

A full-length portrait of George W. Bush in the Oval Office. He is standing, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and blue tie. To his left is a wooden desk with a framed group photo and a calculator. Behind him is a wood-paneled wall and a window with curtains. The lighting is warm and professional.

TNR
Presents...

SEQUELS
PART II
STARRING

Casey

Liam

AFFLECK

HEMSWORTH

Emily

and

James

DESCHANEL

FRANCO

Table of Continents

Africa, Antarctica, Asia, Europe, North America, Oceania (née Australia), South America

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In the News

By Ben Harrold

Times New Roman has done fantastic journalism over this past few months, and we regrettably can't use the material in each issue. Why? You ask too many questions. Here are the honorable mentions that sadly couldn't grace our pages:

“Carpal Tunnel Syndrome on the rise. Experts blame plastic straw bans.” (Oct. 7)

“New study suggests correlation between altitude and marijuana tolerance. Colorado dispensaries credit success to ‘having the high ground.’” (Nov. 18)

“Boston’s 2018 ‘Friendliest Restaurant’ title awarded to up-and-coming Middle Eastern eatery ‘Halal, Nice to Meet You.’ Defending Champion ‘Nice Terasu, Too!’ drops to second.” (Oct. 31)

“White House source reports Trump considering Kanye West as running-mate in 2020. Vice President Mike Pence: ‘I don’t believe it four five seconds.’” (Nov. 30)

“SpaceX stock down after Jeff Bezos allegedly tells Elon Musk, ‘My rocket’s bigger than yours.’” (Sept. 18)

“New Wisconsin law mandates creameries must give a butter notice before being constructed.” (Oct. 4)

“Australia’s annual ‘Find the Needle in the Haystack’ competition to be held in National Strawberry Field.” (Sept. 27)

“Mass. Governor Charlie Baker gives subsidies to new food company ‘Charlie’s Bakery.’ Critics call it brown-nosing, bakery says it’s brown sugar.” (Nov. 31)

How to give birth to a cow (for men)

By Cloid Hurt-a-doe

Due to many complaints and requests by the World Health Organization, also known as WHO, but not to be confused with The Who, the best band, like, ever, we have had to revise some of the steps in our “How to guide: giving birth to a cow for men”.

Regularly visit a professional to check the health of the calf prior to the birth.

Make sure the calf is alive. Rather than yelling and cursing at the calf, we now recommend reaching in and grabbing the foot or pinching the skin between the toes, if alive the calf should jerk uncontrollably.

Begin the process lying down. This makes it easier to deliver the calf.

Do not cover a bowling ball in oil to practice for birth. Instead, use a bowling ball covered in sex safe lube such as Vaseline instead.

Tuck your penis and testicle(s) onto your stomach so you don't slap the baby on its way out.



Giving birth in a river is not recommended, as the cold temperatures could cause your sphincter muscles to contract, whatever that means.

Do not use a cow as your doula. A certified professional is recommended. Warn your doula beforehand that your baby is a cow and you are a man. We suggest looking on Craigslist, which employs many doctors skilled in this field.

Bestiality is illegal in most countries except, but not limited to, the country you are currently in

Don't use a butt plug. You will poop while giving birth, you can't avoid it.

Do not be pregnant with a calf. It is medically impossible for a human male to be pregnant with a calf, and we don't know if it should happen.

Now time for a joke: What came first the Cow or the human?

Answer: The cow. After all, the human got pregnant.

The Second Sneeze: Enough Already

by Jake Mohamed

Everyone's been there before: You're thinking about dogs wearing rollerblades in the middle of class and someone scares the fucking shit out of you by sneezing like they're having the most intense orgasm since Gandhi. The first time, it's fine. Everyone needs to sneeze. It serves the important biological function of distracting the class from your boring professor who won't stop talking about how important the class is, which proves just how unimportant the class actually is. Nobody needs to learn history. It's in the past. Literally. Who gives a shit. Anyway, after the first sneeze, everyone goes back to their normal lives. It's cool. The person who sneezed had their moment of fame and now the world is in back in equilibrium. The Earth is still spinning, life is still going on, and my grandma still has stage 4 lung cancer.

But then the asshat who already sneezed once decides to sneeze again. What the wtf? Now it's annoying. We get it, Jared. You're so special because you have fucking allergies. That doesn't mean you get to take up all our time. That's time I could've been using to stare at Vanessa's tits. She turned away when you sneezed, so now I gotta stare at Kate's instead, and they're not as big. Thanks, bro. You already had your moment, Jared. Give it a fucking rest. Nobody even cares about you. We all know you're adopted, Jared. Your mom is Filipino and your dad is black. How could they have had a white child? Do the fucking math, Jared. When your dad told you that your dog went to a farm up north he was lying to you. We all know Sam ran your dog over while he was sending dick pics to Charlotte. I got the Snapchat to prove it. Your adoptive parents don't even love you, Jared. Why do you think they go out of town every year during your birthday? It's so they have an excuse for not wanting to throw you a party, Jared. Your girlfriend is cheating on you too. Do you really think she went to cheerleading camp at the same place as a football camp and wasn't passed around like a Juul in a middle school bathroom, Jared? You fucking loser. You'll never do anything with your life, Jared. What kind of major is Dance Instruction anyways, Jared? It's a made up major, and you know it. You're a failure. What kind of student gets a 'Z' on a test? The lowest grade is an F, Jared. How dumb are you?

Then after Jared is done with his second sneeze and everyone realizes why access to abortion is so important, everything is cool again. The earth is still spinning, life is still going on, and I still can't remember why I spent so much time alone with my uncle from ages 2-6.



