



BEST OF  
**TNR**  
2016-17

**Our Staff Proudly Presents**

# **TIMES NEW ROMAN**

## **Best of Fall 2016-Spring 2017**

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# **How To Tell If Your Tinder Date Is A Reptilian By The TNR Staff**

1. They have political ambitions.
2. They can unhinge their jaw.
3. They act cold....blooded.
4. Their first profile picture is of a girl and a lizard and when you swipe to the next photo, you only see the lizard.
5. Their favorite book is "The Lusty Argonian Maid".
6. They try to change the subject when you bring up the new world order.
7. They have the complete works of David Icke.
8. Fluent in parseltongue.
9. Their Amazon purchase history is all heat lamps, with 2 more currently being shipped.
10. When you ask them to rate something on a scale of 1 – 10, they get nervous and go "Scales! What??!? No no, I have human skin."
11. They were the first black president or first female presidential nominee.



# *Escalatorism: The Memoir of A Former Nazi Scientist By Professor Alfred Dummkopf*

So afder ze Nuremberg drials, I vas released on ze fact zat no efidence could connect me to any var crimes. Druth be dold, I vas only hired in part because my father knew ze Führer fery vell, and I vas only placed in charge of maintainink ze clorox levels in his pool. "Pure and clean", mein Führer vould alvays request.

From zere, me and my good friend Professor Scholz trafeled ze world, looking for adfenture efery-vere vee vent. Vee had met during our graduate days ad Ludwig Maximilian, and vere back-to-back champions at doubles sticktrinkenspiel.

From Europe to Asia, to Africa, to efen ze great US of A! Sure, ze Allied powers vere the enemies of ze shtate, bud vee decided to let bygones be bygones.

Id vas in city of Montgomery, Alabama, did Professor Scholz request zat I pull over so he could use the little Jungen room, and vile I waited for him did a man in a nice black suit vearing a pair of Ray Band sunglasses approached me and asked me if I vas ze Professor Dummkopf.

"Vy yes, I am Professor Dummkopf," I replied, "and vo are you? I like zis, vo are you vearen? I use to have a nice suit like zis from Hugo Boss."

Ze man, mean as he vas, hit me over ze head and dragged me into a nearby van vere Scholz vas too. Ve vere tied up, and dold by ozer men in ze van zat zey vere from ze CIA. Zey dook us to Vaschington D.C., and forced us do vork on solutions to America's biggest problems. During our time zere, Scholz and I infested ze toaster, ze infomercial, DMV offices, ze sree-point schot, Anderson Cooper, and many other products average Americans would later take for granted.

Scholz and I loved it zere, it vas so much fun. On Tuesday's, ve vould eat ze food from vatever country ze CIA had toppled zat veek, and ve got to learn many of America's darkest secrets, like ze truth of Area 51, vether or not Elvis was shtill alife, and vy kids lofe ze taste of Cinnamon Toast Crunch. Howefer, it was in the 70's zat Scholz and I wanted to move on with our lifes; you know, get a nice dog, move to ze Alps, adopt a few children from a zird vorld country, but zose assholes vouldn't let us leafe. I visch zere vas a vord to describe how shtrict and fascist zey vere!

So Scholz and I defised a plan zat vould slowly but surely sow ze seeds of destruction among ze American people. Ze idea vas to create a market place vere Americans vould go to on weekends and holidays, and shpend zeir miserable time waiting on zeir shpouses pickink overpriced, ill-fitting clothes. Vere parents vould be forced to buy Dipping Dots for zeir bratty kids. It would be called ze mall, and vould frustrate Americans everyvere by allowing zem to blindly indulge in both zeir love of capitalism and gluttony. Ze American family vould soon destroy zemselves over zese trips to ze mall, and America vould finally be finished.

Unfortunately, ve had introduced our idea during ze recession of ze late 1970's, and our plan vas immediately implemented by President Reagan to refitalize ze economy. By ze mid 80's, ze merger of ze mega movie zeatre complex vith ze mall propelled ze economy into lefels once unimaginable. Ze reason vas, vee later figured out, ze addition of ze escalator, a contraption vee devised from an automatic dog walker vee had originally built for the Führer. Ze escalator vas used by ze Americans to save energy instead of walking up shtairs. Zis safed energy vould mean more and more people vould be villing to schop for efen longer hours, up to nearly 300% zen they usually vould.

Vee vere disappointed our plan did not work, and vee vere now regarded as huge assets to the government, unable to leafe for any reason.

**When you're in a rut, and you don't know why, do not cry,  
just ask Mr. ADVICE GUY**

Dear Advice Guy,

I don't know what to believe anymore. I feel surrounded by lies – is my whole world a deception? What, if anything, is real?

Best,  
Rob Jennings  
Senior, Philosophy

Rob,

It had always been a life-long dream of mine to climb Mount Everest – and last year, I made that dream a reality. Along with my best friend, Guy Advice, I set off to the other side of the world in search of a challenge unlike anything I had ever faced.

Guy and I were close, Rob – we were just about as close as two people can get. After days of endless climbs, our feet were tired, our hands freezing, our faces cracked, our lungs pained and struggling, our minds waning. But we were so happy, Rob; we were alive, and we fed off each other's energy. When we finally reached the summit, the euphoria was palpable. That was real, Rob. We were real – and you know what else

was real, Rob? The storm was real, and so was the wind, the snow, and the unrelenting cold that came with it. So were Guy's last words to me before the storm took him. That was all real. That was all too fucking real.

And you know what else is real, Rob? Your bullshit. Horrible, horrible things happen every day and you still pretend like the truth of reality eludes you. I can see you sitting there with one fist up your ass and the other shaking angrily at the sky like the world has done you some great injustice – like the real problem here isn't that you're a pretentious prick who after so many years on this planet still thinks that deception is a novelty, but that the world really is out to get you.

Fuck you, Rob. What's real? I'll tell you what's real: that hole in the condom your deadbeat dad used to fuck your hooker mom in the bathroom of that Arby's in the anatomical asshole of Tennessee. Yeah, that was real – almost as real as the gaping hole in your life he left unfilled, or the gaping holes in your mom that he didn't. The stench of piss in your pants from the first time you saw a woman naked? That was real – she knew it, you knew it; you both knew it. I'm sure your neighbors could hear you crying – so, yeah, I guess they knew it too. How's the therapy, by the way? You know, I'm not convinced that therapy is a real thing – and you're not helping its case, considering that you seem to be losing touch with reality. Plus, those insecurities of yours are real for a reason. I'd be insecure too if I had twelve kinds of a chronic yeast infection and explosive bacne.

Is that real enough for you, Rob? No? Okay, I'll continue then. Your dead dog? Real. Your family's certainty that you are and always have been and always will be a total disappointment? Yup. The horrible amalgamation of debilitating birth defects and genetic vomit that makes up your face? Uh huh. The inkling of self-doubt steadily and justifiably eating away at your happiness and sense of self-worth? That's the realest thing I've mentioned so far.

My point, Rob, is this: your world is real. Take a good look and decide for yourself what you want to believe – as long as it isn't yourself. That would be foolish.

Yours truly,

Advice Guy

# Where are they now?

## PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

### EDITION!

No matter where you place yourself on the political spectrum, you have to admit that the Illuminati has produced one of the funniest presidential elections in the last couple of years! They even got the guy from “The Apprentice”, and what a showstopper he’s been so far! Unfortunately, not all fan favorites lasted the entire election season, but fear not! Times New Roman has the latest scoop on what each fallen candidate has been up to since they’ve dropped out.

