

FIGHTING TO LEGALIZE FOUR LEAF CLOVERS SINCE 1997

TEXAS

TRAVESTY



UT AUSTIN'S OFFICIAL HUMOR PUBLICATION



Goatee not going to save train-wreck of face



Woman arrested for having sex with two boys in trench coat



Programmer can't write code capable of loving him



Class hamster to be children's first experience with neglect



Local toy can't wait to be put in toddler's warm, wet mouth



Dad manages to fuck up bagel bites



parents' country club...

- In the drug game, crack rock beats rolling paper any day
- I'm a basketball-playing Geologist, so I'm always on the quartz
- Hillary Clinton hid her emails because she was running the Imagine Dragons fanclub
- I'm tired of the Gorillaz appropriating ape culture



Disclaimer: Using this issue as rolling paper is ill advised. Toke at your own risk.

TEXAS TRAVESTY

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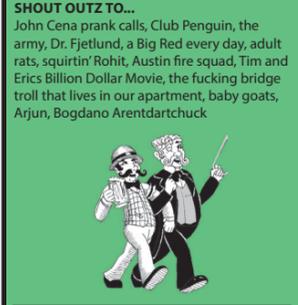
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 The Texas Travesty is a student humor publication at the University of Texas at Austin, published monthly by the permanent and contributing staff. The Travesty is a work of (hopefully) humorous fiction. Except where public figures are involved, characters 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 OUT TO...
 John Cena prank calls, Club Penguin, the army, Dr. Fjetlund, a Big Red every day, adult rats, squirtin' Rohit, Austin fire squad, Tim and Eric's Billion Dollar Movie, the fucking bridge troll that lives in our apartment, baby goats, Arjun, Bogdano Arendt, dartchuck



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FORCING RUN-OFFS SINCE 1997

Friend group speaking solely in "Workaholics" references

AUSTIN—An area friend group reached the admirable conversational achievement of communicating solely in "Workaholics" references yesterday. "We are running out of things we shmeeerrrke. I wanna shmerrrrrrk a berrrrrl," the group's token Canadian, Elliot Oliver, said to his pals as the group sipped lukewarm brews while basking atop a roof. "Ass-getting or ass-scratching competition tonight boys? Tight buttoholes either way, breh." As of press time, a new transfer student expressed interest to join their friend group, but his extensive knowledge of *The West Wing* was not doing him any favors.

Area woman pees in shower just to have own little secret

AUSTIN—In an effort to improve her own mystique, neighborhood woman Pamela Martini urinated in the shower today just to have a little secret of her own. "I felt so naughty! I stared at the toilet the whole time and whispered, 'I don't need you anymore, you dingleberry guzzler,'" Martini giggled to herself as she fumbled about in the refrigerator. "When my husband came home today, he noticed there was something different about me—he said I was glowing. All of this sneaking around has made me feel like a new woman!" As of press time, Martini was holding a gallon of apple juice to the light with a mischievous smile on her face.



New Toyota Prius to come with pre-attached Hillary Clinton campaign stickers

Washington, D.C.—Toyota recently signed a deal with presidential hopeful, Hillary Clinton, that will prompt the manufacturing of their new Prius model to include her 2016 presidential campaign sticker directly imprinted on the bumper of the vehicle. "Though including the sticker on every newly manufactured Prius will likely produce the same amount of Prius's with a democratic nominee sticker on them, this move re-enforces Mrs. Clinton's commitment to clean vehicles and the Japanese," campaign coordinator, Debbie Porter, explained as she laid out Mrs. Clinton's pantsuits for the week. "By automatically including the stickers on the cars, voters will have the flexibility to use their money on other things to support Hillary like t-shirts, lawn signs or most importantly the payments needed to keep Chris Christie distracted in a New Jersey Chinese buffet." As of press time, Mrs. Clinton was seen begging Whole Foods Market executives to allow her to sponsor the Hispanic food aisle.



