INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- The Swine Flu is coming, learn how to survive it... PAGE 5
- Death Panels Hit Prime-time... PAGE 7
- See why life has always sucked... PAGE 13
- Rabid Radioactive Land Shark Attacks! PAGE 11
A Word from the Editor

Greetings! If you are reading this you probably were in a rush to find toilet paper, and this is the best thing you could find on such short notice. Well, surprise! It’s the Tufts Zamboni. And since 1987, we’ve been bringing Tufts oodles of comedic joy. But the Tufts Zamboni also likes to tackle real issues that affect you, the poor, stressed out, hung-over college student. Longtime readers may remember our brave forays into the worlds of electoral politics, prohibition, and even the greasy underbelly of international lube choices. Well this issue we are bringing you another hard-hitting investigation: we proudly present to you the Healthcare Issue!

Simply read on and you will learn all that you need to know about the healthcare debate that has so many people up in arms. Ever wondered what to do once the Swine Flu Apocalypse hits? Curious about how the Obama Administration is planning to implement those promised Death Panels? Look no further than this issue!

Also contained within are news stories you won’t find anywhere else. Yes, the Tufts Zamboni covers the news that the corporate sponsored mainstream media is too afraid to touch. Ever wonder what the deal is with all those birds clacking away outside the campus center? Or how about those hints you’ve been hearing of a Mike Tyson generated Bear Flu? We’ve got the scoop.

So sit down and enjoy, friends! We promise that you’ll laugh, cry, and maybe even gag a little. But in the end you’ll be a well-informed citizen of this great country of ours, ready to shout down your Congressman at a town hall!

Ain't that a kick in the head?

CONGRESSMAN CTHULHU SAYS:

Come to The Zamboni’s Weekly Meeting!

Our Meetings are Tuesdays at 9 pm
Room 209 in the Campus Center

Or email us at TuftsZamboni@gmail.com

Submissions welcome!

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).
Roland Emmerich Goes to New York, Attacks Landmark

By Andy Lang

NEW YORK - The Department of Homeland Security’s Obnoxious Filmmaker threat level was raised from “mellow yellow” to “outrageous orange” today due to reports of an attack on the Empire State Building. It was later discovered that the attacker was none other than German filmmaker Roland Emmerich, the director of such films as Independence Day, The Day After Tomorrow, and 2012, scheduled to premiere later this year. Passersby reported Emmerich repeatedly kicking the Empire State Building, occasionally yelling, “the end has come! The end has come!”

Emmerich, notorious for using special effects to obliterate landmarks such as the White House and the Statue of Liberty, has apparently taken his appetite for the destruction of landmarks to the real world.

“I was horrified,” reports one observer; “I haven’t been this terrified since I realized I’d spent ten dollars to see 10,000 BC.” Another eyewitness stated she heard Emmerich “making horrible roaring noises, like a dragon.” Security guards were quickly notified and Emmerich was escorted from the premises, reportedly telling them to refer to him as “Roland, Destroyer of National Treasures.”

This latest incident is just one of many Roland Emmerich-related security breaches. Last month, a visitor to Mount Rushmore reported seeing Emmerich “making exploding noises” and “jumping up and down, pretending the ground was shaking.” Just last week, a sightseer at the Grand Canyon witnessed him throwing rocks at the canyon walls while shouting “I’m hit! I’m hit!” and making “airplane noises.” In both instances observers also stated that Emmerich threw rocks and kicked leaves, and yelled in a high-pitched voice, imitating the tiny imaginary victims left in his make-believe wake of destruction. Additionally, there are unconfirmed reports of Emmerich humming the Independence Day soundtrack.

When contacted about these allegations, a representative for Emmerich said that this is nothing new: “That’s just how Roland scouts locations for his films. He’s like a very violent kid in a candy shop.”

In response, there have been calls for the Department of Homeland Security to take action on what appears to be the growing threat posed by rogue disaster filmmakers. In a press release, DHS Secretary Janet Napolitano addressed today’s incident: “There is no greater threat to this country than people who have a desire to lay waste to its glorious tourist sites and their respective gift shops. However, we really don’t think Mr. Emmerich is a security threat. He’s just an idiot with a short attention span and massive budgets for his movies.” Napolitano then went back to her office and finished watching Godzilla.

When asked for a comment, President Obama called Emmerich a “jackass.”

Obama Resigns To Spend More Time Winning Nobel Prizes

by Luke Burns and Nate Gilmore

WASHINGTON - Proving the old saying "you can't win just one Nobel Prize," President Obama announced today in a press conference that he would be stepping down, effective immediately, in order to spend more time in pursuit of the five Nobel Prizes he has yet to win.

"Chemistry. Medicine. Physics. Literature. Economics. I've got my work cut out for me," Obama said. "But frankly, I've developed a taste for Nobel prizes, and I'm not going to stop until I've gotten all of them. Possibly more than once."

