Loyal readers,

In the last issue, you met the Travesty’s newest recruit, Sam Blumberg. For those of you who have not had the chance to meet him, you will soon know him well. Sam has spent the past couple of months proving his worth to our publication. We thought he was on the path to being a stellar contributor, but upon hiring additional new members, Sam’s lackluster ambition and piss-poor attitude starkly contrasted the rest of the lot. So, as the final step in his initiation to the Texas Travesty, we sent Administrative Assistant Sam Blumberg through Dante’s nine circles of Hell.

Sincerely,

The Texas Travesty Editorial Staff
STUDENT OF THE MONTH

Constantinos "Costaki" Skevofilax is a freshman Computational Engineering student. He grew up in Austin and now lives on-campus, trying to make the most of an unusual situation.

Currently, Costaki’s most difficult class is Chemistry. When asked about what his easiest class is, he simply replied, “Lunch.” This was a lie, as “Lunch” is not a course offered by UT or ACC during the fall semester.

When Costaki isn’t lying, he is busy embodying the qualities of an Aries, his star sign. He’s impulsive, optimistic, passionate, and unlike Virgos, he likes to wear comfy clothes. Ironically, these are all the requirements for Costaki’s dream job: becoming an astronaut.

Costaki is qualified both physically and mentally to become a decent astronaut. His body can withstand whole milk, and he’s rational, firmly believing that “yoga is just stretching. It’s not a real sport like volleyball or water polo.”

As a final word, Costaki would like to thank his dawgs. In this context, “dawgs” refers to his buddies, not Costaki’s actual dog which he confessed to sometimes sneaking into his dorm, a violation of the 2020-2021 Residence Hall Manual (pg. 42).
Administrative Assistant Sam Blumberg does not follow his mom back on Instagram

By Fareena Arefeen

As social media editor, I am the eyes and ears of the Texas Travesty. It’s my job to vet the people reading and applying to our publication, and this is not a job I take lightly. One day, while performing my duties, I noticed we received a follow and comment from a certain Mrs. Blumberg. I click on the page to see sweet posts dedicated to our very own, Sam Blumberg, but one thing is missing. There are no mutual followers between the Travesty and Mrs. Blumberg. Frantically, I checked to make sure that this was not possibly a mistake on my end. I was shocked and appalled when I realized what was going on here. Maybe Sam hated seeing his mom’s paintings. Or the adoring photos of the family. Or the beautiful memories that Mrs. Blumberg was trying to create. Whatever it may be, it’s unacceptable.

Sam, if you’re reading this, follow your mother on Instagram. Failure to comply will result in termination of your position at the Texas Travesty.

The results are in! Daily Texan staff named dumbest group of fucking idiots on campus

By Nico Fennell

AUSTIN - Following several seconds of debate, relevant officials this week awarded The Daily Texan staff with the title of “Dumbest Group of Fucking Idiots on Campus” for the 53rd consecutive year.

Citing such recent pieces as “How students manage living with a roommate and breathing oxygen,” “OPINION: Incarcerated learning may not be as bad as it’s made out to be,” and “OPINION: Professors should offer freshmen extra credit for voting,” panel members said that the choice was easy.

“Not only are these guys stupid,” explained one voting official, “But they’re also assholes.” The official, it appears, is not alone in her views.

“Those guys are total tools,” said literally the very first person we saw on campus, after being asked if they’d heard of The Texan. Some, however, have different opinions on the organization.

“I think they’re pricks,” said a second student, unprompted.

Upon hearing the news, a representative from runner up organization, Phi Gamma Delta, had this to say:

“DURR DAUH BUH BAH TE TE TOE.”
We had our concerned readers write in to The Travesty’s resident medical expert Dr. Frank Ouchie (Dr. F. Ouchie) seeking advice regarding their symptoms.

**Matt** - So my girlfriend came back from her hometown, and of course, we were so happy to see each other. She should not have been exposed to anything, but I am afraid she has cum within 6ft with her highschool ex-boyfriend. Well, now I have testicular discomfort and a runny penis. My roommate says it’s probably just allergies. Should I go ahead and get tested?

**Dr. Ouchie** - I’m sorry, Matt, but the symptoms you are describing do not sound like allergies. You should go ahead and get tested.

**Carly** - I had fun at an event with 10 people over the weekend, and I was a super spreader. But now, my vaginal discharge has burned a hole through my underwear and I have to pee every 5 minutes. Should I hold off on doing any more super leg spreading until I get tested?

**Dr. Ouchie** - You must hold off on doing any more super spreading until you receive negative test results. If you test positive, you must self-isolate until you have gone 7 days without symptoms.

**Emmett** - A few nights ago, I was chilling with the boys, having a good time, but a few days later, a bunch of us developed rashes on our dicks. We thought we had herd immunity, so I’m not really sure how this happened. Do I need to get tested or is this a false alarm?

**Dr. Ouchie** - Emmett, based on the symptoms that you have described, you and your “boys” must all get tested.

**Megan** - So at an event this past weekend, about half of the 10 people were wearing proper protection equipment. And yet, now my underwear stinks, and when I urinate, it feels like fire. Is this just the common cold or flu? How can I tell? Do I need to go get tested?

**Dr. Ouchie** - Unfortunately, I’m afraid you may be right, Peter. Many of those boys may have been exposed by their parent. It’s hard to know for certain, but I would suggest that everyone get tested.

