puking rider. Brothers who accompanied Parks rallied behind his struggle and called upon all 103-bus patrons to refrain from riding the E-bus. Despite their pleas for equality, the boycott proved unsuccessful as students struggled to find alternative transportation downtown. “Bro, this is the safest way to get to Aquarium,” said Kappa Sigma Alpha member Dalton Jones as he abstained from joining Alpha Epsilon Chi broth-

ers in pumping their fists in the air while chanting, “Four More Beers!” The boycott has been part of a sustained effort by socially active members of the Greek community to equalize treatment between drunk and sober individuals. Next week, Tau Chi Rho is planning a sit-in at Pluckers in response to a waiter refusing service to its inebriated pledge master who was blacked out and had penises drawn across his face.

# Straight pride rally kind of gay

AUSTIN — The Third Annual Young Conservatives of Texas Straight Pride Rally affirmed a sense of heterosexual awareness amongst those who participated Friday afternoon despite criticism that the demonstration was “kinda homo.” “I’m so happy my lifestyle is accepted by mainstream society now,” said rally attendee Grant Johnson as he adjusted his “I just banged your girlfriend” T-shirt while reapplying Tag body spray. The “hetero-friendly” event featured an appearance by oiled-up UFC heavyweight champion Randy Couture, a screening of 300, and life-size cut-outs of Madonna and Britney Spears making out. In response to allegations that the festivities were just “a bigoted manifestation of egocentric homophobia,” event coordinator and flaming heterosexual Richard Johnson replied, “Whatever, queer,” as he made his way to a podium to announce the winner of the hot dog eating contest to Queen’s We Are The Champions. Johnson went on to assert “Merely reproducing won’t be enough to get the message across — we’re straight, we don’t fellate, so get used to it.” Following the rally, spectator Brian Maxwell remarked that the demonstration was “a pretty good time,” but admitted it would have been even better “if some girls had shown up.”

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ME**



# Pastor only relatively sinful

ALBANY — Father Charles O'Malley of Our Lady of Perpetual Guilt Catholic Church has recently befriended other priests to increase his self-esteem and sense of piety following charges that he embezzled over \$1 million in funds donated to the church. Despite ample evidence of his guilt, O'Malley maintains that his actions pale in comparison to the misconduct of his fellow clergymen. "Sure I siphoned off some pocket change, but compared to Father Ramirez, the Lord sees me as a model priest, and everyone knows

it," said O'Malley as he lined pew cushions with stolen bricks of cash. "Just the other day I saw Ramirez glance at a cheat sheet when he couldn't remember the Nicene Creed, and he's the culprit who purchases off-brand communion wine. Even if I stole a little money, we all know that God cares more about the sins I forgive and the guilt I instill." After folding some palms in the shape of a cross, O'Malley continued, "May Hell's blazing furnace instill repentance in Father Ramirez's soul. Amen."

# Student finds niche as token overweight frat guy

WEST CAMPUS — Two hundred and seventy-five pound sophomore Brandon "Blubbo" Holland recently found a niche for himself when he became a brother of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, fulfilling their need of a token fat guy. Holland joined various student clubs and organizations upon arriving at the University, but failed to fit in anywhere socially or physically. "I love being a Sig Ep," said Holland, the current intra-fraternity wing-eating and beer chugging champion. "The friendships and brotherhood

make the truffle-shuffle I'm forced to do every day worth it." Holland's fraternity brothers also speak highly of him. "Blubbo is great," said Zach Kinsley, one of Sigma Phi Epsilon's athletic and normal-sized brothers. "We needed a goalie for our intramural soccer team, and he's a great wingman when we're picking up girls downtown." Holland now spends most of his time around the fraternity house, which has caused issues for other residents who claim that when Holland sits around the house, he sits "around the house."

# Hot Topic employee slashes prices, wrists

SPRING, TX — Hot Topic employee Francesca Harlison slashed prices on studded belts at her Willow Brook Mall store, before returning home to do the same to her veins. "O fortuna, why hath ye bestowed such misdeeds upon thine earthy vessel?" the 17-year-old wrote in her *Nightmare Before Christmas*-themed diary while listening to The Cure's *Disintegration*. "Why must I turn to the blade to commute my life sentence from such an unjust imprisonment? And why must my

manager Chuck insist that we sell belts at four times the wholesale price?" Harlison insists that her wrist-cutting was not an attempt to end her life, explaining the self-harm was nothing compared to the "mutilation of our consumer base's wallet that occurs when we sell blacklights for 40 bucks." While she refused to confirm or deny any further slashings, Harlison hopes she retained enough blood to offer to the Star Goddess at her weekly séance held at the next-door Yankee Candle.



■ Marilyn Manson told Harlison to do this. Photo/Travesty

# Elderly prankster causes mischief

DALLAS — Employees of Shady Glen Acres retirement community have recently reported increasingly inappropriate behavior from 89-year-old William Johannson. "I don't care what my punishment is. I refuse to stop placing whoopee cushions beneath every chair in the cafeteria," said a bedridden Johannson as he struggled to chew a

Jell-O mold. Johannson is believed responsible for a spat of practical jokes targeting other residents. "I thought his shenanigans were hilarious at first, but when the corridors are overrun with wind-up chattering teeth day and night, it has it stop," said nurse Linda Spellman, as she opened her bottom desk drawer to reveal a plethora of confiscated hand

buzzers, garlic gum, and cassettes of counterfeit voice recordings purporting to be long-deceased loved ones. Despite his critics, Johannson vows to continue his mischief. "I won't stop placing Groucho Marx glasses on immobilized resident's faces until the nurses pry them from my cold dead hands. Or if my son calls — whichever comes first."

Name: DCCCD Dallas Community College; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00031392





# Sports predictions with the Travesty

## SPORTS WIZARD



**TT: Wise Sports Wizard, will Texas reach a BCS bowl game this season?**

**Wizard:** Texas will not reach a BCS bowl. They will finish 7-5 and play in the Free-creditreport.com Credit Union Pacific Sportsman-ship Bowl against the Wichita State Shockers.

**TT: That's too bad. How will the Longhorn Tennis team fare this season?**

**Wizard:** The men's tennis team will have the best season they've had since the memorable 1899 championship run. The powerful forehand of senior Hu-

bert Chodkiewicz will dominate the weak ground game of rival A&M, and nobody in the Big 12 is any match for Rook Schellenberg's strong net game. Jonah Kane "Kanye" West's monster serve will blow opponents away all season. This will mark the beginning of Texas' dominance of pussy colle-

giate sports for the next 50 years.

**TT: Oh wise sage, how do you foresee the Boston Red Sox finishing out the season?**

**Wizard:** I see the mighty Sox falling into an untimely slump. Babe Ruth, who we all know was resurrected by me — a wizard — will place another curse on the Red Sox by burying one of his tall socks underneath the green monster.

