

## Missing Commons Dishes:

### Mystery solved, solution yet to be found

For years, Bon Appetit has suffered the loss of countless plates and utensils, carried off and never returned by careless students.

Or so they thought.

Long believed to be the culprit of these heinous thefts, the student body turns out to be largely innocent. Most of us are actually good-natured, law-abiding citizens who always return stray Commons dishes to their rightful bins. The problem, as our special investigators have discovered, is that the contents of the bins have never been returned to Commons.

Our team has recovered valuable information from a handful of grudgingly cooperative janitors, using our trademark 100% ethical interrogation techniques. It turns out they had been bribed by a corrupt lizard-person to deliver all of the dishes to a secret room on the third floor of Eliot Hall.

Investigators were able to extract directions to the room, and what they found may shock you. Inside was a veritable mountain of dishes and silverware, many of them covered in mold and unidentifiable crumbs. Sprawled on top of the hoard was a large reptile who appeared to be sleeping. But as the investigators stepped in, the creature awakened and let out a massive roar.

“Do not disturb my lair!” it said in a deep, gravelly growl. “I am the president of this establishment and I do what I want! And I want these plates all for myself! VIOLATORS WILL BE FINED, SUED, AND SEVERELY INJURED!”

Let’s just say that bravery in the face of danger is not one of the Pamphlette staff’s strong suits. The investigators ran the hell out of there, fearing for their limbs. The beast continued to roar after them threateningly until the door slammed shut, completely closing off the hoard from the outside world.

Due to the lizard-thing’s threatening nature, the situation of the dish-hoard has yet to be resolved. Now that this information has been made public, we invite any and all students, faculty, and staff who are able and willing to plan retaliative action against the greedy monster. Commons will have its utensils back!



The self-dubbed “President” protecting valued goods

By ER

## S/F Senior Theses on Reed Plague

Amanda Crater, a spring/fall biology senior, has taken advantage of her not-so-unusual graduation timing and studied the transmission of the annual plague that sweeps campus each September. As returning students already know, the first few weeks of every fall semester are characterized by a wave of sniffing, coughing, and long waits in the HCC. Reedies’ food-, joint-, and tongue-sharing tendencies do nothing to suppress the rapid spread of the plague. Amanda has graciously offered us an exclusive peek at her initial findings, which will hopefully shed some light on plague transmission.

“At first, I was worried that my impromptu semester-long trip to Milan and Paris would leave me behind my peers, scrambling and crying and completely alone. I was absolutely right about that, but I also realized that this was an opportunity to do thesis research at times other seniors can’t. I was initially going to thesis on incoming students’ physiological responses to drinking large quantities of PBR, but they called that ‘illegal’ and ‘unsafe’ and ‘morally questionable.’ She bracketed each word with dramatic air quotes and eyerolls. “But this is fine too I guess.”

Crater talked the programmers of the orientation app into including an optional survey feature that allowed students to track which students they exchanged bodily fluids with. “There was a surprising number of students who provided data,” Crater informed us. “I think they were trying to prove something, maybe.” After determining who got sick and when (based both on the app and on surveying social media), Crater was able to pinpoint this year’s Patient Zero. “I’m not going to name names, but some freshman from California should have remembered ‘don’t be a dick, just pass if you’re sick’. You know who you are. Fuck you, buddy.”

Between Noize Parade makeouts, booze-sharing, and bad scrounge etiquette (if you think you’re getting sick don’t put your plate on the scrounge! Really!) the plague spread quickly. To no one’s surprise, it exploded in ODB first, then sent its snotty tendrils throughout the campus, with outbreaks in Chittick (no shock there) and the Nog (you would be surprised what those nerds get up to behind those thin walls.) Crater is still tracking the spread of the Plague, which shows no sign of weakening even as its first victims begin to recover. While she encourages you to “Live it up! Lick a doorhandle! Don’t wash your hands! It’ll make this more fun for me,” we at the Pamphlette advise you to at least shower once a week and maybe cough into your elbow, if you’re feeling confident.

