

THE LAMBONI



EMPEROR JOBS!

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A Tufts Student Publication



LIQUOR! CAKE!

We can see your soul!...PAGE 8



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A Word from the Editor

Oh goodness gracious me, the last Zamboni of the year. You know what that means: this is our last chance to offend absolutely everyone!

Ha! Just yanking your chain. Our last issue of the year is devoted to mankind's greatest achievement... cooking! Let me tell you, if there is one thing I love more than food, it's reading page after page of humorous riffs on said food. We've got food news, food drama, food comedy, and even a few food tragedies. Want to know if going vegan is right for you? One of our intrepid reporters tried it out and chronicled the results. Need some sage advice? Ask the Zamboni head chef! Curious about the world's wackiest utensils? Check out page eight, right now!

Not only is this the last issue of the year, but for four of us, it's the last ever. Yup, for your editor-in-chief and my three fellow Zamboni seniors, the end of our time at Tufts has arrived. We've learned a couple of things. First, never mix bleach and ammonia. It will not end well. Second, the earth is only 6000 years old. Fossils are just a test. Last, it doesn't matter how popular you were or how well you did. What matters is the kind of car you drive to the reunion.

Aint' that a kick in the head?



Celebrity Chef Gordon Ramsay Says...

Come to the Zamboni!

Tuesdays at 10 pm
Campus Center Room 208
(most of the time)

Or email us at TuftZamboni@gmail.com

Submissions welcome!



Disclaimer and Editorial Policy: The Zamboni is a student-run humor and satire publication of Tufts University. In no way do the views expressed herein necessarily reflect those of Tufts University, or even the editors. So, don't go e-mailing the people listed in the staff box, especially since we make some of the names up. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously, but keep in mind, we still love a good Viewpoints face-off. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students, but we will not take your first born due to legal reasons (the Gomstyn-Luz Clause). Submissions to The Zamboni are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff. Decisions are made on the completely subjective grounds of their humor content, but if you're a legacy, we have to take you (the Oliveira Clause).

NEWS

Baby, we'd never lie to you.

Admitted Student Can't Wait to See Campus BLT Center

By Ryan Oliveira

CLEVELAND, OH -- Senior Karl Greensberg, recently admitted to Tufts, informed reporters Wednesday that he was very excited to visit the campus's "BLT Center" upon entering as a freshman in the class of 2014.

"At first, I was thinking of going to Cornell or Stanford," Karl said. "But then I skimmed through Tufts' admissions booklet, saw something about a BLT Center, and said, 'That's it! I'm going to that place.'"

Greensberg's ideas of what constitutes a BLT Center are diverse. Several points he vaguely

recalled seeing in the hastily-read manual include advocacy on behalf of BLT students, counseling and pumpernickel for students in need, tomato-centered discussion groups, a student bacon bureau, and a magical fountain that spews mayonnaise or some cool shit like that.

"I'm not going to lie, this sounds pretty awesome," Karl confided. "I knew it was worth applying early decision."

Later that night, Cleveland Community College issued a retaliatory press release reminding local students that it too had

something to offer with its preexisting Greasy Fish Taco Center.

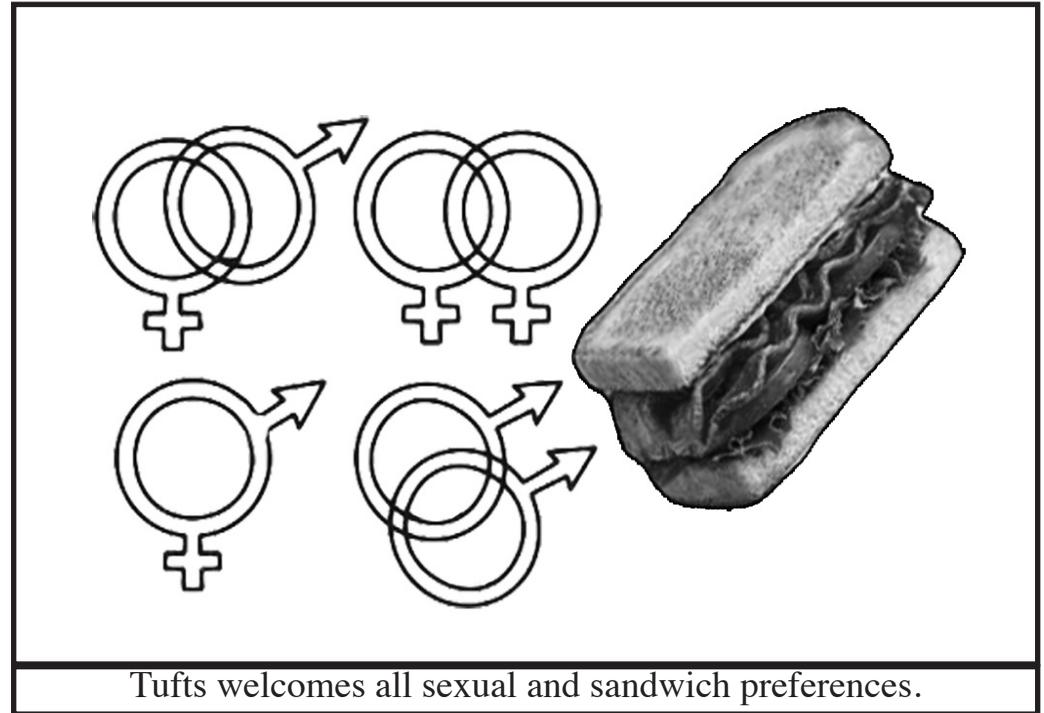


Photo by Mike Schecht

Local Man an Ice Cream D-Bag

By Dan Testa, photo by Mike Schecht

SOMERVILLE -- Ryan Westerson has officially been granted the title of "Douchebag" after a vote by local children and parents. Westerson, a retired school bus driver, was unanimously chosen at the annual block party. The vote came about after weeks of Westerson driving around in an ice-cream truck but refusing to sell any of the delicious treat to neighborhood kids.

