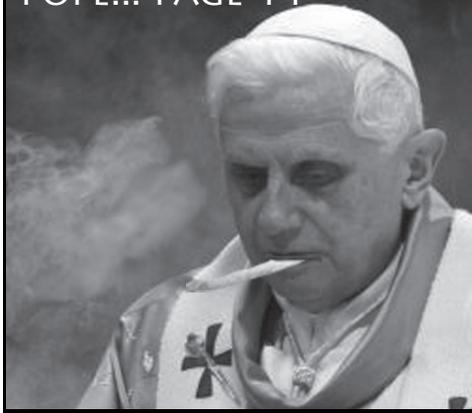


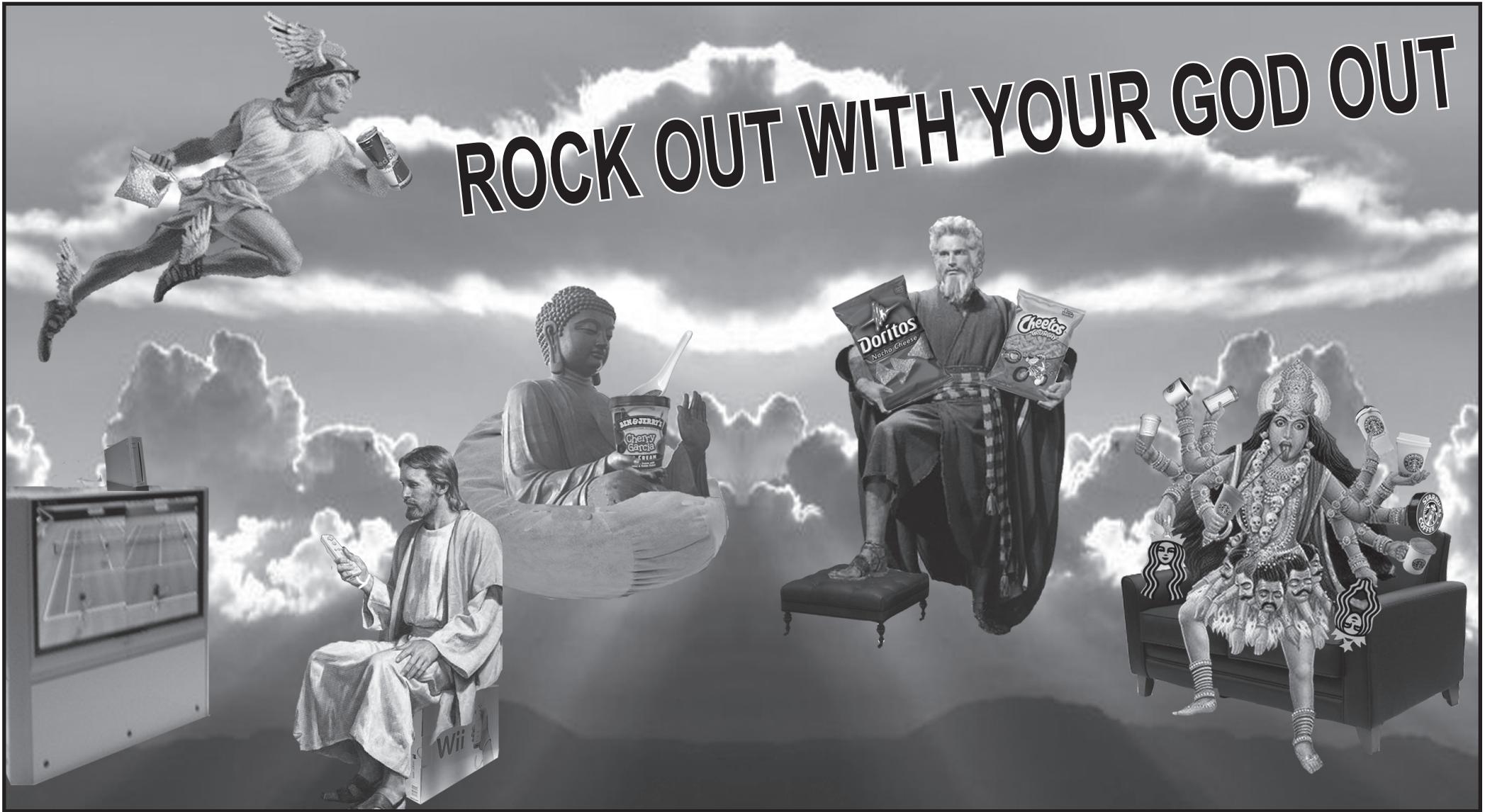
NIGHT OUT WITH THE POPE... PAGE 11



THE LAMBONI

PUBLISHED SINCE 1987

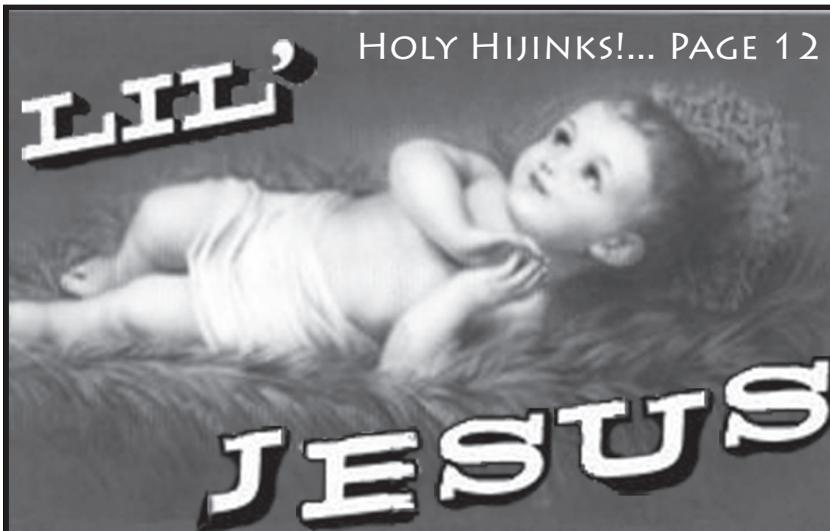
APRIL 4, 2008



ROCK OUT WITH YOUR GOD OUT

Photo by Will Sokoloff

A TUFTS' STUDENT PUBLICATION



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The Word from the Editor

Welcome to another issue of The Zamboni. This time, we're talking about faith. We at The Zamboni think that religion is important for everybody. For example, it's important for people to hate others for reasons besides sports teams and geographical location. Not only that, but for all of you graduating seniors, religion creates lots of job opportunities: you can become a fully-ordained child molester, an ascetic monk, or a rabbi. After all, the nation has a surplus of foreskins that need to be removed immediately!

Religion has also been a matter of contention lately. Okay, yes, it's been a matter of contention since its inception into the maybe-created-or-not universe. We at The Zamboni do not feel outside the religious controversy; our staff is just drowning in Jews! However, we want the world to know that we do not ally ourselves with the doctrine of Intelligent Design. It's hard to believe, especially since the MacBook Air came out, that a deity could intelligently design something when Apple can't.

In conclusion, enjoy our thoughts on faith, religion, and all the bullshit in the world that religion is pretty much culpable for. Amen!

Ain't that a kick in the head?



DON'T BE A FAILURE...

COME TO ZAMBONI!

TUESDAYS, 10 PM
LARGE CONFERENCE
ROOM

MAYER CAMPUS CENTER

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NEWS

As if you need to be more depressed.

Documents reveal Jewish Conspiracy's plans to purchase Radical Islam

by Lucas Schlager

NEW YORK -- Recent Securities & Exchange Commission (SEC) filings by the International Jewish Conspiracy (Nasdaq: JCON) reveal plans to purchase a controlling stake in Global Radical Islam, LLC (Nasdaq: ALLH). According to analysts, IJC, better known for subverting world governments and coercing support for Zionism, hopes to diversify its influences globally by acquiring the terrorism capabilities of radical Islamists worldwide.

Though representatives from Global Radical Islam declined to comment, sources indicate that the weak dollar and US housing market collapse have left the firm with little cashflow, hindering their ability to purchase black-market nuclear weapons from former Soviet Bloc republics. The IJC buyout would give Global Islam a far greater penetration in the civilian casualties market, as well as related sectors.

