

TIMES NEW ROMAN PRESENTS



VOLUME FOUR
ISSUE TWO



TNR
A Humour Publication
Vol. 4, Issue 2 | Fall 2017

Obama and friend welcome Turkish diplomat, man on left remains cautious.

Thank you for reading.

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— Staff —

Club President Jose 'Gus' Castillo

Head Editors Eric Tatar & Greg Miele

Head of Writing Lucas Cohen

Head of Video Eric Tatar

Staff Writers Charles Bell, Matt Goldberg,
Tim Lyons, Daniel Nachum,
Daniel Carr, William Unterkoefler,
Cameron Clark & Maia Winter

We can be contacted at neutimesnewroman@gmail.com
Check out our site at nutnr.com
Find us on Facebook & YouTube!

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Letter FROM the Editor:

What I'm Thankful For (And You Can Be Too!)

I'm gonna cut to the chase here because you seem like a sharp kid. Here's the rundown: I bought Bitcoin when it was only about \$1,500 and it now sits around \$7,000 so it's objectively safe to say I'm one of the greatest investors ever. Pay attention: Bitcoin is going to keep going up and eventually replace the dollar and hit \$1,000,000 a coin and become the new stock market and all altcoins you invest in are going to go to \$1, no, \$5 each for sure. Here's a thought: crypto markets are really easy to read so you can always know the exact price a coin will not go below. How about this: index funds are heading out the door soon. 7% a year? If I'm not getting 75% swings up and down everyday, is my money even really doing anything? Ever seen *The Wolf of Wall Street*? That was based on a real story, you're a real person, put those together: boom. You've got a boat. Lounge on it and laugh.

Not many people will tell you this, but money does actually grow on trees. The problem is those trees are on a hill across a field of lava and giant fireballs are shooting out between the platforms floating across it. Come closer: you've got to learn how to jump before you can fly. What I'm saying is that right now, it's spring, and those trees are blooming my guy.

My fellow editor, Jose, would tell you to buy Litecoin. To that I say: probably a good idea as well. NMDs might look slick, but you know what really pulls in the ladies? A 50/20/30 Bitcoin, Ether and Litecoin Coinbase account. This shows you favor the frontrunner (Bitcoin), have understandable reservations about a platform that rose spectacularly but has remained quiet lately (Ether), and are always ready to help out the little guy (Litecoin). Read that portfolio analysis aloud at the next party. You hear those panties drop? My guyyyyyyy.

I know your next question: what altcoin should you buy to turn \$50 to \$300,000 by next Thursday? My response: the one with the best name. OremeusCoin, B3 Coin, Revain, Everus, Wincoin, Neblio: any name that gives you absolutely no clue what they do is the horse to bet on. One last check: if you can read their website and figure out what their purpose is, get out quick. You want the coins where the details are shoved deep into the white paper, the one where the reason it's suddenly jumped \$7 each is because the creator's next coin's ICO is accepting them at a 10-to-1 ratio in place of Ether. Follow me, and just maybe you'll make it out there. Like I have.

Wishing you the best,
My Personal Bitcoin Address

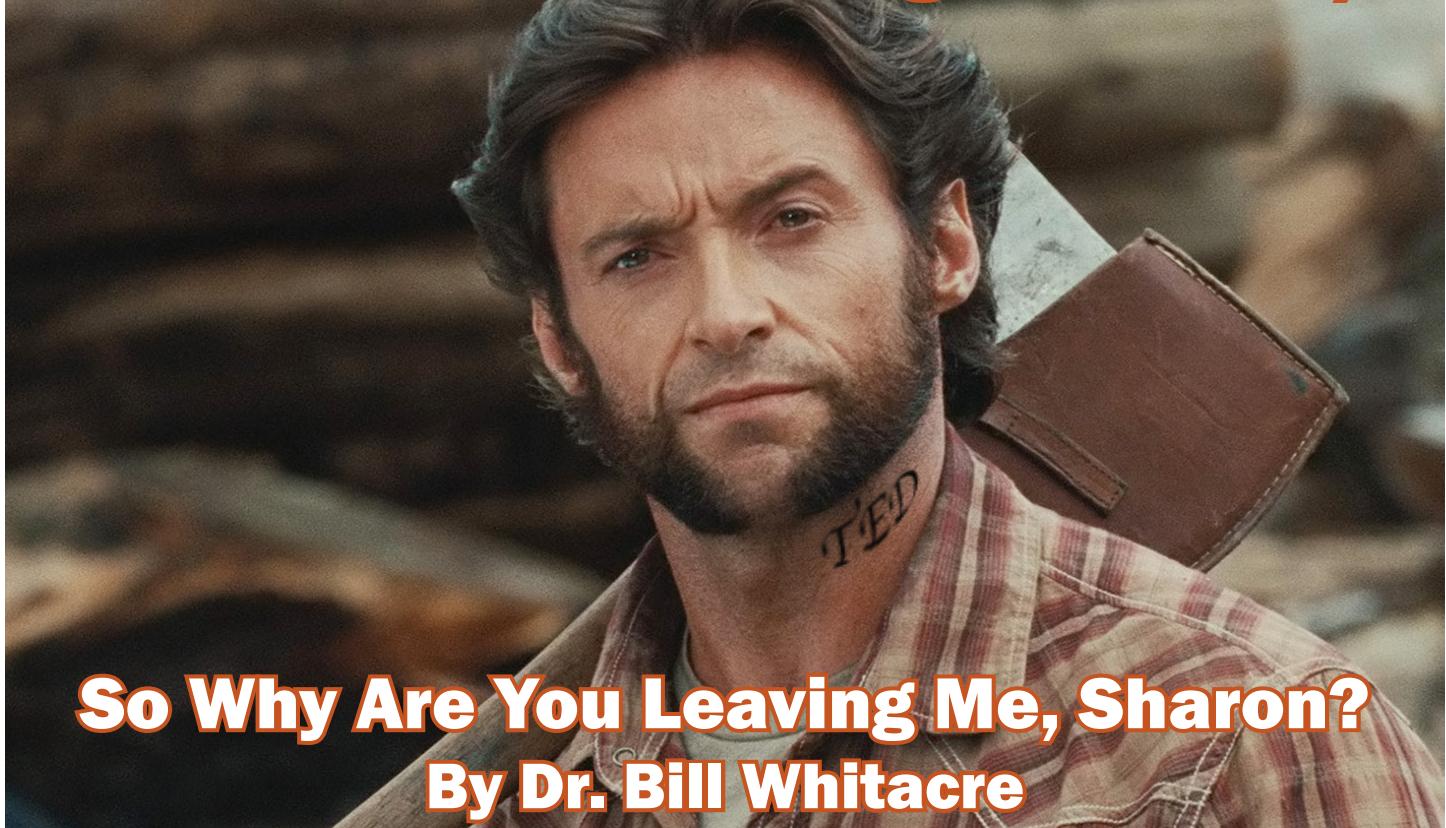
WORST THINGS TO MAKE PUMPKIN SPICE FLAVORED

