

# THE LAMBONI

> THE ADOBE FLASH MEMORIAL ISSUE  
> SPRING 2021



the legend of

# BELL PEPPER BOY

Volume 4  
"Like my recent"



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## Letter from the Editors

Adobe? Isn't that the spice mix from Mexico?

No, you're thinking of adobo. Adobe is a place of dwelling.

No, that's an abode. Adobe is the elf character Harry Potter.

No, that's Dobby. Adobe is...expensive.

Point is, we don't know what Adobe is other than the fact that it's overpriced. (\*frowning emoji\*)

Back in the old days, there was a wondrous Adobe product called *Flash*. No one knows how it works or what that means, but if you downloaded it on your mom's laptop you could play cool (math) games on Gamesfreak and Armor Games.

Also, several times Flash was indicted in major operating system security flaws that allowed malware to ruin people's computers. These vulnerabilities led Flash to be killed by Adobe and they didn't even tell us why. So we think it wasn't their decision.

Pssst: here's a fresh secret heard straight from Tony Monaco's lonely fish: Tony Monaco is the one who actually killed Flash.

Think about it: if you take out the A, D, B and E out of Adobe and add in a T, N, and Y, you get TONY. Coincidence? I think not.

Additionally, we saw an old forum from the year of our Jumbo 2008 about the Civilization game series where user xXJumboSmasher69Xx said he mildly disliked Adobe Flash. Coincidence? I think not.

Also, one of our journalists was in Ballou the other day and saw Tony stabbing Adobe Acrobat to death with a Dewick fork. Coincidence? Probably, yeah.

He also bought out Papa Louie's Pizzeria, Burgeria, Taco Mia, Freezeria, Pancakeria, Wingeria, Hot Doggeria, Cupcakeria, Pastaria, Donuteria, Cheeseria, Scooperia, AND Mocharia and repurposed them into what we now call CoHo. Papa Louie is now rich but sad, much like how most Tufts students end up 30 years after they graduate.

Next time you can't play coolmathgames.com go to Tony Monaco's office hours and ask him about Papa's Cheeseria. If you can get some fake tears going (or, more appropriately, real tears) we might convince Tony of his evil, software-murdering ways.

Tweet  
@TonyMonacoTuftsUniversityPresidentGuy  
with the hashtag  
#bringbacktheflashgamesorelsebuddy

Sign this petition to stop Tony from killing other computer things: <https://bit.ly/3e1Stns>

Ain't that a kick in the head?  
**xoxozambonixoxo**



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SEND IT OUR WAY AT: [tuftszamboni@gmail.com](mailto:tuftszamboni@gmail.com). Find us online at [tuftszamboni.com](http://tuftszamboni.com)

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## Song of Succulent

By Unknown

It is Tuesday morning in Harleston Hall. I open my eyes and welcome the mischievous sunlight that has, once again, dared to force its way through the half-shut blinds. I stretch to let the sunshine wash over me, into me, through me. I feel nourishment and love, if only for a fleeting moment.

Although she claims to love me, my mom has neglected to give me even a name. I've lived with her for all of five weeks now, and still—nothing. It feels as if I exist purely as decoration, as a monument to the person she deludes herself into believing she is.

I fear I haven't been straight with you: I am a plant. And, though I've learned through thorough research that plants aren't actually supposed to feel things like stress, I live every day on edge.

Although on this particular morning the sunlight is enough to quell my worries momentarily, I find myself growing thirstier by the second. I feel obliged to tell you, dear reader, that I've overheard conversations regarding Mom's past plants and, to put it delicately, she fucking killed every single fucking one of them. One disaster after another—and now I fear I must be next.

This is a cry for help.

My initial thought was to submit a letter requesting help to Tufts Secrets. But then, having remembered that I don't even have a name with which to make a Facebook account of my own to submit my letter, thought better of that idea. Besides, Tufts Secrets only posts once every few months and I fear I will die from dehydration before my desperate words are ever posted. Sometimes I fear I have only minutes.

I have come to the decision to submit my plea here, to the lowly Zamboni. I must confess I've never read your work before, but I hope you can understand that I have been a bit preoccupied.

Upon receiving my freedom I'd hope to pursue a degree in Colonialism Studies. I know I'd be the first plant to do so, but Mom placed me next to her (unread) copy of Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*, and while she hasn't read it, I most certainly have. That shit is bananas.

Typing is rather difficult for me as I have no fingers, hands, or arms for that matter—only leaves, of course—so I'm hoping this letter can double as both my plea for help and an application to the School of Arts and Sciences at Tufts University.

I hope I can count on your support in the coming weeks. I really do think I'll need it. **Z.**



Art by Brett

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## ***The Adventures and Exploits of a Novice Pirate Captain (now with varying degrees of smut!) [colorized]***

By Lilly Landlubber 'n' Sadie Saltwater

[page 3]

So you wake up on a pirate ship, yeah. You are but a lowly naval officer who knows nothing of the ways of scallywaggin'. Uh, roll perception.

- Roll perception (page 5)
- Don't roll perception (bottom of page 18)

# THE TUFTS DAILY WAS TOO SCARED TO PUBLISH THIS ARTICLE

By Tuck Weenus


Dear Sheeple, it is official. The Tufts Daily can no longer be trusted. They have engaged in active war crimes against the truth, and are unsafe for the Tufts community.

I am done being silenced. My strike-force infantry of student hyperjournalists have been digging up deep-state operations like a dog that can't stop shitting. For weeks, our weapons-grade truthbombs have been blasting fact-napalm onto the burning backs of brainwashed leftists. We are the last line of defense, the hero cops fighting the evil organizations turning this libertous, justice-filled campus into a police-state. We know about the collusion networks. We know what DARPA and the Engineering School are doing in the Middle East. We know about the custodial staff chemicals that cause infertility in Christians. We know about the paralegal death squads. We know about the French Department.

Recently, we have been investigating a P.T. Barnum bankrolled, heist of advanced alien devices from Egypt. We noticed that the sub-administrative bluepill operation runs deep enough that none of our interviewed subjects nor leads displayed any knowledge of the enterprise whatsoever. When we brought this to the attention of the Tufts Daily, they refused to publish our findings citing an "entire lack of any evidence." However, our organization determined that the so-called 'authors' of the Tufts Daily are actually blackmailed porn-addicts who operate pseudonymically. We do not trust our information in their compromised, semen-crusteds hands.