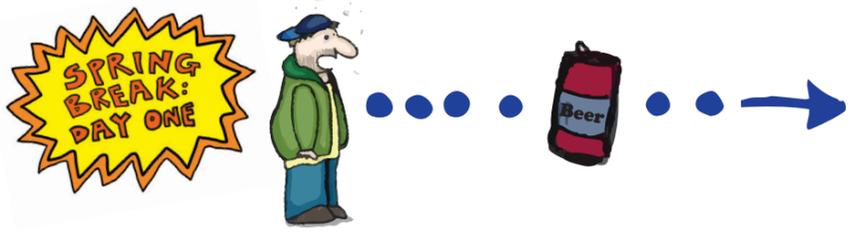
Game of Thrones creator to be killed off this season by universe creator

PARADISE, TX— After killing off scores of beloved characters from his wildly popular *Game of Thrones* series creator, George R.R. Martin, will be killed off this season by universe creator, God the Almighty. "This guy's killing off characters in his books just for fun at this point. He's having a little too much fun playing God. Wait till he finds out who I'm killing off next," said God, better known by his pen name, Finnegan H.L. Tottleman. God is aware the decision to kill Martin may prove controversial to his legion of followers but believes that the death's artistic merit will outweigh fan disappointment. "My followers have been on board with my creative decisions so far, hopefully they understand that writing George R.R. Martin out of the universe will pay off in the long run." At press time, fans were signing a petition for God to spare Martin and kill off Chris Brown instead.



U.S. Congress acquired in merger with Goldman Sachs

WASHINGTON D.C.— American multinational investment banking firm Goldman Sachs obtained the American legislative branch in a merger finalized yesterday, say top financial operatives. "We couldn't just stand by and watch an American institution slowly go bankrupt and die," reported Charlotte Yung, chief negotiator for Goldman Sachs. The ailing bicameral legislature accepted the deal after surviving 56 straight quarters of unbalanced budgets, unsatisfied consumers, and a bickering management team. Yung thinks her firm has a head start in leading the turnaround: "We've been deeply involved in their administration for decades, so acquisition felt like a natural step." At press time, Yung seemed optimistic about the deal, saying, "once we eliminate the outside influences and unqualified staff we'll really change the world with this group."



around campus

- Do they have cards for when you want to apologize for tripping on your grandma's oxygen tank?
- You aren't good enough to be an agent of chaos, you're a gremlin of light mischief
- Rotten Tomatoes is what I call my balls, and critics give them 83%
- My dog has diarrhea so I think I'm just gonna sell it
- Whenever I listen to Michael Jackson I just want to go undercover in the 80's to crack down on an Asian gang
- I bet Willie Nelson named his penis "Willie Senior"

WHAT ARE CAMPUS STATUES SAYING?

Q: How do you feel about the campaign to remove the Jefferson Davis statue?



"Who will I command the pigeons to defecate on now?" -Barbara Jordan



"Please don't tell anyone that we were ridden by Confederates..." -duckhorses Jareth and Dromas



"Makes sense." -Jefferson Davis

Study: John Travolta appears in 70% of America's nightmares

AMERICA'S PSYCHE—Prompted by the increasingly habitual maladroitness maneuvers televised at this year's Oscars, a recent study at Rutgers University revealed that American actor John Travolta has appeared in an alarming 70% of American citizen's nightmares. "I first dreamt about Travolta after I saw Wild Hogs when I was eleven, and the night terrors increased twofold after Hairspray. Sometimes [in the dream] I become Olivia Newton John and have to hand jive for him against my will while he caresses my cheek," said college freshman Danny Manero, who has suffered from PTSD since the films release in 2007.



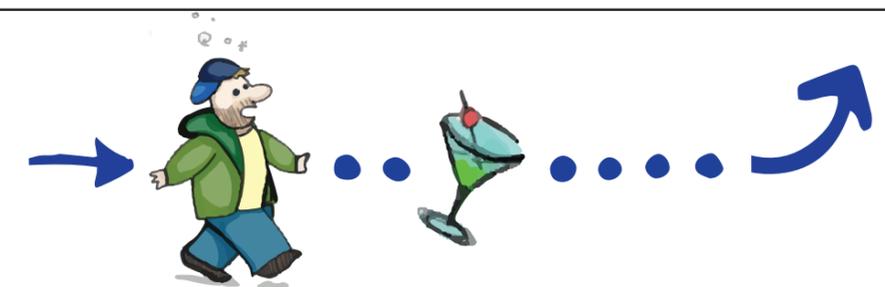
"Travolta has ruined everything for me. Leather jackets, cleft chins, scientology, and musical theatre." As of press time, Manero divulged his worst nightmare of Travolta publicly mispronouncing his name over and over again as tears welled up in his eyes.