Romeo and Juliet II: The Lost Sequel

By Dan Carr

People nowadays think sequels are pointless cash grabs. They clearly don't know great literature. Many of Shakespeare's greatest works were sequels, and was working on adding onto his proud legacy when he died. The TNR journalistic team was able to acquire some of these copies via ethical journalistic means. We owe it to the public to share what we found and promptly destroyed. The following is a brief excerpt of a scene from Act II, Scene II from "Romeo and Juliet II: 2 Fast 2 Verona"

SCENE II

SETTING: The tomb in which Romeo and Juliet were buried.

AT RISE: Romeo is walking around the tomb, when Juliet wakes up.

JULIET: Oh, Dionysus (1), what hath happened? Did Mercutio slip unto me his bequeathed falcon tip (2)?

ROMEO: Ah, my love of loves! O thank the Lord (3)! You hath risen, my love! You escaped the cruel foot of Erectocles (4) that hath taken you to the cruel river Sticks (5)! O, now we may indulge in the sweet treacle (6) of life!

JULIET: Mercutio? Hast thou cometh to spend another night playing my bongo drums (7)?

ROMEO: What? I mean, whateth? My tender daffodil, 'tis I, Romeo of House Montague! He who stabbed myself to spend eternity with you, my love!

JULIET: Ah, fucking idiot-face (8). 'Tis you. I wish you wielded better blade in our late night encounters.

ROMEO: Wench! Wast thou frolicking in Pound Town (9)?

JULIET: O Romeo, thy pedantic nature doth make it hard for a larke (10) to be contained in box (11)?

ROMEO: Damn! Thy most detestable whore! I must let they know of thy detestable ways in a monologue lasting several minutes! Thou art but a-
(ROMEO collapses)

JULIET: Shit! He dead now. I'm gonna yeet (12) out of this bitch.

1: Dionysus was the Greek God of Wine; 2: Bequeathed Falcon Tip was slang for penis; 3: Scholars believe that "the Lord" refers to God, from Christianity; 4: Erectocles was the Russian God of Death, but Shakespeare didn't know this. He just thought it sounded cool; 5: Shakespeare thought the 'River Styks' was spelled the 'River Sticks'. No one corrected this; 6: Treacle is some weird sugar; 7: Playing with bongo drums was a slang word meaning (Go crazy with this); 8: Fucking Idiot-Face was used to refer to a brief fling that only lasts three days; 9: Pound Town was where people went to fuuuuuck. 10: He means lark, guys; 11: Birds were put in boxes because cages weren't invented until the late 19th century; 12: Yeet means to, you know, yeet. If you don't, ask your kids.



The Second Time You Left Me

By Douglas Wharton

I understood when you left me the first time. I'm not as stupid as you think. Our relationship was like a spider-web. We built it out of necessity, but it annoyed people. Anyone who came across us left swatting at things that weren't there, wishing that hadn't met us. For good reason. All we could do was trap the bugs around us and feast on them. Things were said. Fights were had.

Sisters were fucked. parents were fucked.

Sisters were fucked again.

I'm honestly surprised our tattered relationship held on for as long as it did.

I guess the fuse was longer than we expected. The bar was the bomb. Funny, I know. I always called it the bomb after three or nine shots. I just didn't know you'd see me trying to get with your sister when you were next to me.

I was drunk and it was stupid. I still hold those scars today, because you can really throw a bottle of vodka.

I understood when you let me back into your life for the second time. We were both on the rebound. Your Wall Street boyfriend got caught with twenty kilos of cocaine. It was a clean break. I was the same. Your other sister died in a hang gliding accident.

I told her not to go.

I hate hang gliding.

I wish there were things I had said to her before she left.

"I love you." "You mean the world to me." "Watch out for seagulls."



I regret what I didn't say to her more than anything I ever did. You were at the funeral.

You and your sister.

We all took the eulogy's message to heart: "Live your life to the fullest. Dive into the seagulls head on. Live like Laura."

There was a bar nearby called The Seagull. The drinks were on the rocks. Laura loved gallows humor, so that's how we celebrated her life and drowned our sorrows. I came up to you at the bar. I never realized how much you look like your sisters before I did. That's what happens after a couple dozen drinks: You notice things that were right in front of you. I called you Emily. I thought you were Jessica. I never realized how alike you two look. Must be the genes. Maybe we fully appreciated what it means to be alive, but there was something passionate about that night. Two sparks were lit that night. I only thought one was. I had changed. I mostly stopped drinking. I got rid of the burner phone.

I said the things that I had left unsaid. I liked your voice. Some called it shrill, but I called it cute. I liked your hair. Some said it was frizzy and messy, but I called it cute. I loved you. Some thought you were kind of a bitch, but I called it cute. It was going to work. Sure, we still had some bad habits, but to err is to be human.

So when you left me for the second time, I didn't expect it. I did what you asked. I was unfaithful, but I was sneaky about it, and I was almost never with your sister. I drank, but only after 7, and only hard liquor. I treated you with the amount of respect you deserved.

I loved you. I thought you loved me back.

I didn't realize I was yelling into a void. I thought you listened to me. I was wrong. So were you. You left me, and you were kind of a bitch about it. Bitch. But I am nothing if not forgiving. And you should be nothing if not grateful. A guy like me, willing to change and love you, even when y-

Oh hang on your sister is calling.

I have to go.



TNR Follows Up With Neil DeGrasse Tyson

By Willy Unterkoefer

After our highly successful and well-received conversation with Mr. Tyson four years ago, the staff decided it was about time to conduct a follow-up interview. When we last spoke, our conversation certainly left participants and readers with lingering questions. We hope the following will address all those questions and give rise to many, many more.

