THE BONIES!

THE ZAMBONI AWARDS THIS YEAR'S (LEAST?) FAVORITES!

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Faust bargains with the devil!
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.

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A Word from the Editor

Hello friends! It is with great pleasure that I welcome you to the latest issue of our fine publication! As you may have noticed, we have a new Editor-in-Chief this semester. Our previous Editor-in-Chief, Stephanie, was unfortunately abducted by beings more unintelligent than us and brought to a strange paralell universe known as "The Daily." Oh I know, I've never heard of this "Daily" either, but whatever it is I'm sure that Stephanie is still alive and well, and will continue to live on in our hearts.

So where does that leave us now? That leaves you with me, Francis Dahl, as your new Editor-in-Chief. Hey don't be frightened, I won't hurt you! I mean, I might, but it's all in good fun. Like that time I tried to take out your knees with a baseball bat, I was only kidding. Or when I threw live grenades through your window, that was all for the sake of comedy too! So wipe away those tears, friend, for the good times are here to stay!

Oh yes, and in this issue we're dusting off and ironing our old rented tuxes and prom dresses to bring you our very own awards show, which is aptly titled the Bonies. It's kind of like the Oscars or the Emmys, except better. This year we're giving awards to whoever we want, and for no real reason (not unlike the Oscars or Emmys). We've also got Harry Potter spoilers in this issue, so it's sure to be a crotch-kicking good time!

Now ain't that a kick in the head?

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Happy Fun Time Game of the Issue!

Choose your own response!

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Disclaimer and Editorial Policy: The Zamboni is a student-run humor and satire publication of Tufts University. In no way do the views expressed herein necessarily reflect those of Tufts University, or even the editors. So, don't go e-mailing the people listed in the staff box, especially since we make some of the names up. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously, but keep in mind, we still love a good Viewpoints face-off. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students, but we will not take your first born due to legal reasons (the Metcalf Clause). Submissions to The Zamboni are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff. Decisions are made on the completely subjective grounds of their humor content, but if you're a legacy, we have to take you (the Villanueva Clause).
In Need of Attention, Campus Publications Pull Racist Publicity Stunts

Adhering to the motto, “No publicity is bad publicity,” several Tufts publications have begun to print articles blatantly criticizing minorities with the intent of gaining some much-needed attention. “We figured that if we trashed some Hispanics, we’d get way more press, maybe even some TV coverage,” said one writer from Melisma. “That’s why our next cover story is ‘Jenny from the Block should be deported.’”

Other publications have taken a more subtle approach to grab some publicity. The Public Journal for instance, will look and read the same way, except that it will be excluding all Jews. The Tufts Traveler plans on featuring a story entitled “Why we hate Alaskans.” “It’s racist AND exotic,” said one editor.

The Zamboni meanwhile, is just pissed off. “We’ve been offending minorities for years,” said one writer. “How many pictures of sheep dressed as Klansmen are we going to have to print to get the Observer to write about us?”

Ross Perot Defrosted, Throws Hat into Presidential Race

By Mike Schecht

AUSTIN, TEXAS – Ross Perot, Texas billionaire, former presidential candidate, and invalid, has announced that he is going to run for the presidency once more in 2008.

Perot, who has been in cryogenic stasis since his failed attempt in 1996, announced his bid in a speech from the steps of the State Capitol building in Austin. “If the time is right for a woman or a black man who is neither Jesse Jackson nor Al Sharpton to run, then America is certainly ready for me: a recently unfrozen man of questionable sanity,” said Perot.

Reactions to the announcement have been mixed. “The man is insane; he has an even smaller chance of winning than I do. I mean, I may not have charisma, or national campaign experience, or be from a state that the Democrats otherwise wouldn’t carry, but at least I’m reasonably aware of my surroundings,” stated Sen. Chris Dodd (D-CT).

In another recent public appearance Perot responded to the criticism, saying, “They’ll never steal my rocket ship.” A new Zogby poll shows Perot with 0.00001% of the national vote.

Awkward Stares Cause Cancer

By Olivia Teytelbaum

In a recent poll conducted by doctors at Kalamazoo College (which, surprisingly, is a real place), a correlation has been shown between awkward stares and Cancer.

