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Commencement 2006

A Tufts’ Student Publication
A Word From the Editor

And the Zamboni Tufts University High 2006 Yearbook Staff!

Dear Zamboni Tufts University High C/O 2006,

Well, it’s been a wicked bitchen’ year! We, the Yearbook staff, have worked tirelessly all year to bring you this cheaply made culmination of your scholastic journey, to send you off into the real world where it’s not okay not to do your laundry to “save the oceans” or streak for wireless on the academic quad. Say goodbye to the library roof on 4/20. Say goodbye to leaving your bodily fluids all over communal bathrooms every weekend for One Source people to clean up. Say goodbye to Zamboni Tufts University High, because the class of 2010 is already stealing your glory with their higher-than-every-class-before-in-the-history-of-the-world SAT average.

But no matter how far you may go, like Worcester or maybe even Providence, remember your time here. What you’ve learned is more than just how to approach townies in order to buy alcohol from Downtown Wine and Spirits. It’s more than resenting all your housemates and the way they never stop playing “My Humps” while they do their chore-wheel chores. And it’s more than getting TEMS’d on a Tuesday night. You’ve gotten a diploma, which is like a fake I.D., except this time you’re misrepresenting yourself to get behind a desk, not behind the bouncer at Embassy.

Anyway, shoot for the moon, because if you don’t make it, it doesn’t matter, because no one else can either! I mean, it’s the moon! The only way you’re going to make it is if you’re an astronaut, but then you’d have to know math, like, better than Math 5 even.

Ain’t that a kick in the head?

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April 28, 2006

The Zamboni

Remember when (of contents)...

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Hey you! Now that you've graduated from Zamboni Tufts University High, does your life lack meaning? Do you just sit around, bored and waiting for death? Well, then join The Zamboni! Meetings are Wednesdays at 10 p.m. in the campus center. Except there are no more meetings this semester. You missed them all, meetings-misser. But you can still submit your ideas to tuftszamboni@gmail.com, and we might even read them!
LOS ANGELES -- After leaving "South Park" and outing himself as a Scientologist douche bag, Isaac Hayes found employment as Tom Cruise's bar and grille, Thetan-Free Café. "All the animals we slaughter are purged of thetans before packing and cooking by means of beating the cow senseless with copies of 'Dianetics,'" says Isaac Hayes. "By the way, we've got Fair Trade Coffee."

The café, however, has been under much criticism not only for its separate menus for men and women, but for the "NO QUEERS" sign in the window. Adds Hayes, "If any of those queer boys want some meat, they can go to Michael Yarsky’s place at 14 Professor’s Row, Medford, MA 02155."

WASHINGTON D.C. -- After innumerable disputes, the pending U.S. immigrant bill has Congress at a deadlock. "We’re trying to get every provision of this immigrant bill out of our country’s Congress as soon as we can,” says racist-with-a-prestigious-job Senator Bill Frist. “Every immigrant bill that we’ve come across has been stupid and unproductive. Furthermore, they all stink.”

Senator John McCain, who is drafting a more moderate bill, says, “I certainly understand that it is the American way to accommodate illegal immigrant bills in our country’s Congress, but we prefer to give legislative attention to white male bills.” Even the Congressional Hispanic Caucus has its reservations.

Says the CHC chair Grace Napolitano, “Not only does my last name sound like an ice cream flavor, but I kind of want this illegal immigrant bill to be deported back to Mexican Congress where it belongs.”

HODGDON "GOOD TO GO" -- All freshman Nathan Ashborne ever wanted was a burrito, but even that simple fantasy was too much for an ineffectual little twat working the burrito stand. Describing the incident, Nathan pointed out three instances that needed improvement. "First there was the acquisition of the black beans. I mean, who doesn’t drain the beans? Everything was so watery."

Next there was the mountain of sour cream. “I didn’t want a coronary, I wanted a little line of white, you know, like all the Tufts students are craving these days.” To top it off, when it came time for the burrito to be rolled, Nick was shocked to see the burrito folded lengthwise ("like a drippy hot dog about three times the size of Larry Bacow’s throbbing member"), and then folded so as to push all of the contents out of it.

