

Precious Child Has Never Pulled All-Nighter

Speaking quietly so as not to wake him, press reported local baby Michael Normans '19 had still not forced himself to stay up all night in order to complete work.

"I'm just not gonna do something like that to my body, y'know?" said the sweet, innocent boy, who attempted to go to bed by midnight at the latest.

"It's really weird", said Normans' friend, Ashley. "We'll be talking about how tired we are, and he'll just sit there smiling like a little shit. I don't think he even drinks coffee."

The unknowing cherub, who was heading to bed just as the rest of his dorm were beginning further work, apparently had the audacity to let out a huge yawn and wish his friends good luck.

"Michael's a good student, I'm just not sure his priorities are in order." said Ellen Millender, one of Normans' professors. "I asked him why he hadn't completed an assignment, and he said he 'just hadn't gotten to it before bed'. I mean, what the hell is that?"

Normans was asked for further comments but said he had to "go take a nap."



Sleep tight, darling.

By JG

It's Getting Spooky* In Here

**Over the past few years, the curious misprint "spoopy" has overtaken the term "spooky" in the millennial vernacular. Its spread has been what some may call "viral" in that it is akin to a horrible disease that may cause warts and expulsion of slime. Use it wisely. Handle with care. Warning: may be flammable. Avoid contact with eyes. Keep out of reach of bitter baby-boomers. Cook to internal temperature of 165° F. Take caution when mixing with other dank memes. With all this in mind, spread the Spoopy throughout the land with abandon, and thou must never again utter its K-bearing predecessor: Hail the coming of the new age, and viva linguistic change, baby! ...That digression went off the rails a little bit. Sorry. Anyway, here's the actual article, as promised:*

It's that time of year in Halloreedtown, dear reader. The leaves are changing and coating the earth with golden hues. The full moon gleams ominously through a patchwork of windblown clouds. The fog or mist or whatever rolls over the hills, seeking a haunted forest to darken. A chill ripples through the air. It is the same chill that your grandfather felt in October 1944, on that fateful day, you know, in the war, that story he always tells, of the day when the Great Terror befell him. You shiver with a strange feeling that you cannot describe. Are you prepared for this year's Haunting?

Everyone knows the answer, deep within. Nobody can ever be prepared for the Haunting. Every year it approaches, and every year it fills the citizens of Halloreedtown with dread. Who among them will be selected? Who will become the Spoopest Spirit of Hauntingween, and what will be their three great tasks of Spoop to cast upon their neighbors?

You draw your jacket tighter against the wind as you walk toward the village square. Everyone is gathered there for the selection. The mayor of Halloreedtown, who happens to be a Great Scaly Lizard-Man, stands upon a dais at the front of the crowd, spinning one of those bingo-ball-jugglers. You know that your name is in that ball-juggler, along with those of your comrades. A hush falls over the crowd as the thing settles and a single name rolls out. The great lizard-man picks up the ball and twirls it around, a menacing grin on his face.

The name he reads aloud is yours. You feel like the wind has been knocked out of you and you become disoriented. Suddenly, a mystical force possesses you, and you float above the crowd toward the lizard-man. You feel somehow less than corporeal.

The announcement of the Haunting tasks then begins. As each is revealed, your spirit is filled with the compulsion to perform it. For this is the way of the Haunting.

The first task you must complete this night is a simple one. You will command a spooey bat to enter the homes of three of your closest companions. The main goal of this task is merely to spoop, but beware a possible side effect: if the bat bites your friends, they will become vampires.

The second Haunting is a bit more involved. You must gather from the canyon three things: the crookedest branch, the largest mushroom, and the wisest frog. With these you will perform a ritual to summon the Spectre of Olde Halloreedetowne. This incredibly rude being will bother each citizen relentlessly about their personal problems.

The third and final task is to start a zombie war. Not a full-on apocalypse, just a small-scale, local war with a decent-sized army of zombies. Choose your champions wisely. Only the strong-willed can survive.

Best of luck, Spoopest Spirit of Hauntingween. For this night we are merely subjects of your great and terrible power.



By ER

Last Minute Halloween Costumes

Halloween is coming up on Saturday, and an entire week of problem sets stands between us and that date. Some people may be more on top of their shit, but those people do not include you or I. So, here are some last minute Halloween costume ideas that you can pull together from the things in your underwear drawer.

1. The ghost of Renn Fayres past.

Put on some neon colored sunglasses, drench yourself in tequila and flat soda, and roll around in enough glitter to put on an impromptu strip show. Then walk around in a happy daze for three days.

2. A cat.

Find a canyon cat and follow it around while meowing loudly. Skip human interactions and those pesky halloween parties all together. You're too good for that.

3. A sexy cat.

Bundle yourself in a blanket and sleep for 18 hours straight. Nothing turns me on more than getting a good night's sleep.

4. The child your mother wished she had.

Stop sinning for one night and study. And maybe switch to a major that will actually prove useful in life. What does interdisciplinary even mean?

5. John Kroger

Sunbathe on a riverbank to adjust your internal body heat. And then shed some lizard skin and grow a new lizard tail.



'Cause a cat's the only cat who knows where it's at.

By HZ

Want to submit a guest article?

Then send us an email!

pamphlette@groups.reed.edu

Missing Olde Reede?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

"What do you plan to be for Halloween?"

EMMA RENNIE: The broken spirit of a thesising senior

FOSTER SEYBERT: I took the quiz and I got me, so I'm going as my glorious self.

JAKE GONNELLA: Plan? I don't plan. I improvise meticulously.

HELEN ZHANG: The child my mother wanted me to be.