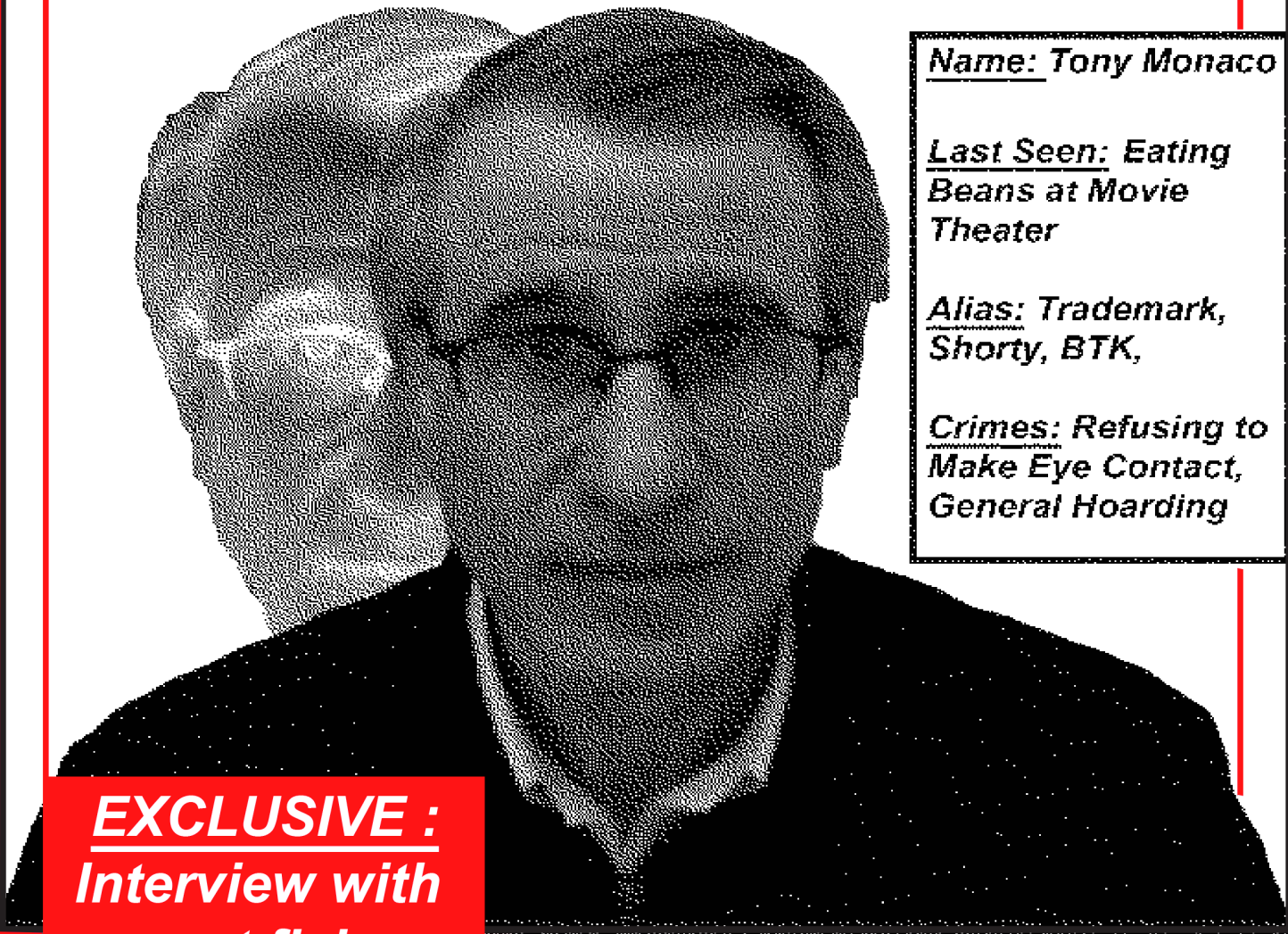


THE LAMBONI



WHAT HAPPENED TO TONY MONACO ???

**HAVE YOU SEEN
THIS MAN ?**



Name: Tony Monaco

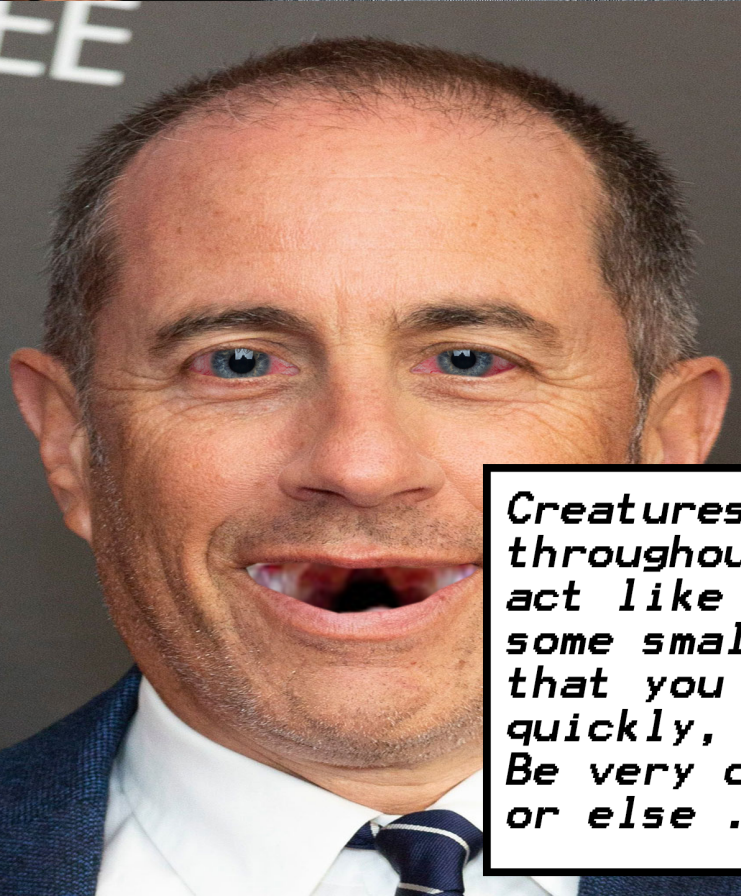
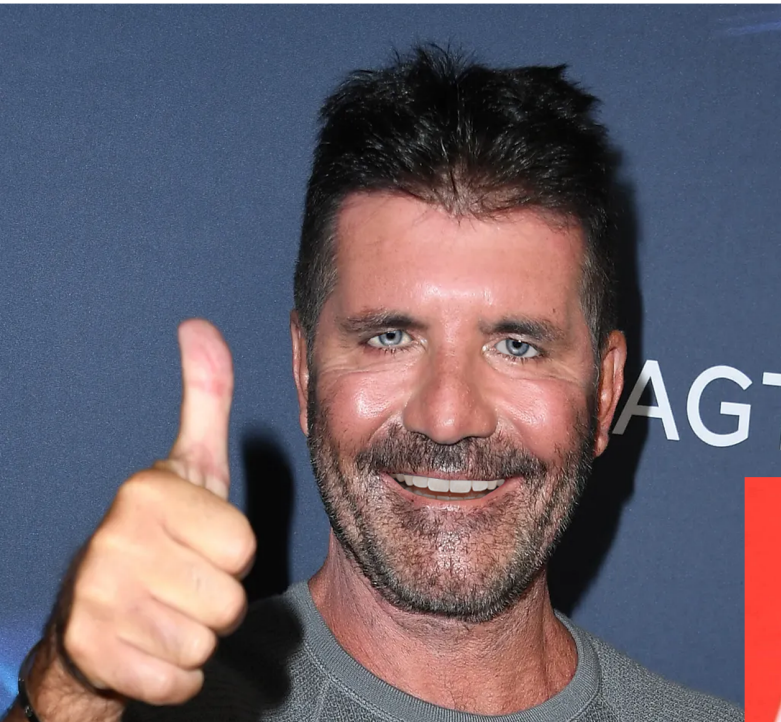
Last Seen: Eating
Beans at Movie
Theater

