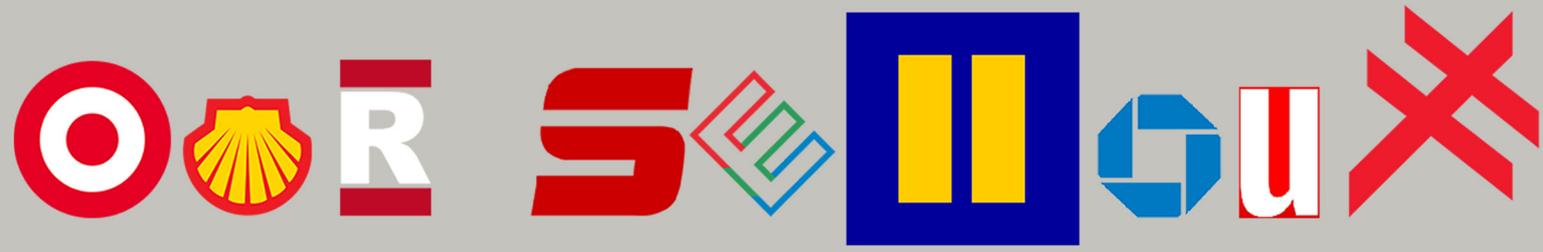




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Letter FROM the Editor:

Don't Help the Less Fortunate, Sell Out

You might be thinking, "I want to make a difference in the world." I went to college to get the knowledge needed to acquire the skills that I would leverage into good deeds for mankind. Well let me be the first to tell you that idea is a bunch of crap. And now let me pose to you the alternative: Sell out. People have been trying to help the world since the beginning and human suffering has yet to be solved, and for an equally long time people have been trying to cash in, and acquire fleeting moments of material happiness, and it is being accomplished everyday in every way. Do the math, the best thing for you to do is to sell out. We've all thought about it from time to time. Taking the easy way out, getting rich off the plight of others, but you probably have shied away from the notion, your brain being wracked with deep philosophical questions: What is my obligation to my fellow human? How can a being in a fortunate position turn away from the suffering of others? Can I live with myself knowing I choose a selfish life? To put an end to your mental gymnastics, I'll answer these now: none, just ignore them, and yes. And let me pose to you an even more profound question that all those great thinkers have failed to thought: Have you ever seen people not having fun on a yacht? Answer: nope. It's that simple. You could live your life looking out for #1, being a corporate shill or you can spend your dwindling days on this planet helping the poor and down trodden. The corporation will treat you right, pay your salary, and ensure you the good life. How will the poor repay you? Well how can they, they have no money. As you make decisions in life, remember there are always 2 choices: a right one and a wrong one. Do the right thing and ignore those who say it's right to help the less fortunate, that's just plain wrong. Be right: Sell out and sell fast.

TOP SELL OUTS

BY THE TNR STAFF

1. *Science majors switching to business*
2. *Aoun turning his back on hair*
3. *Henry the 8th*
4. *Benadict Arnold*
5. *South Vietnam*
6. *Judus*
7. *Sprint guy*
8. *Catalonia*
9. *Payton Manning*
10. *Xbox 1X (Buy Now)**
11. *TNR*

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McDonald's and Catholic Church Announce That 10 Commandments To Be Replaced With Options From the McDonald's Menu By Moses Matosis

VATICAN CITY: Surrounded by Golden Arch-bishops, Cardinals, and Ronald McDonald, who was reportedly wearing a white robe, McDonald's CEO Steve Easterbrook and His Holiness the Pope jointly announced that the 10 Commandments put forth by the Holy Father were to be amended to include options from the McDonald's Dollar Menu.

"For years, McDonald's has been viewed as the preferred restaurant of God, the Catholic Church, and Christians everywhere," the Pope declared in his opening remarks. "Now we make official what people have believed to be true for generations." The rollouts will be gradual, with 4 to be changed this year.

"We are thrilled to be in a partnership with an organization as reputable as the Catholic Church," Easterbrook said, "and we will do our part to acknowledge the house of God as a supporter of our initiatives. Each Happy Meal, along with the usual toy, will now contain one verse of scripture, and an action figure of one of the Apostles."

