

**Romney, Obama
Learn to get along!
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Mitt Romney in
December
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THE LAMBONI



Published since 1987

November 17, 2012

THE ELECTION ISSUE

**This is Katy Perry's
face on Paula Deen's
head. it has nothing
to do with the
election, but isn't it
terrifying?**

A Tufts Student Publication

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A Word from the Editor

Dear Esteemed Colleagues of Tufts University: What the fuck is up!?

Congratulations to everyone for making it past the harrowing nightmare that plagues our fair country every four years. We at The Zamboni made a concerted effort this year that we would do our national duty and forget to vote. The night before, though, we all got really drunk and things got... regrettable. I personally woke up with twenty absentee ballots stapled to each arm and the mother of all hangovers. Suffice it to say. Florida took an extra long while to count after that.

We made it through that whole crazy election cycle though, and boy do we have the pop cultural detritus to show for it. This past election, according to a study I just made up, had the biggest involvement in the Twittersphere, the Blogoplex, and the People's Republic Of Memes since 1852, when Presidential Incumbent James Howard Lolcat went head to head against Aloysius J. Ragecomic. We've tried to sift through the blood and limb-strewn battleground to bring you only the freshest takes on what probably happened.

We've got presidential fashion fiascos, some unlikely scenarios from our Zamboni crystal ball, reviews for some of the lesser known polling places in Somerville and Medford, and much, much more. So turn the page and take a gander at the awful, egotistical people that you personally selected to represent you for the next four years.

Ain't That A Kick In The Teeth?



Kim Kardashian Wants
You...

to Come to the Zamboni!

Wednesdays at 10 pm
Campus Center Room 209
(most of the time)

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

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Submissions welcome!



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NEWS

May contain low-fat news substitute

Patriarchy Re-Elected For Historic 56th Term

by Andrew Reisman



WASHINGTON, DC – The nation rejoiced, flags waved, and semen-splattered confetti littered the streets this past election day as The Patriarchy, the nation's oldest and most respected candidate, was re-elected this past election day. The event marks a record-shattering fifty sixth time that a man, middle-aged or above, has won the coveted ranking of "most important person in the country"

Political analysts cheered the victory, which they called "the biggest affirmation of American superiority since the last time we elected a middle-aged man to this office, four years ago." Alexander Jackson Washington, the lead researcher for the Pew Institute For Maintaining The Patriarchy, was similarly ecstatic. "It's been a long and hard-fought battle, but we've done it. We've successfully sealed away representation from the dirty, feminine, homosexual, communist masses for the fifty-sixth

time running. God bless America."

Still, this overwhelming victory did come at a cost. Reports around the nation, mainly Hawaii and Wisconsin, suggest that with the election of several LGBT, queer, and non-Christian senators and representatives, our nation's premiere and time tested virtues of having a penis and wanting to put it in women are being challenged by new, untested, frightening principles of peace, justice, and love for all mankind. Washington, however, was hopeful, saying "Look, it doesn't matter that The Other is gaining power in America. We still have the guns and we can still bring back slavery if we have to." When informed of the repeal of Don't Ask Don't Tell and the freedoms afforded by the Fourteenth Amendment, Mr. Washington appeared scared, tapped a button under his desk, and was whisked from the room by several tall men in black suits and sunglasses.

New Womanist Feminazi Party Institutes "One Uterus, One Vote" Policy

by Andrew Reisman

FEMSHINGTON, XX – Shitty, awful, no-good men around the country were shocked today, both by the news that they would be losing their votes in time for the next election, and by the mandatory shock collars around their dirty, disgusting balls. Georgina Virginopolis, the new Leaderess of the Unyted She-States Of Femerica, who seized power in the wake of the election-day event that political analysts are calling "The Gynvasion," announced in a private press-ess confemrence that all men would hereby be stripped of their votes.

"It pleases me to feminnounce the latest in a long sheries of changes for our fair natiyn," said

Fempres Virginopolis, who rose to power on a wave of anti-male, profeminist national socialist sentiment.

In the wake of this power shift, the national male population has been subjected to ever-growing levels of humiliation and degradation. Starting with the November 9th closing of national borders to all males into or out of the country and the re-decoration of the American flag as depicting fifty starry vaginas and alternating red and white

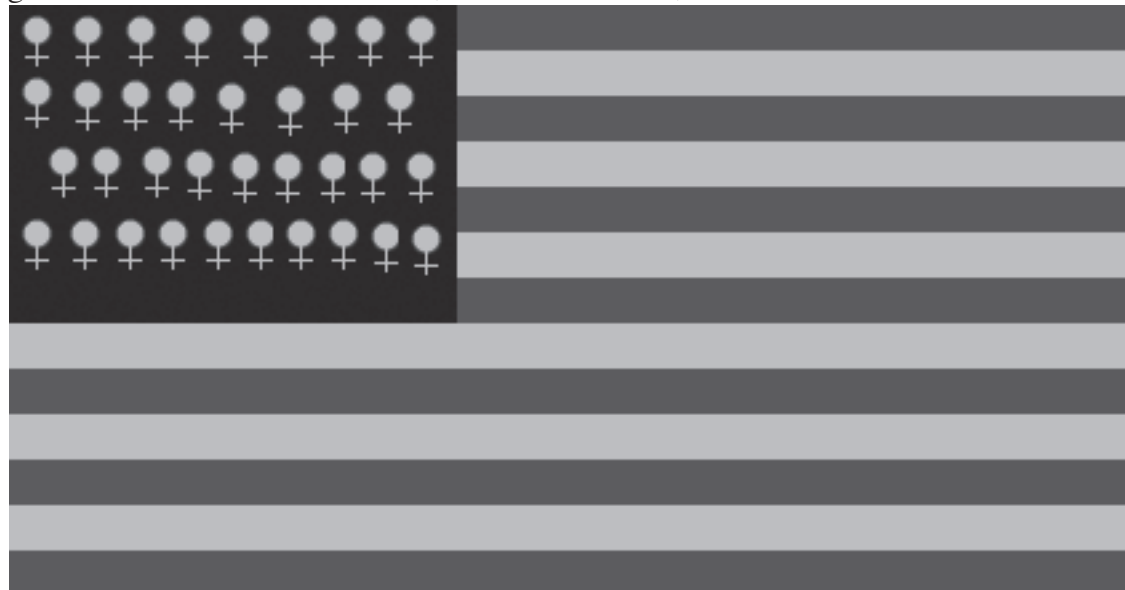
lines of the works of Andrea Dworkin. (EDITOR's NOTE: This is definitely not going to be the picture for this article. Please.)

