Celebrating 18 Years Of Student Humor And Comedy

Pictured: The Founding Members Of The Zamboni, Class of 1987
Dear Zamboni Readers,

Happy Birthday to us! Yay! I’m like super excited that I get to be the one to oversee the eighteenth birthday edition of The Zamboni. I cannot believe that since 1988 no one has ever thought to publish a birthday issue before, that’s just like sooooo sad. Who doesn’t love cake and presents?

So anyways, all this birthday talk is kind of reminding me of my own eighteenth birthday. You know how MTV has that show My Super Sweet Sixteen? Well Daddy knows one of the producers, so Daddy called him up and made MTV do a special edition of My Super Sweet Eighteen just for me.

I was so excited to be on TV! So obviously the first thing I had to do was buy an entirely new wardrobe to look super cute and chic just like Nicole Richie. She’s like totally my hero, I can’t believe Paris was such a biotch to her, god, seriously now. Anyways, post spending lots and lots of Daddy’s money, I spent more of Daddy’s money. Only Daddy’s money, because we all know my mommy was smart enough to marry someone like my Daddy, even though he is 85, our house is nicer than the Hilton’s, no joke.

My party had a princess theme, so basically there were strippers, an open bar, panthers, lions, white tigers, pandas, minxes, some random endangered species, a fountain of champagne, etc., and it was all held in a castle in Europe. We flew everyone there via private jet, because who actually flies first class anymore?

Once the guests arrived, they made their way inside to rock out to LFO. I can’t believe Daddy booked them, he didn’t even tell me they were going to be there, I just thought it was going to be stupid Coldplay. God, who thinks Coldplay is any good. But when I heard “Girls of Summer,” I screamed “SHUT UP” and rounded up all 567 of my closest girlfriends to go hump them on stage. It was so hot. I almost died right there, seriously.

Then I got to open presents! My friends give like totally crappy gifts. Someone had the nerve to give me a gift certificate to Abercrombie, like ewwww, so high school, eighteen year olds go off to college, duh?

So where was I, oh yeah, my party!!! Or actually, I guess it’s not really about my party since it is The Zamboni’s birthday. Then again, life is always about me, and I should always be the center of attention, which is why I was voted Editor-in-Chief four votes to five. Just like George W. Bush! Daddy knows him too.

Wait, so like, back on track now. Oh Happy Birthday Zamboni, I hope it’s as wonderful as you ever imagined it to be and that your pages are filled with diamonds and babies, but mostly diamonds, since they’re a girl’s best friend and all.

Ain’t that a kick in the head?
Hey Zamboni,

You think you’re so tough, don’t you? You walk around all high and mighty, with your fancy sex jokes, and your nice little articles about killing girl scouts, and your how to masturbate column, but you know what I say? You ain’t shit. That’s right, I said it, and I’ll say it again: You ain’t shit. And your shit ain’t shit either. So what now big boy? You want to talk it out? Well how about we let our fists do the talking? Come on! Let’s GO! LET’S RUMBLE!

Sincerely,
A guy at a bar trying to pick a fight

Zamboni Cannon: Why all the hostility? Why are you pushing me? And why are your arms three times the size of your head? It’s obvious that you’re lacking in the brains-department, and as a result you feel the need to complete yourself by picking fights with random strangers. But you shouldn’t let your lack of brains get to you. You see, I too am lacking in the brains department, for I am a cannon. I am an inanimate object. Not only do I not have any brains, but no lungs or kidney or liver or any other organs for that matter. So do not worry, you are not alone. This cannon feels your woes.

Dear Zamboni,

Your magazine offends me. It is lewd and obscene, and shows poor judgement and an extreme lack of morality on your part. For instance: your magazine has jokes in it. How dare you use something as sensitive as jokes in an attempt to make people laugh. Jokes aren’t funny. They’re very serious, and no one should ever laugh at them. In fact, no one should ever laugh in general. Laughing is offensive to everyone. You people are sick, and your magazine is trash.

