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MARCH 2013

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TRAVESTY



Mary Kate & Ashley

A WORD FROM GILMAN-STOOS

Our Dearest Darlings,

It's been a whole week since we've showered, since we've been able to get fully torqued, since we've eaten Jack In The Box, but not one moment goes by when we don't think about what we could have had together. We can't stop thinking about your student body, every nook and cranny of your being, and how we could have known each other oh so intimately. We loved you. We worshipped you. Did you not feel the same as you led us on - tricking us into falling in love? We could have started a family with you. But no, you threw it all away when you chose to vote for Horacio/Yu-Gi-Oh instead. You fell for all of their ploys: Horacio's beautiful, flowing locks and Yu-Gi-Oh's Dark Magician. But that's not what cuts the deepest. As our favorite Country-Pop band Rascal Flatts would say, "What hurts the most was being so close and having so much to say and watching you walk away."

Only 4% of the vote? Seriously? More like 4% of the will to live. How would you feel if you were 4% loved? How would you feel if we made love to you with 4% of an erection? You would feel 4% aroused and 100% a little bitch. That was out of line. We're sorry, babies. We're just really upset over this. We thought that a lazy river was something you wanted. We thought we could satisfy you, but apparently, that dream can never come to fruition. We were sure that the Bear Pond would have been so romantic. We could have had afternoon picnics of veal parmesan and fire-grilled donkey breast with a risotto garnish. First, we would go to the local organic farmers' market to get the finest cut of donkey breast, fire up the grill to 425 degrees, and slow roast said donkey breast for three hours. Then, we would cook up a nice garnish to place ever so carefully on top of our beautifully cooked donkey breast and serve with a nice Cabernet Sauvignon. But that's beside the point - you never even wanted that.

I mean, you probably aren't going to get it now. We guess if you really wanted it, we would still

make it for you. We can come over after class on a Friday afternoon (or another time that's more convenient) and make it for you. Actually, we don't care about that anymore. We just really want to see you again. Please, babies, just give us one more chance. We'll do anything and we promise not to fuck it up this time. We've made a terrible mistake. All of this just feels so strange and untrue, and we feel sick to our stomachs as we lay in this empty bed together watching reruns of "According to Jim" on TBS. Dear God, just please take us back.

As Uncle Mitch once said, "Bon Voyage, Lovelies."

Bon Voyage, Lovelies,

Gilman Stoos



**"I FINALLY
SLEPT WITH MY HIGH SCHOOL CRUSH...
NOW HE EXPECTS ME
TO GO TO HIS
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MICHAEL IAN BLACK**



**JUST ANNOUNCED!
CHELSEA PERETTI**



UT Breaks Fundraising Record With Money You Will Never See

Chris Gilman
STAFF WRITER

AUSTIN – Last Wednesday, The University of Texas announced a record-breaking \$1.26 billion accrued from thousands of philanthropic donations, gifts and pledges that it promises you will never, ever see. “We can’t thank all of our kind donors enough for supporting us with \$1.26 billion more to spend on-**cough* *cough**,” said University President Bill Powers at a press conference announcing the record, coughing the rest of the statement into the elbow of his new pinstripe suit. “Oh, this suit? Yeah, it’s the exact one Humphrey Bogart wore in Casablanca, cost me a fortune but I had the money so...oh yeah, the

donation, right. This sizable endowment is going to help improve our university in so many ways.” When asked to elaborate on what exactly the school plans to do with this money, Powers began coughing profusely and beckoned for a glass of water before waving goodbye to the packed press room. While leaving the podium, he discretely winked and slipped a \$100 bill into the hand of the next speaker, assistant dean Karl Miller. Powers then drove away in the iconic 1930’s Chrysler that Humphrey Bogart drove in *The Big Sleep*, an artifact estimated to be worth \$3 million.

Speaking through diamond-encrusted gold grills, Miller stated that the

money would be “allocated to very, very important behind-the-scenes type stuff. You may not see the direct effects of this money in anyway whatsoever, but that doesn’t mean it isn’t happening.

“we worked so hard to raise all of this money, and now it’s finally going to pay off in ways that we’ll never be exactly sure about.”

Thinking otherwise would be solipsism. Trust me on this.” He then pulled out two large stacks of money tucked into his belt and assured the audience, “This money? It’s in safe hands. Don’t worry.” After making it rain on a front row

photographer, Miller kicked off the fundraising celebration party by popping open the first of 200 bottles of 50 year-old Dom Perignon. “Cheers to the University of Texas being \$1.26 billion wealthier!” said the assistant dean.