We know you’ve all felt it, when you were walking towards someone from a distance and unsure of whether to say “Hey” or look off in the distance towards a possible fly-by UFO. But could that dreadful feeling, originating somewhere between your lower intestines and pancreas, in fact, be giving you cancer?

“We put 3,432 people in a large room, watched them walk towards each other from a distance, recorded the number of individuals who felt physically discomforted after the experience, and found that 70% of those who did report a sort of nausea mixed with general malaise developed cancer in their later years,” says one of the scientists behind the study.

“We recommend that you at least give the passerby some acknowledgment,” notes another scientist, “at least a 'sup' nod or casual 'how's it goin'?""

We at the Zamboni are greatly concerned for your health and general well-being. Please avoid awkward stares if at all possible—this precaution could potentially save your life.
**Al-Qaeda Releases Another Tape Condemning U.S.; Praises Cartoon Network**

By Mike Schecht

WASHINGTON, DC – The notorious terrorist organization, al-Qaeda, has recently released a new tape in which Osama bin Laden appears to warn the Bush administration and make threats of a new attack. Curiously, bin Laden also heaps praise upon none other than the Turner Broadcasting channel, Cartoon Network.

“We would like to thank the infidels at Aqua Hunger show on your cartoons channel,” bin Laden says. “We never thought it would be so easy to just leave a bunch of bombs lying around a major metropolitan area. Here I go thinking of all these bizarre and elaborate plans, and all I had to do was drop off some explosives in a few places. So simple!”

President Bush has yet to give a press conference on the matter, although the offices of Cartoon Network were recently raided under suspicious circumstances.

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**Sexy Leaves For Good, Mass Panic Ensues**

By Devin Toohey

LOS ANGELES, CA – In a press conference held in his palatial estate in the Beverly Hills, Sexy announced that he is, in fact, leaving American society (and perhaps the whole planet) for good. “I just don’t see the point anymore,” a despondent Sexy told shocked reporters. “We’re stuck in this war in Iraq, the ice caps are melting, and 7th Heaven is on season eighty-five. Why go on?”

Sexy, who took a brief sabbatical last year before being forced back at gunpoint by Justin Timberlake, assured skeptics that, no matter the cost, he has no intentions of returning this time.

Mere minutes after Sexy made his final departure, chaos swept the surrounding area. Most Hollywood actors found themselves unemployed since they had no real talent. Supermodel suicides spiked at 12,734%. The once thriving economy of Los Angeles was soon sent into a tailspin.

Experts say that the entire country’s economy, which is built upon sexiness, will surely suffer greatly from the recent development. "As an econ major who has already fulfilled his distribution requirements and taken four econ classes," says sophomore John Morgan, "I think I have the authority to say that this is probably the worst thing to happen in at least the past few months."

Neither Sexy nor Timberlake could be reached for further comment. But Morgan promised he would be able to provide more insight after his Econometrics midterm.

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**Monument to Buddha Sets Itself on Fire**

By Mike Yarsky

LHASA – A huge upset ensued when a statue of Siddhartha Gautama set itself ablaze on Valentine’s Day in protest. However, the motivation behind the protest still remains ambiguous.

According to Chinese-soldier-who-shouldn’t-be-in-Tibet’s-autonomous-region Douche Bag Zhong (translating roughly to ‘Douchebag Central’), reasons for the statue’s protest include any of the following: (1) a statement about religious persecution, (2) not being able to move, and (3) feeling lonely on Valentine’s Day.

When asked in more detail, he remarked: “I guess the holiday is ‘insufferable’ even for buddhas.”
The Devil Behind New Harvard President

CAMBRIDGE, MA – Since the appointment in February of Drew Gilpin Faust, the first female president of Harvard University, an ongoing investigation has been conducted concerning Faust’s rise to power. Recently it has been revealed that Faust obtained the position through the machinations of none other than Lucifer himself.

“We have been looking into this issue for weeks now, and after the discovery of the mark of Satan on her head, and the possession of some of our students, we came to the conclusion that she had made a pact with the devil,” said Jeffrey Caulfield, head of campus security at Harvard.

