

**CROCS: REVEALED!**  
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**CAVEMAN-SPEAK**  
**EXCLUSIVE!**  
BACK COVER

# THE WAMBONI

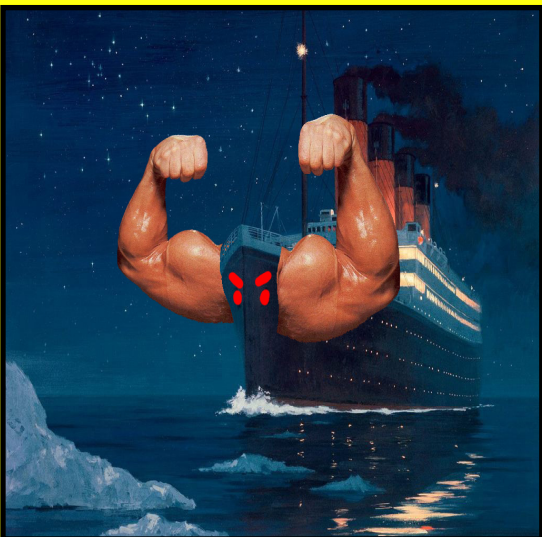
**PUBLISHED SINCE 1987**

**OCTOBER 20, 2012**

## THE TIME CAPSULE ISSUE



**A TUFTS STUDENT PUBLICATION**



**RMS Titanic scores devastating  
BLOW against icebergs!**  
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# A Word from the Editor

Time makes fools of us all, dear readers. Welcome to the first issue of the year of the Zamboni, Tufts University's only intentionally funny magazine. I have a confession to make, however. In the rush to the cornucopia of ideas that would have gone into this issue, the tributes from District Zamboni were caught off guard and swiftly decapitated by the professional tributes.

That reference was an antique, which brings me to the theme for this month's issue: Time Capsules! We've "discovered" a time capsule from the year 2002, when the Black Eyed Peas roamed the land and Mayan sacrifice was just starting to take off. And by that I mean that we wrote a bunch of articles pretending to be from 2002 (and maybe other time periods too! You'll have to turn the page to find out! (Yeah, there are other time periods. So, yeah. Awkward.))

So what do you have to expect within the pages of this magazine? The untold story of the Bikini Bottom housing bubble, the establishment of an exciting new workstudy opportunity, as well as literature reviews, renovation news, and more opinions than you can shake a stick at! Like come on, try it. I bet you can't. I dare you.

We'll be back next month with more fake and funny news from the present and the future but for now we ask that you sit back, relax, and enjoy the greatest hits of The Zamboni from 2002, 1912, and the far-distant era from 1012, all of which inexplicably had magazines called The Zamboni even though we were only founded in 1987. The less said about the 80s, however, the better. We do actually have one article from the future in this issue, but you're not my dad and you can't tell me what to do.

History majors for life!



PSY Wants You to...

## Come to the Zamboni!

Wednesdays at 10 pm  
Campus Center Room 218  
(most of the time)

Or email us at [Tuftszamboni@gmail.com](mailto:Tuftszamboni@gmail.com)

Writing, art, and idea 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 any references to Harvard University must be spelled "Hah-vahd" (the Lang 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 Reisman Clause).



# News From 2002

## May contain low-fat news substitute

### HOUSING MARKET IN BIKINI BOTTOM CRASHES

#### RESIDENTS TRYING TO STAY AFLOAT

By Emily Barns

BIKINI BOTTOM, OCEAN -- After many years of holding the title as the world's most stable and reliable housing market, the Bikini Bottom housing bubble has burst, leaving residents stranded in what once was the happiest place in the ocean.

On Tuesday morning, government officials swept the ocean floor, demanding immediate eviction from residents' houses, causing them to leave many possessions behind. One Bikini Bottom civilian, Jared Ray, was evicted from his Yoplait yogurt tin yesterday. Jared Ray reports "We were just sitting... when a man approached the house and forced me to leave! It's a sad time, but right now I'm just trying to keep my head above water." But Jared Ray is not the only victim of this suspicious eviction raid, the other fish in the sea are also suffering. Esteemed veteran Mermaid H. Mann, Pearl Krabs, the daughter

of a local wealthy burger magnate, and even Gary the Snail were all forced to evacuate their homes. Gary's shell will be put up for auction on November 3rd. (Check our real-estate section! Three bedroom, two bath, with plenty of room for a home gym, kids, or guests. Call Alex at 269 555 2363 to schedule a tour)

The housing crash had its first casualty yesterday, October 14th, 2012. Longtime resident and beloved squirrel, Sandy Cheeks passed away after a sudden unplugging of her dome by government official Plankton, who fled the scene immediately after the incident. When asked to comment on the tragedy, other government officials noted Ms. Cheeks tax evasion and failure to pay rent as possible reasons for the drastic action taken on her gaseous home. The words 'freeloader' and 'hippie' were tossed around after close friend Patrick Star

accidentally revealed that Sandy Cheeks held no apparent job, and spent most of her days sitting in the trees and flowers of her dome-home. The incident also sparked debate on whether the immigration laws should be stricter.

#### ...the Bikini Bottom housing bubble has burst, leaving residents stranded in what once was the happiest place in the ocean.

However, it's not just the poor and overlooked who suffer. Local celebrity Spongebob Squarepants is also struggling after being evicted from

his iconic pineapple. After resisting to immediately evict his house, police punished Squarepants by ordering him to demolish and eat the remains of his home that has been rotting in the ocean since the mid 1990's.

It's clear that it is no longer the best of times in sunny Bikini Bottom. With residents shut out of their homes and possessions, many are turning to prostitution and illicit drugs to cope with the problem. What once was a sunshine-filled, family friendly community is now turning into a seedy, soiled Bikini Bottom.

The brains behind this mass eviction movement, Barry Hutchins, was asked if he felt sympathy for the now broken, suffering Bikini Bottom citizens, to which he replied, "They are fucking cartoons. Nobody cares. Get over yourself kid, jeez."

### New Findings Cast Doubt on Authorship of Ancient Comedies

By Andy Lang

THE FUTURE—As far back as our bio-synthetic suppository hard drives are capable of remembering, the collective works of early 21st-century auteurs Jason Friedberg and Aaron Seltzer—better known by the portmanteau “Seltzerberg,”—have been used as a vital point of reference for students of literature in the years leading up to the sweeping changes to human civilization brought on by the Real Horrible Shit of the early 2020s. Outstanding examples of Seltzerbergian literature composed for pre-Ludovico cinema, including raucous satires like Epic Movie, Vampires Suck, and Ben-Hur? I Hardly Knew Her, have shed great light on the cultural landscape of the so-called Silicone

Age.