#### Republican Party

John Kaisch - Currently on the “Ohio Doesn’t Suck” tour

Ted Cruz - Wondering if he could get away with killing more people like he did in the 60’s and 70’s

Marco Rubio - Technicians troubleshooting glitches after recent Windows 10 update

Ben Carson - Still asleep at podium from last primary debate

Jeb Bush - Selling leftover turtles, guacamole bowls, and sweaters

Jim Gilmore - Recently offered a lead role in “Gilmore Girls” porn parody

Chris Christie - Acting as a human traffic cone on George Washington Bridge

Carly Fiorina - Standing by her HP printer for months, waiting for her absentee ballot

Scott Walker - Still walking

Rand Paul - Still randing\*

Rick Santorum - Fighting the demons that speak inside his head

Mike Huckabee - More like Huck-a-lame, amirite?

George Pataki - Who?

Lindsey Graham - Making Graham crackers (Get it? ‘Cause he’s a white guy.)

Bobby Jindal - Explaining to people that yes, that’s the way he actually talks.

Rick Perry - Turned back into a platypus and is living comfortably with Phineas & Ferb



#### Democratic Party

Bernie Sanders - Yelling about income inequality while waiting on his hatchback in a car wash lobby

Jim Webb - Took a relaxing vacation back to Vietnam

Lincoln Chafee - Currently working out plans for 2020 presidential campaign

Update: We forgot about Martin O’Malley, but so hasn’t the rest of America?

#### Bonus: Third Party Candidates

Gary Johnson - Spacing out after eating edibles and putting on Dark Side of the Moon

Jill Stein - Spacing out after eating edibles and letting Gary Johnson put on Dark Side of the Moon

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\*You know what? You try running a fucking humor publication. Sometimes, we can’t think of shit to put down. There were 17 Republican candidates running in the primary, did you think about that? No, because you don’t think about anyone else but yourself, and that’s why your wife left you.

# Why I'm Riding the Johnson Express!

By Sid Bud  
 3rd year Political Science Major  
 Lifetime Hacky Sack Player



Am I the only person completely fed up with the current election cycle? All of my friends are easily picking sides between the Democrats and Republicans, not even considering the other, better options right in front of them. Ever since the disastrous end of the primaries, the truly educated members of our society, such as myself, have been looking for other options, knowing that we couldn't entrust our country to either of the two main candidates.

There's no doubt that Hillary has experience (she did bribe Obama into making her the Secretary of State and slithered her way up the political hierarchy from there). At the time, though, I am sure he didn't expect her to forget that C stands for confidential, and that emails regarding the risk to Americans' lives abroad should probably receive some attention. Liberals that were smart enough to not fall prey to her false promises recognized that a Clinton presidency would be much the same as the last eight years, with a little more emphasis on pay-to-play politics. Feeling that Hillary couldn't be trusted, many people turned to Jill Stein, of the Green Party.

I won't go much into the Green Party's nominee, but to say that her vice president is supposedly a holocaust denier, and everyone should be voting for a better third-party candidate.

Our country's Republican nominee is Donald Trump, a businessman who has built an empire starting from a small loan of one million dollars, exploited loopholes in our tax code, and made most of his money through filing bankruptcy, making less money than if he were to just invest in S&P 500. I'm not one to judge the man, but he has said a lot of stupid shit, and keeps losing hundreds of thousands of votes because he hasn't learned the golden rule of literally every elementary and middle school in the United States: treat other how you'd like to be treated. The only reason he has kept the election close is because Hillary hasn't been able shake off all of the dirt from her past.

Regardless, both major candidates have lied about a lot, but Donald Trump is right about one thing: this election is RIGGED. Ever since the two-party system was instituted, it's been another method to limit our minds' potential and has polarized Americans to two opposite points of view, pitting each side against the other. I HAVE TRULY AWOKEN! I am neither a hippy, nor a bigot, I am between both parties! I have found the answer! People of America, open your eyes! There is a party out there for us that is both socially liberal and fiscally conservative! The best of both parties! Do not let the liberal propaganda in the media, or Fox News chain you down! Show the ruling class that they can't control us!

I urge you, vote Libertarian! Both major parties chose literally their worst options, and now most Americans are too stupid to vote for the one reasonable nominee. Gary Johnson is a world-class athlete who has made an honest living as governor of New Mexico and CEO of Cannabis Sativa Inc. He is what our country needs and he can still win! On Tuesday, go to the polls and show the world that the American public controls their own destiny. We will not stand by while those in charge ruin our country to fill their pockets and satisfy their superiority complex.

Why choose one of the two nuts, when you could have the Johnson?

The Islamic State of Iraq and Levant, otherwise known as ISIS, is a terrorist organization that recruits through social media, reportedly operating over 46,000 active Twitter accounts. After hours of sliding into DM's, sending emojis, reading propaganda and being indoctrinated, and finally unlearning everything from said propaganda and indoctrination, TNR gives you an exclusive, never before seen look at an actually ISIS job application. Check it out!

	<b>APPLICATION ID: 119119</b> <b>Office Intern/Assistant</b>
<b>Job Information/Description:</b>	
<b>Region:</b>	<i>Mosul</i>
<b>Openings:</b>	<i>2, But More Are Always Opening Up!</i>
<b>Job Level:</b>	<i>Entry Position</i>
<b>Wage:</b>	<i>Unpaid First Month, Then 72 Virgins/Eternity</i>
<b>Transport:</b>	<i>Must Own Car, The Bigger The Better</i>
<b>Details:</b>	<i>Isis is seeking Young, Passionate Workers To Provide Valuable Support To Our Cause. We take a very hands on approach to our work so applicants should be comfortable with getting their hands dirty. Strong team players are also highly valued. Time Spent In Major Cities A Huge Plus.</i>

ISIS Job Application Form

Applicant's names\_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth (MM/DD/YYYY)\_\_\_\_\_

Country of Origin\_\_\_\_\_

Preference for Country to be sent to\_\_\_\_\_

Thank you for picking up this application form. Please answer the following questions to see if you are a fit for our urban fighter opening. Please answer these questions as honestly and thoroughly as possible so we can identify the best applicants for the job.

- Please rearrange these letters in any way that makes sense to you:

J      I      H      A      D

- Any past suicide bombing experience? If so list below:

- Where do you see yourself in 5 years? (Choose one):

(Alive)                    (Martyr)

