Thanksgiving:
The Gang's all Here!
Dear loyal readers,

As the Thanksgiving holiday approaches, we here at The Zamboni have given it some thought (when we’re not busy sleeping, or watching something really good on TV, or sitting). We worked tirelessly in labs for weeks to distill the meaning of Thanksgiving; it turns out that it doesn’t really have much to do with the Last Supper on our cover, but it definitely involves eating with people you don’t trust, having a disappointing menu but decent bread and wine (even better when it’s body and blood), and at least one unexpected guest wearing an awkward sweater. (Can you find him on our front cover?) And you’ll probably have to put some effort into edging away from your preachy uncle who brings both his long-suffering conversation and terrible body odor to the table. (We see you, St. John! Don’t try to pretend that you're not doing it.)

Anyway, because it’s essentially awesome to be us, we’ve come up with a number of things to be thankful for, too, which you can see for yourself in our center spread. And we’ve learned from that. Now, we invite you to take stock of your mostly mundane lives with us, seriously. It’s Thanksgiving: we give a shit.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

Happy Fun Time Game of the Issue:
Choose your own caption!

a) God, can't a turkey get some respect around here? Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go back to attempting to read and drowning when it rains.

b) God, if Thanksgiving doesn't kill me, then the Braker Hall basement bathroom sure as hell will.

c) Come to Zamboni meetings, 10:00 on Monday nights in the Campus Center! We'll have turkey.

d) All of the above.
In response to U.S. "Secure Fence" Act, Mexican President Calderón OKs "Tall Ladder" Act

MEXICO CITY – Promptly after Bush signed a bill requiring a 700-mile fence be constructed along the U.S.-Mexico border, Mexican president Felipe Calderón incited action. “The Secure Fence Act?” he said in a “Casa Blanca” press conference. “I’ll give them back a Tall Ladder Act. And if that doesn’t work, I’ve got a Trampoline Act and a Large Portable Staircase Act to boot!” Calderón will be meeting with Bush next week regarding whether or not it will be a wire, wooden, or white picket fence. When asked why, Calderón added, “Cuz if it’s a picket fence, they’re gonna need Mexicans to do some Tom Sawyer-style painting on that shit, you hear?”

Catholic Church seeking Mark Foley victims

FLORIDA – The Catholic archdiocese, known otherwise as the North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), is inciting action against Rep. Foley in his ongoing harassment scandal. “We’re trying to get our hands on his victims,” says Bishop Ben Dover, “but Rep. Foley is not taking any calls.” Their campaign includes acquiring testimony from Foley’s victims, investigating Foley’s political (and sexual) history, and asking his victims “if they liked it.” As CNN reports, the Church’s other relation to the cause is a noncommittal investigation into Mark Foley’s alleged abuser, a retired Catholic priest by the name of Rev. Anthony Mercieca. If you want to see more on the glorious ways history repeats itself, please visit: http://www.cnn.com/2006/POLITICS/10/21/foley.priest.ap/index.html

--Compiled by Mike Yarsky

Socialist propaganda found to be accurate; administration not pleased

MEDFORD – Tufts students were shocked on Friday to find infamous Nazi propagandist, Paul Joseph Goebbels, on campus. “At first I thought all those magazines in the dorms and classrooms were just pointless, confusing pieces of propaganda,” says one sophomore, “but then later, I was in Dewick and I thought to myself ‘Wow, the guy wearing a swastika over there by the salad bar looks a lot like a zombified Nazi.’ And guess what? It was the undead corpse of Goebbels!”

While some students may find the walking dead’s presence at Tufts a bit of a novelty, the administration has already actively spoken out against Zombie Goebbels’ new location of residence. Members of the Peace and Justice Studies department find his presence “detrimental to the made-up major” while local campus eateries are “fairly certain that him even entering the building breaks some kind of health code.” As for Hillel, when asked about it, a representative replied simply with a scowl and “What do you think?” Measures are being taken to expel the zombie to somewhere in the South, so the school can be rid of him and he can be among more like-minded people. “I just hope he doesn’t get tenure before then,” says President Bacow.
Tragic train wreck forces people to look, even if they don't want to

By Mike Yarsky and Dana Berube

BOSTON – The collision of the commuter rails heading from Boston to Framingham (and Framingham to Boston, respectively) on Wednesday spurred not only sorrow, but an irresistible morbid curiosity. “It’s kind of hypnotic,” says one witness to the crash. “You feel bad for being amused, but when the waves of screaming become harmonized, it sounds neat.” Spectators claimed the resulting fireball was "mesmerizing" in its "orangeness." Assistance from FEMA showed up late, and what some may call "over-prepared" for the occasion. Says post-Katrina FEMA behavior analyst Dirk Dickins, “They’ve been trying to cover their ass and get back their reputation, so it’s really no surprise they brought inflatable canoes and press hush money.” However, local residents were generally pleased with FEMA's efforts to aid squirrels disadvantaged by the smoldering pile of twisted, blackened metal. One optimistic resident remarked, "Well, at least it wasn't the Red Line."

