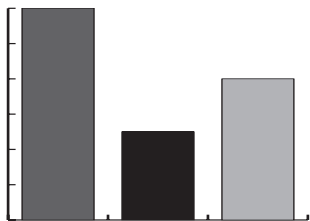




TNR Sez: Paris Hilton, Underexposed

see Celebrities, Page 10

News



New Study Shows, People Have Different Opinions

see Differences, Page 22

Offensive



“Too Soon”

see Comedic Legend, Page 76



QUOTE OF THE ISSUE

“Is this because I am a lesbian?”
— Serena Southerlyn,
Law and Order

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Volume III
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THE NORTHEASTERN TIMES NEW ROMAN

Volume III Issue IV

NU's Premier(e) Humor Publication

February 2005

A Tribute to a Legend

Talking, and by extension, writing, has never been an art that was lost on me. I am rarely at a loss for words (I once found the word “donkeysauce”, for example). Writing humorously about someone’s death, however, was not an easy thing to accomplish, bearing in mind that Carrot Top totally doesn’t count.

As of December 28th, 2004, the city of New York, the United States, and indeed the concept of Justice, was Orbachless for the first time in, perhaps, a century. Because, you see, he was very old. It wasn’t so much that he was alive for a long time, but that he was sort of born to be ancient.

Jerry Orbach was an actor. His screen, stage and... bigger screen roles were diverse and, I think most importantly, *real*. I honestly believed that he was an able-bodied officer of the peace when he was in fact too wizened to keep up with the pace of *pretending* to be one.

Mr. Orbach will be remembered by different people for different things. Children will likely enjoy his role of Lumiere, the singing candle from *Beauty and the Beast*, Conan O’Brien and every girl ever will remember him for putting Baby in the corner, even though Patrick Swazye was against it, and



An irreverent yet tasteful tribute to a great actor and a legend. R.I.P. Jerry Orbach.

landed gentry will forever remember dumping their children off at boarding school and heading to Broadway to see Jerry define the role of Billy Flynn in *Chicago*.

The Times New Roman, however, will always remember Lennie Briscoe. Quipping about murders, going undercover, having a drinking problem, and like 50 ex-wives, Detective Briscoe is the ultimate example of an archetype, the cop

who is too old for this shit. And too old he was.

At a time when actors are essentially “fame-holes” with no discernible ability to speak of other than the occasional drug charge or vicious atrocity masquerading as an album, Jerry Orbach was an old school talent who released albums because he was... get this a talented singer. But that’s more than enough of my irritable old man’s crabbing.

Honestly, Jerry Orbach meant a great deal to me personally, and to the TNR staff, mostly because he was really awesome, but the whole death thing is really weird to me.

I guess I feel like Big Bird, like I don’t understand how a person who is, to me, as much an idea as a man, can be just... gone.

See, for a long time, the TNR staff, even before there was such a thing as the TNR had an Orbach obsession, based largely on my arbitrary decision to become obsessed.

As strange as it sounds, the passing of the man reminds me of a Sesame Street story. The story, called “I’ll Miss You, Mr. Hooper” is about Big Bird’s neighborhood helping him cope with the loss of, well, Mr. Hooper. I guess I feel like Big Bird, like I don’t understand how a person who is, to me, as much an idea as a man, can be just... gone.

I guess what I want to say is, I’ll miss you, Mr. Orbach.

— William Bonner

No, I’m not Hakeem Olajuwon or Karl Malone

I was born February 3rd, 1965 in Lewiston Maine. My favorite color is green, my favorite food is pizza bagels and my favorite movie is Snow Dogs starring Cuba Gooding Jr. and some delightful snow dogs.

My father, Clifford, was a pretty big wheel at the local eraser factory and my mother, a dolphin, was a dolphin. She left when I was young, claiming that she had to “live in the water” otherwise she “would die”. Whatever Mom. Oh God I miss her!

My mother’s departure may have caused what my therapist calls an “obsession” with dolphins. I guess I just wanted to find her again. Anyway, the therapist suggested I try something to keep my mind off of dolphins. After I was arrested for trespassing at Sea World, I decided that I had gone way too far. So I decided to try gardening because I’ve been told I have a green thumb. It’s actually sort of gray because I’m half dolphin.