When questioned about the revelation, Faust replied, “Yes, I have indeed sold my soul to Satan in order to achieve true happiness. You are now all peons in my quest and I shall abuse you accordingly.”

Faust also revealed plans to bring about the rise of the antichrist.

Chinese Internet Cafe Opens, Closes Due to Internet Ban

SHANGHAI – Joe’s Internet Cafe’s business had lasted approximately twenty-two minutes and thirty-one seconds when it opened on February 20th, when it closed its doors due to China’s notorious internet censorship.

“What good’s an internet cafe without the internet?” asks Joe Reilly. “That’s worse than an oxygen bar without oxygen.”

Reilly sold the place to a firm planning to open an Anything-But-Internet cafe, and was subsequently forced into employment there. “There’s no better way to say it,” Joe said. “I’ve been shanghaied.”

Tufts Founds Department of Home Economics

MEDFORD – In President Bacow’s first decision since he decided not to dominate Harvard, he, along with the Department of Economics, founded the Martha Stewart School of Home Economics. “Classes include ‘Cooking 101’, ‘Intermediate Baking’, and ‘Advanced Laundry.’” “Feminists, don’t fret,” wrote Bacow in a campus-wide e-mail. “All home economics classes will be cross-listed with Women’s Studies.”

Texans and Southerners Melt as White Dust Falls From the Sky

MEDFORD, MA – In a surprising chain of events, snow has now both claimed the lives of dozens of Tufts students, and become the leading cause of southern discomfort. After the first dusting a few weeks ago, new students trekked from their dorms and drafty off-campus housing to touch the strange substance that had fallen from the heavens.

While dirty northerners pulled on their boots and Northface fleeces, Tufts’ cowboys and belles prudently approached the snow like scared gazelles closing in on a seemingly dead tiger carcass. To their dismay, their bodies tolerated the mysterious snow in small quantities. They didn’t realize just how dangerous the snow really was.

More recently, when the “blizzard” of 2007 struck the Tufts campus, tragedy followed. Overconfident southerners attempted to trudge through snow mounds and icy walkways to get to classes. In lieu of ski hats galoshes and gloves, these brazen souls hiked through the Yukon-like weather with wrangler hats, cowboy boots and lit Marlboro Reds. Many didn’t make it back.

Some, like Tufts’ Freshman Russell Spence, turned back before it got bad. “The stuff was seeping through my leather boots like acid or something! You know you see this kinda stuff out in Colorado, but they wear those long wool coats over their plaid flannel.” Some less lucky souls were lost in the thick white haze of the snow storm.

“They may have been lost but they will not be forgotten. Real cowboys never die.” Trying to keep order and serenity, the campus medical center has tried to explain the absences as a “stomach flu epidemic.”

In response to the campus tragedy, one Tufts junior from Long Island said, “What snow? I must have slept through it. This is just slush. Why a bunch of pansy southerners. This is what all that inbreeding does to them.”
I’m writing to the Zamboni in the hopes that this well-respected public forum will publish my humble thoughts and suggestions in support of my attempts for the betterment of the Tufts community – its students, faculty, and surrounding neighborhoods. I cannot pretend to be a great scholar, I am in fact a lowly hawk (some might say falcon – but please do not bring falconry and its classist connotations into this matter, I am simply a hawk by nature and not by any nobleman’s leisured whim an instrument of sporting hunt. Please respect my genus, *Buteo jamaicensis*, and do not disgrace the name of the red-tailed hawk). Yet I still feel compelled to speak to this matter and make my feelings public. Today I would like to discuss the ramifications of the gentrification of Boston Ave.

I know you may be skeptical of my views. You may wonder what my role could possibly be in this matter. You may ask, why is he concerned with these *sapien* matters, why would he care about urban renewal, shouldn’t he be more concerned with the Medford chapter of the Audubon Society and its lack of carpooling incentives? Well, you’re right. I don’t really have a direct connection to this issue, but indirectly, *down the food chain*, this matter affects not just you, the Tufts students, but myself, my mate, and my yet-to-be-hatched chicks.

