

**TIMES NEW ROMAN
PRESENTS**



**BAN
TNR**

**VOLUME FOUR
ISSUE ONE**



TNR
A **Humour** Publication
Vol. 4, Issue 1 | Fall 2017

Thank you for reading.

The Northeastern Times New Roman is a satirical student publication.

Any references to people living or dead are purely coincidental except in the cases where a public figure is mentioned. The views and opinions expressed here do not necessarily reflect those of the Northeastern Times New Roman or those of Northeastern University. The Northeastern Times New Roman is not meant for readers under the age of 18.

— Staff —

Club President **Jose 'Gus' Castillo**

Head Editors **Eric Tatar & Greg Miele**

Head of Writing **Lucas Cohen**

Head of Video **Eric Tatar**

Staff Writers **Charles Bell, Matt Goldberg,
Tim Lyons, Daniel Nachum
& Maia Winter**

We can be contacted at neutimesnewroman@gmail.com

Check out our site at nutnr.com

Find us on Facebook & YouTube!

—Table of Contents—

	Top 11 Races by The TNR Staff	Page 1
Trick or Treating: Just for Kids? The Push for a Sexier Halloween by Cameron Clark	2	
Combotarian by Benjamin Harrold	3	
I'm Going to Write Something Super Inappropriate in this Article by J. Cooper	4	
10 Reasons Safe Spaces Lead to Gang Violence by Daniel Carr Studies Have Shown by David Duke	5	
My Protest by Albert Harris	6	
Pubert's Guide To Getting Banned by Daniel Nachum	7	
TNR Protest Stickers, Please Use Liberally by Killian Smurfuldurf Shut Down The Border! by William Unterkoefler	8	
[REDACTED] Case File #9 by Maia Winter	10	
TNR Investigates Safe Spaces by Matthew Goldberg	11	
What happened in the writing of the book What Happened by Chelsea Clinton	12	
Comics by C Pancoast and Oriana Timsit	14	
		15
		16

Letter to the Editor:

Why haven't I been offended yet?

To the editors of "Times New Roman,"

When I read your publication, I expect good, clean depravity. I am not here for fun. I read Times New Roman, like all other media, for the express purpose of getting worked into a rage of self-righteous fury. And frankly, you've failed to deliver for far too long. You call yourselves a comedy publication, but having never laughed in my life, I'd say I know comedy pretty well, and what you're doing isn't it. The purpose of reading comedy, as you should know, is to be offended in order to claim the moral high ground against those who do laugh, and of course the authors themselves! But with this drivel, you've given me no ammunition whatsoever! It's just a bunch of meaningless jokes that, no matter how I try, can't seem to be construed as inflammatory.

Time and time again, you have had the perfect opportunity to say something that I could quote on my activism blog, only to avoid actually saying anything at all for a whole page! How do you people manage to go even one sentence, let alone entire issues, without espousing some sort of controversial view for me and my extremely long list of very real followers to valiantly fight against? It's frustrating and, frankly, inconsiderate. Think about someone besides yourself for a change. How am I supposed to feel like a good person when your articles don't give me any way to show it?

There was a time when a person could look at any comedy and instantly find something to get angry about, and Times New Roman's failure on this front speaks to the declining state of comedy as a whole. Maybe some people are capable of getting upset at the drek you've published, but others, like myself, have standards. You insult your loyal readers when you write such light-hearted nonsense! It may be easy to pander to casuals who can get triggered over anything - or even worse, those savages who actually laugh at comedy - but I represent a large community of seasoned professional victims who you've neglected for far too long. You expect me to be offended by your content? The very notion that I'd be offended so easily is... it's offensive! If you don't shape up soon and give me and my followers something to get angry about, we're going to get very angry with you.

Sincerely,
Barely Bothered in Binghamton

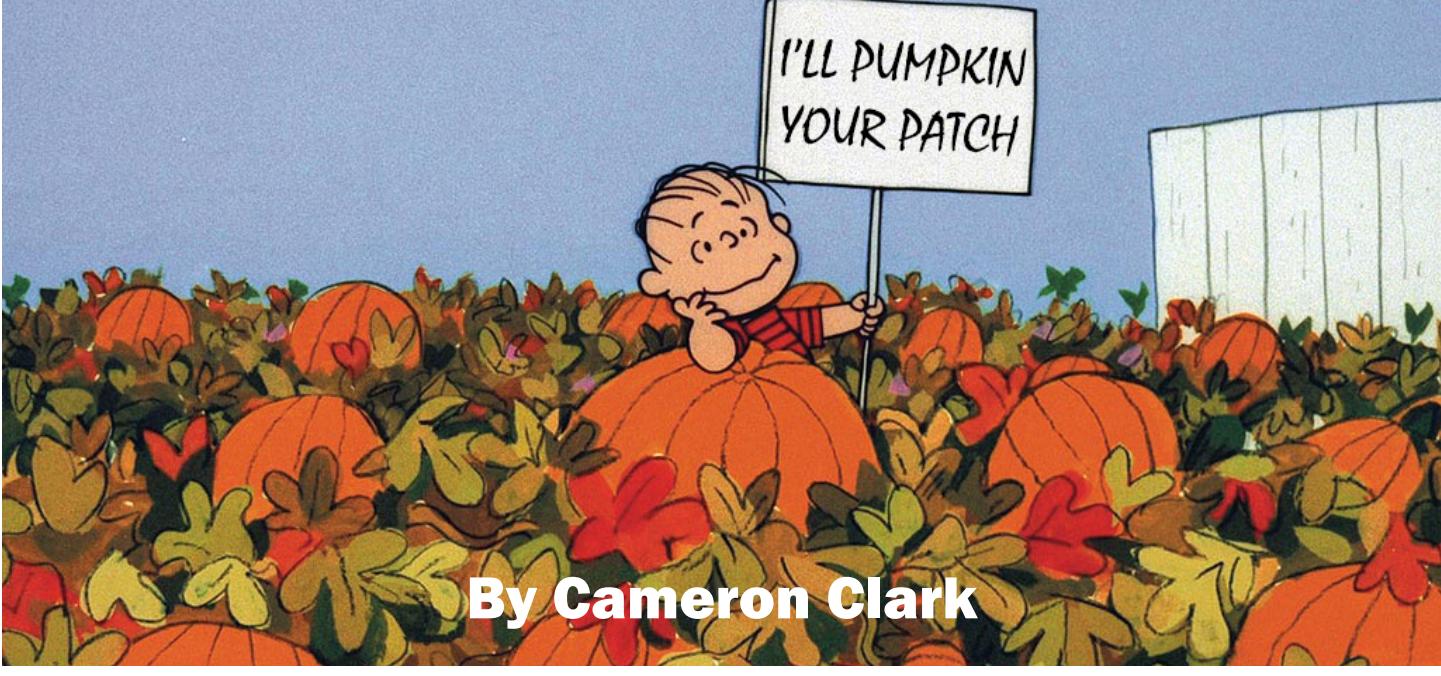
TOP 11 RACES

BY THE TNR STAFF

11. *100 meter dash*
10. *Formula 1*
9. *Inuits*
8. *Amazing*
7. *To Witch Mountain ft. Dwayne ‘the Rock’ Johnson*
6. *Space*
5. *Arms*
4. *Mario Kart*
3. *Wacky*
2. *200 meter backstroke*
1. *To the grave*



