

# BREAKING: Freshman Super Bummed After HumPlay

Louis Jefferson '18 was inconsolable at 2 AM last Friday when I found him on the steps in front of Commons.

“Those *motherfuckers*,” he muttered, peering through the cupped hands around his face.

“What motherfuckers, my child?” I asked, sitting down beside him and effortlessly assuming my role as designated campus sherpa. I considered patting his back, but decided against it.

“ThofcknHmPlymfuckrs,” he muttered. His head was once more in his hands. I hoped he could breathe.

“Can you breathe?” I asked.

“...Yeah,” he said.

“So what motherfuckers?”

“HumPlayers.”

I pondered this. *The HumPlayers are generally harmless*, I thought. *What could they have done?*

“Did they fuck your girlfriend?” I asked. “Cause see, cast parties are kind of...different. Things might have just gotten out of hand! I'm sure she didn't mean to--”

“They didn't fuck my girlfriend,” he said. “Stop being a heteronormative fuck. Why am I even talking to you?”

“I have the magnetic qualities bestowed upon a wizened advice-giver,” I replied. “Also, I don't want to write my fucking thesis.”

“...Oh.”

“Yeah. So what did they do?”

“I'm gonna fail my fucking Hum final, and it's their *fucking* fault.”

“You say fuck a lot, my child.”

“You're not my mom.”

“True. How are your failures their fault, though?”

“They were supposed to *teach* me!”

“...”

“...*SAY SOMETHING!*”

“...What were they supposed to teach you?”

“*HUM!*”

At that point, all became clear.

“You thought Hum Play was...a review session?” I said. I kept my voice gentle, though a cruel part of my psyche would not stop cackling.

“Like schoolhouse rock!” he wailed.

While he dried his tears on a rain-damp commons napkin from the ground, I considered how to respond. I had no intention of helping him, of course; Lord knows i don't have time for that. But I needed to say *something* comforting. What would comfort in this situation?

“...Well, what texts *have* you read?”

It was immediately obvious that that was the wrong response.

“NONEOFTHEMNONEOFTHEMNONEOFTHEMNONEOFTHEMNON-EEEEEOOOOFTHEEEEEEMMMMM!!!!!!”

“...Oh.”

“Yeah, fuckin '*Oh!*”

“And who's your conference leader?”

“...I don't know.”

“...”

“...”

“...You don't...know?”

“I mean, there's been a middle-aged woman sitting in the room every time I've showed up, but I wasn't there on the first day, and I was always too embarrassed to ask after that. I only went, like, seven times, so it wasn't like it ever came up in conversation.”

“What the *shit*, my child.”

“I WAS TOLD THERE'D BE A REVIEW AT THE END.”

“...HumPlay?”

“HumPlay.”

For once, I felt that brutal honesty was my best option.

“*Fuck*, my child.”

“Yeah. ”

By EC

# Senior wears laurels, provokes angry mob

Less than two weeks remain until Thesis Parade, and most seniors are freaking out. Not Jared Moser, though. He turned in his Economics thesis last Thursday, and proudly flaunted his new shiny hat all weekend. Unfortunately for him, fellow students met him not with congratulations and admiration but with seething anger, jealousy, and contempt.

Sunday afternoon was when it got out of hand. A group of anxious seniors on their way to the library spotted him lounging in the sun in front of Vollum, and promptly lost their shit.

“You FUCKER!” screamed a chemistry major who will remain unnamed. “I have to write my ENTIRE goddamn results section in the next two days and my advisor is making me feel like shit, and you're just sitting here, smoking your cares away and listening to 80's synthpop! You think you're so great! My experiment didn't even fucking WORK the way I wanted it to, and now I have to bullshit EVERYTHING!”

As she started to kick at Jared in a fit of frustration, her friends joined in and things escalated. The mob grew as more students arrived with their weapons of choice.

“Let the one who is without footnotes cast the first stone!” came the battle-cry, and the stones came raining down. (Almost nobody in the mob had footnotes.) After almost two whole minutes of violent chaos, Jared defeatedly removed his laurels. His assailants slowly backed off as they looked upon their battered and bruised victim, somewhat aware of what they had done.

“O-k-kay guys, y-you win, this t-time,” Jared sputtered between labored breaths. “It's j-just a stupid p-plastic hat, but it means a lot t-to me, and ap-parently it m-means a lot to you guys t-too. I was so p-proud of my ac-c-comphments, b-but nobody will c-care until next w-week when everyone's d-done. I'm s-sorry.”

The other seniors awkwardly shuffled their feet and stared at the ground, feeling a little ashamed. Finally one of them spoke up, addressing the group. “Alright, fuck this guy, he can do what he wants. Let's all go work on our theses. We're gonna GET SHIT DONE.”

This elicited a half-hearted cheer, and the students dispersed with at least some more motivation than they had arrived with. They all walked away from Jared, leaving him a bloody wreck on the lawn. He remained there until dusk, when he finally worked up the energy to crawl as far as the ETC and collapsed on the couch, his laurels dangling sadly from his fingers. Rumor has it Ellen Millender found him first thing in the morning and nursed him back to health. Turns out she's really nice to hardworking overachievers.

By ER

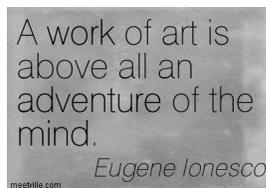
# Reed faculty see “The Lesson,” inspired by “exciting new teaching methods”

Last Saturday marked the final showing of thesis candidate Gracie Rittenberg's production of Eugène Ionesco's one-act play “The Lesson,” a harrowing absurdist drama about a manic, ruthless professor overwhelming a naive student, eventually killing her under a brutal avalanche of problems and lectures. Many have praised Rittenberg's direction of the play, but the faculty seemed the most ecstatic about the sixty-year-old production, calling it “inspiring.”

“The way the professor refused to let the student leave, even as she was literally writhing on the ground in agony...it's brilliant,” Professor Jan Mieszkowski tweeted excitedly after the play's end. “No debilitating pain, mental or physical, can ever be an excuse for the student to shirk the material. I'll have to talk to Kroger about eventually getting rid of the health center right away.”

“I really liked the hand-smacking thing,” agreed Professor Johnny Powell. “No nonsense about a stressful week or difficulty or dead relatives, just ‘pow!’ Give me the problem sets. These are some exciting new teaching methods that I can't wait to try out.”

Eugène Ionesco, making his first public appearance since his death in 1994, also attended the play, and listened to the excited discussions of the Reed College faculty. He spoke for an hour with *The Pamphlette*, at times excited and giddy, at others sobbing quietly, before departing Reed campus. However, as none of *The Pamphlette* speak French, his words remain forever unknown.



God, look at it. “Le” here, “baguette” there, it's all gibberish to us. Someone help.

By SS

Want to help us fill the glaring white void of “Untitled Document”?

Then send us an email!

**pamphlette@lists.reed.edu**

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“What's your go-to solution for 4/20 munchies?”

**ELIZABETH CRISMAN:** Bake a weed brownie (see previous issue); cut it into the shape of a pot leaf. Cut into 420 pieces. Eat. Repeat until sated.

**EMMA RENNIE:** Pastrami and egg salad on Grand Central olive bread. Food of the fuckin' gods, man.

**FOSTER SEYBERT:** A stripadilla with bacon and french fries inside.

**SAM SEXTON:** Eat uncooked rice and then drink lots of water