The Zamboni's College Survival Guide

COMPLETE PROTECTION FROM THE LIVING DEAD
A Word From the Editor

Dear Zamboni Lovers,

Welcome to our How To... issue. Yes, the Zamboni may actually be good at something because we pretty much know how to do everything. For example, I know how to get freshmen to join the Zamboni. It’s easy, we tell them lies, spoon feed them falsities to prey on their motherless child state of mind until they come weeping into our arms for affection. Then I haze the Managing Editors into offering them sexual favors.

I was recently officially initiated into my Editor-in-Chiefship with the passing down of the old issues of the Zamboni. Let me tell you, I have enough crap in my bedroom, and you’re trying to tell me I have to perhaps replace my shoe collection with back issues of the Zamboni? No way! So, I had to figure out how to get rid of all the issues sitting in the hallway outside my door before my housemates kicked me to the curb. There I was, in a complete predicament, the question at hand: How to get rid of 2000 back issues of the Zamboni, and then it hit me.

One of the great things about college is that you can burn stuff and no one calls you a pyro. I burn everything, rejection letters from Harvard, receipts from scandalous purchases at Grand Opening, my housemate’s underwear, you get the point. Why not burn the Zamboni? If life has taught me anything, it’s that paper burns at 451 degrees Fahrenheit, and that is pretty freaking hot.

Tragically, burning kind of gets old after awhile, especially when you do it so frequently that your clothing starts to look like you went swimming in a pit of ashy goodness. So there had to be other ways of getting rid of the excess magazinage. My second option was to distribute them to the freshmen during orientation.

Bless the dining halls, people will take anything off the benches there. That and at the end of the week they conveniently throw it all out too. Less work for me, more work for someone else. I’m cool with that.

And when all else fails, you can make them into welcome back to school presents and give them to all of your friends, and then everyone will love you. And love is good.

Ain’t that a kick in the head?
The Impossible Instruction Manual

Featuring T-Nuts, Worm Housing, Cap Screws, and Oilers!

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Letters

Answered By The Squirrel That Played Chicken With You On Your Way to Eaton Last Week - Featuring Our Second REAL Letter Ever!

Dear Zamboni,

Your commentary on the geopolitical ramifications of socioeconomic stability in southern Croatia was insightful, yet you forgot one major point: With trade routes as they are, how does one account for the former Soviet fallout syndrome as explained by the liberal democratic peace theory?

Sincerely,
Jeffrey Taliaferro, Assistant Professor of Political Science

Zamboni Squirrel: Nuts.

Dear Zamboni,

From what I’ve heard, it gets really cold here in Boston in the winter! I’m worried—I’m from SoCal and the warmest article of clothing I own is my super-trendy yet slightly-last-minute furry Ugg boots! What should I do for the winter to stay warm?

Sincerely,
Hott Freshman Girl

Zamboni Squirrel: You need to prepare ahead of time by burying your acorns in the Tufts hillside. There, they will stay protected from the harsh elements of Mother Nature. In the spring you can dig them up and stick the nuts in your mouth. Squirrels look adorable with a mouth full of nuts. I bet you would too. Hey, what’s your number?

Zamboni Needs Coke!
Please come to the Zamboni meetings, 9:30 PM in the campus center, room 219. Seriously, and bring coke, I fuckin’ need it man. Come on man, I will suck your dick!

Zamboni Squirrel: Citizenship and public service? When was the last time you provided service for the SQUIRRELS, huh? THE SQUIRRELS!!!! FUCK YOU, YOU IGNORANT RACIST BASTARDS!!! WE DESERVE RIGHTS TOO!!!!!! YOU AND YOUR FUCKING FUNDING, YOUR GODDAMN GRANTS! WHY DON’T YOU HELP US OUT, HUH? MY CHILDREN STARVED TO DEATH LAST WINTER BECAUSE OF YOU DIABOLICAL RODENT-HATING FASCISTS!!!! DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Tufts News-in-Brief

Confused Philosophy Student Writes Term Paper on Greater Works of Play Doh
MEDFORD - After weeks of research, investigation, and preparation, junior Philosophy major Pete Fisher was crushed to find out that his 25-page term paper “Look What I Made: A Philosophical Inquiry on Edible Clay” had received a grade of zero from his professor.