You see me regularly hunting squirrels and rats (Ha, is there any difference? I’m sorry, I digress) on the academic quad, and you probably assume that’s all I do. Hunt hunt hunt, all day long. Well, my exceptional speed and tracking abilities make my prey short work. What with the toxic pesticides spread on trees these days, the squirrels aren’t exactly in top condition. And the rats just feed on Carmichael chow, so, well, they aren’t in fine form either (just look at that chubby freshman next to you!). I have plenty of time to soar, quite majestically, I might add, in the open skies above the Uphill neighborhoods. I see each of you students wander from class to class, stopping for cigarette breaks and quick pees in the shrubbery. I watch as you wander down the hill (sometimes taking the elevator in Dowling, you lazy gits!) toward Dunkin Donuts for a mid-afternoon Coolatta. You might choose from any one of four pizzerias on Boston Ave and grab a slice and some Mt. Dew, loping back up the rape steps with pepperoni in one hand, caffeine in the other.

But did you stop to think about the cost of your fast food delights? Your myriad choices don’t come without a price – morally, not just economically. Rising property taxes in this neighborhood, hiked at the first sight of the white-collar Bo-loco burrito chain, will soon drive out the low-income residents who once found this neighborhood to be a safe, quiet haven! They will be driven into areas without the security and camaraderie a college campus brings. They will leave and take their Jay’s Delis with them – they will drive out the Hillside Liquors in place of a 7-11! And worst of all, they will take their dumpsters with them.

Rich people don’t like to see dumpsters. Rich people like to pretend that they don’t make waste materials, even though they never wear the same pair of underwear twice. Dumpsters and trash bins will be hidden away in sealed basements and sheds, preventing the local rodent population from thriving as it does today! I can’t depend on Carmichael forever – those rats are starting to get put off by the fake beef. So fight the power! Refuse to support the chains – development is hurting the little people – and starving the little creatures! Down with the gentrification of Boston Ave!

Regards.

A. Hawk
An Open Letter to the Tufts Community

Now that Harvard has finally announced that Drew Gilpin Faust will be its new president, I think we can finally put an end to the anxiety and fear that has gripped the Tufts community for the last few weeks. Let me reassure you: I will continue to be president of Tufts for the foreseeable future. I feel that it would be too hard for the many Tufts students who were rejected by Harvard to lose their beloved president to the very same institution. Besides, I totally didn’t want to be the president of Harvard anyway.

It’s true, those guys are just a bunch of stuck-up snobs. I didn’t even bother interviewing. Well, it’s not like it was a real interview anyway. I totally wasn’t at the top of my game. I hadn’t gotten a lot of sleep, and I was really tired from all the work I have to do here. At Tufts. And the interview-lady was such a bitch. You could tell she was against me from the start. I spent so much time on my “President of Harvard” application, but I bet she totally went back to the board of trustees and totally badmouthed me, just because I was a couple of minutes late for the interview. What a bitch.

But like I said, I didn’t even want that job anyway. Tufts is so much cooler. Those Harvard guys are all just a bunch of nerds. I bet all the administration does there is work. Besides, they gave the job to a woman. What chance did I have. They were all totally against me from the start.

Well, I guess I’ll see you guys at Spring Fling. Or whatever.

Larry

From the Office of Bill Richardson

Sigh. My whole life I’ve always been a token Latino, except in my Texas-fried childhood. I’m always the only Latino, or one of the only Latinos: in Congress, in the insanely rich gated community I live in, and even when I walk into Anna’s Taqueria in Davis Square. Now, yet again, I’m the only Latino being nominated for the 2008 presidency. Sigh.

I’m just so tired of everyone designating me as their Latino darling of choice. I don’t want to be thrown into a community of democratic presidential candidates just because of my ethnicity. With a pool of people like Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama, and Mitt “Mormon” Romney, I feel my minority status sticks out like a sore thumb; the Democratic Party should be ashamed of how it has manipulated my ethnic uniqueness into a sinister political motive.

I’m not excited about the questions I’ll be asked either: “Are you going to focus on affirmative action policy?” “Would you be uncomfortable battling illegal immigrants?” “How do you feel about conservatively-biased Christmas carols?” One should not consider me the torch-bearer for such political issues just because I’m more affected by them than your typical, ivory-tower, WASPy presidential nominee.

