

**NORTHEASTERN'S PREMIER(E) COMEDY MAGAZINE**

**THE NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY**

# **TIMES NEW ROMAN**

**VOLUME I ISSUE II**



Our Staff Proudly Presents

# TIMES NEW ROMAN

## Volume 1, Issue 2

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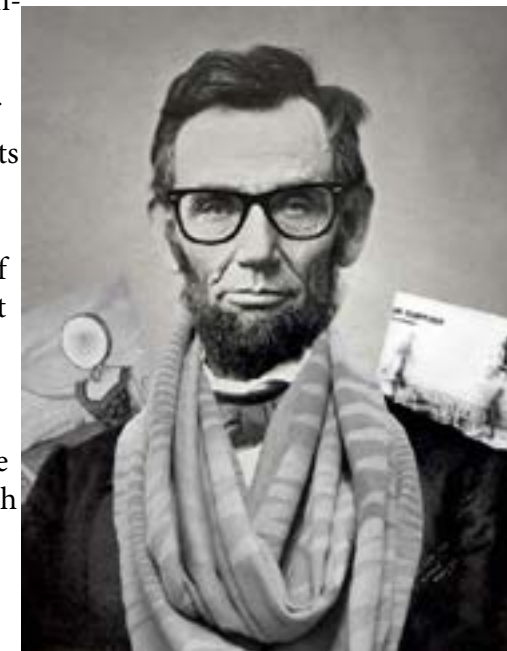
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## Top Ten Presidential Heartthrobs

by the Times New Roman Staff

Well, with both Valentine's Day and President's Day fast approaching, it's that time of year again. We sit at the dawn of two of the biggest American holidays: one a celebration of romance and intimacy, a time to be with loved ones, all while you fight off the ever present thoughts of loneliness and despair that have driven humanity to form social constructs ever since the beginning of history, and one about St. Valentine and all that other shit. However, the two holidays don't have to compete for your attention anymore, as we here at Times New Roman, for the sake of convenience, have combined the holidays in two, with our list of the best presidential heartthrobs that you wish would take YOU on a Valentine's Day date. Don't forget to save room for desert...



1. George Washington- Besides being the first Commander in Chief, he was also the first American teen idol, the Justin Bieber of the late 18th century. A gentleman who can tell a lie is the perfect man to have by your side (sorry to the ugo's out there but its going to be a brutally honest evening). This president will be sporting a big wooden smile, but remember ladies, that's not the only thing made out of wood (he also owned a cane (also his dick was made of wood true story)).
2. William Howard Taft- After writing a letter, Taft always signed off with "Strenuo pro magis cervical" - which is Latin for "more cushion for the pushin". Taft's "full figured" body showed that Commanders in Chief can all so be a Commander with Curves: the original insperation for plus-sized models and Chris Christie's 2016 presidential campaign.
3. JFK- Do you like guys with gages? Then President Kennedy is the guy for you, he's got the biggest hole in the head that you could ever want.
4. Abraham Lincoln- Let Lincoln sweep you off your feet and emancipate your heart. A true innovator, who had an original hipster beard before that disease had spread to every corner of upper-class Brooklyn neighborhoods, this tall guy is the perfect man to take along to a romantic evening at Ford's Theatre.
5. Bill Clinton- Cool, saxafone player, and legs like a gizelle. For those who don't know their history, Bill Clinton came between the two Bushs.
6. Theodore Roosevelt- The only presidential that you can go on long walks on the beach with, Teddy is a bad ass. Tough enough to start a war with Spain, but still cuddly enough to inspire the teddy bear. His motto was speak softly and carry a big stick, and I can assure you Teddy cares a big stick (another cane (but actually his dick again)).
7. Barack Obama- Diversity quota.
8. Bill Clinton- That's right, he's on here twice, you know he gets around. Don't believe me? Then just ask my friend Monica. My friend Monica is best friends with Monica Lewinsky, who did all that shit with Clinton.
9. Grover Cleveland- Founder of the Cleveland Steamer (recommended on any first date), ol' Grove is not afraid to be adventurous and try new things.
10. Jimmy Carter- He may work for Habitat for Humanity, but this former peanut farmer is willing to take you to his habitat and show you his humanity (does that imply his dick? We think so). Wherever you are, he'll be your knight in shining armor and come save you, as long as you're not in an Iranian embassy.