“It probably wouldn’t have been a big deal if I hadn’t had so many tests this week, but this incident pushed it over the line. If humanity thought it wanted my input to better it, it should think again. Fuck it.”
School Does Away with “Offensive” Rhymes

MEDFORD, MA -- Due to recent awareness of political correctness and family values, the Zamboni Tufts University school district has instated a ban on the singing and teaching of Zamboni Tufts University elementary classic original rhymes. When interviewed, Vera Gina, an ardent supporter of the ban, deemed them “offensive” and “just simply inappropriate for people in general, not to mention for impressionable young children.” She went on to further say that it was a travesty the ban had not been instituted sooner and that countless people have been needlessly offended.

This reporter is left to wonder: are our children safer now or are we needlessly infringing their freedom of speech? You be the judges:

Boys of Mars
Boys go to Mars to eat Malamars
Girls go to Jupiter to get more Stupider!

Hey Diddle Diddle,
The cat did a piddle all over the bedside clock.
The little dog laughed to see such fun then it died of the electric shock.

Mary had a little lamb
Her father shot it dead
Now it goes to school with her, Between two slabs of bread.

Milk, Milk,
Lemonade,
Turn the corner, Chocolate’s made

Lepers
I knew a leper named Tommy McMahon
He played piano with his face in a band
He bought me a keg
It cost an arm and a leg
And to lift it he gave me a hand.

Fantastic Plastic
God made man,
Man made plastic,
Who ever made dope,
Is fucking fantastic!!

Zoo Fun
Fuck, Fuck, Fuck a duck
Screw a kangaroo,
Lick the puss of a platypus,
It’s an orgy at the zoo!

Young harlot
There was a young harlot from Kew
Who filled her vagina with glue
“They pay to get in”
She said with a grin
“And they’ll pay to get out of it, too

Bull Milk
Milk a bull, Milk a bull,
Only one tit and it’s hard to pull

Migrant Workers
My name is Alponcho I live on a rancho,
I make five dollars a day,
I meet Suzy,
I eat her pussy,
She take my five dollars away

Compiled by Mike Yarsky, Julie Gomstyn, Stephen Riche, and Nick Ashby

Peter Gallagher Involved in Jumbo Sex Scandal

MEDFORD, MA -- Scandal erupted at Tufts University when Tufts alum and star of “The O.C.” Peter Gallagher was allegedly caught in a Dowling Hall bathroom attempting to get a freshman girl to entertain his Jumbo. Gallagher, here to visit his alma mater, denies the incident completely. But sources close to the girl say that Gallagher tried to coerce her by saying, “Come on, Mischa Barton does it all the time. Sometimes it’s the only thing she eats!” When questioned directly, all she would say was that she’d seen stuff with more impressive girth at the coldest Naked Quad Run.

NASA’s Orbiter Produces Pictures of Mars, Nobody Gives a Shit

MARS -- CNN reports that scientists have processed the Renaissance Observer’s first color image of our neighboring planet. Says pretty much every high-standing government official ever, “La-de-fricking-da.” The pictures of miscellaneous rocks, craters, and other geological shapes are meant to display the possibility of water and perhaps life on Mars. The only not-useless person your correspondent at The Zamboni could contact in regards to the issue was the writer of the song “Life on Mars,” David Bowie. When asked to comment, he responded, “Sorry, I’m too busy masturbating to pictures of Mick Jagger.”
Ladies and Gentlemen of the class of 2006,
I can’t tell you how excited I was when I found out that I was going to be the class of 2006 Mediantorian. I had always thought that I was the most average person at this school, but my normal behavior always seemed to go unnoticed. I thought about asking my advisor how to apply for awards and grants for it, but I forgot to ask him the last time I saw him, and I didn’t feel like walking all the way uphill to see him again if it was just for the one little thing. So I never really got around to it. Without help, I never thought I’d be recognized as the most average person at this school, but I am so happy that I am. I want to thank each and every one of you, whenever I get around to it.

