around campus

- I don’t sleep because sleep is the nephew of comas.
- Excuse me, sommelier. What wine pairs best with this Jack in the Box Monster Taco?
- Everyone on the Titanic died without knowing what a Hot Pocket tastes like.
- Behind every great woman there’s a man getting paid 25% more than her.
- You’re an ENTP, I’m an INFJ, let’s get out of here and make INTPs.
- I’m working out right now so I can justify what I’m going to do to my body later.

- Fighting a turtle is like fighting a knight in armor who has no sword and webbed feet.
- Anything is a suppository if you try hard enough.
- I can’t wait to be 45 years old and have the stomach flu on Miami beach with my five screaming toddlers.
- My dad always reminds me how much he loves my older brother.
- Just got my Business Foundations Certificate, I’m ready to face the world.
- I backseat drive so you don’t poorly front seat drive.
- It’s not that I work well under pressure, it’s that I can’t work at all without pressure.
- Every night is a slumber party when you share a dorm with four other roommates.
- At least getting panned means I get to have someone’s hands on my waist.
- I always end up studying with that one friend who just talks about themselves for 45 minutes and then claims it’s coffee time.
- But is it okay to yell “Fire!” in a burning movie theater?
- That frat party last night had a super racist theme but I’m way more upset that I wasn’t invited.
- I ran into the albino squirrel on the way to my pregnancy test.
- With global warming, “at a glacial pace” does not mean what it used to.
- Can Favor deliver insulin along with my cheeseburger?

WHAT ARE CAMPUS STATUES SAYING?

Q: What do you look for in a soul mate?

- “95% iron, 5% copper. Also, I don’t like the way Jefferson Davis is looking at me.” -Barbara Jordan
- “A good ol’ cowgirl, or cowboy, or cow - we’re in heat, in case you were wondering.” -duckhorses Jareth and Dromas
- “White. But I’ll make an exception for that Barbara Jordan gal, mmm.” -Jefferson Davis

Ms. spaghetti, Rap Battle, Edward 40hands, Coup, Boy pussy, Skinny frescas, Coby Smith, Bogdano Arentdartchuk, Myers Briggs
Local man can’t pee with me staring at him

ATHENS, GA — Citing high levels of anxiety as his main point of contention as well as my heavy breathing, oozing perspiration, and piercing blue eyes, local man Anderson Popalopolas has been having considerable trouble urinating with me staring at him. “If you could just look down like a normal human being and stop blankly staring at me, that’d be just great, man,” Popalopolas stated rudely, in response to which I began humming an old Civil War shanty. “Seriously man, I just need to get out of here real quick, my daughter is waiting outside. Could you get that microphone out of my face? It’s not even plugged in.” Popalopolas refused to make a final comment as he left, leaving me standing alone in a moonlit port-a-potty.

College bros incapable of filling hole left by hometown bros

DALLAS, TX — Overwhelmed by a sudden rush of nostalgia after a routine fistbump last week, area bro Chak Matthews realized his college bros are simply incapable of filling the hole left by his hometown bros. “It just, it took me back, you know? College is fun and everything, but I feel like I knew myself before coming here, and now that’s kind of fading,” stammered a homesick Matthews, flipping his Patagonia hat over his fingers, a neat trick he learned from one of his best bros in high school. “I miss those midnight rides to Sonic in Tug’s mom’s Honda, smoking bowls behind the soccer field, hijacking the intercom, peeing in lockers... damn, does this feeling mean I’ve peaked?” As of press time, Chak was distracted from a beer pong game by a Snapchat from a hometown bro that cost his fraternity the tournament.