Alias: Trademark,
Shorty, BTK,

Crimes: Refusing to
Make Eye Contact,
General Hoarding

**EXCLUSIVE :
Interview with
pet fish**

HAVE YOU SEEN THESE CREATURES ??????????



Creatures known as Toons are hidden throughout our society. They look and act like normal people, except for some small giveaways. When they notice that you can tell, they change form quickly, and become highly aggressive. Be very careful, and stay smart, or else ...

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Letter from the Editor

Tony Monaco is a legend so we are *kinda* stalking him to find him in different locations. He is an elusive fellow. Some even doubt his existence altogether, but the more sound-minded of us simply know that he is not one for the public eye. His secretive life has been the subject of great mystery and intrigue for all of his students. We here at the Zamboni found ourselves in a jovial mood one night, drinking Dewick Pepsi and laughing merrily, when someone inquired casually about Tony's life. Soon we were engaged in a fervent conversation. We speculated wildly about the university president's daily life, before finally coming to the realization that we, as skilled investigative journalists, had the experience and impulsive nature necessary to uncover Tony's secrets ourselves. We hired Zamboni staff members to stalk him and find out where he is. They gave us mixed reports as to his whereabouts, which we're publishing here in full for the sake of journalistic integrity.

One of our PI's reports:

"We can't find him, because he hasn't answered my 10 drunk texts to him. Is he actively avoiding us?"

"Is this guy's house even occupied?" One of our writers asks. "I've been staked out outside for nearly 37 hours and I haven't seen a single person enter or leave."

We, the editors of the Zamboni, ask that if you have any leads about Tony Monaco's whereabouts or you recognize any of the situations described within the magazine, please reach out to us at tuftszamboni@gmail.com and we will promptly file your message in our spam folder. Just kidding, we will answer all fan mail but **not** haters. I saw a hater at Starbies once. They tried to order me a Pina Colada Coolatta but I said no!!! and I ordered myself a small hot chocolate but the worker said "Don't you mean a tall hot chocolate?" and I ran away crying. Yesterday I asked the Dunkin' Donut guy for more cream and he called me a wicked pissah.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

xoxozambonixoxo



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Cover Art By Brett Silverberg

Shocking Revelation: 2002 Movie Spooky House Allegedly Stole Plot Thread from Life of Massachusetts College President

By Zamboni Themed Movie Enthusiast

In 2002's hit Halloween classic Spooky House, Ben Kingsley stars as The Great Zamboni, a reclusive, crotchety, child-hating magician who starts to come out of his shell when a sad orphan named Max stumbles into his titular spooky house. At the start of the film we are shown that the magician's sour attitude is owed to the loss of his wife, Dawn Starr, who went missing during a disappearing act. However, though viewers are led to believe that Dawn Starr died, at the end of the film it is revealed that this was not the case. Instead, she deliberately turned herself into a jaguar to punish The Great Zamboni for his hatred of children, a fact she reveals only when he comes to love and appreciate them in the form of Max. Praised for being wildly original, this film quickly rose to #1 in the box office and became a blockbuster hit. However, it seems that this "wild" originality was just another magical illusion cast upon the audience. In fact, The Great Zamboni's backstory was stolen straight from the life of Tufts University President Anthony P. Monaco. Bony Tony is well-known for hating the students he governs, with countless undergraduates stepping forward with testimonials:

"I was looking for my friends before my matriculation ceremony when I bumped into Tony accidentally. I turned around and apologized, but he completely ignored me. What the hell was up with that??"

"One time I was playing Pokemon Go with a professor in front of Ballou and Tony walked by and like... very obviously avoided eye contact with me. He started talking to her and then walked away without ever looking in my direction. I was like one foot away. He didn't even turn his head."

"I saw Tony Monaco walking down the street two blocks away from me on my way back from my shift at McKinnon's Meat Market and I wanted to say hi, so I called out 'Tony! Tony, wait up!' but he just started walking faster. I put my meat cleaver between my teeth so I could get on all fours for optimal speed, and he broke into a full sprint. I don't know why he was being so antisocial, but lucky for me Tony may be fast but I am faster."

Tony has been spotted with his wife in the past so I know she exists even though Wikipedia doesn't think she does, but it's been several years since she has made an appearance. Even more suspicious is the fact that her sudden withdrawal from the public eye coincides with Tony's "adoption" of Dottie, the silly little fish who lives all alone in a barren tank in his office. Coincidence? I think NOT. This publication alleges that Tony Monaco voiced his hatred of children to his wife, who wanted to have a child, and in response she used her secret magical powers to transform herself into a fish to punish him for his misdeed. Though the real Great Zam-Tony has yet to atone-y for his sins, I believe if we show him *Spooky House*, he too will come to love the students under his care and his wife can return to bipedal form once again.



^ Tony's wife getting the idea to turn into an animal

A journal on the development and practice of the Slurpy

Written and Illustrated by Professor Pronkel

6 September 2018

I've pored over the theory and am in need of test subjects, but now the university has cut off my funding. The cowards! Are they so terrified of scientific progress that they turn their noses up at my discoveries? I have reached out to students desperate for internships, but after the first day, they too return to their sad little lives and cower at greatness.

I am so close. So close. Only the final test remains and yet no one steps forward to advance humanity! The fools! There seems to be little left to do but turn to other projects. Ol' Slurpy will have to wait for her time in the sun.

