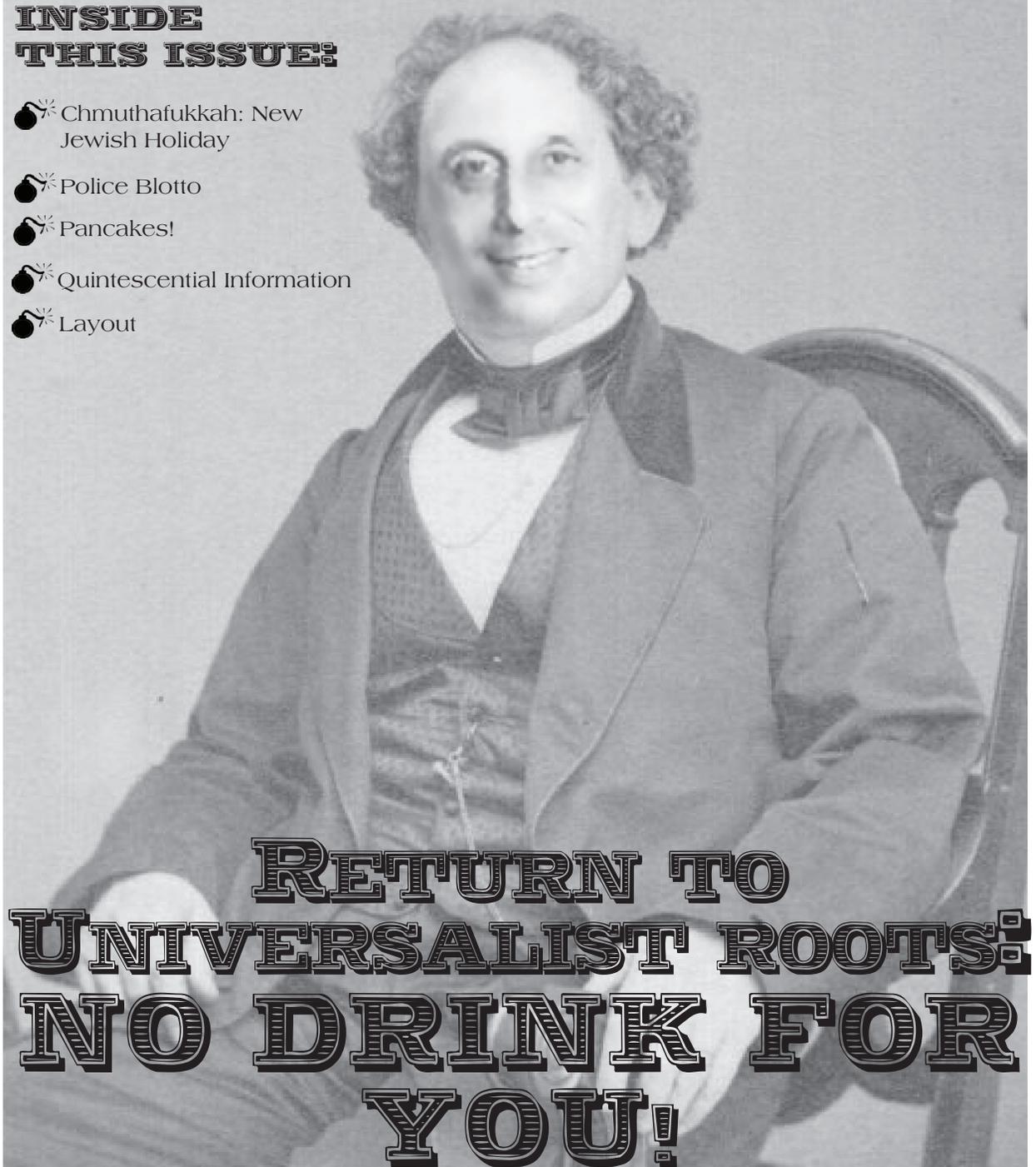


THE LAMBONI



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RETURN TO
UNIVERSALIST ROOTS:
NO DRINK FOR
YOU!

Staph

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vah, Bamboozlahhh

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A Word From the Editor

Well, it's October now and school is back in full swing; seniors are writing their theses, Juniors are sending out annoying abroad mass e-mail letters, Sophomores aren't caring about their major and freshmen are fully engaged in a variety of wonderful self-destructive activities. But I remember a more peaceful time, just a few months ago. A time I like to call "Barnswoozle" but most people call summer.