Financial experts are lauding the move by the IJC, calling it both "a once-in-a-lifetime bargain, but also prudent for long term returns," said Ben Shalom (yes, that's his real name) Bernanke, chairman of the US Federal Reserve. Bernanke said that not only would the purchase add a new level of Middle East influence to the IJC by allowing them to "destroy all dissidents," it would also allow the IJC to further their ultimate goals of monopolizing world power and controlling the planet. Said Bernanke: "Hey, if you can't beat em, buy em!"



Senator Hillary Clinton endorses herself to boost election chances

WASHINGTON, D.C. – Responding to a wave of high-profile endorsements of her rival Barack Obama, presidential hopeful Hillary Clinton has decided to endorse herself. The senator hopes this latest endorsement will boost her sagging chances to secure the Democratic candidacy.

“People think Obama is going to win just because he has the support of people like Bill Richardson or Ted Kennedy. Well he sure doesn’t have the endorsement of Senator Hillary Clinton,” said Senator Clinton in an interview. “Senator Clinton has a distinguished record as the junior senator from New York, which will certainly help the campaign of myself, Senator Hillary Clinton.”

The Obama campaign has yet to release an official statement on how Senator Clinton’s endorsement of Senator Clinton will affect the race, but sources close to the campaign say Senator Obama is “unmoved by such displays of egotism.” Political analysts, however, say that this endorsement, combined with solid wins in the next few primaries, could put her campaign back on track.



Yes. As a matter of fact, Hillary is, indeed, pledging allegiance to herself.

News

Toon Land prays together for an end to quirky shenanigans by Ryan Oliveira

WARNER BROS. WATER TOWER – In a region torn apart by strife, cartoon characters of varying race, religion, and quality of animation gathered together to pray for an end to the quirky shenanigans that continue to ravage their home of Toon Land.

“When will it stop?” local schoolteacher, volunteer fireman, and outdoorsman Elmer Fudd was quoted as saying in the local papers. “Between the zany antics and fwagwant swapstick, my town’s been in a ceaseless wuckus!”

“Oh, that wascalwy wabbit!” a somber Fudd added.

Other problems to hit the chaotic region of Toon Land over the past week have included severe and often fatal concussions from dropped pianos, optical hemorrhages resulting from orbital trauma, and falling injuries that break as many as forty to fifty bones occurring after the patient they had been running in thin air off a cliff for fifteen seconds.

Attendees at the prayer session called for an end to wacky hijinks, whimsical tomfoolery, buffoonery, horseplay, fooling around, and general mischief-making.

The session comes just a week after the tragic de-billing of Daffy Duck through an accidental shotgun blast that ravaged his mandible and caused severe damage to his parietal lobe. When asked about the experience, a tearful Duck, pausing a moment to doubtlessly reflect on his country’s condition, woefully said, “Of course, you know this means war.”



5/23/52: Never forget.

Ayn Rand returns from the dead, really loves toilet humor by Devin Toohey

The scientific and philosophical community found itself shocked earlier this week when Ayn Rand, founder of Objectivism and opponent of socialism, altruism, and generally being nice to people, returned from the dead. At a press conference, after quickly dismissing death as a device made up by the weak to curtail the strong individual, Rand went on to discuss her new intellectual ventures.

“I always thought that I had greatly neglected the field of toilet humor,” said Rand with sour, wax-like face. “Truly, even I was still trying to appease society in my later years instead of unleashing what I was meant to do! And with that, I unveil my latest work in support of laissez-faire economics, rational individualism, and poop jokes: *Atlas Farted!*” She paused for a reaction, which was mostly silent, then proceeded to giggle, make a rather loud “Bronx cheer,” and then giggle some more.

Rand went on to declare more works, including a sequel to *The Fountainhead*, called, *The Fountain Pen*. Upon deeper contemplation, she wrote on the cover of the new work, changing it to *The Fountain PEN15 Club*. This was immediately followed by outright cackling.

While some are clearly shocked by Rand’s new behavior, experts claim it is par for the course. “It has actually become a common trend among resurrected 20th century philosophers to have an immensely immature sense of humor,” says Mark Richard, chair of Tufts Philosophy Department. “Why, last year, Sartre returned from the grave, only to be obsessed with dead baby jokes. He kept going on and on about ‘Hell is Other Dead Babies’ and some joke about an anti-Semitic dead baby and a Jewish dead baby. Eventually one of us had to put him out of his misery. And I don’t even want to go into the whole Carl Jung ‘Venus rhymes with penis’ debacle.”

The philosophical community is currently divided about what to do with Rand. Many think they should just put her back where they

found her, but others think she still might have some good nuggets for fiscal conservatives around the world to latch onto. They are in agreement on one thing though: the longer she goes on about “doo-dy = doody,” the shorter her new lease on life looks.



Yet another undead character to add to the Zamboni canon.

News

Because you like to pretend to give two shits.



Photo by Ryan Oliveira

Suicide bomber devastates fifteenth annual left-hander convention

by Ryan Oliveira

CRAIOVACHEV, ROMANIA – Tragedy struck Romania's left-handed community this Thursday as an unidentified man strode into an annual left-hander convention and, using his right hand, detonated a bomb hidden underneath his clothing in the middle of a crowd and destroying hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dollars worth of property.

"As soon as we heard about this heinous crime and the damage it caused to so many people, we were on the scene," said Roma-

nian police chief Vaiveahtoish Znamirovski. "There is no telling what poor souls may be affected by the horrible damage done to the structure of the convention center."

"Oh, the humanity!" cried one group of mourners with the aid of a translator, staring at the ragged, torn remains of what used to be their favorite row of seats.

The United Nations is slated to send aid to Craiovachev in the form of packages of concrete to help rebuild the convention center via air drop in areas of high survivor

concentration.

However, for some, all the help in the world will never erase the horror of the bombing.

"It's been only one tragedy after another lately," cried local business owner Vladimir Bobocel, referencing the tragic loss of Venetian curtains incurred by last week's collapse of the county courthouse during a meeting of the National Romanian Lawyer Association. "But then again, it's always been like that for the Romanians, so whatever."

China "makes preparations" for Beijing summer olympics...in Tibet

by Mike Schecht

With only months to go until the start of the Olympics, the People's Republic of China has invaded Tibet to round out the country's preparations. While condemned by the international community, and sparking calls for a boycott, the Chinese government claims it only wants to make sure everything is in place for August's games.

"I don't know what all the fuss is about,"

says Hu Jintao, president of the PRC, "People keep throwing around terms like political repression and human rights violations. Look, you know how big that goddamned swimming pool is. Well it doesn't put itself together, to say the least."

Many have claimed that the PRC has been using excessive force against the Tibetans, and that the incursion has nothing to do with the Olympics, but is just another attempt to force Tibetan submission.

"There are a lot of signs that need to be put up, flags, posters, all sorts of things. It's not a coincidence that the mascot looks like the bloody shot up silhouette of a dead body. Believe me, our work in Tibet is being put to good use," claims Premier Wen Jiabao.

Whether or not the PRC's "preparations" in Tibet will cause trouble down the line remains to be seen, but as of now there still remains much work to be done constructing and decorating the Olympic facilities.

The RICHARD DAWKINS Delusion

by God

*The discourse surrounding the existence or nonexistence of God has always been plagued with controversy. But the publication of Richard Dawkins' *The God Delusion*, a New York Times bestseller in addition to being labeled an "instant classic" by none other than Richard Dawkins, has really stirred the pot. Much literature has been published to refute Dawkins' claim that there is no God, from "I Don't Believe in Atheists" by Chris Hedges to "Atheists Are A Bunch of Commie Gaybags" by Fred Phelps. Here, however, is an excerpt from the latest addition to the anti-atheist canon: a book written by none other than God himself.*

Hi all, it's God here. I know a lot of books out there have been attributed to me... The Bible, the Qu'ran, even the Beginner's Guide to Getting It On... but it's absolute bollocks. I haven't attempted to write a holy text since I planted those dinosaur fossils to test your faith. That is, until this Richard Dawkins character, this walking abomination, this slightly homosexual, balding British turd of civilization -- has put forth an eloquent and convincing case regarding my inexistence. I was so impressed that I even doubted myself. So, in order to quell any confusion, I have come to set the record straight.

First: I am God. I exist. Therefore, God exists. How could I not exist and be writing this right now? I'm not going to spend much time on this point, because the logic... I tell you, it's divine.