**TT: Oh, you mean the Green Monster in left field of Fenway Park?**

**Wizard:** No, I mean Krongdor, the giant green monster which terrorized the village of Worcestershire in the year 1267. I slayed him with my Level 12 ice spell, and buried him in the pit of despair. The sock now rests underneath his slain, frozen carcass.

**TT: Oh. Moving on to the NFL, will the Cowboys win their first playoff game since 1996?**

**Wizard:** Yes. They will reach Super Bowl XLIII, where they will be defeated by the Kansas City Chiefs.

**TT: The Chiefs? What makes you think they'll be any good next season?**

**Wizard:** The Chiefs offseason addition of John Paul Foschi at tight end and Lord Voldemort at free safety will propel them to a 15-1 regular season record. Foschi will be a pleasant surprise for the Chiefs offense, being on the receiving end of 12 Brodie Croyle touchdown passes. Mean-

while, Voldemort, who had been suspended for two seasons after testing positive for Unicorn Blood, will rise once more as the Dark Lord, forever roaming the Chiefs' defensive backfield and destroying any receiver who dare cometh across the middle.

**TT: So... Do you think the Orlando Magic will win the championship? [Chuckles]**

**Wizard:** Well, looking at their weak guard play and overall lack of playoff experience, I don't see any way that's possible. That's a ridiculous question. You should really do more research before interviewing a wizard.

**TT: Well, who do you see winning the NBA championship, then?**

**Wizard:** The Wizards.

**TT: Really? But they're only a fifth seed, and they're in the Eastern Conference!**

**Wizard:** No matter. A wizard's powers transcend seeds, conferences, and basketball. The entire league will bow down to the awesome power of eleven Mighty Wizards. They will also win the Super Bowl, the Stanley Cup, and Wimbledon.

**TT: Thank you very much for your time, Mr. Wizard.**

**Wizard:** You're welcome. I must go now, for my wizard friends and I have lots of beards to stroke and pointy hats to wear. Just never forget: heroes get remembered, but wizards never die. Ever.

## around <sup>other</sup> UT campuses

- UT Brownsville: ¿Dondé está la biblioteca?
- UT Brownsville: "GOOOO OOOAAAAA AAAAAAAA AAL!!!!!!!!!"
- UTSA: Serving

fast food at Shamu's Happy Harbor isn't quite how you envisioned working with Shamu.

- UTSA: The new Starbucks built on campus distributes degrees as napkins.
- UTSA: The few remaining white students will hole themselves up in the Alamo to make their last stand against Santa Anna's innumerable offspring.
- UTSA: Rampant depression ensues

when the dean pranks the student body by sending them acceptance letters to UT Austin, only to end the letter with "Gotcha! You're still worthless."

- UT Tyler: Students are consistently late for class because parking a tractor is easier said than done.
- UT Pan American: Where SAT scores are "just a number."
- UT Pan American: Yeah, we don't know where the fuck this is either.
- UT Pan American: This school looks way better on an application than Brownsville anyways.
- UTD: Come hang out in the student union! With over twenty pool tables, eight foosball tables, and no one willing to stay on campus after their classes, you'll have plenty of time to think about how close you got to being in the top ten percent!

- UTA: Students won't bother to correct anyone if they assume UTA refers to UT Austin.
- UT Galveston: "Seriously ya'll, I love the color of our ocean. Brown is SO the new blue."
- Permian Basin: Popular classes include: "Why not kill yourself for living in Odessa 101" and "How being an extra in a football movie four years ago can get you a job at Exxon (for non-majors)."

**PUMPERNICKEL PARTY 2008**

**RYE TIMES**

**TOP 10 CALI DELIS**

**ERGOT A FUNGUS AMONG US**

**INDOOR HARVEST MADE EASY**

**THE BABES OF BAKING**



THE TEXAS TRAVESTY  
ENCOURAGES YOU TO

# REACH FOR FOREVER

SENIOR MEMORIES  
CLASS OF 2008

**T**he Class of 2008 anxiously file into their auditorium seats. The dawn of a new chapter in our lives is breaking over the horizon of a distant future. Souls flitter as graduates think about the time that our team won the big game against State. Memories of ice cream socials, freshman orientations, and the time we found that dead body in San Jacinto Garage gallop through the air. Students laughed, cried, and guffawed as the Dean recanted days of yore. Tension builds throughout the ceremony as our class senses that our time on this sacred Forty Acres is almost through. When the Dean triumphantly proclaims, "Take this diploma of knowledge and go forth into the future of forever," our faces are streaked with memory-tears. Tradition echoes in this hallowed institution. **We are Texas.**



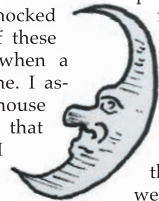
# The West Campus Adventures of Francisco de Los Jeans



## Day 1

I arrived in the lands west of the Guadalupe today. I have seen several structures with what appear to be Latin letters on them, and at once I thought them to be the homes of scholars. I knocked upon the door of one of these temples of knowledge when a young woman greeted me. I assumed she was the house slave, but I soon found that only women lived there. I had discovered an entire nest of witches! I killed as many as I could and fled when their screams drew attention.

It was as tall as ten men. Strangely-dressed men with bare arms and thick yellow helms scurried all around. It was there that I planned to hide until the next morning, but as night drew on creatures of all shapes and colors began to wander the roads. It seemed that they walked without direction, but I noticed all of these horrific creatures were making their way to a tavern of some sort. The sign outside read Cain and Abel's. I could only imagine what disgusting satanic rituals must go on in this place.



## Day 2

I find this land and its people utterly vexing. During the night I witnessed an enormous carriage with "EBUS" marked on the back and sides. I knew not what language this strange message was written in. The carriage was spewing forth people at a crossroads, and these locals walked to the same tavern I saw earlier. My first thoughts of these natives were that they behaved as savages and looked only after themselves. I can now see that they have managed to form tribes or packs of some kind. I took notice that natives dressed in garments decorated with the same symbols seen on the witch houses.

They traveled in packs, and acted aggressively toward those covered with different symbols unless they were of the opposite gender. I believe the tribes meet at this "Cain and Abel's" to prove the superiority of their deity by consuming more rum than the other tribes. These are only speculations, surely one must be as primitive as these natives to understand their customs. But as the moon rose higher, the people seemed to become obsessed with a place they called Taco Cabana. It surely must be the home of their medicine man. Tomorrow I will make my way to this Taco Cabana to see if he can help me discover the mysteries of this land.

## Day 3

I awoke this morning with a terrible rumbling in my stomach and believe it to be resulted from the feast of Taco Cabana the night before. There was no medicine man to be found. Thankfully, I obtained blood-letting leeches from a dilapidated commune where the residents share work and smell like sailors on the St. Boneventure. As the day wore on I became tired and decided to rest. My slumber was brief, as I was awakened by the sound of thousands and thousands of horseless carriages driving with reckless abandon through the streets. I was almost run over by a woman with locks of blonde. Several questions came to mind:

Who would dare reside in such a dangerous, callous area? How did a woman obtain permission to drive a carriage? Why do the people in the land west of the Guadalupe act as if they have no concern for the common man? Are these children of privilege who depend on their fathers for sustenance? I may never discover the answer to these questions, but there is hope. I have heard of a land where the rum flows like water and golden haired, full breasted women roam like wild stallions; a place where I may learn more answers about this strange place. I am off to the fabled sixth thoroughfare. I may never return.

