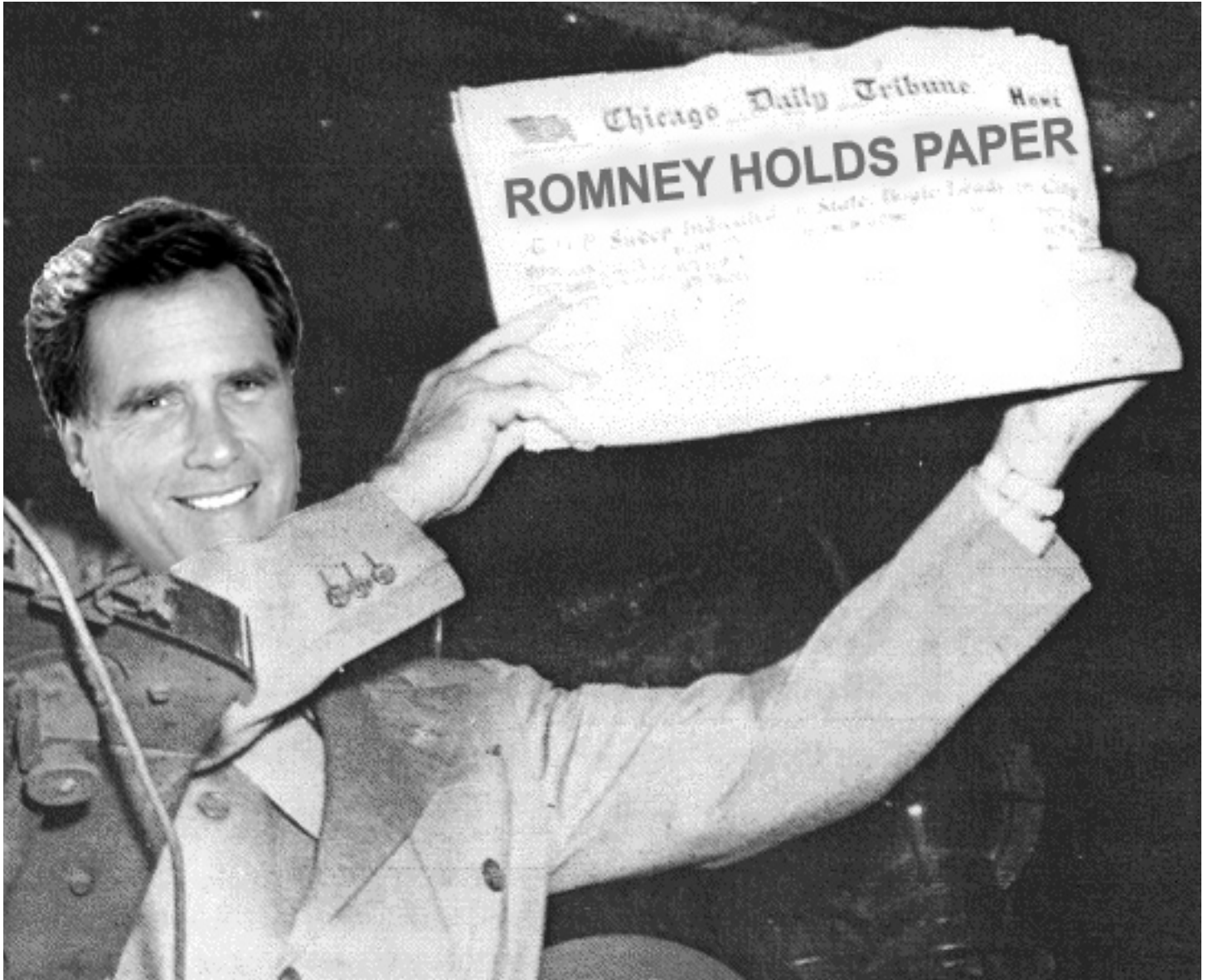


# THE LAMBONI



## ELECTILE DYSFUNCTION!

Also in this issue:

*Sex, Lies and Newsprint...*

Get to know me!  
Get to know me!  
Get to know me!

*We vote Allan off the Island!*

Chinchilla & Friends!