When Dean Whatshisname, the guy in the suit, called me in to his office to announce that I was going to be class Mediantorian, I didn’t know what to say. I was really excited at first, because that meant they were going to let me graduate on time, even though I took all those Ex-College classes and never got around to doing World Civ. Plus I think I was still on Probation II for that time I U-locked my roommate to his bed by his neck as a prank, but lost the key, and the fire department had to break him free with the jaws of life. But my excitement about graduating began to fade away when I realized I would have to speak at graduation, and there aren’t any speeches on Sparknotes. I asked Whatshisname what he wanted me to say in the speech, and he said to say what you’ll miss most about Tufts, and to give people some advice that would be relevant to their lives, or something like that. I don’t know. While he was in the middle of saying that, my cell phone started vibrating so I was fake-coughing to cover the sound.

Anyway, I think the most important advice I can give you all is to remember that working hard isn’t always the most important thing in life. I know grades seemed so important, but what you’re really going to cherish in a few years are the memories and friends you made here.

I remember one time junior year, all of my teachers gave me a shitload of homework to do over Spring Break because they said I had tons of free time to do it. Fuckheads. Anyway, I got back from Puerto Rico at like 6 p.m. Sunday night, and I hadn’t done any of my homework. As soon as I started to do it, my friend Dan called me and said he had smuggled back a quarter of really good shit and a bottle of bangin’ Mescal from his trip to Cozumel, and I had to get fucked up with him. I had to think about what was more important: putting a little dent in my GPA that probably wouldn’t bring my cumulative down more than like .05, or missing out on experiencing Mexican culture. I remembered all that shit Bacow said during matriculation about being students of the world and shit, and I decided that homework isn’t the only way to learn. I was going to become a student of the world by smoking Mexican weed and drinking Mexican booze, so I could feel what it’s like to get fucked up in another culture. Even though I never got my papers done, and I failed Sociology 40 and had to drop my communications minor, I still grew from the experience. And, anyway, the memories are what’s really important, even though they’re kinda hazy. I think we watched "Aquatic Teef," and then I had nightmares about Master Shake beating me up with a hammer.

So, yeah, I guess just don’t aim too high because you’ll only be disappointed. And don’t take shit from anyone. And it’s beirut, not beer pong. And frat is not a crime!
In the Year 2000...

The always generous Class of 2006 gave Tufts a gift to remember them by! Here is TCU President Jeff Katzin's dedication speech at Cohen Auditorium.

Zamboni Tufts University High’s Class of 2006 wanted to do something special for the school on our way out. Unfortunately the administration refused our first gift of a big bag of weed. Then of course, we tried to give them a bench in memoriam of the big bag of weed, and they turned that down too. So finally we decided that with the few remaining dollars left in the budget, a time capsule was the only feasible gift. At least, it seemed like a good idea, but then again it was a really big bag of weed, so it’s a wonder we came up with anything coherent at all.

So without further ado, please unveil the items going into our time capsule:

First off, we have a gallon of gasoline. We figure that in 100 years this stuff will be worth millions.

Second, we have a book of popular baby names. We figure that Tufts Class of 2106 will get a kick out of these ridiculous names like Hunter, Apple, and Lemonjello.

Third, we’ve got a copy of the “South Park” episode on Scientology. It has been foretold that Tom Cruise's daughter Suri (Scientologist-speak for "the Chosen One") will rule for 100 years until the aliens invade, signifying the start of the Third Age. And when those aliens do come, they’ll need slaves for the salt mines, and I don’t want them to use their powers to resurrect me. So let them get pissed off at the makers of “South Park.”

Fourth, we have a 1981 DeLorean. Because in the future, they will have the technology for time travel but they might be all out of DeLoreans. In the front seat is a copy of "Back to the Future II." This is to warn the future of the dangers of time travel. Also, it has some good tips on how to make a ton of money with time travel. Oh, also: it’s a sweet movie.

Finally, we have a banner signed by every athlete at Tufts. We figure one of them has got to become famous. Right? Maybe?