The press conference, which took place among the smoldering ashes of the White House, was attended by members of the new mainshe-am press including Rachel Maddow, Gretchen Carlson, Greta

Van Susteren, and April O'Neil.

When asked about her plans for the she-future, Fempress Virginopolis was coy, but informative.

"One word," our glorious Goddess-appointed Prime Shimister said with a sly smile on her face, "Femexico. Or Mec-she-co. Mexsheco? Damn, this is hard."



Can't we please just use this flag instead? I don't want to memorize thirteen lines from *Intercourse*

News

Apparently people still care about this

National Economy Menaced by Fiscal Cliff

by Andy Lang

Washington, D.C.—Lawmakers from both parties are fighting tooth and nail in Washington to create a budget before the end of the year. Failure to do so would have dire consequences for military and social spending, and would create automatic tax hikes for the middle class in order to reduce the budget deficit. Politicians and pundits have increasingly referred to this crisis in terms of avoiding “Fiscal Cliff.”

This is, of course, in reference to Clifford Kaczynski, a six-foot-eight, 300-pound, Baltimore native and self-described “shit-wrecker,” who collects debt for various clients, including the People’s Republic of China, and is best known by his nom de guerre, “Fiscal Cliff.” Explaining the origins of his curious nickname, Mr. Kaczynski recounts, “I originally wanted to be called ‘Physical Cliff,’ y’know, ‘cause I’m so ‘physical’ with those who upset me. But I ain’t that good a speller, you know how it is.

So here I am, ‘Fiscal Cliff,’ collecting money for the Chinese. Funny how the world works.”

Some are skeptical about the threat posed to the national economy by Fiscal Cliff, but Mr. Kaczynski has a dire warning for any such naysayers. “You better get your budget shit together, America, or fucking else. I’ll go to your banks, I’ll go to your economies, and I’ll just fuck everything up. Push over tables, rip up papers, the works. And when Fiscal Cliff says he’s gonna do something, he sure as shit keeps his word.”

There have been numerous calls to tighten security around the country in preparation for the possible ravages of Fiscal Cliff, but so far these pleas have fallen on deaf ears. “Fiscal Cliff presents one of the most dire threats that this country has faced since the Great Recession,” warned President Obama at a press conference last Tuesday. “Unfortunately, however, we are not in the position to do

any damn thing about it. I mean, did you see the size of that fucking guy? Did you see those tattoos on his arms and shoulders? All the Guantanamo Bays in the world couldn’t hold that no-nonsense bruiser. If we don’t deal with Fiscal Cliff soon, he’ll deal with us.”

In his Baltimore townhouse, with its mortgage generously paid for by the Chinese, Fiscal Cliff prepares for his time to shine. “You gotta wear a wife-beater so they know you mean business,” he said, unpacking a cardboard box labeled simply “Rampage.” He picked up an aluminum baseball bat with a machete taped to the end. “Some people call me a thug, but I just think of myself as bipartisanship’s violent, arsonist enforcer,” mused Kaczynski, before adding, ominously, “Tick tock, America. Tick fucking tock...”

**THIS SPACE INTENTIONALLY LEFT
BLANK. TURN THE PAGE WHEN YOU
ARE READY TO MOVE TO THE NEXT
SECTION. DO NOT PASS GO, DO NOT
COLLECT 200 DOLLARS, AND GET THE
HELL OFF MY LAWN.**

-The Management

News

For when you've already discussed the weather

Area Humor Magazine Takes 3 Months To Come Out With One Issue

Editorial Board: "Jesus H. Christ,"

by Andrew Reisman

MEDFORD/SOMERVILLE, MA - Students awaiting the second issue of the semester of the popular, beloved Tufts Zamboni were thrilled today to pick up the magazine. However, the crisp, fresh pages and insightful, timely humor were marred by the fact that, for the first time in recent memory, The Zamboni was literally like three months late.

"I'm so happy that The Zamboni is finally out," said self-described Zamboni aficionado Glen Gimmerneck, a junior from Roseville, Idaho. "Every day that it didn't show up on the stands, I died a little. Eventually, I gave up. But when I saw that post on Facebook, I was able to live and breathe again."

Gimmerneck was one of thousands who, upon hearing that The Zamboni would be delayed by months, threw themselves into fits of chronic depression. The Center for Disease Control estimates that epidemic-levels of depression smashed the Tufts community between the months of November and January, making GPAs plummet, the CSL decide that discrimination is okay, and The Primary Source to shutter its doors.

Still, not all of the consequences were negative. Russel Bongly, chairman of the Tufts Humor Coalition, noted that attendance at Major: Undecided shows, Cheap Sox shows, and Anthony Monaco's press conferences have skyrocketed in The Zamboni's absence. "I guess it just goes to show that people all over Tufts just want to laugh," shrugged Bongly. Shrugged Bongly, an older brother of Russel, had a different take on the matter. "All this shows is that more people were getting high in their despondance and stumbling into these depressing, non-Zamboni events."

Shrugged rustled Russel's hair, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, "but at least we can read it now. Still, who knows how long this new issue will last?"

Humor analysts around the world have paused to take note of the calamity that struck The Zamboni's release schedule. Already, hundreds of books have been written about the day the delay was announced, known from here to Bangkok as "Black Wednesday."

The editorial board of The Zamboni released a

statement to accompany their new issue. It reads: "Wow, we really fucked up. I mean, if it wasn't for like two or three guys we wouldn't even have an issue at all. Legit half of this thing was because somebody was bored and came in on their free time and just worked on it. Let's all give these anonymous mystery men and women a around of applause. Everybody else? Come on guys, I know there's a lot of studying and activities crap and stuff, but... ah, screw it. Nobody's even reading this article, I bet. I'm just going home."



The Day Puppy Love Died

by Connor Des Rochers

Chicago, IL--The first fallout from recently re-elected President Barack Obama's inflammatory acceptance speech surprisingly came from within the president's own camp. His two daughters, Sasha and Malia, upset by their father's quip about not getting another dog, have vowed to never vote for or with their dad ever again. In a moment of light-heartedness, Obama stated that his victory would not be accompanied by another dog in the White House. The joke being made in reference to last election cycle's promise of a dog for the girls if Barack were elected to the presidency.

While the joke was well received by the jubilant crowd at campaign headquarters, the first daughters were not amused.

"That crowd was so excited, they would have found an ASPCA commercial funny..." Malia stated bitterly. She later continued, "The jokes not even nice! What he said was really, really mean. I mean, never getting another puppy?! But, like, it's soooo, UGH!"