November 6, 2002



## A word from the Editor

As a fat child in public elementary school, I've been called a lot of things in my day: Fatty, Kamby, Marcus Camby, Bob, Dave, Steve, Lavender, Troy, Elvis and Jello, just to name a few. But I never thought, in all my years, that I would be called a fascist. Now don't get me wrong, I've always had a soft spot in my heart for uniforms, parades and marching bands, but that's usually attributed to "Secret Gay Me" as opposed to "Secret Fascist Me." But it was only last week that the wonderful friendly folks at *Radix* decided to take the bold step and "out" all of the members of the Media Advisory Board as fascists. Needless to say, this is somewhat of an untruth. I would love to be able to talk to them about it, but it's physically impossible for these self-righteous radical nut-jobs to hold a conversation without someone yelling. Either they yell in order to force anyone opposing them to give in before they develop tinnitus, or they make *you* want to yell. The two representatives *Radix* sends to MAB are so soft-spoken yet stubbornly political, it comes off as comical. Listening to them try and refute or complicate everything MAB chair Sam Dangremond without raising their voices sounds less like political activism

and more like Marilyn on "Northern Exposure." Of course, Sam, while able to hold a human conversation, is no bastion of human perfection either. While it was humorous, there was something odd about witnessing him gripe to the editors of *The Observer* about fact-checking Carl Jackson's opinion piece. Fact check? Have you read *The Observer*, Sam? How could they fact check? It's clearly not even written by people for whom English is a first language! Remember when *The Daily* used to be the hot topic of campus journalistic ridicule? Who would have thought *The Observer* would jump all over that hand grenade? And speaking of *The Daily*, why do they feel the need to print an April Fool's issue on Halloween? These people take more holidays off than Jews for Jesus, apparently! Sweet Merciful McGillicuddy! Fascist or no, you should all be glad that there's still a publication that cares enough to print what you so desperately need: pictures of people shitting on the Quad. God Bless America.

Ain't that a kick in the head?

xoxoxo

THE  
ZAMBONI

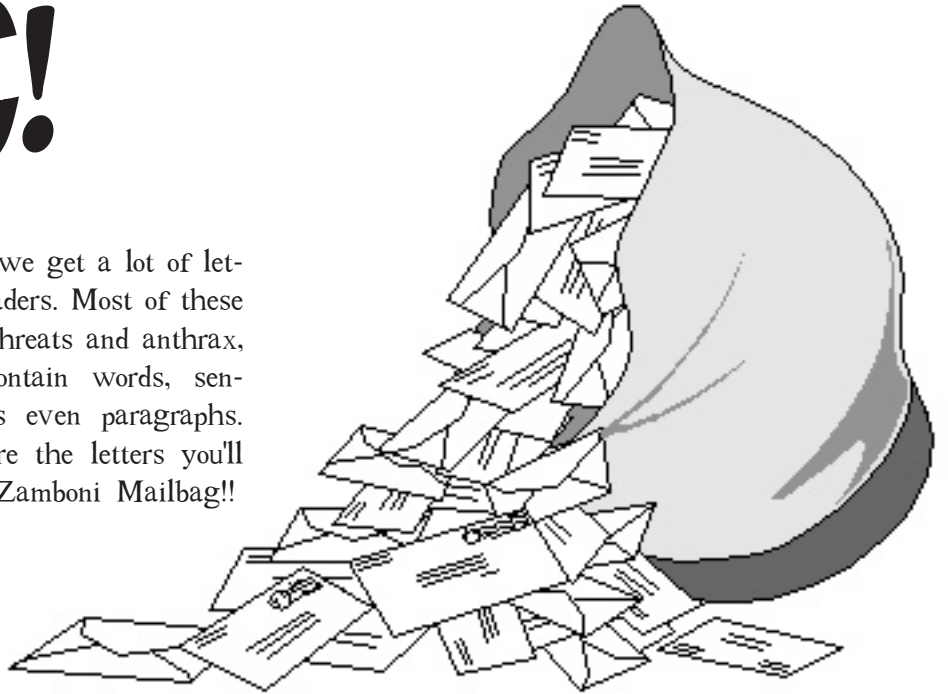
## The Staff:

*Editor-in-Chief*.....**Andrew "Heckled by Drunks" Kambour**  
*Rey de Produccion*.....**Evan "He's Gonna Snipe You" Chakroff**  
*Senior Managing Editors*.....**Alec "Shit or Miss" Brownstein**  
**Josh "Not a Frog" Engel**  
*Managing Editor*.....**Allan "Not an Editor" Rice**  
*Editor-at-Large*.....**Brett "Auto Focus" Weiner**  
*Comedic Lumpenproletariat*.....**Jennifer duBois, Doug Miller**

**Disclaimer and Editorial Policy:** *The Zamboni* is a student run humor and satire publication of Tufts University. In no way do the views expressed herein necessarily reflect those of Tufts University or the editors. All material is meant to be viewed as humorous and should not be taken seriously. We accept any and all submissions from Tufts students. Submissions to *The Zamboni* are screened by the Editor-in-Chief and/or the Editorial Staff and decisions are made on the rather subjective grounds of their humor content. No article is turned away based on the race, gender or religion of the author. Only if they are really annoying.

