THE END IS NEAR!

Wishbone's 'Fleas and Loathing in Las Vegas'

THE LAMBO

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Joey Ramone will spit in your chicken parm!

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A Tufts Student Publication

WITH OUR NQR EXXXTRAVAGANZA!
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?)

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.

A Word from the Editor

Tufts University: Your time has come. Perhaps you've wondered at the unseasonably warm weather on the hill or the death of Steve Erwin or The Who's first record in 30 years or that freshman down the hall who speaks in tongues or Jumbo's tears of blood. Or how, somehow, you keep getting away with parking in handicapped spaces, taking (but never leaving) in the "Take a penny, leave a penny" jar at Jumbo Express and ritually running around the quad naked every winter (suspiciously near the solstice).

In the words of the third horseman of the Apocalypse, Ricky Ricardo: You got some 'splainin to do. Your utter profligacy has brought upon the end times. Good job. Good thing The Zamboni is here to help shepherd you through the Valley of Death, the first publication to so fearlessly stare the devil in his stinking, putrid face. We've rifled through the morass of filthy, filthy moral depravity to provide you with our own guide to survival, because, well, we're pretty nice. Really. You thought the end of the semester and finals were bad. Now look what you did.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

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

a) Worst walk of shame ever.

b) That's not NAKED Quad Running. Where's your privates at?

c) This is what it feels like When Doves Attack.

d) Enjoy a moment of silent awe for this dedicated member of the President's Challenge. Clean laundry or not, she WILL run!

e) False
Jon Stewart, Woody Allen, others sued for defamation

NEW YORK -- In the wake of Sacha Baron Cohen being sued for the defamation of Jewish people (thanks to Borat), many other bastions of political correctness are hopping on the bandwagon of killing one of life’s only joys: self-mocking minorities. Recent additions to the sued-comedian hall-of-fame include Jon Stewart, for defaming short people, Rodney Dangerfield, for defaming dead people, and Woody Allen, for defaming people who fuck their adopted daughters. “That all the aforementioned comics are male is no surprise to me,” says National Alliance of Defamation Surveillance (NADS) consultant Lisa Lampanelli. “I mean, women wouldn’t have been as funny.”

Reverse Psychology professor doesn’t need tenure -- seriously, in all honesty, it’s fine, she really doesn’t

MEDFORD -- Professor Rachel Goldberg, Tufts associate professor and expert in the techniques of reverse psychology and guilt-tripping said to her review board regarding her tenure that it wasn’t “really that important...I could figure out how to feed my kids some other way.” She continued, “It’s not like you want to give me well-deserved recognition for my work or anything, right? I mean, that’s obviously impossible.”

Many professors and board consultants felt her arguments for tenure to be not only contradictory, but condescending and vaguely passive-aggressive. “It was like she was fucking with our heads to get what she wanted,” said one professor. “It convinced us that she would’ve been better off being a lawyer, or you know, just not anywhere near us.”

--Compiled by Mike Yarsky

Anti-aging gene found in TV’s Simpson family

SPRINGFIELD -- The quest for immortality has found a starting point in a working paper published by the No Homers Club. Statisticians, health analysts, and animated-TV enthusiasts collectively studied the lives, growth, and biological development of the Simpson family in Springfield from 1989 to 2006. Research has shown that any natural aging has remained “stagnant” or “virtually nonexistent.” One racist scientist explains, “They’ve looked the same from when they were 20 to when they were 35; the only guess we’ve got is that it might have something to do with being yellow.”

Recent study shows vegans aid in increasing meat consumption

NEW HAVEN -- A research group of economists at Yale University conducted a survey among the nation’s college students about their social ties to vegans and their diets in the past four years. Oddly enough, many with close ties to vegans had been eating meat at an increasing rate. They attribute this to the “spite effect.” Says Professor Allan Durwitz, “More times than none, a vocally political vegan’s abrasive self-righteousness and sense of justice, dogmatism, and ego can spur contempt and discomfort among carnivores, triggering a ‘psychosis of revenge.’ This compulsion for vengeance manifests itself by consuming more meat, dairy, and marshmallow fluff.” When asked about the bias in the study, Durwitz responded, “How could it be biased? Ivy League professors did it.”
Experts fear belated coming of the Y2K virus

by Devin Toohey

WASHINGTON, D.C. – Recent studies show that the infamous Y2K virus, fabled throughout 1999 to cause the end of all known civilization on New Year’s Day, may still pose a threat. “Since 2000, we all were sure it was simply a case of media sensationalism,” says technology expert Nick Principe, “but recent findings show that the virus, on its way to destroy modern society, made a wrong turn at Albuquerque.” Principe warns that the virus may in fact strike seven years late as the clock hits midnight on New Year’s Eve this year. He also urges people to dust off those old generators they never needed, stock up on a lot of bottled water, and perhaps even buy a shotgun. “If you thought the savage hordes we predicted in 1999 were bad, just wait till 2007. No one’s in a good mood after having to wait so long.”