Partially rehabilitated nymphomaniac dry humps unwitting woman

By Mike Yarsky

ROANOKE – The Roanoke Psychiatric Board suffered serious embarrassment on Thursday when one of its recent clients, Johnny Cheever, was discovered dry-humping 24-year-old Wynona Futts without her approval. “We thought he was completely rehabilitated,” says his personal therapist, Dr. Morton Stewart. “Occasionally we’d see him hump a pillow or hang out in gay club bathrooms, but we interpreted that as a successful way to channel his humpiness into something less humpy. It turns out, our efforts were not as successful as we thought, and he was only partially rehabilitated.” Another member of the board and rival of Stewart, Dr. James Peacock, feels otherwise about the situation. “Stewart's a fool. A damned fool. Even the nicest people engage in nonconsensual dry-humping. Just ask my grandmother.”

Emo delinquent cuts class, himself, steals forks

By Mike Yarsky and Dana Berube

MEDFORD – In a harrowing series of events worthy of a My Chemical Romance song, Douchey McFeelings was caught by his roommate not only cutting class, but carving lines into his wrists with what has been called a "veritable arsenal" of forks stolen from Carmichael. “He didn’t see me come in at first,” says roommate John Steele. “His hair was covering his eyes.” McFeelings is alleged with having stolen at least 76 utensils from Carmichael since the beginning of the semester and skipped 21.5 classes to write poetry on LiveJournal and reread Catcher in the Rye. The issue will be taken to the dean who has categorized McFeelings as an “emo delinquent.” When asked to comment, she said, “Honestly, I don’t really know what an emo delinquent is…but TUPD really wants their forks back.” Tufts Students for Emo Acceptance has come to McFeelings’s defense, noting that his recent crimes are simply a result of marginalization of emos by society and of LiveJournal’s recent crash. "Besides," they added, "if you lived in Wren, wouldn't you want to stab yourself with a fork?"

Tufts econ major, stand-up comic actually not a jew

By Mike Yarsky

MEDFORD – Evan Goldman, a quantitative economics major, stand-up talent, and member of sketch comedy troupe Major: Undecided, announced to his Intro to Yiddish Culture class that he is actually “not a money-grubbing Jew-bag.” Upon questioning from Professor Sol Gittleman, Mr. Goldman just likes business, finding humor in dismal situations and has a completely Gentile contempt for the Germans. Although circumcised, he is only taking the course to fulfill a foundation requirement.
Global warming revealed to be complete hoax

Scientific community and media were engaged in giant conspiracy theory for no purpose whatsoever

By Anne Fricker

Finally capitulating to right-wing naysayers, the media, the scientific community, and Al Gore were forced to admit last Friday that global warming, in fact, does not exist.

“You got us,” president of the American Science Academy Farnsworth Wigglebottom said in a public statement. “We’ve spent countless amounts of money, time, and effort counterfeiting evidence, conducting false studies, and waging false PR campaigns in an elaborate attempt to fool the entire world about global warming for no particular reason.”

“We’ve been saying it for years, but for some reason the entire scientific community had more legitimacy than crazed right-wing senators who also claim that masturbating will lead to hairy palms and gonorrhea,” said Primary Source member Bristol Tailor.

“We always knew they were trying to trick us!” Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert claimed. “It’s not like they had real facts or scientific evidence behind global warming, after all!”

When asked why they would try to fool the entire world, Farnsworth was unable to give an adequate reason besides, “I’m not sure what anyone would gain out of trying to trick people about global warming.”

Hastert, however, offered his own reasons. “It’s simple: godlessness,” he told the press. “Well, either that or communism.”

Academy of Sciences demotes SciTech building to Dwarf-buildingoid

By Ron Brown

The Tufts University Staff and student body alike were stunned after the Academy of Science, in conjunction with the International Astronomical Union, reclassified the Science and Technology building from a building to a Dwarf-buildingoid. “Its odd size and eccentric orbit have always called the SciTech building, or Object 129-D’s status as a building into question,” said Dr. Noggenfl ogger, chair of the IAU. Controversy over the Science and Technology building’s status as a building on Tufts campus has been under fire before. Originally discovered in 1976 by astronomer Tom Clydebaugh, the SciTech building was originally designated a Trans-Gancher object before it was upgraded to building after its satellite, Bacon Hall, was found in 1980.