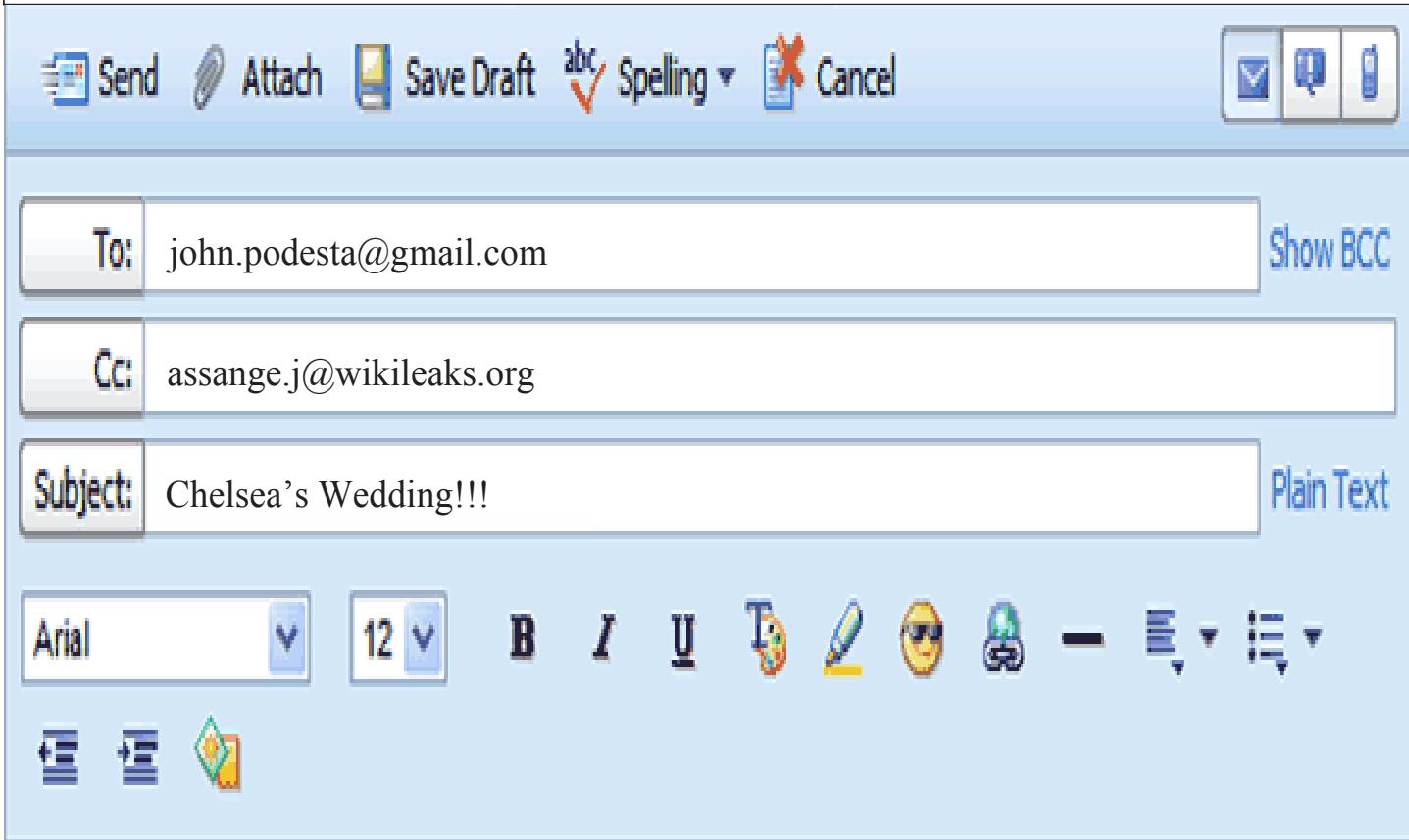
- What's your beard length?

- Have you always wanted to visit beautiful sunny Aleppo?

- We want to really get to know you, what do you like to do for fun?

Send this application to 17714 Mosul Road or die.

The Clinton campaign recently released an email, definitively proving that all the stolen emails from Hillary's personal server were just about her daughter's wedding and other family matters. Hopefully we can now put the false accusations to rest.



New shipment of cash is coming in from Wall Street, send Big Lou and Mickey to the docks to pick it up

John, thank you so much attending my beloved

daughter's wedding. It was such a splendid day,

Was just diagnosed with reverse Lupus, add it to the list of ailments that are killing me

the dress was beautiful, and Bill didn't invite

We must  
destroy  
Sanders  
and his  
hippy  
followers

Out of hot sauce, tell the New York Times to pick some up for me

“her” to the wedding. All in all great day!

Release all aliens in Area 51

Going to a conference on how to flip flop better in  
the 21<sup>st</sup> century in “Denver”, have a car pick me  
up at the airport

Thanks,

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton

I did Benghazi

Tell all the reporters, either they  
write better stuff on me or they're  
fired!

# Things Your Grandpa Won't Stop Saying at the Dinner Table this Thanksgiving

by the Times New Roman Staff

Grandpa's at it again, as he is every year. If shit's not going into his mouth, it's coming right out, but it's always important to respect our elders, and listen to everything they say. After 60 plus years, with the last 20 mostly spent watching Fox News and having the occationsal acid flashback, Grandpa's sure to say seoonething of value! Here's ten things TNR couldn't get their Grandpa to shut up about.

1. Am I still allowed to call ‘em “oriental”, or is that frowned upon now?
2. Well, Susan, you were my first child, and the first one to take the mantle of making Thanksgiving dinner for everyone, and i’ve got to say the meal turned out just like you... a complete disappointment.
3. All my friends are dead!
4. I think I’m having a heart attack....
5. This turkey is more dry than your Grannie’s muff.
6. So this one time in Vietnam... or was that North Korea?
7. Watch out for the crooked media!
8. I’m definately having a heart attack.
9. What’s your name again?
10. Please don’t put me in a home...



# Margaret Sewer's

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## Guide to the

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## Holidays!

**A Comprehensive Guide to Surviving In Your Closet!**

### The Provisions You'll Need:

**Food/Water.** These are pretty easily attainable this time of year this corner of the world this stratum of society. Crash the nearest office Christmas party and make off with a couple of those 5-gallon Ozarka jugs. They'll probably have some crackers and cheese platters as well, or you can just slip downstairs during the night and pick through everyone's Christmas stockings.

**Some sort of human-esque dummy.** You can hardly hideout in your closet if everyone knows you're in your closet. You're going to want some sort of dummy or biological replica of yourself, depending on your dedication level, to keep outside in the bedroom to throw others off the scent. Bonus: when Aunt Margie comes to suffocate you and/or tear off your face (via the hugging and cheek-pinch methods), now you can safely watch from a distance.

**Every blanket in your household.** If a space heater is available to you, you can skip this one but otherwise you'll need something to warm up the social desert you have chosen. Don't worry about whether the rest of the household will miss them; they have their own internalized anxiety about the holidays to keep them warm.

**A pre-taped recording of default verbal responses.** This goes hand-in-hand with #2. On the off chance that you're cornered in the living room and have no choice but to converse, you'll be thankful you took the time to do this, especially since you won't have a lot of acceptable answers on the fly! Here are some sample questions to get you started: How's school? Do you have a lot of friends? Do you have a boyfriend? Have you met our dentist's son, Greg?

**The family pet.** If one is available to you, enlist its help in the defense of your stronghold. You might not always be in tip-top shape to run others away from your closet. If one is not available to you, an alternative might be a random animal from the neighborhood. (Note: Using younger siblings is NOT recommended.)

**Dry shampoo,** to keep yourself smelling fresh, and not at all like you've been contained in a 4x4 space for two weeks. Unless, of course, Greg the Dentist's Son turns out to be massively turned on by personal hygiene and will not leave you the fuck alone, in which case it is completely within reason for you to simply go with a fine mist of Febreze.

**Absinthe.**



## 5 Fun Holiday Recipes For This Season

Home for the holidays? Trying to provide for your family by keeping the kitchen just above boiling point and your temper just below? Throwing back to those good ol' days of matriarchs for an incredibly brief period of time becoming all the other -archs? It's tough to keep coming up with new dishes every year, and remember the old ones, and keep yourself in a living mental state necessary for operating an oven, food processor, and/or kitchen knife set. Lucky for you, we've put together a short list of all the essentials you'll need.

### Stuffing

Stuffing is a great way to use all those leftover giblets you never know what to do with. To begin, cook 2 large celery sticks (chopped) and 1 onion (chopped) over medium-high heat. Then gently toss the remaining ingredients you wish to use (we recommend thyme, cranberries, pine nuts, salt, and a dash of Clonozepam) with the celery mixture and approx. 9 cups of bread chopped into cubes. For that authentic homecooked feel, pepper with Xanax.  
(Just like Grandma used to do!)

