I'm gonna name my first son Detroit and never give him any allowance.

I want a Roseanne amount of pudding.

I always see Jesus surrounded by those twelve men. Makes you wonder...

Not so much tongue, Dad.

I'd be really good at Dance Dance Revolution if the doctors didn't cut off so much of my legs.

Gatorade is the drink of champions, and also losers because no one can tell them what to drink.

Do not get into my uncle's PT Cruiser.

We just gave the baby our two weeks notice.

If you have a shirt, you have a napkin.

Help! I've fallen and I can't get up! And the wolves are coming.

What do you mean I was conceived in a hearse?

When we're having sex, my girlfriend calls my penis an inside joke.

I'm just making a protein shake, why the hell are so many boys running onto my property?!

If an English person has love handles, would they have an English muffin top?

Other than cigarettes, weed, alcohol and fast food, my lifestyle is pretty healthy.

Hey, you want to go out to take Instagram photos of me with the bluebonnets later?

Japan might be weird, but America gave fame to a flamboyant top-hat wearing auto-tuned hobgoblin named T-Pain.

They say Obama is the white Bill Clinton.

Kiss me goodnight. Then I'll get out of your bed.

No girl ever wants to perform a Fusion Dance with me...

God damn it, Karl Rove got caught in my mole trap again.

Wolf Blitzer meets long lost son, Puppy Fumbler

“All these clouds just look like Marinactinospora bacterium to me.” - Dr. Ernest J Koviington

How to Fake Your Way into a Bar

• Come in full colonial uniform.
• Proclaim yourself as an “old soul”.
• Whisper riddles into a Phoenix’s ear.
• Find someone over 21 with an ID who is the same race as you.
• Pretend to be George Washington and show the bouncer a dollar.
• Take that Ring Pop out of your mouth.
• PEPPER SPRAY
• Go to church instead. The alcohol is free!
• Say you need to return a book to The Library.
• Tell the bouncer you’ve already checked in on Foursquare.
• Say that you’ve been Freaky Friday’d.
• Tell the bouncer you left your ID in your other tuxedo.
• Bring a permission slip signed by your mom
NEW YORK – Sources report that innovative club owner Richi Estevens has opened a club so exclusive that it is completely empty every night of the week. The establishment known as Fawn has such a strict entry requirement that only six people on Earth would be able to get in. “I want only the cream of the crop to visit. So many night clubs are packed with the same type of boring plebeians. That’s why I only allow female Japanese-Guatemalan mixes with game left legs. Nobody parties harder.” Though countless members of the African American, Anglo-Saxon, Jewish, as well as non-mixed Japanese and Guatemalan communities have stood in line to gain entry for hours on end, Estevens has stayed firm to his policy. “I’m not a racist. I just don’t want to serve some Germanic bozo who doesn’t know how to throw down.” As of press time, Fawn housed two patrons once Estevens decided two wheelchair-bound Korean-Chileans were “close enough” and “pretty fuckin’ trill.”

High school football coach still mispronouncing Hispanic player’s name

LAREDO, TX – During a Thursday afternoon practice, it was clear that high school football coach Jack Meyers was still mispronouncing the name of the team’s only Hispanic player. “Costello!” shouted Meyers at offensive tackle Roberto Castillo. “You let Freeman into the pocket again, and now you’ll be doin’ pushups ‘till you can’t lift a taco.” After flawlessly pronouncing the umlaut in Lars Bünke’s name in order to praise the running back for his “nimble feet,” Meyers called Castillo over to the sideline. Upon making a football-related reference to Bud Abbott and Lou Costello’s “Who’s on First?” routine, Meyers spanked the offensive tackle on the buttocks and sent him back out to the field. As of press time Meyers was scolding an insensitive reporter for pronouncing the “silent s” at the end of his last name.

