

TEXAS TRAVESTY





Select public educators will be armed pending results of nation-wide nose goes



My Chemical Romance attacks Syria, twelve dead



Area man gets into politics to kiss more babies



CIA partners with Ozarka for fresher water torture



- It's **basic cooking science** that if pasta and antipasto collide, they **annihilate** each other
- Why do you **zuck** me up buttercup just to let me down
- *Revenge of the Sith* helped me discover and accept my **choking fetish**
- *The Harvard Lampoon* can **eat** our ass

- So **horses** can nail shoes to their feet but when I do it I'm "**unstable**" and "need a tetanus shot"?
- The **Winklevoss twins** never would have betrayed us
- I bet there would be lots of clever around campii about **Syria** if the **Travesty staff** knew anything about Syria
- I want to make a joke about **Juul** but I don't know what that is
- **FMK**: Uzbekistan, Armenia, Kyrgyz Republic
- In order to **emulate SNL** we are getting Donald Trump to guest write the next Travesty issue
- Can the Travesty writers come up with **non-self-referential** jokes?

- I am not a **Fanves** of this administration
- Do not go gentle into that **Goodnight Moon**
- *Space Jam* was **pretty good** I guess, but *Looney Toons Back in Action* was a **tour de force** for Brendan Fraser
- We could probably just reuse **old jokes** and none of y'all would notice
- Someone always has to be the **tree** in a **middle school play**
- Boy, Trump has sure had a **WHOREable** week. Hi folks, welcome to **Real Time**. I'm your host Bill Maher; we've got a great show

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Shout Outz To...
Burn Notice, communion wafers, yarn,
 Scientology, John Maher

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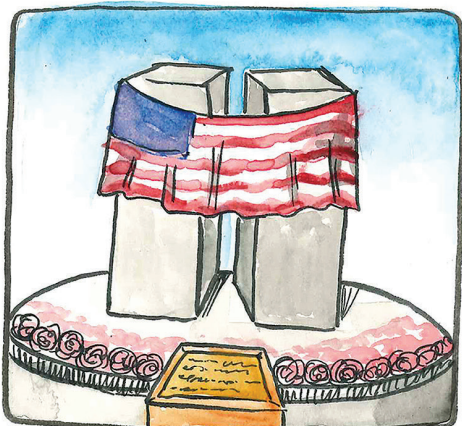
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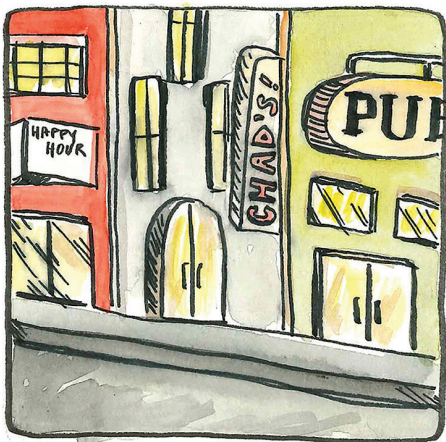
FIVE DEAD BODIES



9/11 MEMORIAL



A LOT OF LAND KEPT EMPTY FOR MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY'S FUTURE GRAVE



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AFFORDABLE HOUSING



26 WEST WATERPARK

Secret Service designates agents to stop Trump from staring straight up at icicles

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In an effort to prevent even more accidents that no one had previously thought possible, the Secret Service has chosen a group of agents to prevent Trump from staring directly up at icicles. “During the last administration, our men were vigilant about shooters and possible bomb threats, but with President Trump, we have expanded our watch to cover most sharp objects and swallowing hazards,” stated newly appointed icicle agent John Colter while installing a visor into Trump’s head to obstruct his vision. “Even with this device, Trump still somehow stops when he is below an icicle. He has a real sixth sense about them.” At press time, the White House has taken a firm stance in favor of global warming to neutralize the icicle threat entirely.



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Area Man files libel lawsuit against the *Texas Travesty*

AUSTIN—In a momentous blow to both the beloved *Texas Travesty* and the lesser-loved Texas Student Media, area man Area Man has filed a historic lawsuit against the age-old publication after years of libelous claims. “Fuck these guys. I’ve been taking their lies and bullshit for over two decades now, and I’ve had it,” exclaimed Man in the midst of a normal, unremarkable existence. “I was just reading an issue from March 2018 where they said that ‘I lived a full life despite Chinese finger trap situation.’ All that is just blatantly false; I escaped the harrowing Chinese prison Qincheng back in 1994 and have had yet to find solace in any aspect of my personal life or career as a travelling DVD salesman.” At press time, I have abused my responsibilities as a writer with an entire fake universe at my disposal by having Area Man eat his own shit.