Fisher began working on the assignment a month ago after his professor assigned it verbally in class. He says he never doubted his perception of the essay’s topic.

“I thought he was looking for some kind of message about how we mold our own destiny. If we stop molding and let things sit, our lives dry out and we lose control,” he said. “Philosophers are into deep shit like that.”

Fisher’s grade on the term paper assures him a failure for the semester, meaning he’ll have to take the course again next term to pursue his major in Philosophy.

“It’s really inconvenient,” he said. Fisher is prepared to retake the course next semester, and is currently rethinking his idea for a senior thesis about silly putty.

Freshman Tired of Sexile; Castrates Roommate
MEDFORD - Freshman Chris Pastorino of Bush Hall awoke to a terrible surprise this past Monday to find he had suddenly lost a very valued part of his anatomy. After a quick investigation by TUPD, the perpetrator of the action was revealed to be his roommate, Nick Braun. Further questioning led to Braun confessing he de-sacked Pastorino after being sexiled for nine days in a row. He said that he needed to literally nip the problem in the bud. Braun will go to trial next month. Pastorino is currently recovering and looking forward to a promising future with the Beezlebubs.

Street Name Change Petition Rejected
SOMERVILLE- A recent student-run petition to the city of Somerville to rename Electric Avenue has been rejected. The street that crosses the Joey shuttle route has been blamed for a dramatic increase in student mental health problems. A representative for Health Services explained, “These poor students get that ‘Electric Avenue’ song stuck in their head every time they take the Joey.” Students requested that the street be changed to a less catchy song such as anything off of a recent Aerosmith album. The City of Somerville, threatened to change the name to “Hollaback Girl” or even “Hey Mickey.” Eddy Grant could not be reached for comment.

Tulane Transfer Housed in Wren; Recommends Submerging Building Under 60 Feet of Floodwater
MEDFORD – When former Tulane University sophomore Andrew Keelan found out he would be able to transfer to Tufts as an undergraduate guest student after being ousted from Tulane due to hurricane Katrina, he felt relieved and extremely lucky. However, after three weeks of living in his new home at Wren Hall, Keelan says he’s changed his mind.

Keelan suggests that flooding Wren Hall with overflowed river water and sewer grime may help improve living conditions for its residents. If not, Keelan says he’ll take his chances and return to his waterlogged dorm at Tulane.

“Not to mention,” he added, “that fish are much easier to deal with than rats.”

Keelan will submit his proposal to the Office of Residential Life next Tuesday, and says he hopes the response will be positive.

“A catastrophic flood would seriously improve the quality of life for students at Wren Hall,” he said, “and that should be all that matters.”
**Experimental College Courses – Fall 2005**

**EXP -0075: The Americanization of Foreigners**

*One Course Credit. Pass/Fail. Call # 03736*  
*Tuesday and Thursday, 5:30-6:45 PM. Eaton 202.*

So you are finally in USA, the honey drenched land of freedom and democracy... where all rights are guaranteed, all liberties secure, and every individual is free to pursue his dreams to the best of his abilities. Wait, no, sorry, that’s Canada.

Whatever, USA is still pretty cool. It has got clean streets, overwhelmingly overweight people, and a president that often resembles a slightly dysfunctional rodent. Hooray!

Amidst all this “coolness” however, the average international student might find himself out of place. Since there is a vast cultural difference between America and every other society in the known universe, proper integration into American life at Tufts could be quite difficult.

Questions like “What is a red sock?”, “How do you use these funny looking toilets?”, and “Where do I keep my livestock?”, are all valid queries an international student might need answered.

Learn the answers to these questions and more in Ex-College Course 191, “The Americanization of Foreigners.” We will discuss various important topics like American diet, the rules of Beirut, flip cup, and other popular American sports. We will also cover the recycled industrial waste which America’s call “light beer,” hitting stuff with sticks and then running around randomly in circles, and of course, American ethics (things like respect for women and other animals). Students also receive in-depth advice on how to socialize with American men, and how to meet, fornicate with and then eventually marry American girls for green cards and free manual labor for the farm back home.