Mr. Westerson has long been in contention for the title. During his years as a bus driver he earned the hatred of many students by refusing to wait for late kids, and his rigid enforcement of absolute silence on the bus. However, many of the more conservative parents were unwilling to support any



official action. "I just didn't think he was crossing the line. He wasn't the nicest man, but I can't say he was wrong in how he treated the kids," explained Agnes Crawford, leader of the

Association for Strict Parenting. "But driving around taunting kids with an ice-cream truck is just too much. It's downright un-american."

Following the vote, Wester-

son released a short statement. "For years of driving I crushed the spirits of yougsters and replaced their cheery smiles with bitter frowns. Retirement took that away from me, and an empty ice-cream truck is what brought it back. If pursuing my own happiness makes me a douchebag, then I guess I am one."

Most students were overjoyed by the vote, as common law holds that douchebags are not protected from vandalism by the statutes of common decency.

"I have been waiting for this day for years. By nightfall there won't a carton of eggs or roll of toilet paper left in town," said James Clemens, a 7th grader and the resident prankster.

News

What would Batman do?

After Flight Disruptions, Airlines Aim to Appease Wrathful Volcanoes

By Andrew Lang

BRUSSELS -- For the first time in nearly five months, the airline industry has turned into a nature-worshipping, human-sacrificing, shamanistic cult.

As the eruption of Icelandic volcano Eyjafjallajökull continues to spew over a metric shit-ton (named for the Anglicized moniker of famed volcanologist Kazimir Czschtönné) of ash a day, the threat of flight cancellations throughout Europe remains, with the potential to cost the airline industry astronomical sums of money. This has sparked fears of the next potentially financially devastating eruption.

In order to alleviate this threat to business, representatives of the world's major airlines met today at the European Union headquarters in Brussels, the world's foremost city named after a disgusting vegetable, in order to coordinate a contingency plan. "Our aim is a quick but reasonable response to this ongoing crisis," explained Delta Airlines CEO Richard Anderson. "Accordingly, we feel the best course of action is to find out why the volcano gods are angry with us and how we may please them and thus prevent them from erupting."

After slaughtering a goat and awakening from a trance, Delta Airlines' Executive Sha-

man Jack "the All-Seeing" Williams further elaborated: "The entrails speak to me! Unworthy children of the glorious volcano: Ye must sacrifice your own virgin daughters to the mountain by hurling them into his gaping maw. But only the good looking ones. The volcano father does not care for fatties. Then and only then shall this horrible blight to our stocks pass and our profit margins pick up again."

Hearing this, the representatives from the



airlines prostrated themselves and exclaimed three times in unison, "Volcano father is wise!" A frantic tribal dance began; several British Airways executives began flailing on the ground and speaking what others referred to as "the tongue of the volcanoes." The CFO of German airline Lufthansa walked across the room barefoot on hot coals and claimed to feel no pain. An American Airlines corporate planning executive took out a switchblade and carved the shape of an airplane into his own forehead before initiating a group orgy on the table.

Two hours later, after the various bodily fluids and dead bodies had been cleaned off the floor, Anderson continued. "I hope that through that holy sacrament you've seen the power and mercy of the volcano," he said. "We only refer to it as 'the volcano,' by the way, for no mortal mouth may pronounce its true name. I mean seriously, have you tried to pronounce that shit? It's only pronounceable in that mystical volcano language, which no human tongue may utter without volcanic intervention."

This response is actually less extreme than the cult formed five months ago after shamans interpreted tea leaves to say that airlines should raise baggage fees.

Professors Row A Highway, Say Jerks

By Matthew Luz

MEDFORD -- A new survey of campus ass holes demonstrates that 88% of a-hole drivers believe that Professors Row, along with Talbot and Latin way, meet Federal highway standards. "I mean, I've got a Mustang," said jerk Tom Jennings. "Why would my parents have bought it for me if they didn't want me doing sixty in a residential zone? They would have bought me a bike."

The study, carried out by the Department of Psychology, queried participants about traffic laws, driving etiquette, and whether they were numbskulls. "It was not surprising," said lead researcher Dennis Halsey.

"Those with the A-6 personality do not seem to be cognizant of the fact that other people live on or around these streets. What was surprising was the widespread A-6 belief that these city streets were in fact federally mandated highways, with a speed limit of sixty-five." When asked to clarify an A-6 personality, Halsey responded: "A total dipshit."

Reasons for thinking Professors Row is a highway and not a residentially zoned street include: "it has pavement," "I can drive a car on it," and "isn't everything a highway?"

Campus opinion remains divided over the

significance of the study. "It's like, you've been at the school for at least a year before you can have car on campus, so these people get that there are lots of pedestrians," said one sophomore. "So now, why the hell are you playing grab ass with your bros while doing eighty next to the campus center? Can you people not even see crosswalks?!"

We caught up with senior and fool Jessica Potter. "Please! If you don't like dealing with cars, just don't cross the street!" She then proceeded to get in her Ford Focus, do a burnout next to Dewick, and glare at everyone trying to walk to class.