# MAILBAG!

Here at the Zamboni, we get a lot of letters from our loyal readers. Most of these letters contain death threats and anthrax, but a select few contain words, sentences, and sometimes even paragraphs. These, dear reader, are the letters you'll find below... in The Zamboni Mailbag!!



Dear Zamboni,

I am a freshman here and I am kinda bored with the party scene. I visited all the frats and house parties suck. Is there anyplace I can go that can give me a good party?

Sincerely,  
A Frosh

Zamboni: Well, there is one other place I believe you haven't frequented. It is located on Packard Ave in between Barnum and the corner of Packard and Professors row. It throws the best parties on Tufts campus. Don't worry if it seems like nothing is going on- just head on in! If you can't enter, breaking windows and/or busting down doors are fully acceptable methods of entry. See you there!

Dear Zamboni,

No females like me. I've tried sweet talking them, taking them out on dates and buying them expensive gifts. Nothing seems to work! I don't know what's going on! Why can't I get a girl?

Sincerely,  
Lonely in Love

Zamboni: Because you are a convicted sex offender.

Dear Zamboni,

What exactly is the "Aztec" in Aztec Chicken served here? I don't understand what that chicken has to do with a group of Central Americans that ruled the land 500 years ago.

Sincerely,  
An Angry Mayan

Zamboni: Thank you very much for bringing up this common misconception. Aztec Chicken has nothing to do with the Aztecs. The truth is that "Aztec" is actually a combination of two words in order to describe the spices placed on the

chicken. The "Az" is for "assified". The word assified was shortened to the word "ass" and later changed to "Az" because the person naming the chicken was over-influenced by Arnold Schwarzenegger films. The "tec" stands for technically. This describes the process by which the spices are obtained. All the power, flavor and deliciousness of ass were extracted and then placed on the chicken in spice form. Bon appetite!

Dear Zamboni,

I find your magazine very unfunny. You don't have enough funny sex references and stuff. Why can't you be funnier?

Sincerely,  
A Concerned Reader

Zamboni: Happy now?

Dear Zamboni,

What exactly is a Zamboni?  
Sincerely,  
A Confused Reader

Zamboni: The Zamboni is one of the following things:

- A. A musical instrument
- 2) A type of bird
- iii. A bunch of guys trying to write comedy when drunk
5. B and C

We want letters! Write to the Zamboni by "electronic" mail:  
Zamboni\_tufts@hotmail.com

# FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To: Jennifer duBois  
c/o *The Zamboni*  
Tufts University

Recently, it has been brought to my attention that there is widespread concern over my plans to invade Iraq. This concern has been shared by much of Congress, most of the United Nations, half of the US population, and even a sizable portion of the Tufts student body. I am writing to you, *The Zamboni*, to allay your concerns and calm your fears because I, your President, have a plan.

Many are concerned about initiating a war with Iraq for no clear reason. They say that Iraq poses a minimal threat, and that we are setting a troublesome precedent by beginning a war. Although these are valid concerns, I'd like to point out something that you could learn at any high school sporting event: The only defense is an aggressive offense. I wasn't head cheerleader at Philips Andover for nothing, folks. BE AGGRESSIVE. B-E AGGRESSIVE. B-E A-G-G-R-E-S-S-I-V-E WHOOOOOO!

Some others are worried that my motives for going to war with Iraq may be economic. "No blood for oil" they like to say at their little rallies and whatnot. But, people, I feel compelled to make a point here: We need oil. The damn dirty hippies may not like it, but it's the plain truth. What do they think their solar cars run on? Magic?

Others contend that my push for war on Iraq is a political ploy to influence midterm elections. This is an accusation that I take very, very seriously. Anyone with a thorough knowledge of my political history could tell you of my passionate dedication to unbiased elections. Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, for example, would attest to my irreproachable commitment to fair elections, but I think he's out right now riding the pony my dad bought him.

Others are worried about the lack of international support for my plan, but I am not worried, and I'll tell you why: We don't need it. Oh, I have as much respect for the United Nations as the next guy. Have you ever seen me be rude to any of my esteemed colleagues? No! I'm all "Yes, Mr. Zemin" and "A very good point, Mr. Chirac" and "I'll certainly take that into consideration, Mr. Putin." But the truth is, I go home and giggle to myself when I think about all of those losers. Hahahahaha. Do they actually think I care what France thinks? Go back to supervising cheese production, Jacques, or whatever it is you people do. Leave the important stuff to the big boys.