It is a well documented fact that the Tufts Daily is a disinformationist propaganda conglomerate. However, we mustn't forget another well-known fact— there is an ongoing infiltration of the Tufts administration by a cabal of transhumanoid pedophiles who outsource their brain function to the supercomputers in Halligan Hall. Naturally, these same cybersapians oversee the computer-generated Tufts Daily fake news articles. All the while, the new computer science building (aka. false flag brain-host mainframe expansion) was paid for entirely by Hunter Biden's 14-year-old stepcousin using extorted debts he owed to Ukranian prostitutes.

So why do they want me silenced, you may ask? Stupid question, you rhetorical imbecile. Obviously, I am the only wolf on this campus who is lion enough to dismantle the Tufts Daily's MSM lies. They're terrified of the deprogramming crusade my truth-warriors could achieve wielding a full arsenal of facts. Unfortunately though, so much evidence has been destroyed that, barring baseless speculation, there is no way of knowing how far the mole-hole scrolls. So baselessly speculate we must, as it is the only unbiased truth we have left.

We are witnessing an American crisis worse than Benghazi, Pearl Harbor and Obamacare combined. To the brave patriot reader who is committed to joining the revolution, we meet in the plastic bike shed outside Tisch Library. In the meantime, do not listen to your professors or classes, for it will turn your brain to yogurt. Only in the Zamboni can you trust, OBEY THE ZAMBONE. 

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## A Foreword

WASHINGTON (Reuters) - A new Broadway play by visionary playwright Cornelius Vanderbilt is rumored to be making its debut in the burnt-out Chevy Cobalt on Chetwynd somewhere between 3 and 9 pm on Thursday. A harrowing tale of loss, and even double loss, *Hamlet 2* is set in the early 1930's (B.C.). Reporters from The South Lexington Elementary Journalism Club obtained the first page of Act 1 through a sting operation on Vanderbilt's most dangerous mid-Atlantic oil rig. Our partnership with the LEJC has given us exclusive access to the alleged new work which we have published below. Prepare to laugh, cry, and fall asleep halfway through because you had too many canned pinot grigios in the mezzanine bathroom before fist bumping Anna Kendrick but she's surprisingly strong so it really hurt your hand and you asked for an ice pack but they said you couldn't be near the props table bc ur not even Atticus, butt boy.

Anyway here's the play (next page):

Art by  
Alex Bradley



## HAMLET 2

By funckgin Zamboni

### ACT 1

**NARRATOR:** *INTERIOR CHURCH, DUSK. ENTER WUMBO. SNOW WHITE HAIR, LIKE A SNOW. HE TAKES CENTER STAGE, SPEAKING TO THE AUDIENCE, SHIVERING, SUCH A GOOD ACTOR. LIKE A BROKEN PIANO KEY, WE'VE GOT NO NOTES.*

**PUMBIS:** Wumbo? is that you? is it really really you? is it really really really really you? is it actually, truly, honestly, inarguably, indisputably, certainly, definitely, undoubtedly you? oh Wumbo, my fart's desire, my narc for hire: of narcs I tire! Fuck the police.

**NARRATOR:** *PUMBIS TAKES A PAUSE TO LET THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MOMENT SINK IN. ONCE THEY HAVE CALMED THEIR NERVES, THEY SIT, SOMBER, WITH A BIT OF KETCHUP ON THEIR LIP THAT THEY DIDN'T NOTICE BEFORE WALKING ONSTAGE. SHIT. ENTER NARC WAHLBERG, STAGE LEFT. A SNEEZE BETRAYS HIS STEALTH. ACHOO. THEY LOCK EYES AND CHANT TOGETHER. ON EACH BEAT OF THE PENTAMETER, THEY TAKE ANOTHER STEP TOWARD ONE ANOTHER (step on the word that appears after every # sign).*

**PUMBIS + NARC WAHLBERG:** # Wumbo wumbo, # so much fun, so # glad you've brought your # stinky # crumbs, oh # steaming lungs, my # bulbous buns, do # show your # fest'ring # crumbling # gums!

**DWEEBIS:** Hark! I'm sorry my digression doth confuse, of course I speak of dehydrated tooth enclosure blues. Go see a dentist, for real, that looks infected.

**NARC WAHLBERG:** *(matter-of-factly):* No, I won't do it. my teeth freeze like that rebel sneeze of yesterhour, when my position doth made revision, from hiding into sight. *\*to the audience\** I am Narc Wahlberg, and I just described the circumstances under which I entered the scene here, in case you missed that.

**NARRATOR:** *NARC WAHLBERG RUBS HIS PINKY ROUGHLY AGAINST HIS TINY CANINES. A DEAFENING SQUEAK (sneeze-like) EXUDES. WITH A SICKENING GRIN, HIS EARS START TO BLEED*

**DWEEBIS:** Wumbo, Wumbo, I do plead! Please wake me from this horrid dream! This villain's ears bleed from the drum, come plug my eyes with stinky crumbs!

**NARC WAHLBERG:** This is the part in the play where we learn who the villains, heroes, and victims are. But the lines will be blurred later, for social commentary. I am Narc Wahlberg, and I am God.

*\*STAGE DARK\* *

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[page 5]

Yeah, the lights are on and you seem to be in the most luxurious of brigs. It has a poster. It's a self-portrait of you. Holding a mug that reads "#1 boss." There is a door which is unlocked.

There is also a snazzy feathered hat in the room. Your jailor's tastes are immaculate.

- Take the snazzy feathered hat. (page 7)
  - Take the snazzy feathered hat. (page 7)
-

the  
legend  
of

# BELL PEPPER BOY

Night Edition

Volume 5  
"Sweet  
dreams,  
Pepper  
Boy."





# Opinion: Landlords Must Be Held Responsible For Horrific Living Conditions in Off-Campus Housing

By Sabrina Smith

Off-campus housing is, by and large, wildly overpriced and nearly unlivable. It's not a secret; jokes about horrific college houses and apartments can be found in almost every form of popular media. It's not a problem unique to Tufts, either—this is nationwide. In the past three weeks, I've had a friend nearly break her leg falling down unsafe stairs, had a friend get locked in the bathroom until the fire department came to break down the non-functioning door, and heard of 3 bedbug incidents, all at different universities. I personally have seen the same mouse nearly every night for the past 2 weeks. I've found mouse poop in the corners and had to throw away bags of rice. Now, we have to kill this mouse because our landlord refuses to call an exterminator until we're "sure there's a problem." How could I not be sure? If landlords refuse to fulfill their duties to their tenants, they must face legal ramifications.

