

TEXAS TRAVESTY



MOST WANTED



NICO



THE MAN WHO BROUGHT
CORONAVIRUS TO UT

LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA



FOR CRIMES AGAINST
HUMANITY

BERNIE SANDERS



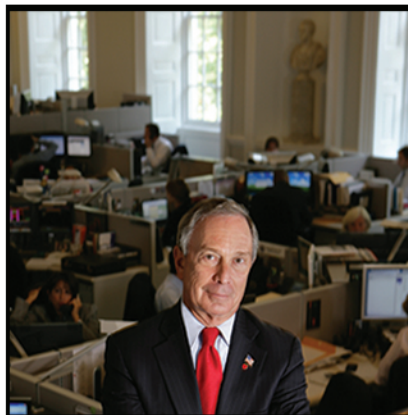
WE JUST WANT TO CHILL
WITH YOU

TSTV



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MIKE "5'8" BLOOMBERG

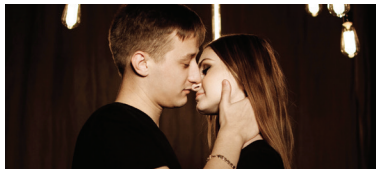


LYING ABOUT HEIGHT TO
THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

J.K. ROWLING



PROMOTING WITCHCRAFT



Hometown hookup gets more depressing each year



Mike's Hard Lemonade tries new name: Mike's gonna cum



Weird cousin wants to sit next to you



Area woman knows someone who graduated from Tisch

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Shout Outz To...

James Charles' ass, neurotransmitters, Red rover, zoomers, Daddy's card

Kevin Butler 1997	2010-2011
David McQuary	2011-2012
Brad Butler 1997-2000	Katherine Swope 2012-2013
Ben Stroud 2000-2001	Nick Mehendale 2013-2014
Trevor Rosen 2001-2003	Chris Gilman 2014-2015
Todd Nienkerk 2003-2005	Josh Brenner 2015-2016
Kristin Hillery 2005-2006	Max Friedman 2016
David Strauss 2006-2007	Grace Gilker 2017
Veronica Hansen 2007-2008	Cole Gerthoffer 2017
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AROUND CAMPUS



- **Bernie** invented Pride so he could “**experiment**” in the 60s
- Imagine Mary trying to tell Joseph **what the fuck happened**
- Chex Mix Bold should really be called Chex Mix **Slightly Dustier**
- Yeah, I did watch *Uncut Gems* and I was **fingering** myself the entire time
- **Divorce** is always funny

- **Auntie Anne's**...our nation's backbone
- I identify as someone that could go to **medical school**
- It's hard to romanticize your life when you drive a **Kia Soul**
- Having **never served** in Iraq, I do identify as a disabled veteran
- I am nothing if not a **Christian comic**
- “**Content**” is a slur
- I wish I was **jewish**... they have so much to talk about
- I kinda want to join the **military** but like for the **community**
- The thought of **Seth Meyers in shorts** sends chills down my spine
- The travesty writers aren't

- even funny they just **snort coke**
- Having a baby brother ruined **finger sucking** for me.
- When's the last time you gave **your life** to Jesus?
- Nobody ever knows how to do **pizza math**
- *The Daily Texan* basement smells like everybody had their **ass out** before I got there
- Why did **Mayor Pete's** campaign donate to the **Cosby Defense Fund**
- Ultimately **my father's dream** is for me to have **sex** with Mike Bloomberg
- Women can do anything except for **a lot of things**

INCEL VALENTINES CARDS

Are you my mom?
Because you're making me crazy bitch!

Hug me -- did you gain weight?



Whenever I'm around you I get so sweaty, and that's not just because I wear a hoodie literally everywhere

You said my podcast was funny
But then you unmatched with me on Tinder
What gives, where?

You should date a nice guy like me, bitch.

If you weren't so **FUCKING** stupid we'd be married by now.

