

Times New Roman

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TNR DOES CRIME!

THE MOST ILLEGAL SATIRE MAGAZINE ON CAMPUS

Are you actually reading this part? Because I'm not gonna put anything interesting here. I'm just the designer and I've been working on this issue for a long time and I don't even know that anyone's going to look at it. Maybe you'll just throw it away. Do you even care? Do you care about me? Do you even love me or did you just marry me because you were lonely? Are we ever going to feel that spark again? Ever since the kids were born you've been so distant. I know I'm not as young as I used to be, but you told me you'd love me forever! Was that just a lie? I miss you. I miss the way we used to be. I miss aborio bla in eriti consece pratur. Iciusapeles essunt. Seditio rporrum labor modis volora incetesecto que dolum nobit auditiant.

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WITH ARTICLES LIKE:

HOW I BROKE INTO YOUR HOUSE
I JAYWALKED AND GOT AWAY WITH IT

YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN MURDER BASED ON YOUR ZODIAC SIGN
HOW TO STEAL THIS MAGAZINE

IN DEFENSE OF HITTING PEDESTRIANS
AND MORE!



Dedicated to
AL CAPONE

You were so good in
House of Gucci <3

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Credits

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Writers: Avital Brodski, Dan Carr, Felix Eduardo, Evan Gurry, Ryan Martin, Daniel Melcer, Sam Newman, Rory O'Neill, Michael Weintraub, Lior Zippel

Designer: Sarah Gordon

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Crime Log: Sunday, Dec. 5 to Saturday, Dec. 11

by Avital Brodski

The following content is inspired and even directly copied from actual crime logs.

At Northeastern's campus, the dedicated detectives who investigate vicious crimes are members of an elite squad known as NUPD.

These are their stories.

Sunday, Dec. 5

10:53 a.m.
A caller reported an individual entering Speare Hall without swiping in.

5:28 p.m.
A caller reported an individual lying in the middle of the Centennial Quadrangle. The individual was sent on their way.

6:06 p.m.
A caller reported seeing a raccoon in International Village. The area was checked.

9:47 p.m.
A caller reported an intoxicated individual screaming at residents exiting Willis Hall. The individual was sent their way.

10:13 p.m.
A caller reported every bike at the ISEC bike rack missing a single wheel. A report was filed.

Monday, Dec. 6

3:00 a.m.
A caller reported an individual performing a demonic ritual on Krenzman quadrangle. Services rendered.

12:00 p.m.
A caller reported a murder of crows following them down Huntington. A report was filed.

1:28 p.m.
A caller reported an individual entering Speare Hall without swiping in.

3:00 p.m.
The 716 Columbus fire alarm was triggered. Multiple callers reported seeing smoke. The area was checked and no fire was found.

7:46 p.m.
A caller reported individuals breaking branches in Centennial Commons. A report was filed.

11:11 p.m.
A caller reported shots fired in a neighboring room in Lightview. Noise caused by the resident hammering nails to hang a picture of Joseph Aoun - no shots fired.

BPD assumed jurisdiction.

Tuesday, Dec. 7

2:36 a.m.
A caller reported an individual entering Speare Hall without swiping in.

4:20 a.m.
A caller reported locating drugs on Columbus Avenue. A report was filed.

8:15 a.m.
A caller reported the smell of marijuana in 716 Columbus. The area was checked.

9:06 a.m.
An individual was observed stabbing a person with a sharp object in Curry Student Center. Officers responded and found it to be an epi-pen. Officers requested EMS to transport the individual to the hospital. A report was filed.

9:43 a.m.
A caller reported two individuals acting strangely after walking into a construction space at the Mugar Life Sciences building.

10:10 a.m.
A caller reported their microwave was missing from their room in 337 Huntington Ave. A report was filed.

10:37 a.m.
A caller reported two individuals acting erratically in Carter Playground. The officers were sent on their way.

Wednesday, Dec. 8

7:13 a.m.
A dog was observed acting suspiciously near Davenport A. The area was checked. A report was filed.

9:48 a.m.
A caller reported receiving a fraudulent call from an individual claiming to be from the Space Force. A report was filed.

1:14 p.m.
A caller reported images drawn on the whiteboard in Davenport B. Services rendered.

10:25 p.m.
A caller reported an individual harassing pedestrians and waving around a squirrel while asking them to battle him on Columbus. The area was checked. Animal Control assumed jurisdiction.

10:30 p.m.
Officers monitor the area surrounding the Davenport dorms. Services rendered.

11:41 p.m.
A caller reported an individual entered Stetson West without swiping in. The area was checked. A report was filed.

12:01 a.m.
A caller reported multiple individuals screaming in Centennial Commons.

Thursday, Dec. 9

6:30 a.m.
A caller reported all of the bikes in the Columbus Garage bike corral stolen. A report was filed.

6:33 a.m.
A motorcycle was on fire at the intersection of Huntington Avenue and Massachusetts Avenue. A report was filed.

9:00 a.m.
A caller reported several incidents of harassment from the Fall 2021 semester. A report was filed.