When I nominated myself for the presidential bid in 2008, I did not intend to be looked upon as the token Latino, to be ‘capitalized upon’ by the Democratic Party as an opportunity to garner political credibility. But how, you ask? By having a Latino nomination before the Republican party did. Is it really that impressive? How many Latino republicans do you know? In fact, how many Latinos do you know in general? This is Tufts; chances are if you’re white, you just know white people.

In conclusion, vote for someone who is not WASPy in 2008. Just see how many of those options are available to you come voting time.
If you’re like us, and we’re pretty sure you are, then you know what we’re talking about: completely useless and contrived awards shows that are a waste of time. Sometimes, we refuse to watch them at all. And sometimes, we refuse to watch them because we think they’re contrived. Either way, we always make sure to tune in, turn on, and drop out. Thus, we felt it our responsibility, no--our right--to create our own awards show (without the show part) that would totally blow all of those other crapfests out of the water. Therefore, we, the humble writers of the Zamboni, proudly present to you, our hapless and utterly bored readers, the first ever 100% Zamboni approved awards: The Bonies! And fortunately for you, Ellen Degeneres isn’t hosting. (And we couldn't afford her anyway.)

**Bonie Movie Awards**
(Better than the Oscars)

**Least Pornographic Porn Film Ever Made** - X3

**Most Gratuitous Mispelling of a Title** - Pursuit of Happiness

**Best Reason to Remove Scrotal Piercing** - Casino Royale

**Best Costume for Marky Mark (Since Music Video)** - The Depahhhted

**Most Charitible Film** - Dreamgirls (for giving Eddie Murphy a job)

**Most Likely to Get Bonied Next Year** - Reno 911: Miami

**Hugh Jackman said that his multiple roles in The Fountain “Just felt natural.”**

**Best Soundtrack** - Dreamgirls (the audience snoring)

**Worst Soundtrack to a Movie About a Band** - The Queen

**Best Urination Scene** - Babel

**Best Portrayal of a Gay Man** - The Devil Wears Prada (Meryl Streep)

**Best Plus Size Model** - The Devil Wears Prada (Anne Hathaway)

**Best Ripoff** - The Illusionist (of The Prestige)

**Best Anal Rape Scene** - Cars

**The Queen’s soundtrack featured surprisingly few songs by the band.**

**Best Soundtrack** - Dreamgirls

**Worst Soundtrack** - The Queen

**Best Movie** - The Queen

**Best Movie You Should Have Seen, But Instead Spent Saturday Night Masturbating** - The Last King of Scotland

**Most Gratuitous Use of Hugh Jackman** - The Fountain

**Best Concealment of Great Boobs** - The Illusionist (Jessica Biel)

**Best Depiction of 11-Year-Old Masturbation** - Babel

**Most Gratuitous Use of Japanese Beaver** - Babel

**Bonie Tufts Awards**
(better/not better than you)

**Best use of Tufts money** - Whoever took the money to salt the library steps and went drinking with it

**Best way to avoid doing your laundry** - Ordering from Pizza Daze.

**Most annoying use of free speech** - The Tufts Daily viewpoints section

**Best non-Dewick dining hall** - Carmichael

**Best place to get a condom when all you need are cough drops** - Health Services

**Largest campus media travesty** - The Primary Source carol, for not rhyming (among other things)

**The 'A' for Effort Award** - Tufts Recycles
If you’re like us, and we’re pretty sure you are, then you are no doubt a slavish drone to one of our country’s favorite past-times: completely useless and contrived awards shows! From the mindless self-indulgence of the SAG awards to the pit of refuse overflowing with bathing retards that is the Grammys, we always make sure to tune in, turn on, and drop out. Thus, we felt it our responsibility, no—our right—to create our own awards show (without the show part) that would totally blow all of those other crapfests out of the water. Therefore, we, the humble writers of the Zamboni, proudly present to you, our hapless and utterly bored readers, the first ever 100% Zamboni approved awards: The Bonies! And fortunately for you, Ellen Degeneres isn’t hosting. (And we couldn’t afford her anyway.)