Mr. Obama is not the first American president to try for the coveted Sextuple Crown. Perhaps the most famous attempt occurred in 1909 when then President William Howard Taft reportedly jumped from his tub and in an Archimedean frenzy, exclaimed that he had discovered how to win all six prizes in one fell swoop. Tragically, however, the immensity of Taft's revelation was matched only by his body, and he forgot the idea moments later when he suffered the twelfth stroke of his presidency. Despite being aware of such past horror stories, Mr. Obama remained optimistic.

"There are those who say that my dream is impossible. To those cynics I have only this to say: Hell yes, I can!"
The United States Department of Health and Human Services announced today that the swine flu epidemic no longer requires its attention. This was not, however, due to their discovery of a vaccine to halt the spread of the H1N1 virus, but rather due to their discovery of a much scarier strain of the flu among human beings.

The new strain is termed known as the HinfinityNdeath, due to the inability of current flu categorization to deal with the sheer magnitude of how terrifying this new virus is. The HiNd is a mutated strain of what is often called the “Bear flu,” due to the fact that it was originally contracted from bears. It was initially contracted when famed boxer, and all around psychotic, Mike Tyson fought a bear in the ring. Apparently there weren’t enough human boxers willing to die at his feet.

According to eye-witness reports, the bear was halfway through the process of latching its jaws around Tyson’s head when Tyson delivered a powerful hook to the mammal’s diaphragm. This caused the bear to sneeze, spraying Tyson with a thick sheet of bear mucus. Tyson remained unfazed, and killed the beast with an uppercut. Before long, the flu was being ravaged by Tyson’s body, and it was forced to evolve into something far deadlier. Tyson transferred it to humankind when he bit his personal trainer, his accountant, and his mailman.

When asked about the implications of this new “Tyson flu,” head researcher Jerry Halloway wet himself and proceeded to sob, calling for his mother. Lenny Orvis, one of Halloway’s partners in research, filled us in on the details while Halloway calmed down.

“Most of the symptoms are the same as those of the seasonal flu, but more severe,” said Orvis. “However, the bear flu may also cause you to vomit out a lung or spontaneously combust. Many people are probably going to argue that it is just another strain of the flu, and that it isn’t really anything to worry about…but the unmutated version of this shit kills bears. Fucking bears! Do you really think your body can deal with something a fucking BEAR can’t deal with? If you do, you are either Max Fightmaster or intellectually impaired.”

Orvis was not optimistic about the team’s chances of creating a vaccine.

“This virus is like a shark. An unfeeling, highly toxic shark that enters through your nose and mouth and leaves you a shriveled wreck of your former self.” he said.

When asked how this in any way had to do with sharks, Orvis refused to comment, merely repeating the words “fucking BEARS.”

The new virus spreads in the same ways the flu normally does, with the added possibility of it being transmitted from person to person via eye contact.

“What we need now is for everyone to remain calm and tend to the health of themselves and their family,” said VP Biden at the White House press conference called in response to the outbreak of the new flu.

“Also, it really seems like being totally socially awkward will help stop the spread of this disease. Taking the subway has never seemed like a better idea.”
Tufts Announces New Bias Policies

by Daniel Testa

TUFTS UNIVERSITY - Earlier this week, President Larry Bacow revealed new policies aimed at curbing the recent influx of bias incidents at the Tufts University.

“Frankly, it is unacceptable to have such outrageous episodes occurring so frequently. We have tried programs to foster intercultural exchanges and tolerance, but nothing has worked,” said Bacow at the start of his presentation. “In fact we had all but given up on putting an end to these disruptions until we saw what a success Fall Ball was. Last year we were facing ever growing numbers of incidents at Tufts events, but after switching to a ticket system we saw a marked decrease in problems. If tickets worked for Fall Ball, why not for bias incidents?”

The new rules added to the Pachyderm take effect immediately. A number of special bias tickets will be auctioned off to the highest bidder among all of Tufts’ racial, ethnic, and religious groups. Each ticket provides the group the right to claim that a bias incident has occurred and will allow them to organize rallies, write editorials, and dominate campus life for up to two weeks, after which time the bias incident is officially over.

“With this new regulation we are confident that the number of bias incidents will remain low and stop causing campus wide disruption,” stated Bacow. “We have also taken steps to deal with illegal claims of bias. All school-wide e-mails will be reviewed and the Public Editor has assured us that no unauthorized commentaries are published in the Daily. TUPD has begun training to break up any protests by groups without a ticket and we are using part of the funds from the auction to purchase extra tear gas and rubber bullets.”

Some look at this change as an opportunity. The Tufts Investment Club is already pooling funds to purchase tickets which they believe will only go up in value as the year progresses, and the Primary Source will inevitably become embittered by the liberal campus and begin to rant angrily.

Bacow ended his speech on a positive note, “These new policies mark a new age at Tufts, one in which we are no longer divided by issues of race or ethnicity, and our campus is peaceful and quiet.”

Avian Hive Grows Sentient

by Matthew Luz

TUFTS UNIVERSITY - The tranquil Tufts campus has been disturbed this week by claims that the normally pleasant sparrows of Somerville have been massing in unexpected numbers near the campus center.