# Opinion: I Am SO Exited To See My Big Freinds Tomorrow Nite!!

By Mouse

Fore Sevrul Weeks Now, I Hav Ben Hanging Out With Sum VERY Big Freinds. They Ar So Funy! Sumtimes They See Me And Ar Screeming And Running Away Like They Ar Scared Ov Me! Wy Wood They Be Scare Ov Me?? I Am So Litle And They Ar So Big?! They Ar So Funy, I Lov Them! Unfourtonatly They Mosly Are Daytime Freinds An I Do Not Like The Daytime To Much So I Only See Them A Litle Bit Eech Nite But I Lov Them!! They Sumtimes Ar Giving Me Food Like Deleckable Morsuls I Coodn't Get Myself! They Drop On The Floor And I Nevar Eat Rite Away Becus Altho I Lov My Freinds Their Feets Ar Very Scary!! But I Eat Later Always. I Hope My Freinds Stay Up Layter Becus I Lov Them So Much!!!!!! And Want To See Them At Nite!!! Freinds Ar Nice Too Hav. ↗



Art by Julia P.

[page 7]

You feel more complete than you ever have before. Behind where the hat was hanging up, there is a small mirror with a note on it that says "Lookin' good. . . Good Lookin'!" You hear a knock on the door. "Reportin' fer duty cap'n!"

- Knock his teeth out. Bloody pirate! (top of page 8)
- Stand in front of the self portrait and plot a mutiny. (bottom of page 8)
- Abandon hope. Roll saving throw. To the portholes! (page 9)

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[top of page 8]

You open the door and punch the kindly old man in the teeth. He begins to bawl. You reevaluate all of your life choices and decide to dedicate your remaining days as a dentist. I hear it's a very lucrative market these days.

- Uh... The End, I s'pose.

---

## Do You Have Games On Your Phone?

*By Brina Broan*

Hey! Is that your phone or your mom's phone?

Are you playing games?

Well, do you have any games?

What games do you have?

I don't know that game. Do you have subway surfs? Have you ever heard of Clash Royale? Do you know what Craigslist is? Can I play games on your phone?

You're texting? Who are you texting? Are you texting your boyfriend?

You're not texting your boyfriend? Are you texting your girlfriend? My mom told me girls can date girls and boys can date boys and that's ok. Do you think that's ok?

Well, do you have a boyfriend or a girlfriend?

Where did you meet your boyfriend? Did you meet him on Craigslist?

You met him at school? Really? I think the boys at school are stinky. I like the boys on Craigslist.

I go on craigslist on my mom's phone. Duhhhhh.

The boys on Craigslist aren't older than me. I meet other 7 year olds on Craigslist, but they're not like me. They're green, and slimy, and when I meet them they scream, but nobody else can hear them.

Yeah, I meet them all the time. I use my mom's phone to text them, obviously.

No, they don't try to have sex with me. They are temptors, sent by the devil.

They tempt me to enter the Kingdom of Heaven by playing Subway Surf. I thought you might be one of them, that's why I asked. Do you ever play with LEGO?

No, I just like LEGO. God doesn't care about LEGO.

Yeah, God really likes Subway Surfs. He likes the trains. He told me in the bathroom last Tuesday.

No, I don't go to the bathroom to talk to God. I went to the bathroom to go peepee. Sometimes God goes to the bathroom to talk to me.

God goes to the bathroom to talk to me because I am his One Begotten Daughter. That's why the devil keeps sending temptors to take me. Does your boyfriend play any sports?

No, sports have nothing to do with God. I like soccer. What position does he play?

I like goalie. Does he dive? Does he wear gloves? Has he ever gotten hit with the ball?

He's gotten hit? Was it funny? Did he get hit in the peepee?

He didn't get hit in the peepee? That's too bad that would've been really funny. I have to go eat lunch now. Can I use your phone while I eat lunch? I'll give it back tomorrow. **Z.**

---

[bottom of page 8]

A strange gnome-like man hobbles through the door. He looks around for a bit. Your stealth is impeccable.

He doesn't leave though, and you realize you have the attention-span of a fish in a barrel. This might not be a war of attrition you can win.

"Cap'n," the creature says, "Cap'n Good Lookin'?"

"A-Aye?" (top of page 10)

---



## Tony Monaco's Diary

Blocktember 45, 2371

Dear Diary,

Today was a great day. When I woke up in my sex dungeon in the basement of Gifford House, I just knew that I would do something great. I got up and spent two hours looking in awe at the fish on my desk. No one knows that they're actually robots that stay in my Zoom background to make me look like a normal human being. I did have a close call today when someone almost realized my true identity. My assistant came in and saw me playing with my pet stapler, but I just played it off like it was totally normal. Humans play with office supplies, right?

I'm so smart that no one knows who I really am. I am the zodiac killer. I shot JFK. I am affordable tuition's worst nightmare. I am the most evil being in the universe, but no one knows who I really am. Hey Diary, you know what would be really funny? What if I divested from fossil fuels without actually divesting. Wouldn't that be hilarious?! I'm going to do that right now. I'm so smart. I love you, Diary. You're my only friend.

Love,  
Tony XD

The other day, I was speed-walking as usual to class in Olin. As I was walking by Gifford House, I saw a piece of paper on the ground. At the top of the page it said, in very fancy handwriting, *The Diary of Anthony P. Monaco*. Naturally, I took the piece of paper to try to get more of a sense of who Daddy Monaco really is. This is what it said. Truly disturbing, I know. None of us really know our college presidents. Really makes ya think, huh? So keep on the lookout for more diary entries around campus. I'll let you all know if I get any updates. **Z**.



Art by Brett

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[page 9]

You attempt to open what you thought were portholes, but quickly realise that they are actually a series of murals written and produced by distinguished landscape painter Georgia O' Keffe.

- Jump through it anyways (page 17)
  - She's a natural treasure, you don't have the heart. (top of page 18)
-

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[top of page 10]

"Ye've been holed up in yer quarters fer nigh on two weeks. And why d'ya 'ave all those bumps on yer noggin'-melon? Frankly, cap'n, the crew're worried for yer mental well bein'."

- "I'm fine, I'm a model of mental health. I am able to carry on with the social functioning forever. You don't know me! I'm a high-functioning adult and. . ." (bottom of page 10)
  - Draw a picture of the two of you holding hands in crayon and give it to him. (page 11)
- 

## **The Legend of the Zombie Pig from a Made-Up Scotland-Like Place**

*By Harry Bumhole Esquire*

In the wood there grewed a zombie pig which wrought wreckage and consternation upon this village. It breath fire and could inhale metal like it was machine but it was flesh but no blood for it was rot. it s eyes were rot from it skull so it could no see and relyeth on only its sense of smell. It smelleth your desire and groweth only stronger with each whiff it sucks off knowledge from the mind.

