SCARING CHILDREN FOR PROFIT SINCE 1997

TEXAS TRAVESTY
UT AUSTIN’S OFFICIAL HUMOR PUBLICATION

Do you know your Miranda Rights?

NIGHTSTICKS OF THE LIVING DEAD

NOVEMBER 2014
Surgeon's finger fills hole in man's heart

Area bro needs you to hold up

Spring 2014 graduate finally lands sick gig at Union Starbucks

Planned food fight totally not worth it on pizza day

Local plumber found your problem right there

Area man lets his eyebrows do all the talking for him

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• I want them to make a Kama Sutra where both of the models are Vladimir Putin
• I never leave the house without my baby teeth
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We’re living in a post-consumer waste world, and I am a post-consumer waste girl.

Madonna

Pop Icon

I’ll be the first to admit; when I was younger I was a total knockout, but reckless. I truly didn’t realize the carbon footprint I was leaving behind as I waltzed around the world spewing eco-hate. I didn’t know fur coats weren’t eco-friendly, or blood diamonds were for that matter. I never even thought twice that maybe those edible undergarments I so delectably craved were produced in oil-guzzling factories in an Asian country. But just like a prayer, I went down to my knees, and after finishing that final sex scene in *Swept Away* I began to realize the error of my ways. My lovelies, we are living in a post-consumer waste world, and I am a post-consumer waste girl.

Now I know what you’re thinking: papa, please don’t start preaching. First off, I’m not your papa, so please don’t patronize my femininity. Secondly, it isn’t preaching if I’m stating justifiable and logical facts about recycling and green initiatives? I know I may have referred to myself as a “Material Girl” back in the 80s, but that was only because our resources were infinitely abundant and the environment had exactly 0% of CO2 emissions in the air. But it’s time to wake up sweethearts, so that “Music makes the people come together.”

all our ancestors who fought for clean energy protocols are not soon forgotten.

That same night, I retreated to my house and stripped it bare of all its unnatural resources. I locked myself inside for days, not eating or sleeping, just trying to cleanse my filthy garbage life. As I rose from the scraps of trash bags like a sexy trash phoenix three days later, I felt an eco-weight lifted off my conical chest. No longer would I take part in the poisonous consumer waste world of yore. From this point forward, I would lead a devout life of post-consumerism.

As time passed from that dark period in my life, I discovered that Earth’s fellow citizens were mobilizing in their communal efforts alongside myself to lead more energy efficient lifestyles. Recycling is up 2000% from the 19th Century, and noble gas output has decreased by a lot, probably. Yesterday, I was even given a straw made out of 100% recycled materials with my apple cider vinegar at mid-lunch. I am excited for you, my little darlings, to reach the level of altruistic eco-immortality. Rejoice! For your Post-Consumer Waste Girl’s historic eco-legacy will last forever. Amen.
Girl in class lets you know she has boyfriend, doesn’t have extra pencil to lend

AUSTIN—Last Thursday in his Psychology 301 class, Charlie Tugfert was met with a pointed “I have a boyfriend” response when trying to borrow a pencil from a female classmate. “I was just asking for a No. 2 pencil, I don’t have one to take the exam with,” muttered an annoyed Tugfert before the exam after covering his erection with his backpack. Throughout the exam, Tugfert shot the girl an angry look as he was forced to borrow a pencil from a less attractive student. “I’m not even interested. I mean, I’ve been messing around with this girl for a couple days now. It’s mostly just finger stuff, but at least she lets me borrow a pencil when I need one.” As of press time, Tugfert has been seen asking girls on Tinder about their stationary situation.

Colorblind blues musician sings about feeling the grayish yellows

CHICAGO—Celebrating the success of his latest album release, colorblind blues musician Bo Scrappy staged a surprise concert at Reggie’s Music Joint last night to sing of the grayish-yellows. “I’m tickled white,” Scrappy said after the performance as he eyed an orange suspiciously. “Under the Neutral Sky has been my most vivid album to date. None of my others had the kind of vision that went into it.” The album, which hit stores yesterday afternoon, features the hits such as: “We’re all the Same Color”, “Clueless and Hueless”, and “Roses are Grey, Violets are Grey, Holy Shit Everything is Grey”. When asked of his influences, Scrappy identified Johnny Cash, “Hence why I wear all black,” he said, gesturing to his gaudy neon-green.

