BABY BANDITS: YOUTH CRIME UP 500%!

PETER GALLAGHER READS THIS ISSUE!

HOLY JUMBO!

GHOST OF CHARLES TUFTS SWIPES ID CARDS AT DEWICK!

WE'VE GOT OUR EYE ON OSAMA

March 31, 2006

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Weekly World Newz articles are drawn from different sources and most are fictitious. WWN uses invented names in many of its stories, except when it uses magical ones. Any other use of real names is accidental and coincidental. For the sake of enjoyment, readers should suspend belief and drop their panties.
WHAT RESLIFE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW...

Meet...
THE HUNCHBACK OF GODDARD CHAPEL

By JULIE II

You heard it here first. We have uncovered conclusive evidence proving the existence of the rumored Hunchback of Goddard Chapel – and of the massive cover-up involved within the administration, exceeding even the greatest fears of "The Primary Source."

Rumored to be the illegitimate spawn of President Bacow, members of the administration have worked for years to keep this beast out of sight to prevent scaring off tour groups and pre-frosches. Says one higher-up, “This ‘man’—nay THING, is a cautionary tale of what can go wrong if you live off of Tufts Dining Points for too many years.”

His face and body grossly misshapen, the Hunchback spends most of his time sitting near the top of Goddard Chapel, staring out the big stained-glass windows at a campus and world that will never love him and has never acknowledged him – until now.

Rumors began to circulate that something was amiss earlier this year during Orientation – students heard odd howling noises during the first a cappella show. “The Beezlebubs were right in the middle of ‘Let’s Get It Started’ when suddenly there were all these cries of pain coming from up above,” said one freshman, who asked not to be named.

“When I asked someone at Dowling about it, he just gave me a Nalgene bottle and told me to check out the bookstore.”

According to our inside source, Goddard Chapel has been the perfect place for the Hunchback to hide for many years now. “It’s spacious and it’s got a great view overlooking the rest of the Academic Quad.” Nonetheless, the Hunchback has grown lonely and discontent.

Next year however, that’s all going to change. Because of the new housing system, the Hunchback’s lottery number, already high enough at 2,672,053, will allow him the chance to find better housing. An inside source at ResLife predicts that the beast will choose West. “It makes sense,” says the source. “He’d want to live someplace where it’s not uncommon to hear someone roaring on a Tuesday night.”
THE DAILY EXPOSED

Spoon-feeding Tufts 26 years of LIES

By KEVIN O'KEVIN

The dictionary defines the word “daily” as “occurring or happening every day.” If this is true, then we, the Tufts students, are being lied to NEARLY every day. But NOT EVERY day. Recently, it has come to light that Tufts’ student newspaper may not actually be living up to its title.

Witnesses have claimed that the Daily in fact only comes out five days a week, not seven. When questioned about this glaring deceit, Daily managing editor Dave Pomerantz had this to say: “Five days is good enough, and you can quote me in the ‘Late Night at the Daily’ section saying it, too.”

Further investigations have shown that the Daily is not only skimping on two days of every week, but even stooping so low as to print only on every other day for the first two weeks of the semester. "What kind of cheapskates are these people?" TCU Senate President Jeff Katzin was heard saying. "I’m going to do everything within my presidential powers to put an end to this nonsense!"

Despite Katzin’s claim that the Senate actually does things, no actions have been taken to prevent the Daily’s lies from continuing.

WHAT STUDENTS SAY ABOUT THE WEB OF LIES:

"I heard the Daily actually destroys an acre of rainforest per paper, and the ink comes from toxic medical waste. In my opinion, they should cut down production to perhaps a quarter-monthly or tri-yearly."

-Kate Pecker

"You think that's all the Daily lies about? Their pervasive liberal bias is completely unacceptable! If you want to read some quality, unbiased and truthful journalism, pick up a copy of 'The Primary Source'!"

-Nicholas Boyd

"So much is going on at Tufts! How on earth could you POSSIBLY skip reporting on the weekends!? At least 40 people got TEMSed in uninteresting circumstances this weekend, and I want to hear about every story!"