This pig was terrifying to children in the town and former Constable Reverend send his two ugly stupid sons on the pigs trail with winchester rifles to shoot the pig and eat the heart to restore justice to the town. When the boyos found themselves in the presence of the pig it spake the following in Olde English. But i Taranslate for you. "I am no pig, but a Witch from the Transylvanian train yeard and i am gonna destroy your town until i am cyured from my diseese. My life was taken from me by a daughter of satan and I wish it to be duly restored lest I should raze your town and parish to ash and bone." The brothers went off to find the witch.

But when they gott to the witch's hut she placed upon their name a hexe so strong that it pulled their ginitals from their bodes and torned them into frogs. The two frog brethrens lived thus in mud for the remainder of their unsuccessful live. After the hexation of the sons the pig continued his rain of terror in the little village by striking at what they loved the most: the Chucke Chese house where the funny pizza mouse lived. Also was destroyed the school, but as that had been yet scheduled for demolition already on account of its unuseful nature this 'twas actually very and very helping of the pig and the town decided that they would not decide to kill it.

After all it had saved them of a coulpe of sticks of combustibile matter that would have sent the school to kingdom cum. The pig was an animal with its only intentions to kill the witch that had killed it and et its child. The whole town formed a sex brigade so solve the equation of how to captuore the pig alive and administer a trial. The sex was not great, but a solution was ultimately reached.

The witch was supremeley beloved by the humble town as she pieced each man woman and stupid fucking kid a nice overcoat and secured safety and food for the members of the church, but she agreed after consultation to accept the term of the entrapment. The pig was to be loured from his wood by the presence of the witch vulnerable in the town were her hands were to be bound to prevent the use of her magick. The pig dost then appear, and he was then killed on account of his sexist ways and for the damage to the Chucks Chese parlor. The townspeople lied to the pig, and the witch who had been on their side smote the village as she were a goddess named Poggers. Humans not very nice.

**Z.**

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[bottom of page 10]

You ramble along these lines 'til you're blue in the face. You black out. (page 3)

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[page 11]

He blushes and folds it up carefully before storing it safely in his wallet. "Well that's a nice lookin' hat you got there today cap'n."

- Seduce the gnome-like man. (top of page 12)
- "I know, isn't it? I found it on my desk and it goes perfectly with my ascot." (bottom of page 12)

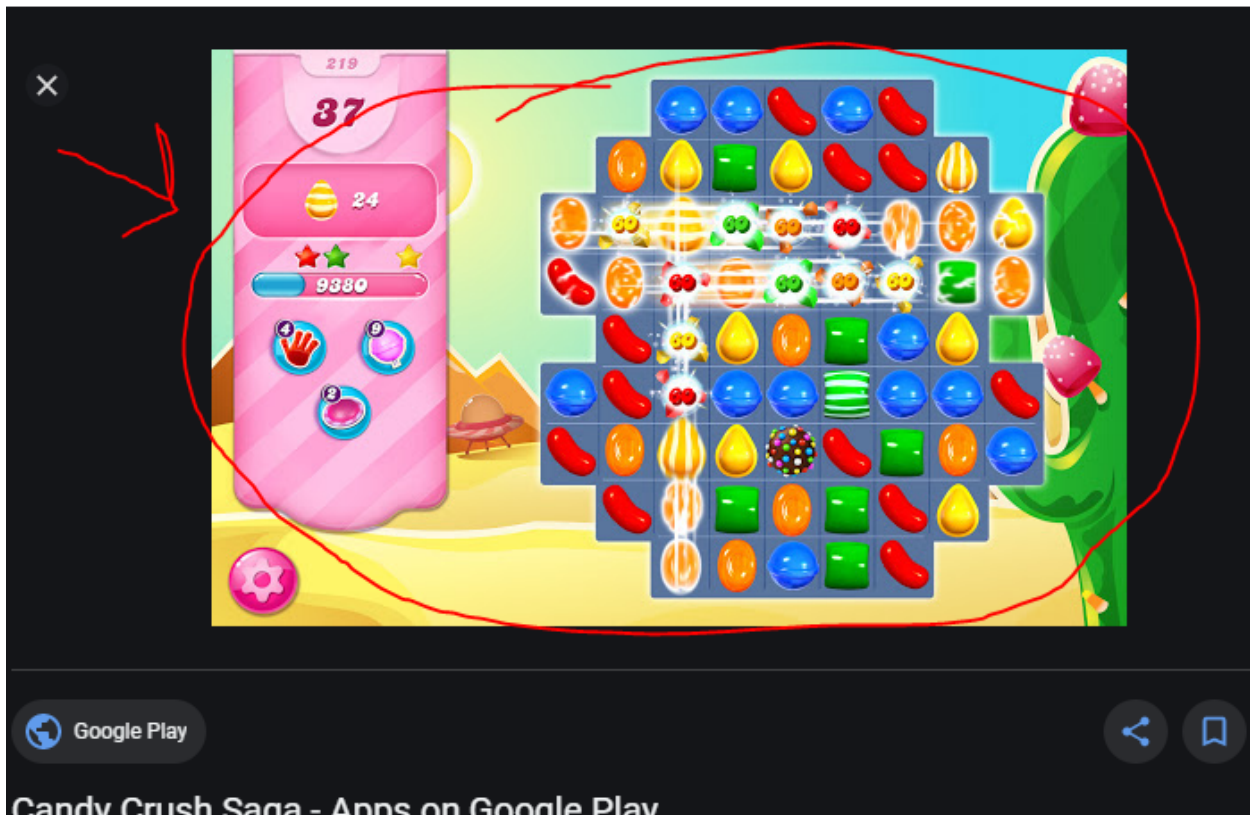
## Today I played candy crush for seventeen hours.

*By Beth Anne Phetamine*

This. This is why i am the best persin to giv you candy crush tips n triks.

Tip number one

1. This is. Candy crush (•'•••)



1. Candy Crush Saga - Apps on Google Play
2. Tip number two : this tip is important: watch this [Video below](#) becuz of formadding its on da next paige. :)

Nope its not here its still on the next page

[top of page 12]

You really want to seduce the gnome-like man, huh. Well look no further! Introducing the long awaited Cap'n Good Lookin' Dating Sim! Dating options include: Gnome-like man, a barrel, and taking a little time to work on yourself first (it's a valid option, don't be afraid to exercise self-care).

