4 OUT OF 5 HOBOES PREFER READING THE ZAMBONI ON THE BREADLINE!

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A Word from the Editor

Welcome back to another fun-filled semester of The Zamboni! This semester's going to be better than ever! Say "goodbye" to our cheap black and white newspaper style and "hello" to an all-color Zamboni, complete with pages made of the finest silk! Prepare yourself with the ultimate interactive experience, as our articles will now be using everything from 3-D holograms to sound clips, and even a scratch-and-sniff feature! And best of all, as a sign of our gratitude for your continued readership, every reader of The Zamboni will be rewarded with a free pot of gold! Thank goodness the TCU Senate approved our new budget! This is going to be the best - oh, sorry, my managing editor just entered.

Hey Luke, what's up? Madoff? Who's that? Oh, you don't say. That must suck for whoever he screwed over. Wait, really? We're among the screwees? Well, I'm sure we didn't invest too much, right?

Fuck.

Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to apologize for the opening paragraph. It seems like we're in for another semester where our magazines are as black and white and soundless as the early years of cinema. And silkless. And I'm pretty sure we're going to have to start charging for even walking within a twenty-yard radius of this issue. $80,000 per step sounds fair, right? Oh, and as you can see from page 12 and our back cover, we had to sell some of this issue for ad space.

So, sit back, grab your scentless issue, and enjoy 20 million bucks worth of humor.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

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 Gomstyn-Luz 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 Oliveira Clause).
News

When The New York Times is dead, we'll be the only source

God places Gaza Strip on top of refrigerator

by Devin Toohey

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA - The Gaza Conflict reached a standstill today with the unexpected interference of a third party. According to spectators, another day of violence and bloodshed was suddenly stopped when God himself came down and, after shouting “I don’t care which of you started it! I’m ending it!”, removed the Gaza Strip from the earth’s crust and put it on top of his refrigerator, which was far too high up for either Israel or Palestine to get at it. Then, after much interesting and unusual language including many iterations of “selfish brats not appreciating how hard I work,” he added, “You happy now? Now I have it!”

“This came as quite a shock to all of us,” said Khaled Mashal, Chairman of Hamas. “Israel and we were just having an innocent squabble, as nation states will. We never intended to annoy the Almighty. We know He works really hard to put food in the ecosystem. But, just between you and me, Israel totally started it.”

“This is almost as bad as the time we accidentally threw the Gaza Strip into Saudi Arabia’s yard,” said Peres, referring to the 1962 incident in which Israel and Palestine had to learn an important lesson about responsibility and overcoming fears of your neighbor’s bulldog.

God spoke to us later on the subject. “It’s just really exhausting bringing up a planet, y’know? They say the five billions are always the toughest and I guess I should have expected this, but always with the fighting and the name-calling and wanton destruction! I can’t even hear Myself think sometimes! I come back from a hard six days of creating things and am I greeted with a ‘How was Your week?’ No! It’s always, ‘Who bombed who and why.’ For the love of Me, I really can’t take it anymore!” He began to storm out of the room before adding, “And somebody clean up this climate!”

6 out of 7 adults are literate

by Devin Toohey

WASHINGTON - Last month as one of her last acts as Secretary of Education, the aptly named Margaret Spellings was proud to announce that 6 out of 7 adults in the United States are literate. “It’s great to think,” said Spellings, “that even though most people don’t read for fun anymore, if you were to grab any 7 adults, a whole 6 of them would be able to understand a simple children’s picture book. And we’re even pretty sure that 5 of them would have no problem with the Animorphs series.”

Spellings continued to espouse the 86% literacy rate by speaking of how things have improved over time. “Think back to ancient Rome. At its height of literacy, only 2 out of every 7 people could read. And even then, no one really understood Seneca. Here in the United States, we have three people who understand Seneca!”

“Furthermore, studies have shown that the literacy rate is even higher than 6 out of 7 in more affluent neighborhoods. And those are the people who really have to know how to read the hard stuff, right?”

Spellings went on to announce that, since their job was pretty much done, the United States would stop wasting money on all literacy programs, including TV with subtitles. When asked how this would affect the hearing impaired, Spellings said, “Fuck the deaf.” She then proceeded to hold up a sign which read, “And the illiterate as well.”
New doctors disappointed by profession; feel led on by medical dramas
by Julie Gomstyn and Daniel Testa

BOSTON – A recent study published in the New England Journal of Medicine revealed that 92% of new doctors feel let down by their choice in professions. It seems that the realities of working in medicine are not quite as sexy as they were cracked up to be. “I’ve always had some daddy issues,” says Erica Ward, a first-year resident at Saint Elizabeth’s Hospital in Boston. “So I thought that it would be really cool if I could fool around with my hot boss, like they all do at Seattle Grace. But my attending physician doesn’t look anything like Patrick Dempsey! He’s old! And he’s bald! He’s McBaldy!”