Led Zeppelin to reunite for one final orgy

LONDON — Fans across the world celebrated Wednesday as members of the legendary rock band Led Zeppelin announced they are reuniting for one final drug-fueled orgy. "I know we're a little older nowadays, but we'll still try to put on the best, longest-lasting performance we can," said guitarist Jimmy Page as he recounted the dozens of stories about their decadent sex lives on the road. "For years now, the world has been waiting for us to reunite for one final depraved bout of sweating, steaming and creaming. I think it's proper time we get the boys and mud shark back together and go out with a gangbang. It's how Bonham would've wanted it." The press release also said the band currently has no plans for a reunion concert, saying they were never really in it for the music anyway.

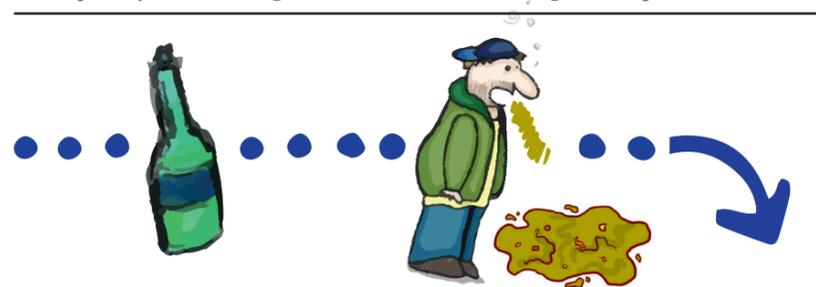
God frantically searches for Jesus in supermarket

SAN ANTONIO — For a few brief and frightening minutes at a local San Antonio H.E.B. this afternoon, the all mighty overlord of the universe was seen running up and down the grocery aisles frantically searching for his son, Jesus Christ. "Has anyone seen my baby boy? My dear sweet baby J, where are you? I demand, no, I command you to reveal yourself this instant," the Supreme Ruler exclaimed over the store intercom as a thundercloud formation began materializing underneath the fluorescent-lit warehouse ceiling. "By the powers of alpha and omega, I am only going to count to three, mister. One. Two. Two and a half... Jesus Christ, when we get home you are going to bed with no supper and no TV time." As of press time, Jesus was seen running out from the candy aisle begging for his father's forgiveness.



Rob Gronkowski spikes terminally ill boy at children's hospital

JOHNSTOWN, MA — While visiting a local children's hospital after winning his first ever Superbowl, New England Patriots tight end Rob Gronkowski showed off some of his signature moves to patients by spiking a terminally ill boy. "Ayyy baby, Superbowl Champions XLIX, we out here," shouted Gronk as he picked up an anonymous patient, ran down the ward, and pitched him straight into the ground while screaming "get hype" and doing a bit of a shimmy. "Look, I was tossed around all through my childhood by my older brothers, now we out here, baby," explained Gronkowski to outraged hospital staff. Sources confirmed that Gronk was subsequently seen staring into a mirror while fixing his snapback hat.



Group text starts to make plans no one will ever follow through with

WHITE PLAINS, NY— Late Wednesday evening a group text of a half-dozen suburban friends buzzed with potential weekend plans that none of them would ever follow through with. "This is gonna be awesome, I'm so fuckin' pumped," texted John Scotty, the founder of the group text and it's greatest contributor of noncommittal plans. "I can't believe we haven't all hung out in like months. I think the last time I saw any of you was when Lindsay and I ran into James at McDonalds on New Years." By Friday night, the group text was in unanimous consent that sometime next weekend would probably be better.

"Funny" friend wishes he was "handsome" friend

MINNEAPOLIS, MN— Cracking a joke about the weather as he took a sip from his beer, area "funny friend" Ray Erdedy paused, suddenly feeling a deep urge to one day become the "handsome friend" in his social group. "I love making my buds laugh, but I'm forgetting what being kissed feels like," said Erdedy, biting his thumb nail while shooting a longing glance at a girl across the room. "Making dumb jokes isn't doing it for me anymore, maybe it's time to start making it with dumb ladies instead. I'll stop wearing ironic t-shirts and start using some hair products, like shampoo." As of press time, Erdedy could be seen leaning in for a kiss after making one of his female friends giggle.