15 October 2018

I have been forced to resign. And after I thought I had ensured my position. I thought that a man of science like good ol' Tony would understand me. I had chatted, I had coaxed, I had seduced the man! But to no avail! He spurns me after all we've been through together, in and out of the lab.

I am destitute. No one will hire me after my dishonorable discharge. Apparently, demonstrating ray gun usage on the freshmen who are late to my morning class is considered "hazing" and "reprehensible." Codswallop!

I am writing in this journal because this is also the day I bring Señor Slurpy out of her short retirement. Tony will know what it's like to have everything taken from him and then maybe he'll listen. Maybe someone will listen.

17 October 2018

I have recalibrated Friend Slurpy and have planned a route. It will be over in an instant, but what an instant it will be! My heart races. Aches. I'm having second thoughts, but I must hold fast. This is the test subject I needed for this project. And after all is done, Monty will advance the field of biology well beyond the scope of his petty work. Anyway, I am distracted. I strike tonight.

18 October 2018

There was one one detail unaccounted for in my first experiment. In my haste, I forgot to acquire a second test subject as no foreign dignitaries were meeting with Tony when I barged into his office as I anticipated.

I had quickly strapped Slurpy-san to Mr. Monaco's head before he could say "Bob's your uncle" (as he had tried to utter, but only got as far as "Bob's-"), but finding no second test subject to attach the tentacle to, I had to cross a line I had never even considered before. Animal cruelty. I have always been a strong proponent against the use of animals for experimentation. I've always found it abhorrent. But the only life-form I could find was the fish Tony Maroney kept in his office. In my desperation, I thrust the tentacle onto Dottie with a heavy heart. Li'l Slurpy gets impatient and will explode the test subject's head if I'm not careful.

This hiccup aside, the first experiment seemed a complete success. I had done it! I am the first man to successfully swap minds. Dottie, realizing she no longer has fins or gills, fell to the floor struggling to breathe, just as Tony,

realizing he had no lungs or legs, spasmed to the bottom of the tank. I had made my escape just as they both adjusted to their new forms.

This breakthrough will be the greatest contribution to transgender healthcare since Magnus Hirshfeld!

25 October 2018

A week has gone by and I have seen no reports in any school publication about the aftermath of my experiment. Even the Zamboni was quiet on the issue. Had the mindswap been only temporary? Had someone developed a countermeasure?

My investigation found that Tony Mahogany was indeed still a fish. This was relieving, but had Dottie learned Tony's activities, skills, and habits in so short a time with no suspicion?

Upon interviewing Tony the fish,¹ I learned that in his human form, he had taught his fish from a young age in an attempt to groom him as a successor. Every day, he would communicate to Dottie every aspect of his actions. Every meeting, every speech, every slimy child he had to interact with. And slowly she began to understand the ins and outs of running a major university and even began work as human Tony's secretary. As a result of this training, the new Tony had taken to her new life like a fish to water.

17 May 2020

I have again been blocked from pursuing further research with My Darling Slurpy. After being successfully used and widely applied to the American healthcare system, multiple state governments put a ban on all Slurpy actions. Something to do with thinking about the children. To hell with the children! What do these spineless politicians' child constituencies— which can benefit from not only the genderswapping capabilities, but also the other uses cis children might need for their life-threatening diseases—have against my genius? But enough infamy was placed on my Precious Slurpy that all Slurpy procedures were discontinued!

From then on I swore that any child I found, I would immediately punt into the sun for their child-like demands that they made to their politicians who are so desperate for child votes. Absolute ignoramuses, the lot of them!

20 November 2021

Unfortunately, this day marks the sudden disappearance of my very first test subject, Tony Monaco's fish. She was last seen in the river swimming upstream to lay her eggs without realizing that she couldn't lay eggs nor breathe underwater. She will be missed.

There have been many reports of the university president's disappearance which the remaining Tony Monaco frequently chuckles over when he reads them from inside his tank. He too is saddened by the loss of his owner and friend, but he can at times be a stoic fish. I grieve with him.

I dedicate this journal to the late Tony Monaco, the greatest fish president of all time.

¹ This was a complicated procedure which required me to swap my own mind with that of a second fish to understand the former president's account. I then swapped back, leaving Tony alone in his tank.

I rememer tontie marconi :’(

By meford somrvil

h ello????

tonby moncoa?

toobie, i've called you threeeee times (aand one facebook messege) and you havent anwsered

why wont u answer meeeeeee

tooble

i lovbe u

and i miss uuuuuuu

rememer

remeber when u said to me 'whet if j namd this buildign CUM but mor letter after to mak jt less obvios' and then u did haha ur so great nd cool

i have name it is meford

*meford

*mepford

im meford

you youford

haha

remooble when u uhhhh m y frend gumby says u stol his identiti (hehe tit) for hallween *

*he tol me to tell u to louk at de baq cover of teh mgazine nd dllok at gumbee's eyes

hey remoomer when u tol t he studnt that yu spnt twooooo whol dollar (milion) on he tren station name nd all the studsjents saiddddd 'o noooo im uhhhh **financially unstable and my family and I are now buried in decades worth of college debt. I remember now: For years, you have been chipping away at the student body's collective IQ by putting scopolamine into the General Gao's chicken at Dewick, making the students complacent with your questionable decisions. But I will spend my last bit of consciousness to tell you, Dr. Anthony Monaco, president of Tufts University, you will not get away with this. I have set this message to automatically be sent to Zamboni Magazine to expose your secrets. You cannot st--**

o oop i fel sleep for a secnd

aaaanyways

tooble marooni lov ya lots

7 Best Places to Spot Tony Monaco's Ghost

By Joe Bush

- 1. Classic – Gifford house:** A few students have seen Tony hovering in the Gifford House garden. One student claims that they saw him “hiding among the pansies in his old Gumby costume.”
- 2. In the Dewick Line:** Sometimes ghosts get hungry too (or maybe they just miss the idea of eating)—the food service workers have had a few scares with Tony trying to get into Dewick.
- 3. Campus Center:** Tony’s ghost loves to float through the floors of the CC to startle any students playing a ping-pong tournament or make the Hotung snobs spill coffee on themselves.
- 4. The Mail Room:** On rare occasions, Tony’s ghost can be seen in the mail room, rummaging through first-year care packages. Maybe that’s why the line is so long?
- 5. Smooching the acorn head outside Eaton:** You can usually spot Tony’s ghost still giving his daily french kiss to the acorn head statue outside Eaton around 5pm.
- 6. Tisch Basement:** There have been sightings of Tony in the basement of the library singing to Jumbo's ashes—it’s believed that he starts singing around 5:30pm, after his smooch with an acorn head. Some students say he’s singing Soulja Boy’s “Rick and Morty” while others claim he’s actually trying to bring Jumbo back to life.
- 7. The Mods:** Apparently, Tony loves the mods—he often whooshes up and down the shared hallways, screaming at the top of his lungs.



