



# - NORTHEASTERN - TIMES NEW ROMAN

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*"Tragedy is when I cut my finger. Comedy is when you fall into an open sewer and die." -Mel Brooks*



## Times New Roman Prints First Issue

- Trevor Crippen -

I think it goes without saying I'm pure, unadulterated genius. Yes, this is the great experiment: the *Northeastern Times New Roman*, a humor publication for Northeastern University students. I know... it sure *sounds* good. You'd totally read it. Oh yes, hold the applause.

I've found plenty of willing *readers*, but I've had trouble rounding up good writers. I'm afraid it brings up the whole question of apathy at Northeastern. This paper probably isn't going to further your career. It's no "concrete bridge to the future." It's just fun. And

why *write* for fun, when you can have fun sleazing it up at clubs or drinking? Why bother with good, clean fun?

That's a good question. Heck, I find it much easier to play *NCAA Football 2003* for six hours straight than to work on this paper. But that doesn't mean I don't dream of doing something more with my fun. Harvard has its *Lampoon*, Dartmouth has its *Jack-o-Lantern*. Do Ivy Leaguers have a monopoly on humor? No! Only Canada has a monopoly on humor! We have a chance to create something lasting at this university with the *Roman*, while making people laugh at the same time.

Oh, I'm rambling. I guess what I'm trying to say is this: read what we've got. Keep in mind that this was the work of a limited number of people. We need more writers. There's only so much stuff we can milk out of eight or nine people. If you like this even a little, please give writing something a shot! The only qualification we ask for is humor. Heck, it just has to be a funny *idea* and we can make it work with clutch editing.

If you think you can handle that, get out your pens and your thinking cap. The submissions deadline for our Summer issue is May 30th. We accept them at [nutimesnewroman@hotmail.com](mailto:nutimesnewroman@hotmail.com).

## Freeland Drinks Sprite, Gets Game

- William Bonner, P.H.D. -

In a move described as "shocking" by his colleagues and "incredible" by the student body, Northeastern University President Richard Freeland has resigned from the university, and is expected to enter the NBA draft.

Freeland, who graduated college in 1963, will be the oldest rookie in professional sports since Chris Weinke.

Freeland attributes his sudden, profound spike in "ballin'" prowess to Coca-Cola's citrus soft drink *Sprite*. When his usual morning coffee was unavailable, he opted for the Kobe Bryant endorsed soda. He never imagined the commercials were, despite disclaimers, entirely accurate.

In fact, *Sprite* had a direct, exponential effect on his basketball skills. "I never imagined I'd find a better scam than 'President of a private university,' but this... this is better," stated Freeland, followed by an hour long bout of maniacal cackling.

With a story as outlandish as this, Freeland felt the need to show his skills in a public arena. In a bold move, he challenged all comers to a *Sprite*-sponsored, 1 on 1 basketball tournament at Cabot Cage.

After Freeland made short work of every challenger from

the Boston area, LA Lakers superstars Kobe Bryant and Shaquille O'Neal showed up in a pair of purple and gold limos made entirely out of diamonds. Citing they "never miss an opportunity to beat up on an old guy," the stars went 2 on 1 with Freeland and his new "Dr. J" style afro.

In an amazing contest impossible to transmit onto paper, Freeland eeked out a victory in the last seconds, winning 57 - 4.

A spokesman for *Sprite* said "This is what our company's been trying to tell people for years! I'm so glad someone's finally decided to try our product."

Not only did Freeland show that he was, thanks to *Sprite*, an NBA caliber player, but that he could dominate any player, from any position. The NBA immediately banned *Sprite* as a "performance enhancing drug."

When asked to comment on the viability of recruiting a rookie in his late 50's, an unnamed NBA official stated "Let me tell you something. If Jerry Orbach had Freeland's skills, we'd recruit him too. Age

is not an issue." NU is expected to retire Freeland's dark suit and power tie early next season, with a Hall of Fame induction expected in three years, when he becomes eligible.



The new look President Freeland

# Scientists Discover Bitchin' Dino-Mummy

- Jon Henry -

In what's been hailed the coolest discovery of our time, scientists revealed Tuesday they've uncovered the remains of a mummified dinosaur. The corpse, an estimated 77 million years old, was found in a remote area of the Montana Badlands.

