

The Great Zamboni Caper



REG#02 TRN#0185 CSHR#0580567 STR#0

Helped by SVETA

1 VANLLA RLD VL	EACH	500.00N
1 3.95 ACTIVIN FEE	595	3.95N
1 VANLLA RLD VL	EACH	500.00N
1 3.95 ACTIVIN FEE	595	3.95N

4 ITEMS

TOTAL	1007.90
MASTERCARD	1007.90
*****5182	MS
CHANGE	.00

CARD \$500.00 *****8486 ACTIVAT
CARD \$500.00 *****8486 ACTIVATE

**Includes
activity pages
and Tony Monaco
cut-out!!!**

JUNE 3, 2013

10:34 AM

Zamboni Caption Contest!!

We couldn't think of a funny caption after we made the pic so we're outsourcing to the general Tufts community

Hi,

My friends and I filmed a plow truck a couple of days ago and thought, after seeing where you have placed President Monaco's face, that it would be some pretty quality material to put his face behind the wheel of the plow with some fun caption. Here are a couple screenshots from the video. Thanks!



Send your caption ideas to tuftszamboni@gmail.com
for a chance to be featured in the next issue
of the Tufts Zamboni!!!!!!



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Shoutout to Eliza for spotting Tony!!

"I am writing to inform you that I have had a Tony Monaco sighting in early October. Firsthand, I witnessed tony sitting in his garden on his phone. We did make eye contact. He was in a t shirt and jeans. " - Eliza

Letter from the Editor

This issue is dedicated to the person who stole my waffle from Dewick. I left to find a seat, and when I returned, I saw the waffle machine was empty. This petty larceny will not stand.

Much like how Zeus hurls his mighty thunderbolts from the heavens, I will summon giant Jenga blocks to rain down onto Commons Marketplace to strike down this waffle thief.

Then I will face this class traitor in the dead of night, at the hallowed ground of Gifford Lawn where the great Tonald Monaco guards over his domain.

My emerald armor will be composed of green take-out containers, glistening in their viridian glory. My noble steed will be the mighty TUSC Giant Chessboard Knight Horse, my faithful companion in battle. And my sword will be my penis.

Now if you'll excuse me, I must finish authoring my newest Sidechat post:



Ain't that a kick in the head?

Xoxozambonixoxo

Editor's note: the Creative Director told me they would go 'hahaha hee hee hoo hoo' when they read this in-print, so I'll be following up on that with them. :)

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, writers, or probably anyone at all. So, don't go emailing the people listed in the staff box, especially since we make some of those 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 and all of this material will be on the test. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students, but any references to Harvard University must be spelled "Hah-vahd" (the Lang 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 Reisman Clause).

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Art By S. Potamopoulou

Time Heist

By Gregor McFergansharnel

“It has come to my attention that everyone seems to always be running out of time. This always seemed natural to me; time is a finite resource and we all will inevitably run out. That was until I witnessed with this very eye the great beasts at the bottom of the sewer grate outside Olin. Huge worms they were, covered with fur and scale, scampering slowly on massive webbed feet. All circled around Time, the massive hour-glass constantly rolling in a steady circle.

‘Think of all the cream soda we may buy with our hoard of Time!’ they cried. ‘There’s no better stash of Time in all the West Midlands!’ And indeed there wasn’t. Aye, I looked upon their rapture with a gleam in my eye. Now, I’ve never been a covetous man, but you have not seen Time. She spun and spun, in a perpetual motion that’d melt the heart of any stone-faced saint. I had to have it all, but what I lacked in sense I made up for in self-preservation. I let them have their precious Time, I would spend what little I had plotting.

“Deep in the bowels of my plotting chamber I set to work. I pored over plans of the tunnel system, noting the entrances made by the great beasts. I learned all about their society, their homes, the faces of their loved ones (should I need leverage), and eventually, I was ready to strike.

“Late at night, under the full moon, I slipped through the echo stone with ne’ery a sound passing through my lips. The burrows went deep, but I knew the way. Their labyrinthine walls lured my mortal frame to all corners of the earth, but all the while I need only picture their beloved stash of Time, and I, spinning alongside eyes-closed, was guided towards my goal by Time herself. I knew that immortality was in my grasp. I would have enough time to study for exams and erect great monuments and take comfort in the knowledge of growing old. Here, I was only a sharp left away from it.

“Opening my eyes I confidently stomped my feet, and felt the tunnel collapse. The ground shook enough to take the whole of Eaton down with it and when I arose, I came face to face with the leader. Skirinth they called him. Purple-clawed Skirinth. With him I did battle, but aye, I knew this worm. I read his dance. His pearlescent claws scraped only at air as I did battle, and in only a few bouts, Skirinth was slain. I moved on, confident in my ability to capture Time. Until I saw it. The great beasts one-by-one fell all the same at my hand. Time kept spinning, and I had never seen anything so beautiful. There was but one more foe to fell. Gryngae. But Gryngae had started to understand my ways, and as she held Time aloft, I was at a loss. She was at once easy to read, every muscle moving in the patterns I had studied, and yet, she would swing Time over her head and suddenly, I felt as if she were unreachable. I could not hold this battle, I needed to flee, but her great club fell on me like Hector’s Anvil.

“When I came to, I was sitting with Gryngae. She smiled at me. ‘So you know the power of Time?’ She snarled as she caught my eye still staring at ever-spinning Time. ‘Do you want to know how we find the Time? They keep her bottled up, high on Carmichael’s dome. Time will crawl, Time will tell, and if you listen to her sweet refrain, Time will fly. We reached out and stole her away, but there is always more Time waiting if you know where to look.’

“I finally managed to pull my eyes away from the spinning hour-glass as she slowed to a stop. Time froze and I saw the gleam in Gryngae’s eye. ‘Skirinth was many things, but he was no glutton. He kept our operation small, and look at us now.’ A soft laugh crept between her rows of teeth. ‘But you have the appetite. I would be happy to work with you, if you have the Time.’

“I mulled it over for a minute. Friendship with Gryngae’s kind is not something to so easily discard. ‘So we’re partners?’ I finally asked.

‘No, nothing of the sort. You will make Time for me. And then with my direction and your foolhardiness, we will have all the Time in the world with which to make our garden healthy and strong and

sleep well in the lonely hours of the night. Time and all the other uses you can think of for the Time you shall bring us.'

