A Word from the Editor

Ahh, December. The semester is practically over, finals are upon us, and all are ready to return home. But not before you read this issue! And boy will you be glad that you did! For this month we are treating you to an in depth look at the Wacky World of Science. "What kind of science?" you ask. All of it! From real stuff like chemistry and prestidigitation, to that weak sauce nonsense like psychology.

You are in for quite a treat, as the Zamboni is bringing you an in-depth look at some of the fantastically amazing issues facing science today. Ever wonder would happen if evolution took a horribly mind-bending turn? Check out the center spread to delve into the terrifying world of Evolution's Rejected Animals!

Also, do you ever wonder where science comes from? I sure do! Well we bring you a comprehensive, totally accurate timeline of The History of Science. You'll be surprised at all the kinds of crazy things that made Science what it is today. There's also tons of other great science-related amusement!

Finally, for the non-sciencey types out there, we have plenty of non-sciencey type content. Check out the News section for updates on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, North Korean zaniness, a finger-snappin' revival of a musical gang rivalry and much MUCH more!

So sit back, relax, and prepare to be spaghettified as you pass over the event horizon of boredom and into the singularity of hilariousness! Yes, where you're going you won't need a mouth to laugh!

Ain't that a kick in the head?
Secret Meth Lab Found in Professor's Basement

By Jon Levinson

HOGWARTS - The mysterious smells constantly emanating from the dungeon classroom of Hogwarts potions master Severus Snape are not, as previously believed, the rotting leftovers of Hagrid’s lunch from last Tuesday, but are actually the byproducts of a highly illegal underground wizard meth lab. Arthur Weasley and a Ministry of Magic S.W.A.T team responded quickly.

“This was quite the operation,” said Weasley. “Apparently students were mixing up batches of meth every Tuesday and Thursday from 11:45-1:20 during Advanced Potion Making 221.”

While the students believed themselves to be concocting a tricky little Polyjuice potion, in fact they were unwittingly contributing to the largest crystal meth supply this side of Wyoming. Said Hermione Granger, one of the complicit students, “I knew what was going on all along of course, but Snape threatened to take 10 points from Gryffindor if I told anybody about it, so naturally I kept it hush-hush.”

Another student, Draco Malfoy, confided: “Snape told me what was going on, like, 6 months ago and it's awesome! Every now and then I sneak a little into Neville Schlongbottom’s pumpkin juice and watch him freak out looking for his grandma’s bloomers or something.”

Although the evidence against Snape is beyond question, certain individuals reserved judgement. Said headmaster Albus Dumbledore, “I trust Severus Snape and his master Albus Dumbledore, I served judgement. Said headmaster Albus Dumbledore, “I trust Severus Snape and his master Albus Dumbledore, I served judgement.”

From today’s Daily Prophet

Israel and Palestine “Agree to Disagree”

By Michael Levinson

TEL AVIV - After years of frustrating peace talks with minimal to no positive results, leaders on both sides of the historic conflict have decided to “agree to disagree.” Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and leaders of Hamas and Fatah met this past weekend in Egypt and collectively decided that it’s just not worth it,” with Netanyahu going so far as to proclaim: “You know what? It doesn’t even matter, can we just forget it already?” Netanyahu then smiled aggressively and said: “It’s not that big a deal, okay?”

From now on, the disagreement will simmer just below the level of explicit anger, with each side continuing its respective military campaigns while asking each other irritably “are you sure nothing’s wrong?” It is obvious to everyone that something is wrong. This brief transcript from the talks was released:

Israel: I don’t even care.
Palestine: Great.
Israel: GREAT.

Meanwhile, the United States and Jordan have become increasingly worried about their respective allies. President Obama has invited Netanyahu to Camp David but is unsure whether to bring up the subject and King Abdullah II has issued a statement directed at Fatah leader Mahmoud Abbas: “You probably should try to talk it out, maybe? Okay. Sorry, it’s really none of my business.” Nuclear attack appears imminent.

By Michael Levinson

North Korea At it Again

By Ryan Oliveira

PYONGYANG - North Korean government officials today claimed that the nation had gotten its hands on a source of information that would lead it to acquire something it would only refer to as “the ultimate power source.”

While the leading nation of the former Axis of Evil refused to mention the exact nature of its latest intelligence, North Korean Premier Kim Jong-il hinted that the item mentioned “consists of three parts which resonate when near each other” and was “borne by the hands of the Chosen Ones.”

“Would you like to hear this again?” he added.

A source within the state department gave further details on condition of anonymity. “According to our intelligence, the Power of Gold was created by the Three Goddesses when this land was first born. If the Octoroks, Like Likes, and Moblins can be braved, he who discovers it will have his greatest wish fulfilled, such as plunging the land of Hyrule into darkness for seven years. Also, nukes.”

The news adds to recent descriptions Kim Jong-II's strange behavior, such as asking old men for advice and attempting to consult Prima strategy guides on how to enrich the nation’s uranium supply.