In the wake of this highly controversial decision, the AoS and IAU have also redefined a number of other heavenly bodies, not the least of which was J.C. Chasez, former “quiet one” of ‘N SYNC. “A boy band member must satisfy 3 requirements,” Dr. Noggenfl ogger explains. “It must orbit the band’s leader, it must be massive enough to retain a shape of hydrostatic equilibrium, and it must have gravitationally cleared the area around its orbit. Mr. Chasez satisfies the first two requirements, but not the third.” J.C. Chasez indeed does not fill the third requirement, as his orbit occasionally intersects with that of Lance Bass. Finally, the status of Mahti as a planetean has also been challenged, said Dr. Noggenfl ogger, “Heart? I mean, come on…”

Many suspect the Academy of Science and International Astronomical Union’s motives may not be scientifically sound, citing that after the controversy, and subsequent publicity, following the revocation of Pluto’s planet-hood, the AoS and IAU have been frantically demoting objects to gain public interest. “Revoking [the Science and Technology Building’s] building-hood for the sake of publicity is an abomination!” President Bacow stated during a press conference. “Losing one’s building-hood takes a terrible toll on its feelings of adequacy and can lead to performance anxiety. How can we expect our engineers to explore new avenues of science when they are living in shame… impotent shame.”

When asked to comment, the Academy of Science has declined a formal statement on the matter.

Prostitute sues pimp for sexual harassment

By Mike Yarsky and Devin Toohey

LOS ANGELES -- In a titillating series of events on Tuesday, Kelly “Passionfruit” Williams filed a lawsuit against her pimp, Fresh Delish, for lewd gestures and strong language. “It’s terrible,” complained Williams. “Every day he’s calling me some dirty name like ‘ho’ or ‘slut’ or ‘bitch,’ I couldn’t take it anymore! It’s so degrading to women! He obviously doesn’t respect me as a professional, which is unfair. I attended college for years to get my doctorate in whorology, but once I enter the real world, guess what happens? I get called rude names and watch men in my field, men who have been here for just a few months and are far less qualified, get paid twice as much as I do for a blowjob!”
STUDENT DISCOVERS ENTRANCE TO NARNIA IN CAMPUS CENTER, DOESN’T GIVE A SHIT

By Francis Dahl

MEDFORD- Local Tufts student Sandra Valentine discovered what appears to be a secret entrance to the magical land of Narnia earlier this week. The entrance was discovered in a secret stairwell of the campus center, just next to the boys' bathroom. Valentine, however, does not give a shit.

The magical land of Narnia is one in which animals talk, mythological beasts frolic, and children’s fantasies of becoming princes and princesses become true. Entry into the world of Narnia typically involves adventures of befriending centaurs, speaking with sea people, and an overall triumph of good over evil. Valentine has patience for none of these things.

“I’m sorry, but do you really think I have time for gnomes and fairies and all that gay stuff?” Valentine said. “Nine hours of watching Frodo prance around in Lord of the Rings was bad enough. You expect me to enter into a similar world and commit myself to helping some queer lion save his precious squirrels from being taken over by some ice bitch? I have an IR test next week.”

The aforementioned lion, Aslan, is said to be the creator of Narnia. On several occasions, Aslan has employed children from our world to help him save his beloved land from the clutches of evil. Typically these children end up fulfilling their destinies by taking part in time-old prophecies. Sources say that a prophecy in Narnia tells of a young Tufts student journeying through Narnia, earning the respect of Aslan through a series of inane and time-consuming tasks, and saving Narnia because the idiots who live there are too inept to do it without the help of a child.

“I’m sure it’s a nice place to live if you’re a gopher or whatever,” Valentine stated, “but frankly, I just don’t care. I need to be studying for a quiz right now. Had it been a train to Hogwarts through that door, maybe then I would have been interested. I may even have taken a campus tour or picked up a transfer application. But Narnia? What the hell am I going to do there, eat Turkish delights until I weigh four hundred pounds? Please, Narnia is like the third-world country of mythical lands.”

Aslan could not be reached for comment, due to the fact that the land of Narnia is under the tyrannical rule of ninjas.

"As if Boston doesn't have enough fucking snow" -Sandra Valentine

When asked about the appearance of Turkish delight in Dewick, the White Witch refused to comment.

Rumor has it that Aslan and Jumbo used the hidden doorway to go on secret rendez-vous.
ASSASSINS: A MOST DANGEROUS GAME

By Matthew Luz

With cramming for midterms in full swing, students are looking to bring some levity to their otherwise dark, gloomy existence here at Tufts. Besides the usual comforts of cheap sex and cheaper alcohol, undergrads are participating in the hall game Assassins, where the goal is to eliminate opposing players by using the Facebook news feed to record their movements. With the tag line “Kill or Be Killed,” participants claim it to be a harmless bit of fun. Assassins, however, has a very dark, albeit unknown history.

November 5, 1605: In the first recorded account of a game of Assassins, Guy Fawkes attempted to tag target and fellow frat bother King James I of England by hiding 1800 pounds of gunpowder under the British Parliament.

February 19, 1777: At Harvard University, Eric Stapleton memorized the daily routine of his target, Henry Rouse, by using “Ye Olde Book of Faces.” Waiting in his third floor dorm room for Rouse to walk to Bible study, Stapleton heaved an iron cannonball out the window, killing Stapleton instantly. Heaving cannonballs out windows at Harvard was apparently the cool thing to do back then.