**Dr. Ouchie** - It's too late to place blame, what's done is done. If you test positive, you must notify all people you have come in close contact with in the past week, including those in the nursing home.

**Dr. Ouchie** - It’s impossible to tell you for sure without you getting tested, which I would suggest you do as soon as possible, but I can tell you that foul-smelling vaginal discharge and pain while urinating are not symptoms of the common cold or flu.

**Carly** - I had fun at an event with 10 people over the weekend, and I was a super spreader. But now, my vaginal discharge has burned a hole through my underwear and I have to pee every 5 minutes. Should I hold off on doing any more super leg spreading until I get tested?

**Peter** - Hi Doctor, I’ve been super conscious about the spread of this disease the past few months, but about a week ago, I chaperoned an overnight camping trip for my cousin’s boy scout troop. At first, all the boys were super good about wearing personal protective equipment, but as the night went on, more boys started to take theirs off. Now, I have a sharp pain whenever I urinate, and I’ve been having a weird discharge come out of my penis. I’m afraid that this trip was a possible super-spreader event. Should we all get tested?

**Dr. Ouchie** - Unfortunately, I’m afraid you may be right, Peter. Many of those boys may have been exposed by their parent. It’s hard to know for certain, but I would suggest that everyone get tested.
Sam eases his insatiable appetite with gluttonous grease.
Maybe we aren’t so divided after all: Men from all walks of life come together to defend jacking off at work

By Lulu Stracher

As our society becomes more and more polarized, expressions of solidarity are often hard to come by. But on October 19, 2020, men from all walks of life came together to defend an American principle that had come under attack: the right to jack off at work. This display of unity arose after The New Yorker suspended their employee, Jeffrey Toobin, for allegedly masturbating on a company Zoom call.

“Yes, it’s embarrassing, but should we really ruin someone’s life just because they subjected their colleagues to sexual harassment?” asked area man, Curtis Walker, who was joined by a loud chorus of men denouncing the latest example of cancel culture. These men put away their partisan affiliations to focus on what really matters: rubbing one out in front of your colleagues.

“My dad and I never agree on anything,” said UT-Austin senior Jackson Browning. “But this isn’t a left or right issue, it’s an American issue.” In a time where Americans seemingly can’t agree on anything, it’s inspiring to see a broad coalition of XY chromosomes standing up for their right to make women uncomfortable. Isn’t that what the Founding Fathers intended?

“After he walked into the restaurant with that sick fucking snake wrapped around his neck, I couldn’t take my eyes off of his gorgeous below-neck beauty,” said one bashful diner. “I know it’s rude to stare but, to be fair, the way he was wearing it really showed off how big and voluptuous the snake was.”

Other witnesses reported being similarly entranced with how unbelievably sick the guy’s snake looked wrapped around his neck. “I think I started drooling a little bit,” said another diner. “But then he said ‘stop looking guys,’ or something like that. I was too focused on the snake to remember.”

When pressed for comment, the snake-adorned man in question said “something, something, hey stop staring!” but we didn’t really pay attention. The way that snake curved around his neck was just way too delicious for us to write anything down.

After the man left the restaurant, a string of horrific car accidents were reported as the man and snake made their way around the city. Drivers couldn’t keep their eyes on the road with such a rad reptile bouncing around on a man’s neck like that.
Haunted House employees affected by COVID forced to be weirdos in regular, non-haunted houses

By Dominic Beck

HOUSTON - As part of a growing number of COVID-19 related layoffs, haunted house employees around Houston have been forced to be absolute nutcases in normal, non-haunted homes. Away from the empty warehouses located suspiciously on the outskirts of the city, these freaks have taken their creepy, sexually-charged, horror-movie role play to residential neighborhoods and apartment complexes around Houston.

“I don’t know what to do with myself,” said former steam-punk zombie Natasha Greer. “Lately I’ve been talking to my roommates with a baby doll voice punctuated by irritating shrieks, but it isn’t the same.”

After spending the entire night drawing pentagrams and watching Hocus Pocus cosplay tutorials, Greer wakes up around 3 p.m., shops for rave wear and tries to train her black cat Beezlebub to cross in front of people’s paths. In the evening, she cooks a stew for her roommates and mutters while dropping the ingredients into the liquid like she’s in a Shakespeare play. “Normally, I would have to spend the next few hours applying makeup,” said Greer. “But now I just visit graveyards and hiss at people from a distance.”

Greer has recently gained some renown in the haunted house community for her work publishing a COVID-coping guide for the average clown, zombie, or barely-closeted sadist stuck at home during the pandemic. Tips include starting an overtly BDSM Tinder account, spending all of your money on ‘witchcraft’ ingredients, or forming an entire goddamn identity based on The Nightmare Before Christmas.

When asked about her thoughts for the future, Greer replied “I just can’t wait until this deadly, worldwide, uncontrollable, panic-inducing, destabilizing disease is over with so that I can get my horror fix again.”

Dyslexia proven to be not contagious

By Aya Amarir

CHICAGO - If your child has trouble reading aloud or can’t spell anything properly, chances are they’re not a dumbass, they just suffer from dyslexia, which makes them seem like one. Although students with dyslexia receive an extra hour on the SATs and get to skip class once a week, technically it’s considered a disability. Medical professionals say that the number of students who suffer from dyslexia is growing rapidly. This raises the possibility of dyslexia being a contagious condition like Ebola or the thing that made people zombies in The Walking Dead.