News

May contain spoilers.

Professors Addicted to Writing Scholarly Articles By Matthew Luz

COLLEGE PARK -- Student researchers at the University of Maryland, in response to faculty researchers' claim that American college students are addicted to the internet, cell phones and social media, have published results showing that professors are addicted to writing articles, publishing research, and going to work.

"We mirrored their original study closely," said student researcher Andrea Grant. "We asked them to give up writing their articles, publishing any research, or going to work for a week. By day two, most were showing signs of withdrawal." Professors had reported anxiety, restlessness and an inability to function. "It's sad, really," said addiction expert Sean



Getting published: Worse than heroin? Tonight on Dateline.

Wentworth. "These academics could be such productive members of society if they could just beat their addictions."

History Professor Clark East described the ordeal. "At first you think, you know, you can stop any time. You don't need to write that dissertation on Sumerian Irrigation and submit it to *Mesopotamia Quarterly*. But that's it's all you can think about. Pretty soon you hit rock bottom, willing to do anything for that next peer-review." According to Grant, virtually all the professors failed to make it the full week. "There was this one professor from the Philosophy Department who made it, but it seem he just comes to campus and smokes weed all day, so we're calling him an outlier."

Apple Strikes Back Over Lost Phone By Daniel Testa

CALIFORNIA -- Steve Jobs declared a life-long ban against the as-of-yet-unnamed individual responsible for posting the lost prototype of the next generation iPhone.

"We have investigated extensively and have pinpointed who, we believe, first found the phone and failed to return it. Effective immediately, this individual will be barred from purchasing any Apple products."

Apple's efforts include distributing his picture to all employees and warning that any third party found purchasing items for the individual would also be subject to blacklisting. This is widely considered to be one of the most draconian measures taken by a company since Roy Addison, a McDonald's patron who took an excessive amount of straws, was beaten up by a gang of hired goons dressed as Ronald McDonald, Mayor McCheese, Grimace, and The Hamburglar.

Beyond the measures that Apple has officially announced that it is carrying out, there are rumors of even more extreme plans be-



It's like that movie! I think it was called "Spaceballs."

ing circulated through Apple Headquarters.

"[Steve] Jobs is furious. He wants to make an example of this guy. Everything about this guy is being analyzed. I hope for his sake he knows kung fu, because I heard that a ninja squad was being called in," stated one Apple employee who wished to remain anonymous.

Rumors have intensified following the bizarre behavior of the engineer suspected of losing the phone in the first place.

"Yeah I knew him, he was an okay guy, just a little scatterbrained," recalled a co-worker. "He got called into Steve's office and we heard lots of maniacal laughter and a little screaming. The next morning they announced that he had been transferred to the robotics unit. But when he came to clean out his desk he was moving really rigidly and he wasn't blinking at all. I'm not sure he was even breathing. All I know is that you don't fuck with Steve Jobs. For super, duper, duper real."

News

Get your hands off me, you damn dirty ape!

President Bacow "Chills" On Quad, Creeps out Students

by Andrew Lang

MEDFORD, MA - Every day, without fail, students relaxing on the quad can see President Larry Bacow step out onto the back porch of Gifford House wearing shutter shade sunglasses, a sleeveless shirt, and short Bermuda shorts. He generally proceeds to remove his shirt, take out a large jar of tanning oil, and smear it all over his chest, face, arms, and legs—even up under his shorts.

After this, he routinely lies down on a large towel or blanket with a reflector next to a boom box playing extremely loud jazz music. This happens every day, rain or shine. If it is raining, Bacow merely sets up an umbrella to protect him from the rain, but still uses the sunglasses and reflector.

"This is my last year here," explained Bacow. "I figure I better enjoy the hell out of it and take advantage of the fact that I have primo tanning real estate. I just want to get

the full Tufts experience without having to put up with any of the work, stress, or alcohol poisoning."

However, students have not been very receptive to Bacow's recent quad-based activities. "It's creepy, man," said junior Robert Jackson. "It just doesn't feel right that he's just kind of hanging out here like a student."

Sophomore John West further elaborated: "Sometimes Adele comes out with him and they cuddle. It's so awkward, especially when I'm in class out there or with my girlfriend. Even worse, sometimes they play Frisbee in the middle of the quad and step all over students that are just laying there."

"I love to toss the old disk around," responded Bacow. "I was a regular disk jockey back in the day if you catch my drift. And why can't I lie with my wife on the quad? I thought Tufts students were more

open minded than this. Anyway, the best part of all this is that I have time to work on my fledgling music career. I write my own songs and then play them on my acoustic guitar."

"Dude, you don't write your own songs," interjected West, overhearing the interview. "You just play 'A Horse with No Name' by America and make up your own lyrics as you go. Don't you have a job instead of just slacking off on the quad?"

"That's the final straw, West" responded Bacow. "I'm taking you down. You and me, hacky sack on the Rez Quad, at dawn. Prepare to get your pre-professional tuchus handed to you!"

He then stomped off angrily muttering, "You damn young people..."

Texas Reaches Two Sauce Solution by Mike Schecht and Ryan Oliveira

AUSTIN, TX - After years of conflict and sectarian strife, Governor Rick Perry (R) of Texas has announced that the state has finally agreed to implement a Two Sauce Solution. "Since the birth of our proud state, there has been a long and often bloody debate over whether hot sauce or barbeque sauce should be the official sauce of Texas." said Perry, "We haven't made this much progress on the issue since President Carter invited then Governor Dolph Briscoe to the Camp David Cook-Off in 1978. Perhaps we may actually see a lasting peace from this initiative."