Woman at club might as well go home if no one is going to objectify her

NEW YORK – A young woman at local club “Tits! Tits! Tits!” is considering leaving to go home if people continue treating her with respect rather than as an object that exists solely for someone’s sexual gratification. “Every weekend it’s the same damn thing,” complained Chelsea Cromwell, a 25-year-old college graduate. “Some asshole struts up like he’s god’s gift to women and asks me what I do for a living.” According to unnamed sources, Chelsea was later seen throwing her drink in the aforementioned man’s face after he asked if she would like to get coffee with him sometime. At press time, Chelsea

Mom buys son another shirt with a guitar on it

HOUSTON – After returning from one of her weekly trips to Dress For Less, local mom Sandra Wilkerson eagerly showed her son Lucas the new shirt with a picture of a guitar surging with electricity on it that she purchased for him. “When I stumbled upon the shirt, I knew Lucas would love it. The kid is always listening to music,” Wilkerson said proudly about her spur-of-the-moment purchase. The shirt was reportedly found on a rack that also held several pairs of drumset-laden swimming trunks and various sets of AC/DC sweatshirts. “Yeah, I don’t play any instruments,” reported Lucas. Sources confirmed that the unenthused 17-year-old accepted the shirt, which was immediately placed in the back of his drawer right next to his ukulele sock collection.
Area man concerned friends will notice goose bumps when Regina Spektor is on the radio

SEATTLE - While listening to satellite radio in his friend’s Buick, Paul Martin became concerned that his friends would notice him getting goose bumps after hearing Regina Spektor’s latest song playing. “I just can’t help it,” revealed Martin as he folded his arms, blamed the air conditioner for being too cold, and tried to resist the flood of emotion directly transmitted from the depths of Regina Spektor’s soul to his perfectly attuned heart. “Anytime I hear her voice, I get the chills.” After the song ended, Birdy’s cover of Skinny Love came on as Martin rocked back and forth, finally succumbing to the tears.

Son won’t hold the goddamn flashlight still

HOUSTON – After making repeated requests, 42-year-old Randy Ford has become progressively irritated that his son Mitch won’t hold the goddamn flashlight still. “I’m just trying to fix this leaky pipe under the sink, and I guess holding a light is TOO difficult for an 11-year old,” sighed Ford heavily while watching his son cram Q-Tips up his nose. “I thought he’d be ready to help me in the garage, maybe change a spark plug or two. I think I’m better off asking my neighbor’s son. He seems pretty normal.” Ford was last seen being provoked by Mitch to try and catch him after that little asshole ran off with the good flashlight.

Cold streets of Compton make gangster’s nipples hard

COMPTON, CA – Citing his childhood spent growing up in some of the roughest neighborhoods and coldest streets in downtown Compton, both Berry Strawson’s attitude and nipples have gotten hard. “Man, I’ve seen my dad, brothers, and friend shot to death and survived drive-by shootings, but that all pales in comparison to how hard my nipples are right now. They’re practically razor blades,” says Strawson, rubbing his nipples in a clockwise rotation. While he doesn’t want to glorify the gangster life, Strawson stresses that, without it, there’d be no way for so much blood to rush into both his right and left teats. “When you grow up on the wrong side of the tracks, wearing these far too breathable basketball jerseys in the cold weather of this cold world, there’s no way you can’t get hard. These are some unloving neighborhoods. But it’s nice to know I have at least two things standing up for me.” As of this hour, Strawson is using his nipples to help shave people’s beards at the barber shop he works at.

Student comes to class to show off new 75 minute coughing ability

AUSTIN – After months of rigorous training, hard work and smoking multiple packs of American Spirits a week, UT sophomore Billy Hatzi finally came to his Tuesday geology lecture in order to show off his brand new ability to cough for seventy-five minutes straight. “Not gonna lie -- it was a little annoying at first. Even though the force of Billy’s coughing was appropriately firm and offered a rich tone, the duration was excessive. We didn’t even have time to loudly talk for the entirety of the class about this weekend’s Mid-Spring Semi Formal Mixer,” claimed Robby Benson, who was enjoying a nice dip after a long day of wearing hats backwards and speaking monotonously to acquaintances. “But you know, it was actually soothing after a while. Once you got into the rhythm of the cough, things got really trill. Also, I didn’t want to hear whatever bullshit that dickhead professor was saying anyway. I just went to sign the roll sheet.” As of press time, Billy was seen skipping lecture to hone his budding talent into an innovative spitting technique at the Fiji house.