The people of North Korea have reacted to the news with a great deal of skepticism. “It all sounds kind of familiar to me,” resident Nam Byung-soon said. “Wasn’t that the plot of 'Willow' or something?”
Large Hadron Collider Sparks Religious Outcry
by Jon Wooldridge

GENEVA - The Large Hadron Collider (LHC), fondly dubbed “Da Big Banger” by its creators, initiated its function a few weeks ago. But before it could turn on, a new roadblock appeared. Only this time, the roadblock didn’t have anything to do with pesky birds dropping stale bread into reactors, time-travelling particles, or people carving their initials in the side of the main transfer tube, thus causing Helium leaks. No, this time the obstacle presented itself in the form of science’s third greatest enemy, after organized sports and MMORPGs: Religion.

The Churchgoers Against Apocalypse (or Churchgoers Against t3h Awesome, as the LHC crew have dubbed them) protested outside the facility in Switzerland. They claimed that the device was just another attempt by science to discredit religion. “If man had been meant to see the Higgs Boson, he would have been born as some sort of viewing and recording device with microscopic vision, instead of as a person,” said one member of CAA.

When questioned more closely on the matter, the CAA member brought up several other complaints. “These people are trying to observe the nature of dark matter and dark energy! Do you know what that means? They are trying to tap into the forces of Black Magic!”

When the possibility of black holes were mentioned, the CAA member was visibly disgusted, “I don’t feel like that’s appropriate language for such a serious discussion, please remove your mind from the gutter.”

Members of the scientific community working for the U.S. military also had objections to the LHC. “This thing is going to propel lead molecules at incredibly high speeds,” one scientist said. “That is not only unnatural, but also dangerous. There is no way we could ever condone such a thing.”

Jets & Sharks Renew Rivalry: Sales of Rogaine, Viagra Skyrocket
by Jon Levinson

NEW YORK - After a decades-long hiatus, the longstanding rivalry between the singing, swinging, snapping New York gangs was re-ignited last week. When last seen the Jets and Sharks were tap-dancing their way through intense knife fights in the seedy backstreets of Manhattan. However over the last few decades members of both gangs have matured, married, lost hair, gained weight, had 2.7 children, and moved out to Long Island. Tensions flared however, while attending their 30th high school reunion last Friday night.

Said an amused observer, “They started pushing and shoving each other around, taunting one another’s comb-overs.” The situation quickly got out of hand when a member of the Sharks tore his groin muscle attempting to perform their patented Chassé, Pirouette, Chassé war dance. “I hadn’t tried doing that in 25 years.” He said later. “I just got caught up in the moment, probably should’ve stretched beforehand or something.”

However, that encounter was not the end of tensions between these two groups. Ever since, Jets and Sharks have been engaging in what experts call “regressive competitive retardation” in which middle aged, intelligent individuals become so consumed by their desire to one-up their suburban rivals that they engage in all sorts of irrational and irresponsible behaviors. Said one Jet, deep in competition with a Shark: “I got a toupee, he got two. I buy a riding lawnmower, he buys the John Deere SX3000 riding mower. I got a new Corvette, he bought General Motors!” When asked for a response, the Shark said “Automobile in America, Chromium steel in America, Wire-spoke wheel in America, Very big deal in America!”

While some have taken this rivalry into the realm of suburban materialism, others are still focused on other goals. Said Tony, a member of the Jets, “I wonder how that Maria is doing. We kind of lost touch after a while, but I wouldn’t mind seeing her again if you know what I mean.” After procuring her phone number and sending her numerous texts, Tony finally got a response to his query when Maria responded, “I feel pretty o so pretty i feel prty & witty & gay.” At last check Tony was grieving his love’s sudden change in sexual orientation, but still felt confident that they would “get it on like Donkey Kong.”
Richard Dawkins Finds Keys, Jesus Christ
by Johann Fleececliff

LONDON - Atheist Richard Dawkins, the famous author of “The God Delusion” was looking through his home for a lost set of keys to his underground lab last Saturday when the unexpected happened: Not only did Dawkins actually find the keys, a feat that is considered by experts to be nearly as unlikely as an actor winning an Olympic event, he also found a corpse long thought lost to the voluptuous bosom of time.

The decayed, but otherwise completely intact corpse’s identity was a mystery to Dawkins; he hadn’t killed anyone recently, and he’d cleaned the house out thoroughly after his relatives deserted him two months earlier. When he investigated the space the corpse lay in more carefully, he discovered that it had been hidden under a layer of ubiquitous dust -- the least noticeable type of dust.

A quick DNA test revealed that the corpse was Dawkins’ wife, and a further DNA test revealed the unimaginable: the DNA was the same as the DNA on the Shroud of Turin. Dawkins was now in possession of the corpse of Jesus Christ. The first one, not the terminator robot from the future.

When asked about the implications of this discovery, Dawkins responded with surprising certainty. “This doesn’t really change much. Sure, this means that the man was resurrected as a woman, and that introduces so many confusing pronoun issues to an already complicated situation, but Christians rarely pay attention to anything that disagrees with the bible, so this doesn’t really matter much.” Dawkins did admit that he was surprised about one thing: ”I’m still not sure how I went all these years not realizing that I was married to Jesus.”

The Catholic Church responded to this statement with a resounding “F*** You” and went on acting like this never happened.