## Forgotten Presidential Scandals



The current presidential candidates have had their fair share of gaffes, leaks, and public humiliations, but such political firestorms have a long, tenured history. Some scandals are remembered more than others, but here are a few scandals lost in the vaults of history.

### Star-gate

By the end of his tenure in office, Calvin Coolidge barely survived a scandal that marred an otherwise successful administration. He oversaw a prosperous country, marked by economic growth and a cultural revolution. But Coolidge could never completely distance himself from the "Star-gate" when he attempted to buy a huge ancient stone ring with potential astro-physical powers. "Sell all your stocks!" Coolidge commanded Americans in September 1929. "For we, as a country, shall then venture forth into a galactic wormhole and explore new dimensions for years to come!" Unfortunately, Coolidge was unable to buy the ring from British Egyptologists, and one month later, America entered its worst economic crisis ever, got sucked into a worldwide military conflict, and forever changed the dynamic of the world.

### Water-gate

Millard Fillmore was intent on preserving the Union during tumultuous years for America, but his duties took the backseat when inventor Horace G. Wiffleman unveiled his new creation, the "water-slide." Fillmore impulsively demanded a huge water park assembled in the White House, and spent hours floating in the Lazy River with Brigham Young rather than reading the Wilmont Proviso. Although he managed to hide this \$2 million (\$50,000,000 in 2008 dollars) monstrosity from the public, he no longer could hide his indulgence after attending the signing of the Fugitive Slave Law in a swimsuit. Although they were outraged, the White House Water Park was not dismantled until Franklin Roosevelt's administration.

### Assassination-gate

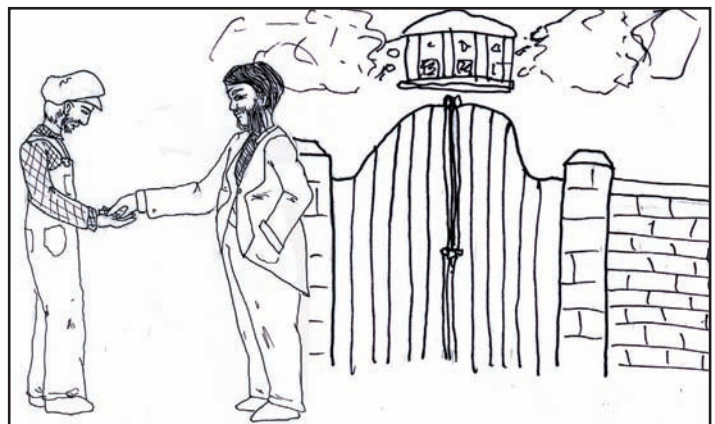
In November 1963, Walter Cronkite revealed to the public that president John F. Kennedy had recently been shot and killed in Dallas, rendering him unable to perform his presidential duties. The country was outraged. Kennedy, whose poll numbers plummeted to 0% after the scandal broke, was not the first president to undergo the embarrassing ordeal of dying in office. Unfortunately, television cameras and bystanders saw firsthand Kennedy's involvement in getting shot in the head. Chalk this up as another instance of a careless president getting caught with blood on his hands, or in this case, blood all over his wife and upholstery.

### Vagina-gate

William Howard Taft was known for three things: his robust figure, his international arbitration, and his love to rid young girls of the pesky affliction of virginity. He busted nearly as many hymens as trusts, but when Democrats leaked Taft's infinite horniness to the presses, he simply distracted the country by eating an entire ham in one bite.

### Gate-gate

During the Gilded Age, Americans entered the age of yellow journalism, and no story was more scrutinized than Chester A. Arthur's decision to install a gate for the White House. "What Is Elegant Arthur Hiding?" asked the papers. "Is A Moat Next?" But President Arthur, the eloquent statesman, ensured the country that the gate was simply a preventative measure to keep some sneaky indignant Chinese immigrant from entering the White House and revoking the Chinese Exclusion Act while the president slumbered.



### Nixon-gate

Nixon-gate: In 1972, President Richard "Tricky Dick" Nixon was involved in an operation to spy on Democratic strategists, and subsequently became the only president to resign from office. After Nixon's irresponsibility, every president since has been on his best behavior.

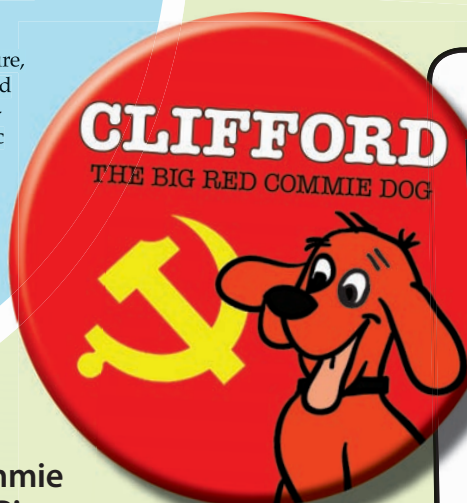




### 1. Alex Jones and The Magic School Bus Go to the Federal Reserve!

In another outlandish Magic School Bus adventure, Alex Jones takes his students on a mysterious and treacherous new "field trip" to Capitol Hill! Surprises abound as their bus transforms into public legislative bill H.R. 374, attempting to rescind the totalitarian signing statement powers of the executive. This Interactive Play-a-Sound edition allows kids to participate as they follow along while hearing audio clips of the 9/11 "missile strike" on the Pentagon and Alex Jones arguing the drawbacks of neoconservatism.

### 4. Clifford the Big Red Commie Collectable Pin

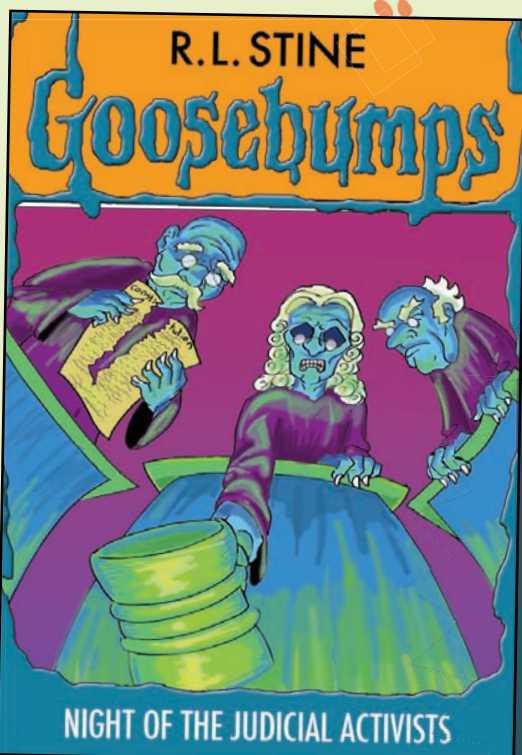


### 5. Ron Paul Jumbo Pencil

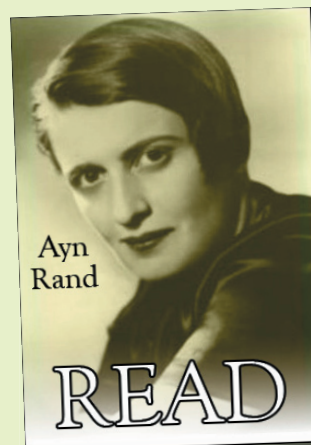
Whether you're writing in Ron Paul's name on the ballot or just writing an essay about the sorry state of American civil liberties, this pencil never fails to make writing fun!