June 28, 1914: Gavrilo Princip, a university student in Sarajevo, was listed to target Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Following him during a parade, Princip rushed up and threw a handkerchief at the Archduke, as by this time assassination methods in the game had relaxed considerably. The Archduke ignored the attempt, calling Princip a “fucking pussy” for not waiting until after the parade. Princip then proceeded to shoot Ferdinand. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was more than understanding.

September 1, 1950: Kim Il Sung, “Prime Minister” of North Korea, is assigned Park Eunsik, a peasant farmer in South Korea. Kim Il Sung decides to tag him with over a million Chinese and North Korean troops because, hey, Kim Il Sung was a dick.

December 20, 1980: The ROTC program at UCLA, only recently regaining popularity after the Vietnam War, takes a game of Assassins too seriously when one of its members calls in air strikes on target Jimmy Eckman, the captain of the math team. The aircraft carrier USS Nimitz was offshore throughout the week, maintaining air superiority and countering threats from the math team’s submarine fleet.

January 17, 1996: Assassin Mike Shapiro dies from exposure after waiting 72 straight hours in a snowstorm in Buffalo for his prospective target. Evidence suggests he cannibalized a passing bystander in a futile attempt to survive.

March 29, 2002: Sharon Bates, driven mad by an unsuccessful game of Assassins, kills her cheating boyfriend in a fit of jealous rage.

October 23, 2006: Zamboni staff member walks RIGHT INTO her assassination. Seriously, you should have been there. It was hilarious.
The Thanksgiving break, always rife with stress and suicide, took on new levels of anxiety last Tuesday, when mother Diane Wendell learned that her daughter Julie (now insisting on being called “Jules”) had become a vegan.

“Dealing with travel plans, cleaning the house, and fixing the sofa bed for Uncle Bill is difficult enough, but at least before, I never had to worry about the effing menu,” Wendell moaned. “I mean, vegetarian, I might have been able to handle; Julie could have eaten the mashed potatoes. But now what will I do?”

As a vegan, Julie refuses to consume any foods with animal origins, including turkey, butter, and sperm. (Spam, however, is allowed.) “At first I did it because I cared about animals,” Julie said. “But then when I realized I wouldn’t be able to wear leather shoes, I decided just to do it to piss off my mom.”

At first, Wendell was unable to find a menu that would accommodate her daughter’s new and selective palate. “Well, so far the only thing left on the menu that Julie can eat is the string beans, but she’s a picky little twat and always fed those to the dog anyway, so I’m not sure what to do exactly,” Wendell confided.

Wendell’s frustration was only elevated upon learning that her daughter would be bringing her new Native American boyfriend to dinner. “Jesus Christ, now I have to be guilty about eating animal products AND celebrating the slaughter of natives? Can’t I just feel bad about making a shitty pie crust?” she cried.

However, after a long mother-daughter debate, Wendell and her daughter reached a truce: “Well, I said I was totally opposed to eating meat, but as it turns out I wouldn’t feel guilty if I ate a republican,” Julie admitted. “So now instead of turkey, we’ll be having Uncle Bill.”

To celebrate Thanksgiving, we here at The Zamboni wanted to get into the spirit and give thanks for the following:

Measles and Smallpox – The most unappreciated pair in America. Hundreds of years ago, our ancestors came to this country, intent on finding a whole new world. They found Native Americans instead. And while we celebrate Thanksgiving as the day when the settlers made peace with them, we’d be remiss to forget that shortly afterwards, we killed them off by giving them blankets laced with fine, god-fearing diseases. Look, it was survival of the fittest, bitches. So we cheated.

Infertile couples – Because if everyone could have children, then no one would pay you $8,000 for your eggs or to jack off habitually.

Hand dryers in the bathroom – During your first few days at Tufts, once you ran out of
A Very Zamboni Thanksgiving

Step Four: Add Flava Flav. With all his gals. Sitting across from you, smiling. and neighbors you’ve never seen knock on the door demanding free food.

Step Five: Add George Washington, who will repeatedly tell the story of how he chopped down the cherry tree. Oh George, it’s not President’s Day. Demen-
tia’s been setting in recently.

Step Six: Mix in three cups of awkward conversation, sprinkled with questions about future majors/minors, past boy-

Step Seven: Add unwanted guests. Your aunt’s boyfriend brings his dog, your twelve year old sister brings her fiancé, and they’re still standing around schmoozing and boozing and eating all the food you were hoping on keeping for several weeks after this shindig.

Step Eight: At least it’s not a vegan backpacker bar

Step Eight: Add really bad pecan pie that looks absolutely delicious. This may in fact be the world’s biggest tease.

Step Nine: Add Carmichael. You couldn’t afford flying home for the break/ had something really important that re-

Step Ten: Add guests that overstay their welcome. You’re tired and wanting to go to sleep and forget about the whole thing,

And there you have it! A simple, easy-to-

We Are Thankful For Compiled by Julie Gomstyn

questions about what people were majoring in, what did you do? Yeah, that’s right. You bitched about the hand dryers. You can hate on these unappreciated pieces of bathroom décor all you want, but ask yourself this: what else would you have talked about? Do you really think she went home with you because of your mind-boggling intellect?