Second: Not only is Richard Dawkins wrong about my inexistence, he is wrong about his existence. You see, Richard Dawkins does not exist. Here are "Ten Commandments," if you will, of his inexistence.

ONE: Richard Dawkins is a phenomenon that must occur in nature; he is not an entity that exists outside of space and time. In fact, most literature about Richard Dawkins suggests that, if he were to exist, he'd spend a lot of time drinking tea, making cameos in South Park, and being a smug Douchey McGee somewhere around Oxford.

TWO: You cannot use science to prove the existence of Richard Dawkins. Any study, foray into empirical research, or plain observation can only provide inconclusive results as to the being-ness of Richard Dawkins. Haven't you heard of inductive reasoning? No amount of sensory data can translate into universal law! Hume, people! Come on!

THREE: As modern thought seems to suggest, Richard Dawkins, in order to exist, must either be intelligently designed or a product of evolution.

FOUR: This "Richard Dawkins" entity was not intelligently designed. His accent is batshit crazy, his hair is wiggidy-whack, and his wardrobe choice is bizarro at best. You would never see me walking around in grey suits all the time (even if you see me at all). While he does pick some pretty names for his other books (*The Blind Watchmaker*: pretty badass), his design is faulty at best.

FIVE: Richard Dawkins is not a product of evolution. Trust me, he's looked the same

since he was "born" six hundred years ago! Damn, that fucker's old! (Now, I don't want to sound like I endorse Charles Darwin or anything, because I don't. I'm just saying Richard Dawkins is inexistent proof that things don't evolve.)

SIX: Since he must be proven by natural observation, cannot be proven by natural observation, and is neither the product of creation nor evolution... he doesn't exist! Voila! But oh, it doesn't stop there!

SEVEN: Dawkins says you don't need God to be moral. Oh yeah? Well, you don't need Richard Dawkins to be moral, either! There are many people out there who have no idea who Richard Dawkins is, and they exercise and give good tips to waiters and give their wives good pussy-licking after a hard day at work. Clearly, even if Richard Dawkins existed, who would need him?

EIGHT: This Richard Dawkins guy criticizes a lot of the people who believe in me for being rude, hateful, fundamentalist... you know, starting wars and shit. Even though he doesn't exist, I got to hand it to him... you churchgoers are nuts. That is not the body of Christ you're eating! How do I know? Because I hang out with the dude everyday!

NINE: Look, I'm omniscient and omnipotent, the know-all and end-all. I know everything; I'm the big expert. So let me tell



Look at him! He even looks like a ghost!
He's more ethereal than the Weezer guy!

you this: Richard Dawkins does not exist. I know might does not make right, but seriously, you don't want to mess with me. You should see what I do to the people who believe in me (I'm looking at you, Abraham and Isaac). Can you imagine what I do to the people who don't?

TEN: At this point, I'd usually say, "So watch your atheistic ramblings, Mr. Dawkins, or I'll smite you." But he doesn't exist, so I'm off with my son to play some ball and create some cooler universes. I'm peac'n' out, bitches! Me-speed!

--Article actually by Mike Yarsky.

Revelations: An Occasional Column by Jesus

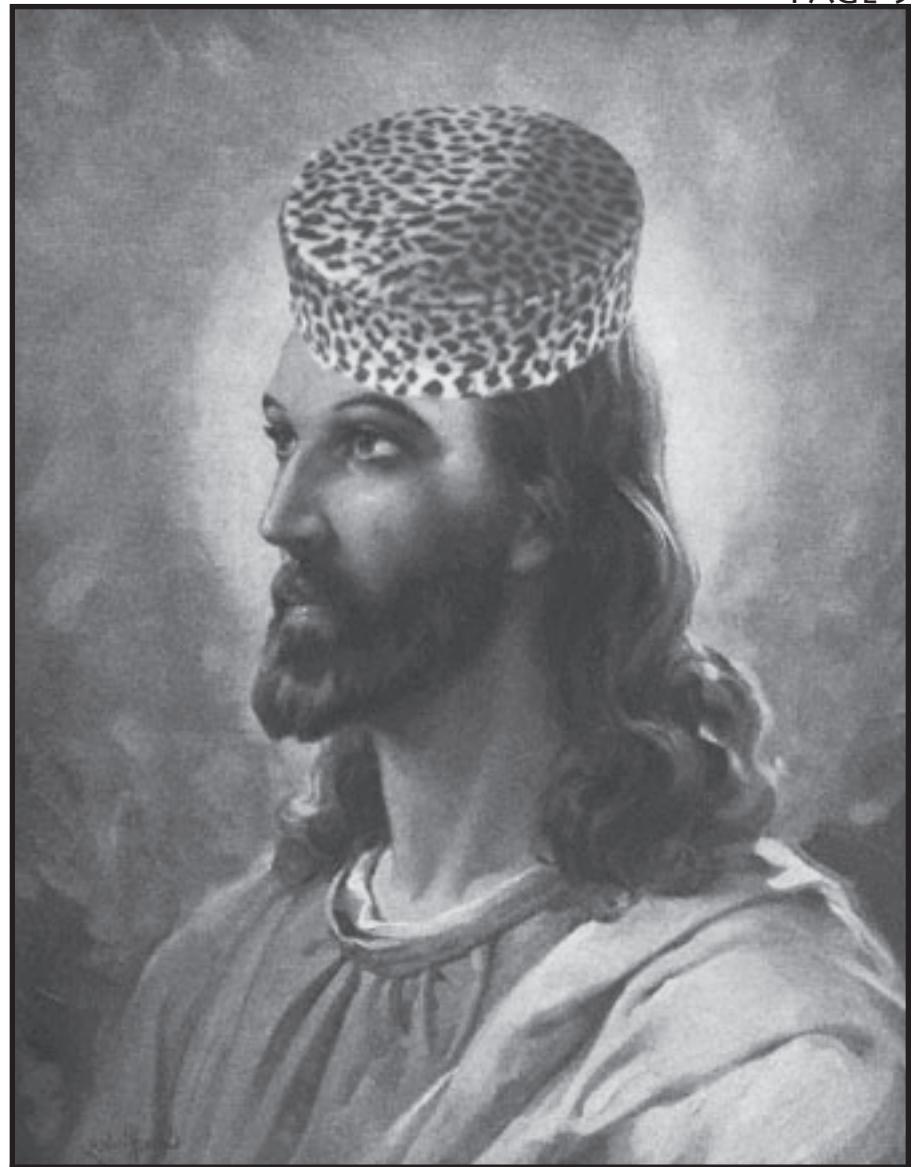
NOVEMBER 14, 2999: With the year 3000 approaching, everyone's once again getting all worried that I'm going to come down, enact the rapture, and bring about the end the world. Before you go getting your knickers in a knot, let me assure you that's complete rubbish!

I'm a very busy deity! You think I have time to perform the Last Judgment? Get off your high horse already! I've moved on. I've created at least five universes since you guys decided to be sods and crucify me. In the latest one, everyone wears pillbox hats. All the time! I think we can all agree that that's a universe far more worth simultaneously saving and damning than yours.

And, to be perfectly frank, by this point, you would be lucky for Revelations. Even you guys over there on the losing end. What with the latest break-out of Über-AIDS, Czar Brangelina XVII's violent attempt to unify The Apple Empire with The Virgin Republic, and the fact that all cheese has become sentient, I bet some fiery horsemen and breaking of seals all look pretty damn desirable right about now. Though I'm pretty sure the Whore of Babylon didn't get the interdepartmental memo and already has a reality show on Holo-Channel 4. *(See page 12. -- Ed.)*

Anyway, buck up, be jolly, and stop shouting about my return, because it's bloody not going to happen. You wankers have already fucked yourselves over more than I could ever dream. And that's a lot coming from an omniscient, omnipotent being.

Oh, sorry, have to run. My dad's bugging me to hang out with him and make fun of Richard Dawkins. Also, Universe 3 just invented a perpetual motion machine. They're so smart like that. Yeah, that's right. Feel inferior.



See, pillbox hats are totes cooler than halos!

From the Archives of "Revelations: An Occasional Column by Jesus" (December 23, 2007)

Everyone is always banging on about how Christmas is getting too commercial. How it's about selling all the newest gadgets and putting money in people's pockets, when it should be about love, family, and tenderness. You know what I say to that? Bollocks! In my opinion, Christmas is not commercial enough!