Other than my brief addiction to Children’s Tylenol in 1994 and an NBA career not even worth mentioning a few years prior to that, I’ve been gardening like a champion. I win the blue ribbon for my begonias at the county fair every year. Anything to keep my mind off of those horrible dolphins. At this year’s fair, I met Steve Perry while his band was

on tour. Yes, that Steve Perry, of Cat Fancy and Journey fame. The same Steve Perry who, during my time of addiction told me, “Don’t Stop Believing.” I spoke with him after I finished showing my blue ribbon begonias. I have been a fan faithfully since I was introduced to “music” by a “radio” in the early nineteen nineties.




Clyde “The Glide” Drexler

Since I was born, I’ve had one dream. I have always wanted to start a band with the falsetto sensation Steve Perry. I found Steve’s one dream was to start a band with a man who could grow flowers as well as he could play the keytar.

Our mutual interest led us to form the Clyde and Steve Musical Sunshine Explosion. Ironically, we do mostly Air Supply covers.

— Tim Jacques



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Wanna help out the Times New Roman? Go to the Pizzeria Uno’s on Huntington Avenue on February 22, 2005. If you present this coupon the Times New Roman will receive 20% of the profits from your meal. This includes all booze so feel free to go to Uno’s and get fucking wasted. It’s for a good cause!! Thanks!

Other Religions Jump on the Pedophilia Bandwagon

Following the arrest last month of a local Mormon priest on pedophilia charges, the Times New Roman answers the question on everyone's lips: When will those god damn religious nuts quit it? The answer: Not until the Churches' profit margins are healthier.

The Mormon priest in question, whom we will call Priest Naughty Hands for reasons of anonymity, was caught with a ten-year-old boy (hereafter referred to as Little Boy Blue), after an anonymous caller tipped off local authorities. When questioned later as to what he was doing in LBB, he replied, "I—I—I—what—me with my—need to—I don—superior. I want to talk to my superior." Only after the police threatened to take him out back and shoot him if he did not cooperate did his attitude change, and he spoke quite eloquently. "I was under orders from the top to get the Mormon Church embroiled in a pedophilia scandal by any means necessary," said Priest Naughty Hands. "Those Catholics are stealing our flock".

In response to the rising reports of Pedophilia and Child Molestation within the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (which is a fancy way of saying "Mormons"), the Pope held a conference at the Vatican, where a shock announce-

ment was made that the Mormon and Catholic Churches have decided to merge.

"This was a business dealing, through and through," stated the Pope. "Until recently, the Catholic Church has held a monopoly on Child Molestation, with ever increasing costs and difficulties relocating our priests. It is time we open the market to our Mormon Brothers and merge our resources."

In conjunction with the conference held at Vatican City, an emergency two-day conference was called in Mississippi among the top officials of several other religions, all trying to obtain their wedge of the Pedophilia Pie. In attendance were representatives from the United Methodist Church, Jehovah's Witness, the Islamic faith, and the Church of Immaculate Conception, among others.

"Everyone who is anyone was there," said an excitable Jehovah's Witness. "There was a real spirit of community."

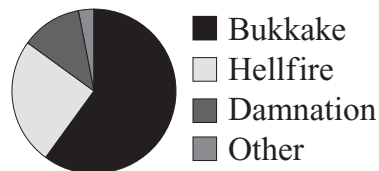
"We cannot take this lying down!" said a rep. from the Islamic faith at the opening of the conference. "The merger between the Catholics and the Mormons cannot take place. If they are successful in implementing their new strategy, they will be unstoppable!"

"Everyday I see more and

more public attention given to the Catholics and the Mormons while our religions slip unnoticed under the radar screen," added a rep. for the Methodists.

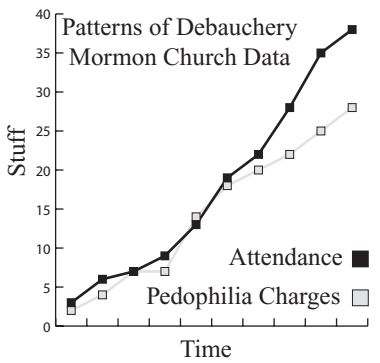
At the head of the agenda was a talk by business-strategist, Kim Halo, entitled *Pedophilia: Utilizing Sexual Deviancy to Gain Market Power*.