The scientific community proceeded to attempt to rub this event in the face of basically the entire religious community, much to the annoyance of the Taoist faith. “On the one hand, we’re happy to finally be recognized as a religion by the scientific community,” said one Taoist. “On the other hand, we don’t actually believe in Jesus Christ as a messiah, so this is all a little awkward.”

A particularly esteemed journalist cleverly compared the situation to finding proof of the aether and using it to try to irritate anthropologists, or other lesser science types. No one fully grasped the cleverness of the simile, but he’s not giving up on it just yet.

Mysterious Performer Wows Crowd
by Ioannis Furprecipopolus

NEW YORK - It was a typical autumn day in NYC. However, on the corner of 26th and 7th, magic was happening. A man dressed in what can only be described as a pocketed, white robe stood behind a table covered with potions, ingredients, and spellbooks. With a pinch of powder and a wave of his hand, one of his potions changed from orange to black and released a smoke into the air. He informed the crowd that the smoke was harmless to man.

He proceeded to tame the elements, pulling the very electricity from a pillar topped with a metal sphere. It was truly a terrifying sight...one man pulling all of that power into himself through a self-made cage of metal links and a pair of special gloves.

The apex of the performance arrived when the mysterious man froze a sheet of paper simply by dipping it into one of his potions. The crowd did not know what to think of this; until now, the illusions had been getting more and more impressive, but this seemed anticlimactic after the display of electric mastery. Then the man froze a slice of bread in the same way and shattered it. The crowd erupted with sounds of applause and wonder.

The man continued to perform tricks, but none quite as potent as his taming of the elements or as mystic as his shattering of something so malleable as bread. His final trick had him hitting one metal ball against a larger one, and demonstrating, to the shock of the crowd, that although the smaller one stopped fully, the larger one moved away at a different speed. He looked into the crowd, and incanted “Inertia is a property of matter.”

No one who saw this display will ever forget this final incantation, although we do not know what it means. We will only remember the tall man in his pocketed robe, and his magical mysteries.
Science Over, Says Science King by Andrew Reisman

GENEVA-In a decree by his royal highness Science von Beakersworth IV, current reigning king of all that is scientific, all technological progress is to be halted by January of next year. “It is my unfortunate duty,” lamented the king, “that I must outlaw all scientific activity until further notice.”

This sudden and unexpected decree has shocked scientists the world over. “But, we just finished building the cow-melting ray!” said one flabbergasted scientist who asked to remain anonymous. “It was going to be the wave of the future for the meat industry!” The scientist then asked all reporters to leave the building, which was due to be imploded by His Royal Science Army Of Building Imploders, 3rd Regiment.

Some rogue minds have announced intentions to make science without the blessing of the king. A spokesman for The Underground Science Commando Squadron, one such group, was enthusiastic about ongoing science-making. “There's no way The Science King can simply cancel science! Gravity will accelerate this issue at a rate of 9.8 meters per second squared until it hits the ground and promptly explodes! Or wait, is it gravity that allows objects to fall, or is that the hand of God pushing down on us? Damn you, Science King!”

When questioned on his sudden cancellation of all science, He Who Rules Over All Learning was reluctant to answer. “Science has simply gone too far, I'm afraid. I mean, I really should have shut the whole system down when Twitter was first invented, but I thought humanity as a whole wouldn't be stupid enough to play along with a concept that ridiculous. Well, the joke's on me I guess. And now, nobody's going to invent anything ever again. You had it, but you ruined it, and now it's gone. Are you happy now?” And on the subject of what, exactly, caused His Royal Highness to cancel the progression of any and all technology, he was equally reluctant to name names. “Just... don't look up penis transplants. Just... augh, no further questions.” He then asked his elite science guard to escort your correspondent from his crystalline science castle, suspended over a lake of pure science-ade.

As of press time, the staff at The Zamboni has begun to worship the printing press as a god so that it might bestow upon us its magical letter-paper.

Three cups of Chili: a Lunch in the Life by Emma Goldstein

MEDFORD-Champion of Active Citizenship and hairbraiding Sarah Rabinowitz is at it again. Rabinowitz, a senior at Tufts majoring in Peace and Justice Studies, will eat three cups of chili at her next Dewick-MacPhie meal in an effort to model the experience of the illegal Mexican immigrants who mow her Orange County lawn.

Rabinowitz said, “I just, like, worry about them leaving. The least I could do is learn about them before they leave.”

The idea came to Rabinowitz last year when on spring break at her California home. After seeing the landscaping in her backyard she knew she needed to take action. Rabinowitz said, “The grass was perfectly cut, and I just couldn’t stand the idea of the INS taking that away from me and my family. That could really give us hard times.”

In anticipation of tightened immigration reform she decided to discover the root of the quality grass-cutting skills. “Let’s get real here,” Rabinowitz said. “Obviously the reason they are so good at cutting grass is something in their diet. The INS is like, pretty crazy. It’s pretty likely that Jose’s going to be deported. I just want to be ready.”

Sarah Smith, Rabinowitz’s Alpha Zeta Beta sister, was concerned about Rabinowitz’s chili challenge. Smith said, “I’m just worried we’ll get a bad reputation. We’re already known as the ‘sort of ugly’ sorority. I really wouldn’t want the reputation of chili-eaters to be added to that. That’s social suicide.”