Opinion: If the Grinch was real, he would definitely be a school shooter



Most bad parents raise their kids to be one of two things: high-end celebrities or school shooters. For one's well being...it's helpful to be friendly to both types. While I was watching How the Grinch Stole Christmas over winter break I had an epiphany. The family friendly movie is not only symbolic of the true meaning behind Christmas, but also the heart-wrenching story of a green baby who overcomes his troubled past despite all odds pointing him towards an ungodly destiny. My point is, if the Grinch was real he would definitely be a school shooter and I would bet

Jim Carrey's entire net worth on the validity of this claim. The evidence is striking. For starters, the Grinch had really fucked up parents. His skin was straight up green and he had a heart condition that never received medical attention. He also moved out when he was maybe 13 and no one thought twice about stopping him. Additionally, when he made a present for the love of his life, he was publicly humiliated by all of his classmates. All I'm saying is, if that same grumpy, hairy, green, tween boy attended my kid's school...I would tell my kid to be nice to him no matter what.

If Bernie wins life will instantly get better, but I won't get any hotter



UT—Like so many young and #hot people, I am looking forward to casting a vote for Bernie Sanders for President. Even better, as an American Jew I am excited to see myself represented by someone who isn't Woody Allen or Alan Dershowitz. Bernie's policies will take the country very far and make healthcare and education accessible to all, which is the hottest thing anyone can do. He gives me, and millions of other people, hope for a better, hotter America. Basically, if Bernie wins, life will instantly get better. There is only one drawback to the grassroots campaign: I won't get any hotter if Bernie is elected President. If I wake up on November 4th to a President Sanders, I will still have physical flaws and have to use humor to deflect. Even though student debt will be cancelled, my face will still fucking look like this.

I am growing a full bush, but only to combat worldwide deforestation

SAN DIEGO—Sometimes I feel so powerless when I read the news and learn about the environmental catastrophes taking place around the planet. I first felt a call to action during the wildfires in the Amazon rainforest last August. I donated as much as I could to the Rainforest Trust and Replant Amazon, but I never truly felt as though I was making a difference to combat deforestation. I mean, we can't all be Kylie Jenner. Then, last month, when the Australian wildfires dominated the news cycle, I simply felt helpless. I just knew I had to do more. As an Ashkenazi Jewish woman, I've always had thicker and longer pubic hair than most of my friends. But I realized that what I perceived as a curse could actually be something I use for good. So, to combat deforestation worldwide, I made the decision to grow a full bush. It wasn't until I stopped being able to see my toes that I knew my efforts were really making a difference. People at the pool are constantly thanking me for my duty when they see me in bathing suits, and some even have to look away to avoid the constant reminder about the true tragedy that is our impending environmental armageddon. And even though my boyfriend hasn't eaten me out in weeks, I know that what I'm doing matters.



CONDIMENTS

Ranked by how working class they are and why

LEAST WORKING CLASS

- Garlic Aoli

The bourgeoisie can afford to have bad breath



- Pesto

Just eat fucking marinara sauce you coastal elite



- Halal Bros White Sauce

The best condiment poured from a lukewarm, three year old jug imported from Saudi Arabia

- Grey Poupon

Looks like sludge, but you know, a diamond in the rough or whatever



KIND OF WORKING CLASS

- Aoli

It's mayonnaise for people who want mayonnaise to be a bit of a treat



- Cane's Sauce

Could be made at home, but tastes better from the well



- Honey Mustard

Why fuck up something special



MOST WORKING CLASS

- Salt (from the sweat of the proletarian brow)

Rumor has it the morton salt girl was walking to a union meeting



- Heinz Barbecue Sauce

THE barbecue sauce of the STEEL CITY



- Kikkoman Soy Sauce

Same thing as salt



TRANSCENDS CLASS DIVISIONS

- Ketchup pre-cum

EVERYBODY forgets to shake the bottle no matter how hard your dad worked for everything you have



Opinion: Mario and Luigi are actually twelve years old, step brothers, and hate doing chores



Uh oh! They're back at it again! These two Nintenbros don't have the same parents! What?! But, they are sharing a bunk bed under the same roof? How does that work? This may come as a surprise, as we have been conditioned to think that these midlife handymen are settled into their lives of being married to princesses and unclogging toilets, but Mario and Luigi are more concerned with getting to the bus stop on time!

