

My Pet Rocks! Pg. 5 *PLUS* Free Good Boy Poster

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TIMES NEW ROMAN

NEW!
Gus Comics
Not About Pets!

*Does the
CIA care
about my pet?
Find out pg. 5*



PETA Approved
Publication

"That's just
a guy in
a dog mask."

Pets in Video Games?
See who Pubert approves

Letter from the President



The purpose of pets seems to always escape me; I cannot figure out why we give pets to children, who tend to have such a small grasp on responsibility and consistency. Is it in order to demonstrate our dominance over other species, or just because we just like seeing animals starve to death?

Regardless, raising pets makes an enormous impression on a child's development. Children, who are notorious for being mindless, soulless creatures, are able to learn empathy and care for the very first times in their lives. The eyes of a small puppy or the cry of a tiny kitten embeds into a child's mind the fragility of life, and will also save them the trouble of having to ask their mother her maiden name for all future security questions.

I remember my first pet. Martin, named after the famous 90s sitcom starring comedian Martin Lawrence; he was a scruffy, lovable character. When he was young, his short golden hair would glisten in warm summer days, and when his hair did grow longer, it waved oh so elegantly during our runs in the field next to my house. Endless hours were spent playing catch at the local park, from sun up to sun down. As I grew into maturity, so did he, and while I could do more than I could previously handle, I started to see Martin become old and weak.

Eventually, my parents had to sit me down and explain to me that Martin was becoming sick, struck down with an incurable disease that would leave him in pain for the rest of his life, and therefore it would be best if he was put down. I couldn't believe what I was hearing, and there was no way I was gonna let my parents kill my precious pet. So that night, I snuck out of bed, I tipped-toed through the house, I took Martin out of his cage, and freed him into the wild, weeping my sad little eyes out as he scurried away, led only by the lucid light of a full moon.

About a week later, I saw a report on the news about a "dog-boy" that was found after his parents reported him missing nearly 13 years ago. He could only walk on all fours, and barked instead of speaking. His parents chose to put him down.

This issue is dedicated to all childhood pets. And PETA. And especially Martin.
- Gus Castillo

Our Staff Proudly Presents

TIMES NEW ROMAN

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Top 10 Animal Movie Deaths

By The TNR Staff

1. Bambi's Mom (from Bambi, 1942)

Bambi is going to need serious therapy because, deep down, he knows his mom's death was his fault.

2. Marley (from Marley and Me, 2008)

Marley is dying, cut to Owen Wilson saying, "Gee Wow, Marley no, what happened?"

3. Air Bud (from Air Bud, 1997)

Between the football and the volleyball movies, didn't you notice that Air Bud did everything a little slower? Concussions are no joke.

4. Charlotte (from Charlotte's Web, 2006)

Everyone pretended to like Charlotte in the movie, but when she dies all the pets are like, "Thank God, fuck spiders."

5. Marlin's wife (from Finding Nemo, 2003)

Due to a goldfish's poor memory, the saddest part of the movie isn't when Marlin's wife dies. It's 10 seconds later when he forgets all about her.

6. Hedwig (from Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 2, 2011)

When Hedwig dies, no one actually cried because no one really gave a hoot.

7. Horse (from The Godfather, 1972)

Gotta take any part you can to get a-head (HA!) in the acting world.

8. Littlefoot's mom (from The Land Before Time, 1988)

Don't weep for her, they were all gonna die from the meteorite soon anyway.

9. Mufasa (from The Lion King, 1994)

Shit, in Africa, things aren't even going right for the animals!

10. Skip (from My Dog Skip, 2000)

We never saw this movie so we're just gonna skip him.

11. Old Yeller (from Old Yeller, 1957)

When it comes to writing a eulogy for Old Yeller, there's only two things a person can say about him: he was old and he was yeller.