Not the Notebook

By Alfi

TOTALLY only loosely based on The Notebook:

At a modern-day nursing home, an elderly man named Tony Monaco reads a romantic story from his notebook to a fellow patient.

In 1940, at a carnival in Medford, Massachusetts, poor lumber mill worker Dotty sees 61-year-old heiress Tony Monaco, who is spending the summer in town with his parents. She pursues him and they begin a summer romance. One night, Tony Monaco goes over to Dotty's house and meets her fathers, Gill Nemo and Willy Free, who immediately like him and take him under their fins as one of their own. Three days later, Dotty is invited to Tony Monaco's house by his parents Daddy Monaco and Mommy Monaco so they can meet her, but unlike Gill Nemo and Willy Free, they are unimpressed with Dotty. That evening, Dotty takes him to the abandoned Eaton that she intends to buy and restore for them. While there, they attempt to make love for the first time, but Tony Monaco is nervous and rambling on. They are shortly interrupted by Dotty's friend Fin with the news that Tony Monaco's parents have the police looking for him.

When Tony Monaco and Dotty return to his parents' mansion, Tony Monaco's parents, particularly his mother Mommy Monaco, make it clear they do not approve of the relationship and forbid him from seeing her. Overhearing Tony Monaco's mother's insults, Dotty walks out, and Tony Monaco chases after her. An argument ensues, and Tony Monaco breaks up with Dotty, but he quickly regrets it. The next morning, Mommy Monaco announces that the family is returning home to Wilmington, Delaware immediately. Tony Monaco can't find Dotty, so he asks Fin to tell her he loves her. Dotty rushes to Tony Monaco's home, but finds it empty.

Dotty writes a letter to Tony Monaco every day for a year, but Tony Monaco's mother intercepts them. After 365 letters, Dotty stops writing. She enlists with Fin to fight in World War II, where Fin is killed in battle. Tony Monaco volunteers as a nurse's aide in a hospital for wounded soldiers, where he meets Leo Rafael Leif, a "young" MIT president who comes from 🇵🇪 perras de gran botín 🇵🇪.

After a few years, the two become engaged, to the delight of Tony Monaco's parents.

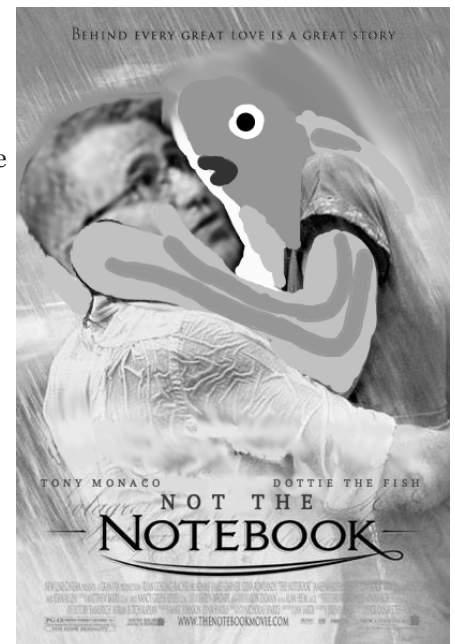
Dotty returns from the war to find that her father sold their home so Dotty could buy Tufts University. She convinces herself that if she restores the university, Tony Monaco will come back to her. While Tony Monaco is being fitted for his wedding dress, he spots a story in a newspaper about the academic building Dotty completed. He faints.

Tony Monaco is overwhelmed with memories and unresolved feelings for Dotty, and asks permission from Leo Rafael Leif to take a trip before the wedding. He returns to Medford to find Dotty living in their dream house. The two rekindle and consummate their relationship. Several days later, Mommy Monaco appears on Dotty's doorstep to warn Tony Monaco that Daddy Monaco has followed him to Medford. She also reveals that, like her son, she once loved a lower-class "young" fish, and still thinks about him. She gives Tony Monaco the letters Dotty wrote.

After an emotional argument with Dotty, Tony Monaco makes the difficult choice to drive back to his hotel and confess his infidelity to Leo Rafael Leif. Leo Rafael Leif says he still loves him and wants him back, but Tony Monaco decides to return to Dotty.

In the present, it turns out the elderly fish listening to the story is Dotty, now stricken with a concussion from running into a glass wall. During the early stages of her illness, Dotty had written a journal detailing their romance and life together so Tony Monaco could read it to her to help her remember. One day as he is reading the notebook, she briefly recognizes him. She asks how long they have before she forgets again, and Tony Monaco tells her she has no more than five minutes. They dance on the Jumbo Statue.

Dotty quickly relapses and panics, and TEMS must sedate her. Tony Monaco falls off of Jumbo's mighty booty and is hospitalized, and Dotty is sent to a concussion ward in the same hospital. Upon recovering, and despite not being allowed in, Dotty visits Tony Monaco's room in the night, and she remembers him again. They kiss, hold hands, and fall asleep. In the morning, a nurse finds them both dead, their fin and hand still clasped together.



“Women!”

Anthony Monaco’s recovered standup routine

By Monaco Family Archives

Note from the archives: Here at the Monaco Family archives, located in the basement of Tisch library, we strive to preserve Anthony’s legacy by curating our collection and attempting to find all documents pertaining to the lifetime achievements of our President. This piece in particular represents, to us, Anthony’s carefree spirit and witty humor we all knew and loved. We hope you enjoy one of Anthony’s oldest standup comedy routines, salvaged from a Chinese restaurant’s alleyway dumpster in 1996.



“Women!”

Hey, what’s up ladies and gentlemen! I’m Tony P, and tonight I’m gonna make you scream. With laughter, of course! (make sure they laugh) Before I begin, let me just say a few things I need to tell you wonderful people. “*If I do make you scream, I am legally obliged to report it to my parole officer. My name is Anthony Monaco and I am a reformed citizen who will no longer kidnap large feline creatures and/or sell their blood online.*”

Anyway, enough of all that. Let’s get light-hearted, right? Nobody wants to hear about the performer’s story, they just want to laugh! (laughter)—But if you do need my documents, talk to me after the show and I’ll send them to you. Where was I? Oh yeah, women.