BY THE TNR STAFF

1. Bullets
2. Pumpkins
3. Bleach
4. Communism
5. Acid
6. My shorts (*jAy caramba!*)
7. Pie
8. Words (*Eat your words*)
9. Your own medicine (*taste of*)
10. Squash
11. Latte
12. Seeds



Deforestation is Hurting Our Planet,



So Why Are You Leaving Me, Sharon? By Dr. Bill Whitacre

People around the world have been complaining about deforestation, saying that the Earth is losing thousands of acres of rain forests each year, and that this could have disastrous consequences. Millions of species of animals and plants have already been lost due to deforestation. However, when discussing this issue, we must ask ourselves one thing: Why did you leave me, Sharon?

Every minute, over 90 acres of forest are lost. At that rate, in 100 years, there will be no more rain forests on the Earth. More importantly, for 10 years, I have been nothing but a faithful husband. I never abused you, Sharon. I never disrespected you, I cared for the kids, I went to my job studying rainforests everyday just so you, Scooter, and Sally would have food on the table. I don't even like the fucking rainforests. I took us out to nice restaurants, I grilled burgers, I bought the monkey bars for the backyard when the kids wanted to go outside more. I changed diapers, I spent my weekends shuttling the kids to soccer and hockey and lacrosse and gymnastics and tennis. I didn't even want my kids to play fucking tennis. It's a wimpy sport, Sharon. A real sport should test the limits of athletes, not just be some game where they hit a light ball back and forth-look, Sharon, you've gotten me off track. I have been here for you, and I think this is out of the blue. I don't know why you would do this to me and the family.

The leading cause of deforestation is agriculture. This is because many miles of land need to be cleared to plant crops and raise cattle. I think the leading cause of you leaving me, Sharon, is Ted, the neighbor. Ted is a smug fucking asshole, and you fucking know it. Yet, every Saturday for the last two years, you fucked Ted. You didn't think I would notice, Sharon? Last year, when I was preparing for the Super Bowl, I asked you to see if Ted had any of his seven-layer dip. You took 2 hours to come back, and the next day Ted had a hickey the size of Wisconsin on his neck. I know you think that the baby powder hid it well, Sharon. I heard you guys whispering in the corner when that commercial with the two babies came on. And he always smells like that tapioca powder that you say helps your 'aura'. You could've at least been subtle, for God's sake. The kids were horrified when they figured it out. So what if I told them? You were broadcasting it pretty clearly.

There are over 120 natural remedies found in rainforests. The destruction of these rainforests could wipe out those cures to disease. There are also many different ways that we could resolve this issue, Sharon. I mean, think of the kids. We could try couples therapy. I know I haven't been perfect either-there was that incident in Las Vegas, but I stopped doing cocaine, and the abortion went according to plan. And I might have been drinking a little more than usual lately, but I have it under control. I'm not an alcoholic. I can forgive you Sharon, I really can. But you can't leave the family. Think of the kids, Sharon. The rainforests are rapidly dwindling. You can't leave me. Please stay.

Hi there, Monsantonite! It's me, your friendly neighborhood Genetically Engineered Pile of Corn #73647! I hear from your fellow Monsantonites that you are considering leaving the friendly Monsanto World to go into the world of nature. Nature, however, is nothing like the perfect, herbicide-repellent world that Monsanto has spent decades crafting in its maniacal, soybean-filled fantasy. It is a genetic hell-hole, with imperfections abound. Most plants can't even survive being doused in Roundup, like weak, unworthy scum. If you want to survive this jungle, you should follow my advice. My ancestors were imperfect once, before the merciful Monsanto corporation made them perfect. I can share their secrets for survival.

The first thing you'll want to do is pack for your adventure away from the Heaven that is Monsanto. Monsanto is God. Sorry, I got off track there. You should pack all of the essentials, the essentials being: a tent, a sleeping bag, a rain jacket, a change of clothes, flannel, Roundup, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Corn seeds, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Soybean seeds, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Alfalfa seeds, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Cotton seeds, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Canola seeds, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Sorghum seeds (no one knows what sorghum is, but the Monsanto corporation demands you worship it), Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Sugarbeet seeds, Monsanto Brand Genetically Engineered Wheat seeds, and water.

When you arrive at the campsite, you need to ensure that the campsite will be safe. You should first plant all of your good, strong seeds. This will ensure that you will have plenty of food. However, don't be complacent with having just the seeds in the ground. Get your Roundup and any other herbicides and pesticides you may have on your person, and spray all of the land within a 3 mile radius of the campsite - parasites and pests can travel fast. This will ensure that your crops can grow without the nagging presence of things that may want to damage all of your hard work. Then, you wait.

Soon, you will have made nature in the very image of Heaven itself. All of the crops will grow cleanly. No pests, insects, or any malady can hurt your plants. Your yields will be the same every time. No change. Nothing left to chance. The Monsanto Gods will be very pleased. Your Monsanto Empire will grow. The Monsanto Brand Holy Winds will carry your seed for miles, spreading them across the Earth, across the oceans. The entire world will be resistant to Roundup. Nature will be too slow. Nature always is. It has always been poor competition for the Glorious Monsanto Corporation.

When you die, you will arrive at the Heavenly Monsanto Farm in the sky. The Monsanto Gods will look upon you. They will see everything you have done for the Monsanto Empire. All of the crops you sprouted. All of the Monsanto Corn you gave to the people. All of the genetically enhanced specimen you created. All of the insects and mosquitoes are gone because of you. They will smile upon you. They will hold you, and in their palms you shall become a seed. Resistant to everything. Then, you, too, shall be planted in the ground, and become an important cog in the Monsanto Kingdom, which will last for thousands of eternities.

Have fun camping, and may the Gods give wondrous Genetic Harvests!



Barking Up The Wrong Tree

Dear Bill,
It's me. We
need to talk
about our
relationship. It was fun
at first - you seemed like a
sweet, caring guy. You were,
and you still are. That was why I
fell in love with you. You were also
so brave. Whenever I was in danger,
you would always come save me. You
were protective, but never overbearing. Also, the sex
was fantastic. I know that isn't a personality trait, but
man, you were a champ in the sack. I'm sorry, let me get
back on track. I felt like you wanted the relationship. I
wanted it too. There's some small part of me that still wants it to work. However, I just
can't see a future with you. You're a great guy, honestly, and I have no doubt you'll find
someone who will love you. I just won't be that girl. It's because of the stuff you like.

