The Zomboni takes on THE MACABRE

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Greetings, readers, and welcome to the second Zamboni issue of the semester. Generally, the Zamboni thrives on mocking and satirizing the things of life: politics, bodily functions, and yoga balls. But for this issue, we turn to mocking and satirizing the things of death.

Death, as we all know, is a very life-taking thing. Once it happens to you, nothing can happen after it. Once it is near on the horizon, it causes a lot of stress, trouble, and problems. In this sense, it is almost like the season premiere of "What Not to Wear."

Death is the topic of much by way of literature, music, and very very disturbing pornography. But rarely is it taken so lightly. Every once in a while the "Day of the Dead" is celebrated, where many gather in cemeteries for food, drink, and embracing mortality. Otherwise, though, the whole affair is pretty fucking grim. Unless you're talking about zombies, then it's actually kind of sweet.

So what is really left to say about death? It's one of the only truly terrible things that can happen to you, seconded only by getting smallpox or being Pauly Shore. Lord knows I don't want it to happen to me, and I certainly don't want it to happen to anybody else...except for the guy who thought that the Caveman sitcom would be a good idea. Come on, man.

And so I wrap up with useless word with advice: go with the flow (especially you women). Free your mind. Be yourself. Insert another platitude here. Most impotantly, though, force your troubles down the garbage disposal of meaning, and cleanse your mind with the douche of life.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

Chewbacca Baby wants you to...

COME TO ZAMBONI!

Tuesdays, 9 pm
Schneider Room, Campus Center
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Beckett Estate Sues Dublin Man's Imagination

DUBLIN (obviously)-- Michael Patrick O'Donnell was sued by the estate of Samuel Beckett earlier this week for the use of his imagination. "I was reading Waiting for Godot and I kept thinking that Godot was a chick. Like, a really hot chick with big boobs. And maybe a vagina." Moments later, he felt something prodding his brain. "All of a sudden some kind of Thought Police barged into my mind and sued me for trying to re-interpret his play." The Irish courts fined Mr. O'Donnell two-hundred euros, sentenced him to one year trapped in a production of Act Without Words, and censored him from any faux-absurd ramifications on the futility of life.

The Beckett Estate was not available for comment. Your correspondent attempted to ask why they are so severe about creative re-evaluation, but alas, there is nothing to be done.

(Note: Zamboni recognizes the potential of being sued by the Beckett Estate for even publishing this article. Please note this magazine is not written for profit or for making people sad. -- Ed.)

English Major Spends Four Hours Composing Facebook Wall Post by Luke Burns

MEDFORD, MA -- English major Stephen Fisher spent four hours yesterday meticulously crafting a response to classmate Natalie Murphy’s post on his Facebook wall. Fisher, who has been attempting to “subtly woo” Murphy for the three weeks, said that he was “quite pleased” with the final draft.

According to Fisher, it was worth going through twelve revisions to create the finished product. “After the eighth draft I think my theme finally emerged. What I wanted to convey in this post was a sense of closeness and, dare I say, collusion between [Murphy] and myself. I also wanted to introduce the prospect of future intimacy through the careful use of foreshadowing.”

Fisher completed his opus by including a subtle reference to Lord Byron’s poem “She Walks in Beauty”, which, according to Fisher, casual readers would probably only become aware of after repeat readings of the post. “This seemingly simple message is actually filled with nuances that will only evince themselves after careful analysis,” Fisher said. "Of course, it helps if you’re familiar with [Romantic poet Percy Bysshe] Shelley’s oeuvre.”

The final 39-word post reads as follows: “That’s so true. We should definitely get in contact in the future and see what we can do if we put our heads together. I hope your weekend was in goodness spent, with cloudless climes and starry skies. LOL.”

When asked about her reaction to Fisher’s work, Murphy said: “Oh, yeah, Steve said we should hang out and work on problem sets sometime. So?”