'I'll climb up Carm and burgle the Time held under tight lock by the Tufts chronowizard, and you will simply wait until I return?'

'Aye,' said she, 'I will give you all the Time in the world.'

"With that, I took what was mine. The Time she left me. Too late, Gryngae lept to protect her precious Time, but it is well known that a Gryngae never goes back on a promise. All of the Time was owed me, and I collected my due.

"I am now a retired cat-burglar. I've had my share of Time. I have grown old all in a single sitting and I have relived magical moments again and again, always facing them like new. I often come back to the moment I took those great beasts' Time and of the stashes of Time strewn about Tufts campus. But I have lived for many an age safe in the knowledge that I have all the Time in the world to plan my next heist."

How to Get Your Grandmother's Ring

By Anonymous (for safety concerns)

Any resemblance to real life persons or events is purely coincidental.

Characters:

- You— your dead grandmother's only granddaughter. We'll refer to you as "You"
- Your dead maternal grandmother (let's call her something generic like Nana)
- Your aunt (mom's brother's wife)-- let's call her something bitchy like "Barb"
- Your uncle— let's call him...Harry

A long time ago, your grandmother promised you, her only and beloved granddaughter, that you would get *all* of her jewelry following her death. After she died a few months ago, you got most of it, and you cherish all of it because it reminds you of her. Well, all of it except for one piece...her engagement ring. You discovered that your uncle Harry had it written into her will that Barb would get it, as he thinks that's what Nana would have wanted. You know full well that is a steaming pile of bullshit. Nana once said that "God didn't give Barb the brains he gave geese," and that Barb was someone who liked to stir the pot and intentionally cause drama. In other words, she was not a huge fan. Kinda understandable. Barb doesn't like dogs. But then again, they don't really like her either...

Anyways, your grandfather and mom think that this is bizarre and highly suspicious, especially considering that she isn't blood and that Nana didn't really like her. You know Nana is looking down, shaking her head and screaming "Harry, what the fuck are you doing?". So, you decide to do what is right and steal it back for yourself. You'll need gloves, a ski mask, long-sleeve black clothing, and a generic-looking bag.

Step 1: Get Barb and Harry out of the house

This is the hardest level, surprisingly. Why? Barb and Harry have barely left the house since March 2020. There are people who are COVID conscious, and there are people who are way too COVID conscious. They think that breathing outdoor air is poisonous, and if they do go outside, they wear three masks, three hazmat suits, and gloves. The whole shindig. So, you manipulate them into leaving. Best bet is to bribe an exterminator

to tell them that there are termites in the house and they can't stay there for several days, which will force them out. Don't forget to turn any security cameras off. I forgot to mention that earlier. My b.

Step 2: Search the house

Ok, now it gets easier. You skip the basement because it just has a pinball machine and never used gym equipment. You decide to check in both of their offices, and go through all the drawers carefully, trying not to make a mess. Nothing there but a bunch of boring work stuff.

Step 3: Search the bedroom/Closet

That should have probably been your first room to visit. You check in the nightstand drawers. Nothing. You check the bathroom drawers. Nothing. So you go to check the closet as you think to yourself "My god Barb has a bad taste in fashion. Who lets her go outside like that?" And then you remember that she doesn't go outside anymore. And there it is. A treasure trove of jewelry.

Step 4: Open the chest

You try to open the chest, and it's locked?!?! Barb must have known you would try to do this. You can hear her laughing in your head. So you think of some combinations. Her children's birthdays? No, she probably doesn't even know when those are. Her/Harry's birthday? No. Jesus Christ, it's the day your grandmother died. That's dark. But it is correct.

Step 5: Remember which one the ring is

So, here's the thing. You don't actually remember what the ring looks like. Your grandma didn't wear it that often. So you go through all of the jewelry and look for anything with a diamond. And then you recognize it! Huzzah. You put in the bag you brought with you and head downstairs. Congratulations, you've won.

Step 6: Oh Shit

You open the door and see Karen and Harry outside, gun to your head. Well fuck.

Wordle: Zamboni Time

Zambaby Calpan

While reading through the pages of the Zamboni's Caper Edition, I lost myself and my sense of time. The artwork amazed me, and the articles made me chuckle, guffaw even. Suddenly, I looked at the clock. I looked at my phone and saw that it was 12:10.

12:10am? I thought to myself. I couldn't recall when I began reading the Zamboni, but then again, being aware of time was never one of my strengths.

I can't believe that I'm 10 minutes late to today's Wordle™! Good thing that my friends didn't send me any spoilers.

I searched 'WORDLE' on Google, clicked on the website and began with my usual first word, "ADIEU". A showed up as yellow, meaning right letter, wrong spot. E was green, meaning that it was in the correct position. All other letters were gray, insignificant, meaningless.



Still, not too bad. I only had to figure out three more letters. On the other tab of my computer, I glanced at the website GirlsGoGames. Judge me if you want, okay? I just think that dress-up games are a great way to explore unique styles of clothing and practice for when I become America's Next Top Fashion Designer. Anyway, as a self-professed gamer girl, my next guess was obvious.

Boo yea! Three green squares, A, E, and R met my eyes, enveloping me with a sense of longingness that Gatsby must have felt while looking at the emerald hues across the way. All I wanted was to guess the word correctly and to feel the sweet taste of victory. Now I only needed to guess two more letters.



Could it be Pacer? I shuddered at the thought of the FitnessGram 20-Meter Pacer Test. **The FitnessGram™ Pacer Test** is a multistage aerobic capacity test that progressively gets more difficult as it continues. The 20 meter pacer test will begin in 30 seconds. Line up at the start. The running speed starts slowly, but gets faster each minute after you hear this signal. [beep] A single lap should be completed each time you hear this sound. [ding] Remember to run in a straight line, and run as long as possible. The second time you fail to complete a lap before the sound, your test is over. The test will begin on the word start. On your mark, get ready, start!



As much as I hated the Pacer Test, I had to thank it for helping me identify the word of mystery. Now, I only had to switch the C and P around! But, what is a caper? Why would Wordle choose the little salty thing that nobody eats on the chicken picatta for the word of the day?

I looked down at the Zamboni Magazine. In bold letters, I saw the word CAPER.

A word that I never paid much attention to, was now the answer to the internet's greatest secret.

With a smug smile, I entered "CAPER".

The letters, one by one flipped to green.