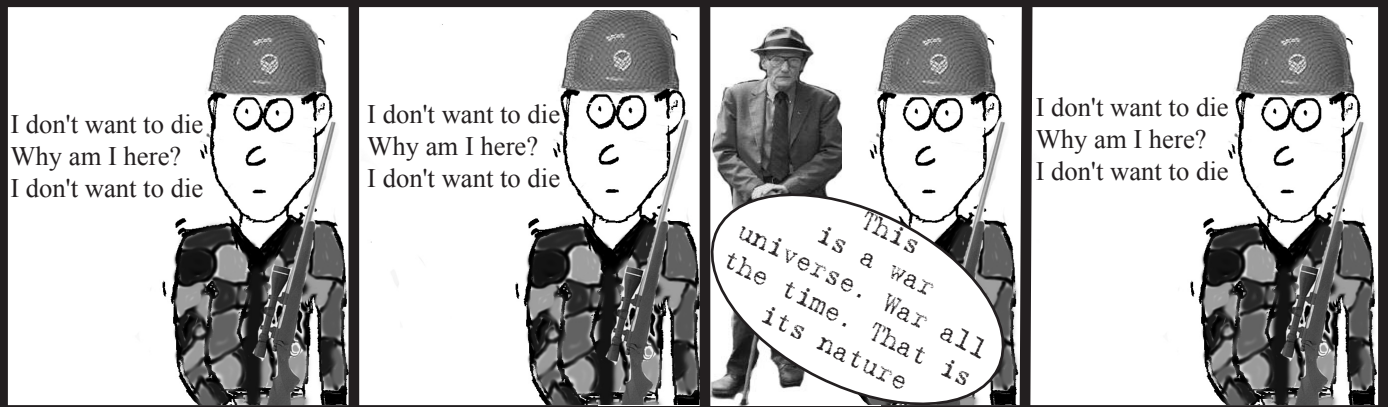
Yet another concern is that I am using the potential threat of terrorism to scare Americans into supporting this war. This is simply untrue. I do NOT want to play on people's fears in this time of tragedy, nor do I wish to exaggerate the threat terrorism poses to America. I just want Americans to be aware that every time they question the impending war, they increase the chances that the next September 11th will occur in their neighborhood. I also feel they should know that every time they vote Democratic, a fairy falls down dead.

The people who oppose this war are the same people who think that oil drilling in Alaska is short-sighted or that executing mentally challenged offenders is unreasonable or that man evolved from apes. They are naysayers, plain and simple. They will rain on anyone's parade, but I don't care, because I have an umbrella, and a big ole banner that says "God Bless America."

Sincerely,  
G.W. Bush

**GAUSS!**

by Andrew Kambour



# GET TO KNOW YOUR ZAMBONI EDITORS!

FILE # 00029



NAME: ANDREW KAMBOUR  
 TITLE: EDITOR-IN- CHIEF  
 SEX: WITH FEMALES  
 FAVORITE CELBRITY: AVRIL LAVIGNE

---- IS SEXY, ---- IS SEXIER: CORN CHOWDER, HOT & SOUR SOUP  
 QUOTATION TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT: "JUST CHANGE IT TO 'VAGINA'"

FILE # 90906



NAME: ALEC BROWN-STEIN  
 TITLE: HEH HEH, THAT HAS "TIT" IN IT  
 SEX: SAV- ING HIMSELF FOR THE

OLSEN TWINS  
 FAVORITE CELEB: MACAULY CULKIN  
 ---- IS SEXY, ---- IS SEXIER: A 4-LETTER WORD, A 6-LETTER WORD  
 QUOTATION TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT: "I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING"

FILE # 77777



NAME: JOSH ENGEL  
 TITLE: THE SOUND AND THE FURY  
 SEX: SURE, WHY NOT  
 FAVORITIE CELEBRITY: GARRETT MORRIS

---- IS SEXY, ---- IS SEXIER: PAGE DOWN, PAGE UP  
 QUOTATION TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT: "I THINK IT'S AN ANTEATER"

FILE # 31415



NAME: EVAN CHAKROFF  
 TITLE: "BUNNICULA"  
 SEX: YES  
 FAVORITE CELEBRITY: JOHN ALLEN MUHAMMAD  
 ---- IS SEXY, ---- IS

SEXIER: MARY-KATE, ASHLEY  
 QUOTATION TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT: "I REALLY HAVEN'T SAID MUCH OF ANYTHING FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS"

FILE # 60666



NAME: BRETT WEINER  
 TITLE: LARGE EDITOR  
 SEX: ONLY WITH MARSHMALLOWS  
 FAVORITE CELEBRITY: ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK  
 ---- IS SEXY, ---- IS

