Dude, Where's My Since 1997?

Texas Travesty

In This Issue: 3 Tips!
All-Snackness Pass to your 4/20 weekend!
Plus: Exclusive Interview With The Ne
Willie Nelson Statue
Bernanke Supplements Money Supply With One Thousand Slammer Pogs

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

Predator Sequel Includes Hot Sex Scene

Asexual Cell Admits “It Was Just A Phase”

Fat Cousin Hoarding All The Easter Eggs

Man Stuck In Kiddie Swing

free. The bad news is that you're still a cancer. And I’m still a plant doctor. Fucdk this job. 

That wimpy 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?

Is that liquor?

Money Supply With Predator Sequel Includes Hot Sex Scene

The good news is that you're cancer "It's not backscratchers scratching each others' backs"

Dr. Jay Marks will retain his title as Dank-Ass & Odpp‡+

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 a double gulp & ODPP‡+

Yo u're a c-c u p ?

My thumb 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.

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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. “Then I realized, ‘hey, U.S. voters might like cars too’!”

Romney has since offered 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 plays seemed pretty desperate, but that Rambler of his handles like a dream!” said Iowa stay-at-home mother Adora Bigsby, who recently promised her ballot in exchange for a joyride 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 populus have remained 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 “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.

If you've signed a lease, you need utilities.
If you need utilities, you need...

If you need utilities, you need...
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, 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 sides were confronted over the removal of nuclear weapon debris from the Gulf of Mexico. “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.

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 has 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 mean an octopus lower during intercourse.
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.
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’ve gone in a flash of flannel and Dickies. These YOLO Cholos are choosing to Carpe Diem by living each day like it’s their last. And with the way the cartels are, it very well could be.

**PLANT A TREE**
**GO WHALE WATCHING**
**LEARN TO KNIT**
**TRY SUSHI**
**POSE NUDE FOR ART CLASS**

**TEACH BIBLE TO UNDERPRIVILEGED KIDS**
**GET MATCHING NECK TATTOOS**
**@Church#JesusIsMyHomeboyAndBrother**
**#RawasHELL**
**@Regis #i'monyourshowdawg!**
**@Fozzy’s #BestbrosforLyfe**
**@whales #yo**
**@TopOfWorld#shouldhavewornpants**
**@EPA #environmentaloveyo**
**@shelter #pitbullsneedlove**

**BE ON JEOPARDY**
**GO SKYDIVING**
**GO WHALE WATCHING**
**LEARN TO KNIT**

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Mention this ad and receive 1 free application fee!
(Limit 1 per apartment)
Drugs on 6th
the hierarchy of Austin money laundering

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.
Dear Shareholders,

This past April, we experienced a slightly negative press image over our production of lean meat. This situation created a significant concern for our company, and we take it seriously.

Our goal is to ensure that our customers and consumers are satisfied with our products and services. We take great pride in the quality and safety of our food products.

Frequently Asked Questions:

What exactly is in LFTB?

 lean meat is rendered and used as a byproduct, just as lean meat is rendered and used as a byproduct. LFTB is a meat product that is used in the meatpacking process to stabilize the meat, protect it, and improve its shelf life. LFTB is a meat product that is used in the meatpacking process to stabilize the meat, protect it, and improve its shelf life.

Is LFTB dangerous?

We are aware of reports that LFTB is dangerous. However, we are not aware of any scientific evidence that supports these claims. LFTB is a meat product that is used in the meatpacking process to stabilize the meat, protect it, and improve its shelf life.

Where can I find LFTB products?

LFTB products are available at most major food establishments and butchers. LFTB products are available at most major food establishments and butchers.

Does Pink slime increase my risk of heart disease?

Typical LFTB consumption is already low for heart disease, and none of the poses a risk to heart disease. However, LFTB consumption is positively correlated with heart disease.

Does Pink slime contain any additives, flavors, or vitamins?

It's possible that the child is not getting enough vitamin C. That's not a question.