### 6. Goosebumps #213: Night of the Judicial Activists

Sarah and Josh can't believe their parents wanted to go to Washington D.C. for summer vacation. Bumping into Ruth Bader Ginsburg was so boring, until Sarah sees a green light coming from her closet. Sarah sneaks out to investigate and sees David Souter and John Paul Stevens walking away from the National Archives, carrying a big, rolled-up piece of paper. She follows them to a secret meeting and sees that underneath those robes the justices don't have skin, but scales! Sarah starts to worry that freedom, justice, and her summer could all be in danger...



# BRAVE NEW BOOK FAIR



### 2. Ayn Rand Poster

Purchase three or more books and we'll also send you this collectable poster free of charge. Buy 10 or more and we'll tell you who John Galt is. Show your friends, but don't share it!

## PICK OF THE MONTH!

### 3. The Boxcar Children #252: Refuse Welfare

Living in an abandoned boxcar is a lot of fun, until the government sends the kids stolen money! When they receive a welfare check in the mail, the Boxcar Children have a mystery on their hands. They set out to return the money to its rightful owner, and figure out why the government would be involved in such a corrupt practice.



### 7. 1984 - For Kids! w/ CD-ROM

Big Brothers can be such a pain! Third grade is bad enough for young Winston, but his big brother is making life intolerable. He has to sleep in a crummy room and his big brother always hogs the good food at the dinner table. Winston tells his girlfriend and his best friend just what he thinks of his big brother, but someone tattles. When his big brother finds out what he's been saying Winston learns that his brother is just doing what's best for him, whether he likes it or not.

CD-ROM includes: watchdog program that tells parents everything their kids are doing on their computer, newspeak glossary, and thorough explanation of doublespeak.





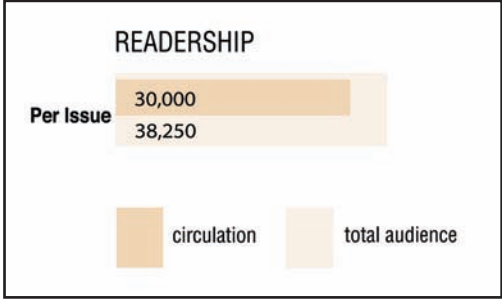
# NEWSFLASH!!! Wii r sew phun-E!

Our staff has obtained this real rough draft of the Travesty page for the highly anticipated upcoming edition of the Cactus Yearbook. The means by which we obtained this cannot be divulged. Because the Cactus staff is so busy doing very important things for everyone's favorite yearbook, we thought we would help them out by providing some suggestions courtesy of our highly skilled editors.

By the way, our lawyer (probably the same one you have) will be contacting you about the libel charges incurred by calling us stoners

Our editor-in-chief actually drives a 2004 BMW 3-series with Tiptronic gear shifting and a moon roof. We may be uncouth, but we're definitely not poor.

Texas Travesty statistics from the official Texas Student Media Kit...



Note: The Cactus Yearbook managed to sell 2,300 copies.

What? Where can we get our hands on that?



What ho! These rogues have exfuncicated our dequerotypes!



"Quack quack there's a duck on my head!"




Color - Size 9 - 7-13468: University of Texas

Texas Travesty.

U R sooooo kewll  
Never change!

Texas Travesty Thrives as Forgotten Stepchild of Student Media

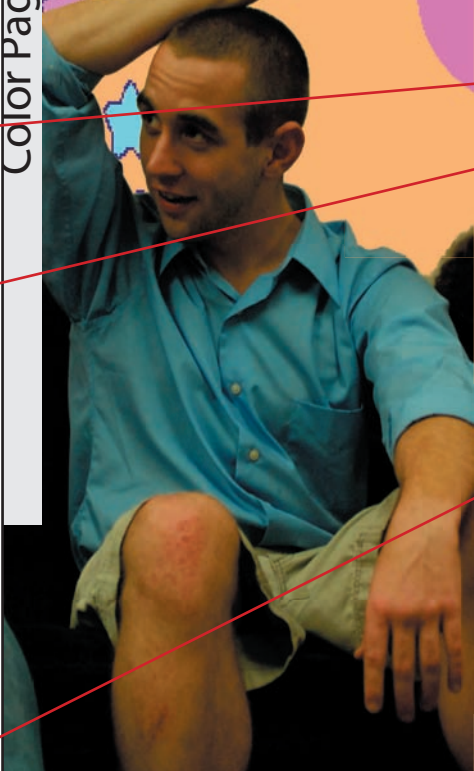


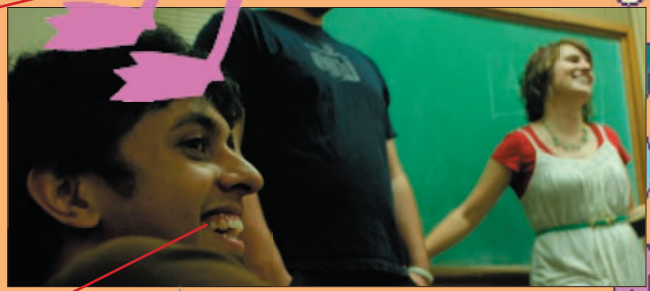
Students at the Texas Travesty toiled 30 minutes every week, stopping only for community brownie time, to produce the highest quality journalism available on campus. Housed in Editor-in-Chief Veronica Hansen's 1985 Volkswagen van on Duval, the three-person staff uncovered only the most relevant and hard-hitting issues in Austin.

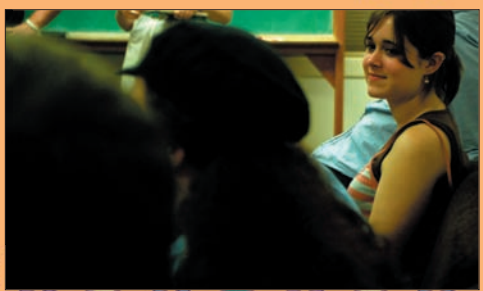
This year marked a special event in the Travesty's prestigious career. The publication celebrated its tenth year of barely scraping by. Though no students knew or cared about the event, the Travesty folks commemorated the milestone by crying themselves to sleep after a long wallow in self-pity from the realization of a void, hopeless future.