My Pet Rocks

By Shmec Shmelee

To ruin the joke right off the bat, my pet is a pet rock, that's why the title's "My Pet Rocks", it's like a pun or something, ha-ha funny and stuff. Whatever, let's not get into it and plow ahead here, so yeah my pet is a rock and let me tell you, oh boy, OH boy, has it been a blast, like a rocket igniting fuel to get off the ground. My pet rock Flock (named after the 80's rock band Flock of Seagulls) and I are the best of friends. Now, I know not everybody is completely sold on the idea of pet rocks. There are many misconceptions; people think it's just some dumb gimmick, or that it's an idea from a bygone era where Jimmy Carter was president and people had not yet been exposed to the music of Keyboard Cat. Some say it's just a rock: it can't do anything. It can't feel or reciprocate emotions and to love it in hopes it will someday show affection towards you is a hopeless endeavor for either the insane or the truly stupid. Now, in response to people who are steadfast in these views, let me just say that I will find and murder you along with anyone or anything you have ever cared for.

But, for those of you who are more open minded to new ideas and experiences, let me point out some of the perks of pets rocks that I have found to be a pillar (which are made of rocks!!!) of truth in my life. They are great for hanging around the house with on a lazy Sunday. Unlike dogs that are always nagging you to go for a walk, rocks are much chiller. Rocks are also cheap; aside from his bed, pool, personal sauna and 3 car garage, ol' Flock has hardly cost me more than a couple of grand. Now, that's not including the cost of buying your rock. That's an area where I recommend you don't skimp. Yeah, you could get one of those cheap quartz rocks, but they're mutts. And the shelter rocks always pick on me and haunt my dreams. The best rocks are going to cost you a pretty penny, but just think about it as an investment in all the fun times you'll have down the road. Imagine, while people often fantasize about meeting a rock star, you can actually live with one.

The adventures that can be had with your pet rock are endless. I remember this one time Flock and I went to the local bank. Well, wouldn't you know it, the gun I brought got knocked out of my hand and I needed something to subdue the guard before he sounded the alarm. That's when Flock had the great idea to launch himself from my hand and onto the guard's head in order to make him go to sleep with his special sleeper hold move. Oh gee, OH gee, was that a hoot of a day. And rocks don't just help out in practical ways like that; they also support you emotionally. I hold Flock at night and I know everything is going to be alright and that the endless darkness won't harm me. Without my rock, I don't know what I'd do.

So, as you can see, the case for pet rocks, rocks! I'm sure you're already on your way to the local quarry to pick yours up. And once you do, don't be a stranger, come over to mine and we can have our rocks play together, and if they get tired, they can just lay around. Please, please come, it'll be fun.... I have no friends besides my rock and am bored to death. Come.

The Secrets of Document No. 5318008

By Eric Tatar

While the CIA's decision this January to declassify 13 million secret documents was an exhilarating moment for many theorists in the nationwide conspiracy network, its impact was most pronounced for those dedicated to discovering the truth behind federal document No. 5318008. Found in a largely redacted state in 1985, the one page dictation appears to be a conversation between a high ranking CIA member and his son on Take Your Child to Work Day, with the untouched subject matter spawning dozens of varying theories. One man, a mister David Heffle living at 55 Long Creek Road, Dubois, Wyoming 82513, who requested his name be kept anonymous for fear of the government finding him, had been working on revealing the page's secrets for 25 years by taping together burned scraps of related papers he'd forged from the disposal chute of the nearby Cheyenne CIA base. His evaluation of the piece, widely accepted by the community, painted it as a guilt-ridden confession of the organization's most confidential programs. He has not been heard from since the document was declassified. To let you experience the full story for yourself, TNR has included the original redacted transcript alongside the newly dacted one:

April 27th 1983.

Conversation recorded in waiting room #657 from potted plant mic #36478;
participants one male adult, Agent Miles, one male child, Miles' son.

Miles: Alright, alright, you want the full story?

Son: Yes!

Miles: *big sigh* Okay,

[REDACTED]
Fidel,

[REDACTED]
the warm April morning

[REDACTED]
fluoride

[REDACTED]
public water

supply,

mind [REDACTED] control

Son: *gasps*

Miles: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
crack

[REDACTED]
poor
AIDS

[REDACTED]
shot

MLK

the door to the room opens as a group of agents pour in

Miles: Well, I guess that's all you get to hear today!

Son: Aww, man..

end of recording

April 27th 1983.

Conversation recorded in waiting room #657 from potted plant mic #36478;
participants one male adult, Agent Miles, one male child, Miles' son.

Miles: Alright, alright, you want the full story?

Son: Yes!