### Gingerbread House

If it's a family activity you're looking for, these are a delicious way to go--now you can put up those emotional walls together! Seal those social barriers with some cream cheese frosting and throw some gumdrops and candy canes wherever and however you like: as carefully and precisely as the front walkway to your own home, or as heedlessly and horrendously as that thing out back that you swore you would never see nor think about ever again.

### Yule Log

The Yule Log has traditionally been a cake baked in the absence of a burning hearth, but nothing truly says Christmas spirit like "We are eating a literal fucking log that we picked up off the ground." Go outside and find your favorite one. Remove bird shit to taste.

### Egg Nog

An oldie but a goodie, and easy! We always try and do something different with it and this year our recipe is taking a refreshingly simple approach. The ingredients you'll need are 4 cups milk, 5 whole cloves, 12 egg yolks, 1 ½ cups sugar, 4 cups light cream, and a bottle of your choice of rum. First, add rum to a large mixing bowl. Throw all other ingredients in the trash, and enjoy!

### Black Liquorice

This isn't so much a recipe as much as a reminder about one of the under-appreciated holiday treats out there. Twizzlers are great if you're looking for a cherry-bright hype-up, but don't forget where you are just yet. Here, home for the holidays, surrounded by your closest, oldest family members, sleeping in your childhood bedroom. Ah, yes. Sleigh bells jingling ring-ting-tingling through the vast, quiet, empty void you have found yourself in once again, just like you did last year, and just like you will next year. Suddenly the best choice does seem to be to throw yourself into nihilism like never before, but don't do it alone! Black liquorice has been waiting for its chance to come out of the shadows. Stock up now.

# Beneath My Wings

by

Guest Writer

Richard Adams

My people speak of this day every year. Stories are told of all follicles being plucked from our skin, stale bread crumbs shoved up our disemboweled ass holes, and ovens prepared for our bodies. Tales have been written in blood detailing the atrocities faced by 46 million of our kind, every year, on one day.

I woke up this morning to a pair of dirty hands reaching around my wife's neck. Using her last breath, she told me to grab our children and run. I quickly gathered as many of our offspring as I could and left our home. The rest of them would have to make it on their own. Emerging into the cool morning air, I looked to the sky as it rained down with the blood of our neighbors as they ran around with their heads cut off. The same monster that had slain my wife was now chasing me down with a crimson-stained cleaver, crushing my babies under his thick boots. Unable to slow him down, I was quickly forced into a corner.

"Someone has some fight left in him," a deep booming voice taunted me from above, as a hand lifted me from the ground.

I felt the feather on my back rip from my skin as another man feet away laughed, "Fella prob'ly ain't lookin' forward to the stuffin', Skeeter." The pain was too much to endure, I prayed to God that the suffering would just end.

Those prayers were answered as my head was swiftly cut from my body. My last moments were spent watching the featherless mass that was once my body flail about as its organs were ripped from its stomach. I knew more was to come for the body, but now I knew my soul could rest easy.

Let this serve as a warning to future generations, so that they may prepare, and one day, hopefully, these flightless birds may learn to fly.



# **The Bright Side Of A Disbelief In Free Will**

## **By Charles Bell and Matt Goldberg**

I like to consider myself realistic, rational, and when I can be, a very optimistic person. I'm the type of guy that lives for the little things. I get a rise out of seeing people do things, and by "things" I mean quite frankly anything. I'll even spend entire weekends in crowded city areas just watching people make "decisions." Some consider it odd, but man, it's just the little things for me!

While I consider myself an optimist, I'm very pragmatic with my outlook in life. I'm not an idiot, I know freewill is an absolute farce; a ploy used by those in power to give us the illusion that we are in control of our lives. Much of my love of the little things in life stems from knowing that we have absolutely no control over the big picture. I don't focus much on this big picture because all of us exist simply to satisfy the whims of those who have control over us. We are all just pawns in the game of life, waiting to be moved by a force so swift, yet so subtle; so convincing, yet so deceiving. Everything down to our very own thoughts are out of our control.

I've simply come to the realization that many are just too slow to come to. Many realize that they have no control after it's too late. They'll realize after some tragedy or major life event, but not me. I live my life with the constant mindset that everything I do and say is completely out of my control.

On the surface this seems like an awful way to live, but it isn't. Now, to retrace back to my prior statement about our own thoughts not being our own, that may not be entirely true... But living life as if you have no control over your thoughts and actions is actually the most empowering thing a person can do. None of my decisions are my own, so I don't have to take responsibility for any of my actions. I'm free to do whatever I want, whenever I want. Sometimes I'll ride the subway for hours just waiting for someone to forget something, when the opportunity arises I snatch the forgotten item and return it... to my stolen goods collection. It's great for me because I get the bubbly feeling of receiving something new without the regret that comes from taking it from someone who likely valued the good as highly as I did. Petty theft isn't the only facet of life that lends itself to a disbelief in freewill. It's also great in relationships.

My grandmother had been trying to meet with me for lunch for a few weeks, and grandmothers are great and all, but I did not want to waste my time with this old hag. I had commitments, other things to do, and to be frank, she's a major bitch. I knew if I blew her off she wouldn't give me any money for my birthday. So, I had a dilemma on my hands. I had been putting it off and ignoring her for weeks, but it was getting close to my birthday. That's when I came up with my plan; I'd set a date for us to get lunch, but the date would be after my birthday. I kept contact with her until we made it to my birthday, and alas I received some birthday cash. The plan worked to success, and I've ignored all contact from my grandmother over the past three months. Hopefully she dies before my next birthday so I don't have to deal with all this shit next year. My actions would usually leave an incredible burden of self-guilt on a person who believed they had control over their decisions, but I'm fine. I get free cash, and I don't have to deal with my grandma. It doesn't matter, since I don't truly decide.

Humans have been predestined since the dawn of time. Ever since brains could produce thoughts, those thoughts have not been created by the people in which the brains inhabited. Likewise, ever since man has been able to chose, his choices have not been his own. So I plead with you, let's all start living life the way it was meant to be lived: Completely random with no responsibilities for our actions.



## I Was Ready For This and You Wasn't

**By Jimbo McGraw**

You ever sat by the fire with your feet up and a warm cup of coffee in your hands and your dog sleeping on your left and your kids tucked in bed and your wife on your lap and thought: wow, isn't this just great? You ever have thoughts like that these days? No? Well, that's 'cause I was ready for this and you wasn't.

All of you said I was crazy. "Jimbo, you don't need five 12-gauge shotguns," or "Jimbo, why buy three industrial shipping containers when you don't even have money to feed your family?" Well, I do need all five of those 12-gauges, and I do need those shipping containers, and my wife and kids are dead now and

at this point my dog only eats radioactive waste anyway so who really gives a fuck?

Here's the facts: when those bombs fell and all your stupid eyeballs blew up right before the shock-waves knocked your skulls out of your heads, I was sitting down here in the Jim-burrow with my sunglasses watching the fireworks through my periscope – and, oh, how bright and beautiful they were. Those were good times. My wife – bless her simple little heart – thought it would be a good idea to take the kids out of town right after the Russians started poking the Navy with torpedoes. She left the dog, though. He's a Chihuahua but when the fallout hit he was in the doghouse and now he's a jacked 300-pound green super-mutant. Pretty fuckin' sweet, right?