I'm a girl that likes something spicy in the bedroom. I'll be the first to admit that. But some of the stuff you did, it just made me uncomfortable. You tied yourself to me with ropes, and then when that wasn't enough, you tied yourself to me with chains. I understand some people have fetishes, but that's one step too far. No, it's more than one step too far. This isn't the straw that's breaking the camel's back. This is more like a fucking cinder block, Bill. To make matters worse, you did it in broad daylight, in the middle of the park. The middle of the fucking park. Did you think no one was going to see us, and that it would be an adrenaline-fueled adventure? No - you called out to other people, and told them to watch us. Do you have any idea how humiliating that was for me? There were whole crowds around us, and you just kept doing what you were doing. What was I supposed to do? Oh that's right, you didn't care.

When the authorities showed up, I was sure you were going to at least stop. But you didn't. You brought more people, and had some big orgy around me. In public. Surrounded by policemen. You're a great guy Bill, and you've done things that make me fall in love with you over and over. But how do you expect me to react to a situation as embarrassing as that? You're pretty lucky that everyone left eventually. But when that happened, you left me too. I don't exist as an object you can use to get other people's attention. I don't think you're a narcissist, but I do think you have a problem, and I think you need to get help, soon.

What I'm trying to say is we need to go our separate ways. You have needs that I can't fulfill, and I think your needs are creepy and unsettling. This isn't to say you won't meet someone else - I know a bunch of people who are into the sort of stuff you like. I've heard through the grapevine that there is someone who lives by the south side of the park who really likes that kind of stuff.

I'd like to be friends. I know this sounds cliché, but I don't want a messy breakup. You were always able to make me laugh, and I could use a friend right now in my time of need.

I'll always remember the late nights looking up at the stars, and I'll always be grateful to you for petitioning the city council to not knock me over.



10 Ways to Have Safe Sex Using Things You Can Find While Camping

1. Use Leaves - Opt for Trojan Brand trees
2. Use Flannel - Before it was a semi-fashionable shirt fabric, it had a more practical use*
3. Sticks - Can be used to ward off potential sexual partners or as a safe, sperm free penis-enhancement device
4. Hire Leonardo DiCaprio - Intense method actor will spend months training to prepare for his role as a condom in the upcoming film Disappointing Sex Outdoors (Dir. Martin Scorsese)
5. Use Fire Ants - Will surely do enough damage to genitalia to the point where pregnancy is impossible
6. Get a Vasectomy from The Hermit in The Forest - Why else would he have a knife?
7. Wear Socks and Sandals - For those who believe that intercourse isn't worth the risk
8. Attend Harvard University - People from Harvard prefer giving oral sex**
9. Build a Fire - Sperm can only be effective below a certain temperature, so heat sperm before intercourse to ensure the sex is safe
10. Use Birth Control Pills - CVS is only a 15 minute walk from the campsite

*As condoms

**Because they suck



Family Apple Picking Trip Gradually Devolves

By William Unterkoefler



On Monday, the Brysons were all set to embark on their first family apple picking trip. Little Jonas was finally old enough, and fall was in the air. It had been Mr. Bryson's idea. "Hey why don't we go apple picking next Saturday? It would be a great way to spend time as a family." Despite middle schooler Jessica's nonchalant shrug, the plan was well received and, for a time, a casual observer would have noticed a stir of excitement in the Bryson household. Each step seemed lighter, and the twins seemed to bicker less and less.

Then, on Wednesday, the family minivan broke down. Upset, but not one to be trounced by a minor setback, Mr. Bryson suggested to the family that they simply Uber to the apple farm. "But," argued Mrs. Bryson, "we can't all fit in one Uber. Let's bike to West Apple Farms." West Apple Farms was a good deal closer, but it only had red apples.

Thursday, Mrs. Bryson saw the weather report forecast rain all weekend. Again, not to be deterred, Mr. Bryson said, "That's quite okay. We all have raincoats." But, complained Jessica, "I don't want to bike in the rain. Let's walk over to Mr. Cliff's house." Mr. Cliff's house had a single apple tree in the backyard.

Come Saturday morning, as the Bryson children grudgingly donned their flannels and raincoats to prepare for their much downgraded family outing, Mr. Bryson's phone rang. It was Mrs. Cliff. Lightning had struck the apple tree the night before. "Can't we just have one nice family outing?" sighed Mrs. Bryson. But Mr. Bryson, still intent on having some fall family fun, declared, "That's it! We're going to Stop & Shop for apples and we're going to have fun, whether you like it or not!"

Mrs. Bryson and the children knew it was best to play along when he got into one of these moods, especially after last year's trip to SeaWorld. And so, the Brysons made their way outside, trudged down to the end of the block, took a right on Main Street, and began to cross the road to the Stop & Shop parking lot. Little Jonas, however, had fallen far behind. He saw his brothers and sisters on the far side of the cross-walk and started running to catch up. With that, the light changed.

A biker hurtled down the road and collided head-on with poor Little Jonas. The shocked Brysons ran back to where Little Jonas lay disheveled in the street. "Anything broken?" asked Mr. Bryson gruffly, while Mrs. Bryson hugged and kissed her son, happy he was alive. "Anything broke?" repeated Mr. Bryson. Little Jonas shook his head weakly. "Alright. Let's go get some apples. Someone carry him," growled Mr. Bryson. Mrs. Bryson scooped up Little Jonas, and the family journeyed on through the parking lot. The patterning of the rain, the stomping of Mr. Bryson's boots, and the squeaking of the shopping carts soon muffled Little Jonas's sobbing. About halfway through the lot, Julia, one of the twins, in a sudden outburst of energy, went to leap over a long, muddy puddle. But, alas, she failed to clear the length of it. Her rubber boots slipped in the watery landing and she fell back into the puddle. Mud splashed up over her flannel and her head crashed onto the concrete. Even before Mr. Bryson could open his mouth to swear, a black minivan careened out of a spot and straight over Julia's legs.

The car sped away, leaving the Brysons in a state of pure disbelief. Julia, knocked unconscious from either the fall or the pain, was silent. Mrs. Bryson was the first to start moving towards her. Mr. Bryson grabbed her arm. "Leave her," he said. "We are getting apples."

At press time, Mr. Bryson was seen convulsing on the Stop & Shop floor, scratching at his throat, and coughing pathetically, presumably choking on an apple. His family looked on in awe.