What's that? Materialism is bad? But I said, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God!? Don't tell me what I said, you ungrateful little twat! I know what I said and I know where it got me. When I was hanging up there on that cross, covered in lash-marks, all I could think was, "Shit! I should have at least saved up a few quid for some Ibuprofen!" Christmas isn't about spending time with the people you care about. It's about me! Me me me! And I want to see everyone emptying their wallets just to prove how Me-damn happy they are that I was born! I will not be satisfied till every-

man, woman, and homeless person is listening to Cliff Richard's "Millennium Prayer" on an iPod Touch. (Oh and don't you even start on how the song should be "Silent Night" or one of those other "traditional" bumjockey songs). I want bright lights, loud noises, and shiny things in excess, to commemorate how fucking lucky you are that I exist!

And I want more Jesus products out there! You'd better be sure that you are drinking Jesus brand wine (made with 100% water) come Christmas dinner and then proceed to shag your wife as she wears her new Mary Magdalene-style crotchless lingerie.

Heaven has a price tag! You'd better save up enough receipts of Virgin Mary pregnancy tests and Jesus action play sets (complete with crown of thorns and removable

nails) if you even want a bloody shot of getting in. You think eternal bliss is free? Sod right off, pal!

The Three Magi had it right. Well, maybe not the two who brought frankincense and myrrh. They could fuck right off for all I care. But the other one, oh man, was he on the money! That's what Christmas is all about: dishing out bling! So next time you're about to complain about the commercialisation of Christmas, just ask yourself: What Would Jesus Do? Simple: Buy tons of shit.

Articles dictated by Jesus Christ to Devin Toohey.



The Virgin Mary Pregnancy Test...truly a sacred Christmas present.

NAME: FREY

TEAM: VIKINGS

HEIGHT: 4'11" - 35'4" DEPENDING ON CONDITIONS

WEIGHT: 315

FIGHTING STYLE: WEAPONIZED NORSE VIRILITY

WEAKNESS: FREEZING COLD WATER AND SANDPAPER

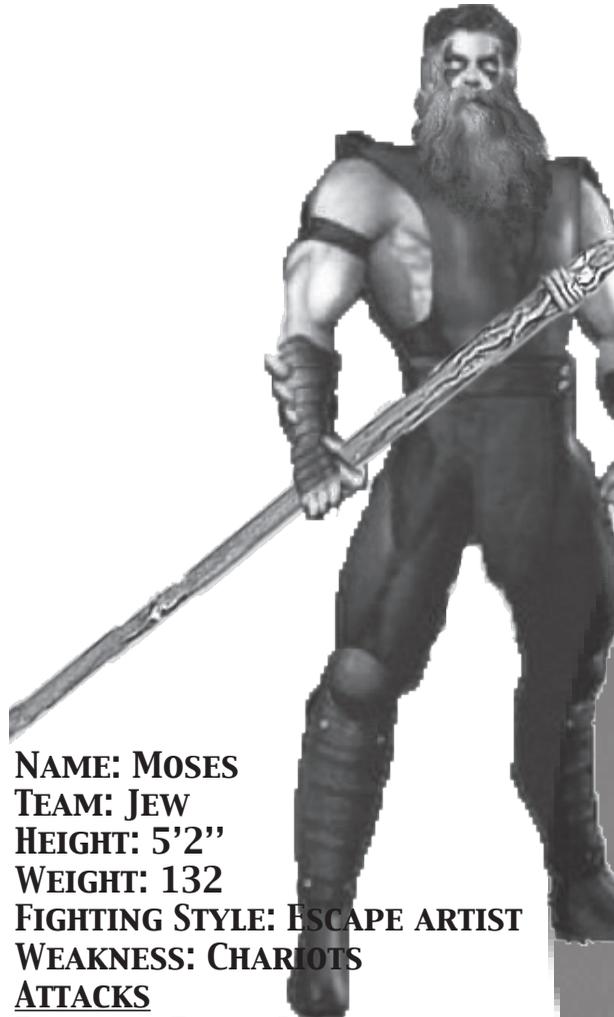
ATTACKS

FDONK: SLAPS OPPONENT ACROSS THE FACE WITH HIS MANHOOD, STUNNING THEM FOR FIVE SECONDS.

CHICKEN CHOKER: FREY LUNGES AT HIS ENEMY, SEIZES THEM BY THE THROAT AND SHAKES THEM IN AN INCREASINGLY RAPID VERTICAL MOTION, CAUSING HIS HEIGHT AND POWER TO GROW EXPONENTIALLY WITH EACH STROKE.

FINISHING MOVE: THE HOWITZER: FREY IMPALES HIS OPPONENT ON HIS MAGICAL SWORD, THEN, USING ALL OF HIS STRENGTH, RELEASES AN ERUPTION OF FLUID, LAUNCHING HIS NOW SUFFOCATING ENEMY ACROSS THE MAP. THE DAMAGE DEPENDS ON FREY'S HEIGHT AT THE TIME OF ATTACK. THE POWER OF THE HOWITZER DOES, HOWEVER, LEAVE FREY EXTREMELY VULNERABLE, CAUSING HIM TO TAKE SEVENTY FIVE PERCENT MORE DAMAGE FOR THE NEXT TWELVE SECONDS.

FUN FACT: ACCORDING TO HIGHLY CREDIBLE SOURCES, FREY OCCASIONALLY RIDES A BOAR NAMED GULLINBURSTI AND BLINDS PEOPLE BY FLASHING THEM ON I-95.



NAME: MOSES

TEAM: JEW

HEIGHT: 5'2"

WEIGHT: 132

FIGHTING STYLE: ESCAPE ARTIST

WEAKNESS: CHARIOTS

ATTACKS

BURNING BUSH: MOSES IGNITES LOCAL VEGETATION PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY TO GUILT TRIP THE LIFE OUT OF HIS OPPONENT.

SUPER SOAKER: MOSES REJOINS THE RED SEA ON HIS OPPONENT, PARALYZING THEM FOR THREE SECONDS AND ALLOWING MOSES TO SLIP OUT OF DANGEROUS SITUATIONS.

FINISHING MOVE: THE MOUNT SINAI SPECIAL: SUMMONING POWER FROM ON HIGH, MOSES SMASHES HIS ENEMY'S FACE IN BETWEEN THE TWO TABLETS OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, ENSURING THE WORD OF GOD IS HEARD LOUD AND CLEAR. FUN FACT: ON WEEKENDS, MOSES ENJOYS GOING BOWLING, THOUGH FRIENDS WHO WISHED TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS HAVE CLAIMED HIS DIVISION AND REASSEMBLY OF THE BOWLING BALL CONSTITUTES AS CHEATING.

IMMORTAL

By Nathaniel Gilmore

EARTHREALM, EARTH - IN A RARE EXAMPLE OF GLOBAL UNION, THE ZAMBONI JOINTLY RELEASED A STATEMENT LAST FRIDAY ANNOUNCING A FIGHT TO TAKE PLACE SOME TIME LATER THIS YEAR. WHEN POPE BENEDICT XVI STATED THAT "THE GODS HAVE GROWN UP AND ARE NOW ALLOWED TO GAME. THEY'RE BRINGIN THE HEAT, AND WE'RE BRINGIN THE GODS" AND HAS PREPARED A SMALL SAMPLING OF WHAT TO EXPECT.

NAME: SHIVA, DESTROYER OF WORLDS

TEAM: LOLCATS

HEIGHT: 10'

WEIGHT: 615

FIGHTING STYLE: OCTOPUS

WEAKNESS: A LOVE FOR KITTIES

ATTACKS

THIRD EYE: SHIVA EMITS A DEATH RAY OF TRUTH, EVAPORATING OPPONENTS WITH HIS AWESOME INSIGHT.

TRIPLE BITCH SLAP: WHILE HOLDING OPPONENT WITH ONE ARM, SHIVA BITCH SLAPS THE SHIT OUT OF THEM WITH HIS OTHER THREE.

