

NORTHEASTERN'S PREMIER(E) COMEDY MAGAZINE

THE NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

TIMES NEW ROMAN

VOLUME I ISSUE I



An Introduction to Times New Roman

Welcome and thank you for reading Times New Roman: Comic Sans Edition, Northeastern University's premiere satire/comedy newspaper, gazette, digital pamphlet thing-a-majig. Founded sometime in the past, Times New Roman was Northeastern's satirical magazine before disbanding sometime in the past, but not so far in the past that it was before its founding. It was unclear why Times New Roman disbanded, but it was some sketchy shit. If that's confusing, don't worry about it, none of that matters now because we're back!

TNR is here to bring satire, stories, and comedy of all variety bi-weekly to further enrich Northeastern. Videos will also be made and posted on our website if our wonderful writers have a creative spark of genius. At TNR, we strive to not contain ourselves to one subject, but with the one goal of making readers laugh and make their day a little better. We know you probably only took this because one of our members gave you a really uncomfortable look, but we are glad you chose to read! If you give TNR a chance, we can promise a majority of sub-par jokes and a few adequate ones. By reading Times New Roman, you'll laugh, you'll cry (from laughter), you'll get angry (with laughter), you'll die (from laughter!), and a bunch of other stuff. Read and check out our website if you like what you see! Even if you don't give us a chance to redeem ourselves and feel free to give us any feedback you have!

US news and World Rankings



Hey Husky Nation! Northeastern's rise through the U.S. News and World College Rankings in the last few years has been meteoric, historic, and, for Aoun and the board of trustees, euphoric. Unfortunately, this year our rise came to an end as we fell from #42 to #47, and for you non-math majors that's a drop of approximately 4-6 places. Fear not, however, there are many other less, well know U.S. News Rankings which Northeastern excels in. Here are just a few:

- 7th for schools that start with "N" and end in "astern"
- 1st basket weaving (remember, we took the gold in nationals last semester)
- 1st in near death experiences while crossing Huntington Ave.
- 4th best homeless guy living on campus
- Best co-op experience
- 3rd most teeth per mouth, way a head of Ol' Miss
- Best northeastern campus on northeastern
- Lowest rice to meat ratio in dininghall burritos
- Best GPA average according to Golf magazine*
- 2nd most flat screen TV's
- 3rd in laziness... maybe, but we couldn't't bother to check if that was true
- 7th in making mediocre lists



TRACE REVIEWS AREN'T ANON- YMOUS, YOU FUCKER



By Professor Mazzonie

Hey, you little piece of shit, I know what you wrote about me on TRACE. Are you actually stupid enough to believe that your TRACE review is actually anonymous? You stupid fuck. I didn't graduate from a top doctoral program, accumulate thousands of dollar in debt, abandon my wife and kids in order to progress my career, and develop a drinking problem just to be insulted by some half-baked slacker who spent most of class striking out on Tinder.

You're so lucky that I let you pass. You know how stupid your final paper was? "The Analysis of Senator Palpatine's Character throughout the Star Wars Prequels"? It's pretty obvious you spent the night before this paper was due reading YouTube comments left on trailer videos. IN FACT, you actually copied and pasted word-for-word some of the comments in your paper. My god, you stupid fucking idiot, you realized you had to turn this into Safe Assign, right? I should have failed you! I should have reported you to the conduct board! Do you know who I am? I am a professor, goddammit! I deserve respect!

In ancient Rome, philosophers were given respect, thought of as leaders of the community. Nowadays, I have to babysit intoxicated, grown ass babies who lose their shit if they can't use their laptops in class, because apparently writing in a notebook is too "primitive". I know you guys are on fucking Facebook, (or Reddit if you don't have any friends). Every day in class, I indulge in an array of world topics, trying to engage students, working hard to reach these kids, all for you sons-of-bitches to watch "Narcos" all lecture, and then tweet afterwards that you never learn anything in my class! It's not worth it anymore! I don't even get to bang any of the chicks any more without administration on my ass! Goddamn!