AIDS – No, wait, that’s still not funny.

Steroids – Putting aside the fact that ‘roids gave us some of our greatest American heroes, like Barry Bonds and Chyna, that meat-headed football player that you drunkenly brought home with you last night might have tried to take advantage had he not been so ashamed of his testicle shrink-

Hodgdon Good-To-Go -- If not for that fine institution, I would not have been able to build a fort in my room out of Dasani water bottles freshman year. Furthermore, without Hodgdon and its questionable-at-best Chinese food, the entire experience of the freshman fifteen would be lost on so many students, and they would be missing out on one of the really precious parts of college life. But most importantly, Hodgdon Good-To-Go really opened my eyes to the wonder and treasure that is my body. Before Hodgdon, I lived a small, sheltered life, believing poo to be brown and mostly firm. With the help of this enlightening establishment, I was able to transcend that “inside-the-box” thinking to discover all the various shapes, colors, textures, and tastes that could come out of my bodily orifices. – By Devin

The Primary Source -- for showing me what the world is really like. I got a subpar educa-
tion because I went to public school, where they encouraged me to have gay sex by giv-
ing out condoms, but they never taught me the important things. I didn’t know the dangers of the liberal media, and I would have never even realized that Plan B was encouraging young black women to have promiscuous unprotected sex before the hilarious cartoon on page 6 of the August 30th 2006 issue. I’m also thankful for their friendship. I’ve never had more fun than the time we got drunk and painted the word "smut" all over the LGBT stuff.

Isopropyl Alcohol -- It can remove even the most dedicated ticks and leeches from one’s penis, hypothetically. Wait, did I say hypotheti-
cally? I meant hypo-allergenically.

Mel Gibson -- Because everyone loves a giant shithead - By Francis

Lifetime television network – Because
Stop Giving Me Shit for Being Tough on Gangs; I Was in a Gang Once

By Larry Bacow

In the recent past, I have received a plethora of letters, e-mails, and curses from the general Tufts populace for my attitude toward Tufts gangs: I enact bans, suspensions, and punishments on any gang that “slightly misbehaves.” Most Tufts students think I come down too tough on gangs, that I should let them free to be their own gangs. I have been reprimanded and stigmatized by every student publication on campus; there are even Facebook clubs bashing my supposed “unnecessary strictness” on keeping gangs on campus from getting out of hand.

Tufts students are ungrateful little shits. I believe it’s important for a college to have gangs; they provide an excellent social outlet for many frustrated straight men. Gangs also provide the student body with numerous bonding rituals: celebrations, concerts, and mildly homoerotic acts of violence. We must enrich the college experience with diversity, health, and safety, and it is true that one cannot achieve this without a good share of gangs.

So please, let me set the record straight. I, Tufts President Larry Bacow, did indeed enlist in a gang during my undergraduate years. I understand how thrilling, wonderful, and awesome it can be to be in a gang. It’s certainly something everyone can be proud of. However, I must do my job here as President, and protect all members of the Tufts community. It is important that every student does not feel threatened in the presence of gangs, or intimidated by gang members. It is my mission that everyone at Tufts feels safe in and around gangs, but thus far, I believe that we, as a community, have failed.

Please do not interpret my crack-down on gangs as harsh, spiteful, or me trying to ruin the party (if there really ever is one at Tufts). I believe gangs should have a better reputation than they do, and that the Tufts’ gangs are, believe it or not, making gangs look bad. It’s disappointing, and it’s time we work together to make gangs not look like a bunch of drugged-up, super-masculine alcoholic D-bags. Are you with me?

ZAMBONI ROAST

Welcome to the third installment of Zamboni Roast. Our guest of honor tonight is Fudgems, that new brownie dessert from Domino’s that shows up uninvited with your pizza. He’s a brownie, and he leaves footprints of shit wherever he walks. Enough said.

Fudgems, I love you, but in those commercials, you sound like an Ewok getting a prostate exam. The last time I heard noises like that, I was sodomizing a chipmunk with a spork. Seriously, you sound like Mike Tyson with his balls cut off.
- Tom Green

I love you Fudgems; I really do. There’s a lot of stuff people don’t know about Fudgems. I went to high school with him, so I was there from the start. Did you know, for instance, that Fudgems kills kittens for God every time you masturbate?
- Mark Villanueva

I wouldn’t say Andy Dick’s gay, but his body has more male genitalia in it than his name. Andy Dick has had more cocks in his face than microphones.
- Lisa Lampanelli

Dammit, Fudgems, you’ve single-handedly disgraced our race. Seriously man, you’ve set us back at least 40 years. We’ve worked hard to be respected, and you came along and f***ed up everything with your stale texture, bland taste, and your stereotypical aggression. Attacking that poor girl like that. No wonder our reputation is in shambles.
- A. Brownie

Fudgems, you look like the cube of shit that would come out if you emptied a port-o-potty, except you probably wouldn’t smell as good. But, at least we’ve officially answered the age-old question: what happens when you give a talking turd a spot on TV.
- Bill O’Reilly
You’re going through a developmental stage called “college puberty,” where your appearance changes into something completely different. It’s a normal process like puberty, only all of the changes you’re undergoing are completely your fault. Everything about you is new and different; your friends, your schedule, your eating and drinking habits, and your activities. As a coping mechanism, your body changes so it can adapt to the new you. As a curious youngster, you seem to have a lot of questions about this, so I’m going to answer a few of them.

