Local woman flouts patriarchy by buying fleet of boats and naming them after men

Big dog and small dog spotted walking together

Area man creates world's shittiest pizza at Pizza Press

NBC unveils drama-free, one-episode season with selection of polygamist bachelor

- La La Land is an appropriation of theater culture
- I'm from Caucasia
- Never start a sentence with “the Jews”
- Elon Musk in no longer a chairman he only stands now
- Cookies are a meal if you’re a fuckin mouse

WHERE THE BUTT IS
Have trouble locating the butt? Here’s our helpful guide.

- I feel like Ted Cruz is the type of man to use the phrase “nubile young ladies”
- I mean I enjoyed the service, but flavor blasted communion wafers would have really improved it
- I disrespected the pouch so much as a kid. You don’t even know
- Chick-Fil-A doesn’t like us Chick-Fil-Gays
- All I’ll remember Bob Bullock for is letting me watch John Carter in IMAX
- Imagine being the guy soliciting prostitutes on Club Penguin
- It hit me real hard when Sufjan lost his mother
- Splenda Splenda how you get so fly?

- If a baby crawls back into a mother’s womb and comes back out, would it have two birthdays?
- The huge seashell corporations are putting Sally out of business
- Lasagna is just layers of sagna
- It’s spelled Ephen Stephen you idiot
- A Star is Born would be so much better if they replaced Bradley Cooper with a well-groomed cactus
- My sexy grandmother willow costume is coming along nicely
- Lady Bird inspired me to call my mom, Frances Ha inspired me to be a New York City white person
- A stripper without clothes on just tears off their skin
- Can’t bleach a bleach stain

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Legalese
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New A24 film is just livestream of some bullied kid’s life

LOS ANGELES — Drawing praise from the A.V Club and overzealous teenagers on Letterboxd alike, the indie darling film studio A24 announced that its new film is simply a live stream of the life of Rowan McDonald, a bullied child. “I was confused at first about why A24 wanted me, an introspective but dispirited kid coming of age in an offbeat American setting, to star in a movie,” said McDonald, who lacks acting experience but exhibits extreme skill at reflectively gazing at his surroundings. “Then A24 told me that I just had to live my regular life, and once they added some melancholic music to the parts where I get beat up, I’d represent a ‘distinct cinematic perspective.’ I don’t really know what that means, but they kept calling it a ‘motif of isolation carrying over from the second act’ when I ate lunch alone on Thursday. So I guess I’m doing a good job.” At test screenings, caucasian critics and audiences heralded the film for being both a step forward for inclusivity and “doing for film what Stomp did for music.”

Local raisin sadly reminisces on glory days as a grape

TRADER JOES — “Oh, what good times I used to have,” said Mr. Raisin from his Sun-Maid Raisin pouch, gazing out across the aisle at the red and green grapes in the produce section. “Whenever I was growing on the vine with my grape brothers and sisters, we used to sing ‘We are the grape children. We are so round. So full of juice. We will never die.’” Mr. Raisin gazed out into the distance with a soft smile. “Back when I had a moisture content of 75%, there was nothing that could touch me and my grape brethren. But then life happens. Now I’m just a desiccated, sappy old raisin on a shelf. My moisture content is less than 12%.” Mr. Raisin yelled across the aisle: “Enjoy your grapey youth, fair friends. Enjoy these years so full of juice and joy.” At press time, Mr. Raisin was found digesting in the stomach of a second grade girl, who ate him happily — with peanut butter and apples.