*This course has been approved to count toward American Studies major credit.*

**Julio Whittenbacuer** holds a M.S. in Human Development and Psychology from Frgicaugh University and is currently completing a Ph.D. in Anthropology at Brandeis University. Julio’s interest in the cultural aspects of masculinity and rodents arose from his experience living and traveling through countries in South and Central America, Europe and the United States. In addition, his many years of experience as a prison warden make for a learning environment that is alive and engaging.

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**EXP -0041: Home Pharmacies.**

*One Course Credit. Letter graded. Call # 03530*  
*Wednesday. 5:30-8:15 PM. Location TBA*

It’s 2 am. You’ve got 6 hours to write a fifteen page research paper. What to do when your favorite coffee shop and caffeine source is closed? Make some homemade Ritalin!

Most of us have the ingredients right in our dorm rooms, but just don’t know it. In this course, you’ll learn how to make such valuable drugs as Ecstasy, Meth, LSD, and even GHB. Students will have hands on lab experiences with found equipment and work in such realistic settings as home garages, old VW vans, and Haskell’s basement.

*This course has been approved to count toward Chemistry major credit.*

**Alifer Pullington** lives in Somerville.
How to... Attempt and Fail to Get into an A Cappella Group

By Mark Paglia

So here’s how things stand: you’re a highly suggestible little freshman who has just been easily impressed by a performance by one of the Tufts a cappella groups. Following the show, you wander around doe-eyed, looking for a signup sheet so that you can audition and join these bizarrely energetic and seemingly happy people. But hold up! There is a very specific and formulaic process that must be followed.

1.) Realize that you will never, ever get into any of the a cappella groups. There are actually people on campus who know how to sing, whereas you break down crying in the shower each morning after wailing “I Believe I Can Fly,” in a key all your own. You, like most people, suck at singing.

2.) Realize that you shouldn’t want to join any of the groups. They are cults. If, for instance, you joined the Amalgamates, you would never be allowed to speak to a non-Mate again. Should they catch you talking with a non-member, you will shortly be making a forced transition to the vocal range known as “a castrati.” Also, some groups, most notably the Beelzebubs, ritualistically sacrifice a virgin member at each rehearsal. This practice leads to a high rate of turnover in the group, hence the constant search for new members. Even if you choose to ignore the cult status of a capella, the fact remains that completely vocal music really isn’t cool at all. Granted, it sounds cool when you only hear it every so often, but a cappella on a daily basis is simply a bad idea.

3.) Select the groups that you want to audition for. This is accomplished by asking yourself a few simple questions, such as: Am I Jewish? Am I a black female (or alternately, Am I a white female who thinks she’s black)? Am I a screeching prima donna? Am I a eunuch? Am I a total speed freak? Or am I just a painfully generic singer? These six questions will tell you whether you should try out for Shir Appeal, Essence, the Jills, the Bubs, the Mates, or sQ, respectively.

4.) Get your hopes up. After a performance, introduce yourself to members of the group. They will always encourage you to audition and they all use the same joke that you can join even if you only sing in the shower. Liars. The fact of the matter is that in both of the Coldplay songs you actually listen to, Chris Martin’s vocal range far exceeds yours. Your best option is to pick some ridiculously over-played tune such as “Brown-Eyed Girl” that you already sort of know the words to. (The words you know being “You are my brown-eyed girl. Sha-la-la-la-la-something-something-something.”)

5.) Practice the song roughly three times before auditioning. Though the music department has practice rooms, you should probably feel too untalented to use them. After all, there are people waiting to use the practice rooms, people who actually know what chords and tempo and fermatas are. Luckily, there is a process for practicing in your dorm. First, walk up and down the hall to ensure that you are alone. Next, shut yourself in your room and sing the song. Your singing style will likely resemble atonal mumbling, as you will be petrified of being heard. Next, open your door and realize that your neighbor, who had been sleeping on the other side of your paper-thin wall, is now starling at you with a look usually reserved for pedophiles.

6.) Go to your audition. Don’t be nervous at all; the a cappella members will all be very friendly and supportive. Secretly, they all think you sound like a feral cat being run over by a John Deere, but they will be nice all the same. Like Shakespeare said, an a cappella singer may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

7.) Receive the bad news. You will be notified via telephone of how poor a singer you are. Note that they do not encourage you to audition next year. Now apply a syllogism: A. If a cappella groups want good singers and B. They don’t want you to audition again, then C. Your singing sounds like an elderly cow being introduced to the concept of bestiality.