REVENUE INITIATIVES 3B: TELEVISION SPONSORSHIP

BPI is committed to expanding their presence on television and through social media. The company is working on new initiatives to increase brand awareness and drive sales. BPI is committed to expanding their presence on television and through social media. The company is working on new initiatives to increase brand awareness and drive sales.

REVENUE INITIATIVE 6B: WET ‘N WILD COSMETICS

We are currently exploring a new opportunity to expand our product line with the introduction of Wet ’n Wild cosmetics. This new line of products will target a younger demographic and will complement our existing product offerings. We are currently exploring a new opportunity to expand our product line with the introduction of Wet ’n Wild cosmetics. This new line of products will target a younger demographic and will complement our existing product offerings.

REVENUE INITIATIVE 8B: LIMITED EDITION "THROWBACK" ITEMS

BPI is proud to announce the release of limited edition "Throwback" items to celebrate our 20th anniversary. These items will feature our iconic logo and will be available exclusively in select outlets. BPI is proud to announce the release of limited edition "Throwback" items to celebrate our 20th anniversary. These items will feature our iconic logo and will be available exclusively in select outlets.

NEW PRODUCTS 2012

BPI is excited to introduce our new line of products for 2012. These products are designed to meet the needs of our customers and to provide value to our distributors. BPI is excited to introduce our new line of products for 2012. These products are designed to meet the needs of our customers and to provide value to our distributors.
THE SIX STAGES OF DAILY TEXAN COMIC GRIEF

1. Denial
I don't think the Daily Texan would even run a comic that racist.

2. Anger
That's so racist! I'm gonna blog about this.

3. Bargaining
Maybe if they fire someone I'll feel better?

4. Depression
But racism still exists. Will it ever end?

5. Acceptance
Welp, that was pretty racist.

6. Acceptance, Remixed
Wanna go watch Adventure Time?

THE GANG OF 9 & THE TEXAS TRAVESTY PRESENT
THE CO-OP COUNTER COMEDY SHOW
AT THE 21ST STREET CO-OP
AKA “THE PARTY AT THE OTHER MOONTOWER”
AKA OUR COMEDY SHOW IS FREE, YOU BUMS
AKA SERIOUSLY, WE KNOW HOW LITTLE MONEY YOU HAVE

Featuring some of the best young comics from Dallas, Fort Worth, and Austin:

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Chico Darden
Clint “Paco” Worth
Josh Johnson
Scott Crisp

Christian Hughes
Cody Hulscar
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OH MY! I DROPPED MY TORNADO!

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AMENITIES SUBJECT TO CHANGE | SEE OFFICE FOR DETAILS
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


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, lots 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? Middle school kids with the bloody noses. Pretty nuts how both of their noses were bleeding, the investigation.

I took it with me from home, I don't know, but I didn't take it from that poor itty-bitty girl. I remember eating dinner with that Girl Scout troop. They were pretty sick, lots of cool stories about fire and cooking in the outdoors. I remember...I think I remember one of them crying a lot.

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Okay, let's retrac...
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, Zal, 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.

Damn Whippersnappers!

After four years a-prospectin' I came to shine the light o' my lantern in yourn young eyes. I swear ye nibles 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 find 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 balin' yer boots fer dinner. Some nights are so bitter cold you'll feel yer toejam freezing to yer bear skin, 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'll 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.
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 “Rooise O’Down Syndrome”. That shit cray: Hannah: you are one of the best practitioners of understated comedy (along with Ross and Malcolm). Your pity 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 L., 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 shitholes” all I want, but it won't be the same as you saying it. Matthew L: 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 bourgeoisie society. The Chinese state has offered me more: the chance to be a part of a collective unit: 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 insouciance. 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 strung “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 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 for me (I never parted 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.

I joined the fraternity during the following semester, I pledged with the fraternity.

Animals.

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'd'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 getlost@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

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 turns 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

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.

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Thanks for laughing, ladies.
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