Picking up where her sister left off, Sasha lamented, "Bo was really looking forward to having a little brother or sister. Malia and I are simply speaking for those who do not have a voice or the ability to walk upright."

The wisecrack also has emotions flaring outside of the first family. Sarah McLachlan sang that his comment "cruelly and harshly discouraged the adoption of a shelter animal and dismissed the pivotal role dogs played in his re-election."

While some may scoff at this last remark, it is said that of independents that voted for Obama, 57.2% did so because of his "pro-dog" agenda. While Romney's 1983 dog-on-the-hood incident hurt him significantly in dog loving community. So as the nation celebrates/mourns the re-election, Sasha and Malia will not come out their rooms until they are granted the freedom to get another adorable little puppy. Or until Michelle breaks down their doors.



News

It was on Wikipedia, it must have happened

The Semenhood Act: Family Sperm Banks and Compulsive Pregnancy

by Sarah Olstein

WASHINGTON, DC - President Elect Mitt Romney just held a press conference to promote his new Federal Semenhood Policy. Built upon the Personhood Bills being passed in certain states, which ban emergency contraception which not only bans all forms of contraception but requires all U.S. households to install family sperm banks, into which all male ejaculate must be deposited immediately after expulsion from the body. "Paul Ryan and I realized that life doesn't begin at conception -- it begins whenever the Lord decides that it must be so. And that could happen months or even years prior to conception. Our goal," said Romney, "is to make sure every potential life is saved. Birth control pills, condoms, and those inter-uterus things or what have you, all thwart pre-ordained instances of human life, so naturally they have to go. But sperm are alive too, and we want to respect the livelihood of every sperm. So, technically, any neglected masturbatory act could be seen as reckless abandonment."

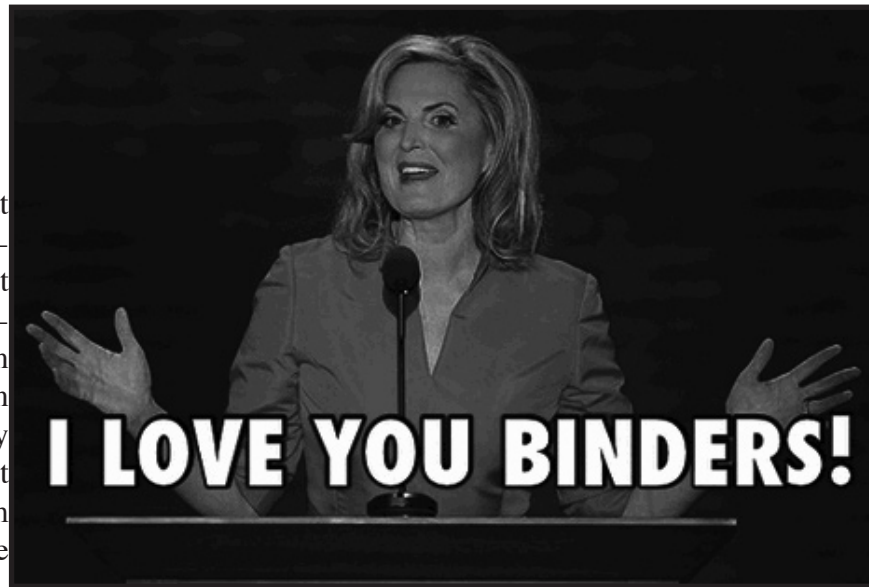
Romney explained that, under this policy, small freezers will be installed in the bathrooms of every household in the United States, equipped with glass vials for sanitary storage. Then, sperm will be collected weekly by certified members of the U.S. Department of Transportation of Hazardous Materials. Additionally, the life-giving power of semen will be upheld by weekly black light inspections of bedrooms, mormon undergarments, towels, and trashcans, to make sure that no ejaculate has gone to waste. People will be fined \$5000

Nation's Capital Menaced by Airborn Swine

by Melissa Feito

WASHINGTON D.C.--On the morning of November 7th, thousands of unknown flying objects were sighted flying over Capitol Hill. Stopping traffic in the streets, spectators poured out of their vehicles to witness the creatures blackening the still pink sky. Mass chaos ensued, people hurrying into buildings and under cover to avoid what some assume to be the herald of the end of days. Within minutes the pentagon had issued a state of emergency and anti-aircraft missiles, but in the end it was Virginia local

for each observed infraction. This is where the Se-



ers: Vice President Elect Paul Ryan and Ann Romney. The latter claims to be "honored to be in Mitt's binder." However, the Democratic Party is referring to it as the "Compulsive Pregnancy Act," and feminists across the country are in uproar over this apparent glorification of male ejaculate. Justine Williams, a Women's Studies major at Sarah Lawrence College and anti-Semen Rights activist, says, "This is bullshit. The obsession with the 'sanctity' of semen is clearly indicative of the phallogocentric discourse that's so rampant in our society. Until my vaginal fluids are treated with the same respect, I will not be a supporter of this bill." Suzie Jones, an RN in the maternity ward at Massachusetts General Hospital, says, "I

menhood Act becomes economic. "Semenhood just is not only a moral issue, it's an economic issue" Romney stated. "Semen inspections and collection will create 26 trillion new jobs in the United States. The DOT will increase in size fifteen-fold, and the national deficit will be recovered within a year due to the money raised from fines.

At the press conference, MSNBC representative Jill Owen asked what would happen to all the semen collected in the sperm banks. Romney responded, "Well that's the most important part of the policy. I can't believe I forgot to mention it. Every month, during the ovulation period, fertile women will be required to go to sperm clinics for insemination. For each pregnancy facilitated in this manner, we have helped actualize God's will. I have a binder full of lists of every woman in America's menstrual cycle, so I'll know when they should be reporting to the clinics."

The Semenhood Act is getting mixed responses. For example, it has at least two known support-

"Birth control pills, condoms, and those inter-uterus things or what have you, all thwart pre-ordained instances of human life, so naturally they have to go. But sperm are alive too, and we want to respect the livelihood of every sperm. So, technically, any neglected masturbatory act could be seen as reckless abandonment."
~President-Elect Mitt Romney

don't know what we're gonna do with more pregnant women." And fourteen-year-old Ray Olstein, a freshman at Staples High School in Connecticut, asks, "what if my family sees me carrying a glass tube of jizz to the bathroom? Ew."

Romney declined to answer this question, which is undoubtedly concern of middle and high school students nationwide, saying, "Families must work out these logistical issues on their own."

Irving Korbix who shot down the first sky offender. "I just pointed my rifle at the chaotic mass and

watched one fall." Korbix said while showing the corpse.



Ugh... I hate Mondays.