So listen to me, there is nothing I can do now, but if I ever walk into a lecture hall on the first day of classes and I see your fucking face in the crowd, I will make sure you receive a grade that is nowhere near close to a passing grade. I will not only make sure you fail my class, but I will sabotage any attempt you have to pass any other class you take here at Northeastern. I will be there when you drop out. I will be there when you have to tell your parents you fluked out of school. I'll be there when you have to get a job at the local Wawa, and I will make sure you get fired from that job, and when your life starts to fall apart, and your loved ones have abandoned you, and you have no job, no future, nowhere to turn, and you finally die alone and unloved, you bet your ass I'll be there.

Now excuse me, I'm late for an appointment with my therapist, I'm seeing him for my anger management problems.

America Needs a Bigger Pole

By Greg Miele

I was always told that America was the greatest nation in the world, a beacon of freedom standing tall and erect for all the world to see; but sadly my faith in our greatness has been deflated.

Recently, I came across something so abhorrent to my ideas of what America is that it shook me to my core. It was like in elementary school when you found out Santa Claus didn't exist or like in college when you realized spongebob squarepants was part of the Illuminati (count the pickles on the Krabby Patty, all the evidence is there). What took me from American elitism to American defeatism was finding out that we the most patriot nation in the world does not have the world's biggest flagpole!!!!

America's getting shafted here, and I seem to be the only one paying attention! The tallest flagpole in the world is in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, but, get this, we're not even second. The second tallest flagpole is located in Tajikistan. No, that's not a horrible misspelling of Pakistan; it turns out this Tajikistan is a real place, and what's more, it's a country. Go figure. This is truly the shame of America. Tajikistans' flagpole lays in its capital, Dushanbe, which literally translates to "Monday". Forget ISIS, were being defeated by a day of the week! To quote Garfield, "Mondays suck, and any nation that name their capital after it is a failed post-Soviet era state" (the place doesn't even have lasagna, truly a Jim Davis themed hell-scape). I don't wanna go anywhere named after a day in the week unless theres a TGI in front of it and I can get food drowned in Jack Daniels sauce.

People, our fore fathers fought and died for the right to have oversized stuff, from the world's largest rocking chair to the world's fattest people. Making things oversized is what makes America, great. Frankly, I don't want to live in a world where I can't get a burrito bigger than my face.

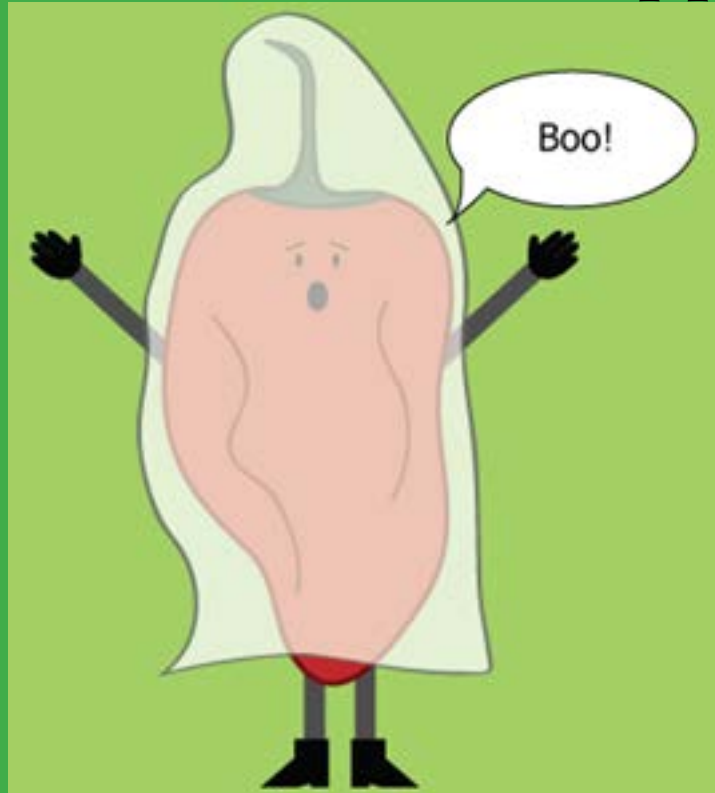
But don't worry people, there is a solution. No, it's not build a taller flagpole; that's stupid and if you thought of that you're either an idiot or named Keith (he knows what he did). My solution is to steal all the taller flag poles, bring them back to Boston, and in Northeastern's centennial quad, stack them on top of each other, creating a mega-pole. Now, I'm no architect, but I believe that with enough old fashion American "can-do-spirit", and a lot of duck tape, we can bring this record back to the land of the free; back to where it belongs.