Giving TNR precious minutes of her time, Ms. Halo explained to us the positive benefits a pedophilia scandal can have on a church. "Child molestation charges let parishioners put an image to the name. People think, 'Hey, there's that church that has the dirty priest. Let's go there on Sunday.'" Unfortunately the interview had to be cut short, with Ms. Halo being rushed to present a conference for the music community in Las Vegas; *Improving Album Sales: Lessons from MJ*.



Tim Feelgood, head honcho of the Divine Light Mission, took the stage at the culmination of the conference. "Those Catholics have

been molesting kids for far too long. They have scared the surrounding communities and ruined peoples' lives while we little churches have had our hands down our own pants. It's time for us to get in on the action. No more idly standing by playing Mr. Nice-Religion. The



time is now." His speech was met with whoops, cheers and flying crackers with cheese whiz.

The conference was inspired after small-church statisticians compiled startling results as to the link between religion and pedophilia. A collection of the most eye-opening results is shown above. For a full rigorous mathematical rundown, visit the web site www.filth-flam-filth/mathsnonsense.org. Perhaps the little business church

has a right to be scared of the conglomerate giant of religion emerging from the Catholic and Mormon amalgamation. No city is complete without a Catholic Day-care center on the main street. While mothers may ask, 'Is it safe to leave my children here for the day?', the extensive advertising campaign answers it simply: *With the Black Gates of Hell looming, can you really afford not to?*

So there you are, parishioners everywhere have spoken with their feet. Self-confessed regular-Joe, Bud Hick, summed up the phenomenon perfectly as he left the Catholic Church and headed to the McDonalds next door on a frosty Massachusetts morning. "You think I go on Sunday for the sermons? If I only wanted that, I'd stay at home with the wife. Nah, the priest here was arrested a month ago and released after a lack of evidence. I'm waiting for him to do something fucking crazy at the pulpit." Indeed, aren't we all?

As for Priest Naughty Hands, he was released from prison on \$300 thousand bail, and subsequently vanished into the night. Little Boy Blue is currently looking into becoming a Buddhist.

— Kyle Kerr & Stewart Carter



So Real That It Hurts

Network executives have begun the New Year with a bang, announcing a stellar lineup of new and improved reality shows. Contrary to the opinion held by some that such programs are overdone and played out, these entertainment moguls have once again proven that they know what you want before you do.

Following the tragic death of Pope John Paul II, FOX obtained exclusive rights from the Vatican to oversee and televise the election of God's next right-hand-man. Set in the newly constructed ten-million dollar sports facility on the College of Cardinals campus, contestants on "Hail Mary" will need to sink increasingly difficult basketball shots to qualify for the ultimate prize.

Hopefuls will also have to answer a variety of trivia questions, drawn from categories such as "Catholic History", "Name That Psalm" and "Don't Tell Your Parents About This or Baby Jesus Will Cry."

Not to be outdone, TLC has announced a follow-up to its popular franchise "While You Were Out." The series, tentatively titled "Home Invasion" will feature a theme song of the same name by rapper Ice-T and take the original premise of unexpectedly remodeling a participant's home to a whole new level.

In a bid to appeal to a more urban demographic, the concept calls for simulated breaking-and-entering scenarios where the subjects do not know they are being filmed. Billed as a delightful fusion of the

original program with "Punk'd" and "New Jack City", the show is expected to be a sure-fire hit with stereos, TVs, jewelry and small children vanishing every week.

un-hip to pass by. And when they do...WHAM! A combination of vicious beatings, a fire hose of makeup and a closed-door session with "Queer Eye's" Fab Five will



Ice-T and his agent after signing the deal allowing his hit single to be featured on "Home Invasion"

Imagine the surprise when the ski masks come off to reveal hosts Fred Durst, Vanilla Ice and Marlon Wayans! Keep an eye out for this one folks, it's gonna be off the chizz-ain.