Sincerely,
A "concerned" student

Zamboni Cannon: Your life must be a blast.

Dear Zamboni,

I think the Beelzebubs were having an orgy during their rehearsals. I’m really confused and I don’t think I want to go to Beelzebubs meetings anymore.

Sincerely,
A Freshman

Zamboni Cannon: You’re right, they probably were. How else do you think they determine who will sing the falsetto parts? Also, I’m a cannon, and they insist on painting me all the friggin time.

Dear Zamboni,

I am interested in donating a large sum of money to the university’s 2-ply toilet paper fund. I have heard that in today’s modern fiber-consuming world, toilet paper is in such high demand that it is being pilfered from beneath the proverbial backsides of those who need it most. Please assist me in wiping out this dilemma before the shit hits the fan.

Sincerely,
Pierre Omidyar

Zamboni Cannon: Your donation would be greatly appreciated. No one should have to suffer through using poorly made toilet paper, be they human or cannon. While you’re wiping out this dilemma, would you mind wiping my proverbial backside as well?
**Daily Makes Us Laugh**

THE HILL – On October 31st, the Tufts Daily published a Halloween prankster issue, replete with fake articles and ads. Highlights included coverage of Dewick’s amazing ability to make you shit and promises that Osama bin Laden would headline this year’s Spring Fling.

Comedic expert and Zamboni’s Editor in Chief Julie Nogee commented, “I was pleasantly surprised with the caliber of the jokes – at one point I was laughing so hard my sorority sisters though I’d lost control of my vibrator again!”

Editor-At-Large and luscious bachelor Michael Yarsky agreed. “I usually just get the Daily to laugh at the Viewpoints and misspelled headlines. But it was just so funny and put me in such a good mood that I decided to let my roommate live another day.”

At the most recent Zamboni staff meeting, Zamboners actually considered recruiting Daily writers to contribute to the humor magazine. An overly elaborate plan was devised involving blow darts, espresso, and a Vestal virgin. Nogee described the plan, saying, “We know they’d never come voluntarily, but we need the man power. The womyn are getting restless.” She later added, “Brett, please call me!”

**Student Submits Fake News Article to Zamboni**

CURTIS HALL – Sources reported yesterday that one Michael Sherry, a student at Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts, submitted an article to that school’s humor magazine, The Zamboni. According to witnesses, it was meant to be a tongue-in-cheek parody of the other news articles written for the magazine, which are themselves parodies of real news stories.

Reaction to the article was mixed. “It was a really funny article,” said Derek Ricciuto, roommate and friend of Mr. Sherry. “My favorite part was how he quoted me in the second paragraph talking about how funny the article was.” Others were not so full of praise. “It’s not really that clever or funny, if you think about it,” said Matthew Skibinski, a South Hall resident with ties to Mr. Sherry. Mr. Skibinski continued: “I mean, it’s probably not even his idea. Come on, an article about itself? Sherry’s not smart enough to think that up on his own.”

Further background checks were performed to identify the newsbrief in question. It was found to be on the lower right hand corner of page three. Why include it in the magazine if there are doubts about its witiness? Julie Nogee, Editor-in-Chief of The Zamboni explains, “We’re kinda desperate. We had a hole to fill in the fake-news section and this kid offered to fill it. Personally, I think it kinda sucks.”
Why Dinosaurs Make It Hurt So Good

By Lorenzo Arroyo

You know that feeling of relief that you get when you’re macking with some drunk hussy you’ve tricked into thinking you’re a special counselor for the governor of New York and you really have to fart but you’re about to get to 3rd base and you don’t want to blow your chances, and right before you say, “fuck it,” and let one rip she realizes that all 80 ounces of the alcohol she consumed is sitting in her bladder and she runs to the bathroom as you slowly and with much pleasure allow your flatulence to fill the room? That’s how awesome I feel every time I think about dinosaurs. The only problem is- some dinos are complete d-bags.

