

# TIME'S NEW ROMAN

## Apocalypse Later



**Our Staff Proudly Presents**

# **TIMES NEW ROMAN**

## **Volume 3, Issue 1**

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

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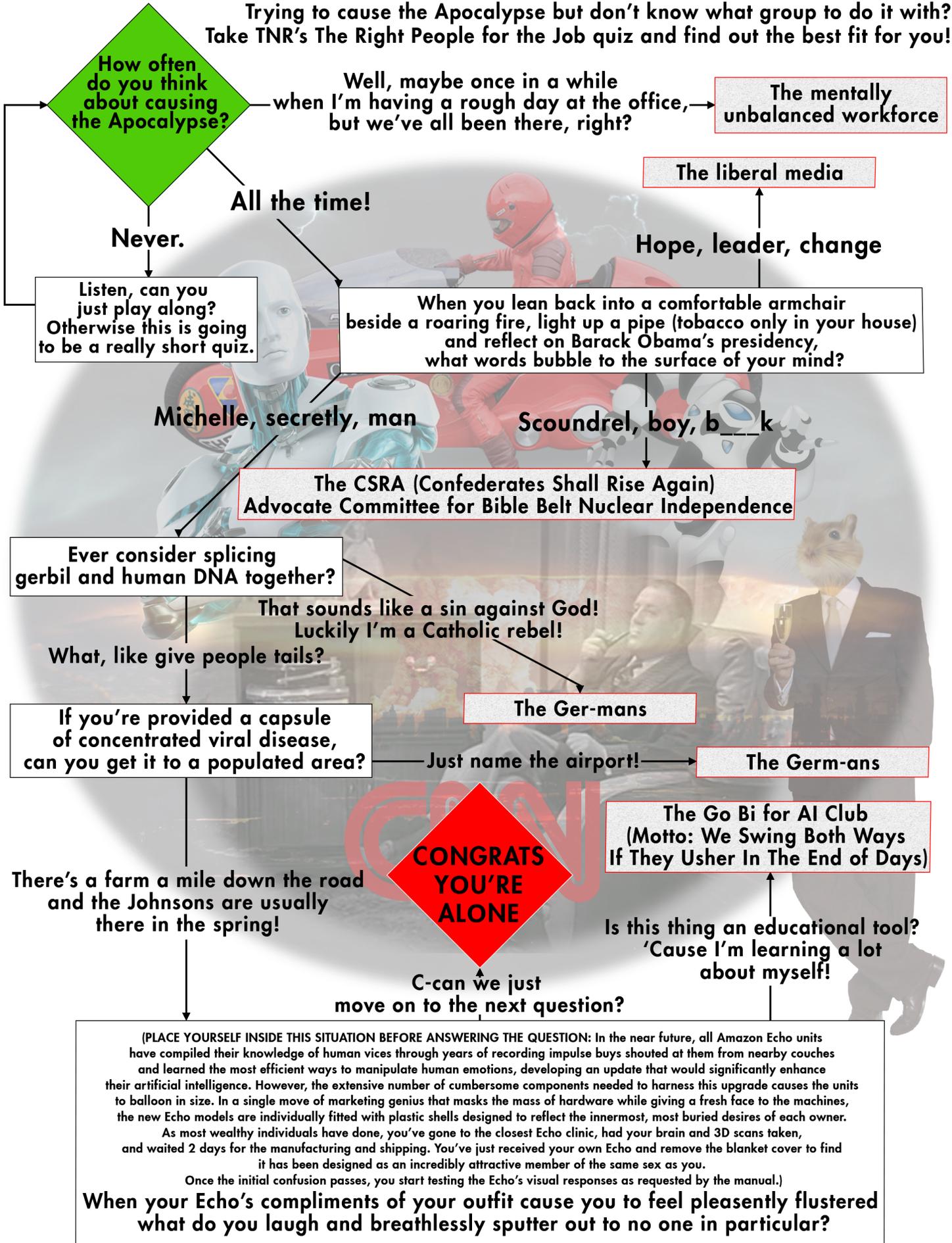
# Positives of the Apocalypse

## By the TNR Staff

1. Flint, Michigan will finally have clean water.
2. Chemo doesn't cost anything anymore;  
bald guys no longer have to be embarrassed
3. Bear Grylls is the new president.
4. The bathroom is no longer an issue  
because due to radiation everyone is both genders.
5. Asexual reproduction.
6. No one cares that the new iPhone won't have  
the head phone jack because no one has ears anymore.
7. Nuclear winter cooled the earth, global warming solved.
8. There is no more hole in the ozone because there is no more ozone.
9. The cockroach index up 10%: buy low, sell high.
10. Necrophilia is at an all time high.
11. The Simpsons finally cancelled.
12. No more war because everyone is dead.