# Valentine's Day with My Waifu

by Jack Walsh

Adopted Japanese Name: Jakku Walshi

This Valentine's Day weekend will be the first of my life that I will not be spending alone. Past years consisted of online tournaments of Super Smash Bros. movie theater trips to see new Marvel films, Mythic raids in World of Warcraft, and binge watchings of new anime.

I first met this year's hot date when I was watching a steamy new simulcast of Puella Magi Madoka Magica. The story follows a middle school student, Madoka Kaname, who gets tricked into a witch's lair along with her friend, Sayaka Miki. While neither of these two were particularly good waifu material for me, I could see another fan claiming them for himself. My first experience with my sweetheart came at the end of the first episode when, as Madoka and Sayaka struggled through the labyrinth, the glorious Homura Akemi appeared to save the day. I immediately closed my anime streaming website and, since then, my browser history has been riddled with searches concerning every aspect of my sweet Homura; her hobbies, favorite foods, musical artists and preferred methods for lovemaking have been just a few of my inquiries. Her lewd personality, lack of clothing, and surplus of nude scenes caused a spark that lit a powderkeg of passion within me. The one way to be with my true love was clear, so I prepared to embark on a quest the likes of which I had previously never experienced.



My travels led me to ebay, where I found a slightly used body pillow depicting my queen. It was perfect and I knew that, after 2 days of waiting for premium shipping, we would finally be together. The day came that I had to pick her up from the post office, so I dressed in my best trilby, Guy Fieri flame shirt, and cargo shorts, and asked my mom to accompany us as a chaperone

on our first date around town.

The description her previous owner posted didn't miss a detail. She was beautiful in her own way, with a small hole poking through her from the crotch region on one side to the other. At first my mom looked at her funny, and thought I was weird, but after professing my love for Homura-chan, she seemed to accept my waifu and brought us to Qdoba, where we would start our date.

All of you living on Northeastern campus should know that on Valentine's Day, if you bring your own waifu, or 3D significant other (for you normies), and make out with them in front of the cashier, both of you get your burritos for free. Feeding Homura-chan was difficult. She was still a little shy and kept whispering to me that she wasn't hungry. I knew she may have been a bit nervous; not only was she on her first date with me, but my mother was sitting right across from us as we ate. I could tell Homura wanted to get back to my bed as soon as possible by the look she was giving me, and my mom was acting pretty rude in front of her new daughter-in-law, so I felt now was a good time to leave. I moved her off my lap when I was finished and asked if the three of us were all ready to go home.

When we got back, I thanked my mom for dinner, grabbed a pack of doritos, and rushed upstairs with my lover. I slammed the door shut behind us as she hopped on my bed and asked to see the logs for my last raid progression. We talked for hours over a bag of nacho cheesy gold before deciding it was time to go to sleep. After tossing my fedora to the side and ripping off my shirt, I prepared was asleep with my love in my arms, rubbing orange dorito residue all over her beautiful plush body.

# Penny for Your Thoughts

An Op - Ed by Greg Miele

The penny is getting a lot of grief lately, and people are saying we should do away with the ol' penny. They claim that you can't buy anything with a penny, that it cost more to make a penny than it is worth. While others push the penny away as a worthless part of American currency, I have always stood up for it. It's the underdog of the coins, it is humble and loveable (especially when compared to the pretentious nickel) and always there in your pig bank for you. Yet despite my fondness for the 1/100 dollar, I feel that the penny has finally run its course.