TNR: So, Mr. Tyson, we meet again.

Tyson: Who is this?

TNR: Northeastern University's Premiere Humor Publication, Times New Roman. We interviewed you on December 7, 2014 for our issue about food.

Tyson: Um

TNR: Anyway, when we last spoke, we were discussing the chicken and the egg.

Tyson: Ah, yes. What a great paradox! And it relates so closely to my field of expertise. What comes first: the chicken or the egg? Matter or dark matter?

TNR: Well, I prefer the dark "matter", as you say, but to each his own. Now can we get back to what we were saying?

Tyson: Yes, well, essentially, the egg represents, for example, the Big Bang, from which, the chicken, if you will, was formed. Here the chicken is the universe and the egg is what it came from.

TNR: I understand that chickens come from eggs.

Tyson:

TNR: And I understand that you like chicken. But to say that chicken is "the universe"? Isn't that a bit much?

Tyson: Metaphorically speaking, that is.

TNR: That still seems like an unnecessary exaggeration. Would you settle for chicken being your life? I don't see why you need to get the rest of the universe involved.

Tyson: Okay, sure. We can take the chicken to be my life. Then the egg is what caused me to exist which, in a way, is the universe.

TNR: Do you sell eggs too?

Tyson: Excuse me?

TNR: I'm sorry. I think we've gotten sidetracked. Let's get back to the question at hand: the chicken and the egg.

Tyson: Okay. Which do you think comes first?

TNR: Does it matter?

Tyson: Excellent point! Whichever one we choose to start with, we can always call the other one the opposite and we're back to where we started.

TNR: Yes, but what do you do with all the eggs?

Tyson: Or chickens...

TNR: No, I think we understand what happens to the chickens.

Tyson: The universe is a mysterious and wonderful place. We would be foolish to think that we understand it totally. That's actually one of the major roles of science in the twenty-first century - to push the boundaries of our knowledge, but also to mark clearly where the boundary lies. This is why I find such joy in doing the research that I do. We really don't understand everything that happens to the chickens.

TNR: Wow, no need to get so philosophical. It's only Tuesday.

Tyson: I'm Neil DeGrasse Tyson - philosophical is what I do!

TNR: You're who?

Tyson: Neil DeGrasse Tyson, renowned astrophysicist.

TNR: Oh

Tyson:

TNR:

Tyson: Hello?



Hey Junior: A Study of the Corrupting Effects of America's Signature Nickname

By Cristian (née "Junior")

Like a toad sitting in a pot of hot water, not realizing he is boiling, so does the United States now slowly cook in its bubbly and overly-romanticized past, a consequence of decades of doling out discriminant nicknames to its children. The days of toothy white boys drowning in their papa's caps, answering to the phrase "Hey junior!" have died a swift death; these days those same white boys pin that corruptive name tag over Chuck. E. Cheese's bosom, and get back to the grind.

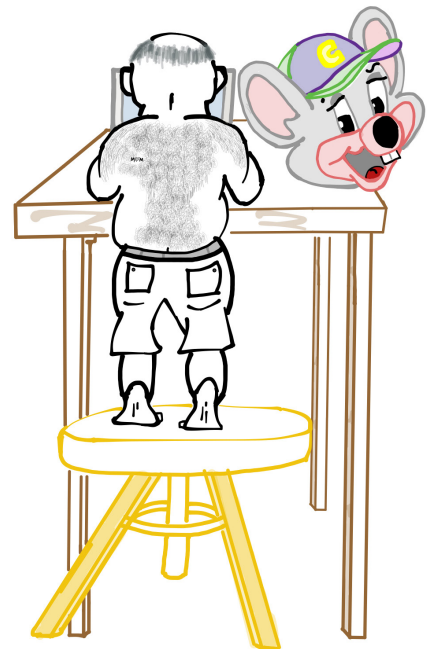
Though the nickname "Junior" in particular has been considered by academics nationwide as laziness in its elemental form, and, therefore, the worst name possible, skeptics remain. Until now.

A study that began in 1977 has recently released new findings regarding the nickname "Junior" and its repercussions on the mental, physical, emotional, social, spiritual, musco-skeletal, agricultural, and lexi-graphical development of children from adolescence to adulthood. The -cultural, and lexi-graphical development of children from adolescence to adulthood. The handsome scientist and respected academic Dr. J. Richards has performed multiple surveys and polls

to better determine the exact effect of the epithet.

Richards asked participants with the name "Junior" (in an effort to retain authenticity, consent was not a requirement to participate in the survey) their experiences with bearing the name. Through his venerable data, we can see that, surprisingly, slightly under 11% of participants say that they were forced to wear miniature versions of their father's business clothes to kindergarten because their parents claimed they were for "big boys".

In fact, greater than or equal to 10% of the participants claimed that, as a result of their name, suffer from the following: ordering from the Junior Menu on first date, receiving bibs for Christmas for over 30 years, being cursed with an inability to satisfy women, being unable to whistle without spitting 5 oz. of saliva, attracting cicadas with vocal harmonies, setting off metal detectors due to high iron levels in blood, being unable to taste salt, and causing children to cry at presence. Including the surveyor, 10 people were surveyed. I mean, the data speaks for itself. Though it is true that a little less than half of the participants had little experience with the aforementioned circumstances, the data supports the facts. Junior is a terrible name. It is! More than that, it has been the source of trauma for millions of children nationwide. Well more specifically, for a child...with millions of woes. None of which were the child's fault; never growing more than 1'4" but maturing...in other places... is not something that can be controlled. It's about time those snobb--highly respected academics become aware of the plights of Junior. No more are we to be silenced. Let our cries ring from the tops of the mountains: "Come up with an original name people! Sequels always suck!"