Now some of you may be saying this whole thing is stupid, to which I'd reply that you look an awful lot like a Tajistani spy! People, this goal is of the utmost important! If we concede on this, who knows what else America will lose. First, they came for the flagpoles, and I did not speak out because I was not a flagpole. Then they came for the oversized food portions, and I did not speak out because I was already full at the time. Then they came for Florida, and I did not speak out because I had a bad experience at Sea World when I was younger. Then they came for me, and other over-reactionary Americans, and there was no one left to speak for us.



5k walk for Ghost Peppers



This Saturday, come join millions across the country as we walk to bring the plight of the ghost peppers into the spotlight. For those of you who don't know, ghost peppers are desperately down on their luck. Once full-bodied strong peppers, they are being murdered, and have subsequently become ghosts, forced to walk this earth, unable to pass on to pepper heaven, due to unresolved issues they still have.

Despite the billions of peppers that have and are constantly being murdered, only a few Americans have been concerned with the suffering of these cultivars. It wasn't until recently that America has turned its attention to the inhumane killing of innocent peppers, after the story of little orphan Ruby DeSpicy, a banana pepper who had been kidnapped by a deranged Chipotle employee, mercilessly chopped up, and served in a deliciously sinful burrito bowl, then consumed by the president of a prominent Boston university, touched lives all across America. The outrage that ensued afterwards was unprecedented. People got on social media expressing their sympathy with #prayforDeSpicy. Now, the most famous singers in the world have come together to make another rendition of "We are the World", this time for peppers, that can be viewed on exclusively TNR's website. Now you too can add your support for these poor ghost peppers by walking for change!



TNR CARES

GARRET'S SPORTS COHRNAH

Everyone's favorite Bostonian *Garret Shanahan* is senior staff sports writer here at Times New Roman. This week, Garret tackles this past Sunday's AFC Championship game between the New England Patriots and the Denver Broncos.



Okay. Time to shut these boys up. Save the AFC from the Denva Ponies. I feel more confident than the starting quarterback at a high school dance. My neighbor Billy put 100 bucks on the game and Billy never loses to a bookie. Not never.

First Quarta

Son of a bitch. These refs are defining what fuckin ova a team looks like. I haven't seen zebras this retarded since I saw Madagascara 2. I understand Concussion's a fucked up movie but these refs turn this league into a pussy sport. Peyton scoahs first but that's the only time he's ever scoahed first compared to Brady. You ever seen Peyton's forehead, all the HGH went to it. He's an ugly fuckin dude. And Tom's out there bangin' super models. Every time my boy Tom goes back to throw I shiva because Tom's o-line go more open holes than a lesbian orgy. Thank god Bill throws the challenge flag because that throw was more backwards than Alabama's position on the gays. Helluva a TD by Brady but Gostkowski's missed XP was a black mark on that drive. I want to see Edelman out there more. A healthy Jules and Brady are more dangerous than Wade Boggs at an open bar. And this is with an offensive line that's got more issues than Menino trying to pronounce Gostkowski's name.

Second Quarta

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Brady throw the bullets. You're a fuckin snipa. That throw was softer than a shit after drinking a whole bottle of prune juice. People say the Oscars are whiter than Tony Montana's nose, but this game's score log is whiter than a Floridian gated community. Of course the NFL is sabotaging the Pats tablets. Just happened their tablets stopped working in the Red Zone. Bullshit. But that skid Goodell won't hit any Harvard lawyers or start a witch hunt like they did with the Pats. Denver is targeting every Pats receiver's head and the refs don't bat an eye. Tom the Clydesdale takes off and gets a first down. Putting the team on his back like Darren Sharpe. The hardest hitting safety in the league. Still a close game but Tom and Gostkowski are shaken more than a maraca at a methadone clinic. I have never seen a two pick half for Brady. I haven't seen this many picks since a 1970s afro convention. Brady and his boys go into half 8 points down, that missed XP hurting real bad. Belichick better talk some sense into these boys that's all I can say. My stomach's getting knocked, I'm wicked nervous.

