

A discourse of “Catpitalism”: Neko Atsume

**Disclaimer, I am currently in the middle of writing (read: procrastinating from) a paper about similar topics, and I may have gotten slightly carried away...*

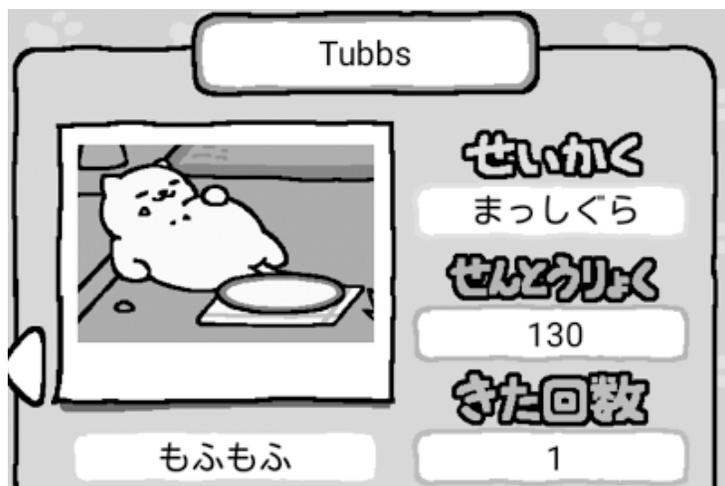
What do physics problem sets, daily nutritional intake, and my dignity have in common? They are all being slowly neglected in favor of the latest hot game to hit the english app market: Neko Atsume!

A game where you put out cat toys and food to attract adorable kitties into your yard, this game's got dozens of Reedies hooked on to their phones 24/7 in an attempt to get a good screenshot of those pixelated angels. The premise is simple: the cats leave you fish in exchange for playing in your yard, and you can use those fish to buy even more cat toys.

What I love most about this specific game is its emphasis on collecting, rather than owning. You do not own the cats in this game. While it can be argued that you never truly own any animal, Neko Atsume subverts the traditional pet game genre by focusing on visiting kitties, instead of cats that you already own. The toys that you purchase are not limited to a select number of cats, but rather any cat that visits your yard. The design of the game, while simple, reflects the concept of free will. You can not control the cats, and there is no enforced fish tipping. The economic flow between you and the cats is not based on expectation and power, but rather on mutual respect. At first, you start the game in the yard, but upon getting the extension you can also set up toys in your house. The most notable characteristic of the house within the game is that there are no walls separating “inside” and “outside”, symbolizing the freedom of both the player and the cats.

Despite this ideal setup, there are still many flaws within the game. Much like in the human economy, certain “fatcats” benefit more from the system than others. One specific example is the cat “Tubbs”, who comes by and eats all of the cat food in one sitting, leaving none for the other cats. Without any food to lure the cats into the yard in the first place, the system fails and the flow of economy is interrupted. Another example is that specific cats are assigned to be “special”. Those special cats are more rare, and only attracted to certain items. However, this works to the player's advantage, since these cats tip more. This allows the player to buy better toys, which in turn attracts more of these “high rollers”. Since, these cats are considered rare and more “desireable”, the player can pander only to the “special” cats, thus neglecting the commoners.

Neko Atsume reflects the discourse inherent in any system. It is not just a game, but rather a microcosm of our global society. As we educate ourselves and live in this *Life of the Mind*™, it bodes well to critically examine every aspect of life, and be on constant vigilance.



FUCK THE 1%....oh. Oh. He's so cute.

by HZ

Everyone In Conference Relieved To Hear Student Was “Just Sayin”

Satisfied with his ending, students in Will Kyles' conference had all of their fears subdued when Kyles ended his lengthy tirade by shrugging his shoulders and muttering, “I'm just sayin”.

“He got really into it for a minute there, and at first I was worried he was a person with really shitty ethics”, said fellow conferencegoer Elaine Anderson, “but then he ended by saying that, and then I totally understood what he meant. And here I thought he was serious! Hal?”

Kyles, who has had issues in conference before with his aggression and anger towards others, has now found a happy peace in the group. “Oh yeah, he's all good.” Said Kyles' conference leader, continuing, “I was thinking ‘oh boy, we're gonna have to have a long talk after this...’, but then he totally did a 180, and it was all water under the bridge! I think we're really starting a new chapter here.”

