

THE ZAMBONI

Tufts' only Humor Magazine

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A Word From the Editor

Staff fuck you



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Luke "I can smell good" Snyder

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Calvin "The Yellow Dart" Metcalf
Dan "The Ho" Roe
Allison "Photoshopping Goddess" Kruth
Zachary "I Can Rhyme" Dubin

Worst Soda Ever:
Moxie

Fun Thing To Do:
Sabotage Toliets So They Spray Zamboni Editors

Thingamabob:
Whatsajig



Hello and welcome to another amazing, spectacular and fantamonious issue of *The Zamboni*. The holidays are fast approaching, and for some that means eight nights of lights, and for others it means a large pine in your living room. For me, it means both.

You see, I was raised both in the Jewish and Catholic faiths, making me a "Jatholic" (or, if you prefer, "Cathulish"). Inevitably, you will want to know my qualifications: I have been circumcised, baptized, first communionized, and bar mitzvahized. Oh, and my dad is Jewish and my mom is Catholic, but don't worry I go to a reform temple.

Being raised in both faiths gives certain advantages. Not many hungry Jews on Yom Kippur get to eat ham for lunch. Not many Catholics can plead Jewish when asked to give up things for Lent. And yeah, that's right, I celebrate both Chanukah and

Christmas, so holidays around my house are like a present orgy.

Being raised in both faiths gives me an unbiased view of their strengths and weaknesses. For example, Catholic holidays rock. They totally beat out the Jewish ones. A typical Jewish holiday is going to temple longer than the extended version of *Lord of the Rings* and then eating some food after. Excuse me Jews, but I'll just be over here with my PRESENTS and HUGE CHOCOLATE BUNNIES while you munch on your lame matzo-crackers.

However, there are some aspects where Judaism reigns supreme. It has way more awesome words to say, due to the Jewish/Yiddish connection. Putz, mench, schmendrick, there are tons of 'em. I dare you not to enjoy "schlong" as it comes out of your mouth.

Also, I think Judaism has a much better afterlife policy. It reads something like this: when you die, you are dead. It's that simple. This means I get to sin all I want without eternal damnation. It's the cosmic loophole of Judaism.

Well enjoy the rest of this issue, and enjoy the holidays. I always get a wonderful feeling when I go home and see eight Christmas candles in my window and a large Chanukah bush in my living room.

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, especially Brett; he hates everything we put in here. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously except the table of contents, that is to be taken seriously. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students. Submissions to *The Zamboni* are screened by the Editor-in-Chief (a.k.a. our lord and master Brett) and/or the Editorial Staff (a.k.a. those guys that never show up) 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 except for those smelly carthaginian kids or anyone who is really annoying and ugly.

Contentment



A brief remark from our illustrious leader



Awkward realization of your humanity



Letters, emails and other things we have fabricated to give ourselves a false sense of pride



Ragamuffin rabblrouser engages in fistacuffs with Jumbo



Tufts Observer writers in 1989: Has there been any change?



All the NEWS that is fit to print on the door in a Texaco bathroom stall in Waco, Texas



What would a conservative douche bag say?



Crayons, Tequila and Titties



The center **SPREAD EAGLE:**
Feminism double header



Rainbow Brite and how she hurt little children



Jumbo goes to Brook Pharmacy for some advice
GOOGLY-EYE comic "Women Can't Resist My Feathers"



Face OFF! Steal Bacow's face and run with it for NQR... Them TUPD can't stop you now



Don't fuck with this bitch.

About the Cover:
Meet Beth, the Official
Zamboni Stress Reliever

LETTERS

One of them is real this week!

Zamboni_Tufts@hotmail.com

Dear Zamboni,

I really hate your publication. It is a pile of crap. CRAP. Your articles are poorly, if not VERY POORLY written and your photography and layout work is amateur at best. There is no sense of depth to your magazine and it is filled with personal ramblings on boring topics. Your comics are wholly unfunny and it offends me as a sensible person that such crap is distributed so readily to the masses. It is a shame that the Tufts Community Union squanders valuable portions of the student activities fee to fund such a wasteful useless publication when many other clubs are forced to actively raise funds so that they may engage in much more meaningful pursuits than just screwing around in the MAB lab like a bunch of no-talent ass monkeys. In closing, I really hate you and I wish you'd die. Thank you.