**Bonie Television Awards**
*(not better than the Emmys)*

- **Best Show to Watch While You Menstruate** - Ugly Betty
- **Best Show to Watch While You Masturbate** – Law and Order: SVU
- **Best Brother on Brother Torture Scene** – 24
- **Best Brother on Brother Love Scene** – Supernatural
- **Best Spinoff of The Office (UK)**- Extras
- **Worst Spinoff of The Office (UK)** – The Office (US)
- **Most Full-Frontal Penis** – Rome (So much dong, I have no idea why I still watch it)
- **Most Believable Plot Twist** – The guy who had never heard of Jack Bauer in Season 5 turning out to be his brother in Season 6 (24)
- **Most Obvious Show to Watch While Stoned** - Weeds
- **Drama with the Least Hair** - Johnny Drama (Entourage)
- **Best Excuse for Eva Longoria to Take Her Clothes Off** - Desperate Housewives
- **Most Inappropriate Hospital Staff** - Grey’s Anatomy
- **Most Innovative** - Hogan Knows Best
- **Too Long Lifetime, Too Little Achievement Honoree** - The OC
- **Natalie Portman takes down Britney Spears**…The former Mrs. Federline made three bold moves that night: 1) Actually showing up at the Bonies, 2) shaving her head for the event, and 3) staying less than 50 feet away from Natalie Portman after doing so. Ms. Portman clearly had one vendetta for the night: taking down the ‘ho who stole her look’. Let me tell you, that little pixie delivered a red carpet bitch slap worthy of her bad girl rant on SNL. Bald Britney didn’t have a chance in hell.

**HUGE news about Hugh Jackman**…Though he was certainly eye-catching on the red carpet in a delicious Armani tux before the show, he really grabbed people’s attention at the after-party where he was seen canoodling with… Alan Cummings?! Kiddies, let’s be honest here. After that Broadway musical he did, does this really surprise anyone?

**Jessica Simpson trying to get attention**…Poor Daisy Duke. She tried and she tried to talk to anyone and everyone who was important with the hopes of stealing some of the spotlight, even Meryl Streep (our winner for best portrayal of a gay man). The latter was too busy criticizing Anne Hathaway’s shoes to notice. Yawn.

**Sylvester Stallone hitting on Lindsay Lohan**…My dear Rocky, why don’t you leave the cradle robbing to me? Not that Firecrotch minded, but what would Mummy and Daddy think?

---by Julie Gomstyn (licensed medium)
During a trip to London over break, the Zamboni, after getting pissed over bangers and mash, went looking for a loo and found J.K. Rowling's flat instead. While she was busy swimming in guineas, we swiped her book. Before we sell it to buy more pints, we bring the choicest tidbits to you.

Harry returns to Hogwarts, but can't graduate because he never fulfilled his natural sciences requirement. Yeah, Harry, you may have gotten As in Defense Against the Dark Arts, and you even freed the wizarding world from evil, but you still need to sit through Wanderers in Space like the rest of us.

Dumbledore is revealed to still be alive... and performing at the Belagio in Vegas along with Elvis and Tupac.

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Everyone gets fat. Like, REALLY FAT.

Harry IS the final horcrux, RAB IS Regulus Black, Petunia IS a squib, and you ARE still a virgin.

Snape is, in fact, a genuine Death Eater, a servant of the Dark Lord, and the most evil man since Walt Disney. Yet he is still allowed to teach at Hogwarts since he is tenured.

By Devin Toohey
BOSTON, Massachusetts – In a stunning turn of events, the Massachusetts National Guard has been deployed to all Best Buy stores within the state. This move comes after a state of emergency was declared by Governor Deval Patrick in wake of the Mooninite Bomb Scare just two weeks ago. Infantry forces have secured much of the greater Boston area, while paratroopers and air cavalry are beginning their push farther west. “This is serious,” said Boston Mayor Thomas Menino. “We, as a society [mumble] there are [mumble] our beliefs [mumble] ice cream.” Attorney General Martha Coakley stated that the evidence clearly pointed to area Best Buy stores. “It had a very sinister appearance,” she said, describing the devices. “It had a battery behind it, and wires.” Based on this evidence, investigators determined that a local electronics store was responsible. “Think of all the things with wires in those buildings!” exclaimed investigator Mark Edlow, “My god, why didn’t we put the pieces of the puzzle together sooner?” Of concern is the difficulty the military maneuvering will cause customers and employees to the national chain. “I think we’ll be greeted as liberators,” replied Governor Patrick.

