

TEXAS

## TRAVESTY



In This Issue: 3 Tips!  
All-Snackess Pass to your 4/20 weekend!  
Plus: Exclusive Interview With The New  
Willie Nelson Statue



Bernanke Supplements Money Supply With One Thousand Slammer Pogs



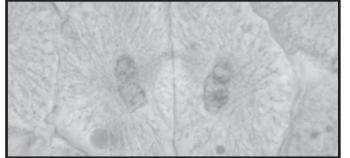
Obama Accused Of Holding Secret Agenda In Locket Kept Around His Neck



Fat Cousin Hoarding All The Easter Eggs



Predator Sequel Includes Hot Sex Scene



Asexual Cell Admits "It Was Just A Phase"



Man Stuck In Kiddie Swing



TEXAS

TRAVESTY

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2005-2006	

## LEGALESE

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...

grandpa's classic cumrag; A basket is an asset; Mary ALWAYS; be poppin'; Miss Piggy is unclear; David's new background; Nicky Manaj breaking the (g)lass ceiling; Bob marley fuckin' grampa; humpty dumpty revelations; C.J. forgot to write shout-outs; Ellen? maybe? Thank for cleaning up our nacho mess; That sketch video David shot with some guy named Connor; Shout out to Jalah for not canceling our publication, yet; stolen waka flocka flame jokes; should [sic] out to Thad Newman damn you look comf' Obama; West Mall old people support-- we love you elderly! Three weeks of distribution; You say that like it actually happened; Whoah; Tranny Day-Ku; Granny; Word, word, bird, bird and the rest of David's shitty comics; RIP BIG MOE DICK CLARK HAWK LIKE NERD; I am deaf in the ears; pimp-C like energy-C but more B vitamins; Ima sue you Naked Juice; BIG UPS TO C.J. (that's uppercases); now will you please submit headlines? Muah. Big love.



## around campus

- Powerade is like haterade for people who don't like gators.
- April Showers Bring some Dank-Ass Bud In May.
- Emailing professors is so awkward, so I just usually just shout at them in class.
- Dr. Jay Marks will retain his title as "Funnest Doctor in America" on the grounds that his is the first name that comes up when you google "diarrhea."
- Members of congress will be caught scratching each others' backs with backscratchers bought by taxpayers.
- "It's not flaccid, It's Al Dente."
- Does TA stand for ticklish asshole? If so, I think I qualify.
- The good news is that you're cancer

free. The bad news is that you're still a cactus. And I'm still a plant doctor. Fuck this job.

- That whiny person complaining about being constipated is so full of shit
- Is that liquor? Sort of – it's licorice.
- "Dude, I'm getting Adele." says guy who is late... to class?
- Brazilian supermodel living in shack with Orlando Bloom finds truth in MASH game prophecy.
- Does anyone else think Texas is shaped like a penis? Nope, just me.
- Will the no tobacco on campus law affect my alcoholism in any way?
- My parents just don't understand, mostly because they still haven't learned english.
- I'm plucking your eyebrows when we get home, bro.
- I pedicab for the calf muscles.
- How broken is the condom?
- My thumb fits perfectly in my butt, checkmate atheists.
- You're a c-cup? I'm a double gulp.
- I felt bad that there were only a few pennies in the tip jar, so I put a few

- more in.
- That smooth area in between bricks. Could rub that shit all day.
  - I'm ready to take this relationship to the next level, but she just won't get it over with and fart.
  - I don't read the bible. But sometimes I smell the pages.
  - Tupac Shakur's Coachella hologram will be outdone by Stevie Ray Vaughan's ACL gram of weed.
  - Possible Medical School at UT? Will the pharmacy have better hours?
  - Dean Skeetin'.



- Professor Lies Down Bombastically In Front Of Class Picture
- Hand Of God Cold, Clammy

# BUFFET RULES

# Romney Pledges A Ride In '62 Rambler In Exchange For Common Man's Vote

Hannah Oley  
MANAGING EDITOR

OMAHA - Since beginning his 2012 Presidential campaign in June of 2011, Republican presidential nomination candidate Mitt Romney has made several pledges and concessions in attempts to garner votes from independent voters and middle-class families. But previous offers had fallen on deaf ears until last Thursday when Romney pledged a ride in his 1962 Rambler American.

"I thought back to how badly I wanted Dad to buy me this car so I could take her for a spin," Romney sighed wistfully as he ran his fingers over the three-speed transmission with automatic clutch gear stick. "Then I realized, 'hey, U.S. voters might like cars too!'"

Romney has since offered over four car rides a day to registered voters throughout the Midwest, outside of Illinois.

"You wouldn't believe the joy people get from a short drive to

the corner store. I feel like I can really relate to these Americans. Though they usually ask me to duck when they see their friends on the street."

"I always felt his ploys seemed pretty desperate, but that Rambler of his handles like a dream!" said Iowan stay-at-home mother Adora Bigsby, who recently promised her ballot in exchange for a joyride

**"that Rambler of his handles like a dream!"**

through Des Moines. "What a fun little car."

Romney campaign manager Matt Rhoades remains cautiously optimistic. "If we can connect with one hundred voters or three thousand miles, whichever comes first, Mitt [Romney] might not need to go back on going back on his pro-choice stance from 2002."

The success of Romney's new campaign strategy comes as a surprise to many, as previous pledge attempts were generally met with mild enthusiasm. In 2011, Romney began specifically targeting a younger demographic, assuring Brigham Young University student voters the solutions to the political science test with that one professor he had in 1970.

"Dr. Thurmond never changes the tests, guys," Romney purportedly mentioned while leaving a students' rally at his alma mater last November. "I didn't receive highest honors so I could keep these test answers all to myself; I'm all about sharing the wealth." However, questions quickly arose over Romney's ability to follow through on his promise, such as final exam question 31: What does the Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act entail?

Other attempts since to arrange a feasible trade agreement with the voting American populous have re-



■ Prospective voters will be met with ample leg room in this classic car.  
Photo Creative Commons

mained unfruitful until this March, when Romney brought his Rambler out of a second storage garage.

"I told you to get rid of that piece of junk years ago!" Ann Romney was overheard saying late Thursday afternoon as Romney pulled into

the driveway after another day of grassroots campaigning.

As of press time, a Craigslist ad had been listed for a red 1962 Rambler American in pristine condition specifying that interested buyers call and "ask for Ann."