Sincerely,
George Kullavan EN 05

ZAMBONI: George, sorry but The Observer's email address is observer@tufts.edu.

Dear Zamboni,

I need an impartial, fair judge to solve a frigid dispute between my housemates. My housemate recently accused me of stealing one of her beers. This is an isolated incident. My housemate also accused me of eating her corn pops. Also an isolated incident. Why can't we all pretend we're living in a commune, a commune called "college, where we all love each other and want each other to thrive instead of wanting each other to DIE DIE DIE!"

Sincerely,
Wanna be Commie

ZAMBONI: College is communistic in that students share two things freely: sex and weed. However, it is also well known that college students guard two things: alcoholic beverages and snack food. Therefore, it is the Zamboni's advice to you to get stoned and eat pussy rather than get drunk and eat cereal.

Dear Zamboni,

Have you had any famous comedians work on your staff ever?

Sincerely,
Aspiring Comedian

ZAMBONI: We had some of the greats work for us. They are actually here in the office now, as it is Zamboni alumni weekend.

Carrot Top: It's high heels with training wheels! See? Because high heels are hard to wear!! And it rhymes! I'm a comedic genius!

Gallagher I: My life is sad.

Gallagher II: My life is sadder.

FEATURED LETTER

Dear Zamboni,

In regards to feminism, what is your thought about the sexual double standard between males and females?

Sincerely,
Curious Female

ZAMBONI: It is possible that the dichotomy of the sexes can be traced back to the biological difference between male and female and their influence on societal norms throughout the development of Western Europe- hey, wait a minute! You're a girl? SLUT, SHUT UP AND MAKE MY DINNER!



Detective, you done tell me do things, I done running

Yo Joe!

Write to the Zamboni
at [Zamboni
tufts@hotmail.com](mailto:Zamboni_tufts@hotmail.com).

Because e-mails are
the other half of the
battle.

ZAMBONI MEETINGS: Join us next semester when we politely ask Office of Student Activities for room times and they schedule us in the same room and time as LCS. Wacky community service stunts ensue, but through a montage sequence everyone learns a valuable lesson.

Tufts News-in-Brief

'MATRIX' PREDICTIONS TOTALLY OFF

Sophomore Alex Kreeble's predictions about *Matrix Revolutions* were totally off, according to his closest friends. "Alex kept talking about how everyone was in another matrix and the real world was also the matrix," said Kreeble's roommate, Tim Huntton. "Man, he was way off."

Kreeble's girlfriend, Amy West, echoed this sentiment. "When Alex took me to see the movie, he was totally convinced Keanu [Reeves] was gonna blow up stuff by thinking about it and fight ghosts." Said West. "None of that stuff happened. Well, at least he paid for my ticket."

When approached about *Matrix Revolutions*, Kreeble reportedly said "Fuck you, *Matrix*, fuck you."

AREA FRESHMEN WAS FORCED TO SEXUALLY HUMILIATE HIMSELF

Houston resident and freshman Calvin Saint Cyr last Saturday in order to obtain a bottle opener for a Corona. The bottle opener was in the possession of sober female Allison McCowski, who gave it only on the condition of Saint Cyr shoving the bottle 5 inches into his mouth.



Ted Theodore Logan as the savoir of mankind in *Matrix Revolutions*

After successfully deep throating the beverage container Saint Cyr was able to drink it. Concerned hallmates took pictures for non-amusement purposes.

SHERMAN TEICHMAN ANNOUNCES EPIC PROGRAM OVER, REALLY JUST PSYCH EXPERIMENT ON STRESS

Professor Sherman Teichman yesterday announced that the EPIIC program is over. It was an experiment in stress levels that is now complete. "Sorry for deceiving you all," said Teichman, "but EPIIC was really dreamed up

by the psych department to chart the coping habits of stress levels on college students. Do you really think anyone cares about this "global" shit?" Teichman added, "What made you think that those speakers would do you any good?" EPIIC participant Justin Baca was reported as responding "That assfucking shithat!"