Why do I have hair in places I’ve never had it before?

- John Q. Freshman

Dear John,

Since you’re a boy, you’re beginning to notice that you have hair covering your ears and the back of your neck. This didn’t used to be there, and the medical reason you have it now is simple: you used to get it cut. New influences in your life are making your hair long, like being too busy for a haircut, being too poor for a haircut, or being a filthy fucking hippie. It will take a while to get used to, but convincing yourself that your long hair makes you look good, or that you do it because you don’t care what anyone else thinks, will help you cope.

If you’re a girl, you’re beginning to grow new hair in other places. Your legs and armpits, which used to be bare, are now covered in a short layer of hair. See, you’re growing up and becoming a womyn, and that means your body is going to change. Not only will your busy schedule and women’s libber values keep your armpits, legs, and bikini line covered in hair, but they’ll convince you that it’s okay not to wear a bra with a sweatshirt, because you don’t think anyone will notice.

I think there’s something wrong with my digestive system. Do I need to see a doctor?

John, there’s nothing wrong with your digestive system. Now that you’re going through college puberty, you’re going to have a condition known as the runs. Your body has begun producing more of an enzyme called liquid shit. This means that instead of defecating once a day like you used to, you’ll do it closer to ten times a day. Also, your anus will be chaffed, sore, and generally uncomfortable from wiping so much and doing it with harsh one-ply toilet paper.

My penis is red and burning. Do I have an STD?

You wish, Johnny. Everyone knows you don’t have an STD because you haven’t gotten any since your hand job at the senior Sadie Hawkins Dance. The redness and burning on your penis is chaffing from whacking off while your roommate is at sailing practice. It’s all very normal. You watched Van Wilder a few times too many before you came to college and think that everyone gets laid all the time. Since you think everyone else has an STD, you asked that question to make people think you were sexually active because you want to conform. You need to understand, they’re lonely wankers just like you; you don’t need an STD to fit in with them. You’re probably starting to think that since everyone else is just as sexually frustrated, you’re not such a loser after all. You’re wrong though. You are still a massive tool.

Why is the shape of my body changing?

When you went through your first puberty, your shoulders got wider if you’re a boy and your hips and chest got wider if you’re a girl. Now that you’re going through college puberty, you’re waist is getting wider and deeper. The reasons for this should be pretty obvious, but since you’re so deep in denial that you would ask that question, I’m going to lay it out straight for you. You think that you go to the gym a lot, but that’s only because you consider going to the gym, then play FIFA World Cup 2004 instead. You’re too cheap to buy the new one, you can just get it off Ebay in a couple of years anyway. When you think back on the week, you remember that you had planned on going to the gym and think that you actually went, forgetting that you never got around to it. On top of that, your steady diet of Lucky Charms for breakfast, panini for lunch, then Dewick pizza for dinner has put you on an express flight to Heartattack-land, with a short layover in Fatsburgh. Basically, you’re deluded, you’re fat, and no one loves you, in short. Oh, yeah, and you’re still short too.
Make Love, Not War
(or, Julie’s plan to solve the North Korean nuclear standoff)

By Julie Foster

It is widely known that Kim Jong Il is a film buff, as the good people at NPR have informed us. (Good to know that public radio is useful for something.) Remember that time he kidnapped that South Korean filmmaker to make a self-aggrandizing documentary about the Great Leader? Oh, good times, Kim.

Clearly he stole that bouffant hair-do from Elvis, so we know he likes the classics. He also greatly enjoys adult entertainment. According to the CIA, the basement of the movie palace is all porno (probably bought with all those counterfeit super-bills they keep pumping out). Like most men, the only way Jong Il can get a naked big-titted blonde is by renting her (or calling me). Manipulative American women are certainly well-versed in using sex to get what they want (mostly because American women are sexual camels and can abstain for absurd periods of time. How do they do that? After three months I’m accepting a date from the guy who tries to sell me the Spare Change paper in the T).

We as a nation need to harness our greatest natural resource – our sex industry – and exploit it for our international goals. Now, Condi’s dominatrix get up sported in Germany was a step in the right direction, but let’s face it, she’s at best an amateur in that arena, despite the fact that she could probably slip Kimmy’s Dick between her two front teeth (damn those things are huge).