Mom assumes wrong daughter is a lesbian

PORTLAND, OR – Over a lovely dinner of quiche, distressed mother of two Brenda Kouzy mistakenly assumed incorrectly which of her daughters was a lesbian. “I don’t understand... I bought Cheryl every poster of Zac Efron she ever wanted and Mitchelle was always fascinated with lumberjacking,” reasoned Brenda, looking with despair at the “coming-out” wardrobe she had purchased for Mitchelle. “This is fabulous, now I have to go back to Macy’s and exchange all of this flannel for a different size,” muttered Brenda as she shopped for a copy of Blue is the Warmest Color for Cheryl’s birthday. As of press time, Ms. Kouzy is finalizing the divorce of her 20-year marriage with Mitchelle and Cheryl’s father, who recently relocated to San Francisco after years of hiding a secret desire for leather bike shorts and sex with non-women.

Family wishes they were living out of cooler car

PHOENIX, AZ - With nothing to call home but a 2000 Honda Civic, the Roberts family wish they were at least living in a cooler car. “My friend Raymond’s family lives in an Audi. Our house-car doesn’t even have a CD player,” whined 13-year-old Kevin Roberts. “I wish my family could have the seat warmers and extra cup-holders they deserve. Or maybe a van so two of us didn’t have to sleep sitting up. It would make sleepovers a lot more fun.” As of press time, the Roberts family were seen trying to install a hot tub in the Honda’s trunk.

Guy with Bob Marley shirt going to change the world

AUSTIN – Sources confirm that recreational Bob Marley shirt wearer Chuck Johnson is definitely going to change the world one day. “I just think it’s really important to care,” said Johnson as he looked at his computer screen, mesmerized by the similarities between Dark Side of the Moon and the Wizard of Oz. “The first step is wearing a shirt that conveys messages of peace and love. The next step is redefining America’s position in the global geopolitical landscape.” As of press time, Johnson was seen buying Toms – a sure-fire sign that he will also ultimately lead the cause to end world poverty in the future.

Annual checkup fulfills man’s fantasy of doctor cupping his balls and telling him ‘everything’s good down there’

JEFFERSON, MS – After heightened concern over the health of his genitals, Harrison Bawles had his prayers answered when his doctor held his manhood and proclaimed that everything was just fine. “He said, ‘Harry, everything looks good down there and I think this might be the most sensual set of testes I have ever had the pleasure of examining. You wanna get dinner?’ Well, maybe he didn’t say the last part, but he was definitely thinking it,” said Bawles as he wiped up. “It’s nice to know someone cares. It’s even nicer that that someone has such soft hands.” At press time, Bawles was preparing to get his prostate checked as yet another precautionary measure.
I had a scary dream

Martin Luther King Jr.

I had a scary dream. The dream was weird because the world didn't look normal. Everything was in black and white.

The dream started off with me getting out of bed because I heard a noise in the kitchen. I think I knew I was dreaming because I felt like a grape. People in real life shouldn't feel like grapes. They should feel like people.

It was still nighttime but my dad was all dressed up to go somewhere. There was a super strong smell of coffee. My dad poured some coffee into a mug, and it was really hot and steamy. The coffee was angry. My dad then poured cream into the super hot coffee, but it didn't mix. He then poured more cream, and it still didn't mix. The more cream he put in, the more it collected on top of the coffee. It was so weird!

My dad said something like, “It’s a bad start to the day when coffee can't mix with cream.”

Then things got weirder. Dad tried taking a sip of the super hot drink, but it burned his tongue so bad that it fell out of his mouth. He dropped the mug and everything spilled out. The cream got together and started beating up the coffee.

The police then broke into the house and grabbed my dad. He tried to say something but he couldn't because his tongue was on the floor. They took him away and another policeman started chasing me. Why? I didn't do anything.

I tried running away, but when I ran out of the house I wasn't outside but in a humongous stadium. I was running on a track field. The policemen weren't behind me anymore. They turned into track runners who I was now racing. I ran as fast as I could. I won but everyone booed when I crossed the finish line. The judges got really mad at me and the booing got even louder. They told me I couldn't win because I was in the wrong race. Then the police showed up and took me to jail.

It felt like I was in jail forever. I had a really long beard and I was really hungry. Then a policeman came and gave me a bag of crackers. He told me that if I could chew and swallow eight crackers at the same time then he would let me out. I really hate crackers. They’re so salty and dry, but I said I would do it because I wanted to get out of jail.

I put the crackers in my mouth and started chewing. They felt like razor blades. They scraped the top of my mouth and they sucked up all my spit. My mouth felt like a desert and it got harder to chew. The crackers started choking me and I couldn't breathe. Everything got cloudy and just when I thought I was going to die, I woke up.