Trick or Treating: Just for Kids? The Push for a Sexier Halloween



I'LL PUMPKIN
YOUR PATCH

By Cameron Clark

PORLAND, OR – Outside a popular costume store on Hawthorne Boulevard, frustrated, privileged trick-or-treaters from local universities stand with signs stating things like 'vampires can suck more than blood,' and 'booty be a pirate's only wish,' among others. Upon asking one protester the reasons behind the outrage, we uncovered that the now family-friendly costume store, Hula-ween, once carried a wide selection of skimpy and provocative outfits.

"It's just not fair!" proclaimed Esmerelda Vanderbilt, a combined Dance and English major from Reed College. "Hula-ween always had the cutest, sluttiest outfits for my favorite holiday of the year! Ever since those no-good southerners took over the store, nobody's looked nearly as cute! At the expense of whom? The children? I don't see any issue in wanting to look good on a holiday that's all about fun. If the parents are uncomfortable, just don't go trick-or-treating! It's about time there was a holiday aimed toward the productive, mature members of society!"

In recent years, Americans have observed an astute transformation of one of the year's most sacred holidays – Halloween. What was once a night of light-hearted pranks and delicious sweets has taken a more 'adult' turn, with frightening costumes of werewolves and zombies being replaced by sexy nurses and suave, muscular Frankensteins. Although this trend has shocked many good-hearted Christian Americans, some question whether Halloween should be for the kids at all.

Hula-ween, named so for their famous Hawaiian-themed Halloween costumes, was always the go-to for fun and suggestive costumes when the holiday season came around, but when two southern Baptists, Jeanne and Robert Armstrong took over the store earlier this year, they severely reduced the inventory in hopes of creating a purer, more child-friendly holiday that they think God would agree with. We managed to hear from the Armstrong couple in an exclusive interview, though they didn't have much to say, and some of what they did say was obscured by their rather heavy Alabamian accents.

"Originally, we wanted to turn that-there store into a church, but when we got here, and saw the blasphemy of them-there university students, we knew what the good Lord above wanted us to do," stated Robert. "We just couldn't let those poor kids see that kind of thing on the streets, so we decided to get rid of this ridiculous 'sexy Halloween' craze for good, by burnin' all the old inventory with a cross," Jeanne confidently told our press, as though she had purified an entire country with a single cross-burning.

The fate of the store remains unsealed, though it seems likely that Portland may be doomed to a significantly less sexy Halloween this year. The economic impact is not yet clear, though we believe that there will be a significant decrease in next July's birthrate.

Karen,

I'm writing to let you know that I'd like to see other people. I'm sorry. This wasn't an easy decision to make, but I'm just not attracted to you anymore. It's not you, it's me. No really, I have a condition you need to know about. You remember me telling you that I'm combotarian? You probably still don't fully understand what that is as nobody whom I've told ever does. It means, as the name implies, I can only eat things that come in multiples of two. You know, six grapes or a double quarter pounder. But the truth is that being combotarian is just what I tell people. It's not a choice; I'm incapable of eating anything that comes in an odd number. The doctors call it Lack Dos Intolerant.

The problem is, my condition is spreading to all aspects of my life. Everything I do needs to happen in twos. My life will have to be filled with double-corns and duotards and two night stands or else I'll get sick. I probably should have told you sooner, but it had never been a problem until now. I realized something was wrong a week before my twenty-first birthday. You see, I was pretty unhappy that I wasn't going to be twenty anymore. In all my frustration, I got into a fight with some guy at the subway station because he wouldn't give me a couple of Combos (that snack-food you get at convenience stores). I was hungry and he was being a real dick about it. Anyway, things took a turn for the worse when I tried to grab the bag and he hit me in the side of the head. There I was, lying on the ground, seeing two of everything, and becoming aroused. My head wasn't the only thing throbbing! That's when I knew something was wrong.

It hasn't been easy being combotarian, Karen. I need to eat two bags of spaghetti at the bus stop instead of one like a normal person and I get weird looks! Why can't they just let bygones be bygones? I've done my best to advance the combotarian cause. I even started a club a few months ago where fellow "combos" can get together. Believe it or not, I'm still the only member (which is very uncool). In fact, I may be the first person to coin the term combotarian. Anyway, I'm trying to spread awareness of our existence so if you meet anyone else who's combotarian, please let me know.

People have been pretty unforgiving about my ailment. My friends took advantage of me in poker because I always went double-or-nothing. My sister once got me a pet bird and said it was worth two in the bush. My mom even had the gall to tell me it wasn't an actual dietary restriction. Well if it's not a dietary restriction and, according to the DMV, it's not a disability, then what is it, Mom? Needless to say, I know what it feels like to be discriminated against.

Anyway, I really hate that you have to find out this way, in this letter and all. I'm really glad you've been cured but I haven't been able to look at you the same since the mastectomy. Some people might say you're less of a woman – but I disagree. You're just half of what I'm looking for. Anyway, give me a call when you wake up from the coma.

Yours two-ly,
Noah

(An additional copy of this letter is attached for my convenience.)

I'm Going to Write Something Super Inappropriate in this Article, and There's NOTHING You Can Do to Stop Me, Censors!