FINISHING MOVE: TRIDENT OF DOOM: SHIVA BRUTALLY STABS THE ENEMY IN THE FACE WITH HIS TRIDENT, THEN DESTROYS THE ENTIRE WORLD JUST FOR SHITS AND GIGGLES (HINDU LEADERS HAVE TOLD THE ZAMBONI IT IS THEREFORE HIGHLY PREFERABLE THAT OPPONENTS GIVE UP BEFORE SHIVA DECIDES TO USE HIS FINISHING MOVE, AS WE'LL ALL BE PRETTY MUCH FUCKED).

FUN FACT: DESPITE THE TOUGH NAME, SHIVA ACTUALLY LIKES TO SPEND MOST OF HIS TIME TAKING PICTURES WITH HIS 10,000 KITTENS.



KOMBAT

ITY, LEADERS OF ALMOST EVERY MAJOR RELIGION CON-
G THE CREATION OF AN IMMORTAL KOMBAT TOURNA-
PROBED AT A RECENT POST-MASS PRESS CONFERENCE,
N TIRED OF WATCHING PETTY NOOBS BE THE ONLY ONES
BEST GET READY." THE ZAMBONI CONFIRMED THE NEWS
CT FROM THE TOURNAMENT'S CONTESTANTS.



NAME: JESUS
TEAM: CRUCIFXXXION
HEIGHT: 5'6"

WEIGHT: 153

FIGHTING STYLE: PALMS OF FURY
WEAKNESS: POINTY METAL OBJECTS

ATTACKS

LAMBS OF GOD: RABID SHEEP ARE SENT FROM HEAVEN TO INFECT OPPONENTS AND BREAK THEIR LEGS

CARPENTER FORM: JESUS PULLS OUT A SAW AND HAMMER TO HACK AND SLASH HIS WAY THROUGH THE NON-BELIEVERS. ALSO GAINS THE ABILITY TO BUILD MANAGERS, WHICH PRODUCE MORE LAMBS OF GOD

FINISHING MOVE: DOUBLE CROSS: JESUS REBUILDS HIS CROSS AND IMPOUNDS HIS OPPONENT, THEN FINALLY GIVES INTO TEMPTATION AND RESURRECTS HIS OPPONENT'S BODY AS A ZOMBIE JUST TO FUCK WITH THEM

FUN FACT: JESUS SPELLED BACKWARDS IS SUSEJ!

NAME: XENU
TEAM: SPACE JAM
HEIGHT: 7'2"

WEIGHT: 298 EARTHPOUNDS
FIGHTING STYLE: THETAN FU

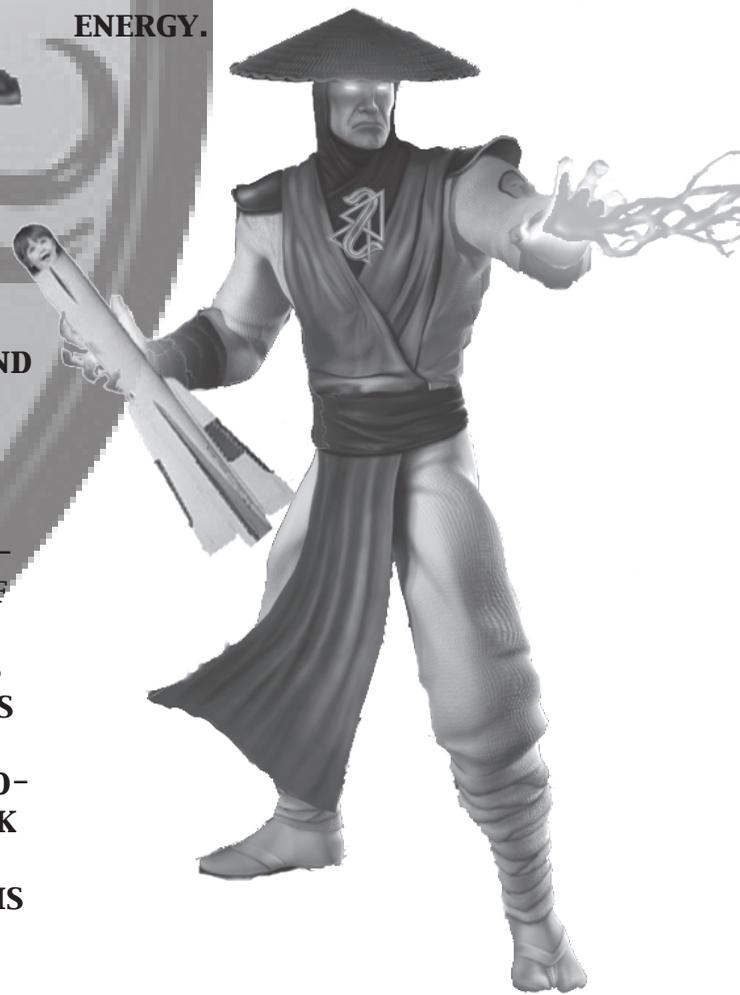
ATTACKS

THETAN SWARM: XENU SUMMONS THE CURSED THETANS TO SERVE HIM, SENDING THE TORTURED SOULS TO STEAL BOTH THE ENEMY'S SOUL AND WALLET.

BABY BOMBERS: XENU LAUNCHES A BOMBARDMENT OF MINI-HYDROGEN BOMBS WITH AN EERIE RESEMBLANCE TO SURI.

FINISHING MOVE: VULCAN CANNON: XENU SUMMONS A VOLCANO AT THE OPPONENT'S FEET, BURNS THEM ALIVE AND THEN JETTISONS THEM INTO THE SUN.

FUN FACT: AS A YOUNG GALACTIC PRINCE ON SPACESTATION 6 OF NEBULON 5 IN THE TIHSLUB GALAXY, XENU DREAMED OF RULING THE UNIVERSE AND SOLVING OVERPOPULATION PROBLEMS USING SOME COMBINATION OF LAVA AND NUCLEAR ENERGY.



NAME: THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD

TEAM: CAREBEARS

HEIGHT: 5'5"

WEIGHT: 172

FIGHTING STYLE: BANTHA

WEAKNESS: WOULD SECRETLY RATHER THROW A FIGHT THAN MISS A SINGLE EPISODE OF I LOVE NEW YORK 3

ATTACKS

CAMEL'S TOE: A HIGH FLYING ATTACK IN WHICH MUHAMMAD LEAPS INTO THE SKY, TIGHTENS HIS LOINS AND RAMS HIS BIG TOE INTO THE OPPONENT'S EYE SOCKET.

MECCA MAN: MUHAMMAD'S ROBES MODERNIZE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, FUSING WITH THE COPIOUS TITANIUM MOLECULES IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AND FORMING A NEARLY INDESTRUCTIBLE BATTLE SUIT WHICH ALSO ALLOWS MECCA MAN TO SHOOT LASERS OUT OF HIS HANDS.

FINISHING MOVE: THE SIXTH PILLAR: MUHAMMAD RENDS THE GROUND BELOW HIS ENEMY'S FEET, AND WATCHES AS VATS OF OIL SURGE OUTWARDS, SMOTHERING MUHAMMAD'S ENEMY AND, BETTER YET, PAYING FOR A NEW FLOATING CITY MADE OF DIAMONDS IN DUBAI!

FUN FACT: MOHAMMED HAS NEVER ACTUALLY BEEN ON SPLASH MOUNTAIN.

ASK THE FAITHFUL

Welcome to another edition of Ask the Faithful (ATF), where people send in their questions and practitioners of various religions give their advice. Let's see what shitstorms of drama people managed to get themselves into this week!

Dear ATF,

I want to explore my kinkier side. I'm single, young, and quite attractive, and have developed a thing for candle wax. See, I accidentally dropped hot wax on myself while working for Yankee Candle Company, and before I knew it, I came all over the place. It was amazing! Any tips on where to find young wax lovers?

Yours,
A Chief Zamboner

Maude the Muslim: Well, uh, let's see, uh...well, how about the Wax Museum, for starters? Duh.

Billy the Buddhist: ACZ, Don't pursue your desires. Love is suffering, pain is suffering, pleasure is suffering, and having hot wax poured on you...that's definitely suffering. Even if you like it, it will ultimately end in, you guessed it, suffering. So, with that in mind, I pose to you the following riddle: What is the sound of a candle burning without a flame? Spend your time on that one instead of your kinky stuff. Oh yeah, I almost forgot: You have no soul.