UT call center employee Crustin Dallman joined the celebration, saying, “we worked so hard to raise all of this money, and now it’s finally going to pay off in ways that we’ll never be exactly sure about.” Dallman went on to admit his blind trust in university officials to spend this large sum of money responsibly and in ways that specifically benefit the student body without any sort of financial transparency whatsoever.



■ Making it rain has never felt so charitable

“Sometimes I do wonder exactly what our tuition is spent on but-,” Dallman was interrupted mid-sentence by Miller, who then winked and slipped \$100 in Dallman’s hand.

As of press time, each member of UT’s faculty received a \$1,000 bonus and a gift of a rare South American Macaw, while plans to raise tuition were also in the works.

Tree Voted Quietest Person



AUSTIN – As a part of the superlatives awarded annually by the Undergraduate Geological Society (UGS), a Spanish oak tree in the East Mall area has been named the club’s quietest member. The tree received unanimous votes for the title, making this the

fourth consecutive year, and sixth out of seven, that the tree has taken home the honor. “The tree literally never speaks – we meet every Wednesday in the grassy area next to the SAC and I still haven’t heard a peep out of it,” remarked Crack Peterson, senior environmental science major and president of UGS. Peterson, who the club named “most likely to end up marrying a woman with female pattern baldness,” insisted that the tree is an active, vital member of the club. “That oak has taught me so much about the world in the past four years and will continue to do the same for generations to come. You don’t have to speak to do that,” he added right before diving gracefully into a pile of leaves. The tree also finished third in the voting for “most photogenic” and fourth in “most likely to become a geosciences professor.”

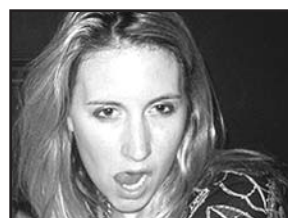
Hacker Horrified by Browser History

AUSTIN – After successfully decrypting his professor’s computer password, student and amateur hacker Davis Bleiweiss stared at the teacher’s Internet search history with a mixture of shock and disgust. “I can’t...I can’t handle this,” Bleiweiss exclaimed as he quickly powered off the computer screen. “I’ll

never look at parakeets the same way...or wrapping paper for that matter.” Bleiweiss, who was attempting to adjust his midterm grade, has since vowed to take an indefinite leave of absence from computers. “This is the type of trauma you can’t recover from,” stated Bleiweiss as he slowly took a drag from his Marlboro light cigarette. “I just wanted an A in the government; I had no idea Professor Jenkins had such a colorful, borderline anti-Semitic imagination.” As of press time, Professor Jenkins has yet to find the picture of “three-legged gypsy babies” practicing “sock worship” that he is looking for.

Cute Girl Definitely Too Busy Blowing Other Men to Text Back

AUSTIN – After waiting twenty-three minutes for a response, local student Mark Handler concluded that the cute girl he was texting was definitely too busy blowing another man to respond to his witty remark about baseball. “I wouldn’t put it past her to put a penis in her mouth,” said Handler of his love interest Hannah Stroud. “I mean, it’s qualities like this that made me attracted to her in the first place. I should have known that the rugby guy she just friended on Facebook was going to make a move. I guess it just wasn’t meant to be.” As of press time, Stroud could not be reached for comment as she was taking a shower.



Elementary Student Throws Away One Orange Every Day for Six Years

AMARILLO – Following a trend that began over half a decade ago, incoming 5th grader Timothy Lewis threw out his orange at lunch leading to a grand total of 2,190 wasted oranges and an accumulated loss of \$1,817.17 for the Lewis family. “Oranges are the worst; I just want to eat cookies and pizza,” Timothy said, digging through his lunchbox and throwing out a Ziploc bag of carrot sticks. “Why can’t Mom just be cool like Phil’s mom? She always gives him Gushers and lets him watch Family Guy whenever he wants.” When reached for comment, Timothy’s parents seemed unaware of their son’s wastefulness. “We just really want Timothy to get the healthy food he needs to grow up properly,” Mrs. Lewis said, packing a well-balanced lunch for her son. “I’ve even put a few extra hours in at the office and gone to the local produce market to get fresh fruits for his lunch.” As of press time, confused sanitation workers were still scratching their head trying to find out where the hell all the oranges were coming from.



meow ming

Afghanistan, MA
Orientation:
I lick and get licked

His details		
Ethnicity:	Pacific-Islander	Drugs: The 'nip
Body Type:	Furry	Religion: Protestant
Diet:	Cheezburgers	Income: \$0 or whatever dead birds I can find in a given day
Drinks:	Toilet water/piss	Speaks: The language of love

My self-summary

I'm just a sassy little kitty kat from a small town trying to make it in the big city. Nah, I'm just trying to get laid, son.