By J. Cooper, Sophomore at UC Berkeley

In these crazy political times, people seem to just want to shout their viewpoints loudly enough to feel like their opinions are the only ones that matter. I have done extensive research on this topic, involving many pie charts and hours scrolling through my aunt's Facebook page. What really perplexes me, a well-versed, practically omniscient 19 year old college student, are the attacks on free speech. These hit very effectively on college campuses where, in order to shield snowflakes from the realities of the world, no one is allowed to speak their mind, be they liberal, conservative, moderate, or weird people that claim to be members of the Green Party. I have decided that, in a bold statement against this hierarchy, I will do what no other college student has ever done. I am going to write:

PENIS! That's right, censors! And because I'm writing for the Pro-Union NU Times New Roman, there's nothing you can do to stop me! Penis? Penis! Is this not good enough for you, fearless advocates of free speech? Well, I'll just have to get a little harder, eh (oh yes, this is a double entendre - I am ALSO making my PENIS erect)? I can also say something about Dick, and I'm not talking about Nixon. I'm referring, once again, to the biological structure known as the Penis. Are these direct terms (like PEEENIS) too much for you? Fear not, free speech advocate who dislikes penii, because I have a boat-load of euphemisms for you. The Ding-Dong. The Diggery-Doo. King Arthur's Sword. The Firm Banana. The Eggplant. Man's Eleventh Finger. The Sturdy Log.

Oh, I can feel the people who hate free speech just writhing about in their plush chairs. But guess what, penis, I am not stopping at all. Look under your chairs, and you will find-nothing! And guess what? PENIS. I cannot stop, and will not stop, writing about slick willies. Nothing will get me to stop writing penis. If my hands were cut off, I'd type with my feet. If my feet were cut off, I'd type with my nose. And if my nose was cut off, I'd type with my penis.

I do want to stop this prose, and write something poetic. Enjoy:

Peers, observe me

Everyone, see this.

Now let us see that

I shall write Peniss

Sssssssssssssssss

There's another surprise for you free speech lovers who are also a fan of acrostic poems, but that's a penis for another day. The penis I need to focus on now are the ones that are explicitly written, to fight back against the people who hate free penis - er, um, free speech. But also, I guess, penis.

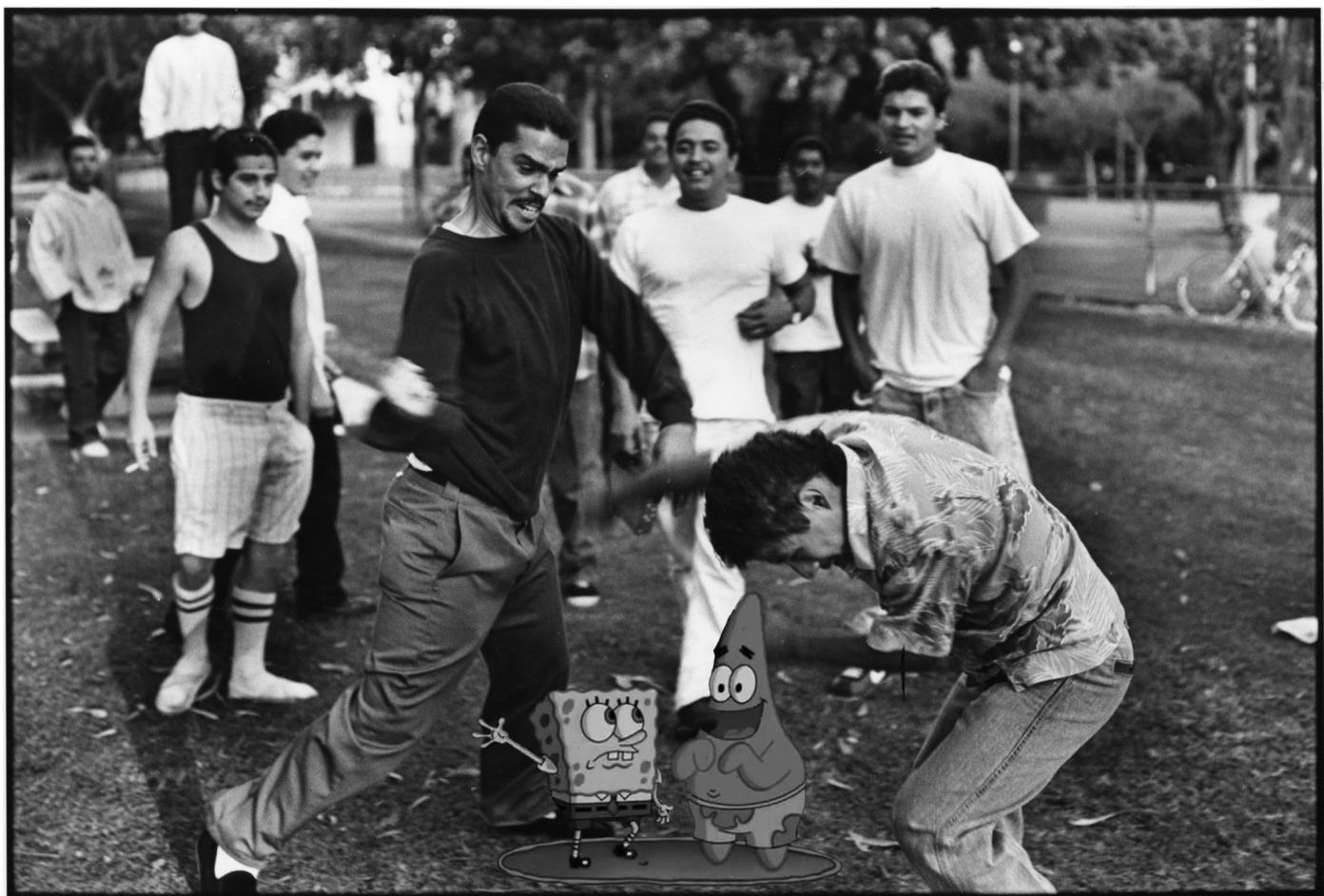
I shall conclude this thought-provoking essay with one last thought: Penis.

I mean, take that, penii! I mean, take that penis! I mean, take that censors, dammit!

Penis

10 Reasons Safe Spaces Lead to Gang Violence

1. All the talk about trigger warnings gets people in the mood to fire off a gun at someone.
"It's inevitable, really. Someone should have seen it coming."
2. Pronoun identifications prepare people for aligning themselves into gangs.
"He/Him/His and She/Her/Hers are just a small step away from Bloods and Crips."
3. Safe spaces make people think they are invincible, so they are more likely to join a dangerous gang.
"I don't think any explanation is necessary for this one, really."
4. 'Safe spaces' is an anagram of "Pass a feces", which is representative of the gang atmosphere of passing along drugs, referred to as 'the shit', leading to undoable mental and physical damage.
"Unbelievable that we didn't notice this."
5. A safe space gives the illusion of a power vacuum, and vacuums have historically been filled by violent gangs with powerful ideologies, resulting in violence.
"Pretty devious, if you ask me."
6. A safe space is a welcoming environment, and for many young people, a gang is a welcoming environment.
"Clearly safe spaces are an education for youths that want to join gangs."
7. Safe spaces are places where opinions are allowed to clash, which is also the reason that most gang violence breaks out.
"Why are we training people to join gangs?"
8. They just do.
9. According to The Leviathan by Thomas Hobbes, humans are corrupted without the presence of a strong authority, and Safe Spaces offer the easily corruptible youth a chance to be free, which, inevitably, pushes them towards a gang member lifestyle.
"Hobbes warned us in 1651. Why didn't we heed the warnings?"
10. The Bible says so.
"Jesus: 1; Safe Spaces and Gang Violence: 0."



