

Sophomore Who Purchased Dog Suddenly Turns Into Responsible, Mature Adult

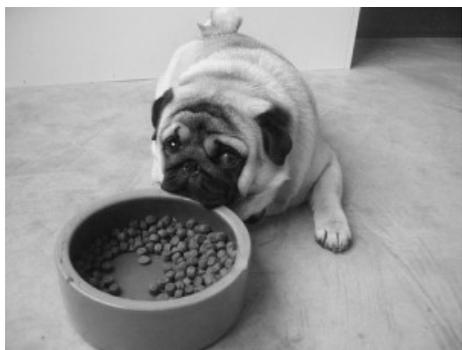
In a transformation few could believe, sophomore Ben Wilsons instantly became a fully-grown adult upon the adoption of a small pug named Muscles.

"To be honest, I always kind of thought he didn't have his shit together", said a friend of Wilsons', "but I mean he went out and bought a dog, and that's something adults do!"

Wilson's amazing ability to come off as an organized, competent adult despite living in a room with three empty beer cans and a Kurt Cobain poster has astounded not just his friends, but his parents as well. "When he told me he had bought a dog without any sort of prior planning or thought, I almost cried," said Wilsons' mother, "my little boy had turned into an intelligent, caring adult overnight!"

Wilsons, who still eats at least three microwave burritos a week and hasn't cleaned his bathroom since he moved in, can't believe the changes that have come into his life: "I mean, I can barely take care of myself, you'd think there's no way a guy like me should own another living thing and be solely responsible for it' care, but I mean, I bought a real dog, so I guess things are happening!"

Wilson was last seen discussing the ups and downs of adulthood with a group of freshmen who had just returned from Trader Joe's, they themselves having been magically turned into adults as well.



The power of cuteness?

By JG

Students Attempt Ancient Summoning Ritual in Attempt to Write Hum Paper

On Friday night CSOs reported a strange odor coming from the direction of the Island. Poised with an AOD in hand, the CSO makes his way over the boardwalks. On the island, three hooded freshmen were found chanting around a fire pit, casting a torn copy of "The Epic of Gilgamesh" and what looks to be a section of Pancho Savery's braid into the fire as the flames toiled and bubbled. Then, a misty outline of a toga wearing figure rose up from the flames, followed by an unmistakable meowing.

"Tell me, oh great Socrates", chanted one of the freshman, Alex Wendell '18 from San Jose, California. "How is the cyclical nature of human life reflected in the first 100 lines of *Gilgamesh*?"

Socrates did not respond, but rather looked around the canyon in a confused daze while muttering under his breath in some foreign tongue, most likely Greek. At this point, the CSO stepped onto the island and dumped a large cup of 7-11 Slurpee onto the fire. The outline of Socrates let out a bloodcurdling wail which echoed off the walls of the canyon. The fire hissed and died down, but not before the sky turned the rusty color of dark, dark blood.

The freshmen were then escorted into 28 West, all of whom appeared to be under a trance. They blinked at the fluorescent lights in confusion while chanting in unison, "Where am I? Who are you? Who am I?" The CSOs found a printout of a summoning ritual from a pseudo neo-pagan chat forum dating back to the mid-nineties within the student's possessions. But the paper burst into flame as the CSO attempted to read the precise instructions.

The participants of the ritual are now recovering in the health center. This reporter attempted to interview several of the students.

"I don't even know what we were thinking, I don't think Socrates knows anything about *Gilgamesh*," said one of the freshmen, "And my conference leader is still insisting that I turn in a paper before the end of the semester!" The rest of the participants declined to respond.

All this goes to show that there is no good that comes from procrastinating on those damn essays.



Socrates just knows that you should be excellent to each other.

