A Word from the Editor

Ah, the dreary winter doldrums. Feeling unfulfilled? Wishing to expand your horizons? Want to be the most cultured kid on the block? Well, fear not! The Zamboni has your back. In this issue you’ll find everything you need to travel the world and rub shoulders with the most cultured of Fletcher students. “But where do I start?” you might be asking. On the first page of course! This issues is chock full of international goodies for you!

Yes, we’re real proud of what we have in this issue (we swear!). Our sources inside the Department of State have forwarded us the latest in travel tips and advisories! With this exclusive intelligence, we have compiled the ultimate world map. Globetrot with the knowledge that the Zamboni has provided the only guide you’ll ever need.

Also, we’ve got the latest and greatest news from Reuters, the Associated Press, and People Magazine. But unlike them, we don’t give a crap about Tiger Woods. Sure, Tiger, your numerous acts of martial infidelity surely indicate an addiction. How about an apology for crashing a perfectly good Escalade?

Finally, we have exclusive photos of Bill Cosby lettin' loose in the outfits of some of his favorite pop culture characters, an Olive Garden conspiracy, the police beat at Tufts, comics, interviews, and funny stuff galore! Enjoy!

Aint' that a kick in the head?

Come to the Zamboni!

Tuesdays at 10 pm
Campus Center Room 208
(most of the time)

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).
Local Restaurant Deals with Difficulties

By Ryan Oliveira

MEDFORD, MA – Ma and Pa’s Pizzeria faces a problem common to many restaurants: location. The lot for the prospective restaurant, located just down Winthrop Street, is notorious among local businesses for its high turnover rate amongst owners. Factors commonly listed as problems for the area include lack of parking space, poor visibility, and the presence of a large, fire-breathing dragon.

“The way I see it, we got the property at a bargain-basement price,” Antonio Rossi, the “Pa” of the Pizzeria, said. “Of course, it comes with its setbacks. It’s not immediately close to the campus and has yet to be well publicized, so we’re having a hard time. However, these are things that can be overcome with strategies like competitive prices, and maybe something to shield us from the brimstone that occasionally drops down from the skies above.”

His wife, Nora, was quick to add that the obstacles only increased their options in the long haul. “Once we overcome the barriers posed by our poor location, we’ll have proved our worth to everyone. We’ve started handing out flyers, and Campusfood has talked about signing us on their website,” she said, sidestepping as a flying reptilian beast the size of a truck swooped past her.

“And we’re prepared such a nice sign, too! It has little cartoons of Antonio and I making a pizza.”

Their troubles may continue in operating costs, according to some financial predictions made by Antonio. “We’ll have to get a lot of business to keep our profit margins up. Our low land payments will unfortunately be balanced out by above-normal advertising costs and extensive but necessary price gauging.”

“And, of course, we can’t forget the revenue lost to Laggoth, the scaled demon who demands tribute every month,” Rossi added.

All in all, the owners intend to make the best of a bad situation. “Sure, the pizzeria may be out of the way, but by making deals with local bike shops to attract customers who travel a lot, we can get more business,” Nora insisted. “Plus, if we’re ever short on capital, there’s always that pile of gold in the basement.”

Battle Continues over “Don’t ask, Don’t Tell”

IRAQ – In the midst of two wars the army is fighting a third over its “don’t ask, don’t tell” policy. Critics argue that instead of preserving unit cohesion the policy is reducing the military’s effectiveness.

“The ban on questions has been a real issue,” explained private Samuel Winters. “I’m afraid to ask where the latrines are, so I just squat behind the mess hall. Plus they ripped the question mark key off of my computer so I can’t ask about my girlfriend, now she thinks I am a self-centered asshole.”

Interrogators have also experienced problems operating within the policy’s constraints. “I tried to tell my superior that no matter how much I water-boarded someone it was pointless without asking something first. Eventually we took him to Egypt so that we could question him properly.”

Corruption has also increased markedly since the policy’s inception. “I saw some Blackwater guys looting a house, but my sergeant told me to stop being a tattletale,” said an anonymous soldier. “I don’t want to get a reputation as someone who tells.”

Perhaps the largest complaint from the troops was in the disruption to bonding exercises.

“We can only play the dare half of Truth or Dare, and the last guy to try Twenty Questions got court-martialed,” recounted private Winters. “Thankfully we can still play Never Have I Ever to learn about each other. We just start with ‘Never have I ever sucked dick’ and then we know who all the homos are.”