And I'll tell you what else is pretty fuckin' sweet: my supplies. I'll never get bored in here. I have Connect 4, three copies of Jumanji, that game where you have to throw a beanbag into a wooden hole, that game where you have to get a ball on a string into a cup, a Wii U, Wii Sports (I have an Xbox One and a PS4 but I forgot all the games in the house, which doesn't exist anymore), some laser pointers, Fifty Shades of Grey, Fifty Shades Darker, Fifty Shades of Grey: the Coloring Book (not based on the adult novels), Fifty Shades of Grey: the Coloring Book (based on the adult novels), a rope pre-tied into a noose, a jar filled with an unknown number of jelly beans, a hat with a propeller on top of it, Hot Wheels, paper clips (for pleasure purposes), and a kazoo.

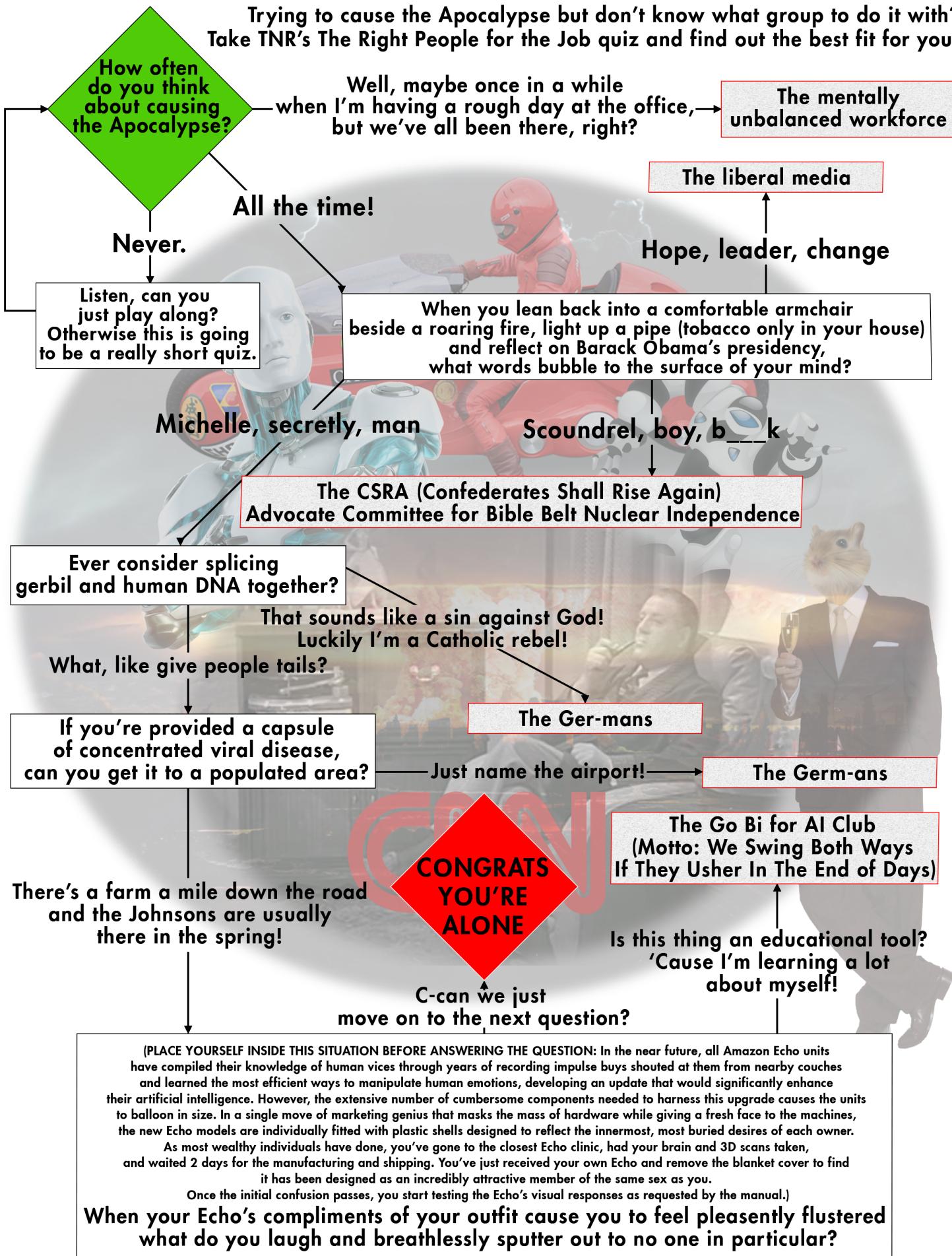
And while y'all are out there eating radioactive rats and homemade piss soup I have a fully stocked pantry. I'm talkin' bacon, chocolate, foie gras, spaghetti-o's, Flamin' Hot Cheetos, apple sauce, Mike and Ikes, flour, baking soda, Mountain Dew, gummy worms, gummy bears, gummy octopuses, four kinds of canned chicken, five kinds of spam, 24 species of fish, elephant meat, unspecified meat product, garbanzo beans, tofu, trail mix, Chef Boyardee spaghetti and meatballs, Chef Boyardee lasagna, Chef Boyardee chicken alfredo, eel, cool ranch Doritos, Himalayan rock salt, nacho cheese Doritos – all this on top of 16,000 rounds of ammunition for 14 varieties of shotgun, assault rifle, submachine gun, and rocket launcher.

Bet that sounds real good right about now, doesn't it? I see you poor bastards out there with your little baseball bats and your gas masks and your tattered shoes griping about the mega-mosquitos and vampire warthogs and about the human mutants and their utter indifference towards the survival of non-mutants and I pity you – I really do. I pity you for the horrific, uncivilized lives you must now lead; but most of all, I pity your lack of foresight. I pity your inferior little minds, which couldn't even sense the doom as it crawled into your bed and made sweet, sweet love to you.

Meanwhile, I've been living it up for just about five years, and I have about five years of supplies left. I'm 33 years old now, so that means I'll be about 38 when I run out. Five years... wow. Halfway through 10 years worth of supplies. Five more years... 38... and then...

Wait... I'm still fucked.

Trying to cause the Apocalypse but don't know what group to do it with?  
Take TNR's The Right People for the Job quiz and find out the best fit for you!



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

# ADVICE GUY!

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

Dear Advice Guy,

I'm an incoming college freshman and I have no arms, legs, lungs, eyes, bottom teeth or circulatory system, but I do have hands and feet. My question is do you think I can make the school soccer team at my college or will I have to settle for the club team?

Sincerely,  
Stumped  
Freshman, Undecided

Dude, how the fuck are you even ALIVE! No circulatory system?! What does that even mean? Do you not have any blood or do you have blood and it's all just sloshing around your body like milk in a gallon jug?

Listen, I hate to be the one to crush your dreams, but I'm going to say making any college soccer team, club or not, gets a hard no. I don't feel too bad saying that, as I can't be the first one to tell you this, so either you purposefully ignore others or you also left out that you don't have any ears.

Listen man, I know it doesn't explicitly say it in the rules of the game that you need limbs to play, but I think it was kind of assumed by the creators of the game. If you don't have limbs, how do you even have hands and feet?

If you're trying to get on the soccer team just so people notice you, you don't have to. I'm positive when you go for a walk (or roll or a "push around in a wheel barrel"), people definately notice you. Even though you don't have eyes, it's a sure bet that people are staring at you. You don't need sports to get attention. I would say at minimum you're looking at a Lifetime movie about the struggle that is your existence.

So even though I'm telling you that it's a no go for soccer, don't cry (If that is even possible for you. It's a testament to the human spirit that you were even able to type your question), you're defying the odds and making strides for mankind by breathing without lungs.