Ward is not the only resident who feels as though she was led on by prime-time medical dramas. The general consensus is that these television shows are providing medical students with an unrealistic idea of how promiscuous and competent their new colleagues and bosses will be. “My boss isn’t anything like House,” says Chris Murphy, another first year resident at Saint Elizabeth’s. “So I thought that it would be really cool if I could fool around with my hot boss, like they all do at Seattle Grace. But my attending physician doesn’t look anything like Patrick Dempsey! He’s old! And he’s bald! He’s McBaldy!”

The study also showed that due to this gross miscommunication of expectations, these new doctors are facing the highest rate of malpractice lawsuits seen in recent years. George Schneider, a new immunologist at Massachusetts General, recounts his experience. “I thought my patient had this super-rare disease but my supervisor wouldn’t let me test out this cool treatment that I read about online. So I got stoned and tried it anyways. Next thing I know, I’m being sued. I just don’t understand what I missed. Doesn’t breaking into the patient’s house help the treatment work?”

Another resident, who preferred to stay anonymous, blamed his woes on Scrubs, citing the show as the reason that he became a doctor. “I thought that I’d finally found a place where my constant day-dreaming and inner monologue wouldn’t get in the way of my work. But last week, while I was thinking about unicorns, my patient coded and died. Fuck, what am I supposed to tell his parents?”

Furthermore, according to a recent survey in the Harvard Business Journal, medicine is not the only profession afflicted with a rising tide of disillusionment. “I didn’t realize that you could actually lose cases,” complained Carl Shore, recent Georgetown law graduate and avid fan of Law & Order. “I mean, aren’t the criminals supposed to break down and confess despite their lawyer’s advice? Who actually listens to their lawyer?”

However, it appears that at least some people have actually been prepared for their professions by the popular media. 80% of office workers surveyed reported a superior who said “That’s what she said,” and another 60% have found office supplies encased in Jell-O.
Canada Surrenders Sovereignty, Rodent Empire Established

by Nate Gilmore

In the face of an unending economic recession and an oppressive mixture of guilt and frozen rain for the next three years, the Parliamentary Democracy of Canada ceded its sovereignty by referendum last Thursday back to its wolverine population.

“Did you know three wolverines can kill a grizzly bear?” asked former Prime Minister and current slave to the Glorious Frozen Empire of Rodentia Stephen Harper. “A Grizzly Bear! Do you have any idea how many Canadians have died trying to do that? Millions! When your societies are brought to their knees by the Ursidae oppression, either from real bears or the symbolic ones of human capitalism, we alone will be safe.”

Under the agreement, all Canadians willingly submitted themselves to the supreme power of the wolverines and forfeited their right to participate in anything except apology circles on Wednesdays between the hours of four and five in the morning. Wolverine commissars have already taken over the abandoned statehouse and began urinating over every public landmark to ensure that no other states- in particular Ecuador, the historic enemy of the wolverines- attempt a power grab.

The referendum has gained popularity, particularly among scholars. Supporters - such as Columbia University professor of Rodential Political Science Finnegan O’Wake - explain that because of wolverines’ intimidating nature, physical prowess, and pungent odor, they just might be the perfect economic remedy.

Some Canadians thought they were just putting Hugh Jackman in power.

Axis of Evil Gains a New Member; Geography Teachers Worldwide Feel Vindicated

by Daniel Testa

FUNAFUTI- Late last night, the small island nation of Tuvalu shocked the rest of the world by requesting that it be considered part of The Axis of Evil. The request, which was announced in the UN yesterday, was accompanied by the voluntary withdrawal of all Tuvalu representatives in western countries, including the United States and England, and a spike in atlas sales.

When asked what caused the sudden reversal in policy Tuvaluan Prime Minister Apisai Ielemia said, “We are sick and tired of an economy based on foreign aid and a life of anonymity."

"I mean, let’s be honest, you never heard of us before reading this article. Hell, the British government had to ask who we were, and they used to rule us! But no more, we have seen how declaring war on the west can bring international attention. No longer will we be that little speck on the globe that people think is just paint chipping off. Intelligence agencies will actually have to find people who speak Tuvaluan! Plus, just imagine the boost to the economy when all the terrorist cells come visit. We could be the terrorist’s Hawaii."

