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The Perversity Weekly

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A Little Perversity Goes A Long Way

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PW Exclusive Transcript Clears Knight's Name! Chancellor Smith Suspended Five Days!

By Brent Crockett and Rik Sehgal The Perversity Weekly

It was much reported last week that Coach Bobby Knight and Chancellor Smith exchanged harsh words across a salad bar at the Market Street grocery store. Unfortunately, the story was plagued by inconsistent reports and unfounded speculation.

Due to Knight's controversial track record and well documented temper, he was prejudicially named the guilty party involved. Accordingly, University officials responded by suspending him for five days. However, that punishment did not hold for long.

A Perversity Weekly tape recorder hidden on location at the time of the incident revealed the true nature of the salad bar quarrel. Stealthily submerged within the cream of broccoli soup, the recorder captured a heated argument in irrefutable crystal clear audio. Combined with the third party descriptions of hearsay generated from eyewitness accounts, Perversity Weekly has reconstructed the events as they actually occurred.

At lunchtime on Monday, Knight was harmlessly building a healthy salad when approached by a mischievous looking Chancellor Smith. Sporting an arrogant smirk, Smith initiated conversation. "Hey Knight, what's up?" said Smith, taunting Knight with a memento of past blunders.

Coach Knight refrained from subjecting the swaggering chancellor to a fury of bodily harm, and continued building his salad.

The verbal offensive from

Smith continued. Smith was apparently determined to incite conflict by attacking Knight's integrity. "So, Knight. You said any naughty words lately?" Smith carefully dipped his fingertips in the ranch dressing, and

WHAT ARE THEY?" demanded the chancellor between chews.

At that point, Knight revealed his true feelings to Chancellor Smith. Not unlike many of Knight's tirades, it was laced with creative ob-

instinct was to kill him right there. These old hands haven't clinched neck in quite some time," said Knight. "But, I'm a wiser man, now ... and the arthritis has weakened my grip."

For the remainder of the week, University officials debated whether

action should be taken against Chancellor Smith. It was finally decided that Smith will face a five day suspension for misbehavior.

Texas Tech President, Jon Whitmore, announced the reprimand at a press conference Monday afternoon. "Chancellor

Smith will not conduct his usual chancelling duties for five days," stated Whitmore. "During this time, he is prohibited from meeting with chancellées in any way."

Fans of Smith have expressed concern for their favorite chancellor. "He's an excellent chancellor - one of the best in the nation," commented Christy Simmons. "Sometimes, his pompous aristocratic arrogance gets the best of him. It's just unfortunate. His reputation precedes him. I'm sure we'll see him back in action next week, doing what he does best."



The only photo of the incident; heavyweight Knight faces off against featherweight Smith. Photo by Rik Sehgal

then purposefully flicked them at Knight's face. Speckled white dots covered the esteemed coach's brow.

Remarkably, Knight maintained his composure. Without wiping away the splatter, he moved over to the bacon bits where he began topping off his salad. "If I act like he's not here, he'll leave me alone," Knight muttered under his breath.

Sensing his time to create a scene was growing short, Smith cut to the chase. He took a carrot stick from the bar, dabbed it in the ranch dressing which garnished Knight's face, and ate it. "You have issues.

scenities that could be heard miles away. But, few would call Smith undeserving.

The Perversity Weekly immediately dispatched this verifiable account to Texas Tech officials Tuesday afternoon. Upon review, the Board of Regents unanimously confirmed that Knight was not at fault.

Knight's suspension was repealed, and he was able to lead the Red Raiders to victory that night against Baylor.

In an interview after the game, Knight credited his newfound patience to wisdom and age. "My first

Coach Knight and Red Raider Basketball, The Perversity Weekly Supports You.

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Wal-Mart National Wildlife Park

Animals of All Types Flourish

By Brent Crockett *The Perversity Weekly*

Wal-Mart National Wildlife Reserve, Lubbock – The Wal-Mart National Wildlife Park, located on 4th street and Loop 289 near Wal-Mart Super Center, is one of the most pristine reservations of natural range within the Lubbock city limits.

The park consists of a diverse eleven acre ecological system in the midst of sprawling suburban development.

