

TIMES NEW ROMAN

COLEGE



Volume 2, Issue 1

Our Staff Proudly Presents

TIMES NEW ROMAN

Volume 2, Issue 1

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10 Embarrassing Things that Could Happen to You in the First Week of College

by the Times New Roman Staff

1. Accidentally kill your professor (Now you're definitely not going to get that A...)
2. Join a frat
3. Join a business frat
4. Mistake your party balloons for condoms
5. Sit in a physics class for 50 minutes, ask the professor when will he get to the Physics part, only to find out you're in a theater class
6. Join a club called 'Suicide Squad' that ends up not being about the movie (No one showed up to the second meeting for some reason)
7. Take LSD thinking it was acid
8. Run out of tampons, have to use cotton swabs
9. When the professor has everyone say one fun fact about themselves, you say (as required by Megan's Law) that you can't live by a playground
10. Walk through the quad and see a cute girl, but when you try to talk to her, she runs up a tree (Whatever, she must be nuts!)
11. Sell a bag of oregano to a cop
12. Sell a bag of weed to the dining hall chef
13. Drop out
14. Still not know how to count



"Da Fuq" Girl #1

by Jamez Anderson



Watashi no toso, or "My Struggle"

by Jack Walsh

(Preferred Title: Jacku Walshí)



My college's policies are so freaking 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 furiosity.

"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.

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.



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 definatly 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

The Drop Off

by Jose "Gus" Castillo



Son, turn down the radio, roll up the window. There's something I want to talk to you about before I drop you off at college.

This is the beginning of a new chapter in your life. It seems like only yesterday you were being handed to me moments after your birth, wrapped in a blanket, crying your little beady eyes out. It's one thing to live life, son, but to create life, and to take on the responsibilities that it entails, defines what it really means to be a man, and there's simply no feeling like it.

Yes, son, it even surpassed the feeling I had watching Nolan Ryan slug Robin Ventura multiple times in the face in '93. It was that good.

Hell, I don't mean to get all "fatherly" on you, and I don't want to pull up to your school crying in front of all your future classmates, but your ole man is getting old, and so are you.

Oh, I remember bringing you home, and watching you crawl around, and how you used to have such a hard time trying to talking. I remember one time you pointed at the television and called it a "lelebinism", and it was at that moment, six years ago to the day, that I knew you'd probably make your mother and I proud by attending one of the finest community colleges, but never would I have guessed you'd make it to university.

Now, back in my day, only nerds went to college. I had a solid gig down at Pepino's Pizzeria, so there was no way I was gonna give up free slices for more homework. However, with today's unregulated and somewhat frightening private school loan industry, the dismissal of trade school and college alternatives, and an inflated social value placed on a piece of paper that shows you're somewhat qualified to do something has allowed kids with like you with little aptitude and ability to go to college.

You exceeded my expectations son, and I am proud to be dropping you off at the state's 3rd best public university. Sure, it costs almost four times the price of the local community college, and sure, I'll probably have to work until I'm dead just to pay off a year's worth of tuition, but, hey, what the hell, you're a college boy now. Besides, retirement seems overrated. Just look at Grandpa; he's retired, but he has nothing to do all day since most of his friends are already dead.

Now, listen son, it's great that you've made it this far, but you need to make sure you keep it up. If you drop out, you'll be the failure everyone expected you to be, and on top of that, I still have to foot the bill. Did I mention how much it cost? It's a **fuck** ton.