The U.S and England have been unable to comment due to difficulties in actually locating their new nemesis, but Osama bin Laden has already expressed his support. "This is wonderful news. The Axis had poppy fields, oil and nuclear weapons, but no place to go and relax guilt-free. Wherever you went there were loud Americans to kick sand in your face while you were trying to tan on the beach. It will be wonderful to finally be able to go to a tropical paradise and know that your dollars are supporting the war of terror."
MEDFORD, MA - The Tufts administration has received yet another financial blow. Reports have surfaced that Tufts Dining Services is facing food shortages in every dining hall and on-campus eatery, all because of a mysterious burglar known as Robin Food. Over the past few weeks, Robin Food has thoroughly plundered Tufts dining establishments from every corner of the campus. “He’s stolen cereal from Dewick, Pepsi from Hodgdon, and pastries from the Campus Center,” confirms Ralph Perrotto, the associate director of Tufts Dining Services. “There are also reports that he pilfered coffee from Oxfam, but then put it back after he realized that it was Fair Trade.”

No one has yet actually laid eyes on this mysterious bandito, who commits his meal-theftry after hours. He has left no traces behind at any of the scenes of his crimes, except for notes tacked on the suggestion board in Dewick, which simply read, “R.F.”

by Julie Gomstyn

That being said, many within the administration agree that Robin Food must be a student, due to his penchant for leaving food parcels on the doorsteps of off-campus Tufts students.

“Last week, we found a bag of food outside our front door,” says junior Ben Thompson, who resides on Boston Ave. “The note attached said, ‘Thought you might enjoy some Carmichael stir fry. Sincerely, Robin Food.’ And I did enjoy it! Long live Robin Food!”

In fact, dozens of students have come forward to admit that they too have been on the receiving end of these food parcels, which are normally packaged in stolen Hodgdon bags. Given the rising costs of off-campus rent and utilities, these students, needless to say, are grateful for the free food. “Whoever this dude is,” says Thompson. “I hope that he never gets caught. Or you know, graduates.”

Dining hall Robin Hood steals from Dewick; gives to the poor

GADA said that their investigation, which began shortly after suspicion of foul play arose from Puppy Bowl IV, surpassed even their darkest expectations. “The crimes ranged from mixing JuicyJuice’ – the code term for bacon flavored LSD - into opponents’ water bowls to buckets of ‘Mush Puppies’ – or anabolic steroids - being consumed before the big game. I’ve never seen anything like this.”

While the report’s accusations were certainly surprising, they did provide some much needed answers to questions regarding the play of Florida Fleabane’s star running back Willy “The Paw” Williamson. Williamson spent most of the game rolling around on the sidelines, and took breaks only to urinate on his teammates and eat the game ball. New York Giant Hobo’s quarterback Preston Wallace was suspiciously frisky during the game particularly in the third quarter when he removed the field goal posts from the ground with his teeth and hurled them out of the stadium. Mr. Wallace is said to have close ties with members of BallCo, a medical laboratory based in Oakland at the heart of the GADA’s investigation. The CEO of BallCo, Sir Cornelius Yukon, declined to comment on the allegations.

The fallout from the report has already reached the capitol where the Senate unanimously decided to put off voting on the economic stimulus to hold a Top Secret Closed Door Emergency Hearing on Puppy Drugs. “We must not allow the cutest and silliest of us to be taken advantage of,” said Pennsylvania senior Senator Arlin Spectre, “What does it say about our society if even puppy sports aren’t innocent any more. I tell you, this world has gone to shit?” The Senator promptly sucked down a bottle of NyQuil and did not comment for the rest of the day.

Doping Allegations Stun Puppy Community

by Eli Megatron

A damning report released yesterday by the independent watchdog group the Global Anti Doping Alliance (GADA) has shocked the sports world with evidence revealing rampant drug use occurring in last Sunday’s previously wholesome and innocent Puppy Bowl V.

An anonymous source from within the

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Demon on the loose at Tufts; it's all Jumbo's fault
By Daniel Testa

MEDFORD, MA - In the midst of investigating Tufts' financial problems, The Zamboni has uncovered confidential documents revealing that a demon is on the loose on campus. When questioned about the story, our sources in Dowling admitted that in a séance was attempted on the res quad in late January, with disastrous results.