There is a lot about you that's unique. I would even argue that there are some perks to your situation. In college, you can probably be as mean to people as you want and no one will ever call you on it. You have a very good shot of being the most recognizable person on campus, and I'm sure there are many, many, *many*, **MANY** other things as well, and I won't bore the readers with saying them all, but they definitely maybe probably (possibly?) exist.

You can't play soccer, but you're at college, so there are still many other things you can do. For you, I would say focus on survival. I would limit movement and try to breathe and feel pain as little as possible. Also, while I think illegal drugs are never the answer, I'm going to make an exception for you, and I'm certain once the government hears your case, I'm sure they will too.

All in all, man..... shit man, I don't know what to tell you. Ahhhh shit, dude, I can't help you. Screw it, go for the soccer team if it makes you happy. I'm tapping out on this question, I have no idea.

Sincerely,  
(A now depressed) Advice Guy

# KNOW YOURSELF, BE YOURSELF:

**A Tale of College Self-Discovery**  
**by Sally Greenwood**

When I first came to college, I wasn't just lost; I was floundering.

My inner turmoil was undoubtedly the product of my immediate environment. College was unlike anything I had ever experienced, and it was the students who confounded me most. Campus was littered with students who could only be described as soon-to-be success stories: kids whose aspirations were exceedingly unrealistic yet, in their hands, somehow tangible; veritable angels whose intellect and quick wit were matched only by their good looks, whose personalities were electric and new, whose exciting past lives they molded with their own hands and whose futures they intended to carve in stone.

And then, as you might expect, there was me: the paint drying on the wall. I was and had never been anything special – and I had hoped to find other people in college who shared my mediocrity; I had hoped to share with them the experience of finding myself, of discovering who it is that I am and who it is that I shall become.

But there was no one. I found myself falling behind in a torrent of shooting stars. It was all so overwhelming, and I had not one friend within whom I could confide – not one humble soul to drag me up from my knees and onto my feet. And so I sank; I sank deeper and deeper and deeper into the proverbial abyss: a lonesome hell of depression and depravity. But during my descent I searched – I searched for a way to uncover my hidden self. It took months, but in the darkest dim, I finally found me.

I am Argoth, Demon of the Forsaken Isles, Consumer of Lost Suns and Harbinger of the Great Moth. I am the falling tide, the fading light, the hum of the final embers. I am the coming pestilence, the aching silence, and the horrible unknown.

When the apocalypse finally comes, when the world is enveloped in poisonous ash, when the wings of the Moth beat down upon the heels of civilization and cities fall on their knees and bow in the face of their God, I will be there to feast on their prayers. I will ride into the dawn of a new age at the helm of a pure and beautiful evil, peering heartlessly through the mist of churning souls and out towards the coming storm.

When I first came to college, I was but a writhing larva at the foot of my own destiny. Through my descent into darkness, I metamorphosed into the Demon Lord I am today. If you take anything from my story, let it be that it is you, and only you, who can find yourself in a sea of countless others. Know yourself, be yourself, and may the Moth guide thee away from the duplicitous light.



# Watashi no toso, or "My Struggle"

by Jack Walsh  
(Preferred Title: Jacku Walsh)



My college's policies are so fucking stupid! The shams who run this place recently started coming up with all of these bullshit rules limiting the freedoms we students were promised as citizens of this country. Now, I paid a substantial tuition, so for anyone to try and violate my privacy is a personal attack on my rights. I mean, what the heck is up with this dorm situation? I came here to finally be away from my parents, expecting to spend some alone time with my woman, but now I have a roommate that doesn't want to leave the room at night, even though I've told him many times that's when she gets in the mood! I think he'll be out of the room within the next couple weeks; I've heard him talking about us with his friends around campus and it's obvious that he's jealous. He says I wouldn't be able to hook up with a "real girl" because of how I look, but I can tell you, here and now, Homura-chan chose me for my unbounded intellect, and any quality woman knows that looks don't matter. She kept expressing so much interest in what I was learning that I had to invite her to one of my classes, so, to show off just how smart I was, I took her to my most difficult one: Women's Studies.

By the time we arrived, the seats had almost completely filled up, and my darling and I had to share two of them near the back. We were sitting and chatting with my hand on her lap when a girl came down the steps and stood next to us.

She leaned down and tapped my shoulder, "Hi, I'm Jenny, is this seat taken?" Jenny pointed at the seat my better half was on; clearly, this was Homura's seat, and I wasn't going to let this heartless harlot take it away.

I was insulted.

"Can't you tell we're sharing it?" How could she not tell that the chair was occupied by my beloved?

I could read the confusion on Jenny's face. It was clear she didn't understand, just like my roommate. How is it that such a kawaii, young lady like Homura ended up with a man like me? Jenny blinked and then smiled. "Oh, you mean the pillow. Would you mind ju-", before she could finish her sentence, I sent a strong elbow into her gut. I had the perfect set up for one of the deadliest martial arts techniques taught to man, the Double Flying Elbow. I asked my friend who did Taekwondo about this move, and he told me that it was technically assault with a deadly weapon. I jumped out of my seat with a quick spin, landing the next elbow under her chin, no doubt breaking most of her teeth. I stood over her, as the blood gushed from her mouth. Behind the tears, streaming from her eyes, I could clearly see the mixture of awe and fear that was inspired by my awakened furyosity.

"She's not a PILLOW, she's my WAIFU!" I yelled down at her crumpled form. Looking up, I saw that everyone in the classroom was watching, and I knew that now they'd leave us alone to be happy forever.

"Excuse me? Is this seat taken?" Jenny tapped my shoulder, bringing me back to this torturous reality. "Excuse me, can you please move your... pillow?"

I looked at her for a moment, unable to form a retort. After another couple of seconds, I murmured, "shesmy-wife," and picked up Homura-chan, moving her onto my lap to guard her from any further dangers. Jenny thanked me and sat down, but deep inside her I knew a black heart of corruption was growing that would one day be brought to justice. I can't believe my professor could remain silent as such an inhumane act was being committed in her very class. This was supposed to be a school full of accepting people, but here I was, watching as the class turned a blind eye to the anti-body pillow aggression occurring before them.

# 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.

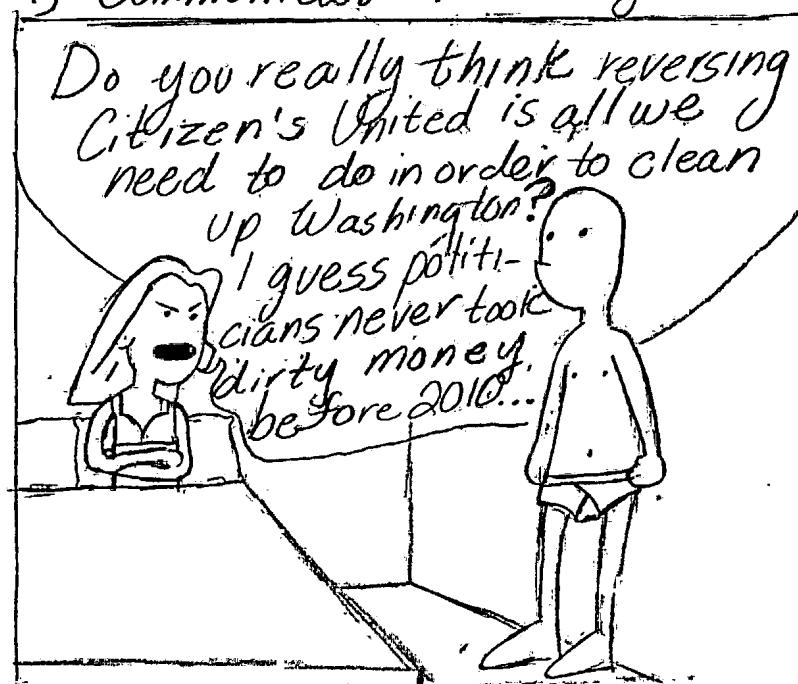
Before we go, here are a few don'ts of video game pets. Don't get a frog. They're either going to get run over trying to catch a fly, or find a magical sword and get caught in a time-traveling adventure. Don't get a fish when you've got Earthworm Jim! Seriously, don't. He'll eat up the fish, and that's 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 @TheGamingPube, 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