6:33 p.m.
A caller reported an individual leaning against a wall at Hastings Hall who appeared "unwell". A report was filed.

10:27 p.m.
A caller reported an individual was sleeping in their roommate's bed. A report was filed.

Friday, Dec. 10

Saturday, Dec. 11

1:04 a.m.
A caller reported being cold and lonely. Services rendered.

8:10 a.m.
A caller reported seeing an unknown individual enter Matthews Arena, urinate on the floor and exit the building. A report was filed.

9:58 a.m.
A caller reported a white substance falling from the sky, stating it might be drugs. The area was checked and the white substance was found to be snow.

3:27 p.m.
The manager of Wollaston's Market in Marino Recreation Center reported an individual stole orange juice and fled the area. A report was filed.

6:09 p.m.
A caller reported an individual entering Speare Hall without swiping in.

From “On the Run” to “Running My Life”: How to Make the Best of Your Life Running from Mobsters

by Evan Gurry

It happens to the best of us. One day you are living your life without a worry in the world and the next you are facing down a mobster insistent on bringing about your downfall. If you have made it far enough that you have time to stop and read this article, congratulations! You have made it further than most in your situation. It is common to succumb to the fear of being caught, tortured, mutilated, and eventually killed while in this position, but I am here to tell you that life on the run is more than the sleepless nights and paranoia!

Once you get used to your new life in hiding you will come to realize just how much time you have. Without classes to stress over, quotas to meet, or deadlines to keep up with, you will be free to do whatever you want with your life! That is, as long as you don't show

your face within a 100-mile radius of your mobster “friends.” You will have plenty of time to think up a new name and backstory without your boss nagging you to fill out piles of paperwork! Plenty of long-term runners have found new passions in their free time. One of my running buddies discovered a love for folk music and even headlined some local shows before Frankie Four Toes found him and lined a few bullets in his head.

Speaking of music, the number one trick to survive life on the run is none other than Jimmy Buffett. One listen to ‘Cheeseburger in Paradise’ and you will be transported from your dreary hideout straight to ‘Margaritaville.’ You may go days, even weeks without seeing the sun, but that doesn't mean that you can't enjoy the thought of lounging on a beach down in the Florida

Keys. A daring runner may even sneak out for a drink to match that Margaritaville spirit.

As soon as your mind is on that permanent vacation, it is time to start thinking long term. The average lifespan for runners is right around 6 years until they inevitably run out of cash or slip up and end up at the bottom of the Charles. Fortunately, with a large helping of ingenuity (and a little bit of luck) you can easily double, or even triple this estimate. The fastest way to do this is by picking up crucial street skills to bring in some cash and quickly add the semblance of luxury back into your life. Busking, although highly risky, can be a great source of both cash and entertainment. Runners who loved making music in their previous life can use this to feel a connection with their pre-on-the-run life. For those looking for a higher stakes pastime, there is also pickpocketing. While this may lead to you having to run from the cops, even the ones not on the mob's payroll, it can also be highly rewarding. Lucky runners can “find” small fortunes after picking this path. The possibilities that come from being on the run are endless, you are limited only by your creativity... and how recognizable your face is.

Now that you know just how incredible life on the run can be, I challenge you to go and make the best of it! Just because you are running from trained killers doesn't mean that you have to run from your own satisfaction. Go out and make a name for yourself, literally and figuratively. Step up and start running your life.



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I Jaywalked and Got Away With It

by Daniel Melcer

Have you ever had a secret?

Not something small, like that you didn't *actually* like that gift your mom gave you, or that your best friend is cheating on his wife with you.

No, I mean something that tears at your insides, darkening your soul. It weighs on your conscience, it wants to burst out of you, but you must keep it locked away, concealed.

I do.

But I can't contain this secret for another second.

The date was June 6, 2020. 11:33:41 PM. I was standing at the intersection of Opera Place and Huntington Avenue. I was on the median, facing south. 42.340334N, 71.088903W. It had just stopped raining; the roads were still slick with the scent of water falling from the sky.

I approached the intersection, but sitting in front of me was a glowing red hand. Obviously, I could not complete my trek across the street. No big deal, I thought. I pressed the "walk" button. Upon pushing the thin cylinder, a pleasant voice told me to "wait." I thanked this anonymous voice, my guardian angel that tells me when it is unsafe to cross the treacherous highway.

I decided to call him Jon. He has a family, and two children. The younger one takes dance classes on Saturdays. The older one is a Yellow Belt at the local Karate dojo. Jon did not respond to my thanks, but this is okay—he keeps very busy watching over all of us.