The staff promoted their journalistic masterpiece on the West Mall daily, working diligently just to get students to take their work or even notice their presence. This proved problematic as most students mistook them for drunken vagabonds handing out joke-of-the-day toilet paper.

By the Cactus editorial staff





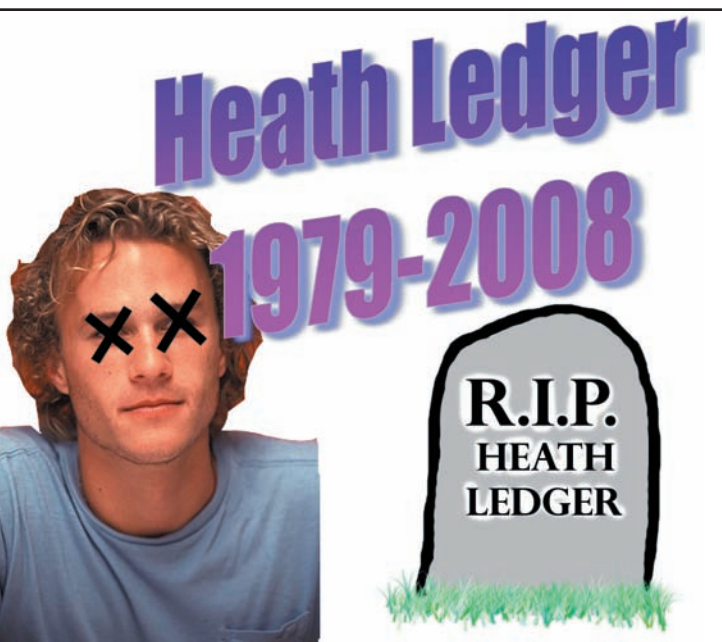




Disclaimer: This page is a joke to get back at the Cactus for all the lighthearted jabs they've taken at us. Take that, Cactus!



# More from the Cactus vault...



## LAW SCHOOL REJECTION LETTER

# MADLIBS



Dear \_\_\_\_\_  
Mr/Mrs/Ms/Transgender \_\_\_\_\_ name

I regret to inform you that your recent application for admission to \_\_\_\_\_ was not  
law school

\_\_\_\_\_ euphemism

Although you \_\_\_\_\_ all of the mandatory minimum qualifications, the Admissions Board  
past tense verb

chose a more \_\_\_\_\_ candidate. The Dean gives his \_\_\_\_\_ appreciation for your application,  
synonym for smarter gerund

which will be \_\_\_\_\_ in our \_\_\_\_\_ for possible future considerations.  
past tense verb important sounding department

The applicants to \_\_\_\_\_ have generally not \_\_\_\_\_ the Bill of Rights in public,  
law school past tense verb

nor have they posted images of themselves dressed as \_\_\_\_\_ at a \_\_\_\_\_ party on the  
African-American celebrity theme  
Internet.

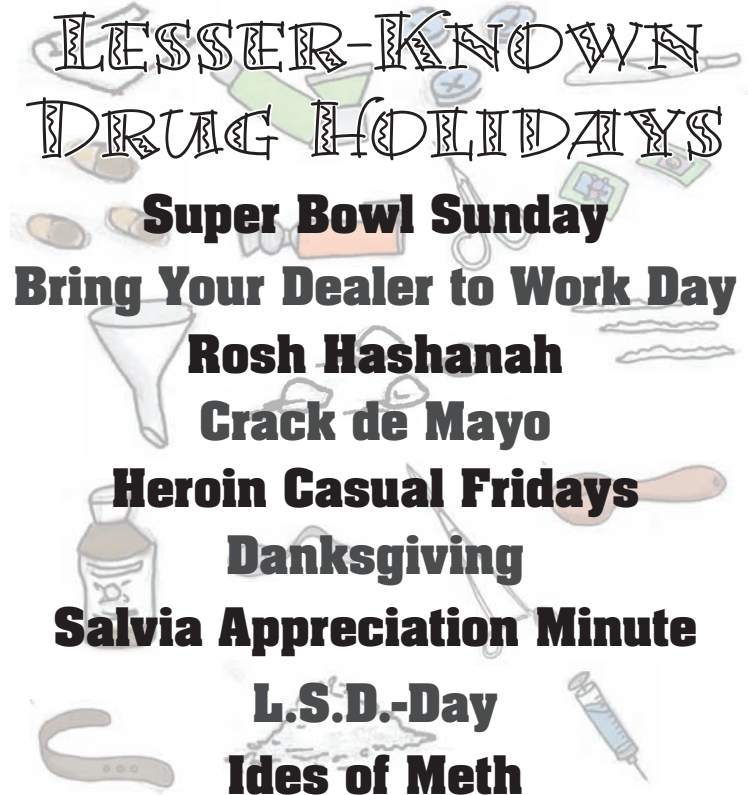
Despite your unique background as a(n) \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_, we had  
adjective Christian sect suburb of Houston  
to choose more ethnically diverse applicants to fulfill our \_\_\_\_\_ quota. One applicant, for example, was a  
ethnicity

\_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_ who escaped a \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ where he was a  
ethnicity third-world country civil war home country  
\_\_\_\_\_ year old child soldier and despite losing a \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_, still scored a \_\_\_\_\_  
age body part rebel leader number from 170-180  
on his LSAT.

On behalf of \_\_\_\_\_, I thank you \_\_\_\_\_ for your application, and I wish you all the  
law school adverb  
best in your future \_\_\_\_\_.  
plural noun

Sincerely,

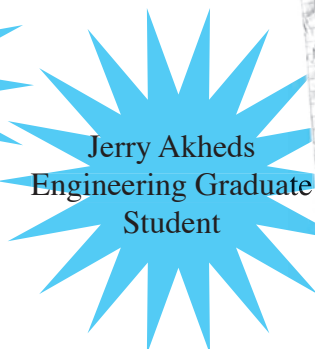
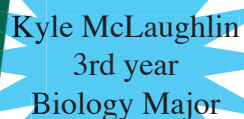
\_\_\_\_\_  
name of asshole  
\_\_\_\_\_ Admissions  
law school