Studies Have Shown That Some People are Better than Others, But I'm Not Sure Why

**By David Duke,
former
politician**



For years and years, I have devoted my life to one study: are some people better than other people? This question has haunted my soul. Day and night, it eats at my thoughts like an underfed dog. Some of this might be related to the fact that I don't feed my dog, but that is a column for another day. Back to the subject at hand, I have been trying many different tests to figure out if there exist people who are, in fact, better than other people. Don't think that I haven't been as diligent as possible; I'm a Southern boy, and we do things the right way, with the exception of the Civil War, and allowing the creation of the television show *Dukes of Hazzard*.

I did many tests that I believed would be able to definitively prove some people are better than other people. I had people walk across a tightrope. I judged people singing "Power of Love/Love Power" by the late Luther Vandross. While throwing tomatoes at people, I tried to see if any group of people would be able to more successfully tell me key legislative accomplishments of James Buchanan. I gave people a bowl of salami, had them eat it, and then put an owl on a table. I had people slather peanut butter on a tree. I made people create life. I threw rocks at people. I ate a bagel with sour cream and mayonnaise, which was delicious (I needed a break from all of my experimenting). I had people wear shoes. I had people pantomime, whatever the fuck that is.

Now, naturally, after all this experimenting, I was sure I could decide if some people are better than other people. However, somehow, some way, these experiments have revealed all sorts of data that I couldn't comprehend. In some cases, my experiments have revealed that 5 year olds are better than licensed doctors, dogs are better than teenagers, dolphins are smarter than infants. I don't know what to do with all of this data; NASA won't return my calls. What most vexes me, besides the fact that white robes make me look fat, is the fact that these studies were entirely inconclusive regarding the two most important questions:

1: Are people better than other people. This was the reason I did all of my experiments. I spent \$5,000 on tomato juice, \$2,800 on chimpanzee feces, and \$5 on cologne for the sole purpose of trying to figure out if some people are better than others. This was my life's purpose. But I got nowhere. No veritable results. Nada. Zilch. The big OO. I couldn't believe it. I have nothing to live for now. I only wanted to answer this simple question. But, with the answer out of sight like a kidnapped Richard Simmons, I don't know how I will continue. However, because CNN pays me large amounts of money to say things that they put on a teleprompter, I shall continue living, because I am a greedy racist who enjoys money.

2: Which people are better than other people. I joined the KKK because they made two convincing arguments: 1: Some people are better than other people; and 2: We get to light things on fire sometimes. However, I now see that that is entirely wrong. No people are better than other people. I cannot, with an honest and untarnished soul, continue to espouse the beliefs of the KKK.

I will, of course, because I am an asshole who is not a good person. I am still a racist, I just have less personal conviction now.

My Protest

By Albert Harris, Senior

The United States have never been more divided than they are right now. Just in 2017, we have seen the inauguration of Donald Trump, free-speech protests in Berkeley, California, KKK rallies in Charlottesville and my adopted home of Boston, the Cash-Me-Outside girl has become a millionaire, and the situations in Baltimore and Ferguson are still tense. In response to President Trump's policies and the continued institutional discrimination against minorities in this nation, many NFL players have been making very public protests by taking a knee during the National Anthem. I, too, will protest the injustices and the divisiveness that has plagued the nation. From this day onward, until I start to see positive, beneficial change in this nation, I will be taking a knee during all playings of "Give It Up" by KC and the Sunshine Band.

I know that this move will be misconstrued as an act of disrespect towards the nation's military, to whom the 1983 hit has many important meanings. I would like to begin by saying that in no way is this a statement of disrespect towards our nation's military, including those who have fallen. The fresh grooves of KC and the Sunshine band have inspired decades of our nation's army personnel, keeping them tight even during the hard times of their life. I'm sure some will misconstrue the act of kneeling during this song as blatant disrespect towards the military suavity, but I would like to explicitly state that I have the utmost respect for our nation's troops and their importance to that nation.

I know that this move will bring controversy. My peers have warned me that by taking a knee, people will call me selfish, unpatriotic, someone who can't feel the slammin' beats was making the right move. KC and the Sunshine Band have been an everlasting symbol of this great country and everything it stands for, and "Give it Up" is the epitome of all that is good with this country. I am not doing this to stomp on the freedoms that KC and the Sunshine Band represent. I have a far larger goal than that.

There are millions of people across the country who don't think that they are afforded the freedoms that "Give it Up" stands for. When these scorned few hear the classic lyrics "na na na na na na na na na/Baby Give it Up/Give it Up/Baby Give it Up," they don't think of the funky, groovy times when America was free, or the ideals that America stands up for. They don't hear liberty and justice for all, because they've never experienced liberty or justice that privileged Americans get to boogie to. The system treats them unfairly, and, although "Give it Up" offers an idealistic America through funk, some people don't see it. That's why I'm taking a knee. I want to Make America Groovy Again.



PUBERT'S GAMING CORNER: THE BEST-LAID BANS



BY DANIEL NACHUM

It's been almost half a year since "the incident" that caused me to have to put my show on hiatus, which may or may not have to do with being sent to a seminar about adult bedwetting, but that doesn't matter (and didn't help anyway) because I'm back, baby! And if you thought things were crazy before, just wait until you see just how crazy things are gonna get this time around. That's right, loyal fans! Pubert's back, and hairier than ever!

Welcome to Pubert's Gaming Corner, with your host, Pubert! For those of you new to the show, allow me to elaborate: Each show I'm asked a certain question by one of you, my followers, and it's my duty to answer your question the best that I can. And after a long hiatus, I know I've got a lot of backed up requests, so let me just open up my social media page and let's - huh. Only one new message? Really? Six months, and one message? No, that can't be right. Maybe there...Oh yeah, I asked my mom to keep my social media up-to-date, so she may have accidentally deleted all of them. Old people and the internet, am I right? Let me just ask her, I'll be back soon.