-Brett Wiener
In a shocking stroke of irony, Tufts alum Tyler Duckworth has been discovered to HATE RAINBOWS! In a Weekly World Newz exclusive, our undercover reporter found that the Real World star despises the universal symbol of gay pride and refuses to wear rainbow wristbands. “Rainbows are so f-cking gay,” Duckworth was heard telling his neighbor. “By the way, did you know that I’m in ‘The Real World: Key West’?”

But Duckworth’s loathing goes far deeper than just the supposed ‘gayness’ of the rainbow. Sources tell us that the origin of his fear is none other than a deep-seated childhood trauma involving leprechauns.

“When Tyler was little, he was scared at a county fair by a midget dressed as a leprechaun,” one of Tyler’s former friends told us. “Now he’s afraid of them and everything that could possibly be associated with them, including rainbows, pots of gold, and Lucky Charms® cereal."

Reporters found it surprisingly easy to get Tyler’s friends to spill the beans. “Normally I wouldn’t tell people about my friends’ secret and embarrassing fears, but after Tyler went on ‘The Real World,’ he ditched all of us,” another friend said. “F-cker thinks that he’s hot sh-t because he’s been on reality TV. News flash, you’re never going to get a good job—Duckworth’s gonna be stuck on ‘Gauntlet II’ until he’s forty.”
Seems that Tufts’ resident Catholic guilt complex, Mike Snyder, may not be all that he seems to be. Sources report that he was seen carousing around Boston with Internet bad boy Tucker Max. What started out as a seemingly romantic dinner at the prestigious Julien restaurant (where witnesses claim to have observed Max acting like a perfect gentleman as he courted Snyder), soon degenerated into a night of debauchery. Various people have reported to us on their activities of the night, including but not limited to: downing a whole bottle of Absinthe, beating up an old woman with discarded copies of "The Observer," snorting lines of cocaine off of the ass-cheeks of Chippendales, defecating in public, and driving ten miles over the speed limit (using Snyder’s dad’s Porsche, of course).  

By KEVIN O’KEVIN

An owner of a nearby bar had this to say: “That had to be the most awkward first date I have ever seen. First, the older guy orders a full bottle of 151 for each of them. So, he’s halfway through his bottle and he asks the younger kid why he’s not drinking any, and the kid goes on this rant about how drinking turns people into the devil, and how he doesn’t want it to happen to him. Then the older guy, damned-est thing, turns into the devil. Sprouts some horns, pukes and shits all over the floor, then burns my whole G— damn bar to the ground. And the whole time, the kid’s saying, ‘I can’t believe you want to be this way, don’t you have any respect for yourself?’  

And the other guy’s not even listening, he’s just tricking women into blowing him, and then calling them fat. So once the guy’s too drunk to stand, he sits down and his horns recede, and the two of them start to talking and laughing. Apparently they found some common ground, and they both agreed that everyone else in the world was too stupid to deserve respect. Then they left together.”  

So far no comment has been made by either party about the evening, but there is buzz about it all being documented both on Tucker’s website and in Snyder’s next Observer article (where reports say that he will lecture majority of the Tufts student body for not getting it on with an internet celebrity, claiming it to be a symbol of our lack of ambition).
Sulkin blames it on the sharp increase in admission of homosexuals and Latinos in the class of 2010. "They have disgraced whatever little reputation Tufts has," he commented. Regrettably, the statue was not available for comment.

We at our publication do not wish to endorse, perpetuate, or instill any rumors or falsehoods into the Tufts community. We attempt to keep our reports as factual as possible, and can therefore say, with sufficient research, this "Jumbo" phenomenon can be attributed to the Jumanji Effect.

The Jumanji Effect is rather simple. A chasm has erupted, causing a collapse in space-time curvature. This gap is in fact a channel to another universe. Because other universes possess different natural laws, the lines between reality versus fiction, and possibility versus impossibility are blurred. Thus, works of literature like Jumanji, in which a board game causes animals to come to life, become truth.