Upon further inspection the body appears to be one of a... pig? Indeed, a pig with light, feathery wings. While scientists are still trying to understand how this phenomena occurred, spectators are still watching in fear. And then perhaps the most terrifying of events happened: spectators reported seeing a human figure shooting through the clouds and apparently "high fiving" one of the creatures. Upon descending back to earth, the smiling figure perched on the top of the Capitol dome, revealing himself to be Ron Paul... our newly elected president.

News

Also an excellent fire starter

Little-Known Foreign Filmmaker to Direct New *Star Wars*

by Andy Lang

BURBANK, CA--The Walt Disney Company shocked the entertainment world with their recent decision to film a new *Star Wars* trilogy and buy Lucasfilm, the production company behind the popular and influential science fiction series. Now, after weeks of rumors and speculation about who would be directing the new films in place of creator George Lucas, Disney has surprised everyone again. Instead of picking a well-established and big-name blockbuster director like Joss Whedon or

Instead of picking a well-established and big-name blockbuster director like Joss Whedon or Peter Jackson, Disney has opted to take the Kessel Run less traveled and trust the future of their franchise to a rather obscure Italian art-house director by the name of Giorgio Lucca.

Peter Jackson, Disney has opted to take the Kessel Run less traveled and trust the future of their franchise to a rather obscure Italian arthouse director by the name of Giorgio Lucca.

To learn more about the man who would be taking up the reigns on one of the most beloved franchises of all time The Zamboni visited Mr. Lucca at his Tuscan villa, Il Rancho Skywalkericci. "When the Disney first call me," Lucca recounts, in an almost cartoonish accent that he claims is

Boyardese, "I think he pulling my Stromboli. We Italians are a very suspicious bunch, you know." Only when Lucas personally called did he know that this was not some elaborate prank. "Real great piece of calamari that guy, let me tell you. I really don't understand how he puts up will all that liguine from the fans. He so good to them but they



just tell him to *vaffanculo*. Anyway, so I tell him, "Mamma mia! Of course I make movie, *paisano*."

Lucca, a short, bearded, and bespectacled man with large ears ("Roman ears," he said, adding "I would know, because I am definitely Italian") and a thick black handlebar moustache, is already well known among Italians. "*Ha sventrato la mia capra e ho dormito dentro la sua pelle*," said Giacomo Rignano, a prominent film critic from Milan. According to Lucca, Rignano had called him, rather verbosely, a "real cool cat." Acclaimed Italian director Roberto Benigni also lauded Mr. Lucca, telling us "*allontanati da lui. Lui ti ucciderà*." Lucca blushed, saying Benigni had just called him "wonderful director and lover."

But what plans does Mr. Lucca have in store for *Star Wars*? "Well, I talk in great detail with Signor Lucas, and we come to agree that we really needing to bring the next generation of fan into the *Star Wars*. You know, the childrens. So this mean we need more adorable robots and Jar Jars—basically the same thing George Lucas did, all that spaghetti." He then noticed that his moustache was slightly crooked (it almost appeared to be falling off) and proceeded to adjust it for several seconds, before adding "We still in early planning stages."

Lucca has mixed reception among the *Star Wars* fanbase. "I'm just worried that he'll stray too far from the original trilogy" explained Greg Sprongsteen. "I much would have preferred the director to be [famous Spanish filmmaker] Jorge Lucasso, maybe [Russian film auteur] Georgy Lukich, or even Akira Kurosawa. Michael Bay would've been a good choice too."

Harmless North Dakota Voting Prank Produces Surprising Results

by Connor des Rochers

FARGO-- Fifteen college students at Central Fargo State University created quite the controversy on November 6 by adding an unexpected candidate to the presidential race. On election day each of the teens wrote in "Furby" as their choice for the leader of the free world. However they did not realize that in a state where a total of 37 votes were cast they wielded such political influence.

On election night North Dakota and the nation were shocked to hear that the state's three electoral votes went to the fuzzy Tiger Electronics alien. Although none were more shocked than the students who voted for said creature.

"We never thought that the Furby movement would actually go anywhere. We were just trying to initiate a discourse on the state of elec-

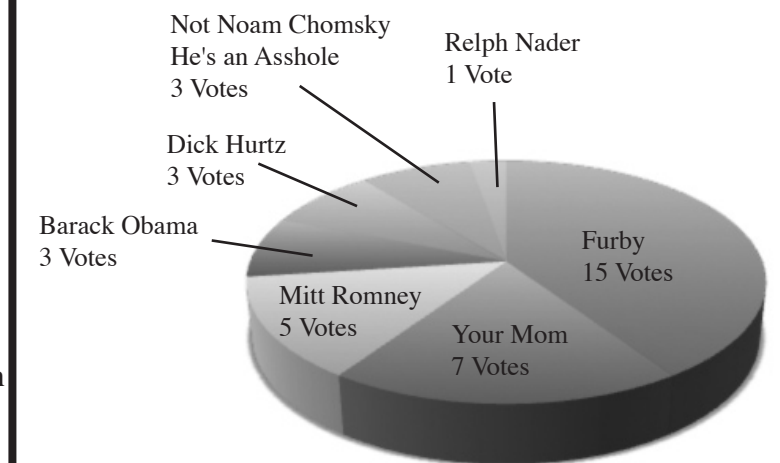
tions and how the people of this nation don't have their voices heard." Stated Deedee Fuchs, an agricultural ethnomusicology major from Little Goat Hoof, ND.

Although immediately disqualified as a potential candidate because of Furby's not being manufactured in the United States, the three electoral college votes received marks the first time that a robot-alien has been awarded an electoral vote. While illegitimate, Furby has received more electoral votes than Ralph Nader throughout his career. While Mr. Nader refused to comment on this fact, the Furby representative from North Dakota, Pipsy, had this to say:

"U-nye toh-loo nee-tye lee-koo? Boo? Wah?! Kah mee-mee noo-loo, ay-ay? U-nye e-day boh-bay Kah ah-tay u-nye e-day. Fur-beeeeeeeeeeeey..."

While this blip in the American voting system will someday be forgotten under the deluge of

Votes Cast in North Dakota



puppy videos and Kardashian sex tapes, the governor of North Dakota, Mr. Potato Head, believes this is just the beginning.

*For translations from Furbish go to www.ismy-furbytryingtokillme.com. Don't even bother with Google Translate, we already tried.

We at the zamboni, even though most of us aren't legal residents of the US, know how hard it is to figure out where to vote. Sure, you could just go to the place on the corner and vote there, but with so many election day specials in so many great places, why would you? That's why we've put together our definitive list of the top six pollhouses in Medford and Somerville.