Miles: *big sigh* Okay, this is the tale of Billy, a young boy a lot like you! Billy had a beloved dog, Fidel, who got his name from the time Billy's father tried to say, "Let's name him Fido" but tripped at the last second. Billy and Fidel went everywhere together, which usually just meant on walks around their small country farm. One day, however, Billy's father had to go into town on business and forbid Billy from leaving the house. As the warm April morning beckoned to him from the window, Billy started getting bored, so bored that he begged for a reason to ignore his father's order and go outside. Suddenly, as if answering his prayers, the telephone rang! It was Billy's Grandma. She needed him to pick up the fluoride the doctor had prescribed for her cavities from the general store. Billy jumped at the chance and ran out of the house with Fidel! To get into town, however, Billy and Fidel had to go past the public water supply, whose vast blue face and concrete siding made it irresistible for exploring! Normally, they weren't allowed to play on it without Dad there, but would he really mind them taking control just this once? Billy started running along the pathway. He stretched his arms out to feel the wind as Fidel ran close behind, when a sudden gust combined with an unfortunately placed rock sent Billy flying over the railway and into the water below!

Son: *gasps*

Miles: Fidel ran to the edge and barked down as Billy sputtered to the surface. "I can't swim! Go get help!" Fidel immediately set off running. Finally, after what seemed like hours, he reached the town's old folks home. He ran through the halls, barking at every door and crack in the wall until he saw her snoozing in a chair. Grandma, whose hearing and spelling had been poor for years, had laid a note across her lap saying, "IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, MY AIDS CAN COME TO HELP! ALSO, PLEASE PICK UP SOME MLK ON THE NEXT GROCERY RUN FOR ME!" Fidel shot around the building, gathering the employees and leading them out to the water like the...

the door to the room opens as a group of agents pour in

Miles: Well, I guess that's all you get to hear today!

Son: Aww, man..

end of recording

Pubert's Gaming Corner: Gaming Pets! Written By: Pubert!

Hello to all my 12 social media followers, and 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 fellow followers, and it's my duty to answer your question to the fullest that I can. Today's question comes from @PetLover on Twitter. The question is, "I'm what some would call a 'pet fanatic.' I like to think that I have a strong bond with all my pets both spiritually and physically. Who's the best video game pet and why?" Great question, and might I add, I love the special effects on your profile pic. It actually looks like you're forcing that dog to impregnate that gerbil! You should be in pictures, man!

There's so many types of pets in gaming, I feel that it's impossible to state the overall best, so we'll just go by category. I guess we should start off with dogs. Now, dogs come in many different shapes and sizes and breeds and what not. When choosing your dog, it's important that you make sure they're all about appearance and skills. Remember, it isn't what's on the inside of the pet that counts, because that's complete and utter bullshit. If you choose the weakest runt in the litter because you think, "Oh, I can see that he's got so much potential", you deserve all the ridicule you're gonna get in life.

One option for a dog is Dogmeat, from Fallout 4. He's a loyal, compassionate friend who will actually protect you from mutants, and is good at finding and carrying treasure and junk, which already makes him 100x more useful than any human in the Fallout universe. Although, he proves that sometimes there is such a thing as being too loyal. Imagine if you had a date or something, and you were about to leave your room when BAM! Dogmeat appears and blocks the doorway. "C'mon Dogmeat, I've really got to go, I'm already late," you'll say. But he won't move. "Dogmeat, if you don't move, I'm not gonna feed you tonight," you'll say. But he's one stubborn pooch. "Damnit Dogmeat, why are you so damn big!? I...can't...jump...over...you...Oh come on!" you'll say, trying to jump over and crouch around Dogmeat. But he has every exit way blocked.

Looks like you're stuck there. Just you and Dogmeat. Forever and ever. Maybe loyalty isn't really the best option for a dog. Maybe you want the complete opposite. How about the dog from Duck Hunt? I promise, there's no dog more disloyal, ungrateful and completely unforgiving than this mutt. Sure, whenever you shoot down a duck, he'll hold it up in glee, like he's saying "Ay, oh, good job dipshit. My respect for you has nearly tripled. But seeing how it was 0 to begin with, it remains a constant flat." You ever notice how that mutt never actually gives you the duck? He's probably eating them as soon as he ducks back down behind the damn grass, not even saving you a morsel to cook up for yourself. Oh, but if you miss a duck, then he laughs. And it's not just your normal, run-of-the-mill laugh either. No, this is the kind of laugh that will haunt you throughout your entire life. And it's not just missing ducks either, he'll laugh at all your misfortunes. Failed your final? He'll laugh. Struck out on a date? He'll laugh. Find out that your mother is diagnosed as terminally ill? Not only does he laugh, but he goes out his way to make sure that you know that she started getting the symptoms the day that you picked him up from the pound. This is one dog that I would not mind personally euthanizing.