Dear ATF,

I'm having some severe problems with my marriage. My husband simply does not give me the sex that I want. I ask him time and time again for a little loving, but he just rolls over and goes to bed. This is quite unlike our sex life before marriage, and his behavior now has left me starved. Starved to the point of seeing male prostitutes at the Empress's Club. It's putting quite a drain on my wallet (just ask Eliot Spitzer). What should I do?

Maybe Insert Clever Acronym Here?

Christian the Christian: MICAH, stop seeing those male prostitutes! Remember, you are an object, a servant to your husband's dominion. Just because almost every conservative Christian politician has been caught pursuing extra-marital sex doesn't mean Christians condone it! Don't fall into temptation like Eve. (Speaking of Eve, the Fall is still your fault.)

Jacob the Jew: Oy ve. Your husband's being a big schmuck. Maybe try to get him in the mood a little more, cook him a nice dinner with matzo ball soup, but please, PLEASE, PLEASE don't make him feel guilty!

Dear ATF,

I'm about to marry a woman I don't want to marry. She's wealthy and has a nice family, but she has become rude, and emotionally manipulative. Not only that, she's a Republican. Should I ditch her at the altar?

Yours,
Screwed With Impossible Marriage

Agnes the Agnostic: Dear SWIM...I have no idea.

MORE ADVICE-GIVING ON THE NEXT PAGE!

Pontifical Swiss Guard Soon to Be Deployed to Iraq, Says Vatican

by Matthew Luz

VATICAN CITY -- In a surprise turnaround from their millennia old commandment of no killing, the Vatican today announced that they would deploy elements of the Pontifical Swiss Guard to Baghdad. Citing increasing violence, Vatican officials have stated they felt it was their divine directive to take sides in an increasingly sectarian, secular geopolitical power struggle affecting millions of people that could possibly define the international political climate for the rest of the twenty-first century.

"The Swiss Guard, who have acted in both ceremonial and security roles for the Pope for over five hundred years, are ready

to join the Coalition of the Willing," said Vatican Spokesman Cardinal Carlo Alberto Guidoboni Cavalchini. Cardinal Carlo fielded a bevy of questions, most pertaining to how a religion purportedly based on goodwill and love could suddenly decide to field a military to foreign soil. "Because we're the mother fucking Roman Catholic Church, that's why. Jesus..." he replied. Commentary by Elmar Theodor Mäder, Swiss Guard commandant, was more elucidating. "Essentially, it boils down to this. The Pope has said that if we go over there and pop a cap in some fools, we have automatic absolution. Who wouldn't jump on that? And historically, we are technically mercenaries. Blackwater and the Pope, bringing the hurt."



This guy's fucked.

A.T.F. PRESENTS: JESUS!

Dear Jesus,

My dad keeps trying to make me clean my room, do chores, and generally run my life. What can I do to scape being under the thumb of my parents?

*Sincerely,
Subservient Son*

Dear Son,

It totally sucks when you parents force you to do stuff you don't want to. Sometimes it's nice because you get rewarded afterwards with an allowance or free time, or sometimes you just get nailed to a cross. If your dad is using you to do his dirty work, you shouldn't stand for it. Here's a trick that's perfect for avoiding your father's commandments: if he asks you to do something just pull out a bible and say you are studying scripture. If he asks just say Jesus told you to. When he leaves, pull out your Game Boy and you're set. Remember, your parents may say it's for the good of the world, but that doesn't help much when you have a nail in your hand.

Dear Jesus,

My best friend's wife just had a baby. What gift would you recommend for them?

*Sincerely,
Giftless Joe*

Dear Joe,

There are two basic schools of thought on this issue. On one hand, you can go all out and buy a truly nice gift, something made of gold, which will truly impress your friend and his spouse. That would say, "This child is truly special." On the other hand, you have a less expensive alternative, something like scented oil. Of course then you look like a douche when the guy with the gold gives his gift. And obviously so, who would fucking give a kid scented oil when the other guy is giving gold?

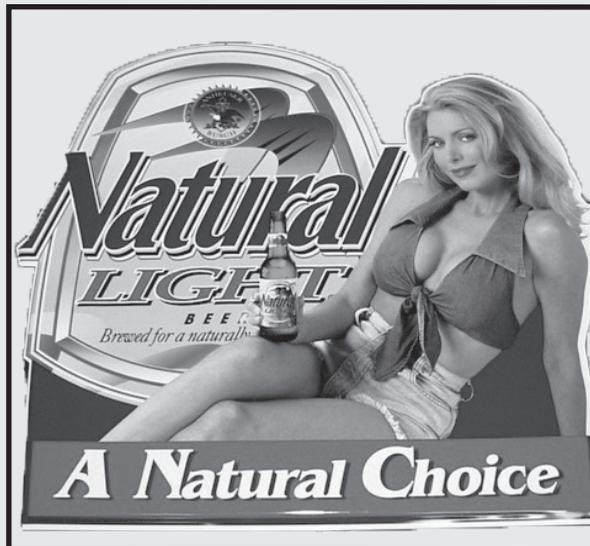
Matthew Luz Presents...

Six Worst Ways to be Reincarnated

Sure, we've all thought about it: after I die, will I return as a unique being to experience life anew? Will I be a rich oil tycoon, or maybe a world renowned actor and philanthropist? The answer is a resounding no. Maybe you should have been a little nicer to that hobo on the subway last week. Maybe you shouldn't have laughed when that crippled boy fell down the escalator. Maybe you shouldn't have seen Juno. But no matter what the reason, your Karma is probably going to get you reborn as a ridiculous monstrosity. Or perhaps, even more terrifying, as one of these.



Dutch – Face it, people call your country “The Netherlands.” It’s like you’re Europe’s perineum. Well at least you’ve got weed, and you’ll need it when you realize all you’ve got is a windmill, some tulips and uncomfortable wooden shoes.

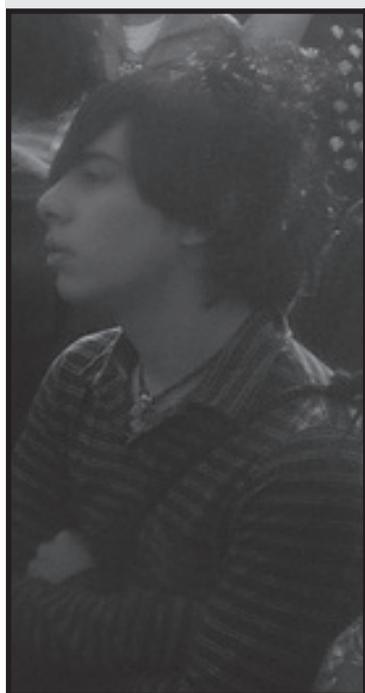


Natty Light – If Budweiser is the king of beers, then you’ve been reborn as the poor sap that cleans out the royal latrine. You’ll never be a popular beverage, but nevertheless you’ll always be at parties, ready to make the ugly chicks a little hotter and herpes a little more transmissible.

The Congressional representative from Ohio’s 10th District: You might know him as Dennis Kucinich. Sure, you might argue he’s a wealthy member of the government elite with a wife 31 years his junior, but let’s not forget we’re talking about *Dennis fucking Kucinich*.



Baby Seal – You slowly open your eyes to a virgin landscape. The sun is high as the wind twirls snow about the icy arctic. It is a brave new world for you to explore... right up until you get a baseball bat to the face. Survive that and a Killer Whale will probably just eat you as your tiny home melts out from under you. Interestingly, “baby seal clubber” is one of the *best* things to be reincarnated as.



Emo in Mexico – *Wired* and *Time* magazines report there have been near-riots in Mexico as punks and metalheads beat the angst and self-loathing out of local emo kids. Well, at least you have an actual *reason* to stay in your room all day crying while listening to Taking Back Sunday.

Hillary Clinton supporter in Florida or Michigan – The Democratic Primary race? It will never be close, not in a million years. She’s got this one in the bag. We’ll just move the date up a bit to get things going, what could go wrong? It’s not like it will mater, Hillary is a shoo-in...



A NIGHT OUT WITH THE POPE

Obviously The Zamboni couldn't do an issue centered on religion without featuring the Pope somehow. That being said, while other, lesser publications would just content themselves by seeking a public audience with Your Holiness during the day, this Zamboner took things one step further and convinced Pope Benedict XVI to let her tag along and wingman him on a Friday night, AKA be his "cardinal". Oh, sweet Jesus.