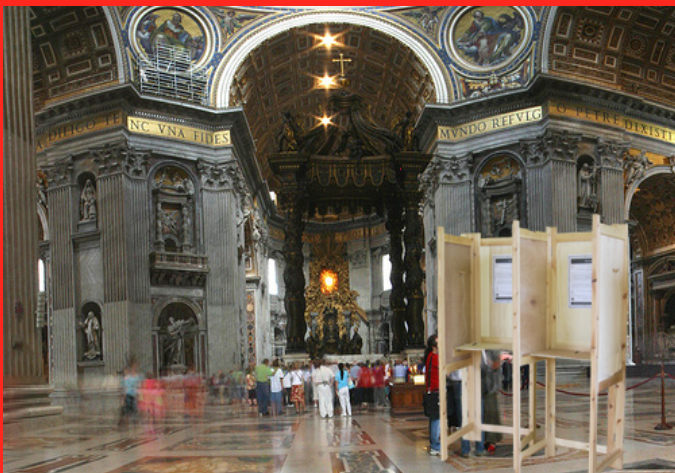
Without further ado, we humbly present...

The Zamboni Guide To



THE POLLS!

By Andrew Reisman



Holy Baptist Bible Church

Pros: Pretty art of some guy hanging off of a T all over the walls. Kind of weird, when you think about it though. Who is that guy supposed to be?

Cons: The irony of using a church to decide the fate of a country that espouses, at least in theory, the separation of church and state.

Hellpit Of Somerville And Greater Medford

Pros: Warm temperature and well-practiced screaming provide a relaxing atmosphere in which to vote.

Cons: Every candidate on the ballot was replaced with Mitt Romney and Paul Ryan (voter fraud investigations against the proprietor, Satan, are pending).



123 (Theta Delta Chi Fraternity)

Pros: THEY'RE PLAYING GANGNAM STYLE! I SAID, THEY'RE PLAYING GANGNAM STYLE. I SAIIID, OH FUCK IT, FORGET IT, YOU WANNA DANCE?

Cons: Had to know a brother in order to cast your vote. Cut you off after, like, three votes, even though you were totally sober and could definitely walk, yo.



The Orgy Factory

Pros: Complementary "Happy Ending" with every vote cast.

Cons: 100% of electorate who showed up was fat, sweaty, heterosexual men. Just like every orgy...

President Monaco's Bedroom

Pros: Convenient on-campus location

Cons: Hard to hear when voters names were called over the hot and heavy sounds of Anthony and the missus getting it on in one of the booths.



The Cashier's Table At DeWick

Pros: Friendly, attentive service from two lovely old ladies, or maybe a particularly unfortunate student on bad days.

Cons: Not an actual polling venue. Great chicken nuggets, though.



Former Massachusetts Governor Loses Election

by Andy Lang

BOSTON—As President Barrack Obama was reelected by a very comfortable margin on Election Day, it seems Massachusetts residents will have to keep waiting for a fellow Bay Stater to make it to the White House. “I just can’t believe he lost,” lamented Frank Frankerson, Jr., a lifelong Dorchester resident. “I don’t know how much longer I can take it. I’m starting to worry that I’ll never live to see the inauguration of Michael Dukakis.” He then added, “What, did you think I was talking about Mitt Romney? That sure would’ve been misleading.”

For the sake of all seven of our readers who don’t know who Michael Dukakis is (as opposed

to our other five readers who do), Michael Stanley Dukakis is the former two-time governor of Massachusetts and the Democratic nominee for the 1988 presidential election, which he lost to a horribly deformed clone of Ronald Reagan. In 2009, following Senator Ted Kennedy’s tragic impalement by Senate Opposition Leader Sephiroth (R-Midgar), Dukakis was briefly considered as a possible replacement until everyone forgot who he was again. Today, many consider him to be merely a legend, his whole saga a scary story to be told around the campfire at the Democratic National Convention like with Walter Mondale, John Edwards, and Tommy Carcetti.

Yet Michael Dukakis is very much alive, as Frankerson could easily tell you. To learn more about this obscure politician that no one in The Zamboni had ever heard of, we spoke with Frankerson—founder, president, and main funder of the Dukakz for America Super Duper PAC—in his small studio apartment. “I really thought this was gonna be the year,” he told us, between sips from a mug that read “Dukoffee.” “I got all my Dukakis ’08 gear out of the closet and everything.”

When informed Dukakis had not run in either this election or the one in 2008, Frankerson repeatedly screamed “I’m not listening!” before crawling under his bed and informing The Zamboni that he would not come out until we left. He also made us promise not to take his Dukakis ’92 apple corer and his doll made out of Dukakis’ hair

But what does Not-President Dukakis have to say about all of this? When The Zamboni knocked on his door, a disheveled old Eastern European man came out with an unloaded cross-bow and told us to “get fucked in [our] fuckholes” before slamming the door and proceeding to blast 1950s showtunes on his stereo. We later learned that we had gone to the wrong address. We were on our way to the actual address when we realized we couldn’t remember who the fuck Michael Dukakis was and decided to go and get pizza instead.

So the legend continues, with no end in sight. But whatever Michael Dukakis is up to right now, it is safe to say that he in no way currently is, nor will he ever be, the President of the United States.



*All Hail The Once And Future Governor Of
Massachusetts, Sir Michael Dukakis*

Florida Gripped by Outbreak of Mass Indecisiveness

by Andy Lang

ST. PETERSBURG, FL—“I just can’t decide what to buy; ketchup, or catsup,” explains St. Petersburg native Anastasia Godunov. This is just one example of an increasingly widespread tragedy—a plague of ambivalence that continues to extend to all facets of the Sunshine State’s society. St. Petersburg, located close to the epicenter of the outbreak, has been particularly hard hit. Experts such as Professor Yuri Sokolov of the University of Florida St. Petersburg, blame this upsurge of indecision on the 2012 presidential election: Obama won the state by less than one hundred thousand votes. According to Sokolov, this uncertainty unleashed “a cathartic clusterfuck of vacillation by Floridians

that permeates every single conceivable aspect of their daily lives.”

Nowhere does this ring truer than in the car-choked streets of St. Petersburg, where drivers can neither decide where they are going nor how they will get there. Said taxi driver Vladimir Shostakovich, “I’ve been here all day. I haven’t been able to decide whether to get to the airport by taking a left on Shchegolyayev Prospekt or a right on Uliya Tolstokozhev. I’d flip a coin to decide, but I don’t know if I should pick heads or tails. Hell, I don’t even know if I should flip a quarter or a nickel.”