SEXIER: THE GENIE, JASMINE  
 QUOTATION TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT: "ONLY THE BEST FONDLING FOR MY DAUGHTER"

FILE # 00000



NAME: ALLAN RICE  
 TITLE: MAMA'S BOY  
 SEX: VARIES, AS A MOLLUSK  
 ---- IS SEXY, ---- IS  
 SEXIER: WAYNE NEWTON, ANDREW DICE CLAY

QUOTATION TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT: "ANDREW, YOU ARE JUST THE CUTEST LITTLE THING I EVER DID SEE"

# Oh, the Places You'll Go!

by Alec Brownstein

We know that you're sick and tired of shitting in hot, stinky, piss covered bathrooms populated by swarms of angry horseflies that bite the tender underside of your ass, so we at the Zamboni carefully researched the top ten places on campus to take a dump. Whether you're sweating through violent diarrhea or calmly shitting out a night's worth of *Natural Light Ice* on a Sunday afternoon, we recommend you treat your ass to one of these nine bathrooms.

## 9. Eaton Hall, First Floor

Are you worried about something you've eaten? Go to Eaton!

This small, two stall bathroom is perfect for a morning, afternoon, or evening shit. The lack of a urinal means that the toilet seat is often covered by piss because people are too lazy to pick it up, but don't worry. After a quick toilet paper wipe down, you won't even notice that it had just been drenched by a stranger's warm sticky urine. The establishment boasts tempered gray tile walls that are easy on the eyes and a large floor drain to ensure that spilled toilet water and piss won't ever accumulate to higher than half an inch. There is great cell phone reception for those calls to friends from home that you'll only make when you're taking a shit and have nothing else to do.

## 8. Anderson Hall, Third Floor

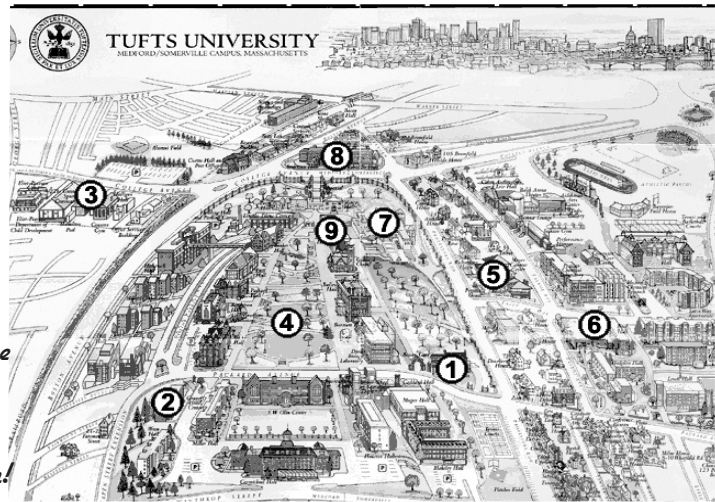
If you feel a rumblin' in your tumblin,' and you're in Anderson Hall, the third floor bathroom is the only place to go! It's set back from the hallway in a quiet corner of the building, so you won't have to worry about passing students smelling the rancorous odor of your shit. The setting is quaint, with an unassuming atmosphere helped along by simple, maroon stall doors. We recommend the third toilet stall from the left as a nearby window offers breathtaking views of College Avenue and the surrounding areas. It gets a bit crowded on Tuesday evenings following stir-fry night at Carmichael Dining Hall, but we think you'll agree that it's well worth the wait.

## 7. Basement bathroom of Tisch Library

Whether you're looking for a random, anonymous homosexual encounter or you're just looking to drop some friends off at the pool, the basement bathroom of Tisch Library is the place to go. Modeled in the practice of Feng Shui, the high ceilings and open space in front of the urinals gives the room a spacious, comfortable feeling. The lighting is more than adequate for newspaper reading and the smell of their fresh urinal cakes is to die for. If you're lucky enough to get the handicapped stall, you'll enjoy such amenities as a private sink and paper towel dispenser. With this kind of royal treatment, you might expect to have your ass wiped for you, and if you hang around long enough, it might just happen!

## 6. Dewick MacPhie Dining Hall

Are you worried about getting back to your dorm after eating that fourth egg roll? Well worry no more! A delight for your eyes, ears, and ass cheeks is just a few pigeon-toed steps away! I stumbled into this bathroom quite by accident one rainy night last



spring. The Aztec rubbed chicken I had just eaten wasn't sitting right in my tummy, and there was no way I would be able to sprint back to Lewis Hall with my ass clenched as tight as it was. Into the bathroom I went. The place is a work of art and the designers thought of everything. They perfected the level of toilet water to avoid that disgusting poop splash that sometimes drenches your ass when you're shitting really hard and fast. The dirty limericks written on the wall are a must see. "There once was a man named Enus..." For a delightful change of pace, don't be afraid to take your tray in with you the next time you take a shit.