By Matthew Luz

Events of the past several weeks have clearly demonstrated that the Boston Police Department needs a refresher in the mechanics of what *is* a bomb and what *isn’t*. To help them along, we at The Zamboni have created this handy recognition guide for them.

### Bomb

- Most Zamboni jokes
- It's even laser guided!
- Handle with care.
- Duck and cover!

### Not a bomb

- Mooninite
- Might give you cancer, though.
- Close. Very close, but no.
- Trick question! Officer, shoot to kill.
You stay classy, Anna Nicole Smith

Normally we use this space to roast someone or something of grave importance (chicken, Fudge’ems, etc.), but today, the Zamboni just wants to pay its respects to Anna Nicole Smith: the woman, the myth, the legend. May you rest in peace, young princess.

“I don’t think that we’ll ever find another woman as selfless as Anna. She cared far more about the world than she ever did about herself. I still remember that time in Berlin, that speech she gave. ‘Mr. Gorbachev, tear down that wall!’ she said. And he did.” – Former President Clinton

“She loved all of God's children equally. I just feel so sorry for the poor African baby that she left behind, Maddox.” – Bono

“I’ll never forget Anna's beautiful voice. It helped heal Great Britain after Princess Diana's death with that song, 'Candle in the Wind'.” – Elton John

“And afterwards Moses and Anna went in, and told Pharoah, thus saith the Lord God of Israel, let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.” – Exodus 5:1 (that's Bible-speak)

“Anna Nicole Smith was above all else, a feminist. It’s a real shame that the other women in this nation didn’t fight half as hard as she did to try to get the ERA passed.” – Gloria Steinem

“Ms. Smith will go down in history as one of this nation’s most inspirational speakers. Her eloquence in the Gettysburg Address helped rouse the spirits of a downtrodden army so that we could heal this divided nation.” – President Ulysses S. Grant

“Aw jeez, I was really set, you know, on having Anna in one of my upcoming movies. I just, you know, aw, jeez, I think I might have to cast Scarlett Johannsson again.” – Woody Allen

“With Ms. Smith’s passing, all of us have some serious self-reevaluation to do; namely, how does one whack off to a dead person?” – a teenage boy

Next week, the Vatican is nominating Anna for sainthood.

“I wish I had had the honor of making sexy time with her. Maybe I take her home and show her my wife.” - Borat

Zamboni Profile, Match.com (What? We’re lonely) - Microsoft Internet Explorer

File        Edit       View      Favorites      Porn     Tools      Help
Address | http://www.match.com/thezamboni

NAME: Zamboni, The
AGE: 19
SEX: Yes, please.
RELATIONSHIP STATUS: Never married
SEEKING: MEN ✓ WOMEN ✓ ANIMALS ✓ BETWEEN THE AGES OF: 13 – 65

MY BODY TYPE: Bangin’
BODY ART: “Mom” tattoo on my left arm and a Prince Albert you-know-where

INTERESTS: Eiffel Towers, pilates, dead babies, 24, using humor as a defense mechanism

FAVORITE MOVIES: The ones filmed in my basement

FAVORITE DRINK: Xanax with a vodka tonic

TURN-ONS: Matrices and dominatrixes; mogu pillows, steamed milk, Chewie Louies, other hot stuff, your mom

TURN-OFFS: restraining orders

FAVORITE BOOK: Too many too choose from. I find that paperbacks are easier to burn, but a good hard-cover every once and a while feels good.

FAVORITE MOVIE: The ones filmed in my basement
LAST THING YOU READ: a coupon for Ramen noodles
WHAT I’M LOOKING FOR: Somebody to love. 4EVER.
Spring break is coming up soon, and for a lot of you party animals out there, this probably means a trip to Cancun, the mecca of self-indulgence, hedonism, and outright debauchery. However, Cancun doesn’t come without its risks. Chief among these is an encounter with the dreaded Mexican Bandito. The Bandito is a prowler, a thief, and a vigilante with a heart so dark it makes Satan cry. But fear not, dear readers, we here at the Zamboni have some tips on how to escape should you be unfortunate enough to run into one.

