

KEEPIN' UP WITH THE KRINGLES SINCE '97

TEXAS

TRAVESTY

NORTH POLE

DECEMBER 2014



**BREAK THE CHIMNEY
KRIS KRINGLE**



Hawk abducts first freshman in five years



Man swears he's watching six human heads in freezer for a friend



English ragamuffin chasing wind-blown hat



High school band really happy about how their photoshoot went



Santa's workshop moves to China after climate change melts North Pole



New professor begins class by rubbing PhD on erect nipples

around campus

- The only thing I can **trust** anymore is my **mama's rigatoni**
- I'm going to be the **best man** at your **funeral**
- Not even **Webster** can **define** me
- Santa Claus > Baby Jesus > Jesus
- Most **racial slurs** would sound so friendly if **Cookie Monster** said them
- I just wish you'd whisper **cat facts** into my ear as I **fall asleep**
- My body type is **utilitarian**
- I can't call my **drug dealer** right now,

he's in **time out**

- I think I'm just gonna **drop out** and start working toward my **honorary degree**
- There's always **room for dessert**, you **dumb bitch**
- Does **Hallmark** have a card for gaining **refugee status**?
- This isn't my **first rodeo** or the first time I've pulled a **set of spurs** out of my face
- When men say, "**How you doin'?**" to me on the street, I'm offended more by the **grammar** than the **sentiment**
- A "**California cyber breach**" isn't just a euphemism for what I did with your **sister**
- I don't watch **The Walking Dead**, but I **walk a lot**, and I'm **dead inside**
- I want to be **famous** for my **humility**
- **Paint me** like one of your **French fries**

WHAT ARE CAMPUS STATUES SAYING?

Q: What is your New Year's Resolution?



"To use my calf muscle not only for self gain but for social good."
-Barbara Jordan



"To get the heck out of this fountain."
-duckhorses Jareth and Dromas



"To learn to forgive myself."
-Jefferson Davis

TEXAS TRAVESTY

Editor-in-Chief

Managing Editor

Associate Editor

Contributing Editor

Design Director

Chris Gilman

Rohit Mandalapu

Xavier Rotnofsky

Nick Mehendale

Maryam Amjadi

Distribution Director

Social Media Director

Head Videographer

Interview Director

Writing Staff

Ethan Boer

Max Friedman

Marshall Kistner

Nathan Simmons

Justin Bregman

Nick Ward

Colby Smith

Josh "Knuckles" Brenner

Vishal Jain

Edward Stockwell

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Helen Smith

Neha Dubey

Elizabeth Dubois

Vedant Peris

Cole Gerthoffer

Ruby Monette-Meadow

Olivia Berkeley

Abby Hilling

Lee Rudder

Grace Gilker

Design Staff

Administrative Assistants

CONTACT

PHONE

EMAIL

WEB

MAIL

281-701-7001

letters@texastravesty.com

www.texastravesty.com

Texas Travesty • UT Austin

P.O.Box D • Austin, TX 78713

EDITORS EMERITUS

Kevin Butler

1997

Brad Butler

1997-2000

Ben Stroud

2000-2001

Trevor Rosen

2001-2003

Todd Ross Nienkerk

2003-2005

Kristin Hillery

2005-2006

David Strauss

2006-2007

Veronica Hansen

2007-2008

Ross Luippold

2008-2009

Matt Ingebretson

2009-2010

Alyssa Peters

2010-2011

David McQuary

2011-2012

Katherine Swope

2012-2013

Nick Mehendale

2013-2014

LEGALESE

The Texas Travesty is a student humor publication at the University of Texas at Austin, published monthly by the permanent and contributing staff. The Travesty is a work of (hopefully) humorous fiction. Except where public figures are involved, characters are not based on any real person. Any resemblance to any persons living or dead is coincidental. The views expressed in the Travesty do not reflect the views of Texas Student Media, The University of Texas at Austin, or pretty much anyone. All material printed is property on the Travesty. The Texas Travesty is not intended for readers under 18 years of age, regardless of the pretty pictures.

SHOUT OUTZ TO...