**5. The Campus Center**

Pure decadence. Did I just wander into the palace at Versailles? On my first visit, I was so astounded by the large marble basin that I nearly forgot the burning pressure in my stomach that brought me



to the bathroom in the first place. The variety of different toilet sizes guarantees that you'll find the perfect fit, regardless of how fat and droopy your ass is. The abundance of side by side toilets means that you can shit with your friends and discuss literature, politics, or the respective consistency of your shit.

**4. The Academic Quad**

If you like to shit "al aire libre," there's no place quite like the Academic Quad. This is the place on campus where the beautiful people go to see and be seen. And you can watch them all while you squat and shit behind the big Maple tree across from East Hall. Be sure to bring your own toilet paper or you'll



end up spreading your butt cheeks and dragging your ass across the grass like a constipated cocker spaniel.

**3. Cousens Gym**

If hanging around gym locker rooms is your thing, then Cousens is the place to take your next shit. The smell of sweat and mildew can be a bit overpowering at times, but once you park your ass on one of the new American Standards, you'll never want to leave. The temperature in the locker room is ideal; you definitely won't get that shiver up your back that happens when your ass cheeks touch a cold toilet seat. As a time saver, don't wipe your ass before you swim laps in the pool. The chlorinated water will do all the dirty work for you.

**2. Killel**

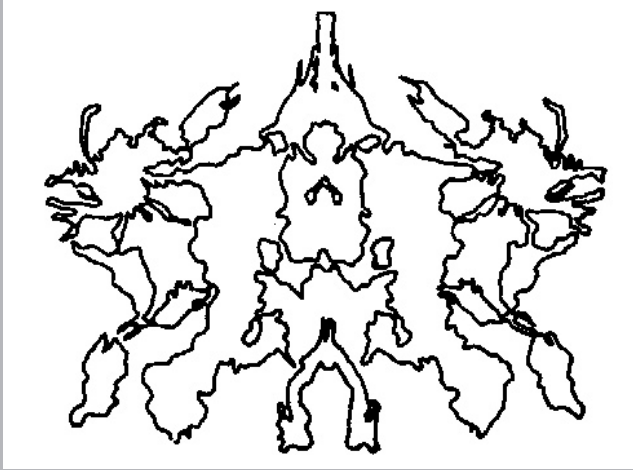
You won't need to say the Bracha before taking a shit in this non-secular toilet. But you might want to bring a tallis, because the toilet paper is rougher than torah parchment. Things get a bit backed up on Saturdays due to a no-flushing policy on Shabbas, but the smell of kasha and bowties emanating from the kitchen takes care of any incidental smell issues. Be sure not to shit after you've eaten a bacon cheeseburger, because these toilets are strictly kosher.



**1. President Bacow's upstairs private bathroom**

I've got two words for you: Double quilted. I definitely know where my tuition money has been going for the past four years. It's worth a peek around the president's medicine cabinet, because the last time I was there, I scored a few bottles of Bacow's quaaludes. He's got a truckload of the suckers! If they're out of the double quilted TP, use the monogrammed hand towells. That's why they're there!

If you've found a great place to shit, email us at [Zamboni\\_Tufts@hotmail.com](mailto:Zamboni_Tufts@hotmail.com)

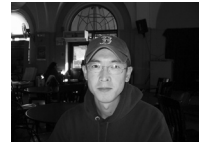


**The Zamboni asked several Brown and Brew patrons and one passerby to interpret this Rorschach ink blot. Then we got coffee. Here are the results.**



A world map, yeah, hmm, <puzzled noises>, I don't know, a world map. Copied a couple times.  
-Rosemary

Fighting some bulls. Nothing else. I'm not a student here.  
-Wei Tong



A map, a fish, a swordfish, maybe a scorpion or something.  
-Shaina

G.I. Joe, you know, those creatures, the plastic things little kids have. Transformers! I have a transformer. They always have teeny legs.  
-Rachel



A rug made out of an elephant.  
A wolf, no, but don't put that, it's not funny, no, I don't have a guess. Map of the world.  
-Cate, Sarah

Wait, it looks like a belt. No. It doesn't look like a belt.  
- Rachel



That looks like a nose or something, a swordfish, I think it's an anteater. No, a Z-Bot, my brother had the Z-Bot Mama, it spread out its arms like that.  
-Shaina

Some sort of little lamb. I see a lamb and a big crab.  
Looks like a cow, cut down the middle with a chainsaw.  
We're gangsters, we're thugs.  
-Tom, Jon





# The Zamboni Presents: Halloween Fashion Roundup!



That's right folks, special to The Zamboni, we have acquired the services of fashion critic extraordinaire Joan Rivers to give us a critique of this Halloween's fashions. Even more exciting is the presence of the oft forgotten, but ever fashionable Snuffleupagus to help Joan with her task. So let's let the fur fly....