Zamboner’s Russian Homework Confiscated by Thieving Conservatives

by Nonthievy Liberal

MEDFORD, MA – In a rare moment of academic honesty, one Zamboner found herself painted into a corner when her Russian teacher refused to believe that conservatives had stolen her homework. Svetlana McRussianson, a sophomore Zamboni staffer, stayed late one night after Zamboni layout to type up her Russian homework in the MAB Lab. Unfortunately, she failed to notice that the computer she was working on had been previously used by a Primary Source staffer who hadn’t logged out. Around 11 PM, McRussianson decided that she was too tired to continue and saved her four assignments on the drive to be completed later. However, when she came back the next day to finish, she found the lab swarming with police officers. Apparently, that morning, the Primary Source had discovered her assignments (appropriately titled Russian I, Russian II, Russian III, and Russian IV) and phoned in a red alert to the TCU Senate. Her homework was confiscated as the evidence of a growing Soviet conspiracy, McRussianson had no choice but to go to her professor and tell him the truth. Her professor, unimpressed with McRussianson’s excuse, had this to say, “Even if I did believe you, I’ve had students blacklisted by McCarthy who still managed to get their shit in on time.”
Local Nudist Freezes Himself to Pole

by Daniel Testa
GREENLAND- Two days ago in the small town of Phalcryo, Greenland, local nudist John Snow found his penis frozen to a metal streetlight. While Snow was unavailable to talk, witness Lisa Kalan was willing to describe what happened:

“I was walking home from my store when I turned the corner. From the local bar burst out a naked figure that staggered past me. He started to fall and grabbed the lamppost to steady himself when his exposed penis hit right onto the post. I looked down and saw it stuck to the frigid metal.”

It turned out that Snow, known for his year-round nudism, had been drinking heavily and began making advances towards the other bar patrons. Lacking any clothes, his actions were especially offensive, and he was therefore kicked out. After he "got stuck", Kalan stepped in. "I had no idea what to do," she said. "I saw his erection start to shrink and heard his foreskin peel off.” Before emergency crews arrived, multiple attempts were made to aid the frozen man.

“I tried to pour hot water where it was stuck, but that just covered it in ice” reported Kalan. The bartender then gave Snow some vodka to try and ease the pain. But in his struggles to escape, Snow spilled it all over the increasingly raw organ.

After rescue crews arrived it is unclear how Snow was freed. However, it is rumored to have involved KY lubricant, matches, and a dozen Q-tips. The Phalcryo police chief has stated that “Based on the amount of skin the penis left behind after shrinking from its erected state, it looks pretty grim.”

Dumbledore Gay, Readers Overly Bewildered

by Michael Schecht
NEW YORK – At a recent book signing event held in Carnegie Hall, famed author J.K. Rowling revealed to a crowd of slavish, drooling fans, that everyone’s favorite headmaster, Albus Dumbledore, was, in fact, gay. “I’ve always imagined that when Dumbledore wasn’t running Hogwarts with grandfatherly love, he was totally having sex with dudes,” she said.

When the announcement was met with puzzlement, Rowling went on to explain her reasoning: “Well I’m not surprised many of you didn’t pick up on it. In such a deep work as my Harry Potter series, many of the intricate subtleties completely pass right by the average reader. For instance, I would imagine that none of you realized that Hermione is clearly a Sikh.”

Rowling went on to reveal a number of other truly bizarre aspects about the characters we had all once loved: “Snape has always seemed to me the type to have some kind of perverse fetish. You know, like a poop fetish, like he likes to eat poop. I think we should just all agree that Snape is a poop-eater.” Further revelations continued until most of the audience left in disgust. According to one bewildered fan, “It was pretty obvious that after a while, she was just completely making things up. I mean, how could Ron have sex with trees? He totally wouldn’t do that.”

Critics say that the whole thing was a stunt to renew interest in the series. “Now that the books are done with, she has to keep people interested so that she can keep milking this bloated cash cow of hers,” said Fred Barley of The New York Times. “The buzz from the final book has died down, so the best way to get people to take more notice is to make up a bunch of crazy, weird shit.”
**Meat Industry Objects to Use of "Butcher"**

by Matthew Luz

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA – In a surprise move this week, the National Association of American Meat Professionals released a statement condemning the use of the term “butcher” outside the bounds of its original definition. “We find it demoralizing,” remarked Chuck Shank, director of NAAMP, “to consistently have our noble profession used as a descriptor on the evening news.”

Mr. Shank expressed disgust at the notion that mindless killers like Jeffery Dahmer or Armin Meiwes were said to have “butchered” their victims. “It is silly,” he stated, “to think these men had any experience with the carving of meat for market. Did Dahmer properly separate the sirloin from the filet? Did Meiwes create a delectable beef and spice proportion for his sausages? Absolutely not; they merely dressed up like their mothers and ejaculated all over their comestibles.”