A one-on-one interview with actress and dyslexia warrior, Bella Thorne, helped shed some light on the issue.“People with dyslexia are just like anybody else. There’s nothing to be afraid of,” Thorne says as she readjusts the sparkly wings of her fairy costume. Despite her outfit and makeup, Thorne’s resemblance to a normal human is uncanny and her dyslexia is almost unnoticeable.

After this conservatsoin wtih dislyxia epxret, Della Throne, the rmours of dislyxia being contagious are porven untrue. Teart thhsoe who se-fufer form it the same may you traet anbydy with a disabitity!
TEXAS TRAVESTY

WACKY WORD SEARCH

WORD BANK

Fun

Word Bank

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AJFOKSKEWIFJIAKSFJFAKJIALDFJUDUIFQAOJIFJAUAMCAOKDFDJWAFALNKLIAOMK
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By Will Tabor, Jack Kelly, and Nico Fennell

Roughly 18,000 college students live in the West Campus neighborhood. The area is compact with high-rise apartments, making it the most densely populated in Austin - and most vulnerable to malfeasance. While the University of Texas at Austin remains silent on the matter, Governor Greg Abbott has called for increased police surveillance of the region in response to the sudden spike of crime. The Travesty sent out Editor-in-chief Will Tabor and Staff Photographer Jack Kelly to document the gruesome realities of urban barbarity in the area so many young people call home. The pictures that follow are shocking and should serve as a warning to the residents of the West Campus area. This neighborhood is no longer safe. **Viewer discretion is advised.**

**Ground Beef!**
Young girl has her future stolen, as she was found slaughtered in Whataburger drive-through, Guadalupe location. Representatives of the franchise declined to comment.

**Broken Heart...**
Lesbian sorority sisters slain in parking lot next to Dirty Martin's. Tall blonde (right) suffered fatal chest wounds, and girl-stabbed-in-back (left) appeared to be attempting escape before falling into a pole.

**Pickle-Dead.**
Short, female victim of crime discovered in bush beneath Pickle Rick mural on Guadalupe Street after suffering multiple stab wounds to the chest and abdomen.

**Modelo Time!**
The violence creeps onto campus as a man is found splayed in the middle of Speedway with gunshot wounds to his chest and facial pummeling likely with a bat or rod.
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As others move boulders, Sam moves his hand over his mouth in boredom.
**Opinion: A peaceful transfer of power would be so boring**

By Will Tabor

Exactly one week from today, the people of the United States will decide the next president; however, because of widespread mail-in voting, the results will most likely not be announced for days, weeks, or even months after Election Day. Inevitably, President Trump will declare victory on Nov. 3, and the Democrats will shit a brick. As a result, every democratic bedwetter ranging from neoliberal to leftist will roll restlessly into the night and wake up in the morning whining that the orange man did not play by the rules. They will be right, but they will also need to shut up.

The spectacle of President Donald Trump is nothing but that: a spectacle. What type of showman would he be if his finale is giving the keys to his competitor and walking out the door? Real Americans do not want this. I do not want this. Quite frankly, a peaceful transfer of power would make me lose faith in the American way of life. Over two hundred years ago, our founding fathers set the precedent of dramatics. It’s an unwritten, unspoken amendment that

As citizens of the United States, it is our constitutional duty to make a scene, and in today’s political climate, making a scene is the only thing that transcends the hyper-polarized landscape of identity politics. From the thirteen-year-old girl exposing her classmate for using the ableist term “stupid” in a TikTok to the middle-aged man storming out of Lowe’s for refusing to wear a piece of cloth over his mouth, Americans have made a lifestyle out of melodrama, so why would we expect anything else out of our president?

When it comes down to it, we should embrace this cultural moment in history, not squander it by giving power to electoral politics. All I hear is people complaining about unfairness of the electoral college, so why do you listen to its results? Who cares? People drastically overestimate the impact of voting while overlooking the impact of showing up to the White House armed with weapons.

However, this is not a call for violence. Ultimately, I’m just someone looking for a performance. I’m looking for a show that I will not be able to find on network television. And what is a better backdrop than the crumbling of American democracy.
Tiffany Trump wishes her dad would involve her in criminal conspiracy just once

By Lulu Stracher

Tiffany Trump, the regularly forgotten fourth child of President Trump, revealed in a 60 Minutes interview on Thursday that she wishes her dad would involve her in a criminal conspiracy just once.

“I’m not asking for anything crazy, but I’ve never even been asked to meet with a Russian diplomat or a crown prince,” said the 27 year old who is virtually unknown to most Americans. “Jared gets the Saudis, and Ivanka gets her fake Chinese company, and all I get is one lousy event for the LGBTs,” referring to last week’s ‘Trump Pride’ rally where Tiffany spoke on behalf of her father.

“It’s just a slap in the face. Even Barron gets more attention than I do.” At press time, Tiffany Trump was allegedly attempting to infiltrate the North Carolina Democratic Party website.

No one bought any shares at all for the popsicle banana, and our inventory got totally fucked because it’s still hot out and most frozen things melt. We were hoping to save money for the fall by turning the freezer off for 3 hours each day, but none of us are from Texas and we didn’t realize it was this hot here. Please send any money you can. We need it to refreeze everything. Text us for our venmo, so we don’t have to deal with any perverts or anything. (412) 973-6151. The investment is for a summertime snack that is just like a banana except on the inside it’s a bombpop.
CANDIDATE SHOP | 2020

BUY FOR ELECTION DAY

OFFICIAL GEAR

ASHES OF A PRIDE FLAG
Smouldered in his own pizza oven.