Same sucker creates Google Doc for every exam

AUSTIN - University of Texas sophomore Grant Kilroy has consistently created the Google Doc for every exam in his HIS 309L class since the beginning of the semester. "I feel like I'm contributing a lot more this way, rather than just going to class and looking out for myself come study time. It would be nice to feel appreciated, though," said Kilroy as he tirelessly transcribed his handwritten notes into "the Doc" for the class' third exam on industrialization. Kilroy constantly refreshes the Spring HIS 309L Facebook group, in between his note taking, in the hopes of seeing comments on his Google Doc link of his peers acknowledging his efforts. "I'm just hoping for any sort of comment to confirm that I'll get help with filling out the sections that I missed. I had really bad strep throat this month and I don't have a lot of the notes, but all that updates is the number of people who are currently on the doc..." said Kilroy, massaging his carpal tunnel inflamed wrists. As of press time, Chapter 4 about the Defenestrations of Prague, a day Kilroy missed and was unable to fill in the notes for, was considered by all to be the hardest part of the exam.



Are these drunk assholes going to ask me to take them through Whataburger?

Brim Jelushi
AUSTIN UBER DRIVER
Please don't do it. Don't ask. It's not like I can pretend to focus on the road, crank up my Sebastian Bach, and act like I'm not less than a yard away from everyone in this Hyundai. Yes, I can hear you. I hear in the haggled slur of your voice as you tell your friends how wasted you are, how many sake bombs you slammed, and lying about how many digits you scored, where you're headed. You're going to ask, so you might as well give it over with. Do it. Ask me if I'll take you all to Whataburger.

I mean, I try to maintain an open mind, and be patient. I was once in college too. I know what it's like to be shit-housed at three in the morning and want tacos. But let me tell you what I did: I wiped off the blood, put my shirt back on and walked there—or drove. Yes, regrettably that means that I sometimes drove a little buzzed. Which I know is probably not the wisest thing to admit, working as an Uber driver. But hey, I took responsibility for my hunger, and didn't sacrifice the dignity of an honest man trying to make a buck on the

side to gorge myself with honey biscuits, melty cheeseburgers or extra taquitos with sophisticated ketchup. No. I broke a sweat for my baguette. But now you're here, "You bet your fucking ass I want some. But are you going to offer to buy my meal? No." in my backseat, reeking of \$2 tequila shots and whispering in a husky undertone as discreet as the sounds my father made when he brought over "temporary mommies" on Saturday nights.

"Should we ask?" You ask. I suppose you want me to wait on you right? *Yeah, you guys go ahead, I'll just sit tight and wait and hold your meter while I'm at it.* Or maybe you want me to take you through the drive-thru. Because it's crowded inside and you want to get home to watch half an episode of *Orange is the New Black* before you pass out with the \$8.87 of grease in your bellies. And on the way home I'll just try to hold my nose as the salty, chemical odor of Whataburger oozes into my carpet fabric interior. See this

Point: Tony's a total asshole and doesn't deserve you, Becca. You're beautiful, OK?!

Hey, there. Come here. Listen, Tony - he's a nobody. King of the scumbags, trust me, he doesn't deserve you. I mean, look at you. You're beautiful, talented; you've got it all, I believe that with all my heart. Your laugh is contagious. Your smile illuminates any room you walk into. Heck, I bet your radiant blue eyes can be seen from space! The fact that that lowlife Tony caused you any pain, well, that's just not right. Not one bit. It'll be just like in Avril Lavigne's "Sk8r Boy", when he's fat and at home and you're rockin' out to MTV. Come here, give me a hug, it'll all be alright. One day you'll laugh about all this, I promise. Hey, don't stop the huggin'! You've been hurt, you need consoling, a shoulder to cry on. I can be that shoulder. Hell, I'll be two of them! How about you let a real man make you feel better? Hmm? What do you say?

Counterpoint: Fuck Becca

Fuck Becca. That strumpet's got some fucking nerve. Tony got fed up with her bitching and threw her to the curb after two weeks, and to be honest, I don't even know how he lasted that long. For the record, I was only being a nice guy back there. I couldn't be less interested in that sack of she-stink. That self-centered gremlin is spewing out 200 high-pitched syllables per minute, 24/7. I don't know what'd I'd do first if she tried to date me, cut off my ears or gouge out my eyes. Her teeth should be a public service announcement on why you should listen to your orthodontist's advice. Her ass looks like when you're cooking pancakes too close together and they start to touch, but way grosser. The devil himself wouldn't want anything to do with that crazy, manipulative coffin stuffer succubus. Man, I hope Tony's free to chill tonight, he's a good guy.