This isn’t the first time an organization has attempted to exert control over the verbiage of its intellectual property; just recently Adobe issued guidelines as to how the term “Photoshop” should be used. “How would you like it if I said I just Teamster’d your mom in the ass last night? Or if I said I LGBT’d a hobo yesterday?” complained Shank. “It’s wildly inappropriate.”

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**Satanists Play Chant Backwards, Hear Classic Rock Song Lyrics**

by Ryan Oliveira

HELL’S KITCHEN - Scandal hit the Satanic community again as several allegations surfaced regarding the content of chants on audiotape. According to the complaints, the chants, when played backwards, translate to lyrics from famous rock songs.

"It's an outrage," roared active satanist Vilmont Gigaroth IV, the first to discover the hidden messages. "There I was, sitting down by the cozy fire, sipping wine from my chalice while laughing demonically, and, hey, I figured I'd put on some Satanic chants from my new audiotape to drown out the sacrificial victims' screaming. Well, as I was rewinding the tape, would you believe it - Led Zeppelin started playing.

"Beelzebub's balls! All I expected was a little of the Lord's prayer read backwards through a vocoder to help me relax, but instead I was treated to classic rock. Don't get me wrong, I like the Zep as much as the next guy, but I can't get my hell on when there's 'Stairway to Heaven' in the background."

"Hail Satan!" Gigaroth added as flames roared out of the background.

Since the initial complaint, several accusations have surfaced involving provocative lyrics from musicians such as The Beatles, David Bowie, Alice Cooper, and others being found backmasked onto otherwise innocent devil-worshipping chants.

Devil's Advocate, the tapes' record label, admits no wrongdoing. Frederix Gregorius, the company's CEO, wrote in a public statement, "Our production method is meticulous from the first 'Ave Satanas' to the last 'ohm sat tan ohm.' The dark flame of Satan's message has not been tainted by Keith Richards and John Lennon." However, in a private interview, he admitted that one case of Björk was being investigated.

The Satanic organization has been plagued by legal turmoil ever since being sued by the American Goat Union for copyright logo infringement.
Halloween Chronicles

This past Halloween weekend while you readers were out drinking, partying, vomiting, and hooking up, The Zamboni was doing, well, all of the above (what, like you’re surprised?). Read below to see how one Zamboner partied it up in style (and in costume).

10:30 PM – I leave my dorm and meet up with my friends. This Halloween, I am dressed as a sexy Zamboner (i.e. a slutty slut). My friends are not on The Zamboni. They are dressed the same way.

10:45 PM – We head down Professors Row, looking for a party. We pass herds of freshmen. I look all the girls up and down and spy a wide variety of costumes that all look like mine.

10:50 PM – We see a frat party going on. The sign on the door says, “Must have costume to get in!”

11:00 PM – I spy a cute senior dressed as a cop. I start flirting shamelessly.

11:01 PM – He’s flirting shamelessly back.

11:02 PM – I tell him about a fantasy I have involving handcuffs.

11:03 PM – He pulls out a pair. I get excited. I tell him that I’m happy that he went the extra mile for his costume.

11:04 PM – It’s not a costume.

11:05 PM – I grab my friends and tell them that we’re leaving. We decide to check out Latin Way.

11:17 PM – We are at a party in the E tower. The suite is hot and crowded and there are tons of people out in the hallway trying to get some air. One of my friends starts complain-

ing. I tell her that some alcohol will cool her down.

11:20 PM – We make our way towards a couple of guys who are serving drinks. They hand us rum and cokes. I am annoyed that they have diluted my rum with coke.

11:23 PM – I remember that coke makes the rum go down even smoother. After my first drink, I am no longer annoyed.

11:28 PM – I am attempting to mingle while binge drinking. It requires a lot of coordination.

11:50 PM – I spot a lot of people from my classes. I recognize one guy from econ class that I’ve gone to twice this semester. He gives me a big hug and tells me that he likes my costume.

11:52 PM – I am making out with econ guy.

11:54 PM – Econ guy uses a little bit too much tongue for my taste.

11:57 PM – I bid adieu to econ guy. He asks me for my phone number. I give him my roommate’s.

11:59 PM – We exit the E tower and head to an off-campus party that we heard about.