I hope you’ve enjoyed our gift to the Class of 2106. More importantly, I hope they do. I have one more thing to add to the time capsule. It’s a card with these words on it: “Tom Hanks is a dirty crap weasel sack of shit.” And I’ve signed it because I hate Tom Hanks and I know that eventually it will come out that he is a total douche bag and I want everyone to know that I said it first. You’ll all see! I know I’m right! I was right about Sammy Sosa!
Prom 2006: I Just (Died)

Stunning young ladies dressed in the latest trends. Hunky studs strutting their stuff on the dance floor. Big pimpin’ limos and crazy bitchin’ music. These are parts of every kick-ass prom. But the Class of ’06 did them one better!

Our prom started out just like the rest, but quickly took a turn for the better when a few students decided to spike the punch with the virus from "Resident Evil" as a senior prank. Around the time of the first slow dance, when our theme, “I Just (Died in Your Arms Tonight)” by the Cutting Crew played, certain students reported that they felt “funny.” Suddenly, Emily Cibelli, dressed in a lovely emerald green dress, shouted, “BRAINS!!! BRAINS!!!” After some major lip-locking (and neck-biting), her super-hot date, Dan Rohe, soon followed his girlfriend’s lead. Before long, everyone was following the craze of staring glassy-eyed and swaying back and forth, with their mouths on various parts of their dates.

Of course, even the undead need to rest! In between the swinging music sets, our crazy couples took time to indistinctly murmur sweet nothings to themselves as they dined on the flesh of the living (BIG THANKS to Mike’s Catering for the quick menu change!)

Zombie love is in the air!

Jen Boyko’s cream-colored dress beautifully compliments her rotting flesh. Her date, Brendan Lyons, may be missing a few fingers and an ear, but he would still take our breath away (if we had any) in his Armani tux.
In Your Arms Tonight

Top left: Our Prom Zombie Minion and Lord in a night of elegance, bouquet and decay;
Top right: MAJOR PDA ALERT!
Bottom right: Looks like Mike Davis had a bit too much of the punch...or tried to get in the way of the zombie horde.
Clubs 2006

Remembering all the great clubs you signed up for during Orientation Week and never went to, but whose email lists you never bothered to take yourself off of. You lazy bastard.

Featured Club!

Despite only having one member, the Brown Republicans have persevered this year, accomplishing many of their numerous goals! They worked to break stereotypes about minority voting preferences while at the same time trying to disenfranchise blacks and Latinos. Wow! What a year it's been!

Brown Republicans

Unfortunately, the many events of the Brown Republicans had to be cancelled this year, including their annual softball game, relay race, and Secret Santa. "I don't understand why I'm the only brown republican at this school," says club president, vice president, treasurer, secretary, and sole member Faisal Alam. "I tried recruiting new members, but something about George Bush referring to their country as an 'Axis of Evil' and bombing their homeland made them become democrats. Or terrorists. Same thing, really."

Fight Club

You do not talk about Fight Club.

Fellatio Now! Club

Fellatio Now! is sure off to a great first year. Next year, the meetings will no longer be held in the Campus Center, but will be moved off campus, as the OneSource staff has lodged a formal complaint against the club. Until next year, bone appetit.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club...

WOW, the Lonely Hearts went so far this year: they began exploring new sounds, learned from an Indian guru, and started practicing sitar. Unfortunately, the creative force behind the club started dating a total whackjob who will soon tear the group apart. On the plus side, they'll appear naked on the cover of "Rolling Stone."

T.U.P.A.C.

It was a bitter year for Tufts' only archaeology club. After becoming involved in a violent feud with the East Coast, all T.U.P.A.C. club members were gunned down. We are happy to learn, however, that this will not prevent them from coming out with a movie, two albums, and a reality TV show on VH1.
Zamboni

Graduating Seniors:

We'll Miss You!!!