Hype man follows student around in case he becomes a successful rapper

BERKELEY, CA—For the past five weeks, aspiring hype man Kevin “Ludakissinger” Bissinger has followed around senior biology student Robert Nixon just in case Nixon becomes a successful rapper. “My dawg Robert is goin’ to go all the way to the top. Ain’t nobody can hold him down, I’m always be there for him,” said Ludakissinger, who tailor-made his hype man name for specifically for Nixon. When asked if he considered the fact that he may be jumping into this too early or that Robert has never shown any predilection toward a rapping career, Ludakissinger scoffed off all questions. “Nah man, he’s just fronting. And in this economy, you gotta find them when they’re young and have something to prove. Plus, now that I’m his hype man, I finally might have a place to stay that’s not on the street.” As of press time, Ludakissinger continued to shout, “Throw ya hands in the air for my man, you can’t bring us down, son!” as Nixon took a chemistry midterm.
Conversation with beautiful girl not as interesting as Legend of Gorgamoth’s Cavern

SAN ANTONIO—Despite her flawless looks and charming personality, local man Ian Har- rison knew that the conversation with his beauti- ful online interest Julia Bennett wasn’t anywhere near as interesting as the Legend of Gorgamoth’s Cavern. “Sure, Julia is stunning and fun to talk to, but I know, deep down, that the fantasy world of Falreth and the treasure quests into places like Gorgameth’s Cavern are way cooler,” Harrison noted, while casually sipping his homemade But- terbeer. “I could definitely see myself going on a date with Julia, but if she keeps describing my love for adventure, mystical powers and dragons as ‘silly’ and ‘childish’, then I might have to cast a level 14 Cerulean Fire-hex on her. And trust me, that’s not good.” As of press time, Harrison was preparing a multi-page response to Bennett on how the Lord of the Rings’ sense of adventure and world immersion made it exponentially superior to the Gilmore Girls.

Area fifth grader fairly sure he’s an ass guy

HOUSTON—News swept the halls of McKenzie El- ementary this Tuesday that 11-year-old Noah Anderson confidently believes that he is, in fact, an ass guy. The rumor spread in the wake of Anderson catching a glimpse of the rear of classmate Emma Rosenberg walking towards the lunch line. “I saw Emma walking away in her pink sweatpants, and I started to feel all types of tingles. She was holding two packs of fruit gummies, so maybe that was a factor in all this,” explained Anderson as his peers reacted to this news with shock and confusion, as this was a completely unexplored paradigm for all of them. Despite the lack of support amongst his friends, Anderson stands by his conclusion. “I was more of boob guy back in the day without a doubt, you know, when there was nutrition involved. But I’m older now, more mature.” As of press time, the 5th grade ass guy continues to be a well-respected tetherball player at recess and an active member of his class’s accelerated reading group.

Pulled pork at reception only for those who RSVP’d, Karen

RALEIGH, NC—After forgetting to RSVP but showing up anyways, resident freeloader Karen Rankles created a scene at the Randall wedding reception when she attempted to dip into the reserved pulled pork. “We only got enough pork for the people that RSVP’d, and Karen knows that,” newlywed Shannon Randall said, hitting Karen on the nose with a rolled up newspaper while holding her firmly by the ear. “If she had RSVP’d, then we would have gotten enough pork to fill up her belly too.” At press time, Karen was reportedly bounding around on all fours, chasing after all patrons with barbecued meat on their plates.

‘MILF Factory 4: For Your Pleasure’ not as good as book

PEORIA, IN—After the long awaited debut of ‘MILF Factory 4: For Your Pleasure’ at the Peoria County Mega XXX-plex, moviegoers have been touting it for its loose adaptation of the fourth installment of the book series. “MILFs have always been my guilty pleasure, but this film took me back to some dark times,” said custodial engineer Ben Braddock, who had grown up with the beloved series and was seen clinging to an autographed copy of the book as he exited the theatre in a frenzy. “Between the miscasting of Linda Hunt as the MILF and the disappointing climax, the integrity of my story, I mean the book, was completely compromised.” Cinephiles were let down, many finding the adaption hard to swallow while Linda Hunt found it easier to spit.