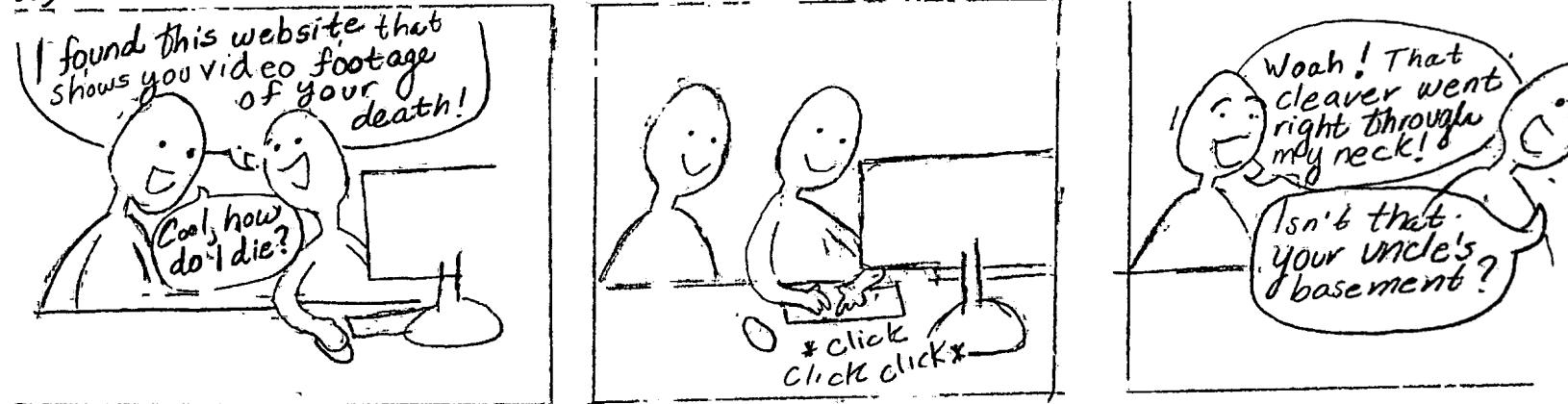
By Jose "Gus" Castillo

## 1) "Communication is Key"

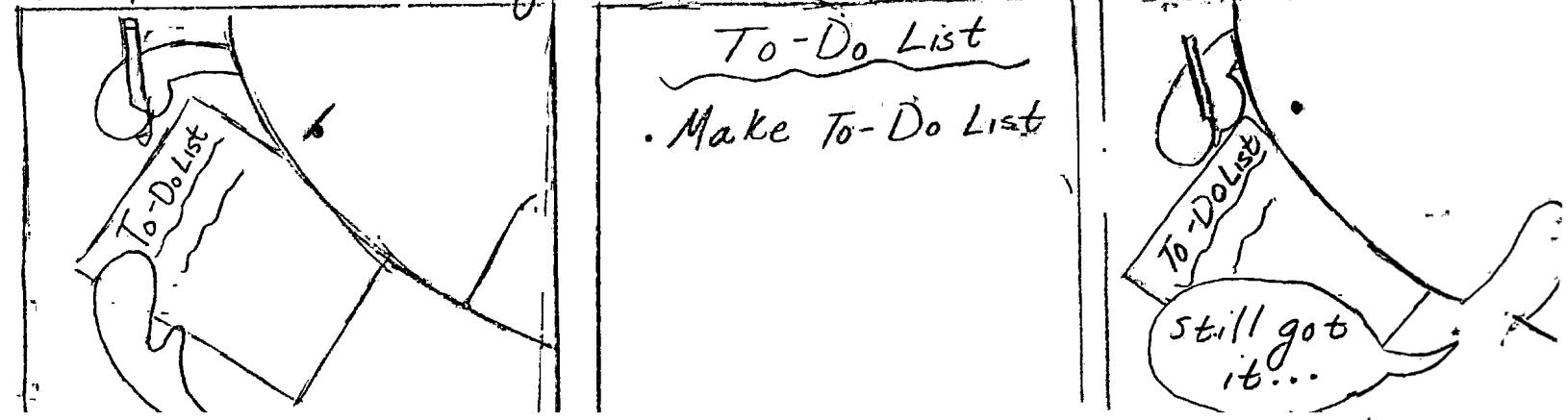


Sex tip #48: Discussion on campaign finance reform is best left for after foreplay.

## 2) "Kids on the Computer" foreplay



## 3) "Capitalism in Decay"



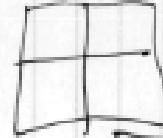
# College Steve

by Times New Roman's own  
Greg Miele

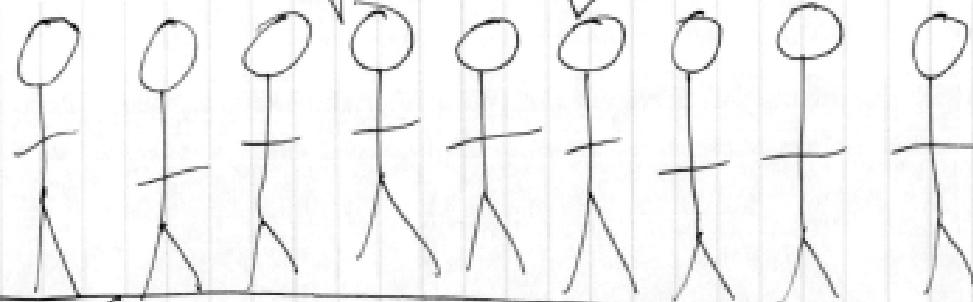
College Steve #12 By Greg Miele

Man, the Voting  
Line is taking  
forever

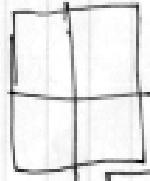
This isn't for voting,  
It's to get  
a sandwich



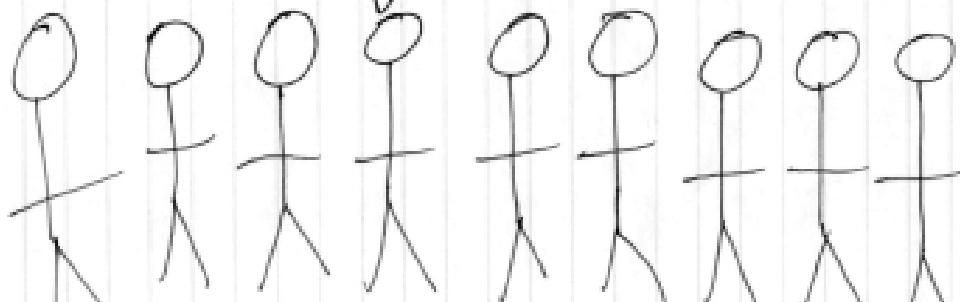
Subway



Oh ... Well I'm almost there,  
Might as well stay in line.



Subway



Greg

College Steve



Yeah that was  
Friendsgiving Dinner  
I was having

# 14

By

Joseph Clemon

Friendsgiving?  
But you  
were alone

Yeah... the  
thing is...