11:00 PM – I arrive at the Palace of the Vatican. The Holy Father and his papal entourage roll on out and we all make our way towards the Pope Mobile. Like a clown car, it is roomier than it looks from the outside. Unlike a clown car, there's a mini bar in the back stacked with bottles of sacramental wine.

11:03 PM – I compliment the Pope on his ride. He tells me they're installing hydraulics on it next week.

11:05 PM – We pop open a bottle and the Pope (who tells me to just call him Benedict) proposes a toast: "In his First Epistle to the Corinthians, Paul asked, 'Have we no right to eat and to drink?' To which I say, 'hells yeah, how else am I supposed to swallow a communion wafer?'"

11:06 PM – I can't help but giggle. Swallowing jokes are funny.

11:13 PM – We arrive at our destination. It's a nightclub called the Sistine Chaps. Said title is lit in neon pink.

11:14 PM – I look at my new drinking buddy quizzically.

11:15 PM – "Ah, yeah," he says. "I know it looks like it'll be one big sausagefest, but don't worry, there's something in there for everybody. Bitches and hos, dropping their skirts like Mary Magdalene."

11:16 PM – We enter, Benedict's entourage trailing behind us. The black light inside the club makes his white robes

glow. It seems oddly appropriate.

11:18 PM – We get the sweetest table in the house, along with a few complimentary bottles of champagne, but my attention is on the caged dancers. Benedict waves them off as sinners.

11:20 PM – I suggest that we walk around the rest of the place, so we can find him some action. "Maybe later," he says. "For now, I'm gonna let the honeys come over here."

11:30 PM – Benedict is indeed right. A group of women, most of whom do not look like they belong anywhere near the Vatican have taken over the table. His Holiness himself has got two draped all over him. I hear him use some of these choice lines with various women:

- 1) "You know, if we hook up tonight, I wouldn't have to even use a condom. That's what's called papal infallibility."
- 2) "You know, they call me the Holy Father. But I wouldn't mind having you call me Daddy."
- 3) "Hi. "My name is Benedict. Like the eggs I'll be making you tomorrow morning."

12:36 AM – I don't even know if he'll live long enough to make



Benedict: "I think this urinal ought to get baptized."



"It's not the praying that gets me to cloud nine. It's the dope."

good on all of the phone numbers he's collected.

12:40 AM – Benedict gets bored and after decides to circulate. I accompany him obligingly.

12:47 AM – He spots a woman at the bar and approaches her.

12:48 AM – He uses the eggs line again.

12:49 AM – It doesn't look like my help is needed. I head to the bar. Tonight's drink specials include two Bloody Marys for the price of one.

1:30 AM – Benedict comes over to the bar. "Listen," he says. "Do you think that you could catch your own ride home tonight? We're taking home a few extra people, and I don't know if there'll be enough room for everyone." Upon seeing my worried look, he says, "Just ask any priest here if he wants to save your soul and you'll be fine."

1:45 AM – They leave.

2:00 AM – I go home with the bartender.

Televangelist Guide

by Devin Toohey

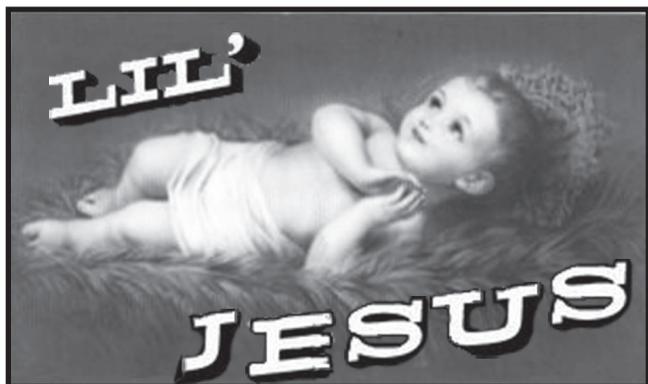
Welcome to another issue of the Televangelist Guide, where we discuss the hottest (and the nottest) of religious television! From overzealous fundamentalism to just plain feel-good spiritualism, we offer you the most radical zealotry you can find on television! Enjoy!

Whore of Babylon – Talk Show – 3:00-4:00 – The Mother of Harlots has an impressive guest list for today's episode. First up is a saucy interview with the multiple kings of the earth, with whom the whore hath fornicated. Watch the sparks fly as the sexiest Harbinger of the Apocalypse ignites them into debate about who was best at desecrating the name of the Lord as they spilled their sin into her. Following them is Tyra Banks, who's here to help the Whore with a complete makeover! Gone are the layers of purple and scarlet. It's springtime and that means some light, airy pastels! And finally, Gordon Ramsay will give the Whore some helpful hints on how best to prepare the blood of saints for consumption!

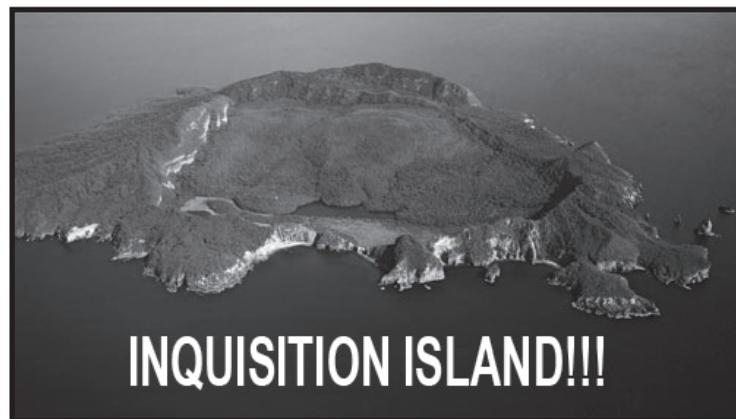


Photos by Mike Yarsky

Name That Apostle! – Game Show – 4:00-5:00 – What was Paul/Saul's favorite psalm? Which Apostle absolutely despised tomatoes: Philip or Andrew? Who was the only Apostle never to pass gas in the presence of Jesus? Sharpen up your Bible trivia and get ready to know your Judases from your Judas Iscariots! Winner gets a free, all-expense-paid weeklong trip to the scenic fourth sphere of Paradise!



Lil' Jesus Two-for-One – Sitcom – 5-5:30 and 5:30-6 – Li'l Jesus accidentally turns his JV soccer team's water into wine. He then has to work to reclaim his friends and help his team win the championship after the embarrassing loss. Joseph teaches Jesus a valuable lesson about alcohol consumption while playing sports. In the next episode: Oh no! It looks like Mary's pregnant! Or is she? Jesus learns a valuable lesson about growing up and possibly becoming a big brother amongst clips from past episodes.



Inquisition Island – Reality Show – 6:00-7:00 – We're down to just twelve surviving heretics on the island and wait till you see the torture – we mean, challenges that Torquemada has prepared for this week's installment! Will the Red Sea Pedestrians be able to hold their breath underwater for more than five minutes? Will the lovely Bahiyaa succumb to the temptations of the hot sun and the male prisoners and show some shoulder? And what about the upcoming merger of the two heathen tribes?