## Kevin James Causes Chris Farley To Struggle To Roll Over In His Grave



MADISON, WI - The deceased body of Chris Farley is attempting to turn itself face down inside its grave as a sign of disgust after having been replaced as America's most lovable, overweight comedian by mediocre comic actor Kevin James. Reports of his struggle to fully turn over and put his back to the world were first heard from Farley's former sidekick, David Spade, during a visit to his old friend's resting place. "After we reunited the SNL cast with James instead of him for *Grown Ups*, I started hearing these grunts and rumblings from beneath Chris's burial site. He had always struggled with his size when he was alive. I hate to see it continue to hold him back in the afterlife. I knew we should have gotten him a roomier coffin...man, he was so much better than Kevin James." As of press time, Farley has only turned halfway over and is currently facing the direction of Spade's career, which is resting in the grave to the right of Farley's.

## Philosophy Major Discovers Pre-Rolled Cigarettes



AUSTIN - University of Texas philosophy senior Andre Martin has recently discovered the existence of pre-rolled cigarettes conveniently located at the 7-Eleven near his apartment. Martin claims to have made the astounding discovery when he spotted packets of white cartons sitting behind the cash register while browsing the drink aisle for new flavors of Four Loko. "It's amazing, really. Now I don't have to spend hours of my Sunday nights rolling my own cigarettes. I can just walk down to the store and buy a twenty pack," says Martin. "Which means I can devote more time to studying

philosophy." A recent Facebook post by Martin claims that this finding may be the greatest thing since pondering what the meaning of life is.

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# New Father Drunk with Power to Create Human Beings

**David McQuary**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

HOUSTON- The Methodist Hospital maternity ward was left in disarray this Sunday after new father Eric Gutta became drunk with the power to create human beings.

"Bow before me, nurse Laurie, for I have created life!" he exclaimed, after cutting the umbilical cord of his first child. "I am your king, and this is your prince, Taegon Gutta!" Mr. Gutta then demanded all nurses exit his wife's hospital room and return with a peanut M&M tribute.

"I expect three machine's worth of the finest peanut filled confections for my queen, lest I make examples of you scrubbed knaves," he added, while admiring his son's light blue eyes. "If these candies do not match the prince and his royal mother's pupils, there will be hell to pay!"

Nurses Laurie Jackson and Lamont O'Neal, who helped deliver

Taegon moments before, were confused by the husband's newfound confidence and aggression.

"He wants his wife to eat M&Ms?" questioned Jackson while exiting the hospital room. "She just had a baby. She needs to rest."

Obstetrician James Fundt explained to Mrs. Gutta that her

**"I expect ... the finest peanut filled confections for my queen, lest I make examples of you scrubbed knaves"**

husband's extreme reaction to fatherhood is a common occurrence, known as postpartum mania. "Eric is experiencing a wealth of emotions after seeing his son for the first time," Fundt said as he graciously bowed to his king and prince, "Overzealous pride,

paranoia, and passion similar to a 16th century warlord." Before finishing, Fundt was interrupted by his captor and told to fetch a ruby-encrusted goblet for the afterbirth process.

Although medical experts suggest that postpartum mania is a fairly short-lived phenomenon, Mr. Gutta has shown little sign of improvement, even after relatives and friends began visiting his young family. As his son began crying from the excited noise and laughter, Mr. Gutta immediately ordered Mrs. Gutta's parents and grandparents be taken down into the hospital gift shop for questioning.

"Taegon will sleep, and those who awake him will face a furious wrath of hellfire and anguish," Mr. Gutta said, while burping his tired newborn. "NOW WHERE ARE THOSE GOD DAMNED M&MS?!"

"They say a man doesn't truly



■ This man has lost feeling for everything but his son.  
Photo Creative Commons

become a father until the first time he sees his child, but I never knew how true that old saying was until today," Mr. Gutta remarked, while hurling a scalpel at an intruding candy striper. As of press time, the new father has walled off

his family's entire wing with bed-pans and floral arrangements. Mr. Gutta plans to conquer the rest of the third floor by Monday and the entire Methodist Hospital system by the end of the week.

## Iran Nuked Twice For Flinching

WASHINGTON - Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta announced that the United States has fired two nuclear-armed intercontinental ballistic missiles at Iran just for flinching. "[Iranian President] Mahmoud [Ahmadinejad] knows the rules. You have to take the first one like a man, or you get two," said Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General Martin Dempsey. This type of action by the US all started when an Air Force Predator drone was seized by Iran on the grounds of "finders keepers." The situation escalated in recent peace talks as President Barack Obama reportedly refused to stop giving Ahmadinejad noogies ever since both countries started using the "not touching you" defense. But all came to a head this weekend when the US tried to get Iran to flinch on their nuclear program. Iran tried to save face by saying they only blinked, but the U.S. totally saw them flinch. "Seriously, dude," commented Dempsey, "You shut down 70% of your oil program. You were scared." In retaliation, Iran has been trying to convince the US that Iran's allies could beat up America's allies.

## Cake Batter Beaten, Eaten Mercilessly

TORONTO - Reporters and law enforcement personnel were shocked as they entered the suburban home of Heloise Rogers last night, where the 44-year-old widow admitted to mercilessly beating and eating an entire box worth of cake batter. Rogers initially planned to cook her victim in an oven, yet she was "overcome" by the smell and taste of her prey. Crumbs were scattered throughout the mother's suburban home,

clearly indicating a fierce struggle. "I was eating so fast that I almost choked," said Rogers as she was escorted into solitary confinement. A novelty-candlelight vigil will be held this Friday.

## Ron Paul Admits To LSD Use During Debates



SPRINGFIELD, VA - In wake of revelations that former Republican nomination candidate Gov. Rick Perry's used painkillers during debates, Rep. Ron Paul (R-TX) has come forward admitting to usage of lysergic acid diethylamide, commonly known as LSD, throughout his campaign. "People don't seem to understand the threat of the Federal Reserve," the drug-crazed Congressman exclaimed while furiously scrawling a picture of the Federal Reserve Bank with eleven spaghetti arms and a flaming goat head. "It's going to eat us all and enslave my cat unless we abolish it!" he added, while comforting a fur coat he addressed as Mr. Snuggles. Political analysts believe the LSD usage is a further attempt by Paul, who is 76, to attract the youth demographic. Other recent initiatives by Paul have included renting *A Scanner Darkly* and falling asleep on the couch.

## Ancient Climate Change Denier Found In Ice Pack

OSLO - Archaeologists digging in northern Norway inadvertently discovered a climate change-denying Paleolithic-era *Homo sapiens* trapped within an Arctic glacier. "We were digging for Viking settlements, when we found this guy in an ice sheet," University of Oslo anthropology professor Olaf Nicholson said. A joint-Nordic team of archaeologists, anthropologists, and historians have claimed that the early human in the pack was a climate-change denier by virtue of the fact that he wore no fur clothing, common in other frozen human collections. "This primitive human was clearly trying to prove a point, but instead froze to death," University of Kiel historian Viktor Van Gaasbeck told reporters. In the ice sheet where the specimen was discovered, the team also found cave paintings mocking the idea that humans resemble monkeys.

