Op-Ed: Belly button piercings are tramp stamps of the front

Report: Naughty, naughty boy has been a bad little pet

Flint child can drink all the soda she wants

YCT suspiciously well behaved this year

During this issue...

CIVILITY

The biggest class marker is having a white fridge or a stainless steel one.

It’s always sad when you have to cancel your grandmother.

Does Uncle Sam still want me or has he moved on?

Wait, you should totally tweet that.

One drop of the Tacodeli green salsa would probably kill Pete Buttigieg.

My dad is breaking gender barriers by being a wine mom.

I need to get back on meds soon or I’m gonna sleep with a 38 year old.

I have a premium Snap but all proceeds goes to charity.

If this bitch calls me strawberry blonde one more time.

I’m literally not being racist.

I’m giving you actual statistics.

People who say they are moderate are just afraid to fight.

The real #girlbosses are moms.

That was not very cool beans of you.

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Op-ed: Marvel movies may not be cinema, but neither is The Godfather

Cinephiles, as well as non-categorical douchebags, seem to be picking sides in the ongoing battle of whether it is currently more socially-distinguishing to disavow the Marvel Cinematic Universe as theme park junk or (equally insufferably) performatively advocate for “letting people enjoy things.” Personally, I tend to fall in the camp of the Great Synergy Experiment sucking, though in the end, does anyone really care? No. But I’ll tell you something people may actually tune in to: Marvel movies may not be cinema, but neither is The Godfather.

If it were up to me, Francis Ford Coppola’s so-called “masterpiece” would be discarded from the contemporary American film canon, as it is no film. It’s propaganda. The Italian-American lobby has been quietly operating in the Hollywood underbelly for decades, seeding veiled messages to the nation’s public, and no one has even batted an eye. The proof is in the pudding, so to speak, and this country can’t get enough dessert. Notice how many of the film’s (I use this term generously) protagonists seem to be Italian-American. This is no coincidence. The IADL (Italian-American Defense League) has developed a strategy to ensure the promotion of their own members and, indirectly, their own cultural products. But why? Well, why does anyone do anything in this world? If this scheme is starting to make sense to you, then I’m sure you recognize that it’s making dollars for them.

If you don’t believe me, take a look at the article on the last page of this very newspaper. They’ve infiltrated the media all the way to the local level. Everywhere you look nowadays it’s pizza-this and gelato-that. To counter these efforts to control our thought, I ask that instead of popping in yet another spaghetti advertisement after dinner tonight, you, for me and for freedom, watch Borat.

Local Freshman believes he should have had more sex by now

JESTER WEST – On any given Wednesday, UT freshman Truman Watson can be spotted in the FAC looking longingly at a group of nursing students studying for their weekly microbiology quiz in the hopes that one of them will come over and ask him for help. Truman is a Human Development and Family Sciences major. While he doesn’t know about microbes or bacteria, he does know that he should have had sex at least once at this point in the game.

“Truman has been pretty down these days, and it’s obviously because he’s not getting any ass,” claimed his roommate Sanjay Anand, a fellow UT freshman. “I’ve been laying pipe all over the Forty Acres. This has gotta be tough for him, seeing me live the dream and all.” The boys’ RA confirmed that Truman is absolutely not getting any action, but after a bit of investigation, we can confirm that Sanjay isn’t either.

“I know I’m no Shawn Mendes, but I figured I could still get some. It’s really messing with my misplaced confidence I’ve always had,” said Truman in a desperate tone. And he is not alone. Every year, young men from all over the world make their way into college with a head full of dreams and a wallet full of condoms. Truman is just one of these boys, navigating the sea of sex, or lack thereof. In a desperate attempt to lose his virginity before he and all his friends go home for Thanksgiving, Truman was contemplating joining a yoga studio at press time.