Student successfully avoids eye contact with everyone he kind of knows

AUSTIN—Jason Turner, a local college sophomore, has been reported staring at the ground or at his phone whenever he crosses paths with someone he might know. “I just can’t bear to look Kelsey Johnson in the eye after we shared a corndog in her dorm room last weekend. It’s hella awkward,” said Turner, a native of Idaho, noting that even that Tim guy from astronomy class makes him want to bury himself eyeballs deep in a stale game of 2048, rather than admit that he ignored Tim’s friend request on Facebook. “I know it isn’t what my mother would advocate, but I’m sure the people I don’t look at don’t even notice. It’s not like we’re best friends or anything.” As of press time, Turner had reportedly moved onto not holding the door open when walking into the Biology building.
Greg Abbott was born to Magnus and Gene Abbott on November 13, 1957. He attended the University of Texas at Austin where he majored in Delta Tau Delta with a concentration in shotgunning beers and bangin' babes, apparently also earning a finance degree. After managing a law degree from Vanderbilt with a senior thesis on Harriet Beecher Stowe, he dove headfirst into the lecherous world of law, hitting his head, and winning 10 million dollars when he sued for damages. After serving on the Texas Supreme Court, he was elected Attorney General and at some point married a half-latina chick which was just a fucking brilliant political move.

Abbott’s Weaknesses:
Seasonal allergies

Signature Moves:
The Death Penalty,
Arm Wrestling

Theme Song:
“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot” by Paula Abdul

Victory Celebration:
Smoking a cigar and chortling while shutting down an abortion clinic.

Know Your Candidate:
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Wendy Davis was born on May 16, 1963 in the People’s Republic of Rhode Island before her family moved to the sweet former Confederate bosom of Texas. At 18, she was hitched to Frank Underwood, but they later separated leaving her with full custody of two beautiful deadweights, Amber and Dru. She proceeded to waste taxpayer money by attending Tarrant County College, Texas Christian University, and then joined the East Coast Lame stream liberal fascists by going to Harvard Law School where she was Chaser on the B league quidditch team and experimented with feminism. She allegedly did things while serving on the Fort Worth City Council and Texas Senate before rocketing to national stardom by indirectly talking about vaginas for 13 hours.

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Texas Travesty Personality Quiz!

Are you a happy or sad person?

Sad

Aw, what's wrong baby bird?

We broke up...

What did you do?

What didn't you do?

I didn't do nuthin'! You're the one lockin' lips with Tina Patinkin!

cheep cheep

you are a precious little Blue Jay

hurls lamp

You're nuthin' but a dockyard har lot!

You're my one and only Blue Jay

*runs into his arms*

you are MMA Fighter Chuck Liddell

You are Valcroft, Holy Paladin of East March!

are you still hurting from last week's match-up against Rashad Evans?

I'm reelin' coach.

you are such a Miranda! (sex & the city)

you are such a Miranda! (sex & the city)

Did you cast "Divine Shield" against the Treasure gnoll?

Yes

No

But I'm hurting...

Metaphysically?

Yes

No

Could you stop making a scene?

wait, I wanna do the baby bird one.

But we've been at this JCPenny for weeks...

Well this coupon expires Friday.

Mom, you're dumb!

Do you need a spanking, boy?

you're not even my real mom!

... you're in big trouble, mister!
Sorority girls on budget now taking profile pictures with poor kids in East Austin

Edward Stockwell
Staff Writer

AUSTIN—Katie Hansen, a sophomore Education major and Treasurer of Kappa Delta announced that, due to budget constraints, her next profile picture would be one with poor children in East Austin, rather than those in Africa.

“What a lot of people don’t realize is there are plenty of poverty-stricken little street urchins to take selfies with in our own backyard,” Hansen told reporters outside of the opulent KD house. “Sure, it may not be as exotic as a Lutheran mission to paint a house, but there’s no doubt that it definitely helps save some of dad’s money.”

Photos with adorable black children from the same Kenyan village have been on the decline since 2009, as more and more sorority sisters have begun to look domestically for struggling minority youth to pose with for a socially-conscious glamour shot. Hansen is one of the first of her peers to look towards east of 1-35 for darker-skinned toddlers to wrap her arms around while she smiles at a camera they have no hope of being able to afford.

Citing a number of excellent locations to go to, from the church soccer field on East 2nd, to the church soccer field on Salina Street, Hansen told media officials that taking pictures with the children is a great way to bring attention to the horrendous plight of East Austin; economics and, like, education.