## Study Finds Sex Is Better When You Look Me In The Eyes, Steve

SEATTLE - In a study that has been conducted at this residence over the past couple years, it has been shown that intercourse would be much more gratifying for both partners if you would just look me in the eyes, Steve. "The only way my back doesn't act up is if I'm behind you," I think is what you said a couple of weeks ago, followed by "You know the deal. I don't have the body I had ten years ago. But, speaking personally here, I'm enjoying it as much as ever." As of this time, I still want to know why you insist I pin my hair up and that I moan an octave lower during intercourse.

# NOLA SAINTS BOUNTY HUNTERS

We need to ensure the respect of the Mercedes Benz Death Star.

Respect comes from fear. First one's on me. Kill the head.

As you wish.

These plans are not in the main computer.



WANTED



Reward: Pair of Wrangler Jeans  
Wanted for: Constantly un-retiring/texting photos of his junk to women

WANTED



Reward: Season 5 of Always Sunny in Philadelphia  
Wanted for: Smuggling gameday T-shirts

WANTED



Reward: 124 Cheeseburgers  
Wanted for: Cursing players with X-Box voodoo

WANTED



Reward: 1 mole of unobtainium  
Wanted for: His eventual Star Wars reboot, let's face it

WANTED



Reward: \$100  
Wanted for: His rare dinosaur bones

WANTED



Reward: A free round on your next visit!  
Wanted for: Not sure, ask Tiger

WANTED



Reward: A 2012 Buick Regal  
Wanted for: Not sure, ask Elin

WANTED



Reward: 5 years, \$96 million  
Wanted for: Challenging the Empire.

WANTED



IT'S A TRAP!

## Longhorns Narrowly Defeat Blocking Sled



AUSTIN – The Texas Longhorn football team survived a nail biter last Saturday defeating the blocking sled in an overtime thriller. With their passing game in shambles, the Longhorns were forced to rely on the run, playing right into the hands of the inanimate foe. Texas seemed to have no answer for the obstacle, repeatedly running into the large padded steel frame throughout the game. “It just wouldn’t budge,” stated head coach Mack Brown in the post-game press conference. “No matter what play we’d try to run, there it was, waiting to knock our players over.” Texas was forced to rely on its kicking game, securing the victory with a last minute field goal over the opponent as time expired. Despite the setback, the team hopes to build off the win by giving fans hope that the strategy of running directly into the defense will finally pay off this season.

CURRENT TEXAS TRAVESTY IM SOFTBALL RANKING: UNDEFEATED!

WINS: 0

LOSSES: 0

FORFEITS: 3

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Sometimes it's easy for Cholos to get caught up in the day-to-day. You take the kids to school in your lowrider, you knit another hairnet, you tattoo more Gothic lettering on your back. And then, before you know it, you're gone in a flash of flannel and Dickies. These YOLO Cholos are choosing to *Carpe El Diem* by living each day like it's their last. And with the way the cartels are, it very well could be.



TEACH BIBLE TO UNDERPRIVILEGED KIDS  
@Church#JesusIsMyHomeboyAndBrother



GET MATCHING NECK TATTOOS  
@Fozzy's #Bestbroforlyfe



TRY SUSHI  
#RawasHELL



POSE NUDE FOR ART CLASS  
@ronjeremy #jajajaja



GO WHALE WATCHING  
@whales #yo



LEARN TO KNIT  
#whitesockinfinity



CLIMB MT. EVEREST  
@TopOfWorld#shouldhavewornpants



BE ON JEOPARDY  
@Regis #imonyourshowdawg!



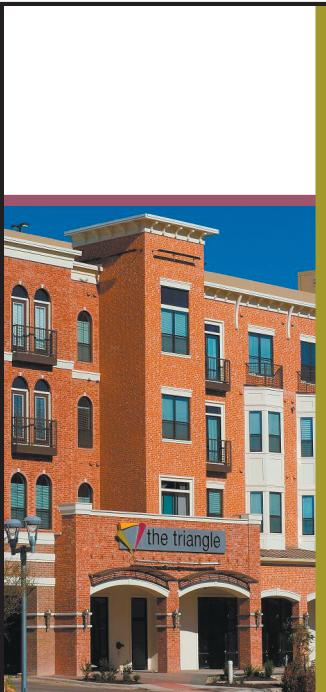
PLANT A TREE  
@EPA #environmentalloveryo



GO SKYDIVING  
@TheSky #flyasshit



RESCUE PUPPY  
@shelter #pitbullsneedlove



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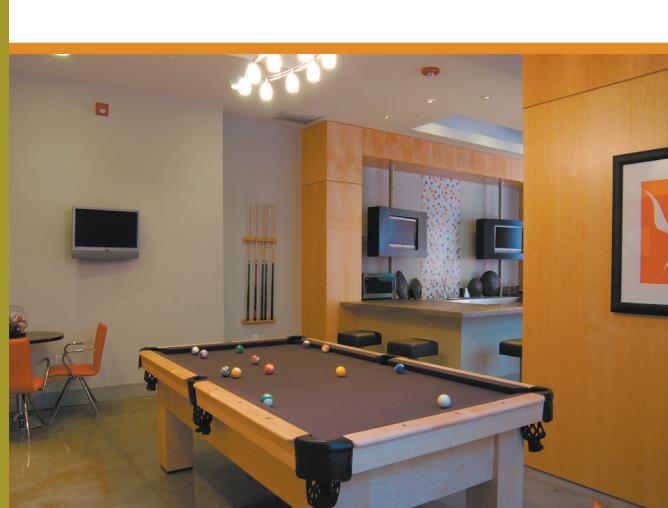
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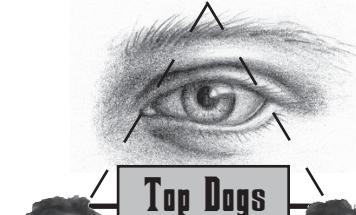


# INNER RAP DIALOGUE



# Drugs on 6th

the hierarchy of Austin money laundering



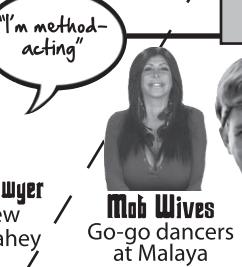
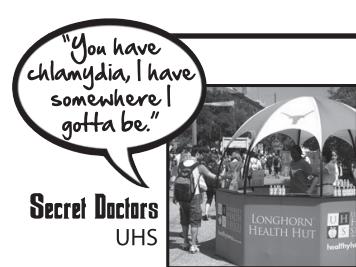
## Top Dogs

Hussein "Mike" Ali Yassine

Lance Armstrong

Mohammed "Steve Austin" Ali Yassine

What started as simple paycheck dispute erupted into a massive drug ring operating out of Austin's most "popular" bars. The *Texas Travesty* has obtained never before seen information detailing the involvement of the city's most powerful people. Shown here for the first time: Austin's underground drug cartel.