The Texas Sauce Debate has flared in recent months after the failure of the Roadmap for Meat, former President Bush's vision for sauce peace, which he created as governor of Texas in 1999. Subsequent to the Roadmap's failure, a deadly shootout occurred at the Houston Hot Sauce Festival, killing three people and marinating

a dozen more. "It was the worst incident of sauce-based sectarian violence since the Ranch-Mayo Massacres from the First Con-dimentifada," said Texas Attorney General Greg Abbott.

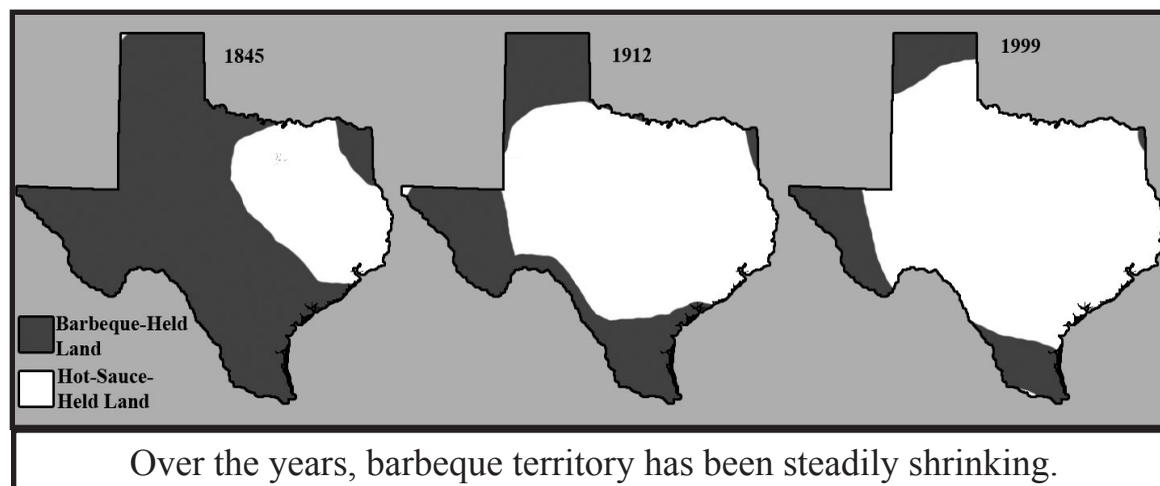
The Two Sauce Solution comes as a surprise to many observers. Rick Perry, a former Hot Sauce commando, has parted with his base on the issue, unilaterally announcing concessions to the barbeque factions as part of the plan. "The move could mean that Perry is forming a new party in time for the upcoming gubernatorial election," noted

political analyst James Carville, "Whether he is successful is another matter entirely."

Indeed, while the announcement has many hopeful for peace, there are many who doubt the lasting success of Perry's plan. "Many times, the Hot Saucers have said they would allow us more access to condiment stations at restaurants throughout Texas." said Frank Menendez, leader of the Barbeque Liberation Organization, a prominent barbeque militant group. "But if history is any indication, these so-called concessions may just be to hide a price freeze on bar-

beque sauces or a new hot sauce tariff."

While there are those who doubt the efficacy of the Two Sauce Solution, it represents the first major step in many years, and has given hope of a more sauce integrated state to all Texans.



CASH FOR CLUCKERS

The Cash for Clunkers program is long over, but one night, while totally not digging through Senator Scott Brown's D.C. office for nudies, this Zamboner found an old memo about a similar government program that finished within days of being started. Presented here is the program that never made it: Cash for Cluckers.

From the Office of Tom Vilsack, United States Secretary of Agriculture - August 5, 2009

What is Cash for Cluckers About? FAQ

Q: What is the Cash for Cluckers Program? Can anyone participate?

A: Yes, anyone can participate. By simply going to your local poultry trader/chicken coop, any person may exchange their old, useless, and fuel-inefficient chicken for a newer model.

Q: What is the purpose of Cash for Cluckers?

A: The program has two major goals. First, it aims to help Americans who would not otherwise be able to afford new chickens to purchase them with the help of federal funds. However, the program's main goal is to saturate the market with more environmentally-friendly chickens with reduced feather and poo emissions.

Q: What are the limits of the program?

A: The chicken you buy in return may have a retail price of no greater than four cows and three sacks of grain to prevent widespread abuse of federal subsidies.

Ford Gallus



Sports utility chicken prone to rolling over at high speeds. Deemed unsafe after causing a three-chicken pileup.

SCANDAL!

The program, however promising in its inception, was doomed to eventually become a wattled failure, as several chickens turned in were found to be defective. In the wake of the noble effort, some examples have been found of the recalled chickens.

Toyota Waddlius



Chickens accelerate uncontrollably.

Pontibawk Firebird



Turns out they were all on fire.

Fowley Davidson



Recalled after drivers reported a proclivity for braking suddenly to peck at chicken feed on the side of the road.