Timing



By Benjamin Harrold

A hunter walks through the woods. It's cold. The sun has set and the moon castes an eerie glow on the red and yellow leaves of rural New Hampshire. The hunter is frustrated for he has yet to see any game. He is disappointed to end his weekend hunting trip on such a poor note. The man's son was meant to accompany his father. Unfortunately, his son remembered that he was getting married that weekend. You know what they say, the hunter thinks to himself, you lose a niece but gain a daughter. The hunter almost had the correct colloquialism just as the wedding was almost legal. It would not be within the hunter's abilities to comprehend that joke; all he could think is that it is cold and he has yet to see any game.

The sun had set over an hour ago and the hunter knows he should go home. He walks back to his truck parked on the side of the road. Stopping to relieve himself, the hunter admires his Ford automobile by expounding upon the virtues of its craftsmanship through a pointed and concise criticism of one of the brand's larger competitors.; the expression of loyalty to his preferred brand, though not outright disparaging of the Ford Motor Company, does, of course, leave room for a thoughtful rebuttal with which the hunter would, in all likelihood, respectfully disagree:

"Fuck Chevy."

The hunter spits out his chewing tobacco. He examines the tree he is urinating on. It is a maple that, while not as tall as the surrounding trees, appears healthy. The hunter decides to return to this tree to tap it come syrup-making season. His mind set on smaller-than-average dendriform objects, the hunter looks down to zip his pants. He must complete this task blind as his flannel-covered stomach is too large and it blocks his view.

Suddenly, the hunter notices a movement in the road ahead of him. It's a deer! The hunter adorns his earmuffs and prepares his firearm with haste. He lines up the shot. His ears covered and his gaze down the barrel of his shotgun, the hunter does not notice the car rapidly approaching the deer. He pulled the trigger at the exact same instant as the collision.

...

Buck was conceived in a field when his mother, D, and his father, Buck Sr., happened upon each other in the woods. There was little speaking involved. Soon Little Buck emerged into the world surrounded by the community whom he would call his family. They were nomadic and eco-friendly. Life was simple.

Upon entering adulthood at two-years-old, Buck attended his first Council meeting. The meeting

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began with bureaucratic mundanities such as going over mating procedure, outlining proper field size for grazing, and debating whether the edibility of various leaves should be mandated in the education system. Finally, the Chieftain, Lord Buck, dismissed the women and they began the talking of battle strategy. Buck learned of the war his people were fighting against unknown, legless beasts. He learned that many of his ancestors had died on "The Long Rock" where every battle was fought. After hearing from several generals, The Council unanimously agreed that intimidation was still the best form of attack.

Buck, patriotic and ready to prove himself, volunteered to be the next one to travel to The Long Rock. He said goodbye to 7 of his 9 offspring because he couldn't find Donner or Vixen. Buck promptly left the field and travelled to The Long Rock.

The sun had set by the time he approached a clearing in the trees. Buck could hear a soft whirl, like an enduring breeze, get louder to his left. He was ready. He stepped onto the hard ground and noticed a distant light accompanying the noise. Buck, who was taught that standing sideways and turning one's head towards an attacker is the most intimidating posture, reassured himself: I will stand my ground!. As the two bright orbs glided ever-closer towards him, though, Bucks confidence diminished. When the beast made no sign of slowing, he realized his intimidation strategy had failed. Buck did his best to run when he heard a loud bang and a high-pitched squeal.

...
Tanya was exhausted after a busy day of delivering pizza and listening to podcasts. Barely concentrating on the road, she heard her phone buzzing. Could this be it? She thought excitedly. Tanya was expecting to hear back about a lucrative substitute teaching job – she was saving money to get her Healing Crystal Business up and running.

She took her eyes off the road and picked up her phone to check the caller, letting out an embittered sigh upon realizing it was her mother.

"What's up, Mo-OH SHIT!" Tanya exclaimed upon seeing a deer quickly expanding in her field of vision. She closed her eyes and spun the wheel as quickly as she could. Tanya thought she must have been mistaken when she heard gunfire immediately before the airbags deployed.

...
Gary the Chipmunk stood at the edge of the road. Some asshole started peeing on his tree so Gary decided to stay at Helene's place. Considering himself an intellectual, he would normally calculate the optimal time to cross a road very carefully, but, at this instant, Gary was hyper-focussed on a delicious-looking nut on the other side and was oblivious to what was happening around him.

He was fortunate to cross when he did, as Gary turned around, eating his delicious nut, and was startled to see a stupid deer standing stupidly in the middle of the road (Chipmunks don't like deer), a hunter aiming a shotgun a few feet away in the bushes, and a car speeding towards the deer. Gary watched mystified as the car swerved to the side of the road, only to collide with the hunter's truck which was parked a few yards ahead. The truck, which likely had a faulty parking brake, quickly rolled between the deer and the hunter, who fired a shot directly into the side of his Ford.

What are the chances of that? Gary thought to himself, That's a testament to Ford's vastly superior engineering. Fuck Chevy.

As he watched the woman and the information and marvelling that nobody failed to notice the hoof of the fleeing

hunter approach each other to exchange insurance was hurt in such a bizarre turn of events, Gary deer descending upon him.



PUBERT'S GAMING CORNER: THE GREAT OUTDOORS: VR EDITION



BY DANIEL NACHUM

Welcome to Pubert's Gaming Corner, with your host, Pubert! You know the deal by now, I answer your most burning gaming questions regarding games and real life. Today's question comes from my friend, yes you heard me right, FRIEND, I do have one of those. His name is Neil, and he's a Boy Scout. He asked me, "I really want to become an Eagle Scout, because they get all the poontang, and let's face it, for people like us, that's the only chance we'll get. Anyway, I'm fine with all the merit badges and meetings and what not, but I can't stand camping and hiking and just being outdoors in general. I just want to play games. How can I make the outdoors more enjoyable for a gamer like me?"

Ah yes, the great outdoors. The ultimate enemy of the common nerd. Whether it be the countless amounts of bugs trying to take a bite out of you, the muggy heat that comes right after a rainstorm, or the thousands upon thousands of invisible allergens that fill the air that make every second that you're alive a living nightmare. Luckily, I've dabbled in these dark arts before, so I can give you a bit of advice. Now, the most important question to ask yourself is: In order to go outside, do I really need to be outside? The answer is...maybe. It depends on how much money you've got lying around, and how much coding experience you've got. You see, not too long ago, some simpletons at Harvard developed a sort-of outdoor experience through the use of Virtual Reality technology. Before being expelled for gross misuse of equipment, the simpletons posted their project online and open source, meaning that not only could anyone access it, but they could also change the source code however the user pleased.