This indecisiveness has dealt profound damage to Florida’s economy and society. Productivity has plummeted, as workers cannot decide whether or not to go to work. Marriage proposals last for days, men have taken to wearing both boxers and briefs, and thousands of unnamed babies clutter hospital maternity wards. “This really is very bad,” said Professor Sokolov. “I can’t decide whether to explain this through statistics or

through case studies and anecdotal evidence, but I think you get the point.”

Meanwhile, FEMA and the CDC have taken unprecedented joint measures to quell this rising tide of dithering. Emergency airlifts of paper fortune tellers and magic 8-balls are already in effect. Trained interrogators have been flown in from dictatorships around the world to “guide and definitely not coerce” people into starting to make decisions again. Former (thankfully) President George W. Bush, who once referred to himself as “The Decider,” has offered to assist in this “decisioneering” process. His brother, former Florida Governor Jeb Bush, has also pledged to lend a helping hand, but really who cares about him?

So the epidemic of indecision continues with little immediate hope in sight. In related news, I think I’ve been out reporting from the field too long, because I can’t really decide how to end this article.

Candidates Conjoined For Day, Learn to Cooperate

by Melissa Feito

A peculiar event earlier this week involving Governor Romney and President Obama has sparked controversy among congress in response to some fairly radical motions proposed by both candidates. Governor Romney and President Obama attended the Fairfield County Childrens' Hospital Fair in Connecticut on Tuesday in support of childrens' healthcare.

Both candidates appeared in several areas to take photos such as the petting zoo and bake sale, displaying a cool civility but with clear tension in the air. However, the event got interesting when both candidates visited the shooting arcade. After a brief, passive aggressive debate on the right to bare arms, the candidates, already peeved with each other, proceeded to argue over who was the rightful winner of the coveted shooting arcade prize. And so, through the scuffle, the candidates ended up conjoined by the clever party favor: a Chinese finger trap.

Both tried their best to break the device for over 20 minutes, but any kindergarten graduate knows the puzzle can only be solved by teamwork. With President Obama needed back in Washing-

ton, Secret Service called in an expert: Lisa Carlton, better known as Mrs. Carlton from Fairfield Elementary School. Dressed in slacks and a felt alphabet vest, Mrs. Carlton arrived on the scene within minutes, escorting the near panicked candidates into her first grade classroom. Sitting on the friendship rug, Mrs. Carlton ran such activities as “Bubblegum, Bubblegum in a Dish” and “Who Stole the Cookie from the Cookie Jar”, in which Governor Romney and President Obama were given ample time for blaming and then simulated sharing.

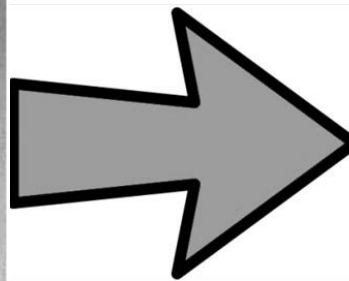
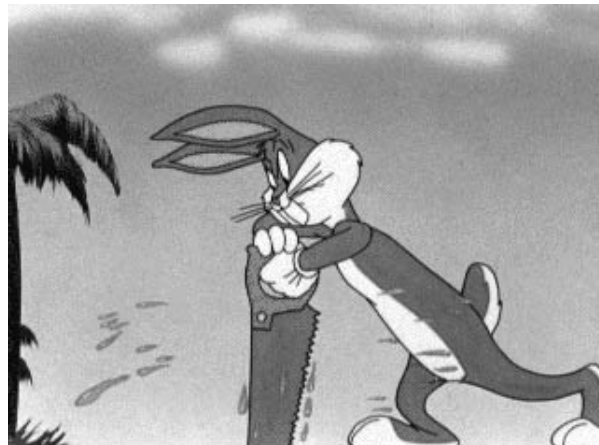
Mrs. Carlton then proceeded to read from the book *Interrupting Chicken* by David Ezra Stein, in which the candidates learned about valuing everyone's opinion. After snack time, Governor Romney and President Obama were able to work together to push the Chinese finger trap in, letting them free their fingers.

“I’m glad we found the common ground to cooperate and work our way out of this predicament, but...” President Obama commented, then suddenly frowned and scrunched his nose, saying, “He touched my finger for a second... gross.”

The two then departed from the Fair with the firm handshake and a promise to watch *Frankenweenie* next Saturday.

Upon their return to Capitol Hill, President Obama has motioned to join both parties into the “Hug Party”, making congress members from both sides reply with contempt. “How can he expect this country to run on a monoparty system?” complained congresswoman Dee Hungerton “this is not what the great George Washington would have wanted.” President Obama responded to the dissenters by contracting Mrs. Carlton to come in for a “Political Pals Workshop” next week, in which all members of congress are required to attend.

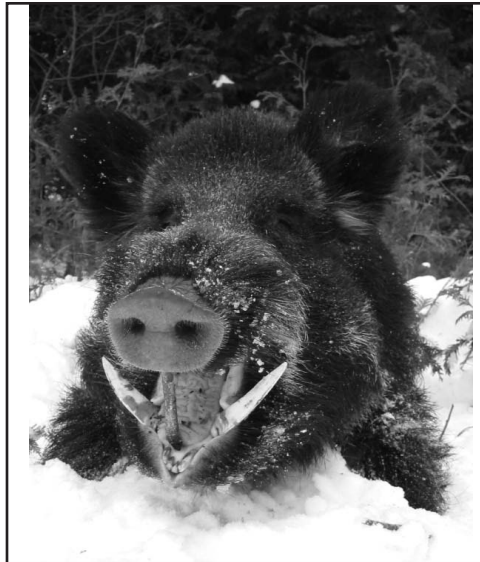
Asked about the challenge of bring two jaded and adversarial parties into cooperation, Mrs. Carlton responded “In my experience, these tantrums can be fixed very easily: there's nothing a few pints of apple juice and some Veggie Tales can't mend.”



Political Parties of History Explained

by Andy Lang

As the prohibition movement picked up steam in the early twentieth century, several prominent swill-merchants and beer-smiths decided to take matters into their own hands. The resulting Anti-Prohibition Party was second party in political history (after the Whigging Out Party) to be both political and literal in nature, as its one and only national caucus, held in 1904, turned into, in the eyes of one onlooker, "Sodom and Rack City combined." The party was dissolved after all those involved died of severe alcohol poisoning. CANDIDATE: Ernest Hemingway, premier American alcoholic



Vice-Presidential candidate Boar was forced to resign over a horrible coke scandal.