Study finds everyone does their own unique thing with eggs

AUSTIN — Confirming everyone’s previous suspicions, a study revealed that every single person does their own unique thing with eggs. “Regardless of a person’s ethnic, socioeconomic, or geographic background, they all cook eggs with a special flair all their own,” said leading researcher Lisa Shepard, who also remarked that the lack of cook books with regimented egg-cooking recipes contributes to the phenomenon. “Responses always differed, even when people were asked specifically how they scrambled eggs. People add milk, scramble the yolks separately, or give the pan a little flick full of love and swagger that only they can do — it’s beautiful.” The study was met with some protest from people saying that they in fact used their grandma’s recipe, but these claims were later found to be excuses to avoid further questioning on their secret methods.
DENTON, TX — College student and ungrateful, unfaithful piece of dog-shit Doug Butterman narrowly avoided a life of shame thanks to his mom, who came in clutch with a reminder text about his grandma’s birthday. “That was a close one, man. If I fucked this one up, I don’t know how many more chances I would get — let’s be real. Big shout out to mom,” said Butterman, oozing with the evil, narcissistic energy of a boy who doesn’t love his grandma and is too caught up in his own life to think of the sweet elderly woman who treasures him with all her heart. “My grandma always comes through with 20 dollar birthday bills too. Woulda sucked if I had forgotten.” At press time, Doug Butterman was reportedly spotted being a waste of space who doesn’t deserve a grandma’s love.

Man distributing newspapers thwarted by area’s high illiteracy rates

AUSTIN — Standing next to a stack of papers as tall as he is, David Zhao, 28, told reporters Thursday that he’s been unable to get anyone to take a newspaper because they are illiterate as fuck. “Everyone would either ignore me or avoid making eye contact with me, and I have to say I can’t blame them,” said Zhao, throwing his hands up in the air in resignation. “I looked up the literacy rates around this part of town, and they were pitifully low. It’s hard to enjoy a newspaper if you can’t read. We simply do not print enough pictures for our audience to enjoy the experience.” At press time, Zhao was seen yelling out headlines, like those old paper boys used to do.
Disappointed millennial learns that the vibration notification he felt in his pocket was just a stranger’s curious hand

ITHACA, NY — Still waiting on someone, anyone, to text him, millennial Tyler Samson told reporters Monday that when he reached in his pocket to respond to what he thought was a text, he instead found himself holding hands with a stranger. “I heard the buzz and felt something move in my pocket, so I thought, ‘A text! Probably from someone I’ve been thinking about nonstop lately.’ When I reached into my pocket, however, I learned it was just some random dude trying to stroke my testicles,” said Samson. “Phones should really change their notifications. Everything feels like a vibration to me now. Maybe instead they — Oh! Wait. Damn, no. It was nothing.” At press time, Samson was seen sighing after he found out that what he thought was a notification was just someone taking his wallet.

Local sixth grader promises he’s really going in on the PACER test this year

AUSTIN — “This year isn’t going to go like last year,” promised local sixth grader, Timothy Trundlebed Jr., almost out of breath between jumping jacks. “I’m really going in this year. I’m going to out-pace the PACER.” Cameron Doogis, ex-best friend of Trundlebed Jr., bumped Trundlebed on the arm on the way to the gym, giving him a warning scoff. “Oh we’ll see about that. We’ll just see.” Trundlebed Jr. turned somber. When asked how last year’s PACER test went, Trundlebed just sighed. “I thought Doogis was my friend. The Trundlebeds are a long line of PACER test athletes, and he knew how much this meant to me. But no, he always has to have everything for himself.” Trundlebed Jr. pauses and casts a withering stare at Doogis. “Well, it was minute 15 of the running portion, and I was feeling good. Those beeps weren’t even in my freakin lane. I was flying. Then all of a sudden, Cameron trips me. I tried to get up and keep running, tormented by that horrible elevator music, knowing I had to get there. Then I heard it: the beep. My toes were inches away from the line. I sat down right there and just broke down. I still hear it — that beep — in my dreams.” At press time, Trundlebed Jr. was downing a brownish mixture of Monster and Lime Gatorade, listening to Eminem’s “Lose Yourself,” and muttering “Gotta beat ‘dat beep” to himself over and over again.
DENTON, TX — With a trembling hand, customer Sheila Hansen, attempted to exchange a get-well-soon for a sorry-for-your-loss card. “Personally I liked the get-well-soon card better — it had a cute kid with a cast on his knee and a sun that said, ‘The next time I come around you’ll be bigger and stronger than even me,” said teenage cashier Arthur Samson. He added that he found the sorry-for-your-loss card to be very drab — the only thing on it was an eerie Bible quote. “I guess it’s up to the customer though. Sometimes people change their minds and scream, ‘Why her, not why her!'” But you always have to respect their decisions.” As of press time, Samson had to cancel the exchange after noticing the water stains on the card.