When asked, the army declined to comment.
News
There's no shame in reading this magazine.

Freak Tornado Strikes Wren Suite by Matthew McGowen

MEDFORD, MA – Continuing a trend of bizarre disasters on Tufts’ Medford/Somerville campus, including a blackout that left campus buildings without power at the beginning of the semester and a dorm room fire in Miller Hall, a tornado devastated the Wren 520s this past weekend. The F5 storm entered the building through the front door, piggybacking in after a student picked up a pizza from Pizza Days.

The storm made a beeline for the stairwell, climbed up to the top floor, and touched ground right in front of the door to the suite, ripping it off of its hinges. It tore down the brick walls of the nearby dorm rooms, interrupting sophomore Dan Smother’s game of beer pong. According to Mr. Smother, “At first, me and [my roommate] Nate freaked, cause we thought it was the RA. But then we turned around and we saw this huge fucking storm going on, and we flipped. There were books and beer cans and dirty clothes flying everywhere. And I’m pretty sure my arm is broken; I just didn’t want to get TEMSed because I’m already on pro-one.”

After the tornado devastated the party, it proceeded to enter the common room of the suite, ripping all the posters off the wall and throwing furniture out the windows. Says suite resident John McDonough, “It got my speakers! The speakers I bought specifically for the common room, two really nice Cambridge Soundworks cabs. Out the goddamn window. What the fuck, bro.”

The tornado then tore through the remaining rooms, leaving the building through a hole it created in the wall of the isolation single adjacent to the suite. The room was occupied by a student who was in swine flu quarantine, but health services has not reported whether or not the student was still contagious.

As the damage continues to be surveyed, many residents and friends of the suite are finding time to reflect on the event. Yolanda King and her assistant, Hades, responded by laughing maniacally and increasing the maximum occupancy of the building by twenty students. The public safety department has issued a statement reminding students of the danger of letting unauthorized weather patterns into residential buildings.

The outreach from the Tufts undergraduate community has been substantial. A benefit concert has been scheduled for this coming week in Hotung, and the suitemates have been selling “Save the 520s” wristbands in the campus center during the past week. A protest against tornados will take place on the President’s lawn next Wednesday at noon. Unfortunately, the trend of disasters does not seem to be stopping, as meteorologists are forecasting potentially devastating hailstorms in Lewis hall next week.

Broccoli Recall: Unsafe Concentration of Lead, Uranium
By Jon Wooldridge
WASHINGTON - A countrywide recall of Shady House Farms packaged broccoli was issued last Wednesday by the FDA following the conclusion of tests that indicated that said broccoli contained higher than safe concentrations of lead, as well as uranium. “We want to make sure that the broccoli-eating public, no matter how damaged their taste buds clearly are, do not suffer from damaging lead poisoning. Also, uranium is really dangerous,” said one FDA official.

When questioned further on the matter, the official had the following to say: “Lead is one of the more potent threats that the FDA has to deal with. Even small amounts of lead in food or water supplies can lead to many lead related deaths or illnesses. The human body is not capable of handling more than trace quantities of the substance; any more can cause severe illness. And as for the uranium, well, that shit is radioactive. People eating broccoli probably think they are eating healthy, then the shit gives them cancer? That’s fucking irony, that’s what that is.”

Further studies revealed that the lead and Uranium cocktail could potentially have been included in every bag of the broccoli since 1997. The FDA had this to say. “On the one hand, this means that we really need to step up our investigation process. Our
WASHINGTON, BROOKLYN - As America is in the midst of what appears to be a recession without end and governmental promises are being broken without hesitation, lefty hipsters are on the prowl for even more ways to distance themselves from the country they feel an ironic ambivalence towards. After the Beanie Revolution of 2004, they had to turn elsewhere. Now, they have found the solution: their pets.

“The thing about American pets is that they just don’t have any class. They’re nothing but a mass appeal construction for the lowest common denominator,” says a man who responds only to the name of Leopold. “If you want pets with real identity, with real joie de vivre, you need to go abroad.”

It appears as though the old days of a nuclear family playing with Spot in the yard are over. Now, young people barely have to rustle their plaid to play with Sleeping Fossil on the futon. Does this represent a loss in American values?

Mitch “The Hammer” Dio doesn’t think so. “The only real American value is the ability to express yourself. If I choose to exclusively buy my pets from places with unpronounceable names, then I’ll do so, dammit.”