At press time Kyles' had again redeemed himself by prefacing a statement with how not racist he is.

by JG

How to Fake Your Death and Start A New Life Instead Of Taking Your Finals

CW for death, gore, paranoia.

With finals week swiftly approaching, none of us are strangers to the feeling of impending doom slowly settling over everything in our lives. If that feeling is getting too much to bear, it might be time to consider other reasonable options, such as faking your own demise and escaping Reed to start a life elsewhere. I've never personally done this, but I've read a couple WikiHow articles on the topic and I feel pretty equipped to speak on it as an expert.

Drop hints that you're scared for your life to your friends. Cryptic statements such as “I feel a black shadow looming just behind me” and “Every day I see exactly 13 crows” might be a good place to start. You can't be too explicit: if you say “I think Jan Mieskowski wants to kill me because I told him he looked like an extra at Medieval Times” they're probably going to call Community Safety, which won't help you get out of doing finals.

Go shopping. It's December, so if any stores still have leftover Halloween supplies they're going to be on super-sale. See how much fake blood you can acquire for \$20. Alternatively, consider making a fake corpse out of a dead pig or something. If you mess it up enough no one will be able to tell. (I think I saw this on Mythbusters).

Marathon crime dramas in the time you would have spent studying. This will prepare you for staging a convincing death.

Pack your bags. Take only a few things--people will notice if you're clearing out your room. I recommend a change of socks and underwear, a beanie, and 6-8 packs of Top Ramen.

Forge a new identity. This is Reed. A third of the people here have fake IDs. Ask around, you'll be able to figure out how to get one (if you don't know already.) Hot tip: it will be more convincing if you don't use the name of a famous actor, James Bond character, or brand of cheap booze.

Fake your death! Now that you have everything ready, it's time to strike. Carry out whatever plan you dreamed up watching NCIS at 3 am, then grab your bags and get on the first bus you see.

Start a new life. Listen, buddy: you're on your own at this point. I still haven't figured out how to make a life for myself. Godspeed, and enjoy your new identity and your lack of final exams.

by FS

This Holiday Season, Go NUTS!

We here at *The Pamphlette* are huge fans of Starbucks. In fact, they've been getting at least a passing mention in nearly every issue recently, or so it seems. I guess you might be wondering if I, the editor-in-chief of our humble publication, am actually a secret marketing agent for the heavenly beverage company. Well, you caught me. I absolutely am. I mean, not *officially*, not *yet*. But as soon as Senpai -- erm, Howard Schultz notices me, I'm sure I'll be hired in an instant. I'm just doing my best.

Anyway, 'tis the season of delicious hot beverages. And what can I say, I'm a loyal connoisseur of the Peppermint Mocha. What a fantastic invention, that concoction. For several years I have looked forward to the appropriate season for sipping a hot minty chocolaty latte drink at my favorite in-store location while procrastinating on my Christmas shopping. Even in the warmer months I feed my craving by ordering the frapuccino version.

But last week, the unthinkable happened. I ordered something *different*. I walked up to the counter, looked the barista in the eye, and said, “I'll have a tall Chestnut Praline Latte.” And in that moment, as she wrote “CPL” on the cup, my life was changing. When I tasted that beverage, the nutty, sweet explosion of flavor in my mouth was a revelation. No longer am I a slave to old traditions. My tastebuds have been opened to a whole world of possibility. In that Chestnut Praline Latte I found my Christmas joy.

by ER

Want to submit a guest article?

Then send us an email!

pamphlette@groups.reed.edu

Want to relive this horrible shitstorm of a semester?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

*“What is your advice for freshlings having their first
Finals Week at Reed?”*

EMMA RENNIE: Welcome to Stim Table, where you can put anything and everything in a Nutella sandwich. The only limit is your imagination.

FOSTER SEYBERT: 1 yerba mate=3 hours of sleep. If you have enough extra board points you don't really need to sleep until finals are over.

HELEN ZHANG: Just make sure to remember that “the mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell”, and you will be set for any tests that come your way.

JAKE GONNELLA: be sure to masturbate as many times as possible during the hum 110 final, this is far more important than the test itself

ANYA LOGAN: Don't neglect your sleep unless you really want the hallucinations.