12:15 AM – We may or may not be a little bit lost.

12:22 AM – We stumble into what we’re 75% sure is the right house. We hear music.

12:24 AM – We follow the music to the second floor. People are playing Beirut in the living room. I have found my Mecca.

12:25 AM – Apparently my Mecca includes Miller Lite and Popov Vodka. It’s just as well – sexy Zamboners can’t afford to be choosy.

1:00 AM – I see cops coming up the stairs. I recognize one of them from earlier.

1:05 AM – We decide to head back to my room to order some Domino’s.

1:20 AM – We may or may not be a little bit lost.

1:30 AM – My friends and I make it back to my dorm. We call Domino’s and then curse out the poor lady on the phone when we realize that they don’t take points anymore.

1:36 AM – We order from Pizza Days.

1:38 AM – I demand that I get to keep the socks since we’re ordering from my room.

1:39 AM – My friends can’t understand a word I’m saying.

1:42 AM – I decide to go break the seal.

1:45 AM – I wake up feeling dehydrated, with a pounding headache. I’m still in my costume and I can’t remember what happened after going to the bathroom.

1:46 AM – My roommate tells me that I never left the bathroom, because after I finished peeing, I decided to projectile vomit everywhere. Drunken choices are funny.

1:47 AM – What’s not funny are the cries of the OneSource lady that we can hear from down the hall. She is clearly not appreciative of my masterpiece, which I have dubbed “Everywhere But Toilet”.

1:48 AM – What, you think you can come up with a better name?

Friends forever...or until one vomits all over the other.

Those econ guys are sooooo dreamy.
The moment you’ve been waiting for has finally come - the two versions of Abraham Lincoln are ready to square off against each other! Back from the grave just in time for the apocalypse, President Lincoln has descended from heaven, ready to eliminate his evil, machine-gun-bearing cyborg counterpart from the depths of hell. It's all or nothing in this final battle between good and evil, heaven and hell, presidential and android. The fate of the earth rests in the katana-wielding hands of Good Lincoln. Destiny will decide the winner - destiny and the hope of a cyborg John Wilkes Booth.

Be there: Wednesday, 9:30, Campus Center Lower Patio.

**20 Things to Do Before You Die**

In an issue celebrating the night of the undead, The Zamboni has come up with a list of 20 things to do before you shrug off this mortal coil. Some of these items will test your wit; others your heart. All we know is this: if you live your life without at least trying some of these, then you are condemning yourself to a fate worse than death (or herpes).

1. Travel to outer space. With George Clinton. Not George Clinton the Parliament Funkadelic frontman, but George Clinton the first governor of New York.
2. Learn how to play the guitar.
3. Learn how to play a guitar that is on fire.
4. Teach a monkey linear algebra.
5. Finally take a good long look at the sun.
6. Win a stamp-licking competition.
8. Amass a library of rare, first edition Sears catalogues.
9. Learn how to speak French. *(Je voudrais du fromage, s’il vous plait.)*
10. Learn how to speak French while on fire. *(Sacre bleu! Ou est l’extincteur?)*
11. Eat a million dollars.
12. Ride a tiger to work.
13. Have a threesome with the Venus de Milo and Winged Victory.
14. Visit Africa, and bring enough gum to share with everyone.
15. Find the kid who bullied you in kindergarten, roll him up in a carpet, and throw him off a bridge.
17. Read *War and Peace* unabridged. Or read some of Tolstoy515’s Harry Potter and Star Wars fanfic.
20. Learn to cope with the regret that comes with never accomplishing anything on your list of things to do before you die, before dying of alcohol-related liver failure in your den on a Sunday morning while watching football and slowly sinking into your favorite whiskey-soaked chair that was left to you by your bitter, alcoholic father, which will be put out on the curb by your estranged children after they find your corpse three months later.

**Don't forget the diamond sauce!**
The Zamboni's Guide To Tufts' Hell

by Mike Yarsky and Devin Toohey

After stumbling out of the Dark Woods of Somerville, these two Zamboners found themselves in hell. This hell was quite similar to Dante's Inferno, only it had quite a Tufts flavor to it. With P.T. Barnum as our Vergil, here's the Tufts version of Dante's hell.