First Row:
George Rausch: "Most Likely to Stay Regular"
Julie 1: "Most Likely to Have a House Husband"
Julie II: "Most Likely to Be Mistaken for Julie I" and "Most Likely, Subsequently, to Commit Identity Theft"

Second Row:
Mark Villanueva: "Most Likely to Beat Chuck Norris in a Hula-Hoop Contest"
Steve Nelson: "Most Likely to Get a Job After Graduation"
Anne Fricker: "Most Likely to be the Coolest Soccer Mom"

Third Row:
Ron Brown: "Most Likely to Have Mark Hamill's Baby"
Niki Johnson: "Most Likely to Be Mistaken for a White Male"
Sarah Jacknis: "Most Likely to Be In A Blackalicious Video"

Fourth Row:
Devin Toohey: "Most Likely to Have Had Sex Right Before This Picture Was Taken"
Francis Dahl: "Most Likely to Become a Competitive Eater"
Katie Ray: "Most Likely to be Zombie Prom Queen"
Letters to Graduates

Because nothing says love like a paragraph in a yearbook. Actually, nothing makes up for the fact that you were a shitty parent who ignored your child for eighteen years like a paragraph in a yearbook.

Dear Matt,
Congratulations on graduating high school! I’m so proud of you. To be honest, I never thought that you would. I mean, I still remember that day back when I had you in second grade. You know…the one where I told your parents that you were “differently-abled” and a “burden to the rest of the class.” Thank goodness for grade inflation, eh?
Best of luck,
Mrs. Mason

Dear Lindsey,
Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior? God has a plan for your life. You will become a wife and mother, keep the house very clean, and you’ll be very good at making small talk without saying anything too relevant or interesting. And about that thing you told me at confession: that boy was lying to you. In the eyes of the Lord, you’re not a virgin anymore. Sorry.
Love,
Father Dave

Dear Steve,
We’ve been waiting for this day for so long, and we know you have too. You’re going to do a great job playing wide receiver for state, and now that you’re out of the house, we’re getting a divorce.
Love,
Mom and Dad

Dear Bobby,
Did I leave my keys at your house last night? I can’t seem to find them. Yeah…call me. Also, the tests came back negative, so we’re okay.
Mrs. Lafave

Hey Steffie,
I’m so excited for you. You’re graduating from high school just like I did 11 years ago, and now you’re legal. No one’s ever going to think I’m a creepy cradle-robber or you’re an immature kid with a Daddy complex ever again. Since my wife has the kids tonight and your parents are never around, I’m taking you out to dinner somewhere nice.
Yours Always,
Mr. Love Banana
Your Future Awaits You!

See what the life of a Tufts alum is like one year after graduation!

“At least I have double-ply toilet paper now,” said Josh Benson, a Tufts LA ’05 graduate. “On the downside, I don’t have friends.”

Josh, who graduated Tufts with a double major in English and International Letters and Visual Studies, has found himself unqualified for any real-world jobs requiring actual skills. Instead of living in his own apartment after college, Josh’s inability to find anything even resembling a job has required that he move back home with his parents.

“I can understand every mythological allusion in T.S. Eliot’s ‘The Wasteland,’” Josh said. “Unfortunately, employers were looking for people with actual talent, not people who could explain the phrase ‘Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata.’”

Even the few mad skillz Josh once possessed are slowly atrophying. “Yeah, I pretty much sleep all day and watch reruns of ‘Golden Girls’ on TBS,” Josh said. “Sometimes I change my alumni Facebook profile, but then that reminds me that I’m not in school anymore, so I go back to sleep.”

Though Josh is stuck in a rut involving dreams of a past life and gems of senior-citizen comedy, other members of his class went on to do something actually meaningful with their lives. “Uhhh, yeah, all of my former housemates have, like, jobs and stuff now,” Josh said. “I tried finding one for a couple months, but then I realized if I worked during the day, I would miss ‘The Price is Right.’”

With his friends throughout the country earning paychecks, Josh usually finds himself all alone on his parents’ basement couch playing video games. “Sometimes I go back to Tufts for a party on Thursday nights,” Josh said. “I feel kind of lame and creepy, but at least it’s a change from feeling bored.”