I did a lot of fun stuff this past summer, including rock climbing, skeet shooting, surfing and murdering. But my favorite summer past time was picking up girls. Unfortunately, there were no college age hotties just walking outside my house, so I had to resort to creative means. Here are my favorite places to meet girls during the summer:

Ballet- Yeah, I took ballet. Once you stop laughing, wrap your head around this: I met tons of girls there. And they are flexible. Ever seen a naked plié? The only downside to this place is all the other male ballet dancers hit on me.

Bed, Bath & Beyond- A month before school starts, this place is a meat market. Only the girls that care about their appearance show up here and they are all buying new sheets for their bed. Hot girls and a reason to talk about where they have sex- it is a done deal. The best part is, they were walking around with their moms, so if I want to get into something long term, I'll know what they'll look like in 20-35 years.

Ob. Gyn.- This was quite possibly the sweetest internship I ever had. My immediate boss, Dr.



Love, taught me all the ins and outs of his work. Now I know the eight ultra-secret techniques to please a woman. Dr. Love told me that legend had it there are nine, but the ninth is deadly if performed incorrectly.

High School- Did you know the legal age of consent in Massachusetts is 16?

Now that I've given you obscenely detailed information about my private life we might as well get on with the rest of the issue. Oh yeah, I gave the magazine a new layout too.

Now ain't that a kick in the head?

X O X O X O
THE
ZAMBONI

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 the editors. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students. Submissions to *The Zamboni* are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff and decisions are made on the rather subjective grounds of their humor content. No article is turned away based on the race, gender or religion of the author. Only if they are really annoying.

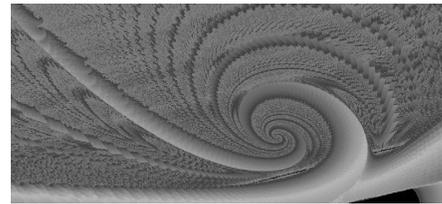
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About the Cover:
Our current President is merged with P.T. Barnum, an old trustee who donated Jumbo the elephant.

LETTERS

Bring on the bitching... biatch!
Zamboni_Tufts@hotmail.com

Dear Zamboni,

I'm a freshman and I am interested in your publication. I served as the Editor-in-Chief of my high school newspaper and I have skills with Adobe Pagemaker. I also interned at my town's paper, The Rockford Gazette. Would it be possible for me to join your staff?

Sincerely,
A Willing Freshman

ZAMBONI: You can only join once you realize you already got into college and nobody cares what you did in high school.

Dear Zamboni,

I am a student who transferred from Tufts to another university (which shall remain anonymous) in Harvard Square. I am not really liking it that much and was wondering how I could get back into Tufts.

Sincerely,
A Mistaken Transfer

ZAMBONI: The Zamboni is currently accepting minimum "donations" of \$50 to have us help you get back in. We will also accept sexual favors of equal or greater value (Prices as quoted in The Economist, July 2003)

Dear Zamboni,

How do you pronounce Radix? Is it Ray-dix or Rad-dix?

Sincerely,
Confused Freshman

ZAMBONI: You pronounce it as "two issues a year".

Dear Zamboni,

Hello. I am a highly recognizable supermodel. I am really, really, really hot. I would like to have incredible, mind-altering sex with one member of your staff, preferably one your non-Luke Editors-at-Large (they are often REALLY REALLY CUTE and notoriously good in bed). Maybe my other hot friend could join us. Seriously, I am actually a model and I do actually want you. This isn't made up at all. What do you say?

Sincerely,
REALLY Hot Supermodel

ZAMBONI: Our Editor-at-Large likes to write e-mails to himself. He is still mistaken about what the "at-Large" part of his name actually means.



Gimble the Elf

SEND US EMAIL OR I'LL
PHOTOSHOP YOUR FACE ON
THE FRONT OF THE NEXT
ZAMBONI... AND THEN EAT
YOUR EYES AS YOU LAY
DECAYING ON THE PAVE-
MENT FROM HUMILIATION!

ZAMBONI MEETINGS: Every week we meet like flies on fruit in Eaton 302 on Mondays at 9 PM. Join us if you are human. We discriminate against rocks, yogurt, beavers and rat teeth. They are not welcome to contribute.

Tufts News in Brief

By Calvin Metcalf

Local RA Spotted at Jell-o Shot Party--

Tufts University First Year Student Nick Yebowski was shocked to spot his RA Zack Gray at the AEPi Jell-o shot party. "RA's are allowed to drink?" wondered a confused Yebowski as he watched Gray take 3 shot glasses of Raspberry Jell-o in 30 seconds. Other concepts that were unclear to Yebowski were RA's having social lives, and Gray not being an inhuman bastard who lived simply to get Yebowski in trouble.