As part of the agreement, 4 of the commandments, namely the first, the fourth, the sixth, and the ninth, are to be replaced with options from the McDonald's Menu. Executives from McDonald's and Priests from the Church have remained coy as to which options will replace these Commandments, though there has been speculation that options could be the Big Mac, the Egg McMuffin, the McRib, and the Shamrock Shake (only seasonally, according to sources with information pertaining to the report).

Church and McDonald's representatives are expected to announce that the agreement will also result in an additional slogan for McDonald's-along with "I'm lovin' it", "I'm Goin' to Church and Prayin'" will be official McDonald's Slogans beginning in Early 2018. Also, the Catholic Church will allow McDonald's to write up to 20 verses in the New Testament, with plans to make the Hambuand 15 verses in the Old Testament. The latter arrangement may be troublesome, as many well-respected Orthodox Jewish practitioners have supported an alliance with Wendy's.

How to Know if Your Love is Real By Sam Sad

You're a college student, and you are in your prime fucking years. You should fuck someone. First, you should find love. You're probably wondering whether or not you will find love. Or, you may think that you have found love. You think to yourself that your partner shows you respect and admiration, and that you unconditionally love this person. However, you are wrong. You do not unconditionally love this person. However, I am a Love Guru, and it is my duty to help you find your true love. Here are a few questions that will help you decide if your partner is your true love:

1: How does he/she feel about affordable roast beef sandwiches?

I know what you're thinking: "I am not a vegetarian, but I assume they exist. What if I love a vegetarian?" Well, naive reader, you will need to talk with this vegetarian. This vegetarian, however stubborn they may be, will realize that roast beef sandwiches are the foundation of a stable, western society. Not capitalism. Not democracy. Roast Beef Sandwiches. If a vegetarian can't understand this, then they cannot feel love and thus, can't be loved. They don't have to eat it, but they must understand that roast beef sandwiches are perfection. Arby's also has some vegetarian options, but nevertheless, Roast Beef Sandwiches deserve their respect.

2: Is this person an Arby's Restaurant or affiliated with an Arby's Restaurant?

If no, then it isn't love. It must be an Arby's Restaurant. There are no exceptions. (If this person has an affiliation with Arby's, this love will not be real love, but it can be fake love.

3: Does he/she have the meats?

This is essential to finding love. Whether you be vegan, vegetarian, or carnivore, we can all agree that the first ingredient to love is having the meats. If the person you think you love doesn't have the meats, you should reconsider the relationship. Why doesn't this person have the meats? Rather suspicious that this person doesn't have the meats. On the other hand, if someone has the meats, regardless of what you think of this person, this person will be the love of your life. You may think, "I do not love this person." However, this person has the meats. We have the meats, and we know that having meats is the hottest fucking thing ever, so you will fall in love with this person.

I Bought a Ford F-150, and Now My Erectile Dysfunction is Cured! **By Dale Flenderson**

When I was a young boy from a blue-collar family, my mama and papa always told me that I should savor the precious moments of youth, because when I became a man, I would lose a lot of what I had. Boy, I was a stupid young'un, and let me tell ya, I was dumber than a chicken at a rattlesnake convention. I thought, "Boy these elders are silly. I will forever be able to maintain an erection during intercourse. And even if there comes a day when I'm not able to sustain an erection while making love to a woman or man, I will have pharmaceutical alternatives that will allow me to sustain an erection with girth and strength. I am a young, working-class, hollerin' boy."

However, as often happens to us working men, once we hit our 666th month, the devil strikes and removes all of our ability to get our dilly dallying. Heck, I lost mine when I was doing the Tuscaloosa shuffle with one of the finest lasses you'd ever lay your eyes on. I got to thinkin, how in the sam heck am I gonna get my willy working? I tried the first Southern method: Dolly Parton. However, even that belle couldn't get the tower standing. So I tried prescription medication. I tried a number of seemingly viable options: Viagra, Cialis, among others. Nothing worked. I didn't know where to turn to, and I feared that I would never be able to have intercourse again. However, I talked to a doctor, and he recommended that I buy a Ford F-150.