## Important Trustworthy Positions

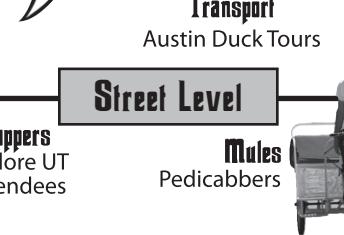
## Major Distributors



## Gowalla Money Smugglers Tech Start-ups



## Manufacturers:



# PINK SLIME REBRAND

Dear Shareholders,  
This past April, we experienced a slightly negative press image over our production of lean finely-textured beef (LFTB), known colloquially as "pink slime." Though there has been a slight reduction in sales, we here at Bovine Products Inc. remain committed to the production of cheap fillers for quick profit.

That is why over the course of the next year we will begin marketing LFTB to other industries through a positive rebranding process. Additionally, we are excited to announce a new line of products to continue generating revenue through these trying times.



## BOVINE PRODUCTS INC. OFFERS APOLOGY TO CONSUMERS OF LEAN FINELY TEXTURED BEEF

DAKOTA DUNES, SD, Apr. 20 -- We at Bovine Products Inc. would like to take this opportunity to apologize to the lean finely textured beef (LFTB) consuming communities previously existing at McDonalds and Taco Bell. We intended no misrepresentation of our product and continue to consider it the pinnacle of meat products derived from beef salvage.

Our goal at Bovine Products Inc. is to always offer a safe, pleasant and positive beef-product eating experience for customers at the various restaurants and establishments our company caters to. Furthermore, it's not even that slimy.

Bovine Products Inc. is committed to its customers and hope to ensure that our future products continue to be of the upmost quality and quantity.

### Frequently Asked Questions:

#### What exactly is in LFTB?

Lean finely-textured beef is produced from U.S. farms and factories as a byproduct, just like milk and cheese. It allows us to eliminate waste in the meatpacking process by utilizing every edible part of the carcass, just as the Native Americans would have done.

#### Is LFTB dangerous?

Of course not! Lean finely-textured beef is a natural food additive that has been processed and treated with powerful chemicals so as to rid it from any unwanted bacteria and other nutrients. Additionally, in double-blind clinical studies, several lab guinea pigs and rats survived weeks on nothing but the LFTB meat. The control group did not survive, however, as they were used to produce more LFTB.

#### Where can I still find LFTB products?

LFTB products are still readily available at most fast-food establishments and PetSmarts.

#### Does Pink slime increase my risk of heart disease?

Typical LFTB consumers are already at risk for heart disease, insomnia, and curse of the billy goat. LFTB consumers showed no variance in disease frequency from the three people we found who have eaten meat but no LFTB. However, LFTB consumption is positively correlated with sexiness.

#### Does pink slime contain any additives, fluoride, or vaccines?

Probably?

I'm worried that my child is not getting enough vitamin C.  
That's not a question.

## REVENUE INITIATIVES



## NEW PRODUCTS 2012



## REVENUE INITIATIVE 3B: TELEVISION SPONSORSHIP

We've contacted management at Nickelodeon Studios and they've agreed to purchase 3,780 lbs of pink slime to use during 'Pink Slime Awareness Week.' Over forty hours of pink slime-sponsored programming will promote awareness of the safety and tastiness of lean finely-textured beef (LFTB). The schedule will foster a positive image of LFTB, including the following themed episodes:

**Fairly Odd Parents Episode: No More Slime** (Sept. 20) Timmy Turner discovers how bad it would be if the world no longer had pink slime.



**The Adventures of Jimmy Neutron: Secret Ingredient** (Sept. 17) The EPA shuts down the Krusty Krab because of silly health code violations and Mr. Krabs is no longer able to provide low-cost meat to poor Bikini Bottom families.



**Pink Slime Time Live: Final Season Finale** (Sept. 24) Watch live as contestants and audience members are covered with pink slime! Fun!



**Spongebob Episode: Secret Ingredient** (Sept. 17) The EPA shuts down the Krusty Krab because of silly health code violations and Mr. Krabs is no longer able to provide low-cost meat to poor Bikini Bottom families.



**FORECLOSED**

## REVENUE INITIATIVE 6D: WET 'N WILD COSMETICS

We are currently negotiating a co-branding opportunity between Wet 'n Wild Cosmetics (A subsidiary of CoverGirl) to utilize leftover and/or stale LFTB from this quarter. Substantial research from our marketing department suggests that typical female LFTB consumers are equally loyal to this low-cost, low-beauty cosmetics brand. By developing the following products in conjunction with Wet 'n Wild, we are likely to uncover a niche market for the unconventional beauty who enjoys our beef byproducts.

**Pouty Piggy Lips Lipstick** Instructions: To apply, share a kiss with one of our representatives already wearing this product. **WARNING: DO NOT INGEST**



**Slime-Hold Hair Gel** Instructions: Rub on hair. Shave head immediately after first use. **WARNING: May attract bees. FURTHER WARNING: If you're using hair gel, you're probably a tool.**

**Paint-Me-Pink Face Mask** Instructions: Apply twice daily. **WARNING: Avoid contact with eyes or face.**

**Vivacious Bovine Vitreous Humor Eyeshadow** Instructions: Apply until you see beef when you close your eyes. **WARNING: Try not to blink.**

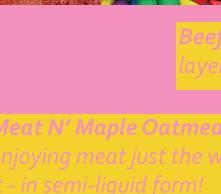


## REVENUE INITIATIVE 8FLIMITED-EDITION "THROWBACK" ITEMS

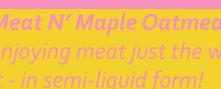
Working with the edibles departments at McDonald's and Yum! Foods, we have developed a series of "throwback" products to recapture America's love for finely-textured meal experiences. This summer at participating locations, McDonald's will introduce its Happy Meal 'Classic' with at least 50% more LFTB and 40% more choking hazards. Taco Bell will begin offering several options including 'Classic' Taco Supreme, Gordita Crunch 'Classic' and Chalupa 'Classic' promising a return to their signature pink slime concentrate. The following are samples of LFTB menu items we can expect next quarter:



**Pink Slime Infused McGiddle Patty** is served before 10:30am or after you lose your dignity.



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**McDonald's Steak Pizzas** Where did the 'l' do? Somewhere in the crust!