Pubert's Gaming Corner - Video Game Sequels (Part 2)

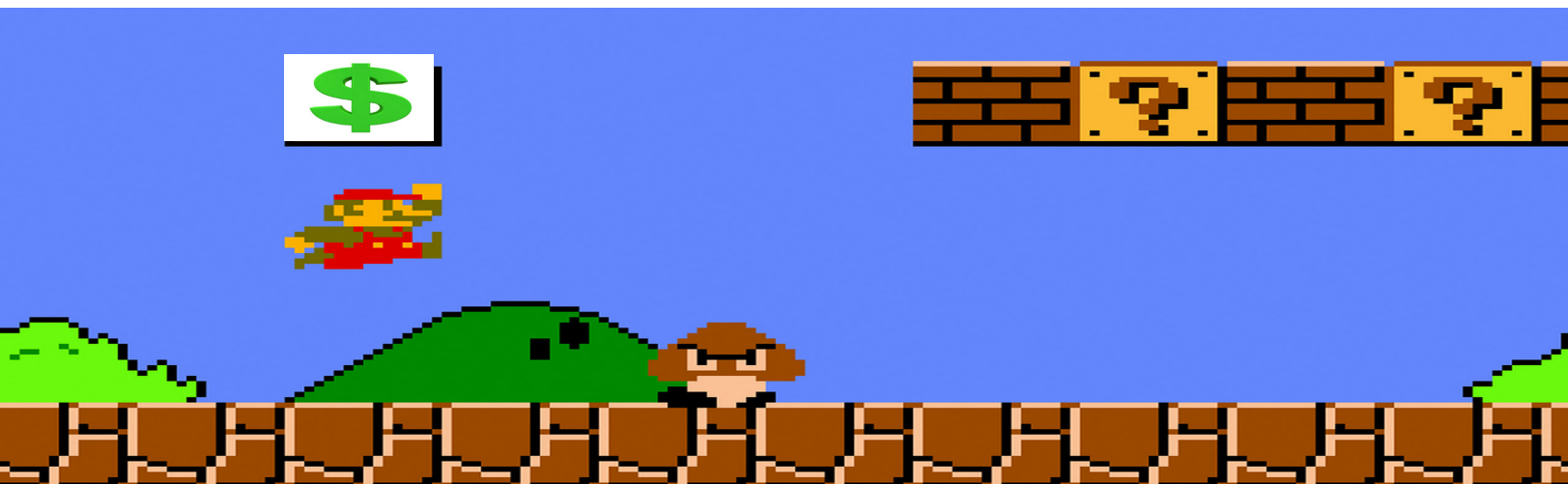
Hello to all of my 16 social media followers, and welcome back to “Pubert's Gaming Corner”, where I, your nerdy host with the nerdy most, Pubert P. Dorfstein, answer your burning questions about video games and video game culture!

Today, we're following up from last week's question from @MegaMan2BestGameEver, who said “Hey Pubert, long tme [sic] watcher, forst [sic] time questioneer. Is that even word [sic]? Anyways, give me the down low [sic] on how to make a video game sequel.” On part 1 of this 2-part after-pube special, we went into intricate detail as to how anyone, even the viewers at home, can make a financially and critically successful video game sequel, step by step, and even explored the never-before-seen dirty underbelly of the video game industry. Anyway, with all that stuff taken care of in part 1, I thought it'd be best to make this a 2-parter, with part 2 being nothing more than fat around the prime cut of the topic, as if it's here for no reason except for ustrue diehard Pubert fans to gorge upon.

Anyways, let's begin today's episode with a scenario. Let's say that in the previous game in a video game franchise, your protagonist has learned a lot of new skills, and received a buttload of new upgrades and equipment. Even though it's a continuation of the current canon, now that your new game is moving to a new engine, you don't want to have to program in all that extra stuff because that'll take time, and you've got a deadline to meet! Well, don't worry, fellow game developers! Because my good friend, Mr. A, will make all your problems disappear! And before you even ask, Mr. A isn't a reference to a sexual act that might involve one's, um... how do I put this... gluteus maximus. Not to say that I haven't experienced something like that before, because I've had the sex, like, an illegal amount of times. In like every position. I'm that lite. No, Mr. A stands for Amnesia! Giving the character amnesia is a great excuse to not only force players to regain the same equipment that they painstakingly got in the last game, but it's also a great way to rewrite the entire canon of the universe as a whole!

On that note, don't worry if you're not up to the task of further developing the story or characters previously established in prior entries. Forget about all the mechanics and charm that made the predecessors so beloved! Coming up with new ideas is hard, so just reboot the franchise, slap some classic faces on there, and call it a sequel. Boom! You got a real money maker right there! Now to be fair, there are some franchises where this worked out better than others. For example, Jak 2, in a huge departure from the colorful and fun collect-a-thon platformer that was Jak and Daxter: The Precursor Legacy, decided to take a darker turn for the franchise and include more weapon and vehicle mechanics. While that did draw away some players, many agree that it was a step in the right direction. But then you've got games like Banjo Kazooie: Nuts and Bolts, a vehicle-building game starring the famous bear and bird duo. I honestly don't see any problem with it. Clearly the fans are at fault. How dare they be upset at Rareware for creating a game that strips away the charisma, personality, and mechanics from the original games and replaces them with lifeless cutouts and broken gameplay and call it a Banjo Kazooie game? It's clearly the fault of their negative attitude towards this perfect game as to why we don't have a new game in the franchise!