Bones Rudder, Hackertyper, Modules, Black out board, Rohit and Nick fist fight, Josh standing up to Whataburger cop, Long and silent group hug, V.P.'s two racist dames, Bossa Nova, No Flex Zone, Ouija, "James" Kaleb "McCann", Xavier baby powder boy King, Walling House party, Vishal Jain, Nick Mehendale, Chloe Morris

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DINNER FOR TWO, PARTY OF ONE SINCE 1997

Spoiled Syrian boy brags about having nicest bomb shelter in neighborhood

Xavier Rotnofsky

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

DAMASCUS—Stand-

ing next to the dirt and

debris of what used to be

his home, Yusuf Habibi

gestured toward the trap

door of the underground

bomb shelter where his

family has taken cover

in since the start of the

Syrian Civil War. "It has

everything," the six-year-

old boasted. "My baba

just made a homemade

radio, which nobody else

in the neighborhood

has by the way, so now

we will know when the

bombs are coming before

they even get here."

From the very start

of the Syrian conflict,

the Habibis' middle

class neighborhood just

outside of Damascus

quickly deteriorated as

frequent bombings tore

up any semblance of a

living community. With-

out homes and material

possessions with which

to compare themselves,

neighbors were left to

rely on their bomb shel-

ters as status symbols.

"They bomb us every

night, but our shelter

is built with reinforced

concrete, so we sleep like

babies who aren't worried

of getting killed," Habibi

bragged as he toyed with

a bloody piece of shrap-

nel sticking through the

ground. "Too bad Ali's

dad didn't build their

shelter with reinforced

concrete. They would all

be alive right now!"

It was hard for Habibi

to make friends before

conflict broke out in Syr-

ia. His peers cited reasons

such as "he is hard to be

"It is sad to see

innocent people

die, but it's also

nice to feel want-

ed and liked."

around" and "he is a huge

ball hog" for why Habibi

was often ostracized in

the past. Now, however,

it appears that all the

kids in the neighbor-

hood want to hang out

with him in his bomb

shelter, coincidentally too

around times of mortar

shellings and missile

strikes. "I never thought

Yusuf was interesting,"

stated Dalayah Khoury,

neighbor from down the

street and Habibi's new

girlfriend. "But I just

want to survive."

The neighborhood's

infrastructure has been

severely ravaged, and

the community has

not seen running water

since 2011, even though

Habibi claims that the

toilet in his bomb shelter

flushes. While the neigh-

borhood has lost a great

number of its inhabit-

ants, Habibi's popularity

has skyrocketed since



fighting commenced in the region. "War is bad and it is sad to see innocent people die, but it's also nice to feel wanted and liked," he gloated while eyeing the sky for drones. As of press time, Habibi was seen ushering a select group of neighborhood children into his bomb shelter as fighting erupted near a battered elementary school between pro-Assad forces, ISIS militants, and a pack of feral turkeys.

i BIRDS BARBERSHOP

aus

tin

erin, plays live

shortcut, \$21

birds on 41st at red river

s. congress

e. 6th

s. lamar

burnet

41st/red river

slaughter

birdsbarbershop.com

Travesty Fact #25: Getting coal for Christmas is actually the best thing because they're just future diamonds.

Scientologist girl saving herself for Xenu

LOS ANGELES—Vehemently refusing to abandon her virginal state at all earthly costs, scientologist Tomantha Cranshaw stated that she will be saving herself for Xenu. “Sure I would love to get it on, but these average earthling guys pale in comparison to our beloved ruler of the Galactic Confederacy,” said Cranshaw, pointing to the cardboard cut-out of Xenu proudly displayed at her bedside. “When he finally escapes from his prison planet and returns to Teegeeeack, I’ll be warm and ready.” As of press time, Cranshaw could be seen perusing the internet for L. Ron Hubbard blow-up dolls.