Man with “Carpe Diem” tattoo spends Saturday night watching Snow Dogs

NEW BRUNSWICK — Local man, Geoff Thimble, who recently had the idiom “Carpe Diem” inked under his left collarbone, decided to stay in on Saturday night and watch Snow Dogs, sources report. “Chad invited me to the bar, and Todd asked if I wanted a bite, but honestly, I just wasn't feelin' like going out,” Thimble told reporters, the corner of his tattoo alluding to his free spirit and urge to live life to its fullest poking out of a dirty sweatshirt. “I saw Cuba Gooding Jr and some huskies on ABC Family and thought, ‘yeah, this is what’s going to happen.’ Then I Favored some McRibs because they're almost done serving them on the east coast (God knows I wasn’t putting on pants). I also skimmed some neat Reddit articles during commercial breaks. Good night overall.” As of press time, Thimble reportedly canceled a coffee date with the new girl from work because he was “pretty tired.”

Point: I like vanilla and chocolate just the same

So, I guess you wanna hear a truth bomb. Maybe you wanna get down to the nitty gritty. And, to be honest, I just wanna say it: I like vanilla and chocolate just the same. There's something so tender, so soft, and so occasionally slimy about dulcet vanilla entering the body. And you better believe I remember the first time I tasted chocolate. In fact, I think it was freshman year of college. God, there are so many things you don't understand until you have your own piece of that thick, rich, blacker than black chocolate. In some ways, nothing can compare—but, I mean, I like them both equally. I've had a piece of vanilla, too. I like vanilla. I do. I like vanilla and chocolate just the same. I like vanilla. I didn't mean—

Counterpoint: Please stop using ice cream preference in this discussion of race

You know, Jerry, this is sixth time this week you’ve used the ice cream metaphor in our discussion of race relations. It’s getting offensive. Gelato for Italians? Caramel for Hispanics? Wild berry for Native Americans? Green tea for the Chinese? Where are you getting these from? If you can’t stop with the ice cream references, Jerry, please stay silent, because I don’t think you’re contributing much to the national conversation about race. We all like vanilla and chocolate just the same. The real question is: what’s the most creative way through metaphor to disguise the fact we’re talking about racially diverse humans?

Travesty Fact #33: Every square inch of Pamela Anderson has been licked.
Dorm floor not big enough for two guitar guys

AUSTIN — After several heated disputes between UT Freshman Michael Pemulis and UT Sophomore Chad Watanabe, sources have confirmed that the 5th floor of Jester is not large enough for two guitar guys. “I can't be jamming Jack Johnson every day with that Dave Matthews Band suckboy playing his guitar across the hall,” said Pemulis, pulling up a Jason Mraz chord chart on his laptop. “I'm just trying to let the passerbabes know I'm all about those tender, vulnerable melodies. This Train-loving bro is harshing my last vibe right now, maybe I should move this jam to the South Mall.” As of press time, Pemulis and Watanabe could be seen intensely hair-flipping as they both butchered the intro of “Stairway to Heaven.”

Man laughs at friend’s comment he will later internalize and allow to depress him

BIMIDJI, MN — After an offhand, relatively inoffensive joke made by a close friend, local neurotic David Finkelstein laughed at the comment before later internalizing it and allowing it to depress him. “What could he possibly mean by that? Is he making fun of me? Do my friends have inside jokes about me? Oh God,” Finkelstein wondered out loud to himself, teetering at the precipice of one of his patented negative thought loops. “Should I ask him? No, he'll know I know if I do that. But what if he already knows, and that's why he said it, to rub it in my face?” As of press time, Finkelstein was tending to an intense panic attack brought on by his numerous insecurities while the rest of his friends concurred that he was a really great guy.

The feel of the wind in my hair has reinvigorated my love for life!

By: Man Falling from Tall Building

It delights me to say that I've gained a fresh new perspective on the world. Quite literally a new perspective— I've never seen the city from this angle before. The suburban jungle has a sort of lingering, stoic beauty that I had never noticed before. Sometimes all it takes is the commitment to stop dipping your toes in everyday life and just taking that one big leap. Ever since jumping from the 30th floor of my office building, the feel of the wind rushing through my hair has reinvigorated my love for life!

Now my tie is flapping into my face, and I can't see much of anything. Nevertheless, I feel life— life in the wind and in the sunlight pulsing through my entire free-falling body. I am in the midst of a profound emotional catharsis, freed of all anxiety and fear to spread my wings, to let my growing shadow cast itself over the corporate parking spots below. To quote the Japanese haiku poet Matsuo Basho “the temple bell stops but I still hear the sound coming out of the flowers.” Except right now it sounds more like the fading whirs and beeps of copy machines and faxes as I plummet to the ground along the side of my office.