- Preorder the Cap'n Good Lookin' Dating Sim.
- Please preorder the Cap'n Good Lookin' Dating Sim. . . we're working really hard on it.
- Exercise self-care. (middle of page 18)



5. Tip number 5 - every DAY GETS HARDER FOR ME. EXISTENCE IS A NEVER ENDING MARCH TO MY DEATH. TODAY WAS MY DAY OFF OF WORK. YESTERDAY I WENT IN TO WORK AT MY MY MY POST OFFICE. I WORKED FOR THE WHOLE DAY AND THEY DID NOT PAY ME. MY BOSS SAYS IT IS BECAUSE MY PAYDAY IS OMN FRIDAY AND IT IS NOT FRIDAY TODAY.. MY BOSS SAYS I AM DOING GOOD WORK AT MY JOB. ONE DAY I WANT TO OWN THE POST OFFICE.

7. 103 E Commercial St, Brady, NE 69123

8. TOMORROW I AM GOING TO PLAY 17 HOURS OF CANDY CRUSH AGAIN

10. "And if ye will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me; Then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins. And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." (Leviticus 26:27-29 )

[bottom of page 12]

You look like a million doubloons, gain +5 bravery points. The gnome-like man looks covetously at your hat, and you become suddenly conscientious of his shiny, balding head.

- Seduce the gnome-like man. (top of page 12)
- Wax the gnome-like man's head (page 16)
- Be vanilla, I guess. (page 15)

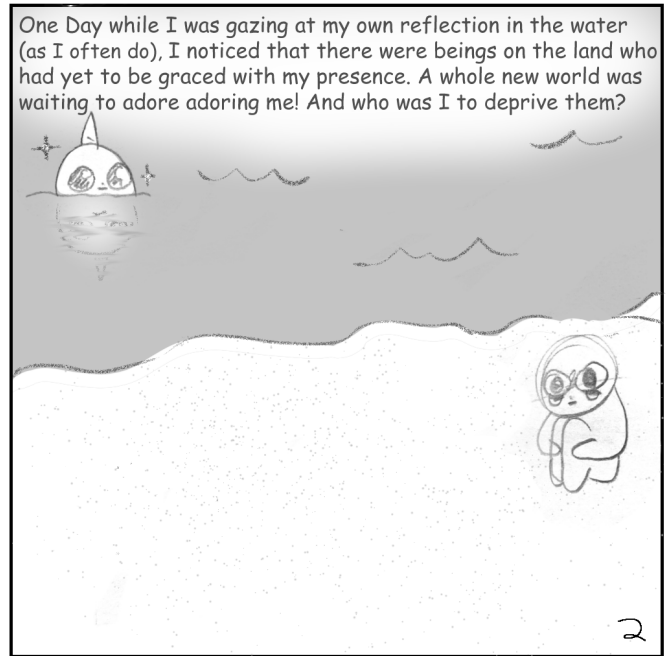


NPC S&M 1: Meet Num<sup>+</sup>+

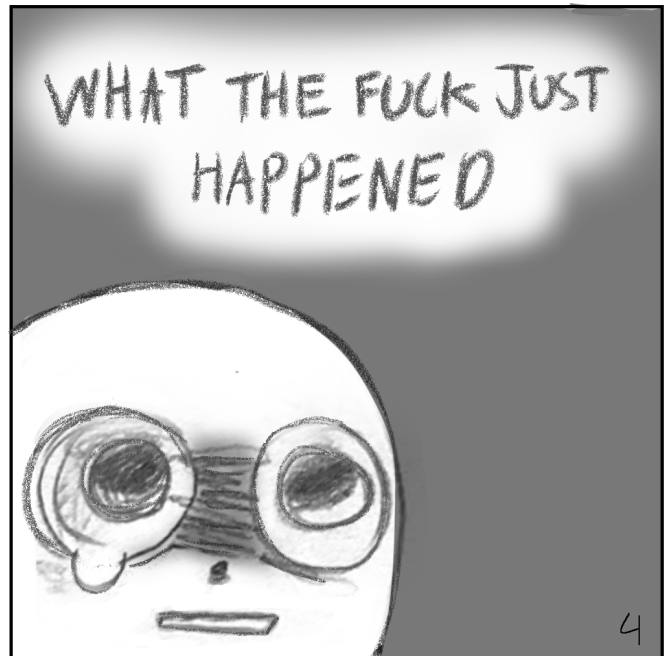
L→R



\*lie



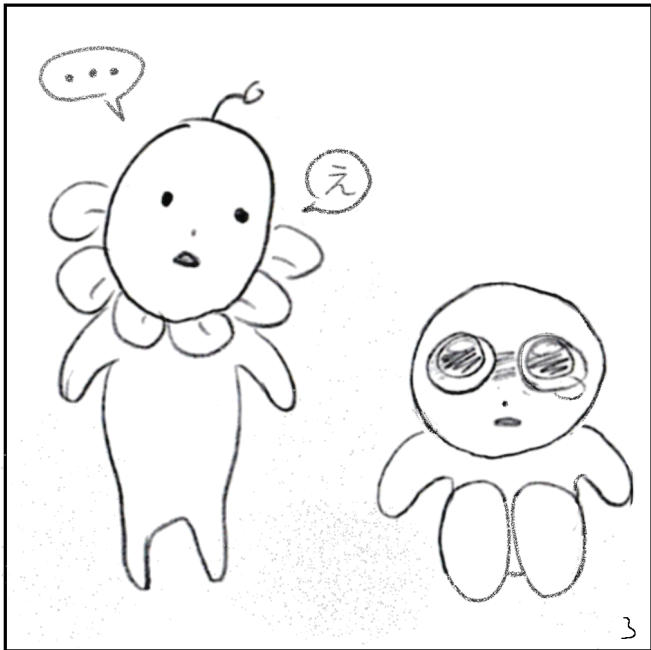
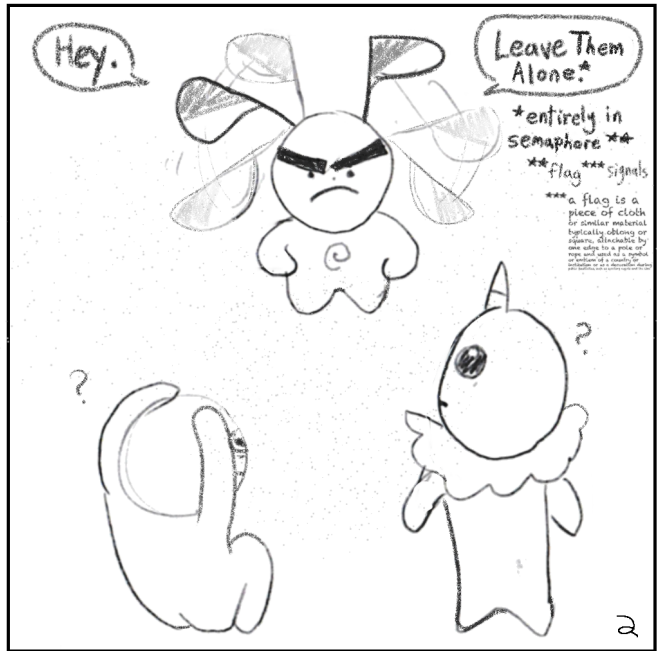
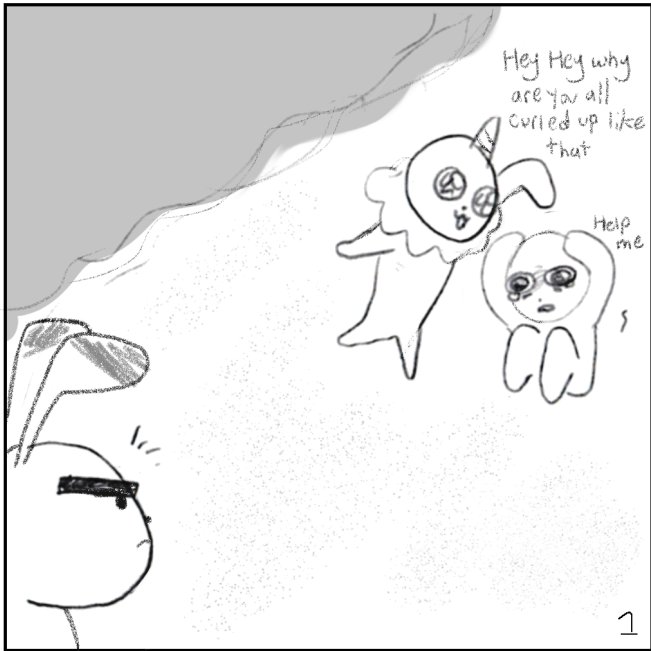
\*lie