When told that all dogs, regardless of nationality, strive to please their owners, Leopold responded, “False. Ask any American dog who his favorite band is. Do you think that lowly Spike has ever heard of Post-Traumatic Assquake? No. He hasn’t. But my cat Velociraptor sure has. She loves ‘em.”

And what about the pooping? Mitch leaves us with this: “Sure, all dogs basically act the same. They all shit in the lawn. But Fossil’s shit gets composted. Fuck off, sheeple.”

BERLIN – Anthropologists discovered today several manuscripts belonging to people living in Germany in 1944 who were not, in fact, Adolf Hitler. Rudolph Gitterman, an historian for the German National History Society, was searching through a dig site in Dresden when he discovered the diary of 28-year-old Hans Messerschimpten. This discovery undermines decades of the belief that every single person in World War Two era Germany was either a clone of Hitler or Herr Fuhrer himself.

“I didn’t understand,” said Gitterman. “There was absolutely no reference in Messerschimpten’s diary of a greater Reich, no hatred of races deemed inferior, just details of his crush on a co-worker, whose name was also not Adolf Hitler... My god, this could go deeper than we ever possibly imagined.” Historians are hard at work wracking their brains to rebuild an entire society of Germans-who-weren’t-Hitler from the few documents left from that era.

“We just don’t understand it,” says David Adams, an American historian who focuses on the World War Two era. “In all of the printed and filmed media of the time, every single person living in Germany looks, acts, and sounds exactly like Adolf Hitler. There must be something wrong with the documents uncovered.”

“At least,” says a visibly more confident Adams, “we can all be safe in the knowledge that, for the duration of the Cold War, every single citizen of the USSR was identical in every way to Josef Stalin.”

Our in depth, multi-dimensional study has determined the man on the right is not Hitler.
NASA Lets Loose after Constellation Program Abandoned

by Andrew Lang

HOUSTON, TX—After President Obama’s proposed budget scrapped NASA’s Constellation Program, along with any plans to explore and colonize the Moon and Mars in the near future, many were worried about the organization’s prospects. However, NASA employees themselves are extremely thankful for what they feel is a well earned break.

The scene inside the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas was one of pure revelry. A pool party was being held in the Neutral Buoyancy Laboratory and hundreds of people had lined up to ride the centrifuge. A Call of Duty LAN party took place in the Mission Control Center. Empty pizza boxes, used condoms, and rolling papers littered the floor of the so-called “Vomit Comet.” Even upper level NASA officials were joining in the action.

“I don’t think I’ve had this much to drink since I got depressed after finding out Pluto was no longer a planet,” said NASA Administrator Charles Bolden Jr. with a can of Keystone Light in one hand and a lit Cuban cigar in the other. “But we totally fucking deserved it. This has been the best week of my life. Last night, I smoked ground up moon rocks, blacked out, and woke up in the vacuum chamber without my pants and with all the packets of space ice cream emp-

Greece is the Word

by Emma Goldstein

BRUSSELS—At an emergency summit last Thursday in Switzerland, the European Union rejected plans to bail out Greece’s failing economy.

Protestors gathered outside Tuesday’s summit. 45 Studebakers waited outside the chancellor’s residence. Hair combs littering the streets of Zurich could be seen from the tips of the Alps.

French Prime Minister, Nicholas Sarkozy was adamant that the bailout should not occur. Sarkozy said, “We must look to the facts. Grease 2 was an utter failure. Eliminate the star power and the beauty school dropouts and that’s what you get. It’s just fiscally irresponsible.”

German Chancellor, Angela Merkel said, “How can you trust them any longer with our precious euro? They are swindlers! Did you see that hand jive they did last week at the World Bank?”

Across the pond, United States President Barack Obama urged the European community to put their money where it belonged. Obama said, “As an international community, we have reached a crucial turning point. This is the time for change. Sandy’s transformation from good girl to a full-fledged, shoulder-exposed-top-wearing Pink Lady is a change I can believe in.”

After several hours of debate on the topic, Gordon Brown, United Kingdom prime minister announced a problem. Brown said, “Sorry guys. My autocorrect messed it up.

It’s Greece like moussaka. Woops.”

Jose Manuel Baroso, president of the European Commission said, “Honesty, we’re not bailing out that John Travolta flick? Now that would have been a good investment!”

