



BEST OF
TNR
SPRING 2016

Our Staff Proudly Presents

TIMES NEW ROMAN

Best of Spring 2016

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>US News and World Rankings</i> by TNR Staff.....	Page 4
<i>Advice Guy</i> by Lucas Cohen.....	Page 5
<i>America Needs a Bigger Pole</i> by Greg Miele.....	Page 6
<i>Garret's Supa Bowl Special</i> by Gerard Sockol.....	Page 7
<i>Valentine's Day with My Waifu</i> by "Jack Walsh".....	Page 9
<i>Top Ten Presidential Heartthrobs</i> by TNR Staff.....	Page 10
<i>Milennial Cocktail</i> by Greg Miele.....	Page 11
<i>TNR Mixology</i> by TNR Staff.....	Page 12
<i>Where Are They Now?</i> By Eric Tatar.....	Page 13
<i>College Steve</i> by Greg Miele.....	Page 14

Cover by Lucas Cohen

Magazine Produced by Jose Castillo and Eric Tatar

We can be contacted at neutimesnewroman@gmail.com

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All mistakes are intentional jokes.

THE TNR STAFF

NOT PICTURED: GERAD, TIM, AND SEVERAL OTHERS
PICTURED: PEOPLE WHO DON'T ACTUALLY WORK HERE



US News and World Rankings



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

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



* Do you get it? Golf. Lowest score wins. He-he! Ho-ho!
Ha-ha!

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

ADVICE GUY!

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

Dear TNR,

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

Regards,
Timmy Jones
Freshman, Mathematics

Timmy Jones,

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

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

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

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

Yours truly,

Advice Guy

America Needs a Bigger Pole

By Greg Miele

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

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

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

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

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



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

GARRET'S SUPA-BOWL SPECIAL

Everyone's favorite Bostonian *Garret Shanahan* is the senior staff sports writer here at Times New Roman. This week, Garret tackles this year's Super Bowl Championship game between the Carolina Panthers and the Denver Broncos.



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

First Quarta

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

Second Quarta

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

Halftime

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



Third Quarta

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

Fourth Quarta

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



Valentine's Day with My Waifu

by Jack Walsh
Adopted Japanese Name: Jakku Walshi

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

I first met this year's hot date when I was watching a steamy new simulcast of *Puella Magi Madoka Magica*. The story follows a middle school student, Madoka Kaname, who gets tricked into a witch's lair along with her friend, Sayaka Miki. While neither of these two were particularly good waifu material for me, I could see another fan claiming them for himself. My first experience with my sweetheart came at the end of the first episode when, as Madoka and Sayaka struggled through the labyrinth, the glorious Homura Akemi appeared to save the



day. I immediately closed my anime streaming website and, since then, my browser history has been riddled with searches concerning every aspect of my sweet Homura; her hobbies, favorite foods, musical artists and preferred methods for lovemaking have been just a few of my inquiries. Her lewd personality, lack of clothing, and surplus of nude scenes caused a spark that lit a powderkeg of passion within me. The one way to be with my true love was clear, so I prepared to embark on a quest the likes of which I had previously never experienced.

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

on our first date around town.

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

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

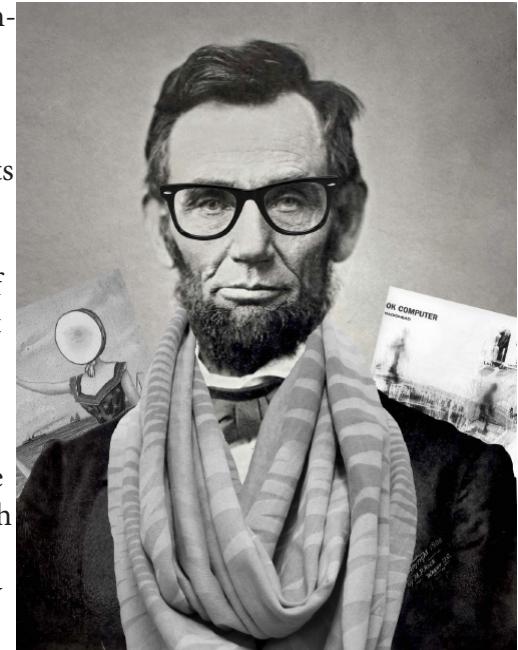
When we got back, I thanked my mom for dinner, grabbed a pack of doritos, and rushed upstairs with my lover. I slammed the door shut behind us as she hopped on my bed and asked to see the logs for my last raid progression. We talked for hours over a bag of nacho cheesy gold before deciding it was time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

Top Ten Presidential Heartthrobs

by the Times New Roman Staff

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

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



Millennial Cocktail

by Greg Miele

While some spent their Valentine's Day with loved ones, giving gifts to show their significant other affection and relishing the day, others thought "no, that's stupid". That determined stance against happiness is what brought me to Industry Labs, a brick building found deep into Cambridge, which, on the second Sunday of every month, plays host to the Millennial Cocktail. The Millennial Cocktail is a standup comedy show where, shortly before the show started, I had the chance to sit down and talk to one of its co-founders, Nick O'Connor.