“Yeah, I’ve noticed it’s been pretty loud near the campus center patio recently,” said one Tufts senior. “I mean, a lot of birds hang out in the trees nearby, but it’s kind of eerie... there are a lot of birds.”

Indeed, multiple students have filed complaints with Tufts Facilities over the noise caused by the birds, with demands being made for their removal, along with demands for plasma HD-televisions in every dorm room, take-away laundry service, and man-servants. “As spoiled as the complaints are,” explained Facilities director Mitch Brenner, “we did send a guy over to check out the problem. We, uh, haven’t heard from him in a week. Jeez, between the layoffs and the devourings, I’m running short on personnel.”

However, new evidence from the Department of Biology indicates something far more sinister is afoot. Says Dr. Franz Eggelbrenner, a world-renowned expert in malevolent animal collective consciousness, “I was calculating the likelihood of rudimentary evilness in local bird species, when I realized something about the chirping! It had an extrapolating quasi-self similarity! Those birds have become self-aware!”

Further math magic by Dr. Eggelbrenner shows the trees outside the campus center have become a giant hive-mind for the sparrows, and collectively they have achieved a singular sentient consciousness. “We’re looking at our options for their removal, though it could be worse,” reasoned Brenner. “Oral Roberts had a rose bush taken over by Marxist ferrets, while Florida State has an orange grove infested with dudebro pigeons. So yeah, it could be a lot worse.”
The Student and the Swine

A Day in the Life of a Swine Flu Survivor

Swine flu (or H1N1 for those killjoys at the CDC) has hit the campus, leaving many of us with the perfect excuse to skip that organic chemistry exam. But one never-say-swine student has taken matters into his own hands. Donning a state of the art biohazard suit from iParty, he refuses to waste a dollar of his parents’ money due to crippling illness. The Zamboni followed him to chronicle his sterile, hermetically sealed day.

Pandemic flus won't stop our intrepid student from showing pre-frosh the wonders of Tufts. That is dedication.

Even with the auditorium to oneself, Bio 13 is just as soul crushing. Time to talk to the adviser about majoring in music.

It's good to know that someone will be manning the cannon during the outbreak. School spirit is imperative.

Studious and safe, but the suit makes random Tisch stack hookups much more problematic.

Dumping patients at the doorstep of Health Services? TEMS is getting sloppy.

By Matthew Luz, Mitchell Friedman & Ian Donovan
It’s flu season again, and this year that cruel succubus Mother Nature has treated mankind to a double feature of coughing, sneezing, fevers, and loose stools. Yes, along with the regular flu, there is also that aspiring pandemic, swine flu, with which we must contend. And this one’s shaping up to be a real doozy. What with outbreaks across the world, and the scores of dead and dying, it is clear that it’s time for action. And if you’re anything like us, action means promptly heading for your fallout shelters or basements to live on canned food and bottled water. Fortunately, you have this copy of The Zamboni in hand, for what follows is a list of exciting activities to do during the coming months, nay years, of isolation from the bleak, contaminated landscape above.

**Ham Radio:** When civilization collapses, there will be few ways left to communicate with the outside world. Amateur, or ham, radio is one of them. Among the fun things you can do with one of these babies: contact other survivors, listen to emergency broadcasts, open a portal to the past and talk to your long dead father, allowing him to be the parent he always wished he was. Great stuff!

**Read:** Recently I was assembling an ottoman/bookshelf from Ikea when I realized that I had spent practically thirty minutes just reading the instructions. That’s basically as long as a TV show! Reading is a great way to pass the time. Sometimes you can just look at the flashy covers and imagine how cool it would be if that book was a movie. I also enjoy reading those cute little forewords they occasionally put in books. I like to think that I am probably one of five people who will ever bother reading them. It’s like being part of an exclusive club!

**Teach Yourself A Skill:** You won’t have work. You won’t have errands. You won’t have chores. There’s no time like the end of the world to learn something new. Be a regular Boy Scout and learn some knots. Nooses are easy once you get the hang of ‘em. Also try drawing. Leave the story of your slow descent into madness on the walls of your shelter in beautifully realized nail etchings. Add blood for a little color!

**Hunt:** Inevitably, you will run low on canned goods. That means it's time to hunt. Yes, just like the cavemen of old, you will need to go in search of animals to sustain yourself. The rats and other vermin swarming your filth-infested shelter should make good targets. Just remeber to bring enough bullets. Also, you can only carry back 100 lbs to your crawlspace.

**Arrange your Urine Jars:** It is the lucky man who can afford a bomb-shelter with plumbing. The rest of us must settle with bottling our waste. And as the years pass, they’ll start to pile up. But don’t despair; even this basest of acts can be turned into something fun and interesting! Try organizing your micturitions, and you’ll be surprised at how the hours just fly by. Fun organizational criteria are date, volume, and color. Add a little personal touch by thinking of your own. Really, let your imagination run wild!
I Can’t Has Cheezburger: If there’s one thing America prides itself on, it’s blatant excess. But those halcyon days of yore are coming to an end. We are like an obese Adam and Eve, daring to eat the candied apple of hedonism, and we have been expelled for our sins. The government needs to crack down on our fast-food addiction and slap away our pudgy, orange tinted fingers from the Cheeto bag of indulgence.