Report: Juul vapor actually escaped souls of Roanoke settlers



AUSTIN—After centuries of searching for the elusive colonists, area scientists finally located the spirits of all 115 original Roanoke settlers within every puff of that sweet, sweet Juul vape. “After hitting my Juul exceptionally hard one night, an emaciated specter dressed in Elizabethan garb materialized next to me in the Uber,” said Juul enthusiast and immortal UT

PhD candidate Julius Honeybunch. The fashionable ghoul relayed the true story of the Lost Colony to Mr. Honeybunch, along with his unfortunate damnation to the seventh circle of hell, which happens to be located within every Juul Pod known to man. At press time, sources confirm that most West Campus citizens are switching to tortured-apparition-free Phix vape pens, except for that one kid Kyle who’s, like, really into that kind of shit.

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OPINION: I deserve veteran benefits for my service in the War on Christmas

By Cooter from Sales

Let me start by acknowledging right off the bat that many of my actions this past winter were considered “hate crimes.” Okay, fair, but let me ask you something. Do you hate terrorists? So do I. You know what else I hate? Those self-righteous sidewinders who disregard Jesus and denounce the sanctity of Christmas. You know the kind. If you ask me, I see no difference at all between the people who flew those airplanes into our beautiful towers and the unfaithful scumbags who refuse to erect and decorate a goddamn tree for our Lord and Savior’s birthday in December. They should be held accountable all the same, and it’s my God-given duty as a representative of The San Pedro Pop-up Church of Christ n’ Pals to be vigilant and expose these animals for the pagans they truly are. So yes, calling in a bomb threat to Temple Bethel’s Hanukkah celebration was an act of hate, but don’t you dare call it a crime. Was it a crime when Chris Kyle shot that kid in Iraq? No. So why am I treated like a criminal for simply smacking the yarmulke off some booger-eating little shit’s head for wishing me a “Happy Holidays” on the 25th? Y’all gave Chris Kyle a movie for his actions, and all I got for mine was 12 months probation for aggravated assault on a minor. There’s clearly a disconnect there. Look, I’m not saying I need a movie made about me. I’d just like some goddamn benefits for my bravery in the face of this annual attack on our nation’s most precious holiday. I’m talking some health benefits, some tax breaks, maybe even a free matinee ticket or two. I think those are small things to ask in exchange for my selfless service. Regardless, if you fear the day when our children can no longer safely say, “Merry Christmas” in public, then I’m fighting for you, and I’ll continue doing so until the day I walk through those pearly gates. Semper fi, bitches.



THE EXPERIMENTS DONE TO CREATE EXPERIMENTAL *Jazz* MUSICIANS

-  **Born with the right amount of husky, grousled, cigarette smoke sound in the voice**
-  **Stapling Ryan Gosling’s face on top of theirs for marketability reasons**
-  **Replacing their fingers with piano keys**
-  **Eyes permanently squinted to give the impression of great musical exertion**
-  **Fear response replaced with a scat response**

White woman deems rapid gentrification of Austin "sad but, like, what can I do about it?"

AUSTIN—Gazing over the balcony of her East Austin apartment, white woman BrindleyAnn Smith cannot help but contemplate the city’s gentrification that she is unable—and unwilling—to do anything about. “This neighborhood used to have so much culture,” she said with an iced soy latte from the coffee shop downstairs and in her heart a vague sense of nostalgia for something she will never experience. “But thank god a SoulCycle just opened down the block.” Smith acknowledged that thousands of lower-income folks throughout Austin are being priced out of their homes, but wondered what she has to do with that. At press time, Smith has already gone back to work on her lifestyle blog, content with the emotional labor that she put into the issue.



