

## Student becomes a god after realizing that he doesn't give a fuck

Last Wednesday, student Trevor Steiner '18 had a sudden epiphany. For the past three semesters, Steiner has been buried deep in the bowels of Hauser every single day, meticulously doing every single reading and studying for exams in order to maintain his high school GPA. Steiner is a model student, fulfilling the Reed requirement of giving at least 130% in every class.

However, having pulled two all nighters in a row, Steiner was reported to have broken down in the middle of the thesis tower.

"Yeah he just suddenly jumped on the table and started singing High School Musical songs at one in the morning. And then he tore up the half finished problem set that he was working on. It was super weird, like... I swear I saw his silhouette glitch out for a few seconds, and then I heard him whispering about giving up, and then the sky darkened and he just started floating," said one witness.

This reporter went to visit Steiner in his Bragdon dorm room. Upon entering the room, the climate changed to that of a sunny spring day with the faint scent of the ocean in the air. Steiner himself was suspended in mid air by a faint mist, on which he sat in a lotus position. His bookshelf was completely empty, and his textbooks are stuffed haphazardly underneath the bed along with a giant pile of dirty laundry. Empty dorito packages littered the floor, and in one corner is a towering stack of commons dishes. Steiner himself seemed completely undisturbed by anything, and at press time was busy playing Super Smash Bros.

"Yeah man I thought my entire life that academics were the most important thing in the world. I was in 7 AP classes my senior year, and I have been overloading almost every single semester so far and like for what? What exactly is the point of studying anyway, it's not like how I do in college is going to change the inevitable fact that I am doomed to be unemployed anyway." Steiner said, still floating on his mist cloud. "Anyway, I feel much better now. I am free."

And in that moment, Steiner won his game of Smash Bros and disappeared in the flash of light, apparently having ascended to godhood, leaving this reporter dazzled, and frankly a bit aroused.

By HZ

## Outspoken Professor Huge Proponent Of Academic Freedom, Racism, Sexism

Saying he "won't ever budge an inch", professor Doug Ruberns has taken a firm stand as an enormous supporter of academic freedom as well as rampant racism and sexism.

Ruberns, who values the bigoted thoughts and opinions of anyone, has seen the recent controversies raging on liberal arts college campuses, and worries schools are headed towards a dangerous precedent, where racists and assholes are forced to monitor what they say.

"Look, I get it, and I'm not some kind of neonazi," said Ruberns. "But if my all-white class can't write stories about the experiences of Mexican immigrants, then where is the line? I'm here to make sure we don't lose the ability to talk about anything at all, no matter how completely inappropriate."

While receiving some criticism from students, Ruberns has found a great deal of support from bigots and fuckboys across the country, who feel he's doing the right thing.

"Yeah, I'm a really big fan. When I wrote a story about this really dumb lady who meets a suave guy and realizes she loves him, some kids in my class thought I was being 'disrespectful'. Like, what does that even mean?"

At press time, Ruberns was seen eating lunch with Larry Sanger.



By JG

## Things To Be Thankful For



cw: death, suicide, alcohol + other drugs, depression

Thanksgiving is coming up this week, and it's time to appreciate the positive aspects of our lives. But it may be hard to focus on the good when you're stressed about those gazillion final papers and projects and exams and lab reports and presentations and thesis chapter drafts coming up. Maybe you're at an emotional low at this point in the semester, and your mental health is keeping you under. But *The Pamphlette* is here to support you. We've got our sights set on reminding everyone of the little things that can lift you up. Remember to keep that glass of vodka as half-full as possible as you enter the day of feasting. Here are some things you can almost certainly be grateful for:

**You've survived up to this point.** A lot of the human condition is based around trying really hard not to die, and you've done a great job. Commons has not successfully poisoned you with raw burgers or stray staples (but seriously, what are all those foreign objects doing in my food?) and your roommate has yet to strangle you out of sheer frustration. You haven't tripped and cracked your skull on the slippery Stairs of Danger by the amphitheatre at night. You haven't overdosed on those funny little candies the HCC keeps giving you for headaches. You're staying alive, and you can keep on doing that. I've read your future, and let me tell you, there's some fun shit coming up. Like Stim Table. The thrill of the fight.

**You're smart AND good-looking.** Yeah, yeah, impostor syndrome. Don't let that get you down. You'd beat out most of the current presidential candidates in any basic-knowledge test, and depending on your major you could probably either build a bomb or take down society with ivory-tower buzzwords, if you really wanted to. Academics make you powerful as fuck, even if you sometimes forget to shower or exercise. And anyway, you're pretty attractive. If you ended up becoming a tyrannical dictator, I wouldn't mind looking at your face pasted on billboards all over the place. Oh, *yes*, baby, I *know* we've always been at war with Eastasia.

**You've got privilege.** Like basically tons of it. Unfortunately this can also be upsetting to think about, if you're concerned about people who are less fortunate. This is a sign that you should donate all of your money to good causes and live in a hovel and never have Starbucks again. But you know that's not going to happen. So just live it up. But help people when you can, you know. I won't condone just being a dick. That wouldn't be in the holiday spirit. (And I, as the arbiter of thankfulness, get to decide how you feel the holiday spirit. Be thankful for me. You're welcome.)

**You've never had to fight the Dark Lord while drunk and worrying about that goddamn Potions paper you only remembered while sitting on the toilet bemoaning your lack of an infinite supply of Jello.** Hey, everyone has their weird personal problems and rough days. Just remember that yours are not related to some fateful prophecy that has cursed your whole life and forced you to be the hero that Hell's Kitchen deserved. Maybe you get into some pretty sketchy late-night crimes every other weekend when you hit the town and deal them drugs, but honestly compared to most fictional characters your life is remarkably mundane. I won't ask what happens in your wild imagination when your head hits the pillow, though. That's your business and yours alone. Dream on, pal.

By ER

*Want to submit a guest article?*

Then send us an email!

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

*Want to get on my case for not keeping the blog updated?*

Find our past issues online!

[pamphlette.wordpress.com](http://pamphlette.wordpress.com)

*"What's your favorite part of Thanksgiving?"*

**EMMA RENNIE:** eating a large dodo stuffed with caviar and marinated in saffron and truffle oil  
**FOSTER SEYBERT:** passing out with my face in the pumpkin pie while everyone around me is screaming

**HELEN ZHANG:** the part where everybody gets along and nobody starts fighting for no reason and all my work is done and all the bees are okay. Lmao.

**JAKE GONNELLA:** when the whole family gets together and I am crowned king of the cousins