Single Prayer System: Like many of you, we at the Zamboni hate paying for things. Whether it be pornography, music, movies, television, or pornography, if it’s that great, you can probably find it for free somewhere. This same principle holds for healthcare. Since time immemorial, people have turned to prayer as a way to delude themselves into thinking they are making a difference. And not doing something is about the cheapest thing you can do. Why waste your time seeking expensive care at the hands of trained, knowledgeable healthcare professionals? Just get on your knees! Moreover, with this amendment, poor mothers, whose only wish is to deny critical treatment to their sickly, cancer stricken children, need no longer fear a nation-wide manhunt.

More and Larger Town Halls: After this summer’s slew of screech-fests that have been charmingly dubbed “town halls” by the media, we at the Zamboni have gotten a taste for party crashing. The town hall format should be adapted to a larger scale. So whether you have an interest in the healthcare debate, or you just enjoy yelling, this amendment would mandate that you have a monthly opportunity to act out. It would be like America’s collective menses of vitriolic anger.

Another Wall: Some people will tell you that so-called "socialism" is on the rise these days. Well, do you know where they make socialism? Europe. And do you know what’s basically Europe? Canada. Americans today are realizing that the best way to keep our society prosperous is to deny access to dangerous foreign ideas. Truly, Know-Nothingism hasn’t been this in vogue since Millard Fillmore was accosted by Irish dockworkers at the downtown cinematograph. And the best way to keep those polite northerners from spreading any more of their unholy filth is to simply construct a wall. Like we did with Mexico.

DIABETES CHOICES
Since “Healthy Choice” foods are no longer able to be trusted and way out of the average American’s price range anyway, alternative products have gained a newfound popularity. Here, reproduced for the first time, is a list of the industry’s forbidden fruits: "Diabetes Choices" guaranteed to make your heart explode with joy and improper insulin utilization.

Ferrero Rocher-os - The ambassador really is spoiling us with this breakfast cereal! With its intricate chocolate layering and roasted hazelnut center, this truly is a classy, well-rounded choice for the thinking man’s abnormal levels of blood sugar.

Deep-Fried Butter Bagels – One word: carbohydrolicious. For even more flavor, try it with Kraft’s new Xtra-Kreme Mayonnaise™ spread.

100-calorie Cheeto Packs – Like cheezeey fingers, but want to watch your slim figure? Cheetos have finally entered the realm of health-semiconscious food. Sold in boxes of 50 packs.

Beef Orson Wellington – We know a remote farm in Lincolnshire where Mrs. Buckley lives. Every July, ice cream grows there. Who cares about your failing career spiraling down a wine-slicked descent into destitute semi-lunacy when you have ice cream with beef pastry in it? Tastes even better when toasted.

By Mike Schecht
By Ryan Oliveira
In a shocking maneuver yesterday, President Obama unveiled a new twist in the much maligned death panels. “We figured that human euthanasia wouldn’t be very appealing to the American people if it wasn’t dressed up a little bit. That’s why we’re doing it through a series of game shows.”

“We in this administration are all about transparency in government. Instead of putting people to death in shady smoke-filled back rooms, we’re going to do it on national television,” said the President. The premise of the show is quite simple. Obama went so far as to describe it as an “intense version of ‘Survivor,’ only instead of average-health contestants living on an island, we have the terminally ill living in their homes before being savagely transplanted to a television studio.”

President Obama was quick to rebut cries of inhumane practices yesterday. “These people were going to die anyway. If we have a chance to make their demise entertaining for the nation at large, then we’re going to do so. Why not spend your last minutes on Earth in the limelight?” The administration is doing its best to make the rules of each game fair to the contestant so as to keep viewers entertained.

One show will be titled “Live or Don’t Live” and will be based on the highly popular “Deal or No Deal.” The contestant will be an ill American with health care costs deemed too high to be worth the government’s money. The player will be poisoned with a deadly neurotoxin, the antidote to which will be placed in five of the fifty available cases. The other forty-five cases will feature cards indicating some sort of death for the player, such as the release of a pack of wolves or repeated bludgeoning with a baseball bat. “We’ve got a whole shit-ton of ways to kill people, honestly. You’d be surprised,” said the President. Pressed for examples, Obama stated: “Well, we’ll have the typical stuff – battery acid enemas, prison-style beatings, dropping from very high buildings – but we’ve also got quite a few theme weeks lined up. Medieval Week is going to blow your brain clean out of your fucking skull.”

The contestant picks cases just as in the show’s far less-violent counterpart. If an antidote is picked as the first case, then the contestant is cured of the poison and – as a bonus – his healthcare costs will continue to be paid. If it’s chosen at a different point, then the player is cured, but his benefits are dropped. “True to the spirit of the original, the Banker will offer deals to the contestant, but they’ll just give him an opportunity to leave the game with the antidote and no benefits in exchange for an extremity, such as the amputation of a leg. No painkillers, pussies.”