8.) Don’t feel bad. You really shouldn’t be disappointed because you didn’t get into an a cappella group. After all, they’re cults. Now you’ll be free to join non-cultish groups populated by normal human beings, such as sex-obsessed humor magazines, which everyone can appreciate.
Funny Vs. Not Funny

Certain things just can't be funny, no matter how hard you try to make them. Other things are inherently funny, no matter what the context is. The Zamboni explores this idea further:

**AIDS** - For a fatal virus that has taken millions of American lives, you'd think it might be funny. Sadly it's not, and it probably never will be. So you can forget about busting out that list of AIDS jokes your morally corrupt relative sent you.

**The Clap** - Now here's a virus that's funny. Clap jokes are always appropriate, and always guaranteed a laugh, whether it's at dinner, an interview for an internship, or the middle of a lecture. It's also pretty funny to give to someone.

**Children being cute and playing with animals** - Not funny. Everyone thinks children are hilarious. They think it's even funnier to see children playing with animals. They're wrong. The Zamboni knows better.

**Children being cute and getting eaten by bears** - Always funny. Nothing gets a crowd laughing like a poor harmless child getting devoured in a feeding frenzy.
Hitler - Never funny.

Jews - Always funny. Always.

The Holy Bible - A book many people follow and base their religious beliefs off of. Not very funny.

"Fuck" - Hilarious, no matter how you use it: Fuck, fucking, fucker, fucked, etc. Much funnier than the Bible.

Clowns - The purpose of clowns has always been to entertain children and make people laugh. Somewhere down the line they became creepy child molesters. Not funny.

Clowns juggling dead puppies - Fucking hilarious. It's dead puppies. Need we say more?
How to... Lose the Olympic Bid for 2012

by Steven J. Nelson, III

On July 6th, Londoners rejoiced as the IOC announced that their city would be the host of the 2012 Summer Olympics. That is to say, London officials rejoiced while the London citizens said things like “bullocks.” At the same time, the Tufts community lamented over yet another failed bid to bring the Games to the Hill. Tufts can at least take heart in a well-run campaign. The final round of voting gave the slight edge to London, 54 to 50. The fact that the IOC uses an even number of voters just goes to prove what total morons they are.

The IOC focuses on four main aspects of the campaigns. First issue: the athletic stadiums. Tufts had presented a plan for a track and field stadium to be constructed on top of Anderson Hall, which currently houses most of the Engineering classrooms and offices. Tufts had planned to move the engineering students and faculty into several basements scattered across campus. They assured everyone that “as long as we can replicate the B.O. smell in the EPDC, the nerds will never notice.”

Tufts Olympic Committee also made it clear that Tufts medical services would be made available for all performance enhancing drug testing. Bacow later admitted that the proposed plan was completely bogus because the health center is only equipped for pregnancy tests and the distribution of hilarious STD pamphlets.

Secondly, the IOC looks at the climate of the prospective host city. Tufts assured the IOC that the 2012 Summer would prove to be “humid as hell,” guaranteeing huge concessions sales. When an IOC member expressed concern about the safety of the athletes in the oppressive heat, a Tufts representative calmed their fears by explaining that “All the best athletes are black anyway and they love the heat.” Unfortunately the IOC decided to go with the warm and sunny climate of London.

Thirdly, the IOC requires a full logistics plan. Tufts presented a plan to use the on-campus dorms as the Olympic village, insisting that they’d be able to pack at least 10 gymnasts into a single room. Tufts also planned on closing down the few remaining fraternities and sorority houses by that time to accommodate visiting dignitaries and their whores. As for the hundreds of thousands of expected spectators, Tufts simply said, “Fuck ’em”. Tufts did assure the IOC that all 4 of the metered parking spots next to the bookstore would be available by 2012.

Finally, each prospective host city must bribe the hell out of the IOC members. Although not willing to go into too many details Bacow assured the Zamboni that he did everything in his power to bring the Games to Tufts. Bacow did say that construction on the Sophia Gordon Residence Hall and the Music Building currently underway next to Aidekman Center will have to be completely halted. Bacow said, “Unfortunately, the bribes have to come from somewhere so I’m afraid we will not be completing the new buildings.” When asked what will become of the structures, Bacow said, “Tufts is now the proud owner of two very impressive pieces of post modernist deconstructive art.” Aside from the cash bribes, it has been reported that Tufts also gave several gifts to the IOC members, including Jumbo’s ashes, the Monument to Gravity (which was returned), and 77 freshman virgins. Bacow later admitted that some of the so-called virgins were in reality total sluts.