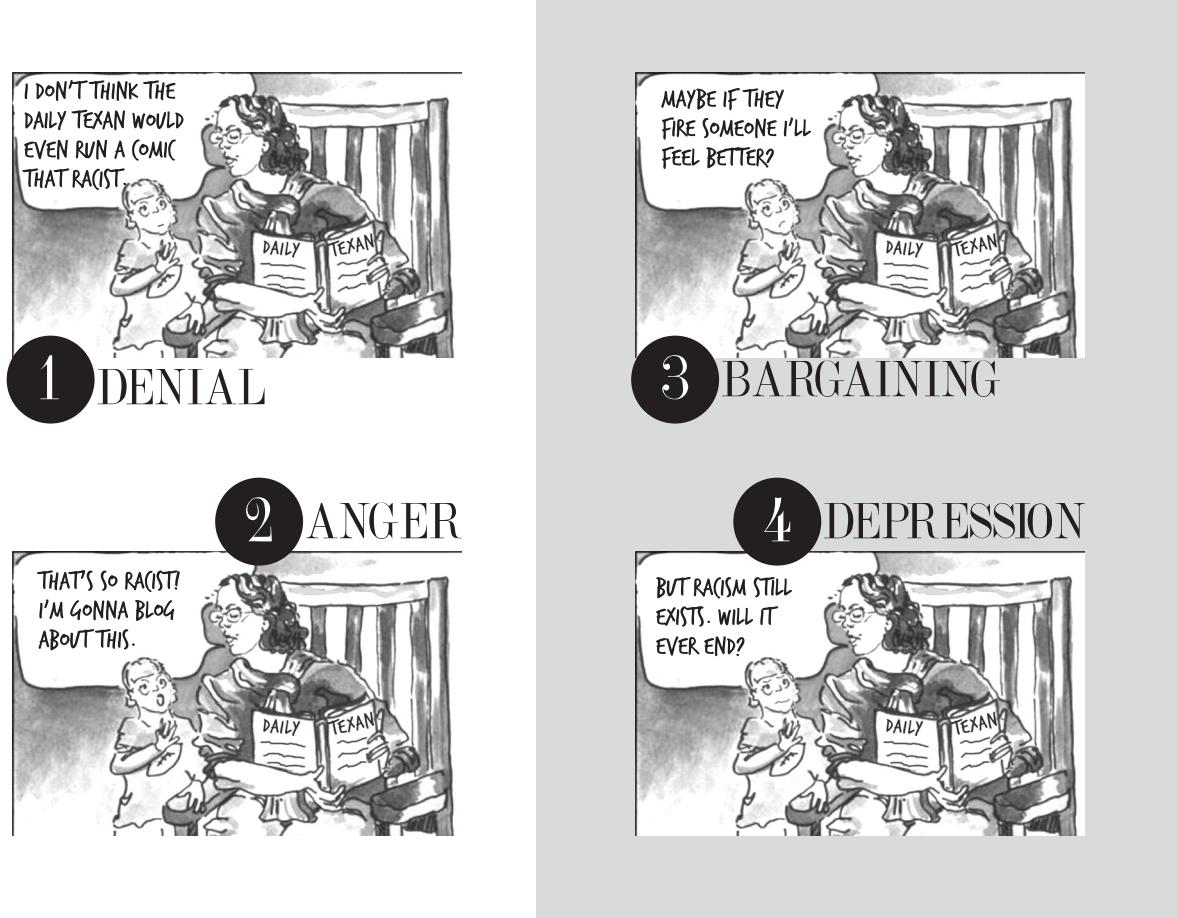
# THE SIX STAGES OF DAILY TEXAN COMIC GRIEF



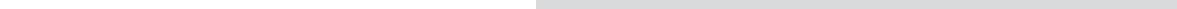
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2 ANGER



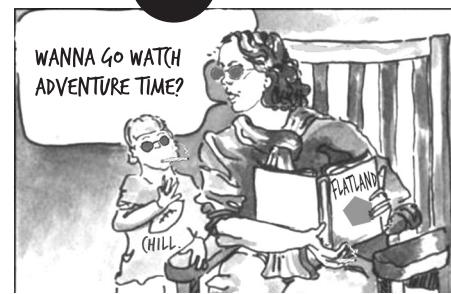
3 BARGAINING



4 DEPRESSION



5 ACCEPTANCE

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**Scott Crisp**  
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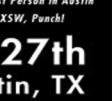
**Cody Hustak**  
Finalist, 2010, 2011 Funniest Person in Austin SXSW, FunFunFun Fest



**Grant Redmond**  
Semi-Finalist, 2010 Funniest Person in Austin



**Marshall Townsend**  
Semi-Finalist, 2010 Funniest Person in Austin

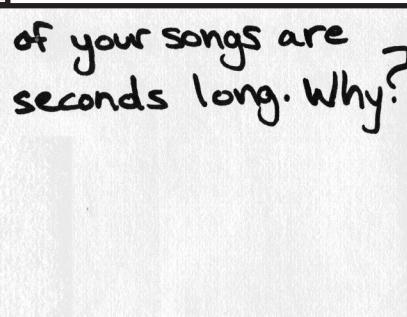


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## Grandmother Declares Victory After Finding Final Classmate In The Obits



PENSACOLA — Last Thursday, grandmother Eunice Clemons declared victory after locating the last of her high school classmates in the obituary section of the local newspaper. "My grandkids all watch *Hunger Games*. I told them that was pathetic. Those games last like two weeks. Sixty years—now that's a real battle," nodded Clemons as she finished her cross-stitching

mittens for the local Girls Haven. "I thought dear old Dorothea Lewis was going to be my most formidable competition, but after her failed heart bypass, there was no contest." Clemons noted that it has been sixty years since her high school reunion, or as she puts it, "sixty years since that bitch Mary Beth took my Best Smile superlative." As of press time, the academic awards of Clemons' twelve grandchildren have been replaced on the mantle by a homemade first-place trophy.

## Dryer Buzzer Ignored By Biased Liberal Media

WASHINGTON — The blatantly biased liberal media once again denied Americans access to important news coverage this week when National Public Radio, *The Atlantic*, and Reuters News Agency all ignored the final dryer buzzer as it rang from the laundry room. The latest buzz indicated an important end to the dryer's cycle and a dangerous onset of wrinkled clothes. "This is just one more disappointing oversight by the socialist media machine," stated Republican presidential nomination candidate Newt Gingrich as he folded his whites. "It's nothing but secular bigotry, and it's disappointing to know that many young people will never know that the dryer is done and that we face a very real future of having to iron out this country's problems." On Thursday, CNN responded in a written statement: "We got it last time."