It finally sunk in how worthless pennies were yesterday as I was walking through Copley Square. As I was strolling alone, slowly freezing in the harsh Boston winter, a homeless man approached me. Mid 40's probably, gross looking, you've seen homeless people before, you get the idea.

"Can you spare any change?" he asked.

"No, sorry I don't" was my reply, as I speed up my walking pace, and avoided eye contact.

In this instance, I actually didn't. I had forgotten my wallet, though, even if I had it, I would have said the same exact thing. But as I walked away I realized that I did in fact have a penny in my pocket. It had been hitting my hand all day long, bouncing around in my pocket. So I turned on a dime, back to the homeless man.

"Hey you want this penny?" I said holding it out for him to see.

He looked at me, then at the penny, then at me again. He let out a disgruntled sigh, an "ugh" sound that teens let out when they're told they have to clean their room. He thought for another second, then said "nah, no thanks", apparently deciding that carrying the penny was too much trouble. Yes, a homeless guy turned down my money, that is how far the penny has fallen in today's society.

I was pretty mad at the penny for making me look like a fool with its worthlessness. Also mad at the homeless guy, I guess my money isn't good enough for him. I can only assume this is why the guy is homeless, because he doesn't have the financial prowess to understand that pennies add up. You get one, then another, then after a 100, well I'll be damned, you have a whole dollar! To be fair, I'll give the penny one more chance, on the off chance that my homeless associate was not homeless enough to be accepting pennies, not quite at rock bottom. So in a month or so, I'll swing by his place (aka the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth) and see if he's willing to accept the penny then. If not, then I have to definitely say that the penny has to go, because if it's not good enough to be accepted by homeless people, then how do I look taking it from a cashier after buying a 99¢ Arnold Palmer?





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 Advice Guy,

Rick Johnson,

It's almost Valentine's Day, and I still haven't made date plans... My girlfriend wants this Valentine's Day to be special. Do you have any fun, romantic, cost-friendly date suggestions?

All the best,  
Rick Johnson  
Sophomore, Undecided

If you really like a girl, it's important to take her seriously; it's important that you figure out how to treat her well. Her, specifically. You have to know her, you know? I mean, like, really know her. If you keep track of her favorite foods, her interests, her hobbies, the things that make her smile, eventually it'll become second nature. If she's sad, you'll immediately know what to do to cheer her up. If she's happy, you'll know how to make it last. And when those important days come around--anniversaries, birthdays, and, of course, Valentine's day--you'll know exactly what you need to do.

Here's my point, Rick: you obviously don't know what to do, and I doubt you care enough to figure it out for yourself--so, instead of, I don't know, asking your girlfriend if there's something that she might really want to do on Valentine's Day, you come to

me. What was the thought process for that one, huh? Maybe, "my girlfriend sleeps around, maybe good ol' Advice Guy has slept with her too!" Well, Rick, I can tell you that I probably haven't--so, in other words, I don't know what your girlfriend likes. Come on, Rick. Get off your lazy, unappreciative ass and make a legitimate effort for once in your life. It's almost as if you planned to not have a plan. How the fuck am I supposed to know what "fun, romantic, cost-friendly" strategy is gonna get you laid? You think there's like, a formula for this shit? There's no formula, Rick. You're supposed to be the formula.

Listen, Rick, don't worry, okay? I have an idea. Advice Guy to the rescue. Here's what you'll need: some rope, some Lunchables (preferably the kind that comes with Capri Sun), a lighter, some nails, and a sizeable hammer.

First things first: the "fun." Normally, I'd suggest spending some money on a little trip or something--again, these things are supposed to be custom-made. I don't know what your girlfriend finds "fun." So, here's what I suggest: use those ropes to tie your girlfriend up real tight. No wiggle room, okay? This isn't some kinky bullshit. Tie her up. Next, take your girlfriend and throw her in a dumpster. Make sure she doesn't try to escape; you need to keep her there until the garbage truck comes along. You see where I'm going with this? Once she's in the back of the garbage truck, grab a bike or a car or some shit, and follow the truck to the dump or compactor or whatever horrible place it goes to.