In an ill-fated advertising decision, the Bull-Mousse Party was born in 2008 as a joint marketing campaign between Red Bull and L'Oreal. The relationship between the two companies deteriorated quickly especially over the issue of a nominee. L'Oreal wanted to nominate a male model, while Red Bull wanted to nominate a crazy hyped-up caffeine hog. When it was revealed that hogs and other swine are constitutionally ineligible for the presidency, a disgruntled Red Bull severed the partnership, leaving L'Oreal to nominate Jon Hamm.

On Election Day of 1996 in Akron, Ohio, a local polling station was suddenly invaded by a group of people blowing noisemakers and air horns and throwing confetti all over the place. These hooligans claimed to be members of the Surprise Party for Karen. Apparently, a woman named Karen Gould worked as the polling place, and it was her birthday. Unfortunately, the Surprise Party was not listed on the Ohio ballot, and after a large cake was wheeled in with a male stripper inside, the authorities were notified and the Surprise Party was placed on the US list of designated terrorist organizations for interrupting the democratic process."



HE'S GOT A NOISEMAKER! DROP IT, SCUM!



Meow fellow Amerikitties...

In the weeks leading up to the election of 1984, a Brooklyn woman and feline-enthusiast named Nancy Mankiewicz sought to nominate her cats for president on the Cat Party ticket. Little did she know that a Cat Party already existed, and its members were none too pleased about having their name stolen by some upstart Brighton Beach floozie. A cat strapped with explosives was detonated outside of the Mankiewicz household, with the Real Cat Party claiming responsibility. Its members have since fled to Tuvalu, where cats are eligible to run for office. They are still very disgruntled about having to be known as the Real Cat Party.

Paul Ryan Revealed To Have Youth Consultant

by Melissa Feito

When former Vice-Presidential candidate Paul Ryan released his infamous “P90X” photos, most voters scoffed at this self-centered and naively immature action. But in fact, this was only an imitation of a self-centered and naively immature action. Earlier today, former coordinators of the Romney campaign revealed they had indeed hired a “youth consultant” to teach Congressman Ryan how to comport himself in youthful manners and attract the desirable young vote. Ryan was chosen as a running mate to the Romney, a candidate functionally illiterate in the ways of human, because of his stellar high school record: positions in student government AND Prom King. But his past glory proved to not be enough for today's needy standards. And so Paul Ryan became the campaigns' tool, and 17 year old Andre Simmons of Tinton Falls, NJ became their strength. We spoke to Andre as he defended his advice, revealing he himself regularly posts shirtless cellphone photos of himself in his bathroom on this facebook profile. “Like everyone does it, man.” said Andre, showing us photos on his Razr phone “plus, girls dig it.” As it turns out, Andre had to drop out of his position because of a conflict with his state basketball tournament, but not before he was able to leave an outlined plan. The following is an excerpt straight from Andre Simmons' notes in a composition book titled...

“HOW TO BE DOPE”

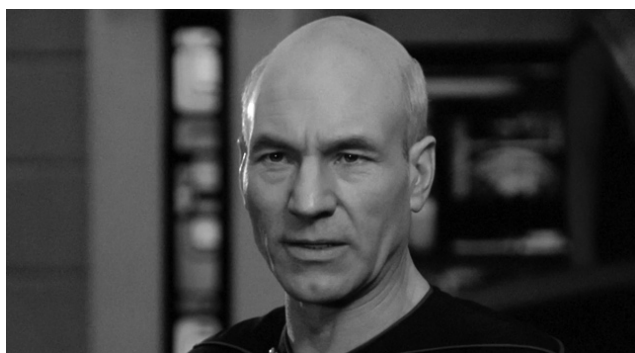
- G Step 1: If he wants to understand us, he has to get into the real deal. He has to go to high school. He can pretend to be my cousin or something. Not that anybody cares, any one can just walk in any time of day. It's public school.
- G Step 2: Get him some extra curricular, so people respect him and teachers wont be on his ass about college. Newspaper and debate, maybe. But idk man... he wants to do glee club.
- G Step 3: The threads [Simmons attached photos of Ryan trying on colorful shirts, sagging jeans, and baseball caps with the stickers still on them]
- G Step 4: The tech. He's got to use facebook and twitter non stop but with no real purpose. Also the vowels must go.
- G Step 5: Bang the hottest chick in school. Instant street cred.
- G Step 6: Do the best drugs.
- G Step 7: AWESOME HOUSE PARTY!!! [One of Governor Romney's mansions was optioned as a location]
- G Step 8: Always carry around a longboard that gets in everyone's way, but never ride it more than 10 consecutive feet.
- G Step 9: Assemble the Coolest board of Dope ever: my bro Gary who goes to Penn State and plays LAX, my boss who's kind of a dick but totally smokes weed, my German Shepherd Peppers, Ray Williams Johnson, the whole cast of Jackass, Nicholas Cage, Lil' Wayne, one of Jeff Dunham's racist puppets, Tila Tequila, Bender from Futurama, Dane Cook, and obviously, Joe Biden

The Lifetime Network has already optioned a film on the premise of an undercover, narc for politics vice-presidential candidate in high school, set to begin production and be released next week.



Somebody try to convince this clown he's too cool to run for office. It's our only hope.

ONE SENTENCE MOVIE REVIEWS!



The Hobbit

Sir Ian McKellen (pictured) and his cool midget friend star in this adaptation of the popular fantasy series, The Inheritance Cycle. Oddly enough, Safira only appears towards the very end of the movie, where she is portrayed by famed Hollywood character actor Smaug Williams. A very unfaithful adaptation. I'm sure J. R. R. Rowling is rolling in his grave. Grade: C



Argo

A riveting sci-fi action film that takes viewers from the normal and humdrum into an amazing world called Eye-Rahn, where the sinister Eyatola beast holds sway over the population! A must see for Stars War fans and Trek-heads of all generations! Grade: A+



Shrek 5 (Probably)

The cinematic industrial complex has created another entry in the Shrek franchise by around this time, probably. Sources indicate that it is, in fact, at least an hour and a half long and contains recognizable franchise characters. Grade: B+



Django Unchained

(Guest Review by Daniel Abercrombe)
An unflinching look at the most notorious black serial killer in American history. Quentin Tarantino deserves an Oscar for best picture. I laughed, I cried, I vomited. I am freed from my ignorance, and I shall forever spread awareness of the crimes that this guy visited upon white America. Grade: F+



Breaking Dawn Part II

Apparently part of some kind of vampire show or something, this little-known art film shows fierce determination in its insistence on a well-fleshed out mythology and consistent rules for how vampires work. However, there is too much action, not enough romance! Grade: D
P.S. WOLVERINES!