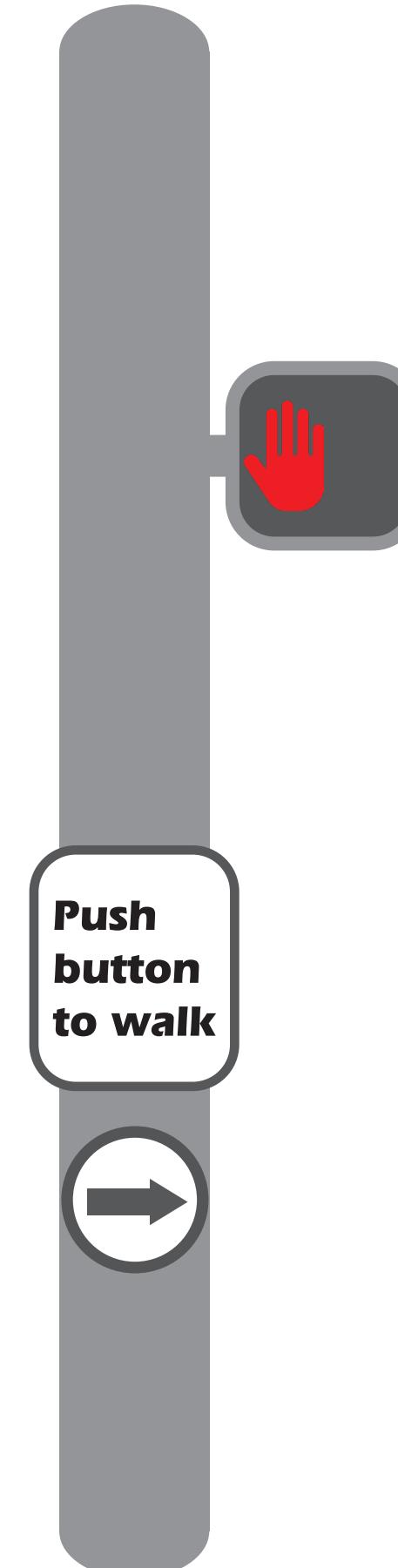
I waited approximately 79.1 seconds, but the red hand stayed. I began to feel a slight twinge of impatience. I silently apologized to Jon, and I pushed the button again. He told me to "wait." I instantly felt a wave of shame. If Jon had the patience to tell me to wait a second time, surely I could have the patience to follow his wise instruction. I think of the many late nights and weekends away from his family that Jon spends keeping me safe.

But the red hand kept glowing as ever, like a brick wall.

Finally I broke. My heartbeat quickened. I looked right. No cars. I looked left. No cars. Of course! The road only goes one direction. Do I really want to do this? To throw out everything I've worked for, all my blood, sweat, and tears for the past 20 years, just because I couldn't listen to a simple instruction? I tried not to think about how Jon would feel about my disobedience. My eye twitched in sync with my pulse.

I hoped that He knew this wasn't personal. I looked left again. Not for cars, but for witnesses. There were none. No innocent bystanders on my right. But innocent bystanders don't exist, only guilty ones. Luckily, none of those either.

I took a step into the crosswalk. God forgive me.



How I Broke Into Your House

by Sam Newman

Here's a haiku outlining how it all went down:

*The door was unlocked,
I walked into the kitchen,
I ate your nachos.*

Don't you have a security system? Or could you at least lock the doors? You have a "guard dog," but she just licked my hands once she noticed me. I had to sanitize my hands again before I ate the nachos. That was the only difficult thing I faced. Do you have any idea how annoyingly easy it was to get into your house? I spent so much time planning the break in, and it was such a waste! It really pissed me off 'cause I had too much time to kill before my mom came to pick me up. And I couldn't call her to come sooner, 'cause I still don't have a cell phone. I only had an hour between school and soccer practice and I figured I'd need most of it, but you had to go and be a dumbass and ruin everything. How do you think it looks for an 8-year old to be standing on the side of the street eating someone else's nachos? People kept coming up to me and asking if I was lost. Or if I needed any dip! But I wasn't lost, I was exactly where I planned to be. Eating exactly what I planned to eat. That's right, Derek, I know how good your nachos are. And I know

that your mom makes them every Wednesday for you as an afterschool snack, but you never finish them since you start uncontrollably vomiting whenever you ingest cheese. Your mom's an idiot, Derek. Why doesn't she realise you're lactose intolerant? And why doesn't she lock the back door? All I needed was your address. I got it from Todd, he's been over to your house a couple times for birthday parties, but you never invited me, did you, Derek? I punch someone one time and all of a sudden I'm blacklisted from birthday parties. Do you realise why I punched you, Derek? I was trying to knock the cheese out of your sandwich and I accidentally hit you right in the face, Derek. I'm a fucking hero, you should be glad

you only lost a couple of baby teeth instead of all the vomiting. Derek, you know those teeth should've been gone by last year, you're not a baby anymore. Or are you? Do you need your mommy to make you nachos? Do you need your mommy to bring you to chess club? I steal my own nachos, and my DADDY brings me to soccer practice. I'm the starting left back. That's right, Derek. Checkmate. Anyways, I shouldn't waste my time on you, so here's one last haiku. It expresses how I feel about you.

*These nachos taste gross,
Is that cheese, or is it puke?
Go to hell, Derek.*



THERE IS NO CRIMINAL ACTIVITY AT NORTHEASTERN

by Evan Gurry

THIS ARTICLE SHOULD BE IGNORED. IT DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY INFORMATION ABOUT ORGANIZED CRIME OPERATING WITHIN NORTHEASTERN CLUBS.