Now, however, several prominent literary scholars have begun to question the authorship of various other 20th and 21st-century comedies—among them Bridesmaids, Requiem for a Dream, and the legendary lost film Freddy Got Fingered—long attributed to Seltzer and Friedberg. These scholars cite a number of stylistic differences between these and the “core” works of Seltzerberg. “I suppose the satire is rather Seltzerbergian,” explained Professortron Richard #12054341 of the University of the Moon—Sea of Tranquility. “But I just can’t reconcile the fact that Dr. Strangelove doesn’t have infantile humor and non sequitur pop culture shout-outs every thirty seconds. I’m really beginning to doubt that Seltzerberg

wrote and directed it, and started the Third World War in the process.” When asked how a robot such as himself could get a Ph.D, the Professortron shrieked “Because it’s the future!” and attempted, unsuccessfully, to flip over a hover table.

Some, like Professor Skrillex Del Espacio of the University of Oxford-DeVry, have even labeled some Seltzerberg films as outright forgeries: “All of the scenes in The Big Lebowski involving Saint Carmen Electra were clearly inserted into film at some point after its release,” argued Señor Del Espacio. “They’re jarring, there are no transitions into these scenes, and it makes no sense in the context of the plot.” Others go so far as to attribute the collective works of Seltzer and

Friedberg to someone else. “My research suggests that ‘Jason Friedberg’ and ‘Aaron Seltzer’ were nothing more than aliases for a writer who for some reason did not want to be associated with these classic films,” said Professor Skrillex O’Reilly of Wesleyan Still a College. “My current theory is that the ‘real’ Seltzerberg was a rather obscure director of low-budget independent films by the name of Francis Ford Coppola.” Coppola is most well-known today for a horror film called Jack (starring prominent 20th-century Orkan actor Robin Williams). O’Reilly notes that this film especially had stylistic similarities to the works of Seltzerberg, the most important one being that “they both are fucking horrible.”

# News

## Apparently people still care about this

### Cybernetic Classroomhouses: The SIS Revolution!

By Andrew Reisman

The Zamboni is proud to report that the Office of Campus Life has just announced what promises to be a fantastic new website that will bring Tufts all the way into the 21st century. The new “computer web-program,” tentatively titled Student Information Services, will be rolled out in time for Spring class selections and will be an easy, intuitive, and reliable way to check class times, open slots, and even transcripts.

“We’ve never done anything like this, and we’re so proud of everybody who had a voice in creating this infallible, miraculous website,” crowed Bjork Metcalf, director of the new department. Student Information Services, or “SIS” for short, promises an elegant, appealing, web-tastic experience, with a brilliant yet professional white and blue design that’s miles away from the standard neon green and pink Comic Sans fonts. Expert “cyberneticologists” like Tom Arrow predict that it will allow up to fifteen minutes of viewing at a time before Bleeding Eyeball Syndrome sets in, up from the three minute standard used on most modern websites. “There’s no way this design is going to look ugly or unrelentingly cold and awful ten years down the line,” Arrow said for no reason whatsoever.

Students are excited for this new pit-stop on the Information Superhighway as well. Clara-bel Johannisonwitzkova, a freshman who will be getting the most out of this website, was optimistic. “I think it will be the crowning achievement of our age. Nothink better will come again in the foreseeable future. This is truly the pinnacle of web design and reliability.”

As of press time, the SIS website could be found at [www.tufts.geocities.com/yahooclient/SIS/StudentInformationServices2002/Welcome%15.html](http://www.tufts.geocities.com/yahooclient/SIS/StudentInformationServices2002/Welcome%15.html), and is currently undergoing minor maintenance that in a year, authorities say, will only ever have to be carried out once a month at most.



Matilda declined an interview with the Zamboni.

### President Bush Jr. Promises Long, Interminable Struggle in Middle East, World

By Andre Rishomme

WASHINGTON, DC – Yesterday, President George “Dubstep Dubya” Bush called a special press meeting at the White House to put forward what he called his “ten year plan” on engaging with several Middle Eastern and North African nations whose names he sort of muttered under his breath. These nations, claimed the affable clown we’ve all grown to know and love in the months since his tragic swearing in on 1/11, 2001, were at risk of, predisposed to, or erstwhilely engaged in looking at the United States funny. “These injustices will not stand,” swore Mr. Bush, “and I will not rest until each and every home in America is weeping over the senseless loss of their sons and daughters.”

Mr. Bush’s statement was delivered while wearing a general’s uniform, one of the many fanciful costumes for which he is known, and stationed in front of a scaled up portrait of a torn and bloodied American flag. His declaration coincided with the opening of enlistment offices all across America and the deployment of several thousand troops to the middle of Afghanistan. When asked about the specific location of the troops, and what their effective mission will be, Mr. Bush simply shrugged and said “I guess they’ll find out when they get there, huh?”

Foreign policy experts have hailed this move as an inspired choice that will surely move America further into dominance in the 21st century. When asked, Fletcher Dean Jarrod Naglesby commented “There is absolutely no way this will backfire. The Russian efforts to conquer Afghanistan may have failed, but we beat the Russians, so we can beat these chumps too!”

The move has impacted the student population too, with hundreds of Jumbos taking to Packard Ave waving American flags and cheering their methodical, drawn-out demise. “You know,” said one student, “I know I’ll be paying for this war until I’m well into my 40s and 50s, but at least we’ll have the stability of bleak, bloody, senseless war for years and years to come.”

As of press time, President Bush is scheduled to deliver a speech aboard the USS Abraham Lincoln declaring the mission of embroiling the United States in a hopeless quagmire “accomplished.”

“Finally,” Mr. Bush said in a pre-speech interview, “this country’s destiny as a shell-shocked, debt-stricken, post-industrial wasteland has arrived.”

### Houston Student Requests Roommate Transfer, Citing Furby as Reason

By Connor Des Rochers

On Saturday, September 15, after two weeks of living together, Houston freshman Thomas D’Marques filed paperwork with the Office of Residential Life and Learning in the hopes of getting a new roommate. His only complaint towards his current roomie, Bradley Feingeld, who he describes as quiet, thoughtful and studious, is the constant cooing and nighttime screeching of Feingeld’s in-room pet, Matilda the Furby.

“Everything was fine for the first week. We seemed to really work well together and I thought that the music questionnaire for housing assignments really came through. But everything changed when Brad’s parents drove up from Providence the next weekend.”

It was this day that Mr. and Mrs. Feingeld dropped off Brad’s beloved Matilda, the only animatronic, furry alien that ever understood him.

“He called every night that first week checking up on her, asking if she had fresh batteries and if his little sister had cut off any of her rainbow fluff. We could hear the toll the distance was taking on him so we decided it would be best if Matilda lived at Tufts.” Said Maurine Feingeld, Brad’s mom.

However, after moving in with the two boys, Matilda began acting just like a Furby does and spoke throughout the night from her nest under Brad’s bed. And while the bionic “Furby” echoing throughout the room brought peace of mind to a previously panicked Brad, Thomas found himself lying awake for hours each night in a cold sweat because of the gremlin peeking out from beneath the bed skirt.

So after a week of sleepless nights uncomfortable roommate meetings where Brad demanded that Thomas help monitor Matilda’s battery levels, Thomas finally broke down and requested a housing transfer.