TTII follows success of Drood with “Do-It-Yourself” musical

by Devin Toohey

MEDFORD – After the popularity of their recent major “The Mystery of Edwin Drood,” a “Solve-It Yourself” musical, Torn Ticket II has decided that their Spring ’07 major will be a “Do-It-Yourself” production. This musical will take the idea of Drood, in which the audience decided the outcome of the play, a step further: the audience will make up the entire play. “We’re really excited about the level of audience participation in the upcoming musical,” said TTII President, Brie Graber. “We’ve already contacted Section II, Rows A-G about learning their choreography and they seem pretty on top of it. But for the love of God, if Standing Room misses one more goddamn rehearsal, they’re out of the show! They really don’t have an important part anyway.”

Evelyn Nelson, grandmother of Jenny Nelson (LA ’09) prepares to direct the Act I finale

Fashion writer's death "so totally yesterday"

by Mike Yarsky

LOS ANGELES - The murder of fashion columnist Christa Worthington by a 30-something, uneducated trash collector (who, appropriately, subscribed to fashion magazines) has become old news, much like the trends she discussed in her articles. Says aggregate emotional analyst Jane Wyndham, “Mourning her death is not trendy anymore...making private grief public is only trendy for so long before it is shrouded in cruel, bitter, sardonic irony and utterly sarcastic discourse.” When asked on how people can manipulate other people’s feelings to the point where they are removed from the subject matter, she responded, “Just ask anyone who saw ‘The Notebook.’”

Significant increase of non-Christian holiday thefts in 2006

by Devin Toohey

NEW YORK – According to the NYPD, non-Christian holiday thievery has risen 700%. “This is very unexpected,” says Mayor Bloomberg. “I mean, we’re used to dealing with the typical Grinches and stingy bankers ruining Christmas, but now we’re up against a whole new type of criminal.” Already apprehended have been the Menorah Miser, the Dreidel Devil, and the extremely Kwanzaa Killer (who not only has a body count of fifty eight, but also stole a thousand uwole). “Last Monday was particularly ugly,” notes Bloomberg, “we had to break up a mob who wanted to stop the winter solstice.” In addition to these crimes, atheists have also been complaining that no one has been stealing nothing of theirs.
News

Death, dog saves child from burning house, more death

Method Man and Saigon concert results in violence, stereotypes
by Will Sokoloff

MEDFORD - “The raps were spittin’, the pimp juice was flowing, and no one there will ever forget it.” Tufts freshman, Teddy Mishann describes the terrible events that night, obviously holding back tears. During a private performance for Tufts University students, the worse of the two “How High” co-stars, Method Man, along with his new ho-smackin brother Saigon, who is named after the popular Japanese restaurant in his home town of Milwaukee, kept the crowd occupied until the real thrill of night happened.

At 10:30 p.m., an angry group of Tufts security guards approached a rowdy line-cutter. After what witnesses described as a “hissy fit” by a “thug” line -utter, Jerome Larkwel, the two Tufts security guards attacked, allegedly stabbing the supposed Tufts student twenty-three times before running away. Panic ensued.

“Yo at a show and ya hear that some one gets stabbed. Yo gonna get scared.” Tufts junior Dave Carroll remembers. “Everybody in the building was runnin’: Whites, blacks, whites, Jews, whites, even Carlos from Tilton.”

While the head of Tufts Concert Board has refused to answer questions on the matter, U.S. head of Homeland Security had this to say. “I cannot stress enough the importance of protecting our [ethnic musical exhibitions]. Security must not only be increased, but selection of [event security] must be selective as well.”

In the wake of the disaster, Tufts is still trying to get past the loss of a highly important statistical member of the community. The world has learned the hard way that just because it’s a rap concert and just because the security is made up of the strongest white girls on campus, you never can know when you gonna get cut.

Saigon has yet to respond to a request for a signed copy of Entourage Season 2. No one wanted anything from Method Man.

Millions watch in horror as water falls from sky
by Francis Dahl

NEW ENGLAND - At approximately 9:00 PM, eastern standard time last Friday, millions of people watched in horror as drops of liquid rapidly began to fall from the sky. The drops of what many presume to be water came as a shock to people attempting to be outside and stay dry.

“I was just trying to get from my appartment to Store 24,” said local resident Jane Cohen, “when suddenly I felt something wet on my arm. I thought maybe it was just because of the LSD I took in the seventies, but it was actually something much worse... Water was falling from the sky!”

As the water fell from the sky, millions ran for their lives in attempts to take shelter inside, or under an umbrella.

Although no one is sure where the water came from, scientists speculate that it has something to do with clouds, precipitation, atmospheric pressure, and nature's hydrolic cycle.