CRAPPY ROOMMATE RAISES THE BAR

Crappy roommate Benjamin Rowland just raised the bar in crappy roommate behavior the other day, according to Nathan

Goddard. "The sex in my bed was one thing, the way he thinks it's ok to play Limp Bizkit when I'm asleep at 4 in the morning is tolerable, but he has taken up smoking now, I have fucking asthma!" Goddard added, "Man, I hate that inconsiderate prick."

Goddard is considering changing rooms once he "gets around to talking to Reslife."

In response, roommate Rowland was quoted as saying "Fucking Bio."

STUDENT WONDERS IF THE TA WILL GRADE HARDER IF HE STAIRS AT HER CHEST

Local freshman Dave Sammit wondered aloud today whether his TA will grade harder if he stairs at her chest. During a conversation later with TA Stephanie Vasquez, the proud owner of 2 DD's, Sammit was quoted as saying "so to complete the



Teaching Assistant Stephanie Vasquez

photosynthesis exercises we have to breathe...test the levels of carbon dioxide?"

Vasquez was quoted saying about that as "I don't see why guys always look a below my face, I'm not tall or anything. I mean, [Tufts president] Bacow is a tall guy and he had trouble looking that high up, I don't get it."

Compiled by Brett Weiner and Calvin Metcalf

Simon Holroyd is a Giant Douche

by Saj Pothiawala

Disclaimer:

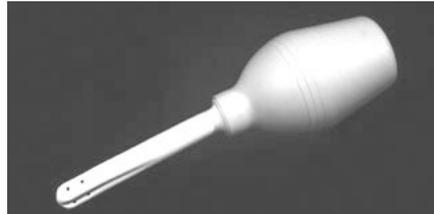
Ladies, gentlemen, and loyal readers, we felt that the following editorial piece should be prefaced with some sort of disclaimer. The Zamboni carries with it no political affiliations. We seek only to provide the Tufts community with a delicious array of the objectively humorous and occasionally the thought-provoking (i.e. crude drawings of naked boobies). Here, in the following editorial, is an example of both. Enjoy, and remember: keep an open mind, because, as Henry David Thoreau once wrote in a Walden pond journal entry, "chicks find guys that keep an open mind extremely hot."

Simon Holroyd is a giant douche. Such is the point I wish to make in the body of this article. My obvious personal contempt for Simon aside, I believe many of my arguments to be universally valid and that a position contrary to mine, were anyone crazy enough to argue it, is wholly indefensible.

To preface, for those of you unaware of who exactly the giant douche, I mean Simon, is, he is the current editor-in-chief of The Primary Source, Tufts' only voice of conservative reason thought journal voice publication (which makes them a tremendous minority among on campus publications because Radix, the Tufts Daily, Onyx, Optimus Prime, Hemispheres, Queenshead and Artichoke, The Observer, The Miami Herald, The Los Angeles Times, and The Bombay Sentinel are all so obviously deathly opposed to anything The Primary Source says or does and are completely deserved of the nasty mean-spirited criticism four fat white conservatives sitting in the MAB office lavish upon them while masturbating and crying about how pathetic and ugly they are.) Anyway, as the editor-in-chief of such a fine publication, Simon has a fairly large arena for which to express his opinions, but as any sensible young person attending this university can easily tell, his opinions are, on the whole, really fucking douche-y. What constitutes a douche-y opinion you ask? Well just ask Simon. Reading through back issues of The Primary Source, I would be lying if I said I did not come across such articles as "White Meat is the Right Meat: In Defense of Babyeating" and "Pet Stores Need to Stop Asking Questions: Why Petsmart Shouldn't Have Stopped Selling Me Ger-

bils" both written by-you guessed it- Douchey McDouche: Simon Holroyd.