After urgings of Greek Prime Minister, George Papandreou, the EU will hold another summit to help the Mediterranean country through its economic troubles.

As a last resort, Papandreou traded in his pinstripe suit for a leather jacket and greased hair for the upcoming summit. Papandreou said, “I’m going to tell it to the Union like it is. I need their help. They’re the ones that I want, oo, oo, oo.”
What with the current economic climate, thirty coups going on, and the rest of the world headed toward the event horizon as a giant flushing sound echoes, one can’t help but wonder if things have ever been this bad. Well, nerds, it’s time to stop whining, because after performing an extensive archival analysis, the Zamboni has come up with an extensive history of worse events that occurred in the past century. What follows is a list of the greatest international blunders, bungles, fumbles, screwups, and snafus – buckle yourselves in for the twentieth century’s...

**WORLD'S GREATEST BLOOPERS**

**1901** -- Governments worldwide made the poorly-thought-out decision to give an anonymous source all of their money after receiving a Nigerian telegram detailing a scheme to double their investment once the contact resumed his position on the throne. Bankruptcy of all major world governments ensued until another round of telegram arrived, informing heads of state that they may have already been winners.

**1910** – After the extensive Farm Animal Strike of 1909, a general lack of livestock led to one of the worst culinary disasters in international history. Skies darkened, brows drew taught, and, everywhere, children began to cry: the world had run out of bacon. Stocks were unable to be replenished until early 1912, when then-U.S. President William Taft used some of his private fatback supply to give the rest of the world a needed bacon bailout.

**1938** – In the summer of 1938, Captain E. Z. Mac of the S.S. Velveeta, one of the first transatlantic cheese tankers, ceded control of the ship to a clearly inebriated First Mate Kraft and, in the process, committed one of the worst errors in judgment of the 20th century. Smashed beyond comprehension, Kraft proceeded to steer the tanker straight onto the cliffs of Macaroni Island, creating one of the most deliciously horrible environmental tragedies in history. It took 300 wildlife rehabilitation volunteers and 8 fat kids nearly a month to clean everything up.

**1965** – Kellogg’s Ukrainian headquarters experienced a massive explosion shortly after a worker dislodged one of the core plutonium rods in its Rice Krispinator, causing a chain reaction of similar explosions all over the world. This tragedy is known as the Cereal Bowl. Millions of inhabitants in cities from Los Angeles to Hong Kong were forced to evacuate to escape rising tides of corn flakes, oats, and raisins until the tide was successfully redirected into the Great Milk Reservoir.

**1998** – The entire World Wide Web Internet Tube crashes. After an extensive search, authorities managed to trace the source of the problem to Monaco, where Prince Albert II had used the entire world’s bandwidth up trying to pirate a copy of Quake. As a result, France was forced to cut off Monaco's internet for an entire week; the punishment proved to be ineffective, however, as Monaco later infected all of Western Europe’s servers after downloading a Britney Spears album embedded with a trojan horse. Get it together, Monaco.

Article and photos by Ryan Oliveira
Looking to go traveling during this spring break? The Zamboni knows that you don't want to just end up at some cheap, trashy resort in Cancun where the girls are topless and the drugs flow freely. Well, maybe you do. But in case you don't, we tapped into our contacts at the State Department and compiled a list of the best in globetrotting, so you can focus your itineraries on only the most exclusive destinations. Happy travels and remember, never drink the water.

Westchester County

*Country Description*: Talks mediated by the United Nations have still yet to establish whether or not Westchester qualifies as “upstate” New York. Travelers unable to afford New York City will find this spot offers many attractions on a budget. Kidding, this place requires more money than God.

*Entry Requirements*: Mayflower-era descendents or filthy rich. Preferably both.

*Safety*: Use caution when viewing street after street of early colonial-style manor houses, or risk realization that you are poor.

Fraggle Rock

*Country Description*: A place where people dance their cares away, as worry is for another day. Let the music play, down at Fraggle Rock.

*Entry Requirements*: Made of foam rubber, attached to strings, controlled by a puppeteer, or really, really high.

*Safety*: Be wary of the 22-foot-tall humanoid Gorgs that do not act favorably towards those that try to steal their radishes.

QuestWorld

*Country Description*: A virtual reality wonderland, QuestWorld allows you to be anyone you want, provided your virtual-self can run in Windows 95. As with most virtual landscapes, it’s mostly porn, gambling and pictures of cats.

