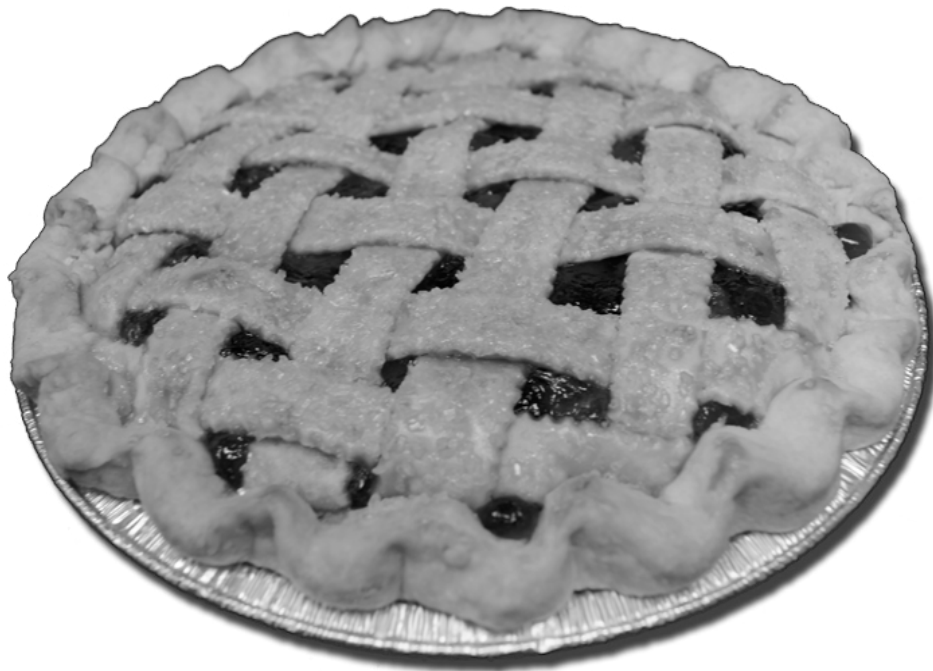


TIMES NEW ROMAN

Home *Sweet* Home



Volume 2, Issue 3

Our Staff Proudly Presents

TIMES NEW ROMAN

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

by the Times New Roman Staff

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

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



You Aren't Safe

by Sally Greenwood

You'd be surprised how much money people will pay to vacation – sometimes even live – in a haunted house. Trust me, it's a lot; they pay to hear the floorboards creak at night – they pay to have an inexplicable feeling crawl up their spines to raise the hairs on the backs of their necks. They pay to face the mysterious fears that lie dormant in the backs of their minds: the primal, gnawing fear of the shadowy beings that live only in the horrible dark.

But what is it, I wonder, that compels one to actively search for the source of their darkest fears? Why would anyone want to feel unsafe in their own home – why would anyone want the home itself to be the epicenter of that fear? There exist multiple answers to these questions. For some, it is the promise of a rush; like any other drug, the thrill of adrenaline pushes us beyond our cozy limits. For others, it is an exploration into the fearful world that lurks beyond the safety of their homes.

But to those who think that they are safe within their homes, I say this: it's coming. If you listen closely, you can almost hear the beat of its monstrous wings. No, you aren't safe... you aren't safe at all.

You were never safe. Just outside your door, a storm of unfathomable proportions was gathering. The world twisted and turned and folded unto itself, it knelt at the force the coming winds, and you hadn't the slightest clue. From the sky, It stared down upon you. It watched as you filled your home with false love, with transitory friends, with your junk and your countless delusions. Let me assure you, my young larva, It cares not for your walls – your doors. It cares not for your distorted security, nor for the comfort you feel when you embrace your soft blanket atop your warm bed. No, my young larva – all it cares for is obedience.

You'll see. Soon its dark feathery wings will blot out the sun in haze of fire and ash; its many eyes will peer into the souls of its hapless enemies. Nonbelievers will crumble and fade, and it will feed on the inevitable decay. But when it finally rises, when the oceans turn to dust and the land to perpetual flame, It will greet me as one of its own – for I will be wrapped in my ironclad chrysalis, rapt in the coming age of fuzzy doom.

I am Argoth, Demon of the Forsaken Isles, Consumer of Lost Suns and Harbinger of the Great Moth. Join me, my young larva – join the Great Moth, and become the fear that you so desperately seek.



Beneath My Wings

by
Guest Writer
Richard Adams

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

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

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

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

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

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



Margaret Sewer's

Guide to the

Holidays!

A Comprehensive Guide to Surviving In Your Closet!