The first evidence of an alteration in natural law and reversal of scientific principle occurred on November 3, 2004 in Ohio, where presidential candidate George W. Bush won the United States’ popular vote.*

Jumbo the statue is currently undergoing maintenance operations (i.e., getting the blood wiped off). Thanks to Tufts Ears 4 Peers and the Tufts Counseling Center, Jumbo the statue will be entering psychiatric counseling for depression next week.

*Our publication does not promote libel, slander, or political bias.
Due to a series of unsuccessful attempts to locate weapons of mass destruction and exert a right-wing Jesus-driven version of democracy in Iraq, the White House has recently announced that they will be using a new method of surveillance to keep its watch over the heathens of the Middle East. The new method, White House officials recently announced, will be none other than the Eye of Mordor (recently seen in the “Lord of the Rings” films and the television show “Big Brother: Middle Earth”).

The White House recently purchased the Eye from Sauron, the Dark Lord of Mordor, for an estimated 4.9 billion gold coins and 9 magic beast hides. When asked for comment, Sauron the Abhorred replied “The Eye was originally created to keep watch over my minions and other foreigners I presume to be less knowledgable than me, so I believe the United States will put it to good use. Also, you can check out some pretty hot chicks in the shower with it…. Elves are hot.”

The Eye, which had previously been floating rather ominously over the fortress Barad-Dur since the Second Age of Middle Earth, has recently been transferred to the White House. President George Bush the Deceiver assures the public that everything is under control, and insists that no one be alarmed should they find themselves probed by the light of a gigantic disembodied flaming red eye. The Eye is intended primarily for peeping into the Middle East, not for homeland security (though New Patriot Act laws allow one to be surveyed by the Eye if one is suspected of being a minority). Additionally, Bush insists that in the likely event of being interrogated by the Eye that no one, under any circumstances, throw a hissyfit and breakdown like Frodo the Pathetic. Such reactions will

"Don't mess with Texas, or the power of Our Lord, Sauron!"

--President Bush
result in immediate drafting, verbal humiliation, and death (in no particular order).

President Bush in a recent press conference also stated that the people who write his speeches told him to tell us that the Eye has already been in use for over a month now, and is producing some alarming results. “We have reason to believe that Iraq is in possession of one of the sacred rings of power,” Bush said. “Such rings are strictly prohibited by international law. I will therefore use my ring [also prohibited by international law] to lead a band of merry men to the Middle East to retrieve the ring. My party will consist of one dwarf, one bearded guy resembling a dwarf, one suspicious human that actually turns out to be a good guy in the end when he sacrifices his life so that the rest of us may continue our journey, two ambiguously gay hobbits, one elf, one shemale, and one Pikachu.”

Bush has not yet stated when his party of idiots will be embarking on their quest, but the local blacksmith has already been recruited to forge a chain mail with resistance to fire, silver arrows, and a +5 flail.

"I'm proud to be an American"
--Thorg the Orc
Nostradamus predicted hundreds of years ago that Montezuma would return to seek revenge against the white man for the devastation brought upon his culture, but nothing has been seen until now.

We have learned that Montezuma has risen, bringing with him a plague far more terrible than anything contained in the most grimy, filthy pool of stagnant sewer water in Tijuana; he has unleashed this terrible plague in Tufts University’s own Dewick-MacPhie Dining Hall. Witnesses reported seeing Montezuma in various forms and places. One witness, freshman Amy Silverman, saw him herself. She reported to us: “I was just trying to get a quick dinner between my Chinese Culture Club and Chinese Students’ Association meetings, and I looked into the pan of chicken tikki marsala and saw him staring back at me.”

“His face just appeared in that yellowish brownish sauce stuff after I scooped a big spoonful of it onto my plate, and he said, ‘Vengeance is nigh.’ At the time, I didn’t get what he meant by that, but now I understand. It’s so horrible.”

Although not everyone witnessed the rising of Montezuma, many have come forward to say they felt aware of his presence. Jonathan Grant never saw his face, but he knew Montezuma was there. “I was sitting at my table finishing my dinner, and this strange feeling came over me all of a sudden. I was so nervous, and my stomach was in knots; I knew something was horribly wrong. I was going to be the next victim. I should have known Montezuma’s revenge would come from the Aztec Rubbed Fish.”