Its ecosystem is anchored by Lake Casa Olé, the second largest naturally formed lake in the United States. Lake Olé and its surrounding tributaries serve as a primary water source to a wide variety of native mammalia including White-Tailed Deer, Black Bear, and homeless beggars. Rainbow Trout, Sea-Bass, and plastic shopping bags populate its clear waters. Each year, vagrant water fowl and migrant workers find habitat in its luscious marshlands as they journey to Mexico for the winter.

This past fall, Lubbock en-

dured a period of four months without significant precipitation, and Lake Olé dropped to record low water levels. The park's wildlife was negatively affected by the drought.

Wild animals wandered into neighboring Mexican eateries in search of food. Hundreds of baby sea-turtles died when their eggs were laid on cold asphalt, and subsequently run over, repeatedly. Humpback Whales beached on the shores of Lake Olé, where their carcasses continue to rot. Previously submerged shopping carts were exposed to harsh winter winds. It was a certifiable ecological disaster.

Thankfully, recent trace rains and melted snowfalls have brought the refuge back to life. Wild game animals have made their way back to the park, to rely on their original food sources of half-eaten Snickers bars and cat poop. Canadian Geese have also dropped in to settle on Lake Olé, where they will once again become hopelessly entangled in plastic six-pack cola rings.

Wal-Mart stocker, Daniel Catalano, enjoys seeing the wildlife reserve back in bloom.

"Stocking consumer goods day in and day out just sucks. It's refreshing to look outside during my smoke break and see the miracle of nature," said Catalano. "Just the other day I saw two stray dogs humping on the shores of Lake Olé. The views mother nature provides to us city dwellers... it's just breathtaking."

The Wal-Mart National Wildlife Park Preservation Society has made a continued effort to improve the park's infrastructure.

In 2001, a wire lattice fence was installed around Lake Olé. Its purpose has served to catch wind-strewn debris before they contaminate the wildlife preserve's sensitive ecosystem.

The wildlife park is open to visitors 24 hours a day, monitored by surveillance cameras atop the adjacent Wal-Mart Super Center. There is no entrance fee. Donations to the park's preservation society are tax deductible.



Vagrant Water Fowl Rejoice as Lake Casa Olé Refills. Photo by Thomas Gormley



Perverted Briefs

Clumsy Sophomore Injures Self with 4-Blade Razor

By Rik Sehgal *The Perversity Weekly*

The hottest thing in shaving is the new Schick "Quattro" Razor. Unfortunately, it is not for everyone. Trevor Ross says he bought the new razor because the package claimed it would give the closest shave ever. "The 3-bladers didn't do it for me. I would shave, and then have to shave again four days later! God, I want longevity here." Immediately after Ross brought the razor home, he tore open the package and began shaving. Roommate Nick Turner was looking on. "He was saying stupid stuff like, 'I'm gonna break the world's record for fastest shave ever.' Then I heard him start to scream." Ross had just severely cut his neck with the new razor. "Oh man, there was blood gushing everywhere," explained roommate Turner. "I ran out of there because it freaked the hell out of me. I guess someone helped him, because he's in the hospital now."

Student Annoyed at Talkative Bus Drivers

By Rik Sehgal *The Perversity Weekly*

Marsha King is irritated with Texas Tech's bus system, most specifically, its drivers. "It's like, I get up at 7:45 in the morning, run every red light on Brownfield, and then put up with some chatty driver guy? Screw that." King is referring to the talkative nature of some of Citibus drivers. Tech has received numerous complaints from students missing class to avoid known conversational bus drivers. Junior Tony Sanchez disagrees with King. "I kinda like talking with those guys. I wouldn't call myself a social person outside of that, though. Actually, yeah. I don't have any friends." Citibus driver Paul Trotter says he doesn't care what students think when he talks to them. "I have to sit on my ass for 8 hours a day. I wave to every damn bus driver that goes by, and open the door whenever the stupid bell rings. I swear, one of these days I am just going to drive the bus off the road and into a building."

Tech's Reputation Fallin' Fast

By Herbert "Just-Call-Me-Herb" Adams *Irrationally Cranky Alumnus, South Lubbock*

Caus' I graduated from Tech so long ago (May '67), I ain't never seen such terrible behavior out of anyone from this university, includin' all these stupid kids. I never thought Thomas Butler's malarkey could be topped, but Coach Knight found a way to do it. Imagine my surprise when I saw that Coach Knight and the Chancellor had gotten into a fight in the middle of the local supermarket, right there in public! I have never been angrier or more ashamed at my old college than now. This university is goin' down the shitter, fast. And Lubbock acceptin' the act is enough to make me ashamed of my very own city.