Area Freshman's Asocial Roommate Makes It Hard for Him to Masturbate--

Benjamin Rowland, a Tufts First

Year Student, was foiled yet again yesterday afternoon in his continuing attempts to masturbate. When Rowland's roommate Nahum Goddard came home directly from his intro to engineering class Rowland was forced to curtail his autoerotic endeavors prematurely for the 6th time that week. "How am I supposed to have any alone time when [Goddard] is always in the room?" Rowland limply complained. Rowland swears all he needs is 15 uninterrupted minutes with the hammer (farhammer.com) and he'd be set for at least 4 days.

African-American Boyfriend Seems Annoyed at Caucasian Girlfriend's Insistence on Watching Cops--

Calvin Saint Cyr seemed annoyed when his girlfriend Darya Stratakowski insisted on watch-

ing Cops for the 4th Saturday in a row. Saint Cyr, a prominent member of the Africana house, who has been dating Stratakowski, the daughter of polish immigrants, for 2 years now, never seemed to share his girlfriends love of the fox television show. Stratakowski resisted changing the channel yet again while police on the television were searching Jamel Mandela, an unemployed African American. 10 minutes later, while the police on the show were arresting Female exotic dancer Shaniqua Lawrence, Saint Cyr again unsuccessfully tried to get his girlfriend to change the show. Stratakowski was quoted later as saying "I don't get why Calvin [Saint Cyr] doesn't like this show, he's always telling me we need more minority representation on television."

International News

By Zach Dubin

U.S., North Korea Sign Treaty, Eat Cheetos--

Seoul, S. Korea- In a historic agreement, President George W. Bush and Kim Jong Il of North Korea signed a non-proliferation of nuclear weapons agreement and advanced weapons scale-down over the next five years.

Top White House officials hailed this as the most important step for the safety of the United States and the rest of the world since the ousting of former dictator Saddam Hussein.

The driving force behind the success of the agreement can be attributed to the Clinton Administration. In the anticipation of future diplomatic overtures, President Clinton introduced a new tactic to aid peacekeeping via the medium

of medically endorsed Mary Jane. Bush unearthed the papers in a rarely used drawer under some leftover cigars.

Arriving on Tuesday night, President Bush offered Jong Il the greens in his pipe. Jong Il replied with a joke, asking if Bush was trying to get him high so he could take advantage of him. The translator had to recover after laughing for a few minutes to tell the joke to the ever-perplexed president. Upon hearing the joke, Bush blew out his hit and was obliged to refill the pipe, this time with FDA modified weed.

At one point Jong Il was so loaded he started playing "This Little Piggy" with his shoeless feet.

The next day, after waking up at 11:00 a.m. sharp, Bush and Jong Il met, with the latter supply-

ing the diplomatic aid. They had each had a few hits when one of the two suggested a brief cease in negotiations for snack time. One of Jong Il's top advisers immediately brought them a bag of puffy Cheetos. They snarfed the bag, and ten minutes later signed the historic document, leaving only a few orange fingerprints on the edges of the papers.



BOOZE

Bacow Seeks to Eliminate Fun From Campus

Larry Bacow, President of Tufts University, gave bold new direction to the undergraduate school last Monday when he issued a press release detailing his steps to eliminate fun from the Tufts Campus. Bacow, who doesn't consume alcohol and only reads nutritional labels in his spare time, has been trying to crackdown on fun since he was appointed President in 2001.

Bacow has already tweaked the alcohol policy at the school in order to allow for a minimizing of fun. The policy not only requires RAs to write up a report for every incident of underage drinking but also forces the campus "police" to crackdown on off campus parties. "This isn't time for reckless youth," Bacow wrote in his statement. "This is a time to study hard in order to survive in the cold, bitter, grey, conformist world that exists outside of college. By bringing a little bit of that world into the Tufts community, we better prepare our students for the mediocrity of what's to come."

Bacow's "future improvements" on the alcohol policy consist of immediately placing all fraternities and sororities on indefinite probation. His ultimate goal is to make the campus completely dry within the next year.

In a phone interview, Bacow announced, with a subtle maniacal giggle, his plans to demolish the currently empty Zeta Psi fraternity. He claimed he was "very happy to make the decision," then quickly amended "but not that fun happy, more of the empty heartless happy."

Most parents of Tufts

"If I wanted Matty to drink, I could just leave him with my husband." Kilham said.

by Brett Weiner

Kilham said.