## Signer Ruins Kings Of Leon For Deaf Concert Goers

AUSTIN — Hearing-impaired concert goers left a Kings of Leon concert at the Frank Erwin Center Thursday night feeling thoroughly betrayed after the concert signer conveyed the band's lyrics to the audience. "I used to be such a big fan of Kings of Leon when they were just vibrations," said deaf concert-goer Courtney Wright, "but when I saw that woman sign 'Your sex is on fire/Consumed with what's to transpire,' it pretty much ruined them for me. I lost all advantage of being deaf." Chase Evans, another deaf attendee, signed "crying" across his face and explained, "When I saw her sign, 'Hot as a Fever, rattling bones,' I felt even more alienated from the hearing fans at the show." In response to the backlash, the Frank Erwin Center has decided not to provide closed captioning services for the upcoming Foo Fighters show this fall.



## Breakfast Tacos Redeem Absent Mother

AUSTIN — Mary Howard's years of neglect for her children were absolved yesterday when she brought home a bag of chorizo and egg tacos for a family breakfast. As soon as Howard's 11-year-old son, Ryan Howard-Jenson, bit into the cheesy Mexican breakfast, he forgave his mom for missing his kindergarten graduation, his first steps, and his baptism. "I don't even care that she served it with Jim Beam instead of orange juice. The tacos really meant that she went out of her way to be a good mother," Howard-Jenson said, while dipping his breakfast in salsa and fighting back tears. Ms. Howard ended the meal by asking her children to lend her any extra cash they had so she could go buy more tacos, explaining that it might take her awhile and that they should not wait up.

# Woah, Did Someone Just Puke On Your Face?

## Drunk Friend

WHO JUST PUKE ON YOUR FACE

What a night. What a freaking night, Jared. Just me and my best friend, Jared. My best, best friend. In the world. Jared. I'm feeling a lot better by the way, but I still feel kind of spinnny. Wait, what's that on your face? Jared, stay still. I think somebody puked on your face.

Shit, man, that's gross. You should go clean that up or something. I don't have any soap with me, so probably go to the bathroom or to the sink or the bathroom or something. Wait, don't go, stay; we're going to figure out who blew chunks on my best friend Jared's face.

Okay, let's retrace our steps. Don't tell anyone but I got pretty drunk tonight. Shhhh. I think I can remember how it all started though. Tonight has been crazy, right? Crazy with my best friend, just like the movies. I like those movies where the characters have to retrace their steps. Ooh, let's do that; hopefully I haven't forgotten everything. I remember eating dinner with that Girl Scout troop. They were pretty sick, lot's of cool stories about fire and cooking in the outdoors. I remember...I think I remember one of them crying a lot.

What do you mean I stole her hat? I wouldn't steal a little girl's hat, Jared, I'm not some sort of weirdo. What? Well yeah, they are cool hats. No, I don't know where I got this one. Maybe I took it with me from home, I don't know, but I didn't take it from that poor itty-bitty girl. I don't like your tone, Jared, it's almost as if you think I made that girl cry. Let's move on with the investigation.

Okay, I remember going to that concert. Yeah, the concert – that's where we met those two middle school kids with the bloody noses. Pretty nuts how both of their noses were bleeding, what are the odds? What's that, Jared? I punched each of them and then laughed in their faces? Jared, I wouldn't do that; that's mean. Yeah, I know I like to punch people at concerts, but not little kids, Jared. You know, you're my best friend but I don't like it when you accuse me of things. I am in complete control right now and I am trying to help figure out the story behind your pukey face so just stop it with the judgment—I am sensitive!

You know what, retracing our steps isn't working. Well, maybe it would if you weren't Mr. Negativity. Even worse, you're starting to smell pretty bad. Let's check our pockets, maybe there are clues in there. Hmm, not sure why I have two wallets. Oh, this wallet isn't mine; this is somebody else's license. I probably found it and meant to return it to its owner. Wait – you think I picked it off a man in a wheelchair on the bus? Jared, do you know me at all? I didn't steal that wallet.



Ew, now it's dripping onto your shoes. It's reminding me of how sick I was earlier. Yeah, we went into that alley – very similar to the one we're in right now... and...well I don't remember what happened then but I was feeling so, so sick and now I'm not. Damnit, Jared, who puked on your face?

I have an idea. I'll taste it, that'll probably work. Don't move, I'm just going to...there we go. Hmm. You know, it doesn't really taste any different from the way my mouth already tasted. Weird. I guess some mysteries will never be solved.

Now go clean up, you're embarrassing me.

## Like Stardust Glistening On Fairies Wings, Little Kids' Dreams Are Really Stupid

Jonathan Randall

THIRD-GRADE TEACHER, REALIST

People always say that to be happy in life you need to follow your dreams. Keep working hard and you can achieve greatness. Anything is possible; but I'm here to be honest and to tell you that none of that is true. You are destined for failure. You will never be a princess. You will never own a liger, and you will never live on Jupiter. That's not even possible, its atmosphere is solely composed of hydrogen and helium. You'd die almost immediately. Like stardust glistening on fairies wings, your dumb little kid dreams are really stupid.



But it's not all bad news. There's no monster under your bed, in your closet, or submerged in your toilet. You can sit down without worry. That's because monsters don't exist. I know Pixar tried to convince you that they do but that was just to make a quick buck. Pixar is a multi-million dollar faction of a multibillion dollar corporation built on the bullshit dreams of babies. Cuddly old Sulley is a pathetic figment of your imagination.

You'll never be able to fly, you can't grow up to be a mermaid, unicorns aren't real, and a new stepmom is the closest you'll ever get to fairy godmother. This is the real world, baby and your dreams are dumb. Grow up and start thinking more practically. Try dreaming about ending war in the middle east, ways to wane the US off of foreign oil imports, or convincing Rush Limbaugh that global warming is real. Just kidding. Those will never happen either. God, kids dreams are so stupid.

Little boys dreams are pretty dumb too. Like the dream of riding dinosaurs to school. First of all, there would be no room for a dinosaur in a school parking lot, nor would there be a way to secure such a large animal. Second of all, there's no way to domesticate a dinosaur, or train it to take you to school. You'd most likely end up lost in a forest, or eaten alive. Third of all, dinosaurs are extinct.

Now, I'd like to open up the cafeteria for questions.

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# Goodbye class of 2012!

## Hidden in this good-bye column is a map to my riches

In my four years at the University of Texas nothing has meant more to me than being a part of the Texas Travesty. Even as a lowly Administrative Assistant I felt like I had a chance to contribute to every issue for the past four years. I may go on to become a Nobel consideration, Academy Award Honorable Mention or a U.S. Senate also-ran, but I will always remember my time here at the Travesty, casually suggesting we do a feature on giraffe graphs. Writers and aspiring writers, you are so amazing! I truly believe this is the breeding ground for the next creative comedy minds of the age. By that I mean I've been cloning you.