Take “T-rex,” the dinosaur commonly, and falsely, considered to be the king of the dinosaurs. What most people forget is that the Romans knew everything – especially when they were naming T-rex, as rex is Latin for “shit-head” (any Classics Major will vouch for this). “Where does the “T” come from?” you may ask. Firstly, you don’t end sentences in prepositions, only asses like T-rex do that. Secondly, the T comes from the word teabag. Now teabags may seems like a wonderful invention, they allow us to make cups of delicious, soothing drinks that replenish the stores of both the body and soul. But it wasn’t that type of teabagging that the Romans were thinking about when they named T-rex. It was the other kind. “That” kind. Yeah, exactly.

Herbivores generally strike one’s imagination as nice, family-friendly creatures whose small brains are compensated with large hearts. Well let me tell you, they do indeed have large hearts. And those hearts are used for pumping blood. A SHITLOAD of blood. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve been out slaying Parasaurolophi and … you know, maybe I shouldn’t finish that one, let’s just say that herbivores can definitely suck.

Finally, have you seen dinosaurs mate? I know I have, and let me tell you: it is not a pretty sight. Imagine two horses mating. Seriously do it. No, no, don’t hold back, you know as well as anyone that horses don’t mate from that distance…and they’re certainly not that dignified about it. Now expand that image by 20 times a horse’s size. And imagine that the immense weight of the female’s head forces her to have her head shoved in the mud during all of this (maybe it’s just shame). The whole while they’re macking it, the noises compare to those emitted from squeaky hinged door and a troop of seven year-olds with ADHD playing tag. And they just keep rocking back and forth, back and forth in pleasure-bound motion that causes the ground to shake.

Did you really imagine that? Pervert.

Why would dinosaurs ever actually have sex then? It’s gross, painful, and terribly unsociable. Well I’ve enclosed the transcription of a conversation that was overheard at a dinosaur frat last week, perhaps this will elucidate some of the issues involved with dinosaur mating.

Gino - a T-rex of 3 years, he’s been socialized (as much as is possible for his kind) and is looking for a good time.

Shellabam! - a Triceratops of 2 ½ years, her parents thought her name was funny.

Gino: Hey babe, nice forearms.
Shellabam!: Um, do I know you?
Gino: No, but you can say hello to my little friend.
Shellabam!: Are you talking about your forearms?
Gino: Why’d you have to go there.
Shellabam!: Ok…goodbye.
Gino: Wait, give love a chance!
Shellabam!: What are you talking about, I don’t even know you. And in no way are you remotely connected to my species.
Gino: Wait, aren’t you a ’Rex?
Shellabam!: No, ’tard, I’m a triceratops.
Gino: Well, it’s dark in here, and I’m kind of drunk. You look pretty good to me.
Shellabam!: Creep.
Gino: Stupid three-horn.
Shellabam!: What did you say?
Gino: Nothing
Shellabam!: You said something all right. And I want to know what it was right now!
Gino: I didn’t say anything
Shellabam!: Yes you did.
Gino: No, I, uh *garbled noises as Gino takes a bite out of Shellabam!’s neck*
Shellabam!: You just bit me…really hard. I’m missing part of my neck!
Gino: No, you’re good to go.
Shellabam!: You asshole, I’m bleeding all over…I feel faint.
Gino: So, you, uh, wanna make out?

Need I say more? The douchiness of some dinosaurs is sadly too apparent to be ignored. Hopefully, with this information in hand one may be able to ascertain the truth about dinosaurs and rally behind Stegosaurus. Shit, Stegosaurus fucking rocks so hard, it hurts to watch.