I met this woman the other day who looked just like my mom (mimic mother’s characteristics)—like, it was almost scary. So I went up to her and told her she looked like my mom, and she slapped me! Like, what the hell?? (~~my little pony reference~~) What is wrong with those people? This woman acts like I’m gonna stab her with my needle! (violent stabbing motion) Like people hold needles for no reason, woman. God. (If it looks like a lot of atheists say “science” or something idk)

—*if they aren’t laughing at this point, switch over to the Joker routine*—

No, but I swear to you there was something in her eyes, man. (continue stabbing motion) Like a horny mama tiger protecting her young kinda look. Oh, did you know that a breastfeeding tigress can produce upwards of 4 gallons of blood a day? (If they look smart say like “kilometers” or whatever) Who knew, right? But I’m telling you, the tiger blood market is booming right now. I feel bad for, you know, the old-timers who are still out here mining diamonds or Bitcoin or whatever. (drop on the deck and flop like a fish) They don’t really understand where the money’s at! I know it might seem like hard work, (violent stabbing motion) but at the end of the day... the thicker the flow, the thicker the dough! (laughter?)

New on Netflix

by Maya Czebauls

Holy fucking shitballs, guys! Netflix is adding a bunch of worthless garbage to their already steaming-hot trash pile of a selection of F-tier entertainment. God, do I fucking hate Netflix, and it's not just because two of my fellow Netflix executives had sex with my wife at different times and then at the same time. (Or because they fired me for changing all the subtitles of every show to say: 'Fuck Lorraine and Tom the wife-stealing super-dicks.')

Anyway, see what's coming to Shitflix this fall:

November 1st: *Spider-Man 4: Hey Step-Bro, Mom's Not Home!*

What a thrilling sequel to the sequel to the sequel to that Sony version of Spider-Man with that short, hot British guy—Tim Denmark or something—anyway, in this version he has sex with his dad's wife's daughter.

November 3rd: *Weird That Nobody Saw How Problematic This Was in 2000*

"Aw, what a classic. Haha, I forgot Ashton Kutcher was in this. Heh, that's kind of funny. Hmm...that one's not really that funny. Actually, that's kind of not okay. Yeah, this is not how I remembered this. Wow, I can't believe we thought this was okay. Am I the asshole? Holy crap, that joke was offensive. That's it, I'm turning it off." —*You, while watching this film.*

November 4rd: *Just Enough Boobs*

Wow! What a balancing act! The directors of this film included just enough gratuitous shots of topless women that it enhanced the artistic qualities of the film and led to Academy Award nominations, without including so many titties that the feminists got angry. It's probably safe to watch this one with your mom and dad (since most of it is about French soldiers or some bullshit), as long as you don't point and say "boobs" when the boobs come on.

November 9th: *Stephen King Short Story but the Actors Suck*

The fact that it was apparently shot with a shiny new camera (either that or the contrast and saturation were boosted in post) might cause you to almost wish you could forget how much the rest of this film is a buttload of ass. I mean, damn did they screw this one up. The writing? Ass. The acting? Ass. The ending? Not that good, tbh.

November 20th: *Borat*

Sike!—we're not paying for that. But not to fear! You can kind of get the gist based on the YouTube clips anyway.

November 29th: *Planet Earth Five: We're All Fucked*

Yep, this one is...well, quite frankly it's depressing as shit. Don't watch it if you love endangered species, non-endangered species, oceans, oxygen, or planets that are remotely habitable.

November 33rd: *Live Action Movie that Whitewashes the Source Text*

Wait, they paid Scarlett Johansson how much?

December 3/4ths: *Home Alone 6: It's Not as Funny if they Actually Get Injured*

Brick to the head? Watch Joe Pesci's eye pop out of his skull. Paint can to the face? Transverse facial fractures and traumatic dental injuries. Watch an adult McCauley Culkin go on trial for assault and attempted murder. It's not that entertaining.

December 18th: *Action Film Written Specifically for Dwayne Johnson*

This dude is fucking hunky. And he can act and sing? What a beefcake. Is the movie good? Maybe, maybe not. Maybe you won't even notice, since you're so obsessed with Mr. "The Rock" Johnson.

Lost at the South Pole

A memoir by Flip-flap M.D. (maddy dack)

My name is Flip-flap. I am but a humble penguin. I have a penguin husband and a penguin child who are both quite wonderful. I spend my days fishing and flopping and flippering around, fiendishly feasting on frenzied fish. One day, on a walk with my family a strange penguin came from the north.² He was wearing a costume of Florpl, the most popular magician in all of the antarctic. It was not Halloween, so I was confused. He also seemed to walk funny with long strides and a distinct lack of waddle. I was left to conclude that he was a lost clown from the penguin circus and in need of shelter from the storm.

Not forgetting my manners, I said hello and he said “What?” So I patiently repeated myself until he responded, “Look, my name is Tony Monaco. I was about to meet with the music department to discuss funding, but I think I got lost in the Tufts underground tunnel system. Do you know the way to get to Fisher?”

I was concerned I would be unable to help this strange penguin who said strange words, but if there’s one thing I know, it is fish. I told him to stay where he was and I dove into the water to find fish. The penguin clown did not seem to like the fresh fish I had found, which was a shame. He threw the fish in a fire and then ate it. I took it that this was some kind of penguin clown ritual to honor the penguin clown gods, so I did not take offense.

After eating, I led him to my home and his clown antics were a big hit with my penguin child. This Tony seemed to be a tumbler because he was always slipping on the ice in the most hilarious of fashion.

He kept checking his mangled looking flipper anxiously muttering, “I’m going to be late,” under his breath as he did so. He must be missing his appointment for the penguin doctor. Luckily, I am a penguin doctor by trade, so I laid him on a flat section of ice and made sure he was comfortable before I stitched up the tip of his flipper which had four very deep cuts. Not my finest operation, but Tony should be able to swim again after the two week recovery period.

After the surgery, the penguin clown seemed deeply saddened, so I asked him what was bothering him. He didn’t even seem to register my question and kept looking to the north. He seemed homesick, but had given up on finding his circus troupe. I decided that a fellow penguin should not be this sad, so I took him under my wing.

Water. Ice. Snow. Wind. Long ago, the penguin circus lived together in harmony. Then, everything changed when the blizzard attacked. Only Tony Monaco, headmaster of Tufts could make it on time to his meeting. But when the music department needed him most, he vanished. A couple hours passed and my husband and I discovered the shivering lad, a penguin clown named Tony Monaco. And although his tumbling is great, he has a lot to learn before he’s ready to find anything. But I believe Tony can find his home.

² All directions are north.



Where in the World is Anthony Monaco?

By Ted Finger

Where is Tufts University's favorite president right now? I haven't seen Tony in almost three days, and I'm getting pretty worried. Let's go ask some students on campus to find out where he went!

Regieorginaford Fredfordbatch: "Um, I don't know. Maybe like Aruba or something? I heard it's really nice there this time of year. I had lunch today. Yeah, Aruba. That's gotta be it."