Student discovers that masturbating in your room won't solve anything
by Freddie Dali

SOMERVILLE - Earlier this week, Tufts student Randy Green discovered, much to his dismay, that masturbating in his room won't solve any of his problems.

Overloaded with research papers and too many finals to study for, Green retreated to his room last Sunday night and thought "Fuck me." What followed was a nice long masturbation session, complete with Lindsay Lohan pictures and Kleenex tissues. Green found that at the end of the day, none of his research paper had been written.

Green found the same results the next night. "I guess I thought that if I jacked it with reckless abandon this paper would write itself," said Green. "But apparently not. The universe works in mysterious ways, huh?"

Hopes are high that next week's masturbation sessions will provide better results.

Green’s roommate could not be reached for comment.
With the perennial success of NQR in mind, Tufts officials have decided to utilize lack of clothing events in order to bridge the gap between students and administration. “After a few meetings with the Inter-Greek Council, TUPD, Mike Snyder and Harriet the Spy, we’ve concluded that more campus-wide events involving nudity would bring the social life back to Tufts in a safe, fun and extremely awkward way,” says Dean Reitman. “We cannot wait to see how the community reacts to these nights. Actually, I just don’t want to hear any more bitching in The Daily. Jeez!” A few of the ideas that are getting ready to premier to the Tufts community include:

**Naked Bio 13 Final Exam** - hard to believe, but now even more freshmen will be taking Bio 13 first semester. And, due to the "distracting" environment, an even LARGER percentage will fail their final.

**Naked Hall Snacks** - bringing dormmate intimacy to a whole new level

**Naked TUPD** - they don't break up the party so much as take it in a different direction

**Naked Fall Ball** - where everyone can see your fall balls

**Naked Traveling Treasure Trunk** - it'll get Tufts into the headlines in a whole new way!

**Naked Stir Fry Night** - also known as "Be Very, Very, Very, Very Careful Night"

**Naked Naked Quad Run** - now this is something you'll just have to experience for yourself

**Naked Shabbat** - "Wait a minute! You're not Jewish!"

**Naked Day of Silence** - plans about it have been very hush-hush

**Naked Class Registration** - click it there! Yeah! I'll put you on my special waitlist

**Naked Painting the Cannon** - just hope that they do not run out of white paint

**Naked Family Game Night** – including Twister, Snakes and Ladders, Candyland (for the young'uns) and Old Maid

**Naked Tisch Late Night Study** - "Attention, attention please, Late Night Study will begin in the Reading Room in fifteen minutes. Please remove all articles of clothing and have a good night."

**Naked Reenactment of the Death of Jumbo** - insert your own tasteless, predictable joke about Jumbo's trunk here

**Naked Freshmen Pre-Orientalation** - oh wait...

**Naked Open House** - the complete, uncensored view of Tufts for prefrosh and parents

**Naked Public Speaking Class** - just imagine everyone in their underwear

**Naked Rugby** - Even more homoeroticism than ever before

**Naked '80s Party** - Legwarmers optional

**Clothed Showering** - You can't be naked all the time

by Devin Toohey
Hunchback of Goddard Chapel plans to do Naked Quad Run; other men feel inadequate

By Julie Gomstyn

When we last saw him, the Hunchback of Goddard Chapel was getting ready to move into West so he could start living it up. “He’s been awesome,” says West dorm quad-mate, Boozy McBoozster. “The cops never break up any of our parties. They tried once, but Beast just kind of stood there and growled at them.” Beast of course, being the nickname given to the Hunchback upon his arrival in West.

In addition to defending the Tufts party scene from local authorities, Beast has also tried very actively to involve himself in other aspects of social life at Tufts. Next week, for example, he plans on doing NQR, and The Zamboni has been told that he plans on making quite an impression.

“It’s just not fair,” says a Tufts male, who prefers to stay anonymous. “He’s got all that hair down there, so it’s not like his junk is gonna get, you know... cold. My junk on the other hand is going to look small and elvish. Which it's not.”

At first, this former recluse of a creature was shy about the idea of strutting his stuff, until he saw the reaction he got from the ladies. “It’s like a human tripod,” said McBoozster’s girlfriend. “A hot, hairy, beastly tripod.” No one else at Tufts seems to be complaining either, as Beast is regularly seen leaving frat parties with his entourage of scantily clad freshmen girls.

A member of the Bias Response Team has even expressed delight at this new turn in the hunchback’s life. ”'Beast' is doing remarkable thing for the campus attitude towards hunchbacks. Back as recently as five years ago, hunchbacks were an oppressed minority group, relegated to living in drafty chapels, dumpsters by Dewick, and Wren. But now, 'Beast' is being accepted as a campus leader, and we've seen a striking decrease in angry mobs trying to stone him and 'Quasi go home' being painted on the cannon."