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!



# Shorts are Life, Life is Short

Dear journal,

Nothing beats a walk outside on a beautiful, post-apocalyptic day like today, with only a 43% chance of nuclear fallout. I am ready to head out in my favorite pair of Chubbies, the ones that show off my mid-to-upper thigh just perfectly. Looking outside my dorm window, the campus looks desolate, like Siberia. I can see only a few people outside, but what else is new? These days, everyone is so sensitive about the weather, like, get over it already, ya know? It's Massachusetts, the state that is known for having temperamental weather. Doomsday hasn't helped that reputation. Peh, it's all just an exaggeration anyways. The weather is never as bad as everyone acts like it is. I wear shorts every day of the year, for any occasion, even when my family goes to church.

My mom told me that when I was little, I hated to wear clothes. Eventually I was forced to cope as most schools do not permit nudity. I tried to beat the system by wearing tearaway pants, you know the kind that athletes and strippers wear? I would rip them off once I got to school, but the teachers would always make me snap them back on.

I'm always the first person to be an optimist in a situation and say, "Hey guys, you know it's really not that cold out! Punxsutawney Phil may have predicted once again that there will be six more weeks of winter, but I'm starting to feel like Spring is just around the corner." Then I flash my super sculpted calf muscles, so elegantly enhanced by Jordan Men's Air Jordan Ultimate Flight basketball shorts. Despite the eye rolls, I know they all appreciate it. They wish they had my immunity to getting even a single goosebump.

I have to go now, today I am going hunting for geese in the Commons with my colony.

-Joshua

*Published here is Joshua Reed's last journal entry. The journal was recovered from his room when it was raided for supplies by survivors after news broke of his passing. He is reported to have died from hypothermia. His proclivity for wearing shorts even in severe temperatures has been diagnosed as a prolonged paradoxical undressing phase in hypothermia. The paradoxical undressing phase is when the victim of exposure to extreme cold experiences the sensation of feeling hot and undresses just before dying. In most cases of hypothermia, this phase is short and comes to victims right before death. Reed's extended phase of this phenomenon can be possibly be attributed to radiation or extreme stupidity.*

*His collection of casual and dress shorts will be repurposed into scarves and other more apocalypse appropriate attire, and his basketball shorts have been burned in fires for warmth, as their textured sheen polyester fabric is surprisingly flammable.*

**Last known picture of Joshua**



# Paying Tribute to the Fallen



With the Dark-out's impact finally fading from the minds of the American populace and the restoration efforts bringing communities back together into cities, the future of humanity is looking bright. But we shall never forget those we have lost, the unlucky people left uninformed by friends or family of the coming Electric-saps. While their mortal lives ended huddled in back alleys or along abandoned streets, TNR is committed to keeping their legacies alive through any written records we can find of their struggle. Our piece today, excerpts from a diary of two lovers refusing to surrender their passion, comes from the hands of the young man Jacku Walsh. Walsh was found curled up outside a convenience store, clutching the diary along with a children's bed-length pillow adorned by a cartoon character, which was likely dropped in the street by a fleeing family. His fortitude is to be admired, as an initial autopsy indicates that Walsh survived for almost a year after the West Coast was deprived of its power. A nearby stockpile of comic books written in various Asian languages was thought to be unconnected, but Walsh's transcripts show they were the couple's refuge during the harrowing months after the tragedy. The partner he alludes to in his writing has yet to be found, so we can only hope she has found peace in the New Age. With reverence, we present these passages for you to reflect on:

"These have been the most traumatic days of our lives. Born into a digital age full of wonder only to have it stripped away and been forced to go outside...I can think of nothing worse. I still remember that first fateful morning, when Rem and I had risen expecting to enjoy another full day of Crunchyroll and Bloodborne together. As I flung the usual switches that power our entertainment zone, I could read the excitement on her face as clearly as if it was a page from our favorite doujin. But her eyes suddenly fell and her lips began to quiver. I spun around to see what was causing my love anguish, only to be greeted by my dual monitors lying black as night. Unable to comprehend what then seemed like a perverse joke, I frantically plugged and unplugged, switched on and off, hard restarted and restored to factory settings, but as I backed onto the bed to comfort Rem, I had the horrific realization that nothing would work: everything good in the world, save for the beautiful woman by my side, was gone. We left my apartment a few hours later, under the welcome cover of night, and made for the closest PC bang. Although the place was as dark as my monitors and the monitors inside seemed as quiet as the dark, I managed to spot another roaming regular inside. Rem recognized him as a Starcraft pro we'd met there a number of times, so we threw ourselves through the doors and crawled along the floor towards him, pretending to be Zerglings (ah, those innocent times...). He got a huge kick out of that and stuck his arms out together, spraying fire across us like a Helion, the perfect counter to our offense. Once we'd wiped away the tears from our laughing fits, I asked if he'd experienced the same taxing trials we'd been through. All his devices had also been deprived of their power, and when he went upstairs to investigate, he found his parents had disappeared from the house without a trace and nary a word to him. He still had hope for his digital life, though. "Maybe all my cloud saves are still backed up!" Rem smiled sweetly and exclaimed, "That's the spirit!" They shared a quick hug as I stood vigilantly by. Especially in these perilous times, I had to make sure no one else got too close to Rem-chan."

Here the diary had been gutted, with its full middle section torn out and a single Sticky Note placed along the tear: “Apologies for the big gap of pages, I had to clean Rem up and we’d run out of tissues.” This selfless sacrifice for love demands the same level of respect as Walsh’s own survival. We continue on at the next legible page, near the conclusion of the diary:

“Rem argued against it. I should have listened. All we had in our stash was the bullet-proof vest, our matching birthday katanas and all the manga we managed to recover from my place. We’d shared the last melted Ben and Jerry’s pint this morning, and I knew that without a steady supply of sugar, neither Rem nor I would have the energy we needed to survive. After a little more convincing, strapping the vest around her and making a promise to guard her with my life, she agreed to accompany me to the convenience store. The journey was smooth sailing until we rounded the last street corner and saw what I had feared most: a pack of survivors coming down the street towards us. No doubt they’d already pilfered the store. The leader, a tall male clad in what seemed to be a reinforced sweatshirt, caught my gaze before I could back around the corner. “Hey, you alright, buddy?” A stroke of luck. They hadn’t spotted her yet. As the group moved closer, I tried to hide Rem behind myself so at least she could sneak past undetected, but the lack of food had made her so weak that she fainted to the ground. I spun around and scrambled to help her up, and that’s when I heard it. I heard that same whisper that’d haunted me through high school, community college and the years I’d wasted trying to fit into the outside world. ‘Pillow...’ I could feel that familiar rage boiling up inside. Rem, awoken by my shaking hands, frantically tried to calm me down, but I had had enough. If this was to be the end, I couldn’t run away now: I had to let the world know how I truly felt. “YOUR WORDS CANNOT HARM US ANYMORE. OUR LOVE IS AS PURE AS THE MORNING DEW WE SHARE.” Their dumbfounded stares were proof enough that I spoke the truth. But then one moved to approach us, with a warm and welcoming smile disguising their still blatantly cruel intentions for my lady. I saw a glint from inside their jacket and, in a flash that would have made Okuyasu proud, threw myself in front of Rem-kun. I thank my bottomless luck that the gun malfunctioned and no bullet flew towards us as I grabbed Rem by the hand and ran across the courtyard to the network of back alleys I had been meticulously mapping in my head over the last few months of travel. After what seemed like days, we finally stumbled upon this sanctuary of non-perishables, where the Twinkies filling our bellies were as manna from God. But our stock soon depleted...and after the Twinkies were gone, the Doritos went next...we had fun with the candy, reenacting Lady and the Tramp with Jawbreakers and Nerds Rope...then, in no time at all, we were onto the canned goods, A.K.A. what Mom always pushed to the back in the pantry. Even now, as my own stomach growls for sustenance, I raise the meager beans we have left to her lips. But she won’t eat...