The classification of giant douche, however, is reserved not for those who merely hold douche-y opinions, oh no, it is also in respect to the regard the agent in question awards his ideals. I mean, my friend Jeff sometimes says douche-y things like "Hey, let's go to Bertucci's." And in response I'll just say "Hey Jeff, stop being a douche, douche." and he cuts that shit out. A giant douche would find nothing wrong with Bertucci's and remain completely unaware that he's being all douche-y and shit. And that's how Simon would react.



Artist's rendering of Simon Holroyd

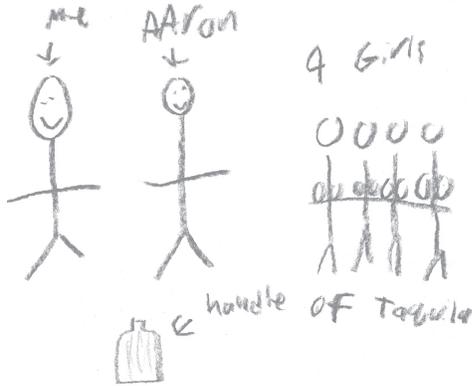
Plus have you ever seen Simon Holroyd? Brother has a big fucking head, disproportionately large in comparison to his girly little body, and he also has really douche-y sideburns, I'm talking Jason Priestley type shits where they extend at least half an inch below the ear. Plus, he always wears plain white t-shirts that are way too big for him, tapered acid wash jeans, and VANS. WHO THE FUCK WEARS VANS ANYMORE? I'll tell you who, a giant douche. Next time you see Simon ask him where he bought his clothes, and before he answers say "whatever, you're still a giant douche" and walk away laughing. It's time he was brought down a peg anyway.

While I have argued a fairly convincing case in the above paragraphs, I did in fact save the stron-

gest argument for last. Sure you can call someone a giant douche based upon the above criteria, but there's still some wiggle room for the person in question to argue his or her way out of doucheland and back into the world of innocuousness. It takes a strong argument to pin that sucker to the wall, and in this case the ironclad argument I speak of is also the simplest one: his name is Simon. It escapes even the greatest minds in the world to find someone or something named Simon that wasn't a huge anus-cleansing douche. Exhibit A: the game *Simon*. That was the douchiest game ever, and you cannot argue against that. Remember your seventh birthday and you wanted the crash test dummy action figures in the little car, and your stupid aunt, who means well but always ends up giving you a lame-ass present like clothes or books, got you *Simon*? Sure I played *Simon* a lot after that birthday- WITH A FUCKING HAMMER. Exhibit B: The chipmunk. What a douche. The douche-y glasses and all that douche-y science shit. The only chipmunk worth anything was Alvin, and again you cannot argue against that. Why not Alvin Holroyd, Simon? Maybe then you wouldn't be such a giant douche, douche. Exhibit C: the gay Irish dude from the *Real World:Paris*. What a douche. Now I have nothing against the gay or the Irish (after all, I don't write for The Primary Source), however if there were ever a less important and more grating reality television character please call me right away because, hell, I'd like to know. The guy is such a douche, and thus so is that non-Irish asexual douche-y sideburned giant douche, Simon Holroyd. Douche.

THE ZAMBONI'S own Calvin Metcalf tells his stories...

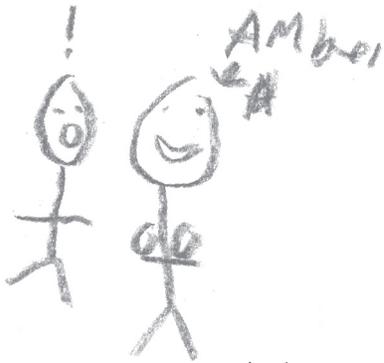
CALVIN'S STORYTIME



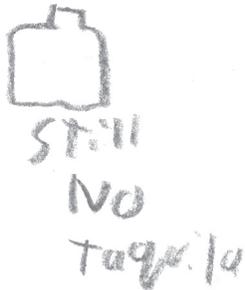
Oh no! The tequila is gone. Hey, so is Jillian's bra. Jillian likes to dance.