By FS

## Student reports strange visions during first lecture of the year

As the recent dreary weather announces the beginning of the school year, students are faced with the daunting task of getting out of bed at ungodly hours. After a summer of binge-watching The X-Files at night and sleeping during the day, just the prospect of venturing out into the light of the hideous glowing hate orb is enough to present a challenge akin to summiting Mt. Kilimanjaro.

But as Mark Semper ’19 found out last Monday at 9am as he walked into his first Hum 110 lecture, waking up is hardly the biggest challenge of the day. While searching for a seat, he was surprised to see no one else but Athena herself standing behind the panel of professors. The deity was supposedly wearing a green flannel shirt over a toga, which doesn’t even make any sense, as Athena is Greek. An ethereal cloud of smoke and light surrounded her, which emitted a faint scent of ambrosia and Yerba Mate.

“I don’t even know what happened!” Mark said, “One minute I was just reading the syllabus and the next thing I know is that the paper melted out of my hand and this humanoid figure of light started yelling at me about doing the readings and participating in conference. And then worst of all, she started talking about Gilgamesh! I didn’t even know that we needed to have already read that!”

Athena then vanished in a puff of smoke and the rest of the lecture continued as if nothing has happened. In fact, Mark suspects that no one else was even aware of what he has just witnessed.

Mark left the interview in a zombie like state, recovering from already having learned something on the first day of classes. This reporter wishes Mr. Semper the best of luck in his coming year and offers this piece of advice to all the new students: do your readings, or face the wrath of Pallas Athena herself.

By HZ

## Fuckin’ freshman standing in front of desserts must own the fucking place

Seen staring with a half-dead gaze at the selection of baked goods before him, witnesses reported the fucking idiot freshman standing right in front of the dessert table must be king of the fucking castle.

“I can’t see a goddamn thing and I have a class in 5 minutes,” muttered Geoffrey Robins, ’17. “This guy better be about to buy the whole fucking table.”

Slowly meandering back and forth between the two ends of the small and simple selection before him, His Royal Highness The King of Commons almost was seen almost deigning to pick up a chocolate scone, allowing his hand to hover for thirty fucking seconds before slowly withdrawing and shambling over to the cupcakes. Ignoring the growing horde of cranky students behind him, The Master of All He Fucking Surveys simply continued to shift back and forth between chocolate and vanilla, quietly humming “My Girls” and patting his knees rhythmically.

At press time the fuck was seen to slowly wander away, deciding to skip dessert.



Great, those look great, don’t they? Yep that looks delicious.  
OH MY GOD JUST CHOOSE ALREADY.

By JG

### A Brief Message

Thank you to all who participated in our headline contest at Activities Fair! We will contact the winner this week and they will have the option to write the full article as a guest contribution. If the winner chooses not to write the article, our talented staff can take over.

Speaking of which, a hearty welcome to our new regular writers, HZ and JG! They have bravely performed the top-secret ritual sacrifice that is involved in joining our staff.

If you, dear reader, have a stroke of inspiration and would like to contribute once in a while (or just once), we will accept submissions from guest writers! Send your brain-droppings to [pamphlette@groups.reed.edu](mailto:pamphlette@groups.reed.edu). We can publish your work along with credit (although if you ask to remain anonymous we’ll honor that as well).

- Your chief Pamphlettitor, ER

Want to submit a guest article?

Then send us an email!

[pamphlette@groups.reed.edu](mailto:pamphlette@groups.reed.edu)

Not sure what the fuck just happened, but you know you want more?

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“Why should you Top Six the Pamphlette?”

**EMMA RENNIE:** Because really, what else could you possibly do with your time?

**FOSTER SEYBERT:** Because our high-quality paper perfectly balances softness and shredibility when used as animal bedding.

**JAKE GONNELLA:** Because a vote for The Pamphlette is a vote against The Anti-Pamphlette, destroyers of humor.

**HELEN ZHANG:** Because America deserves a candidate who cares. #FeelTheBern