Lisa Yakoli  
1st year  
Mass  
Communications  
Major



www.texastravesty.com



# The Travesty Family

*Thanks for the memories!*



**Veronica Hansen**



**Stephen Short**



**Matt Hutcheson**



**Ross Luippold**



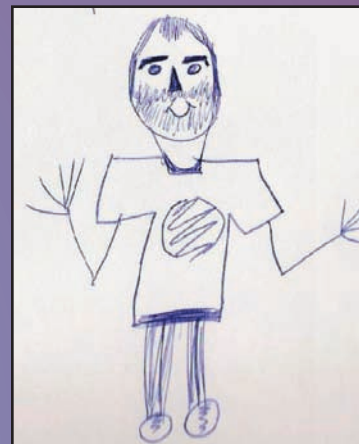
**Mark Estrada**



**Thejaswi Maruvada**



**Michael Prohaska**



**Chris Friend**



**Libby Sanders**



**Matty Greene**



**Sara Nienkerk**



**Stephen Stecker**



**Rachel Colson**



**Matt Lester**



**Malcolm Wardlaw**



**Julia Iacoviello**



**Matt Ingebretson**



**Alyssa Peters**



# Dating Advice

## with The Rock

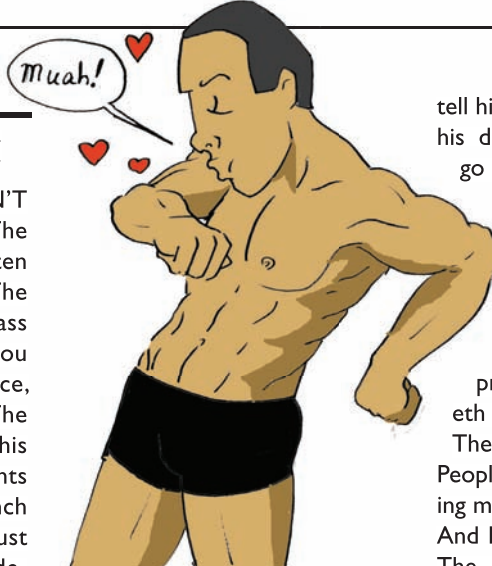
Finally ... The Rock has come back to his dating advice column!

Dear The Rock,  
My relationship has taken a turn for the worse. My boyfriend doesn't seem to be interested in me anymore. All he does is watch sports on his new plasma TV. What should I do?

Ignored in Inglewood

Dear Ignored,  
So your boyfriend neglects you? He doesn't pay attention to you anymore? How does that

make you feel? IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU FEEL! The Rock doesn't have time to listen to your problems, jabroni. The Rock has movies to shoot, ass to beat, and pie to eat. If you really want The Rock's advice, then listen closely, because The Rock is only going to say this once. The Rock says he wants you to take that nice 40-inch plasma TV, he wants you to dust it off, he wants you turn it sideways and he wants you to stick it straight up your boyfriend's candy ass!



Dear The Rock,  
I think my girlfriend is cheating on me. The other night we were at a party and she was hitting on my best friend. I want to say something but I don't know how. What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Jealous in Jersey

Dear Jealous,  
So you want to know what The Rock would do if he was in your shoes? The Rock says he would go up to your friend. He would

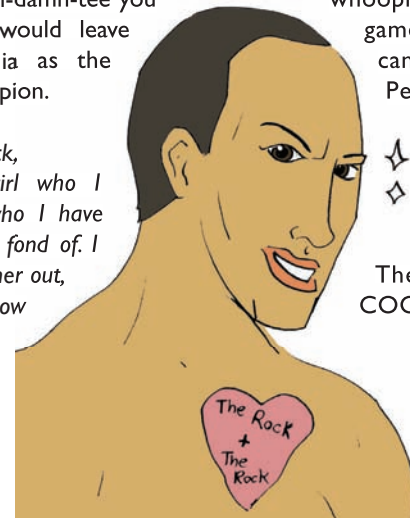
tell him to know his role and shut his damn mouth. If he tried to go one on one with the Great One, The Rock would take him down Know Your Role Boulevard, on the corner of Jabroni Drive, check him directly into the Smackdown Hotel and proceed to layeth the smacketh down on his candy ass. Then The Rock would drop the People's Elbow, the most electrifying move in sports entertainment. And I gauran-damn-tee you The Rock would leave Wrestlemania as the WWE champion.

Dear The Rock,  
There's a girl who I work with who I have become very fond of. I want to ask her out, but I don't know how to do it. I'm not even sure if she knows I exist. Can

you help me?

Nervous in Nevada

Dear Jabroni,  
What in the blue hell is wrong with you? That girl doesn't want anything to do with a candy ass jabroni with a shriveled up monkey penis like yourself. The Rock knows what she wants. She wants The People's Strudel. She wants the trail blazing, eyebrow raising, jabroni beating, pie eating, you know the face, you know the name, whooping ass like its a game, movie acting, candy ass smacking People's Champ THE ROCK! IF YA SMEE EEEELLALA LALALALO WW... what The ROCK... IS... COOKIN'!



# Bus Driver Sign Language

You may have noticed your shuttle bus drivers exchanging some crazy hand signals across the intersection. It's always been a mystery to students what these gestures mean, but the Texas Travesty has acquired an inside source, and now you can be in on the conversation.



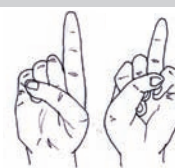
**Ring finger and pinky:** "How are you doing today?"



**Downward-pointing index finger:** "Swell as usual! There is nothing more fulfilling than transporting the public!"



**Thumbs up with ring finger on other hand:** "Did you see American Idol last night? If I am totally honest with myself, I really believe that Simon Cowell is an incredibly handsome man."



**Ring finger and index on other hand:** "Sometimes I think about what life would be like if I would have gotten a different job. Like driving a taxi."



**Double pinky finger:** "My favorite song was just playing on the radio but a kid was talking too loud and I had to knife him to shut him up and so I am going to need you to cover my route for a of couple hours while I take care of the situation."

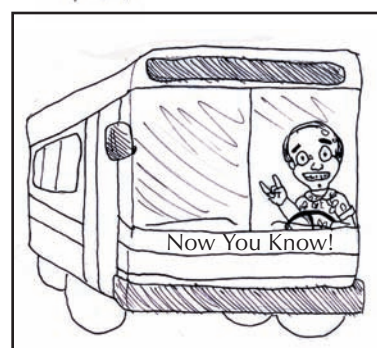


**A ring-index finger combo:**

"I came home last night and found my wife with another man so I have spent the day sobbing into my steering wheel and blocking out the frightened screams of students pleading with me to watch the road."



**Middle finger:** "Fuck you."





# Hay Suzie, u nvr told me how kewl txtng is!

Jim Hendersmith  
SUPER HIP DAD

HWU, Suzie!!? That means 'Hey, what's up,' right? It's hard to pick up on all this really trendy slang you kids have these days.

Anyway, I just got this expensive new cell phone at the AT&T store and the associate told me that it came with text messaging. I was like, 'you know, my daughter text messages, and I think it's about time for me to learn.' So he showed me how to do everything! Now I can read and write messages — even the multimedia kind. Did you get that cute little puppy image I sent you? I found it on my phone and I thought it was hilarious.