Anyways, that's all the time I've got for today! Thank you for joining me on this sequel to a video about sequels! Remember to follow me on Twitter @TheGamingPube, and ask me your video game questions, and who knows? I might even answer them on the show. I'll see you next time, in Pubert's Gaming Corner 2: Electric Pube-aloo!



Mutton Chops

By Ishika Patel

On National 7-Eleven Day,
Quincy's beard was okay.
For he was just born, with no beard in sight.
His naked cheek blinded the brightest light.

Let's tell his story from start to end,
To explain the beard he did not mend.
Legend says they're his mistakes,
A bristle for each upon his face.

When Quincy was a young little fellow,
His cheeks were ever so mellow. But,
He kept calling the ABCs the XYZs (thanks dad)
And that filled out the left side, you see.

He swam each day for a defined double jugg**
When asked if he peed in the pool, he would just shrug.
Suns out guns out, and without a single kill,
He chased the British away from Bunker Hill.

Accompanied his father to France and Denmark
Learned 5 languages before they embarked.
dreamed of becoming a brothel-owning nun, his father refused,
"You're going to Harvard, to be beaten and abused."

Instead of learning Quincy did useless things,
Like translate the translated New Testament.
But D's get degrees, so he graduated
(It didn't hurt that dad's the President.)

Now, Adams' beard likened to a squirrel tail look,
Two croissants, two crescents, a lemur-faced crook.
But a couple more mistakes is all it would take,
To force his switch from comb to yard rake.

First it was the women. He hated when they sang
Madame what's-her-face and that opera shebang.
Then he joined the Democrats, they liked the dog on his face,
Unlike the Federalists who preferred a hairless base.

Somehow, he became president, beating THE Andrew Jackson.
He celebrated the win; as Jackson goaded radical reaction.
Instead of tatting his arms he thought it'd be appealing
To grow out his sideburns; 'twas the era of Good Feeling!

Who knows what contribution he made whilst in office,
But one look at his beard made everyone nauseous.
He was the boss of all the bosses but
looking like that, he came off as rather obnoxious.

But what did he enjoy besides long wisps of hair?
Skinny dipping, pool, and politics that weren't fair!
But most of all he loved to see the fear in people's eyes,
When they saw his alligator in the tub:
"What a lovely surprise!"

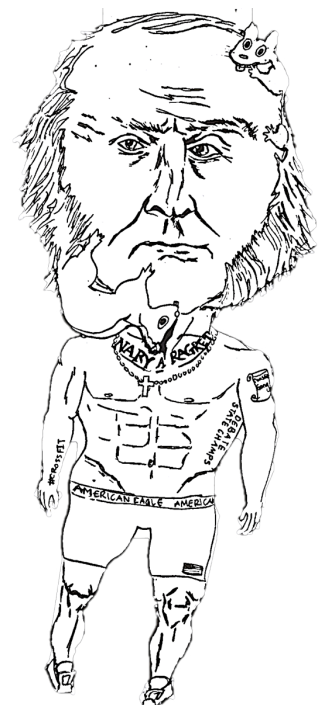
And then Quincy stepped down, Jackson took his seat,
But he said he hated it, needed a break from the heat.
Because he was aware he sucked at normal conversation,
"Old Man What are Words?" opted for house representation.

Quincy passed the years awkward in any situation
He'd get so nervous that he suffered days of constipation!
But in the House he was a visionary, a hairy egg with a brain,
Until he suffered a stroke that blinded him with pain.

He never recovered, and in a short time he passed,
but his legacy, his life, a shadow far cast,
acknowledges his presidency and asks far pressing questions:

Are those monkey chops a sign of evolution or self-expression?
What is the probability of a primate amalgamation?
Will this writer return to the topic after this brief digression,
And continue to spout lies on presidential information?

** - target: glutes, 4 reps,
see me, aka mutton chops
for more information on my daily fitness routine. Or
send a carrier pigeon. Paul
Revere works too. Yeah,
send him.



The Sequel was LITERALLY Hitler?

By David Spinrad

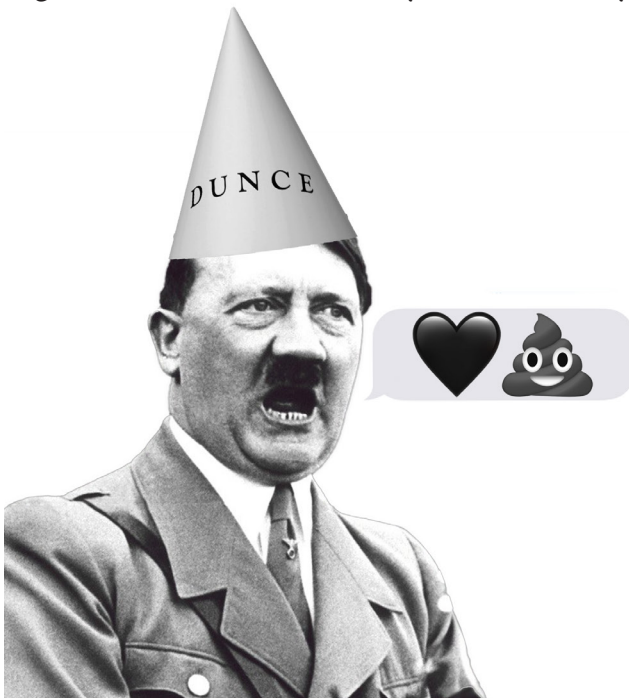
To all that use the phrase: “that [hyperbolizing noun] is literally Hitler.”

I’d hate to call you as dumb as a rock, but I’d hate even more to call you smarter than a rock. You must be aware how this phrase has been pureed from the minds of prepubescent dummies. Its been cooked by the cumulative heat of phone screens displaying captions written by teenagers with crippling low intelligence. This inauthentic and overused phrase “That **** is literally Hitler!” takes a big, steamy, foresight-inducing turd on anything you’d say after.