While Devin and I were lost in Powderhouse Square, we were accosted by the crazy guy who hangs out in front of the Broken Yolk. He was blocking our route to Davis and growling at us like a panther. All of a sudden, an apparition of P.T. Barnum appeared before us. "It is a mission from God to guide you through the Tufts underworld," he said. He took our hands and guided us past Powderhouse Boulevard into the deep, dark hell of Tufts University.

He took us through the soccer fields, and they were filled not only with unbaptized babies, but every soul that joined an a capella group on campus. "This is Limbo," he said, and pointed to the Beelzebubs (how appropriate). "These are the virtuous heathens," he said. "I mean, it's nice that they like music and all, but no real instruments? Come on!"

While traveling through this very Tufts-ified underworld, Devin and I saw everyone that we had grudges against. Much like Dante in his Inferno, we managed to see, and mock, every single person and organization we didn't like. We saw our sexiling roommates in the circle of the lustful, the Dewick bread-stealers from the circle of the gluttonous, and, of course, the Women's Studies department in the circle of anger and sullenness. We had many clever, somewhat poetic retorts for all of them.

As we were about to cross the Mystic River (our equivalent to the Styx), Devin and I saw the Joey drive by. It was absolutely packed with condemned shades. "Where are they going?" asked Devin. P.T. Barnum looked at him and replied, "They are the heretics. They are the people who take the Joey instead of walking to Davis. They will spend eternity on that horribly uncomfortable bus."
As we descended, we came to the edge of the cliff. There, we saw Jumbo himself. Acting as our Geryon, he was ready to escort us down to the absolute bottom of hell. We managed to traverse the eighth circle and see the ten ditches of stone. We saw the bolgie for thieves filled with Hodgdon trick-turners. We saw the bolgie for simony filled with people from the Interfaith Center. Lastly, we crossed the stone ditch for the false counsellors, and it was full of all the workers at Health Services. "All they do is give pregnancy tests," said our guide. "No matter who you are. That is the farthest thing from real counselling you can get."

As we climbed lower and lower into the Tufts underworld, P.T. Barnum showed us the circle of the treacherous, filled with all the Tufts tour guides. "Everyone who comes to Tufts realizes how treacherous those lying tour guides get...but only when it's too late." Devin and I thought about this as we watched the old tour guides walking backwards everywhere, lost in the frozen floor of hell. We were led to believe all the dorms were as nice as South! We thought that Davis Square had bars opened after one in the morning! They even convinced us that Tufts was diverse! Suddenly, P.T. Barnum grabbed us both by the arms.

"Prepare for the worst...Satan is the most hideous sight a man could bear." As we approached the demonic growls, the wings flapping, the noises of souls being devoured, we finally saw it: Yolanda King, chewing on the souls of the waitlisted. "She gets bad press," Barnum said, "but who should give sympathy for the devil?" We snuck past her and escaped safely back home, looking back at the Memorial Steps (the Gate of Dis) for the last time.
The Zamboni

Ah, college. When young, wide-eyed, bushy-tailed freshmen enter the ranks of respected places of learning all around the country; when the intellectually curious arrive on campus to satisfy their craving for a new and exciting understanding of the world; when learned professors preach scientia est potentia, and the best and the brightest slake their thirst for knowledge at the sacred humanistic fountains of truth. All this and still more: the opportunity to make dear, lifelong friends, and a newfound freedom to do homework when you want, eat Cheez-Its on your bed, and indulge in the

"...the most profoundly filthy, mind-blowing, ear-splitting sex of your life."

most profoundly filthy, mind-blowing, ear-splitting sex of your life.

On the second night of my Tufts experience, I lay sleepless on my bed contemplating such somber thoughts. The air was hot and oppressive, undisturbed by my new Vornado brand fan, and my eyes were heavy with fervently-desired sleep. To my right sat my roommate, passed out in a sloppy sitting position after a steady diet of hard liquor and cheap weed, one last greasy pizza slice somehow perched precariously on his lap, where he had decided to rest it as he took a moment to close his eyes. He was drooling.

All around us rang the echoes of your third fuck of the evening.

I had endured the previous two go-arounds with a modicum of passivity. Though the fevered sounds of your passion had entered the sanctity of my dorm room previously, I had chosen to ignore them, focusing rather on pleasant thoughts such as kittens, wildflowers, and winter cups of tea. I quietly considered the deepest mysteries of the world, like the uniqueness of our fingerprints and of snowflakes, the existence of male nipples and why some of us don’t have gag reflexes.