However, some upperclassmen are not happy with Bacow's changes. Senior Matt Corsin said "Itsh like, he wantsh us to do these things, but I'm like, I'm not here and I'm not lishtening." Corsin, staggering and slurring his words, added "I think you're really cool man, seriously, really awesome."

After the campus is purged of the offensive alcohol, Bacow plans to remove all other forms of amusement on campus. This includes making sex against university policy by 2005 and banning movies, video games, and music by 2007. In order to makes

sure that students don't find any pleasure in books or learning on the weekend, Bacow has no plans to extend the weekend library hours.

"We want students to be well rounded, responsible, wordly and open to all ways of life"

Bacow sneered "The only possible way of achieving this goal on a nation, er campus-wide level, is to take away all experiences that may make them think outside of the box... starting with alcohol."



students are pleased with the changes. Ellen Kilham, parent of current Tufts freshman Matt Kilham, said she agrees with the new attitude concerning alcohol. "If I wanted Matty to drink, I could just leave him with my husband."

YEAH



Crisis On Our Campus: Why the New Tufts Alcohol Policy Does Not Go Far Enough*

by C. W. Metcalf

After watching the debauchery that was freshman orientation this year, everyone must agree that there is a problem with alcoholism on the Tufts University Campus. The packs of freshman wandering aimlessly after dark are, in my opinion, a direct result of a new campus alcohol policy that is much too lenient. This new policy, recently implemented, will give merely a warning to the student when TEMS is called for the first time. In light of recent studies, this policy is much too compassionate towards underage drinkers.

A national opinion poll by the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation found that 70% of college aged individuals thought that 21 was an appropriate age for buying alcohol, and 65% want current rules more strongly enforced. Ergo it is not just I who feel the need for tougher alcohol control on campus.

This past orientation, packs of inebriated underclassmen appeared after the more studious "silent majority" of the campus kicked the drunken freshmen out onto the street. Obviously this is a silent plea by those 65% of us who think sinful behavior has no place in the dorm. The current policy does nothing to combat this problem due to the fact that it relies on "residential advisers" to report drinking, many of whom are in fact twenty-one. There have been (unconfirmed) rumors that some of these "RA" s drink alcohol as well. How are the "RA" s supposed to stop the drinking if they drink themselves? It makes no sense.

In addition the current freshmen are surrounded on all sides by older students who sinfully (though

sadly legally) indulge in alcohol in the privacy of their own room. How are hardworking freshmen supposed to study if there is such filth going on in nearby rooms? Even those freshmen who diligently attend activities sponsored by groups such as the Christian



Fellowship and Hillel must walk through crowds of inebriated students emerging from off campus parties. How are they supposed to keep their purity if drunks are constantly dragging them into these off campus dens of defilement?

Indubitably this must be dealt with. A few obvious changes will solve all these problems. First, all RAs need to be under twenty-one, thus they cannot set a bad example when drinking legally. Second, all dormitories must be segregated by age. When there exists co-habitation between those both under and over twenty-one the line between legal and illegal drinking becomes blurred. Thirdly, all drinking involving Tufts students should be banned. This of course includes all of those over twenty-one and those students who live off campus. This will prevent freshmen and other under classmen from being sucked into sin by upperclassmen.

The most tragic part of the new drinking policy is that it gives underage drinkers a free pass to binge drink. About 9.7 million

persons aged 12 to 20 reported drinking alcohol in the month prior to a nationwide survey in 2000. Of these, 6.6 million were binge drinkers and 2.1 million were heavy drinkers. (SAMHSA, 2000). The Tufts administration is accepting these statistics as allowable by only giving a warning the first time TEMS must be called. Of course this is the wrong message to be sending. Every underage individual who endangers his life by over-indulging should be punished just as if they were caught alive and drunk. By implementing this policy the University is saying that it is better to drink until passing out or death, than to drink moderately.

I'm sure that that 65% of the campus agrees with me when I say that there should be no alcohol or social gathering between grades. Moreover all underclassmen who force TEMS to spend time and money coming to their aid, should be punished more severely. By combining all of these pieces I think we can create a more academically and socially stimulating experience for everyone here at Tufts.