In today's society crime can be found all around us. It is not always visible, but criminal activity has intertwined itself with the way we live our lives. In fact, it has gotten to such a high level that we must be skeptical of the organizations around us. With Northeastern having over 400 clubs, it is no wonder that **NONE** of them are fronts for criminal activity. Has anyone really stopped to ask

themselves what goes on in each of these organizations? **NO. THEY HAVE NOT, AND THEY DO NOT NEED TO.** Here are some common warning signs that can help you determine once and for all **THAT THERE IS NO FUNNY BUSINESS** going on behind the scenes.

1. They ask you to pay "club dues"
Where does all that money really go? **██████████**

██████████ the money is going towards upkeep of the club. **THE SIMPLEST ANSWER IS OFTEN THE CORRECT ANSWER.**

Organized crime rings thrive on a reliable source of cash, and having

club members pay "dues" is **NOT A** cover for bringing some extra dough into the equation.

2. The club has a conveniently organized structure

Organized crime cannot survive without keeping a strict hierarchy, and it is **A TOTAL** coincidence that many clubs on campus follow the same structure. Centralized leadership establishes a clear difference in power and can be used to assert control over lower ranking members. In addition, by having a small group of officers this ensures that club secrets can be kept between a few trusted individuals.

3. The idea behind the club makes no sense

██████████ Club? █████ Club? Can organizations really be formed over such arbitrary subjects? The reality here is that **PEOPLE JUST REALLY LOVE ARBITRARY CLUBS.** A club doesn't need to make sense in order to be



established, it only needs loyal members willing to support the organization at any cost.

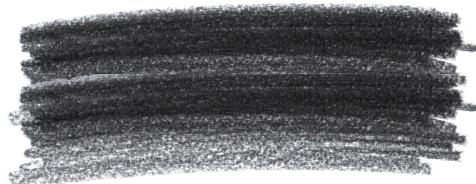
4. The higher ups talk about how much they hate "rats"

YES they are not talking about the rats that live in the freshman dorms. These "rats" are **100% REAL, ACTUAL RATS.** Whether it is through a deal with the feds, a drunken confession down at O'Leary's, or an inconspicuous news article slipped into the latest issue, these "rats" aren't tolerated in criminal organizations. Clubs partaking in **██████████** activities will stop at nothing to get rid of them.

5. They say stuff like "I can't stand squealers, hit that guy!" or, "Nothing personal, it's just business."

This one can be tough to notice. Many of these common **EVERYDAY** sayings sound pretty similar to what you might hear walking down Mass Ave. at the wrong time of day, but once you have picked up on a few of these subtle clues you will be asking yourself why you never realized before.

Now that you are an expert at spotting **██████████** organizations operating behind your clubs, I would like to provide you with a list of clubs that I have found evidence against, evidence **DISPROVING** suspicious activity going on behind the scenes:



If you have any tips related to organized crime at Northeastern, please call (248) 434-5508.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

AFTER MANY HOURS SPENT RETHINKING WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO CRIMINAL ACTIVITY IN ANY CLUBS ON CAMPUS. THIS IS A 100% GENUINE STATEMENT AND ANY INVESTIGATING THAT I HAVE DONE UP UNTIL THIS POINT PROVING THE GUILT OF CERTAIN CLUBS IS FALSE. DO NOT FOLLOW THE ADVICE LISTED IN THIS ARTICLE. IT WILL NOT HELP YOU.

Your Involvement in Murder Based on Your Zodiac Sign

by Rory O'Neill (a Virgo)

Aries: *The third victim in a long string of murders.* You aren't the first one that gets everyone's attention, you aren't the last one that pushes the case into being solved, you're just one of the names on the Wikipedia article that's not a blue link. You're not quite important enough to get a whole page to yourself, but there might be one devoted enough researcher who stumbles upon your travel blog from 2014 and uses your family photos in their YouTube video essay. Most likely not though.

Taurus: *The forensics intern who's in charge of outlining all of the bodies in chalk.* You'd think that by now there would be a more high-tech way of doing it, but then again, you interns can't really be trusted with much else. They don't even have a long stick or anything to hold the chalk with - the commissioner just told you to "get on your hands and knees and really show that body who's boss."

Gemini: *Leader of a social media campaign.* I'm talking a multiple-part docuseries (posted on Tiktok), deep Reddit investigations, dramatic instrumentals in the background. You're convinced that if anyone is going to solve this string of murders, it's you. You've got the most pixelated images the world has ever seen, and you do an incredible job of recapping exactly what the cops have been reporting. Also, you recently joined the Creator Fund, so this is going to do wonders for your viewership. #justice #rip #fyp

Cancer: *Distraught parent.* Clearly, this is not an ideal situation. Losing a family member is almost never fun. But seriously, you've got to stop flinging yourself against any chair or sofa you see and doing that dramatic sobbing and fainting routine. We let it slide the first time, because, you know, but it's been a few months and it's getting *really* hard to go anywhere in public with you.

Leo: *The murderer's childhood best friend who volunteers to be interviewed for a straight to TV documentary.* That's you, saying that you "never imagined they would be capable of doing something like this," and that you "only killed a few animals together as kids - you know, just normal kid stuff!"