“One of my friends in South lives in a dingle, so I think that’s my best option. Plus, he doesn’t seem to have any robo-pets lurking in his closet.”

Brad could not be reached for comment but from behind the door of room 215, a cold growl could be heard, eerily repeating the name, “Furby.”



# News

For when you've already discussed the weather

## NATIONAL NEWS: BBB Attempts to Decode Origin of Crocs

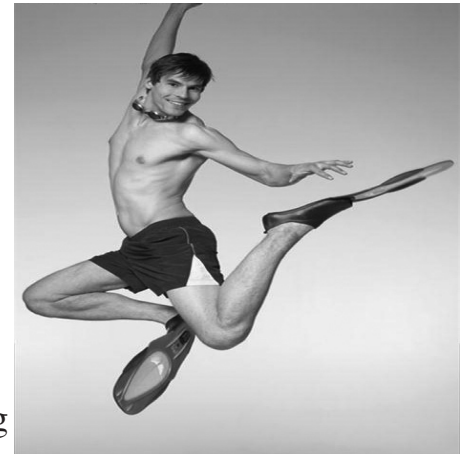
WASHINGTON D.C.- The Better Business Bureau has launched an investigation on the new and popular foam clogs known as "Crocs", which recently emerged on the fashion scene. This trend has grown so rapidly and out of such obscurity, some experts are questioning the threat this footwear has on the country. Today the BBB released a press statement containing several theories from their top analysts on possible origins on this phenomenon.



**The Bet:** Quite simply, some designer bet another designer to make a stupider sounding shoe than "flip flop".  
- Barry Quentinstein, Fashion Designer

**Flipper Evolution:** Crocs are made for contact with water, so enough wear could cause humans to mutate flipper like feet. The Atlanteans could have created these shoes in an effort to have humans move under the sea and buy real estate in their rapidly dying housing market.

- Gregory Umbergad, Overly-Enthusiastic Real Estate Agent

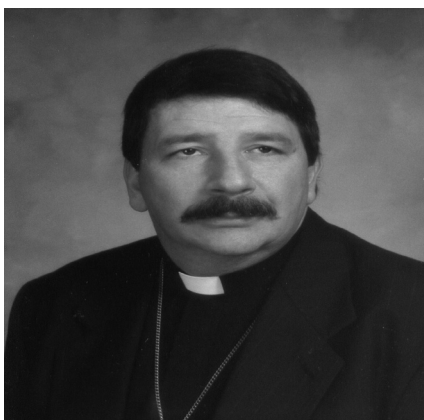


**Food for Thought:** Crocs are incredibly difficult to do any physical activity besides walking in, so some theories suggest Crocs were created by actual crocodiles to slow their prey down and make them easier to catch. Oh God, there's one now!

- Herman Baquon, Wildlife Expert (RIP)

**Population Control:** Interlaced with powerful lead paints, the federal government could be using this insane footwear as criteria for who is smart enough to live, and who is dumb enough to die.

- Gumpy Penchart, Conspiracy Theorist And Lead Suspect In Baquon Murder Case



**Biblical Proportions:** Sent by Satan to test us with their extreme comfort and accompanied lazy lifestyle, these shoes are the ultimate vehicle for sloth and are not to be trusted.

- Steven Wentrop, Suspicious Pastor

### HAVE YOUR OWN THEORIES?

Well the BBB doesn't actually care. Go complain about it to your neighbor or something.

# News

What you need to know for if you need to know it

## Editorial

### The 90s: Best Decade Ever.

By Ernest P. Radical XI

Day Glo. Grunge music. Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera. Saved By The Bell, Boy Meets World, AND The Death Of Superman. It is because of these factors, these magnificent works of art that will forever shine in the hallowed museums, opera houses, and concert halls of history, that it is within my better judgment to declare the decade from 1990 to 1999 the encompassing time of mankind's greatest works.

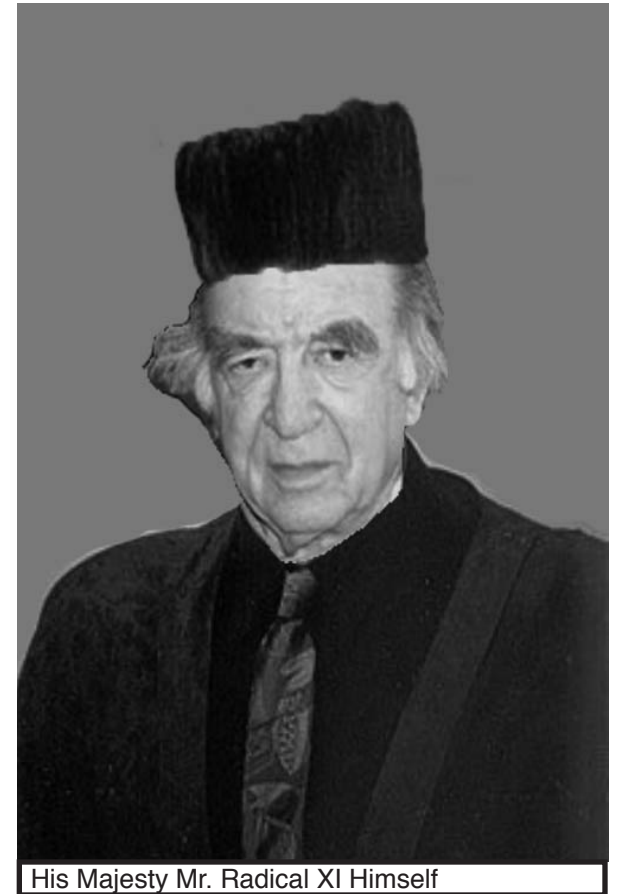
What merit have the works of the Great Masters of the Renaissance when compared with Beavis and Butthead, Ren and Stimpy, and the inimitable and unparalleled brilliance of Dumb and Dumber? Were Michaelangelo alive today, he would surely weep, burn the Sistine Chapel to the ground, and start afresh so that he may better ape the stylings of Ralph Bakshi, Jim Davis, and Rob Liefeld. These titans of art and artistry have woven pure and unrelenting expressions of joy and heavenly good from the raw brushes and rudimentary cross-hatching available to them.

Compared to the dull echoes with which we imagine Odysseus, Perseus, Paul Bunyan, and those of their ilk, we may now bask in the majesty that shines down upon us from the likes of Deathstroke, Killstorm, Swordknife, and the rest of the new heroes of the comic book page.

And music! O what sweet music there is! The pulsing rhythms of The Backstreet Boys and N "In" Sync (what clever word-play!) are leagues above Stravinsky, Jon Coltrane, and the rest of that pre-Generation X trash.