Steven Hawking Confesses Fraud by Daniel Testa

LONDON-After weeks of questions Steven Hawking has broken his silence. The renowned scientist had refused to comment following rumors that he was observed getting out of his wheelchair to pick up a quarter he spotted on the ground. However, in a press conference today Hawking astonished reporters by admitting that he is healthy and quite capable of walking and talking.

When asked why he pretended to be ill, Hawking responded, “Why not? I never have to walk anywhere. Plus, I can pre-program a conversation and then just play Tetris instead of actually listening. I don’t even have to bother with chewing; it’s the ultimate conservation of energy. Not to mention that I automatically get great parking. Whenever Kip Thorne and I go to CERN I have a spot right at the entrance, and I get to play with the particle accelerator before him.”

Response from the scientific community has been mixed, with some claiming that Hawking’s theories are now suspect. “Look, I thought this guy was a physics bad-ass who just sits there all day and proves crazy shit in that computer voice. Really he’s just a normal physicist with this kind of annoying shrill tone; I can’t admire that,” explained Tobias Stevens, Tufts physics major.

Hawking revealed that he was inspired put on his act after meeting John Nash. “Nash was the real visionary. All during college his peers were giving him shit about his theories, but after yelling randomly into the air a couple times nobody messed with him ever again. Hell, he even got his own movie; do you think that would have happened if he were normal?”

Hawking expressed some relief at finally speaking the truth. “As relaxing as the whole experience has been it is a bit limiting. I have always wanted to try my hand at organized sports, and now I can finally sign up for the intramural badminton league.”
Yesterday, as I was sitting in my usual spot in Jacov’s Sausage and Lynx Hut, the other patrons and I were suddenly blinded by a flash of light. When we regained our vision, there was a metal object roughly the size of a large shoebox sitting in the center of the floor. Hologram writing above the box informed us that it was a time capsule sent back from the year 2120. We began debating as to who should take the box. In the end, it came down to me or the Russian Representative for the U.N. Security Council. I pulled rank, removed the box to somewhere private, and began my foray into the future.

Most of it was porn, some of which made the Germans seem downright Puritan by comparison (and I’m not talking about the missionary variation, either). There was a copy of the last paper issue of Consumer Reports, however. Some of the more spectacular gadgets of the future are:

**The Internet ShockFilter 2.0**
This device is easily mounted into your bio-laptop’s data-verse port. It protects you from all of the worst things the data-verse has to offer: goatse, tubgirl, lemonparty, etc. An optional upgrade will prevent you from ever getting rickrolled or losing the game again. Generally given very high ratings.

**Windows 73**
Yes, it’s true. In 111 years, Microsoft will still control the software market. The newest version of Windows plays Stairway to Heaven while booting, takes 7 terabytes of RAM to run properly, and writes all files directly to the inside of your left thigh with a needle and ink, but is “still preferable to Vista”.

**Autotune 110.3**
The newest iteration of the infamous anti-music software has been totally redesigned since the 109th version. Now, instead of making you sound like you can sing, it automatically produces your album and makes it go platinum. Apparently those future people can’t get enough of T-Pain.

**EZ Mutate Oven**
The pinnacle of do-it-yourself mutation technology. Have a guinea pig you don’t particularly like? Try giving it bat wings and the ability to sense subtle changes in light with the EZ Mutate Oven (from Bandai). Turn your annoying, standoffish cat into a half-dog half-Kiefer Sutherland and ensure that you will never be annoyed in public again!
In the field of biology, it is a well-known fact that the range of species on the planet ebbs and flows with the waves of time. On the fierce evolutionary stage of competitive species combat, only the strongest, most successful, and best-adapted animals come out on top. However, for every one that makes it, two losers fall through the cracks. In this special report by the Zamboni, we give you their story.

**Naked Molebat**
Nothing was necessarily wrong with the design of the naked molebat. However, something this incredibly hideous just couldn't be allowed to live.

**Cottontop Goldblum**
Colloquially known as the Brundlemonkey, this relative of the modern Jeff Goldblum went extinct after running out of supporting scientist roles in monkey Hol-

**Fishtaur**
Unfortunately for this majestic beast, terrestrial mammals with water-breathing upper halves never really took off.
Kirstiepotamus
Kirstie Alley obviously did not get the memo about survival of the fittest.

Croc Hawk
One of the more imposing reptile-bird intermediates, the croc hawk would have been the dominant species on the planet today had their only food source, sirloin steak, not become too expensive.

Tabby Tiger
Cute but feral, the tabby tiger population was wiped out after a species-wide catnip bender ended poorly.
The Stanford Deli Experiment
by Ryan Oliveira

Back in the heyday of tight pants, college protests, and lax research protocol, the head of Stanford’s meat and cheeses department ran what is today considered one of the most infamous experiments in psychosandwichology. Here, reproduced from the archival records of that fateful week in 1971, is from the diary of Dr. Gorgonzola relating the events that occurred those fateful days.

MONDAY, JULY 5
Twenty participants responded to the ads placed in Bologna Quarterly. Participants were told to fill the role of either “deli shop owner” or “customer” and ushered into basement of nearby a Subway. Monitoring was done with cameras stuck in strategically placed hoagies.