Some controversy surrounded the London campaign when it was reported that several IOC member had gone up to Tony Blair’s hotel suite for drinks. It should be noted that drinks with Tony Blair never got the Prime Minister anywhere with the ladies, so it is unlikely that the meeting had much impact on the final IOC vote. It has been suspected that sexual favors were provided at the meeting, which Tony Blair has been reported to be surprisingly good at.

So although the Tufts Olympic Committee is very disappointed by the rejection, they won’t be crying for long. Plans are already in the works to bring the 2014 Hooters National Wet T-Shirt Contest to the Tufts Campus. A competition is already underway to pick a mascot for the event. Please send all entries to President Bacow at Lawrence.Bacow@JumboHooters.edu.
Since the days of Ferris Bueller, students have been looking for ways to play hooky. However, modern teachers are getting less dumb every year, and the standard, "I'm sick!" email no longer works as teachers are increasingly demanding doctors' notes. And girls, telling your male professor every week that you have "lady problems" will work only until he smartens up and asks his wife. With that avenue of escape closed, how can you get out of class? Here are a few easy ways:

#1 Tell your professor you're going to an anti-war rally. If he/she doesn't believe you, present your Donald Rumsfeld voodoo doll as proof. Then get high, forget to go to the rally, and buy some new posters on the Internet. While you're at it, download the Family Guy movie too. Oh, and eat some Pringles. Cheesums, not Cool Ranch, you ass.

#2 Take one for yourself. (This requires a little more preparation, but works like a charm.) Hit on your professor the week before the class you want to skip. Your professor will probably reject you outright because of the serious, job-threatening implications of a student-teacher relationship. However, for a few of you who are extraordinarily appealing, (don't kid yourself, it's not you) your teacher will reciprocate. If this happens, don't panic, just perform oral sex on him/her. (This is ok, because oral sex isn’t really sex, so no one can say you screwed your teacher.) Afterwards, burst into tears, and say you hadn’t meant for it to go this far. Whether your teacher rejects you or uses your hair for handle bars, you’ve quickly created a painfully awkward situation. Then, you can miss the next few classes and send your professor an email saying you just weren’t ready to go to that class after what happened. Make sure to include a shitty original haiku at the bottom, like:

Can't tell my parents
Forbidden not forgotten
Need A for law school

#3 Cloning- If you are part of the bio-engineering “in-crowd” at Tufts, you probably already have a clone. If you don't, get one. You probably think that once you get your clone, the hard part is over; but I can tell you it’s not - your clone is always just as dumb and lazy as you are, and usually just as drunk. You really need a system to get a clone to help you get out of class. There are three ways:

A) Clone yourself twice. Stand the two clones next to each other, then shoot one in the head. (Don’t worry, you gave it life, you can take it away.) Warn the other one that if it doesn’t want to share its other self’s fate, it’ll go to class for you. If it refuses, keep cloning yourself and killing clones in larger numbers until one of them gets the picture. Then, when your clone gets back from class, take his notes, and shoot him, because, fuck man, you don’t want another you running around using all of your points at Hodgdon on Cheesum Pringles. Clones love Cheesum Pringles.

B) Bribe your clone with a case of Heineken. If your clone is any-thing like you, which it is, it'll do anything, even kill, for a case of Heineken. Send your clone to class, then get your notes afterward. When it comes to collect the beer, shoot it in the head. That fucker should have known you’d kill for Heineken.

C) Kill your clone before ever making it go to class. Try doing something especially horrific that will be made into garish headlines by the Boston Herald and the Daily. (We at the Zamboni suggest getting ideas from Law and Order: SVU, such as sodomizing your clone with a banana after tying it up in a gimp suit.) Then, leave the body somewhere it's sure to be found. When your clone's body is discovered, authorities will assume it's you, and you will no longer have to attend class, as you'll be considered dead. (This is a slightly more permanent solution, considering that once you're thought of as dead you'll probably have to move to some godforsaken town in Utah or something and start a whole new life.)