But alas, we are all but twinkling lights amidst the firmament of destiny, and all good things must pass. I foresee, now that this glorious golden era is dust and bone, a rekindling of these ways in "90s Colonies" where like-minded luminaries such as myself may cling to the old "Pre-Millennial" practices and hope that one day the world may regain its former luster. There are already those who, before the final bell struck midnight on January 1st, 2000, wiped themselves from the face of the Earth rather than spend a single second in this hellish nightmarehouse of the post 90s World. In establishing these colonies, I hope that we may now be able to stem the unending tide of these sorts of reports. I pray you, the reader, share my vision, and I wish good tidings to you and your family in the dark millennia ahead.

As the founder of my distinguished "Totally Rad" line, Ernest Radical I, once said, "Smell you later!"



His Majesty Mr. Radical XI Himself

## BREAKING NEWS

### Leading Zamboni Scientists Discover Time Capsule From 100 Years Ago!

ZAMBONI HEADQUARTERS, THE MOON -- Researchers at The Zamboni Institute For The Zamboni have just announced a shocking discovery: A time capsule hidden within the very pages of the magazine. The capsule, bearing the date of 1912, was found alongside instructions to remove it in case of emergency or worse. We will hastily disregard that warning because of our dedication to our noble readers, and also because we, The Zamboni of the year 2002, have frankly completely run out of ideas to fill space in this magazine. Also, we didn't even know there was a Zamboni in 1912. I guess you learn more every day, huh? So come with us now, dear readers, on a journey through time and space. Spacetime, if you will. Except not, because you'll only just be looking at the next page. So... turn the page, I guess. Or just glance over to the next facing page. We're too lazy to plan the magazine that well. Deal with it.

Until Next Week!

-Jackleton H. Merrimow

Editor In Chief, The Zamboni



**CLASS OF SERVICE**  
 This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

*KW*  
*1912*

# WESTERN UNION

1220

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

JOSEPH L. EGAN  
 PRESIDENT

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

*WS*

Dear Fantastic Future-men:

If you are receiving this telegram, then it's been a century since this telegram was first mailed, in the glorious year 1912—with express instructions to return it to Tufts University only after a hundred years' time. Where has it been for the past hundred years? I can't say, but I shall rest easy as long it was kept out of the hands of those filthy anarchists. You know the ones. Anyway, I'm sure things are very different in 2012. Why, I reckon that in the future passenger liners only take one week to get to Europe, and that your Model T Fords can reach speeds of fifty miles per hour. Gee whiz! And I can only imagine what wonderful practical applications you space folk have found for marijuana and cocaine. Well, I'll leave you lot to your new-fangled aeroplanes and sepia-tone motion pictures. Peruse these news snippets at your own leisure. Maybe you'll learn what it was like in the distant past. And in case the horses have finally risen up and taken over humanity, there is an attached cipher from English to horse-talk. Enjoy! And say hi to the stuffed corpse of Jumbo the Elephant for me!

God speed (Neeeiigh!),

Frederick William Hamilton  
 President of Tufts University  
 Wartime Editor, The Zamboni



It's the 1910s and you all know what that means. Mankind continues on his eternal question to find new methods and reasons for horrifically murdering his fellow man. So to help keep you in the loop and out of harm's way, here are some of the most relevant war news for our largest reader demographic—disposable young fleshbags who are about to be thrown into the gaping maw of international armed conflict. Put on your killing faces. It's...

## THIS WEEK AT **WAR**

As a result of the institution of a military draft by the government, applications to Tufts University this year have skyrocketed. A major reason that people are interested in going to Tufts, according to an overwhelming number of applications, is that they have “a great interest in not being sent off to die in some smelly trench.” In response, the countries of Europe have stepped up efforts to make trenches much less smelly and much more pleasant to die in.

A number of applicants who have been rejected—regardless of any academic, extracurricular, athletic (hah, yeah right) merits they may have—have nevertheless found another way to stay out of the War; squatting. An enormous tent city (colloquially known as “Monacopolis”) now sits astride the academic quad. Those without food have resorted to cooking and eating parts of Jumbo's definitely-not-yet-destroyed-in-a-fire taxidermy pachyderm corpse. These people will all die of malnutrition within weeks.

In defiance of our enemy, the horrible dictator Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, the German House shall now be known as the Liberty House. Additionally, all those majoring or minoring in German will now be majoring or minoring instead in “Liberty.” Majors in Liberty will have the liberty (ha) to do whatever they want, while gaining virtually no useful life skills and while retaining the liberty of paying exorbitant tuition costs. Liberty, you guys!



All Tufts students who purchase \$100 or more in war bonds at the campus bookstore will receive a free complementary limited edition Tufts Jumbos gasmask. Let the nightmares begin!

Due to the recent disappearance of Anastasia, daughter of the late Tsar Nicholas II of Russia, the Drama Department will be holding auditions for the part. Prospective Anastasias must be at least vaguely regal. The winner, along with an understudy, will be sent to meet with the exiled Dowager Empress in Paris, in order to bilk her out of all her money. Just watch out for undead wizard Rasputin!



# TWO CENTS

## JACKSON COLLEGE SHORTENS REQUIRED HEM LENGTH

BY MELISSA FEITO

Yesterday Jackson College for Women announced they are amending the required length for ladies' skirts, shortening the hem by one inch. Skirts and dresses can now leave the anklebone exposed. Skin will still have to be covered by socks or stockings. Student Affairs claims the decision was made in part by the alarming number of young women tripping over their hems as they walked uphill, injuring their porcelain feminine faces. This decision is already gaining much controversy in Middlesex County. Tufts Zamboni asked students at both Jackson and Tufts to give their two cents on this radical decision.

"I'm not too sure about it. I know some ladies are quite excited, but I feel such chagrin with my legs all a-show. How far is too far? Next they'll be telling us sleeves are optional."



Stacey Hidlemunger

"I'm still getting used to seeing my shoes."



Grace Armonsky

"Dese scabbety molls are getting their heads before their hollyhous-es, dig? Me and da boys is lookin de other way until we gets ta look upways, see? Nyahh"



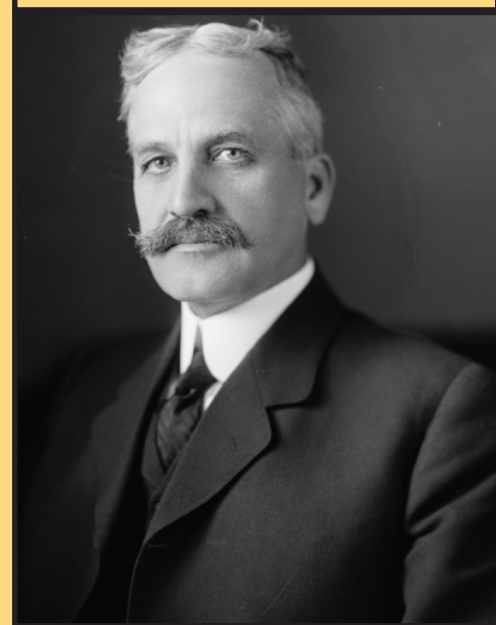
Ron Billman  
President, Tufts Hardboiled  
Gangsters Society

Hamilton Ablesworth  
III, Esq.