I knew that prick Knight was bound to cause trouble the day he was hired. And I never liked Smith either. And you could just tell that when these two assholes got together, there was gonna be trouble. I bet both of them got egos swollen bigger'n my daddy's goiter (36 lbs.). But what Knight did last week is un-

acceptable and deserves punishment. Why don't you grow up, Coach? Smith was even going to suspend the bastard, but then that pussy rolled over faster than the French. I couldn't believe it! Get some goshdarn balls, Chancellor. And what is the response from the students? They applauded him, the dip-shits! All these sonsabitches worship that jackass Knight like he was God come to earth. I'm just waitin' for them to build a goddamned church to that asshole. And what was Lubbock's response? They begged him to stay! That little dickhead, MacDougal, said Knight's good for the economy. Well, so is a freakin' whorehouse, but I ain't seen any around.

Is everyone stupid? Are we just gonna let this maniac beat up people whenever he wants? We need to fire that sonsabitch. And Smith? That little pecker got to get some balls real fast or he needs to get axed, too. This bullcrap makes me sick.

Back in my day, if people

Guest Column

was gonna have it out, they did it the old-fashioned way. With a good old knife fight in the bathroom. These wasn't none of this throwin' temper tantrums and salad dressings everywhere at fancy grocery stores like little bitches. Now we got liberal punks like Dan Rather makin' fun of Lubbock. Where's it gonna end? Back in my day, you wouldn't have seen any of this bullcrap. No sir, no way. The people of Tech used to be good, clean, decent white folks. What the hell happened to West Texas?!

Once again, Tech is in the news. And it ain't no goddamned good news. It's never any goddamned good news. Not only is Tech seen as the college that bungled the Black Death, but now we're seen as the best town in America for basketball coaches to go ape-shit in supermarkets and not face up for their actions. Way to go, Lubbock.



"Well, it's still better than seeing those damn yellow slips..."

Freshman Craps Pants in Class

By Rik Sehgal *The Perversity Weekly*

Daniel Moody wants to forget last Tuesday afternoon, badly.

Moody was in the middle of a college algebra class when he made the biggest blunder of his life. Moody crapped his pants.

Classmate Sara Lacy was sitting right behind Moody. "At first it sounded like a really loud, juicy, fart. You know, the kind that silences a room and is followed by childish giggling. Except this one made us feel bad for him. We knew what had happened."

Moody remained seated for a few moments, and then quietly removed himself from the classroom as if nothing was wrong.

Professor Donald Cox tried to keep the class focused. "After Daniel walked out of class, there was this awkward silence. I mean, a student had clearly just messed his pants. What was I supposed to do? I dismissed the class."

Moody was embarrassed about the incident. "I have always had nightmares about that happening. I wore diapers to school everyday until a pantsing incident in 7th grade gym class changed that."

At the age of 3, Moody was diagnosed with chronic explosive-diarrhea. His father knew that the rare syndrome would catch up to him some day. "I figured it would be on his wedding day. That kid has the luck of a midget trying to reach the top shelf."

Chuck Henson, Moody's dorm roommate, says that his friend's diarrhea problems have been the source of personal conflicts. "Sometimes Daniel will keep me up at night. One time, I heard the guy shit continuously for like, 5 minutes. It was really gross. The whole floor smelled horrible for the next week. Girls won't even look at me anymore because they know I live with 'Diarrhea boy.'"

Janitor Ray Jacobson had the unfortunate duty of cleaning up after Moody's unexpected classroom performance. "When they called me in, I was told I'd be cleaning up a spilled drink. When I walked in, I saw poop splattered over the back of a chair."

Against advice from friends, family, and faculty, Moody has decided to not drop the class he soiled his pants in. "I have nothing to fear. I'm sure most of the students in there have had the same thing happen to them at some point in college."

Official:



"I need more paperclips."

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"I can feel my
eyebrows
growing.

Is that weird?"

-Rik E.I.C.

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