Here's where the "romance" comes in. Once the truck arrives at its destination, you'll need to act quickly. Grab something flammable and light it on fire--you're aiming for longevity, so light something that looks like it'll burn for a long time, or just make sure whatever you light stays lit. Once you've got the ambiance, arrange the Lunchables neatly on either side of the burning object. This will be your romantic candle-lit dinner. Grab your girlfriend out of the truck and untie her. If the garbage men give you trouble, eliminate the threat via sizeable hammer. Nobody can be allowed to get in the way of your perfect Valentine's day--and, of course, your girlfriend isn't going to say anything because she's obviously used to being treated like trash.

Once you've finished your meal, it's time for the pièce de résistance. Place the nail carefully in your left ear, aiming it slightly upwards, towards the brain. Next, hand your girlfriend the hammer and tell her it's time to put your miserable relationship to an end. Your girlfriend will then hit this nail and lodge it deep into your cerebral cortex. If you're lucky, death will be swift. If you're not, at least you won't be able to date anybody while you're in a coma.

Yours truly,

Advice Guy

Dear Advice Guy,

I don't have a boyfriend/girlfriend, and I don't want to be lonely on Valentine's Day. What are my options?

Your friend,  
Anonymous  
Junior, Biology

Anonymous,

You're certainly not the only person with this problem. It's funny how so many people feel so lonely despite living with and around so many others. I pass hundreds of people on the street every day--the vast majority of whom I've never met. Of the people I have met, even fewer are my friends. And of my friends, still fewer are those that I would consider good friends--friends that that make me feel less lonely, friends that feel like home. Ultimately, friends are the people you need by your side when you feel alone--you have to keep in mind that boyfriends and girlfriends aren't always friends. In any case, loneliness is hell--I know that. And, of all days, nobody wants to be alone on a day that celebrates romantic togetherness.

Here's the thing, id--can I call you kid? You signed "anonymous," but that doesn't quite roll of the tongue like "kid" does. I'll use a capital "K"--so, you're a big kid, but you still act like you haven't lost all your baby teeth yet. I mean, you're lonely, right? Who do you know who's going to read this? Your mom? Okay, Kid; the way I see it, you have three options. I would try at least two of them.

Option one: stop being a whiny little bitch. Yes, that's right. Just stop. You can complain about your loneliness all you want, but we both know complaining isn't going to change jack. The whole loneliness fad is a plague. Loneliness is infectious--it's a craze, like bean boots or dabbing (the pose--don't worry, stoners), but slightly worse. Have you ever stopped to consider that maybe you say you're lonely because you're just repeating what you hear all fucking day? In other words, you're not the only little bitch out there. But you don't have to be that person. Nothing good can come from being a coward; put yourself out there, get rejected a little bit. I think you'll find it isn't so bad, and you might eventually find that you're not part of the lonely crew anymore. Do it now, and you might have someone--a friend, a prospect, I don't know--to spend Valentine's Day with. If you're going to be a sheep, you should definitely follow the flock that isn't heading for a cliff--get what I mean? You're heading for a cliff, Kid. Cliffs are dangerous.

Option two: don't stop being a whiny little bitch. Follow the sheep straight off the edge. Land on the jagged rocks at the foot of cliff; take a good look at your bones when they tear out of your arms and your legs; marvel at how your organs might continue to function even as they are completely rearranged; measure the total amount of blood in the human body--I think you'll be surprised how much there really is. Metaphors notwithstanding, I'm honestly in favor of this approach--that is, for you, specifically. Keep whining. Distance yourselves from others. Lock yourself in your room and cry yourself to sleep, make a fucking miserable tumblr, see if I care--see if anyone cares. Spoiler alert: nobody gives a shit.