John Cena only at this Make-A-Wish event to meet hot, soon to be childless moms

NEW ORLEANS—During a Make-A-Wish event at the hallowed New Orleans National World War II Museum sponsored by Church’s Chicken, noted World Wrestling Entertainment superstar John Cena—enjoying some leisure time before going off to battle for the ultimate honor at the later WrestleMania event downtown—reportedly graced the grounds to surprise youngsters like Timothy Berg, impassioned WWE devotee and heroic ten-year-old smallpox patient at St. Jude’s. Yet, once the sixteen-time world champion laid eyes upon the sullen and melancholic mothers of these ill-fated preteens, Cena—who once starred as Ewan O’Hara in the beloved *Psych* episode “You Can’t Handle This Episode”—began to shift the focus of his attention toward the innate animal instincts buried deep within us all. “It’s been such an honor to help serve these little kidarooskis during their final days on this side of the Great Beyond, but, at the same time, I have needs just like everybody else,” noted an unashamed Cena—similar to the unashamed feelings of Ewan O’Hara when he selfishly wired thousands of dollars into his own bank account at the expense of our great military and attempted the extrajudicial murder of a rogue commander—as he broke out a guitar and began to serenade a group of the interim mothers with his own rendition of ‘Wonderwall.’ “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m off to seduce that Mournful Molly over there, where I’ll be sure to mention that my childlike and relatable persona can soon provide an excellent replacement for her sickly, emaciated chump that costs her thousands of dollars in medical expenses each year.” At press time, The Undertaker has appeared to beckon the young souls of these children into the abyssal void of eternal damnation, only to be fought off by the angelic ghost of our dear old friend Kimbo Slice.



Sufjan Stevens reveals he subsists entirely on dove feathers, the tears of the elderly, and lime LaCroix

APPLE RIVER, IL—Sufjan Stevens was thrilled to announce the release of his cookbook, *Magical Mastication with Sufjan*, amongst friends and fellow wood-nymphs in a remote field in Northern Illinois. “In between caring for my swans—Oliver and Amáda—and working on my 57th album that I believe will categorically define ‘love’ for all mankind, I decided to also put together a cookbook with some of my favorite recipes.” The cookbook is 100 pages separated into sections which include Morning Sustenance, Midday Worship of Organic Produce, Evening Vittles, and Snack-time for Sufjan. “For my own sustenance, I often like to put together a kind of gazpacho concocted from dove-feathers, the tears of elderly Midwestern folk, and LaCroix—specifically the lime flavor.” None of Sufjan’s dishes contain any discernible amount of protein, and scientists have determined some of them are indigestible by the human stomach. When asked how he survives, Sufjan had this to say: ‘I’m just like everyone else, you know? I also have those cheat days when I eat too many boysenberries and cinnamon sticks.’ At press time, Sufjan has whispered to a reporter, “We’re all going to die. So enjoy your food,” before boarding a lily pad and floating away down the river.



Point: Nobody Loves Me and I’m Going to Die Alone

Throughout college I have made zero friends. I’m awkward, and have a really hard time connecting to people on an emotional level. I spend my weekends in my room, and haven’t done a social activity since that one time I lent one of my neighbors some salt. Her name was Jessica. After our salt interaction, I tried reaching out to her—maybe she and I could be friends. After several attempts at knocking on her door and leaving my information, she finally responded with a handwritten note she slid under my door. The letter said that I was annoying and kind of creepy. She moved out of the apartment complex. There goes my shot at actually having a geographically close friend, you know, the best kind of friend. After the whole Jessica incident, I have been left wondering, am I doomed to never make friends and feel love? Will I live by myself for eternity, and leave this earth with no impact on anything, except the sodium count on tomato sauce (Jessica was making spaghetti)? I guess this is it—I wasn’t meant to be loved. I will die, and nobody will care.

Counterpoint:

Isle of Dogs pushes representation of stop motion Asians

AUSTIN—Critics praised Wes Anderson’s *Isle of Dogs* this weekend, citing its painstaking and sensitive portrayal of stop motion Asians. A Paramount representative attempted to assuage fears that the film may contribute to a sense of dehumanization among Asian-American viewers while sipping from a cup of traditional ra-men. “Scarlett [Johansson]’s schedule was full, and we couldn’t find any more of them, so we just said y’know what? Let’s make our own.” The executive responded to allegations of whitewashing and cultural appropriation, saying, “Wes is very exact. We spent almost two months in stop motion Japan learning their customs and ways.” After a short pause punctuated by the sound of the honing of a Japanese katana, he added, “We couldn’t find those either, so we had to make them too.” Concerns about rendering the diverse experiences of “real Asians” as stereotypical monoliths were dismissed by the general public—because it’s just a movie, dude, and besides, they probably don’t even care. The Japanese totally love Western shit. The kimono-clad executive was last seen thanking movie-goers over the sound of a brass gong in a field of cherry blossoms, or as the Japanese say, “domou arigateaux”.