FAMOUS PEOPLE'S PAST LIVES



John Goodman (ca. 1996)



Kool-Aid Guy



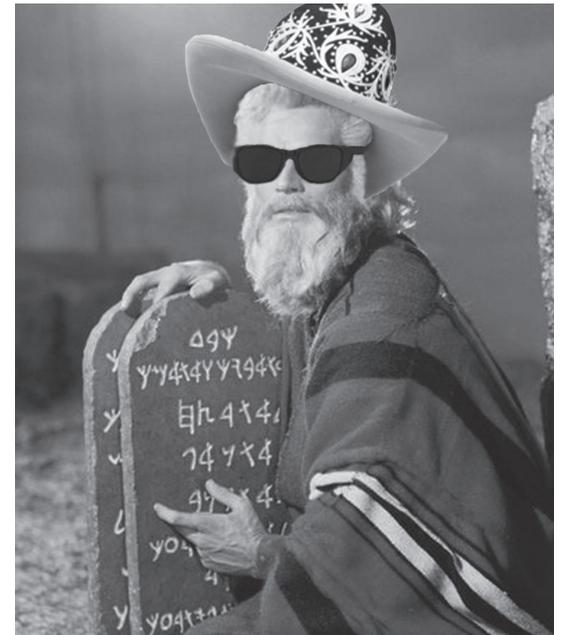
Evil John Goodman
(ca. 1945)



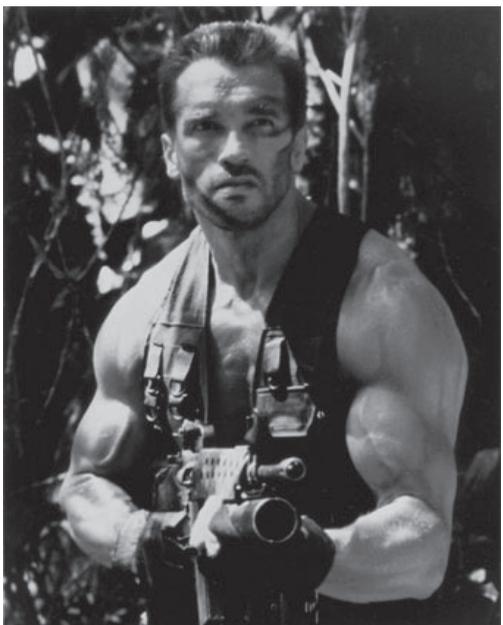
ZZ Top



ZZ Cousin Itt



ZZ Moses



Badass Arnold



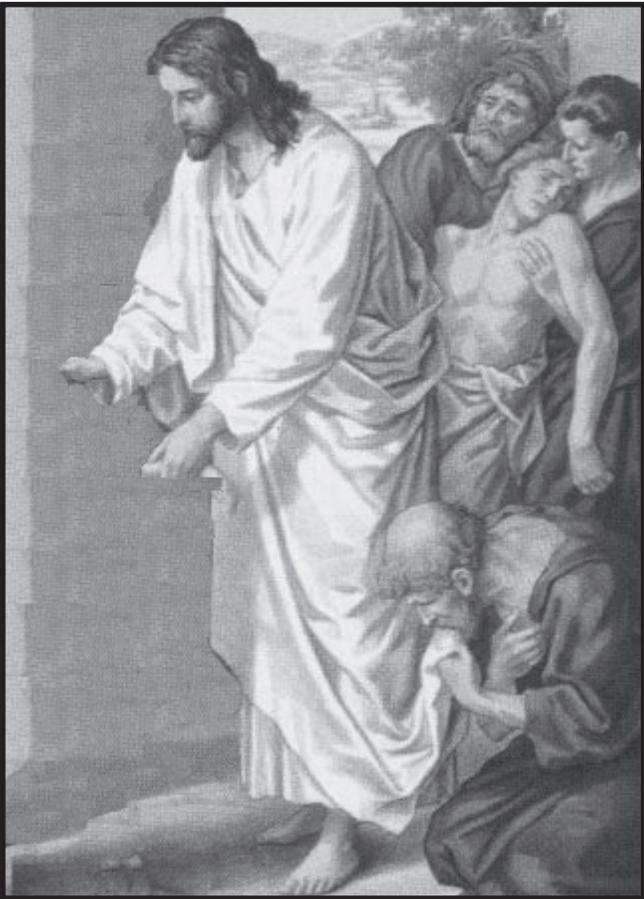
Arnold-o-mobile



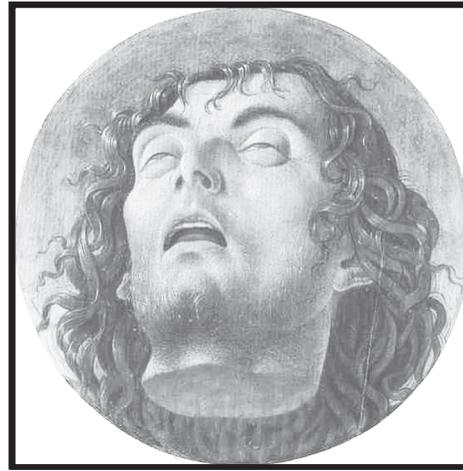
Monkey Arnold

GOSPEL VERSES VASTLY IMPROVED JUST BY SQUINTING AT THEM

BY LUKE BURNS



Farting (Matthew 6:16)
“When you fart, do not look gloomy like the hypocrites, for they disfigure their faces, that their farting may be seen by others. Truly, I say to you, they have recieved their reward. But when you fart, anoint your head and wash your face, that your farting may not be seen by others but by your Father who is in secret. And your Father who sees in secret will reward you.” (Original Title: Fasting)

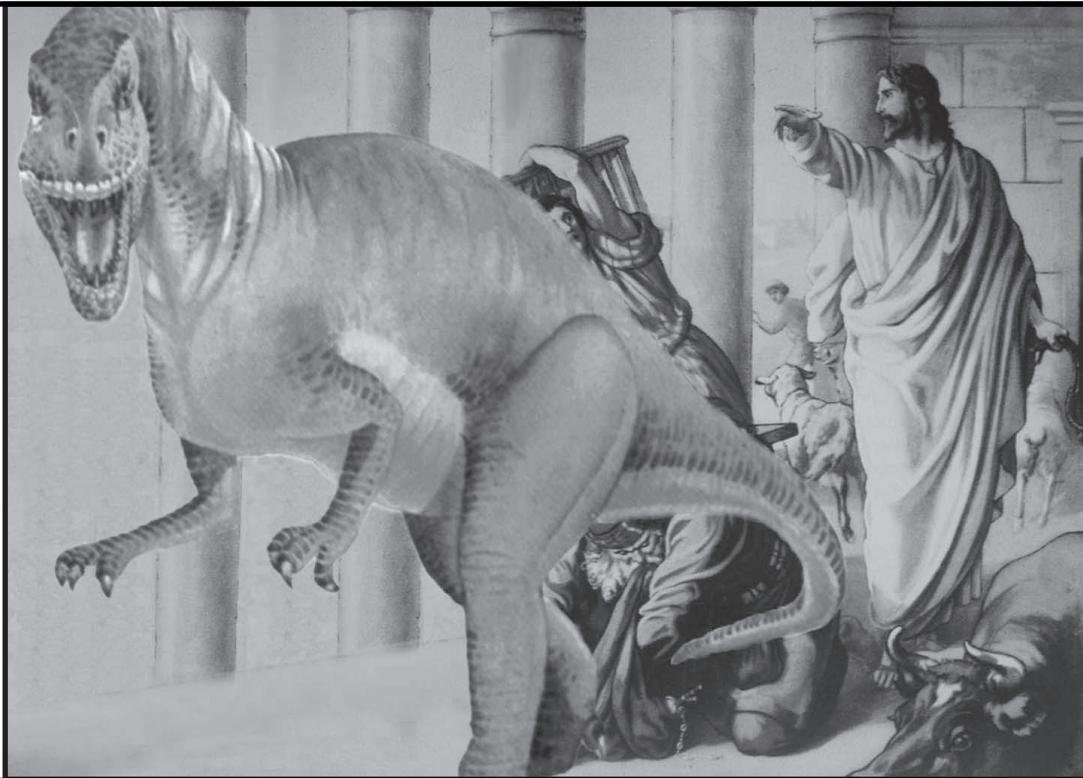


John the Baptist Denies Being a Ghost (Luke 1:19)

Now this was John’s testimony when the Jews of Jerusalem sent priests and Levites to ask him who he was. He did not fail to confess, but confessed freely, “I am not a ghost.” (Original title: John the Baptist Denies Being the Christ)

Jesus Heals Many (Mark 1:32)

That evening at sundown, they brought to him all who were sick or oppressed by dinosaurs. And the whole city was gathered together at the door. And he healed many who were sick with various diseases, and cast out many dinosaurs. (Original version reads ‘demons’ instead of ‘dinosaurs’)



The Sermon on the Moon (Matthew 5:1)

Seeing the crowds, he went up on the moon, and when he sat down, his disciples came to him. (Original Title: The Sermon on the Mount)



Jesus Talks With A Samurai Woman (John 4:7)

When a Samurai woman came to draw water, Jesus said to her, “Will you give me a drink?” (His disciples had gone to buy food.) The Samurai woman said to him, “You are a Jew and I am a Samurai woman. How can you ask me for a drink?” (For Jews do not associate with Samurai.) (Original title: Jesus Talks With A Samaritan Woman)