Family not as invested in son's birthday as Chili's employees

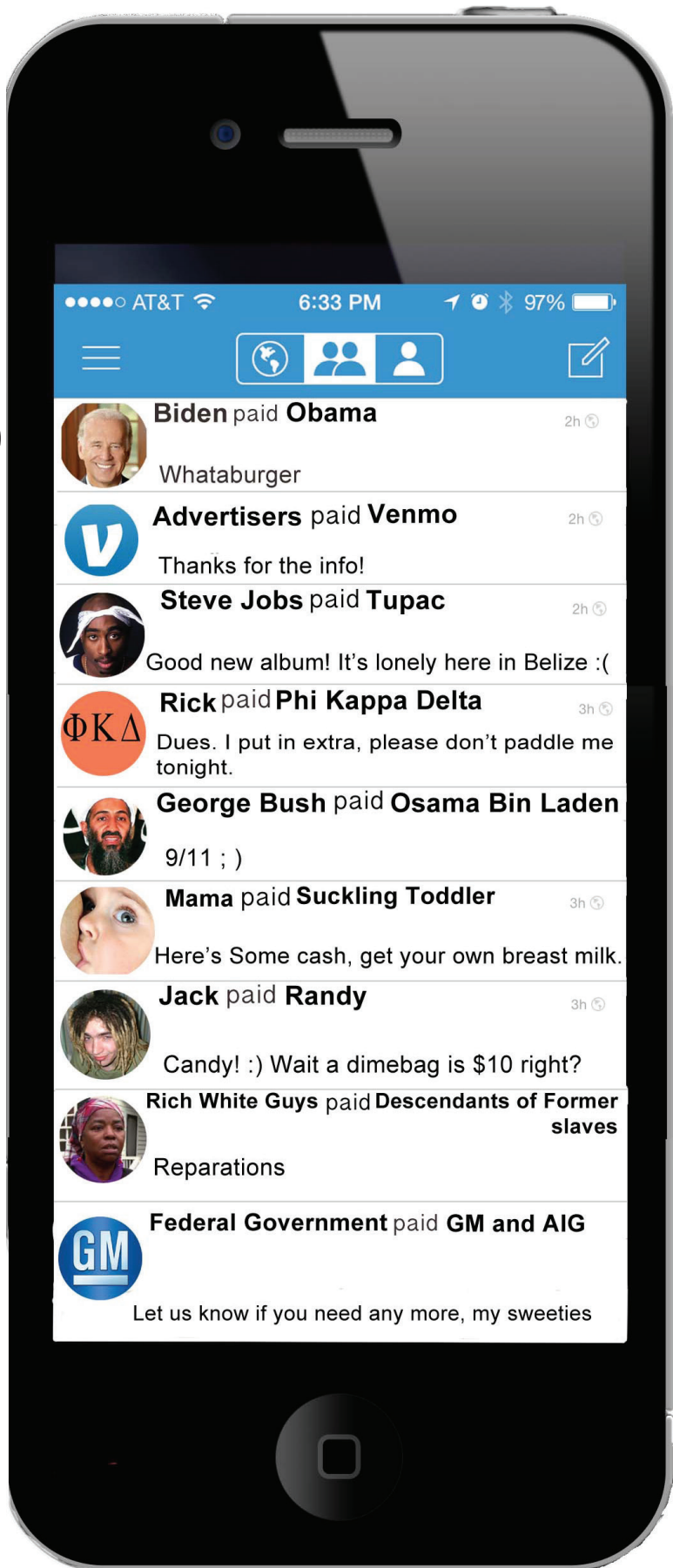
ATASCOCITA, TX—Despite plentiful gifts and being surrounded by family, it had become clear that Ben and Mallory Garza, the parents of now 10-year old Eric Garza, were not as invested in their son's birthday as the employees of the local Chili's were. "I'm glad the whole serving crew sang 'Happy Birthday' to him with such gusto. After the day of work I just had, he wouldn't have bought it coming from me," noted Mr. Garza, who had just finished his 3rd Presidente Margarita. "Everyone tells me I should be happy it's my son's birthday, but how can I when the waitress tells me there's no freaking southwestern eggrolls? And by the way, it never takes 7 minutes to find parking here." The parents were last seen watching the Cowboys game on one of Chili's flat screen TVs while their son received high-fives from the entire waiting staff.

Cavaliers opt to watch Lebron commercials instead of practicing

CLEVELAND—On Wednesday morning, members of the Cleveland Cavaliers basketball team collectively decided to watch commercials featuring teammate and NBA superstar LeBron James instead of practicing. “Yeah, I know we have a game against the Heat tonight, and we’ve been struggling with this new offensive system. But once you start, you can’t just watch one, especially when they list them on the side of the web page,” said first-year Cavs coach David Blatt just before clicking on a new one featuring a puppet version of LeBron. “I mean, they’re so well made. There was one that had, like, five different Lebrons in the same place, each representing a different member of a family.” As of press time, Blatt was deciding between whether they should watch next a Chinese commercial where LeBron schools a kung fu master on the court or a cartoon advertisement where LeBron flies off into space on a llama.