"It's ridiculous how the Tufts administration has let these Jackson harlots take control of the policy. This is complete reverse sexism, and I can't believe that my tuition dollars are going towards "solving" this "problem." If my father were here, he would give President Monaco a piece of his mind, I say wot."

"There's no need to walk uphill in a kitchen."



Darren Gumbles

Some Radical  
Broad



"I am glad Tufts is finally getting with the times. And as women of Jackson College we must all participate in the feminine revolution. Just today I submitted a petition to hold a suffrage rally- wait, wait, where are you going?"

## Heroic Ship Wins Resounding Victory against Iceberg, Nature

By Andrew Reisman, Andrew Lang,  
and Melissa Feito

NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN—Early telegrams indicate that the RMS Titanic, a British passenger liner, has won a resounding victory against the harrowing she-beast that is Mother Nature. The ship, which bested the iceberg in the early morning hours of April 15, set out from

Southampton at the end of March to, in the words of its captain, Edward Smith, “lick every aspect of nature from here to Monte Carlo.” The ship’s proposed name, the RMS Frost-Fucker, was rejected on the grounds that it was “not bully enough.” The new name references the titans of antiquity, who bestrode the earth and were never, ever defeated by anybody whatsoever.

However, in light of budgetary concerns, the ship’s builders were required to remove the ship’s stainless steel front-mounted anti-ice contingency bowsprit and instead allow the rabble and ragamuffinry to infest and generally muck up the ship’s anti-environmental crusade. Said monocled British MP Lord Harpcastle Thackleton, “This towering achievement demonstrates that only the British Empire is capable of subjugating this loathsome natural world—not some flowery Jack Frost strumpet without pedigree or squire.” Lord Thackleton then proceeded to smoke a wheelbarrow’s worth of opium while oppressing a young India sepoy, all while screaming “God save the king!”

Nevertheless, some small sacrifices were required, mostly of paupers and Irishmen, in order to achieve this decisive victory. As of press time, the Titanic has sunk below the waves to continue to fight against this godless moist scourge we call “ocean.”



Artist's Rendition

### Breaking News

## Zambonerian Science=Chaps Discover Time=Traveled Copy of Zamboni

ZAMBONI HEADQUARTERS, THESE UNITED STATES -- Those indomitable bullyheadsmen at The Zamboni Institute For The Zamboni have done it! They've cracked the code behind the most bedeviling puzzle of our age: The mystery of the Ancient Zamboni. This parcel, which was discovered by His Majesty's Ever-Faithful Servant Sir William Tufts in 1900, has for over a decade been an unsolvable puzzle that now bears fruit. It appears that within this package lies a rare treasure from the year 1012: A copy of one of the very first issues of The Zamboni. We hope you're as excited as we are, old chaps! Once more into the breach, I say wot. Here's to the Middle Ages.

Amaranth Fieldingsfire Jacobson

Lead Researcher

The Zamboni Institute For Awkward And Convolutud Theme Issues



This shall not be opened till one thousand years hence, on penalty of excommunication.

To he that findeth this capsule of tyme:

If he be good Christian men of chivalry and faith, then he shall readeth these words wisely. Know that it be the year of our Lord 1012, and that on these grounds there once didst stand the Lufts Christian Ecclesiastical College of Churchcraft. Yet I knoweth what thou thinkest: Wast not this land not discovered till 1492? If he asketh this question, then know that by God's will it is so, and also that we have saw this land from space. We haveth space-shippes in 1012, and when we didst see this fertile and stately Hill of Walnuts, we knew that 'twas the Lord's will that we bring His teachings to this new land. So if he should take note of the similarities between thine time and mine own, knoweth that it hath been like this for one thousand years.

Bless you,  
Friar Anthony The Monegasque

P.S.: Disturbeth not my sepulcher, lest I rise from the dead and hunger for flesh.



## Area Christian Finds Vision of Hell Underwhelming

By Andy Lang

ARCHDIOCESE OF SOMERVILLE—

While out in the forest searching for a lost goat, a local squire by the name of Absolon entered a clearing and came upon a luminous man bedecked in all in white. “He introduced himself as an angel of the Lord,” recounted Absolon, “and he said he would show me what happens to the sinful after they die, so that I might use this knowledge in the future to help Christians lead a better life.”

The squire followed the angel to a nearby cottage. Upon entering and descending a flight of wooden stairs, Absolon reports that the angel exclaimed “Behold the horrors and miseries of hell!” The whole adventure appears to have gone downhill from there. “I can’t say I know much about Christian theology,” admits Absolon. “Because if I did say that without the consent of the Church, then I would be charged with heresy. But even given my limited knowledge of Christian dogma, I didn’t expect hell to be so...bland.”

The “hell” witnessed by Absolon appeared to be a small, damp, undecorated room without any carpeting. “There were a few people there—not nearly as many as I expected. I didn’t see any Jews there at all,



"Holy shit! How did all this happen? I was in the other room. I left you guys alone for like two minutes!"

and there weren’t any demons to speak of. The people there didn’t look particularly happy, but they weren’t exactly suffering either,” reported Absolon. “There was no carpeting, so the floor was cold to my bare peasant feet, but I wouldn’t really chalk that up to punishment for my sins. All in all, I’m pretty disappointed. If that’s where sinners go when they die, then I really don’t have any reason to worry about keeping the faith. Don’t tell the archbishop I said that though. They’re not gonna burn this guy

yet,” he said, pointing to himself.

In related news, a sophomore was sent to Somerville Hospital last weekend after wandering into the basement of a private residence on Sawyer Avenue. He was found to have large amounts of psychotropic drugs in his system, including large concentrations of PCP, DMT, and peyote. When asked what he was doing there, he replied he was “just following the angel and checking out hell.” Trespassing charges are pending.

## Moats to Be Built Around South and Hill Halls

By Melissa Feito

Students will notice that Tufts has been receiving an array of new renovations of late. The newest improvement to be implemented are brand new moats around South and Hill Hall. Both Halls were previously upgraded to stone forts to keep away the barbarians of afar (also known as the residents of Medford and Somerville). The barbarians have previously raged many pillages on Tufts’ campus, such as the Great Egging of 1008, and President Monaco has declared enough of this heresy. These new moats will be deep enough to fit 20 horses, and filled with only the finest water. In addition, Tufts Board of Lords maintain

all able-bodied male students participating in the brand new JumboSerf program they must participate in war training. Axes will be provided. “I’m a little nervous.” said one student “One of my buddies was TEMSed last time. He was disemboweled, what a drag. But it’s part of my work-study, so what can I say.” Tufts has already purchased their first cannon for the war effort. It is currently sitting outside Goddard Chapel, awaiting Guild members to paint it. Tufts would also like to remind all residents of Lewis Hall that they must report to Guard training, as the basement will now be used as a dungeon and interrogation chamber. For this project, no renovations

will be needed. But all these costs are adding up, and students are growing worried. “We must all contribute to the war effort on the barbarians.” announced Monaco “Even if that means the implementation of a student war fee. Every single improvement is essential to the integrity of Tufts Kingdom. From the new moats, to the dungeon, to the unclimbable memorial steps, everything has been done to ensure the safety of Tufts Kingdom. Although the most important of these measures is probably the renovation of the front of the Gifford House. It has two entrances now.”