If a contestant chooses three of the same “death case,” without a single cutaway from the camera, the contestant will be executed on live television. “That’s where the real money is,” said Obama. “We’re looking for some real water cooler moments with our executions. That look of hopelessness in the eyes right before the first in a long line of bear maulings? Priceless.”

It’s unknown just how much revenue these shows can generate, but advertisers have already indicated a strong interest in “Bush Week”, during which the death cases will be filled with different murder techniques left behind by Obama’s predecessor. “Something about having Dick Cheney come out of nowhere to shoot some poor bastard square in the face really tickles Pizza Hut’s fancy,” Obama said.

---

**Behavior of the Audience of President Obama’s Speech to Schoolchildren or the Audience of His Speech to a Joint Session of Congress?**

By Luke Burns

1. Fidgeting
2. Furtively checking social networking sites
3. Wondering when snacks will be available for consumption
4. Friends in the same clique making sarcastic remarks to each other
5. Circulating rumors from the Internet to try to freak people out
6. Schoolmarmish authority figure directing glares at troublemakers
7. Passing notes that read, “Do you want to go out with me? Check ‘yes’ or ‘no.’”
8. Wildly inappropriate outbursts
### Roman Polanski: Rapist?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>POINT</strong></th>
<th><strong>COUNTERPOINT</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Roman Polanski:</strong> A gifted screenwriter, director and even actor. He’s a jewel in the crown of cinematic arts! Come on. He might have thought she was older. The charge only concerns statutory rape. So otherwise it was consensual. But think of his artistic contributions! The great wonders he has put to film; Polanski is a true auteur. Did you even see The Pianist, you godless philistine?</td>
<td><strong>Gee, what’s his biography going to be titled? Roman Polanski: Director, Screenwriter, Rapist.</strong> One of these things is not like the others. That might work if she was, say, 17, but what’s his excuse? “I swear, officer, she looked 14.” As consensual as roofies are. But if you believe that argument then take these pills. After you collapse I’ll need you to sign a couple of these blank checks. So being artsy makes everything okay? Jeez, if only Ted Bundy had played the clarinet. Does this mean the Crafts House could totally give booze to pre-frosh and not end up like Alpha Phi? <strong>Okay, the Manson murders themselves were horrible, but I’m a big fan of Helter Skelter, so I’m ambivalent there.</strong> But he fled the country because he raped someone. That doesn’t win sympathy. <strong>Point? You okay? Holy cow, you actually took those pills? That was a triple dose of ketamine!</strong> <strong>Question: Would it be wrong to use this opportunity to have you “pose” for an issue of Vogue?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But hasn’t the man already been though enough? His wife murdered, and then being forced to flee his adopted home country! You can’t argue that... whoa... I feel woozy... Thiiisss ffeeeeeellllsssss fffuuuuunnkkkkyyyyy....</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### The Zamboni Previews Tufts' Newest Theme House

Construction has begun on the newest addition to the Tufts University campus, the Too Soon Shack (TSS), located between Hodgdon and Lewis Halls. As with the other campus theme houses, the TSS will have strict membership requirements. Residents must speak exclusively in almost extinct Native American dialects. In addition they must all commit to the "too soon" lifestyle. This includes applauding during deceptive cadences at classical music concerts and making jokes about ethnic cleansing. However, TSS is not all serious. TSS-ers have their share of fun too! The TSS house plans to host several parties throughout the semester. House advisor, former New York Governor David Paterson said, “We just want to promote the spirit of Too Soon on campus. It’s all the students. They are so motivated these days. From what I can see, which is quite a lot for a blind man, things are going swimmingly. The Superdome motif is great for those big New England storms!” TSS hopes to host a jihad and ji-hos party, dress as your favorite race party, and Mahmoud Ahmadinejad khaki party.

A few potential costumes for TSS parties are listed below.

**NATASHA RICHARDSON**
Richardson can lead TSS in its first annual ski trip. She’ll even bring her twins who have a striking resemblance to a less-slutty Lindsay Lohan.

**ARIEL SHARON**
You don’t have to worry about any potential rape cases with this former Israeli prime minister. He’s a champion of unilateral disengagement.

**MAGIC JOHNSON**
He’s quite the performer on the court, if you know what we mean...remember, play safe!

**JONBENET RAMSEY**
Dead or alive, missing or found, a child beauty pageant queen always adds the necessary flair to any themed house.

**LAWRENCE SUMMERS**
You always need someone to make all the pre-med ladies feel worthy in the house.

**TIMOTHY MCVEIGH**
Resurrected for the founding of the TSS, McVeigh really knows how to blow up a party.

**HENRY GATES**
This Harvard professor can lead the house in weekly discussions in the common room. He also has the hookup for alcohol. We hear Obama gets him booze.

---

by Emma Goldstein
New Items Added to George W. Bush's Presidential Library

After the recent announcement that the pistol found with Saddam Hussein on the day of his capture would be transferred to the George W. Bush Presidential Library, the Zamboni thought it only appropriate to provide readers with a brief guide to other memorable items going on display in honor of our 43rd President.