I was in my bed super sweaty and my mouth was super dry.
**Section 2: Science**

We know God is the answer to ALL the questions, but humor us.

1. Which of the following historical events was NOT orchestrated by “ancient aliens”?
   A. Pearl Harbor
   B. Jesus
   C. The partition of India
   D. The Civil War
   E. Adam and Eve

2. How much does Neil deGrasse Tyson love the universe?
   A. This much
   B. This much
   C. To the moon and back
   D. It’s his job. He’s not required to love it

3. Which of the following is NOT a step of the scientific method?
   A. Genesis
   B. Exodus
   C. Leviticus
   D. Numbers
   E. Deuteronomy

4. Which heavenly body does the Earth orbit?
   A. Asteroid
   B. Pretty sure it’s asteroid
   C. Somewhat confident it’s asteroid
   D. Definitely asteroid
   Kyle

5. Cintos needs to tear the living heart out of his slave to ensure that the sun continues its ancient cycle of life and death. Unfortunately, his ceremonial obsidian blade has gone missing. How else can he remove the heart of his sacrifice without immediately killing him?
   A. KALI-MA!!!!
   B. Through the stomach
   C. Accept Jesus Christ as your lord and savior, heathen filth
   D. Massage the frenulum

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**Section 3: Reading & Writing**

Correct the grammatical errors in the following passages.

**A. Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo.**

**B. Stop referring, to my nephew as “Juicy Fruit”**

**C. 我有肉我的胃裡面**

**D. The answer is that this comma, is out of place.**

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**Practice Essay Topics**

Write a well-crafted vignette about one of the following.

1. Write about a time Sparknotes really saved you.
2. Write about a time you used your race or gender to oppress an underrepresented demographic.
3. Who is the hottest feminist you know, and specifically what about her ideals gets your cock sprung?
4. Who is your favorite band, and why is it Los Lonely Boys?

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**Extra Practice!**

1. Draw an equilateral triangle.
2. Now draw a hexagon.
3. Now draw a square.

Haha, I can get you to do anything, you slut.
Who cares if Obama’s a Muslim? He’s a fucking muggle.

Jason Hill
DENTAL HYGIENIST

Upon being sworn into office, Barack Obama was questioned by many on the far right in America regarding the fact that he is a Muslim. This fact has been used against President Obama, who tries to portray himself as a Christian family man. Despite this controversy, one thing about President Obama is far more contentious than any particular religious leanings – the fact that he is a fucking muggle.

If Barack Obama wants to be a covert Muslim and do secret prayers to Allah in the White House basement, then so be it. However, this nation will not stand for a muggle in the Oval Office. How can we appear strong to our foreign enemies when our leader doesn’t even know about Defense Against the Dark Arts? It’s absurd that our Muslim president must rely on muggle foreign policy like “diplomacy” and “embargoes” when a real leader would demand respect with a cleverly cast Reducto charm.

Just think about it – would you rather have your president do his evening prayers facing Mecca in a boring police motorcade or while zipping around a Quidditch pitch on a Nimbus 2000? What about a president who knows the whereabouts of all of his constituents either by tracking cell phone GPS signals or by checking his Marauder’s Map? Furthermore, I question the legitimacy of Obama’s winning a second term if I knew for a fact that he can’t properly harness the terrible power of the Sorcerer’s Stone.

I might be able to give him a pass for being a Muslim mudblood… but a full-on fucking muggle? It’s just not right. He doesn’t have a smidgen of wizard blood in his whole Muslim body. How am I supposed to explain this to our kids? I can’t just explain to my son who is infatuated by the wonderful world of witchcraft and wizardry that our Muslim president can’t levitate on command.

If our Muslim president thinks the American people are going to accept his muggle heritage, he is wrong. It’s obscene how he uses his public office to flaunt his lack of a proper wizarding education. Harvard law school just does not compare to the rigorous curriculum that Hogwarts provides. A background in international relations and financial law is trivial to an in-depth understanding of potions and divination.

AUSTIN – Upon meeting her girlfriends for brunch at a local cafe, Chelsea Keller began to tell stories of all of the selfless, kind things she has done for them.

The brunch had been set up by Keller who made sure to let everyone know how much she searched Yelp to find the perfect spot with outside seating, reasonably priced mimosas, and food with big enough portions for their friend Shannon.