According to academic dean, Pamela Rosen, Bacow was desperate for ideas on how to cope with the financial crisis. As a last resort, he decided to contact the spirit of Jumbo to save Tufts. “He figured that if the story about Jumbo’s self-sacrifice was enough to inspire active citizenship, then actually communicating with Jumbo would unite and strengthen the community as a whole,” says Rosen. “Bacow asked me to contact the leaders of Tufts religious groups and to tell them to meet at the statue of Jumbo at midnight.”

The details of what happened next are still unclear, but it appears that rather than merely contact Jumbo, Bacow and the others have allowed a demonic force to enter our world. One witness recounts, “We heard some trumpeting and then suddenly something burst out of the Ouija board and knocked me down. Rabbi Summit was screaming to lock it in the chapel but it was too strong. I found the Ouija board afterwards, and the only letters left intact were Obmuj. Dear God, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?”

When asked about the story, Bacow denied the allegations and declined to comment on why funds for the library roof were being spent on holy water and crosses, or why the examination rooms in Health Services now contain restraints and recordings of Chaplain Cooper repeating “The power of Christ compels you.”

To date, there has been no other unusual paranormal activity on campus. Despite what many people believe, the student found naked and babbling incoherently with green vomit all over him was not a victim of possession. TEMS has confirmed that he was merely a very drunk frat boy.

Ears for Peers revamps to help Tufts through economic slump
By Christian Dallago

MEDFORD, MA - The Ears for Peers hotline has been a useful resource for the Tufts community ever since its invention in 1908, when students began anonymously bitching about their roommates by telegram. Since then, students have used the resource to do everything from venting about their weekend hook-ups to coming to terms with the fact that they have become alcoholics. After the economy took a dive this past year, Tufts has decided to revamp the Ears for Peers service to try and make some extra coin...by starting a phone sex hotline.

Students now have the chance to delve into their fantasies every day of the week at a nominal cost. Whether it’s in between classes, sitting on the Joey, or waiting in the stir-fry line, the hotline is available for all those students who need a little extra excitement in their lives. Ears for Peers, (everyone’s least favorite Facebook friend), has also extended this feature to the Internet. When you’re sitting alone in a library conference room and need a little break from that English paper, simply log on to the Ears for Peers website for an audio chat, where an arousing voice will tell you exactly what you’d like to hear.

President Bacow predicts that the revenue from this service should set Tufts back towards economic recovery. According to a statement released by Bacow last week, “The new and improved Ears for Peers will be open to all students and will cater to any particular needs or fetishes.” Despite claims that the voluptuous voices are actually those of the old, grouchy card-swiper ladies from Carmichael, this Zamboner thinks that the new resource should definitely be utilized by the horny Tuftonian whenever necessary.
SIT ON IT PONZI: TUFTS DEA

Imagine you lost $20 million bucks. What would you do? What's that? Hide in a corner, eat Ben and Jerry's, and watch Pokemon reruns as you wait for Death's welcome release? Yeah, us too. Well, thankfully Tufts is not taking our advice and is carrying on despite the fact that we were part of the ultimate episode of Punk'd. Hence, there have been a few budget cuts. Here's what happened when they got their hands on that sweet moolah.

**MORE BLACKOUTS!**

Inspired by last semester’s blackout, Tufts has decided to take a more aggressive stance towards conserving ever-more-costly electricity. “Do It in the Dark” is done. Now Tuftonians can expect a mandatory return to the days before Franklin and Edison every fortnight. The Medford Historical Society has already voiced their support, as has the Tufts Looting Club. On a similar note, Tufts dorms will no longer be heated. The administration recommends burning old publications. We'd like to take this time to remind you that The Zamboni is made of a poisonous material that should never, ever be burned. Ever.

**TUPD**

Instead of wasting expensive bullets on the rogues of Medford and Somerville, Tufts police are now taking a bit out of crime (and spending) by arming themselves with boomerangs. Not only are they reusable, but every throw has the possibility of multiple hits! Tufts administration also has expressed hope that this will curtail the rising kangaroo population on campus.

**ONE SOURCE DOING DOUBLE DUTY**

As if cleaning up vomit-covered bathroom stalls, urine-filled dryers, and cake-smeared ceilings wasn’t enough, they now have to shovel snow. Don’t we have Tufts Facilities for that? Their new contracts also require them to help with the construction of the library roof. The roof is now projected to be complete the next time Halley’s Comet comes around. Well, at least they’re getting dental.

**TUFT$ CUT$ BACK!**

Suck it, Benjamin Franklin. We don't need your hoity-toity, la-dee-da electricity!