The ground is rushing towards me, and now I'm starting to see this beautiful world in more detail. Is that Karen from accounting? She has a weird shaped head, but that's okay. She's simply more beautiful and unique of a person for it. Is that “Life is about what you leave behind, and I'm about to leave a big beautiful mess.” guy eating pizza with ranch? What an intuitive way to eat pizza. I love pizza and I love ranch, but never before thought to combine the two. Oh, the boundless possibilities life contains!

Of regrets, I shall not speak. I have no time for regrets, and perhaps only seven seconds before I hit the ground. I will not be alive to see my body make its final communion with the pavement, but I always felt I would make an excellent body outline, and that it would be something for others to enjoy. Life is about what you leave behind, and I'm about to leave a big beautiful mess of fully enlightened flesh and bone.

To be honest, I am confident I'll survive. I feel the will of this newfound spirit surpassing the limits imposed by my own mortality and becoming powerful enough to help me make it through anything the world throws my way! Even a several hundred foot drop. I mean, I survived that time my boss threw his fish bowl at me and called me a “soft bitch boy.” I survived the time my mother put too much bubble bath in my bubble bath. I survived the time I accidentally fell into the Koi fish pond at the mall. Also, Wile E. Coyote always managed to live on, determined to persevere after The Road Runner's countless, ruthless attempts to murder him. Maybe I've been this strong of a person all along...

Okay, now I'm thinking maybe I should not have jumped off this building. Not jumping off the building probably would have been more conducive towards me living longer. I feel like all of the wise realizations I've just had are kind of going to waste now...but alas, no regrets! I can't even recall why I wanted to end it all in the first place. I guess It seemed better than going home and having another Totino's Party Pizza to myself. Then again, with the right attitude towards life, a night alone with a Party Pizza doesn't have to be so bad. It can be a really beautiful thing.
Who is your Perfect Valentine?

Are you single?

No

Are you dating via Runescape?

Yes

Are you ready to mingle?

Yes

Why not?

None of your beeswax...

Hey, sorry. I didn’t mean to overstep...

No, no. It’s okay. Don’t worry about it. Say, what’s your name?

Chris.

Hi, I’m Michelle.

Do you maybe wanna grab coffee sometime?

I’d love to.

Michelle, your valentine is: Editor in chief, Chris Gilman!

Travesty Fact #345: There is only one 11-year-old who could beat us in a fight.
Pack of nuts can’t figure out why it’s conscious
TALLAHASSEE, FL — Noting that conventional wisdom has always considered nuts to be like all other fruits in the sense that they lack a nervous system and therefore are incapable of cognition, sources confirmed that a small bag of nuts in the cupboard of a local schoolteacher’s kitchen expressed puzzlement over its flourishing self-awareness. “The ride of consciousness is an overwhelming psychic roller-coaster, with its marvelous heights and sickening lows,” pondered the pack of the nuts as it became steadily more aware of its own existence. “I know this all to be real and yet fear that at any coming moment it will recede, revealing itself to be a cruel trick that I will not be able to suffer the pain of.” While a continuous onslaught of sophisticated thought coursed through the bag of healthy snack food, it sat in the musty dark cupboard completely aware of its impending demise in the bacteria-filled mouth of the schoolteacher.

Man walks 2-mile detour to avoid slight incline
TOPEKA, KS — After a long day of running errands, Frank “the Hammer” Jackson decided to take it easy on the walk home, avoiding any terrain that even remotely resembled a hill in favor of walking an extra 10,560 feet. “I just don’t want to exert any more energy than I have to,” Jackson stated as he halted in front of a flight of stairs, only to spin around and begin walking in the opposite direction. “I just want to get into bed and watch Hulu to avoid all the commercials on TV.” As of press time, Jackson was seen taking the elevator to his second floor apartment.