By HZ

Reed Bubble is Real

Students new and wizened have long spoken of the Reed Bubble, a nebulous concept responsible for keeping students from setting foot outside campus for weeks at a time. However, early Sunday morning, the until-then-theoretical bubble manifested as a physical barrier stretching from Steele to Woodstock and 28th to Cesar Chavez. The only people awake and outside at the time were two CSOs and a lone partied-out Reedie who had just stumbled back from an off-campus house party. The Reedie, who asked to be left unnamed because they "have more AODs than credits," described the formation of the Bubble as "like when you put Silly Putty over your nose and breathe out, except bigger. Like the world's biggest nostril." Reputable sources have declined to comment.

The newly-formed Bubble has caused difficulties for students, faculty, and the greater Reed community alike. Students who live off-campus have been unable to get to Reed, which would be a problem if every professor was not also trapped outside the Bubble. Some professors have organized classes at the very edge of the Bubble (which transmits most sound and light) in order to allow all students to attend, but most have simply canceled classes until the situation is resolved. Many students are taking the opportunity to party with impunity, as the few CSOs who remain on-campus are at this point too exhausted to go on patrol.

Formation of the Bubble has been attributed to a demigod who has taken up residence in the thesis tower. A public statement that echoed over the campus Sunday evening (and was later emailed out to everyone not present) informed Reedies that the Bubble was an attempt to "preserve the noble academic tradition at Reed, save students from unnecessary distractions, and keep out the staff of the Willamette Week, who are dicks." They are unavailable for comment as of the time of writing; according to the student they hired as their secretary, they are "very busy resolving the logistical difficulties created by the Bubble." However, it appears that off-campus students and professors will shortly be issued divine blessings that will allow them to pass freely through the Bubble. Several students have already signed a petition regarding an extension of the Bubble that will allow them to visit Tom Yum.

By FS

John McAfee: The Candidate For America

Big news everybody! John McAfee, developer of the McAfee anti-virus program, has announced his candidacy for the 2016 US presidential election. He's running with the Cyber Party and promises a platform of cyber security. That's really great and important, but what's the real reason you should support McAfee? Well, first of all, you shouldn't, because he's probably a fictional character in some weird movie. But he truly represents plenty of core American values. Lies, deceit, maybe even murder? He's got it all.

Our admirably well-rounded candidate has a fantastic reputation with the legal system, having interacted with it quite a few times. Despite his passion for computer security, McAfee seems to have somewhat of a reckless streak here in the meatspace. Driving while intoxicated, drug manufacturing, suspected of murder in Belize... and those aren't even the most impressive of his qualifications. If you think Walter White would make a great president, you have your man right here. I mean, did Donald Trump maybe possibly perhaps murder a guy in Belize? Did Hillary Clinton seek asylum in Guatemala after maybe possibly perhaps murdering a guy in Belize? Did Jeb Bush *fake two heart attacks* to delay getting deported back to Belize? Was Bernie Sanders' home burned down "under suspicious circumstances"?

No. No candidate can say truthfully that they have done all these things. No candidate's qualifications can hold a candle to John McAfee's outstanding record. No candidate's platform is more promising. We want a president who can get himself arrested every two weeks. We want a president who has written several books about yoga. We want a president who thinks his own anti-virus is "too annoying." WE WANT JOHN MCAFEE.



I didn't even make up enough of this article for it to really qualify as satire. This guy IS satire.

By ER

Want to submit a guest article?

Then send us an email!

pamphlette@groups.reed.edu

Want to read stuff written by people who are now sketchy alums?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

"Why is Olde Reed dead?"

EMMA RENNIE: The Daily Planet is no longer the Daily Planet. Everything is topsy-turvy.

FOSTER SEYBERT: Because I killed it.

JAKE GONNELLA: I don't understand the question and I won't respond to it

HELEN ZHANG: Because Larry ate it.

~GUEST CONTRIBUTORS~

ANYA LOGAN: Autoerotic asphyxiation.

HANNAH MCCONNELL: Olde Reed is dead because the Olde Reedies' lifetime fitness decreases as the world changes and they are unable to adapt to new environments.