I'm really good at

Going into heat, taking virginities and hating my owner Chadley

The most private thing I'm willing to admit

I think I might have rabies, but we can work it out

The first things people usually notice about me

I'm a cat and I always have a fedora on

Favorite books, movies, shows, music, and food

Books: Cat Warriors Books
Movies: Catfish
Music: Phish
TV: Catfish

RG3 Expected to Play Next Season Despite Being in Wheelchair

Washington D.C. - Redskins quarterback Robert Griffin III is expected to open the 2013 season despite being in a wheelchair. The former Heisman Trophy winner and 2012 NFL Offensive Rookie of the Year suffered a torn ACL in his right knee during a playoff loss to the Seattle Seahawks in January. His injury has left him unable to stand, but completely able to sit. "Last time I checked, you didn't need legs to throw a football," Griffin boasted while struggling to lift himself onto his bear skin sofa. "If anything, this gives me an edge." According to sources close to the team, Griffin is "way ahead of schedule" in his progress and has even been reported to have busted a few wheelies. Still, some members of the coaching staff have addressed lingering concerns. "Lots of players have tremendous success wearing protective braces," stated head coach Mike Shanahan. "We just wanted to make sure his leg is as stable as it can be come game time. And what's more stable than a giant metal chair that removes the necessity of walking? You can't hurt what you don't use." As of press time, construction crews at FedEx Stadium could be seen installing wheelchair ramps directly onto the field.



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mother and you know it.**
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REMOVE THE "U" FROM?

LIVE TELEGRAM FROM WILLIAM
RANDOLPH HEARST



Area Goat Scaped



CEDAR PARK — Amid economic instability, rising unemployment rates, and a decrease in public works funding, Cedar Park residents are blaming their geopolitical woes firmly on Chippy, a resident two-year-old Anatolian black goat. “That goat is just the worst,” local citizen May Kinsman told reporters. “My son’s been out of work for eight months, and all this little bastard does is stand around bleating. Talk about a do-nothing Congress.” Kinsman isn’t alone in her disapproval of Chippy’s idleness. At last week’s city council meeting, a motion to scape the farm animal passed with a 14-1 vote, with the only dissent coming from councilman and avid goat-lover Abe Nantz, who has been vocal about the council’s aggression towards livestock: “Last month it was Billy the goat. The month before that it was Scruffy the goat. The month before that it was Gotye. When will this partisan finger-pointing end?” As of press time, Chippy was seen chewing several blades of grass.

Catholic Church To Suspend Sunday Service

VATICAN CITY — Citing budget cuts and increased expenditures, the Catholic Church announced today that it will discontinue Sunday Service. Effective immediately, the Church’s signature service, which it had provided since the company’s founding in the year 0, will no longer be offered. According to sources within the organization, concerns over the Church’s finances have left the 2,000-year-old company with no choice but to close. Speculations as to why this abrupt decision was made have been widespread, with officials citing increased government regulations as the primary culprit. “Due to numerous legal challenges that we could not have possibly foreseen, we are left with no choice but to close our doors,” outgoing Pope Benedict XVI said in a press release. Officials assured everyone that Sunday will still remain a day of the week, but now people can do whatever they want.

UT Alumnus Wins \$20 Gift Card to JC Penny’s, Tower to Glow Orange All Week

AUSTIN — The tower at The University of Texas at Austin is scheduled to glow orange all week to honor alumnus Joshua Hartman for winning a \$20 gift card to JC Penny’s. The gift card was won during an intense game of Twister at a local Aviator’s Club meeting, where Hartman impressively placed his left hand on a green spot while simultaneously putting his left food on

a red. “I knew that the tower glows orange for only the most prestigious of accomplishments,” Hartman, class of 2007, said as he perused JC Penny’s online catalog. “I’m glad they chose my receipt of this badass gift card as one.” As of press time, tower officials could not be reached as they were preparing to illuminate the tower next week for a UT student finally getting around to trying Cool Ranch Doritos.