BMW M3 Quacké

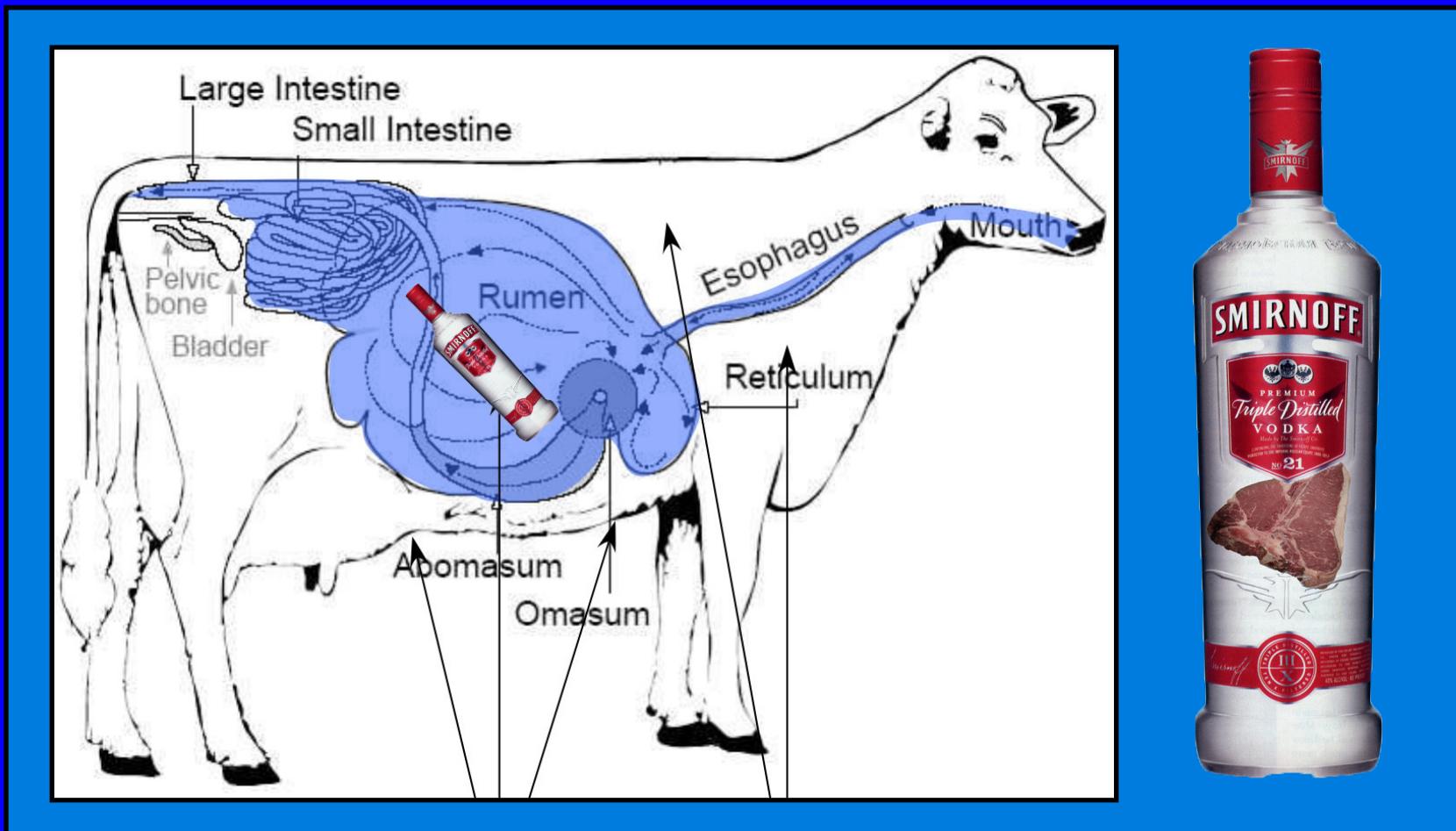


Actually a duck!

THE ZAMBONI PUTS THINGS IN



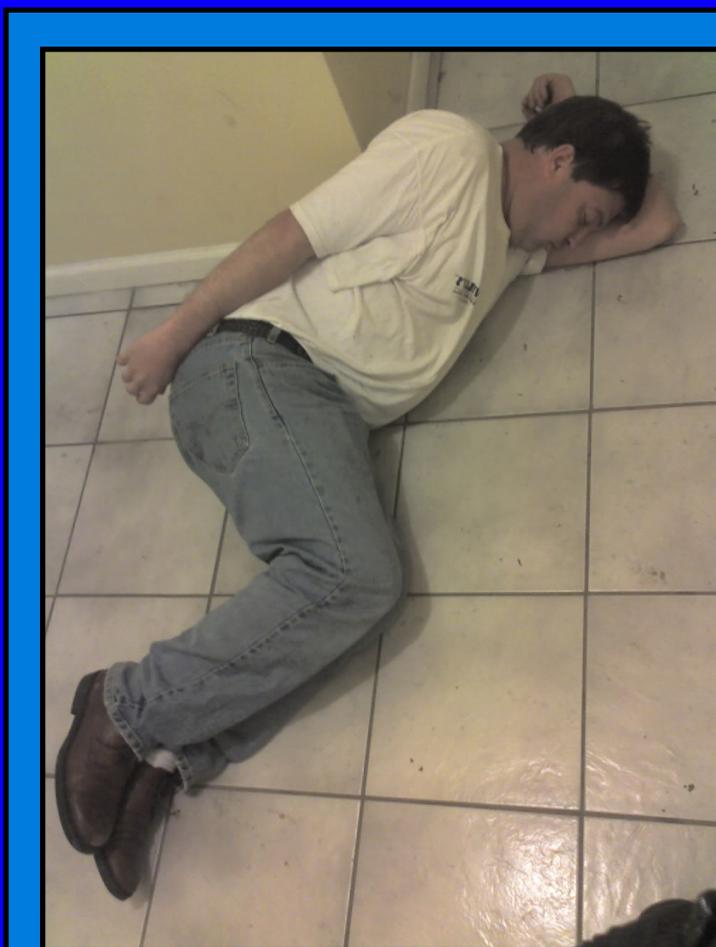
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VODKA AND VODKA IN THINGS