Straight ally shows support for the LGBTQ community by referring to boyfriend as her “partner”

AUSTIN – Local heterosexual, cisgender woman Emma Fletcher committed an act of heroism this weekend when she introduced her similarly heterosexual, cisgender boyfriend as her ‘partner’ to a few close friends. Fletcher, who became a champion for human rights after watching Call Me By Your Name, says that she can relate to the feeling of having to mask parts of yourself. “I had to lie about being distantly related to John McCain for all of 2008,” she claimed, taking a bite out of her Chick-Fil-A chicken sandwich. “It’s not okay to be judged for what you were born into.” When asked about her opinion of Stonewall, she had an insightful message for the LGBTQ youth: “Um, I don’t know how that relates but I don’t support building the wall if that’s what you mean?” At press time, Fletcher was seen forcefully giving her hairdresser’s phone number to a gay man she’d met on the street 5 minutes prior.
You’re 5 years old and you’ve just been told you’re Catholic.
Can you get to heaven or will it fuck up your life forever?
(take this quiz to find out)

1. Do you have any sins to confess?
   a. I’m into Ross from Friends
   b. There’s a naked pic in the GroupMe no lie
   c. Not many, I’m five

2. Do you gag at the church wine or get addicted?
   a. Is there a grape juice option for the Mormons among us?
   b. Take it like a shot
   c. I haven’t tried it yet I’m five

3. When Jesus is on the cross, what are you looking at? His accurate ripped chest or the stigmata?
   a. Those precious little toes
   b. His knowing eyes and mischievous smile
   c. The colors, because I’m five years old

4. You aren’t gay, right?
   a. Saw Keira Knightley in Pirates of the Caribbean too young and now idk
   b. Technically I’m bi
   c. I’m five

5. Do you kinda wish you could wear the Pope’s robes?
   a. ONLY if he watches me change into them
   b. What if they’re not my size?
   c. Haha “no capes!” I love The Incredibles. I’m five years old

RESULTS
mostly a’s:
Congratulations! You made it to heaven.
muchly b’s:
Sorry bro, your life is ruined
mostly c’s:
You are five! The possibilities are endless.

Op-ed: People say all sorority girls are spoiled, but I don’t even have a BMW

In today’s polarized society, we are so quick to jump to assumptions about people that we don’t even know. It seems like everyone is being pitted against each other, to the benefit of no one. It doesn’t matter if you’re black, white, purple, David from Sigma Chi, or green. We should all be working to dismantle stereotypes and examine our own biases. For example, everyone says that sorority girls are spoiled, but I literally don’t even have a BMW. Let that sink in for a second. And I know what you’re thinking: “Are you sure?” Yes, I’m motherfucking sure. My Honda CRV gets me around perfectly, thank you very much. It honestly makes me so upset when people see the letters on the back of my car (which just to reiterate, is not a BMW) and assume that my dad works in finance and my mom throws expensive parties at our mansion. Not true. My dad is a lawyer and my mom mysteriously disappeared off of the coast of St. Barts in 2011. That just goes to show you that not all stereotypes are true, except for what my dad says about those frugal Jews that he works with! All in all, we have to work at being more respectful towards one another, and the very first step is acknowledging that I DON’T HAVE A FUCKING BMW!

Redhead Radiohead-head gives pothead Deadhead bomb head

LONDON – While spearheading the collective of Deadhead figureheads in an effort to outlaw nuclear warheads, NDPLC (National Deadhead Peace and Love Commission) head-chair Daniel Greenberg decided that he needed fellatio. Greenberg glanced at the Jerry Garcia fathead that resides above the chamber, stood up, and grabbed a blue raspberry Airhead. “You’re all shitheads,” Greenberg said to his Deadhead colleagues as he departed.

Walking out of the headquarters, he was met by a rally of British skinheads rushing headlong towards him; however, he was able to evade the mob of Radiohead diehards with an airborne somersault. After executing the head-over-heels maneuver, he landed at the feet of Julie Singler, a self-proclaimed Radiohead-head, and unapologetic redhead. “Heads up,” Singler said. Greenberg ducked. Singler roundhouse kicked an advancing skinhead in the throat, knocking his wireless Bluetooth headset clean out of his ear.

Greenberg and Singler locked eyes. The romantic moment they shared was one that could only be satisfied by rushing into Greenberg’s ’06 Acura TSX and giving each other bomb head, with Greenberg performing first, followed by Singler. The man’s climax was reminiscent of popping his first ever whitehead: messy, white shit spraying everywhere, and a little bit of blood trickling out at the end.