Excitement is running high in the scientific community, as fossils so well-preserved are unheard of. This find will enable us to see how a dinosaur's skin may have actually looked.

But archeologists aren't the only ones having a field day with this discovery. The real madness isn't in the stuffy corridors of academia, but under the bright lights of Hollywood.

"This is amazing; absolutely incredible! I can't believe we never thought of this before," exclaimed writer/director Paul Anderson, known for his work on the critically acclaimed *Mortal Kombat* and *Resident Evil* films.

"Any eight year old can tell you dinosaurs are awesome. They're huge, mean, and can bite a man clean in half without even trying. I've always wanted to do a dino flick, but how do you top a blockbuster like *Jurassic Park III*? I thought it'd all been done before. But a dino *mummy*? It's brilliant!"

The filmmaker's sentiment was confirmed by the clerk at a local Hot Topic outlet. "Oh yeah, mummies are *totally* sweet.

They're like these wicked ancient dudes, who had their brains pulled out their nose, but then some grave robbers tried to take their stuff, and now they're totally pissed and ready to kill. And those are just human mummies; I can't even imagine the ruin a dinosaur mummy would bring down on grave robbers. It would be dope."

Inside sources say casting for the as-yet untitled film is already underway. Names reportedly being tossed around for the lead role include Tom Selleck, Eric Estrada, and Jerry Orbach. Look for this sure-fire hit in theatres sometime in the summer of 2004.



An artist's interpretation of the bad-ass dino mummy.

# Sleeping Student Called on, Embarrassed

- Andrew Holmes -

A Northeastern University student left class "totally pissed" after being called upon in class while slumbering.

Anthony Schlosser, 18, a Freshman Criminal Justice major, left the Kariotis Hall classroom still red-faced and furious at his English professor, calling him a "frigging asshole" under his breath.

Schlosser was called upon by his teacher in a 9:15 session of College Writing II. Schlosser had his head down in his arms and his eyes closed when awakened by the teacher's voice.

The class was discussing Robert Frost's "Mending Wall" when the professor called on the sleeping Schlosser. "I was all set up then I hear, 'Mister Schlosser, how do you relate this poem to the colloquialism, 'Good fences make good neighbors?'" said Schlosser, "and he was standing right up in front of me."

Witnesses described Schlosser as groggy and uncommunicative at best upon regaining consciousness.

"I saw him passed out on his desk," the teacher said after the incident, "he was an easy target. Sometimes you've got to make an example. It's not easy

getting these kids' attention so early."

"Wait 'til they're in the REAL world," he added. "What is Anthony, a CJ major? You can't fall asleep at 9:15 when you're driving a garbage truck!"



A dramatic reenactment of events.

Several students snickered at Schlosser's exposure, including classmate and current masturbation fantasy, Rachel Palmer. Schlosser admits he was asleep, but says, "He (the teacher) didn't have to be a dick about it."

The professor, whose work on Frost has been published, has been challenged by the class numerous times about his interpretations of Frost's works.

"He pulls so much stuff out of his ass," said Erika Deese, a classmate of Schlosser's, "like that whole thing about the relationship between God and man in 'Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening.' It's crap!"

Schlosser added, "Seriously, I don't know why it can't just be a poem about the woods. Jesus."

When asked why he was sleeping, Schlosser said, "It gets tiring just listening to his voice, talking about the same nonsense every day. No one can sit through that... no one!"

Roommate Timothy Kanakawa, disagrees. "He was up until 4 a.m. playing that new *Mortal Kombat* game," said Kanakawa, "He wasn't going to bed until he unlocked Drahhmin (a character in the game). Tony woke me up to see him and he isn't even any good."

Schlosser is considering taking legal action against his professor for the embarrassment. "There's this chapter in my Intro. to Law book about punitive damages that I'm gonna look at; I've heard of those before," he said. "He totally cost me a chance at a hook-up with Rachel this weekend."

# Have you heard? NU is #1 in Co-ops!

- Trevor Crippen -

I don't know if you've heard, but we've got something to be proud of here at Northeastern - and for once it's something other than a shiny new building. That's right, ladies and gents, we're the #1 school in the UNIVERSE for Co-ops and internships.

U.S. News, the nation's top producer of annual lists that high school seniors put far too much weight on, gave NU the top spot in the new category in its 2003 Best Colleges issue.