## Tisch Library Offers Exciting New Readings

By Assilem O'tief

The friars at Tufts Kingdom's finest library have just completed illuminating another tome for their impressive collection: the Bible. More specifically, the gospel of Luke. This will be the eighth book to be kept at Tisch library. This exciting new chapter recounts many of our Lord Jesus' adventures, such as His captivating parables, outings with his amusing cousin John the Baptist, and His Last Supper. Together with his 12 best friends, Jesus Christ denounces evil and helps the less fortunate all across the promised land. The Romans don't stand a chance! Fans are already lining up to get their chance to glance upon the tome, which will be available for viewing when the moon lies directly overhead. Each patron will be allowed exactly 30 seconds to absorb the story before the next student's turn. The lucky winners of last week's costume con-

test were given the chance to gaze upon this new volume in advance. "The colors were great!" exclaimed Joshua Biggoms, who won for his extremely convincing leprous skin "Also I really enjoyed one of the letters, I think it was 'L'".

"We are fully aware the literacy level at Tufts is low." Explained Friar O'Connor "We estimate it to be around... 0%. So we include plenty of illustrations to make sure no fan misses out on the Christ experience." This weekend, TRS (Tufts Reading Series) will be offering a reading at Barnum 008 for all those who are interested. "I hope they get the adaptation right." offers one student "These auditory types always mess the story up." The friars are very pleased with the series' popularity and insure that at least one other book will be released. "It takes time" Friar O'Connor says "We do have to hand write



The only course reading. Ever.

every page. And accidents do happen. Don't even get me started on the time Johnson brought the plague in."

But for now students are left gnawing in anticipation for the next volume. "I hope He doesn't die at the end." Biggoms contemplates "That would be a bummer."

## Tufts Institutes Serfdom to Subsidize Tuition Costs

By Melissa Feito

For years Tufts has included work-study in their financial aid programs, to give students the money they need for a fine education in addition to real life work experience. But with the rising of tuition costs and more and more students finding it hard to make ends meet, Tufts has launched an innovative new program. Last week TCU announced the all new JumboSerf program. This program is anticipated to help students at Tufts while keeping the school running smoothly. All students, regardless of financial aid package, are encouraged to apply. JumboSerf asks for students to contribute 15 hours of their day to jobs around campus such as farming and mining. In anticipation for this program, the President's Lawn will be converted into a rich patch of farmland

where potato, squash, corn, and cabbage will be grown. The coal mine under Carmichael Hall will also finally be opened to cultivation. To apply, future vassals will find an application in Student Services in Dowling Hall. Students should be physically fit, have no history of heart or breathing defects, willing to work, and eager to

please their Lord. Student Services asks all students to please submit a cover letter, resume, health form, their civilian clothes to be replaced with burlap coverings, all worldly possessions to be kept in President "God Emperor" Monaco's funeral treasure vault, renounce all allegiance to state, and relinquish their family name. All vassals are also reminded they must be present at the Coronation for their blood oath to God Emperor Monaco in Goddard Chapel on the night of the wheat harvest's full moon. TCU would like remark that vassals will receive no monetary compensation for their work, only the permission to stay on Tufts land and necessary essentials for survival. JumboSerf is already gaining mass approval from the University sphere, with more and more schools requesting House alliances. "It's hard work," says sophomore Juliet Krankers "but at least it's not telefund."



Spring Fling is nothing new.

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## What America Means To Me (Totally Not An Advertisement)

By Andrew Reisman

Did you know that there are around 5,000 students at Tufts University? I'm sure you did, but now I'm going to use that mundane fact as a springboard into an equally unimpressive topic, but one that I think deserves enough non-controversial attention to merit discussion in The New Yorkerz, New York's most agreeable magazine.

Imagine if each of those 5,000 students were divided up into the political spectrum that currently makes up our country. And by that I mean, if each of us were divided in half, and one half painted blue, and the other half painted red, with a few sprinkles on top to denote the other, inconsequential parties. Mmm, sprinkles. Anyway, can you imagine that? After the initial bleeding and screaming had died

down, there would be 5000 lower bodies and 5000 torsos with heads and arms walking/crawling around campus, going to classes and frat parties and getting drunk and going home with other red torsos/blue lower bodies.

I forget where this metaphor was going. Oh yeah!

IN OBAMA'S AMERICA, which is totally post-racial and post-partisan and paradisiacal, we should all be whole people, or something. This would be a great time to mention that I have a new book out, because why else would I pay for the New Yorkerz to publish my opinionated, uninformed garbage? The title is called "Why Obama Is So Great: A Collection Of 300 Pages That Say 'He Just Is, Okay?'" and it's destined to be the most magnificent book ever created, just as Barack Hussein Obama is the greatest man, nay, the greatest President, ever to have lived. In my new, radical, edgy, totally cool book, I've assembled the three hundred greatest typefaces known to mankind, and lovingly (I've personally made sure my fluids are present on every single first edition copy) repro-

duced them with the greatest phrase in the world: Barack Obama Is Sooo Cool.

Anyway, I've done enough soulless shilling for my new book (Why Obama Is So Great: A Collection Of 300 Pages That Say 'He Just Is, Okay?') that I can come back to focus on the topic at hand (which, unfortunately, is not my new book (Why Obama Is So Great: A Collection Of 300 Pages That Say 'He Just Is, Okay?')). There are too many Republicans in the country. Going back to my earlier metaphor, if there were no Republicans, we would all be whole, blue-painted, healthy people. Of course, if there were no Democrats, we'd also all be whole people, but that's such a silly line of reasoning that I'm not even going to debunk it here, because I (as a New Yorker and a Democrat) know that all New Yorkers and Democrats are the most free-thinking, nonjudgmental, open-minded, super-liberal people in the world. The sooner, then, that scientists discover a way to make people think the same way that we do, the better.

In closing, join the hivemind. Join us. JOIN US. GRAAAAAAAAAAGH



## Briefly Noted: Reading Books So You Don't Have To

The 2008 Financial Crisis: What Really Happened by John Brown

John Brown stares at the reader with a wistful expression on the inside flap of his recently published Wall Street expose, *The 2008 Financial Crisis: What Really Happened*. He is a handsome man in his late 30s with deep blue eyes and a slightly crooked nose. His gaze seems to be searching, yearning for something beyond the futile existence of daily life in the 21st century. What is he searching for? Perhaps we will never know.