Drunkasaurus, extinct long before the crater hit Earth.
Scientology: Senseless and Loving It

Scientology: what happens when you think celebrities can’t get any dumber. Considered a cult in Germany, the United Kingdom, and pretty much everywhere else people have bad teeth, Scientology is a religious phenomenon establishing itself firmly in international discourse. To celebrate its growing fame, the Church of Scientology decided to hold festivities in its founding place, the most glorious, decadent, festive town in all of the United States: Camden, New Jersey. I personally went undercover as a Scientologist (read: a straight fan of Tom Cruise. Also read: it wasn’t easy) and joined in the entertainment. The following is a part summary/part itinerary/part tutorial of the Scientology celebration.

**Friday, November 4th**

6:00 PM – 12:00 AM – *Matriculation Carnival*

All new and recently converted members of the church were welcome to attend a ceremony in the Church’s main auditorium, where there was a plethora of carnival games, like “Dunk the Psychiatrist” and “Guess the Weight and Age of my Transcendental Self.” After the games, the night ended with a concert from Scientologist/rock icon Beck, who sang stunningly appropriate songs like “Loser,” “It’s All in Your Mind,” and “The New Pollution.”

We learned not only that gay people are bad, but that women must endure natural childbirth and may not utter a sound in the process.

2:00 AM – 4:00 PM – *Pregnancy Rodeo*

This was my favorite part of the fair. Three pregnant women in labor were wheeled into a dirt pit on gurneys with their husbands. When contractions occurred, the husbands had to keep their wives quiet for at least eight seconds. If the husband succeeded/ wasn’t gored, he won a free copy of the *Battlefield Earth* DVD.

5:00 PM – 10:00 PM – *Celebrity Lecture Series*

The following were the options for guest celebrity speakers discussing their experiences with scientology.

- “Isaac Hayes, South Park, and Scientology: The Ridiculous Irony” – Isaac Hayes
- “You Can Be Related to Elvis and Still Have No Talent” – Priscilla & Lisa Marie Presley
- “Okay Guys, I’m Not Gay, and Am Totally Boning Katie Holmes” – Tom Cruise

10:00 PM – 12:00 AM – *Closing Reception*

The night ended with two hours of silence for L. Ron Hubbard, after which people quietly proceeded to their cars and drove home, marking the end of the historic first annual convention. Upon leaving I realized that Camden, New Jersey is the Woodstock of cults, the party town of dangerous religion, and that Scientology is America’s own birth child, the one ugly daughter its mother keeps chained in the basement. Oh well, that’s science fiction faith for you.
Happy Birthday Zamboni!
Here are your birthday wishes, gathered from around the world!

From: President George W. Bush
RE: Super Birthday Wish
Dear Zamboni,
I like your picture book. I read it many days. Laura says, one day I can read it all by myself. We have a saying in Texas: ‘when a Zamboni has a birthday, you…do…something’. I’ll remember it later. Anyway, I read you wanted some coke, so I sent you some from the DEA. What in the Texas hell is a Zamboni anyway? Vote for me in 2008!

~ GW Bush
PS: (From Barbara and Jenna Bush) Hey, Z! Let’s get totally trashed for your B-day. Jenna and I were going to do it anyway, but it’s nice to have a reason once and a while. Check us out on ‘Girls Gone Wild; Washington, D.C.’
WOOOOOOO! TTYL!!!!!
-J&B

From: Lindsay Lohan
RE: 18th Birthday; Fully Loaded
Hey,
I can’t remember where I was last night and there’s a lot of blood and hair in the grill of my car, but my PR agent just told me it’s your birthday, so yay! I remember turning 18… being barely legal sort of jailbait was super cool, and all the free cocaine and cosmos were just the icing on the cake. Remember when I was hot?

Lindsay Lohan

Transcript from a TRL ‘Shout-out’:
Random Teen Girl: “Hey Zamboni, I just wanted to make a birthday shout out to you in the ten seconds I have to speak on national television!!! I also want to say ‘hi’ to the Cheerleading team at Greenwood High, and ‘the doctor said it’s contagious’ to my boyfriend Jim. WOOOOOOOOO!!!