Nick was the self-proclaimed best standup comedian in his home town of Butte, Montana, although he made clear that he was also the only standup comedian in Butte, Montana. He moved from Butte to Boston filled with delusions about his own comedic expertise, yet quickly realized he needed to hit open mic nights in order to hone his skills. He readily admits that it was a bit of a transition coming from Montana, where there is more horses than comedians, to Boston, one of the comedy capitals of America. In Boston, he met 43 year old Zachery Katz, who knew of a multipurpose event space at his workplace, Industry Labs, and voila: the Millennial Cocktail was born. The name, Nick says, is a bit of a joke, since more than half of the people involved with the show are not part of the millennial generation. This absurd idea pokes fun at how broad of a term the "millennial generation" is and how the media actively uses it to describe people as young as 12 to as old as 35. I asked Nick what his favorite part about running the show? He says the power; the freedom that comes with being able to pick the comedians and create a show placing comedy veterans alongside people who are still in their first year of doing standup.

As we talked, people slowly began to fill the room, located on the second floor of Industry Labs. The room gave off a "tech startup office" vibe: hardwood floors and exposed brick walls. In the front of the room stood a mic on an elevated stage with two spotlights shining down on it. On the wall behind the stage hung various objects that were either modern art I didn't get or hipster nonsense (likely both). The rest of the room was white, except for several parallel, red pipes on the ceiling that ran the length of the room. People came in, grabbed a beverage and some snacks, and sat down on a mix of chairs and old couches. Music, humorously designed to oppose Valentine's Day, began to play in the background, with songs like "Without You" by Harry Nilsson and "All By Myself" by Eric Carmen, followed by a string of Beach Boys songs about California and summer on the beach, a sharp contrast to the sub zero temperatures that night in Cambridge.

Soon, the room was full of people chatting and laughing, creating a festive and friendly atmosphere. Nick got up with his co-host Zach and started the show to eager applause. The show began with an anlibed exchange between the two about Valentine's Day, how Presidents Day was the real holiday to look forward to, and the difference between emos and goths, with each comment eliciting laughter from the audience. After the two finished, they introduced comics for the evening: Sam Ike, Dan Crohn, Katie McCarthy, Christine An, Nick Ortolani, Kiera Horowitz, and Katie Baker. The comedians provided great standup on a whole number of topics, ranging from commenting the Denver Broncos to asking audience members to draw pictures of other audience members.

Before the show, I asked Nick if he considered the show a good way to spend Valentine's Day and he instantly responded, "Absolutely!" Having seen the show for myself, I would wholeheartedly agree. Nick and Zack's Millennial Cocktail is a fun, festive and funny way to spend a Sunday, even if that Sunday is Valentine's Day.

The Millennial Cocktail runs every second Sunday of the month at Industry Labs, 288 Norfolk Street in Cambridge. For more information, go to the Millennial Cocktail's Facebook page.



TNR MIXOLOGY

by the Times New Roman Staff

From screwballs to mimosas, everyone knows orange juice goes great with any drink. Today TNR is here to show you how to make a lesser known beverage that has a lot to do with another O.J.

HOW TO MAKE AN O.J. SIMPSON



1. Get a glass and fill half-way with orange juice
2. Put in 3 shots of any liquor (your choice)
 3. A dash of sugar
4. Stir the whole thing with a knife
5. Bury the knife in your yard
6. Bury the drink next to the knife
7. Get arrested for a double homicide
8. Go to trial and get acquitted
9. Wait 20 years
10. Have cop dig up the knife and drink
11. It is now ready to be served, best enjoyed while wearing gloves that are too small

Next time, TNR will teach you how to make another tasty drink: the deliciously bloody Aaron Hernandez!



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

This week, TNR decided to catch up with BUDDY, star of the hit 1997 comedy film AIR BUD! AIR BUD made a whopping \$27 million dollars and paved the way for a franchise that would touch the hearts of millions. Let's see where Buddy is now!

THEN:



NOW:



Best of College Steve

by Times New Roman's own
Greg Miele

College Steve #5



Fourth year Art Major Greg Miele has been working hard on his senior thesis, An Examination of Comical Drawing.

After hours of hard work, Greg has agreed to give Times New Roman an exclusive first look at his art.



Once Steve Spoke to Earl at orientation for a half hour,
Now they have to say ~~Hi~~ Hi to each other awkwardly
till they Graduate.