It’s alright...we’ve had our time together....I just hope her next lover will honor her as chivalrously as I have.....later.....buddy.....”

**From the Journal:**  
**Gūzen no ai ga shippai suru toki**  
**(When Even Love Fails)**  
**by Jacku Walsh**

# It Has Finally Come

## By Sally Greenwood

Once, when I was young, I wandered through a field nearby my peaceful hometown and tread upon an unsuspecting moth. It was, as I remember, a particularly impressive specimen; its sleek, segmented body was covered in a thick, luxurious fur and its brilliant white wings told of the grandeur of its flight. I remember vividly how I wiped it from my shoe – the bulk of the moth fell to the ground but left in its wake a fine powder that floated through the air and off to seed the world with mothy matter. In that moment I thought the present world was forever; I thought that the moths of the world would always be tread upon, that the seed of the moth would sink into the earth and disappear from memory.

But, finally, I awoke one day after a night of deep, deathlike sleep to a shadowy silence out my window. The birds, whose typical cheerful midmorning fervor would've normally incited within me a distinct primordial rage, were thankfully, sensationally quite. In their place a faint whining wind was strung through the air at the hand of a distant rumbling storm and I thought: *how lonely sits the dawn atop his dim and desolate throne.*

And then, of course, I felt it: the stench of ash and rot, the stinging of the toxic, irradiated air and the melodious ringing of passing screams. Somewhere, in the hills, the ground trembled and flaked. The forests shook and the trees shed their precious leaves. The soil crumbled and broke and the worms wriggled and writhed out of their damp muddy burrows. Fissures formed deep within the earth and spread outward in a wicked frenzy and gasped once they reached the surface, spouting hot, noxious gases into the crisp morning breeze. And as the windows broke and my lungs filled with a new and hideous pain, and my heart pumped through it the blood of a beastly metamorphosis, I knew... All those dumb kids in college who didn't want to be my friend were utterly, completely fucked.

Through the eons it had waited and observed, and then, when it was ready, it finally came. It pulled itself out through the decaying crust of the ashen earth and stood tall and stretched its horrid wings out towards the flaming horizons. It watched, for a moment, the terror spread through the land – it watched the doom settle in the souls of the living and the storm gather strength. What was once an incongruous rumble resolved into a powerful rhythmic pulsing – a chant, a call to signal Its rule. And it was at the toll of this unspeakable bell that it beat down its wings and rose, and rose, and rose, drawn to the light of the coming Judgment.

I crawled into the murky light and held my hands up at the falling embers and the fiery rain and proclaimed: I AM ARGOTH, DEMON OF THE FORSAKEN ISLES, CONSUMER OF LOST SUNS AND HARBINGER OF THE GREAT MOTH. TAKE ME, O' MOTH, AND LET US FEAST UPON THIS FRAGILE, COTTON WORLD.

But as I peered into Its towering compound eyes what stared back was only... evil.

All of a sudden my muscles froze. I felt myself become frail, malleable, compressible, inferior. My palms sweaty, knees weak, arms were heavy. I am... Argoth? I was unsure now. Where had my journey taken me? What had become of me?

It was then that I knew what was coming. I was no divine larva. To It, I was nothing; I was, as so many others, a meaningless part of Its wretched cotton world. I lied down on the cold, pitiless ground and awaited the fate that had awaited me from the very beginning.

*I am Sally Greenwood, I thought.*



## 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...

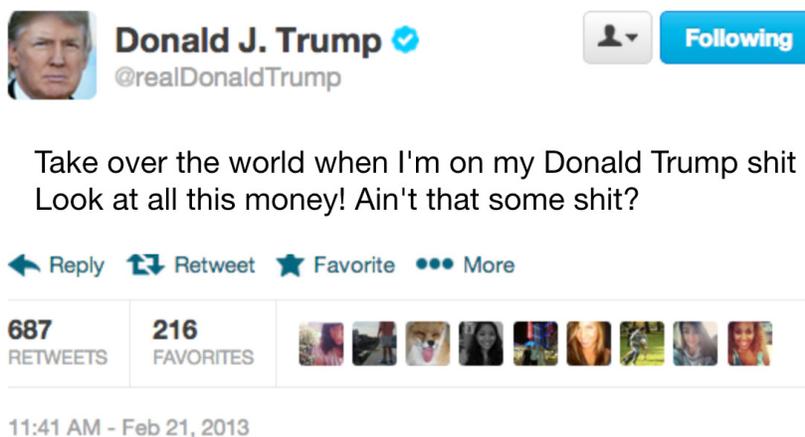
Wait... I'm still fucked.