By Nate Gilmore

**Colin Powell's Dignity**
Carefully siphoned and preserved in an airtight container during his speech to the United Nations arguing for military intervention in Iraq, this prized piece is sure to remind all who look upon it of the proud, respected man Colin Powell once was. The Library’s curators plan to juxtapose the canister with a black and white photograph of the former Secretary of State on his last day, which portrays his ending state as a withered, deranged animal no longer capable of feeling anything beyond sorrow and regret.

**Donald Rumsfeld's Chew Toy**
It’s well known that the former Secretary of Defense tended to get a bit frisky during morning briefings, and the President was forced to find a permanent solution to Rummy’s outbreaks after a particularly violent spasm infected former Secretary of the Interior Gale Norton with Lyme disease. The President responded by personally ordering a Kong Force One, which had previously been given only to wolverines. The toy proved highly effective as a mollifying, preemptive strike against Rumsfeld’s desents into rabid, salivating fits of teeth gnashing and warmongering.

**Osama Tapes: The Complete 1st Decade**
A special compilation made just for the Library. Guests will be reminded of those early days when they thought “The ObL Show” would only last a year or so. But, just like the band U2, new shit just kept coming out of this gaping asshole, who nobody seems able to track down. Special features include recently discovered blooper reels and nostalgic commentary from cast and crew. Rumor has it that “The Complete Second Decade” is already being compiled for Obama.

**United Nations' Pleas for Funding**
Proudly displayed in their own glass case, these non-binding resolutions remind all Americans of the good old days when we would withhold funding from multinational institutions if they failed to obey us. A special treat are the margin notes from John Bolton and Paul Wolfowitz: “Foolish powder-blue pansies, turn and look upon the laughing face of your demiurge,” “Pitiful worms! Beg for your dirt!” And the infamous “lolololololol!” of February 17th, 2005.

**Bush's American Heritage Dictionary**

**Michael Brown's Arabian Rocking Horse**
This beautiful mahogany horse was fastidiously manufactured by Mr. Brown’s underlings during his tenure at the International Arabian Horse Association. Brownie gave the lignonous stallion to the President as a token of thanks for his appointment to head of the Federal Emergency Management Agency—the logical career step following his forced resignation from the IAHA. The model horse is said to be absolutely impervious to damage from natural weather systems or public outrage, unlike Mr. Brown’s career.

"**Question Me" Alberto Gonzales**
Despite its squat stature, bulging cheeks, and large feet, the president has remarked on multiple occasions about how much he enjoyed having this around the office. “Question Me” endured hours of interrogation in place of the real Gonzales during his Senate hearing, and proved the perfect antidote to guilt or accountability. Guests to the Presidential library will be encouraged to try and get answers out of “Question Me,” and be pleasantly amused as they discover that he does not remember anything about anybody or any interaction between people ever. Fun!

Photos by Jon Levinson
### Six Movies You Won't Get Bored at this Winter

Written by John Wooldridge, Photos by John Levinson and Daniel Testa

Well the summer blockbusters have come to an end and it is finally time for some award-worthy, quality entertainment. This year ambitious directors have broken away from typical source material and are instead drawing inspiration from a new and untapped source. Behold the newest most creative movies of the season.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHECKERS: A MOVIE OF RACIAL VIOLENCE</th>
<th>GUESS WHO?</th>
<th>STRATEGIO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Director Spike Lee outdoes himself, capturing the horror of red vs. black to a degree previously thought impossible. In the end, the victors realize that the conflict was all they had.</td>
<td>Unlike anything you have or will ever see in a cinema. Eddy Murphy and Robin Williams square off, comedian à comedian. The contestants must perform impressions; Murphy goes first, and each must respond with a previously unused impression within 30 seconds or risk not being paid. The first one to convince the audience that their career isn’t dead is the victor.</td>
<td>A romantic comedy starring Julia Roberts, Edward Norton, and Kevin Spacey. A lowly 3 (Norton) falls in love with the enemy general (Roberts). Roberts returns his feelings, but is reluctant to admit it, as the spy (Spacey) has his eye on her. Norton must use all of his charisma and natural abilities to defuse his way into Roberts’ heart. He finally proves to Roberts that no line of bombs can stop true love.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SCRABBLE FOR THE PRIZE

A lone man is forced from his home to compete in a deadly and violent game of skill with 3 other men. They are shackled and dropped into an abandoned city, where they must use their knowledge of the English language to score points, which allow them to open shelters and gain temporary access to places where food is stored. They find bonus areas which bring with them such aid as “triple food store”. The last man alive is made rich beyond his wildest dreams.