by Handsome B. Wo

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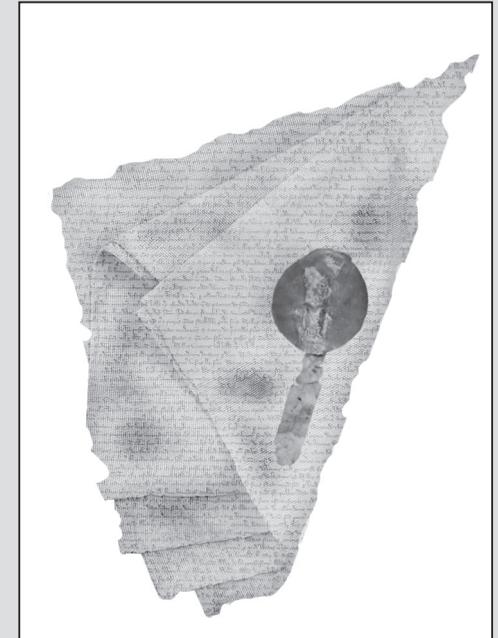


NEW UTENSILS AND STUFF

Tired of your old napkins and forks and stuff? We've got the shit you want right here. You asked for it, asshole.



Look at the Gunfork. Don't blow your stupid mouth off with the four tiny guns, stupid.



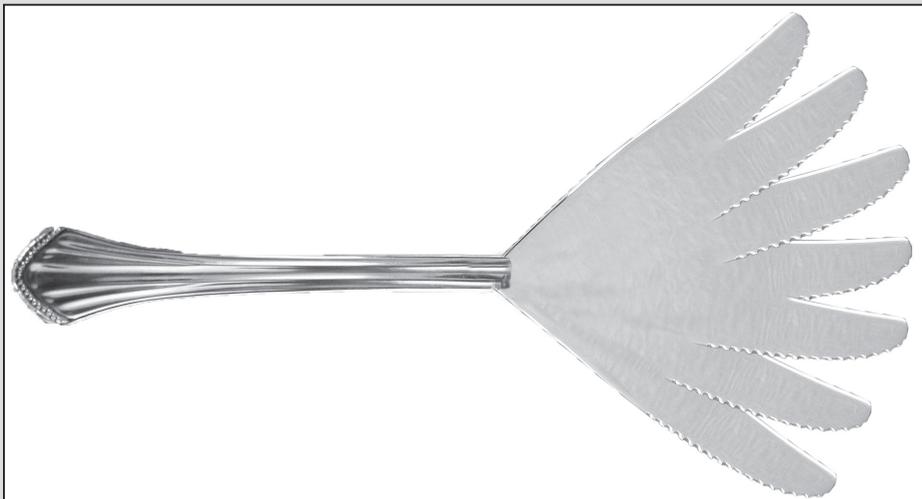
The Magna Carta Napkin. Wipe your mouth on history, slob.



This cup comes with a piranha. You can try to take it out, but he's not gonna like it.



When you look into this plate, it shows you what you will look like when you are old. A constant reminder of your own mortality to enjoy over dinner.



The Knifeknifeknifeknifeknifeknife. It cuts everything.



Hair in your soup? It's because you're eating with a hair-spoon. That's where the hair came from.

Pictures and Captions by Handsome B. Wo

Are you there, Chef? It's me, Margaret.

Do you have four ingredients and 20 minutes? E-mail your cooking disorders to "Are you there chef, it's me Margaret?" I'll respond with simple, snazzy and sexy meal solutions!

Dear, "Are you there, Chef? It's me, Margaret,"

I have four potatoes, red paint and kimchi. My mother in-law is coming in from Boca Raton for Mother's Day brunch. Can I make brioche?

~Desperate

Dear Desperate,

Of course you can make brioche! Cut the potatoes in half and cut star shapes out of the flat end of the potato. Dip the potatoes into the red paint. Stamp the potatoes on the ceiling of your kitchen. Make sure the excess paint does not drip on your marble counter tops! You now have stars in the sky of your kitchen! You can now fully set the scene to *dream on* about that brioche. Forget fresh bread. You're serving the mother in law, boiled kimchi. She will love the change from the boiled yams at "the home."

Kissez,
Chef

Dear "Are you there, Chef? It's me, Margaret,"

My son's bris is coming up. What sort of hors d'oeuvres should I serve?

~Jew in Jeopardy

Dear Jew in Jeopardy,

Embrace the allure of cocktail weenies. Nothing says "My son has a mutilated penis, and I'm proud!" better than pigs in a blanket.

Mazel Tov,
Chef



Dear, "Are you there, Chef? It's me, Margaret,"

I love to cook, but I never have any ingredients in my house! I am required to bring an appetizer to the company potluck but I have no ideas! In my fridge I have a chicken, two beers, fresh parsley and butter. Am I totally lost?

~Hungry Hungry Hippo

Dear Hungry Hungry Hippo,

Your situation sounds rough. I would consider quitting the practice now. You will probably have a pretty embarrassing display if you try cooking with the ingredients in *that* fridge. Your best bet would be to marinate the parsley in beer and to plate it nicely. Just hide it behind the three-bean salad so nobody knows about your horrible cooking catastrophe. With the rest of your ingredients, I would suggest feeding the chicken carcass to your dog and saving the butter for a rainy day.