One time, Big Bird and I went to the zoo!

*This picture was taken when I was young and attractive... Oh wait, I was never attractive!*

*Joan: Ohhh this is very nice, it's traditional, cute...if he came to my door I would give this kid lots of sugar laden treats.*

*Snuffie: I disagree, where is the challenge? This costume isn't pushing us ahead, its not forcing us to think. I don't like it at all. It has nothing to offer humanity. Feh!*



*Joan: Ohhh, ohhh! How darling. He looks just like a little construction worker! And the stubble is so original. His costume is so complete.*

*Snuffie: Interesting, interesting. But what does it say when the working man, the proletariat, the vanguard class's 'costume' can be donned by some child and made to look cute and non-threatening? This isn't progress; it merely further evidences the failings of our base, lowest common denominator culture.*

*Joan: What crawled up your ass and died?*

*Snuffie: This has nothing to do with the mysterious disappearance of Oscar.*

*Joan: Oh absolutely wonderful! She is so adorable. Oh my God! Too cute. The cowgirl is a favorite of mine every year. Always a good choice for our little ladies.*

*Snuffie: Joan, are you that dense? Have forgotten the fact you are a woman? Look at this, it is re-enforcing gender stereotypes that have oppressed woman for centuries. I would never let my daughter out of the house with this getup. For God's sakes, she may as well be a Catholic schoolgirl!*



*Joan: Oh my God, too much, too much. Dogs in costumes make Halloween Halloween!*

*Snuffie: Joan, shut up. Don't you see how decadent our society has become when our dogs, our fucking dogs wear costumes?!?!?*

*Joan: Hey listen you commie bastard, we won the cold war. You should go back to Iraq or Afghanistan or wherever it is you communists come from these days.*

*Snuffie: You're a fucking bitch. YAAAH!*

*Joan: Oh God, no! The humanity! Melissa, avenge my death!*

*[editorial note: at this point Snuffleupagus bit Joan's head off]*



# At Home with the... DC Snipers!

We all know they like killing innocent people, but what do John Allen Muhammad and John Lee Malvo do when they're not gunning down civilians from the trunk of their Chevy Caprice? Their latest spree has the media in a frenzy, and people are dying to know what makes America's favorite snipers tick. We at The Zamboni caught up with these heartthrobs - and by "caught up" we mean broke into their apartment, and rummaged



**A few books.**



**Tea. Everyone likes tea.**



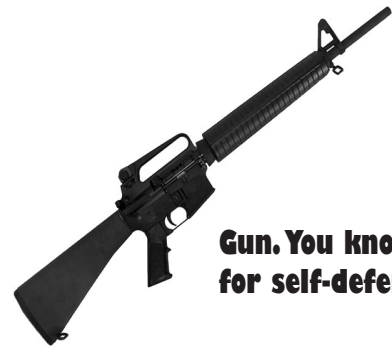
**Some wholesome video games.**



**Dartboard.**



**Picture of Bacow taped onto a page from a Victoria's Secret catalog. Yeah, we don't know either.**



**Gun. You know, for self-defense.**

Oh, Romney!

by Evan Chakroff



Ooooo... whadda cute widdle doggie....



Who's the cutest widdle doggie woggie?



HEED ITY WILL, AND THE ALLEYS OF BOSTON WILL FLOW WITH THE BLOOD OF OUR ENEMIES!!!



It's you! You're the best widdle doggie...



## I Get Laid. A Lot.

by Goldie Adams

You may be thinking, "Hey, why does this girl get a good half page in the Daily each week to talk about her sex life?" Well, loser, I'll tell you why. I get laid. A lot.

Now, I'm not a slut, and I'm not a nympho, I just get laid. A lot. It's not something I can help, and it's not something I can change. And the fact that I have my legs wrapped around a different pelvis each night is a testament to my superb qualifications. My extensive collection of venereal diseases says more than words ever could. It's about experience.

Please don't view my column as just gratuitous descriptions of sexual acts. They're more than that. They educate. Now, I realize that not every person can have as rich and fulfilling a sex life as me, especially here at Tufts, so in this special edition of my column, I'll have sex with you, dear reader.