Finally, ABC is giving their reality series "Extreme Makeover" a makeover of its own. On "Assault and Beautify," hosts will inconspicuously hide in a bush or phone booth, waiting for the tragically

make these fashion fools think twice before they head out in that Member's Only jacket again.

As usual, the networks have hit the nail on the head, perfectly capturing real everyday scenarios the average American can relate to. But enough talk; "Who Wants Herpes?" starring Paris Hilton premieres tonight, and you do not want to miss that!

— Jon Henry

<p>The Times New Roman</p> <p>Meetings Mondays at 7:00pm on the fourth floor of the Curry Student Center.</p> <p>Location 430 Curry Student Center</p> <p>Submissions We need Submissions! Please E-mail us articles at submissions@nutnr.com and feel free to check us out at www.nutnr.com</p>	<p>Senior Staff Members</p> <p>Ben Bullock King Andy Gineo Kickass Duke Valerie Lubrano Secretary of the Benjamins Jon Henry Spiderman Webmaster Jorge Quinones Layout Editor William Bonner Supreme Chancellor of Awesome Ben Evarts Pissed off Columnist Jeff Fredrickson Nick Johnson Lookalike Kirsten Jelliffe Badass Graphic Artist Marissa Szumowski Secretary of Secretaries Nathan Larson Handyman/Assassin Josh Curtiss Web Designer Adam Rocha Attention Whore</p>
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Street Action Crime Commandos

If you follow the Times New Roman like you damn well should, you are surely aware that it is my life's mission to cause Northeastern University to kick way more ass.

Generally speaking, the measures through which the University Corporation (yes, technically you go to school at a corporation. Our rival school should be Morgan Stanley Dean Witter Community College, but I digress.) choose to improve Northeastern's standings among the filthy rabble of higher education, and the world at large, are fairly "inside the box", in general their thinking on this is very un-dude.

They do, however, do a lot for the school. They use clerical changes at influential magazines to pretend that our school is somehow improving, they spend millions of dollars on a sign at Fenway park, but basically they lame it up, hard



Dirigible: expanding your vocabulary

core. They're dropping the ball, right on our collective faces. So, despite constant petitions to the board of directors, I can never find a venue to entreat my profound concepts of University improvement, so I'm bringing it directly to you, the students of NU.

I don't want to sound arrogant, but I think it's safe to say that I was put on this earth with no lesser purpose than to reshape society in my own dark vision. That said, I understand the value of starting small, I mean, after all, I lower myself to contributing to this classless rag. Anyway, that's enough false modesty. My bold five year plan for the future of Northeastern University can be summed up in three simple yet revolutionary words:

Crime. Fighting. Dirigible.

C'mon, you knew the second you saw it, that this idea was going to reshape higher education for generations to come. The idea that a university could sponsor a vigilante justice squad based in a lighter than air flying machine is just the change that Northeastern needs. It combines the gritty vengeance of the streets with the elegance and distinction that can

only be associated with high class 18th century air travel! As you well know, Northeastern is a full service university, thus it is in the unique position to house, maintain and execute street justice from a vintage airship indicative of a simpler time in history.

Think about it, man: student engineers building and maintaining the dandiest lighter-than-air ship ever to be seen. The select few physics students who fully comprehend the complexities of the helium atom filling our school's personal craft of justice with that dangerous and mysterious wonder-gas. Criminal Justice students, schooled in the deductive arts, using their keen skills to seek out the criminal element (BU students) and identify when they do illegal stuff. Physical Therapy majors treating the undoubtedly brutal injuries associated with leaping

from a dirigible to an action packed crime zone. Music industry majors! Utterly useless! As Usual!

Northeastern's position as the premier co-op university in the known world further cements this plan as the best idea ever. What student wouldn't rather be busting skulls and wearing superhero tights than working at Gillette, or the MBTA, or whatever other lame ass Co-op one usually secures from NU. Lord knows I'd rather spend my nights scoping out crimes in progress through the glass bottom of the NU Justice Dirigible than staring into the plastic bottom of some sleazy \$3.00 cup of Bud Lite at which ever local booze-hole I'm drowning my sorrows in on this Tuesday. I'm so lonely...