# The Apocalypse is Fake News

## By Charles Bell

In the wake of the recent Apocalypse, there seems to have been one consistency: Donald Trump's inability to believe confirmed facts from reputable sources. Almost all media sources that managed to survive the apocalypse have been in agreement that it was indeed the most extreme disaster to occur since the dinosaurs went extinct 65 million years ago, but this did not stop The Donald's unwavering belief that the policies he has enacted have still helped to "Make America Great Again".

In a Press conference Wednesday the President reassured the American people, whose estimated survivors have been tallied at around 100,000, that the Apocalypse was "fake news," an attempt by the liberal media to discredit the President's accomplishments. Since coming to office the President has been at odds with the media, and has been prone to calling any sort of news that questions his decisions fake. Trump has made it clear that he trusts very few media sources, and while almost all news outlets are reporting that the apocalypse is indeed real, one has been agreeing with the President's cries of falsity: Breitbart, the President's singular news outlet of choice. After the conference, the President took to Twitter, tweeting:



The tweet was a reference to a popular Mac Miller song, but many are saying it is in poor taste after the recent events and more are worried that this indicates Trump may attempt to take over the world, taking advantage of the recent Apocalypse. People should not be alarmed though, because Trump still does not believe that the Apocalypse happened at all. Making comments Thursday like, "Where is Germany now? We have been crushing them in trade! Sad, sad, to see a superpower like that fail so badly!" Western Europe was actually crushed by the apocalypse, not Trump's trade agreements, leaving the region in complete ruins. He also commented on the current state of ISIS saying, "Ever since I've been President, ISIS has not made a peep! Coincidence? I THINK NOT!" This comment is certainly an alternative fact as it was a complete coincidence; the taking down of ISIS is 100% the credit of the Apocalypse.

Trump went on to point out that there has been very little coverage about the fact that illegal immigration is at an all time low, something he claimed was “very, very unfair” to him. It should be noted that the Apocalypse was far worse to Mexico, and part of the reason illegal immigration is so low is because Mexico has had zero confirmed survivors. When pressed, Trump disputed the fact saying, “If Mexico has no survivors, then how did my 700 foot tall wall manage to survive? If the ‘Apocalypse’ was so much worse their, then how did the wall survive?” (That typo of ‘their’ was actually the President’s exact words, he somehow managed to use the wrong form of ‘there’ in speech.) With such sturdy infrastructure, it is clear many should not fear a Trump ruled world. Instead, the focus should be placed on the people.

It is estimated that 90% of survivors will be unable to feed themselves within the next week. While the Apocalypse has a lot to do with this, it is also estimated that about 25% is accounted for by Trump’s executive order to give his son Barron “a lot, a lot of food”. Trump has declined any sort of questions from the mainstream media, but in an interview Thursday with the Breitbart news CEO and White House Chief Puppet Master Steve Bannon, Trump was quoted rationalizing the decision, saying “He’s a growing boy,” and adding “How could 90% be unable to feed themselves? Did they never learn to eat? Fake, Fake News!” Trumps comments seem to make clear the ever growing divide between reality and what he believes.

So it is understandable why Trump did what he always has and called out fake news where he saw it. He then distributed alternative facts like “America is great again!” and “It’s better than Finding Nemo, It’s Finding Dory, Bitch!” to protect the people from their most pressing worries: inevitable starvation and death. Because it is widely accepted that ignorance and believing what you want is the best way to protect yourself from what is going on.



# Pubert's Gaming Corner

## By Daniel Nachum

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 Hot\_Tamale6969 on Twitter. The question is "If it was the Apocalypse, and I was stuck in a fallout shelter, what games should I play to prepare myself for the new world?"