Okay, we're making out. Mmmm. Mmm-mmm-mmm... You rub my ta-tas as I unbutton your fly. Or unzip. If you have a zipper. I reach into your pants and rub your gender specific genitalia as our tongues slip slide around doing their tounge thing. Mmm. I reach further in and pull out your throbbing penis/vagina. Ooh baby.

Now let me just get into my sex swing... Okay. That's right baby. Do it to me. Yeah. Harder/faster (choose the appropriate tempo for the situation.) Yum Yum gimme some. No. No anal. Not this time. Oh yeah. That feels good. Mmm.. Already? You're going to-- Okay. No, no problem. You just got some in my eye. No, it was fun. Don't worry about it. It happens to lots of guys/girls. Yeah. Could you just get me a towel? Thanks.

Umm, you know what? This isn't really working out. It was good, but I think we've gotta stop before it gets weird. I mean, I really like you and all, but we can't go on like this. No, you can't stay the night, I'm sorry. Can you throw away that used condom/female cunnilingus apparatus? Thanks. The trash is fine. Put it on top of the others. Don't worry. I'll call you. Seriously.

Okay, out you go.

## HOW TO TELL IF YOU MASTURBATE TOO MUCH:

By Alec Brownstein

- Your penis falls off in your hand, mid-stroke.
- The comfortable resting place for your hand is wrapped around your hard penis.
- Your masturbating arm has twenty-two inch biceps.
- When people see you, they say, "Hey! There's the kid who masturbates too much!"
- The calluses on your palms are so thick that you don't use oven mitts.
- You have involuntary orgasms when you see skin lotion commercials.
- Your cum rag stands up and walks out of the room.
- Your penis says, "Why don't you give me a rest. I'm getting sore from all the constant masturbation."
- You are dehydrated from cumming too much.
- You are masturbating right now.
- You call your hand a "dirty little slut."



Hey Ugly! Come to a meeting for The Zamboni!  
Every/any Tuesday, Eaton 333, 9:30pm  
<http://ase.tufts.edu/zamboni>  
Oh yeah, sorry about calling you ugly.

Due to a bizarre publishing Snafu, we went to press prior to election day, but will be distributing after the election. So while we didn't know who won any elections at the time we wrote the issue, those of you now reading it already do, possibly due to you actually voting yourselves. However, we have a feeling we know how the post-election wrap-ups went, so we're giving you a chance to interact and make news yourself with...

# Zamboni Election Mad-Libs!

*Fill in the blanks and have some fun!*



With the election behind us, we are all \_\_\_1\_\_\_ at the victory of \_\_\_2\_\_\_. Stunning tactics and grace under pressure helped them convince the people of \_\_\_3\_\_\_ to make their decision. \_\_\_4\_\_\_ spoke to the press yesterday saying "It will be an honor to serve as \_\_\_5\_\_\_. I have \_\_\_6\_\_\_ in this great state for \_\_\_7\_\_\_ \_\_\_8\_\_\_, and the people have always supported my belief in \_\_\_9\_\_\_." They also added "\_\_\_10\_\_\_." Pundits believe that the use of \_\_\_11\_\_\_ political ads and \_\_\_12\_\_\_ funding was a key element in this \_\_\_13\_\_\_ race, although \_\_\_14\_\_\_'s late admission to using \_\_\_15\_\_\_ had a role as well. There is no doubt that this will shift the balance of \_\_\_16\_\_\_ in the nation, in addition to \_\_\_17\_\_\_ \_\_\_18\_\_\_ Bush's policy towards \_\_\_19\_\_\_. Despite \_\_\_20\_\_\_ voter turnout, it is obvious that \_\_\_21\_\_\_'s mandate is clear and that \_\_\_22\_\_\_ can expect many years of \_\_\_23\_\_\_ fiscal health and social \_\_\_24\_\_\_.



- |   |                             |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. Verb in past tense                     | 13. Adjective               |
| 2. Winning candidate                      | 14. Loser Candidate         |
| 3. State in the US                        | 15. Noun                    |
| 4. Candidate                              | 16. Noun                    |
| 5. Elected Office                         | 17. Verb with "ing"         |
| 6. Verb in past tense                     | 18. Occupation              |
| 7. Number                                 | 19. Foreign Country         |
| 8. Period of time                         | 20. Adjective ending in "Q" |
| 9. Key election issue                     | 21. Candidate name          |
| 10. Obligatory Sappy Paul Wellstone Quote | 22. State                   |
| 11. Adjective                             | 23. Adjective               |
| 12. Adjective                             | 24. Adjective               |