What if you don't want to take care of an actual dog, and really want more of a hover board, jetpack and submarine all in one? Then get Rush, the robot dog from the Mega Man series. It's hilarious how he constantly thinks that he's a real dog and wants to be treated like one, but

you can just throw him in the garage and no one will even care. And I didn't even mention that he's upgraded every year with new hardware, so just recycle your old one, and its scraps will go towards making a new Rush. Don't worry, we're like, umpteen percent sure that it doesn't feel pain. How about a dog that can help you rake in rent money? There's a few musically talented dogs out there as well. You could go for Parappa from Parappa the Rapper, who can lay down some sick beats. However, he's kind of an old and dated dog now. His funky beats wouldn't even pass for softcore nowadays. Not to mention his political views are totally one-sided. How about K.K. Slider from Animal Crossing? He actually plays some pretty smooth songs on his acoustic guitar, and has made a name for himself down at the local jazz bar. The only problem is that with him as your dog, you'll start to notice a more, how do you say it, herbal scent to your home. He says he needs it for his glaucoma, but we all know the truth.

When it comes to cats, there really isn't that much to go off of. I will say that if you want a good dummy to test out certain biohazard chemicals on, I know a certain annoying bobcat who's been looking for a job for about 20 years now. I mean, what could possibly go wrong? Maybe real-life animals aren't your cup of tea, and you want something a little more fantastical. So let's go over some fantastic beasts and where to find them. Let's start off with 4 of my favorites: Yoshi from the Super Mario series, Kazooie from the Banjo Kazooie games, Chocobo from the Final Fantasy games and Tails from the Sonic the Hedgehog series. Yeah, sure, they all have their own cool sets of skills that each make them unique, but what really makes them cool is that you can ride them like steeds. It's funny because they think that they're equal to the protagonist. It's cute that they think that.

Speaking of Sonic, let's talk about the Chao. These little creatures are the perfect pets. You hatch them on your own, and, depending on how you raise them and what you feed them, you can completely define their personality. It's fun to see how you can mix and match some of the attributes of Chaos to your own personal liking. You can even raise your Chao's stamina, flight and swimming skills. And the best part is that you can then enter them in competitions where they face off against their brethren in order to prove their love for you. And if they fail, send them away forever. You'll be fine if you don't think about it too much.

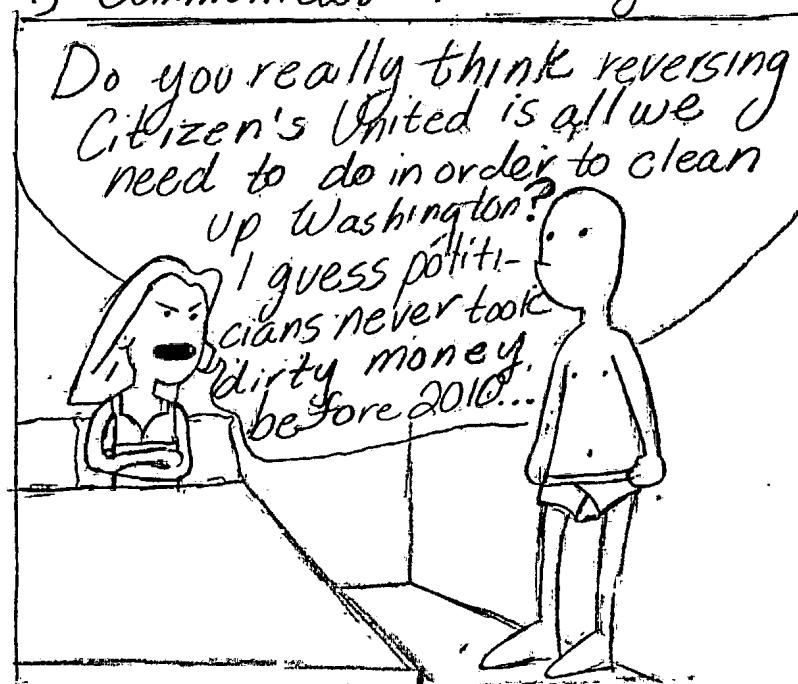
Before we go, here are a few don'ts of video game pets. Don't get a frog. They're either going to get run over trying to catch a fly, or find a magical sword and get caught in a time-traveling adventure. Don't get a fish when you've got Earthworm Jim! Seriously, don't. He'll eat up the fish, and that's waste of money. And whatever you do, don't get a Pokémon. You'll be walking it one day, when all of a sudden Youngster Joey will come out of nowhere with his shorts and his cell phone and his giant rat monster and just start biting the shit out of your Pokémon. Then he'll just leave you with your barely conscious Pokémon, and you'll have to run or bike to the Pokémon center, and you give it to the clone nurse who "heals" your Pokémon without actually giving it medication or anything. Then she wishes to see you soon at the hospital again, and sends you a massive bill even though she implied that health care was free for the Pokémon! Seriously, that is one screwed up system.