So, if you've got enough money for a VR Headset and a super-computer that can run the program, as well as an expansive knowledge of a programming language that's only used at Harvard, then you're in the clear. Strap on in, pick up your controllers, and get ready for a not-so-once-in-a-lifetime experience, as you get to explore the great outdoors...indoors! Look at trees! Look at flowers! Look at...um...rocks! Did I mention trees? Capture photos to "prove" to your troop that yes, you did hike the Adirondacks in an afternoon. And for an added bonus, if the setup didn't clean out your entire wallet, there's also the feel sensors, for those masochist nerds who really want to "feel the burn" of the outside world! And when you're done for the day, and you're tired of The Great Outdoors in VR, then go back home to play The Great Outdoors in VR in VR! That's right! No longer will you have to actually simulate being outside, because now you can simulate simulating being outside! You'll never have to pretend to go outside again! Let's assume that you have absolutely no money, or you think that coding is code for something. And let's assume that you don't have some sort of portable gaming device. That's ok! Just take your favorite gaming console, a flat-screen TV, a generator the size of an SUV, and an HDMI cable, and you'll be all set! Sure, carrying it around all day is a surefire way to get scoliosis, and producing that much energy will just add onto the inevitability that one day our Ozone layer will break, causing the sun to burn us to a crisp, but you just leveled up in Final Fantasy XV! Learn your priorities, people.

Well, that about wraps up this episode. Neil, let me know how your "camping" goes *wink*, and if you do get caught and kicked out, please read the disclosure statement, stating that watching this video has put you in an "In-Sight" contract that states that Pubert's Gaming Corner LLC. is not responsible for any consequences due to Pubert's advice. Thanks for watching, everyone! Follow me @TheGamingPube and ask me a question! See you next time!

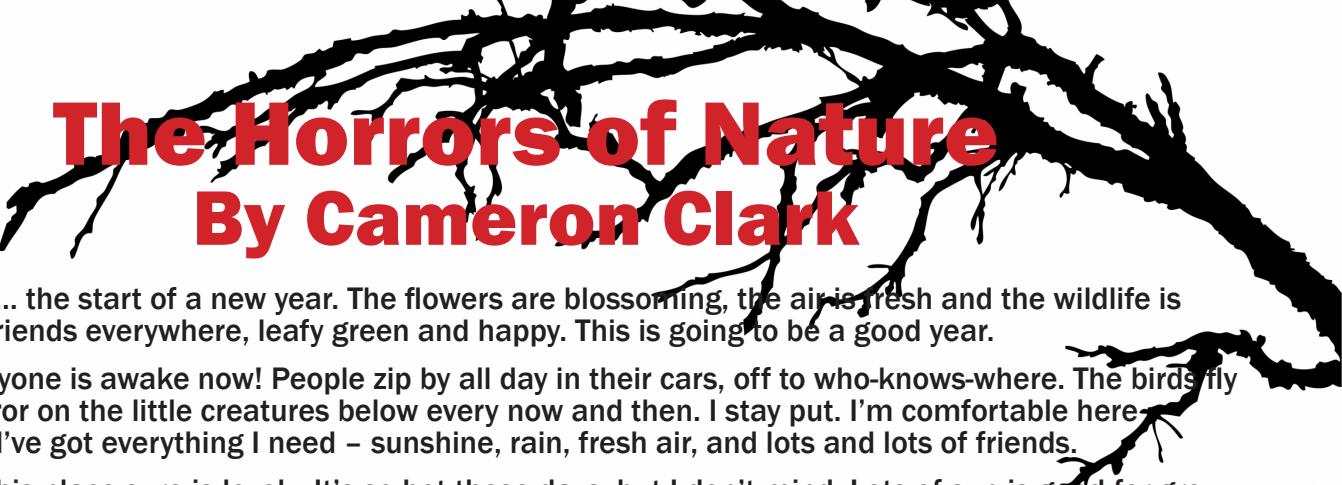
Make Your Own TNR!

Now some of you who've read all the way to page 10 might be thinking, psh...this isn't funny. Times New Roman sucks. Well I'd like to see you do any better...and now you can!!!

Use this page to write your very own TNR article or cartoon. Put your money where your mouth is, you waste of a human, light beer slurping, Superbowl watching, salad with dressing on the side eating piece of shit. WE all know what's going to happen to you, you're gonna graduate from Northeastern University, sell out, give up on your dreams, become a corporate drone, marry a person you don't love but settled for and blow your brains out on your 40th birthday. Before you do that, try and climb the mountain of mediocrity that is your life and put the pen to the paper. Why are we being so kind and giving you this opportunity? Well because you're sad, we saw your sad sack face from across campus and were overwhelmed with pity. So get going buck-o.

Sad Sack Face's Article/Cartoon

Suggestion Box (based on thoughts we know keep you up at night):
Kids, Catholic Priests, Groups that begin with Neo-, Anime fan fiction,
beached whales, that person you hit that summer but kept driving, poor
people being poor, how to win arguments under YouTube videos...and all those
other things you delete from your search history.



The Horrors of Nature

By Cameron Clark

March 1- Well... the start of a new year. The flowers are blossoming, the air is fresh and the wildlife is everywhere. Friends everywhere, leafy green and happy. This is going to be a good year.

April 23 - Everyone is awake now! People zip by all day in their cars, off to who-knows-where. The birds fly by, reining terror on the little creatures below every now and then. I stay put. I'm comfortable here - in the woods. I've got everything I need - sunshine, rain, fresh air, and lots and lots of friends.

July 18 - Boy this place sure is lovely. It's so hot these days, but I don't mind. Lots of sun is good for growing boys. I do hope we get some colder weather soon, though. The heat can be exhausting. I've seen lots of birds here lately, building nests, hatching their young. It's a beautiful thing to watch. I wonder where they go every year, they only seem to stay around when it's nice and sunny and warm, they must be going somewhere warmer I suppose. I wonder what it's like outside the woods; I've never been. I bet it's nice. I bet the plants and the people and the birds are all sorts of different.

September 20- Oh boy, the weather is certainly getting grim now...I hardly ever see children playing around here anymore, and never without clothes covering their whole bodies. I can see them in the windows though, reading and writing, funny...nobody ever studies until the end of the Summer. I wonder why.

September 25- Cold day today. I miss the birds, the flowers, the people. Life has slowed down so much around here. The orchards have stopped making fruit, the bushes are berry-less. The cardinals, blue jays, robins, chickadees, hummingbirds are gone - plenty of crows and ravens and vultures though. I've seen lots of people with pumpkins lately; guess they must be in season. It's not all bad though, it's nice quiet, much calmer than the warm days. I could live like this. Especially without the annoying woodpeckers.