Area student blames B+ on professor’s slightly foreign accent

WEST CAMPUS – McCombs student Tyler Schwartz blames the B+ he received on his Microeconomics professor’s slightly foreign accent. Schwartz, a freshman, was shocked this past Thursday when his first Intro to Microeconomics exam was passed back in class. Schwartz, having been referred to as a “naturally gifted” student since the age of fi by his mom Jill, was expecting nothing less than an A on his exam. “I just don’t get it,” Schwartz explained, in the middle of ripping his Illadelph, “I go to class. I do my homework. Isn’t that enough?” When asked if there was anything that could’ve gotten in the way of acing the exam, Schwartz responded, “I guess my professor kind of has an accent, which definitely gets in the way of my ability to comprehend the material. It’s so unfair!” When asked if his parents were disappointed, he answered, “Grading is way more subjective** when your professor speaks broken English. I mean, I’m not being racist or anything, but if my professor was American, I know I’d get the A. My dad understands that.” At press time, Schwartz’s mother had reportedly left 5 voicemails for the professor in question.

** NOTE: Schwartz’s exam was graded by a Scantron machine.
The end of an era: Beyoncé gets really into podcasting

NEW YORK CITY – The Beyhive is buzzing with mixed emotions after Beyoncé announced she will be stepping away from music in order to start a podcast. “Beyoncé is an artist first and foremost, and that’s never going to change,” a spokesperson from Beyoncé’s team said in response to an outpouring of online concern. “Podcasting is a legitimate art form and this transition does not mean her career is going downhill – it just means it’s going in a different direction.” The podcast, set to be an episodic narrative, will take the listener along with Beyoncé as she tries to figure out who really killed Jeffrey Epstein. “This podcast has been in the works for over a decade,” said Beyoncé in a tweet to fans. “And I can tell you right now that yes, there will be more than one season.” Although none of Beyoncé’s A-list acquaintances have commented on the podcast announcement, her oldest daughter does have an opinion. “If you ask me, podcasters are weak and washed up,” said Blue Ivy in passing to paparazzi as she entered her first-grade classroom. “But then again, so are people that still think Epstein’s death was a suicide.” Listeners can find the podcast, titled *Everything You Need to Know About Jeffrey Epstein’s Murder in a Box to the Left*, available on all streaming platforms on Thanksgiving day.
Op-Ed: You can’t be a feminist unless you’re my boyfriend

Men are constantly reaching out to me, asking me how to best be an ally to women. They’re calling me, emailing me, even showing up when I perform my standup routine alone in my room. While this sentiment is nice and very much appreciated, my answer to them is always the same: date me! This may seem silly and reductive, but my reasoning is actually really simple: you can’t be a feminist unless you’re my boyfriend. I know what you’re thinking: men’s feminism isn’t always performative; some of them have actually done important work, like dating my sister or being a barista. That’s all great, but I said what I said. You can’t be a feminist or an ally to women unless you’re obsessed with me and validate me constantly. I don’t care if you went to the Women’s March or if you’re canvassing for Elizabeth Warren every day of the week. I don’t even care if you #StandWithPP or retweeted that video of Kelly Bachman calling out Harvey Weinstein. I won’t be accepting nuances at this time. When my ex-boyfriend and I broke up, the hardest phone call wasn’t me drunkenly asking him to come over multiple nights in a row. It was me, calling him the day after we broke up, to tell him that unfortunately, his feminist card had been revoked (if he’s reading this though I’m willing to give us one more shot).

Critics are raving and club owners are telling them to get the fuck out

AUSTIN – Things started to get a little hairy on 6th Street when a group of “local film critics” hit the streets after taking in a midnight premiere of The Joker. “I haven’t seen pretentiousness move together in a herd like that since the podcasters got together at SXSW,” said stunned club owner Vincent van Hauser, while sweeping up broken glass. There were multiple reports of the raving group agreeing that they were misunderstood and calling for what they claimed would be an “epic” sequel. “Those assholes in cargo shorts just wouldn’t get off my damn stairs,” said bartender Max Stevenson. At press time, the self-proclaimed critics were masturbating vigorously in their parents’ basements.
“A woman’s place IS in the kitchen...to get more wine!” area mom posts on Facebook, laughing deliriously

SUBURBIA – After finally putting her three gorgeous children Kennedy, Chelsea, and Daniel to bed, mother Terri Joan didn’t need to check the time to know it was Wine O’clock! She had already popped one Xanax before picking up the kids from school, but now she could finally reach the ultimate state of relaxation: an acceptable, slightly-slurring drunkenness after one “doctor recommended” glass of red wine. Terri hopped on Facebook to get her hourly dose of hilarious wine mom memes, including “If you combine wine and dinner, the new word is WINNER,” and “A mother’s sacrifice isn’t giving birth...it’s 9 months without wine!” She hurriedly shared them to her page with only the crying laughing emoji as a caption, adequately explaining the hilarity that’d gripped her. Then tragedy struck: Terri scrolled past an inevitably misogynistic post from 2012 that said “Women belong in the House and Senate? More like women belong in the kitchen!” In a stroke of feminist ingenuity that Terri hadn’t felt since making a sign that said “Pussy Grabs BACK!” at the 2016 Women’s March, she commented, “A woman’s place IS in the kitchen…..to get more wine!” She then laughed deliriously at her relatable burn. At press time, her children were reported to have drifted off into a calm, delicate sleep after being comforted by the fact that their mom had consumed her happy juice.