*We here at the Zamboni are proud to print what other Tufts publications merely scoff at. This article was originally submitted to The Observer, The Daily, The Primary Source, Radix, Hemispheres, Tufts Financial Journal, and Mosaic. We feel that even a cheap, low-brow humor publication should rarely print a serious article. If you have any comments, questions, or merely want to give this Author shit, please feel free to e-mail Zamboni_Tufts@hotmail.com

My Meeting with Screech

By Dan Roe

Many Tufts students hang pictures of their friends and families on the walls of their rooms to gaze at longingly while swamped with work and feel comforted. I am no different. On my wall hangs a picture of my family, one of my friend's mom standing by a Tupac poster and giving the "West Side" sign, and one of Dustin Diamond. That's right, the actor who so brilliantly played Samuel 'Screech' Powers in the popular show, Saved by the Bell.

Why would I hang a picture of Screech on my wall? Because right next to it hangs his autograph, stupid. Tremble with jealousy, I met Screech and got his John Hancock.

It was near the end of my senior year of high school. My friend Nick, the same friend whose mother hangs on my wall, was going to be attending Loyola University in Chicago in the fall, and had gotten word that Screech would be the MC at a major event entitled Loyolapalooza. Screech! Several unknown bands were headlining the concert, but the opportunity to see Screech in person was too much of a draw to pass up.

Nick and I attended Loyolapalooza with my sister, Kelly, who was twenty-one at the time. When we got inside the decadent gymnasium it was being held in, Screech

was a s onstage filling time between the first and second

bands. We pushed our way through the crowd and stood at the free throw line to watch Screech in action. Screech had a thick, manly goatee. His pants were tight, but not too tight. The perfect tightness.

Screech talked and talked,

and we listened attentively. He told us to boycott the Scooby Doo movie because he tried out for the role of Shaggy and didn't get it. He demonstrated the 'Shaggy walk' for us. It was mediocre at best. Around this time someone from the crowd screamed, "You're a flipping loser," except they didn't say 'flipping.' They didn't even say 'freaking.' I think it's clear what they really said. 'Fudging.'

Screech is a bitter man and has a mean temper. He lost it when the heckling began. He yelled and yelled. "Were you on a hit TV show for over ten years? How many models have you slept with? None? I didn't think so! Are you an established comedian? No, again? Well, looks like you don't have any right to be heckling." At this people began laughing. I was saddened. Watching a hero self-destruct is painful. The laughter just fueled his rage. "I'm not afraid of you, punk. I'll come out there. What will people say when you tell them you got beat up by Screech? I'll do you." At this last comment we made strange faces wondering if Screech was aware

that he just threatened to beat someone up and then have sex with them. Screech yelled and yelled. He yelled so much his voice became hoarse and he had to take a drink of water. He had a pink Nalgene.

Screech ranted and ranted. Someone had the piece of mind to get him off the stage and sat him down at a table to sign autographs. We waited in line. When we got to Screech, Nick was first. He shook his hand and told him

he was a good man. I was next. "Do you want to buy a picture?" he asked me. I asked what it cost. "Ten," he responded. I thought about it for a second. "There's a long line, let's hurry this up," he said. Why don't you respect me, Screech? Is it because I don't have a thick, manly goatee?

I told Screech I'd take the picture. He signed it and handed it to me. I shook his hand and told him I liked his work in Made.

He shrugged and said, "Yeah." Why don't you respect my compliments, Screech? Is it because I don't drink water from a pink, indestructible, water holder?

My sister was last to meet him. Following up my compliment, he winked at her and said, "Did you like me in anything else?" I stared. Are you hitting on my sister, Screech? I

gave him the thumbs down. He saw and said, "You got your autograph, now take a hike." And he was right. We had our autographs, so we took a hike.

Why didn't he respect me? Is it because I don't have a cool nickname like Screech? What if people called me 'D.Roe'? It'd be like J.Lo, but hotter. Would Screech have been my friend then? But then again, if I had a cool nickname, maybe I would become bitter and angry too, after my glory had faded. Maybe I would hide behind a thick, manly goatee while I shouted ridiculous things into a crowd. But maybe, some kid would hang my picture on his wall in hopes that I'd someday go back to the happiness I had during my D.Roe days.

I believe you can find your happiness again, Screech.



We here at the Zamboni embrace all forms of humor.

Sometimes we like to take very different forms of humor and put them on the same page.....

Welcome to the

ZAMBONI JUXTAPOSITION PAGE

Janet Waska-Tommy

Philosophy 161

Notes on Russel, Chapter 4-7

Sorry this is late. I was partying with Steve, Mike, and Dave last night, and I looked over at Dave and I was like, "Hey let's fuck" and he was like, "Ha ha, no." So I was like, "But look at my tits," and he was like, "They're fucking gigantic; however, you look like a monkey that is thinking very hard." You could hear the semicolon and everything.