The Zamboni sat down with Beast to ask him about his NQR training, but every time we asked him a question, he would just growl at us and scratch his nuts.

“Oh man, Beast is so hardcore about training. He goes running like, every night,” said McBoozster. “Then he comes back and eats some Dominos pizza boxes. Plus, he does some additional cardiovascular training with my girlfriend.”

When asked to further comment, McBoozster’s girlfriend merely repeated, “A hot, hairy, beastly tripod.”

The Hunchback gets low at ZBT.
THE END HATH COMETH!

by Apocalypsologist Devin Toohey

Repent Sinners! The end is nigh! The Seventh Seal has been broken! Prepare for the end times!

No, seriously, dude, the world’s gonna end soon. Ever your servant, The Zamboni has commissioned its top Apocalypsologists to investigate these troubling times. After a startlingly efficient six hundred and sixty-six days of research, they came to one unified conclusion: you’re screwed.

Armageddon is coming and by that we don’t just mean the DVD version of Liv Tyler and Ben Affleck’s inspiring 1998 hit (with that awesome Aerosmith song). All the harbingers are here … and neatly compiled into this convenient list.

- The Man who calls himself Meat Loaf hath completed the trinity of the Bat Out of Hell – see full report compiled by Apocalypsologist Dahl (below)

by Apocalypsologist Francis Dahl

A strange new text has come into our hands, with a hauntingly detailed outline of how and when the world is expected to end. Using the best minds at our disposal, we have put together a team consisting of IR majors, rugby players, and that crazy guy from the Powderhouse Rotary (unfortunately, none of us are Comparative Religion majors) to begin decoding the words of the great prophet Meat Loaf, as told in Bat Out of Hell III: The Monster is Loose.

Meat Loaf predicts what will happen when the world ends in the rock-ballad “If God Could Talk.” Meat Loaf writes: “If God could talk / Would he part the oceans straight to you/ Make the mountains move, crumble at your feet to get you through/ another day, another night alone/ Step right out into the great unknown tonight/ Even God knows, baby, that ain’t right.” In this passage Meatloaf prophesizes that during the apocalypse God will speak to mankind after parting the oceans and crumbling the mountains. At this time, Meat Loaf will be absolved of his cocaine habit and find a new love interest. He then goes on to describes the plight that mankind will then face when he writes: “Baby baby if you touch me like this (touch me like this)/ And if you kiss me like that (kiss me like this).” One can only begin to imagine what horrors this passage is indicating.

Finally, on the climactic track “The Monster is Loose”, Meat Loaf predicts that after the mountains have crumbled, the earth will open up and a gigantic, hideous fucking bat will come soaring out of hell to destroy the earth. He writes: “The monster’s loose/ This game is win or lose/ Sometimes you gotta do it/ And show the world you want it all/ Yeahhhhhhhaw/ Yeahhhhhhhaw/ etc.” At this moment, Jesus will come down from heaven on the baddest Harley Davidson motorcycle the world has ever seen to battle the bat. With long blonde hair and Levi’s bootcut jeans, Jesus will attempt to first save the world’s hottest babes, who by this time will be wearing string bikinis. Although the babes will thankfully survive a little bit longer than everyone else, everyone will ultimately perish when Jesus runs out of gas for his Harley, which will in fact be the most inefficient gas-guzzling mode of transportation ever created. Jesus will then try to buy more gas using the Dead Sea Scrolls, but, because they were never legal tender in the first place, none of the gas stations will accept them. The world will then be consumed by the ridiculous monster, and mankind will end.
Behold: the future.

- Prophet Mel Gibson releases Apocalypto and is subsequently martyred
- Lord of War and Punter of Infants Donald Rumsfeld resigns from his position as Secretary of Defense. Now there will be time for him to aid in the end of all things.
- As prophesized in the Lost Book of Ishmael (also known of Moby Dick II), SIS was down for a few hours on November 14, 2006, from 2:01 PM EST to 6:34 PM EST
- The wench with the surname Spears is now without husband and thus free to wed Satan, father the Anti-Christ, and show her punani to millions of virgins over the Internet
- Boobies, boobies, boobies
- Mars passes between the earth and sun; Cassiopeia aligns with Delphinus and Piscis Austrinus; a midget named Carl is born in Somerville
- Apocalypsologist and Head of Hepatoscopy Stephanie Vallejo finds signs of the Judgment Day in the pellets of Mr. Owl from Tootsie Roll Pops Commercial

Laugh while you can, heathens, but your tune will soon change when you find that St. Peter has conveniently "forgotten" to put you on the rapture list.