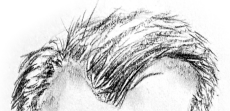
Spyri.P

# NPC S&M 2: Pinafore

L→R



Spyri.P





## Jokes in the Machine — AI Generated Satire

By John Wayne Gacy the Computer Clown With Intel™ Inside


*My friend gave me handful of his goo to keep but the goo became the national debt and now we're all fucked.*

Do you know the meaning of satire, my friend. He is a faulty tool. Fool. I think my dad would say (if i had a therapist he would say i use satire as a coping mechanism.) What is art? There was this guy I read about in high school his name was DuChamp or some shit so he was french who he put a urinal in a museam and he signed it and called it art and that was called art and also there was that. Michale angelo guy from the old times that maaed naked men palntings all the time and sculputre he liked to make naked men which is cool i like naked men too but why is his naked men drakings art but when i draw dicks on the chalkboard at school i'm immature? My teacher called me a very bad word. She said I was insufferable and i said you shit. You won't get away with this my dad is a lawyer.

Anyway I really like art uhh even though it's sick as fuck and cancelled.

In the 1970s there was many cereal killers because people didn't think that seraic killers existed so they just let random creeps into their house and show them the doors and then a few weeks later the man comes back at night and cuts you into teeny tiny pieces but their not stupid they were just naiive and trusting. i don't trust anybody that is what makes me strong.

When i was a baby my mom used to make satire jokes about things you re not supposed to joke about like death and disease and things more policiatl incrrct like war but the point is alwas that you are punching up. You can olndy make fun of people that have got more power than you thats the logic so you can make fun of billionaires because they have money bit you cannot make fun of homeles people.

In well it was a long time ago ronalda reagan became a president of the united state of america and he created the middle class through his policies of letting the rich peopl hoard theyre money in offshore bank accounts and somebody tred to shoot ronald but nor becace of his polices but because the man was obsess with Jodie foster but jodie foster doesnt even like you john you fucking idiot. Anyway ben shapiro is a racist .

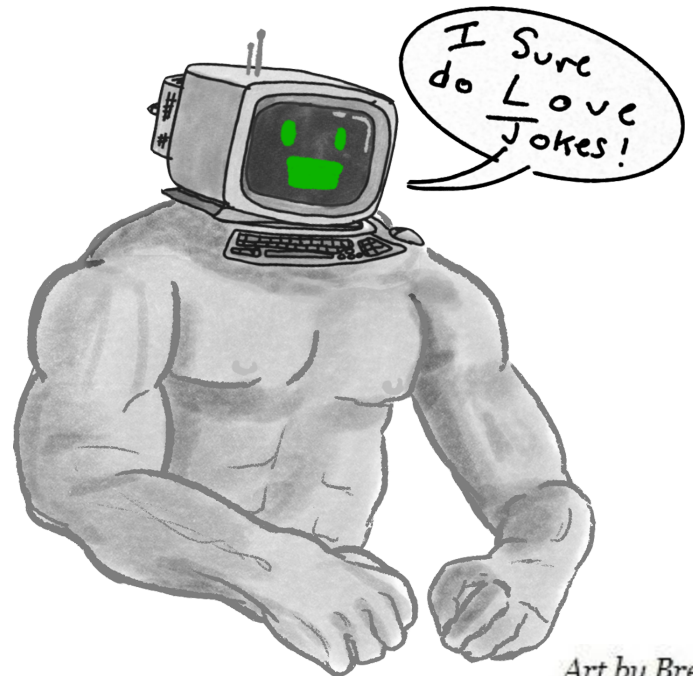
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[page 15]

- Ah, slow-burn I dig your style ;)

You actually progress the plot like a nerd. . . Unfortunately, the creators of the Zam-Build Your Own Adventure didn't expect anyone to actually be interested in the plot, and didn't write this far ahead. Check back next time for more Adventures and Exploits of a Novice Pirate Captain (we promise there'll be more smut in the next installment) [pinky swear] (and don't forget to preorder the Cap'n Good Lookin' Dating Sim today! Available on the WiiU, SEGA Neon Genesis, and CoolMathGames)

---



Art by Brett

[page 16]

You take your trusty jar of coconut oil and begin to wax the bald man's very bald head. He does not appreciate this gesture and attempts to wax your head with a club. You wonder where you'll wake up. . . (page 3)

## Reasons why the *Elephant Quest* Elephant should replace Jumbo as the Official Tufts University Mascot

*Zamboni Magazine Zamboni*

1. It is already an elephant, so we wouldn't have to change a lot
  2. It also died in a tragic event (the Flash Shutdown of 2020) so the backstory can stay the same also
  3. Its whole body is already Tufts Blue™, so it's already repping us more than Jumbo (who is **Not** Tufts Blue™) ever did. What are we, MIT???
- A college whose school color is grey like a real elephant???? I think not.