BIBLE WITH PENCE’S OWN ANNOTATIONS
Love thy neighbor (unless he’s gay.)

BRETT KAVANAUGH’S CALENDAR
Blacking out is already marked on literally every day of the year.

CHRIS PRATT SIGNED POSTER
From our favorite MAGA-ward-ian of the Galaxy

A CORONAVIRUS VACCINE
(GOES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER)
May contain trace amounts of bleach, bugs.

ONE OF GEORGE W. BUSH’S PAINTINGS
Really corners the market on mediocre art by war criminals.

ROSE COLORED GLASSES
Pairs well with drinking away your doubts about electing a septuagenarian with a track record of regressive policies and political cowardice.

OBAMA SHAPED BODY PILLOW
With the Obodpillow your nights can be filled with the warm embrace of America’s favorite Between Two Ferns guest.
Wading in the waters of wrath, Sam wonders, “am I a good guy?”
Places That I Will Never Go Again

By Fareena Arefeen

As a woman, there are a lot of unspoken rules that I abide by, and one of these rules is to never go to Arby’s. Whether the employees are creeps or the place smells like pennies, certain spots are simply not female friendly. After moving to Austin, I’ve developed a certain 6th sense for when a place is misogynistic. Some spots are just sexist, so I compiled a list of places to avoid to save other girls the trouble.

1. Arby’s — as I mentioned before, you will not catch me stepping into an Arby’s if my life depended on it. The type of people that work at Arby’s will offer their date tap water even if they have bottled water in their fridge. This does not foster an environment that is conducive to enjoying a sandwich. Furthermore, the roast beef sandwich has been appropriated by male chauvinist pigs to be derogatory against women. What was once a beautiful, Georgia O’Keeffe-esque symbol of the vulva is now used as an insult, and I won’t stand for it. Avoid this place if you can.

2. The warehouse part of Ikea — this half of the store is just not appropriate for women. I feel inexplicably uncomfortable there and despite the Scandinavian commitment to gender equality, the warehouse isn’t cutting it. No disrespect to the showroom section of the store though.

3. Sports stadiums after the game is over — it does not matter what sport it is, stadiums have horrible energy. From the uninspired concrete walls and floors to the unkempt bathrooms, these places make it clear that women are not welcome. This has nothing to do with the stereotype of women not caring about sports and everything to do with design that is alienating to the ladies. This feeling is only heightened in the moments following the end of a game when the fun is over and getting out of the parking lot becomes an olympic sport.

4. Your boyfriend’s house — it’s pretty clear that Jake or Ryan or Ethan or whoever you’re dating didn’t learn what “intersectionality” meant until this year. And let’s be real, that mattress on the floor with no fitted sheet and only one pillow doesn’t scream “interested in equality” either. Your boyfriend’s room is the culmination of generations of women being confined to the sphere of domesticity.

5. Best Buy — I went there once to look for an HDMI cable and spent twenty minutes looking before an employee had to show me where they were. As it turns out, no amount of walking around the store would have helped me find the cable because it was on a shelf out of my line of vision. The sexist layout of this place makes it a hot spot to steer clear of. If you absolutely need a new TV or an adapter, make sure to bring a step ladder.

6. The Travesty — I fought tooth and nail to get this article published. This place is seething with male privilege and more than one member has mansplained a joke to me this week. Our editor-in-chief makes me call him Mr. Will, which seems violent. I recommend reading articles from all of the girls and none of the guys.

The Current

By Jack Rush Kelly

Hubie Halloween [five stars]
Fuck you, fuck your girlfriend, this movie is funny. This movie is a tour-de-funny-as-fuck with a great cast. Shut the fuck up. Sandler plays a neighborhood weirdo narc who talks fucking weird trying to figure out what the fuck is going on in his neighborhood with all the kids. Shut the fuck up. It’s funny.

PEN15 Season 2 [five stars]
Yeah. It’s fucking funny. I’m going to fucking kill you. Okay birdbrain? Fuck you. Fuck your stupid birdbrain. I like that they’re adults in middle school fucker. You’re going to die if you don’t shut the fuck up asshole. I’m gonna tear out your urethra and put it in your throat and fuck it. Fucking throat catheter fuck.

Adrianne Lenker Songs/ Instrumentals [five stars]
Shut the fuck up. I don’t care, fuck you. I don’t give a fuck. Hey birdbrain, I’m gonna wrap your skin around a fucking flagpole if you don’t shut the fuck up. The guitar sounds good in my ears. Do you hear me? I like how her voice sounds like wind in a meadow. Fuck you dumbass cock shit fuck. I don’t give a fuck. Shut the fuck up you fucking piece of shit. Okay? Fuck you. I don’t care.
Some people say that my attraction to cartoon animals is “strange” or “perverted,” but it has been all I’ve known since I was a small child. I don’t know what exactly it was about them, but whenever an animated creature waltzed across my television screen, I felt an intense wave of excitement wash over me. Perhaps it was because these characters were often depicted as ruggedly handsome and suave. Perhaps it was because I found their shenanigans so badass and alluring. Perhaps I just have mental issues. Whatever the reason, these cartoon animals were some of my first crushes, and therefore, they deserve a little bit of attention.