TUESDAY, JULY 6
Nothing special happened today. Participants mostly happy, some grumblings about quality of the brie. Owners have begun to adopt broken English.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7
Tensions seem to be rising since the prosciutto ran out around noon. One shop owner, who we have codenamed “Waynerschnitzel,” has exhibited sad-breadistic tendencies, such beating customers over the head with the French bread, making poor John Cleese imitations, and hoarding the Dijon honey mustard. The customers scheme of mutiny.

THURSDAY, JULY 8
The customers, fed up with the lack of suitable pumpernickel, launched a full-scale riot. After four hours of anarchy, Waynerschnitzel quelled the chaos by gathering up the ringleaders into the closet and waterboarding them with Mr. Pibb.

FRIDAY, JULY 9
Waynerschnitzel found dead at dawn with sharpened dill pickle stuck in his back. Message scrawled on wax paper next to body reads “THE PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN.” I have begun considering a stop to the experiment, but the grant has funding for another three day of cold cuts, so might as well see how this pans out.

SATURDAY, JULY 10
Convinced that the sourdough supply is now self-aware, the survivors have locked themselves into the meat freezer to avoid the horde, eating the smallest among them to survive rather than resort to Kraft singles. A small sect has broken off and created a crude deity from old sausages and a ball of twine.

SUNDAY, JULY 11
Facility has been quarantined by government from outside; not allowed to leave. Research assistant looking hotter by the minute.

EDITOR’S NOTE: The simulation is generally considered to be the principle cause of Congress’s Cheesesteak-Limburger Act of 1993, which effectively ended the progression of the deli sciences.

Sleep is For the Weak
by Jon Wooldridge

The human body needs sleep. This has been common knowledge since Timothy McVeigh stayed up for 5 straight days in 1995. However, rumors abound to the effect that staying awake for 72 hours will push the mental health limits of an otherwise sane person. This intrepid journalist with an animal lust for danger decided to put his health on the line and test this hypothesis once and for all.

10:30 PM: 2 Hours
Nothing eventful to report. This is slightly shorter than I normally spend awake at a time...but for some reason, I’m really hungry. The dining hall is closed. FML.

12:30 AM: 4 Hours
The cold is beginning to get to me. My stomach is a pit, and I can’t feel my arms. The night is looming, and already I can feel my mind slipping away.

5:30 AM: 9 Hours
I haven’t stayed awake this long at once since I was in high school. The edges of my vision are beginning to blur. The only thing keeping me going at this point is the knowledge that the dining hall will soon be open, and I will have access to the sweet, sweet nectar known as Dr Pepper.

9:30 AM: 13 Hours
My first class of the week. I never noticed how humanoid my professor looked before today.

6:30 PM: 25 Hours
I didn’t even know there was a 3 PM before today. My left leg won’t stop twitching, and I can smell maple syrup everywhere. Someone must be dicking with me. There isn’t any maple syrup in the EE building. That would just be crazy.

10:00 PM: 25.5 Hours
Turns out someone was making pancakes. Sanity no longer in question. Wish the desks would stop yelling.

3:00 AM: 30.5 Hours
Left leg twitch replaced by full body tremor. Considering health service option: ask for strong sedative for body, but avoid mind.

10:30 AM: 38 Hours
Professor asks if all right; never better, but wish he wouldn’t hide plutonium behind chalk board, makes whole thing glow green. Don’t know what that look he gives me means.

6:30 PM: IVL Hours
That can’t be right.

2 AM: 53.5 Hours
More than two days now. Room door won’t close...too much water in the way. Some water red, remember to call utilities.

10:30 AM: 62 Hours
Quickly approaching 3 days. Professor replaced by mild-mannered trilobyte. Surprisingly egalitarian for an arthropod.

7:30 PM: 71 Hours
Rumor total bull. Almost at 72, and never felt healthier. Total blindness surely side effect of lack of proper mental stimulation.

Jonathan Wooldridge is currently in a coma in Massachusetts General Hospital.
For years science fiction has been a preview of, and inspiration for, cutting edge technology. What is only imagined by writers and audiences is the blueprint for innovation. Unfortunately, not all the ideas in movies and TV are actually that good.

~ PRE-COGS ~

*Minority Report* raised a simple question: What happens if you throw three babies born from heroin users into a pool? In short, nothing productive. Scientists at the Institute of Infant Neurology reported that of the 200 infants tested none managed to predict future crimes, 80% pooped in their pants, and 57% urinated into the pool, forcing it to be closed for the rest of the day. It was also noted that an alarmingly high number of patients had a tendency begin drowning, another finding not expected based on the movie. Scientists are tweaking the study protocol. “We noticed that the pool in the movie had milky white water, not clear water; we believe that this could explain our study’s failures. Also, we want to try babies addicted to different drugs. Do you know any pregnant crack addicts?”

~ GIANT ROBOTS ~

Conceived as a way to end the War on Terror once and for all, George Bush commissioned the design of five giant mechanical cats to defend America at home and abroad. Using live cats as models engineers succeeded in creating individual prototypes but were unable to combine them effectively. Turning once more to nature, they decided to create a model by duct taping five kittens together. However, despite numerous attempts, no conformation of cats was able to stand upright, and funding was discontinued after PETA began investigating the high number of cats with missing fur and squashed faces near the military base.