You know what this calls for? A pat on the back, then back to working hard at providing an education for the university students? Of course not, silly. What this calls for is thousands of dollars of advertising to brag about our first number one ranking (as far as I know) in anything other than girls' field hockey.

In fact, this operation takes priority over all else at Northeastern. I call it *Operation: Shameless Vanity*.

The first few stages are in place. Giant banner hanging on Snell Engineering: Check. Top headline in NU News for about four weeks running: Check. Intrusive pop-up ad on university web page: Check. Getting people to make fun of #2 Drexel University: Check.

But this isn't nearly enough. We need to go a step farther. Perhaps we should have our own TV commercial. I can see it now - "other schools *claim* they can provide you with internships and co-ops. But are they rated #1? The answer may shock you."

Also, our pop-up ad needs to appear on more than just the Northeastern website. We already know we're the best school ever. Let's tell someone who doesn't know. I propose the pop-up ad appear on popular webpages like

jerkcity.com and portalofevil.com. Also, it would definitely be profitable for it to pop up on a number of adult websites. Heck, while we're at it, let's put it up on Drexel's website. Then they'll know who's boss.

That's still just the beginning. Next step: the moon. The top of Hayden Hall is the likely site for construction of the giant laser we'll be using to etch the letters: "NU #1 IN CO-OPS" onto the very face of the moon. That way, any one in the world with a pair of binoculars or just very sharp eyes can see where we stand in relation to other, inferior Co-op schools like Cornell (8), Berea College (T-4), Cincinnati (T-4) and, of course, those sore losers at Drexel.

Yes, we'd better milk this while we can. You know how fickle those guys at U.S. News can be. Next year, we might not be so lucky. Next year, we might be staring up at Georgia Institute of Technology (3) or Rochester Institute of Technology (6) or, God forbid, Drexel.

Let's make the best of this ranking while we've got it. Let's let the whole world know that Northeastern University is #1 in Co-ops, and therefore the greatest institute of learning this world, or any other, has ever known.



We're actually in the process of tattooing this on the inside of every NEU student's eyelids.

## Special Notice

A joint summit to be held next week between BOMS (Bitter Old Men Society) and the Empty Shell of a Man Club to discuss problems and to offer each other whatever aid they can.



If you're old and bitter, BOMS is for you!

## The Northeastern Times New Roman

### STAFF

**King:** Trevor Crippen

**Kickass Duke:** Ben Bullock

**Secretary of the Benjamins:** Valerie Lubrano

### Other Contributors

Billy Bonner

Ben Evarts

Jon Henry

Kirsten Jelliffe

Jerry Orbach

Apey the Gorilla

Matt Brown

Andy Gineo

Andrew Holmes

Nathan Larson

Mathew Orzechowski

John Rhys-Davies

**Disclaimer:** The Times New Roman is a humor publication meant to be funny, not true. Anything written in these pages should not be taken literally. Also, the views expressed by the writers do not necessarily represent those of the Times New Roman staff, except when awesome.

**The submissions deadline for the Summer Issue: May 30th.**

**Send submissions to [nutimesnewroman@hotmail.com](mailto:nutimesnewroman@hotmail.com).**

## Shocking Truth Revealed: Looks Matter

- Benjamin Bullock -

In the wake of the MTV revolution, a generation of feel-good, goody-two-shoe, wishy-washy, tofu hot dog eating, Moby-loving do-gooders was careful to make sure ugly people weren't left behind in the pop uprising.

When TV was telling us the only people of worth were confident and attractive, Mr. Rogers and Reading Rainbow were telling us how things really worked. They said looks didn't matter; personality was what made you special.

The unattractive people remained calm, answering phones and flipping burgers. Little did they know they were being lied to. That's right. Mr. Rogers,

may he rest in peace, was *lying* to you.

A study on success and human worth has revealed a secret that mass media and shadow governments have been trying to keep under wraps since Earth was secretly conquered by evil robots. It's a secret that explains so much hardship in America. The secret: that looks really do matter!

An interesting section in the report shows the results of several experiments actually disprove the commonly held belief that women value what's "on the inside" more than outer appearance.