With the nonsense the two boys have gotten into over the 6 months since Mario's mother married Luigi's father, the newlyweds have had quite the

challenge on their hands. Mario begins every morning with two slabs of peanut butter, one for his breakfast and one for Luigi's face! Ha! Unfortunately, this usually results in Mario being forced to clean the cat's litter box, which he just flushes down the toilet. Luigi, being the annoying little brother he is (younger by only 5 weeks), tattled on Mario, and his new step dad had to give Mario his first lesson on plumbing.

However, the two post-pubescent 6th graders don't have their eyes set on a career in artisanship. After receiving all good marks on his pre-algebra tests, Luigi has his eyes set on a college degree in Mechanical Engineering, while Mario still wants to be a chef, which makes sense with all the mischief he's been cooking up! No matter what these two rascals end up pursuing, they've vowed to each other that they will share a room, baseball mitt, and their no vegetables pledge forever!

Opinion: Why #babynut made me a pro-lifer

Where were you when Mr. Peanut died? On the phone? On the toilet? In the shower? I was a pro-choicer at that time, so death meant nothing to me (by the way, I was chowing down on a snack). It was not his death that impacted me most, but his resurrection. The way it mirrored the resurrection of Jesus Christ triggered a passion I thought was far gone. From spud to full nut, he made the transition in seconds, begging the question: When did his life begin? Was it at the conception of Mr. Kool-Aid's seed (his tears), and the ground? The better question is, at what point in this beautiful process do we choose termination over germination? Try to imagine life without #babynut... Yeah, it's impossible for me too. But if the choicers get their way, that's what our future could be. Consider this your call to action.



Super Bowl parties oppress me but at least there's spinach dip



SOUTH BEND, IN — In the grand scheme of things, there's simply nothing worse than a Super Bowl Party. College student Alyssa came face to face with this reality earlier this month, at her first college S.B.P. (Shitty Boys Party). During the tenth mansplaining of the "nuances of football," Alyssa realized something that was troubling, but altogether beautiful: Super Bowl parties are inherently oppressive. They are little more than a dick measuring contest, a pathetic attempt to assert who is who in the realm of understanding America's most popular sport.

Yet, there is one shining upside amongst the grim, testosterone-filled darkness. Spinach dip. Creamy, cheesy, unassuming goodness. Masked with the healthiness of spinach, saved by the grace of sour cream. It's the comfort every down-to-earth girl needs, as she slogs through another half quarter third touchdown. I encourage each and every one of you to try and replicate Alyssa's bravery. Absolutely demolish those delicious dips. Hold back no mercy. And know that you are all the better for it.

Report: Dad is nodding at CNBC, so the economy must be good

WASHINGTON, D.C.—For decades, economists have developed and argued over a variety of metrics to best assess economic performance—GDP, unemployment, labor productivity, and a host of other complex calculations. But this dispute exists no longer. Top economists have shifted to a consensus that only one measure truly matters: The amount Dad nods at CNBC. “For years, I used to puzzle over the jobs report, track the flows of farm employment, and obsess over the Gini coefficient,” said Jason Furman, who served as chair of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Obama. “Then, I just saw my dad slouching on the couch, nodding at Jim Cramer’s talking head with a superimposed graph next to him, and realized: ‘shit, the economy must be good.’” The finding has the potential to revolutionize the way we think about the economy. Yet not all economists agree. Many point to a series of confounding factors that obscure our understanding of what “Dad nods” really mean. “Dad could be nodding because one of the anchors made a joke about the big game last night. He could be nodding because there’s a World War II movie marathon on TNT tonight. We simply don’t know,” claimed Janet Yellen, ex-Chair of the Federal Reserve. At press time, however, the evidence was undeniable. The re-run of *Mad Money* corresponded with an estimated 281,000 nods from Dads around the country, providing definitive proof that the economy is indeed doing pretty darn well.