XOXO,
Chef

Dear, "Are you there, Chef? It's me, Margaret,"

My daughter came home crying because all the other girls' mothers can bake and I can't. How can I dry my daughter's tears and show those other mothers who is boss?

~ Baking Breakdown

Dear Baking Breakdown

Go out and buy some of those Tollhouse cookies. On the way home swing by the local opium den and pick up some of their finest. Follow the directions on the package, and just add in the opium before baking. You'll be the queen of the next bake sale and your daughter will never cry about your baking again, unless you hold out on her.

Peace Out,
Chef

Dear, "Are you there, Chef? It's me, Margaret,"

All of my friends have started developing. I am 10 years old. I am practically an adult. Am I just a late bloomer? What's your recipe for my disaster?

~Middle School Malaise

Dear Middle School Malaise,

Maybe you should drink more milk? This really isn't the right venue though. Who do you think I am, Judy Blume?

Ok, um, bye,
Chef

This is Why You're Pica.



The new recipe will incorporate organic cheese and Energy Star bulbs.



Also available with all-weather tires and optional twenty-inch rims.



The chef who created this really hit the nails on the head. HA!



Made without partially hydrogenated oils.



Brilliant gaming system. Poor fondue choice.

The Real Way to Achieve Super-Stardom by Emma Goldstein

People often ask me, "How did you become so famous?" They mostly assume it is because I invented the towel warmer. A little known fact though is that I am so famous because I thought big. Literally. I was a reality TV star. I was a Biggest Loser.

The path to loserdom is unfortunately not often discussed. E! is always featuring how to become an American Idol or a Survivor, but how do you get the opportunity to be a star with one of the biggest backings? When I wanted fame, I needed fat. Below, I have outlined my 10 step plan to reality stardom.

Step 1: STOP! Yes, stop your current mindset that you cannot succeed, but also stop moving. Every movement is a calorie burnt and you just cannot afford that. Find a comfortable chair with an adjustable cushion and make that your home until trainer Jillian Michaels knocks on your door with a camera crew the size of your new behind.

Step 2: Brush your teeth with lard. Similar in consistency to toothpaste, lard is a friendly caloric alternative. In order to avoid gingivitis, consider placing bacon bits on top of the bristles in addition to the lard.

Step 3: Eat your feelings. Feel a lot. There is nothing better than a bucket of chicken to make the pain go away. Start lowering that self-esteem because the road to stardom is not easy. The glory will take more than one bucket

of chicken. You are going to need a few hundred buckets. Pop *Hotel Rwanda* into the VCR and start a genocide movie marathon; the road to success is long and winding, and you have quite a lot of fried chicken to eat.

Step 4: Start shopping at Big and Tall. The key word here is incentive. The promise of a breezy weekend Hawaiian shirt or luxurious wide-waist trousers is all you need to want to put on the pounds.

Step 5: Portion control and the rule of five. Do not limit your portions to appropriate sizes. Always remember the rule of five. Five fruits, five carbs, five proteins, five dairies, five sugars and repeat.

Step 6: Eliminate fiber. Fiber makes you regular. Regular people aren't big. Don't be regular.

Step 7: Ask your doctor about sensible goals. Whenever starting any sort of diet regiment, it is important to talk about goals and risks with your physician. When your doctor informs you of the risks of immense weight gain, it is your job to tell him the benefits. A cost-benefit analysis of the 10-step weight gain program will undoubtedly result in a favorable view on weight gain.

Step 8: Do not listen to your body. When your stomach is saying "No," your heart should be saying "Let's go." I do not care if you physically cannot eat another piece of crab rangoon; it's not an option. Do you think Madonna never suffered for fame? It's your turn now. Listen to your body, sure, but then plug your ears and sing "lalala" because you will be famous.

Step 9: Adopt a mantra! In any intensive training program, a mantra is not only suggested, it is required. This positive mantra of "cardiac arrest is cardiac the best" is catchy and inspiring. Chest pain? No problem, just go eat some chocolate and push through it.

Step 10: Always remember: this is a privilege, not a right. Weight gain is competitive and the benefits are innumerable. Do not forget how lucky you are to be persuing weight gain goals each day. Do not cry about your skinny jeans only fitting on your pinky. One day, after gallons of vomit, dozens of treadmills and industrial sized scales, you will be holding up your fat jeans to your skeletal figure. For now, get fat and get famous.

My One and Only Day as a Vegan by Andrew Lang

8:30 AM: Alright, today's the day I'm going to turn my life around. No more supporting the cruel meat industry. Finally, I can talk about how much I love animals without feeling like a filthy hypocrite!

9:00: Okay, let's see what's for breakfast. Well, can't have bacon, obviously. Or eggs. How about cereal and milk? Oh, hi Mom. I can't have milk? No problem, I'll just have orange juice. Plants don't feel pain, do they? And instead of cereal I'll have a bagel. What? Bagels have eggs in them? Hmm, I never knew that. Know what? I'll just have an apple.

That'll last me till lunch...

12:00 PM: Oh thank god, lunchtime. Wait, what? Everything in here has meat or cheese. I guess I'll have some carrot sticks, and maybe crackers. Those should be fine, right? Ugh, it's all so crunchy. I need something succulent, something with the delicious chewiness of dead cow.