Designers, keep it up. You are not only essential to the success of this amazing publication, but you are probably funnier than the writers.

Aaron, where would we all be without you? Ah that's right, without an issue. We would be a collection of Google Docs.

Dan, Alyssa, Jessica, Joe, Jermaine, Lara, Aaron W., Thej, Sarah, Zak, Matty, Matt, Ross, and other attractive alumni, you continue to be a painful reminder of how much better I could be.

Claire and Lucy, thank you both for always being there. Even though you have never been to a Travesty event in the four years that I have been on staff I still love you both tremendously, so you must have some redeeming qualities.

David, (mushy-gushy goosh here.) You are my best friend. Thanks for making my life so great! Call me?

Mom, thank you so much for your love and support and en/discouragement. I know you've always felt this was an excellent use of my time.

Dad, I'm sorry you can't read this at work; I know it's because the liberal leanings are too offensive.

Chandler and Margaret, yes, you are funnier than me, okay? Jeez.

Pomp and Daisy, yes, you are funnier than me, okay? Jeez.



Hannah Bley  
Managing Editor



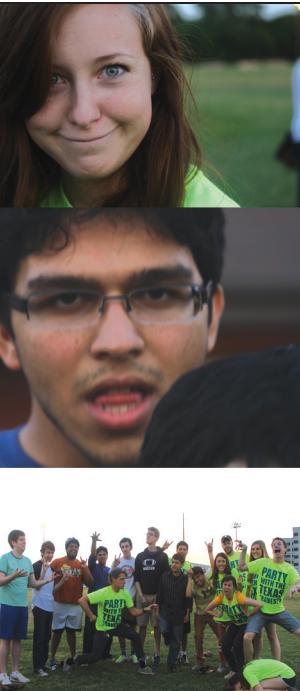
Cameron Jones  
Photographer

## Damn Whippersnappers!

After four years a-prospectin' I came to shine the light o' my lantern in yourn young eyes. I swear ye nibblers are so green ye put yer hand behind your ears and it gets wet. I'm just an old pod, but when I was half a hair and two bits as tall as you whippersnappers I came to these here hills lookin' for the old actual, the scratch. Gold. Now I'm just an old epharim over head and ears in owin's and I've got to go on the dodge but before I take my leavin's open yer wattles so I can warn ye about that old ethereal lady in yellow. You'll finds in yer youth that ye thinks ye got a good yieldin' stream with a million flakes and more nuggets, but you'll see it's naught more than a bear pissin' upstream. You'll spend your earnin's on a

new rackatee to defend yerself from injun invaders, or maybe on a stargazer to keep you company in the winter night, and soon enough you'll find yerself boilin' yer boots fer dinner. Some nights are so bitter cold you'll feel yer toejam freezing to yer bearskin, and the summers are so hot yer sweat squirts out faster than you can drink it. I ain't encouraging ye to be no yellow-belly yankee, but get yerself to the learnatorium and enroll yerself in some book-learnin' so ye don't have to end up a deaf and jingled old jackaroo like me, with a wispy beard and holes in my hat. That old lady Gold, she broke my bones and ate my beans, boys and nannies, but what's more she took my old heart and smashed it on the river rocks. I'd advise you strongly to turn away in haste, because there ain't no gold in them hills, boys. There ain't no gold at all.

A note to all my fellow prospectors: The good lord above knows that ye bunch o' unwound Wampums have been a damn fine group of companions, and some talented miners at that. I'll pour out a cup o' barleycorn in yer name always, and of course I wish ye the all best veins o' gold in yer future mountains, valleys, and streams.



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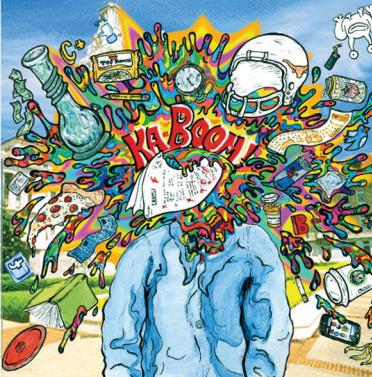
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*Alyssa Cervantes*  
Associate Editor

## I'm going to miss you guys so much, I'm defecting to the Chinese

I joined the staff of the Texas Travesty three years ago on January 20, 2009, the same day President Obama became commander-in-chief. Since then, I've met and experienced different people and ways of humor publication governance that can make the most dedicated political science major have a heart attack. My experience at the Travesty has literally changed my college lifestyle for the better and I'm going to miss it so much. Oh, before I forget: I'm defecting to the People's Republic of China.

David and Hannah: thank you for giving me the privilege of serving as your Associate Editor. You two are really talented and it means a lot that you chose me, schmuck fuck C.J., as your AE. David: you are a gifted stand-up comic. Thanks for letting us hang out at your place and watch Wonder Pets and showing me great YouTube trash like "Yo Relatives" and "Rosie O'Down Syndrome". That shit cray. Hannah: you are one of the best practitioners of understated comedy (along with Ross and Malcolm). Your pithy comments are fucking hilarious. I'm honored to serve along you guys. I'm going to the American embassy in Beijing and renouncing my American citizenship. I'm going to offer the best of my knowledge to the Chinese state. I'm trading my American passport for a Chinese one. Suck it, decadent imperialists.

Ross, Matthew I., and Alyssa: the fighting editors-in-chief; you all helped me in some way or another. Ross: you hired me, even though I was a talentless, like most Administrative Assistants. I will always miss you calling the staff "assholes". I can call the staff "cocksucking, motherfucking shitheads" all I want, but it won't be the same as you saying it. Matthew I.: you promoted me to full writing staff during Spring 2010 and made me feel more involved. I will always miss you and Michael trying to pull the issue together during Deadline Weekend: a 21st century Laurel and Hardy. Alyssa: you were my friend since Day 1 in Spring 2009 and promoted me Fall 2010 to Distribution Director. You were so much fun to be around: dance parties and when we hung out at your old place in West Campus. You are a treasured friend. Thanks for the baked goods. I'm sick and tired of American bourgeois society. The Chinese state has offered me more: the chance to be a part of a collective unit: one that is focused on the greater good and not individual freedom.

Daniel, Aaron W., Jessica, Jermaine: wow. You guys are simply talent-filled. Daniel and Aaron: thanks for hosting Travesty parties at your places. Daniel: WHERE THE FUCK IS MY TAMBOURINE?! Plus y'all made hilarious videos. "House Rules" and "Spanish Speaking Dumbbell" are my favorites, true masterpieces. Jessica: thanks for forcing me to drink water when I was blackout drunk and for just being one of my first friends on staff when I first joined. Jermaine: you are simply great. I love being able to talk about obscure Onion articles with you, and thanks for not being mad when I threw up outside your car. The Chinese government is not afraid to let people know who runs the show. The Party doesn't accept insolence. I want to live in a society where there is law and order, preferably with Sam Waterston.