*Entry Requirements*: Massive goggle-helmet and Nintendo Power Gloves. Also, your fellow travelers must be a sufficiently balanced mix of different genders and ethnicities.

*Safety*: Remember, there are some things in life you cannot unsee.
Candylamsterdam

*Country Description:* A small principality bordering the English Channel. It has a bustling tourist economy, with visitors arriving since the late 1940s. Originally ruled under the totalitarian fist of Queen Frostine, it is now under the stewardship of the socialist Gramma Nutt.

*Entry Requirements:* Either under the age of 5 or really, really high.

*Safety:* Per capita incidence of tooth decay highest in the world. Additionally, the Red Gummie Bear District is mostly filled with illegal Swedish Fish from over the border.

Afghanistan

*Country Description:* Really? You don’t know anything about Afghanistan? Not a single thing? Do you even know what a newspaper is?

*Entry Requirements:* You really don’t want to go here. I really can’t stress that enough.

*Safety:* You don’t know? Jesus, what the hell is wrong with you?

Pacific Trash Gyre

*Country Description:* An island-like mass of garbage that has been trapped in North Pacific currents, believed to cover an area roughly the size of Texas.

*Entry Requirements:* Resistance to harmful chemicals, absolutely no concern for the environment whatsoever. So, live in New Jersey.

*Safety:* The waste that makes up the gyre is toxic, not to mention pretty gross. Be wary of wildlife that has become entangled in the mess, specifically the mounstrous mutations that will soon wreak havoc on Tokyo.
The Zamboni’s Travel Column Invites You to Get LOST This Vacation

Had it with Hawaii? Tired of Tahiti? Bored of Bermuda? Fed up with the Falklands? Well then you’re in luck, because there’s a new and exciting tropical vacation spot that will literally blow your mind-hole; THE ISLAND. That’s right, the island from Lost.

The Island has many one of a kind attractions you just won’t find at those other vacation spots. If you’re looking for exotic, look no further. The Island is constantly moving through space and time, creating a unique experience for you and your fellow vacationers. Explore the wildlife and get mauled by polar bears, take a hike and get caught in an insane French woman’s trap, or just relax on the beach and get attacked by hostile natives. There’s something for everyone!

With absolutely no cell phone service, and accessible only by a single submarine and the occasional plane crash, your vacation is sure to be uninterrupted by the bustle and grind of the modern world, leaving you free to relax and enjoy your stay. If you are considering visiting the Island, please be aware that there is a long waiting list. For example, Sir Charles Widmore has been trying to get onto the Island for over 50 years and has still yet to be invited.

By Jon Levinson
Re: All Active TSA Employees

As skilled professionals of the Transportation Security Administration -- many of you hold high school diplomas or higher -- you will recognize the highlights of two important memos sent after historic security lapses:

September 11, 2001: Four hijacked planes.
Suggested change: No more terrorists allowed on planes.
How to spot a terrorist: DO NOT RUSH TO JUDGEMENT. Make sure this man is really a terrorist before doing something drastic. For instance, make sure he is not an Israeli, or just tan. If you verify the man is neither, he is a terrorist.

December 22, 2001: Man attempts to light bombs hidden in his shoes.
Suggested change: Passengers should no longer be allowed to store bombs in their shoes.
How to spot a shoe bomb: Is the man wearing a shoe? Is there a bomb in either or both of his shoes? If yes, he has a shoe bomb.

In light of the underwear bombing incident, we must once again change the rules. This time, we tread on old constitutional liberties. Even those for whom it is a religious necessity to store bombs in their underwear will not be allowed to do so. Benjamin Franklin once said: “He whom sacrifices liberty for security deserves neither.” But we live in a post 9/11 world. Those of the bomb-under-scrotal-sack sect will have to travel by automobile or boat.

Regardless, the purpose of this memo is to alert you of a dangerous new terrorist I have just added to the watch list. I learned of this resourceful fanatic via a video sent to me by a concerned partner agency by the name of Netflix. While I watched the tape, I realized that my position as head of the TSA requires me to take action against this radical, albeit heroic, American. The terrorist goes by the name McGuyver, and is capable of producing lethal weapons from paperclips, rubber bands, and especially bits of string. I guess the only way McGuyver should only be allowed past airport security is if he’s completely naked.