More startling was the finding that 9 out of 10 males between age 17 and 25 make a qualitative judgment of a female before they even speak to her. Even

more surprising is that they often make this analysis based on a woman's chest size, waist circumference, and the spherical nature of her posterier!

Officials are trying to suppress these findings, saying that they are "ridiculous accusations" and "unfounded". Dr. Lenny Jones comments on the study.

"This is the biggest sociological discovery since communism was found to be ineffective at best. I expect there to be drastic changes in breeding, employment, fashion, and entertainment. Frankly, I'm not sure America is ready to accept the fact that beautiful people are better than everyone else. This could shake the foundations our forefathers built this nation on."

## Reporter Infiltrates Shuriken Cartel

- William Bonner, Esq -

We live in a frightening world. The perils of drugs, guns, rabid monkeys, and those fancy low-fat Hot Pockets are a real part of every child's day. That's right, every single child.

Each young Sally or Timmy or Bertram must walk home from school on a dangerous route that puts them past the drug dealers and Hot Pocket "pushers" of this, our modern society.

But we aren't here to talk about the shortcomings of children's route selections. We must address something far more sinister: the dreaded shuriken.

You know - those little metal stars that ninjas have... they throw them, they use deadly accuracy and ninja agility and crap... you know what I mean, right?

OK look, you know when Bruce Willis or James Van Der Beek is fighting ninjas, and the ninjas are throwing things? Those things are shurikens. You don't want to see Bruce Willis get hurt. Everybody loves Bruce Willis.

I took it upon myself to expose the most nefarious dealers in black market shurikens, thanks to a partnership with FOX networks, the last vestige of responsible journalism in our world.

Upon purchase of an exact replica ninja uniform from Discount Party

Funtown, I was shocked to learn two things. Firstly, as in every episode of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, every evil factory worker at an evil factory is a ninja. Even the dude who gets the donuts - total ninja, sword and everything.



*I'm surprised any of us are left alive.*

Secondly, I had no idea a ninja's uniform was a rubber mask held on with a rubber band, and a plastic smock that said "Ninja!" on it, but there we have it.

The ninja lair looked like a junkyard on the outside, but on the inside it was a beautiful Japanese palace that couldn't possibly fit in the junkyard. I chalked it up to ninja magic. I chalk up lots of stuff to ninja magic.

As I entered the shuriken factory, something - either my purple sweatpants, or when my cell phone went off to the sounds of "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" - tipped off the ninjas that I was not one of them.

My misplaced, cartoon and action movie based, belief that ninjas were bad at fighting proved devastatingly inaccurate. I soon learned that ninjas are very, very good at punching you in the motherloving skull.

As I write to you, fair citizens, from my hospital bed, I can tell you: shurikens are quite the hazard. Especially if they hit you in the ass when you're wearing purple sweatpants.

Who will protect us from shurikens? Certainly the Detectives Lennie Briscoe and handsome minorities partner of the world are too busy making hilarious marriage and murder based quips to save every victim of a vicious ninja with a shuriken and a grudge (and hopped up on potent ninja crack).

Where are the masked, bespandexed heroes we were promised in our youth? Only Dr. Brainpuncher knows for sure, and I certainly ain't gonna ask him. Dude has a metal claw for an arm, and ANOTHER, separate metal claw for a leg, and I don't want none-a that mess.

## Dear Dirty Man

*Dear Dirty Man is a sleazy advice column written by a sleazy staff member. If you're offended by candid discussion of off-base sexuality, the editors of the Roman don't recommend reading on. If you do read on, the Roman will not be held responsible for any scumbags who actually follow the advice of a man this dirty!*

Dear Dirty Man,

**I've been having trouble getting rid of a nasty rash on my southern hemisphere. It would probably heal, if I could stop scratching, but I can't. What should I do?**

**-Worriedly yours,  
Fire Down Below**



Dear Fire Down Below,

I have a little trick for such a condition. I call it the "Preventive Flesh" method. It requires some discipline, however. Every time you feel like you need to scratch, go ahead and scratch, but eat a half dozen chocolate cream filled donuts afterwards. Do this every time you have the urge to itch.

Before long you will have gained fifty to one hundred pounds. At this point, you are home free, because in all likelihood, you are too fat to reach your hand where it itches. Before long your rash will disappear, and you will be able to start shedding that excess donut poundage.