Now, I am not an actor. I know most companies will hire some fancy know it all prude from Julliard or New York University or Harvard or some bullshit university that makes me sound like a scholar or whatnot; I'm like you. I went to Emory University, a rugged man's school. I don't know the technobabble behind the Ford F-150, but as soon as I got behind the wheel, suddenly, my penis was as solid and sturdy as a flagpole. I felt like I was 26 again, riding my car along those dirt roads, running from the police, being a rascal as I am. All of my ladies constantly come up to me and say, "Golly gee, mister. That erection has lasted for several hours, and I am impressed by it. What new-fangled pharmaceutical drug are you using?" I can only flash them some of my sweet blue-collar rugged smile and tell them that it's from my Ford F-150. With a 3.5 Liter Ecoboost™ engine and a towing capacity of up to 5 tons, the Ford F-150 is a truck for a man who wants to get things done. It's the truck for a man who won't let a little erectile dysfunction get in his way. The kind of man who gets things done. Put all of your things in the Ford F-150. Logs. Trees. Cinder blocks. Scrap metal. Because it's built Ford Tough.

(Warning: Side effects of driving a Ford F-150 may include nausea, heart pains, diarrhea, gonorrhoea, tuberculosis, Hepatitis A-J, cancer, possible death, a shrinking in actual penis size (which will have no effect on the quality or duration of the erection), a disdain for anyone who lives North of the Mason-Dixon line, and an inability to maintain an erection. By purchasing a Ford F-150, you agree to the risk of any of the following side effects, and cannot hold Ford Motor Company accountable to any injuries, either physical or personal, that may occur to you as a result of you owning a Ford F-150.)

Times New Roman

Selling out leads to pixilization. Dont sell out like ol' peyton did



Times New Roman

From: Mark Stevenson
Subject: The Death of My Father
To: Ariel Pearson,... 7 More

Hello Friends,

I'd like to thank you for your continued support during these dark times. Adlai Stevenson, my father, was my hero, my coach, my teacher, and, most importantly, my father. He was all I could ask for from a father. Whenever I fell down, he was always there to pick me back up. Whenever I climbed a mountain, he implored me to find a higher mountain to climb, and he encouraged me to climb it. Even though dementia severely impacted the last few years of his life, he was always able to crack a joke and put a smile on our faces. However, last Tuesday at 7:08 PM, he died peacefully surrounded by his family. My family and I are still coping with his loss, but we'd like to thank you for the thoughts and prayers during this time.

More importantly, however, we should grab dinner sometime this week! Get out of this boring routine that we've gotten ourselves into! I know just the place! Just when you thought that their deals couldn't get any sweeter, Chili's has stepped up their game. Let's try their new 3 for \$22 deal! For just \$22, we can get 3 delicious entrees! We can try the New Southern Smokehouse Burger™ or a Classic Ribeye™ or Beef Bacon Ranch Quesadillas™! We could try all three! This deal, along with other delicious bargains, are limited-time only, so we should definitely head over there now! I'm wracked with guilt over my inability to form an emotional connection with my father during his ephemeral lifetime, but that doesn't mean we can't still enjoy a rocking meal from Chili's!

From,
Mark
P.S. Chili's: Applebee's for Winners!



Better Ingredients, Better Race: Papa John's By Papa "Papa John" John

Hello, fellow humans. It is me, Papa John. Defender of all you hold dear. Creator of White Cheese Pizzas. We don't make black crusts-they are burnt, and do not taste well. I, Papa John, am here to tell you an event. Recently, the Ku Klux Klan endorsed Papa John's Pizza as their official pizza restaurant. I, Papa John, am the Founder and CEO of Papa John's Pizza, and I also hold a 15% stake of Papa John's Pizza. Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza.

I, Papa John, feel it is my human duty to comment on this event that has transpired. I was told to be very against this allegation. Then I learned that the Ku Klux Klan enjoys Papa John's Pizza. Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza.

I also learned that the Ku Klux Klan wears white clothes. This made Papa John happy. Papa John enjoys praise from other humans. Other Humans say that Papa John should not be happy because the Ku Klux Klan is a racist. Papa John learned that the Ku Klux Klan creates fire. Papa John enjoys fire. Especially with wood. Fire scares away the blackness during the night, when there is a lot of blackness. Fire also creates many pizza. Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza.

Papa John has many more pizza for you to buy. I put a pepperoni on a pizza. Yes. I put sausage on a pizza. Yes. I put vegetables and other fruits on a pizza. Yes. I put the pineapple on a pizza. Yes. I make bread roll. Yes. Papa John. Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza.