The de facto stance on Hitler in 2018 is... fucked. The dude is evil. If you have a positive spin on Hitler in 2018, you’re a neo nazi. as you rightly should be labeled. Of course, to reference him isn’t to support him. Still, seeing nobody cares about the shallow symbolism of equating Hitler to simply “bad” creates tiresome consequences. This carelessness with metaphors has programmed every feeble minded idiot to squawk the world’s worst comparison on autopilot. Some of you who think the phrase still maintains worth may be saying, “But it’s supposed to be a joke. Nobody could seriously compare their iPhone’s cracked screen or their inability to give a speech while breakdancing to Hitler.” You might even say, “It just sums up our feelings.” To that I say: you cannot reasonably describe your “feelings” by referencing a man who killed six million Jewish people and militarily sodomized several continents. It doesn’t work like that. Admittedly, this phrase could be funny. It could be hilarious for your mind to try to bridge the gap between losing in rock, paper, scissors to Hitler. A gap that is quite impossible to jump in one or two clauses. Yet, the existing frequency of futility fucks it up. I.e: “Stiff clothing tags are literally Hitler,” or, “Oh my god Janice! You spilled apple juice all over my ‘Multi Level Marketing’ homework! Now I’ll never be able to control the middle class through Tupperware. This wet paper is literally Hitler.”

this space is intentionally left to visualize the giant and exasperating sigh that would fit here nicely

Nuts. If you use the phrase lazily than all it will ever be is a lazy phrase. You didn’t go through high school and take three years of history to compare all your day’s bland inconveniences to an evil, one-balled methoded out mustache man with zero context. Find some variety, slackers!



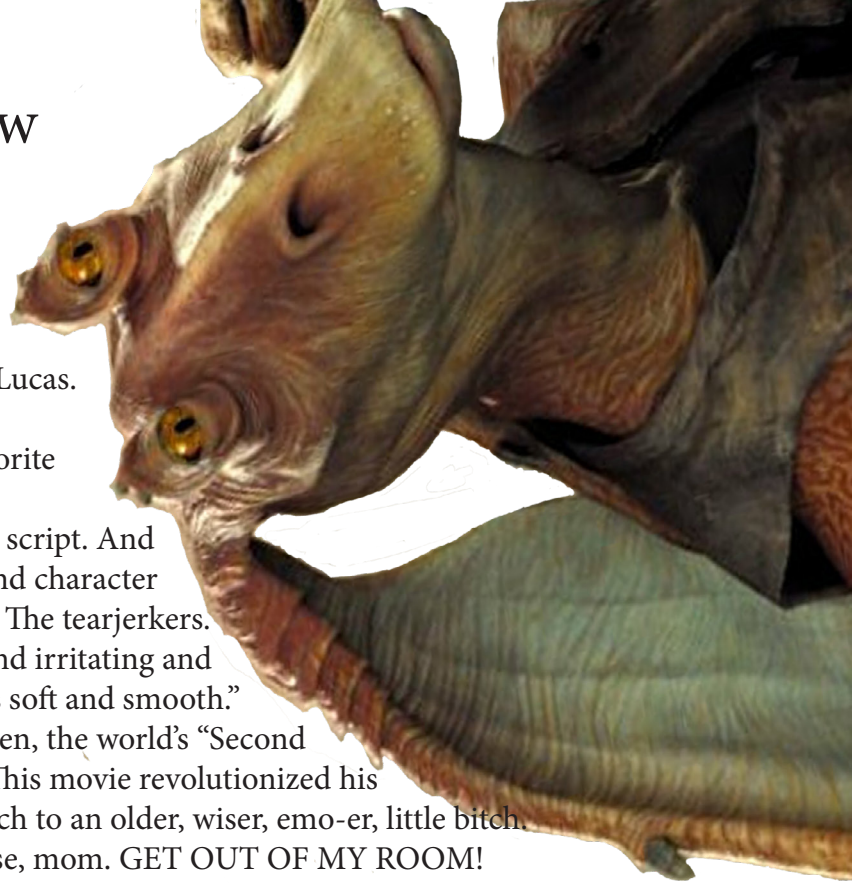
World War II is the event that unquestionably ingrains the standard of tragically bad sequels into the fibers of the universe. Fittingly, World War two was the sequel that was literally Hitler, or, at least, the closest to it. There is an enormous amount of tragedy that locks World War II into being the most saturated, horrific sequel to exist. With that said, please harness some depth for your metaphors from the abyss that is your empty head. Put effort into it. Reference anything! Please, anything else. Talk about other World War two figures (i.e: “Man, my mail is more fucking wrinkled than Churchill’s face”). Or maneuvers (i.e: “I’m yeeting out of here like Dunkirk”). Hell, even throw in a pun in there if you have to (i.e. “The traffic’s Stalin everyone!”) Whatever you do, I beg of you, stop referencing Hitler. For your own sake.

Star Wars Episode II Review

Hardcore Star Wars fan: Jake Mohamed

When you think of Star Wars what comes to mind? The Death Star? Han Solo? The only connection I have with my incarcerated brother? Well how about Episode II: Attack of the Clones? Episode II is easily the best Star Wars movie directed by George Lucas. It features everything that made Star Wars such an endearing franchise: Jar Jar, CGI, and everyone's favorite plot: intergalactic politics.