“Remember that time that I picked you up after your car broke down on the freeway?” said Keller to one of the girls, as she picked up and ate an olive off of her salad. “It was crazy. It’s like, who doesn’t get their oil changed regularly? Like, I mean, I was happy to do it, but it was just so funny.”

“I almost didn’t recognize you as I drove past because I thought you were some middle-aged mom with that top you were wearing. Don’t get me wrong. It’s super cute, just in a more farm-y kind of way,” Keller added.

Keller’s friends began to question her congeniality as the meal went on. In an attempt to not be rude themselves, they only began to discuss the situation once Keller had gotten up to go to the restroom.

“I love Chelsea, but she needs to get over herself,” said Joan Silik, Keller’s oldest friend of eight months. “She let me borrow her straightener once, and she told me I could keep it because I could use it more than she could. I did look good, but I don’t think that’s what she meant.”

“Of course I still use it, but how rude is that?” Silik added as she played with her long, straight hair.

As brunch came to a close, Keller insisted on paying for everyone’s meal, making a grand gesture of calling the waiter over from across the restaurant to inform him that they would only be needing one ticket.

“Don’t worry about it. I just got a raise, so it’s really not a big deal,” said Keller. “I mean, I would have paid for this without the raise, but I did also get a raise. And don’t feel like you need to pay me back. I know you all are just interning right now, which is super cool.”

As of press time, Keller has been unable to convince any of her friends to make brunch a regular thing.
Discontinued Toys

Some things never go out of style. Your childhood memories are not one of them. Take a look back at the old toys we used to adore.

**Good Ol’ Fashioned Pigskin**

*When it was made:* When it’s halal and kosher  
*Cost:* Free with the purchase of a *Sports Illustrated* subscription  
*Description:* It is the skin of a pig. We skinned a pig and now we are selling it to you.  
*Target demographic:* The boys back home  
*Why it stopped being made:* Turned out the slaughterhouses liked having all that pigskin lyin’ around  
*Modern alternatives:* The skin of grandpa to play catch with

**Mommy’s Shaky Rocketship**

*When it was made:* After Mommy found out about Daddy and “Claire”  
*Cost:* General Elasticity  
*What it does:* Makes Mommy giggle and keeps her busy for hours. Sometimes she forgets to cook dinner!  
*Target demographic:* Anyone who has no one else to play with  
*Why it stopped being made:* Mommy got a boyfriend  
*Modern alternatives:* Shower head, Cucumber

**Pre-lubricated Slip n’ Slide Her Pleasure**

*When it was made:* Sometime before birth control was invented  
*Cost:* An awkward interaction with a 7/11 manager  
*Description:* You know when it’s a hot summer day and you’re not greasy enough to go sliding on your own? We don’t!  
*Target demographic:* Children ages 30 and up  
*Why it stopped being made:* Heated-up lube gave kids third degree burns  
*Modern alternatives:* Crisco and trash bags

**Rubix Cube for Beginners**

*When it was made:* Before YouTube explained how to solve the real one  
*Cost:* 1/27th the price of a Rubik’s cube  
*Description:* Just buy it and you win!  
*Target demographic:* Block enthusiasts, the colorblind  
*Why it stopped being made:* Too many stupid people felt good about themselves  
*Modern alternatives:* Connect 2

**Parent Me Elmo**

*When it was made:* The moment you walked in on your parents having sex  
*Cost:* One full piggy bank  
*Description:* The orphanage is at capacity again! Bring Elmo into your family by feeding him, clothing him, and quelling his night terrors. Comes with a baby bottle and lithium.  
*Target demographic:* Supple, young nubiles

**“You Think This is a Motherfuckin’ Game?” The Game**

*When it was made:* The moment you said that shit that didn’t sit well with me, dawg.  
*Cost:* Ya street cred, ya girl, ya neck, and ya grandmuh  
*Description:* You know how to play this motherfuckin’ game, so stop being a little bitch and start playing. Yeah, roll the motherfucking dice. There’s no end, bitch. You only get farther.  
*Target demographic:* People that think real motherfuckin’ life is a game. It’s not a game. This is a game though.  
*Why it stopped being made:* The game changed, man.  
*Modern alternatives:* Being a drug-dealing corner boy
So long... and can someone throw away the Which Wich I left in the refrigerator?