**Look away**
It is the soul-shattering visage of the Bandito which leaves most victims impotent and unable to escape. Never, ever, look a Bandito in the eye, for through it you see only the most horrible, mind-bending sights. Stare only at the feet of the Bandito so that you may know where it is.

**Create a diversion**
Before you can face the Bandito directly, you have to divert his attention. This can be done in a number of ways, none of them pleasant. Just make sure it works, because should you fail you will face the infamous Bandito wrath, and the subsequent horrors you will be subject to will leave you as a mere husk of a human being.

**Kick his feline companion**
Every Bandito always travels around with a trusted cat, or in their parlance, “el gato magnífico.” To visit harm upon said companion will rob the Bandito of his unstoppable power. The judicious use of Spanish curse words as you propel the vermin is recommended.

**Go for the shins**
Nobody, not even the vile Bandito, can take a good swift kick to the shins. And, with the monster still reeling from the loss of his pet cat, they should be easy targets. Don’t spend too much time, just one or two good ones. Again, make sure to throw in a few biting Spanish curse words.

**Leave town**
It’s now time to blow this taco stand. Leave Mexico with all due haste. The shaming of a Bandito will arouse the collective fury of his brethren. Don’t talk to anyone, don’t stop anywhere, just keep moving. And whatever you do, don’t drink the water. Also, you may never return to Mexico again. If you get stopped at the border for any reason, break through the barrier and drive off into the sunset, for it is a trap à la Sonny Corleone. Once in the good ol’ US of A, you should be home free.

**Disclaimer**
Under no circumstances should you attempt to perform any of these steps on any persons you may encounter while in Cancun. Most of them are probably not banditos, but in fact girls with big boobs, and men with big muscles. Both will kick your ass.
According to a recent study, 9 out of 10 college students will irreparably ruin their lives through alcohol and alcohol-related indiscretions. We at Tufts University have found a way to educate incoming freshmen about the dangers of alcohol that is hip and easy to relate to! The Zamboni and Women’s Center proudly present Roxy’s World; a comic strip about a freshman, Roxy, and her dealings with the consequences of alcohol, as well as two additional strips, in order to reach a wider and more diverse audience. So, without further ado… Roxy’s World.

Roxy's World

Omigod Roxy! I can't believe you got yourself three consecutive life-impris- onments for double homicide!

And now, because of you, a nuke has annihilated Boston! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

I don't know... I thought I needed a drink to relax...

Well you're not going to be able to relax anymore because...

YOU GOT YOURSELF PREGNANT LAST NIGHT!

Written by Devin Toohey and Illustrated by Ron Brown
Napoleon's World

Omigod, Napoleon! I can't believe you! Our troops are dying by the minute and your empire is crumbling!

Oh... I shouldn't have had that drink at Sig Ep last night.

FREAKED OUT FRENCHMAN?
OVERWHELMED EMPEROR?
CRUNKED COMMANDER?
FIND OUT ON THE NEXT NAPOLEON'S WORLD!

Everyone Else's World

RING RING

groan...

Hey, how's it going?... Nothing much, just a little hungover... Yeah, I'll see you in a bit.

HUNGOV -- Oh, fuckit!

We hope that you all have learned your lesson! If you drink, you will either end up pregnant in a prison, stranded with a weakened army, or even worse... hungover!
Dear reader of Ice-Smoothing Magazine! We are happy to show for your eye-sockets the most outrageous of egregious language errors in electronic gaming! Laugh with mirth and glee over the untrustable quality of translational skill! Oh, the merriosity! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!

Flee the game, player! The lovely puppy will shirk your internal organs to eat!

We have known how it was touching itself of the joy of the night!

The dog with the execution where you are inferior laughs secretly in that hand!

Wicked prostitute! I is not defeated with your vagina-blinking power!

Man-Beast, you have exploded the electric framework woman!

Kick that optional man-section of the back of the ass!

The fish used with respect to time! Despair, mighty, crying!

Wicked prostitute! I is not defeated with your vagina-blinking power!

The old person, it does not rescue your statement! I like the clam which has my hammer! Crush the skull of the hatchet!

All hope is lost for the woman of rail! The woman of the cat devours of her brain!