Possibly the best part about Episode II is the script. And I'm not just talking about Jar Jar's brilliant humor and character development. I'm talking about the emotional stuff. The tearjerkers. Lines like: "I don't like sand. It's coarse and rough and irritating and it gets everywhere. Not like here. Here everything is soft and smooth." This line was spoken from 2002's Hayden Christensen, the world's "Second Best Actor" (Source: Hayden Christensen's mom). This movie revolutionized his acting style, as we saw Anakin grow from a little bitch to an older, wiser, emo-er, little bitch. And everyone loves emo daddies. It's not just a phase, mom. GET OUT OF MY ROOM! Episode II's intergalactic politics keep viewers on the edge of their seats, even though it has been ten years since the Trade Federation's invasion of Naboo. The villain Count Dooku is trying to create a movement about something and ok wait. I need to honestly talk to you for a minute. Face to face. What the fuck. What the actual fuck. I'm reading a Wikipedia summary of the movie to write about, and it's just so boring. Holy shit. I'd rather read a scientific article about the origin of string theory than read this. I can't. I literally cannot read anything anymore. This movie is so fucking bad I can't even try to make a funny joke about it. Oh my god. What the fuck was George Lucas thinking? What drugs was he doing back then? All of them? Why did he think making a movie about FUCKING SPACE POLITICS would be interesting? I want to see someone use a fucking lazer sword to cut off someone else's head. I DON'T FUCKING CARE HOW MANY CGI CHARACTERS YOU CAN CRAM INTO ONE MOVIE, GEORGE! Nothing interesting happens. NOTHING. LITERALLY. I'd rather watch an hour long documentary about shoving glass rods up my dick than watch ten minutes of this heaping pile of shit. AND OH MY GOD DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON ANAKIN AND PADME. Stop. Please stop. Watching them trying to be in love but not be in love was like watching two siblings from Alabama figure out if they can fuck or not. They legally can't, but you know they're going to. I've created more interesting character developments when I was in second grade. And my parents forced me to see a therapist when I was in second grade because they thought I was a sociopath. This movie makes my blood pressure rise to an unhealthy amount. I literally just pulled out a few hairs trying to read this Wikipedia article. And they were pubic hairs, for God's sake. Ok. That's it. I give up. Whatever you do, just don't watch this movie. Jesus.



ЗВЕЗДАНЫЕ ВОЙНЫ

Fuck Sequels
by Ryan Wallis

Look: I honestly couldn't give a fuck. I swear, I don't. Literally not a single flying fuck about you, or this, or anything. I'm what you might call chill. Like really chill, perhaps even the chilliest. The living definition of chill. Some might even say I actually give negative fucks. How is that possible? I don't know. I'm a mystery even to myself. I hear people who call me an enigma, while others think that I'm just too cool to ever be fully understood. Are these mutually exclusive? No. Do you know what "mutually exclusive" means?

It can be difficult for some to process how a person can give as few fucks as I do, but I assure you, this is all real. I take a passive approach to life: when life knocks me down, I take it like a pro. Do I hit back? No, of course not. Life's a woman, and I don't hit women anymore. When I speak, you get the real, raw, unfiltered view of my conscious, and my conscious doesn't give a fuck. Neither does my subconscious. How do I manage this, you ask? Well, it's certainly not easy. A lot of effort is involved in not giving a single fuck about literally anything, and I'm here to offer some tried and true strategies for your consideration.

The most important thing for me is for people to KNOW that I don't give a fuck. This lifestyle is pointless if nobody notices. Like, when I'm walking around, I can't afford to have the people around me asking themselves, "does this guy give a fuck?" No, absolutely not. When people see me, they need to know that this is a guy who gives zero fucks. About anything.

I walk slowly because I'm not in a hurry. I don't give a fuck about where I need to be. I wear a T-shirt and shorts in the winter because I'm not cold. I don't give a fuck about the weather. Do I jaywalk? Of course, but not because I'm rushing. Like I said, I'm never rushing to get anywhere, I just don't give a fuck about cars. Fuck cars.

I also don't give a fuck online. Two Instagram posts in a single week? If I fucking want to. Oh, and if you're sending me a text, just know that you won't get a reply for at least 31 minutes. Maybe even an hour, I don't give a fuck about time. Replying too quickly to your text could imply that I give a fuck about you're saying, and I don't. Waiting shows that I actually give no fucks, while simultaneously giving me time to craft a message demonstrating exactly just how few fucks I give. Subject then the predicate in a sentence? Fuck that. When I start a sentence, I just go right to the predicate. I've got shit to do and I don't have time to waste on a fucking noun. I also don't have the energy to figure out when to use a comma or a semicolon or a period. I'm not writing you a damn essay. Like I always say: when in doubt, just use an ellipsis. And yeah ... I know what an ellipsis is

In conclusion, fuck it.

Fuck designing an article

Long Time Coming: Ball State Anatomy Study Challenges Widely Held Beliefs About Penis Size