Dog Febrezed

AUSTIN — At approximately 2:42 PM CT this Tuesday, kinesiology junior Bryan Thorton febreezed his Australian Cattle dog in an effort to save time and energy. Thorton decided to clean “Hoagie” with a Thai Dragon Fruit-scented aerosol cleaning product between two episodes of House Of Cards.

“Febreze is for the stuff you can’t wash,” explained Bryan, as he petted his dog and clutched the 9.7 Fl. Oz. can of household freshening spray. “I have, like, two exams this week, so Hoagie understands. Don’t you, Hoagie?” As of press time, both Hoagie and Procter and Gamble C.E.O. Robert McDonald have refused to comment.



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subURbaN DICTIONARY

SMEGMA

The evolved form of the pokemon Gengar
Prof. Oak: The best defense against Smegma is cut

VAJAZZLING

A jazzercise and zumba combination workout program
Candy attributes finding a date to prom because of all of the vajazzling that she has been doing this semester.

CLEVELAND STEAMER

A carpet cleaning company
After the new dog put a damper on their relationship, Clint promised his girlfriend that the Cleveland Steamer would pay their bedroom a visit very soon.

QUEEF

The finest cut of quail meat one can buy at Whole Foods
Did you see the queef that Jennifer made yesterday? It was so delicate, with a hint of saffron.

SHOOTING SKEET

A yard game, much like croquet, sold exclusively at Sears
When I was a kid, my dad took me out back and taught me how to shoot skeet. It was a messy and amazing experience.

ROLLING ON E

When you're almost out of gas
I usually don't drive when I'm rolling on E, but I really want to get some milk.

DUMPING YOUR LOAD

Deleting your browser history
Taylor: There's nothing better than dumping your load after a long day.

LAYING PIPE

I don't know — Grandpa always talks about it
Grandpa: Back in my day, we used to lay pipe uphill both ways.

BUKKAKE

The Japanese restaurant at the strip mall
Today's Bukkake Special: 50% off bill for parties of 7 or more!

RUSTY TROMBONE

A real inconvenience at band practice
Teacher: You got a rusty trombone coming your way if you don't take care of your things properly.

GOLDEN SHOWER

The graham cracker residue that crumbles out of your mouth as you eat
Wylar: Hey, watch out! You're golden showering all over me, and it smells weird.

RIDING DIRTY

Overdue for a carwash
After my summer living with my aunt and uncle in Mexico, I came across the border riding dirty.

BANANA HAMMOCK

An artisan banana holder sold at Pier One
I became immediately excited as soon as I saw a dude with a Banana Hammock at the Mall.



Jesus Reports Seeing Face of Middle-Aged Woman in Toast



CINCINATTI – After a morning of working miracles in the kitchen, Jesus reported seeing the image of a middle-aged woman in a piece of toast. Closer inspection revealed the aberration to look eerily similar to Margeretta Dominguez, Jesus's middle aged neighbor from Belize. "This is big. Really big. Not as big as me. But it's pretty important." Skeptics say that it is likely Jesus left the toast in the toaster for too long, causing the

burn to appear. "Let's be honest," said John Wilcox, a professor of miracology, "burnt toast looks charred and crusty, just like middle aged women. Anyone could make that mistake." To this, Jesus replied "I'm the son of God, I don't burn toast." As of press time, Jesus is spraying the framed toast with Febreze to keep it from molding.

Grandma Somehow Immune to Poison

SCOTCH PLAINS, NJ - Following fourteen consecutive attempts to poison his Grandma, area teenager Bret Coffey has concluded that she is immune to any and all toxic substances. "I've tried rat poison in her morning tea, floor cleaner in her lasagna, and straight up carrying her sleeping body into the garage and letting the car run overnight, yet nothing will seem to kill this 82 year-old woman. She just gets a little gassy. I'm running out of ideas." Even after filling a syringe with Drano and telling her it was a flu shot, Coffey's frail, loving grandma continued to live on, leaving a trail of poisonous anal fumes in her wake. "My determination to end Grandma's life is almost as strong as her immune system. I'm just going to have to get creative with this one. You can learn a lot from old people, you know?" As of press time, Coffey was replacing his Grandma's medication with pills containing various pesticides before dropping her off at her weekly bingo tournament.