**T-Shirts**

Those bags of “free” Tufts stuff that you first get when you’re an innocent little freshman don’t always run out. Some students still had not received the first lesson of college: “if it’s free, take it.” What happens to all that marked swag that can only be used that year? They get a new lease on life with a little help from a Sharpie. “Class of 2013” t-shirts are just leftover “Class of 2012” t-shirts with an extra squiggle. They’ve also already started stuff for the classes of 2014, 2017, and 32009.

**LAB WASTE**

You know how you can’t throw any chemical down the drain and instead have to empty stuff into the giant bottles marked “chemical waste”? Lest these chemicals kill some helpless fish somewhere, they have to be properly disposed of. It costs money to get rid of those bottles but not anymore! Ever wondered what’s in that neon blue drink at Dewick?

Kangaroos are even worse than those damn Canadian Geese.
Sit on It Ponzi: Tufts Deals with Getting Screwed

Imagine you lost $20 million bucks. Yeah, us too. Well, thankfully Tufts is not taking our advice and is carrying on despite the fact that we were part of the ultimate episode of Punk’d. Hence, there have been a few budget cuts. However, because The Zamboni is all about regrets, here are some of the awesome things we would’ve bought with all that sweet moolah.

What we would’ve spent $20 million on:

- **Hire Morgan Freeman to do the ‘Library is Closing’ recording.**
- **Tufts could definitely have used an on-staff sexpert. And maybe some free toys to go along with all those condoms.**
- **Can anyone say Joey Demolition Derby?**
- **40 million pieces of Bazooka Joe.**
- **A ski lift on the President’s lawn for better tray sledding.**

by Ben Schwalb and Monica Wong (contributions by Devin Toohey); pictures by Luke Burns, Ryan Oliveira, and Mike Schecht
A Thriller With Dinner

At the moment, classier restaurants like Mantra, Icarus, and Spike’s Hamburgers and Hot Dogs may not be an option. But don’t worry, because that’s why God created Denny’s. You can just sit back and share long stringy French fries over a kiss with your beloved – just like in Lady and the Tramp! And if you really want to spice up the evening, then all you have to do is take her hand, lean in real close, and whisper those three magic words: ditch the check. You’ll never feel closer then when you’re both running out the door with an angry waiter screaming “Get back here, you piece of-”

What You’ll Need:
An excellent parking spot • Good running shoes • An appetite (for danger)

Urban Hiking Adventure

Real hiking usually involves driving far away and buying expensive gear, like cargo pants. But if you want to hike on the cheap, living near a city means that there’s still plenty of parks that you can explore by foot. Pitch a tent near the Fens, where you and your date can get a great view of the stars. That coked out guy ten feet away? That’s Boston’s equivalent of a grizzly bear.

What You’ll Need:
A tent • Blanket • Easily concealed firearm

Dance the Night Away

Forget the Roxy, Felt, Diva – if we wanted to pay just to get into a place, we’d start applying to colleges again. If your lady likes to boogie, take her someplace where the drinks don’t cost $12 a pop: your local arcade. Just make a beeline for the Dance Dance Revolution machines. It shouldn’t be too mobbed, since anyone who’s at an arcade on V-Day is most likely playing something like Grand Theft Auto 9: Bitch Screwed Me. And what makes it great is that you get to choose the music. There will be no bad techno for you and your lady’s DDR – only the best.

What You’ll Need:
Quarters • Comfortable clothing • Funky dance moves

Note: the same principle here can be applied if you’d like to take your date to a concert. The game Rock Band will suffice.

by Julie Gomstyn
In tough economic times like these, we must all make changes to our budgets and cut back on things that aren’t necessary, like hot water and heroin. But as a fashion-forward community (Medford is the Milan of Massachusetts), we must struggle onwards, even as our bank accounts shrink. The Zamboni recently scored an interview with new designer Bisous Le Foufou, whose spring collection, “Starving” has received rave reviews on the runways in Europe.

Zamboni: Monsieur Le Foufou, thank you for taking the time to meet with me. I have heard such great things about your new line – tell me, why is it called, “Starving”?

Bisous Le Foufou: Oh, you see, it is quite simple. My mistress, she lives in a bad part of Paris, and one day, when I was visiting her, I saw a group of homeless people walk by. One of them asked me for my spare change. He said that he hadn’t eaten in three days. I didn’t give him any, but the whole thing was quite touching, and it made me think about how inside, we are all hungry, even starving. Starving for fashion!

Zamboni: That’s so brilliant and humanitarian of you. The homeless have never inspired anything in me but rage and a deep-seated fear that I’ll join their ranks one day.