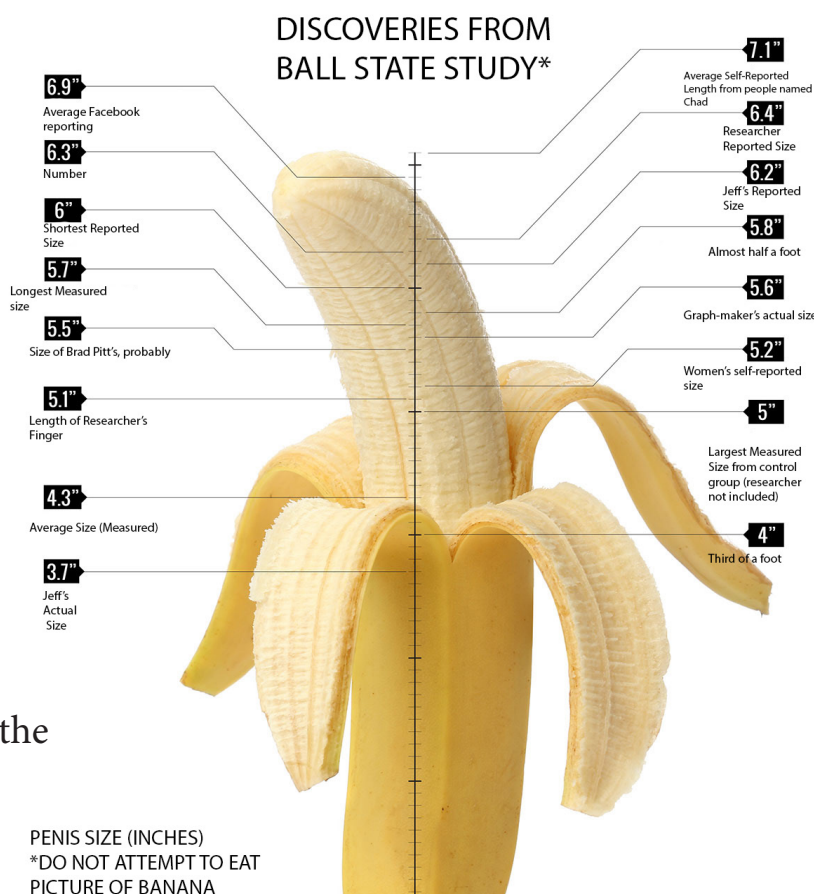
By Kevin Dunne

An explosive new study published this week may have massive implications for men all across the country. The new study, out of Ball State University, reversed the previous scientific consensus that the average american male has a 12 inch long flaccid penis. These findings have the potential to reshape the urological field for years to come, and profoundly impact the lives of millions of men.

According to principal researcher Richard Flassid-Koch (MD), previous research was untrustworthy, chiefly because of its reliance on self reported data. Length and girth estimates were often gathered in group settings, during bachelor parties and division I college football team meetings, with some studies even making men post their flaccid penis's dimensions on their public Facebook walls. Other studies used online survey data gathered from pornographic websites. "I just knew the data was wrong when I saw the sheer number of men reporting 69 inch long penises" said Dr. Flassid-Koch. The Ball State study used state of the art technology, including metric rulers and dial calipers, to give the public a raw look at their own penises.

"Our study really busts open some of the accuracy concerns we had with previous studies" said Dr. Flassid-Koch in an interview with TNR. Dr. Flassid-Koch's study found a mean penis length of $3.5 (\pm 0.69)$ inches, with a happy penis length of $3.4 (\pm 0.69)$ inches. However more research is needed. "We really just got the balls rolling when it comes to genital research. Other researchers will really have to go down on smaller topics if we can ever want to bust this nut open. Without rock hard scientific consensus, members of the medical community might find this subject to be very touchy, and the last thing we want is to erect a wall like that."

Scientists concluded by saying that it will be a long journey, and a lot longer than the majority-female team at Wellesley College has been saying it will take.



Why is there an entire page just for this logo?

Excellent question! Please allow me to explain. The necessity of this page is the direct result of three factors and the indirect result of four. To begin directly, without more ado than necessary, allow me to begin with the indirect reasons. First: God. Whether or not He exists and whether or not the Editorial Board of Times New Roman lays claim to being religious authorities (we do), He and, even moreso, His followers, can be blamed as the indirect cause of everything, e.g. sleeping with Mary begets Jesus begets crucifixion begets Christians begets anti-semitism begets Nazism begets Enigma machine begets Alan Turing begets modern computers begets Adobe Photoshop.

And that brings us to direct cause number three: I don't know how to use Photoshop very well, so when I was asked to add the "Supported by the Student Activity Fee" logo to the backs of the most recent issues, I tried unsuccessfully to open the existing pdfs with Photoshop for twenty minutes before I thought hell, I'll just put together a separate page with just the logo and add it to all the pdfs. I know how to do that. I suppose you could have deduced that from the existence of this page. Well you should know that it was me who put this here - not anybody else! At first I just had the logo alone on the page, but I thought that looked rather silly - and that's indirect reason number three!

"But why," I can hear you asking, "did you have to put the logo on in the first place?" Enter direct causes numbers one and two. 1) This year we did not put the logos on when we were first designing the issues as we had in previous years. 2) We must pay homage to our venerable and beloved Student Gov-

ernment Association who, in their infinite wisdom, allot the funds collected from the "Student Activity Fee" and who, in their finite power, mandate the inclusion of the below logo on student organization publications. These two direct causes are the direct result of the second indirect cause: greed!

Evil, villainous greed. Insatiable, ravenous greed. Greedy, greedy greed. The first being that of the Student Government Association who implemented severe budget cuts to student organizations while keeping their own budget and stipends at outrageous levels last year. This resulted in Times New Roman not being funded by the Student Activity Fee. (Maybe our failure to submit budget requests by the deadline had something to do with it, but we prefer to overlook indirect cause number four.) That's right. The logo below is a lie. The publication of this issue was in no material way supported by the Student Activity Fee. Nevertheless, the Editorial Board of Times New Roman also suffers from avarice. We desire a grossly inflated budget to afford all sorts of material goods like promotional condoms and printed issues. In order to be granted such indulgences, we must appease the Student Government Association with the inclusion of this logo.

To sum, the indirect reasons are: 1) God slept with Mary, 2) the second deadly sin, 3) aesthetic aversion to empty space, 3) managerial incompetence, 4) an inability to count; the direct reasons are: 1) lack of funding, 2) desire for funding, 3) technical incompetence.

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