Yahoo! Counters Google's GLASS With Novelty Elvis Sunglasses

SUNNYVALE, CA - At a media event this morning, Google competitor Yahoo! unveiled a eyewear prototype of it's own: a pair of novelty Elvis sunglasses. The project had long been kept private, but CEO Marissa Mayer triumphantly showed off the gold spray-painted head-mounted display (HMD) to thunderous applause. "We are so proud to begin our foray into the growing market of augmented reality," remarked Mayer, wearing the plastic glasses for demonstration. "Check it out! Everything's all purple!" Mayer concluded her presentation with the ballad "Can't Help Falling In Love" and a few karate kicks. Yahoo will begin selling the HMD at gas stations and toy liquidators mid-April, starting at \$6.95.



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Sometimes I Feel Like I Have Too Many Emojis

Candy Johnson

ANGSTY TEEN

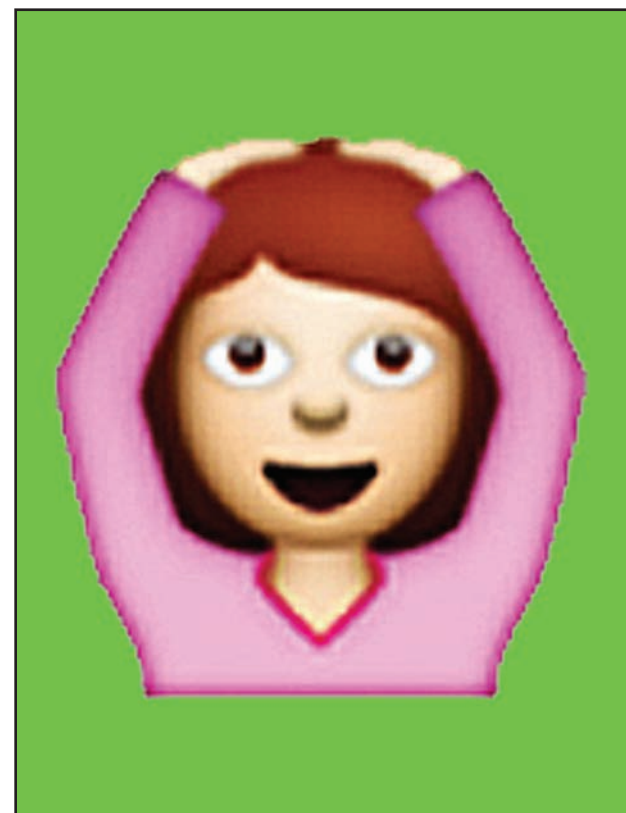
I know that living back in the old day must have sucked, since people had to deal with the Bubonic Plague, Inquisitions, jazz music and all. But living in the 21st century is no piece of cake either (trust me—I've had several today already). There are too many choices for me to handle: Sonic has over a million different drink combinations, Burger King's whole motto is "have it your way", and there are, like, 50 different emojis on my iPhone that I have to choose between when texting my BFFs.

It all started during middle school. I had been begging my mom for years to let me have a phone, but she said I was too young and that I only talked to my tamogatchi pet, Clyde, anyway. Eventually, she gave in, and I got a Verizon Chocolate flip phone. For the first time, I had real friends who I could have meaningful text message conversation with. Life was so carefree back then—I had no acne, no worries, and no emojis.

Over the next few years, I retired my overalls, underwent puberty, and upgraded to an iPhone 4. My high school self was not prepared for the wave of emojis I experienced when the app finished downloading. Amazed by the depth of emojis that I was capable of producing, I tried to share them with others. After all, my psychiatrist told me that my desire to use emojis is completely natural. She said that this is a healthy way for me to describe how I feel to my peers, especially since my recent Botox surgery doesn't let me smile anymore.

But the moment I started to compose a text, I froze. My bedazzled fingernail hovered over the pages and pages of emojis I had to choose between. I started to sweat, causing my iPhone to lose its touch sensitivity. The screen froze, and even my quivering hand could not shake the screen of images of pigs, snowmen, and large tidal waves.

If they say still water runs deep, then I am a freaking koi pond with all the emojis I have at my disposal. My mom says that my broad range of emojis is a gift, and that it is okay that I am more case-sensitive than most people. But I am willing to suppress my emojis and be just like every other ASCII-using teenager if that's what it takes to be normal. I guess it's time to get a BlackBerry.