I still had no idea why the Zamboni decided to name their magazine after the briny green, yet pleasantly tart Caper. But this was not my problem. I pressed the share button on my phone, and posted the patterns of gray, yellow, and green squares on my Facebook. Everybody would be so impressed by my intelligence, and totally not just scroll past my post. Thank you, Tufts Zamboni, for making me the smartest and best Wordle player there ever was and will be.

WOLF BLITZER IN HELL
by Roland Bart(hes) Simpson

In the midst of a sleepless amphetamine binge brought on by a crushing need to do well on midterms and an equally crushing need not to study for them, your hapless author awoke from the sanguine lethargy of a quite pleasant fever dream to find himself trapped in the form of the incorrigible Wolf Blitzer and forced to moderate a panel of two Princes of Hell, one whose name was unpronounceable by mortal lips but might be most closely approximated by singing the word “absquatulate” with a heavy lisp while being slammed in the balls repeatedly with a graven image of Dorothy Day and one named Tom. What follows is about 20% of that conversation.

WOLF BLITZER: Gentle...devils, thank you for being here today.

TOM: its not day theres no time forward perceptions an endless looping tangent with no beginning or end thats shot through with itself and holes get used to it wolf it keeps going

ABTHQAÃTULÆT: Happy to be here, Wolf.

WOLF BLITZER: Well, it looks like our topic, uh, now is humanity: we are being fruitful and multiplying, more now than ever it seems. Tom, what are your thoughts on that?

TOM: the heresiarchs of uqbar died with god

WOLF BLITZER: Could you expand on that?

TOM: numbers dont matter anymore they got ego death through lonely group suicide made into a body with no parts its impressive really those are the best others see without seeing speak without speaking desire without desiring too probably more so just less often idol worshippers and idols eventually just one of course then the word arrives and its just the empty tomb and then they start eating grandma and run out anyway and we feast before the end

WOLF BLITZER: I see. Ab- Abth- Abith- anything to add?

ABTHQAÃTULÆT: I quite liked *I'm All Ears*.

TOM: great album. slaps

WOLF BLITZER: Oh yeah, actually, is SOPHIE—

ABTHQAÃTULÆT: Afraid not.

TOM: too good for us

ABTHQAÃTULÆT: Tom's joking, of course. Hell's been full since '45. *(smiles to camera)* But don't worry—we always have room for you.

WOLF BLITZER: Isn't that contradictory?

ANTHONY MONACO: Not at all.

TOM: hell's pure noumena can't see it can put it wherever. dinosaurs aren't real but hell is

WOLF BLITZER: Well, it looks like that's our time. Any parting words either of you want to leave our viewers with?

TOM: what viewers

ANTHONY MONACO: Yes, I'd like to congratulate Anthony Monaco on his retirement and imminent return to the mortal plane.

At that point, your intrepid author awoke on his bed soaked in sweat and surrounded by several dozen Swedish fish and a cease-and-desist letter from the estate of Sophie Xeon. The fish were delicious; the letter was not.

Superhero Origin Story

By Jerkoff Man

4/5/07

Dear Diary,

I am so fast! I am the fastest boy in the class. Ms. Owens told me I was the fastestest boy she had seen. She did not know. How I was so Fast!

I tagged Joey at recess. He didn't. Take me back! I was too fast. I am so glad I am fast I love being fast.

4/5/17

Journal Entry Number #6701

I heard news of Joseph thrice today. I cannot believe the way he changes. He is such a kind child. He is attempting once again to consolidate the corporate holdings left to him by his father. I have no doubt that he will fail as long as I do what must be done. I have seen it already, and done it already.

15 minutes from the writing of this entry, Joseph tries to kill an innocent man in Tokyo. I have already stopped him. I am already there. 3 years from the writing of this article, Joseph asks me why I do not kill him. Why I spend so much time stopping him. I do not know myself. I have more time to spend than he has money. Perhaps I would be bored without him. My time does not run out for centuries yet.

4/5/27

Dear Diary,

Today I used super speed to jack off sooooo fast. Unnghhhh

Your First Initial + Your Birth Month = Your Caper Group's Name!! !! !

By: Juicy Little Guys

A = Mysterious

B = Delicious

C = Capricious

D = Sticky

E = Fortuitous

F = Feisty

G = Normal

H = Bitchin'

I = Sexy

J = Felonious

K = Semi-Amphibious

L = Phantom

M = Silly

N = Malicious

O = Sneaky

P = The

Q = Quirky

R = Cunning

S = Juicy

T = Velvety

U = Couch

V = Vainglorious

W = Wet

X = Xylophone-Loving

Y = Capricious (again)

Z = Pegging

January = Bandits

February = Fuckers

March = Gooses

April = People

May = Squad

June = Felons

July = Fellas

August = Thieves

September = Little Guys

October = Evil-Doers

November = Society

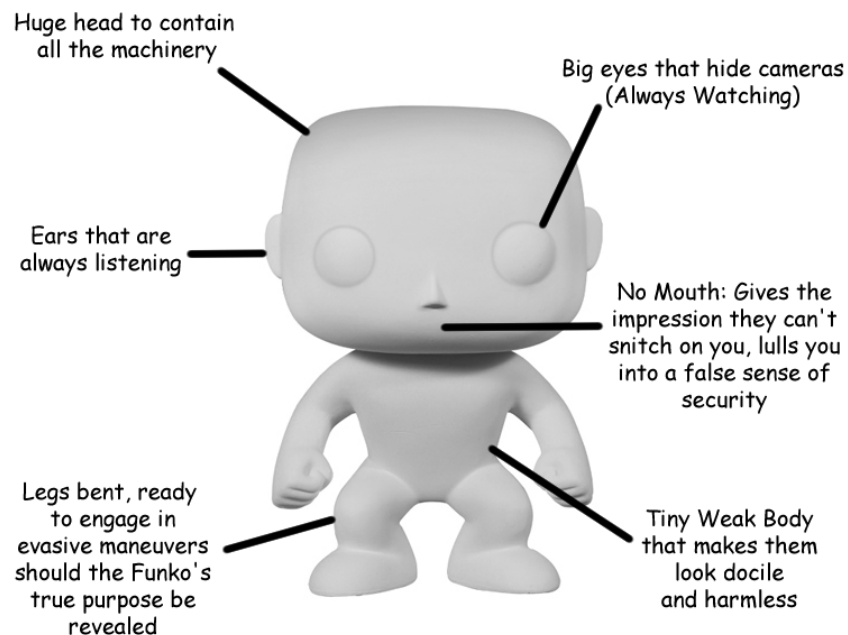
December = Pissahs

What's your group's name??? Be sure 2 share Online!!j!