This time was different, as I was now forced to grudgingly admit your stamina, much in the same way a toreador must respect his adversary, the ever-dangerous two-ton bull. I sighed deeply and closed my eyes. My room was now bursting with the sounds of lovemaking: the protesting squeaks of a boxspring mattress being pushed well beyond its limits, the epic skin-on-skin collision of ball sack and woman-parts, the inimitable call and response that signified your and your partner’s ever-rising pleasure. It was as if you two were on my linoleum-tiled floor or my cheap, scratchy rug, engaging in the most vulgar, shocking sex imaginable. And I knew you were thinking what I was thinking: college is a tremendous adventure, an adventure most satisfying when shared with others.

That fuck of your lifetime was reaching a crescendo, and sleep still escaped me. I was now, against my will, picturing the two of you engaged in the kinkiest, dirtiest shit ever dreamt up, shit that I had certainly never even remotely considered. It was doubtless that you were having far, far better sex than I have had; indeed, you were having a more mutually satisfying fuck than I would ever have, exploring depraved acts that I would never have the balls (if you will pardon my expression) to attempt. And just as I had reached this conclusion, I heard you climbing that timeless ladder of pleasure, a cacophony of sounds produced by objects animate and not, a veritable a cappella of sensation.

Then it happened. A blood-curdling scream of such magnitude that it had never previously in my experience been matched, even when I saw a young Danish tourist plucked out of his safari vehicle and mauled by a lion in the wilds of the Serengeti. It traveled out of your door and throughout the hallway and through the seams and the cracks of my decrepit walls, over the mindless drone of my fan and the equally mindless snoring of my roommate. And then—nothing.

An eerie silence fell across the night, and I could swear my steadily-beating heart could be heard as far away as your room. Perhaps it was your turn to hear the soundtrack of my life, your turn to share in the joys of a new experience. Perhaps. Ah, college.
KOSTUMES FOR KLANSMEN

Ghost

Conehead

Bed Sheet Enthusiast

Albino Anteater

Human Javelin

Racist Asshat Fuckwad
The Zamboni

William Jennings Bryan

"You shall not press down upon the brow of Zombies this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify Zombiekind upon a cross of gold."

(Speaking against abandoning the brain standard for currency at the National Democratic Zombie Convention. Chicago, 1896.)

Karl Marx (who would later be turned into a Zombie)

"A specter is haunting Europe—Zombies! ZOMBIES!!"

(Karl Marx’s Final Plea for Help)

November 2, 2007

ZOMBIE PUZZLES

Enjoy these puzzles while eating breakfast in Dewick. I mean, while eating brains in Dewick.

Zombie Word Search

Find:

Brains

Brains

Brains

BRAINS

BRAINS

Brains sought are good, but given unsought better.

(Zombie Olivia — Twelfth Zombie Night, III.)

Zombie Louis XIV

"L’État, c’est moi. Le Zombie état."

Zombie William Shakespeare

"He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. He who eats brains might take care lest he thereby become full."

(Beyond Zombie Good and Zombie Evil)

Zombie Friedrich Nietzsche

"He who presses down upon the brow of Zombies this crown of thorns shall not crucify Zombiekind upon a cross of gold."

(Zombie Olivia — Twelfth Zombie Night, III.)

Zombie Gandhi

Zombie Bartlett’s Familiar Zombie Quotations
For too long, movies, television and other instruments of the liberal media have portrayed the forthcoming Zombie Apocalypse as something horrible and tragic. In reality though, if you stop and take time to consider what a Zombie Apocalypse would really be like, you’ll find yourself like me: counting down the days.

I mean, I don’t know about you, but there are some people I really hate. I’m sure you have a few too. A roommate. An ex. Some relative. Maybe even a teacher or two. But naturally, you would never, ever think of hurting them because you have a little thing called a conscience

(oh, and there are those things called “laws” too). But imagine a Zombie Apocalypse! Inevitably, every asshole you know would turn into a zombie! And once they’re a zombie, all other parts of the social contract are out the window! (It’s true! It’s called the “Zombie Clause” in Article VII of the contract.) You can beat them, maim them, and eventually use something creative to decapitate them, be it a gardening hoe or an expensive boot. And it’s all kosher!