1. Bugs Bunny. My first crush—some might even say my first love. I knew I wanted his carrot as soon as I watched him assert his dominance over the imp Elmer Fudd. I have always found the more authoritative and intelligent cartoon characters to be the most tantalizing. You can certainly tell by the way that Bugs carries himself that he has been around the block many times, and has dug many holes, but I don’t mind. I actually find myself turned on by the jealousy I feel when I imagine Bugs in other holes.

2. Otis from Back at the Barnyard. My attraction to Otis began once I noticed his big ol’ udders. Initially he was merely a lovable farm animal that amused my hick family, but once I caught sight of his supple man titties, I was no longer able to watch the show with my brother, as it became way too erotic. I just couldn’t stand the thought of those perfect, pink udders swaying softly in the wind as Otis strutted confidently around the barnyard.

3. The Pink Panther. I feel like this attraction is self-explanatory. I understand my desire for Bugs Bunny and Otis could be construed as abnormal, but there is nothing abnormal about wanting The Pink Panther to take advantage of me. He is the epitome of the DILF, with his class, wealth, style, and most likely a large dong. You know this mature cartoon has the experience to be able to satisfy anyone. If you aren't attracted to The Pink Panther, I'm sorry, YOU are the weird one.

4. Smokey the Bear. This desire is not as much about my sexual needs as it is about my family needs. Smokey the Bear is always the cartoon character I imagine myself settling down with in the woods to raise a small family. This is of course after I have made the rounds with Bugs, Otis, and The Pink Panther. Don't get me wrong, it definitely helps that Smokey has a sexy body and lots of chest hair, but it’s the fact that he’d be a good father that does it for me.

5. CatDog. I am adding in CatDog at the end of this list because even though I’m not currently attracted to him, I know myself, and after getting bored with my family and Smokey the Bear, I’m going to need something pretty kinky. I can't even imagine what CatDog would have in store for me… Talk about an exciting love affair to have during my mid-life crisis.
The Three Blind Men and The Barbershop

By Will Tabor

Through the window of his storefront late at night, Charles Stein can be seen sweeping up the fallen hair of today’s customers, a ritual that takes him roughly an hour every night. However, this work is not representative of the number of customers he and his business saw today. With COVID-19 regulations, the haircutting business is slow, and many of their customers are not able to support their favorite salon.

Back in February 2020, Charles and his two business partners, Hank Johnson and Horace Thomas, followed their lifelong dreams by opening up their hair salon, a quaint joint on East 46th, between Al’s Exotic Pets and Brooklyn Animal Control Center. With guarantees of hospitality, safety, and service with a smile, “Three Blind Men Cuts” quickly became a hot new spot. However, what really drew customers to their barbershop over any other overpriced Brooklyn salon was that all three of the stylists are completely blind.

“Three Blind Men Cuts was a place where people could come and know that they would be able to get a safe haircut,” Stein said. “But with the prevalence of this virus, people are afraid to get their hair done, which has drastically affected business.” Stein could never have imagined that his business would be forced to temporarily close, leaving the men to question how they would pay their bills.

“My whole life, I’d thought that barbering is recession-proof,” said Johnson. “Even when the markets are down, the hair still grows.” Like many Americans, these blind barbers thought an economic downturn would never reach this unprecedented level. Beyond the financial troubles, lockdown proved to be a whole different beast for Stein, Johnson, and Thomas.

“What many people fail to realize at first is there’s not much for three blind men to do locked in an apartment all day,” said Thomas. “We can’t watch movies. We can’t read books. What the fuck are we supposed to do?” The rest of the men shared similar frustrations. Hank Johnson had his favorite leisure activity ruined for him.

“I used to always park my rump outside the shop and feed the pigeons,” said Johnson. “But one day, a woman walks by and asks me why I’m feeding parrots on the street. Now that was news to me.” Johnson had been inadvertently luring abandoned animals out of the vacant Al’s Exotic Pets right into the hands of animal control, where they were brutally slaughtered.

Despite these hard times, Three Blind Men Cuts was recently able to reopen with limited appointments, mandatory masks, and regular sanitization. Although the men are happy to be back at work, reopening has not been without difficulties.

“The other day, Andrew Cuomo came on the TV in the shop, and Hank, thinking Cuomo was in the shop, almost cut off my head off swinging his scissors everywhere.” Thomas recounted. “Charles and me broke two chairs and a mirror trying to restrain him.” This incident is reflective of how many New York small business owners feel about the governor’s stringent lockdown.

“I was swinging them shits everywhere,” Johnson said when asked about the incident with the scissors. “And I had the intent of killing him.”

With a lease, mortgage, and loans while only being able to operate with limited business, Stein says that the men are barely scraping by. “Our barbershop is our passion, but I can’t see us hanging on too much longer like this. The bills are just too high.”

Three Blind Men Cuts is just one of the many successful, thriving small businesses that has been gutted by the COVID-19 pandemic, a visible reminder of the effects of this virus.
"Who are you?" Hubbard questions. Sam does not know the answer.
Sam evades the pile of bodies. He can sense the end is near.
Queer Eye has started filming season 6 in Afghanistan

By Celeste Ramirez

The cast of Queer Eye has decided to take their talents to a country somehow even less accepting of their pride...Afghanistan! The US military has paid the “Fab Five” over one billion dollars to collect and televise the “real tea” on the nation’s enemies. If the mission is a success, the War in Afghanistan may finally come to an end.