From: North American Man boy Lover’s Association (NAMbLA)
Re: Too Bad You’re Legal
It breaks our heart to know that you are now off the market. We’ve spent thousands of dollars trying to amend and abolish those abominable laws that have kept us from you and other young, vulnerable, supple humor magazines across the nation.
You will be in our hearts, if not in our nether regions,

NAMbLA

From Emo Collective Support Group (Death Cab for Cutie, Bright Eyes, Dashboard Confessional, All American Rejects, etc.)
Beloved Zamboni,
Although it pains our hearts to do so, we wish you the best on your birthday. On such a day, we can’t help but think of our ‘death days’ aka, when you broke up with us. WHY DON’T YOU ANSWER WHEN I CALL? WHY DID YOU CALL THE POLICE; I’M TOTALLY NOT STALKING YOU! We’re going to go cry and write songs about this.
Have fun breaking hearts.
Dear Kind Masters and Mistresses of the Zamboni,
You do the union a great service through the satirical presentation of this nation’s inequities so that we may rectify said inequities in the future. Through these contributions, you have made our society a better place for the common man, African Americans, and the many lazy, illiterate foreigners who enrich this great land with funny odors.

Presidentially yours,

*Abe “The Fucking Penny?!??!?!!??!!” Lincoln*

Sonogram Transcript (Translated from Morse code kicks):

Dear Zamboni,

Absorbing your fine publication through placental diffusion, as my mother’s so fond of eating you, has shown me the value of a good sex joke. Once my sexual organs form, I’ll have an even greater appreciation of them. As I reach my second trimester, the Zamboni has comforted me through the increasingly salient threat of abortion.

Cesareanly,

**JENNIFER GARNER’S UNBORN FETUS**

Transcript from landmark case “Decency v. Zamboni”

Justice Scalia dissenting: “Despite the birthday of this magazine, which, in addition to being of questionable moral character, continues to demonstrate the decay of western society through employment practice that freely admits negroes (I’m looking at you, Ronald) and women (I’m looking at you, Francis). I find your acceptance of Michael Yarsky especially disturbing, as I’ve been advocating his degayification. Since I have been trying to put the Zamboni in the electric chair for the past five years, it delights me to know that that is finally possible. Have a happy birthday! ☹”

Via Subspace Transmission – Stardate 4321.148

Dear Zamboni,

I find it the most difficult to maintain the emotional discipline of Surak of Vulcan when reading your fine publication. Your words serve to hasten the onset of the *Porr Far* so that I may do the Vulcan nasty with greater efficiency. You also serve as a much-needed distraction from my captain’s womanizing.

Live long and prosper,

**Mr. Spock**

Letter from the Governor’s Office:

Zamboni,

It’s good to see you comedic girly men finally pull that bratwurst from between your legs.

Mazel Tov,

**Gov. Arnold “Ah-mold” Schwarzenegger**

Leviticus 25: 11-14

11 Let the Wrath of God flow through your many Orifices as you continue to Sin in the eyes of the Lord. 12 Now that thou hast Reached the eighteenth year, you have been Deemed beyond Saving. 13 Before you are sent to have your Innards burn in a fiery lake of Sulfur, take Solace in the fact that all of your Masturbating readers will go with thou.

14 Best Wishes,

**The Pope (Amen.)**
Tips for Third Year Med Students

BY MARK SNYDER

Nobody wants to start something new without knowing what to expect. That’s why I compiled this list of tips to make your third year of medical school a breeze. You may be thinking, “What the hell do you know, you’re an 18 year old freshman who’s only been out of his parents’ house for a month.” Nevertheless, I have lots of preconceptions about everything, which helps me easily put everything in terms of right and wrong, regardless of how much I actually know about it. Plus, I once spent an hour at the mall talking to a massage therapist about human anatomy, which proves that I know enough to instruct a third year med student about his/her studies.