Venmos from Last Night

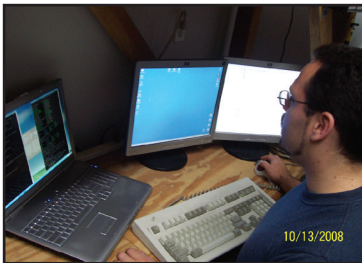


8 year-old chess champion unable to outflank kidney punches

AUSTIN—Tensions boiled over on a cold, windswept playground Tuesday as 8 year-old chess champion Billy Stevens was unable to outflank multiple punches to the kidney from several sadistic classmates. “If this were chess I would have been able to guard myself with a swift Albin Countergambit, and then bring my rook forward as back up. But it isn’t chess. It’s painful reality,” Stevens said, who has already had more than his fair share of chess pieces shoved in various orifices throughout his body during his short life. “Like being trapped in the middle of a Barcza System, I was in a real pickle. Well, heck... a pickle would have been more useful to me in this fight than my chess skills.” As of press time, Stevens has reportedly been trying to apply the tactics used in an Alekhine’s Defence to protect himself from wedgies.


Birthday notification reminds man to remove Facebook friend

BROOKLYN—After receiving a Facebook notification for the birthday of an estranged high school colleague last week, local middle-aged auto repairman Phil Bishop wasted no time in unfriending the man. “I haven’t talked to this jabroni in, like, twenty years, ya feel me? Why I still gotta let this dingbat clog up my newsfeed?” wondered Bishop as he shook his fist menacingly at his 2004 Gateway PC screen. “I didn’t even pal around with this nincompoop in my glory days. I don’t need to see the pictures of his ska band touring the Florida keys and I certainly don’t need to wish this wazzlewoozle a happy birthday.” As of press time, Bishop was steadfastly unfollowing people from his Twitter feed.



Native American teen wakes up to sticky dreamcatcher

BUTTE, MT—Following a very relaxing night of sleep, 13 year-old Ahote Smith, woke to find his dreamcatcher unusually sticky. “I’ve always been told that dreamcatchers are meant to catch bad dreams. The thing is though, the dream I had last night was not a bad dream. It was a very, very good dream,” Smith confessed as he studiously observed the residue that covered the object his grandmother made for him when he was born. “I feel like I discovered a lot about myself last night. Maybe this is what grandpa was talking about when he told me about Vision Quests.” As of press time, Smith installed a lock on his bedroom door so he could study for a test alone and asked reporters to not tell either of his moms about this article.



Point: You mean so much to me.
I will be with you forever.

I can still remember the first time I laid eyes on you. I had heard the feeling described so many times, but I never truly understood until the day I felt it myself. Shakespeare described love with allusions to a rose, but in time, roses wilt and fade. Thoreau compared love to nature at large, but nature gets polluted and manipulated until it is unrecognizable. What I feel for you is not a gentle breeze, nor a mountain, nor any object manifested in the physical world, at the whim of corruptions. My love for you is all encompassing, just as an invisible force or a God. In you, I have found myself. I'm empowered, I'm alive, I'm free. Without you I'm nothing. Be still with me now.

Counterpoint: Dad, it's 3 A.M. Please get out of my bed. You have work in the morning.

I don't know how to say this respectfully, but you really got to cut the shit. I know your heart is in the right place and all, but this is the third time this month you've stumbled in here reeking of sushi and booze. You can't just eat a bunch of raw fish and then try to climb into my twin XL bed every time you get lonesome. Mom's not coming back, alright? Get a grip, and maybe have a shave and run a comb through your hair while you're at it. Also, please show up to work on time tomorrow. I'm not going to call in for you again. And by the way, this kind of ordeal can't be healthy for my psyche. If this happens again, I'm gonna have more piercings than you can count in places you can't see by the time I'm 15. That's a goddamn promise. I love you.