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F WAYS CAMBRIDGE ANALYTICA IDENTIFIED TRUMP VOTERS

-  Clicked on multiple clickbait articles about how Rachel Ray had died tragically from drug overdose
-  “Good joke Brenda! How is mike and the kids?”
-  Poke war with cousins
-  Commenting on photos of Sarah Palin’s grandchildren
-  Regularly tags friends in “Just Girly Things”

Dumbfounded police search for answers after man says drugs not his

AUSTIN—What seemed at first to be a normal traffic stop turned into a thrilling turn of events as police discovered that two grams of marijuana had mysteriously appeared in a local man’s car without his knowledge. 22-year-old white male Brock Marley was shocked when the police asked him what the plastic bag in his passenger seat was. “I was just as surprised as they were to find marijuana in the bag. I told them immediately it wasn’t mine and that I had no idea how it got there,” said Marley, who has been apprehended by the police three times before and was released each time after he assured the authorities that he had done nothing wrong. Austin PD is doing a full investigation into what kind of sicko leaves bags of marijuana in random people’s cars. The officer who found the marijuana in Brock’s car stated, “His eyes were red, which means he obviously didn’t get much sleep last night, and perhaps because of his drowsiness somebody was able to sneak marijuana into his car.” At press time, Brock was seen having a coughing fit he attributed to a cold he recently caught.



“Happiness is about the little things,” claims career panelist making 500K a year

AUSTIN—George Bloom, a renowned Texas financier, claimed at a UT alumni panel Thursday that happiness is, despite his \$500K salary, about the little things. “Y’all young’uns need to lighten up a little and stop worrying—it’ll all work itself out,” said Bloom, who amassed great wealth by stumbling through the corporate ladder with a series of roles he did not have the work ethic or the qualifications for. “I always try to take the time to look around and appreciate my wife [who only puts up with Bloom due to his skyrocketing net worth] and enjoy every sunny day [in his mansion’s state-of-the-art sunroom].” Panel attendees reported being inspired by Bloom’s charming, down-to-earth attitude, hoping that they too could adopt his rosy outlook during their impending unemployment. At press time, Bloom was seen enjoying another one of life’s little morsels: a happy-go-lucky country tune played through the speakers of his Porsche 911.



Archaeologists agree Alexander the Great probably dead by now

PELLA, GREECE—After several years of research and digging, archaeologists have come to the sad conclusion that Alexander the Great is probably dead by now. Neil Lopez, principal investigator of The Research Institute of Indiana Jones, said, “I’ve searched for Alexander my entire life. I’ve hit up bars in Egypt for a sexy Greek man who loves lions. I’ve been to the Swiss Alps asking if they’ve seen a man probably skiing. Naked.” With a faraway look in his eyes, Lopez mumbled, “He would do that. What a badass.” Despite the years of exhausting hook-ups with Greek men and a few baklava bakers, Lopez and his colleagues have officially lost hope of finding the man of their dreams. “Sometimes you have to accept the person who shares your soul might not want to be found. Do you know how hard it is for celebrities to live normal lives? He could be dead. He could be dead,” he repeated, lip quivering. “He was like, what. 67?” Despite this, the Lopez research team have not lost hope in the strange and unexplainable feeling that he’s alive, and that he’s out there, and when they find him, he’ll be waiting for them.

How your one-week
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African infrastructure and you

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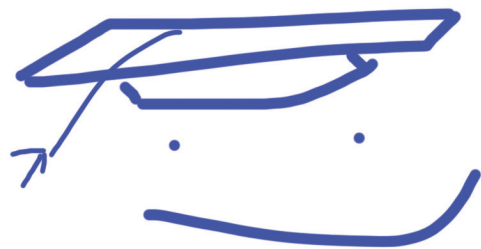
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WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

Oh wow! Haha remember that time?

by Cole Gerthoffer

Wow, guys! I can't believe my time with The Travesty is coming to an end. So many memories! I don't even know where to start! Remember that time Jonathan got his you-know-what stuck in that Magic Bullet Food Processor? That was a lot of cleanup! Or that time Salma had that solipsistic crisis for three days? She was so confused! How about the time Winifred got hopped up on ketamine and flooded the entire TSM basement? This ringin' any bells for you guys?

These inside jokes are my lifeblood. If you do not remember these humorous Travesty memories and softly chuckle about them in your head as you read this column, I will fade away into the gaping maw of dark, endless time and disperse amongst oblivion. Our concept of self is based upon nothing more than a collection of memories and experiences. We are nothing more than subjective, unreliable assemblages of thoughts and remembrances of time gone by. So, for the love of Christ, please laugh with me as I recall these inside jokes, such as the time when Archibald brought that kimchi to the office and it smelled bad that one time and we all laughed because it's all I—or any of us—really have.