~ SUPER HUMANS ~

Sugar, spice, everything nice, and chemical X. These are the ingredients to super-humans, at least that is what bio-engineers at the Department of Defense thought. Military scientists began to secretly purchase massive amounts of nutmeg cinnamon and cloves to combine with rainbows stolen from leprechauns. After adding ecstasy it was hoped that new life would emerge. Sadly, other than a few delicious, and oddly addictive cupcakes, nothing of use was created. The program was shut down after a failure in the rainbow containment field unleashed a tidal wave of skittles that destroyed the research facility and killed Dr. Utonium.

~ REPLICANTS ~

Things were going swell when, after building a race of super-advanced androids, calling them "replicants," and inciting a violent, off-planet mutiny, one of the remaining replicants began chasing down Harrison Ford, driving him to the roof of a building in Los Angeles; just like in the movie! Disappointingly, the replicant deviated from the plot by failing to allow Ford to survive. This came as a blow not only to the research team, but also to everyone who thought the most recent Indiana Jones movie was watchable.

~ ROBOCOPS ~

…it turns out that encasing a police officer in metal not only does not enhance his crime fighting ability, but is also considered assault in most states. Next time this research team conducts a movie-related experiment, it will most likely be from prison.

by Daniel Testa and Jon Wooldridge

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**Schemes of a Scientist Who Went Mad in a Good Way**


- Graft robot arms onto people who lost their arms in accidents.
- Blow up the monument in the center of the city that everyone thinks is an eyesore.
- Put a puppy’s brain in the body of an even cuter puppy.
- Clone an army of kittens so that you can give all the local orphans a kitten for Christmas.
- Put Tang in the water supply.
- Develop a gas that makes the whole city smell like cookies.
- Help all the criminals in the city jail escape, and transport them to a prison that is more difficult to escape from.
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Use a mind control beam to make the entire police force throw a really nice surprise birthday party for the commissioner.

Must... inflate... balloons...
**The Zamboni Interviews a Scientist**

By Matthew Luz

Photo by Ryan Oliveira

*The Zamboni Interviews* is a Pulitzer Prize winning series that seeks to educate our readers about the people shaping our world.

Zamboni: Welcome to another edition of TZI. Today, I’ve gathered three world-renowned scientists to discuss all things sciency. With us we have Edmund Krantz, Keith Mallory and Hannah Simpson. Edmund, you’re up first. Tell us about your work!

Krantz: Thanks, it’s great to be here. In my role as a scientist, I try to describe political systems and the socio-political behavior underlying those systemic interactions.

Zamboni: Fascinating! And tell us about some of the experiments you’ve performed to bolster your theories. I’m sure our readers are keenly interested how an esteemed scientist such as you searches for the truth.

Krantz: Right... experiments... I don’t actually do experiments.

Zamboni: What? Surely you must use the scientific method.

Krantz: Thanks, it’s great to be here. In my role as a scientist, I try to describe political systems and the socio-political behavior underlying those systemic interactions.

Zamboni: So no testing at all? This is very peculiar.

Krantz: Well, some of my past work about the Supreme Court did help out this one guy in Florida....

Mallory: If I may interrupt, I think Krantz is talking about political science. And if you are looking for traditional academic science, I don’t think I will be of much help, either.

Zamboni: But you came highly recommended as one of the top scientists in the nation!

Mallory: Christian Scientists believe in the healing nature of god and the relationship with Jesus Christ. Also, we have a bitchin’ newspaper.

Zamboni: Oh, no. Christian Scientists believe in the healing nature of god and the relationship with Jesus Christ. Also, we have a bitchin’ newspaper.

Mallory: Oh for fuck’s sake! That’s not science-sounding at all. God, this is worse than when we brought in Bjork to explain the medium of television!


Mallory: It’s peer-reviewed. Here, let’s take an E-meter reading of your thetan levels. It would normally cost $500, but for you it’s on the house.


Mallory: Oh come on! This isn’t science, it’s Scientolo...

Simpson: Quiet! Or I’ll have your family killed! I mean... SCIENCE!

Zamboni: Please everyone! I think I may be able to salvage this interview.

Simpson: Ms. Simpson, please tell me that what you do is somehow related to science.

Simpson: Oh, it very much is. My dissertation on Thetan levels as an inverse function of celebrity status followed the rigorous standard of formulating a hypothesis, designing a test, making a prediction and determining if the results logically support that prediction. I have it here for you to see.

Mallory: Oh come on! This isn’t science, it’s Scientolo...

Simpson: Quiet! Or I’ll have your family killed! I mean... SCIENCE!
Scientists run around with their “methods” and their “theories” and they always make us normal Joes feel bad about ourselves. The Zamboni recently discovered this correspondence between two astronomers, Edwin Hubble and Harlow Shapley, about the possibility of other galaxies existing. Shapley thought that the Milky Way was the entirety of the universe or some other sciency bullshit. The subject itself confuses the hell out of us, but the letters prove once and for all that scientists are nothing but assholes that need to be stomped out.