Anatomy of the
Surveillance

Funko Pop
System®

Anatomy of the Funko Pop Surveillance System®



By Spunko Pots

**“This is Mine” by Taylor Swift, a translated literary analysis that combines
“Mine” with references to “Valentine’s Day”, the 2010 romantic film.**

By Taylor Swift

??

All right

The plane was probably in
front

It’s the coolest thing I’ve ever
seen in a Batman movie.

But did you know that?

I wait for my friendship for
you and the Bat.

I cried in the EU

You are the best. It’s just
me/ I raised the peace.

Joe

You like people who care

The Batman was recently released, however although Taylor co-starred with Pattinson in the 2010 romantic film Valentine’s Day, she has been replaced. Robert still is the coolest thing that Taylor had ever seen in the Batman franchise, including Lego Batman.

Suffering from self doubt, Robert never wanted to be famous. He just wanted to be an ordinary teen. Like Miss Swift, Robert was pushed into the spotlight in the 2000s. They never left the limelight. Even though Taylor has a lover, she wants to be friends, and nothing more, with Robert.

You are the best, Taylor A. Swift. And so are you, Robert, and you, fine reader.

Joe Jonas, you said you liked people who cared. Alas, why did you break up with Taylor over the phone? Not that caring, Joe.

Caper (To the Tune of Baby)

By JUSTIN ZAMBIEBER

Oh whoa
Oh whoa
Oh whoa

You know you love me, I know you care
Just shout hey Caper and I'll be there
You are my muse, you are my heart
And we'll never be Napoleon Bonaparte

Are we an item? Dude, quit playing
We're just tapirs, what are you saying?
Said, "There's another" and look right in my
eyes
My first love broke my heart for the third time
and I was like

Caper, Caper, Caper, oh
Like tapir, tapir, tapir, no
Like caper, caper, caper, oh
Thought you'd always steal my heart

Oh, for you I would have done whatever
I just can't believe we ain't capers together
And I wanna be cool, but I'm sad, true
I'll steal you anything, I'll steal a diamond ring

And I'm a Libra, caper, heal me
And just save me 'til you shake me from my
dark screams
I'm a clown, clown, clown, clown

And I just can't believe my tapir won't be
around and I'm like

Caper, caper, caper, oh
Like tapir, tapir, tapir, no
Like Caper, caper, caper, oh
Thought you'd always steal my heart

Caper!!
When I was 19, I had my first love
There was nobody that compared to my caper
And no tapirs came between us or could ever
come above
She had me going silly
Oh, I was star-struck
She woke me up daily, don't need no Commons

She made my heart pound
It skips a beat when I see her eating seeds and
On Harleston's playground but I really wanna
see her on the weekend
She knows she got me blazing
'Cause she was always slaying
And now my heart is breaking but I'm also
slaying

Caper, Caper, Caper, oh
Like tapir, tapir, tapir, no
Like caper, caper, caper, oh
Thought you'd always steal my heart

Top 27 Things to Steal from Tufts

By The Tufts Thievery Collective

DISCLAIMER: For legal reasons these are all jokes, do not sue me.

1. A full flatware set from the dining halls
2. Milk
3. Loose beans
4. Salt Shaker
5. Pasta Sauce (which is unfortunately hard to steal, unless you also steal a bowl, in which case it becomes very easy)
6. Printer paper
7. Printer
8. All the worn out markers, so the university is forced to pay for new ones that actually work
9. Money (there are many ways to do this: for example, through fraudulent club budgeting, or through applying for financial aid*)
10. A Whole Whipped Cream Container
11. Tony Monaco's Fish (#freedottie)
12. Tony Monaco's Heart
13. Tony Monaco
14. The withered remains of Jumbo
15. Art supplies from the Crafts Center
16. Art supplies from Crafts House (THIS IS A JOKE DO NOT COME TO MY HOUSE FOR ART SUPPLIES WE DO NOT HAVE ANY)
17. Ordinary jar of Peanut butter
18. Secret dossier detailing the activation codes for the AcornHead Automaton
19. Knowledge. All of it.
20. All of the doorknobs in Eaton Hall, which you can melt down into brass to turn into a trumpet, which you can then play in your Ska band during the fourth Ska revival
21. The Jumbo Statue
22. Listicle entries