**-Dirty Man**

Dear Dirty Man,

**I have an odd fetish. Well, it's not terribly odd, it's just a little unaccepted. I like the idea of making love to clowns. I have a boyfriend, but he refuses to dress up in the suit I bought him and ride a unicycle for me. I feel so unfulfilled. Is there something wrong with me? Please help!**

**-Wantingly yours, Clown Sex for Me**

Dear Clown Sex for Me,

Of course there's something wrong with you! You want to get horizontal with CLOWNS! That is thoroughly unsettling. In fact, I might have to cancel my date with the My Little Pony fetish girl so my stomach has a chance to settle! However, I think I can still help you.

I know this guy, and I think he'd be able to satisfy that clownistic urge of yours. He takes care of anyone's problem, as long as you have fallopian tubes. You can reach him at [deardirtyman@yahoo.com](mailto:deardirtyman@yahoo.com). I'm sure he'll be of service to you.

**-Dirty Man**

Send questions and comments to [deardirtyman@yahoo.com](mailto:deardirtyman@yahoo.com) or instant message his AIM screenname deardirtyman.

## Ask Nasty Nate Visigoths? Oh, My!

Hey Nasty,

**My home is under constant attack by what appears to be a tribe of Germanic barbarians from the fourth century A.D. known as the Visigoths. They're too powerful and mean and... and... they're just so damn mean. Is there anything I can do? I hate them so much.**

**-Lando**

Lando,

I'm afraid you are just one of many victims in a resurgence of incidents involving both pillaging and Visigoths. That's right, pillaging and Visigoths are back and in the same sentence, as it should be.

Now then, submitting to Visigoth rule may seem like the only viable solution but don't give up your food stuffs and virginity just yet. There is a simple but effective plan to stop the Visigoths that plague you.

Simply build a fort out of cushions. This is totally the best defense against Visigoth attacks. Also, make sure your construction contains at least one load-bearing pillow because... well, you obviously need at least one load-bearing pillow.

And lastly, stop calling yourself Lando, Billy Dee Williams.

**-Nasty Nate**

Dear Nasty Nate,

**Why is this paper called NU Times New Roman? Is that just a pun on the word "times" cause if so, that's lame.**

**-Michael Bolton**

Bolton,

Hmm... you want to know what's lame? Your face, that's what's lame you no-talent ass clown. Also leave Conan O'Brien alone or else I'll kill you.

**-Nasty Nate**

P.S.

**Not if I kill you first.**

**-Bolton**

P.S.

(clenching fists)

**BOLTON!!!!!!!!**

**-Nasty Nate**



Send questions to Michael Bolton: MWA HA HA  
Nasty Nate at [nutimesnewroman@hotmail.com](mailto:nutimesnewroman@hotmail.com).

# Weezer Frontman Plays Limp Bizkit

- Jon Henry -

In what's possibly the strangest musical collaboration since halftime at Superbowl XXXV (if you were lucky enough to miss that soul-withering event, it involved Aerosmith, N'SYNC, Britney Spears, Nelly and Mary J. Blige performing *at the same time*), MTV is reporting that Rivers Cuomo plans to team up with crap-rock (or is it rap-cock?) group Limp Bizkit on their upcoming release, "Bipolar."

Best known as the front man for nerdy-cool rock band Weezer, Cuomo is expected to contribute vocals to at least one song on the album.

Many fans were confused by Cuomo's decision to collaborate with Durst, given the near-polar-opposite styles and lyrical themes.

Limp Bizkit broke onto the music scene with the distortion-laden hard rock track "Counterfeit" and moved on to a sound heavily influenced by hip-hop. Featuring straight from the heart lyrics such as "keep rollin', rollin', rollin', what?" and "everybody sux," their releases have consistently sold to the oppressed white middle-class male youth living in the hard streets of planned communities and suburbia.



Rivers: scared or aroused?

At the opposite end of the spectrum, Weezer has straddled the line between indie rock and pop punk, heading a genre known as geek rock. Their self-titled blue album appears on "top albums of the past century" lists in magazines like Rolling Stone and Spin.

Upon further examination, however, there may be method to Cuomo's madness. Noted market analyst Hillary McBride says it's a matter of pure economics.