Things they make elementary schoolers do in gym to improve their motor skills

- Crawl like they’re being deployed in Iraq
- Write comedy
- Jump rope for heart disease
- Tossing around bean bags like their lives depend on it
- Sneeze on each other and see who dies first
- Race each other with no lines or finish line, just who has the most heart and is able to move their arms faster
- Kill the carrier
- Help their PE teacher get the divorce documents in order
- Burn books



Calling your panic attacks “vibe checks” makes your therapist hate you

AUSTIN—Therapists in the U.S. are going out of business left and right because of a sudden surge in mental health geniuses and experts across social media platforms. Some girl on twitter made a thread on “low-key signs you have anxiety” and now self diagnosing is so much easier. Clicking a pen really fast? Damn, guess you have ADHD. Bummer. Now that mental health information and diagnoses are available from hot 16-year old girls on Twitter and Instagram, there’s no longer a need for educated



medical opinions. Some of the best advice I received from social media was to drop my therapist (who is covered by my parent’s insurance). It honestly makes sense, because my therapist is a woman named Kathy who used to be an army medic and wouldn’t know a vibe check from a vitals check. This is a huuuuuge relief for me. I never even liked going to therapy because Kathy doesn’t think I’m funny or like it when I called my panic attack in a gym locker room a god-sent vibe check. Farewell, Kathy. I’ve got it from here.

Report: Mom’s obsession with iPad is tearing family apart



KANSAS CITY, MO (randomly not in Kansas)—Diane Marshall, a Southern Baptist mom of three and self-identified “choco-holic” was now the proud owner of an iPad. After learning this was not in fact a gag gift from her kids to make fun of her deteriorating eye-sight by getting her a novelty sized

phone, she was hooked. She could finally scroll through Facebook on the “big screen” and intensely stalk her kids on Instagram. Unfortunately though, her kids and husband were starting to notice her refusal to ever look away from the device. During their classic family bonding time of just vibing while watching *House Hunters International*, light from Diane’s iPad appeared like a beacon as she looked at recipes on Pinterest. She wasn’t even making her usual commentary about how there is no way “on God’s green earth” that two freelance graphic designers can afford a \$450,000 house in the wine country of France. Her eldest daughter, Maybelline Marshall, made a scathing observation: “We literally have the words togetherness and family in a bold cursive font on our walls and she won’t even look at us because she’s addicted to Candy Crush and commenting on people’s photos of their kids on Facebook?” At press time, Diane was seen vigorously pinching her fingers together trying to zoom in on her son’s (28) Instagram story of him holding what could be, upon closer inspection, a beer.

“Fuck it’s so tight”—and other things my doctor said upon seeing my sinuses



AUSTIN—I know I’m probably the only person in the entire world who is affected by seasonal allergies, but that shit hits me hard. It’s one of the quirkiest parts of me and something that I refuse to change! Come springtime, I wake up without my previous ability to breathe (or form meaningful relationships). Recently, I decided to take matters into my own hands and make the radical move to see a medical professional.

Very, very brave. As soon as I sat down in

the doctor’s office, I felt my hopes lift. I couldn’t wait to feel better and also try to renew my Adderall prescription. Secretly I hoped the doctor would ask if I’m sexually active just so I could flex for a second. When my doctor entered the room, she (yes, my doctor is a woman!!!) was immediately concerned by how my breathing sounds like what some are calling a sputtering car engine. She pulled out her little flashlight even though the one on her iPhone would probably have worked and looked into my nose. “Fuck” she said, “it’s so tight.” She went on to describe the state of my sinuses, calling them “extremely unsettling but definitely tight as shit.”