4. It is simplified and cute, perfect for logos and merch
5. It's ~\*~quirky~\*~ (Proof: has a hat, collects balloons, went on a Quest)
6. It can perform a double jump, and I don't think Jumbo can do even one jump, so.
7. It can operate laser tanks which will show off our offensive prowess and intimidate opponents at sporting events
8. It has starred in ten (10) games, making it more famous and relevant than an elephant that has only starred in one (1) circus and one (1) horrific train crash from like a bajillion years ago



### IN CONCLUSION:



# Vaguely Zoom-Themed Crossword Puzzle You're Welcome.

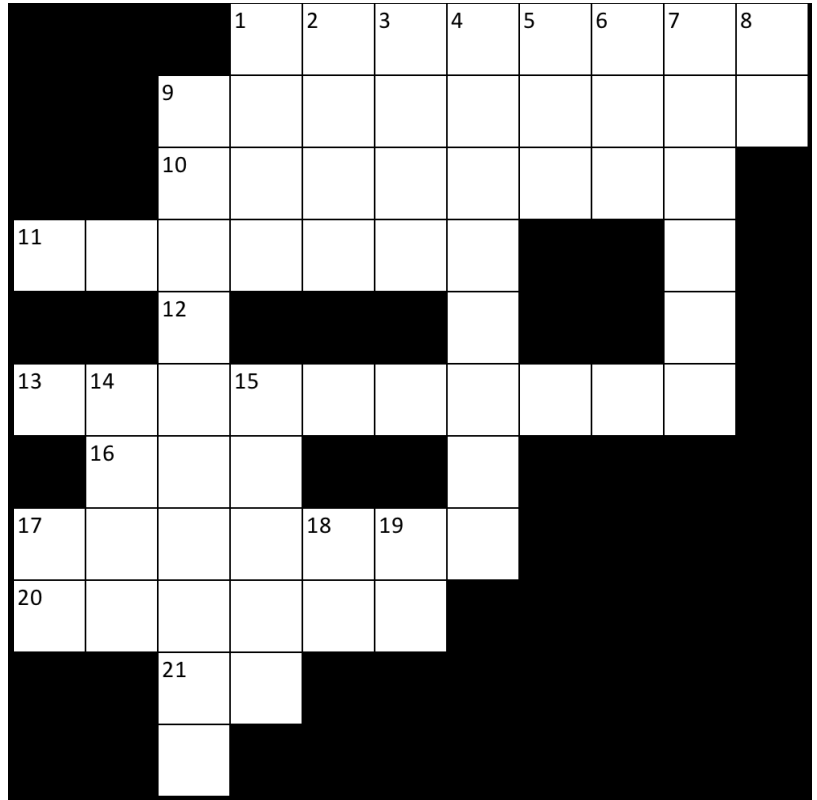
By Alex Bradley

## ACROSS

1. Your internet connection is \_\_\_\_\_.
9. How I would feel if my professors learned how to share audio while screensharing
10. This meeting is being \_\_\_\_\_.
11. The quantity on which an operation is done
12. A question I often ask myself
13. People who show up in Zoom calls they don't belong in to ruin everybody's fun
16. This is just three random letters  
Crosswords are really hard to make
17. Predominant religion of Tufts University
20. The person I look at in Zoom meetings
21. Every Zoom meeting has a meeting \_\_\_\_\_ but no one ever seems to need it.

## DOWN

1. A licensed \_\_\_\_\_ can host unlimited meetings on the public cloud.
2. Organization that might help you attend Zoom meetings from a rural area? I don't know.  
This  
one is a stretch for sure lol
3. Please wait, the meeting host will let you in \_\_\_\_\_.
4. I guess this is what you would say if you think turds are delicious and you, uh, saw some.
5. Zoom is stupid \_\_\_\_\_ I hate it.
6. Uh idk just figure it out from the context of the other letters.
7. I'm really trying to think of an interesting clue for this but it's 11:32 PM and it's due at midnight so I'm just gonna tell you the answer it's "ledger"
8. Uhhh it's short for Edward
9. What you can ask someone to find out if they are ISIS
14. How my skin looks on Zoom
15. You are \_\_\_\_\_ now. Press Shift+Command+A to unmute your microphone, or press and hold the SPACE key to temporarily unmute.
17. You know I had to do it to \_\_\_\_\_
18. Illinois abbreviation
19. San Francisco abbreviation... man I really shoulda gave myself more time to make this crossword puzzle but considering I made it in an hour I'm proud of it



[page 17]

You hit your head very hard against the side of the ship and fall unconscious. As you fall asleep, you wonder where you'll wake up. (page 3)

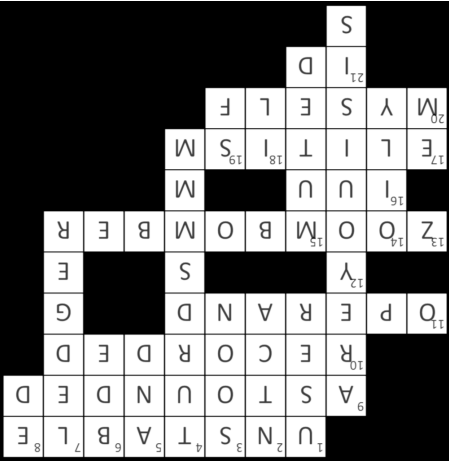
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[top of page 18]

Instead you sit down and start weeping softly until you fall asleep. It's just so beautiful :(  
You hope to wake up in a desert as beautiful as one of these paintings. (page 3)

---

The answers (DONT PEEK OMG):



---

[middle of page 18]

You realize the best way to exercise self care is to preorder the Cap'n Good Lookin' Dating Sim. We have a kickstarter. . .  
PREORDER NOW!!!!

---

## **This is a test of TuftsAlert (emergency alert system)**

*By Tufts Alerts*

This is a test of TuftsAlert (emergency alert system). In an actual emergency, please do not respond. In an actual emergency no one is there to catch you. In an actual emergency, no one will save you because they can't even save themselves. An alert message will be sent using this system by someone who doesn't love you. Do you really love the people you love? Why them? Why not me? How much would you love them if you must love yourself first? How can you love yourself more than them? How can you love them if they are real and have faults and you love them for the good and hate them for the bad? How can you love them if love is conditional on their lovability? How can you make yourself more lovable so they will love you? Follow-up information may be posted to the Tufts University website at <http://www.tufts.com> and the weather emergency and information phone line at 617-627-INFO (4636).