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Dating is Hard

Single Mother Earth

PLANET

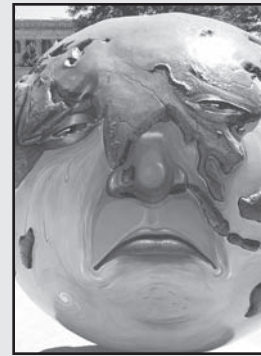
I'm a single, working mom. I cook. I clean. I'm up 24 hours a day making sure I stay tilted at precisely a 23-degree angle, lest national disasters destroy my tiny creatures. Being Mother Earth is definitely no walk in the park, and lately even my parks look like crap thanks to my unruly children. It's impossibly hard to meet someone special when I'm spending all my time at daycare, at Chuck E. Cheese's, and floating a fixed orbit that I absolutely cannot leave no matter how hard I try. Trust me, I would love to leave this galaxy – all the good planets are taken.

I know that dating is difficult for everyone, but it's especially hard having to care for over 7 billion angry children. I try to go on dates, only to have them interrupted by a world war, nuclear crisis, or terrorist attacks. My self-help books say my kids might be acting out because they miss their father, but I can't make Daddy come back if Daddy won't claim his sperm. That's just how it works in the Milky Way.

When I do meet someone I genuinely feel for, I never know when to drop the bomb that I have kids. I'll be on a date that's going great. We're laughing, drinking, slowly turning, and then I have to reveal that I mother over 7 billion little tikes. A planet once acted like he was okay with kids, but then when he met my little Ted Bundy, he totally flaked and continued on his orbit.

If getting a second date is hard, then getting to second base is even harder. I haven't had "fun adult special time" below the equator in a while. Whenever I stay out too late, the kids think the "world is ending" or a "Mayan apocalypse" is happening. It's kind of funny, but then they start to sacrifice each other and I have to distract them with a solar eclipse or something.

It's frustrating trying to balance dating and 7 billion PTA meetings, but I'm content with my life. Even though my kids call me bipolar and some of them have started noticing that I'm getting more and more hot and bothered this century, they really are my pride and joy. Yes, I am a 4.54 billion year old woman, and yes, I have over 2 billion cats, but at least I can take comfort in knowing that whenever I die, all of my kids will be at the funeral.



Terrorism Pays The Bills, But Dancing Is My Passion

Abdul Al-Tikriti

TERRORIST/DANCER

I'm the best at what I do. I've been making IEDs since before the Soviets and implementing bio-warfare that would make even the European settlers proud. But even with the sense of security from earning a steady paycheck and the pride from building a well-manufactured car bomb, I'm still searching for something more. I've come to realize that terrorism may pay the bills, but dancing is my real passion.

Let me be clear. It's not that I don't love terrorism – I do. However, it doesn't have the same pull that it used to. It's hard when I have to bring work home. When I was younger, it was fine, but I'm a father now. I can't have my children playing with scraps of metal and explosives. It's all fun and games until someone gets hurt.

I have been studying dance for quite some time now, and I'm getting pretty good. You wouldn't be able to tell, but under my robes I definitely have dancer's hips. Just like neurogenic disorders, this trait has run in my family for generations. My favorite styles of dance are the American forms (just don't tell the infidels!). But seriously, swing dance is my escape. There's nothing like looking into a woman's eyes – only her eyes – on the dance floor. You feel like you're flying in the air, only you actually plan on landing.

It'll be hard to make the transition from practicality to passion. I mean, I'll always be a terrorist on some level, but I have to pursue what I love. My wife and I have talked about moving to Damascus – the Branson, Missouri of the Middle East. All the best dancers are from there. Even if it doesn't work out, I can always return to my original profession. It will be a scary transition, but in the end, I think everything will work out.

If you're not too busy, check me out. I'm going to be doing a show tomorrow in that new plot of sand next to the burnt down temple.

TASTY!!

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FOR
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EUGENE'S

*First waffle iron sold separately**Banned in Belgium

TRAVESTY FACT #888: The anagram of Rohit is iThor • 11

Sunday 8PM \$2
Happy Hour All Night - Free Admission with a Student ID

Open Mic Night
at Cap City Comedy Club

C'mon.
Get your
feet wet.

THE IDES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU SINCE 1997

MARCH 2013

TEXAS TRAVESTY



Mary Kate & Ashley