Le Foufou: Oh, they played such a large part in the design of this line. It’s what hobo chic is all about.

Zamboni: How marvelous! What are some of your favorite pieces?

Le Foufou: Well, I tried to create a new look for shoes using distressed materials – holes are the new stilettos. And many have told me that they loved my rope belt, which was made from real rope that I stole from a construction site. But if I had to pick a favorite, I would go with the trash bag purses. Chanel has a similar type of black bag out but mine also functions as a trash bag in an emergency. It’s, how do you call it, h-a-w-t hot.

Zamboni: This is all so cutting-edge!

Le Foufou: Well, fashion has always been fearless. Now it’s homeless too.

Zamboni: It’s fabulous – absolutely fabulous. Now can you tell me about your upcoming show in New York? I’ve heard from various industry sources that it’s going to be unlike anything that we’ve ever seen.

Le Foufou: Well, to give my look a more authentic feel, I decided that instead of a regular indoor catwalk, my models will be walking the runways of an abandoned alley in Queens. It’ll be beautiful.

Zamboni: Without a doubt. You know, given everything that’s happening with our economy right now, I think that it’s wonderful that your new line is all about cutting costs and keeping things real.

Le Foufou: Of course! In times like these, the fashion industry must be sensitive to the people’s needs. That rope belt I was talking about? Its retail price is only 600.

Zamboni: Wait, 600 dollars?

Le Foufou: Oh, of course not! Euros. You’re welcome, America.

Michael Phelps dropped as Kellogg's product sponsor
by Matthew Luz

BATTLE CREEK, MI – In the fallout over the Michael Phelps marijuana scandal, Kellogg’s corporation has dropped the medal-winning swimmer as a product sponsor. “We believe Mr. Phelps’ marijuana use clashes with our message of hating fun,” said Harvey Fairlane, Kellogg’s vice-president for global marketing. “Our founders despised everything enjoyable and designed bland, tasteless foods to achieve that aim. In that spirit, we reject Michael’s reckless action.” However, marketing consultant Joey Skeeter held a different view. “Alright, think about it. What does Kellogg make? They make sugary cereal, along with numerous subsidiaries that make cookies, crackers and various other snacks. And they’re rejecting the marijuana demographic? Does Kellogg’s hate money now? It’s as if Trojan fired a spokesperson for going to an orgy. Come on!” When asked why a single bong hit is inexcusable, but driving under the influence of alcohol is permissible, Fairlane responded, “Well, then he went and became an athletic god by winning eight gold medals at a single Olympics. We’re Puritan, not stupid.”
This financial crisis sucks, doesn’t it? Like, we were pretty sure it’d be over before we printed our second issue, but things just keep getting less sexy. Recently, we went to the Econ department to get some advice on how to make jokes about something most people (present company included) don’t fully grasp. However, after finding Braker Hall deserted and barren (with the exception of some questionable stains on the wall and a CD player blasting REM’s “End of the World” on repeat), we had no choice but to ask other professors about these troubling times.

Katherine Lay, Mathematics

Remember back in high school, when your AP Calc teacher was trying to explain derivatives to you and you kept on thinking, “When am I going to need to know this?” Well, it just so happens that if every adult in America were able to derive equations and properly use sines, cosines, and tangents, the financial crisis would immediately be solved! But you didn’t listen, did you? You all flunked the AP and took Math of Social Choice and now your pathetic ignorance of Leibniz’s notation has entrapped us all in financial woe!

Timothy Harrison, Computer Science

In light of the credit crunch and Madoff, I’ve been spending my time working on an A.I. creation that should just be smart enough to realize that the last thing it should be doing is taking orders from a decaying mass of cells. We’re heading for a pretty crappy future regardless, and I think that "man vs. machine" sounds a lot more nifty than "everyone is poor and ugly" as far as crappy futures go. Have you even seen those women in dystopian robot futures? Like, really took a good look at them? I mean, daaaaamn!

The Zamboni Roasts

The Library Roof Construction

We fully support Tufts’ efforts to renovate the campus in order to improve the quality of life for all. However, the library roof construction project is four months past its projected completion date. How hard can it be to throw in some benches? That’s what happens when it’s a union job.

“Gee, a multi million dollar construction project running over its deadline? I’ve never heard of that happening before.” –Construction worker

“Well, um, I left my dime bag up there last year. I’d really like to get it back before I graduate.” –Tufts senior

“So the Library Roof gets a fancy awning and some benches, while my roof is caving the fuck in? That’s it, I’m out of here! Let’s go, Wren.” –Carmichael Hall

“No, this is not a post-apocalyptic future. This is just right next to Eaton.”