All that, plus "Street Action Crime Commando" looks really good on a resume.

— William Bonner

Boston to Privatize Public Transportation

In a move that is sure to limit stress for commuters, the state has decided to privatize Boston's public transport system. Over the next six months, the MBTA will be phased out entirely, and private businesses will be installed throughout greater Boston. In fact, several private companies have already announced plans to begin running commuter services in the near future. The Times New Roman would like to give our public the first glimpse into the future of private public transportation in Boston.

The already fully active Black Line travels through downtown Boston at completely random speeds. It is controlled by a supercomputer that has a deliciously outrageous sense of humor.



Old and busted!!!!

Creators have playfully named him "Flapjacks the Computer". But don't be fooled by the lighthearted nickname, Flapjacks has killed dozens of innocent commuters with his erratic sense of conducting during test runs of the Black Line. Apparently Flapjacks the Computer sucks at using his own internet connection, or else he could just look up how to drive a train, instead of killing all of us.

Innuendo Incorporated already has plans for 2 new subway lines. The first line, planned for construction in 2005 is the Rainbow Line. Sources close to the Times New Roman say it is a bus route from the Ramrod Nightclub on Boylston Street express to behind a massive bush in the Fens. Apparently, the bus has 4 wheel drive, side airbags, power windows (but manual locks), and is quite colorful. The other line is the Oops line, which will run from the Sigma Epsilon Chi fraternity house to various stops including Plan B Square, 486 RU Street, and Planned Parenthood Way at the end of the line.

The final proposal was brought forth by the members of Aussie rock group AC/DC. Members of the band have announced plans



New Hotness!!!!

to add a new branch to the Green Line. Parts of the new line take the original spirit of the Green Line, but others are quite different. When reached for comment, lead singer Brian Johnson said "It doesn't move, it just rocks your fucking face off."

There you have it Boston commuters, prepare to have your face rocked the fuck off!

— Andy Gineo

Travel Abroad

As a college student, you will probably be doing a lot of travel over the next three or four years to Europe, Asia, Canada or Newark, NJ. World travel is the best gift you can give yourself (after perhaps a 4-wheeler or a PlayStation 2), but before you embark on your journey, you should know a little more about how to travel. If this is your first time traveling, you will probably want to travel somewhere in Europe you'll want to experience foreign cultures, but nothing too foreign.

First you are going to have to decide on a destination. As an experienced world traveler I can tell you all European cities are the same, so get out your map of Europe and a dart.

So you've hit Vienna. What's that? Oh, it's in Austria. No, Austria, no kangaroos. No, not the other England. You know what? Just throw your dart again. Ah, good, Rome.

Rome is the cultural political fashion history capital of the world. All you need to know about Rome to understand its vast historical significance is summed up in the B-52s classic Roam If You Want To, which both Hillary Duff and Mary Kate and Ashley Olson have cleverly used in movies about Rome.

After the eight hours of wacky hi-jinks (a.k.a. your flight) you will disembark the plane. Now you are in Rome! You will wait patiently at the luggage carousel until everyone else has left with their bags. Then you will report to lost luggage. Here you will discover that your bags have gone to Vienna, where the airline assumed you were going. Expect them back about three days after you return home. Don't worry, you didn't leave for Europe empty-handed! You just arrived there that way.

The bad news is now you don't have any luggage, which means you don't have any clothes. The good news is: wardrobe overhaul! If you can't afford Italian designer

prices, don't worry, Italians have dumpsters too.

Once you arrive in Rome you will probably want to see the sites. Don't waste your time on things like the Coliseum or the Roman Forum, you have probably seen plenty of pictures of these things already. It's not worth the 10 Euro to walk through something you have already seen pictures of, even if it is old.



See you at the nude beaches!! (Just another excuse to mention the Olson twins)

My suggestion is that you rent a car and drive to one of Italy's many topless beaches. Don't worry, you don't have to take your clothes off, you can just sit and observe with your binoculars from afar. I must warn you, however, there is no bouncer or other approval process for admittance onto the nude beaches. This means old ladies with droopy racks can take their shirts off. Yuck.