Well, that about wraps up this episode. Thanks for watching, and join me next time for another endearing episode of Pubert's Gaming Corner. Follow me @TheGamingPub, ask me a question, and who knows? I might answer it. Now if you'll excuse me, my dog entered a costume contest, and something tells me we've got this in the bag. Fluffer Nutter, where are you? You've got to put on your Hideo Kujo-ma costume before the contest!

Classroom Notes

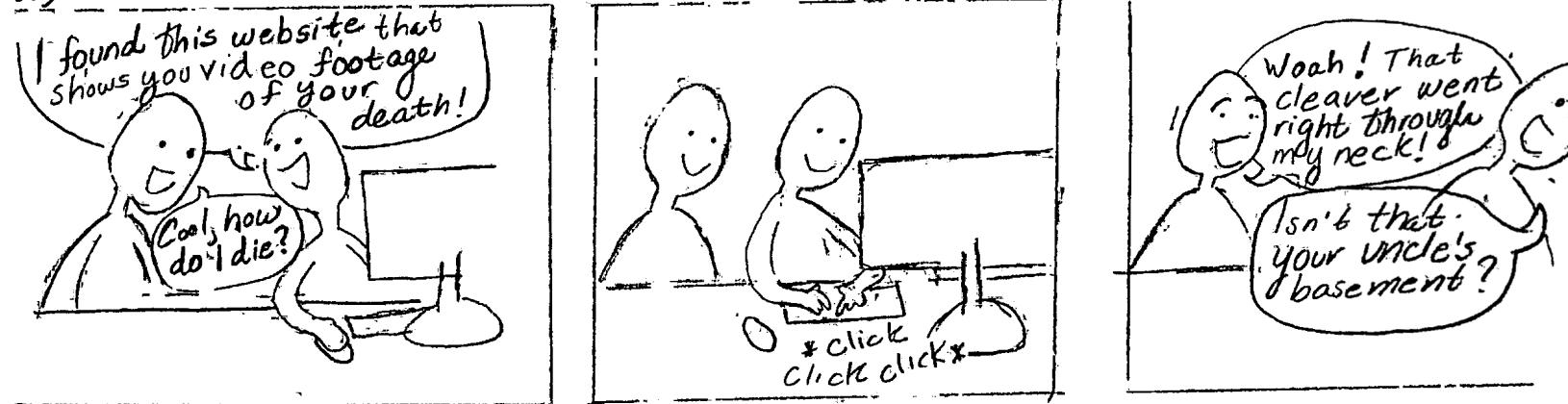
By Jose "Gus" Castillo

1) "Communication is Key"