"For the past year or so, my firm has been tracking a sharp decline in the value of Integrity; people can't give it away. This contrasts drastically with the spike in price of Sweet Rap-Metal Sellout Cash, which has been setting record highs on nearly every trading day," explains McBride.

While it may make fiscal sense, Cuomo's decision will leave legions of fourteen-year-old emo girls wiping a tear from thick-rim glasses or scraping off Weezer logos drawn in whiteout on their messenger bags.

How will this fusion of legitimate musicianship with cursing and "phat rhymes" play out? For now, we can only wait and see.

# The Axe Effect: Mythical or Magical?

- Benjamin Evarts -

I saw a commercial for Axe Deodorant Body Spray. This dude who's pretty well put together (if you're into the whole liking dudes thing) is standing in an elevator with his shirt half-off, showing off a muscular chest and rock-hard abs.

He's obviously in a hurry to get somewhere, since he forgot to get dressed that morning and he's forced to spray on his deodorant in the elevator. He leaves, but the Axe lingers on...

Just then, this unassuming little dude boards the elevator. He's attractive to the other sex, but in merely a *cute* way. He was no burning hunk of manhood like the other guy. Boarding with him is a beautiful young lady he's never met.

What proceeded was *unbelievable*: OFF-CAMERA SEXUAL INTERCOURSE! The woman, presumably due to the "Axe Effect," is unable to resist her libidinal urges. The shot cuts to the dude, his hair all wonked one way. The young woman straightens her clothes and walks off. *The shameless hussy!*

Because TV is always right, I knew the commercial was guaranteed proof

Axe Deodorant spray would lead to wild and unexpected casual sex with random beautiful women. These are things I like. I decided to test Axe out on myself.

There are six different kinds of Axe Deodorant Body Spray. I went with Orion. I like constellations and I'm a *hunter* when it comes to the ladies. Wanna see my elephant gun, girls?

I doused myself with the stuff and headed into the night confident a "seriously close encounter" (as the packaging promised) would not be far off.

Alas, the cigarette smoke at the party must've masked the *Axe Effect*. Not one young lady propositioned me for casual sex. *Not one!* Foiled again!

But wait! I came back to find a young lady in my room. She isn't normally affectionate towards me, but when I entered, she asked for a hug. I gave it to her. I informed her of the *Axe Effect*, and we did it again. She gave it to me a third time, trying to convince me it was about me, not the *Axe Effect*. Likely story.

But then I discovered she was being so nice to me because a fellow there was interested in her. She wanted to

show him she wasn't interested. Somehow hugging me would accomplish this. Girls and their hormones...

But wait... There were lots of guys in that room who'd been broken to the point of understanding no gesture of affection would lead to romantic love, whatever the circumstances. Only one of these guys (me) received a hug from this girl, and only one (me) had... the *Axe Effect*. Clearly, this hug was definitive proof of the *Axe Effect*.

The next night more happened. I came home from another party (I have quite the social life) and went to a different room. A young lady, smelling the Axe, promptly lifted my shirt up over my head and began to grope vigorously.

People later told me that she was in such a state of sexual frustration she was looking for whatever morsel of flesh she could get. This, however, doesn't mean it wasn't aided by the *Axe Effect*.

While I haven't *actually* come close to achieving sexual union with any young ladies, the *Axe Effect* shows promise, so I will buy dozens upon dozens of cans and wait for the intercourse!

## The eXtreme Football Update

# Tommy Maddox: A King Among Kings

- Jon Henry -

It ain't easy being an XFL fan. From day one, right up through the *temporary* setback of NBC lacking the stones to air our games, those of us looking for something more Xtreme in our lives have taken nothing but crap from pencil-necked sportswriters about how our beloved league would never make it.

For you pansies who forgot, the Xtreme Football League was created in 2001 by Vince McMahon, owner of the World Wrestling Federation. The idea was to toss all the wussy junk in an NFL game – fair catches, coin tosses, fully clothed cheerleaders, etc. – and give American sports fans what they truly crave: sex and violence.

Expectations ran high among fans. A tidal wave of talent poured in from powerhouses like the Arena Football League, the Canadian Football League, and the recently paroled. But above all those rising stars, one man stood tall: Tommy Maddox, quarterback for the Los Angeles Xtreme, a king among kings.