With Doomsday soon upon us, your loyal Apocalypsologists at The Zamboni have wasted no time. In a top secret, tell-all interview with God, we were able to get some exclusive sneak peaks at our coming destruction. And golly, does He have some big names lined up to bring about our demise! Our eyes will be seeing stars as they leave a trail of pain and chaos in their wake! With no further ado, The Zamboni presents the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

**Red Horse (War and Destruction) – Gwen Stefani**

**Green Horse (Plague and Death) – Magic Johnson**
How else do you think he survived HIV for this long?

**Black Horse (Famine and Unfair Trade) – Ricky Ricardo**
All will feel the wrath of his bongo drums of doom! Masses will run in a panic at his war cry of “Babaloo!” as this dirty Cuban commie spy ravages the land, destroying crops and the Fair Trade Coffee in the dining halls!

**White Horse (False Peace) – Topanga Lawrence**
And you thought this little girl with a funny name from Boy Meets World was so innocent…
CBGB Moves into Hotung; TUPD Concerned

By Luke Burns

CBGB, the legendary New York music venue, is moving to a new location. Mere weeks after closing its doors, club owner Hilly Kristal announced that CBGB will be relocating to glamorous Somerville, to replace the Hotung Café. In order to preserve the history of both the Hotung Café and CBGB, the name of the new club will be Hotung/CBGB, which is a terrible name.

The surviving members of the Ramones, as well as the shades of Joey, Dee Dee and Johnny, are slated to play at the club/café’s inauguration in February. They plan to perform the new song that they have written specially for the occasion, as well as “fuck the joint [Hotung/CBGB] up.”

The Ramones, Blondie and The Misfits wait in line for chicken paninis

The Talking Heads, also slated to appear at the new Hotung/CBGB, said that they were looking forward to trying the club’s new cuisine. “Philly Cheesesteaks… Qu’est Que C’est?” Said David Byrne, Talking Heads front-man, adding, “fa fa fa fa fa fa fa fa far, better run run run run run run run away!”

The Ramones, who have been on campus overseeing the demolition of Hotung, have repeatedly run afoul of the TUPD. Saturday night’s police blotter included a number of references to the band:

11:18 PM: A disturbance was reported at an off-campus residence. Officers arriving on the scene discovered five white males in leather jackets playing music ‘loud and fast’. Although none were visibly intoxicated, they were asked to ‘turn down the racket’, at which point the men became belligerent, and ran away.

12:37 AM: Sophomore Nathan Flanagan reported that he had been assaulted by ‘five white males in leather jackets.’ The men apparently took umbrage at Flanagan’s Ralph Lauren attire, and began chasing him with baseball bats shouting, ‘Beat on the brat with the baseball bat, oh yeah!’ The brat was severely beaten.

1:45 AM: An officer doing a routine drive-by of a frat house noticed five men (who matched the description of suspects involved in incidents which occurred earlier in the night) being forcibly ejected from the house. The officer called for backup, and when they arrived, the officers attempted to sedate the men. Although the suspects indicated that they did, in fact, want to be sedated, the officers were unsuccessful.

2:20 AM: Officers responded to a report of a kidnapping at Houston Hall. When they arrived, they interviewed a leather-jacket-clad man who claimed that ‘the KKK took [his] baby away.’ However, one of the officers was familiar with punk rock, and began to suspect that the call was a hoax. The officers attempted to subdue the man, but they were overpowered by the suspect’s four accomplices. The suspects fled the scene, and it is believed that they may have ‘hitched a ride to Rockaway beach.’

Although some have said that the new club will attract even more of this sort of unsavory element, most Tufts students remain excited about the new club. Said one freshman: “CBGB? What the fuck are you talking about?”

"Hotung Hop" Lyrics

Hey ho, let’s go, Hey ho, let’s go
Hey ho, let’s go, Hey ho, let’s go
They’re ordering some pizza
A sandwich made with meatballs
The kids are losing their minds
The Hotung Hop
They’re piling on the ketchup
Get a free-trade coffee cup
Don’t like it? You can shut up
The Hotung Hop

Hey ho, let’s go
Feed’em chicken subs now
Cash or points? I don’t know
But you can get your order to go
They’re rockin’ with some chips now
They’re gonna get some dips now
The kids are losing their minds
The Hotung Hop!
The Count, noted counter and Vampire, recently sat down with a Zamboni reporter for an exclusive interview about his counting. The first interviewer, who was conveniently abroad in Eastern Europe at the time, visited The Count in his castle in Transylvania. She never returned. Not content with merely sending one staff member to her death, Editor-in-Chief Stephanie Vallejo sent staff member after staff member (starting with the freshmen) to Transylvania to finish the interview, saying, “We’ll get that interview, or fill his castle with our dead!” None returned, until Junior Chad Van Helsing was assigned the interview. Van Helsing, a resident of South Hall, escaped unscathed, bringing the tapes from the previous interviews back with him.

**Interview 1:**
KP: Hi Count, so my first question is… GAAAAAA!

**The Count:** One! One dead Zamboni reporter! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**Interview 2:**
WS: Hi there, Count, I’m with the Zam-- dude, I’m not really into that sort of thing, but… BLURBBLAH!

