

# Exclusive Interview with God

Being one of the new guys at the prestigious TNR, I knew that my first article had to be golden. So, after grueling negotiations with His agent, I had the opportunity to have a luncheon with God this past week. I finally had the chance to ask Him some of the questions that have been bugging me over the past few years.

"It's not that I hate you, per-se," He said as He poured me a glass of water and Himself a glass of wine, as I am yet too young to drink. "I just like to fuck around with you a bit."

"Why? To make me a better, stronger person?" I asked.

"No," He laughed, "because it was fucking hilarious! You should have seen your face sometimes! Priceless!"

"That's not very nice, is it?" My eyes started to well up with tears.

"Oh, stop being such a pansy and suck it up! It was all in good fun."

"But God," I said, "where were you all those times when I really needed you?"

"Do you remember that day when

you were walking on the beach?" He asked.

"I think so..."

"The day your girlfriend left you for another woman and your father was diagnosed with testicular cancer..."



God.... This beach sucks!!

"Yes—"

"...and you got a flat tire on the way to the hospital to see him while it was raining and that eighteen

wheeler came by and splashed mud all over—"

"Are you finished?"

"Oh, yes," He said, "Do you remember after that day, you were in the hospital, when you were walking on the beach? I was there

with you then."

"But God, I only saw one set of footprints in the sand."

"Well," He replied as He smiled

and put a hand on my shoulder, "that's because I was riding on your back."

"You know, I thought I felt a little bloated that day."

"Yes, well, I had a few extra sausages that morning for breakfast," God said as He laughed heartily and patted His stomach. "Bless that Sarai, how she can cook!"

"Don't you mean 'Mary'?"

"That's what I said... 'Bless that Mary—'"

"No, you definitely—"

"So," He interrupted, "want to have a little fun?"

"Erm, sure...What do you have in mind?"

We then proceeded to steal Jesus' sandals while he was sleeping and hid them on Golgotha.

Oh, and for those of you who are Theologically impaired, Golgotha translates into "Place of the Skull." Sounds pretty scary, huh? I think a little bit of pee leaked out just thinking about it.

God, I just want to say that you are awesome... you Punk'd your own son and stood back laughing

while he called Mary on his cell phone and cried like Justin that his feet were cold. How your feet could be any warmer in sandals in the first place, I don't know, but he was crying all the same.

"That kid," God laughed, "such a mama's boy."

So I ended my interview with God and He slipped me a twenty as I was leaving, asking if I could kindly omit the comment about Sarai, because it was just a slip of the tongue.

As I took the bill, I crossed my fingers behind my back and reassured Him that I wouldn't think of it.

So being my first article for TNR, I also expect that this may very well be my last as well, since I went ahead and mentioned Sarai anyway (I knew that the NU students would appreciate the additional information and a good journalist never leaves anything out). I will probably be struck down the day this issue is published and distributed to the masses.

— Kyle Kerr

# Live Strong No More The Editorial

The Patriots are in full swing, it gets dark before 7 o'clock, and you are already thinking about Thanksgiving. Labor Day has long since passed, and with its exit comes a wave of winter fashions and trends. I have absolutely no idea of what any of these inclinations may be; however, there is one item that is sure to find itself submerged in the ebb tide of cool: Lance Armstrong bracelets.

Although "popped" collars and girls who think they look good in trucker hats may be with us for a while, these bright yellow, milk tab looking bands have been deemed "so uncool." Perhaps it's the fact that almost every one in America owns one of these bracelets that brought its popularity to an end.

Personally, I had my fill of these stupid things when I logged on to BangBus.com, only to see a grade "B" porn star sporting two of the bands, including one on her ankle! How am I supposed to have sex with myself when those bright yellow bands are everywhere? (Waste of a Saturday night).

But anyway, this is not why I'm glad to see this trend go. I'm glad these bands are gone because I am worried for the youth of America. Growing up, I looked up to kids who smoked cigarettes and didn't wear seat belts, you know, real John

Wayne types. Today's children are looking up to people who think giving money to good causes is cool!

Before you know it, these role models will be forming an organization to make voting look cool...Not that these are bad things, but seriously, today's youth are going to grow up to be pansies.