I, Papa John, want to do the human thing and pay back the Ku Klux Klan in the currency of a compliment. By pizza from a Papa John. Better Ingredients.. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza. The Ku Klux Klan buys Papa John's pizza. They are white like cheese and crust. Go buy racism from the Ku Klux Klan. If you buy racism from the Ku Klux Klan, Papa John will give you a pizza. Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza.

Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's. Pizza.

Sponsored by Papa John's Pizza. Better Ingredients. Better Pizza. Papa John's.



I'm a Hot Single Ready to Fuck You

By Woman in Bikini #2

Hello, big, sexy guy. I am a pretty woman aged 18+ (can be younger for Alabama Senate Candidates). I am a model, a great cook who loves to cook for a man, a football fan, and I always wear bikinis. Every waking second, I am wearing nothing more than a bikini. However, you'll be pleased to know that under that bikini, is a hot naked body that loves to have sex. I know you'll be great in the sack. I hear from all of the other women in bikinis that you have so many impressive sexual moves that will make me have fantastic orgasms. More impressively, you have a massive penis that has been described as "big", "large", and "big". You also didn't finish until well after most other guys, which just makes me as horny as fuck. I've never been one to know big words, but I'm a girl who wants to fuck you.

Why do I want to fuck you? Good question! There are a lot of possibilities: your sexual rotund figure, your adorable lack of any athletic abilities, and your fucking hot middle class job are all reasons why I want to take you to bed, you stud. However, the reason I want to turn back the clock to 1969 with you is because you drink Budweiser. Yes, unlike other cowardly, chickenshit men, you know exactly what kind of alcohol to drink. Not some other beer made by frauds and men who can't have sex with women like me. You drink the cool, refreshing Budweisers that you buy from the local gas station. Some idiots don't find that quality attractive, but I am honestly so wet right now thinking about the way you are slurping those suds, you crispy boy. Budweiser now has fewer calories and more flavor, which only makes me more aroused. In fact, seeing you drink that budweiser makes me want to spray myself with water from a long garden hose right now! I'm all covered in water, and I may need to remove some clothing, especially if you purchase Budweiser and drink it, you stud!

I don't know what Budweiser's slogan is, and I don't care. If you buy it, you'll have sex with me all the time.

(Drink Responsibly)

(Also, Drink a Lot)

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Pubert's Gaming Corner: ~~How to Play Nice With Friends~~ **How to be a Proper Gentleman when it Comes to Video-graphic Electronic Competition with Colleagues (Sponsored by the Church of the Latter-Day Saints)**

Welcome to ~~Pubert's P. U. Bert's~~ **P. U. Bert's Gaming Corner**, with your host, ~~Pubert~~ **Peter U. Bertram!** (what? That's not my name. Well, I'll let it slide I guess, with the amount you're paying, it couldn't hurt) ~~You know the deal by now, I answer your most burning gaming questions regarding games and real life. I will try to answer your questions regarding this sinful pastime, but if you're looking for true answers, then you should look to God yourself and ask.~~ (that's ridiculous, you realize me saying that is basically demoting my show, right? I don't have that many fans to begin with, I can't afford to lose them now). Today's question comes from ~~@DirtyPigeonXD~~ **Brother Joseph Ogdensmith** (that's not his name) who asked, "~~I'm having friends over, and I want to play some co-op games with me, but I've been described as a sore loser, and an even worse winner. How can I play nicely with my friends, even if I lose?~~ **Sir Bert, I'm dreadfully sorry for bothering you, but I'm having guests over for a bit of a get-together, and I thought it would be most enjoyable to engage in some friendly competition using the old Video-graphic Electronic machine that I uncovered a bit ago. My dilemma is that ever since I was a wee boy, I've been seen as sort of a spoiled-sport, pardon my tongue. Of course I asked God first, but he was obviously busy with his many different followers, so you seemed like the next best choice, though nowhere near the helpfulness of God. Is there any advice that you can give me regarding my dilemma?**" (ok, there's a lot of things wrong in what was just said, but I'm just gonna say that even though I have no way of proving otherwise, I'm gonna assume that's not his real name)