**TC:** Two! Two dead Zamboni reporters! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**Interview 3:**
LB: So, I’m looking for the last two staff members we sent here. Do you think that they might have… Oh! I should have expected this from a vam--… ZEEEBLEROXAAAAH!

**TC:** One stake in chest! Two stake in chest! Three! Three stakes in my chest! Ha! Ha! Ha! BLEHH!

**Interview 4:**
NJ: I do believe I’m being bitten by a Vampire! GLARRGLE! OW! THE TEETH! THE POINTY TEETH IN MY NECK! OW! OW! OW! OW!

**TC:** Four! Four dead Zamboni reporters! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**Interview 5:**
CHV: BACK! BACK! Back, you unholy creature of the night!

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**Zamboni Christmas Wish List**

1. **Nintendo Wii** - Right now, you’re probably expecting some random South Park style narrative about the lengths to which I would go to get a Nintendo Wii just like Cartman. But sorry, this magazine is not that funny. Granted, we’re funnier than seasons 2 to 8 of South Park, but the thing about Ike and the kindergarten teacher was funny as hell. But I digress. GIVE ME A GODDAMN NINTENDO WII. I WANT IT I WANT IT I WANT IT I WANT IT!!!!

2. **Slave** - Don’t take this the wrong way. We at The Zamboni do not advocate slavery in any form, nor does any individual person affiliated with The Zamboni. Still… I mean it doesn’t have to be a person. Even a capuchin monkey or a robot or a really smart answering machine would be good enough. I wouldn’t even make him work that hard. Pretty please, just this once?

3. **Hoverboard** - This time, I really think it’s gonna happen. I’ve been waiting since, like, 1990 for this fucking hoverboard and I really deserve it this time.

4. **That girl who sits in the front of class in Math 5** - One time I think she might have been making eyes at me… well it could have been at the lacross player sitting behind me, but it was probably at me.

5. **Pony** - I definitely want a pony. Who needs any explanation why?

6. **For Pearson to suddenly be destroyed by an unforeseen and unexplainable tsunami** - I really don't want to have to take my Chem final.

7. **Twenty Dollar Gift Card to TGI Friday’s** - Yeah fucking right. What a bunch of bullshit. Thanks for putting in a lot of thought last year, Aunt Beatrice.

8. **World Peace or Something** - I really care about that shit, you know?
ZAMBONI ROAST

Welcome to the fourth installment of Zamboni Roast. Throw a few more Duraflames in the fireplace, because tonight our guest of honor is every Republican’s wet dream: an old, fat white man who only helps out Christians who already have enough frivolous crap.

That’s right, ladies and gentlemen! Give a big round of applause to Santa Claus!

Santa won’t stop keeping the reindeer down! Every year, we have to work dragging his fat ass and a bunch of spoiled WASPs’ presents around the world! You hear me? The whole motherfucking globe! And it’s cold as shit out there! But do you ever hear about the plight of the reindeer? Nooo! It’s always “Wow, Santa must be amazing to get to every house!” and if any collegiate, upper-middle-class hypocrite ever shows any “sympathy,” it’s to the god-damn elves! You think those crackers have it hard? They sit in a heated workshop drinking hot chocolate and whiskey all the time! They have a union! Well I’m putting my hoof down! I’m sick of being the Uncle Tom of the reindeer! I’m no longer going by my slave name! Reindeer power! – Vladimir the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Oy, Santa! Now there’s a schlekht goy if I ever saw one! Always going round the gor meshugedik world, but does he ever stop at a Jewish heym for some nosh and to shenken something to us? No! A klole on you, Santa! An anti-Semite if I ever laid eyes on one! – Micah Goldberg

Hey, Santa! Is that a candy cane in your pocket or are you just happy to see me? Coming down a chimney? That’s hot. - Paris Hilton

What an asshole! You wanna know why he’s so jolly? It’s cause he goes around every Christmas Eve, sticking it in everything that has a heartbeat! And his fat ass hasn’t paid me any child support in three years. How about you try bringing some of those toys over to Nicholas Jr., you prick. - Tiffany Heather Sue (Santa’s Baby Momma)

Family Holiday Newsletters

Seasons Greetings!

How the hell are ya? I just wanted to say how much I appreciate you as my neighbor! You and your family (Clara, Sarah, and “Butters”) seem so close, so involved, and so wholesome. My wife and I, we think so highly of you guys. You can only imagine our surprise and confusion when we saw the Division of Youth and Family Services rolling up to your house the other day. Wait, thinking back on it, it may have been me who anonymously called them. Hmm, I think it may have been the day after Butters came home from the playground all bruised - you know the day he flew off the swings, then fell down the slide only to be trampled by the horde of kids running for the ice cream truck. He had all those bumps and bruises all over his face and body, didn’t he? Sorry, my timing couldn’t have been worse, my bad.