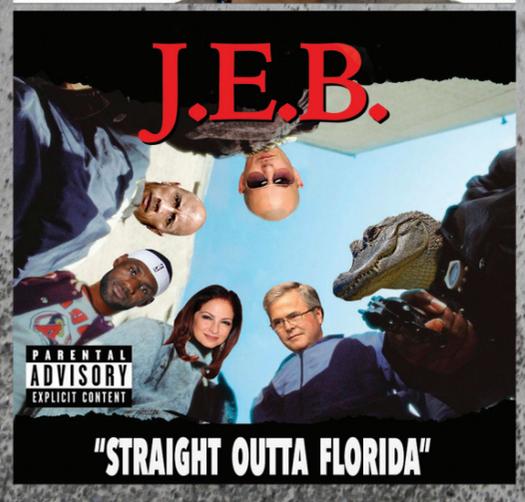
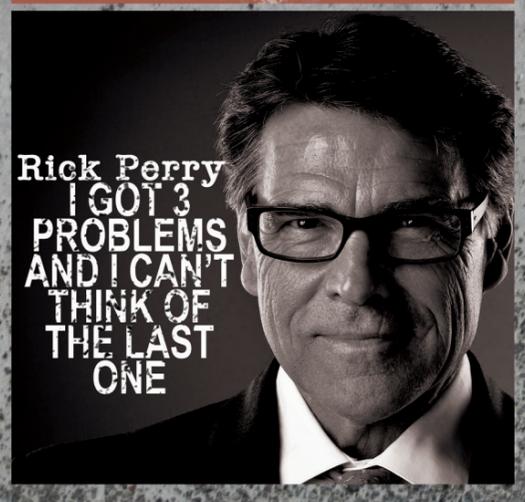
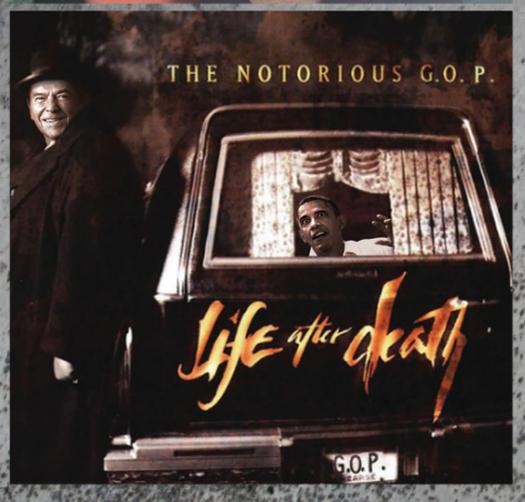
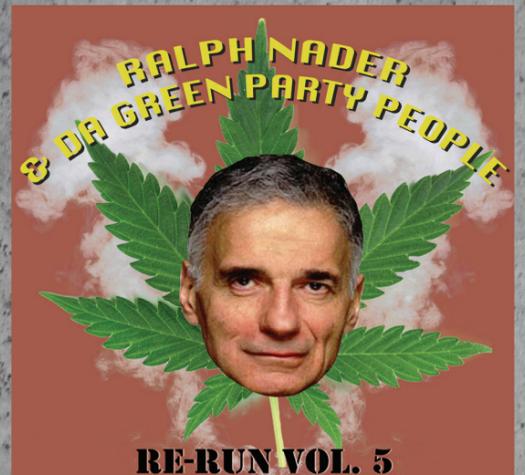
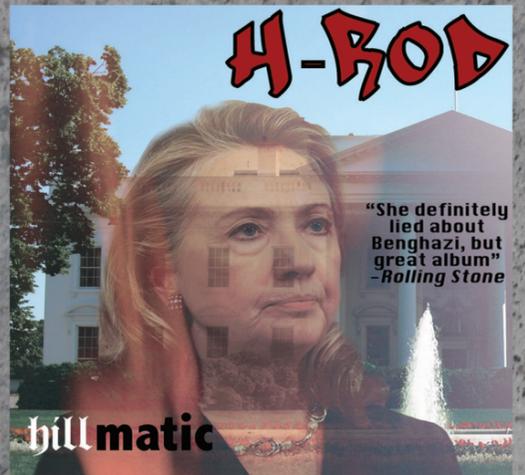
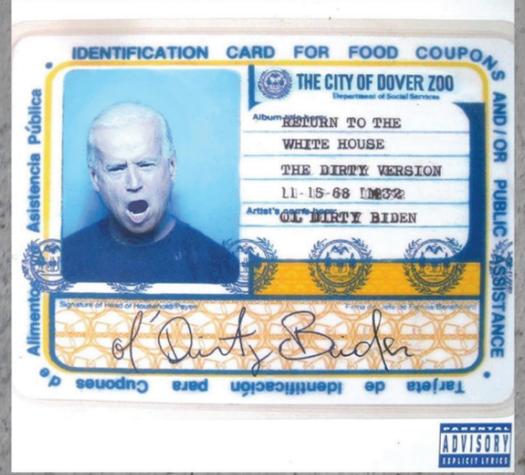