McGuyver has been known to shout “My name is Richard Dean Anderson! I’m an actor! Why doesn’t anyone know me by my real name?” Do not be fooled, this man is McGuyver—I’ve seen him in action in seven action packed seasons. He is capable of making things explode through the power of his will alone. It’s SO cool, but really dangerous. Do not be swayed if McGuyver begins to weep and lament his loss of stardom. He is extremely dangerous.

Happy Holidays!

Gale Rossides
Settle down everyone, settle down! We need to get down to the evening’s business. What’s that, Flay? Really? You couldn’t have gone to the bathroom earlier? We’ve already locked the doors; I won’t have your bladder jeopardizing operational security. Are we all seated? Then let’s get cracking.

You all know who I am, but for the duration of this operation you can call me Carême. Additionally, you should all refer to each other by the pseudonyms supplied to you last night. As some of you may recall, we made a pact during our time at university to destroy a dastardly fiend, a scourge upon America. Between glasses of our own fraternity microbrew, we swore to destroy The Olive Garden. I know many of you have long since forgotten our blood oath, but might I remind you why we made a pledge to defend innocent American pallets from the gastronomical terrorism that is the OG: Salty food, chalky sauce, mushy pasta. This faux-Italian eatery wouldn’t know its “al dente” from its “al forno.”

Now, taking down an organization the size of Olive Garden may seem a herculean undertaking, but Alton and I have had great success against an IHOP expansion in Oregon. Bleh! There’s nothing international about those pancakes at all. Furthermore, Ramsay spearheaded our operations in Italy against Pizza Hut. We lost some good men to their processed cheese food, but it was ultimately a success.

That said, let’s get down to brass tacks. You’ll find sealed envelopes under your seats. Please open them now and remove the contents. This is our operational handbook and for the next seventy-two hours it is your Bible. Yes, Julia, or your Talmud. What? Fine, or your Kojiki. Look, it was just an expression. Let’s move on? If you’d turn to appendix eight, you’ll see the cost breakdown for an Olive Garden franchise per day in fiscal year 2009. I have a more detailed spreadsheet projected up front here. As you can see, they run a solid operation across the board, making each location economically resistant to most of our strategies.

Repeat that? No, we don’t think appendages in the soup would work on a grand scale. An independent operation tried something similar in Nevada back during the summer of ’07, but... well, let’s just say some coyotes dined well that autumn. I have discovered, however, a crack in their armor. Olive Garden leaves itself economically exposed in order to attract new diners. Turn to page thirty-six, you’ll see it all there: their unlimited salad and breadsticks.

Now everyone please settle down! Please, quiet! Just let me continue! I know, on its face it seems impossible, what with salad and breadsticks incurring such miniscule operating costs. No human could possibly eat enough to create a loss. However, there is a very brief window where those losses can be compounded against another one of their childish marketing schemes: the Never Ending Pasta Bowl.

Ah, now I see I have your attention. You all thought they ended their pasta promotion permanently after that fiasco in Tennessee. My source inside, at great peril to himself, has sent word that in three days time the Olive Garden will restart the NEPB and we, gentlemen, shall be there.

A troika of bread, pasta and salad will be our Trojan horse. Impossible for a lone diner, but for a group this size, following the operational directives before you, it just might work. Now, I understand many of you have families, and I will begrudge no one who wishes to leave now. But you must ask yourselves what kind of a world you want your children to grow up in. No? All staying? Excellent. Gentlemen, let’s go to work.

By Matthew Luz
TUPD Exclusive: Nine Arrests Made in Trick-Turning Sting

Tufts University police, working in tandem with Somerville police, made nine arrests this past week after a month-long undercover investigation of the problematically high rates of trick-turning at Tufts University. There are a total of fifteen charges of racketeering, conspiracy, fraud, and receiving stolen property against the students. Somerville's chief of police, Michael Cabral, made the following statement at a press conference Wednesday about the sting: “We were aware that this activity was happening, but we had no idea it was happening so often or on such a large scale. Both departments did excellent work, and we think this operation will have a substantial impact on the trick-turning culture at Tufts.”

The undercover officer first posted several messages on the popular student website TuftsLife.com, offering a small amount of jumbocash to students who would trick turn for him. “The response was overwhelming”, he said. “At the end of one day I had enough gatorade, soda, and chocolate-covered pretzels to feed my family for a week.” After about a week of these posts, the joint police force had enough evidence to make the arrests. They went to the students' rooms early on a friday morning and knocked the doors in, recovering a grand total of 25 cases of soda, 47 bags of pita chips, and 1,487 containers of that cookie dough stuff.