So I punched his nuts. But then I got really depressed because I realized that punching his nuts wouldn't make him fuck me (that was kind of philosophical I guess). Anyhow, that shit doesn't matter, but I was up late

and I couldn't write anything. I mean seriously, I

"I know for certain that my tits get sore every time I slam them in a door, or ream the shit out of them with a plow."

was punching nuts. I mean, fuck.

Anyway, Russel's chapters on induction and a priori principles made my tits really sore. I'm wondering if or how Russel will 'solve' the problem of induction, since my tits are aching with the insatiable urge to find the answers. I assume he believes that our beliefs from induction are not totally groundless. I mean come on, I know for certain that my tits get sore every time I slam them in a door, or ream the shit out of them with a plow. I know this because I have slammed them in different doors and reamed them with different plows, and it has always made them sore. No

serious philosopher could question that justification, right? I mean, fuck.

Russel's point about a priori logical judgments like 'every thing is identical with itself' slightly soothed my tits. It felt like they were being subtly massaged with cold condensed milk, infused with mango. But the argument only performs its function as a soothing man-

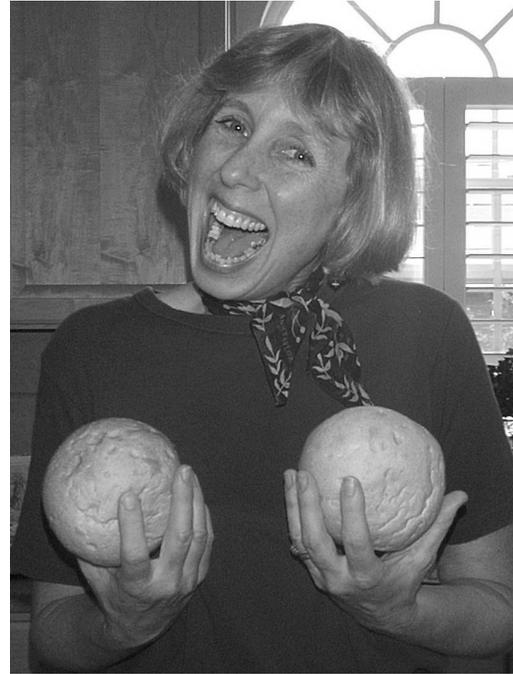
go tit balm

assuming that the usual view of the world, as people with minds in a physical environment, is correct. On one hand, I mean, fuck. My throbbing tits are obviously real. But strangely, I didn't see anything about my tits in Russel's

argument. He said something instead about 'simplicity.'

Well, it's this simple, Russel. Punch the fuck out of one of your tits and then tell me you think there's no physical reality. I mean, fuck.

The discussion of universals hasn't really given me any violent reactions so far. I'm just sort of waiting to see where it takes me and my faithful tits. Overall, the lack of tits and sports analogies in this reading is making me pretty angry with Russel, who I kind of want to pummel and smother with my fleshy, sore red tits (to remind him what they are like). But before I do that I will be sure to finish reading his book in the hopes of finding some relief.



Living in Lewis

I'm glad I'm not in Tilton 'cause I'd never get to sleep
Miller is too crowded and Carmichael too cheap
Like climbing? Then there is Hill Hall
A name like that will say it all
The pipes break up in Houston leaving water three feet deep

Metcalfe's right on the main road and rooms in South are small
And if you're drunk in Haskell you may run into a wall
The Latin Way Apartments
Are unworthy of my comments
The President is tarnishing those living in Bush Hall

I'm glad I'm not in Wren because I hear that they have rats
Hodgdon's café means that it's built for spoiled brats
Yes the other dorms are yucky
So I'm very, very lucky
To be living here in Lewis - plus we're right near all the Frats.

-Debbie Sleeper

note: This is just a poem. Please do not take offense if I insulted your dorm.

Sometimes, the teacher is great, the material is interesting, but the textbook is just too dry to read. In order to curb the trend of non-book reading, the Zamboni proudly offers academic explanations in a form that everyone can understand. Without further ado, here is....

A Fresh Perspective

On

Gilpin's Theory of Hegemonic War

by Stephanie Vallejo

Yo—I gotta speak t'y'all 'bout the shiznit we be readin' in dem boox. I dun kno wat dey be thinkin' fo' real. Wat iz up wit all dis readin' up in herrre? Who dey kno talk like dat shit? I ain't meanin' no dizrepect, fo'shizzle. We just all kno dat people dun talk like dey use to, y'feel me. I iz gonna lay it out real nice fo' y'all wat dey rilly be sayin'.