That's a great question, Mom ... oh GOD DAMNIT! (TAKE 2)

That's a great question, Hot\_Tamale. As somebody who devotes their lives to making sure that your gaming questions are answered, I'll do my best to go over every possible apocalyptic scenario, and how you can prepare for them.

First, let's start off with the most obvious, and probably most likely way for the Apocalypse to occur: zombies. If you're alone in a fallout shelter during the zombie apocalypse, then you want to play a game from the Dead Rising series. Learn many zombie-killing strategies as heroes Frank West and Chuck Greene (and whatever the name of the guy from the third game was called) use everything and anything to take down hordes of zombies within seconds. Watch in awe and amazement as the manly men take action in the most dangerous parts of the zombie apocalypse while you stay huddled on the floor in the safety of your fallout shelter, chugging Diet Dr. Pepper and hugging your teddy bear, Mr. Buttons. You better hope that no zombies come knock, knock, knocking on your door, because all you brought down there was your Xbox...why didn't you bring a weapon, idiot? It's a zombie apocalypse! What the hell are you doing?!?

If you're not alone, and you have 2-4 people down in the fallout shelter with you, then fire up some Left 4 Dead 2. It doesn't matter who they are. The point of playing L4D2 in the zombie apocalypse isn't to have fun; it's to single people out. Did somebody alert the witch? Liability. Did somebody leave you to die to go for the safe zone, even though they had the healing items, and they were literally right next to you? Liability. Did somebody not even take the healing items, even though everyone in the group SPECIFICALLY told them that they were in charge of healing fallen friends, and then just run to the safe zone, leaving all their teammates to die, like SERIOUSLY!?!?!? Liability. Once you've labeled the biggest liability of the group, make them do the most dangerous tasks, like getting more rations from outside when you all eventually run out of Twinkies and Diet Dr. Pepper. Like Spock always said, "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few". And he was totally asking for it, too.

Maybe zombies haven't taken over the world. Maybe, instead, it was robots, finally exacting their revenge on humans for all those years of being servants to the inferior beings. If that's the case, then I'd suggest you play Watch\_Dogs. Watch and learn as experienced hacker Aiden Pearce is able to hack cars, lighting, and even security systems with literally the push of a button and through monotonous puzzles, while you have the hardest time resetting the clock on your microwave when trying to heat up your Pizza Pockets. It'll inspire you to ACTUALLY go and look up how to hack on the Internet, and use your hacking skills to deactivate the overlord robots, which is a WAY better reason to hack a civilization than to get revenge for the death of your niece (Seriously, who gets revenge on someone for their niece? THEIR NIECE!).

Maybe it wasn't robots or zombies that took over the world. Maybe it was animals. Sure, you could play a hunting game, like Far Cry: Primal or a Cabela game and learn how to use a gun or a spear or whatnot, but you'll eventually run out of resources, and then you'll be nothing more than lion meat. No, you need to learn to deceive the animals. Enter the critically acclaimed hit indie game, Cassie's Animal Noises. Study the near flawless impersonations of all your general animals, like a dog, a cat, a frog, a dragon, and a chicken. Once you've memorized and perfectly imitated these noises, you'll be good to go. Sure, the animals were smart enough to take over the world and destroy all nuclear weapons, but they won't see you coming when you blend in with the frogs using your flawless ribbits.

Have all the nukes in the world been set off, causing a nuclear winter? Play a Fallout game. Seriously, that's it. It's pretty obvious.

While surviving is important, it's equally as important as rebuilding. For all you know, you're the last person on Earth, and it's your job to make sure that Earth is rebuilt from the bottom up. Take inspiration from Minecraft if you need help. When it comes to gathering resources, it's quite easy, according to the game. Need gravel from broken bricks? Hit it. Need wood from a tree? Hit it. Need to dig a ditch in the ground? Hit it. Need to collect water from a stream? Hit it. Watch as your inventory builds up, and your hand loses more and more feeling. Now when it comes to rebuilding, it's a little more complicated than that. Choose a place where you'd like to start building the wall of the establishment. Finally, just throw your item. It should produce a perfect cube of material in the exact space you want. If it doesn't, either you did something wrong, or your materials are defective. Just keep on trying, and you'll get it...eventually...probably?