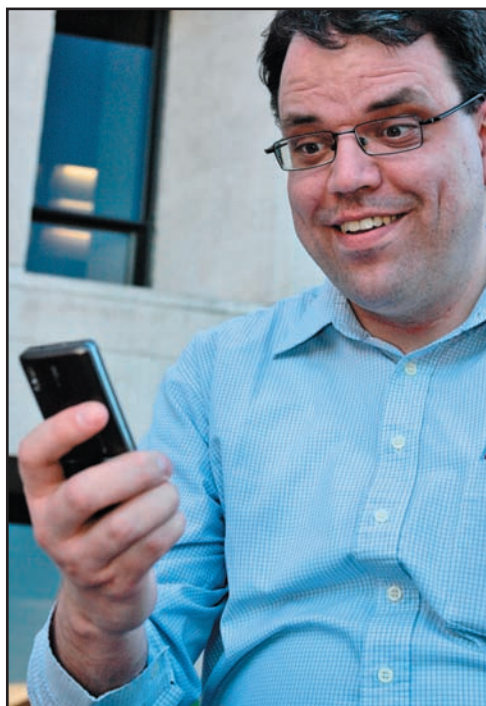
Now I can send you text messages all the time! If I need to check up on you, I can just send 'plz call ur mother 2day.' And if I want to tell you about a movie I just saw, I could do 'Horton hears who — roflol...' I think this is really going to change our father-daughter relationship, honey. Now my periodic check-ups can be persistent *and* entertaining!

You know, I tried to show your

mother this stuff, but she's just not ready for such advanced technology. And your brother will not be *txtng* until he is responsible enough to not send texts with inappropriate language, such as "*hey u have the pr0n?*" Did you know that "*pr0n*" means pornography? I just looked it up on the Internet.

I guess texting will be something just for the *kewl* members of this family — am I right?

See, I'm starting to get the hang of it. I went ahead and upgraded my phone plan to the unlimited SMS, because I figured that 10 cents a message was going to add up with all the chatting we're going to be doing. Make sure that you have a loud ringtone so you can hear all of my incoming messages. You never know when you might get one of these: 'Gma haz cancer oh noes.'



Well, it's getting kind of late and I need to recharge my phone for yet another day of father-daughter buddy building. Remember to do well in school and I will TTYL!

O, cUd u tel me WTH a roflcopter 1s?

# Dahhling, make me a starrrrr!

Margaret Winifred  
STARLET

Charles my dear, have you found any work for me yet? Well, just let me know when the people from Warner Brothers call back about my last audition. Those old birds have a knack for casting their lead at the last minute, and without me as the lead actress — well, they might as well fire the director and burn the script because they want only the best. And Charles, I am the best.

It may be hard to believe this now precious Charles, but I was not always this famous. When I started out in this business at the mature age of thirteen — take note of this Charles, the fans will want to know — I performed in sleazy jazz clubs filled with reefer smoke and bootlegged alcohol, which were inhabited by the lowliest of creatures including drunks, whores, and Communists. However, I had one thing that they do not teach nowadays in your swanky acting schools — talent — and in no time at all I was singing on Broadway to the mayor himself.

Charles, be a doll and check to see if the phone is plugged in. Those folks from Warner Brothers get real hard boiled if you do not answer their calls.

As I was saying — and do keep writing Charles, for my story must be told — when I was younger I would spend all my time out on the town gallivanting with industry bigwigs. We wore the finest silks, drank the smoothest Manhattans, and were courted by the finest specimens to come out of the industry at that time. Treat these people well Charles, and so shall they treat you.

There is the phone now. Answer it, answer it Charles! Ask them when the limousine will pick me up, and make certain it is stocked with water from the purest Alaskan glaciers. I

cannot work under any other conditions.

Oh Charles, what a rascal you are. I am convinced the casting director must be mistaken, because I know I most certainly did get the part. Why, I am sure of it! Come now and quit this lollygagging, for I need you to put my bags into the limousine. Chop chop! There is no time to get a



cart. Get that young lad over there to load the bags onto your back. Please do be careful Charles, that vase was handcrafted in Malaysia by the finest artisan in all the Orient.

Charles! How dare you say that! Warner Brothers denied me the part because I am too old! Do you know who I am? Do you know what I have accomplished? For 68 years I have been Queen of the Film Industry, Charles! No one denies Margaret Winifred a role in this town!

Well Charles, I am afraid you cannot quit because I had already fired you before you had even opened your mouth. I am through with you Charles. When you see my name atop every marquee in New York, you will rue the day you walked away from Margaret Winifred.

Chaaaarrrrleeeess.

Name: Salt Lick - Display; Width: 34p6; Depth: 5 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00030320



# Wait one second — you designed *the* Blazin' Buffalo & Ranch Doritos bag?

**Reggie Lawler**  
SNACK ENTHUSIAST

Excuse me, sir. I don't normally bother people at restaurants like this, so I'm sorry if this is inappropriate. I couldn't help but overhear you mention that you designed the bag for Blazin' Buffalo & Ranch Doritos, and I wanted to let you know that I'm an enormous fan of your work.

I know chip bag designers are people just like everyone else, so I hope I don't come off as creepy; but ever since I first gazed upon the Blazin' Buffalo & Ranch bag, I couldn't believe the mastery, and dare I say genius, in creating such artwork. You probably get this all the time, but you've given the world so much, and I just need to let you know.

And leave it to me to look like I just rolled out of bed! I swear I normally



dress a *lot* nicer than this.

I'm not going to lie, when I first heard about Blazin' Buffalo & Ranch Doritos on the blogs, I thought to myself, "Oh, great. Doritos is cranking out

yet another boring old variation on the same chip. Give it a rest, Frito Lay." I mean, sure, Doritos' bags are good. No doubt about it. I don't know if it was the big yellow "NEW!" or the stylized voice-wave emblem on the bag that won me over, but all I know is that I stopped dead in my tracks at the grocery store, and never looked back.

I'm probably really embarrassing myself. I mean, designing chip bags is probably all in a day's work

for you. You're probably a normal person like anyone else who enjoys eating dinner with a few friends. I bet they hate going places with you, with your adoring fans bugging you whenever you leave the house. You probably think I'm one of those freaks who just want to talk to you about your work. Sorry if I sound like I'm insane — but I just *get* your work.

You don't happen to have a camera, do you? I need photographic evidence so people will believe that I met *the* designer of the Blazin' Buffalo & Ranch Doritos bag.

Oh, I hope you don't think I've ignored all your other work. Under a lesser bag artist, the Zesty Taco or Smokin' Cheddar BBQ flavors could have been the ugliest pieces of shit ever. The way you conveyed that the "Collision" series brought together *two* Doritos flavors displayed the talents of a true *auteur*. But while those are certainly great, don't get

me wrong — I don't think anyone would disagree that Blazin' Buffalo & Ranch is your *Guernica*.

I guess I'll let you get back to your meal. I'm sorry if I interrupted you during a brainstorming session for your next work. But if you're ever in the neighborhood and need a place to stay, I'd be honored if you stopped by my apartment. I mean, I think

today.

Wait, where are you going?!

Oh, I understand why you want to run away. You don't care about fame and celebrity. You're in the business for all the right reasons. But knowing you, and knowing me, we'll meet again. I can taste it.