Alcohol is something no one should consume. I once spent an hour at the mall talking to a massage therapist about human anatomy, which proves that I know enough to instruct a third year med student about his/her studies.

First, don’t do something only because it’s the norm. I talked to a med student in researching this article and discovered that by only the third day of med school, most students have already seen dead bodies, and some have even touched them. Now I’ve seen movies where this kind of thing happens, but I thought that they were grossly exaggerated. Touching dead bodies is disgusting, and it’s obvious to anyone that the only reason so many future doctors do it is because they think that it’s expected of them as medical students, and that everyone else does it too. Don’t be afraid to be different; don’t touch the dead bodies. Don’t take classes like gross anatomy just because that’s what people expect of you, be strong enough to say no.

Second, I was shocked to hear that many medical students go to clubs and parties on the weekend and drink together, and sometimes even drink during the week if they’re celebrating. Why is it that I’m both younger and less experienced, and never have shared their lifestyle, but I still know that what they’re doing with their own lives is wrong and they don’t?

Alcohol is something that no one should consume, it doesn’t help you have fun, it doesn’t bring you closer to your friends, and it’s not refreshing to drink while watching the Yankees (or the Red Sucks for you locals). Don’t say things like “what I do for fun is my own business as long as it doesn’t harm anyone else;” there’s no reason for you to drink and you know it. There are plenty of other ways to have fun without even leaving your room. Try staying in one Saturday night and write an article about why other people are wrong for going out. You’ll probably find this much more satisfying, because not only will you have proven to yourself that you don’t have to drink to have fun while everyone else does, but you’ll feel elite and important.

Third, don’t concern yourself with the atmosphere of your campus. Being from the planet Mercury, when I got here, people warned me that I probably would have trouble acclimating to breathing oxygen. However, as I do whenever people give me experienced advice, I disregard it completely and write an article about why their advice is wrong. In fact, I like having the oxygen around, never having breathed it before. It doesn’t bother me, even though everyone else makes such a big deal about it. Whenever there’s oxygen outside, I see people briskly walking up the hill with their mouths open and their chests expanding and contracting. I walked by the pool in Cousens Gym, which I frequent, and saw the swimmers breathing every third stroke. I’ve even heard that some people breathe while they’re sleeping. Even though I’ve never actually breathed it, I know that they’re all making too much ceremony of breathing oxygen, and that it wouldn’t have so much bearing on their lives if they didn’t let it. Everyone else should be more like me and enjoy breathing instead of letting it dictate their lives.

Mark Snyder, LA ’09, has not yet declared a major, but already knows enough to graduate with a degree in accounting, biology, chemistry, drama, economics, international relations, English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Chinese, Martian, Judaic Studies, or electrical engineering. He will most likely minor in African American Studies because he knows what it means to be black.
### PC by Numbers

When asked to comment on...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Issue</th>
<th>We say...</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eating Disorders</td>
<td>“The idea that you could even make fun of these problems makes me want to throw up.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Amish</td>
<td>“All I ask is that you issue a public apology on TUTV.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Black People</td>
<td>“You printed an article about black people on white paper? What kind of sick racists are you?”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Porn</td>
<td>“Where do you get off putting this out?”</td>
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<tr>
<td>GHB</td>
<td>“Tasteless.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Obesity</td>
<td>“You may not have realized this, but this article offended a large part of the student body.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Catholics</td>
<td>“Molesting the Catholic community at Tufts rubs me the wrong way.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harvard</td>
<td>“It’s not nice to pick on a small, poor, defenseless Pennsylvanian school.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>9/11</td>
<td>“Do whatever you can to ban this abomination, whether it’s burning it or throwing it out a window.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Primary Source</td>
<td>“Don’t knock the Primary Source when they’re the only magazine on campus that shows you don’t have to be offensive to be funny.”</td>
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### Absent-Minded Presents

You came to us for gift ideas?! That’s like going to Planned Parenthood to pick up chicks.