But Art! I don't speak a word of Italian! How will I get by? One word of advice, my friend: Italians love when you talk down to them, especially in English. But if you'd rather make the effort to speak Italian, here's a simple trick: just

add "O" to the end of every word. Youo willo beo talkingo Italiano ino noo timeo!

Although they wish they could, Italians do not accept American Dollars. This means you need to find an exchange booth and exchange your real money for Euros. Just think of them like Disney Dollars: they are all sorts of pretty colors and the conversions don't add up nicely so you spend

more than you think you are spending. By the way, all Europeans prefer it when you refer to American Dollars as "real money."

By the time your trip is finished, you will probably spend most of the money you have. When you finish shoving and breaking everything to fit into your new suitcases, it is time to go to the airport and get back to real civilization.

On the airplane you will be asked to fill out a few customs forms for reentry to the US. These forms are simple, but if you do it wrong you are obviously a terrorist seeking entry for devious reasons. You will be detained indefinitely.

— Art Allen

The "Times New Roman Residuals"

Hello Readers! It has come to our attention that some of you have missed certain opportunities to confront potential companions throughout your daily lives here at Northeastern. Below, you will find the Times New Roman's mandatory 50 community service hours as per the Student Activities Charter. Yeah that's right, it takes a long time to compile these kinds of things! Community, consider yourself served.

You dropped your Star Wars pencil in computer class. I picked it up for you. I kept thinking could you be the Obi-one for me? Let's play with our light sabers, and then you can Darth Vader all over my face.

— wannaleya.pe@neu.edu

You sexually harassed me outside of Burger King on Huntington Ave. You commented on my nice ass even though you couldn't see it underneath my

coat. Although I didn't give you any money, I should have given you my number. Next soup kitchen date is on me.

— hotbums@neu.edu

While I was walking home from Lansdowne Street you shouted "whore" outside the window of your taxi. I'm accepting offers in order to pay off my college loans.

— sluttynugrll5908@neu.edu

You were puking outside the bushes of White Hall on Saturday night with your NU lanyard swaying in the wind. I'll hold your head up anytime as long as you return the favor.

— fratguy@neu.edu

You cut in front of me at Dunkin Donuts in Shillman Hall and took the last chocolate glazed donut. Could you be the one to fill the hole in my life? I kneed you.

— fred@neu.edu or fred@excessivepuns.gov

I'm sorry Petunia. Those porno sites in my web history were just pop-ups. I swear you are the only starlet for me. And you don't know anything about computers, so trust me.

— fluffer15@neu.edu

Now, don't ask us how these kind folks obtained such obscure E-mail addresses, as you all well know the general format for a Northeastern University student E-mail address is lastname.firstinitial@neu.edu. The only explanation is that these people have access to a huge computer, twice the size of a school bus.

If you would like to submit your own "Roman Residual", please E-mail bottomfeeders@nutnr.com or dial 911 and ask to speak to Sven.

— Jessica Lamarre

Dear Dirty Man

Dear Dirty Man,

I'm so pissed! I found out that my girlfriend is cheating on me. My first instinct was to go murder that stupid whore, but I thought that it would better to ask your opinion first. What should I do?

Sincerely,
Crying with a Shiv

Dear Brother in Arms,

Wait! I must advise against the killing part of your plan. Think of

the consequences: No one to cook for you, no one to do you laundry, no one to clean the bathroom, and no easy play!

Here's what you should do. First, go and confront her about her infidelity. Do what it takes to make her cry and feel guilty. Make her beg for you to take her back, and then say, "babe, it doesn't matter how much you hurt me, I love you too much to let you go." THAT LINE, sir, will melt panties!

What you have just done is reversed the tables that women have spent the better part of a century setting up in their favor. To reference one of the great wom-

anizers of the 1900's, she's now under your thumb!

Think about it man! Now you have a get out of cheating free card. Not only that, but next time she complains about you hanging out with your bros all you have to do is be like, "gee babe, I would stay home tonight... IF MY GIRLFRIEND WASN'T A STUPID CHEATING BITCH!" What can she say? NOTHING! She can't say anything! Good luck brother!