Op-ed: If Rihanna isn’t pregnant then she is just getting fat shamed

Recently published photos of the 31-year old superstar Robyn Rihanna Fenty with a noticeable little tum-tum have led to harmful comments and assumptions flying through the Twitterverse. Even if Rihanna is pregnant, you aren’t supposed to ask or assume that a woman is pregnant until she has added a baby emoji with a due date to her bios on all social media platforms. Common sense! The assumptions being made are ridiculous. If Rihanna is accused of having a baby bump, but later confirms there is no baby existing within the bump, then that means that she is just being accused of having a bump, making this whole thing a whopping fat joke. How could the body positivity community have missed this? Even more harmful implications exist...such as the one that Rihanna has had sex. There is literally no scientific evidence that backs this claim! Hit song “Sex with Me” could be someone else’s story that RiRi humbly offered to share with the world for millions of dollars and awards. A proud and unmarried Christian woman would likely not promote such an unholy act. Furthermore, why would Riri make a song about herself having sex, knowing that her parents would eventually listen to it? It’s embarrassing that people can even think with such little sense. Tragically, we live in a society that fat shames women who have tummies that resemble a baby bump, including Riri’s.

Kinky baby’s first word is ‘daddy’

DALLAS – Parents Tamara and Alvin Kruger are considering their child Max to be the first “kinky baby” after his first word was “daddy.” After little Max said this, his parents knew they were in for a wild ride. “Normal children prefer pacifiers, but to accommodate our little pet, we got him ‘baby’s first ballgag,” said Alvin. Tamara added, “In this house we don’t kink shame, and Alvin and I decided before Max was born that we’d be supportive no matter what he decides to do with his life. Although hard, this whole situation has been an eye-opening parental experience.” At press time, that little skank started crawling on all fours and drooling – what a cocktease.
**BREAKING: Texas Travesty food critic Jack Kelly under investigation in bribery scandal**

The University of Texas has launched an investigation into Texas Travesty food critic, Jack Kelly, after suspicious behavior was reported to the magazine. Kelly claimed his annual earnings on his taxes as only $600, but filed over $18,000 in tips this past year. The IRS informed the university of potential foul play and a consequent investigation has been launched. The reported tips are suspected to be large sum bribes from pizzerias in the Travis County region. Last month, Kelly published an overwhelmingly positive review of Roppolo's Guadalupe location. This month, the Travesty has suspended his review of Austin's Pizza North Guadalupe location because of “unreasonable enthusiasm.” Kelly and his lawyer have declined to comment. "I'm shocked and disgusted by Kelly's actions," President Fenves said, "but I'm not surprised by the slimy malpractice of those pizza-flippin' meatball gangsters."

**Open letter to my father: NO DAD, you’re the whore!**

Dear Father,

No matter how many times you say it, I am not a whore.

After my most recent date with Marjorie, an all-day sugar-filled flash-passed affair at Six Flags, it seemed appropriate to purchase commemorative couple’s shirts. All editions were sold out except for the “I'm looney for him” and “I'm looney for her” shirts. The day went so well that we didn't even care that the shirts were corny. We were full of bliss, ICEEs, and young love ... all to be subsequently crushed by you.

"Why are you wearing that disgusting shirt," you said, when I got home. "Because it's true. I'm looney for Marjorie," I replied. That was true. I know it’s against our religion to wear such shirts. We need to be silent and treat every romantic relationship as if we're in the KGB. But I’m over that, Dad. "You're a whore," you said, after I spilled my heart out to you. And although you tried so hard to put me down, I felt stronger than ever wearing that t-shirt. I felt alive. I felt like I could do and say anything. So I have something to say to you.

No Dad, you're the whore!  

With pleasure,

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**Fenves Quote of the Month:**

"Y'all still go to this shithole institution?"