### MANCALA

A group of students express their discontent with their total lack of control over the constant shuffling about that takes up most of their lives, and in response they are separated into various social groups and stranded. The largest, happiest group of friends are always the first to be separated, while a lone red stone taunts the powers that be right up until they force him into a small room with a few other people. Now he must learn to get along with others. All of this leads up to the climax, where the audience learns that the true goal of all the shuffling was to separate everyone into two camps. It then degenerates into a slightly more violent movie.
At precisely 7:55 on Saturday night, exactly five minutes from the Olive Garden on Route 60, a man spotted a rabid, radioactive mutant two-headed land shark. Conveniently, that man happened to be me, 36 year old Michael Frenscrayzi, professional reporter. I’m a professional reporter, as in I get paid to do this, so whatever I say is therefore truth.

There are no words to describe the awe and confusion I felt when I saw this mythical, almost impossible creature staring at me. Well, there may be words, but they aren’t real and I don’t want to sound silly or be accused of fabricating anything.

I was speeding, intent on arriving on time to enjoy fine, affordable Italian cuisine. I would have arrived at the restaurant five minutes early, but I stopped on the way to pick up some dyed carnations as beautiful as my girlfriend. While walking back to my car, humming “When the Moon Hits Your Eye,” I saw it: A FREAKING RABID RADIOACTIVE MUTANT TWO-HEADED LAND SHARK! In an instant I thought through all the research I had done as an amateur taxidermist and recognized the legendary beast for what it was. Just as I reached for the camera that every good reporter keeps with him at all times, it lunged at me, aiming straight for the flowers. “No! Those are for my girlfriend!” I yelled at the animal.

And with that threat to my beloved’s gift, I went straight for its jugular, canines bared. Even though I lift weights for two hours every Monday and Thursday, this lowly reporter was unable to fend off the beast. After devouring the flowers, it went next for my cell phone, violently gnashing it between its teeth, dashing any chance for me to contact my girlfriend and explain what was happening. Then, the rabid, radioactive mutant two-headed land shark jumped on my car, totaling it, all the while emitting horrible shrieking noises that tore at my brain until blood gushed from my ears. The scent of my life-blood, pouring from the invisible internal trauma, sent the beast into a frenzy, forcing me to flee lest I be consumed and not be able to warn the world. It should be noted that not once throughout this ordeal did I stop thinking about my gorgeous girlfriend, sitting all alone in Olive Garden for the anniversary dinner she had planned for months.

Baby cakes, if you are reading this, please return my calls. Also, I would love it if you could return the keys to my house, as well as my mother to her retirement community. Sleeping on a park bench and filling out missing person reports is getting uncomfortable and tedious. I promise to make it up to you, even though it wasn’t my fault. This isn’t a lame excuse; it’s in a newspaper. Love you.

An Open Letter from the Moon to Earth

Dear Earth,

I never thought I would have to write this letter. Just a few short decades ago everything was going so well; we had moved past our long-distance relationship and finally managed to meet face to face. Then what? YOU DON’T FUCKING VISIT EVER AGAIN!

It comes to this after all those years I spent keeping your tides in order, brightening your nights, even eclipsing for you! I could have spent that time finding my own satellites and liquid water, but I hung around through thick and thin even when you dismissed my friend Pluto as less than a planet. I lived with all of that because I thought we had a special bond, something more than passing curiosity. But you crossed the line.

I know it bothers you that I am dry, and I won’t deny that my surface isn’t very smooth or sleek. None of that gives you the right to shoot a rocket into my face. I may be small and barren, but goddamit I’m still a celestial body just like you. It’s over, and I’m keeping your stupid flag too.

-The Moon
As a square-jawed, gravel-voiced British mercenary with devastating fighting skills and Special Forces training, I place a high value on punctuality. It’s important to be on time when you’re going to be getting into high-speed chases and gunfights and crazy martial arts action. So I’m glad you’re all here at 3:04 PM on the dot, at the Murrayville Town Center bus shelter, just as we agreed. You gentlemen may want to take off your ski masks and put the stolen money someplace less conspicuous. I’ll be transporting you away from the scene of the robbery shortly. As soon as the 108 Bus arrives. Any questions?

I did have a sweet customized car, but it was repossessed. As it turns out, transporting is not a recession-proof industry.

Here’s the bus. Prepare yourselves for an explosive getaway. In preparation for the action ahead, I’m going to put on my leather bus riding gloves—Wait. That’s the 108A. It doesn’t make local stops, so we can’t take it.

You guys probably should’ve brought a paper or something. The mid-afternoon buses tend to run a little late – oh, here’s our bus. Okay, I have the three passes right here and… wait a second… the deal was for three people, not four. I thought you understood that this is a very sensitive operation. You can’t just bring along one extra person because if we need to use my scuba gear I only have a limited supply of oxygen, and also because I made very specific calculations about how much weight I’ll need to carry if you are all knocked unconscious and need to be rescued from the fiery ruins of a landmine factory, but mainly because I didn’t buy enough bus passes.

Well, you broke the rules, gentlemen, and now you have to pay. That’s right: One of you is going to have to… purchase a ticket from the driver.

Now, let’s transport ourselves onto the bus, shall we? I think we’ve kept our fellow commuters waiting long enough.