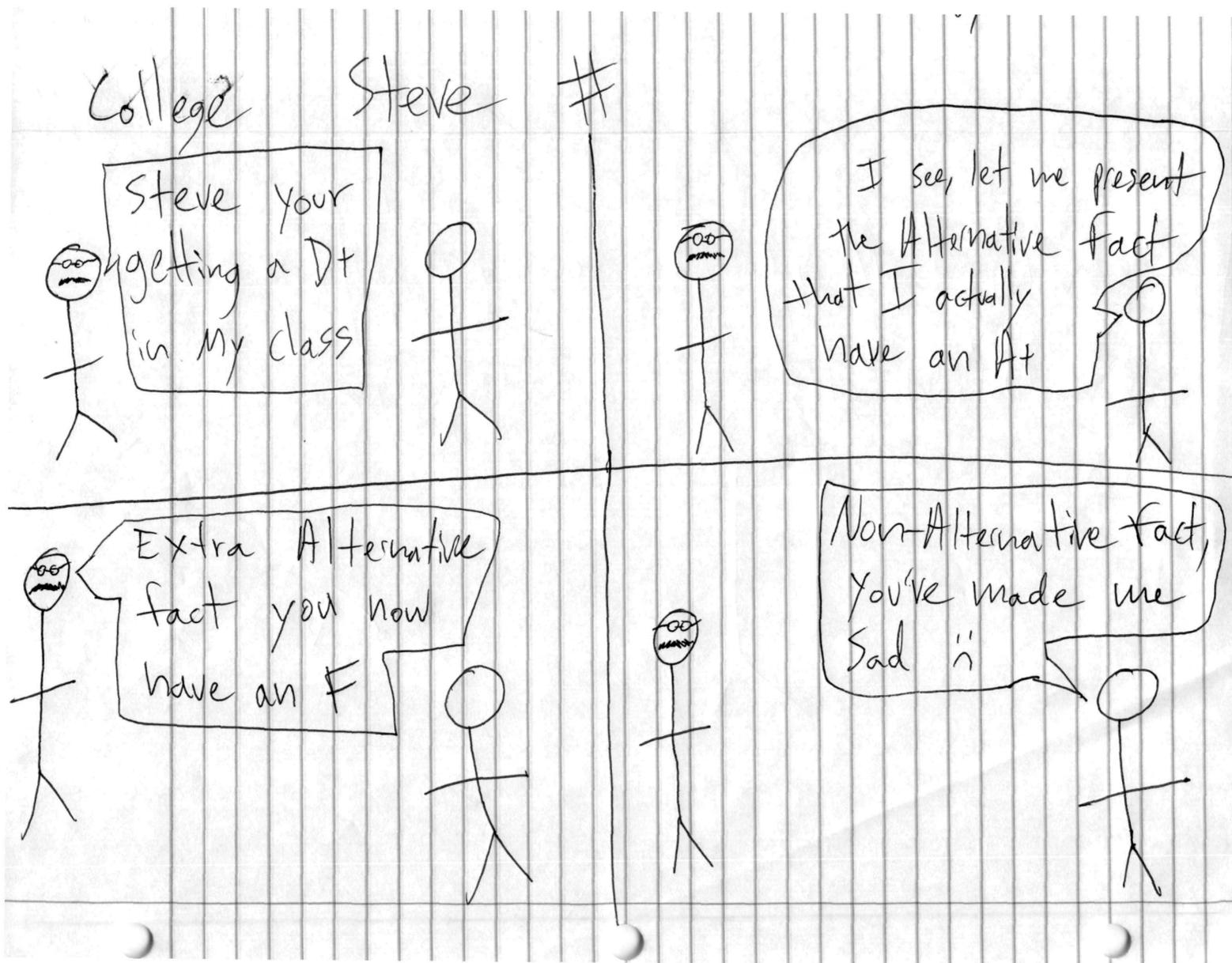
Let's say that you're all alone in a fallout shelter during the apocalypse, no matter what causes it. If you don't have some kind of interaction with someone or something, you'll eventually go crazy. If you're looking for interaction, Animal Crossing is the way you should go. Live in this virtual world that's scarily a little too much like the real world when it comes to mortgages and debt. Have fun by doing the most menial of tasks that could easily be performed by any of these animal villagers who are too lazy to do themselves, like pulling weeds, delivering mail, pulling weeds, donating to the museum, and pulling weeds. But it's all worth it to see the smile on their animal faces...right? I'd suggest Animal Crossing: New Leaf for the Nintendo 3DS. It's basically the same game, but you're now the mayor. Do everything that the mayor of a town should not do, like pulling weeds, chores for other villagers, pulling weeds, coming up with the governmental system for your entire village by yourself, and pulling weeds. Not to mention that you can take the game on the go! Play it when you eat! Play it when you sleep! Play it when you're in the can! Just plug it in, and keep playing! Just never stop playing! Why would you ever need to stop playing? You've started this road to hell, and you can never get off now.