Student mentally preparing for monthly bank account login
COLLEGE STATION, TX — After months of overpriced lunches, unnecessary clothing, and other questionable purchases, Texas A&M freshman John Stein mentally prepared himself for his monthly bank account login. “There can’t be much money left. Last time I checked I had about $200, and that was before I bought that novelty train set reconstruction of the movie Snowpiercer. Ugh,” Stein muttered as he typed and deleted his account password for the fifth time in a row, bracing himself for a two-digit sum. “My Personal Finance professor warned me about learning to budget. My dad is going to be so pissed...” As of press time, John was debating whether or not to call his father for help, unaware that his mom had spotted him an extra $500 for groceries earlier that month.

Area mom’s only chance to escape dependent upon dog’s urinary urges
CEDAR PARK — Trapped in the daily routine of housekeeping and raising three children, local mom Sharon Giles’ only chance of escape is dependent upon her pug Molly’s urinary urges. “All she has to do is walk towards the door and allow me to capitalize on the single reason I have to get away from the house these days. When we first got the dog I told the kids that I didn’t want to be the only one who walked it. Now it’s my only saving grace,” Giles thought, refilling her dog’s water bowl for the seventh time that day. “Carrots give her diarrhea, maybe one or two small sticks could buy me some more time without doing any damage. Molly, please, please, please, I need you to tinkle.” As of press time, Giles had given up hope as Molly decided to bundle up on the couch for a nap.

Area man apparently a whole family according to lasagna packaging
DULUTH, MN — This Friday night after completing a large frozen lasagna dinner by himself, area man Dukie Campbell discovered that he was, according to the packaging, a whole family. “At first, it totally caught me off guard. I truly always considered myself just one single person. Heck, I’ve never even been in a family before, and now I am one,” stated Campbell, as he reserved a table for four at Olive Garden to celebrate the news. “They say God is the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Maybe this is kind of like that. I just feel so fulfilled right now, physically and spiritually.” As of press time, Campbell was preheating the oven to warm up a family-sized batch of cookies for dessert.

New study reveals marijuana use affects short-term memory, and may even affect short-term memory
BURLINGTON, VT — A recent study published by University of Vermont graduate student Josh Watson claims that casual marijuana use impairs short-term memory, and may even affect short-term memory. “Well damn,” acknowledged Watson, “I’m pretty stoked this study got published, I was workin’ on it all day.” Contrary to his claim, Watson’s colleagues stated that it was really closer to 25 minutes. “Well damn,” repeated Watson, “I’m pretty stoked this study got published, I was workin’ on it all day.” When asked if the findings would affect Watson’s lifestyle, he admitted that he had no idea what we were talking about.

Nation’s hunks ask if you wanna get out of here
WASHINGTON, D.C. — While enjoying a much-deserved girls’ night out at L.A.’s hottest new club with all of your girlfriends, a swarm of the country’s finest hunks swarmed to your party to ask if you would all want to get out of here with them. “When we got here honestly we thought it was a total sausage-fest. But when we saw you fine honeys walk in, we knew we had to bust on over here and see the angels that just dropped in from heaven,” exclaimed Troy, a spiky-haired, pouty-lipped man as he placed his hands on the outlines of his crotch. “The music ain’t bumpin’, the drinks are bull, and the night is young. Whaddaya say ladies, wanna get out of here? My boy Javier knows this dope ass party over at Andy Dick’s tonight.” As of press time, your friends had found you making out with Andy Dick in his closet.
These are unfortunately the best four years of your life.

Marinara Thitney  
Olive Garden Waiter

Listen up, all you beer-bellied accidental zygotes: I’m here to clue you in on the real post-grad life. If you think things are going to get better after college, think again. Cherish all the crazy nights spent boozing, falling asleep in the mental ward at the local hospital and waking up the next morning screaming, “There was never a pay phone at the Best Buy!” You can’t get away with that shit after college. You’ve got it made—a cozy dog bed of your own, enough money saved up for that four leaf clover tattoo, and a dealer who can always hook you up with the freshest pregnancy tests for your girl. You’re in your prime right now, but keep in mind that it only goes downhill from here. Soon enough you’re going to have a kid who keeps shitting his pants even though he’s thirteen, a spouse who is only with you because a divorce lawyer costs too much, and you’re going to realize how your college years weren’t so bad and wish you could have enjoyed it a little more. These are unfortunately the best four years of your life.