Dear Mr. Shapley,
You may be interested to know that I have found cepheids in the outer part of the sky.

Mr. Hubble

Dear Mr. Hubble,
This is the letter that destroys my universe. Why did you have to go and do such a thing? I mean, the world was moving along just fine before you decided to play with your big dick-shaped telescope! I bet you like that, don’t you, galaxy-boy? The feel of the metallic shaft, the magnifying glass pressed into your eye!

Mr. Shapley

Sir Shapley,
I had to go and study the heavens when people like yourself stupidly claim that we live in the only galaxy in the entire universe. Honestly, how dumb can you be? “Bah, bah, bah, there are no other worlds besides ours . . .” And as for my telescope, I’ll have you know that the ladies love it. Your sister sure did. Something about “investigating her supernovas.”

Mr. Hubble

Dear Assface,
Fuck you, you insolent twat. Your existence is an insult to all things. I’d also like to reiterate my assertion that you enjoy penis in and around your mouth.

Mr. Shapley

Bitch-tits,
This conversation is over. I have won our exchange by both disproving your theory and inserting myself inside your kin. Repeatedly. Over. And over. And over.

Mr. Hubble

Cockmengerer,
God damn nancy boy!

Mr. Shapley

THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE

By Jon Wooldridge

4,000 B.C. - The plow is invented. People rejoice at the thought of no longer having to tie swords together to stir up land.

1,000 B.C. - The Iron Age begins, replacing the less successful flimsy-metal-that-might-be-Copper Age.

200 B.C. - The world’s first mad scientist attacks Tiwanaku in South America with a crude donkey-powered fertilizer generator. Denizens of Tiwanaku later agree that although the village still smells horrible 50 years later, their crops are growing much better than expected.

1519 - Leonardo DaVinci dies, leaving behind his legacy as an artist and a scientist. Inventions informally attributed to DaVinci include the helicopter, submarine, microwave, and left-handed desks.

1632 - Galileo goes to Rome to defend himself against the Church’s accusations of heresy. The Church’s representative uses surprisingly modern (read: 21st century) debate tactics, saying “Galileo? More like GaliGAYo, mright?” Galileo was found guilty and sentenced to house arrest for the rest of his life.

1880 - Wabash, Indiana becomes the first electrically lit city in the world, then is promptly forgotten.

1990’s - The United States Military begins funding of a project that would eventually lead to the creation of the internet. All the original designers subsequently committed seppuku following the advent of MySpace.

2008 - The Large Hadron Collider turns on, then almost immediately turns back off when a large fist shaped hole is found in the helium channel. When asked about the hole, an unpaid summer intern wouldn’t shut up about how much he hated the collider.
"I know I’ve taken four or five trips to the mailbox already, Laura, but it’s onethirty now and that’s usually when the mail comes. No, we shouldn’t call the mailbox ‘Camp David,’ Laura; I don’t check that much. Fine, I won’t get my hopes up, but why wouldn’t I get it, Laura? I’m an esteemed and successful, lauded former—Laura, let me finish! I’m a very accomplished former general manager of a major league baseball team—Laura, please! I’m the son of an ex-President, and I think they’d be lucky to have me. I’m sure my letter from Hogwarts will come today! I’m what feels like thousands and thousands of years past the age of eleven, Laura, and that’s when new wizards are supposed to get the letter. I’m going to check now, Laura.

"It didn’t come today. I know, I should be waiting for an owl, right? But they send it by letter to Muggles and by owl to wizard families, and I think they’ll send it by eagle to disgraced public officials biding their endless time waiting for vindication from history that will never arrive. No, Laura, I don’t just want the ‘time turner,’ I mainly just want to hang out with Ron and Hermione and Harry. I know I’ll be in Gryffindor because I’m so brave. And all the Ravenclaws are gay, east coast liberal elites. Kucinich is a Ravenclaw, Laura. I’d never be in Ravenclaw with that leprechaun Dennis Kucinich. Jon Kerry is a Hufflepuff, Laura. That’s because he’s so boring, Laura. All the boring kids go to Hufflepuff and I’d never be in that.

"Okay, they might put me in Slytherin because a lot of the Skull and Bones guys go to Slytherin, but I swear I’d only use the Cruciatus Curse for enhanced interrogation, so I don’t deserve to be put in Slytherin. Laura, do you think they use the Aguamenti Charm to haze the freshmen in Gryffindor? Do you think they use it on their prisoners? Laura, when’s the letter coming? Laura, it is going to get here! I invaded Iraq to find horcruxes; it’s the least they could do! But, Laaaura…I really, really want to go! I was such a good President though. Wasn’t I, Laura? I was, wasn’t I? That’s right I was. What about Dumbledore? Yes, it was a damn shame when he died. He was what? Yeah, I know he wore a lot of purple, Laura, that’s how wizards dress. Dumbledore was what, Laura? I refuse to believe that. Boy, I can’t wait to go to Hogwarts!"

Hey, you. Yeah, you. You, the asshole tearing a sheet out of your spiral notebook. I don’t care that you’re trying to get rid of the memory of that horrible pun your Modern British Literature professor forced you to listen to by writing it down then destroying the paper. You, personally, are responsible for murdering the planet.