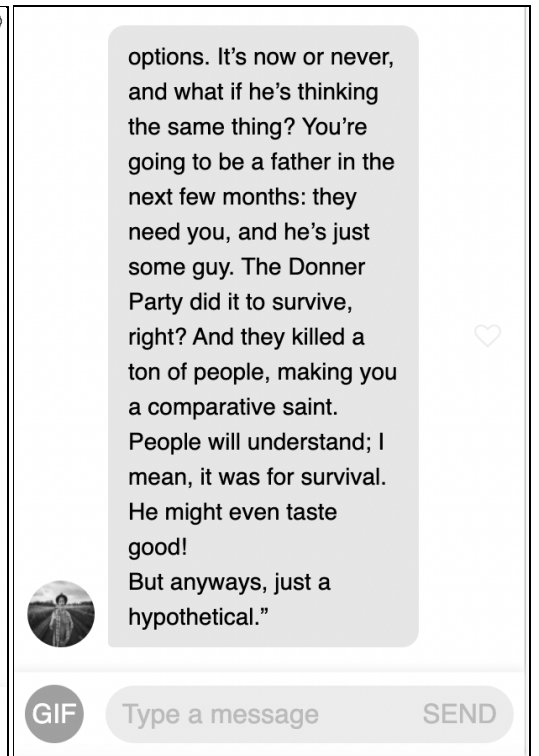
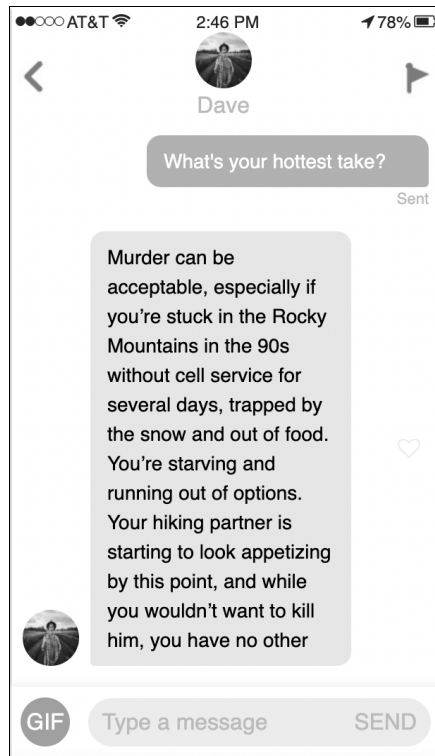
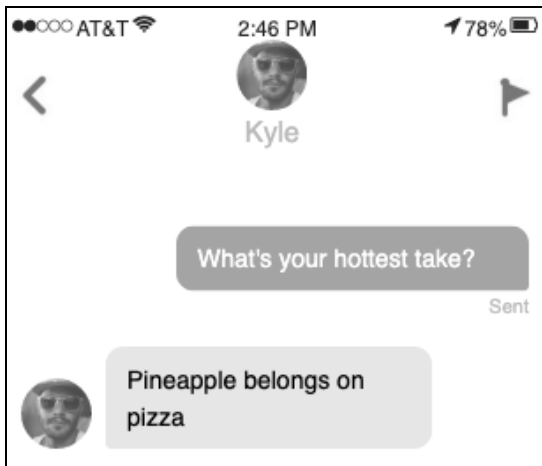
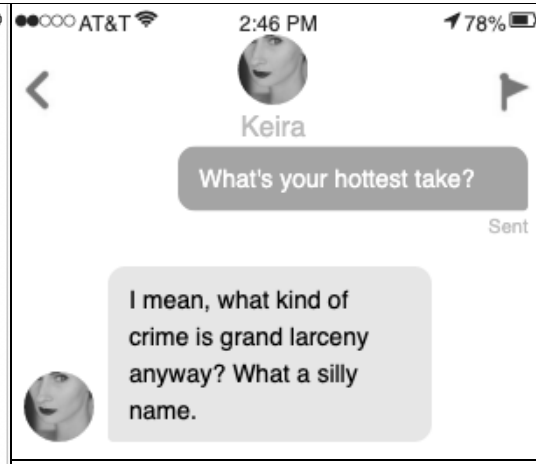
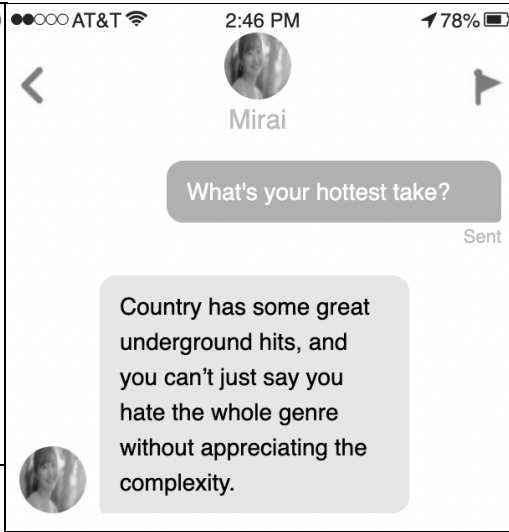
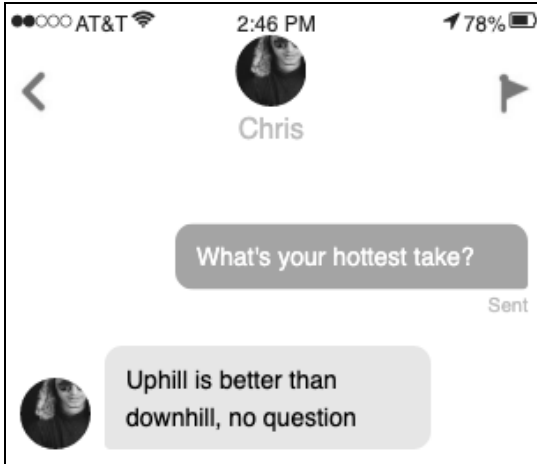
24. Miscellaneous cords from the Tufts Tech Services office
25. A Joseph's Shuttle
26. As many Carabiners you can get your hands on so you can begin a Carabiner Laundering scheme
27. Email sign up sheet from a club at the club's fair so you can forcibly put everyone on it on your own club's mailing list

*Disclaimer 2: this joke was written by a financial aid student. I'll take as much of Tufts' money as I can get my grubby little hands on, and that's a promise.

Icy Hot Takes

By: Kevin Maldonado

After a number of bad dating experiences, spending weeks talking to matches before finding out they held some offensive belief (racist/sexist/Patriots fan), I started just asking my matches their worst hot takes to weed them out. These are their stories.



(Editor's Note: This was hell to make. Please venmo me \$1 for my suffering at @dankeditor69)

A Catalogue of Hatred

By Amelia May

I like to think of myself as someone who doesn't hate often - I don't even dislike things most of the time. I try not to get myself too wrapped up in inane internet antics and arguments - the pronunciation of gif (clearly gif), the dress (clearly at least two colors), or the decline in quality of YouTube Rewinds (not so much a decline as a complex social effect of the growing scope of the internet as globalization intensifies and sets in). But there are some things that I hate — things that I loathe so deeply that it shakes my self identity to the very core. They are as follows:

- Sweet potatoes
 - What's the difference between sweet potatoes and yams? Yams aren't pretending to be something they're not. Sweet potatoes aren't bad by nature but by the nomenclature you would assume that they would be similar in quality to potatoes and this is a flat out lie. You know what really blows my whistle? Like in a bad bad way? When restaurants allow you to "upgrade" your french fries into sweet potato fries - this ISN'T AN UPGRADE! Sometimes things that are more expensive are worse. Sweet potato fries are simply worse than french fries on every measurable axis - texture, flavor, salty/sweet ratio, fuckability - in every quantifiable way, normal potatoes are simply better.
- How many gmail accounts i have
 - I never intended on having multiple email accounts. I like the convenience of being able to check exactly one source and receive all of my correspondence. But through a number of name changes and some poor email related decisions, I now have access to no less than seven email accounts from my laptop browser. I've tried combining and forwarding and damn near everything else with no luck. This offends me deeply but what perhaps offends me more deeply is the fact that gmail will not let me log out of and remove ANY of these accounts from my quick account selection without resetting chrome. Unfortunately, due to a rapidly declining relationship with a healthy tab balance, I am unable to do this and it will likely remain that way for some time. I'm not sure how many attempted conversations I've missed at this point but I'm afraid they're lost to the gods of my inbox. I only have one remaining point of pride regarding my inbox at this point. Unlike many people I know who are unable to manage even a single email account competently, I have no more than thirty unread emails total betwixt mine at any given time. If you're reading this and have more than seventy-five, I would like you to know that, in the most personal of senses, I have lost a lot of respect for you both as a person and as a friend. Please get some help.
- Ska went out of style but grunge didn't? Let's do a side by side analysis real quick of the two genres:
 - Ska: has awesome trumpets or other brass representation. Often expresses frustration against the systems that are in place in a constructive go-out-and-fix-it sort of way. Gwen Stefani participated and produced many songs in this genre. Associated dances are called skanking.
 - Grunge: ...
- You see my point, right? How did grunge survive thirty years in the mainstream enough to influence modern songs yet second wave ska died off after only a couple golden years of production. Rude.
- W.B. Mason trucks
 - They're so coooooooool!!! But then you look up W.B. Mason and all they do is stationary! That's just a fancy word for paper!!! Who gave them the right to have that much aesthetic!!!! Do better W.B. Mason! Sell weed or something I don't know and I don't care but don't bullshit us with this low quality compositionary material.

I hope you enjoyed this non-exhaustive list of things that I think are stupid and shouldn't be the way they are. If you didn't, you're free to join as an entry in my next newer and updated edition in the next issue.

Whore-O-Scope

By Rita Lynne

Aries

No orgy is complete without an Aries at the helm. And by helm we mean Helm. As in Ed Helms, who allegedly has a huge penis. Lots of fucking is in your future, and while it is unlikely that Mr. Helms will be involved, due to his busy shooting schedule, you must remember that with great girth comes great responsibility. A true leader must restrain their primal, animalistic impulses and remain cool, calm, hard, and collected. Never let 'em see you sweat, unless it's, like, ball sweat and you're mid-coitus, because that's, like, kind of unavoidable, ya know?

Taurus

Hmm, the planets and stars seem to think you're a virgin. Wanna file a complaint? There's a drop box for that kind of thing, actually. Guess where it is. Did you say "up my ass?" Because if you did, you'd be correct. Nah, we're kidding! The stars are just takin' the piss. Maybe you're saving yourself for marriage. No, no, that's cool. Well, there's lots of hot, wet sex in your future, but first you need to be wed to your true love in holy matrimony. Then, there's nowhere to go but up, and no-one to blow but Grupp, your lovely spouse.

Gemini

Caught in between? Count me in! And by me, I mean you! That's right, you, your boo, and their BFF Kelly DuBois in a ménage-a-trois that's all the hoopla! Don't get lockjaw, and remember not to hit it raw unless you want to tempt Murphy's law. After all, why choose one when you can have it all? Be a sexy little sexer, and sex all the other sexy sexers you want to (with their consent, of course). When push comes to shove, you delight in the indecision of pushing and shoving. Top or bottom are two words that you drift between as simply as the seagulls drift through the midsummer night's sky. Like a jackknife, you're the versatile catch for a catch-all cache of circumstances. You might find yourself in an existential crisis in Jack Griffin's mom's basement at 2am while he snores loudly and you can't tell if your art is making a difference in the world, but that's just the way the cookie crumbles and also not based on a real situation that happened to the author.

Cancer

Cancers are so hot. Like, wow! When Guy Fieri—or whoever makes people these days—made the Cancers, he really put his whole chefussy into it. There is no star sign that consistently just stuns in all facets of their lives. Every fit is a banger, and every playlist goes Sicko Mode. I've run out of superlatives already, but suffice it to say that Cancers are very dateable and you should definitely tell all of your future potential suitors that a phony astrologist in a university comedy magazine said so. Nah, but for real, y'all are some hotties for a group represented by a giant space crab. Remember that kindness comes in many forms, but men only come in one form (liquid, unfortunately). Anyway, if there was a situation where you had sex this month with somebody, I think that would be pretty neat.

Leo

Leonardo DiCaprio is a milf. That is all.

Virgo

Haha, rhymes with virgin.

No it doesn't.

Yeah it does. V-I-R-G...

No, I get where your head's at, but that's not what rhyming means.

Okay, so maybe it rhymes with vagina.

Again, it has some similar letters, but I still don't think you understand what a rhyme is.

Actually, it could be an internal rhyme. It's actually a common technique used in...

Shut up, nerd.

Yeah, shut up nerd.

Libra-ry

Books are sexy. Grab a thick hardcover and bend it over gently, running your fingers down its spine. Lick your finger and peel back the introductory chapters layer-by-layer, undressing the depth and soul within, caressing the soft corners and letting your gaze be guided by the curves of the page. The words leap off the page and the metaphor is hard to sustain because the words are not about sex at all. In fact, this is a book about differential equations. Now you have a cluster headache and your eyes are glazed over. You flip through the pages, desperate for anything to sustain your attention, but alas, there are no sexy illustrations in this calculus book by which to attain and sustain an erection. Oh well, I guess the idea of X and Y meeting is vaguely sex related, because of sexual reproduction. Is that horny enough for you, you nasty little horn-dog? I bet you like to watch while the sister chromatids are aligning themselves on the metaphase plate. Ewwwww. I'm kinkshaming you now with impunity.

Sagittarius

Sagittarii are very well-bestowed in the appendage department, if you know what I mean. Like, they've got some junk in the frunk (front trunk). As in, they have wild hogs on the hog train from Hogsville to Porktown. Like, their bats are playing the long game. They have a third leg and all that. You know what we're talking about, right? Packin' schmeat. A big ol' bulge in the old pants area. They, uhh, have large penises. Not very skilled with them, however. They're kinda like Luke Skywalker in Star Wars: Episode IV: A New Hope, in that they have powerful weapons but have not yet learned how to use them to bring peace to the galaxy. And by galaxy I mean their partners. And by peace I mean orgasms. And by weapons I mean lightsabers. And also the human penis. And by not knowing how to use it I mean they don't know what the clitoris is. But, hey, Luke grew up with extended family so there's no chance he got the sex talk. I mean, his first kiss was his sister, right? There's no chance he knows what a clitoris is. Han Solo definitely fucks, tho. And by Han Solo I mean Harrison Ford. And by fucks I mean I think that he had a thing with Carrie Fisher but I'm not sure so I don't really want to spread rumors but also I'm too lazy to Google it so I think I'm gonna publish it and see what happens. There's no laws about whether you're allowed to defame someone's character, right?