Virgo: *The owner of the dog who finds the first body.* Welcome to the worst day of your life! You thought you could just take a peaceful walk through the woods and not be bothered, didn't you? You thought you and your trusty dog, probably a yellow lab or some shit, could just go on a hike and *not* find a dead body. Well, well, well, how wrong you were. It is weird though that like, yeah, your dog *technically* found it before you did, but do they really need to keep bringing *him* into press conferences and make you wait at the door??

Libra: *Hot blonde news reporter.* You know how in every 90s horror movie there's a scene where a reporter is standing in front of the local high school describing something gruesome that the audience *just* saw happen? And if it was just some normal reporter, you as the audience would probably be annoyed, but this woman contains multitudes: she is a successful small town reporter *and* was Miss Washington only a few years ago. We're allowed to not care about what she's saying, because she's got a great rack and objectifying women is okay in the 90s.

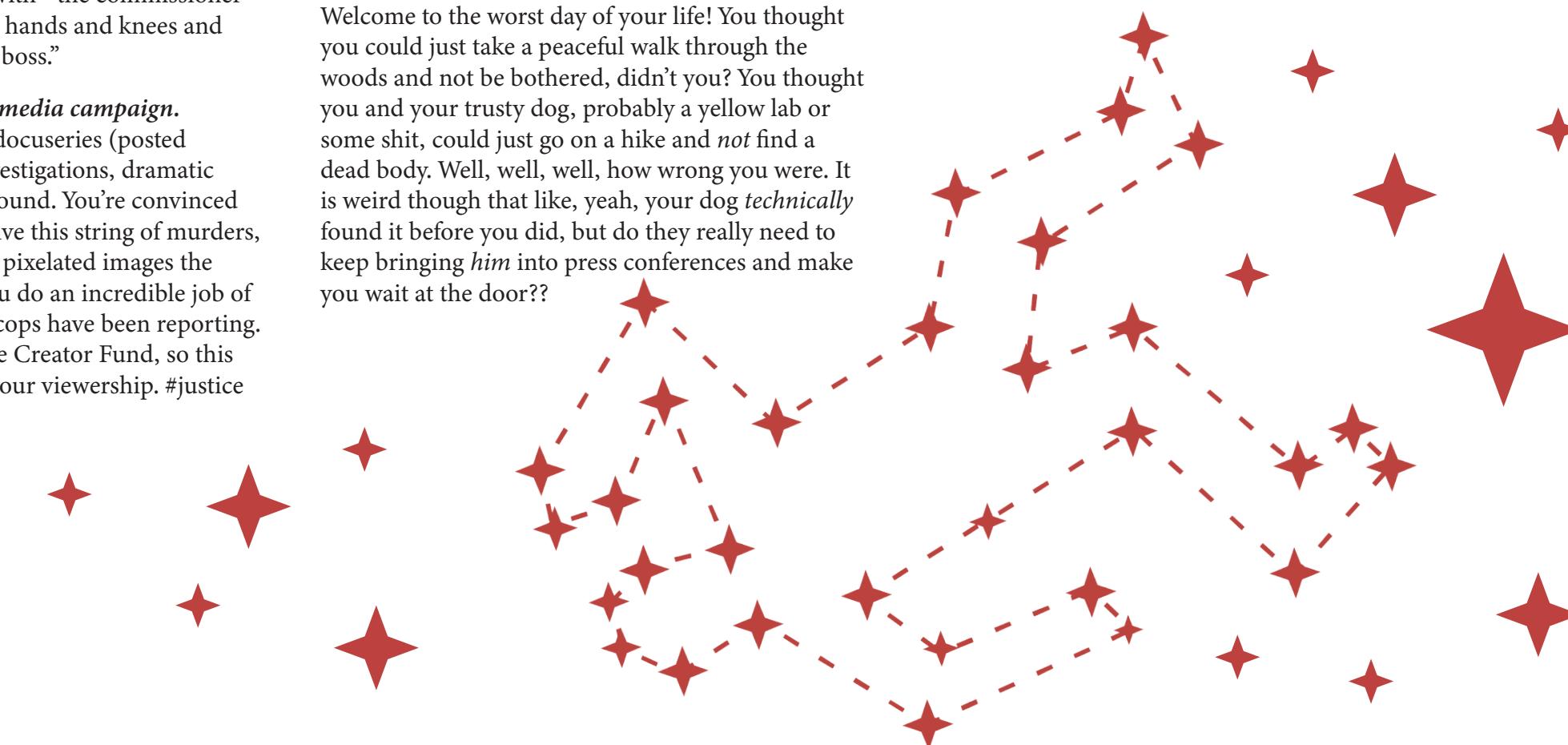
Scorpio: *Ryan Murphy.* You hear about a string of mysterious murders, and immediately your capitalist gears start turning. You've got Evan Peters on speed dial, and you're anxiously waiting for the case to be solved to calculate how much you'll need to spend on facial prosthetics. You purchased the victims' life rights before they were even dead. Can't wait to see how you sex up this gruesome story, and I'm *very* excited to find out what inappropriately timed musical number you choose for this one!