Third Quarta

Brady needs some protection. He's getting hit more than Don McClean's wife. The Pat's puttin me on an emotional rolla coasta and I feel like I might throw up. If Brady's a Clydesdale, Peyton's a one-legged, poodle, pumped full with HGH—relyin on Goodell to tell his goons dressed in black and white to fack the Pats every chance they get. I haven't seen an offensive lineman as incahmpetent at blocking their man as Fleming since we drafted that tackle from the Perkins School of the Blind. The only positive of this game is Chandla Jones hittin Peyton hahda than his fake weed joints. This shitty field position ain't helpin the Pats chances though. Pats don't make excuses but if they did that would be numero uno.



Fourth Quarta

To be Gronk's personal foam rolla. Every boy from Southie's dream job. Now we just gotta inject him with some tiga blood and throw him back on the field. The haht attack I get every time Peyton throws it to the end zone is gunna shave 10 yeahs off my life. The Pats bettah stop pussyfootin around because they ah in dangerous territory. They ah puttin themselves in a worse situation than a diabetic in a Krispy Kreme. Finally, the Pats get a call. Denva's redefinin tahgettin of the head. Thank gahd TJ Ward got hurt. Guys such a fackin tool, screw drivas are jealous. WHY WOULD YOU NOT HAVE BRADY SNEAK THE FACKIN BALL. What the fack is Josh McDaniel's thinkin. This is the AFC fackin championship game. Get ya heads outta ya asses. I don't know if it's the thin air or somethin but the offensive line seems like they've forgaht how to block. Amendola, get ya hands on the fackin ball. My boy Gronk shows he's a beast, catches a TD late. A missed 2-point conversion kills all joy that filled my bahdy as sadness and anga takes its place. Gostkowski's missed XP still stings worse than a bee sting on a sun bahn. But this is it. This is the season. Shit.

Recap



I feel like fackin loosah. This must be how it feels to be a Beahs fan post Mike Ditka. I've neva seen a sloppiea game outta the Pats. Gostkowski missed a big fackin field goal which neva fackin happens. Bill chooses to receive the damn ball afta winnin the flip. He neva fackin does that eitha. I was more confused than a deaf dude at an acktion. The Pats not kickin that field goal in the third quarta came back to bite us in the ass. We had more missed opportunities than a middle schoola on a movie date. Fackin pathetic. And to the Broncos. Those HGH guzzlin, head huntin schmucks don't deserve shit. They don't practice as hahd as Tommy. No one does. And to think those ass-crack anouncas on ESPN talkin more anti-Pats bullshit means I can't even watch sports centa in the morn. All these fans from loosah football teams comin outta the woodwak talkin shit about the Pats even though there team hasn't made it in fackin yeahs.

I was ready for Tom to take the Lambadi Trophy and shove it in the skiz Rodga Goodell's fat face as Bobby Kraft kicks him in the mouth with his fresh-ass custom kicks. Hey, maybe it will still happen. Imma still watch the Supa Bowl to see Manning get his face kicked in by Cam. I like Cam. Like the kehda lot. Kehda can dance but not betta than my ma's brotha Uncle Patty. Uncle Patty sure can fackin patty!

When your in a rut,
and you don't know why,
do not cry, just ask
mister

ADVICE GUY!

Have questions, but nowhere to turn? No worry, Advice Guy is here to help! Send in your questions, and Advice Guy will use his wits to get you outta your pickle!

Dear TNR,

I'm having a lot of trouble making friends here. Any tips on how to expand my social circle?

Regards,
Timmy Jones
Freshman, Mathematics

Timmy Jones,

Isn't it strange that, like, all kids can make friends without even trying? I was at McDonalds with my son the other day and he sees this other kid eating a McGriddle--and he's eating a McGriddle too, so he asks this kid, "you like McGriddles?" and the kid's like, "Yeah, do you?" and my son's like, "Yeah." Three minutes later and they're talking about their darkest secrets--I mean, my son actually admits to murdering at least two other toddlers. I love that shit.