Good day, sir! Yes, I’ll be happy to show you my pass as soon as I’ve removed it from its custom-made case, which can only be unlocked with my secret four-digit code… and, here you are. My bus pass! Unlimited rides for three months!

Listen, I hope that this extra ticket fiasco has helped you all understand the importance of following my rules. One: No changing the deal. Two: No names. Three: If you need to buy a ticket on the bus, bring exact change. It saves a lot of time. Hint, hint, guys.

Hold on. I think I see a sexy lady assassin. This could lead to an awesome fight sequence.

Never mind. Upon closer inspection, it’s just a homeless man grabbing his crotch. Come to think of it, I rarely run into lady assassins, sexy or otherwise, since I’ve started taking the bus.

Anyway, rule four: If an elderly or disabled person needs a seat, stand and let them have yours. Five: I will not transport excessively large items. That is inconvenient for me and it is a nuisance to the other passengers. Six: No pets. Actually, a lot of my rules are just the rules of the public transportation system of the municipality of Murrayville.

Sirens! Sounds like the police are on to us. Don’t worry. I have a plan in place to deal with this situation. I’ll be right back…

…Well, I asked the bus driver, and even though I was very polite, he said he’s not willing to break the speed limit. So, I guess we’re going to have to wait. Patiently.

The cops are still closing in. This calls for action. I may have to take my shirt off and beat everyone senseless with that old woman’s bag of groceries. Or… I happen to know that just above our seats, there is a special button, which I may be able to use to help us escape. This button has been installed on this bus for one particular purpose. Pushing this button will allow us to… request a stop.

All right, we’re getting off here at the Tinybrook Plains Mall.

Get your bus passes ready, gentlemen. I need to transport you to another bus if we’re going to elude the cops. What? You left your ticket on the bus? Come on! Rule seven: Always save your stub for transfers. Goddamn it. Here’s $1.75 for another ticket.

Anybody want a piece of the newspaper?

I’d give the arts to you, but I want to do the crossword puzzle. Nothing else? Style section?

Jason Statham will be performing "The Public Transporter" off Broadway this fall.
The following texts were simultaneously uncovered by archeologists working around the globe, proving that our modern society is not the pioneer of quick, succinct, self-deprecating, accurate history. The following are excerpts from the work in progress, "History: It Happened!," the presumptive choice in textbook for high school students born in the new millennium.

The Bible

Today, God promised me that my descendants would be “as numerous as the stars in the sky.” I was so excited! Then he took my foreskin. FML

#241345 (23): Amen (893) – Thou art a false prophet (76)
On 10/09/3000BC at 11:05am - health - by thechosenone (man) - Cannan (desert)

Today, my dad told me he was going to take me to help him do a sacrifice to God. I noticed he didn’t have a goat and then he tried to murder me. He only stopped because he heard voices in his head. FML

#4738232 (68): Amen (62) – Thou shalt become a pillar of salt (543)
On 1/19/2950BC at 1:15pm - kids - by daddydaycare (man) - Israel (desert)

The Civil War Era

Today, I got fed up with the constant fighting between those Union and Confederate pricks. So I moved to Appomattox for the nice weather. They used my living room to discuss surrender. FML

#8621394 (72): Good ol’ boy (430) – Begin reconstructing (1)
On 07/01/1861 at 7:12am - health - by brotheragainstbrother (man) – Confederate States (Virginia)

World II

Today, Pearl Harbor was bombed, beginning American involvement in the war. Everyone’s super excited to fight back and to have a common enemy! I’m a Japanese-American. FML

#4857931 (21): This day shall live in infamy (12) – Loose lips sink ships, asshole (452)
On 12/07/1941 at 5:57pm - health - by pleaseLetmeStay (man) – United States (San Francisco)

Today, we were sent to invade Russia. The Russians suck at fighting, we destroyed them! I forgot my coat. FML

#4928394 (63): Heil! (0) – Communist Scum! (3209430)
On 06/29/1941 at 8:31pm - health - by popsicleFingers (man) – Russia (Ice)
As you know, America's healthcare system is broken like so many of my childhood dreams. But did you know that other places in the world have healthcare systems too? And they aren't like ours! Luckily for you, the Zamboni sent our finest correspondents abroad to learn their foreign secrets. Below are some of the kooky, ridiculous systems we discovered.

ICELAND - Bjork is in charge of prenatal care, and personally administers all sonograms. With her voice.

BELGIUM - The Jean-Claude Van Damme Healthcare system is estimated to have up to a six percent success rate. It is particularly effective if you have an infection of evil kickboxers.

NORTH KOREA - According to North Korean state news sources, Kim Jong Il is a level 16 Cleric. For real.

CUBA - The nurse in this picture is actually not administering the correct treatment. She should really be using matches, not a lighter, to unlock the full flavor of the cigar.

MEXICO - Rush in early, or all the Percoset will be gone! Also available in "EZ-Break" versions for the elderly.

ROMANIA - Every day is a blood drive, whether you like it or not. Plus, the nurses are sexy. Also, they're vampires.

Photos by Ryan Oliviera
Text by Daniel Testa and John Wooldridge