2:30: I need meat, cheese, something! What did you say, Mr. Giant Sentient T-Bone Steak? No, I'm okay, just missing my meats. What? No, I can't eat you. You stay out of this, Professor Nuggets, I don't want to hear your

shit! God dammit, Mrs. Ham, not today, I'm a vegan. Maybe tomorrow... Fine, if none of you tell anyone about this... nom nom nom. God, it's so good. Oh, hi Mom. No, I'm just eating. Why would I masturbate in the kitchen? What? What do you mean I'm eating a pillow?

4:30: The walls drip with lard. I've resorted to putting my fist in my mouth to fool my stomach. Eating myself doesn't count, right? No, Mom, it doesn't. You're fucking wrong, just leave me alone! I'm going through a hard time right now! You just don't understand.

7:00: Dinner. Fuck. This. Shit. Stop tempting me pork-chop-Mom! I will end you with my mouth and digestive system! I can't take this anymore, come here. Don't hit me with the frying pan, I just want a little nibble.

10:00 AM: Wow, I was really out for a while. Nurse, where am I? The hospital? You know what? I think I've finally transcended my lust for meat. I think that I'll continue being a vegan. I've really turned over a new leaf if you— nurse, I don't want the Salisbury steak. It's all there is? But, but ... NO!!!!

IN DEFENSE OF CANNIBALISM

By Dan Testa and Mike Schecht

The Zamboni, like the rest of the Tufts community, embraces lifestyles of all kinds. This being the food issue, we thought we'd look at the most despised, and yet most misunderstood of food preferences: Cannibalism! Thus *The Zamboni* contacted experts in the field of human consumption. One of them was kind enough to respond. His reply is reproduced below in its entirety. Enjoy and please keep an open mind!

Cannibalism has gotten a raw deal. Whenever someone brings it up everyone always first thinks of the amorality of feasting on the flesh of another human. Yes, it sounds distasteful, but as a society we must open our minds to the benefits of a human based diet. For one thing, humans are readily available. I mean, everyone keeps going on and on about over-population of the Earth, so why not get rid of the fatty excess. Plus, every human eaten doubly reduces the need for cruel slaughterhouses and methane-releasing cows. Not only is one person being fed, but there are also fewer people to feed overall. It's called killing two birds with one stone, except we are also reducing the need for overcrowded chicken farms as well.

You also can't discount the secondary benefits of human meat. For all of you in the local foods movement, consider that humans are pretty much found everywhere, and there is no need to waste fuel shipping them across the country. Everyone will be able to visit the house his or her meal grew up in. Want to make a global impact through local action? You can't get much more local than your neighbor.

I am the first to admit that there would be a few rough spots. We would have to be on the lookout for Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease because you know some idiot is going to eat spinal and brain tissue. Butchers would have to learn how to work with an entirely new animal so the first few months are going to feature some very inelegant steaks.

Some confusion will inevitably arise; hamburgers will have to be labeled to show if they actually contain residents of Hamburg and younger generations won't understand why Soylent Green is considered such a classic.

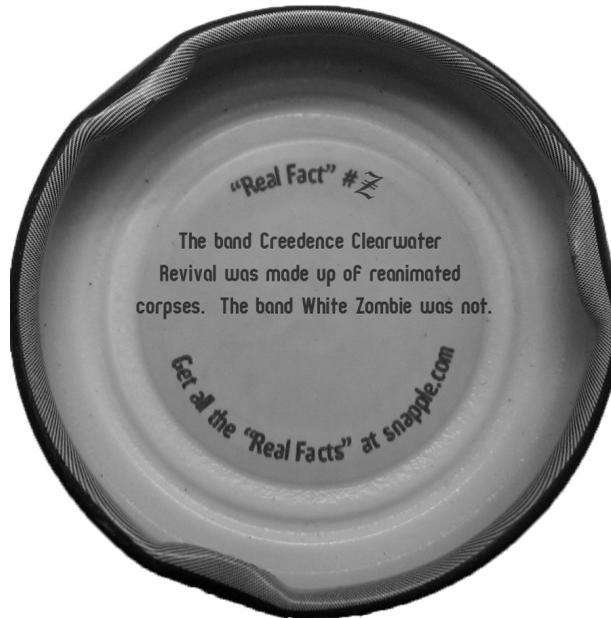
Still, cannibalism wouldn't have to be a permanent solution. As society eats it way out of over-crowding and resource shortages the number of humans available for consumption will decline, and the cost of human flesh will rise. The free market will step in, and the cost of cannibalism will rise so high that it will cease to be widespread, until the population has grown back to excessive levels. Find me another diet that is self-regulating!

So the next time you are bemoaning the rising cost of food, remember that local organic options are all around you.

Howard Philips is a gastrophilosopher with a degree from Harvard University. He is the president of the Human Foods Association and is currently involved in a lawsuit over the negative portrayal of cannibalism in zombie movies.

SNAPPLE FACTS

As we all know, Snapple Ice Tea makes American children smarter every day through the innovation known as "Snapple Facts." Unfortunately, not all facts are worthy to be printed on a bottle cap. Here are some facts that did not make the cut.



ANIMALS DOING PEOPLE THINGS

In *Ratatouille*, a rat helps a chef cook. But what other professions could use the help of animals? Let's take a look!

by Mike Schecht



BRRROOOOOOOOOOOMP!



Office Falcon needs that TPS report.



Orangutan lawyer objects!



"We few, we happy few, we band of cephalopods..."



Penguins do not make good surgeons.