In some cases he struck unexpectedly, like in the case of sophomore Greg Foote. “So, I was over at the salad bar getting this big a-- bowl of mixed spring greens, and Montezuma just rises up right out of it. I had heard that he usually strikes at the hot food station, but he got me when I was only getting a salad. I never thought I’d see the day that Montezuma’s revenge came from a salad, but it happened in Dewick.”

According to preliminary reports, over 1,500 Tufts underclassmen living downhill have been affected by Montezuma’s revenge. Donations to the relief effort can be sent to “Two-Ply Relief; Tufts University Facilities; 512 Boston Avenue; Medford, MA 02155.”

Montezuma says:

"VENGEANCE IS NIGH"
After being banned from both Hillel and the Africana center for writing inflammatory articles (honestly, since when have racial slurs ever created a problem in society?) I found myself looking for a new “crib” in which to “chill-ax”. I decided to check out Boston’s club scene… but after much consideration, I realized that emo-rock and hipsters aren’t quite for me.

I opted to raise my standards and check out an S&M club in town. I finally came across The Domme-Main, a nice little club located on right on Boston’s posh Newbury street … (if you go all the way down the street, take a right, then a left, another right, give the password to a guy named Big Joe, take a bus to New York, come back, take three more lefts and go to an underground renovated fallout shelter).

Upon entering, one might chance to hear screams of pain and phrases along the lines of “Help me, for the love of GOD, he’s killing me!” But be not afraid, dear reader; that’s just the club veteran’s way of saying "Hello!" After signing 100 or so pages of the mandatory but cute (Hey, look! There’s a picture of Hello Kitty in a leather buster with a whip! Aw!) consent forms, I was good to go.

Things get a bit fuzzy after that, but when I came-to, I was strapped to a wooden table with the shadow of a rough-looking fellow named Bubba looming above me. Once I stopped screaming, crying, and trying to gnaw my arm off, a kind Dominatrix named Petra helped me off the table.

I learned a few things on my adventure; for example, did you know they use whips on people? I thought they were just for decoration, like the nicotine patch or the diplomas on George Bush’s office wall.

Secondly, unless the film “Roots” is your bag (or you really enjoy hazing), then you might not like the BDSM clubs. For African Americans, it may be reminiscent of a time when we were two-fifths of a person less than everyone else (excluding the Indians and Mexicans, who of course never count!)

And so, dear reader, armed with this knowledge, you’re ready to enter the wacky world of whips, wagtails, widgets, wertfrei … and... and... no synonyms for ‘chain’ start with ‘W’.
SUPER
SEXY
STARS

Teri Hatcher
L: From the waist down, she's hot, but what are those two lumpy things on her chest? I don't think they're supposed to be there.
S: I can't believe a fatty like that still gets work.

Lindsay Lohan
L: I was impressed until I noticed she doesn't have any bones, and I think that a boneless person could be thinner
S: I called to ask what the thing hanging from her top was, and it's her lunch-box.

Brittany Murphy
L: Is that really Brittany Murphy? Because all I see is the radiation of a white-hot star!
S: She's on the new celeb diet where you smoke cigarettes for breakfast and lunch, and a hearty cuban for dinner.
Sources close to Richie have reported a feud with her father over her appearance. She looked great on March 13th (above right), but was seen with a giant head on March 20th (above left).

Reportedly, he called to tell her that now that she has gotten down to a healthy weight, her head looks way too big for her body. He called her "fat-head," and suggested she undergo a controversial new "head liposuction" surgery to improve her appearance. In this surgery, the head is removed from the body, then dried out for a short time before being reattached.

When asked for comment, he said, "I love my daughter, and now that she has a hot, fit new body, she should have the head to go with it."
They're Just Like Us!

Angelina Jolie making out with her own brother at an awards show

Britney Spears walks around public places barefoot, such as restaurants and truckstop bathrooms

Michael Jackson hanging out with his baby

They make out with their siblings!

They spread diseases!

They sacrifice babies!

They attack Oprah!