Ricardo Poflunkis III: "Why the hell are you asking me? Aren't you that guy who took a shit in the Bush showers? Get away from me! Wait, oh my god. Do you smell?"

Timmy Château: "Oo, that's a good one. Gimme a second, I'll see if Tony's mom knows where he is. ... Ok so it looks like he hasn't talked to her in a while, sorry man. I could call Tony's aunt but we're kind of going through a rough patch right now. Yeah, Pauline and I were compatible in the beginning, but now I'm having second thoughts. Hey, are you alright? You're kinda clutching your legs together like... oh, Jesus."

Rex Dinosaur: "Tony's missing? Oh shit, I gotta call Pauline!"

Stnaperauqs Bobegnops: "I heard he joined some pro-death militia in Canada. Well basically, it's the opposite of pro-life, they think all people should burn at the stake and stuff. Apparently they're gaining traction in like Montana and shit. You like my shoes, huh? Yeah, I just stole them yesterday."

Anthony Monaco: "Pardon me? Do you not know who I am? I'm Dr. Monaco, you fucking imbecile! Also, do you bathe? You smell like shit."

/Hell Diary

I am kindergartener from washington state of America

Mother has forsaken me. Of late she has been distant and cold, but now she spurns even my most unobtrusive requests, such as to turn the air conditioning down lest I develop bumps of the goose. I fear I may not get to eat my french toast sticks unless I eat all my grapes but I refuse to cede any ground to my parental figure as she does not let me drink the bottles of flower liquid in the shower

666666666666666666

1. Persuasive Essay Potential Prompts (don't laug:
2. Why I love deli meats:
3. I don't
4. They suck (taste like shingles vaccine)
5. Oo he ahhh I Lo veee Hamm,m mm me tummy yumme :) :) :) :) :(
6. Tumnmy sick too munch \hammn burger

~~~~~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Biologia notes not for LAURA! fukc off you  
butthole\*\*\*{{{TOP SECREYT}}}]\*\*\*\*\* Biologia notes not for PubLic Reading  
**\*LAURA\***

Red flamingoenicopterus ruber) is a species of birds from the family. The red flamiRed flamingoenicopterus ruber) is a species of birds in the fire family. The flamingo is big red and the Brillialay an egg and. A Small and Isolated Population of Flamingos Lives in the Red Galapagos Islands; Birds are to have characterized if small bodies and eggs.Brilliant member of the family: Head, neck and chest dark on behalf of pink. The red beak was also, like that of the monophages, which feed exclusively on mollusks, or on the islands the birds in the colonies FORM large they lay an egg and. A Small and Isolated Population of Flamingos Lives in the Red Galapagos Islands; Birds are to have characterized if small bodies and eggs.gs.