Your third and final option is to let your loneliness define who you are--let it consume you; let it crawl deep into your delicate little mind and eat away at your sanity; let it seep into your soul and steal the life from your eyes; let it transform you and steal all your hope. You won't die, but you won't be lonely either. The voices will keep you company.

Choose wisely, Kid.

Yours Truly,

Advice Guy

# GARRET'S SUPA-BOWL SPECIA

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 Patroits and the Denver Broncos.



I'm naht gunna lie. It hurts not seein the Pats in their rightful place. The Supa Bowl feels supa empty witout the red, white and blue. The Supa Bowl witout the Pats is like runnin outta toilet paypa after a night of Taco Bell—a shitty time. I dreamed about Tommy standin there, holdin the Lombahdi and punchin that clown Goodell in the face. Is it just me or did Gaga have a bigger transformation than Bruce Jenna this year. Gaga looks good. All I'm sayin.

## *First Quarta*

Cam has a look. I know that look. It's Tom's fiyad up look. Side note. I'd advise all ya to watch The Blind Side again. Inspirational as fack and the mom's a total MILF! The Supa Bowl's wicked smaht. They keep pimpin out the ad space to commercials that chicks love. Puppies. Babies. Baby puppies. As a dude, anything that stahps them from asking who's that cute black guy in the blue is good wit me. The first red flag comes out already in the first quarta. Zebra are facking up early and showin how stupid they ah. Reminiscent of the fackin Pats game. Broncos rely on more handouts than Bernie Sanders supporters. I swear to fackin gahd. I crack up every time I see the playas with the oxygen. They look like old men gaspin for air.

## *Second Quarta*

I lahv it every time Talib gets a flag thrown. Shows him right for leavin the boys in red, white and blue. Sets up a wicked easy TD to get the Panthas back into the game. Then Jonny Stewart whips out some shit from Grease. Hand jivin all over the end zone. Thought he was gunna whip out a cig and leatha jacket too. Every time they zoom in on Manning's head, I vomit a bit inside. His foahead looks like Moses pahted it but it neva went back togetha. The blood stahts flowin in my veins as Luke Kuechly delivers one of his concussion causin hits. Jan-ay Rice shivered at home, bringin back elevator rides from hell and the incompetent Rodga Goodell. The Bron-cos ah the only team that ah rewarded for being fackin scumbags. 3 personal fouls then you get the ball back cuz Tolbert's too fat to hold the ball? The Panthas ah playin less explosive than a shitty ISIS bomber.

## *Halftime*

Didn't watch that shit. The Supa Bowl is to escape annoyin women in my life. So away from the TV I go.

## *Third Quarta*

Ya know how ya ma and her friends always say tele-vision adds 15 lbs. The Panthas uniform must add another 10 cuz they all look fat as fack. There must have been a black cat on the field because nothin seems to be goin the Panthas way. Life shoulda had the courtesy to at least buy the Panthas dinna before screwin em. Manning's getting more action from the anouncas than a high school quarterback afta the homecomin game. Get a room Sims. Ya suck and no one even likes ya. Cam's shoulda looks hurt; how will his dabbin game be affected. And when it rains, it thundas. The Panthas handle their balls worse than Pete Carrol's play calling ability. This Supa Bowl baby ad is more uncomfortable than a 7th grade sex ed class. That class is only good for learning that everyone has herpes and how to put a condom on a banana.

## *Fourth Quarta*

Noodle ahm back on it! His ahm's more flaccid than a man looking at Rosie O'Donnell's headshot. The Broncos...aaag. I'm on beer 17 and I'm done. Done. Done. Done. Why do the two greatest quarterbacks in the NFL perform worse against the Broncos than a boy on prom night. I know the game isn't over till the fat lady sings but I'm stahtin to hear Megan Traina warm up. The MVP has to be the Broncos D, the whole fackin D, not Manning. Goodell, the fackin clown, is lovin this. Fits his whole agenda. I wouldn't be surprised if he set all this up. Lotta kids in Africa are gunna be wearin Carolina Panthas Supa Bowl Champions tees tomorrow. It's sad that Budweisa, my only source of comfort, was even taken away by Manning! But according to Tom Brady's insta and sweet e-watch, he's already on to the next season. And that's god enough fah me.