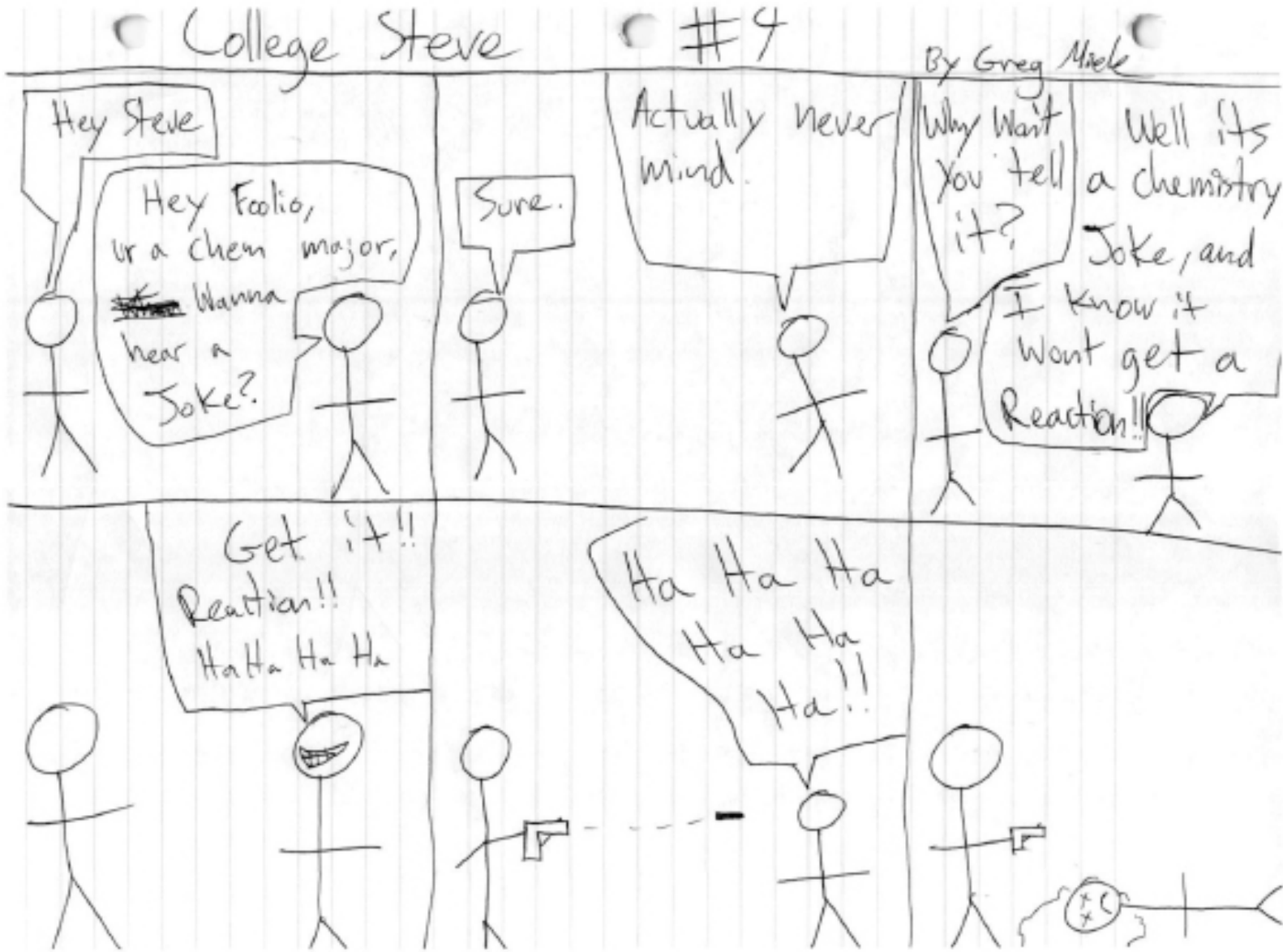
But that's okay. I really wanted season tickets this year, but who cares, I can always watch baseball on my TV. My very old, **very** worn out TV.

Hey, look at that, they've got a Wawa here. I would stop, but we can't afford to make it, ahaha, temporarily and fiscally. I kid, I kid, but, hey, can you loan your old man a couple of dollars by the way? I'm not sure if I'll have enough gas to make it back, and I **am** paying for your college, so it's only fair.

Anyways, here's our exit. Wow, look at this campus. Amazing, isn't it? I mean, I do feel a little cheated; seems the pictures in the pamphlet were a bit misleading, huh? I guess it's just like they say: you can't set a pricetag on a child's education. Well, objectively I really should, but I can't.