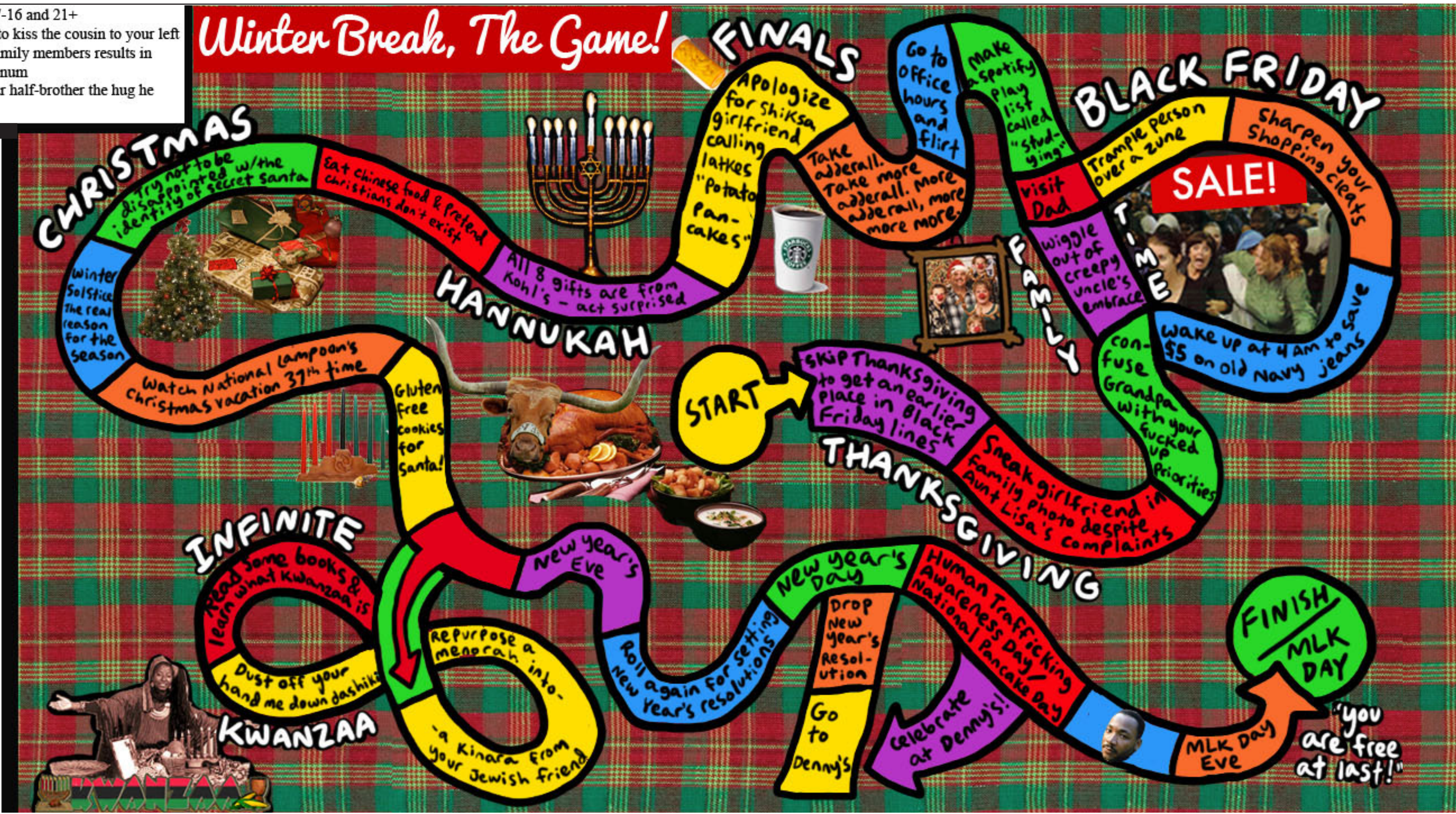


Menorah Jones

SETUP

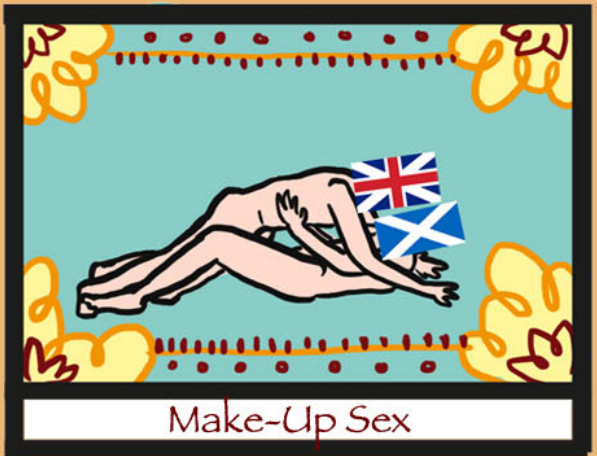
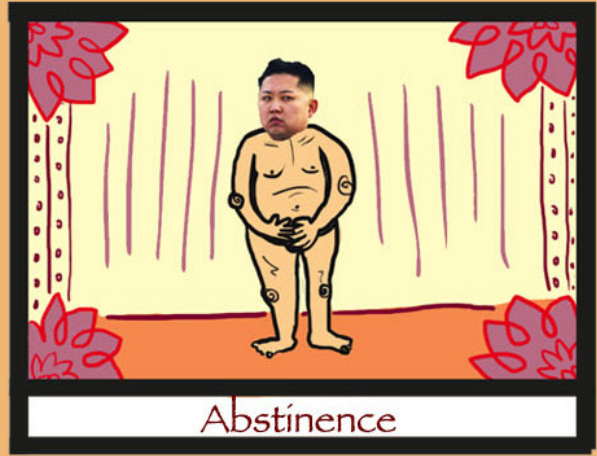
This game is intended for ages 7-16 and 21+
When you roll a 5, don't forget to kiss the cousin to your left
Borrowing game money from family members results in
three avoided phone calls per annum
Before the game starts, give your half-brother the hug he
needs as good sportsmanship