[PLEASE STAND BY]

Ok, I'm back, and as it turns out, there really was only one new message. OK, well that's a hit right in the self-esteem. Not to worry, I'll just suppress this memory...AFTER I finish today's show. Gonna have to keep it short though, since it took me 2 hours to find my mom, who turned out to be passed out in the liquor closet. Actually, probably shouldn't have said that out loud, she is one of my...11 FOLLOWERS!?!? I LOST A FOLLOWER!?!? WHAT THE HECK GUYS!?!? Have I really lost my touch in just half a year?

Let's just get this over with. Today's only question comes from HeydaRnell on Discord. The question is, "I've just about had it with playing games online. The always online

Times New Roman

features, the toxic communities, it's just too much. But I can't stop playing, and it's negatively affecting me and the ones around me. How can I just get banned, so I'm not tempted to go back?" Really, Darnell? That's a bit of a no-brainer. I guess I'll answer it since it's the only message, not to mention it's easy, and we can get into some hairy territory.

Darnell, have you ever heard the term DRM? Companies may have you believe it has something to do with online compatibilities or something stupid like that, but DRM is actually an acronym for the 3 kinds of people that can get banned in the snap of a finger. Dicks, racists, and masochists. First off are the dicks. They're those people who just go into a game and start doing things that only assholes do. Killing teammates, wasting healing items, and having a mic volume level equivalent to that of the THX logo. Why do they do it? For the LOLZ, why else?

Racists are pretty straight forward, but if you want to get banned, you can't just throw around the classic racial slurs, you've got to get really obscure. Everyone knows the more obscure, the more effective the slur. Some classics include chu[EDIT: 46 CHARACTERS WITHHELD]ete, that one'll get you banned for sure.

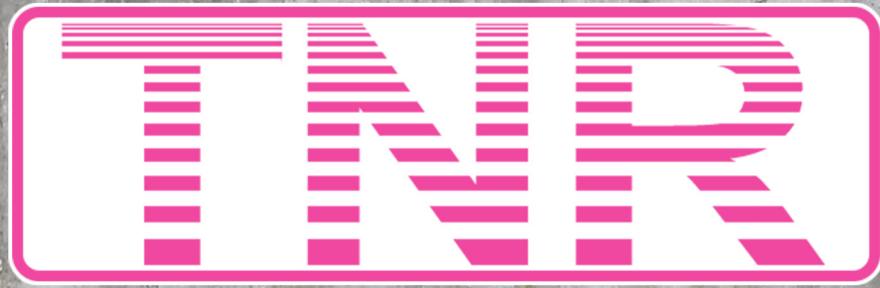
Finally, you've got the masochists. You know, the 12 year olds playing Call of Duty who don't know anything about games, the driver of the warthog that always drives it off a cliff, the ones on your team that always lose their cool and then die, costing you the game, and then state "Lighten up, guys, it's just a game" like the last 10 minutes didn't just happen, but we all know it was because of you that we lost the game, Mordecai! Don't try to deny it. They must be masochists, why else would they be playing games and downright sucking at them if not just for some sort of sexual pleasure? Sure, you died a horrible and painful death, and all of the civilians in the town are dead, but hey, at least we got you off for the 10th time today!

That's it. Just follow the DRM, and no company will want you interacting with their player base. Hopefully that answers your question, Darnell. That ends today's episode, and you know what? I'm done. I put a lot of work into these episodes, but do you guys care? I get no respect, but maybe I don't deserve it. I mean, look at me. I'm a puberty-stricken teenage boy, making videos about video games in my room, for my now 11 followers, one of which is my own mother. Honestly, I'm on the brink of just quitting right now. Maybe I just need to check out a funny Twitter story to make me feel better. Let's see, what do we have he - wait, something's wrong, I have to check... 10 followers.

I quit.

[THREE AND A HALF WEEKS AFTER VIDEO RELEASE]

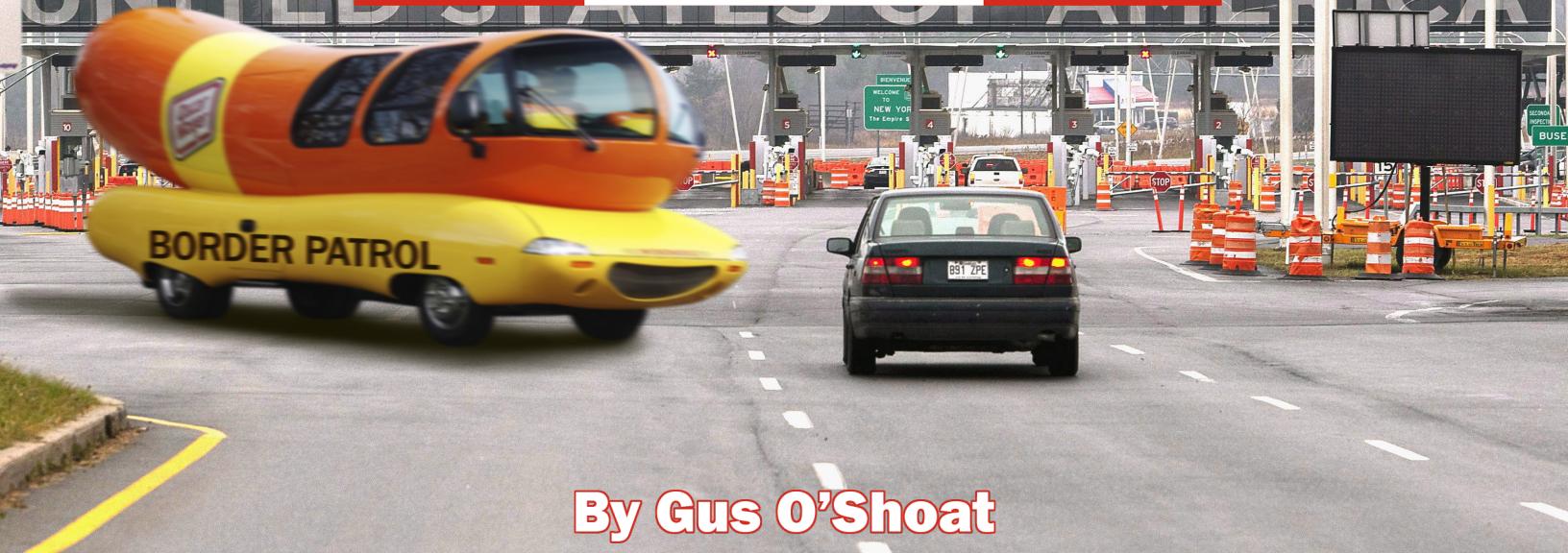
Hey guys, it's me again, just giving you an update. I know I said that I was done, and I really meant it. Well, as it turns out, I just got a message from, who would've guessed, Darnell? Turns out that not only does he watch my videos, but he actually thanked me. He said that thanks to me, he's been banned from all online gaming communities, and that he can't wait for my next video. Well, turns out that that was just the confidence booster I needed to get up and get back out there. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm back again! For a second time! And if you thought that was crazy, just wait until my next video. It'll be even crazier. So get ready kids! You're gonna witness the hairiest Pubert you've ever seen! Thanks for watching!