College Steve

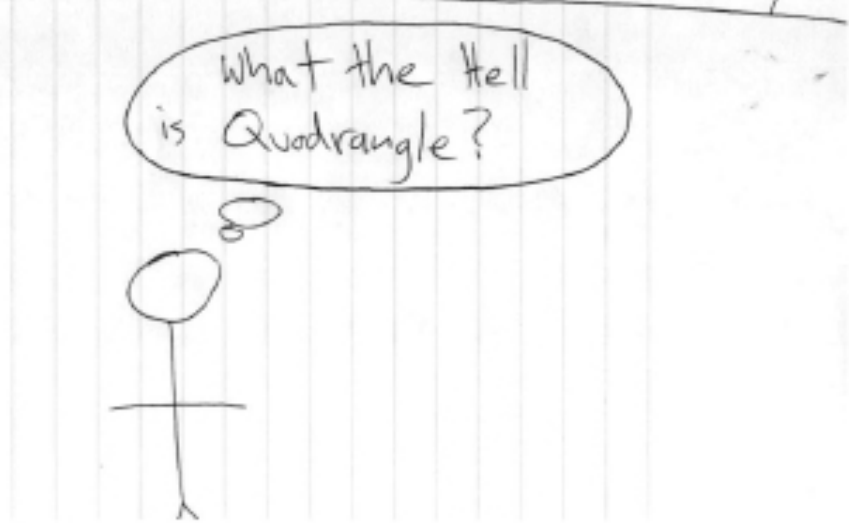
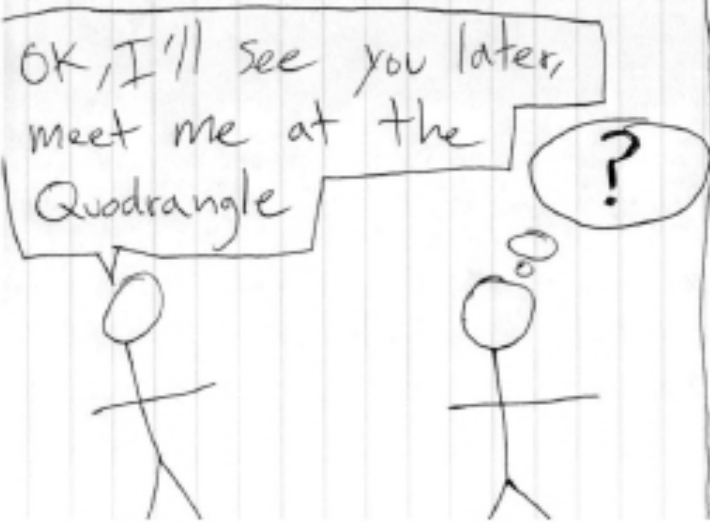
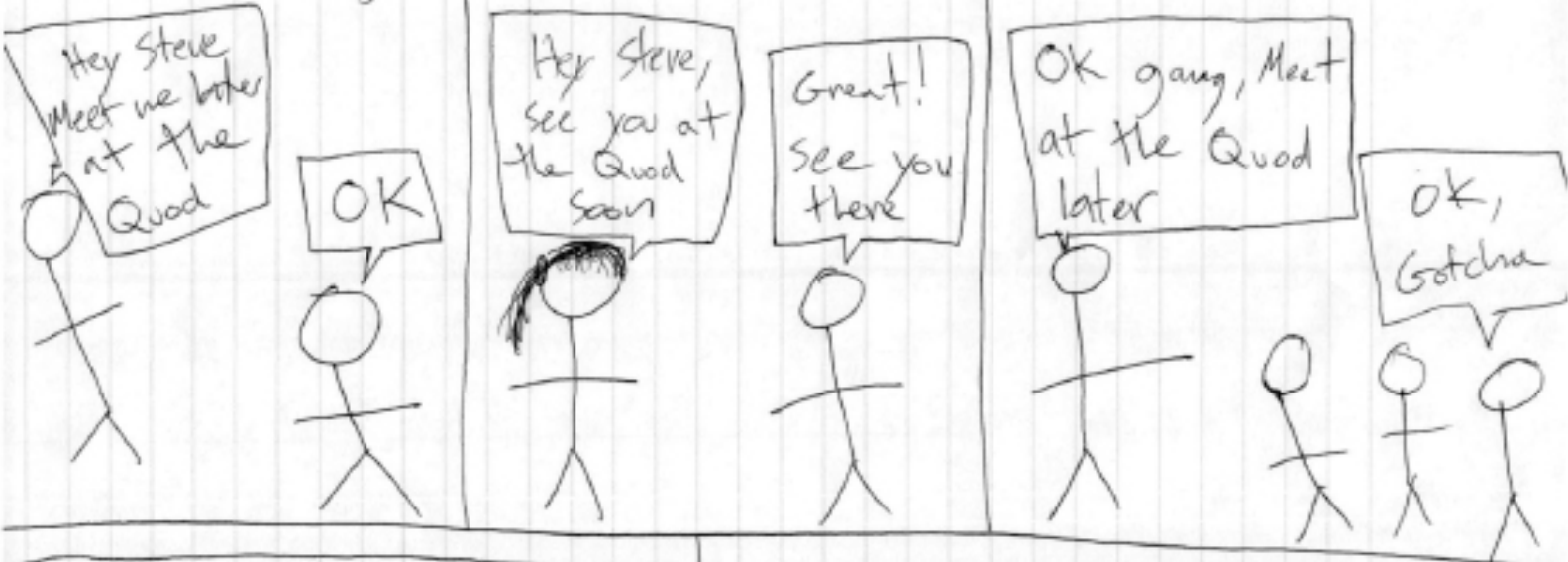
by Times New Roman's own
Greg Miele



College Steve

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by Greg Miele



TNR