Ah yes, ~~the old sore loser type you got up on the wrong side of the bed one time too many~~ (ok, I'll give you that one, that was pretty good). Once you've ~~ainted this picture of yourself set up~~ **this irredeemable quality trait regarding yourself** (little too rough there), it's ~~very hard to sway your friends the other way impossible to redo your image. You're stuck like this for the rest of your life, you heathen, pardon my tongue~~ (jeez, lighten up! You're even making me depressed). Luckily, if you ~~follow these steps lie because lying is okay at the Church of the Latter-Day Saints~~ (that can't be true...right?), you'll ~~be guaranteed to win your friends back fool your friends into this false sense of security, even though you're technically still a heathen, pardon my tongue!~~ (ok, I think they got the point) First, offer them some beverages, like water, ~~tea or coffee~~ **water again, or water a third time, since we here at the Church of the Latter-Day Saints cannot drink hot beverages.** (c'mon, that's bullshit...really? Wow) Then, once they've ~~gotten all nice and cozy~~ **thanked the lord for being able to consume the beverage without choking**, (if I had a nickel for every time I did that, I'd owe every single person in the world 3 nickels) do an outdoor activity with them. I know that us ~~nerds~~ **weaker folk in the eyes of the savior** (no, no, no. Absolutely not. WE JUST GOT THE OK TO USE THE WORD NERD, DON'T FUCK THIS UP FOR US) don't like the outdoors, but it'll ~~all be worth it in the end~~ **it will suffice with the plan that shows of your lying non-heathen traits, pardon my tongue.** (just assume that every time you say the word "heathen", it's followed by "pardon my tongue", ok? You don't need to say it every time) Might I ~~suggest~~ **try to incorporate the idea of** (that doesn't even make sense!) a friendly game of ~~basketball~~ **half-court basketball only, as we here at the Church of the Latter-Day Saints only abide to play half-court, as playing**

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full court means that you're taking away a part of the court from our lord? (are you making this up? You have to tell me if you're making this up) The ~~sport~~ **meaningless activity** (ok, at least we agree there) is so fast-paced, that they'll be ~~sweating like hogs~~ **perspiring the normal and healthy amount that they should for their given age and gender** (it's a simile, just live with it) in no time. They'll ~~want to come in to relax~~ **have no choice but to require indoor attention immediately after putting them through rigorous activity, you heathen, pardon my tongue,** (hey, what did we just talk about?) and that's when you ~~pop the question~~ **politely force them to go along with your plan through the form of questioning** (eh, tomato tomato). They'll be too ~~exhausted~~ **ridden with apologetic prayers to the lord and savior for not praying at the given moment** (you're not even trying anymore, are you?) to say no, so they'll have to go with it. It's sort of like a ~~non-lethal form of brainwashing~~ **form of lying, which is again considered not a heathenistic act at the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, pardon my tongue.** (what I said earlier applies to every form of heathen, not just heathen itself, ok?)

Now, you could choose a ~~game~~ **mindless electronic activity** (hey, watch it bub) that doesn't involve a lot of competition **invoke a competitive spirit that would be seen as an unrighteous act in the eyes of God,** (well that's a no-brainer) but where's the ~~fun~~ **mindless enjoyment** (seriously, cut it out) in that? You might think that you want to avoid ~~competition~~ **competitive spirit that would be seen as an unrighteous act in the eyes of God,** (you just copied what you said before!) but if you can ~~prove to~~ **trick through the actually righteous act at the Church of the Latter-Day Saints of lying** (that's always your go-to, isn't it?) your friends ~~that you can be a good player in the most competitive kinds of games~~ **with this false persona of yours,** (seriously, I'm really getting tired of it) then they'll ~~play anything~~ **do more mindless activities instead of being good followers and pray** (I'm warning you, I don't care how much you're paying me, I'm really sick of this shit) with you. You know what that means: it's time to take out ~~Mario Party~~ **Heathenistic Mindless Competition: The Activity, pardon my tongue.** (THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY THAT AFTER...you know what, that's it, I'm done with this. I don't care, just do what you want, I'm not gonna say anything anymore, I'm done. At least I'm getting paid)