*TNR cannot afford sticker paper so please cut out and add two sided tape.

Shut Down The Border!

Canadian Bacon Gives Me Gas



By Gus O'Shoat

For too long, America has been known as the land of opportunity. For too long, this once perfect country has welcomed the dredges of the world with open, unquestioning arms. For too long, have I had to take Tums after breakfast every morning. But no longer, I say! No longer!

With our lax border control, wishy-washy customs offices, and complacent Federal government, our borders are essentially open doors, ushering in hordes of criminals, drug lords, terrorists, wretched refugees, hard-working laborers, thugs, and - worst of all - foreign butchers. As these "people" cross our borders unchallenged, they bring with them disease, drugs, communist beliefs, diverse perspectives, guns, and - worst of all - Canadian bacon.

My local café used to offer regular, honorable, American bacon on all its breakfast sandwiches, but now, after the terrible leadership of our present administration, I'm forced to eat this Canadian "bacon" every single morning. What even is it? Bacon? Sausage? Chalk? Ham? No one knows!

And to top it off, it gives me terrible, head-turning, ground-trembling, nose-pinchng, explosive gas. It has gotten so bad that I no longer go out in public after breakfast. I was fired from my job for uncleanliness and I'm now living on food stamps like some freeloading immigrant. It needs to end! It needs to end now!

I've tried every digestive aid available and there is only one solution left: shut down our northern border and stop the inflow of foreign, gas inducing meats.

[REDACTED] Case File #9:



OFF POINT with Richard Richards

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

INTERVIEWER: Hello, and welcome back to [REDACTED]. I'm your host, Richard Richards, and this hour we're continuing our conversation on the global warming epidemic. We have a special guest in the studio today: Lisa Carson, who has absolutely no connection to the scientific research community and is completely unqualified to speak on the subject, and quite frankly I'm... (silence) Mm-hmm.....uh huh.....uh huh. (full volume) My apologies, listeners, please disregard that and remember at this time to consider making a donation to our Fall Fundraiser! We depend on you and your generosity so we can continue to bring you impartial, unbiased news. Lisa, thanks for being here.

CARSON: Thanks for having me, Richard.

RICHARDS: Now, would you consider global warming as having had a significant impact on your life?

CARSON: (laughs) Well, Richard, you could say that. Ever heard of early retirement?

RICHARDS: I'm...not quite sure what that has to do with global warming. Are you referring to the segment of the population that believes it will bring about the end of the world?

CARSON: (laughs) Oh no. Talk about a missed opportunity! I'm here to bring a special offer to you and your listeners. Richard, what's your favorite season? Don't answer that. It's summer! Everyone loves summer. And you know what "global warming" says to me? "It's warm-ing." It says "lie on the beach with a drink in your hand and not a worry in sight!" Everyone is getting in on this deal, and you can too.

RICHARDS: I'm not so sure about that, Lisa. There have been decades of research that support disastrous weather patterns, the disintegration of the ozone layer, destruction of habitats. The evidence alone—

Times New Roman

CARSON: Here's some evidence for you, Richard: since this whole "global warming" thing took off, the real estate market in the tropics has just been booming. Haven't you ever dreamed of owning 9 beach houses in the Bahamas?

RICHARDS: Do...you own 9 beach houses in the Bahamas?

CARSON: (*laughs*) I sure do, Richard. Brand new developments, all of them.

RICHARDS: Well...isn't that because the Bahamas were just destroyed by a record-breaking hurricane?

CARSON: Don't get hung up on the details! What's important is that this is definitely not a bubble.

RICHARDS: Why...would you bring that up?

CARSON: Because it isn't. This is a great opportunity for anyone looking to get in on the ground floor! A great investment with no risk whatsoever. In fact, studies have resulted in this graph showing a positive correlation.

RICHARDS: This is just a line in a rectangle pointing upwards.

CARSON: (*laughs*) That's right, Richard. My real estate company, Fuck You Al Gore, is dedicated to this kind of absolute and undeniable truth, and today I can offer all your listeners a fifty percent discount on all of our properties when you pay in small unmarked bills! Live out the rest of your days basking in the sun. Like this real man in this photograph!

RICHARDS: This is the smiling iPhone emoji.

CARSON: He basks in the sun, Richard.

RICHARDS: Actually, there are a lot of people out there that think this kind of extreme climate change could lead to another ice age.

CARSON: (*silence*)

RICHARDS: Lisa?

CARSON: (*quietly*) Did the ski resorts put you up to this?

RICHARDS: I'm sorry?

CARSON: Those sons of bitches have been after us since Day 1 and I will be goddamned if they are allowed to fool the good American people. A blatant scheme. This one goes up high, Richard. Shameless.

RICHARDS: ...Yes. Shameless.

CARSON: (*laughs suddenly and slightly louder than before*) Anyways, what's important is that they will meet their doom in a pit of hellfire. Am I right or am I right? And again, this is not a bubble. Totally unrelated, I'd like to add that flood insurance is sold separately through our sister company, Fuck You Al Gore For Real And We Are Definitely A Real Insurance Firm.

RICHARDS: ...What?

CARSON: And did you know, Richard, that all the instances of melanoma have been 100% unrelated to the acquisition of our properties. (*laughs again*) Just buy them! Buy our properties! Buy our properties.

UNKNOWN: Richard, you gotta get her to stop that laugh—

RICHARDS: (*hurriedly*) You know, I think that's all we have time for today—

CARSON: (*unintelligible*)

RICHARDS: Are you laughing and speaking simultaneously? How are you doing that?

(*laughter intensifies*)

RICHARDS: (*pages flipping*) Ms. Carson, how exactly did you get onto my list? Chelsea?! Chelsea, I did not approve this.

CARSON: YOU CAN'T STOP US, RICHARD.

RICHARDS: CHELSEA, CALL SECUR—

[END TRANSCRIPT]

TNR INVESTIGATES SAFE SPACES

In recent times, safe spaces have become a cultural point of discussion and controversy. Here at TNR, we made it our responsibility to learn more about how they work. After months of investigation, we have found that, unquestionably, safe spaces are yet to guarantee safety, and to prove this, we have collected here some accounts of gruesome stories gathered by our investigators.