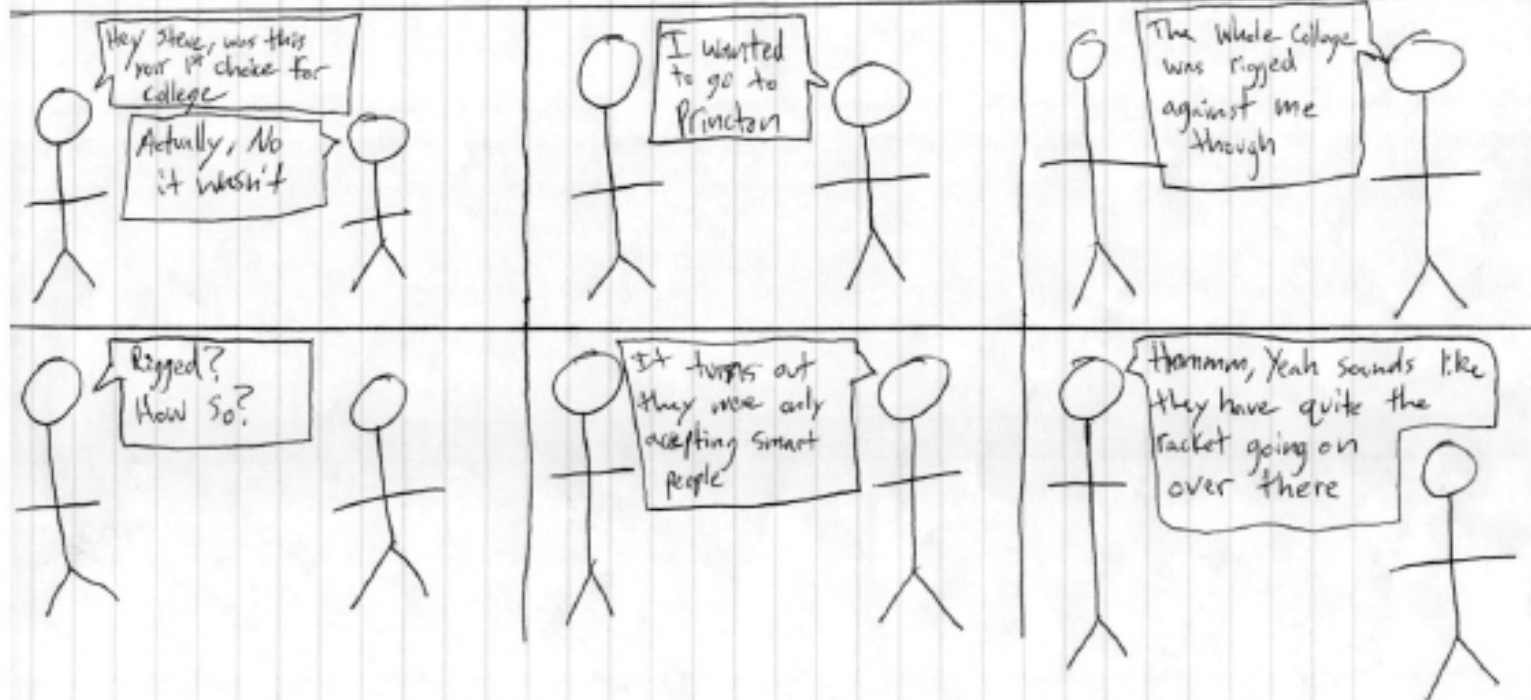




# College Steve

by Times New Roman's own  
Grieg Miele

## College Steve #3



Authors Note: No body I know likes this one or gets it,  
The joke must be too smart for them (or it just sucks)

## College Steve #4

By Greg Miele