- **The Students in Your Math 5 Class** - Theta. Theta is the angle your students are trying to find. It would be hideously inappropriate to just give it to them.
- **Your Mom** - Your aborted baby brother. If she wanted him she wouldn’t have aborted him in the first place, right?
- **Dick Cheney** - A photograph of you and your lesbian girlfriend holding hands, and thus ruining America for everyone.
- **Your Boyfriend** - A sharp stab in the back. There’s a time and a place for that, and it’s called “Valentine’s Day”
- **Grandma** - A heart attack. The ol’ bag is probably going to get one anyway.
- **Adam** - Eve. She’s only going to get him and all of humanity exiled from paradise for the rest of time.
- **Your Priest** – A confession. He doesn’t want your sob story, he wants donations and cold hard cash.
- **Your husband** – AIDS. AIDS is not funny. Don’t give it to him.
- **Helen Keller** – A mix tape.
- **The Grand Wizard of the KKK** – The Cosby Show Season 1 DVD
- **Your new vegan lady-friend** – A romantic dinner of veal cooked in wine and served with a side order of steak (cooked in veal)
A Brief History of The Zamboni

History Compiled by TCU Senate Historian Ed Kalafarski

1987
Zamboni is born.
Weighs 900 pounds.

1987
Daddy leaves.
Zamboni cries.

1989
Zamboni wins Nobel Peace Prize.

1990
Zamboni is potty trained.

1991
Zamboni wets the bed.

1992
Zamboni resorts to the bottle.

1992
Zamboni puts vodka in the bottle.

1992
Zamboni likes vodka.

1992
Zamboni gets TEMS'ed.

1993
Zamboni discovers nudy magazines.

1993 + 2 seconds
Zamboni's first orgasm.

1994
Zamboni learns how to speak.

1994
Zamboni says "fuck."

1995
Zamboni colors in a coloring book.

The Zamboni.
Downing vodka since 1992.

The Zamboni. Lunar landings daily.
1996
Zombies attack.
Zamboni survives.

1997
Zamboni gets stood up at prom.

1997
Zamboni goes "Carrie" on prom.

1997
Zamboni cums on Tufts!

1998
Zamboni comes to Tufts!

1998
Zamboni cums on Tufts!

1998
Zamboni goes "Carrie" on prom.

1998
Zamboni cums on Tufts!

2000
Zamboni has illegitimate child, Melisma.

2001
Zamboni gets married to Radix.

2001
The Zamboni steals Christmas.

1992
Zamboni shoots J.R.

1967
Zamboni goes to the moon.

1999
Zamboni attempts to sleep with Primary Source. Fails.

1999 BC
Zamboni invents the wheel.

2005
Zamboni seeks refuge in Davis T-Stop.

2004
Zamboni goes to jail for death of babies.

2004
Zamboni escapes from jail.

2003
Zamboni flips out and kills babies.

1969
Zamboni discovers THC.
You're 18 at long last!!! You need to take advantage of all the privileges you longed for through your deprived adolescence. Smoke, gamble, buy porn, and vote in one convenient location!
Dear Friends,

It doesn’t matter if your birthday happened in the middle of the summer and you sat alone and cried because all of your friends were on vacation or whether it has yet to come this school year because either way you’re going to end up in hell. A very personal hell wherein you’ll realize that somehow you didn’t drink enough beer, play enough Frisbee golf, have enough sex, or smoke enough weed while at Tufts. For sixteen years you’ve been a career student whose goal in life was to get good grades and get into a good college.