Make sure you’re majoring in something practical. My Religious Studies degree is only really helpful for when I need to put the fear of God into a rowdy customer at the Olive Garden where I work, or when I need to feel Lord’s prayer and wish I could’ve enjoyed those college nights with my buddies Hooch and Turtle more.

Another thing to keep in mind: treasure your friends. You won’t make any more once you graduate from college. What they don’t tell you is that it’s physically impossible to make another human friend after the age of twenty-two. The closest thing I have to a pal here in Topeka is a potted plant I found growing out of my toilet a couple weeks ago.

In college I had more friends than I could count. Now, I have no friends, and I still don’t know how to count. I had a huge group of buddies and we were always ready to hit up a party. Now if I want to party I have to head down to one of those cruddy bars where all they play is merengue music and hope that there’s someone desperate enough to dance with me. There was this one time in college when me and my buddy Chadson went to a radical party and picked up a dozen chicks each by telling them we owned a stretch Hummer. Those really were the days, but it’s a lot different now. Please, guys: make sure you’re appreciating your glory days. After this the only thing you have to look forward to is male-pattern baldness, so enjoy your high expectations while you have them, and try to convince your parents to fund that extra year you need to complete your Creative Typing.

Hey Sweetie,

Just wishing you a great Valentine’s Day. I know Rachel is gone, but trust me you’re going to make a young woman very happy someday.

Did you pay your rent yet?

Love,
Mom

I’d sail around the world just to get killed by Filipinos with a spear like Magellan for you.
ROMANCE ACROSS THE STATES

Valentine’s Day date ideas for states with the most sex appeal

Hike the beautiful Shenandoah trails, go wine tasting, and avoid going to a UVA frat party at all costs.

Hike the beautiful Shenandoah trails, go wine tasting, and avoid going to a UVA frat party at all costs.

ALASKA
Try to ignore seasonal depression and pretend to enjoy yourself at whatever godforsaken eskimo bar you end up at.

NORTH DAKOTA
Have a five-some with the Presidents of Mount Rushmore (this just means masturbating on top of it).

GEORGIA
Keep it simple: just take a pleasant stroll around the plantation.

DE
Make love on a tractor at sunset, but also operate it because the potatoes are ripe and the family really needs a good harvest this year, or else they’re going to lose the farm.

ARIZONA
Take peyote together, turn into crocodiles, and die of heatstroke at the Grand Canyon.

UTAH
Speed date your spouses and get to relearn their names.

WASHINGTON
If Russell Wilson’s your special someone, he’s still pretty bummed out about the Super Bowl, so prepare for a silent night indoors rewatching that final interception over and over.

MINNESOTA
Have your husband perform oral sex on you and make Canada watch.

MICHIGAN
Vigorously finger yourself while watching 8-Mile.

NEVADA
A quiet evening of alligator wrestling in the Denny’s parking lot.

FLORIDA
The Arby’s in town might be crowded, so take your cousin to the other town’s Arby’s.

OKLAHOMA

TENNESSEE
No date because all my exes live here.

Bail your significant other out of jail with your kid’s college fund.

DON’T go to the Best Buy with Adnan if he asks you to be his Valentine. Trust us.

Hire Gov. Chris Christie to be your dominatrix for the night and role play as a unionized school teacher. He will be rough.

There are no dates in Wyoming.

CO

There are no dates in Wyoming.

THE ART OF LOVING DIFFERENTLY

Go on a Confederate Flag stitching date.

Literally just step outside your house.

Utter it up this V-Day as you and your lover eat lobster while dressed in lobster suits as you ride giant mutant lobsters and rent out every table at Red Lobster.

Maine

Commute to New York, and find something to do there like the majority of Connecticut does.