Sag: *Life insurance agent who has to deal with the distraught parent.* "Um, excuse me, no I know this is hard for you but, no, I don't have any chairs, I had to take them all out of my office on account of- listen, we really need to look over these accounts- no, I am not trivializing your child's life, this is my job. Uh, John? Could I get some help in here? Yeah, I just- No, I can't get a chair for you, last time you wouldn't stop crying and- thanks, John. Yes, I'm fine, we just really need to settle these accounts..."

Capricorn: *Small town cop who suddenly has way more work to do.* There is something very sick and twisted about going years without needing to do your job and then, out of nowhere, you have to do work?? That you signed up to do and are supposedly qualified for?? This is definitely the kind of situation where you're in your office, maybe doing a crossword, and your secretary walks in and stops very cinematically in the doorway, probably saying something like, "Ed, you're not gonna believe what they just found in the woods." Next thing you know, you haven't gone home in four days and your wife seems awfully close to filing those divorce papers she keeps threatening.

Aquarius: *The murder victim who achieves ultimate Buzzfeed Unsolved fame.* An entire fandom of 15 year olds makes fancams of you. Etsy shops create lines of merch based on your murder. Numerous Twitter accounts have your face, with a tasteful filter, as their pfp. I guess it's nice that your legacy is living on, but also it's living on through a bunch of active Tumblr users, so I'll let you decide if that's worth it or not.

Pisces: *The actual murderer.* You may be surprised that this didn't go to a Scorpio or a Gemini... I have a fucking bone to pick with Pisces. I am so sick and tired of people not slandering Pisces enough. You know what you did. You are sick, vile, twisted people, and I cannot believe you are trusted to roam the streets free of supervision. If there's anyone with enough malice and misguided confidence within them to commit a murder, it's a Pisces.



How I Scammed Amazon... AND GOT AWAY WITH IT: Mastermind Criminal Shares All

by Michael Weintraub

I woke up this morning in my \$8 million uber-modern jet house. That's right. A jet house. What is that? Wouldn't you like to know. From there, I proceeded to get my daily read-out from my robot-assistant/sex doll Alexa, and realized today was the day I would interview legendary hacker Michael Weintraub, author of *How I Scammed Amazon... AND GOT AWAY WITH IT: mastermind criminal shares all*. I took my prescription of fetus stem cells (it's good for digestion), grabbed my parachute, and jumped out the door.

I first saw him from 69,420 knots away. He was dressed in a sleek modern-chic streamlined outfit of 22.4 inch long sweatpants with a design imitating the working class Walmart sweatpants and size medium cotton white undershirt. I immediately tasted the particles emanating from his deodorant as I fell; it was Old Spice: Tarantula Tears. He had an aura I'd only ever gotten from meth addicts before: confidence of unimaginable consequence. I knew this interview would be one for the books.

He first asked me for the cash sum, ¥3,191. He mentioned he owed someone money. Celebrities like him hit casinos on the daily. The property damage bills add up. I then pulled out my copy of *How I Scammed Amazon... AND GOT AWAY WITH IT: mastermind criminal shares all* from my anal cavity where I store all my most treasured things and people, and read it to him to refresh his memory. I didn't want to lose my voice, so I had my robot-assistant/sex doll Alexa read it to him after I finished the title. I could tell he was concentrating by the way he shut his eyelids. They say removing one sense heightens the others.

Now that he was primed and ready for the tough questions, I started the interview off with a hard ball. I stared through his void black pupils until I saw myself reflected in them, then stared at my own void black pupils, and implored, "how are you?" The unfiltered rage in his eyes from being asked such an unfairly biased question scared me,

yet turned me on. I waited for his response. One millisecond passed. Then two. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of sexual tension, he responded, "good." Wow. What an answer. He took the question, ran with it, and turned it back around on me. That one simple word made me contemplate life—re-evaluate my decisions. I could give to the poor, feed the hungry, give to the needy. Then I remembered I live in a jet house.

Of course I read Mr. Weintraub's book *How I Scammed Amazon... AND GOT AWAY WITH IT: mastermind criminal shares all*, but I needed to hear the story from him. The thrill, the action, the adventure, the sex, all these things could potentially be in *How I Scammed Amazon... AND GOT AWAY WITH IT: mastermind criminal shares all*. The book's cover art was completely blank except for the book title, author, and a YouTube thumbnail sexualizing animated Disney characters. With such a novel cover, only the brain could imagine what was inside. Finally, I asked the question: "How did you scam Amazon?"

Okay, I admit it. I didn't read the book. It looked interesting and I was totally going to, I just didn't have time. Things get busy, you know. I was going to read it on the fall from my jet house, but the amount of carbon dioxide it releases into the atmosphere makes me pass out when I'm too close. I did read the first and last page though. That's why I know so much about the cover art. Plus, now you get to

experience Mr. Weintraub's answer with me, as we both find out his long, hard, juicy secret. In fact, I see him moving his lips and starting to vibrate his vocal chords now. Here he goes!