“We take a shot for every week it’s overdue. We call it the Swig Dig.” –SigEp Brother

“Well, how the fuck is anyone going to look at me now? Somebody look at me!” –the Boston skyline

“Suck it, Tufts.” –Big Dig spokesman

"When I saw the roof during the tour, I knew I had to come here. And now they’re changing it! What the fuck?!” –Tufts freshman

Compiled by Julie Gomstn and Matthew Luz
Jillian Kozyra, Russian Studies
I’ve heard of worse excuses to drink.

Percival Plumius, Physics
Matter cannot be created or destroyed. And money is matter, so therefore it cannot disappear, merely change forms. And, if my experience is any indicator, money usually goes to supplying me with my many Tootsie Roll pops. Ah indeed, in a way, money does nothing but simply transform into delicious, delicious Tootsie Roll pops. Cherry Tootsie Roll pops. Orange Tootsie Roll pops. Chocolate Tootsie Roll pops. Oh, uh, where was I? Ah yes, so we can clearly infer that somewhere out there, all the missing money has accumulated in the form of sweet, ambrosial mountains of Tootsie Roll pops. And I’ll be the first to find it!

Samuel Steddy, History
You know, no matter how important this all seems now, and how much it screws up your life, this will only be like, 8 pages in a high school history text book. And then a thousand years from now, some brilliant young dashing professor will try to teach a course to explain how important it is. Except the department chair will probably be all, “Nooo! Nobody cares about the financial crisis of the early 21st century! This is almost as bad as when you proposed The Fishing Crisis of 17th Century Hungary! No one cares, Sam. Why don’t you teach something cool like The Sino-Martian War of 2349?” You know what? That future Department Chair is wrong! Dammit, I don’t want to teach that overblown, overanalyzed piece of imperialist garbage! And I care about the "The Budapest Cod Scare of 1692!" I care.

Juliana Calhoun, Psychology
Hey, all I’m saying is that, with jobs so hard to get, a lot more people are willing to read simple sentences and press a button for 3 hours to get $20. And I’m not even going to go into the amount of subjects I have for my studies on depression. So yeah, this crisis kind of kicks ass for me.

Ivan P. Entameter, English
Clearly, the author of this work, Financial Crisis, has a penchant for the Renaissance Drama style of giving characters names to match their personality. Surely, it is not by mere coincidence that the anti-hero known as Madoff does indeed make off with everyone’s money. In fact, the name is nothing but a clever joke between the author and the enlightened reader.

Rich Uncle Pennybags, Visiting Professor from Boardwalk University
You want to know who I blame? The American people and their inability to follow the rules! Every time someone is supposed to put money in the bank, they instead throw it into the center of the board, only to get it back when they land on Free Parking! But money has to go in the bank. We only have so much of it! I dare not even mention the practice of taking an extra $200 for landing on Go, which had absolutely no consideration for our children’s future! This gross fiscal irresponsibility on the part of the United States since 1935 has come back to haunt us! And don’t think you can get the full amount of money back when you mortgage your hotel. Only half, dammit!
Don’t Balk at Faulkner – The Sound and the Fury

Looking through a fence, I saw some people playing golf. They walked to the green, and I walked along the fence to follow them. They took the flag out of the hole and began putting. When they were done, they replaced the flag and continued on to the next hole. Mind you, it is difficult for me to understand the sport of golf. My confusion, however, is understandable because I am developmentally disabled.

Hoi Polloi Joyce – Ulysses

Buck Mulligan, a regal and chubby young man, was at the top of the stairs. He was going to shave, and he had some things that he needed for shaving: lather, a mirror and a razor. He was wearing a yellow dressing gown. Buck used his shaving tools to pretend that he was performing a Catholic mass.

Buck said some stuff in Latin.

Buck tried to wake up his roommate, Stephen Dedalus. Buck shouted:

-Wake up, Stephen, who I also call Kinch! Kinch, you act like a fearful version of a certain type of Catholic priest, and I find that funny, but it is also important to take note of the fact that I’m comparing you to a priest!

Stephen woke up and saw what Buck was doing. Stephen was annoyed; partially because he was sleepy, but mainly because he didn’t like being reminded of his Catholic background and, by extension, his feelings of guilt relating to his mother’s death and his deep-seated issues with his father. Stephen leaned on the banister and he thought that Buck Mulligan looked like a horse.

Foolproof Woolf – To The Lighthouse

“Yes, we can go to the lighthouse tomorrow if the weather is nice,” said Mrs. Ramsay. “But you’ll have to get up very early,” she added.