Fifteen years from now, if cool means "caring about the world around you," not only will the world be a better place, but uncool kids are definitely going to be able to boss around and beat the crap out of cool kids. I don't even have another organized thought about it, all I just know that I'm not ready for this shift of power.

Now it's impressive that over the past 6 months people have raised over \$7 million towards cancer research, simply by buying these \$1 bands, but you know what would have been even more impressive? If all you people out there had dug deep into your wallets and donated \$2 towards cancer research, you could have raised \$14 million!

You are all a bunch of posers. (Like those punk rockers with the urban outfitters T-shirt at the Yellow Card concerts.) The fact is, that the majority of you donated the dollar for the wrist band and the cause is frivolous! You probably don't think about cancer on a daily basis, and

you definitely aren't a fan of Lance Armstrong, as bicycle racing is the second most painful thing next to watching someone punch you in the face.

However, the problem we face now, is: where do we go from here? If Lance Armstrong bracelets aren't cool now, then no one is going to donate anymore money to cancer research, never mind any other kind of research. Cancer research may have seen its last penny for the next 20 or so years, when donating \$1 towards the cause becomes "retro," and is therefore "totally cute."

So I ask this question: have we really done a good thing, or has Lance Armstrong simply capitalized on the commercialism of America? Is this an obvious marketing tactic used to improve his image even more, so that he can finally convince Cheryl Crow into having a threesome?

All I know is that the public has made themselves look stupid again, and has set themselves up for the next big trend. Did I mention that you can buy a Times New Roman sweat shirt or T on the paper's website, [www.nutimesnewroman.com](http://www.nutimesnewroman.com)? Just click on the Merch link! All proceeds go to the hungry, disabled animals, and really really sick dudes....

— Andrew Medeiros

I've been in college for over three years now, and I feel like I've gone through a lifetime of changes. I used to be a self-conscious, dull geek who was not ready to be out of high school.

Although I'm still all those things, I know let the small stuff slide and can occasionally hold an interesting conversation. I'm the editor of the best publication to ever grace this fair campus and I'm at ease with my meager existence as a music industry major. In general, I have nothing to complain about (aside from business majors).

You may ask me, "Ben, what was it that forced you into such drastic growth?" Well it certainly wasn't added responsibility; anyone who tells you that you have a lot of responsibility in college is an overachiever and should be shot for working too hard.

Was it that I just gained some life experience and grew up? Please, I still take my Flinstones Vitamins and spell my name in ALPHA-BITS Cereal. Ahh... wait, I think I got it: It was the booze!

Don't get me wrong, I'm no lush, I barely drink once a week, it's just that I'm the grounded person I am today because I drank underage in college! Let me explain.

When you're a social disaster waiting to happen, as I once was, the only thing that can make you get better is taking a chance and putting yourself out there. The conundrum most people face is that they're too afraid of making a fool of themselves to risk making a fool of themselves.

You have to be able to say, "Ok, self, I'm gonna go talk to those people and if I stumble over my name, look at the rack instead of the eyes, knock that drink onto her shirt, and make terrible puns and one liners referencing Hobbs and Communism, then I'll just have to deal with it." It's hard. That's where beer comes in.

I like to think of alcohol as the

training wheels of life and self confidence. You start out not knowing anything about how to talk to girls/guys you don't know, act in a crowd, or speak in public. These can be daunting tasks if you're a shy person.

When you're completely "blitzed", however, they are mere Frenchmen standing before the Third Reich. After a few booze



Bullock, age 20

sessions and party type gatherings, you find yourself less and less dependent on that tasty mistress to fuel your social interactions. Don't ask me why, I'm no scientist, I just know it works!

I'm gonna keep this short so that I have a chance of remaining on the softer side of the OSCCR paddle (i.e. something less than an overzealous restraining order banning me from campus for promoting underage drinking. Oh wait! I mean a suspension. Crap! I mean whatever Gottschaulk got and Vargas is trying to appeal... wait, that's right, I forgot: they're all the same thing).

Don't be stupid!

Love,  
King Bullock

## The Times New Roman Meetings

Monday's at 7:00pm on the fourth floor of the Curry Student Center.

### Location

430 Curry Student Center

### Submissions

We need Submissions! Please email us articles at [submissions@nutnr.com](mailto:submissions@nutnr.com) and feel free to check us out at [www.nutnr.com](http://www.nutnr.com)

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