“It just breaks your heart to see these kids grow up in households that make under $125,000 a year,” an emotional Katie described. “If my ‘Las Preciosas’ Facebook album does anything, I want it to bring attention to these children, while also giving me a profile pic to use on LinkdIn as well as my third Tinder photo.”

Still, not everyone is on board with Katie’s locally sourced photo activism. Senior Tri Delta sister, Emily James, insisted that people who really care will spend dad’s extra dime to go to another continent.

“It’s, like, if you can’t afford to go to South Africa or North Africa to paint a house, you don’t actually care about changing the world,” an indignant James explained while adding Lightroom filters to her recent photos from Zaire. “Just last year I took my profile picture with this precious little Guatemalan boy who had the best smile and whose skin tone really complimented my hair. 178 Facebook likes speak for themselves.”

Despite this backlash, Katie and dozens of other peach-faced young women continue their mission for beautifully shot photos with underprivileged boys and girls on the East Side.

“It’s more affordable than ever to squeeze these kids around their grimy little shoulders and redeem their precious squalor for the admiration of my peers,” Katie insisted. “And the technology is simple to use. All you need is a GoPro on a pole and two or three Latino children who don’t speak English and know you’re not their teacher.”

As of press time, Ms. Hansen could be seen taking pictures of herself in a field of tall grass while laughing in a sundress.

Son gives ADD medicine to parents for not paying attention to him

AUSTIN—Going on eight years of neglect, 8-year-old Spencer Mills began to give his parents ADD medicine for not paying attention to him. “I’ve been trying to get these people to just look at me for eight years now,” said Spencer as he made sure his mother and father took their daily pill before leaving to work. Spencer’s pediatrician prescribed the two fully grown adults with medicine that he hopes will calm their senses and make them realize that their shared child is more important than the pointless mundane tasks they occupy their lives with. “If this doesn’t work, I don’t know... I just want to know what warmth feels like.” When reached out to for comment, Mr. and Mrs. Mills were intensely concentrating on their bills as Spencer watched from the staircase.

African elephant really into Asian elephants

SAN DIEGO—Local zoo resident Kevin the African Elephant told sources on Thursday that he is very into female Asian Elephants. “I absolutely love those chicks,” said the 11,000 lb. Asian-crazed mammal. “They are nice and small and there’s no need for a condom since they’re technically a different species. I could never date an African broad.” After an African female smiled coyly at him, Kevin standoffishly expelled an unprecedented amount of fecal waste and walked to the back of his enclosure to look down on the Nile crocodile habitat. As of press time Kevin was pep-talking a male Nile crocodile that was about to approach a female Chinese alligator.

Dad comes back full force with ice cream after upsetting fight with Mom

AUSTIN—Bursting into the house with a smile, as if he had not just had an incredibly upsetting fight with Mom, Dad came back full force by bringing home two grocery bags full of ice cream. “Hey kids, guess who just got ice cream?!” Dad stammered, the crippling weight of a slowly imploding marriage weighing heavily upon his hoarse vocal chords. Dad had not been home since storming out after having to explain to the police that everything was fine. “I know you heard Mommy and Daddy using their outside voices earlier...y’know, there are fudge chunks in this one!” As of press time, dad choked back one solitary sob before heading back to the store for “some god damn cigarettes.”

God to drop new color ahead of release date

HOUSTON—God the Almighty, the artist formerly known as Smiter of Dinosaur, is to drop a new color this holiday season, ahead of the anticipated release date. “You’re welcome. For me to say I wasn’t a genius, I would just be lying to you and to myself,” the great omniscient said, while simultaneously keeping tabs on billions of people and their sins.

“This color is no mint green or razzle-dazzle rose bullshit. No disrespect to maroon, but I admit, maroon was some weak shit--I really dropped the football, I mean ball, on that one,” God, the Lightning Rod With a Bod, said. As of press time, God was found having a fajita cookout with a disheveled looking Santa on a dainty cloud west of Morocco.

Travesty Fact #21: 85% of humans will die at some point in their life.
People playing in dead leaves.

Leaves playing in dead people.
It’s not my fault, I was just following hors d’oeuvres!