Skyfall

An endearing romp through a lovably klutzy superspy's daily routine, Skyfall has something for prostitutes and politicians alike! A heartwarming tale of James Bond (Craig Ferguson) finding true love in his boss, M (Dame Judy Dench). Grade: O Negative

We at the Zamboni are proud to present our newest columnist who we totally didn't poach from the Universal Press Syndicate. We humbly submit to you, the Zamboni's "own"

Dear Abby,

Dear Abby,

My husband was always a very outgoing kind of guy. Shaking hands at parties, kissing babies on the street, stuff most people do. He even kissed me, when I was a baby.

A few months ago, I started hearing him talk to somebody around the house. No matter how many times I snuck up on him, or how well I disguised my scent, I could never catch him in the act or even see who he was talking to. It's as if he was just going on into the mirror.

Over time, I started finding little things around the house. Flags, banners, posters, and tasteful red white and blue stationery with my husband's name on it. Whenever I confronted him with it, he would just smile, shake my hand, and tell me how a couple he had just met in Shaker Heights, Ohio had asked him a similar question just the other day. Twenty minutes later, the moderator he bought for our living room would ask another question, and the debate would go on all night with no real answers.

I made my positions about politicking in the house clear when I married my husband, and his disrespect in my household is driving me up a wall. Abby, how can I stop my husband from trying to run for political office?

A Naturally Nonpartisan Entity

Dear ANNE,

First off, your husband is just crying out

because all of his friends are running for office too. Try holding your own elections in the bedroom. He can vote for his choice of position, he can read memorandums to you all night long, and he can definitely filibuster your proceedings. If you really want to reward him in the spirit of cooperation, how about a reach-around across the aisle?

If you're disgusted by his sweating, aging, disintegrating body, why not just convince him to join an anarcho-syndicalist collective? There are several that specialize in tearing down the failed American experiment and instating the First Global Collective, which will liberate the ignorant pig-dogs in Alabama, Arkansas, and Wall Street. Bring your husband to one meeting and he'll be strapping a black mask on and marching in WTO protests in no time!

Also, if you're anything like that other Anne, your husband doesn't have a snowball's chance in your mother's britches in politics. .

-Abby

Dear Abby,

I fear that I am going insane. Every day, the shadows draw closer, and their whispers grow sharper. The tendrils of light that once kept my body and soul pure have begun to recede, and new, insidious agents of the twisted ether have infiltrated my life. Pustules have formed along my arm, and at night I can hear worms wriggling in and out, in and out, in and out.

The conspirators are the worst. They hound me in their numbers, their black suits illuminated against the setting sun on building tops, alleyways, and in payphone booths. I know they hunger for my new wormflesh, but I shall not grant it to them or else the demons will seize my undergarments, Abby, make them stop. MAKE THEM STOP!

Sincerely,
Barack Obama

Dear Mr. President,

It's perfectly natural to feel the way you do. Nobody is out to get you, except for the illuminati, the lizardmen, the illuminati lizardmen, the women from The View, Jefferson Airplane, Buddy Holly, the ghost of Kim Jong Il, the Cenobites, the Great Old Ones, and the Apartheid Mafia.

To stay safe and sane, I recommend drinking an elixir composed of 1 part vomit, three parts red Lego bricks, and lemon juice to taste. It should exorcise the spirits of those your ancestors have wronged, and even protecting you from future Thetan incursions. Just send \$2999.99 to Dear Abby, Center Of The Universe Road, Cosmos Street, The Milky Way Galaxy, and allow five to three grim, gray aeons for delivery.

-Abby

Dear Abby,

`1234567890-=qwertyuiop[]\ asdfghjkl;'zxcvbnm,./

-Querying Whether Elephants Read These Yammerings

Dear QWERTY,

Go home, you're drunk. If you're already home, get more drunk and die from alcohol poisoning. Seriously, nobody needs stupid "clever" computers to shit up the good name of back-of-the-newspaper advice columns!

I hope you die, and I hope you take whoever passed this idiotic letter along to me with you!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Abby Landers wishes to apologize to Thomas Friedensohn, AKA QWERTY, who was the apparent victim of a stroke that caused him to sequentially hit every letter on his keyboard. Abby was on a lot of coke when she read this letter, and as such her response was a result of "celebrity exhaustion." She has since been sent to the Betty Ford clinic to score methadone)

Ladies and jumbomen, let's escape from the harsh realities of life for a minute and examine what we at The Zamboni believe to be **The Top Ten Fictional Presidents!** (because cracked and BuzzFeed don't have a patent on listicles)



President Thomas J. Whitmore. I'd follow that man to hell and back. Also, he's totally an Apple fan.



President Beck: The Only President Brave Enough To Launch Aerosmith Into Outer Space



His Honorable Eminence Sir Larry Bacow II



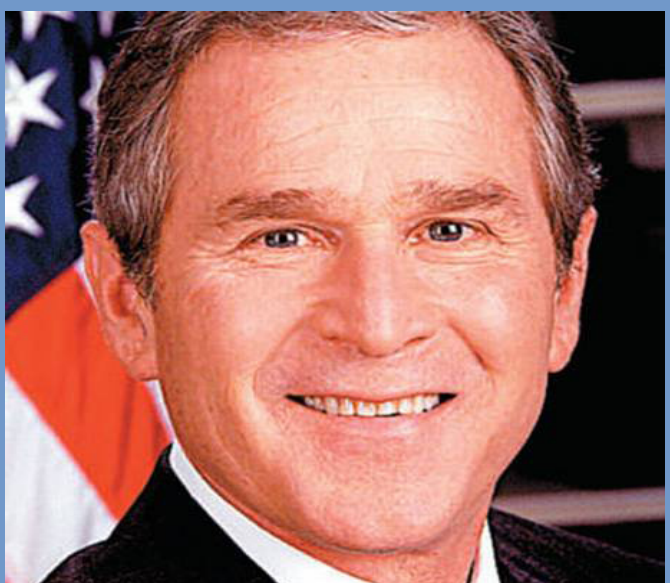
Dwayne Elizondo Mountain Dew Herbert Camacho. That name, and that gun! Damn!



Nelson Mandela: The Best Soccer Coach South Africa Ever Had



President Johnny Gentle: Because we're pretentious like that. You probably don't understand. Plebe.



Whoever this guy is. He has to be fictional, since no country would ever elect someone this ugly.



President... God? Honestly, we just love Morgan Freeman. Read The Zamboni in his voice!



Two-Face: Because we could only fit nine boxes on here, so he counts as two, we guess. Also, insert "clever" joke here about your least favorite prez.