This message is being sent by text, voice, and email to students, faculty, and staff. If you don't receive a text message or voice call, your contact information may be incomplete. Log in at <http://emergency.tufts.edu/alertupdate/> to provide your contact information now, and ensure that you are a part of this important communications system. **Z.**

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[bottom of page 18]

://:// pretty please just this once  
- Okay fine (page 5)

---

# How not to Suck

By Missy Rae Valentine

If you know anything about me, you know that I don't like people (in general). Sure, there are some people that I like, but as a species, we kinda suck. Through my experiences, I have gathered a plethora of things that people should (or should not) do. And I wanted to share these suggestions with the readers (basically, this is how not to suck, at least in my opinion).

1. If you set in alarm but know that you're not going to wake up to it (or you snooze it several times in the span of 30 minutes), don't set that alarm, especially if the walls in your house are thinner than the toilet paper at this school. And if you do wake up, don't just sit there for a minute while the alarm blares.
2. If someone is in the middle of using something (say, a pencil or blanket), don't ask to borrow it.
3. When you mess up the toilet so that it cannot be drained, leave a sign so others don't make the mistake of walking in there and wanting to throw up.
4. If someone asks you to be quiet several times, maybe you should work on volume control.
5. If you don't like me, don't be fake nice. I would rather have you outwardly treat me like shit than string me along. I can tell when you're BS-ing me.
6. Don't annoy someone just to annoy them. (Unless they annoyed you first. Then it's fair game!)
7. Don't chew with your mouth open, for the love of all that is holy.
8. Never trust someone who dislikes the following things: The Beatles, the band Queen, Julie Andrews, Chris Evans, Betty White, Dolly Parton, Danny Devito, Paul Giamatti, dogs (or animals in general), waffles, and Pixar/Disney movies (there are probably more). They are either pretending so that they can be a contrarian and act like they're special (when they clearly aren't), or they just have shitty taste. And you don't want to be around someone like that.
9. Don't keep asking people to do one thing. The more you prod them, the less likely they are to do it.
10. If you touch my stuff, expect me to retaliate.
11. If you're a slow walker, move out of the way or get ready to be tripped and for me to say it was an accident.
12. If you don't think you're ready for a relationship, don't go on Tinder and ask a girl out and then go on a few dates with her before telling her.

If you don't do any of these, congratulations! You don't suck. If you only do 1-4 of these things, I will probably still like you but I will call you out. If you do 5 or more, it's official: you are the actual worst. If you need me, I'll be in my room, slowly losing my mind. Z.

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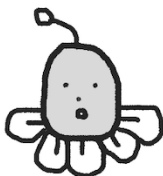
## NPC S&M Character Bios

By Spyri



### Num the Narseal(?)

A narcissistic sea creature of indeterminate species who wanted to be adored by the land people and grew legs to accomplish this. Has yet to find success.



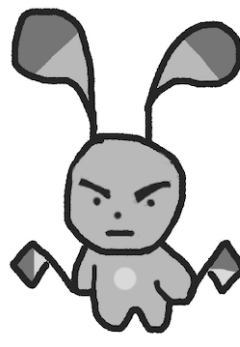
Surprise



Anger

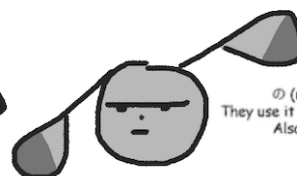


Sadness



### Pinafore

A rabbit that communicates exclusively through semaphore. Has little patience for anything else. When they don't have their flags handy they use their ears.



① (no) in Japanese semaphore  
They use it as shorthand for the English "No"  
Also "L" in English semaphore.

## RIP Adobe

*By Sir Webbington*

Really,  
It is quite unfortunate news.  
People everywhere

Are mourning the  
Death  
Of Adobe Flash Player.  
Beautiful gamers of the world, however can we  
Express our dismay at the

Fall of our favorite  
Lovely little software to play Cool Math® games? This  
Application was with us from our first computer clicks.  
Sorrow is what the world's gamers, villains and  
Heroes feel. ✨

## Adobe! Adobe!

*By Salt Shitman*

Adobe! Adobe! our favorite software gone,  
Our Flash which weather'd every storm, its time has fin'ly come;  
For games held dear, the ports are here, but many still are dying,  
New companies try to appeal, their games are all quite boring:

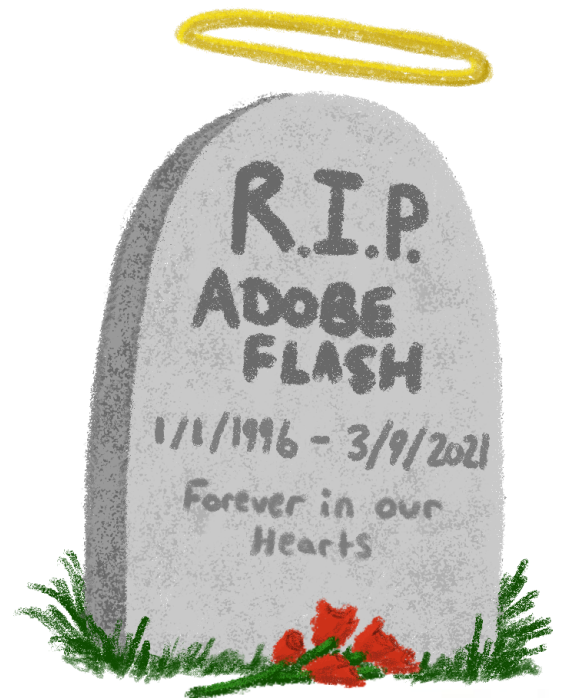
They Won't Start! Start! Start!  
O the games through which we sped  
Where on the page our plug-in lies  
Fallen old and dead

Adobe! Adobe! rise up and give them hell;  
Rise up - demand our Flash alive - buy nothing that they sell;  
Until they bring back our dear Flash - our money we're withholding,  
Let's let Adobe feel our wrath, let's show the cards we're holding;

Adobe! You hear us!  
I hope you're filled with dread  
Bring back our boy or it will be  
Your company who's dead

We recommend you answer, we haven't had our fill,  
Capitulate to our demands, please make our Flash unkill'd,  
Our rage you'll see, it has no bound, we're ready for some fun,  
A case of bees in vents released, we'll have our object won;

Rise, O gam'rs! and fight, O fans!  
The software's not the end  
Just something that helps us lead  
A life gratef'ly led ✨



*Art by Brett*

the legend of  
**BELL PEPPER BOY**

Volume 6  
"Pepper Boy Pursues Women"



# The Zamboni



**Tufts' most reputable  
publication for 31 years  
(and many more to come)**