Capricorn

It's too cloudy to read the stars today so you can have some missionary sex, I guess. Also Capricorn has a horn, which is shaped like a phallus. Ha!

Aquarium

Please, sir. This is the last time we're going to ask this. Pull up your pants and exit the building. Next time we catch you in here flashing all the fish we're pressing charges for indecent exposure.

Pisces

J.A.R.V.I.S., bring up the movie "Shape of Water." Skip to sex scenes. Enhance. Activate slow motion. Enhance. Volume max. Enhance again. Zoom in. Enhance. Dim room lights... Aww yeah. Fish dick.

Pamandjim

"I'm just looking for the Jim to my Pam." Okay, and I'm just looking for the 'your mom' to 'my dick.' I'm sorry, that was uncalled for. I just wish you'd cast a broader net. Really, I think I just want you to set higher standards for yourself. Are Jim and Pam cute? Yes, but Jim was kind of a dick in the last season. And there's a million cute ways to be a couple, and playing pranks on your begrudging coworkers when they just want to get through the day at their miserable jobs as cogs in the corporate machine and then go home to their stupid fucking ungrateful kids and try to save money to buy them better Christmas presents so they'll want to spend more time with you even though you don't really like spending time with them because they're annoying and whiney and they'd be better off with Mom anyway, gah!! Wait, what was I talking about? Oh, right—shut up about "The Office." There are way healthier relationships in the media to aspire to and look up to. Like Shelley Duval and that guy who said "Here's Danny!" or whatever the fuck he said from the creepy little children movie. Or the bone lady and the hot FBI guy from the bones show. Or Tom Hanks and that tennis ball from "Castaway."

Bleep-bloop.

Not visible from Earth, but very visible from the planet Exxon-Mobilisbad, is the Bleep-bloop astrological sign. Strangely, though, this is the only constellation visible from the surface of the planet, and thus all Exxon-Mobilisbaddians are part of the same Zodiac sign and also part of the same cosmological group and by this fact, exemplary of tautology. Gotta admit that this is a tough one. What can you say about an entire group of people who are diverse in such multitudinous ways and who only have in common the time and place of their birth? I guess it's pretty hard to find something. Maybe if I say something really vague, like: sexual pleasure is in your future, and also strong emotions are in your relationships. Nice. Good call on the emotions one. I think that covers everyone pretty well. Those things are so vague that they kinda have to happen to like 90% of the readers. I'm gonna count that as a win.

Gemini

I'm gonna be honest, guys, I'm running out of steam for these. I don't really know anything about stars or understand how there can be 12 different types of personalities. In my experience there's just four types of people: people who smoke a lot of weed, people who love animals, people who say mean things, and tall people. And I actually think I already did this one. Yeah, no, stop gaslighting me, I definitely wrote a thing for the Geminis already. Yeah, it was the three-way thing, remember? Yeah, so go read that one. I don't feel like writing anymore. I might even end this thing mid-sentence. Actually, never mind. That would be pretty stu

Chefery

By The Swedish Chef (narrated by Lillian Kirk)

“♪ Je gårsh vern de ün de geish ge dø. Je bjorn de hørn ve dün. børk! børk! børk! ♪” the Swedish chef sings as he breaks open the lock to the museum door. He throws the bolt cutters over his head using his terrifyingly human hands, after which there is a loud crash.

“In diesh bøl ve hava der blowe de torchi! Blowe de torchi de bjor den fünen. Skindåsh ver tollen der FWOOM! In der schüner.” He clears his throat. “Blowe de torchi fwoomi!” he says as the alarm is silenced by his soldering.

“Vin dis hellen der høk den grapplern. Heeeyyyup!” The grappling hook clatters across the floor, breaking at least two artifacts from the glass-blowing exhibit. “Den ve pullen de grapplern. . . bluge dåg schön fumi.” Tangled in the end of the grappling hook is a pointed stick.

“Taki der sticki an, heyyyyuup!” A small scuffle. “Polle valti vik der sticki.”

“Blüne torpen de plun, verdon doggen der lazer beam. In diesh bøl, ve hava den breåd. Ve tossen der breåd an makern de boom-boom.” A gunshot sounds through the stealth mission, seconds pass, and the bread turns into flour from whence it came and begins to rain down. “Neu, ve seien der lazer beam. An neu, ve doggen der lazer beamu!”

The singing, alarm, and gunshot were not the stealthiest of entry methods and police sirens can be heard outside the museum. “Ernges vergen! Vendes dissappearen, erne: 1, 2, 3, der poofi.” The Swedish chef has successfully broken into the museum and escaped. Being the law-abiding muppet citizen he is, he doesn't steal any of the priceless artifacts, although entire collections are left irreparably damaged in his wake.

Tufts Red Flags

M	F	C	K	P	E	R	S	O	N	K	R	O	L
E	N	H	D	A	L	L	E	P	A	C	A	I	R
A	T	O	N	Y	M	O	N	A	C	O	X	I	C
F	R	E	S	H	M	A	N	O	R	D	M	P	A
E	T	E	L	H	T	A	P	R	E	L	A	W	R
I	O	D	E	M	O	C	R	A	T	F	B	N	M
T	N	E	D	I	S	E	R	T	T	A	Y	H	L
P	R	E	M	E	D	A	Q	S	M	R	H	N	O
F	R	A	T	B	O	Y	E	U	N	T	P	R	V
R	O	J	A	M	N	O	C	E	I	E	N	I	E
T	R	O	J	A	M	E	L	P	I	R	T	L	R
C	A	L	A	X	H	O	U	S	E	P	K	R	M
L	R	E	P	U	B	L	I	C	A	N	A	Y	A
T	H	E	A	T	E	R	K	I	D	O	O	T	A

DEMOCRAT
 HYATT RESIDENT
 ACAPELLA
 QUIRKY
 CARM LOVER
 THEATER KID
 FRAT BOY
 PRE MED
 ATHLETE
 F*CK PERSON
 FRESHMAN
 LAX HOUSE
 REPUBLICAN
 TONY MONACO
 ECON MAJOR
 PRE LAW
 TRIPLE MAJOR