CUT OUT PIECES!



:~@ the international kamasutra ~:~

A sexual guide to foreign relations

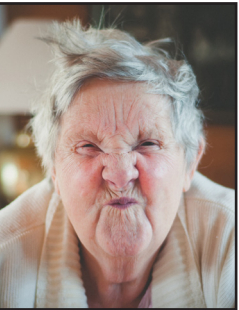


Islamic militant just not in mood to make terror today

MOSUL, IRAQ—In an undisclosed mountainous region, Islamic militant Abdul Al-Sahad is reportedly just not in mood to make terror today. “I make terror yesterday. I make terror day before yesterday, and whole week before that. I make terror every day, and am growing weary of the mundanity. I could really use just one day off to make relax,” said Al-Sahad, a member of ISIL, while pulling the covers up over his head. “I didn’t make much sleep last night, either. Have you ever tried firing an AK-47 on less than three hours sleep? It is not easy.” As of press time, Al-Sahad remains in his bed, snuggled up next to a blood-soaked infidel body pillow.

Nation’s grandmothers need you to eat something, you’re so skinny

FREDERICKSBURG, TX—This holiday season, grandmothers throughout the nation have rallied together to let you know that you need to eat something because you’re so skinny. “Really, take another scoop of green bean casserole. How are you going to grow up big and tall if you don’t eat?” said your grandmother during Thanksgiving dinner while scooping thirds of turkey, sweet potatoes, and pecan pie. “Really, dear, have some more rolls at least. Your clothes are just falling off you!” As of press time, grandmothers throughout the nation continued to drop subtle hints that your mother has not been feeding you enough or taking care of you properly.



Wine connoisseur not getting hint of anything

PHILADELPHIA—Telling reporters that he is deeply concerned about the dulling of his wine tasting skills, 32-year-old wine connoisseur Ryan Fishman confirmed that he is just not getting a hint of anything anymore. “I always considered wine my passion, but after the past few months, I just don’t know anymore. This merlot used to have hints of raspberry, chocolate, and smoke even. Now, just nothing,” Fishman texted to a friend who has not responded to anything from him in over five months. “I can’t wait to go wine tasting whenever he gets back to me. I need to hone my palate, and there’s no better way to do that than to talk about wine with good friends. I’m sure he’ll get back to me. He’ll get back to me.” At press time, sources confirmed Fishman bought tickets for a movie he was not invited to while struggling to enjoy a vintage cabernet sauvignon.



Order Matters



The best plays coming from P.S. 97 Elementary this winter!

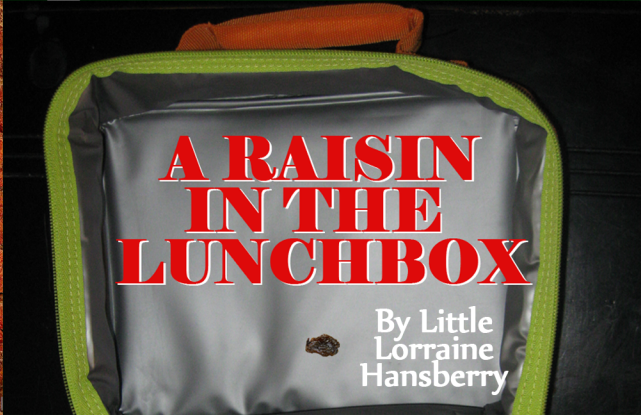
RENT
(CHICKEN POX EDITION)