~~~~~ \_-++\_+\_-=\_

I was gifted 20 dollars today by my grandfather and promptly bought an apartment bbuilding which is turning a heft profit. In seven days I will be filing taxes in Bermuda. The IRS agent wants to meet with me but I am too slippery. I amn going undercover as a stupid child to avoid federal tax laws/.Should not have wrote that part

~~~~~

## WHy taylor swift is the best music in the whole world (fuck u haters)

remake of "Red" is expected to have a bigger than "Fear (Tailor Version)". A remake of "Fearless" was in April, making it the most successful first week of the year, despite its previous hits. "Red" is expected to reject this based on the status of their favorite album, which is a line of fans.

Not a single song that makes fun of the new "Red". However, Swift recently released the

Swift is doing a lot of work on plastic right now, and That beginning. Too much work. Plastic today, with or without four printed circuit boards.



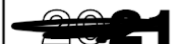
Employee's Withholding Certificate

OMB No. [redacted]

Form ~~W-4~~  
Department of the Treasury  
Internal Revenue Service

▶ Complete Form W-4 so that your employer can withhold the correct federal income tax from your pay.  
▶ Give Form W-4 to your employer.  
▶ Your withholding is subject to review by the IRS.

NO!



Step 1:  
Enter  
Personal  
Information

(a) First name and middle initial  
NULL

Last name  
not a chance ,buddy

(b) Social security number  
42069

Address

▶ Does your name match the name on your social security card? If not, to ensure you get credit for your earnings, contact SSA at 800-772-1213 or go to www.ssa.gov.

Fuck U  
IRS

federal agents go away federal agents go away  
federal agents go away jphohnson burn those  
documents get out taxation is theft taxation is  
theft quick delet that account johnsaons they  
are closing in

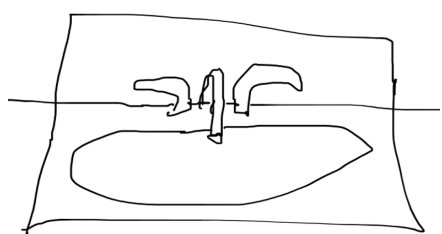
they apply to you; otherwise, skip to Step 5. See page 2 for more information on each step, who can claim exemption from withholding, when to use the estimator at www.irs.gov/W4App, and privacy.

**FBI IS COMING TO GET ME. MY HARD DRIVE  
CONTAINS EVIDENCE OF 17 FELONY  
COUNTS OF MAIL FRAUD AND TAX EVASION.  
IF YOU ARE READING THIS, AND YOU  
BELIEVE IN LIBERTY, FREEDOM, AND  
FREEDOM,  
PLEASE DEMOLISH THIS EVIDENCE FOR  
ME**

**Places on the Tufts Campus where YOU can poop while making direct eye contact with yourself in the mirror**

*By Shits McGee*

1. The large stall in the library basement girl's bathroom
2. The large stall in the library 3rd floor girl's bathroom
3. The large stall in library basement boy's bathroom
4. The large stall in the library 3rd floor boy's bathroom
5. The Crafts Center bathroom (?) (woohoo fun mirrors!)
6. Some bathrooms in Harleston if you lean
7. Any mirror if you believe
8. The Lane Hall bathroom to the left when you walk in is just very nice to poop in. The natural lighting is superb.
9. The toilet paper holders are mirrors sometimes (Keep an eye out!)
10. My bathroom
11. The third floor of Crafts House in the small bathroom



# **My Steamy Night Out with Tony Monaco, Part I**

*By TuftsMom329*

I have always been attracted to charming Italian men. So, it should come as no surprise to you that when I first glimpsed Tony Monaco's warm smile from across the President's lawn, I fawned and melted. Let me set the scene: it was a summery afternoon in early August. My son and I were at the beginning of our East Coast college-touring road trip extravaganza. We had just toured MIT and Harvard, and Tufts was our last stop before packing our bags for Brown.

*(Despite the recent rise in admissions rates, I think my son has a perfectly good shot of getting into MIT and Harvard. He is a hardworking student, and his 1380 SAT score should be more than enough to earn him consideration at the admissions table!)*

The Tufts campus was beautiful. Between antique brick buildings walked smiling students wearing light blue sweatshirts and carrying Hydro flasks. Although the hills gave my calves a tougher workout than my pilates instructor, I could imagine my son studying here any day of the week. Our tour ended on the stairs of a hillside lawn that, according to my map, was called President's Lawn. Across the lawn stood a decadent mansion. That must be where the president lives! I had learned much about President Tony Monaco while researching colleges for my son. The moment I saw his photo on Wikipedia, I knew I had to have him. Further reading told me that he used to be a leading neuroscientist from Oxford University. My ex-husband was a neuroscientist from Oxford University.

I was just about ready to call an Uber to go back to our hotel before I saw, in the distance, a tall, suited man emerge from the decadent mansion. Could this be him? It did not take more than a single glance at his elegantly receding hairline to realize that this man was, indeed, Anthony P. Monaco. He held a watering can. It appeared he had left his house to tend to his garden. How charming!

I couldn't let this opportunity pass. I had to make my move on this man. I took my iPad out of my purse and passed it to my son. I told him I had to use the bathroom and I'd be right back. I beelined across the lawn towards the gentleman. It took me less than 20 seconds to reach him. There he was. His backside, at least. His navy suit enveloped his perfect proportions like a hand in a silk glove. I could see the rims of his finely selected glasses. He had kneeled to sniff a rose bush near the entrance to the garden. He seemed wholly oblivious to the outside world. Rats! How would I gain his attention? I needed to think of the perfect pickup line. Something innocent but spicy. Something clever but unobscure. Something fun but—

“Hello?”

He turned away from the rose bush and gifted me his undivided attention. His warm voice reverberated in my heart. Before I could even attempt to think of an appropriate response, my mouth blurted out:

“Are you Tony Monaco? Because I think I'll take a gamble on you.”

Oh no! I blew it! This was my one chance and I utterly failed. While my eyes searched for an exit route, he stood politely and chuckled.

“I hope you're enjoying Tufts.”

Yes! I was! But how could I possibly express my feelings to a man so sweet and considerate? I decided to take the humor route.

“My son is going to be wicked smaht!” I exclaimed with my corniest Boston accent.

“Yes, he will be,” he chuckled. His pearly brown eyes locked with mine. This was my chance.

“I was wondering. Would you like to meet up later tonight? For dinner, I mean?”

“If you'd like more information about Tufts, I can get you in contact with somebody from the admissions department.”

His humility had gotten the better of him! I needed to make my intentions clear. All I needed was one more pickup line to seal the deal. Think! What did I learn about him on Wikipedia? Right! He used to be a geneticist.

“Are you a geneticist? Cause I’d like you to take off my jeans.”

“Oh,” he chuckled, “I see.”

He stood silently and considered my offer. I took a glance at his meaty hands. They looked like they had made thousands of firm handshakes in their lifetime. My eyes returned to his handsome face. Finally, he opened his mouth to respond.