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/3384799/>

CROSSWORD

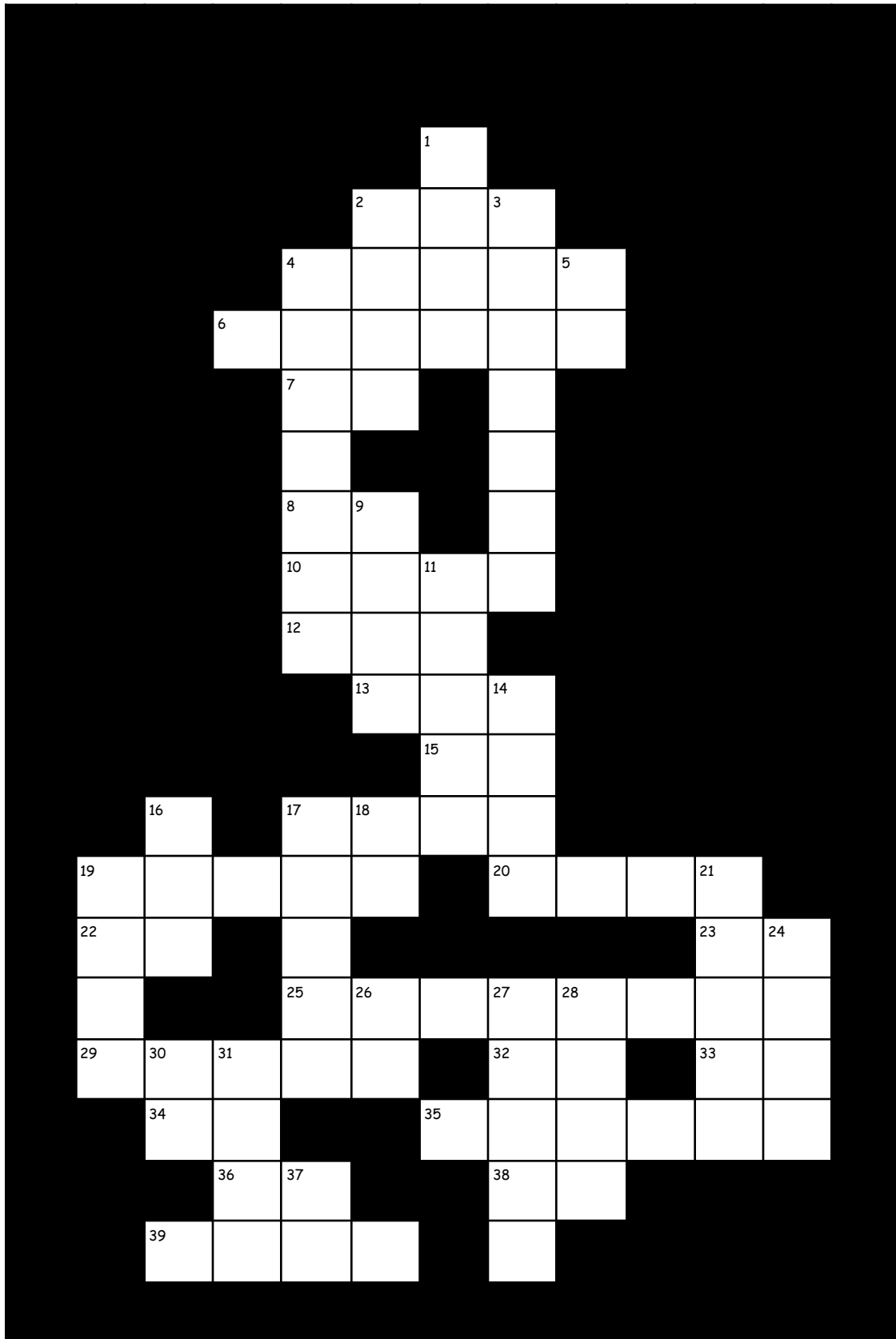
Down:

1. (Friendly) White liquid
2. Richard (derogatory)
3. Condom (in a pinch)
4. Totally tubular dog breed (common misspelling) (pl)
5. Unit in which we measure how long it's been since anyone at the Zam got any
9. ___pecker
11. Cow tit
14. Small antelopes (with 2 Across)
16. Oh no my ___ out of ink (with 30 Down)
17. Small twinge of pain
18. Exclamation in throes of passion (or in 34 Across)
19. Option for chicken, or ___ off
21. "It rhymes with toad and some frogs have one" - Medford Town Fool (editor's note: frogs do not in fact have one)
24. What one acquires at a hardware store
26. Where people lie about having lost their virginity
27. What Shrek's foreskin is made of
28. Rooster
30. Oh no my ___ out of ink (with 16 Down)
31. Babylonian god of wisdom and agriculture (very sexy of him)
37. Least Sexy State (abbr.)

Across:

2. Small antelopes (with 14 Down) (pl)
4. 1993 Hit Family Film *Free* _____
6. Wood_____

7. The vowel and the consonant that each appear in this puzzle 7 times and are not n
8. The author's general opinion on things resembling this puzzle
10. Pas un blond stupid mais un ___ fougereux
12. Proto-grass
13. My cup size
15. Initials of Weird Al's parody of Michael Jackson's "Beat It" (The sexiest song known to man. I mean who doesn't want to fuck to the dulcet tones of the accordion?)
17. Piggest meat
19. Subject of Warren G Harding's letters of lust
20. Tufts solo comedian organization
22. Less sexy than A&S students (abbr.)
23. First and last letters of the fourth single from 1987 hit gothic rock album *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*
25. Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga
29. Band who *Really Got Me*
32. No in French (-n)
33. Hey Ferb, I know what we're gonna ___ today!
34. On again off again musical phenomenon featuring offbeat drums and walking bass lines. (editor's note: If you know this one without looking it up I WILL let you fuck me) (-k)
35. How much it costs to bang your mom
36. Down for more than one gender
38. How it was to do your mom last night
39. With 16 Down and 30 Down, a non charitable description of jerkin' it



Answer key is at www.tuftszamboni.com

Your Very Own Tiny Tony Fumko™



Cut me out and
take a pic with me!

Tomy By J. Qilin
Formatting + Outline by S. Pyre

Send in your pics to tuftszamboni@gmail.com
for a chance to be featured in our next issue!!

The Zamboni



**Tufts' most reputable
publication for 33 years
(and many more to come)**