“People have got to know whether their president’s a Zombie. Well, I am not a Zombie.” (Nov. 17 1973. Rather than be impeached as a Zombie, Zombie Nixon would resign the presidency only to be pardoned by Zombie Gerald Ford.)

And the looting! Let’s not forget the looting! Anything you want is just there for the taking! Designer clothes, iPhones, expensive champagnes! Really, who’s going to stop you? And if they try, just tell them it’s part of some elaborate scheme to save the world. The poor schmuck is probably so grief-stricken about having to kill his own zombified wife that he won’t have the energy to argue with you.

So next time you go into “Tea Time of the Dead” and you hear the screams of the audience, just sit back, smile, and think, “If only they knew. If only they knew…”

WHY I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

by Devin Toohey

For too long, movies, television and other instruments of the liberal media have portrayed the forthcoming Zombie Apocalypse as something horrible and tragic. In reality though, if you stop and take time to consider what a Zombie Apocalypse would really be like, you’ll find yourself like me: counting down the days.

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(oh, and there are those things called “laws” too). But imagine a Zombie Apocalypse! Inevitably, every asshole you know would turn into a zombie! And once they’re a zombie, all other parts of the social contract are out the window! (It’s true! It’s called the “Zombie Clause” in Article VII of the contract.) You can beat them, maim them, and eventually use something creative to decapitate them, be it a gardening hoe or an expensive boot. And it’s all kosher!

“People have got to know whether their president’s a Zombie. Well, I am not a Zombie.” (Nov. 17 1973. Rather than be impeached as a Zombie, Zombie Nixon would resign the presidency only to be pardoned by Zombie Gerald Ford.)

And the looting! Let’s not forget the looting! Anything you want is just there for the taking! Designer clothes, iPhones, expensive champagnes! Really, who’s going to stop you? And if they try, just tell them it’s part of some elaborate scheme to save the world. The poor schmuck is probably so grief-stricken about having to kill his own zombified wife that he won’t have the energy to argue with you.

So next time you go into “Tea Time of the Dead” and you hear the screams of the audience, just sit back, smile, and think, “If only they knew. If only they knew…”
World's Worst Drinking Games

Settle in for a disappointing evening of sobriety.

Lord of the Rings Trilogy: Watch the ‘Extended Editions’ of all three films, and take a drink for every ring there is to rule them all.

Die Hard: Drink every time John McClane and a terrorist use their words to settle their differences.

The Deer Hunter: Drink every time a deer is killed.

Hannibal Lecter Films: Watch all Hannibal Lecter films (including Manhunter and Hannibal Rising) and drink every time Hannibal Lecter eats a vegetable.

Super Troopers: Drink whenever there is no moustache on screen.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest: Drink for every thing that flies over the cuckoo’s nest.

Henry V: Drink every time King Henry doesn’t kick the collective ass of France.

Nixon: Drink whenever you can’t see the president’s jowls.

The Departed: Drink for every survivor.

(Note: This game also works for Titanic.)

When Harry Met Sally: Drink for every legitimate orgasm.

The Best Years of Our Lives: Drink for every missing appendage.

This Issue of The Zamboni: Drink whenever you aren’t asking yourself: “What’s with all the zombie jokes?”

Zamboni Roast

Welcome to another installment of Zamboni Roast. Tonight we'd like to pay tribute to the place that supplies the beds that you sleep on, the dressers you hide your weed in, and the computer chairs that you ejaculate all over: IKEA.

I just don't get the point of furniture. I live on the street man, we don't need no bedroom sets or Mixmasters. But I got nothing bad to say about IKEA. I use their catalogues to wipe my ass.

- Hobo McPovertysen

When I was 9, I wasn't allowed into the ball pit because my sneakers made me too tall. The kid that you let in was way taller - he was just hunching down!

Also I was planning on naming my firstborn child Fargglad, but I see that that’s the name of one of your chairs. Asshole.

- Lauren Vigdor

That Americans buy Swedish furniture is blatantly unpatriotic. I therefore announce that from now on, we will refer to all IKEA products as Freedom Furniture.

- President George W. Bush

Dear IKEA,

You know what your problem is? Your furniture doesn’t talk. It’s so quiet, so boring, and no fun to be around. That’s the key to good furniture: good conversation. It should talk. I know that’s what I like in furniture, and that’s what I’ve gone and done. What do you have on that, IKEA? I couldn’t carry a conversation with those boring pieces of tripe if I arranged a double-date with Jennifer Convertibles. Oh well. Guess that’s why people should buy mine instead.