Oh, the feelings of insurmountable loss won’t hit you right away. You’ll be all smiles on graduation day while you gnaw at the unthawed Dewick chicken grille for your lunch, sitting like a refugee on the Library steps eating out of a shiny, navy box with a gold, embossed Tufts seal on it. After lunch, you’ll meet the parents of the token black guy that lived on your hall freshman year, but whom you haven’t spoken to since. You will take a very awkward picture with him because the flash won’t load on his mother’s Sony Cybershot digital camera. “Let the red light stop flashing Ma,” he’ll say. Get your diploma, let out a false sigh of relief that school is over and that life is going to be great. Don’t worry there’s no rush to get home. Twelve thousand people are going to try exit the campus all at the same time.

Ah, summertime. Perhaps this will be the best time of your life. You’ll do things you always wanted to do. Maybe you don’t have to work because you got a ton of graduation money so you can backpack through Europe, or watch over your Father’s best-friend’s yacht and be crew for it as it sails from Nantucket to Bermuda and back. Stay loose my friend. It’s going to be a great time.

August rolls around and guess what... you’re not receiving the Health Services letter to exempt yourself from the University healthcare program through Chickering.com. You don’t have to start gathering supplies to head back to school. No new clothes to buy, no cheap furniture to assemble, no computer upgrades and no roommates to coordinate with for a September 1 move-in date.

Like waking up the day after blacking out on the Fletcher Field baseball diamond and looking down at your bare feet and wondering what happened to your shoes, you realize that you alone, cold and without anyone to help you stand up and walk back to South Hall. Your life, or at least the better part of it, has ended. Oh sure, you might have a job or you might be in Grad School, but it’s not the same.

At college you have access to friends, food, sex and a cleaning service for four years – and someone else is paying for it! If you think that you’re going to graduate and have crazy sex with new, older women or men, you’re wrong. At Tufts if you were a Tufts guy and simply wanted to get with a Tufts girl. Your common denominators were that you had good SAT scores, showed that you were a ‘leader’ on your Common App essay and that you come from New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts or New York State. This is a subconscious ice breaker which allows free flowing sex. Guys: in the real world, women think that you want to take them home, drug them, peel off their skin, shit in their skull and then rape them. Ladies, in the real world men actually do this. It is impossible to make new friends because by the time you get home after work you’re too tired to do anything. All you want to do is watch TV, contemplate doing laundry and eat ice cream and cry about how good college was.

All your college friends either move away or you grow estranged from them, just like you did with your high school friends. When you sign-on AIM you don’t get random IMs anymore for random shit and on Facebook you don’t get messages or pokes anymore. Showing alumnae status on Facebook is like the mark of Cane, no one will go near you. And at that moment you’ll probably be sitting in your childhood bedroom or in an apartment, alone, wearing dirty underwear and reeking of BO thinking of how the end was inevitable and there was nothing you could have done to stop it.

And that’s the truth. You only get four years and then its over. The worst part is that you realize you can’t go back because a) you already received a diploma and b) you’re too old and you suddenly feel all adult and look in the mirror and see your face starting to look like your parents’.

My fellow Tufts students, seniors in particular, take these words of truth to heart. The end of days won’t be the second coming of Christ. It won’t be artificial intelligence, global warming or a nuclear holocaust. It will be the day that you accept your diploma and b) you’re too old and you suddenly feel all adult and look in the mirror and see your face starting to look like your parents’

My fellow Tufts students, seniors in particular, take these words of truth to heart. The end of days won’t be the second coming of Christ. It won’t be artificial intelligence, global warming or a nuclear holocaust. It will be the day that you accept your diploma from Sol Gittleman and hug all of your professors and friends that you knew for four years goodbye.

Happy Birthday! Hell awaits you, bitches.

Best Wishes!
Jean-Baptist Poguelin

A Very Happy Birthday Letter to All Tufts Seniors
(and Students Who Someday Will be Tufts Seniors)
SUDOKU
Level: Legally Insane

Complete the grid so each row, column and 3-by-3 box (in bold borders) contains every digit 1-9. For strategies on how to play sudoku, visit www.lemonparty.org.