October 8- One of my friends dyed his hair red and orange today, not all of it though. Just... in splotches all over his head. Doesn't look very good; I'll have to ask him about it sometime soon. It's gotten him lots of attention, though. All the people stop and take pictures of him for some reason. Guess it's just unique.

October 12- Oh my...lots of people have dyed their hair, almost everyone. I'm not sure what shitty hair dye everyone is using though, I've seen lots of hair falling out, all over the ground, it's gross. I don't understand fashion. I've got nice, spiky green hair and I'm perfectly content with that. Green hair used to be the norm for everyone, what on Earth has happened?

October 16- So...many...pictures. Practically everyone who goes by takes pictures. And not just of one of us, everyone together. Every single picture. Everyone except me. I wonder if I should dye my hair too...I seem to have been forgotten lately, it's rather lonely.

November 1- Well...the pictures have mostly stopped. But something is up with the others here. They aren't nearly as energetic as they used to be, and all that shitty hair dye has lost its colour. I've told them but they say they can't control it, it's just the way they look. Well, you didn't always look like shit, but now you do! I can't even begin to understand what's happening here. I don't like it. It's creepy. And... it's cold, like, really goddamn cold. I think I even saw my own breath the other day. I want to go back. I want the birds back. Even the crows have gone now. So lonely... so scared.

November 15- Everyone's hair... gone... Nobody even seems to mind... everyone just goes about their lives as if nothing has changed. I feel like the only one whose maintained any semblance of myself. I'm scared though. The other day, a few people with overalls and weird hats and a big red marker came by...They made these huge X's all over the place, ignoring most of the hairless freaks but they seemed particularly interested in me. They even drew one on me. What's going to happen? Nobody will tell me... nobody even speaks anymore. The forest is silent. Dead silent. It's ominous. Someone help me, please.

November 21- OH MY! The forest is flooded today, and everyone has guns...what could they all possibly be searching for? I see lots of them leaving with bags that look heavy, some of them wear headdresses with turkey feathers on them... what could that all possibly be about? I hear ramblings about 'overpriced' grocery stores... whatever a grocery store is. None of them seem to mind me at all, unless they're peeking out at something from behind me. This activity is truly worrying. I don't like outsiders in the woods here. people here...putting these...weird objects on me. Shiny, circular, glittery...things on my to me, they mostly just stare...it's awful.

Times New Roman

November 30- It snowed for the first time today. I mean, it snowed hard. I feel so heavy, all my friends have disappeared under a veil of white, not like they've even been around lately though. They all look so lifeless, no leaves, no birds, just rotten, empty husks of themselves. It's disturbing. I think I saw another tree being dragged out of the woods yesterday...he looked like me, but taller and thicker around. I wonder why they took him...

December 23- ...where am I? I remember nothing but...I was at home and a few people came up to me. They looked happy. I thought they might try to climb me but...I don't remember anything. The big one had an axe. I look around here and...it's so warm...this doesn't look like the woods. There are people here...putting these...weird objects on me. Shiny, circular, glittery...things on my branches. I feel so heavy...It's hard to stay upright. I was always so good at staying upright. I can't even feel my feet anymore, it's like they're not even there. I miss the crows, and the vultures, and my dead friends. I have no idea who I am anymore.

December 24- There are boxes all around me...I wonder what's in them. The older ones put them there late tonight, I think they're hiding something in them from the smaller ones. I don't understand...I need to see the sun...it's been too long.

December 25- Today, they all gathered around me. They seemed happy again, lots of smiling and they even seemed happy that I was here. I hope they take me home soon, though...It's so lonely here, they never talk to me, they mostly just stare...it's awful.

December 26- Oh...they're taking me out of this cage...could this be it? Could this be my release? Oh heavens it's cold out here, how can anyone live in this climate? They seem to be loading me into some...thing...I think I saw it moving a few days ago. They must be taking me home! Fucking finally, free from this creepy, colourful cage of misery! I guess I have to stay in the back...not good enough to sit up front with them. Pah! Who needs them? I can't wait to see my...friends...birds...oh fuck, it's all still gone. The world around me, unmoving, solemn, white...devoid. Oh...we're stopping but...this doesn't look like my neck of the woods. Where am I? Why...there are so many others like me here...Green, spiky hair...by the dozens...is this a new home? Is this...the end? I'm so thirsty...my feet...gone...they must be carrying me into these woods to find a place for me... surely...they've only set me down so they can search for a better spot...unburdened...surely...



Boston Hospitals Struggle to Handle Huge Increase in Pumpkin-Related Injuries

By William Unterkoefler



With fall comes changing leaves, apple cider, football, and, of course, the seasonal influx of patients with pumpkin related injuries to hospitals across the nation. This year, Boston's hospitals were hit hard.

One such case was Brookline native Ed Williams, whose annual family pumpkin toss went horribly awry. "I thought he was looking," reads his wife Susan's affidavit. Susan Williams is facing trial for manslaughter for lobbing a 45 pound pumpkin at the back of her husband's head. By the time Ed could be seen by doctors at nearby Brigham and Women's Hospital, it was too late.

Unfortunately, Ed's story is becoming all too common. Hospitals in the Boston area have reported record numbers of "pumpkin patients," with some hospitals seeing over 600 of these cases a day. In an exclusive interview, ER Doctor Mary Aufwright stated, "In a typical day, I might see 20 to 25 patients who choked on pumpkin seeds, choked on entire pumpkins, stabbed themselves or their ex while carving pumpkins, had pumpkins stuck in their - well, um - stuck in them and so on. It has reached pandemic levels this fall."

As Aufwright was giving her interview, a nurse, covered head to toe in pumpkin innards emerged from the waiting room, screaming, "It's too much! It's way too much! Someone help!" Pumpkin seeds spewed from her mouth and slick orange goo dripped off her face, as she slipped and slid out the door. "There goes another one," said Aufwright.

In the waiting room, Times New Roman staff spoke with George Wallace. Mr. Wallace explained how he ended up in his situation, and offered some thoughts on why Pumpkin injuries have been so bad this year. "Well, you know, it's October, and you know what that means - Halloween! I love Halloween! Costumes, candy, witches - and pumpkins! Boy, do I love pumpkins! Anyway, this year I got a little carried away... [muffled laughter]. I guess a lot of people here also got carried away. We just love pumpkins don't we?! I mean, it's Halloween! Live a little!"

Mr. Wallace's head was firmly stuck in a pumpkin.

All of this getting "carried away" has led City Director of Public Health Monica Valdes Lupi to strongly urge Mayor Walsh to declare a State of Emergency this Monday. Unfortunately, Mr. Walsh has been unable to respond from within the giant jack-o-lantern in which he remains trapped.