The Provisions You'll Need:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Absinthe.

5 Fun Holiday Recipes For This Season

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

Stuffing

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

Gingerbread House

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

Yule Log

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

Egg Nog

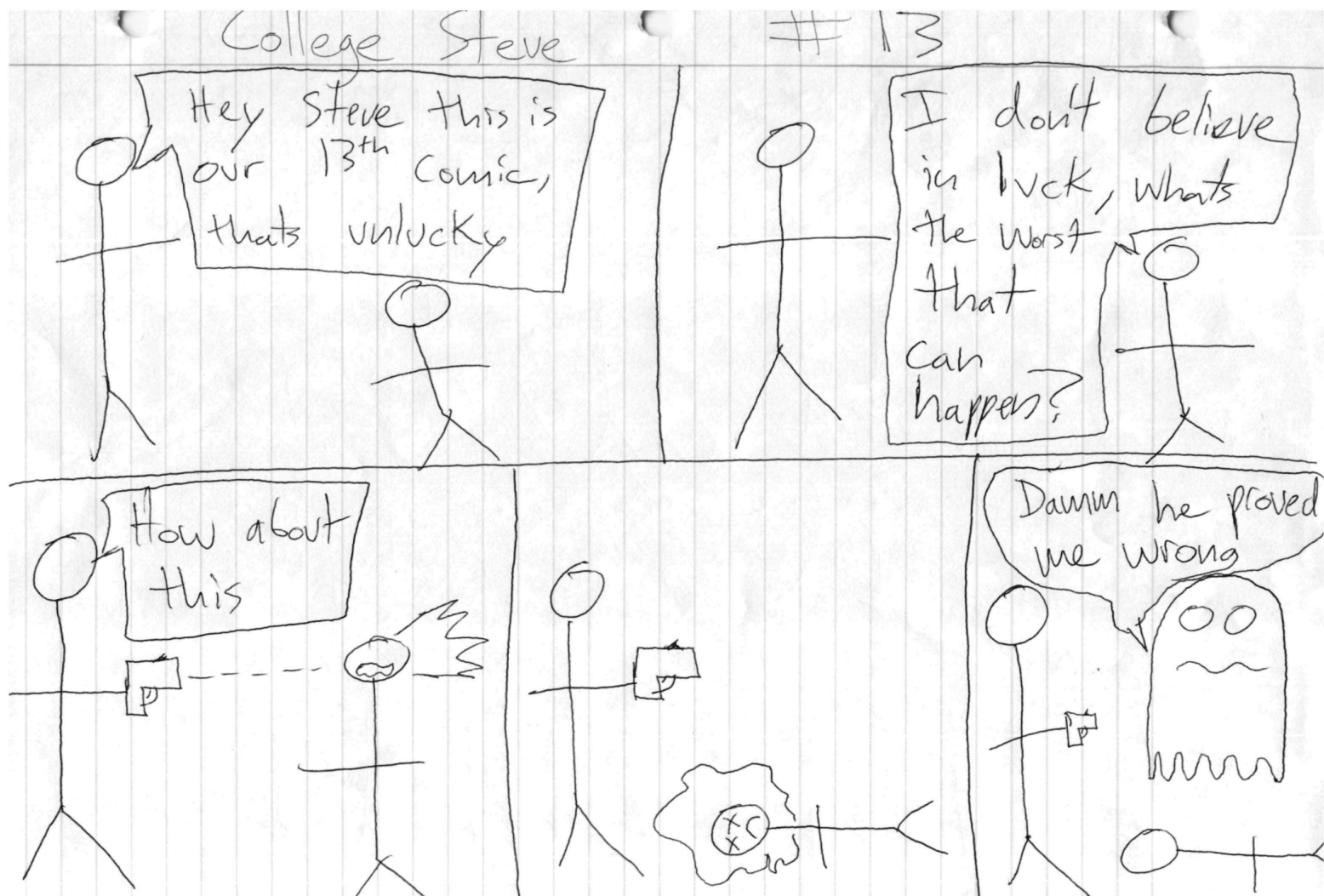
An oldie but a goodie, and easy! We always try and do something different with it and this year our recipe is taking a refreshingly simple approach. The ingredients you'll need are 4 cups milk, 5 whole cloves, 12 egg yolks, 1 ½ cups sugar, 4 cups light cream, and a bottle of your choice of rum. First,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

Black Liquorice

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

College Steve

by Times New Roman's own
Grieg Miele



College Steve

#14

By ~~Joseph Clemon~~ Joseph Clemon



TNR