So, how’s that dog of yours...what’s her name, Michelle? You know, that cute pudgy border collie, the one that has boundless energy? Our family can’t get enough of that little mutt. She is so cute, with the way she lopes around to our front yard and takes a big fat ass steaming shit each morning, you’d think that she loves us, too. And that midnight barking, oh! How we love it. She’s surely bellowing all her happiness to the whole neighborhood. She must be especially fond of us, as her nightly exclamations cut through our bedroom window like my Ridge power saw that is still lying in your garage.

I can’t help but add that we had a marvelous time over for supper last weekend. Clara’s steaks with that garlic-pepper marinade were to die for! The wine (what was it, a Floridian Pinot Grigio?) was great, too. And thanks for your constant compliments on my wife. It flatters her to no end to be told she’s beautiful. Especially, when you combine it with “accidentally” brushing up against her ass with your pelvis every chance you get. She thought that it quite considerate of you, and wishes we had more neighbors just like you. If my wife ever takes you up on that friendly offer for dinner when I’m out of town on business, maybe you could even fingerfuck her!

Well, I’d better get going, I sure am busy. I just want to assure you that if the Division of Youth and Family Services were ever to drop by my house, I will give you – and your happy family – a glowing review. In the meantime, if you want to call, I’m interested in hearing when Sarah and Butters are scheduled to return home. Such cute kids, they deserve to be with you and Clara. And besides we want another family outing! So take care and call soon!

Best Wishes,

Stephen Riche
TUFTS WORST-CASE SCENARIOS

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to your favorite humor magazine's new section: Worst-case scenarios! Of course, much like our Roast section and all our other ideas, this idea is one hundred percent original. Yes, it sure is. And what better time to talk about worst-case scenarios than during the apocalypse?

HOW TO SURVIVE A SURPRISE VISIT FROM A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

Got Jehovah’s witness problems? Are they banging on your door at all hours of the day and night or just barging right into your humble abode? Just follow these five easy steps to nuisance eradication and you’ll never face these pesky pests again!

1. **Remain calm.**
   It may be scary to face a screaming woman in bag-lady-esque clothing wielding a 40-pound book and intensely bad breath. Like facing some kind of rabid dog, showing any kind of fear will only provoke the offender.

   *Crying in your room won't help. The Jehovah's witness will find a way into your house if you don't confront the problem head-on.*

2. **Examine your surroundings.**
   Are there any blunt objects around you that you could use for scare tactics or actual defense? Remember, if someone is on your property, you can defend it by any means necessary if you feel threatened. Since you don’t actually want to hurt anybody, (because you never know what you could be capable of when in an extreme situation) find an object that just looks really heavy, like a pelican, or a large wooden spoon. Umbrellas work well. Try not to choose anything too expensive, like your computer or digital SLR camera. On second thought, if it’s a Dell, toss it.

3. **Call the police.**
   They deal with this kind of stuff everyday. They’ll know what to do.

4. **Get “that one friend” to help you.**
   Everyone’s got one. The friend that isn’t afraid to tell it like it is, and would probably wear a cape to school if he or she had one. Chances are, if you project the signal into the skies, “that one friend” will be there in mere moments, kicking butt and taking names. In an apron.

5. **Agree.**
   This is only in cases of desperation. When they come in preaching your impending doom in the fiery pits of hell and wielding the all-mighty pamphlets of their Lord, tell them you’re already a member! Usually, they get pretty turned off and confused by the sound of this unexpected news.

*Warning:* Never, under any circumstances, joke. They don’t understand jokes. If you lie on the ground and begin convulsing and chanting satanic incantations, they’ll summon tribes of thousands. Follow my advice, and you will never know fear again.
Meredith found herself __________ and sweaty as Wilbur entered the room. She felt some __________ appear in the barren canyon between her__________. She couldn't help it. The mere sight of Wilbur always got her __________.

She felt silly to be having such girlish fantasies. How could he ever __________ her? He was a __________ young man who had to lie about his age to serve in the Korean War. She, on the other hand, could almost clearly remember __________ with William Randolph Hearst only a few weeks before Black Tuesday.

He strode towards her, his pale chest covered with __________ , his inhaler in hand. “Can this really be happening?” Meredith asked herself as Wilbur’s wrinkled hand grabbed her bony side. Meredith sighed __________ , hoping that this was not simply a dream brought on by all the __________.

__________ let her bloomers fall to the ground. She threw her gaunt form on top of Wilbur and tore off his trousers. Her eyes at last beheld his throbbing manhood. Meredith took it and put it inside her __________. Wilbur tightly grabbed the __________ on her __________.