Michael, Matty, Suzanne, Malcolm, Meagan, Matthew L., Stephen Stecker, Libby, Rachel, Thejaswi: you guys were my friends during my first two semesters on staff and made me feel welcome. You peeps are awesome. We went to parties, drank a lot, and made hilarious jokes during Deadline Weekend. I have great memories of all of you. Matty: you will always be my soul mate. Thejaswi: when you brought your guitar to Banquet/Shitshow 2010 and stringed "Island in the Sun" on the party bus. Classic. I want to follow the party line of Chairman Mao. The one concern I have with you guys is that you don't carry Little Red Books. Animals.

Zachary Kinnaird, you magnificent bastard. You are in a class (and paragraph) all your own. Aside from being welcoming to me my first weeks on staff, you are special. First, you have an inordinate amount of energy. You ran for SG president and planned the Master Debate all by yourself. You crazy kid. Second and more meaningfully, in the spring of 2009 my freshman year, you invited me to two Sigma Pi events: your birthday party at the house and the Heaven and Hell party. During those two crazy events for me (I never partied in high school), I met some awesome guys. The following semester, I pledged with the fraternity. Whether you know it or not, you are the reason for me knowing and joining Sigma Pi at UT. If the Travesty is my second family, Sigma Pi is my third. And it is because of you. Through you, I've joined an organization through which I have met people I legitimately love and respect. You were a part of that. I cannot begin to quantify how much I need to thank you, but I can start now. Thank you. I've had enough of bourgeois concepts and society. I'm going to live in a nice penthouse in Beijing and supported by a state stipend. I'm telling the People's Republic all the secrets of Texas Student Media. Try and stop me, editors who can't yet seemingly racist material.

Everyone else on staff through the years: there are too many to name all of you, but you know who you are. Anyone I have shared a laugh with: you are a part of me. Any jokes we've made, I will remember. I've laughed more times in college at the Travesty office than anywhere else. Period; I can take that to the bank. Chandler: will you be my girlfriend? If not, it's cool and we can just be friends, but you can't beat summertime in Hangzhou. Jordan and Cameron J.: just come out with your relationship already. Vishal, Aaron R., Nicholas, Josue, Katherines S. and B., Harry, Sarah, Josephs M. and F., Dustin, Christopher, Aston, Rohit, Alexander, Rebecca, Cameron D., Kristen: you are all talented writers/designers who have sick potential. I already miss you characters. The Chinese government will take care of me well. When I tell all of your secrets to the Chinese, you guys will crumble under their subpar cyberwarfare abilities. Your website will take twenty seconds to upload instead of ten. Hahaha. *Zhonghua renmin gongheguo wanshi!*

## Still'm drunk since 1997.

I joined The Texas Travesty my sophomore year and I enjoyed it so much that I purposely decided to stay at UT another year. I swear that extra year had nothing to do with grades, missing credits, or academic probation: it was solely to gain the full Travesty experience. What can I say; the Travesty makes up most of my resume. I got to draw some crazy stuff and my comics got published, btw, que se chingue el Daily Texan. I got to meet some truly funny people and get drunk with them, which in terms made them way funnier. To all the seniors (Hannah, Katherine, David, C.J., Jordan, and Cameron) best of luck on your future endeavors (wow fancy college word). To all the junior staff, keep it up and don't you fucking ruin this! Aaron, you are the cornerstone of the design team and I know you'll keep it up. Gotta send a shout out to U.S.A.W.C., Cyndi, John and Zach for telling me I could draw. And now a comic: What UT Austin did to me.

-Thanks and Sorry,  
Josue



*Josue Ramirez*  
Design Staff

## Thanks for laughing, ladies.



*Jordan Ripley*  
Media Editor

Hey loyal female reader. Thanks for reading all of the articles I've written over the years. I want you to know that every word I write is a little love letter to you. Sure, most of my contributions were just dick jokes and racist hack material, but I only wrote that because I knew it was what you wanted, girl.

You probably first saw me when I handed you a Travesty on the West Mall. You were pretending to talk on your phone at the time (I say "pretending" because you never use that tone of voice when I eavesdrop on you calling someone real). I silently walked behind you and tenderly snuck an issue between your backpack strap and your left arm. Admittedly, the moisture under your arm made some of the paper's ink run, but I didn't mind. If anything, it just made you something more desirable. You were at once perfect, and yet perfectly human.

I hope you were excited when I joined the media staff. I sure was. I put out casting call after casting call, hoping you would walk through the door one day. I wrote all sorts of sketch videos, just in case you preferred a certain role. There was that one where those

guys are at a strip club, and the stripper is only wearing bacon. Wasn't that hilarious? You would've been great as the bacon-clad stripper. Or there was another one where those guys were playing real-life Mario Kart at a strip club, and a stripper slips on a banana peel. I could really picture you as the stripper that slips on a banana peel.

I can't figure out why you didn't answer any of my emails asking you to star in our movies. Your email is still [lost@stopfuckingtalkingtome.com](mailto:lost@stopfuckingtalkingtome.com), right? That's what you wrote down when I spotted you at Party on the Plaza and asked for your contact information. Wasn't it lucky that your organization's booth was right next to the Travesty's? It was sunny and hot that day, but you still smelled really good. I forgot to tell you that at the time.

Well, I guess now it's time for me to turn the page (I heard you like puns; is that true?!?) on my time at the Travesty. I'll miss everybody I worked with, but not as much as I'll miss the way you did that little thing with your mouth every time you read something that amused you. I like to pretend that it was my joke that caused you to smile, and then I stand in front of my mirror reading the Travesty and trying to make my lips into the same shape as yours.

Most of all, just because I'm graduating doesn't mean you can't still work with me on some videos. I don't have any equipment, but my iPhone takes pretty good video, and we can always shoot at my apartment. It doesn't even have to be comedy. I've got this great idea for a video about a stripper that finds out she has a daughter, and so she has to donate all of her clothes to her newfound kid. Let me know. Seriously, please let me know.

Oh. And to everybody I worked with at the Travesty - you guys are awesome. Keep up the funny when I'm no longer around to be creepy.

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9ft Ceilings w/Dark Wood Crown Molding

Building-Wide Wireless Internet

Private Baths

Full Size Washer/Dryer

Private Balconies\*

Controlled Access w/Intercom

Private Entry Garage

Fitness Center

Pre-Wired for Surround Sound

\*In select Units

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Leasing Office located on the 1st floor of The Castilian