Name: Veggie Heaven-Display; Width: 22p9; Depth: 2 in; Color: Black; Comment: Travesty; Ad Number: 00030384

# It's my God-given right to urinate in the sink

**Tom Lawson**  
ROOMMATE

In the beginning, God gave man the ability to pee freely in and on his property as he pleased. This includes on bushes, ant piles, and most importantly, in our very own dorm sink. As an American patriot, I cannot fathom a reality in which I fail to take advantage of this remarkable privilege. So despite your reservations, I declare it my constitutional right — nay, responsibility — to release my urine upon this majestic sink.

College is a time for experimentation, and I'm already past the proverbial "borrowing your boxers without permission" and "sticking pigeons in the microwave" phases. Unleashing a powerful stream into this milky white basin is just the natural progression of my curiosity.

Now Manifest Destiny shall carry my method across the land. This is the way Pocahontas would have wanted it.

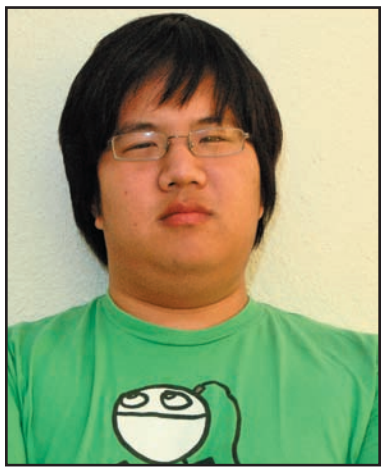
So what if I was dangerously inebriated the first time I happened to use

the sink instead of the passé toilet? Honest mistake. But we're roommates, and according to the Magna Carta, that constitutes blood brotherhood. So join me in fulfilling our patriotic duty by highlighting the perfectly concave form of the sink and its conveniently located drain.

This finding could lead to a much more efficient lifestyle for both of us. Think about it — no more inconvenient and strenuous arm motions to flush! Given the choice, General Washington would surely prefer the comforting curvature of a basin to the mighty Delaware to receive his regal stream. Do you question the tactics of the man that defeated the Mexicans once and for all?

Let me allay your fears — I don't urinate in the sink strictly for entertainment purposes. It's simply a more efficient and satisfying means of relieving myself. You should know that, but you prefer to stand high on a pedestal in front of your ceramic idol, "supposedly" peeing with the lid up, looking down upon me.

Disregard your misgivings — you



must allow prosperity to reign supreme in our hallowed dormitory room and embrace the portal to happiness that I have uncovered through our molding sink. Disregard the back splash landing on your toothbrush, and the putrid smell that resonates for weeks. They are necessary sacrifices, my friend. Freedom is not free, my Jester West brethren. Freedom is not free.

That being said, it was not cool of you to shit in my bed as retaliation. Seriously, dude.



Travesty Staff: Amazing. I've never worked with such a talented group of people. Every time I look at the issues we've finished, I can't believe it all began with a bunch of stoners and burnouts in the shittiest build-



Stephen: My Jewish husband. To think it all began with me giving you a light. Now we're going to wow the whole banquet with our matching corsages! If you ever do accept me as your gentile wife, I'd be happy to live in a state of silent agony two steps be-

# It's always raining on my parade

Kevin Knight  
METEOROLOGIST



*I guess that cat learned his lesson, huh Ron?! [Insincere chuckling.] Alright, now let's turn it over to KVEW 9's chief meteorologist Kevin Knight for the weather. Kevin.*

Tom, today's forecast calls for early showers for the morning commute with increased precipitation throughout the day; so if you're anything like me and plan on doing something outside with your son — think again, as your ex-wife recently revoked your visitation rights.

Make sure you bundle up, as we anticipate record lows from a Northeastern cold front headed our way. If you look to the right side of the screen, you can see an animated diagram of these winds picking up intensity as they pass through the cold, dead vacuum that used to house your ex-wife's heart. The front will build up around the Great Lakes before reaching Central Texas by mid-afternoon when you can expect underhanded jokes from co-workers commenting on your weight gain since the divorce. You can relate.

Then expect temperatures to bottom out this evening after your secretary silently tabulates how many times you've made slashing movements across your wrists as you wait to get on air.

And as we look forward to the rest

of the week get ready for more of those April showers, along with a barrage of hail and final notices from the bank informing you that you're 6-months overdue on your mortgage. Be cautious, as the hail could ac-

cumulate into golf ball-sized pieces when they reach the ground. If you're anything like me, perhaps the icy barrage's indiscriminate and all-too-familiar sting will acclimate you to a second job collecting errant golf balls at the country club so you can barely manage to pay alimony.

Scattered thunderstorms will remain in the area on Wednesday, unlike your son who can't seem to get far enough away from you because you missed his entire Little League season.

But watch out, because the forecast looks gloomy on Thursday, when tornado development is likely. So if you can't afford a garage like me, make sure to document any storm damage from baseball bat-shaped cavernous dents on your Protégé's hood. Stay tuned to KVEW 9 for any additional advisories throughout the week.

Now if you'll excuse me I'm going to sip eight bottles of scotch while I listen to some Boz Scaggs and remember how to feel.

Thanks Kevin. We'll keep our fingers crossed for sunshine next week.

hind you, my Chosen person. Thanks for always wearing your cute hat and glasses and maintaining a well-manicured beard. I'll always imagine you in your finest state: swishing down your third-grade hallways adorning a full windbreaker pantsuit. Please always call me with stories if you're feeling lonely because Matt and Adam aren't home.

Matt: My design guru. I hope we always agree to dress as the boy-girl version of each other, gray jeans and all. You're pretty good at Dutch, but I'd say you excel at being a giggly drunk. Seriously though, thank you for being a superb design teacher, to me and the new designers. When you're an eccentric millionaire, expect Ross and I to live in your Beatles-themed room.

Ross: My perfect teeth and hair nemesis. I literally love everything about you, except for the fact that you sold your vibrating car. I'm sorry I never hung out in your one-room efficiency, because I've come to value our chats too much. I have full faith in you as editor next year because you are both the nicest and funniest person I know. Serial commas for life!

Chris: I know that you hate me, but I think you are honestly the most talented person in the world. Well, maybe second to that girl that draws the whale comics.

Thejaswi: I couldn't be happier that you joined staff. Our first Indian!

Killer: You are my favorite member of staff. And I mean that.

Kristin and Todd: Thanks for your guidance and for making The Trav-

esty actually funny.

Chelsey: My wife. Thanks for always believing that I can do anything I wouldn't be me without you.

My gals: Katie, Jo and Steph: I'll love you forever, even if being editor has taken time away from our chattin'!

David: You aight. Thanks for always putting up with my busy schedule and feminist rants.

Kathy, Merry, Jack and the rest of the TSM Crew: thanks for the money and stay fabulous! Especially you Jack.

Travesty Readers: although most of what we write is intended to entertain only ourselves, I'm glad you can see past the dick and fart jokes to grasp the real humor behind *The Travesty*. But really, you all make this possible and we hope you have as much fun reading it as we do writing it.

## A final farewell from Travesty Illustrator, Chris Friend