Granted, I don't actually have a son--but you get the point, right? The story speaks for itself. Some kids carry this ability with them their whole lives--and you can just tell, right? You can spot them; they stick out. It's that guy you see once a month, but each time you see him he's talking to someone you've never seen before, and each time you talk to him you feel like you've been friends your whole life. It's that one girl who actually listens to you as you speak despite the fact that, during this time, she's missed three calls, fifteen texts, five friend requests, seven follow requests, and at least one letter via carrier pigeon.

And then, Timmy, you festering pile of shit, there's you: little Tim Jones, sitting at your little bullshit computer in your little bullshit dorm, probably twiddling your nipples or jerking off into your roommate's sock. I don't know what you do for fun. Point being: fuck you, Timmy. You disgust me. You're "having a lot of trouble making friends?" Well I'm having a lot of trouble maintaining my chill--and I'm a chill guy, Tim. Just reading your letter gave me an aneurysm--I felt it right at the top of my cerebellum. It hurt, Timmy; that was some intense shit. I needed to punch a hole in my wall just to keep my head from literally exploding. Who's gonna pay for my medical bills, huh? Who's gonna pay for the damage to my wall? Well Tim, it sure as fuck isn't gonna be me--so how about you step up to the plate, yeah? How about you make a friend out of me.

There are like three billion kids here, Timmy--you can find at least one of them who doesn't find you as uninteresting as I do. If I hear that you still don't have any friends by the end of the semester, I will personally find you and shove a handful of irradiated scorpions down your fragile throat. That's a promise, Timmy. Make a fucking move, or crawl back into that pool of human sludge you slithered out of.

Yours truly,

Advise Guy

Dear TNR

I'm looking to get more involved on campus, and I think Times New Roman is a great option. I have a lot of ideas and I love satire, when and where do you guys meet?

Thanks,
James Rutherford
Sophomore, Journalism

James Rutherford,

I like your initiative, kid. You've got some fight in you--I like that. Here at TNR, we take pride in the unparalleled bravery and untamed comedic genius of our intrepid writers. Do they pause when they think an idea is too ludicrous, too absurdly confounding for modern-day audiences? No. Do they pause to check for offensive, hurtful language? Fuck no. We don't need any more fragile, politically correct assholes whose sense of humor stops and ends at a healthy knock-knock joke. You understand, right? You "love satire," don't you? In any case, TNR applauds courage in the face of overwhelming odds--and let's face it, James, your odds are pretty overwhelming.

Oh, James. You didn't actually think it would be that easy, did you? TNR is the diabolical love child of years of scientific research, genetic experimentation, and dark bygone ritual. TNR is an institution--a proud monument stood tall against the backdrop of a cold, ashen earth; a noble archaic monolith at the end of a forgotten stone path standing at the foot of an ancient clouded mountain, long since reclaimed by the dense surrounding wood, pulsating with pure, unsullied power. When the world succumbs to the inevitability of nuclear war, when the last vestiges of humanity fall upon their crumbling knees, we will be the first to emerge out of the fallout; we will persevere. We're gods, James. Satirical gods.

You're a piteous, flimsy little creature, James Rutherford. What makes you think you deserve to join our ranks? It can't possibly be your "ideas." The mere notion that you decided to submit this paltry excuse for a question tells me that you most certainly suffer from some sort of serious, incurable mental deficiency. Is it your "love" for satire, then? Love isn't enough, James. Love is an illusion, a fabrication threaded from beads of chemical misdirection--love is a sad, sad fiction. We need more than love, James. Our writers were conceived of satire alone, forged from the fires of their own omniscience. How could you possibly shape up?

Next time, James, when you think that you're good enough for something, when you think that you're qualified, or deserving of anything more than what little you have within your miserable existence, I ask that you think again.