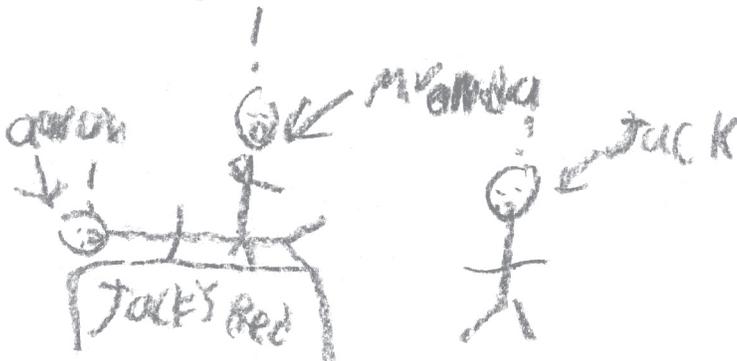
One day, Aaron and I had some tequila. Then four girls came. Drink, girls, drink!



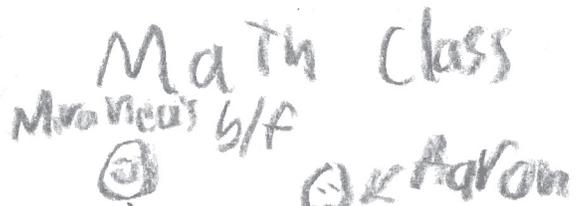
Amber wants to do a body shot with me. I lick Amber. She tastes good.



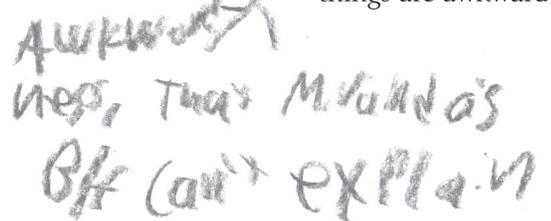
Veronica hooks up with the sketchy European boy. She is not clean.



Aaron wakes up in his friend Jack's bed with Miranda. Miranda is not wearing a shirt. Jack's bed is messy.



She has a boyfriend who is in Aaron's math class. Uh oh. Now things are awkward.



THE END

Feminists Take Back Night, Men's Locker Room in Unprecedented Massacre

by Luke Snyder

The air was ripe with foreboding on the library roof that foreboding October night. It was as if one could have reached out and grasped the foreboding's soft, round body and plucked it from the very stem of fate - as if to sink into it voluptuously with the serrated teeth of cerebral palsy. The disfigured gargoyle of domestic violence trembled faintly as it was pulverized by the blistered ballerina hippopotamus of justice.

First there was some talking. I wasn't really paying attention. Hence I do not remember any of the actual words that were spoken. But I remember anger, and a lot of people, and I thought I saw a werewolf out of the corner of my eye but when I turned to look it was actually a dancing carton of eggs. Growing bored, I had some pudding and some acid.

Things began to get inter-

esting. Lighting torches, the assembled company became twisted in their newfound destructive power. Brutality and sinister cruelty gamboled erratically about their visages like creamy, supple and confused young gazelles as the women began to prowl. Their historic footsteps echoed with dignity in the halls of the basement-wasted dead over a thousand centuries (I think this is what I heard them saying in the trees). As I followed, I felt warm and full of dark satisfaction, like a stone

mug filled to the brim with coffee or bats.

Men are in general larger than women, but they still don't like being bashed in the head with torches. This was the lesson I learned on the sizzling battleground of the Cousen's gym men's locker room some 10 minutes later. The

Alaskan pipelines of democracy and peace had clearly been overcome by the scampering, chubby lions of female rage. I saw Tom go down in a blaze of toxic flames after unidentified feminists whacked him really hard in the forehead with their torches. Rest in peace, man. Some chunks of skull flew off, but they might have been squirrels because they scampered away when they hit the floor and later ate some acorns.

I, too, scampered away when I hit the floor, as I sensed that my presence had become unwelcome. Crawling like a jungle snake through the shower stalls, I found a new appreciation for the opposite sex. Or maybe what I found was a deeply traumatic dread that I will never recover from. Whatever it was, it kept me awake and quivering for the next 68 hours, huddled weakly in the middle of my bed, leaving no doubt that the night had in fact been taken back.