Haha what a goofy time!
Goodbye forever!

Oh wow! Haha remember that time?

by David Higbee Williams

Now that my time at the *Texas Travesty* has come to a close, I'm finally going to reveal how I did it, how I killed Cole Gerthoffer. It was the summer of 1974, and Cole and I were building a house on the island of—well, let's just say an island. I can still remember the way that the light gleamed upon the hammer as it crashed into the back of his head.

People ask me why I did it. It wasn't so that I could become Editor-in-Chief, although that was certainly a benefit. And I didn't hate the guy, he's my friend—was, was my friend. The truth is, his shiny, skinny body just looked so much like a nail.

Once I realized what I had done, I tried to continue hammering him into the wall, hoping that I could both hide the body and use it to enhance the building's structural integrity. When that didn't work, I mailed him to Los Angeles, where his bloody remains were found by Conan O'Brien.

My regrets,
David Williams

The reviews are in for...



"We've read a couple of papers and were concerned."
-Every friend and family member in Kelly's life

"A nuisance."
- Student continually forced to take a copy of the paper from Kelly in the West Mall during distribution

"Loved watching her grow... even if from a distance."
-Vermin in the ceilings of the TSM building

"Bitch."
-Peter

"A wonderfully weird experience filled with freaks and belly laughs and a lot of ABBA."
-Kelly Smith

It's been the least of honors to serve as your Managing Editor


by Joseph "Joe" Morris

MyNameIsMichaelWeston.IUsedToBeASpyUntil“WeGotABurnNoticeOnYou,You’reBlacklisted.”WhenYou’reBurned,You’veGotNothing:No-CashNoCreditNoJobHistory.You’reStuckInWhateverCityTheyDecideTo-DumpYouIn.“WhereAmI?”“Miami.”YouDoWhateverWorkComesYourWay.YouRelyOnAnyoneWho’sStillTalkingToYou:ATrigger-HappyExGirl-friend“ShouldWeShootThem?”AnOldFriendWhoUsedToInformOnYouTo-TheFBI“‘YouKnowSpies,BunchOfBitchyLittleGirls.”FamilyToo,IfYou’reDesperate“HeyThatYourMomAgain?”“SomebodyNeedsYourHelp,Michael.”Bottom-Line:AsLongAsYou’reBurned,You’reNotGoingAnywhere.

Local woman kidnaps UT administrator
by Grace Gilker

DeAr uT:
My WHOLE TImE on STAff At the TRAVestY has ActUaLLy BEEn OnE pRO-loNGeD EXerCISE in aNARChY and you NERdS neVeR Even kNeW. iN tHE Past fOUr YEaRS, i aM PrOUd to HAVe BEEn in An ORGaNizAtion that sUC-cesSfuLLY ORcheSTRATED aN OutRigHT Sg Coup D’ETat and aLsO cOO-rdINatEd onE InCreDibLY BLOATed sG PriMarY tHAT ProvED InconVENIent foR EVeryone. I fEEl lUcKy to haVE BeEn A mEmBeR of A pApeR thaT MaDE sO mANy JoKEs In POOr taStE and maDe FuN oF pEOple WhO deSERVeD it (iM looKinG At YoU GrEEk LiFE and JESuS). I aLsO mET sOmE trULY AmAZ-inG PeOPLe whO arE DoWNriGhT StrAnGE: David, Sharmeen, Terry, Virginia, Andrea, Joe, Cole, Aakash, Sadie, Sonia, Justin, Suzuka, Laura, Brendan, Sindhu, Max, Nick, Stephen, Zach, Arvind, Ben, Andrew, and aLL the OneS whO lEFT ALREady. ThAnK yOu foR bEiNG the FirSt pLacE on CAmPus I fElT liKE I beLoNGEd.
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CorDIAlLy,
GrAcE GilKeR

Despite this picture I’ve drawn of me burning an issue of the Texas Travesty (I spent too much time on it to re-do it), I have made so many wonderful friends and memories from being in this organization. You all have filled my heart with warmth, and I will miss everyone and also the people who already graduated who won’t read this. Thanks for letting me draw some covers and some brief pictures. It’s been fun, see you all in hell.



Justin Lau
Lifetime stats:

Jokes: 4	° * ☆
Home runs: 3	* When we
Chili's: No	die the body breaks
Potions: 9	open ° *
Enemies: ???	◆ . like a
Corn (shucked): 512	river;
Shirt: ON	· the old body goes
	on, climbing the hill

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