pineapple-rose scented air freshener dangling from my rear-view, yeah, it's always just been for show... This is how that situation would go. You're going to all buy your meals on separate credit cards, hand them to me, allowing me to make the exchange of every single meal,

watching as little sweaty sacks of sweet fast-food heaven pass inches before my face. Yes, you bet your fucking ass I want some. But are you going to offer to buy my meal? No. And that's why I'm not taking you and stupid dumb drunk-ass friends there either.

POLITICAL MIXTAPES

These presidential hopefuls are droppin' their hottest mixtapes yet throughout the year. With OG's like these gunnin' for the ticket, we can be sure 2016 will be filled with the hardest POTUS candidates America's ever seen.



Area man hopes to impress date with arsenal of riddles

CHICAGO — Earlier today local man Brandon Darien eagerly prepared brainteasers, quandaries, and riddles in anticipation for his upcoming date tonight. "What is a fruit that can never be eaten? What changes from day to day but always stays the same? What is a court where each party is both judging and being judged?" pondered Darien when asked if he actually knew what a date was. "What is a date when a board game can be played without a board? What is a game that if you don't play there is no reward? What is a reward when it's lost before it's won? Ok, that last one was kinda weak." As of press time, Darien had sent out a cryptic message to his date asking if she was the combination of the first color of the rainbow and the fifth letter of the alphabet.

Stormchaser hit with restraining order

DUSTBOWL, OK — Following an aggressive 170 MPH pursuit up Interstate 40, storm chaser Chase Storms was ultimately hit with a restraining order on behalf of all storms, past and future. "I've been outwitting Mother Nature for decades, so I guess I was both hurt and confused when I received the restraining order. I thought she loved me, as I do her," Storms said, adjusting the 'Learn to dance in the Storm' poster hanging above his twin water bed. "I have all the gear for storm interception, maximizing the experience for myself as well as the storm. I'm perfect for her, and one day she'll realize this was all a big mistake." As of press time, Storms was seen breaking the restraining order, wrapping himself in tin foil as the Lightning storm approached.



Order Matters



HOW TO HAVE SAFE SEX ON SPRING BREAK

Protection in Numbers:

Only have orgies so a pregnancy can't easily be pinned on you.



Know Important Information:

Read the entirety of Roe V. Wade out loud before unprotected intercourse.



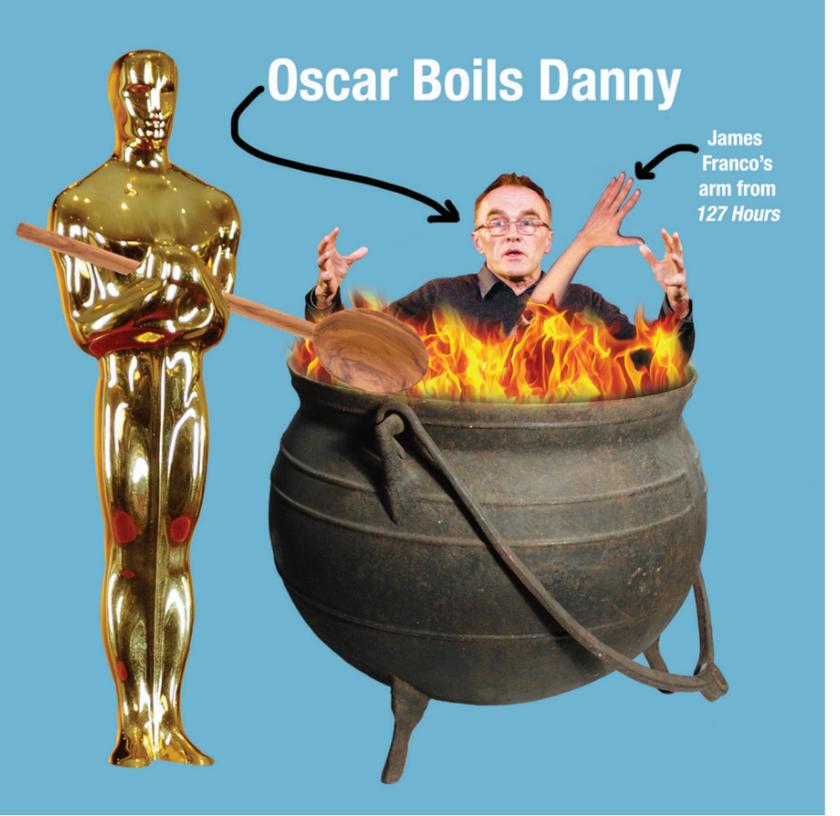
Use Your Head, Don't Give It:

Wear a helmet.



Consider the Feelings of Others:

Picture your parents having sex while they picture your grandparents having sex.



Area man gives up being subtle about his catholicism for Lent

AUSTIN—Admitting he no longer cares who finds out, local man Greg Thane has decided to give up being subtle about his Catholicism for Lent. “I was having a hard time thinking of a vice to drop, so I figured I could just quit being so quiet about my faith,” Thane commented, occasionally glancing at his dusty Bible. “Giving this up for Lent and being more true to myself kinda kills two birds with one stone, like the story of Noah and Goliath, I think. I’ll be honest, I haven’t been inside a church since Sunday School about 20 years ago.” As of press time, Thane was struggling to explain the religious significance of the holiday to his bored Hindu roommate.



College senior’s resume heavily relies on high school achievements

AUSTIN—After a long, awkward stare into the reality of her résumé, college senior Julia Gladstone has finally come to terms with the fact that she is still heavily relying on her high school achievements. “I always thought I kept pretty busy in college, but with, like, the fun stuff” Gladstone said, her religious studies degree elegantly hanging a single tier above her poster of Missy “Misdemeanor” Elliott’s “Work It” lyrics. “Like my boyfriend, for example. I was really busy with my boyfriend. I wouldn’t put that kind of workload on myself if I didn’t enjoy doing it.” Since enrolling at the University of Texas at Austin in 2011, Gladstone has accomplished many things, including winning last weekend’s

beer pong tournament and going to Gregory Gym every day to sit on the bike machine and watch CSI: Miami on the TVs. “I’m really proud of my beer pong champion title,” Gladstone boasted. “My boyfriend was so proud of me. We had something to talk about for, like, three days before we got tired of retelling and embellishing the story of when I was mid-vomit but still made that killer death cup throw.” Gladstone’s mother, Mary Ellen Roberts-Gladstone, said that she is more interested in Julia’s high school accomplishments anyway and that she doesn’t mind if the résumé is void of anything resembling work experience. “I mean, Julia was prom queen in high school,” Mary Ellen said, as she ordered

another batch of Julia’s mini diploma magnets online. “She also raised the most money at the Student Council car wash fundraiser her sophomore year! There were seniors at that car wash, and my baby Julia raised the most money.” Among Julia’s other admirable accomplishments are her positions of junior class Vice President in 2010 and Volunteer Chair for the Ugg Appreciation Club, which are listed at the very top of her résumé. She believes that future employers will view these as clear indicators of her ambition and competence. “My mom and my boyfriend will be proud of me no matter what happens after college,” Julia said, as she picked out the color scheme for her sorority’s fanny packs for roundup this

year. “I’m in no rush to apply anywhere. All these recruiters need is one quick glimpse at my resume to get an idea of what I have to offer their company.” As of press time, Julia was seen taking a few triumphant shots of Fireball after she remembered to add to her résumé that she had a dance solo in her high school’s rendition of Mamma Mia.



DRINK SPECIALS TO TRY THIS SPRING BREAK

Baby Boy
Pedialyte, rum, crumbled cocoa puffs on the rim

WHITE RUSSIAN (PUTIN STYLE) : VODKA, TEARS OF THE PROLETARIAT, A HINT OF CRIMEAN SOIL

THE FIJI CLASSIC
Just tequila until you start calling your white friends "esé"

It doesn’t matter if we have a boy, or a girl, or the Herald of Xarnithxu

By CULTIST COUPLE

We are ready to be parents. There’s just that inherited joy of holding the miracle of life in your arms and knowing that your life is completely perfect. Though there are sure to be challenges on this long road of parenthood, we’re ready. It doesn’t matter if we have a boy, or a girl, or the Herald of Xarnithxu reborn.