D.C. – Hi, Ken Bone here. Remember me? Despite having maintained a relatively low profile since the 2016 presidential election, I’m re-emerging to assist the FBI in their questioning of nominee Brett Kavanaugh. And yes, I’m still wearing that same red sweater that made me an overnight icon almost exactly two years ago today. In a crucial investigation like this, I’m here to ask the hard hitting questions, like: “Mr. Kavanaugh, what steps will your energy policy take to meet our energy needs, while at the same time remaining environmentally friendly and minimizing job loss for fossil power plant workers?” Judge Kavanaugh, whose momentous testimony will undoubtedly carry immense influence on the future of American politics, might be relieved to address a question about anything beyond that sick kegger he did naked back in ’84. But he doesn’t know what he’s getting into. He doesn’t know how to operate in the Bone Zone. I’ll have that boy’s secrets out, America. Just you wait. If he has a secret pregnancy porn fetish, I’ll find out. Brett Kavanaugh won’t be able to handle my questions, or my name isn’t Kenneth Walter Bone.
Point: Lola Bunny cosplay goes for too much bunny, too little Lola to be titillating

Look, I’m all in favor of respecting our animal friends. But how can we desecrate the 1996 classic *Space Jam* by descending into an endorsement of bestiality? What will we tell our children, in their state of confused arousal, when they learn that the longstanding tradition of love between a boy and a Lola is being demonized? What’s next — a Jessica Rabbit cosplay that’s just a rabbit costume? This debauchery ends here. I am not titillated; I am furious. Trade in those bunny ears for a basketball jersey ma’am, and show some goddamn respect.

Counterpoint: Lola Bunny cosplay goes for too much Lola, too little bunny to be titillating

If there’s anything to take away from the boundary pushing film *Space Jam*, it’s that love is love — even if it’s for Michael Jordan’s acting ability. The thrill of discovering the fluidity of our sexualities is dimmed by this milquetoast portrayal. I am tired — no, aghast — at having to see yet another cosplay with human teeth instead of bunny teeth. Shall we fight these Monstar apologists? Or will we perish like Charles Barkley’s basketball abilities? One day, we will recapture the magic of that rapturous night in 1996, and titillation will abound once more.

Hi, Ken Bone here

By Kenneth Walter Bone

D.C. – Hi, Ken Bone here. Remember me? Despite having maintained a relatively low profile since the 2016 presidential election, I’m re-emerging to assist the FBI in their questioning of nominee Brett Kavanaugh. And yes, I’m still wearing that same red sweater that made me an overnight icon almost exactly two years ago today. In a crucial investigation like this, I’m here to ask the hard hitting questions, like: “Mr. Kavanaugh, what steps will your energy policy take to meet our energy needs, while at the same time remaining environmentally friendly and minimizing job loss for fossil power plant workers?” Judge Kavanaugh, whose momentous testimony will undoubtedly carry immense influence on the future of American politics, might be relieved to address a question about anything beyond that sick kegger he did naked back in ’84. But he doesn’t know what he’s getting into. He doesn’t know how to operate in the Bone Zone. I’ll have that boy’s secrets out, America. Just you wait. If he has a secret pregnancy porn fetish, I’ll find out. Brett Kavanaugh won’t be able to handle my questions, or my name isn’t Kenneth Walter Bone.
HIGHLIGHTS FROM KAVANAUGH’S CALENDAR

July 1982

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WITNESS STATEMENTS FROM THE INVESTIGATION

“What Brett said about being a virgin was true. He didn’t have sex until our second child.”
- Ashley Estes Kavanaugh, Kavanaugh’s Wife

“I actually thought his name was Bread for an entire year. When I found out his name was Brett, it made sense because Brett and Bread sound similar.”
- Cory Booker, New Jersey Senator

“The boy can pull off a Reagan-Bush ’84 bro tank like no other, and that’s all I need to know about his character.”
- Member of Kavanaugh’s pledge class