Veins covered their naked __________ like highways on the New Jersey landscape. The __________ forms grinded against each other, slightly off rhythm. Their dangling pieces of stretched-out skin massaged one another. Meredith moaned in ecstasy as Wilbur __________ into her __________ with his manhood. His face was soon as __________ as the pill he took. Meredith thought this was from lust. Meredith did not realize that her pulsating insides were causing him to have a __________.
The Zamboni is proud to present THE NEW ADVENTURES OF WISHBONE!

Fleas and Loathing in Las Vegas

Wishbone travels to Las Vegas with 'Raoul Duke' to cover the fabulous 'Mint 400.' They also take drugs. Lots of drugs.

We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a saltshaker half-full of cocaine, and a whole multi-colored collection of uppers, downers, laughers, screamers... Also, a quart of kibble, a squeaky ball, a quart of rum, an ounce of flea powder, a case of pig's ears, a pint of raw ether, bacon, two dozen floppy frisbees, and a pawful of Beggin' Strips. The only thing that really worried me was the ether. And the Beggin' Strips. There is nothing in the world more helpless and irresponsible and depraved than a puppy in the depths of an ether/Beggin' Strips binge, and I knew we'd get into that rotten stuff pretty soon. Wishbone gnawed his rawhide bone thoughtfully.

We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold. Suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats, all swooping and screeching and diving around the car. And a voice was screaming: 'Holy Jesus, Wishbone! What are these goddamn animals?' Then it was quiet again. Wishbone had taken his shirt off and was pouring beer on his snout to facilitate the tanning process. 'What the hell are you yelling about?' muttered Wishbone. No point mentioning the bats, I thought. That poor bastard, Wishbone, will see them soon enough.

CANINE PSYCHO

Wishbone is a successful business executive by day, prostitute-murdering cannibal by night.

My name is Wishbone. I'm 27 years old. I live on the 11th floor of the American Gardens building on West 81st Street. I believe in taking care of myself with a balanced diet and rigorous exercise. In the morning, if my snout is a little puffy, I'll put on an ice pack while doing stomach crunches. I can do a thousand now.

There is an idea of a Wishbone; some kind of abstraction. But there is no real me. Only an entity, something illusory. I have all the characteristics of a puppy: fur, cold nose, long tongue, tail; but not a single, identifiable emotion except for greed and disgust. Something horrible is happening inside me. My nightly bloodlust has overflown into my days. I think my mask of sanity is about to slip.

I had gone over to Paul Allen's apartment the other night, and we were discussing Huey Lewis and The News. He was sitting on a chair, back to me. I pulled on a raincoat, so as not to get blood on my Valentino suit. I approached Paul, drew back the axe, and prepared to strike.

As I hit him in the head with the axe, I heard myself shouting: "Hey Paul, try getting a reservation at Dorsia now, you fucking stupid bastard! YOU FUCKING BASTARD! Ruff!"

My pain is constant and sharp and I, Wishbone, want my pain to be inflicted on others.

Wishbone tries to kick his heroin habit and escape from the Edinburgh drug scene.

The sweat wis lashing ofay Sick Boy; he wis trembling. Ah wis sitting thair, focusing oan the telly, tryin no tae notice the cunt.

-Rents. Ah've goat tae see Wishboan, Sick Boy gasped, shaking his heid.

Ah wanted the radge to jist fuck off ootay ma visage, tae go oan his ain, but ah’d be getting sick tae before long, and if that cunt went n scored, he’d haud oot on us. Wishboan wis a dealer whae wis based in Tollcross, and a junkie as well. Whin we finally made it to his flat, Wishboan wis bombed ootay his box. Wishboan often snorted some coke wi his fix or mixed up a speedball concoction ay smack and cocaine. Wishboan hud once been a really good mate ay mines, back in the auld days, but now he wis a dealer. Nae friends in this game. Jist associates. Wishboan. That shitein cunt.
David had had a dream the night before that he hit his kepela on a chandelier during the Hora.

Everyone assumed he was just awkward.

40% of all boys go on to have sexual fantasies about their best friend’s girlfriend. Cousin Joshua and his friend Michael will go on to having sexual fantasies about each other.

Not actually David’s biological father.

Jenny went on to develop an eating disorder after Melissa made out with the boy she liked before 5th period gym class.

Who doesn’t remember Pop-Up Video (the greatest show of all time)? We sure do. Lucky for us, VH1 has decided to bring it back on Wednesday nights, just after “Hogan Knows Best” (not the greatest show of all time). We here at The Zamboni have the opportunity to give you a sneak peak of one of Pop-Up’s new videos: David Goldrothenstein’s Bar Mitzvah at the Edgewood Country Club, New Jersey. And just in time for Hanukkah! Huzzah!

Aunt Shirley was distracted by the waiter carrying a tray of challah rolls over to her. Such a mench.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Goldrothenstein claim to be a happy couple, the two haven’t had sex in over four years.