Culture expert, Karamo Brown, has revealed that there’s been a lot of progress in the hearts and minds of everyone he has worked with so far. “Sometimes they call us a bunch of ‘f-words’ and say that ‘we don’t deserve rights,’ but that just reminds me why we need to be here,” Brown said. He has also urged each of them to pick up a hobby, like boxing, to release those pesky inner demons. Brown said he would prefer if they put that energy into restructuring their security, governance, institutions, and economy!

Professional hair stylist, Jonathan Van Ness said he is having a blast and forgot there was even a conflict going on. “A lot of the people here told me that they weren’t able to get their haircut till they were freed or something?” Van Ness said. “And I was like okay, work! I’m all about freedom and I’m absolutely living for the beard trends.”

Food expert, Antoni Porowski, said he plans to teach everyone how to make watermelon salads. “Watermelon salad is so simple and perfect for any occasion,” Porowski said. “The only problem is that 99% of the ingredients are only sold at Whole Foods, so after I leave they’re sorta on their own. Sorry babes!”

Fashion stylist, Tan France, and design expert, Bobby Berk, have admittedly struggled the most in this new environment. “Apparently, they don’t feel comfortable having a British-American tell them to find clothing that makes them stand out,” France said. Berk said he also feels very limited, knowing that there’s not a HomeGoods or Target remotely closeby.

After months of filming, Afghans surprisingly appear more miserable than ever. However, they said that they would heavily consider ending the war if it meant they’d never have to interact with the crew again. The Fab Five's transformations have always been successful in the past. If this mission too is successful, the United Nations has plans to hire them to accomplish their final mission which is of course, world peace.

What has ISIS been up to?

By Lulu Stracher

Once upon a time, it seemed like all we could hear about was ISIS. But they’ve been suspiciously silent in the new decade... too silent. So what has the terrorist organization been up to since we last heard from them? We sent our foreign policy correspondent Lulu Stracher on a mission to get a look inside the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria.

Life at an ISIS camp can be hard, especially for new recruits. This is a glimpse into what an average day in the life looks like for these fellas.

Wake up: starting at 5:00 AM, staggered by seniority.

The early bird gets the worm, am I right? The day begins bright and early at 5AM, at which point the 15 youngest recruits run their daily laps around the campground. One recruit told the Travesty that “I knew that I would be spending the rest of my foreseeable future sweating my ass off in the middle of a desert, witnessing horrific violence, and receiving the resentment of the entire world, but I didn’t expect so much running!”

8:00 AM - 5PM: Repressing the existential doubt that terror is fully counterfactual to the teachings of the Quran and that we will almost be certainly going to hell. More running.

5:00-5:30: Quick game of pin the tail on the infidel, to lighten the mood. “We also tell jokes around camp to keep it light,” said one recruit. “Here’s one: how many Western pigs does it take to screw in a lightbulb?” Three soldiers respond in unison “None! They get the Israelis to do it.”

Evening Activity: After dinner, the recruits blow off some steam by watching the 2018 romantic drama A Star is Born starring Lady Gaga and Bradley Cooper.
Where in the World is Jack? The Andes Mountains!

In this segment, we send World Editor Jack Rosenblatt all over the world to report on what’s happening everywhere else and his experiences interacting with foreign cultures.

In the gulag, I made many friends, we put on a play for the guards, we worked out a lot, and eventually, instilled a rebellion to escape. I fled to Ukraine and returned to Austin relatively unscathed, minus a few prison tattoos. As soon as I got back, Will handed me my next assignment: the Andes Mountains. I was thrilled. I hopped on a plane ready for my trek through South America. My goal was to understand how life is different for the people living in one of the largest mountain ranges on the globe.

When I landed, I met with a small crew familiar with the route in Lima, Peru. I was introduced to Guillermo and Esteban who would lead me through the mountains. Unfortunately, they spoke very little English so it was difficult to communicate. I later learned that Will venmo'd each of them $300 with the caption “show him around.” We drove to Cusco where we would then start our hike into the mountain range. I realized that my many years of smoking pot and eating Totino’s pizza rolls were going to be a disadvantage in this hike. In retrospect, I probably shouldn’t have brought a backpack with my laptop and a rather sizable portable speaker. I definitely should have brought a water bottle.

I passed out, and when I came to, Esteban and Guillermo were gone. I had been poorly buried and left with only my portable speaker and my dead phone. I dug myself out of the hole as much as I could. I stopped when I heard something approaching in the brush. I saw it’s dark fur and crawled as quickly as I could behind a tree. The brown alpaca quietly trotted by the tree, and without looking back, it kicked me in the nuts with unimaginable force. I fell over on the ground in pain and the alpaca continued to get it’s stomp on. I tried to cover my head and swung whenever I thought I had a clear shot, but I was no match for the monstrous beast. As soon as I could, I reached over, grabbed my speaker and swung as hard as I could, knocking the alpaca down the hill. I lay still until nightfall and the alpaca did not return. I was able to get to my feet, and I hobbled through the forest, determined. They took everything from me. My pants were covered with blood and dirt, the alpaca kicks had shattered the screen on my phone. But worst of all, they took my laptop — my screenplay is on that laptop. I had decided in that moment, as I tried to start a fire with sticks Cast Away-style, that I would stop at nothing to exact my revenge on Esteban and Guillermo who betrayed me and took from me what I hold most dear.

