

Man Nods Knowingly As Movie Title Is Said During Movie

With his eyes narrowed and a subtle smile on his face, local man Richard Miles calmly and wisely took note as a character dramatically said the title of the movie he was watching.

“There’s no need to make it a bigger thing than it is, y’know?” He commented. “It’s just nice when they throw a little treat to those who are *really* paying attention.”

Miles, who was an hour into the 90 minute action flick when he caught the understated reference, sagely acknowledged and welcomed the small gift the movie had just offered, trying not to let other moviegoers think he was being “snooty” or “some kind of smartass”.

Miles, a selfproclaimed movie buff, having seen over 140 films, said it’s nothing to show off.

“Look, some people get it, most don’t,” he stated. “It’s simple; no need to rub it in anyone’s face.”

At press time, Miles was seen barely containing a look of shock and awe as a hidden scene rolled after the film’s credits sequence.



Dude, it's really not that funny...

By JG

Haunted Horrorscopes

Halloween has begun! The scary skeletons will soon take over everything we hold dear. There will no longer be a single moment of security because starting now, this is war. But don't worry, the Pamphlette will be here to supply you with helpful tips to get you through this spooky season.

Aries- That last eclipse was hard for you. You can still hear its blood red whispers in your dreams. Listen carefully.

Taurus- Do you hear that humming sound? No one else seems to. Don't worry. I hear it too.

Gemini- Two by two, hands of blue. Two by two, hands of green. Two by two, hands of- oh no it's just blood.

Cancer- The vault is located in sector [REDACTED]. Follow the steam tunnels to the direction of [REDACTED], and turn left at [REDACTED]. Find us, please. You're our last hope.

Leo- On Thursday you will have the chance to enjoy a nice lemon cake.

Virgo- Hang on. Just make it through this one week. Hang on. Just make it through this one week. Hang on. Just make it through this one w ...

Libra- My sins brought Mercury into retrograde. Oops lmao sry.

Scorpio- This Samhain, go seek the witches.

Sagittarius- Someone in your life needs to step up and take some action. What the fuck. Make them.

Candy Corn- Did you know that you can buy hellfire at the Safeway after 3am? I think it's on sale right now.

Aquarius- What even are you?

Pisces- Run, friend, run! Run like the wind. Run like the trees. Run like the sun. Run like the void.



Look into its eyes. This is your destiny.

By HZ

Reasons I Am Crying

Many of you have probably encountered the blog “Reasons My Son Is Crying,” which chronicles the many strange and wondrous things that make children scream. I’m pretty sure I cry more times than your average three-year-old, however, so I’ve decided to capitalize on the success of previous iterations of this theme and document the many reasons I have cried over the past week. It’s like science, with a sprinkling of existential despair.

Monday, 8:18 AM. I took a sip from my coffee cup only to discover that all that was left was a tiny cold trickle. I have been awake for nearly two hours already.

Monday, 4:01 PM. Someone in my conference attempted to claim that... I can't say it. I'm sorry. Excuse me a moment.

Monday, 11:15 PM. Spiders.

Tuesday, 7:30 AM. I'm awake again.

Tuesday, 5:15 PM. Commons George refused to give me back my swipe. I just wanted some fries. This is too much.

Wednesday, 1:24 AM. I remembered I have a physics problem set.

Wednesday, 2:12 AM. I remembered that I already finished it yesterday, after desperately scrawling out two problems.

Wednesday, 10:48 AM. Physics, as a concept.

Thursday, 12:02 AM. I think I ate an ant.

Thursday, 11:44 AM. George tried to keep my swipe again, but this time I was ready and ripped it out of his hands. It bounced off my nose and I fell on the ground. As I looked up, eyes watering, I saw the disappointment in George's eyes.

Thursday, 8:07 PM. Physics has not disappeared in the last 48 hours.

Friday, 7:59 AM. I was going to wear my favorite pair of jeans for the fifth day in a row, but when I sniffed them I realized that they smell of vinegar and despair. I don't know where the vinegar came from.

Saturday was entirely tear-free, but I was only conscious for six hours and was eating food for two of those, so I'm not sure it counts.

Sunday 11:15 AM. Saturday was a bad call.

Sunday 4:39 PM. I wrote this article.

By FS

Local Stinkbug Finds a Home in a Cozy Common Room

As the weather begins to get chillier, we must remember that not everyone is as fortunate as us. Many must survive the colder months without proper shelter, braving the elements with nothing but the clothes on their thoraxes.

But some get lucky. Kevin Zork, a previously homeless stinkbug native to Portland, has recently come upon a warm, spacious shelter for the season, and for no cost.

“Yeah, isn't this place great?” he buzzed as we interviewed him on the wall of his new digs in a Sullivan common room. “I just crawled in through the crack in the window the other day, and nobody has made me leave. There's even food here, and socialization. I must be the luckiest bug alive.”

The human denizens of the room have so far not bothered Kevin, but it seems likely that they simply haven't noticed his presence at all.

“I tend to be pretty quiet and low-key,” Kevin continued. “I mean, sometimes if I have to fly up to a light or to the wall on the other side, I make a loud buzzing noise that's really obnoxious for some reason. I don't really know what to do about that.”

Kevin plans to spend as long as possible squatting on the wall of the common room, and says he can keep himself entertained throughout the winter by occasionally wiggling his antennae around. Godspeed, little fellow.

By ER

Want to submit a guest article?

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pamphlette@groups.reed.edu

Trying to remember what happened last year?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

“What method of procrastination do you recommend?”

EMMA RENNIE: Stress eating. Stress eat the pumpkins. Stress eat the bats. Stress eat the skeletons, stress eat the cats. Don't eat the cats. I like cats. :(

FOSTER SEYBERT: Lying face-down on the ground and singing “Eye of the Tiger” to myself quietly

JAKE GONNELLA: I am so on top of my shit you guys don't even know

HELEN ZHANG: Procrastinate from procrastinating by... Being productive?