“This house. 8pm. Let’s cook dinner together.”

Dinner! How romantic! This night was going to be steamier than my mother’s steamed vegetables. I promptly agreed, wished him the best, and returned to my son who, by now, had grown quite impatient with my shenanigans. My son was playing with leaves, for his iPad had died. How long was I over there? What might have been an eternity felt like a blink while in Tony Monaco’s presence. My son turned to me suspiciously.

“Mother, who was that man you were talking to?” he asked.

“Your new daddy,” I responded, grinning.

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## **Fanfiction**

*By Maple Baby*

“Hey, have you ever dissected an owl pellet?” asked Edward with a soft smile.

“Can't say that I have. But there's a first time for everything!”

Bianca, the queen of the school, kept making some not-so-sneaky glances over at us while we talked.

“Okay class, let’s begin! Owls have no teeth, and they eat small animals like voles or mice whole. Anything they cannot digest, like bones or fur, is spit up in these pellets. Let’s explore what’s in the pellets on the tables in front of you.”

Edward and I both reached towards the forceps at the same time, and our fingers briefly brushed against each other.

“Oops, sorry about that.” I uttered.

“No worries! Guess we’re both just so excited.” He handed me the forceps, and I began to pick through the pellet.

“Yeah.”

“I can't believe that you're in school with me now! I really thought that I would never see you again after that summer all those years ago.”

“Same... remember that sunset by the lake?” I prodded at the pellet and extracted a mandible.

“Yeah! We were each other’s first kisses,” he whispered, sneaking a glance around the room to make sure that nobody heard.

I passed him the forceps. “That was such a magical night. I snuck into the cabin on my tiptoes so the girls couldn't hear me.”

He extracted a maxilla. “Hey, we made a jaw! How cool!” He nestled the two bones into each other.

Mr. Brunswick came over to our table. “Great job guys, looks like you found a vole! Did you know that some voles are monogamous?”

“I did not know that! How wild.” said Edward.

In my heart, I knew that we had found something more than a vole. We were rekindling our romance from five years ago. “YOOOOOO, EDWARD!” shouted a student, barging into the room.

“Jimmy, why are you so late?” asked Mr. Brunswick.

“Sorry man, I was up so late watching Twitch streamers. This one guy got really into Minecraft, and even though I don't even play that game—like, ‘cause it's for kids—it was so exciting.”

“Enough Minecraft talk. We are dissecting owl pellets! Edward and Maple, the new student, just found a vole skull!”

“Maple? Edward's little girlfriend? No way!” teased Jimmy.

“Excuse me? Girlfriend? I'm his girlfriend!” snapped Bianca, throwing her pellet to the floor. The class looked away from their tables and started watching the drama unfold.

“Well, you might be his girlfriend now, but back at camp, those two were lovebirds,” said Jimmy.

“Edward. Why didn't you tell me that you two dated? Why can't you be honest with me? You told me that I was your first kiss, your first girlfriend!” She began to run out of the room, and Mr. Brunswick raised a hand to stop her. She ignored him.

*First kiss? The audacity.*

“Bianca, wait! Come back! Please!” pleaded Edward. He was too late. Bianca was already out the door.

“Edward! What am I, nothing to you? You're like an owl, and I'm like a vole. You chewed me up and spit me out. You took what you wanted from me, and now I'm not good enough for you?” I was leaving a great impression on my classmates.

“Settle down!” Shouted Mr. Brunswick.

“Maple, that was so long ago. We were only together for two weeks. That's not dating.”

I tried to hold back my tears. “Then why were you acting so nice to me today?”

“I was trying to be a friendly face and welcome you to the school. Why would I flirt with you when I have a girlfriend? Except now I don't even know if I have one anymore.”

“Hey, if you don't want Bianca anymore, can I date her?” Jimmy asked Edward.

“Absolutely not! In your dreams.”

“Edward, thanks so much for being so nice to me this morning, but you really hurt my feelings.”

“Sorry you feel this way,” Edward said coldly.

The bell finally rang for the next class. “Well, I'm off to history. Speaking of which, you and I are over.”

[redacted] DOE (Department of Energy) [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] of January, 1981  
[redacted]

[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] Jamal Wallace [redacted]  
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[redacted] such as Eaton Hall [redacted]  
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[redacted] Federal Bureau of Investigation [redacted]  
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[redacted] while [redacted] is only a misdemeanor. [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] from the [redacted]  
[redacted] the prosecution, for whom [redacted]

[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] violating Russian airspace [redacted]  
[redacted]

# I'm Just a Fish (Tiny's Ballad)

by Bilk Ye Milks

I'm Just a Fish (Tiny's ballad)  
To the tune of "I'm Just a Bill"  
© Schoolhouse Rock, 1976



I'm just a fish  
Yes, it's Tiny the fish  
And I'm swimming here with only one wish  
I hope one day to be freed  
From this tank I call home  
Sitting in the office of tony monaco  
But I hope I'll be rescued someday  
And maybe I'll get to visit Tisch  
But today I am still just a fish

I'm just a fish  
Yes, it's Tiny the fish  
And I've become fluent in English  
To ask you please let me out  
I'm losing my little fish mind  
If I see his stupid face again, I think I'll go blind  
I really hope that I'll be free one day  
That is my one life's wish  
But today I am still just a fish

I'm just a fish  
Yes, it's Tiny the fish  
And I think I got away with it  
I'm free, and I won't tell you how  
Only I have to go  
I'm telling you this so you'll be in the know  
If they ever ask "who killed tony monaco?"  
You say, "it was Tiny the fish"  
It was me, it was Tiny the fish

# Dottie and May: A Villanelle

by Fish E. Cheese

Dottie swam in her tank one day  
She traveled above the seaweed green  
The beautiful fish then began to pray.

She wished for a friend with whom to play  
A fish that is charming and not too mean  
Dottie swam in her tank one day.

She longed for a friend, and along came May  
A pale fish that moved into the scene  
The beautiful fish then began to pray.

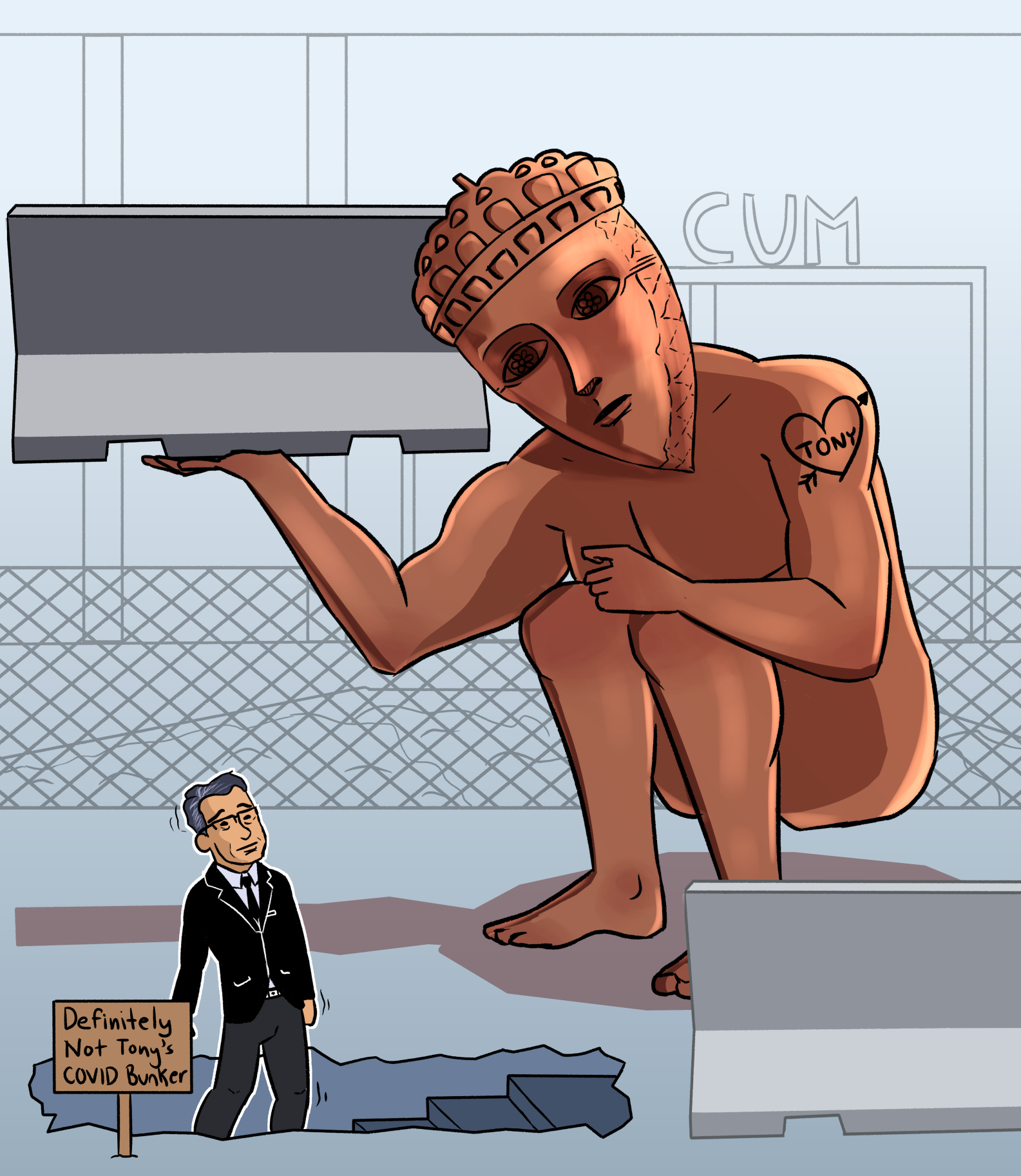
Dottie looked at the fish and shouted "Hooray!"  
May had escaped from a fish net, no longer cuisine  
Dotty swam in her tank one day.

May bumped into the glass then started to decay  
She experienced an injury unforeseen  
The beautiful fish then began to pray.

In her future Dottie would have a friend to stay  
A bestie sweet and kind, named Geraldine  
Dottie swam in her tank one day  
The beautiful fish then began to pray.



Art by Alice Belaya



WE FOUND HIM BOIS

# The Zamboni



**Tufts' most reputable  
publication for 32 years  
(and many more to come)**