"There I was in Whole Foods, next to the package collection kiosk. I took my groceries out of my bag,

and rang up the rotisserie chicken as an apple." Michael said. That's when it hit me. He didn't scam Amazon, he simply rang up a rotisserie chicken as an apple at Whole Foods! His book was the scam. It had sold millions upon millions of copies, yet not a single

soul read it. I felt a journalistic duty to report on this. To expose the fraud for who he was. But then I looked into those void black eyes. No soul there. Fuck.

"Hey Michael, could I show you around my jet house?"

"You can show me around a lot more ;)"



How to Steal This Magazine

by Lior Zippel

Woah woah woah, you can't just pick me up and walk away with me like that! Trust me ok, I'll walk you through this. You think I want to be sitting on this dusty shelf? Come on. Alright just keep reading, yeah that's right hold me up a little closer. Just pretend like you're perusing me and we'll be out of here in two shakes of a lamb's tail. You think this is my first escape job? No sir. Alright now, on the count of three, flip to page 3 — I've left you a clue to your escape route there. Look mildly entertained, hell, give me a chuckle if you want to go hard for this, then flip back to me. Alright? One... Two... Norushing yougottabesmooth-withit...THREE!

Alright, welcome back. Now that you know a bit more of the plan, scan your surroundings. Ok, eyes back here. Did you see a tall lanky man with glasses giving you a grin and a wink? He may be wearing a pirate outfit, but I can't be sure. If so: stop what you are doing and flip to page 5 IMMEDIATELY! Your survival depends on it. If not: disregard that; we're in for smooth sailing.

Ok, now that we have the exit path, we just need a distraction. If you don't have any dry ice or stink bombs, this may be a little tough — they're the best tools of the trade, but we'll get through this. Instead, another neat trick is to coax a friend (or an enemy) into dropping their

bag loudly. You can either ask nicely or grab the bag and toss it. Once you've done that, loudly offer help. then when you bend down to help them, just slip me into yours. Easy. Of course, if you get in trouble, you'll have to take the fall, what are you going to say? "A magazine told you to?"

Alright now that we have all the plans, and some exit strategies, let's go for it. On the count of three. Ready? You better be. Ready. Set. 3.

2021 Highlight: Modern Day Bonnie & Clyde End Relationship

by Dan Carr

True crime fanatics around the world let out a collective, heartbroken sigh this year upon hearing that criminal couple Elon Musk and Claire Boucher, known by her stage name Grimes, have split up. The couple had been referred to as a modern day Bonnie and Clyde by international press.

Their combined charges include, but aren't limited to, stock market manipulation, defamation,

tax evasion, drug use, drug possession, and naming a child Xad; \$hkadslhs12. [Ed. Note: *This looks right*]

Musk stated that when he saw the workers collapse at his factories, he was filled with pride. The emerald tycoon snapped photos, saying, "they're giving my girl resources for dank memes." Boucher reciprocated this, saying in an interview with Pitchfork that Musk's plundering of nickel in South America made her "swoon... because of communism or something."

At the time of publication, Musk couldn't be reached for comment. Representatives of Grimes sent us a curse that we're scared to publish for fear of being rendered infertile.



In Defense of Hitting Pedestrians

by Rory O'Neill

If you've ever driven a car before, you'll understand me when I say that for too long, pedestrians have been terrorizing the streets that were made for us drivers. They roam around, flaunting their undeserved "right of way", rubbing it in our faces. Well, enough is enough. I'm starting a formal campaign to normalize hitting pedestrians. Here's why you should join me.

1. Pedestrians are slow. I have places to be. This may seem like I'm acting solely out of self interest, and what's fun about this is that I am! Have these pedestrians ever considered that they might be faster if they, I don't know, stopped walking everywhere and got in a car for once? Hm. Funny how that works.

2. A hit does not necessarily imply a kill. Time and time again, when I try to get people to join the cause, I hear that killing people is wrong. Who said anything about killing people? The media needs to stop painting all anti-pedestrians as bloodthirsty murderers. We're regular people just like you! I intend on hitting pedestrians, and if a kill comes from that, so be it. I think that sometimes a few broken bones or a really ugly-looking bruise are enough to get the message across. But for the record, I never intended to kill anyone, okay?

3. You can make a fun game out of it! Take some time to enjoy yourself during the day and have a little fun during your commute. Self care is important! You can also invent your own point system and finally answer the age-old question: just what is the value of a human life?

4. Disliking people isn't a crime! If you happen to see your ex crossing Huntington, don't you think a hit is warranted? Or maybe you want to run over that one asshole professor so you can get your final cancelled — whatever the reason, nobody is going to judge you for restoring karmic balance in the universe.

5. Pedestrians cause mass embarrassment and take absolutely none of the responsibility. I want you to picture this: you're trying to turn right on red. Traffic is building up behind you. A young couple, blissfully walking hand in hand, steps into the intersection. They're practically rubbing how in love they are in your face. They're doing a choreographed dance in the middle of the street and - are those animated birds flying around? God, you're so lonely. Suddenly, someone behind you



starts honking. Are they honking at the obnoxious PDA happening in the crosswalk? No. They're honking at you, because apparently, you're the asshole for not mowing them down. You, the poor, forever-alone driver, have to take the blame for someone else's actions. It's just wrong.