I’m talking about bringing in the big guns, and by guns, I mean boobs. Chasey Lain, Izzy Sleen, Karrine Steffans, you know the drill. I know for a fact that Jenna Jameson is one of the dictator’s personal favorites. America needs to buckle down and get serious by pushing our one major commodity of comparative advantage.

Our nation has evolved into one based on a service economy: let’s start servicing Jong’s ill dong. Gentlemen, I defy you to refute any non-proliferation treaty while the goddess of all recorded sex is polishing your weasel. His heart may be hard as stone, but so’s his penis.

Thanks to the newly-defined parameters by which the US agrees to comply with the Geneva Convention, the president now defines what is construed as torture: it’s not degrading if it’s done tastefully. A treaty is a treaty even if signed under pleasure. What’s the international community going to say? Seriously – there are no conventions prohibiting cock-sucking. Hell, the French will think it’s funny and maybe Bushy will finally get this frat-boy hand slap he’s been dying for (just keep your hands off Chancellor Merkel, for the love of God, she would NOT like a neck massage).

We the people will have to pitch in, and mobilize the entire horny country in this effort. In order for Ms. Jameson to do her job properly, we’re gonna need all the sluts we can find to distract the rest of the ministers and armed guards. Rather than suing for damages against Girls Gone Wild, let’s enlist the producers into state service and send those ladies on a fun-filled a soapy cruise across the Pacific.

Come on America, you can do it. Rosie is riveting up her ultra-vibe 2000. Let’s make the only mushroom-shaped things we have to worry about in North Korea be penis heads, not nuclear clouds.

No fatties, please.
Interview with ... an Indian!

In honor of the upcoming American holiday, we at The Zamboni have decided to interview one of the reasons Thanksgiving exists: Indians. Without their fishing, corn planting, and crying-out-while-hitting-your-mouth-with-an-open-hand skills, pilgrims would never have been able to last long enough to wipe them out and make America what it is today: white.

Zamboni: Hello, Squatting Dog. We are Zamboni, of white man’s college Tufts.

Indian: My name is Vishnal, not Squatting Dog.

Z: Ah, it speak our language! What you do this Thanksgiving, Red Man? Pray to gods for bald eagle sacrifice?

Indian: I am taking off from my engineering job to spend the day with my wife of an arranged marriage and our many children in our overly ostentatious mansion. Our sons and daughters are returning from their various Ivy League schools for the holiday. We will be having turkey vindaloo and naan.

Z: Wait, what? You not come from teepee? Eat maize and worship land to give thanks?

Indian: No, we come from New Delhi but moved here for better opportunities and the chance to escape our repressive caste system.

Z: Zamboni not understand. You not wear feather headdress and see medicine man when sick?

Indian: When we are sick we go to see one of my many doctor brother-in-laws. We have a dentist, a dermatologist, a physician, and an ophthalmologist on my wife’s side and a neurologist, podiatrist, and pediatrician on my side.

Z: You not own casinos?

Indian: No, we have an excellent work ethic that believes in studying and graduate school, not gambling.

Z: Where did you say you were from again?

Indian: New Delhi.

Z: Goddamnit. You’re not an Indian at all! Well... yes you are, but you’re a sub-continental Indian; we wanted New World Indians!

Indian: Sorry to disappoint you. I really must be getting back to work though. My wife is mild-mannered and we are hesitant to show strong emotions in public, but she will be upset if I come home late.

Z: Okay, I’ll let you go. Oh wait — while I have you on the phone, do you think you could help me fix my Dell Inspiron D600 laptop? It’s been freezing up on me...

The Zamboni has finally figured what makes the red man red: curry.

Looking for a class next semester? "Comparative Religion 161: Religious Knock-Knock Jokes" has openings! Here we present a quick sample of the course material you’ll be enjoying:

Jews for Jesus:
Knock Knock.
Who's there?
Bullshit Salesman.
Bullshit?
Well you know. Bullshit is actually very healthy. They don’t like to tell you this, but if you read this chart, it’ll tell you bullshit is the 7th food group.
But I can’t eat shit.
Sure you can. Nothing’s really changing. You can still eat whatever you want, but now, you eat bullshit too.

Knock Knock.
Who’s there?
22 beautiful virgins.
This isn’t free, is it?
Nope.
Fuck!

Muslim Extremist:
Knock Knock.

Native American:
Knock Knock.

Agnostic:
Knock Knock.

Russian Orthodox:
Knock Knock.

Gideons:
Knock Knock.

Mormon:
Knock Knock.

Jewish:
Knock Knock.

Who’s there?
Marty! Vat, are you crazy? Do you even know who it is?

No Esther! That’s why I asked. I don’t care. Don’t let him in. What if he has a gun? What if he tries to kill me?

(opens door) Please come in, the knives are in the kitchen.

Mel Gibson’s Crazy Church:
Knock Knock.