Dieter Kartoffelkuchen
Nazi Chef

I accept that I am partly responsible for the horrendous war crimes and human rights violations of Nazi Germany, but it is not entirely my fault. You see, I have a fancy for creating delicious finger pastries. Before the war, I ran a little catering service in a small town off the Rhine River, serving the usual social gatherings like weddings, banquets, and bar mitzvahs. I joined the Nazi party in 1933 after they offered me the freshest bauernbrot and finest bündnerfleisch with which to make pastries. I knew I could get creative in their kitchens. I was but a simple cook for one of the most oppressive regimes in human history. But please do understand, I was not following orders. I was only following hors d’oeuvres.

You see, I love prosciutto-wrapped melon and it is by far my favorite hors d’oeuvre. Of course I knew the Nazi party was murdering millions of people, but I just could not resist the calling of thinly sliced dry-cured ham wrapped snuggly around juicy galia melon. You would understand if you were at the Nuremberg Rally in 1934, where tuxedoed waiters were meandering about the crowd serving the finest bite-sized delights. Of course Hitler was rambling on about the greatness of our Aryan race, but I could only focus on the greatness of the amazing snacks. It was truly Wunderland.

But soon I realized just how evil the regime truly was. I thought everyone in this Reich had the right to hors d’oeuvres, but then I took a visit to Buchenwald concentration camp and saw just how bad the suffering really was in my great land. Not only were the prisoners fed just a small daily portion of fish bone broth, they weren’t even give hors d’oeuvres beforehand! I thought, “How can I live and work under such a terribly oppressive regime that doesn’t even offer antipasti to each and every one of its inhabitants?” This truly disgusted me and all I could think about was going back to my riverside bistro where I could serve hors d’oeuvres to everyone without discrimination.

You have to understand; my calling was not toward hateful acts against certain peoples, but rather one fueled by culinary curiosities. If I had known that millions of people were to die before given appetizers, I would have never joined this Nazi party, because it wasn’t a party at all. If it were a real party, everyone would be equally served hors d’oeuvres.

Contortionist’s body language incredibly misleading

NEW YORK—Local contortion enthusiast Joseph “McFlex” Carter remains puzzled as he admits that his favorite contortionist’s body language is incredibly misleading. “I mean, every time she slides into that supple backward bend, I feel a deep, connective intimacy that she can’t possibly be directing toward anybody else in the audience but me,” McFlex said, eyeing the object of his desire as she warmed up, her breasts smashing casually against the heels of her feet. “But then, after the show, it’s like I don’t exist. Do you think she’s playing hard to get?” McFlex was last seen trying to wrap his right leg around his left arm to signal to his crush that he loved her.

Discussion section grows tense after velociraptor dismembers student

AUSTIN—Tensions heightened during an Organic Chemistry discussion section on the fifth floor of RLM after a velociraptor attacked and dismembered UT junior Bobby Wilkins. “We were covering the topics for the upcoming midterm, and then, boom! This velociraptor comes out of nowhere and rips Bobby to pieces, calculator and all,” said Wilkins’ classmate Tom Lee, as his professor hesitantly gathered torn limbs from the corners of the room. Several students complained of the velociraptor’s high-pitched screeching, claiming that the carnivore’s general presence was distracting to their midterm preparation. “Not to mention that Bobby’s blood got all over my notes,” muttered Lee as he stuffed the blood-soaked papers into his backpack, which were lightly sprinkled with the contents of Mr. Wilkins’s stomach. As of press time, a whip-wielding Bill Powers was attempting to tame the velociraptor on top of the Tower.

Area man to spend beautiful day tweeting about it

DE MOINES, IA—On the first day of autumn when the whispers of the changing seasons became apparent, area man Dylan Lee opted to tweet his incredulity regarding the miraculous atmospheric conditions rather than actually appreciating the delightful weather. “OMG it’s so gorgeous out. Can’t wait to watch this Gilmore Girls marathon on the CW,” Lee posted before scrolling through his Instagram feed, missing a flock of doves bursting into flight in the gentle autumn breeze. “I really hope Rory chooses Harvard instead of Yale— the seasonal changes in the leaves are so much more visible in the majestic Blue Hills surrounding Boston than in urban environment of New Haven.” As of press time, Lee was lounging on his couch and scrolling through his ex-girlfriend’s Twitter, while his friends were frolicking in piles of fallen leaves and sipping hot apple cider in the temperate fall climate.
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