Karel (Police Investigator):

I had just arrived to the safe space, but it was clear something wasn't right. A nervous tension filled the air - you could almost hear the buzzing in your ears. It was only moments later when a scream pierced the air, and suddenly everyone was running, and shouting. I barely made it out alive. They kept everyone who was inside the safe space quarantined so they could investigate. After nearly two hours, the police chief came out and explained that the young girl had been stung by a bee. That awful buzzing sound - a nest had formed in the air ducts. It was truly awful, and people couldn't believe what gross negligence there was by the safe space director. He's obviously on trial now, and looking at a serious jail sentence. The whole town is shattered, and has completely lost faith in all safe spaces. If we can be stung by a bee in a safe space, are we safe in any of them?

Dave (Research Assistant):

I was going out to this one safe space, it was really out there, in the middle of nowhere. Small town, they had just invested millions into a new building, gorgeous big safe space. Of course, there was one huge design flaw, and it was right in front of everyone - they just didn't see it. They had stairs right in the entranceway! Of course, it wasn't two weeks after I started doing research there when someone almost fell down those damned stairs. They didn't actually fall, of course, but just the shock from nearly falling traumatized them so much they were never the same. Whole place was ruined after that. The mojo was all messed up too, of course, they had to tear the whole place down, millions lost. Just a real disaster, really messed a good kid up there.

Norm (Co-op Intern):

Hey, um, I got that safe space report you wanted. So, uh, on Wikipedia, there was, like, this article. And, like, there was a link from it, right? And it said, like uh, 10 worst developments in safe spaces, so uh, I copied the first one here:

1. *Recent reports show that a major safe space has been closed. A seemingly innocently young boy was brought into the space, but, in truth, he had darker motives. Of course, there was no warning he had recently had a cold, and after accidentally coughing near a door knob, one other man caught the young boy's cold and had to take a half-day off work. The young boy has been sentenced to hard labor, and the safe space has been bulldozed to create space for more llamas.*

Yeah thanks, so uh, anyhow, lemme know if you need me to do anything else. I'll be at my desk. In the corner. With the squeaky chair. And the AC blasting right on me.

WHAT HAPPENED

IN THE WRITING OF WHAT HAPPENED

by Chelsea Clinton

Hillary Clinton has just released her book *What Happened*, where she takes us behind the scenes on what really happened in her loss in the 2016 election, with the drama, the soaring highs, the dizzying lows and all the excitement and gossip in-between out for the world to see. This piece doesn't bring you that story but the much more interesting tale of what happened in the writing of *What Happened*.

First, Hillary Clinton went to a publisher and made a deal to produce a book on what happened in the 2016 presidential election, originally under the working title “Bernie you little shit, you fucked me”, which was later revised to *What Happened*. Then Hillary went home, sat down at her computer and proceeded to write. After a little while, Bill emerged from a doorway into Hillary’s room breathing heavily.

Hillary: “Why are you breathing heavily?”

Bill: “I was on the elliptical.”

Hillary: “But the elliptical is broken...”

They stared at each other, and silent moments passed with neither one of them looking away from the other. Bill went back through the doorway. Hillary looks down and continues to type.