From the moment the doctor places our sweet, potentially winged baby in our arms for the first time, know that we’ve taken a powerful vow to raise her or him or it just as the Void Lord intended. While plenty of parents may wish for a son or a daughter or the resurrected

spirit of He Who Swallows Light; that just doesn’t worry us. We will love our child regardless of gender or elemental capability.

We can’t wait to teach our little girl to ride her first bike, or watch our precious baby boy fishing with his grandpa, or be taught knowledge incomprehensible by our own frost-blooded spawn. The excitements and priceless memories of parenthood are as limitless as the darkness in the cosmos, and like each weekly blood sacrifice, sometimes things can go wrong. However, that does not worry us. We are up for the challenge. We must be; our failure means

the slow, excruciating torment in the Void Lord’s innermost Chamber of Fear, until our sight is replaced only with visions of the Gaping Maw, and all sound is nothing

“We will love our child regardless of gender or elemental capability.”

but the screams of the unworthy for all eternity until the fabric of being itself wastes away into silence.

Parenthood in this modern age has its questions. How will our little girl grow up to be the strong woman she is in a

world so heavily influenced by the patriarchy? Can we ensure that our son ends up to be a responsible and considerate man? Shall our spawn pass the trials of Earth, Fire, Thunder, and Salt? Despite these setbacks, we are determined that our child is equipped with the knowledge and tools necessary for her or him to overcome any mortal or immortal obstacle they may face.

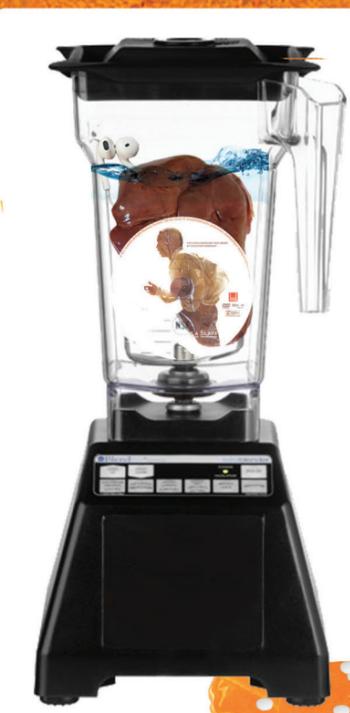
At the end of our lives, the only legacy we leave is in our children. Our daughter can be just as successful as any man, and our son can be more loving and caring than what this world dictates his role should be. Should

our child be born of shadow and flame made incarnate, it will allow humanity’s fall into the thrasher of extinction as the scrolls have foretold. Its armies will converge from the eight corners of the world in one final, absolute war. With its sword forged from the dying light, our child will at last do battle with the Sun, brother and eternal enemy of Xarnithxu, and vanquish the abhorred light for all eternity. While heretics cry to the false prophet and protest as



their souls are banished into everlasting servitude and bondage, we of the Iron Bastion will receive our rich reward at the right hand of the Void Lord, gleefully instilling his will and majesty into the forsaken slaves of worlds past until the end of time. And, should our child be born gay, we will care for and raise it with the same love and enthusiasm. We’re not insane.

Hangover Cures



1 cup seltzer water, 1 aspirin & 25 untagged Facebook photos

Liver transplant

Watch 12 Years a Slave, it’ll sober you right up.

Listen to ambient nature music while drinking creek water

Women at grocery store debates what produce to let rot at home

KERRVILLE, TX— Almost done with her weekly trip to the grocery store, area woman Janet Caldwell reportedly could not decide what produce to allow to rot in the bottom shelf of her refrigerator for the next 3 months. “I just want to make sure that I carefully read my grocery list, which has everything my family requested, then veer off track to buy produce I’m not sure anybody eats,” said Caldwell as she stuffed 4 pounds of asparagus, her husband’s least favorite vegetable, into a plastic bag. “I feel like trying something new. Do my children like grapefruit? I can’t see why not. I guess I’ll just put some in the fridge and see what happens.” At press time, Caldwell could be seen putting a gallon of soy milk and a family size pack of StarKist tuna in her shopping cart, almost as if she thought somebody in her house would eventually eat them.



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