#4 Find someone who looks like you – Take a cue from kids with real fake-IDs everywhere, and find someone who looks like you. Repeat all of the same stuff as with your clone. Make an effort to hide the body though, because “The Man” may not understand how important it was to keep your identity unique.

#5 GO TO YOUR FUCKING CLASS YOU FUCKING LAZY BITCH! You suck.
The Old Fake Out

Sexile. A tradition passed down from student to student ever since Plato wanted to get it on with the vestal virgins. You may not be getting any right now, but your roommates don't need to know that. Feel the need to say howdy to your trouser snake? Simply tell the two saps that you've got a "friend" coming up soon and you'd like some alone time. Simple college etiquette dictates that they'll soon be out of the dorm, giving you quite some time to spend alone with your one-eyed monster. When they come back, you'll look happy and refreshed... and they'll be none the wiser as to why.

Your Own "Safe Space"

Now, I'm sure you all know by now about South's private bathrooms. Well, if you live there, you're in luck and just a flip of the lock away from flogging the log. But, what if you're uphill? And even if you're in Lewis or another nearby Dorm, it might get suspicious when you and your dirty mag of choice keep making trips to another dorm.

Don't fret. There are private bathrooms all around campus. It just takes some searching. From the one in the library reading room to an occasional one in a dorm that otherwise has multiple-stall bathrooms, there are countless places where you can lock yourself in and then wrestle with your little man as much as you please. In fact, if you go to www.ase.tufts.edu/reslife/strokeit, you will see that Tufts has supplied a map of all available locations that exist.

"We feel for the freshmen who can't feel themselves," says Yolanda King of the Residential Life Office, "and are trying to do everything we can to allow them the opportunity to release the troops."

The Power of the Shower

The one place you're (nearly) always guaranteed privacy is the shower. So, who's to stop you from a little stroking of the sausage? You'll find the water only enhances the experience. And don't worry about leaving any residue. Any man milk that doesn't go down the drain will just blend in with the many layers of scum already on the shower floor. Hey, that's why we all wear flip flops.

Just Do It

Roommates too smart to be fooled? Bathrooms always occupied? You don't shower, period? Well then, there's only one solution left. Want to smoke the salmon? Tell your roommates you're going to do it whether they leave or not. If they don't leave immediately, some of that stress that's been mounting:

Girls Gone Wild, Tufts Edition

Simple: Girl-on-Girl action is hot. And Girl-on-Girl-on-Girl action is even hotter. Do it. If you haven't already tried it, you may be surprised to how open your roommates are to the idea. And you'll be shocked by how sympathetic the guys on your floor are to your plight. I'm sure they'll cheer you on to satisfy your craving. They care that much.

Tingling Sensations

This one's similar to the "Just Do It," but a little more subtle. Snuggle up in a blanket, take out your favorite toy, and if one of your roommates inquires about that faint vibrating noise coming from your pelvic area, just tell them you left your cell phone on vibrate and are screening your calls.
1) Your adventure begins here. It's Friday night, and equipped with only a pocket knife and your best dress shirt, you must navigate your way to freshman booty. Good luck young lad, for finding freshman booty is no easy task.

2) The first room you come across is the laundry room. Although you're not positive, you're fairly sure that this is not where the party is. After rummaging through someone's dirty underpants, it's time to move on.

3) The badlands - You're not sure what it is, or what its function is. It appears to be a strange open space with a few tables, and a strange group of people who study on Friday nights. Make haste young lad, for this is indeed a very bad place.

4) *Gasp!* You've come face to face with the legendary Sludgefen (also sometimes known as "An RA"). There's no use in battling it. Drawing your pocket-knife will only make it angrier. The best thing to do is flee, and let the quest for loose women continue.

5) You hear noises coming from a room. Could this be it? Could this be where you finally find a young wench, supple and disease-free-enough to take home? You enter and much to your horror, you find yourself in the middle of a 100% pure sausage fest. There is however, enough rum for you to partake in a strange custom called "pre-gaming". After a few swigs and a few beers, it is time to move on.