They fight storm troopers!

Tom Cruise attempts to kill Oprah Winfrey on national television

Harrison Ford defends his home from the incoming storm troopers, who have been a thorn in his side since the mid 70's
**HOROSCOPE**

**Your weekly star guide**

**March 31 - April 6**

**ARIES**
Mar. 21 – Apr. 19

After trampling and goring a professor over a grade dispute, take time to relax and catch up on correspondence. Perhaps before you run off to the pharmacy to pick up your Ritalin, set some time aside to monitor the movements of your enemies. Remember: they’re all against you... Especially Libra.

This weekend looks promising for safe spelunking endeavors.

**CANCER**
June 21 – July 22

Take time for yourself this weekend and explore new hobbies. You are in a rut and starting to lose friends due to your addiction to Live Journal. Leave the house and take advantage of your new found energies. Perhaps take up karate or tae kwon do.

Go ninja, go ninja, go! Go ninja, go ninja, go!

**LIBRA**
Sept. 23 – Oct. 22

Be prepared to find out that your baby’s momma is really a man on Jerry Springer next week.

A new friend will offer to soothe you with emotionally detached sex acts and cheap vodka. It would be unwise to decline.

Get Jerry’s autograph for me.

**SCORPIO**
Oct. 23 – Nov. 21

This week the Moon moves on through Jupiter making a retrograde station at 300 degrees.

This means you will either encounter a long lost friend or find your impending herpes outbreak to be especially painful. I can’t remember which.

Steer clear of Scorpio, who will demand reparation for Vaitrex.

**TAURUS**
Apr. 20 – May 20

You are pregnant. Yes, you, with the sandwich and Diet Cherry Vanilla Dr. Pepper. With triplets.

For men, a difficult week lies ahead of you as you try to find the father and explain to your doctor why the movie Junior finally makes sense.

(I know, I know, you’re supposed to be the sign of the twins, but you’re just that slutty.)

**LEO**
July 23 – Aug. 22

In the coming week, steer clear of fuchsia. It makes you look fat. Fatty. So return those pants from Guess, and stop trying to pick up the sales clerk.

Spend some time cleaning out your closet – and for once take some time off from clearing out the fridge.

Love it or leave it, you better lose weight.

**GEMINI**
May 21 – June 20

You will meet a Jacuzzi salesman with an affinity for Cold Duck. Get naked with him and don’t be shy with kitchen utensils.

Your world will be rocked like never before, and you can expect to find a new love for inflatable pool toys.

Beware the Planter’s peanut man’s monocle.

**VIRGO**
Aug. 23 – Sept. 22

You will receive a GED certificate in the mail made out to one Sheila Baxter of Littleton, MO.

You will make the ketchup packets bigger, revolutionizing the world of fast food. Then you will give me free fries.

**SAGITTARIUS**
Nov. 22 – Dec. 21

You will give me free fries.

**PISCES**
Feb. 19 – Mar. 20

Strike while the iron is hot, but don’t count your chickens before they’re hatched in one basket.

As you will soon learn the hard way, a bird in the hand is worth more than two in the bush, and the waxing accident will leave scars.

Avoid tall midgets.

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**Stop, collaborate and listen.**

Ice is back with his new intuition.

Leave it to your favorite newz source to save your favorite musicians from bankruptcy! Our staff has taken on the illustrious Icey V to our psychic team! Our roving reporters found Ice in an IHOP outside Pittsburgh, doling out boysenberry syrup and sage advice to his lucky customers.

We saw Ice’s great psychic potential when he warned us our coffee would be too hot to drink - and sure enough, we burnt our tongues!

We are pleased to announce him as our new head psychic. Take heed of his awesome powers, accompanied by our returning guest psychic, the Great Gazoo!
Premieres Thursday April 20th at 9 p.m.!

TUTV PRESENTS

Jumbo DeathMatch

From the creators of Jumbo Love Match

See your favorite Tufts personalities fight TO THE DEATH

Hank Azaria  Charles Tufts  Bacow the Bear

Peter Gallagher  Jeff Katzin  William Hurt

Jessica Biel