The next day, I wrapped my bloody cargos around my head and made my way west. I realized civilization was not far when it only took me 20 minutes to get to the bottom of the slope. I wandered into the small villages, asking people “you know Guillermo?” But as it turns out, Guillermo is quite a common name in Peru. I stumbled into a small house where people were served a steaming bowl of a mystery soup. Exhausted, I asked for some water, and a woman handed me a bowl of the hot liquid and gestured for me to drink it. My throat was so dry and I hadn’t drank anything since I got there so I downed the stuff. I should have figured that I was ingesting psychedelic chemicals since everyone was sitting and swaying together, barefoot in a circle. I realized too late. What I took might have been ayahuasca, but I wasn’t sure. I just remember looking up at the mountain range at night and seeing flaming visions of Guillermo laughing at me in the night sky.

Days later, I awoke next to an elderly Quechuan woman who was dabbing my forehead with cold water in a temple atop Machu Picchu. I was extremely bewildered and confused, but the Quechuan woman has been taking great care of me since I got here. We haven’t spoken, but she has been teaching me to live like an inca. I’m loving the potatoes, and I’ve started to weave and make textiles. I’ve even become friends with many of the llamas and alpacas that live up here too. I’ve learned a new way of life and am grateful for this experience. However, if Guillermo and I ever meet again in the mountains, I will take back what is rightfully mine.
Sam stares into the pool of punishment, knowing well the only way out is deeper in.
A Tour of my Favorite Estate Sale Finds

By Fareena Arefeen, Julia Stern, Katrina Mohindroo, and Sam Blumberg

While browsing the New England coast for trinkets and treasures to add to the nautical wall in my study, I found something truly special. This wooden pipe belonged to a 19th century lighthouse keeper. I just love it when the pieces I find come with a little personality. Just holding it, I feel as though I am keeping a weather eye on the horizon. The inky unforgiving blackness that is the sea surrounds me in her endless bodice. I hate her, but the sea is the only lover who's never left me. Aye, if only I could leave her. To be free of this godforsaken rock, slick with the salt spray and the shriek of gulls, the only creature that dares keep me company. Purgatory is now, and the sea is it's keeper. I only know 'tis hell, for hell hath no room for lovers, and I remain entwined with the sea forever.

This original VHS copy of Pulp Fiction is a rare find for sure! I'm so glad I snagged it last week. It's essentially priceless - in perfect condition and has never-before-seen outtakes plus the director's commentary on it. The only bummer is that about 43 minutes into the tape, Andrew, an RTF major that passed away in 1994, begins to climb out of the TV asking if I prefer Tarantino or Scorsese. I don't eat Italian food, so I never really know how to respond to that. Ejecting the tape normally gets rid of this problem, but I'd like to finish the movie at least one time!

I am just obsessed with this piece. I got it last winter when visiting family in Granville, the most quaint little town. I got to chatting with the people running the sale and found out that this mirror had been passed down through generations, starting in the 1930s during the Great Depression. The original owner actually traded her last rations of food for this mirror and boy am I glad she did. This mirror has a certain, je ne sais quoi to it. I have this mirror hanging in my bathroom because when I look at myself in it, I look skinnier than God. This mirror has a magnetic effect, and it's my favorite spot to take selfies. I am always chasing that heroine chic look and this mirror really does the trick!

I was never one for politics. Personally, I find it boring! But in 2018, while I was visiting a family friend in Calabasas, we stumbled on an estate sale and for some reason, this t-shirt just stood out to me and I felt like I had to have it. It was just after H.W. had died, and my friend told me that purchasing the shirt would serve as a way to honor his memory. I originally bought this t-shirt thinking I'd never wear it, but it was surprisingly comfortable, so every so often I'll wear it as a sleep shirt. But, it's odd because on the nights that I wear it, I have really vivid dreams about toppling leftist regimes in Latin America despite the fact that I'm ambidextrous. The strangest thing is, sometimes I find myself preaching to my friends about trickle down economics? I literally don't even know what that means.
HOW TO GET FREE FOOD ON GRUBHUB

By Sam Blumberg & Nico Fennell

WHAT YOU’LL NEED:
* Computer with internet access
* Grubhub account
* Debit or credit card
* Cellular phone
* Mental fortitude

1. If you don’t already have the Grubhub app, download it, or use the website. Create an account.
2. Order food as usual. Make sure to choose contactless delivery, but leave confusing directions so the delivery driver will have to call you for clarification.
3. When the driver inevitably calls, save their phone number.
4. After you get the food, wait approximately half an hour.
5. On the “Your Order” page, go to “Need help?” → “Need more help?” → “Chat with a Care Agent”
6. Message the Care Agent that the order says it was delivered but that you didn’t receive it. Answer their questions as if the food was stolen off of your front porch and you never saw it.
7. The order will be refunded.
8. Wait approximately 2-3 business days. During this time, your mind will wander. Having digested your meal, you will ponder the ethics of your dinner. Realize that your cute little “life hack” to get free food may have had adverse effects on a real person.
9. Using the phone number from Step 3, call or text the Grubhub delivery driver. Come up with a reason for why you’d casually reach out to him. (Ex: “I know this is random, but you actually have the same name as my grandfather. Is your family also Portuguese?”)
10. Establish a rapport with the delivery driver—let’s call him Francisco—and suggest that the two of you hang out sometime. Take him to your favorite Portuguese restaurant.
11. Unless he insists, pay for Francisco’s meal and tip generously. Suggest getting dessert somewhere nice. Somewhere expensive. Tell Francisco that tonight is on you. It’s always a special occasion to enjoy authentic Portuguese food with a native speaker. Inform him that you have family money. You can afford it.