Yo, we both kno wat dey be sayin', holla! Why we need be all like—"Gilpin's Theory of Hegemonic War assumes diverse eth-



Gilpin in the Hizzy

ics, interaction among entities, and forms of control such as polarity, territory, prestige, rules, and economy. The international system to be the anarchic that it essentially is, which leads to hegemonic war." I gonna break sum a dat down fo' y'all. Axe me sum questions lata, holla back!

Yo, we all just kno dat mean dat dey is all dif'ernt kindsa peeps, word! Y'kno, we ain't all gonna be doin' da same shit, an' u kno dat u gots be livin' wit each other. Das reeeall good, y'feel me? But u kno, when u be tryin' to watch TLC, an' y'roommatez be all wantin' to be seein' da Discovery Channel, wat we be wantin' sumtimes be takin' sumthin' from dey otha' peeps who be wantin' dat too, fo'real. Dis iz da secon' part a dat idea, y'feel it? So then y' kno, one young thug be tryin' to get up in dat shit, y'kno—fo' simplicity's sake, we be keepin' dat analogy we gots. So u wanna watch yo' TLC, and dat's chill. But now y'gotta be havin' to take u sum "forms of control." (Yo, all dat means iz dat yo' gotta do watchoo gotta do if u wanna watch yo'dat TLC.) Sumtimes, we got all da power in dat relationship, fo'sho. U kno, we got mo'. We always be gettin' wat we want, y'kno—like maybe we own dat TV, y'kno—so yo roommatez just gonna start likin' TLC. Dat's like y'shit, an' yo' territory, fuuuureal. An' like, if u be layin' down da law reaaal soon, yo'roommatez kno u

ain't gonna be havin' dat shit up in herrre (lettin' da mo'fo' watch y'TV when u iz needin' it), so dey won't be messin' fo' sho'. Dis mean u got madd rep, fo'shizzle, dawg, and dat iz wat u want. Dey call dat shit "prestige." So, u be makin' da "rules" or, "rulez" (u kno how we do!) So y'kno, y'got dat shit, fo'real. So "Hegemonic War" be all like dat big fight u gonna have wit y'roommatez sumday.. Yo, my dawg Gilpin be sayin' fights gonna happen fo'sho' when one yo' roommatez getz mo'power (like dey buys da

DVD playa, cuz dey get mo'money, u kno) dey be startin' to make dey own rulez. Diz iz when war happenz up in dis hizouse an' u want y'rulez but y'ain't

got no DVD playa, y'shit'z old, u kno—dat shit got go down.

Yo, now u kno wat dey be sayin' fo'sho'. I gotta bounce to be gettin' on to my biznaz at da Hillel Friends an' Falafel, damn dat be sum good falafel, yo.

Zach Dubin
and Brett
Weiner Present

Celebrity Books We Want To See

How to Make a Difference: A Hands on Approach at Developing Skills in Children

By: Michael Jackson

101 Recipes for Cats
By: Alf

The Wonderful Unemployment Years
By: Fred Savage

How To Dress As Yourself For Halloween
By: Anna Nicole Smith

Being Weird
By: David Blaine

How to get Ahead
By: Former President Clinton

Translating Pick-Up Lines

By Anamaria V. and Saj Pothaiwala

In the interest of helping our female readers, we here at the Zamboni have decided to decipher lame male pick-up lines to save naive freshmen from waking up in strange beds.

What he said . . .

1. I got laid twice today, would you like to make it 3?
2. Hey want a beer? Or 5?
3. All the time I was hooking up with her, I was thinking of you.
4. Is there a keg in your pants? Because I really want to tap that.
5. You're the prettiest girl in this room.
6. Do you have a map? I just keep on getting lost in your eyes

What he meant . . .

1. "Health Services says the ringworm will clear up when I stop showering with my dog."
2. "Hey want me to get you ridiculously drunk, take advantage of you and then never talk to you again?"
3. "Hey there, who's your friend? She's really hot."
4. "Is there a keg in your pants? No, really, I want to know, you're fat."
5. You're the prettiest girl in this dank dimly lit frat basement."
6. "You see those girls over there, they're way out of my league. You aren't."

Thursday, September 25th

3:42 P.M. Somerville police respond to report of a girl in an upper level Electrical Engineering class. The girl turned out to be a longhaired metal fan.

5:16 P.M. A male student was found pleasuring himself in an Eaton Hall restroom. The police were notified and once the young man was finished he was issued a citation. TUPD officers believe the young man just found an old Amber Madison column published last spring.