Sincerely,
The Dirty Man

Fuck Grammar I'm Pissed

I don't usually like to complain because my masseuse says that it's like not good for your muscles and can cause wrinkles. BUT the most unbelievable thing EVER happened the other day and I'm just so angry about it that I have to get it off of my chest. Actually, it was TWO terrible things that happened.

First, I got all of my classes purged (you know, that thing you do after eating and before going to campus tan) by stupid Freeland (well, I assume it was Freeland, other kids seem to blame him for a lot of stuff). I don't know how, 'I Am Here' was on the internet this semester and so was I. I was ON THE INTERNET!! How was I supposed to know that you had to go to some stupid web page? No one ever told ME about it.

So anyway, then I had to get all of my classes back, so I had to go all the way over to smelly old Richards Hall. But when I went there the woman at the cashier's office didn't even know who I was OR where my advisor's office was. Honestly, doesn't anyone at this school know ANYTHING??? So, I asked my friend Bradley (you're so adorable Bradley), and he totally told me to go to 1 Meserve, so I did. Then I got there and my advisor didn't have office hours for like another 20 MINUTES!!!!

So I had to sit in that stupid waiting room until my advisor saw me. But on the bright side I saw a pamphlet about going to England, and maybe I'll go there 'cause the accents are way hot, and maybe I can totally hook up with Prince William. Then it took like 20 more minutes for her to get me back in the classes, but I could only get in to 3. The other one was full, so I had to go ALL the way to class, and talk to the stupid professor and then go ALL the way back to my advisor so I could get back in. It took me like at least like an hour to do all that, and I was supposed to go to the gym.

Then, after a mocha latte cappuccino, a Valium, and a talk with

Jennifer to calm me down, I went back to that gross old Richards place to pick up my Work/Study check so that I could buy this cute top I saw at Express for only like \$35 (totally marked down from \$80, quite a steal).

So I get that same STUPID woman from before (the one who didn't know where my advisor was), and she's all like "We don't have any work/study checks for you", and I was like "Yeah you do, I totally have work/study". So I go to financial aid and they tell me that I have work/study, and I go to work/study and they tell me that I have to get a job!

What???? I didn't know anything about this. I WORK hard at STUDYING! Shouldn't I get paid? It says I get 500 dollars this semester for Federal Work Study. I didn't know that I had to like... go work for the government or whatever. God! And may I remind you that not one NU official told me ANY of this before the other day when I found it all out.

So now I have to like, sit in the stupid library with all these gross old books to get my money. God, Northeastern, my parents already pay you like \$30,000 a year from MY inheritance, PLUS the \$250,000 my dad donated so that I could get in to this stupid school. Now I have to study even less, and my classes are HARD, okay? You try taking Introduction to Communication Studies, AND Introduction to Sociology at the SAME TIME.

And now the gym isn't open 24 hours anymore? Everything sucks so bad. Well anyways, it's like my profile always says: "Don't frown, you never know who is falling in love with your smile (hey, Times New Roman, can you put the angel smiley face here? Thanks! <3). Ok, I gotta run. I'm going to this party at Davenport with my girls (OMG remember that time at Spare??? Where my 342 girls at?????)

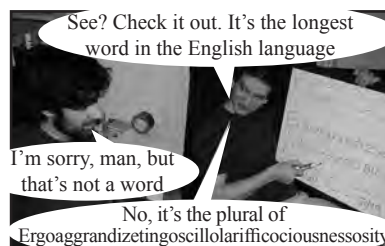
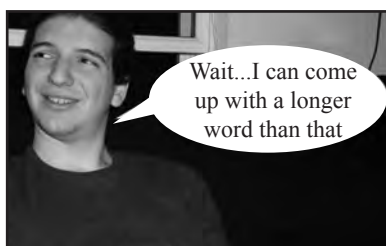
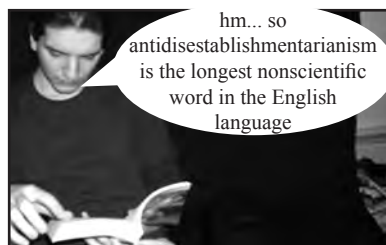
— Brittney Phelps

Sleaze of the Issue



W a m Y g g V a

Pro-Anti-establishmentarianism Squared



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