This made her son, James Ramsay, happy. Very happy. He thought that the trip would happen no matter what. He had been looking forward to going to the lighthouse for a very long time. James was the kind of person who let things that might happen in the future influence what he thought of things currently happening in the present. James was also the kind of person who looked like a judge.

“But,” said his father, the killjoy, “The weather will not be nice.”

James wanted to kill his dad.


April is not a nice month,
It makes lilacs grow in soil that should be unsuitable for flowers,
It makes people remember things and want things,
It waters plants with spring rain.
This winter was unusually warm,
The snow made people forget,
And we ate potatoes.

by Luke Burns
Last week, the Boston Wine Expo came to a close. Not one to pass up a convention hall filled with liquor, this intrepid reporter secured a press pass to the event. The goal for that weekend was to look at another side of America affected by the financial crisis: the snobby, self-serving side of it. Across the country, upper class hobbies are feeling the crunch. Wine tasting is no exception.

“We just aren’t getting the same crowd as last year,” said Cliff Montgomery Jones III, the event’s coordinator. “It’s great! None of the middle class peons who can’t even discern the palatable differences between a Chardonnay, a Pinot Noir or a good Cabernet Sauvignon. This year, it’s only ‘Social Register’ types who understand the art. I love it.”

Walking the floor of the convention center, though, one can feel and see the economic hardship. For one thing, the cheese selection was decidedly pedestrian.

“I don’t mind the Gouda, the Asiago or the Brie. But where’s the Boschetto al Tartufo? The Wensleydale? The Grafton Village Cheddar?” questioned one convention visitor. He uncomfortably pulled at his collar, remarking, “I... I feel dirty.”

The wine, too, had taken a hit. This year’s expo marked the disappearance of the wine waterfall. “It’s just a small wine fountain this year,” said Jeremy Wadsworth Fordham IV. “And we have to drink the wine out of glass flutes! Not Venetian hand-blown glass either, but regular glass! Can you believe it?”

The mood was especially subdued, and on one occasion a man smashed a bottle of Chateau Latour Pauillac and screamed, “My God, what am I doing? It’s just grape juice! It’s just spoiled grape juice!” As event security led him away, wine dealers were seen packing up. I questioned why they were closing shop so early in the day.

“It still costs us money to be here,” responded one. “I need to save every penny. I’ve already stopped hunting quail with diamond bullets.” As they loaded their goods away, I knew that the economic bust was touching all Americans, and we as a people had to stay strong to see it through. When no one was looking, I grabbed a case of Chianti and ran for the exit.

The Porn Industry Asks Congress For a Bailout: The Transcript

Larry Flynt, publisher of Hustler magazine, recently appeared before the Senate Commerce Committee in an attempt to secure a bailout for the struggling porn industry. The following is an excerpt from an exchange between Flynt and Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison (R-TX).

FLYNT: Excuse me, Senator, I was wondering if you would be willing to give the porn industry fifty million dollars so that we can continue to provide you with... special services.

HUTCHISON: Mmmmm... interesting.

FLYNT: Moreover, if you gave us the fifty million dollars, I would personally be... very grateful.

HUTCHISON: How... grateful... Mr. Flynt?

FLYNT: Very grateful.

HUTCHISON: And what could Congress expect to get in return for bailing out the porn industry?

FLYNT: Don’t worry. I’ve got a... huge amendment.

HUTCHISON: Oh! What are you going to do with that... enormous amendment?

FLYNT: I’m gonna stick it right in the stimulus bill.

HUTCHISON: Ooooh, yeah! Is it okay if my friend [Senator] Olympia [Snowe (R-ME)] helps us put that... amendment... into the... stimulus bill?

FLYNT: Oh yeah. I’ve got enough... provisions... in my... amendment... to provide... stimulus... for all the Senators.

HUTCHISON: Ooooh! But what if someone decides to... filibuster?

FLYNT: Don’t worry. I can... make a well-reasoned argument for a fiscally responsible bailout of my industry... all night long.

Hutchison takes her top off. End transcript.
Due to the sagging economy and the Madoff scandal, Tufts has been making budget cuts left and right. As a paragon of wasteful spending, *The Zamboni* has found that its funds are slowly dribbling away like so many broken, tenderized dreams. To continue to bring semi-quality issues to our readers (all 5 of you) we have had to shamelessly whore out some of our space to advertisers. Therefore, please enjoy the following advertisement from the Vallejo Corporation, makers of Lemon-Fresh™.

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