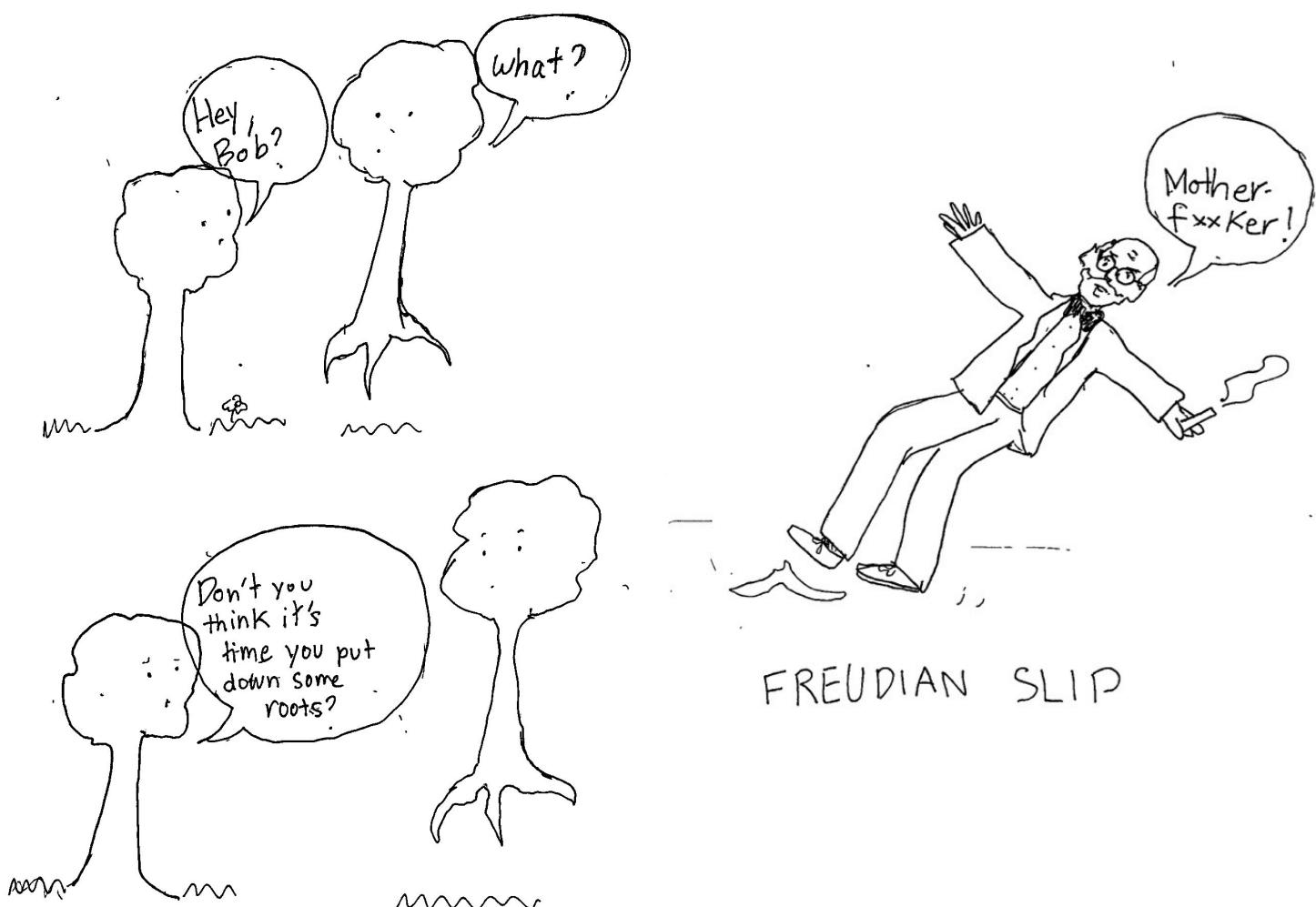
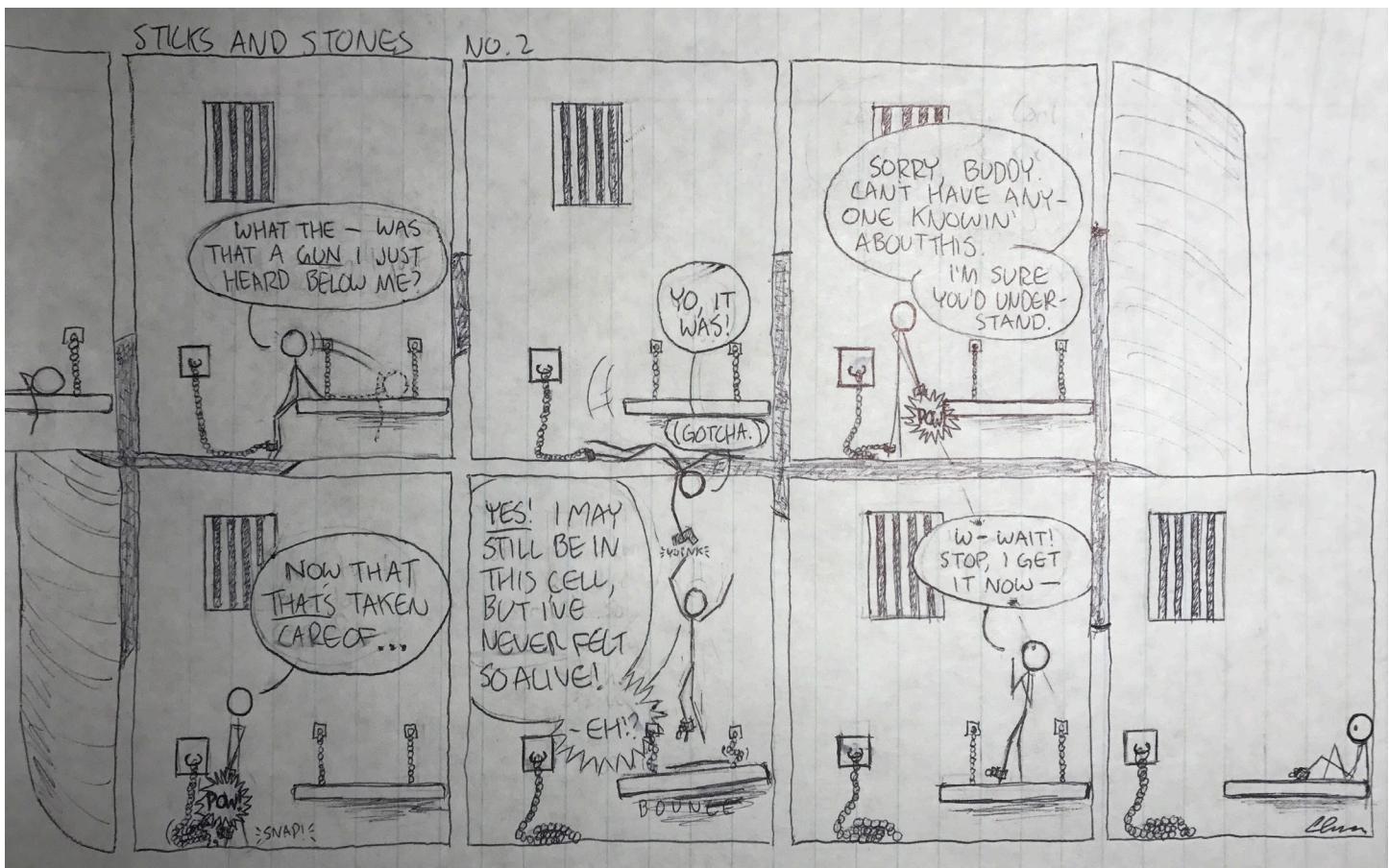
After a while, Hillary decided to motivate herself with some music, she goes on the iTunes and plays *Sweet Home Alabama*. As the song plays, Hillary starts to bop her head to the tune. She starts to sway, now she is really going. The song goes “In Birmingham they love the Governor”, and Hillary sings “Hoo Hoo Hoo” swaying her arms above her head. Just then she hears a creaking sound at the front door. Fearing it might be a supporter dropping in on her she scrambles for the mouse and quickly switches to *Fight Song* by Rachel Platt. Clinton sings “This is my fight song, take back my life song, prove that I’m right song...” Her voice trails off as she realizes that it was just the wind blowing against the door. Hillary turns off the music and gets back to writing.

She starts really flying, sparks coming from her finger tips, Chapter 1: *Trump Sucks* (done), Chapter 2: Why email privacy is a fundamental right (done), Chapter 3: A pop up section featuring pants suits (done), Chapter 4: How to chill in cedar rapids (done). Having written 4 chapters, all combined almost a full 3 pages of praise winning text, she breaks for dinner. Hill Dog reaches in to her purse and fixes herself a bowl of hot sauce, and finishes with a Halls to suck on for dessert. To recover, Clinton laid down for a nap. Waking from her sleep, she finds Bill staring at her from across the room holding a rubber duck, dripping in sweat.

Hillary: “What are you doing Bill?”

Bill says nothing. They stared at each other, and silent moments passed with neither one of them looking away from the other. Bill went back through the doorway. Hillary returns to typing. She finished the book with chapters so good that it would be a sin to give them away in this recounting of the book’s history. She hands the book in to the publisher, then calls the New York Times to dictate their review of it. And that is what happened in the writing of the book *What Happened*.

Comics by C Pancoast and Oriana Timsit



SIGN OUR PETITION, GET RID OF TNR

I feel like less of a human being after reading this cover to cover. Who would ever want this thing to be associated with Northeastern? Dumb, crass shit humor. Their intent is satire but the only joke is them. Ban this garbage before our children see it, or worse, the College News & World Rankings.

Donate to the cause,
scan here



**SIGN
ONLINE,
TOO!**
nutnr.com



No good!

President Aoun, I DO want
you to ban TNR forever this time.

CUT OFF ON DOTTED LINE AND MAIL IN



NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

Supported by the
Student Activity Fee

Mail to:

Desk of Aoun!