My Mother's Love: A Memoir by Nancy Reid

The most gripping character in Nancy Reid's memoir about her mother's battle with Alzheimer's is the family poodle, Lulu. Although Lulu is an ancillary for much of the work, her presence is deeply felt. Whether she is swimming in the lake near the Reid's summer home, barking at the neighbor kids, or standing solemnly on her owner's deathbed, Lulu makes us question what is truly human.

The Tears of a Clown by Anne Johnson

In Anne Johnson's new novel, *The Tears of a Clown*, the protagonist Chuckles goes to an Indian restaurant to celebrate his graduation from Pasadena Clown College. While at the restaurant, Chuckles orders spicy curry. When I go to Indian restaurants I usually have to ask the waiter to make my curry mild because I don't like spicy food. Sometimes, the mild is even too spicy and I have to ask for yogurt sauce to stop my tongue from burning.

## The Meaning Of Life

by Sarah Olstein

My cat opens

the door gingerly with her

tawny paw

Meow.

She seems to sense the

darkness in my soul.

I cry.

Tears.

Her body rubs my

leg as if to say

I understand.

We lock eyes and I know

that this creature is listening

She purrs to tell me,

"I know your pain."

Finally someone is listening

What more

could I possibly want?

In this fleeting moment

I have discovered

that this is

the

Oh crap this dumb format made me run out of space

# AND NOW, A NEVER BEFORE SEEN LOOK AT THE ZAMBONI OF 10,000 BC!



↳ 𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃𐀄𐀅𐀆𐀇𐀈𐀉𐀊𐀋𐀌𐀍𐀎𐀏𐀐𐀑𐀒  
𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀖𐀗𐀘𐀙𐀚𐀛𐀜𐀝𐀞𐀟𐀠𐀡𐀢𐀣𐀤𐀥𐀦𐀧𐀨𐀩𐀪𐀫𐀬𐀭𐀮𐀯𐀰𐀱𐀲𐀳𐀴𐀵𐀶𐀷𐀸𐀹𐀺𐀻𐀼𐀽𐀾𐀿𐁀𐁁𐁂𐁃𐁄𐁅𐁆𐁇𐁈𐁉𐁊𐁋𐁌𐁍𐁎𐁏𐁐𐁑𐁒𐁓𐁔𐁕𐁖𐁗𐁘𐁙𐁚𐁛𐁜𐁝𐁞𐁟𐁠𐁡𐁢𐁣𐁤𐁥𐁦𐁧𐁨𐁩𐁪𐁫𐁬𐁭𐁮𐁯𐁰𐁱𐁲𐁳𐁴𐁵𐁶𐁷𐁸𐁹𐁺𐁻𐁼𐁽𐁾𐁿𐂀𐂁𐂂𐂃𐂄𐂅𐂆𐂇𐂈𐂉𐂊𐂋𐂌𐂍𐂎𐂏𐂐𐂑𐂒𐂓𐂔𐂕𐂖𐂗𐂘𐂙𐂚𐂛𐂜𐂝𐂞𐂟𐂠𐂡𐂢𐂣𐂤𐂥𐂦𐂧𐂨𐂩𐂪𐂫𐂬𐂭𐂮𐂯𐂰𐂱𐂲𐂳𐂴𐂵𐂶𐂷𐂸𐂹𐂺𐂻𐂼𐂽𐂾𐂿𐃀𐃁𐃂𐃃𐃄𐃅𐃆𐃇𐃈𐃉𐃊𐃋𐃌𐃍𐃎𐃏𐃐𐃑𐃒𐃓𐃔𐃕𐃖𐃗𐃘𐃙𐃚𐃛𐃜𐃝𐃞𐃟𐃠𐃡𐃢𐃣𐃤𐃥𐃦𐃧𐃨𐃩𐃪𐃫𐃬𐃭𐃮𐃯𐃰𐃱𐃲𐃳𐃴𐃵𐃶𐃷𐃸𐃹𐃺𐃻𐃼𐃽𐃾𐃿𐄀𐄁𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆𐄇𐄈𐄉𐄊𐄋𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏𐕐𐕑𐕒𐕓𐕔𐕕𐕖𐕗𐕘𐕙𐕚𐕛𐕜𐕝𐕞𐕟𐕠𐕡𐕢𐕣𐕤𐕥𐕦𐕧𐕨𐕩𐕪𐕫𐕬𐕭𐕮𐕯𐕰𐕱𐕲𐕳𐕴𐕵𐕶𐕷𐕸𐕹𐕺𐕻𐕼𐕽𐕾𐕿𐖀𐖁𐖂𐖃𐖄𐖅𐖆𐖇𐖈𐖉𐖊𐖋𐖌𐖍𐖎𐖏𐖐𐖑𐖒𐖓𐖔𐖕𐖖𐖗𐖘𐖙𐖚𐖛𐖜𐖝𐖞𐖟𐖠𐖡𐖢𐖣𐖤𐖥𐖦𐖧𐖨𐖩𐖪𐖫𐖬𐖭𐖮𐖯𐖰𐖱𐖲𐖳𐖴𐖵𐖶𐖷𐖸𐖹𐖺𐖻𐖼𐖽𐖾𐖿𐗀𐗁𐗂𐗃𐗄𐗅𐗆𐗇𐗈𐗉𐗊𐗋𐗌𐗍𐗎𐗏𐗐𐗑𐗒𐗓𐗔𐗕𐗖𐗗𐗘𐗙𐗚𐗛𐗜𐗝𐗞𐗟𐗠𐗡𐗢𐗣𐗤𐗥𐗦𐗧𐗨𐗩𐗪𐗫𐗬𐗭𐗮𐗯𐗰𐗱𐗲𐗳𐗴𐗵𐗶𐗷𐗸𐗹𐗺𐗻𐗼𐗽𐗾𐗿𐘀𐘁𐘂𐘃𐘄𐘅𐘆𐘇𐘈𐘉𐘊𐘋𐘌𐘍𐘎𐘏𐘐𐘑𐘒𐘓𐘔𐘕𐘖𐘗𐘘𐘙𐘚𐘛𐘜𐘝𐘞𐘟𐘠𐘡𐘢𐘣𐘤𐘥𐘦𐘧𐘨𐘩𐘪𐘫𐘬𐘭𐘮𐘯𐘰𐘱𐘲𐘳𐘴𐘵𐘶𐘷𐘸𐘹𐘺𐘻𐘼𐘽𐘾𐘿𐙀𐙁𐙂𐙃𐙄𐙅𐙆𐙇𐙈𐙉𐙊𐙋𐙌𐙍𐙎𐙏𐙐𐙑𐙒𐙓𐙔𐙕𐙖𐙗𐙘𐙙𐙚𐙛𐙜𐙝𐙞𐙟𐙠𐙡𐙢𐙣𐙤𐙥𐙦𐙧𐙨𐙩𐙪𐙫𐙬𐙭𐙮𐙯𐙰𐙱𐙲𐙳𐙴𐙵𐙶𐙷𐙸𐙹𐙺𐙻𐙼𐙽𐙾𐙿𐚀𐚁𐚂𐚃𐚄𐚅𐚆𐚇𐚈𐚉𐚊𐚋𐚌𐚍𐚎𐚏𐚐𐚑𐚒𐚓𐚔𐚕𐚖𐚗𐚘𐚙𐚚𐚛𐚜𐚝𐚞𐚟𐚠𐚡𐚢𐚣𐚤𐚥𐚦𐚧𐚨𐚩𐚪𐚫𐚬𐚭𐚮𐚯𐚰𐚱𐚲𐚳𐚴𐚵𐚶𐚷𐚸𐚹𐚺𐚻𐚼𐚽𐚾𐚿𐛀𐛁𐛂𐛃𐛄𐛅𐛆𐛇𐛈𐛉𐛊𐛋𐛌𐛍𐛎𐛏𐛐𐛑𐛒𐛓𐛔𐛕𐛖𐛗𐛘𐛙𐛚𐛛𐛜𐛝𐛞𐛟𐛠𐛡𐛢𐛣𐛤𐛥𐛦𐛧𐛨𐛩𐛪𐛫𐛬𐛭𐛮𐛯𐛰𐛱𐛲𐛳𐛴𐛵𐛶𐛷𐛸𐛹𐛺𐛻𐛼𐛽𐛾𐛿𐜀𐜁𐜂𐜃𐜄𐜅𐜆𐜇𐜈𐜉𐜊𐜋𐜌𐜍𐜎𐜏𐜐𐜑𐜒𐜓𐜔𐜕𐜖𐜗𐜘𐜙𐜚𐜛𐜜𐜝𐜞𐜟𐜠𐜡𐜢𐜣𐜤𐜥𐜦𐜧𐜨𐜩𐜪𐜫𐜬𐜭𐜮𐜯𐜰𐜱𐜲𐜳𐜴𐜵𐜶𐜷𐜸𐜹𐜺𐜻𐜼𐜽𐜾𐜿𐝀𐝁𐝂𐝃𐝄𐝅𐝆𐝇𐝈𐝉𐝊𐝋𐝌𐝍𐝎𐝏𐝐𐝑𐝒𐝓𐝔𐝕𐝖𐝗𐝘𐝙𐝚𐝛𐝜𐝝𐝞𐝟𐝠𐝡𐝢𐝣𐝤𐝥𐝦𐝧𐝨𐝩𐝪𐝫𐝬𐝭𐝮𐝯𐝰𐝱𐝲𐝳𐝴𐝵𐝶𐝷𐝸𐝹𐝺𐝻𐝼𐝽𐝾𐝿𐞀𐞁𐞂𐞃𐞄𐞅𐞆𐞇𐞈𐞉𐞊𐞋𐞌𐞍𐞎𐞏𐞐𐞑𐞒𐞓𐞔𐞕𐞖𐞗𐞘𐞙𐞚𐞛𐞜𐞝𐞞𐞟𐞠𐞡𐞢𐞣𐞤𐞥𐞦𐞧𐞨𐞩𐞪𐞫𐞬𐞭𐞮𐞯𐞰𐞱𐞲𐞳𐞴𐞵𐞶𐞷𐞸𐞹𐞺𐞻𐞼𐞽𐞾𐞿𐟀𐟁𐟂𐟃𐟄𐟅𐟆𐟇𐟈𐟉𐟊𐟋𐟌𐟍𐟎𐟏𐟐𐟑𐟒𐟓𐟔𐟕𐟖𐟗𐟘𐟙𐟚𐟛𐟜𐟝𐟞𐟟𐟠𐟡𐟢𐟣𐟤𐟥𐟦𐟧𐟨𐟩𐟪𐟫𐟬𐟭𐟮𐟯𐟰𐟱𐟲𐟳𐟴𐟵𐟶𐟷𐟸𐟹𐟺𐟻𐟼𐟽𐟾𐟿𐠀𐠁𐠂𐠃𐠄𐠅𐠆𐠇𐠈𐠉𐠊𐠋𐠌𐠍𐠎𐠏𐠐𐠑𐠒𐠓𐠔𐠕𐠖𐠗𐠘𐠙𐠚𐠛𐠜𐠝𐠞𐠟𐠠𐠡𐠢𐠣𐠤𐠥𐠦𐠧𐠨𐠩𐠪𐠫𐠬𐠭𐠮𐠯𐠰𐠱𐠲𐠳𐠴𐠵𐠶𐠷𐠸𐠹𐠺𐠻𐠼𐠽𐠾𐠿𐡀𐡁𐡂𐡃𐡄𐡅𐡆𐡇𐡈𐡉𐡊𐡋𐡌𐡍𐡎𐡏𐡐𐡑𐡒𐡓𐡔𐡕𐡖𐡗𐡘𐡙𐡚𐡛𐡜𐡝𐡞𐡟𐡠𐡡𐡢𐡣𐡤𐡥𐡦𐡧𐡨𐡩𐡪𐡫𐡬𐡭𐡮𐡯𐡰𐡱𐡲𐡳𐡴𐡵𐡶𐡷𐡸𐡹𐡺𐡻𐡼𐡽𐡾𐡿𐢀𐢁𐢂𐢃𐢄𐢅𐢆𐢇𐢈𐢉𐢊𐢋𐢌𐢍𐢎𐢏𐢐𐢑𐢒𐢓𐢔𐢕𐢖𐢗𐢘𐢙𐢚𐢛𐢜𐢝𐢞𐢟𐢠𐢡𐢢𐢣𐢤𐢥𐢦𐢧𐢨𐢩𐢪𐢫𐢬𐢭𐢮𐢯𐢰𐢱𐢲𐢳𐢴𐢵𐢶𐢷𐢸𐢹𐢺𐢻𐢼𐢽𐢾𐢿𐣀𐣁𐣂𐣃𐣄𐣅𐣆𐣇𐣈𐣉𐣊𐣋𐣌𐣍𐣎𐣏𐣐𐣑𐣒𐣓𐣔𐣕𐣖𐣗𐣘𐣙𐣚𐣛𐣜𐣝𐣞𐣟𐣠𐣡𐣢𐣣𐣤𐣥𐣦𐣧𐣨𐣩𐣪𐣫𐣬𐣭𐣮𐣯𐣰𐣱𐣲𐣳𐣴𐣵𐣶𐣷𐣸𐣹𐣺𐣻𐣼𐣽𐣾𐣿𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐦀𐦁𐦂𐦃𐦄𐦅𐦆𐦇𐦈𐦉𐦊𐦋𐦌𐦍𐦎𐦏𐦐𐦑𐦒𐦓𐦔𐦕𐦖𐦗𐦘𐦙𐦚𐦛𐦜𐦝𐦞𐦟𐦠𐦡𐦢𐦣𐦤𐦥𐦦𐦧𐦨𐦩𐦪𐦫𐦬𐦭𐦮𐦯𐦰𐦱𐦲𐦳𐦴𐦵𐦶𐦷𐦸𐦹𐦺𐦻𐦼𐦽𐦾𐦿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