Whatever you’re selling doesn’t exist and you killed Jesus, sugar tits. Don’t try to deny it; my daddy told me so.
Hey there, movie lovers! As winter starts to come and bring with it all the important artsy, fartsy movies that have messages and good acting and all that crap, don’t despair! We here at The Zamboni have gotten our hands on all of next summer’s biggest hits! And by hits, we mean sequels:

**SEQUEL: Die Hard With A Vengeance With Havana Nights Vs. Predator For Tokyo Drift 2**

By Devin Toohey

BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN
THE REVENGE OF JACK TWIST

Ennis’ two bland daughters dabble in black magic in a fit of youthful rebellion. They end up bringing the corpse of their dad’s ex-lover, Jack, to life. His zombie then goes on a rampage throughout Montana, eating the brains of the entire town (it’s a bloodbath of 14 people). The movie reaches its climax as a machine gun-wielding Ennis enters and shouts, “Quit this!” A hectic brawl ensues, ending with Jack eating Ennis’....

REQUIEM FOR ANOTHER DREAM

Everyone gets addicted to drugs. AGAIN. Everyone’s lives turn into hell. AGAIN. The old lady doesn’t get to be on television. AGAIN. You are shown that there is no God. AGAIN. You want to kill yourself. AGAIN.

Old Yeller, Jr.

Kid gets a really cute adorable puppy. You watch him frolic and play and laugh with it. You begin to feel like your life has meaning and that people are generally good. Then, about thirty minutes into the movie, the kid decides that life out on the farm is kind of boring...so he begins to “experiment.” What follows for the next hour is a descent into the world of carnal desire between a youth and his puppy. And then he gets syphilis. And he goes like...all crazy and is put into an insane asylum and then you’re all like, “Man, was the whole movie in a mental institution?” So the puppy gets shot.

**crash 2**

Everyone’s MORE racist.

**GODZILLA vs. TITANIC**

Everyone’s favorite gigantic monster returns from the sea to wreck havoc upon Tokyo. But this time, he has competition. Risen from the depths of the arctic Atlantic, the damned ghost ship, the Titanic, is out for blood. Watch as Tokyo’s inhabitants struggle to survive as they are caught in the clash of these two demigods. Can they defeat Godzilla for the forty-third time? Can they find a phantom iceberg to sink the Titanic? The future hangs in the balance!

**Episode IV: A New Hope**

After being totally owned by Palpatine and Anakin in Episode III, Obi-Wan, Yoda, Jar Jar, Watto, Boss Nass, and that chick who impersonated the Queen in the first movie team up and go medieval on their asses. And then the two babies who were at the end of the third movie, like, jump out of the cradle and are wielding lightsabers and slice off Anakin’s head. It’s so sweet.

**FINAL DESTINATION: WORLD TRADE CENTER II:**

What? Too soon?

**It’s a Wonderful Life 2:**

Jimmy Stewart actually kills himself this time. Bedford Falls learns that they can, in fact, go on living without him.
If you have seen the "Soap Oracles" in campus bathrooms, you know, like us, that they are, well, full of sh--soap. Thus, we at The Zamboni have developed our own. With the increasing popularity in mystical religions such as Scientology and Protestantism, we present another—Scatolicism. As with liquid hand soap, many of the secrets of life can be revealed through “homemade fudge.” To help tutor you in the ways, we have created a handy chart. So gaze into your crystal bowls, loyal readers, and remember—if it’s yellow, let it mellow; but if it’s brown, you might just see your future.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Corn, it was for dinner</th>
<th>In Australia, this spins the other way</th>
<th>You can pick your friends, you can pick your nose, but you shouldn’t see your friend’s poop.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Howdie-ho!!</td>
<td>What is life? What I have I done for ME today?</td>
<td>Toilet Bagel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love is in the bowl.</td>
<td>Not good, fatty.</td>
<td>You missed.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Deval Patrick's slogan was something of a novelty for campaign slogans. Rather than spelling out what the candidate hoped to achieve, this slogan invited the voter to fill in the blanks with their own ideas for what the Patrick campaign should have focused on. Here are some notable people and special interest groups' takes on the Patrick slogan:

- AARP: Together we can get those kids off my lawn.
- Coalition of College Students from Other States: Together we can be completely indifferent about the Massachusetts gubernatorial election.
- Deval Patrick: Together we can all have lots of sex with Deval Patrick.
- Deluded Tufts Students for Deval Patrick: Together we can make the drinking age 18! And legalize pot! Dude, he'll totally do it. Dude. Be cool.
- Two Freshman Girls: Together we can have a threeway with that DTD guy.
- Tufts Students for Getting Laid: Together we can be completely indifferent about the Massachusetts gubernatorial election.
- Mole People for Deval Patrick: Together we can destroy the surface dwellers!
- Jefferson Airplane: Together we can get nuts!
- Republicans for Not Voting For Deval Patrick: "Together, we can be together."
- Zombies for Deval Patrick: "Braiiiiins! Raarrr!"
- Tufts Students for Getting Laid: Together we can impress that cute girl in the Tufts Democrats by pretending to care about Deval Patrick.
- Squirrels for Deval Patrick: "Together we can get nuts!"