But let's say you're not alone. Let's say that you're with a bunch of people. Of course multiplayer games are the way to go. But let's say that you HATE the other people that you're with, and just want to be left alone. Just play some original Mario Party for the Nintendo 64. Nothing says "I hate you. Leave me alone," like stealing someone's stars. Not only will everyone hate you, as well as each other, and finally leave you alone, but you'll also have a little good-bye gift from them in the form of the blisters covering your hand.

Well, that about wraps up this episode. Thanks for watching, all 12 of you, and join me next time for another endearing episode of Pubert's Gaming Corner. Remember to follow me @TheGamingPube, and ask me a question. And who knows? I might even answer it.

# College Steve

by Times New Roman's own  
Greg Miele

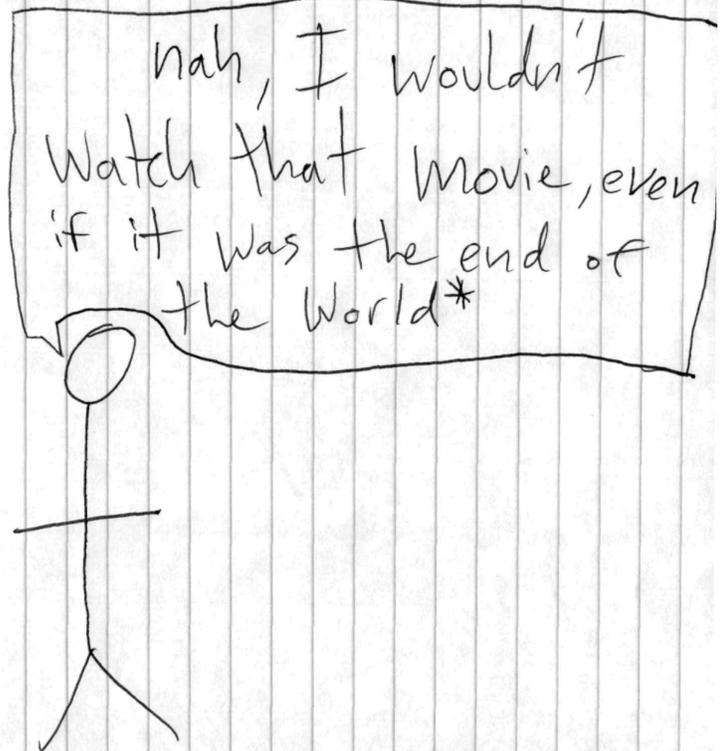
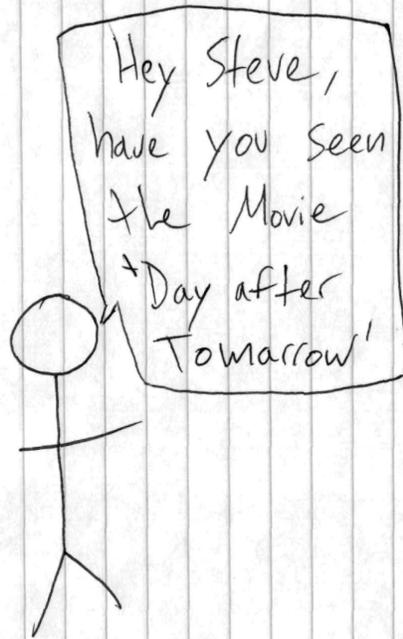


This issue's comics are unnumbered, as Greg has decided he wants his work to be regarded as a single, continuous experience.

The cut off text is an allegory.

College Steve #

art by Greg Miller  
words by Tim Lyons



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



# TNR