You can tell yourself anything you want, but in the end, it all comes down to this: you aren’t helping the environment, which makes you part of the problem, ergo you are killing the planet via negligence. What, you want to argue the point with me? Go ahead, moron, I was on the debate team in high school; I’ll hand you your ass on a platter.

Oh, you don’t think inactivity is enough of a sin to justify the charge of homicide? Well then, Mr. Lawyer, how about assault and battery? That enough of a charge for you? Oh yes, assault and battery. Don’t think I don’t know about that. I saw you throw that brown paper lunch sack into the garbage instead of taking it home and grinding it into a pulp to use as mortar for your biodegradable fortress. That paper bag right there? By throwing it away, you just indirectly and brutally killed two whales, four eagles, seven pandas and a baby seal. You think I’m wrong? I’m an ENVIRONMENTAL ENGINEER, asshole.

So now you’re trying to put me on the defensive? What have I ever done for the environment? Let’s see. See this suit? It’s made from dead leaves. I live in the middle of a forest. I only eat nuts and berries, and the boughs of the woods are the only roof I need. I have a pet capybara, and I run raids on the nearby town every weekend with a group of bears whose language I have learned to speak. We kidnapped a farmer who was holding his animals in PENS and put him on trial. I was the presiding judge. I sentenced him to 40 years in prison for cruelty to animals, but my wife, Grizzly McGrowls, appealed the sentence on the grounds that the farmer hadn’t been given access to a bathroom for the five days before the trial. The appeal was upheld, and we released the farmer. Normally, however, we rend human flesh that the planet might live. Come join us in our bloody, bloody revelry, or face us on the field of battle. The choice is yours.

Jonathan Wooldridge majored in Environmental Engineering at Tufts. He is currently institutionalized at the Massachusetts State Home for the Criminally Insane.
While researching my Master’s thesis, pertaining to Black Panther involvement in the killings of several stray sheep, I stumbled upon a picture that, while useless for my paper, shook the very center of my convictions. As this original photograph revealed, the very uncomfortable white European next to the two Americans making the Black Power salute—the man ruining a possible all chocolate Oreo and transforming it into a cream-cookie-cookie Oreo abomination—was in fact doctored into the photo to cover-up the true scope of this revolutionary picture. In the following essay, I attempt to account for the presence of a cartoon at the Olympic podium during the 1968 Olympic Games.

Some of my colleagues have strongly asserted ideas that the pink panther in the photo is not in fact, the Pink Panther, but a (human) member of the Black Panther Party dyed pink for breast cancer awareness. As a magnificent asshole, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover would have censored this photo. The theory gains credibility when considering Michael Jackson’s emulation of this courageous skin dyeing decades later.

Others assert the pink panther represented the Gay Rights faction of the Black Panthers. This panther would have urged the Black Panthers to carry loaded rifles not just into legislative assemblies, but into marriage chapels and also into the living rooms of intolerant bastards like those who spawned Glenn Beck decades later.

Still more academics contend that the Pink Panther was recruited to demonstrate support for Pinko Commies in America. His stance on the podium was a stoic “fuck you” to the capitalist cartoons Rocky and Bullwinkle, who failed to qualify even for the semifinals. This failure was probably due to Bullwinkle’s inability to render his horns flaccid. Obviously, this theory carries most weight when one considers that running with erect horns is irrefutably difficult, and Bullwinkle was constantly aroused in the presence of Rocky.

Although convincing, these theories are, however, fundamentally flawed in that the Pink Panther felt ostracized from the rest of his species due to the color of his skin. In a 1967 Pink Panther outtake, one can hear the show’s star question his producer skeptically: “You say there’s an equal rights group that speaks to my problems…” The audio fades and returns with the fragment: “An organization that consists exclusively of panthers?!?” Upon joining the Black Panther Party, he would have noticed the humanness of the group and experienced confusion; that is until a cartoon light bulb materialized above his head and illuminated. I venture to speculate: the Black Panthers noticed their pink subordinate’s tall, muscled, Bullwinkle-arousing build and sent him to the Olympics. It was on this trip that the Pink Panther fully came to realization of his situation’s connection with black America. No, the Black Panthers weren’t really panthers in the way he was, but they were both pink in their positions within society. They weren’t the color society wanted them to be, but they dared to live true to themselves, to the color they were born to be. Understanding this, the Pink Panther…as a brave American…lifted his fist with pride.

By Dr. Garth White, professor of African American studies at the University of Montana. Dr. White has several pink friends but never met a black person.
For centuries, man has been intrigued by the mysterious Goat. What is it exactly? Where can it be found? Does its milk really reverse aging? To find out, The Zamboni sent out a team of crack paranormal investigators to answer these questions. Sadly they were never heard from again. The only record of their work is a few photos and notes. Some of these are reproduced below. The mystery of the goat continues...

Investigator Nate Gilmore tests a “Goat trap.”

Possible photo of the Goat.

The investigators appear to be hiding from something.

Investigator Dan Testa is pulled away by a mysterious force. A Goat attack perhaps?

Investigator Matt McGowen takes drastic measures.