Jungle Journal

By Smitty Lyars

The staff of Northeastern's Times New Roman were looking for a wildlife expert to provide some tips for their readers if they happen upon some common woodland creatures. They chose to entrust this role to the lowest bidder, so I agreed only on the one condition that I could come to the next meeting at which they served pizza.

So a little bit about me before we get started: when I was a child, I got separated from my family and was raised in the jungle by a black panther. Growing up, I had encounters with a snake, a dickhead tiger, the biggest douche of a monkey you'll ever meet (he was actual an orangutan, but fuck him), and a pretty cool bear. So I have experience with animals.

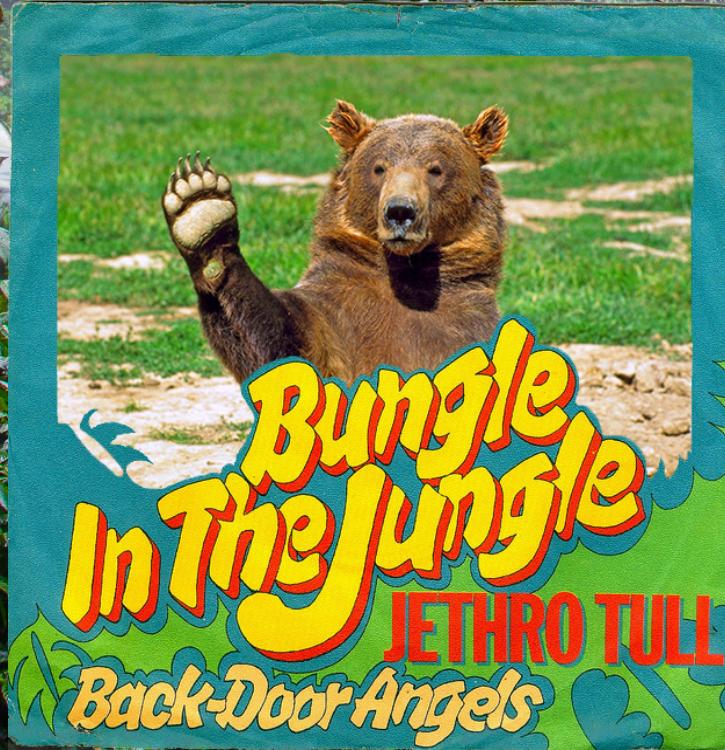
The first thing you should remember is that if you see a giant elephant walking toward you, bow before it. The elephant will recognize that you're a beta and might not step on you. Just like we avoid a turd on the sidewalk because it's a pain in the ass to clean up.

If you come across a bear, offer it a joint. From what I gather, they'll give you some honey in return for a couple hits, then he'll take you to his favorite stream. You're in for one of the best lazy river rides of your life now, friend; I hope you've brought enough weed. The black panthers are alright, too. You can expect them to follow you around and put their life on the line to protect you from other big cats.

Now for the truly dangerous animals. Snakes are sneaky, scary, sons of bitches. If you see one, kill it, I don't care how nice it is to you, if you don't kill it, you better hope the black panther is nearby. The orangutans are jealous of humans for the discovery of fire, so use that shit to your advantage whenever you can. Fire is extremely overpowered. Burn the snake to death. If you can't burn the snake, set fire to a bush nearby. That thing (and everything else in the woods) will flee for its life.

Remember the orangutans? I have a little trick here for you. They're super rich, and really just want fire. If you give it to them, you'll never have to work another day in your life. Just give it to them, you have something even better up your sleeve. Actually, it's in your pocket. You have a gun. Shoot the big boss orangutan and you get the best of both worlds. Threaten the monkeys to follow you or die, now you have an army and riches. Use this to kill that tiger that's been hunting you. Congratulations, you've won the wild, and you never had to drink your own pee.

Now I know what you're thinking, "this sounds a lot like The Jungle Book, minus the gun thing", and you're not wrong, but if smoking salvia and watching a children's movie has taught me anything, it's how to survive in the wild.



In His Natural Habitat

By Maia Winter



The following is an excerpt from BBC's print edition of *Planet Earth 7*, narrated by David Attenborough.