Local comedian leaves audience in a roar of nose exhales



AUSTIN—On any given Monday, you can find Teddy Angelle giving it his all on the stage at Spider House for open mic night. Teddy is a regular participant and heckler of open mic nights at the Austin institution. After being a long time audience member, Teddy decided to begin performing as a comic a few months ago after making the grocery store clerk laugh with the classic “It didn’t scan? Guess it’s free!” His material consists of jokes about drinking beer, jacking off, and hating not only his wife,

but himself too. On this particular Monday night, the focus of Teddy’s set was PC culture. How fresh! He started off with reasons why it’s okay to say the r-word, then defended Bill Cosby, and finished off with a swift line about how men can’t do anything these days without hurting someone’s feelings. The audience simply couldn’t get enough! The loud nose exhales of a select few viewers echoed through the room and showed Teddy that his set was a job well done. Keep an eye out for this rising star! Catch him every Monday at Spider House and on the couch at any other time.

Greg Fenves quote of the month

“RLM smells like everybody had their ass out before I got there”



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Throwing it back is a metaphor for redistributing the wealth

Abstract:

When conducting this study, we found that a vast majority of straight young men want a girl that can throw it back, but only half of these young men support the heavy taxation of billionaires. In this article, we assess the lack of correlation between these survey responses and propose why the two viewpoints should, in theory, align more closely.

Method:

The participants were straight males ages 15-24. In order to ensure a 100% response rate, we offered a complimentary bottle of 3-in-1 body wash/shampoo/conditioner to those who completed the survey.

Results:

From this survey pool, 98% of straight males said yes, they do in fact want a girl who can throw it back. Conversely, only 51% of those same straight males said yes, they think we should tax billionaires at a higher rate.

Discussion:

While these two survey questions may not appear to be related, they are really referring to the same thing. The first question concerns the literal act of physically throwin it back. The taxation question refers to fiscally throwin it back: wealth redistribution.

Conclusion:

If young men are asking women to be willing and able to adequately throw it back, shouldn’t they be asking the same from the one percent? Shouldn’t they expect them to arch those backs of wealth and swing the rest of us a break? To throw back some of that income? Yes, they absolutely should.

Conflicts of Interests/Pre-existing Biases:

I cannot throw it back physically or fiscally.



Star Wars fans are angry again: What is it this time? Rey's tits weren't big enough

LOS ANGELES—After the trilogy's final movie was released in late December, scrambling longtime Star Wars fans have turned their nitpicking efforts towards the series protagonist, claiming her tits "weren't big enough." "It's probably the most disrespectful thing the franchise has done. I mean if you're going to have a female protagonist, why not make her have huge jugs? It's what the fans would have wanted," said Darius Sun, a loss prevention specialist at Video Max. "First they mess up BB-8's arc, and now this, it's really like they stopped giving a crap about the series towards the end." Sun's concerns over the franchise are not uncommon. It's been reported that among the Star Wars fandom on the internet, Rey's boob size was the hottest issue, taking the lead spot over other "problems" like "how did they make Laura Dern look ugly" and "demonizing Kylo Ren." At press time, Darius was seen looking for his favorite Star Wars tie in preparation for a heated custody hearing.



Man who rollerblades to work happy to have hobby, sad in every other capacity



AUSTIN—Local Austinite and Philadelphia dual citizen Eric Fauster was once just like the rest of us: unsatisfied, lonely, emotionally distant, and sick of his damn commute! Unlike most, however, Fauster has been able to find a consistent source of momentary relief from the banality of life's routine. It all started this past fall, when, despite the impending collapse of their unilaterally open marriage, (now-ex) wife Sherry gifted the father of two a pair of rollerblades. At that moment,

Eric had a feeling that things were starting to look up. And if you've had the pleasure of catching him zoom by on his way to work, I'm sure you'd concur with his intuition. "I just sort of knew it when I opened the box and saw the in-lines," the Eagles fanatic recounts. "Things just couldn't get any worse. I didn't even mind that they were visibly used. I just thought it might help with...things." "When you're on the wheels, you can't really waste any headspace dwelling on your shortcomings, be they professional or personal," explains the neighborhood icon, slipping on the same ill-fitting Donovan McNabb jersey he wore to his custody hearing. "It'd just be too much of a distraction. As comforting as the thought of aimlessly drifting in front of a Capital Metro Bus sounds, I can't really afford another lawsuit if it doesn't finish the job." When asked what he enjoys most about his new mode of transportation, Fauster instead opted to submit a personal message for publication: "Sherry," pleaded the indebted sports gambler. "Please. I need you."