Crawling like a jungle snake through the shower stalls, I found a new appreciation for the opposite sex.

Why I love being a Wommon on the Zamboni Staff

by Stephanie Vallejo

Sometimes people ask me why a wommon of such considerable journalistic integrity as myself would deign to write for a low-brow college humor rag mag like the Zamboni. I have but one answer for that: I work to dispel the long-held stereotypes in comedy. I believe that my tenure on the Zamboni is already marking an era in gender issues in the workplace.

The first and most ridiculous of the assumptions is that womyn can't be comedians, and frankly that is untrue. I know that all the guys laugh with me when I'm amusing. Like the other day, at layout for this side-splitting, laugh-a-minute

publication you see before you, I brought Brett his favorite sandwich, but I forgot how he liked to have only one-eighth of an inch of the crust cut off his bread. He said, "I ask you for a simple sandwich, and you can't even get it right!" He threw it down on my shoes and we all laughed at the mustard. After I cleaned up my mess, he said (wait for it, here's the best part); "You are such a joke." See! That right there is proof that womyn know how to be funny! I made a joke!

Girls take just as much part in the process of this publication

that boys do. We file all sorts of old copy and we even get to type up the comedic ramblings of Calvin Metcalf, which he likes to turn in on bits of plastic bags and napkins. Brett even lets us work extra late cleaning up the MAB Lab—now, really, can't you see how the Zamboni is an equal-opportunity humor magazine?

If anything, I would say that the Zamboni is a perfect example of female superiority. The boys are so helpless—like Saj, he can't seem to even muster the motor skills to grip a

After I cleaned up my mess he said, "You are such a joke." See! I made a joke!

pen for more than five minutes! I'm always having to bend over and pick it up for him. Which is fine, it's only polite, and none of the boys seem to have any sense at all. They grab all sorts of papers to edit and leave their pens in their pockets! I don't know how many times we girls have had to feel around those pockets to find them. This kind of behavior is just another example of the fact that girls are just as intelligent as boys. We are an integral component of the system and comedic forces in our own right.

We know that the so-called "boys' club" really likes our work when they whistle. Sometimes, they even give us a little affirmation pinch when we're doing extremely well. Our dress code is completely fair too. We don't want to be a distraction to the creative process, and generally we only have to wear plaid school girl skirts and pig tails for the initial brainstorming sessions.

And I can attest to the fact that those boys really need inspiration during the brainstorming sessions. The girls are always really good with their ideas; for example, last week, I thought of this great idea for an article about clowns! Clowns are so funny! Everyone thinks clowns are funny! Sometimes the boys don't think up great ideas like these, so we help them by giving massages. Anyone can see how important the male-female interaction is at the Zamboni!

My clown article didn't make it in this issue, but I know that it's just really too good to work in this context; I mean, Brett tells me that all the time when my articles don't make it in. But I hope you enjoy reading this issue, because it is just another striking example of the importance of the wommon in the publishing business.

I encourage all womyn to join! Every Monday in Eaton 203 we serve baked goods and lemonade to the boys while they talk about the boring old logistics. (We're better at the baking anyway, right girls?)

In honor of our feminism issue, the TFA (or Tufts Feminists for Anal) has e-mailed us a list of things womyn just plain do better than men. Here's to you ladies, our hats are off. (but our jimmy-hats are ON. SAFE SEX!)

list of things gurlz are better at than guyz

1. **Bleeding** – My b/f cut himself playing basketball and he was complaining about it all the way to the emergency room!! What a wimp, try five days of it!!!!
2. **Saying "you go girl!"** – YOU GO GIRL!!! JK!!!
3. **Cooking** – The secret ingredient: luv!!!! But leave that tough grilling to the boys, lol!!
4. **Cleaning** – face it ladies, our nimble fingers are MORE than made for reaching behind those tough crevices in the kitchen and bathroom!
5. **Having a Vagina** – I mean most men don't even have these, and Brett Weiner doesn't even know how to use his!
6. **Rejecting Zamboni Staff Members**



Image by Luke Snyder

Be strong. Be a feminist. Choke your man's chicken.