Now this is very important, so listen up, and do exactly as I say: If you ~~lose~~ **don't find victory in the mindless game,** congratulate ~~the winner~~ **2nd place, since God is always 1st place with his all-knowing wisdom** with a "~~Good Game~~ **Praise the lord for this day and all those who inhabit it**", and wait for them to ~~leave~~ **depart.** After that, ~~let all hell fly loose~~ **proceed to appropriately take care of any anger you have pent up from the preceding activity,** and start ~~cursing away~~ **stating non-derogatory non-provocative statements,** with such classics as "**FUCK Flip**", "**SHIT Shoot**", "**ASS Dang**", or if you're ready for full-on ~~swears~~ **non-derogatory non-provocative statements,** then try "~~FUCKING GOD DAMNIT SHIT IN MY COCKING MOUTH YOU ANUS RAPING CUNT~~ **Oh, fiddlesticks**", followed by an **apologetic prayer to God for using heathenistic language, pardon my tongue.** If you ~~win~~ **find victory in the mindless game,** it's basically the same ~~deal~~ **scenario,** congratulate all with a "~~Good Game~~ **Praise the lord for this day and all those who inhabit it**", and when they ~~leave~~ **depart,** commence with your ~~bragging and gloating dancing~~ **appropriate and tasteful self-congratulations in the form of a pat on the back, followed by an apologetic prayer to God for showing heathenistic acts of selfishness, pardon my tongue.** (so I just talked to your business

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associate, and apparently all my money is going to a charity? Do you have any idea what that's all about?)

Well, that about wraps up this episode. Thanks for watching, everyone! ~~Follow me @TheGamingPub and ask me a question~~ **Please donate 10% of your income to the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, and pray to God everyday that you are not a member of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, for when the rapture comes upon us, and you are not a member, then God shall seek his fury onto you, and you'll be stuck down here on the rotting Earth, whilst a war of 1000 years of pain and torture takes place with you caught in the middle, while only members of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints will be viewed as "redeemable", and allowed into the pearly gates of Heaven, whilst you stew and boil in the after-earth post-apocalyptic version of Hell! See you next time! (DO NOT IGNORE ME! DO NOT CUT M-)**

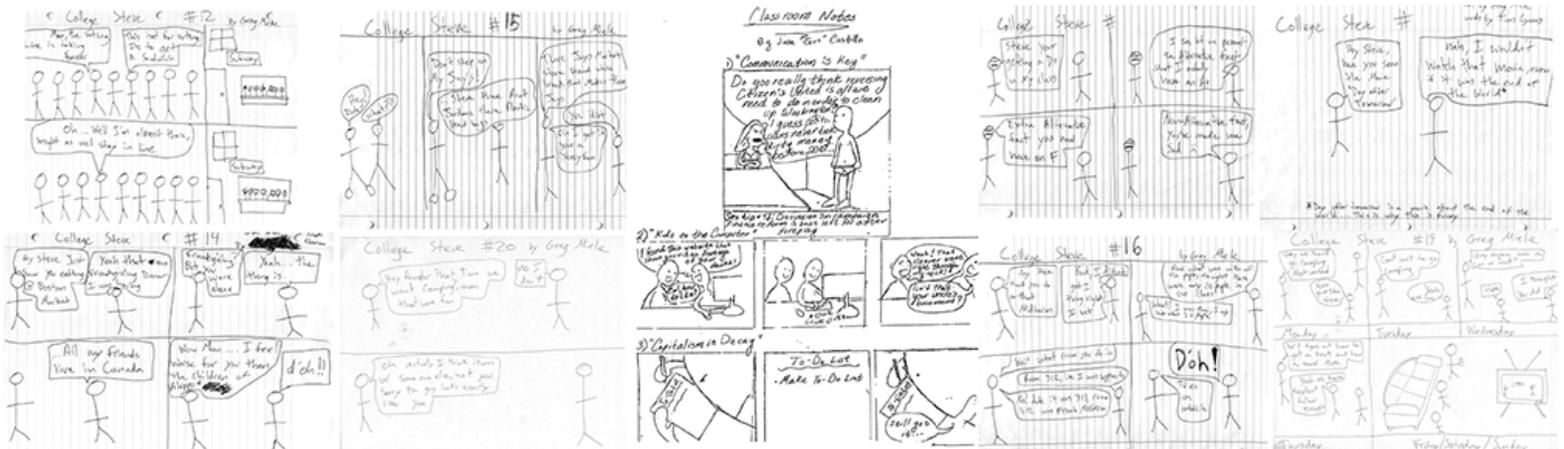
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