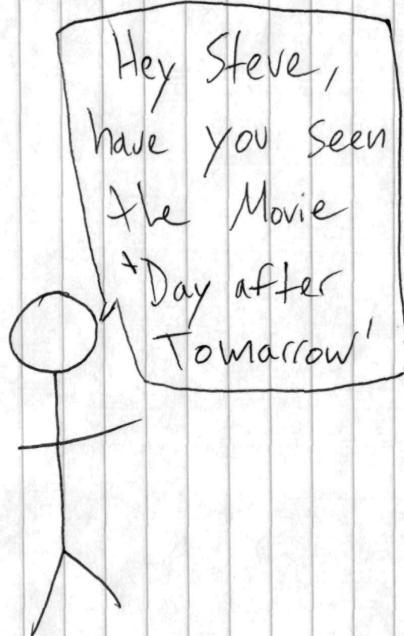


Wow Man ... I feel  
worse for you then  
the children of  
Aleppo\*

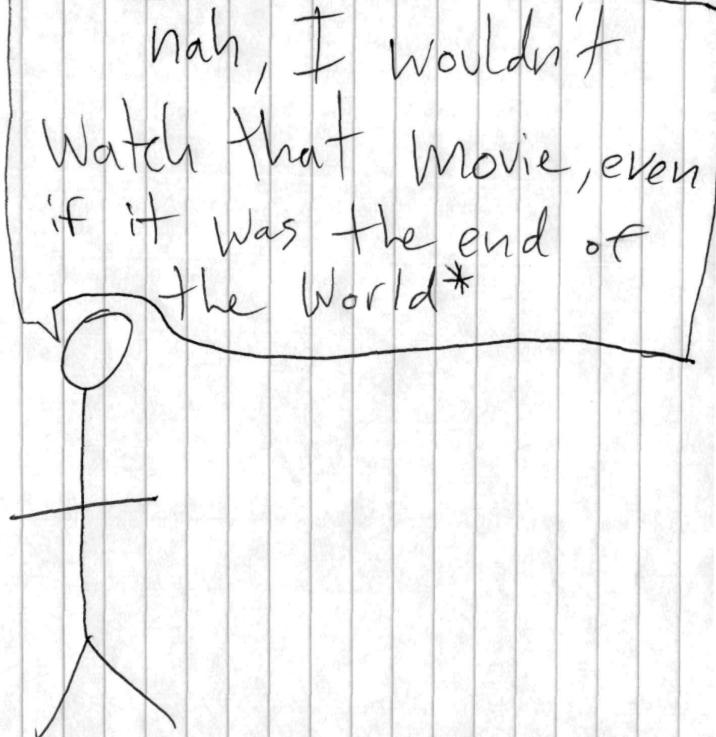
d'oh!!

Miele:

College Steve #



MT by Greg Miele  
Words by Tim Lyons



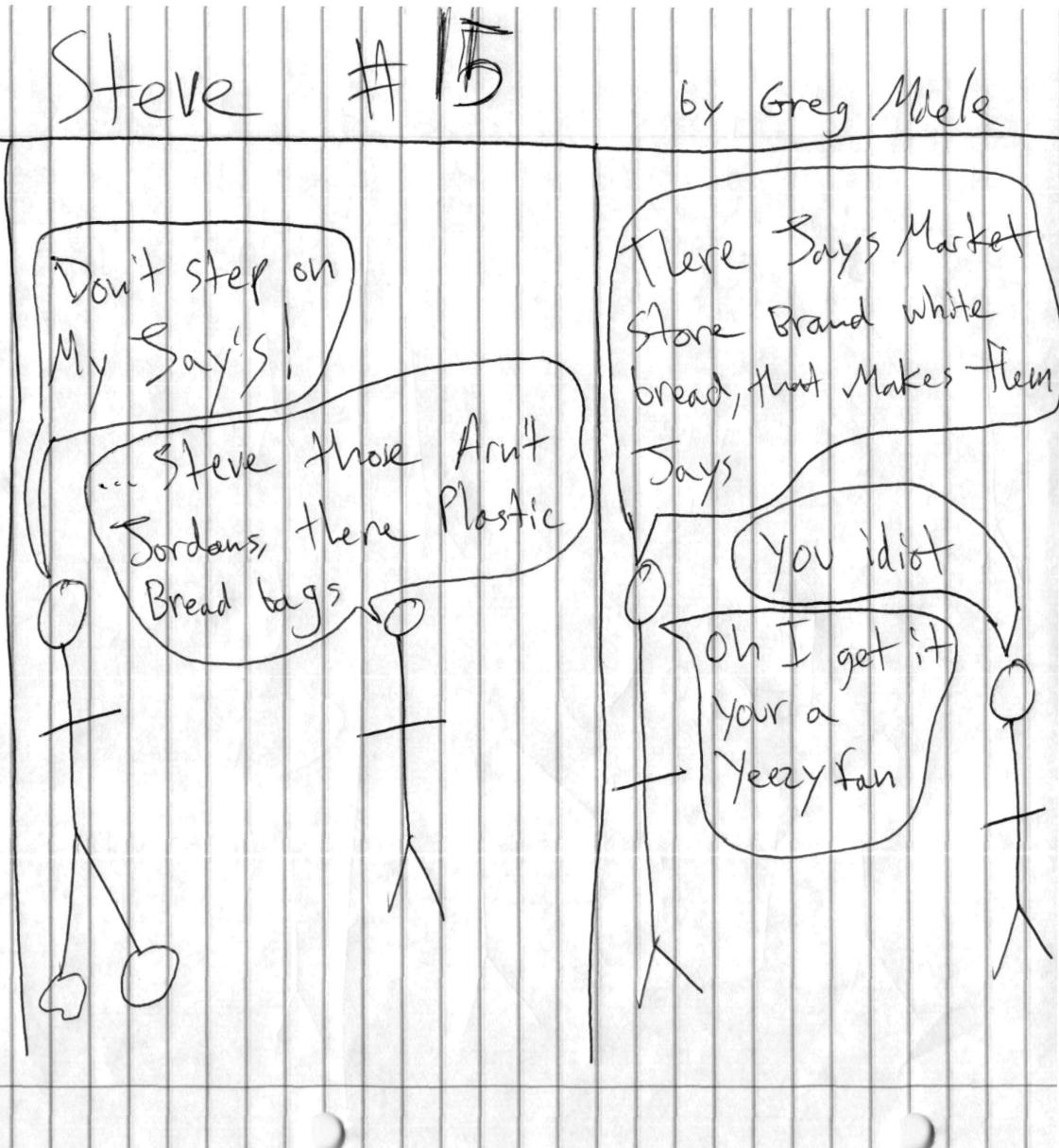
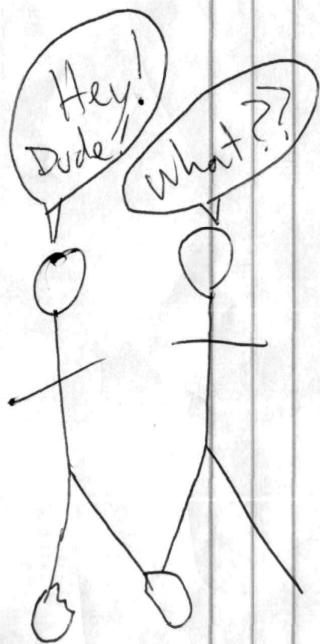
\*Day after tomorrow is a movie about the end of the world... This is why this is funny

Artist.

College

Steve #15

by Greg Mole





GOOD  
BOY