Baked Potato Gets DWI

CUMBY, TX—Cumby Sheriff Dean Gilberry, pulled over a Nissan Sentra at 2:30 A.M. last Thursday night with probable cause. The car was going 8 mph on Highway 30 according to the officer. "Officer, it smelled like this when I bought it," said the potato.



CELEBRITY ANIMALS:

Where are they now?



Madagascar Penguins
Blood diamond thieves



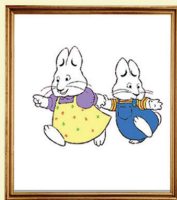
Dog with a blog
Racist tweets exposed



Salem from Sabrina the Teenage Witch
Lawyer, performs at open mics on the side



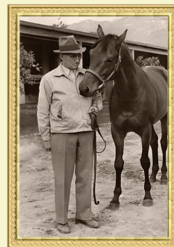
Big Bird
Can't afford to retire



Max and Ruby
Had a nasty divorce



Bill Clinton's cat Socks
Energy lobbyist in the Ukraine



Seabiscuit
War vet

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Sony announces sequel to Greta Gerwig's *'Little Women'* titled *'Tyler Perry's Big Ol' Ladies'*



LOS ANGELES—Executives confirm that Sony will move forward with a Little Women sequel from Perry's production studio, slated for a summer release. Perry said the title of Gerwig's film alone gave him the idea for a movie that could evolve into a "long-term franchise." Perry says the movie is about the perspective of the women in his family

and their journey into adulthood while he was away making movies the whole time—all while being raised by Madea. Can you say plot twist? Sony has greenlit Perry's project with a budget less than a fourth of Gerwig's 2019 film. "We can update the movie every 20-30 years to represent women's social structures in society at the time of the film's release!" Perry said to perplexed Sony executives as they realized he's never even seen Little Women before. When asked if he'd seen any of the films, or read the Louisa May Alcott novel, he claimed "I don't know a Louisa May, but you know what—that'd be a pretty good name for the main sister in my movie." The film will start pre-production in early May this year and is slated for a June 2020 release in order to capitalize on the summer box-office.

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Bernie Sanders supporters say online harassment isn't real, you idiot sluts



AUSTIN—In an attempt to unify the party and mobilize supporters after the inconclusive results of the Iowa Caucus, the local chapter of Austin for Bernie released a statement claiming that online harassment from Bernie supporters "isn't real, you idiot sluts." "Using the term 'Bernie bro' is literally racist," local supporter Byron Jacobs said, pausing his game of Counter Strike Global Offensive to add

that Bernie is the best candidate to bring the country together, excluding the "neoon bitches who voted for Hillary." The Sanders campaign, who is working to elect the most progressive candidate for president in history, has categorically denied any claims of Twitter abuse, calling them "absolute horseshit." At press time, the chapter has reportedly found my Twitter account and email.

The Travesty Apologizes

Dear Reader,

We're so fucking sorry. We would like to begin by acknowledging that we were at fault. What happened was a mistake and unfortunately, could have been avoided. Plain and simple, we should not have gone in there. That being said, the taunting was not warranted and there was no need to get physical. We hate that so many people had to get mixed up in this whole situation. No one should have to hear words like that spoken in a public forum in such rapid succession, especially the children. But the question still remains: what were they doing there? Again, that shouldn't matter, and to reiterate, we're sorry that people reacted in such a judgemental manner. In times like these, it's hard to wrap our heads around precisely what everyone is feeling, but it's important to remember: who could possibly remember everything that happened? After all, it was so long ago. Furthermore, most of us didn't even arrive until after the fact, and those that did weren't.

To summarize, had we known that what we had done then, as they described, would have been interpreted in such a way, we would have sincerely apologized for what could have been considered extremely inappropriate behavior in a more timely manner.

Cheers,

TT