Trick-turning is a popular activity among Tufts undergraduates, but it's not something that the administration is quick to talk about. Dining services estimates that this practice costs them upwards of 17 million dollars per day. It is particularly appealing to freshmen, who are all required to purchase the unlimited meal plan. However, once a student starts trick-turning, it can be difficult to quit. Says one recovering Hodgdon addict, “It starts out innocently enough, just picking up some chips or hummus when you're hosting hall snacks. But eventually you're picking up cases of coke every day and you don't even know why. Using lunch and dinner so you can get that cake or that loaf of bread. You have more snack food in your room than you could possibly eat in a month but you still do it. It's awful, you know?”

Students are vehemently protesting the arrests. Some are claiming entrapment on the part of TUPD, but others are holding the administration responsible. Students for Fair Dining Policy, a new student group, is organizing candlelight vigils on the library roof every night until the trial starts. The club's president, Alana MacPhie, had this to say about the arrests:

“This is sick. This is lousy police work, and it's just wrong. This is the kind of sting you expect to see at other schools, but you'd never think of happening at Tufts. You know who the real criminals are? The bastards who make the meal plan mandatory. They're pretty much asking us to do it. They're getting rich off of us, which is hypocrisy at such a base level. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go get some Pirate's Booty.”

by Matthew McGowen

Bugs of Another Kind in Wren: KGB Outpost Discovered on Tufts campus

TUPD received a call last Thursday after a small electronic recording device was discovered taped to the underside of a table in Dewick-MacPhie dining hall. The device was sent to the TUPD crime lab in the “bat-cave” beneath Dowling Hall where, after further investigation, it was determined that the device was of Russian House origin.

Tufts police were denied entry to the house, as the inhabitants claimed that their house was not considered American territory and out of the police’s jurisdiction. After ensuring that they in fact did have the necessary jurisdiction, TUPD searched the premises only to find multiple caches of Soviet-era documents. Among these were KGB encryption ciphers and satellite photos of suspected American missile silos (at notably lower resolution than Google Earth). It seems that the Russian House inhabitants were under the impression that the USSR still existed, and that they were in communication with the KGB.

After learning about the charges against them, many house members sought refuge with other institutions sharing similar, Communist views on campus, such as the Crafts House. When house manager Ivan Stolinetsky was asked for comment, he said, “I was only doing my part to help the Motherland and the Revolution!”

by Matthew McGowen and Ben Schwalb
The Zamboni Interviews a Global Citizen

By Andy Lang

As an IR major at Tufts I’ve always regretted that I haven’t had a better chance to see the rest of the world. So I jumped at the chance to speak with Quentin Horatio Rutherford V., a student at Fletcher well known in the Tufts community for his volunteer work all over the world. I would come to regret this.

ZAMBONI: Thanks for taking this opportunity to sit down and discuss your experiences abroad.

RUTHERFORD: Certainly. As I said to my Sherpa friend Lobsang in Kathmandu, one can never pass up an opportunity to teach the masses about the fine work I do to make the world a better place.

Z: So what volunteer work have you been undertaking most recently?

R: Well, I was working primarily to reduce global crime. Much of my work involves using a computer to chase a band of fugitives led by a woman known as Carmen San Diego, responsible for stealing many landmarks. I doubt it’s the last we will see of her.

Z: That name sounds familiar but I don’t think I’ve read it in the news recently. Very strange.

R: Well laymen like you wouldn’t have heard of it but I assure you it’s quite an international crisis.

Z: Alright, fair enough. So what are the dangers that you’ve faced in your travels?

R: Well, there are lots of things. I got terrible carpel tunnel a few months ago while building homes for the less fortunate. Also, this one time my computer wouldn’t start up right.

Z: Are you sure you’ve done international volunteer work?

R: Of course I have! I spent my entire summer conserving rainforests in Second Life. If you don’t appreciate my work then our business is done for today. Good day to you sir!

The Further Travels Of

The Harvard Crimson

By Matt McGowen & Ben Schwalb

After our recent outing to Tufts University, The Crimson has decided to make a habit of exploring the neighborhoods surrounding the yard. This week, we decided to visit Medford, a less fortunate town where people drive 10 year-old cars and drink $10 bottles of locally distilled vodka.