*Maddox, wearing the number eight jersey that brought him Xtreme glory.*

Maddox has been playing football since most of you puked were still running around in diapers. He was drafted by Denver out of UCLA in the first round of the 1992 NFL draft, as a replacement for the geriatric John Elway. But Elway refused to die, leaving Tommy out in the cold.

With no room in Denver, Tommy spent most of the 90's kicking ass up and down the Arena League. But come 2001, he heeded the irresistible call of Vince McMahon and signed with the Xtreme for what would be a legendary career.

After leading the L.A. Xtreme to a crushing 38-6 victory over the San Francisco Demons in the XFL championship, Maddox was awarded the coveted title of XFL MVP.

Let that sink into your thick skulls. That's right, numbnuts. Tommy Maddox was deemed Most Valuable Player in *every year* of the league's existence! Who else can say that? Not Jerry Rice, not Michael Jordan, not even the Macho Man Randy Savage. He is the most Xtreme human being ever to grace our unworthy planet. Grown men bawl like schoolgirls at the mere whisper of his name.

After his complete domination of the XFL, Maddox was given a fraction of the credit he deserves, when he was signed by the NFL's Pittsburgh Steelers. A few weeks of Kordell Stewart sucking later, and Maddox became the Steelers' starting quarterback. Which leads me to November 17, 2002: the blackest day mankind has ever known.

On that dark day, in what should've been a routine play, Tennessee linebacker Keith Bulluck came crashing into Maddox, bringing him down on his neck. Maddox did not get up. As the world watched in horror, the Xtremest athlete known to man was carried from the field by stretcher and rushed to a Nashville hospital. Doctors feared the worst.

It was unthinkable; I nearly blew an artery as they showed the replay. Maddox's god-like body was bent in half. How could some joker (from the *Titans* of all teams!) paralyze mankind's greatest hero?

For several hopeless hours, my faith was shattered. Life seemed trite and futile. I turned my face toward the pitiless sky and spat what I thought might be my final breath: **BULLUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Yet in the following days, Tommy miraculously regained feeling in his limbs. Soon afterward, he was fully mobile. To even the most hardened veteran, paralysis usually means the end of a career. For Maddox, it meant a week off from practice. Truly, a divine power is at work in this man.



*The helmet of the Orlando Rage represents the rage XFL fans share over what has happened to Maddox.*

He led Pittsburgh to a playoff game with the Titans, the same scumbags who tried to kill him. He rallied his team from a huge deficit to send the game to OT. He stared down a nervous Titans kicker to the very end. He even set off a barrage of fireworks after a would-be game-winning field goal that didn't count, as the ultimate way of icing the kicker. The man is fearless!

Sure enough, the kicker missed, giving Maddox what seemed to be another chance to take the field with Xtreme domination. But the refs called a bogus roughing the kicker call – a penalty that didn't even EXIST in the XFL – to take the game away from Maddox. They were probably the very same people who cancelled the XFL, jealous and bitter of how much more Xtreme Tommy Maddox was than them.

Not even a horrible spinal injury could stop Tommy Maddox. In the end, the world had to cheat in order to beat him. But never fear, because he'll be back next year and more Xtreme than ever. Thank you, Tommy Maddox, for giving XFL fans everywhere someone they can believe in, even in this cold and empty world.



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- ◆ Open Mic Nights ◆ Movie Screenings ◆ Special Events ◆
- ◆ Student Organization Nights ◆

*Come down to afterHOURS*

Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday: 8 PM - 1 AM

Thursday: 8 PM - 2 AM

Friday - Saturday: 8 PM - 4 AM

Monday: Closed

NEW ADMISSION POLICY: COLLEGE ID REQUIRED

NU Students can sign in THREE (3) Guests on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Sunday

NU Students can sign in TWO (2) Guests ONLY on Friday and Saturday

Rights of Admission Reserved

Student Activities welcomes its newest media group:

## NU Times New Roman

To start your own group, please come by our office  
at 228 Curry Student Center, or visit our website,  
[www.curry.neu.edu](http://www.curry.neu.edu)



The Student Activities Handbook, which is available  
on our website, will also detail the process  
on becoming a new student group.

Our website is also available to help you with:

- developing your leadership skills
- learning how to manage your budget
- advertising your event

Contact us at x2462 or [student\\_activities@neu.edu](mailto:student_activities@neu.edu)