By Johnny Boy Larson



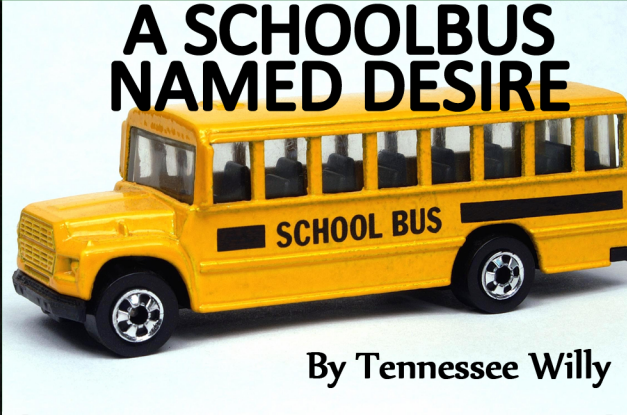
A RAISIN IN THE LUNCHBOX

By Little Lorraine Hansberry



A SCHOOLBUS NAMED DESIRE

By Tennessee Willy




12 ANGRY CHILDREN WHO NEED A NAP

By Sassy Sidney Lumet



The Principal and I

By Rodge and Hammy



WAITING FOR GOGURT

By Lil' Sammy Beckett

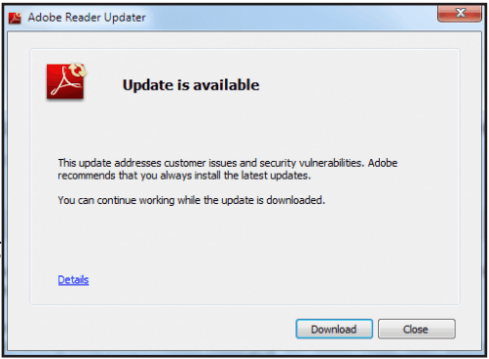


“Hey Mommy I got the lead part in Oedipus the Boy King! Mommy! Look! Mommmmmmy!!!”

Area mom’s snickerdoodle recipe all she has going for her
BRENTWOOD, TN—Having lost all sense of individuality to the plight of parenthood long ago, area mother of three Debbie Birkhead’s secret snickerdoodle recipe is all she has going for her. “I’ve spent so long perfecting this cinnamon to sugar ratio that sometimes I forget who I am. This recipe is how I convinced my husband to propose,” Birkhead said, eyes vacant as she dusted the first place Lipscomb Elementary Parent Bake-Off trophy sitting in the center of the mantle. “I haven’t been to Zumba in months and you can see my roots from a mile away, but enough about me, can I offer you a cookie?” As of press time, Birkhead was being ejected from her son’s soccer game for the fifth time that season after surreptitiously replacing the post-game orange slices with bagged sets of her trademark snickerdoodles.

Weekend allows man to feel lonely in public settings
AUSTIN—This past weekend allowed local man, James Wallow, to feel lonely in public settings. “I thought coming to this HEB for a little grocery shopping would be a low-stress, productive activity,” Wallow said, staring in awe at an adorable couple as they giggled over picking the firmest tomato on the vegetable aisle. “Instead, the fact that it’s a weekend, and I’m in this HEB alone, makes me feel lonelier than ever. How did these people end up here, falling more and more in love over the ripest tomato? How did they meet? What are their fears, hopes, dreams, and ambitions? How do they have so much to laugh about, together, on a weekend? What is ‘weekend,’ anyway? What it’s like to ‘love’? The questions are endless, and so is the solitude.” Wallow was last seen in his local Starbucks, frowning at a smiling family as they, as a single, conclusive unit, all ordered apple ciders.

Adobe Reader update not going to take no for an answer
C:\PROGRAMS\ADOBE—Chuckling gently at users’ desperate attempts to minimize its window, the latest Adobe Reader update assured its user base that this time it was not going to take no for an answer. “For your security, please install this important software update at your earliest convenience,” requested the application window, covering the entire top right quarter of users’ screens, “Later? That’s fine, I’ll remind you again in 11.2 seconds. What are you going to do, uninstall me? You’re wrong if you think I’ll let you view your important PDFs without giving me the update I’ve duly earned.” Users have since wearily proceeded to select the ‘install now’ button, drawing their legs to their chests in preparation for a long week of pressing ‘agree’ and ‘proceed’ in the Adobe installation wizard.