6) You find yourself in a dilapidated and dimly lit room, with the foulest of odors emanating from within. You also realize that you really need to take a piss, and these ruins seem to be the place to do it. You find yourself a nice little stall in which to do it. After a few moments, you hear the grunts of an ogre in the next stall, and realize you are not alone. Quickly, finish your piss and get out of here!

7) You find yourself outside another room, with loud music and drunken laughter coming out of it. Could this be it? You enter and see plastic red cups, several pitchers of drinks, and scantily clad women. Success! Good job young lad, you've managed to find freshman booty! It won't be long before you're munching on a tasty skank and waking up with a hangover. Your quest is over!... Until next Friday anyway.
How To...
Get an STD the FUN WAY

1. Go down on that lady in the park who is currently suffering from a herpes outbreak. She’ll come like a lion, but the next day your face will have a mane of sores on it.
2. Drink a red-headed slut… out of the lips of a women harboring a latent syphilis infection.
3. Take a nap in Allston.
4. Shit on your partner’s dick, giving him a UTI from e. coli bacteria. He won’t notice it now, but in a month or two… ouch! My kidneys!!
5. Rub a possum on your penis.
7. Use a non-kosher frozen hot-dog to masturbate with.
8. Go up to someone and say, “You wanna hit this shit?” referring to your vagina.
10. Go to 303 Boston Avenue. Just go there.

Why get an STD from a public toilet seat when you can get it from a student run brothel?

How To...
Get Kicked Out of a Club!

Tired of the club that you’re in? Want to get out, no strings attached? You could just stop going to meetings, but then you’d have to keep getting group emails, and no one wants the bother of deleting all that shit. Instead, just use one of our handy quotes, sure to get you a permanent rejection from any club (and possibly a visit from the Bias Intervention Team)!

To Leave Here...
• 3Ps
• Primary Source
• Optimus Prime
• Tufts Mountain Club
• Chi Omega
• SSARA
• TTLGBC
• The Zamboni
• Arab Students Association
• The Daily
• Society for Better Anime
• Descript Magazine
• Hillel
• Ayn Rand Society
• The Observer
• Tufts Feminist Alliance

Say This!
"Would this conflict with my a cappella?"
"Don’t you mean ‘African-American’?"
"There once was a man from Nantucket…"
"I killed a girl scout."
"I’m poor."
"With an outfit like that, you should have expected it."
"But I don’t like to gossip."
"This year we should try for classy humor!"
"Well, it was their land first…"
"Don’t we need to spell-check this?"
"Hey, I lost my virginity this weekend."
"I’m poor."
"Like it or not… The Passion of the Christ WAS based on a true story."
"But he was a veteran!"
"So, what is the point to this article?"
"I shaved my legs this weekend."
How to... **Condense Multiple Submissions Onto One Page**

We like to drive places and take funny pictures. We saw this one in Oklahoma outside of a McDonald's.

How to be an Asshole
1. Drunk dial your mother.
2. Drunk dial the mother of one of your friends.
3. Crash a classy birthday dinner party by saying happy birthday to the wrong person, stealing liquor, and peeing in some place that isn't the bathroom.
4. Bite your editor.
5. Leave a bruise.
6. When people start to get pissed off just tell them "Oops, pulled a [insert name here]."
7. Attempt to sell drugs that you don't actually have.
8. Go abroad and give Europeans a bad impression of Americans.

**Larry Bacow makes a strong case for increasing basketball funding**

In a recent move to inflate Tufts spirit, Larry Bacow announced that he had secured an extra several million dollars to fund the men’s varsity basketball team. President Bacow held a meeting with the Board of Trustees to cite the importance of “quality short shorts, warm-up uniforms that rip off in less than a second, and personal trainers for every member of the team.”

His strong position on this matter was felt clearly by the Board of Trustees. A trustee who wished to remain anonymous stated that “President Bacow burst into our board meeting arms waving, gun in one hand, spinning basketball in the other saying he’d start firing unless we made sure those boys could let it all hang out on the court.”

In a measure that passed unanimously, the Board allocated the additional funding requested by the President. When asked for additional comment on the matter, the President’s office had one thing to say, “We hope to see more support in the stands, otherwise the President might see to take the message to the student body.”

So to protect your body from the President, support Bo’s basketball starting with the 270th home game of the year this Friday at 7pm in Cousens, followed by games at 9 and 11.
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