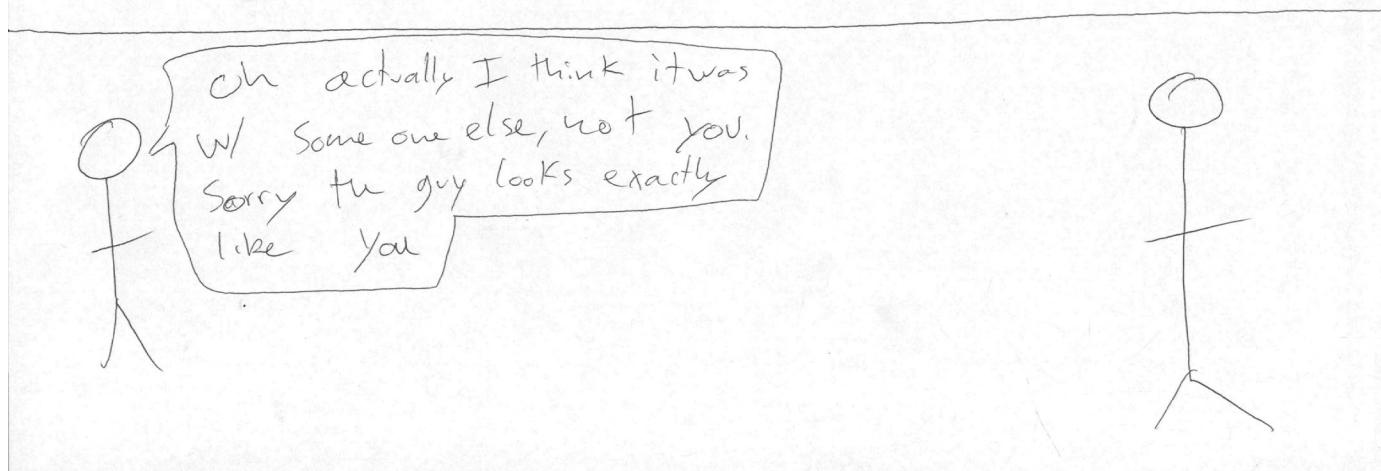
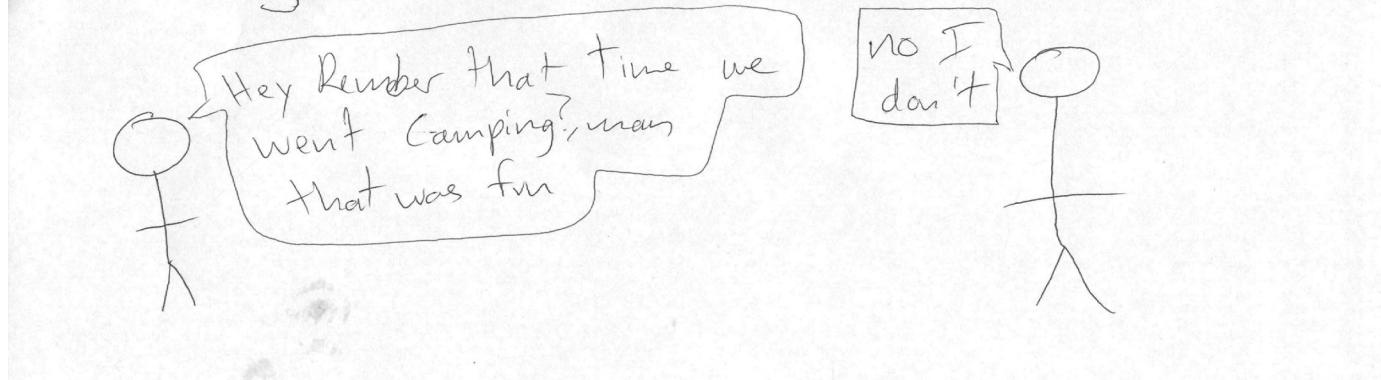
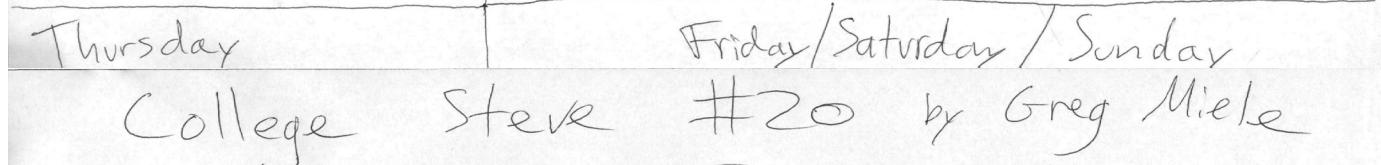
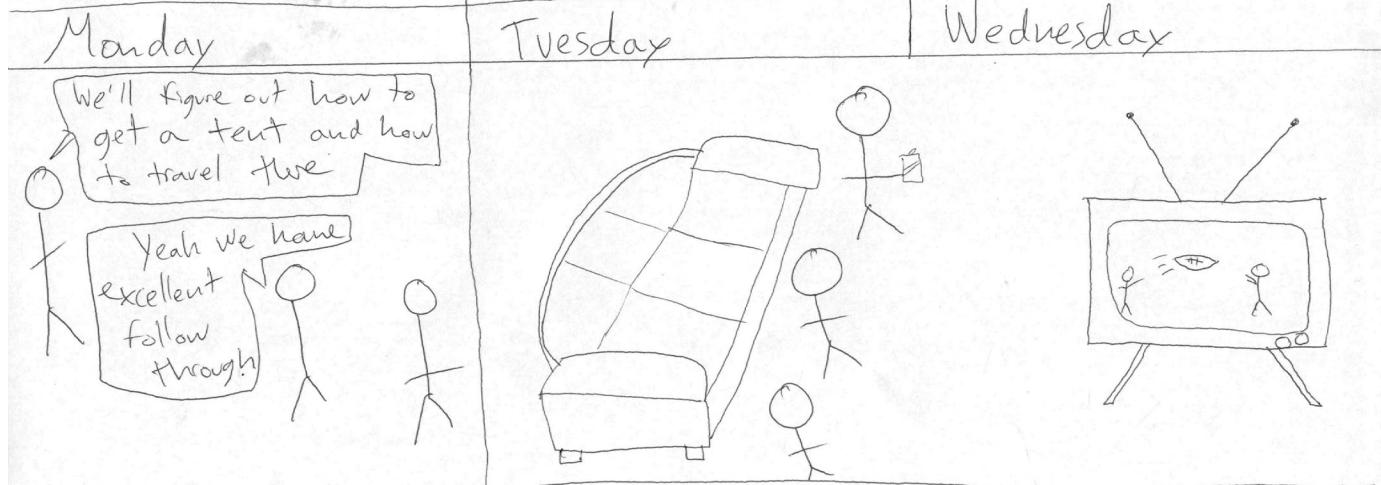
Thank you for joining all of us here at BBC for our final chapter in this journey across the planet Earth. To conclude our travels we take a look at the most alarming specimen yet: the Suburban Millennial. This species has been known by many names, including "Yuppie", "Hipster", and among their peers you may hear them refer to themselves as "A Huuuge Climber." (Do not be alarmed if the latter is accompanied by a "bruh", "bro", or an all-too-casual shrug; while these behaviors may seem aggressive, they should actually reassure you of the specimen's harmlessness and lack of substantial impact on their surroundings.)

Our camera team was lucky enough to spot one making a trek away from its nest: a young male, who is armed from the start with a large hiking backpack, filled to the brim with water bottles, Kind bars, and toe-shoes for when the going really gets rough. He is ready. He first pokes his head out to make sure the coast is clear of his natural predator, the Minivan. When all is quiet, he sets out, pulling the straps of his pack tight around his waist. Losing any of his materials could mean death in the coming wilderness; it is not everyday he makes a voyage of this magnitude. His hiking boots crunch over leaves as he is engulfed in the environment, and soon, all sight of his nest, along with everything he has ever known, is lost to the morning fog.

Days have passed. The millennial is running low on food and energy. His toe-shoes are nowhere to be seen. Our team has nearly intervened more than once, but the male has shown a determination to survive rarely seen in his species. He successfully reaches the three-quarter mark of his journey, marked by the bones of those before him. His last drop of soy milk is long gone, but he has a trick up his sleeve. The yuppie, struggling for breath, digs through his pack for a small case. He pushes a pair of horn-rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose and uses this last bit of strength to propel himself forward. A low muttering can be heard sweeping across the strange tundra: "They help me see. They help me see. They help me see."

At last, the skinny lad collapses, falling to his knees, nearly giving into the harshness of the elements before he recognizes a glowing sight above him. It's the grail he has been searching for. Reaching out with his chapped hands, he feels along the ground for the telltale border that marks his destination: the End of the Driveway. The young yuppie has made it. He reaches above him, victorious, and retrieves his mail from the mailbox. It is 90% spam and 10% bills but he clutches it to his chest anyway, and will guard it with his life as he begins the excursion home.

College Steve by Greg Miele



TNR

What do you mean,
you're not a real turkey??