Other than the crippling boredom and feelings of utter worthlessness, however, Josh has little incentive to change his current situation. “Hey, I don’t pay rent, I don’t pay for my own food or gas, and my mom does my laundry,” Josh said. “Except for the fact that I have to live in the basement and I wasted $160,000, it’s pretty much ideal.”

It is easy to believe Josh’s apparent satisfaction at his current plight. Upon further interrogation, however, Josh’s casual facade crumbled under the crushing weight of his overwhelming uselessness.

“God, I’m so pathetic,” he sobbed. “It’s as if the last four years didn’t even happen! I’m so sick of watching ‘Full House’ and ‘Three’s Company!’ Even ‘The Jeffersons’ isn’t funny anymore!”

Adding insult to injury, Josh pointed out that daytime television advertisements are specifically aimed at those who need to get off their asses and do something with their lives. “It’s so shameful,” Josh said as he wiped away his tears. “I’ve gone from being a coveted demographic to one equivalent with high school dropouts and single moms on welfare.”

Josh’s current situation is forcing him to re-think his college habits. “I knew I should have gotten an internship last summer instead of trying all day to learn how to master the Force,” he said.

Though for now he is nothing more than a Halo-playing waste of life, Josh’s unhappiness is somewhat appeased when he thinks about the future. “It makes me feel better when I realize that within a couple years, most of the people who are reading this article will be in the same situation,” he said.
Welcome to the Second Zamboni Roast. This issue, we're roasting... A CHICKEN!!! GET IT? GET IT??!! Because it's a CHICKEN... and we're roasting it... but not in the oven... we're just insulting it! Get it? Get it?!?!? Man, we are so funny.

Chicken, I know we used to have some good times together. Our passion was so hot... 375° Fahrenheit, if you know what I mean. I know I used to cover you in bread crumbs and eat you – hell, we even had that steamy three-way with the Colonel. And who could forget the time I stuck a lemon up your butt and smeared you with canola oil? But chicken, you’re just too bland and dry for me. Let’s face it, chicken: you’re so white. I have to move on to new experiences. That’s right, I’m going to go taste some delicious dark meat. Goodbye, chicken. It’s over.

– Anne

Thank you for inviting me here to roast Chicken; I’m really flattered to be here alongside these C-list celebrities who have nothing better to do tonight. Well Chicken, you’ve made more people fat than television and World of Warcraft combined. Chicken, if you were any more bland and boring, I’d have to call you “The Family Circus.” You’re like a drunk freshman girl at a frat party; the only entertaining thing you do is spin around naked with a pole jammed into you. I’m kidding Chicken; I love you. Later tonight, I’ll smear honey all over you and lick it off.

– Mark

I know how to kill a man with a drumstick

Chicken’s the nastiest! It’s all pink and salty and just plain gross! And when it’s served with pineapples...EWWW!!! I don't know how you could possibly eat that shit. Do you even know where it comes from? There are like, these animals, called pigs, I think, and they, like, roll around in their own crap and go “Oink!” The disgusting! That’s why I don’t ever eat chicken! I just stick to KFC. I don’t know what they put it in, but that stuff sure is tasty!

- Nicole Richie

I really love chicken. It’s tasty and healthy and there’s so much you can do with it in the kitchen. But my favorite part is the knowledge that some dirty, filthy Commie bird DIED so that I could eat it. Whenever I put a piece of chicken in my mouth, I cannot help but think of the small beast being led to slaughter. And as that image of an orgy of blood, guts, feathers and terrified clucking comes into my mind, a smile appears on my face. And in the end, that’s all that matters, right?

– Devin

I’m sick of chickens, flapping about, laying eggs wherever they damn well please. A rat with wings is what you are! A delicious three-piece bucket rat with wings... You’re dirty. I like it. Come to me, chicken. I want your eggs in my frying pan.

– Francis
OMG! An Interview With God!

Author of "The Ten Commandments," creator of the entire universe, and also responsible for saving the souls of millions from eternal damnation. It’s no wonder no one comes close to God when it comes to community service.