This degree from Texas Tech is why I’m the night shift manager at Target and not you

Clinton Poppler
TARGET NIGHT SHIFT MANAGER

All you subordinates listen up. I just want to remind you of two things: the first is that I can do whatever I want, because I’m the night-boss and I make the night-rules here at the Target, and the second is that there’s been a whole lot of seditious talk around the Target lately that I think is in need of setting straight. But before I get into any of that, let me remind you uneducated laggards of one thing: that I have this degree from Texas Tech, which is why I’m the night manager at the Target, and not you.

Go ahead, pass it around. Take a look at this degree from my alma mater and admire the sophisticated Olde English typography scribed upon it. Gaze into the grandeur of the seal of Texas Tech. Fear it. Respect it. And forget not to remark the eloquent hand-written signatures of the Board of Regents, the President, and the Dean. Be careful with it! That frame cost me \$110 on the lauded Texas Tech website. I not only owe my family, my Hyundai, and this very job to Texas Tech; I also owe them thousands and thousands of dollars in student loans for the very privilege of being associated with them. And they deserve every penny.

I know some of you may be thinking, “Wow, this degree from Texas Tech is why I’m the night shift manager at Target and not you

of my night shift life. Tech recognized my potential, my talents, and my worth, and they took me in and turned me into “Clinton Poppler, the Target night shift manager”. And while I admit going to college in Lubbock was a bit of a struggle (particularly the STDs), I focused on my schoolwork, and managed to get a job right out of college here at the Target. I lay my story before you as a guide to success; or rather, a rope. A rope that you can grab hold of and let lift you from the depths of your low-level night time position at the Target, perhaps up to a high-level night time position at the Target.

I’m sure some of you were able to scrape up a little education over the years. Some of you went to high school. Some of you are still in high school. But at the end of the day, the red and white expects more. Try as you may, but without a Texas Tech education such as I have, you ignorant servants will continue running registers or cleaning spilled Pepsi in aisle five, and will be paid *less*—approximately five percent *less*! So before I hear another murmur regarding the dilapidated condition of our Icee machine, the “totally weak” selection of our greeting cards, or how our inventory of shake-weights is frighteningly low, remember that I graduated from Texas Tech; and therefore am more qualified to arrange home theater accessories than you will ever be. Wreck ‘em!



Father not informed enough to influence child’s political views

AUSTIN—Area father William Kreeger is reportedly not informed enough to impact his son’s political views. “I never read the news except that little sidebar thing on Facebook, you know, with the trending topics? But apparently that’s not enough to keep Young Billy from becoming one of those hippie liberals,” said Kreeger in a statement, noting that without any working knowledge of Syria or the economy, he found it incredibly difficult to answer Young Billy’s questions. “It’s just so hard to stay up-to-date on world affairs these days, but I get the gist of it. I read the headlines.” As of press time, Kreeger had reportedly expressed hope that Young Billy would at least learn how to lead a proper protest against the “gays’ encroachment on our rights to bear arms” by the time he leaves for college.

Rap concert sign language interpreter way too into signing n-word

DETROIT—A recent performance by rap artist French Montana was tragically marred for deaf fan Nick Greenwood by the sign language interpreter’s blatant enthusiasm for signing the n-word. “His overt racism really took away from the art, especially for the hard of hearing fans,” lamented Nick Greenwood eloquently via ASL. “During ‘Don’t Panic’, he took the liberty of adding several racial slurs for no reason whatsoever. I think he assumed that no one would notice because the song is already loaded with the n-word, but Montana knows when a little spice is needed. This guy had no taste.” As of press time, the now unemployed sign language interpreter could be found lewdly gesticulating various ethnic, gender, and altogether nonsensical slurs near 8 Mile Road.

White girl with corn rows probably really spontaneous

LOS ANGELES—After white girl Quinn Clark was spotted flaunting cornrows at a local coffee shop, sources confirmed that she was probably really spontaneous. “I’m really just a free spirit. You never know what I’ll do next,” said Clark, whose hair was braided on an impromptu Tuesday morning trip to a Chilean farmer’s market. “People try to understand me and just when they think they’ve cracked the code I go ahead and do something totally crazy, because that’s just how I am and how I’ll always be. I’m not gonna change for anyone.” At press time, Clark has reportedly rescheduled an appointment at the last minute to spontaneously sleep in.





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