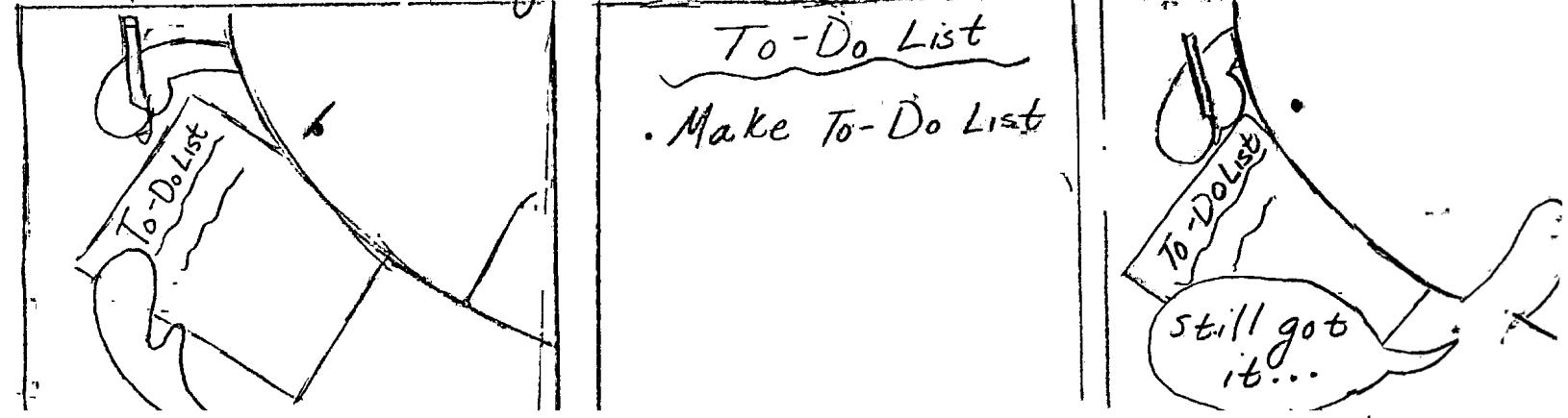


Sex tip #48: Discussion on campaign finance reform is best left for after foreplay.

2) "Kids on the Computer" foreplay



3) "Capitalism in Decay"



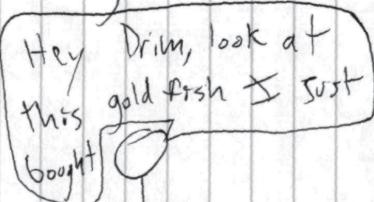
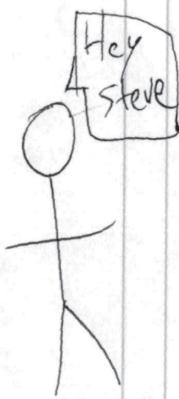
College Steve

by Times New Roman's own
Greg Miele



Greg will be taking a brief break from College Steve this summer to prepare for law school. We wish him all the luck in the world.

College Steve



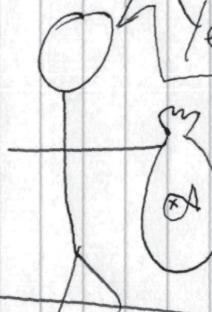
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by Greg Miele

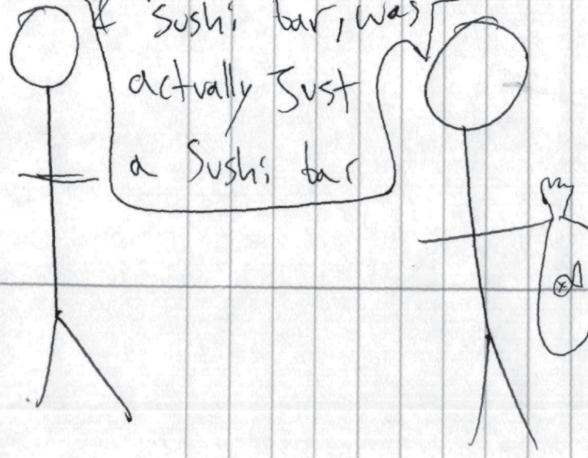
I think it's dead

Oh Yeah



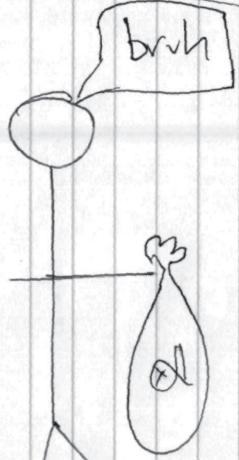
Maybe that store that I thought was a duel pet shop

& Sushi bar, was actually just a Sushi bar



You Idiot

bruh





GOOD
BOY