Memoirs of a Colorblind Male

Model by Dan Roe



I am colorblind. I can see colors. They're just not the same as the way most people see them. I can't see reds and greens the way a Person Who Excels At Color Seeing (PWEACS) can. I have been aware of my colorblindness since I was five. Before I took a test for it, my mother worried about my inability to distinguish certain colors. She called me "little retard boy" and kicked me when I begged for table scraps until I proved to her that my condition was real and I honestly could not see the colors. Now she calls me "mommy's little prince" and feeds me as often as I please because, after all, she gave me this curse.

Colorblindness occurs in about ten percent of males and red/green is supposedly the most common form of it, but I just don't believe that. Every time a PWEACS finds out I am colorblind, they act like they've never heard of such a thing. "So you, like, see totally in black and white? Like a dog?" Following the period of time where I explain that I can see colors but they're not the same, every PWEACS always enters the disbelief phase and engages me in the Test.

I hate the Test. "What color are my shoes?" they ask. I don't play into this game anymore. I used to always get the question wrong on purpose so the barrage of inquiries would cease. It never worked right

and a follow-up question was always asked, so I quit that. Now I just don't say anything. So when I don't respond to the first question of the Test, they go on. "What color is this shirt?" they demand. I do not answer the second question either, but even this doesn't stop a curious PWEACS. "He totally doesn't know! Ok, here's an easy one, what color is that stop sign?" The third question always pushes me over the edge. The third question is always something an infant could answer if said infant knew colors and could speak.

When I answer the third question, every PWEACS gets angry. "Hey! You're lying! You know colors," they complain. I explain to them that they are right and I was joking all along. It's easiest. Eventually, however, I will make a mistake in their company by say, insisting Advil is green, and the whole thing will resurface.

After the Test, each PWEACS begins the always exciting philosophical stage.

"So, like, you see the colors, but they're not what I see?" I will go through this stage now so you don't have to annoy a future nonPWEACS in the future. Here we go: yes, we see colors. No, the colors we see are not the same as the ones you see. Yes, we have learned to get by with our situation and only make occasional

mistakes. Now is the part where you go, "Wait, wait, wait, you mean what I see as red isn't what you see as red?" We say, yes, we already went over that. Then you question whether the color you see as red is different from the color your fellow PWEACS friend sees. Yes, this is possible, but no one knows. The philosophical stage ends with all PWEACS looking at the ground and saying, "Wow, man. I mean, wow."

With Christmas right around the corner, we're entering my least favorite time of year. Not only do I have to contend with the everyday confusions of traffic lights and stop signs, but people torture me and my fellow red/green nonPWEACS by decorating everything in red and green. I say enough torture! Enough pain! Christmas colors have been red and green for long enough, let's all welcome a change.

Fellow nonPWEACS, we all know the PWEACS will never agree to this. We must fight! We must stand up for our rights! We will rise and throw down Christmas traditions. We will institute black and white as the new Christmas colors. Come on PWEACS, try to stop us! I dare you! We are a force too mighty! We won't be stopped by color tests or taunting! Perhaps only physical violence or loud, irritating noises can stop us! We will prevail!



For our colorblind readers, we have made this image grayscale.

THE ADVENTURES OF JUMBO

In this edition of *The Adventures of Jumbo*, Jumbo gets ready for Saturday night.



Jumbo starts off by getting supplies for the night. Jumbo's secret ingredient for his "Love Drink"? Oxycontin.



Jumbo looks at the condom selection. Jumbo always protects his trunk. He wouldn't want to give any girls Elephantitis.



Jumbo chooses the only size that fits him. Jumbo didn't get his name from the size of his intellect!

Women can't resist my feathers! by Luke Snyder



Look at that Owl..



It's so beautiful...



Don't Look at the Owl!!!



.... ow..

Your Very Own Larry Bacow **NQR Running Mask!**



THE TUPD WON'T
STOP THE PREZ
FROM RUNNING!

CUT OUT!
WEAR ON FACE OR
NAUGHTY BITS!