Zamboni: Are you there God? It’s me, Zamboni.
God: Hello, Margaret.
Zamboni: Um, this is Zamboni. Not Margaret.
God: Oh, sorry, my child. Common mistake. Things are kind of hectic up here in the cosmos; I receive literally billions of calls a day. Well Zamboni, look upon me and know me, and I shall grant thy interview.
Zamboni: I don’t doubt that. So tell me a little bit about yourself, God. What have you been up to in the past couple eons?
God: Behold, for I have spread joy throughout the land! First there was nothing. Then I created light, and saw that it was good. Then I said “Let there be life”, and it was so. And behold, it was good. Then I created slurpies and bubblegum, and behold, it was very good.

Zamboni: That’s wonderful. I have a desklamp from Ikea, and it also makes light.

God: On the seventh day I rested from all the work I had made. And sanctified was the seventh day, when people shall listen to stories of my glory for one hour before heading to IHOP for a Sunday pancake brunch.

Zamboni: True, true. It sounds like creating the universe is one of your best works to date. Not as good as the latest Guster album, but still pretty good. You also wrote the Ten Commandments, which are still sometimes followed thousands of years later. What was your inspiration for them?

God: The word of the Lord is the word of good.

Zamboni: No doubt. Do you think that maybe ten commandments is a lot to be asking of people though? Surely you could have edited it down to one stone tablet with maybe three or four commandments.

God: Let not your Marilyn Manson and Weekly World Newz delude thee, lest greed run rampant through the valleys and the hills. Each commandment is necessary, such as “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife, nor his manservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his wife’s ass, nor his manservant’s ass, nor his ox’s ass.” Man is forbidden from tapping any ass that his neighbor hast bagged.

Zamboni: True. You have to respect your neighbor’s ass, no matter how bad you may want it.

God: Exactly. And “Thou shalt not worship any false idols, nor shalt thou name Bono Time’s 2005 Man of the Year, calling him a good Samaritan.” I mean, he’s the lead singer from U2, not our Holy Savior. Jesus, I hate that guy.

Zamboni: Fair enough. Are there any commandments that didn’t make the final cut, for whatever reason?

God: “Thou shalt save thy complaints for someone else, like thy cousin in California, and not thy Lord and God.” I should have left that one in. “Thou shalt not eat cheese before noon.”

Zamboni: True. You have to respect your neighbor’s ass, no matter how bad you may want it.

God: Anytime.

God currently has a book out entitled “The Bible,” which has sold approximately five billion copies, and is the best selling book of all time. It can be purchased at your local Barnes and Noble for $15.99.
Dear Zamboni,
Thanks for hiding my clothes during NQR. You picking tart.
Burn in hell.

Dear Zamboni,
What happens at ATO stays at ATO, right? RIGHT!! C'mon! If Jesse finds out about that, I'm dead! No, it was you who stuck that shit on the couch! I was drunk! That's considered rape in Massachusetts! Fuck you!

Dear Zamboni,
I'm gonna miss partying with you. Damn, you're crazy! Don't worry, I still have those videotapes of you. Keep in touch.

-Tom

Dear Zamboni,
OMG! Never forget the time that we got really high and then we took your cat and — wait! That wasn't you! You wouldn't ever do anything fun! You're boring! BORING! OMG!

Dear Zamboni, 
I'll never forget that magical night we spent after Spring Fling. Everything seems to remind me of you, including this burning itch that I can't seem to get rid of. Seriously, KITT! Give me a call! We can share Voltrak! You still have my phone number, right?

-Jennifer

dear zamboni zambonaye (sorry, i'm such a bad speller),
share a nice summer!

-Sue

Dear Zamboni,
May I never know
How to write for these
things. I'm going to miss you.
So am I. Taking shit
That's so cool to eat
DP

"Time goes by so fast.
You turn around and it's past,
To hang a sign on me."

-Steve Nelson

Steve Nelson
Eats shit

dear zamboni,
I had such a great time
talking to you on Facebook.
I'll never forget what you wrote on
my wall for my b-day. It was so
sweet! Send me a message some
time! And OMG, you totally
have to friend me on MySpace!

❤️ Chiissy