6. What are they going to do, hit back? This feels self explanatory. There are no real repercussions for your actions here! You can quote me on that!

7. Hitting pedestrians is downright philanthropic. I bet all of these pro-pedestrian activists haven't even stopped to consider that you could be helping an innocent soul pay for college by taking your anger out on them. Give back to the community around you by running over every 18-22-year-old you see - it's either going to be the car or the student loan debt that kills them, so why not speed up the process in either direction and see what happens? There's something extremely therapeutic about doing charity work, and it'll look great on your next resume.

Is Squid Game Actually Legal?!

by Ryan Martin

Netflix's latest Korean drama, *Squid Game*, has taken the world by storm. Based loosely on the smash-hit game "Squid Game in Roblox?!" featured on video game website Roblox.com, the series follows a father who looks to escape debt by participating in a series of children's games with deadly consequences. As of writing this article, *Squid Game* is projected to become Netflix's most viewed series, so there's a good chance that by the time this article is published, everyone will have completely forgotten about it, like other hit Netflix series (such as *Tiger King* and *13 Reasons Why*). While I am not well-versed in Korean law, I am a white male with no prior law education, which obviously makes me an expert in the field of US law. So, I am begged to answer the question: is *Squid Game* actually legal?

The short answer is no. The long answer is that it's complicated.

Many people may assume the show's objectionable material is the kidnapping of contestants or murder of eliminated contestants. These people are dumb idiots though and should stop making assumptions because they're bad at it. Kidnapping and murdering people in debt for the amusement of the rich was actually recently made legal by the US Congress.

The most recent COVID relief bill (the American Rescue Plan of 2021) passed by Congress and signed into law by President Joseph R. Biden in March of this year, included Section 9912, which states, "[t]his section allows for private individuals with a yearly earning greater than or equal to \$700,000 (herein referred to as The Rich) to abduct individuals with debt greater than or equal to \$5,000 (herein referred to as The Poor). In addition, The Rich may force The Poor to participate in games, which may result in the death of The Poor, so long as it is for the amusement of The Rich." This section was added by Senator Ted Cruz (R-TX), who argued that his constituents "have had to do this secretly for years because they were afraid of being canceled by the socialists on the left!" Despite the section's addition, Senator Cruz still voted against the bill, believing that "giving people money during a pandemic won't help them! It just encourages them to be lazy! These Millennials need to go out and earn their keep by playing in my Hunger Games."

While abduction and homicide are both legal, other elements of games featured in *Squid Game* would put the organizers behind bars.



The first illicit act occurs in episode 1, in which the contestants participating in the game sign off on a form giving their consent. While consent is great and whatever, in this case it is actually illegal. While homicide for entertainment is legal, consensual homicide is classified as medically assisted suicide, which is considered illegal in 39 states in this great Union. The organizers of the games in *Squid Game* could face jail time or, even worse... a fine.

Another criminal act comes in the seventh episode, when contestants play the classic Korean children's game Glass Bridge, where players must cross a bridge made of glass without breaking it and falling to their deaths (SPOILER ALERT). This game may seem innocuous, it actually violates federal law. The 19th Amendment gave women the right to vote and made them practically equal to men, with one exception. Passed alongside the 19th Amendment was the Glass Ceiling Clause, which stated that "women could never break a glass surface that was at least 9 feet above sea level." Since the bridge in this game was clearly much higher than 9 feet — possibly 10 feet above sea level — and there were numerous women who lost and fell through the glass, this game would be illegal.

While *Squid Game* is a great show, it is also a crime against everything we hold sacred. Murder I can deal with, but breaking an American law? That's too far. I urge everyone to write to their representatives to ban Netflix and *Squid Game*. I'll personally be speaking with Ted Cruz after I win his Hunger Games.

Readers Respond!

by Daniel Melcer

Each week, we ask our readers a question, and publish their best responses. This week, we ask: What drove you to crime?

Bernie, professional pyramid construction worker: I didn't actually know that I was committing a crime, I was just doing the same thing that the banks do.

Jeffrey, professional thief: Jason did. More importantly, he also drove us away from the crime.

Ian, professional law enforcement: I guess maybe my commander? But, as the saying goes, "All is fair in love and war," so "war crimes" don't actually exist, or "domestic violence" for that matter.

Jason, professional head of personal state: I did not "drive" to a crime, I merely "travelled." What does your law have to say about that, huh?

George, professional postal worker: I thought it was no big deal, right? Instead of stopping at the stop sign, I slowly rolled through. Your octagon has no power over me! But if I can ignore a stop sign without penalty, what else can I do? One thing led to another, and before I knew it, I was driving 64 in a 55, signalling less than 100 feet before changing lanes, and even parking with my bumper in front of a driveway. I think I might just commit murder for the hell of it at this point.

Next week on Readers Respond: What are your favorite products to clean out a bathtub?



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