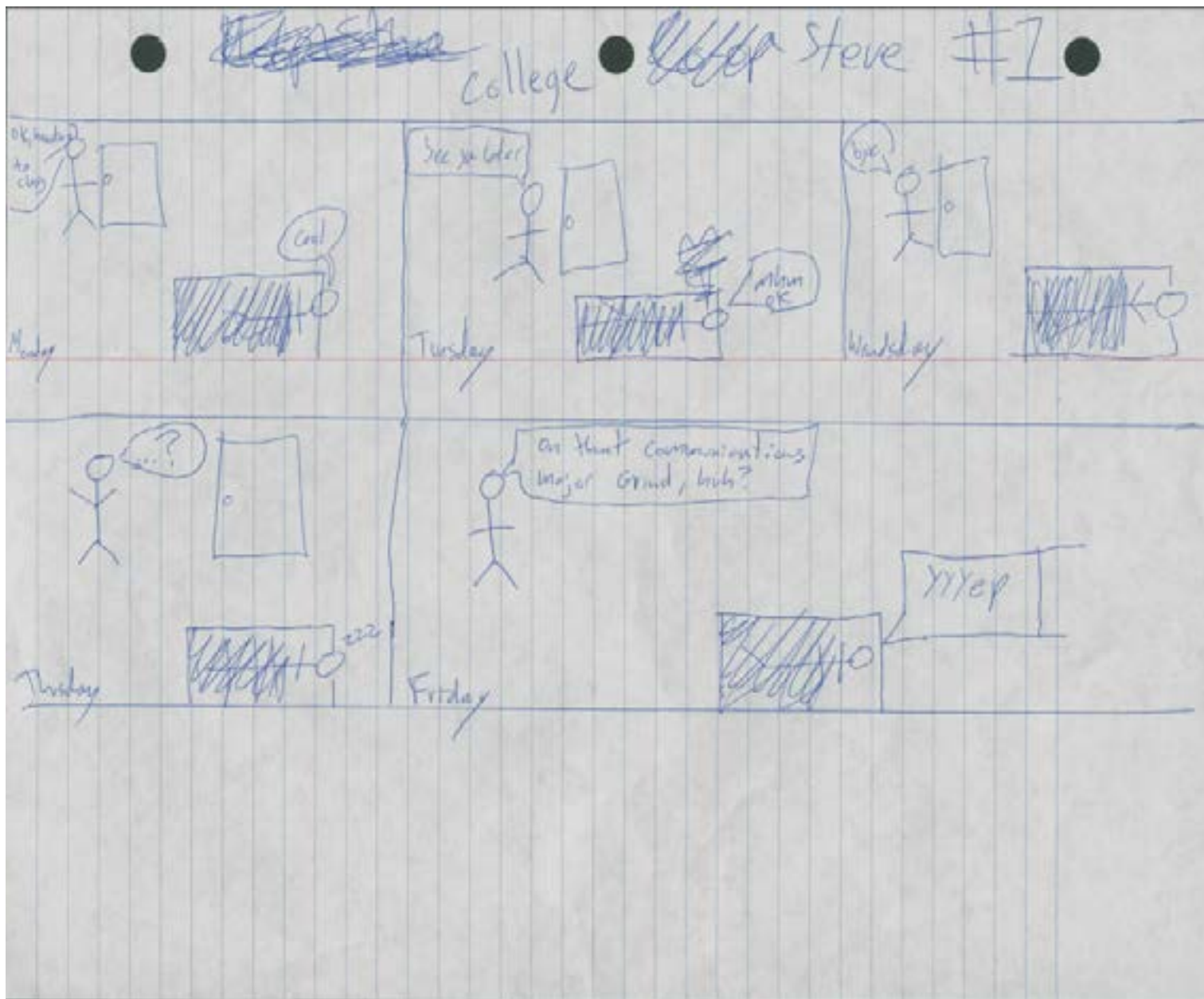
Yours truly,

Advice Guy

*Come back next week for more answers
from Advice Guy, and don't forget to write;
maybe Advie Guy will answer yours!*

COMICS SANS

4th year Art Major Greg Miele has been working hard on his senior thesis, *An Examination of Comical Drawing*. After hours of hard work, Greg has agreed to give Times New Roman an exclusive first look at his art.



College Steve #2



If you can draw, please come to our meetings. We are in desperate need of an artist. Please, oh god, please.