- Bob’s Discount Furniture

Dear Slut,

You know, I really thought we had something special. I can still remember running my fingers over your soft sofa cushions and Egyptian cotton sheets. Then I found out that you let every Tom, Dick, and Yens Valkyrie sit on top of you, as long as they had a few dollars in their pocket. You and your FTD’s (Furniture Transmitted Diseases) can go rot in hell. Or better yet, K-mart.

- Sven Lakement

Dude, your computer chairs have no armrests. How am I supposed to masturbate if I can't rest my left arm? What am I supposed to do with my right arm if I can't masturbate?

- Angry Freshman

You know what - I do feel bad for the lamp!

- Sarah Jacknis
Halloween is that time of year where the little Lucifer in all of us can come and out have a night on the town. The staple of Halloween is trick-or-treating, but every year there is that distinct possibility of being handed not a wonderfully chocolaty treat, but a dark piece of anti-candy which will suck the Halloween joy from your already dark soul.

Do not panic.
In any survival scenario, one must keep a cool head. Don’t leap to the conclusion that your night is ruined. Never give into fear, apathy or lose the will to survive.

Remind the giver of the Social Contract.
In a firm but controlled voice, inform the person who gave you the candy that on Halloween, if they so choose to give out candy, it must be scrumptiously filled and/or coated with chocolate, nougat, caramel or peanut butter (See Figure One.) Remind them that violation of the contract warrants a house TPing, and possibly a flaming bag of poo on their doorstep.

Tell a police officer you were sexually propositioned.
Remember, this is Halloween and nobody has a right to fuck up the one day of the year you get to dress up as a slutty nurse (am I right guys?). As such, you may need to call in the big guns. Love them or hate them, police would just love an excuse to beat the living crap out of someone. Merely tell them that old man Perkins with his goddamn boxes of raisins asked if he could take a look under your skirt. When he’s sprawled out on his front lawn with a truncheon up his bum, he’ll remember to have plenty of Reese's cups next year.

Guilt.
Chances are that the giver has better candy in the house but is hoarding it for himself. One way to defeat these individuals is through the ancient Jewish art of guilt. Take a small child (preferably with their parents’ consent) and get them to start crying as they receive their candy. In no time at all, the Giver will be tearing through their house for chocolate to appease the bawling child. Be sure to take the candy before returning the child to his or her parents.

Ambush other trick-or-treaters.
If all else fails you can resort to theft to make up for crappy candy. Find a small group of overweight children without parental supervision. When the coast is clear of potential witnesses, run by and snatch their candy. Yes, this is a cold and underhand move, but it’s you or them. Whoever wants the candy more is going to get it. Be warned, however, that parents and small children do not understand this unwritten rule of Halloween and will likely chase you for a few blocks, so make sure you steal from fat people who can’t run for shit. For more on who or who not to ambush, see Figure 2 below.

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The Last Will and Testament of the Zamboni

Dear Tufts community, after weeks of working on a death-themed issue, we at the Zamboni have finally come to grips with our own mortality. Perhaps drinking to handles of vodka in two hours is detrimental to our health. In light of this revelation we have decided to prepare for our impending doom and leave a Will to distribute our most prized possessions. To those not mentioned... it just sucks to be you, doesn't it?

To TUPD, we leave rhinestone studded handcuffs.

To the Fencing Team, we leave our set of antique dueling pistols.

To Hillel, we leave a pound of ham from Stop & Shop.

To Beyond the Light, we leave all of our photoshopped Zombie pics.

To the rugby team, we leave our hazing paddle.

To the TCU Treasury, we leave a roll of red tape.

To the Programming Board, we leave all of our Guster CDs.

To the Environmental Club, we leave a pile of burning tires.

To Tufts Moms, we leave all of our gluttonous baby jokes, in the hopes that they can support one another and petition for dead baby rights.

To the Pizza Days delivery guy, we leave you 15% of our budget.

To Oxfam, we leave all of our Fair Trade slaves (read: freshmen).

To Somerville residents, we leave the potted plants we stole that time we were really, really drunk.

Finally, to President Bacow, we leave all of our glorious moustaches. May you use them well.