Friday, September 26th

12:35 A.M. A party at the Gifford house was broken up. Residents reported to themselves.

2:15 A.M. An unidentified middle-aged couple was discovered loitering in the nude on the President's Lawn. When the officer approached the two, the anonymous male yelled out, "Run Adele, run!"

Saturday, September 27th

2:47 A.M. An apparent party was broken up at Rainbow house. Neighbors had complained that the party was "too gay".

11:13 A.M. TUPD responded to complaints of excessive singing and chanting at the Granoff Family Hillel Center. The police issued an official warning to the constituents of the center, and confiscated at least twelve bottles of Manishevitz wine. Sixteen bottles were originally seized, however four were returned when it was discovered that they were not in fact wine, but Jews.

10:40 P.M. A herd of freshmen was spotted grazing in Fletcher Field. Somerville Animal Control was contacted.

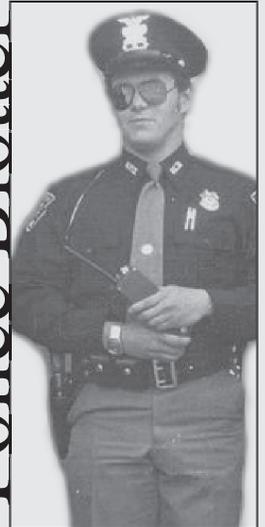
Sunday, September 28th

12:59 A.M. A male age 17-19 antagonized a TUPD officer by shouting "You can't spell STUPID without TUPD." The officer proceeded to beat the young man with a nightstick and reaffirmed that the young man was in fact not better than him, and that he went to college as well, a two year college, but college nonetheless.

3:01:14 A.M. Brett Weiner initiated sexual intercourse with a young lady.

3:01:17 A.M. Brett Weiner concluded sexual intercourse with a young lady.

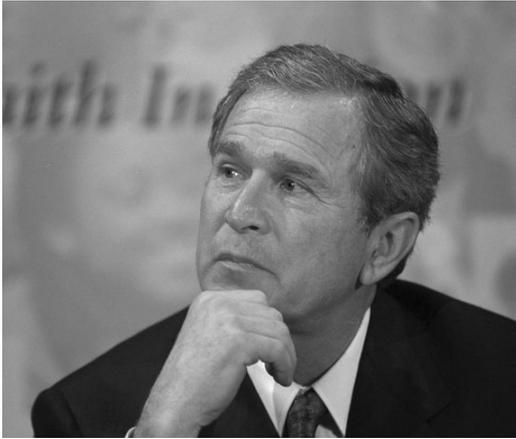
Police Blotter



"God damn kids..."

Family Guy Drinking Game

- When Peter makes an obscure tv reference -1 drink
- They watch tv -.5 drinks
- When Brian hits on Lois -2 drinks
- When Brian drinks -1 drink
- A scene is held just a bit too long -1 drink
- Peter says heheheheheheh -1 drink
- When Meg complains about her life -1 drink
- When Peter is drunk -1 drink
- When Cleveland talks about his wife -1 drink
- Quagmire says "All right!" -1 drink
- When Joe says "Bring it on!" -2 drinks
- Chris says something stupid -1 drink
- Stewie tries to kill Lois -2 drinks
- Chris talks about the Monkey -3 drinks
- Stewie makes reference to Lois's womb -3 drinks
- Quagmire has sex -5 drinks



Bush Speech Drinking Game

- Mispronounces a word -1 drink
- Makes up word -2 drinks
- Makes reference to 9/11 -1 drink
- Fails to also mention Osama -2 drinks
- Talks about Iraq -1 drink
- Fails to mention Sadam -1 drink
- Makes that facial expression - .5 drinks
- Talks about God -1 drink
- Uses a cliché -1 drink
- Misuses a cliché -2 drinks
- Talks about Texas -2 drinks
- Says "um" - 0.5 drinks

Queer Eye Drinking Game

- Carson makes a limp-wrist gesture -1 drink
- Straight guy shaves too fast -2 drinks
- People hate Ted's food -3 drinks
- Every gay joke -0.5 drinks
- Queer guys reference something earlier in the episode as happening "that day" -1 drink
- Gay men referred to as "Fab Five" -1 drink
- Straight guy does something wrong during final part -2 drinks/wrong thing

ZAMBONI MEETINGS: We meet every week in **Eaton 302** on **Mondays** at **9 PM**. Join us if you have a pathetic need for instant acceptance among a peer group. Don't worry, were not a cult. Yet.