12. Towards the tail end of dessert, suggest that the two of you do something crazy: a dine and dash.
13. Francisco will not be happy. As a man in the food service industry, he will not have much tolerance for this kind of stuff. He’ll voice his concerns and pause thoughtfully. Do not panic. Listen.
14. Francisco will tell you that he is actually no longer a member of the food service industry. He will tell you that your order was among the last that he was able to deliver before he received notice of his termination from Grubhub. A complaint had been filed that one of his orders had gone missing—an event that nearly always occurred as a result of employee larceny. Someone had painted him a thief. But Francisco is no thief. You know that as well as he does.
15. Reveal yourself to Francisco. Tell him it was you who filed the complaint. Tell him that you couldn’t be more sorry and that you have a problem. That you’ve always struggled with a shoplifting addiction. Kleptomania, they call it. You almost went to juvie twice for it, but your parents were always rich so you were always able to get out of trouble. Apologize to Francisco. Tell him you know he probably doesn’t care about the problems of some spoiled prick.
16. No, Francisco will tell you. Continue.
17. You’ve been trying to get better, but things are still hard. You think it stems from a lack of attention growing up. Your parents were always so busy working that they never had any time to spend with you. I mean, they were there. But they were never really there. They felt perfectly comfortable bragging about you to friends, but they were never around to watch their child grow. You were their trophy. In many ways you still are. The nannies were the only ones who would ever ask how your days were. How you felt. Make a specific point to emphasize that “nannies” was used plurally. The parent-sized hole could never be filled by a nanny. Or an au pair. Or a babysitter. So you acted out. In more ways than just the shoplifting—though that was certainly not an insignificant aspect of it. The nannies would eventually grow tired, call you “difficult,” and leave. Then another one would come. You built yourself into a vicious cycle. No one could ever love you because no one could ever know you. This made you feel safe, but it never made you feel whole.

18. Francisco will listen with an admirable lack of judgement. Tell him how much you appreciate his compassion.
19. Start crying, and look up to see that Francisco’s arm is on your shoulder.
20. Realize that he is looking at you squarely in the eye—a gaze you feel more than see. Let this experience wash over you. Recognize that for the first time in your life, someone has met you.
21. Offer Francisco a ride home. When you arrive at his dingy apartment building, he will ask if you would like to come in. Tell him not tonight. Don’t let anything spoil the beauty of this night.
22. Admit that you’re not Portuguese. He’ll know. The lack of accent and knowledge of the region will have given you away during dinner. But Francisco won’t care. Francisco will see through the facade of nihilism you’ve built over the years to recognize your true self, a self you never even knew existed.
23. Catch Francisco’s eyes again, for the second time this evening, and smile. Know that everything is going to be okay.
24. Embrace Francisco and hold him tight. Acknowledge that this moment—here, now—will eventually be one that you long for. But on this night, it will be real, and it will be beautiful.
25. As he walks up the stairs, look down at the tattered, brown leather wallet that will now be resting in your hands. Francisco will give you one last glance. With your left hand, quickly slide the wallet into your back pocket, waving goodbye with your right. Your hands will be quick and sly. You have a lot of practice.
26. Turn and walk away. Wonder why. Why you’re so fucked up. Why you can’t help but bite every loving hand that has ever beckoned you. Open his wallet. His wallet. Francisco’s. It will be empty.
27. To repeat this process, create another Grubhub account with a separate email address.
The Astrology Section

Birth Charts

WAMPUS Bro
Kanye West
President Jay Hartzell
Shia Labeouf

Travesty Horoscope

Aries:
You might find yourself punching more holes in walls than usual this week, you belligerent ram. In order to cool down, try laying down, closing your eyes, and checking out Jason Derulo on Spotify! Or fuck a Gemini they are easy this week.

Taurus:
Mindful meditation is the key to a healthy mind. This week try to tune in a bit more though, it’s not healthy to have an empty mind all the time. Stimulate yourself, read a book, respond to that text you got 4 days ago. No ones going to believe you’ve been asleep for that long.

Leo:
Did someone say sugar daddy? This week you’ll either become one, or get one. Don’t get too excited though. The stars indicate a very expensive or profitable urine fetish is coming your way.

Virgo:
This week is looking like an emotional rollercoaster for you, domineering Virgo. On Monday you will fall in love! On Thursday you’ll be left heartbroken! On Sunday you will want to die!

Virgo:
Although it’s in your nature to want to share your political beliefs with everyone, sharing upwards of 10 posts on your Instagram story every day isn’t helping anyone. Also, stop Venmo requesting random people for your org.

Capricorn:
Steer clear of coyotes this week. DON’T go near coyotes. Don’t. On god man, it’s a bad idea. I swear. Don’t.

Aquarius:
You’ve been letting others live in your mind rent free. It’s time to start charging. Here are the outstanding debts: Zoom university: Pending Your ex that cheated on you with their cousin: $36,000 Drinking enough water: $20 Getting bangs: $67.59

Cancer:
You will probably eat at least a few times this week. Try and take a break and use the restroom whenever you feel it’s necessary. Also, when you’re sleeping make sure to use a pillow and close your eyes to ensure maximum rest.

Scorpio:
You will feel really fucking bad all week and then you will get your period on your birthday. All your friends will notice because of your white pants, and your parents will tell you you are gross and tacky. Dumb bitch.
Sam reaches the final circle: Treachery. Here he meets Satan, who quickly grows sick of Sam’s shit and decides to freeze him in the bowels of Hell for Eternity.