Kristen Moor
MANAGING EDITOR

I’ve spent three beautiful years on staff at the largest student-run humor publication in the United States according to a statistic that is definitely, definitely credible. It’s been a real roller coaster ride – full of ups and downs – but unlike most roller coaster rides, I was allowed to join in on the fun without having to wear my highest heels and standing on my tippy-toes. So to everyone on the staff as well as my dear, dear readers, I just want to say – so long, and can someone throw away the Which Wich I left in the refrigerator?

I have three sisters, so while growing up, I always wondered what it would be like to have a brother. After spending three years on the predominantly male Travesty staff and hearing more jokes about male genitalia than their counterparts exist in the real world, I began to have an idea.

As a result, I’m still very glad I only had sisters. But it’s still a weird feeling to leave: there are a lot of things that happened to me on the Travesty that I’ll never get to experience again. For example, I will never again lie in a bathtub while people pour nacho cheese over me – or if it does happen again, it certainly won’t be done quite as tenderly.

There are too many people to say goodbye to, but I’d be remiss if I didn’t give a shout out to Tortillo Papallardo, Maria A Chi Chi, and Mike SchmeerKat. My Travesty experience wouldn’t have been the same without y’all. You might not have been actual humans, but you still meant a lot to me. To everyone else on staff, I’ve had a blast, and be sure to do your part to keep print publication (and my pet snake that is crawling around somewhere in the old archive of issues) alive. Also shoutout to Rohit.

Get the scoop...

Stack up extra credits this summer.
austincc.edu/summer

Take classes that cost 74% less than other area colleges.

Start Here. Get There.
When it’s over, that’s the time you’re in my heart again
Taylor Jones
STAFF WRITER

When I first applied to join this hallowed institution of comedy, this bastion of provocative, razor-sharp, mirror-to-society-reflecting satire known as the Texas Travesty, I had no idea what the future would hold for me or my street cred. But with trepidation and the support of a Gilboy and a Stockwell, I dove blind and fists-first into this fellowship of funny and proceeded to learn the ins and outs of wit as writ. As a shirt-wearing member of the Travesty, I reveled in the mockery of public servants, celebrities, and idiotic classmates, hurled stones of humor covered in the dirt of truth at the front doors of society’s biggest wigs, and took part in the strongest and most profane performance art, all in the name of our Lord Bevo. This has certainly been an instrumental period in my life, the opportunity to collaborate with such an above average group of amateurs. I made so many acquaintances. I know I can count on them to friend me on LinkedIn and say hello if we randomly met again at an HEB. And I would most definitely do the same for any of them if they caught me in a good mood. God, the emotionally neutral memories I made with these swell lads and lassies! So many nights filled with exhilarating eye contact and trite, withdrawn conversation. I even learned a few of their names! Definitely in my top 138 college experiences. I thoroughly enjoyed the shenanigans and one-sided horseplay. It almost brings a wince to my eye knowing this is my last issue with the Travesty. But for real, I’m going to miss this. I’m not likely to find another gig where fart jokes are part of my job. Thanks for everything.

Dipshit Leaves
Aston Wallin
STAFF WRITER

Aw jeeze. What can I say about my three years in the Travesty? It was definitely something I did on Tuesdays. And boy, what a bunch of Tuesdays they were! I’m blessed to have had the opportunity to collaborate with such an above average group of amateurs. I made so many acquaintances. I know I can count on them to friend me on LinkedIn and say hello if we randomly met again at an HEB. And I would most definitely do the same for any of them if they caught me in a good mood. God, the emotionally neutral memories I made with these swell lads and lassies! So many nights filled with exhilarating eye contact and trite, withdrawn conversation. I even learned a few of their names! Definitely in my top 138 college experiences. I thoroughly enjoyed the shenanigans and one-sided horseplay. It almost brings a wince to my eye knowing this is my last issue with the Travesty. But for real, I’m going to miss this. I’m not likely to find another gig where fart jokes are part of my job. Thanks for everything.

First in my heart, last on my resume
Jacqui Bontke
DESIGN DIRECTOR

It was not my choice to join the Texas Travesty. Managing Editor Kristen Moor is a close friend and I owed her a lot of favors. Fortunately for me and unfortunately for her, after two and half years, her favors have run out.