Unfortunately, the Crimson helicopter was under repair, so we were forced to suffer the only fate worse than taking the T: a bus ride. A bus is somewhat like a giant, poorly decorated limousine; however, in place of a chauffeur, there is a large man or woman with an unbecoming accent and little knowledge of what makes a good Scotch whiskey. Should you wish to replicate this journey (and for safety reasons, we must recommend against this) be aware that the bus does not take $1,000 bills.

We finally arrived on Boston Ave. in Medford and were immediately taken aback. My fellow gadabouts and I were shocked to see that a donut shop had misspelled the word “dunking” on all their signage, a clear indicator of the area’s paltry education level. My co-reporter was amazed to see that there were train tracks near the street, resulting in a quite clamorous environment that would unsettle even the most boisterous wine and cheese party. Sadly, the plebes that reside in this pitiful city cannot afford to pay the train to temper its speed and create less noise.

We soon decided to recover from our collective surprise by getting a refreshing bite to eat. Although the majority of the restaurants in the area served working class American food, we did manage to find one establishment of international flair, a Greek eatery named Andrea’s. However, Andrea’s turned out to be anything but authentic. I tried both dialects of Ancient Greek in conversation with the proprietor, but he did not understand my references to Sappho. In fact, he did not even understand any of the classical references I made in English. The food itself was actually quite good, but could not make up for the classlessness of the environment, nor the lack of a digestif.

Concluding our meal, we traveled through the town (on another bus), trying to find the purportedly scenic Mystic River, which we read about in our copy of Mr. Platinum Diamond’s Guide to International Wanderlust - Boston. However, when we finally arrived in Medford Square, the only body of water in sight was a miniscule, dusky stream that smelled slightly of chemical waste. Overcome by the smell, we decided to hail a taxi and leave the town behind us. The experience has impacted us profoundly, but I think we will continue to explore the neighboring cities and towns. We will continue our series in the next few weeks when we travel to Newton, Brookline, and Belmont.
COMIX CORNER!

By Michael Schecht

POINT

Which Car to Buy: Foreign vs. Domestic

by Ian Donovan

Sure you can. You need to buy things that are made in this very country to keep the economy stable. GM went under because we didn’t buy enough of their cars.

Irrelevant! I don’t care what the reasoning was; people need –

What? Your lady parts all tied in a knot from all that knowledge I’m droppin’ on ya?

What keeps getting faster? My wit? I’ve been told as much.

See, that’s why you buy American. You go elsewhere and now you’re trapped in an ever-accelerating death cage.

And that would be Uncle Sam dropping the irony bomb. Bitch.

COUNTERPOINT

Well, when the prices on foreign cars are this low, we can’t really be faulted for going after the best available value.

GM went under because you can only consume so many babies before karma kicks in. You and I both know that. Same thing happened with Enron.

Oh, shit. Oh sweet Jesus.

No, it’s just that… Oh, man. It…. Uh… it just keeps getting faster!

No, asshole! My car!

AAAHHHHHHH!

Whew! I’m ok! Some Firestone tires and a Pinto cushioned my crash.
Cosby Cosplay

Everybody knows that the legendary Bill Cosby is affectionately known as "The Cos." What most people don't know is that his nickname is not derived from his last name, rather from his all-consuming love of cosplay, the ancient art of dressing up like characters from video games, movies, and (especially) anime. Here, for your entertainment, are some of The Cos' best costumes, with annotations by The Cos himself.

Clockwise from top left: Link Cosby, Cloud (From Final Fantasy VII) Cosby, Wolverine Cosby, Mario Cosby, Cosby Bacow, Sailor Moon Cosby.

AND THE MUTANT POWERS, AND THE SNIKT AND THE BUB HAH HAH HAH.


WITH THE JRPGS AND THE EXPERIENCE POINTS AND THE NUMBER VII AND A-HAH HAH HAH.

WITH THE JRPGS AND THE EXPERIENCE POINTS AND THE NUMBER VII AND A-HAH HAH HAH.

I'M A SAILOR AND A MOON AND A SAILOR MOON, WITH THE MOON POWERS AND THE SAILOR POWERS AND THE HAH HAH HAH.

AM I BILL COSBY DRESSED AS LARRY BACOW, OR LARRY BACOW DRESSED AS BILL COSBY?


Y'SEE, THE PRINCESS NEEDS RESCUIN', WITH THE TRIFORCE AND THE GANON AND THE MASTER SWORD AND HAH HAH HAH.