In all honesty, the verdict is still out on whether the Travesty was the biggest waste of time, or the experience that sculpted me more than any other. I’ll let you all know when I die. Actually I won’t. I’ll take it to my grave. But if it’s the latter, then I will save myself the embarrassment and regret by calling out a few good souls that filled my Tuesday nights with laughter.

KMOOR, you are the smartest person I met at UT. That’s why I decided to live with you, so you could help me with Finance. Thank you for bringing me to these boys we’ve grown to love so much.

Nick, Chris, and Rohit, I hope I get an invite to all of your weddings. I hope you all get married. I hope there’s an open bar.

Vishal, when you finally make it to the Bay Area I’ll come visit. Let’s have lunch and how about you pay for it.

Finally to the rest of you gentlemen (and newly befriended ladies), please keep in touch, or just don’t unfriend me on Facebook. You never know when you will need a couch to sleep on, or a job reference, or someone to make you sister’s birth announcements. I can totally give you the name of someone.

Best illustrator says good-bye
Corben Marroquin
DESIGNER

It’s been a good eight months here at The Travesty. I’ve had the misfortune of illustrating some of the most offensive and outright dumb jokes that everyone will have already forgotten by the time they read this. Farewell, you beautiful, beautiful people. Somewhere in my heart is the engraved image of my heart. That’s for you, Travesty. Thank you.

Taylor Jones
STAFF WRITER

When I first applied to join this hallowed institution of comedy, this bastion of provocative, razor-sharp, mirror-to-society-reflecting satire known as the Texas Travesty, I had no idea what the future would hold for me or my street cred. But with trepidation and the support of a Gilboy and a Stockwell, I dove blind and fists-first into this fellowship of funny and proceeded to learn the ins and outs of wit as writ. As a shirt-wearing member of the Travesty, I reveled in the mockery of public servants, celebrities, and idiotic classmates, hurled stones of humor covered in the dirt of truth at the front doors of society’s biggest wigs, and took part in the strongest and most profane performance art, all in the name of our Lord Bevo. This has certainly been an instrumental period in my life, the opportunity to collaborate with such an above average group of amateurs. I made so many acquaintances. I know I can count on them to friend me on LinkedIn and say hello if we randomly met again at an HEB. And I would most definitely do the same for any of them if they caught me in a good mood. God, the emotionally neutral memories I made with these swell lads and lassies! So many nights filled with exhilarating eye contact and trite, withdrawn conversation. I even learned a few of their names! Definitely in my top 138 college experiences. I thoroughly enjoyed the shenanigans and one-sided horseplay. It almost brings a wince to my eye knowing this is my last issue with the Travesty. But for real, I’m going to miss this. I’m not likely to find another gig where fart jokes are part of my job. Thanks for everything.

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Aston Wallin
STAFF WRITER

Aw jeeze. What can I say about my three years in the Travesty? It was definitely something I did on Tuesdays. And boy, what a bunch of Tuesdays they were! I’m blessed to have had the opportunity to collaborate with such an above average group of amateurs. I made so many acquaintances. I know I can count on them to friend me on LinkedIn and say hello if we randomly met again at an HEB. And I would most definitely do the same for any of them if they caught me in a good mood. God, the emotionally neutral memories I made with these swell lads and lassies! So many nights filled with exhilarating eye contact and trite, withdrawn conversation. I even learned a few of their names! Definitely in my top 138 college experiences. I thoroughly enjoyed the shenanigans and one-sided horseplay. It almost brings a wince to my eye knowing this is my last issue with the Travesty. But for real, I’m going to miss this. I’m not likely to find another gig where fart jokes are part of my job. Thanks for everything.

‘Sup haters!
Katherine Swope
EDITOR EMERITUS

Hello!

So most of the people who read the Travesty when I was Editor are probably dead now (R.I.P.), but I’m writing a goodbye column anyways because it’s an honor and a privilege.

So I’d like to first say CYA to Nick. You are pretty cool and I’m sure you’re gonna be big. Like really fat. Don’t edit this.

I’d also like to say L8RHR8R to ChrisGilly. You’re going to take good care of tiny baby boy Travesty and then you’re going to be a great homeless person. JK post-grad life rules.

Can I throw a G2G at Dustin? I hope you reincarnate as a man holding a giant photoshopped rabbit.

LYLAS to Aaron: my rock, my babe, my every-single-thing.

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