

Parents' Weekend "Reed 101" Workshop Elicits Mixed Response

As most of you probably guessed from the swarm of nametag-wearing, befuddled-looking middle-aged people who descended upon campus this Friday, the annual Parents' Weekend was this weekend. Designed to allow overly-invested parents to descend upon their hapless offspring in a scheduled fashion, Parents' Weekend has several events to get the parents out of students' hair temporarily. This year, Reed piloted a new event vaguely titled "Reed 101", which was marketed as an opportunity for parents to get a feel for the real Reed Experience™.

After gathering on the Quad, parents were chaperoned into Kaul Auditorium, which was packed full of Reedies and similarly unwashed volunteers to create a mock Commons. After being jostled extensively and forced to pick between a soggy sloppy joe and a burnt piece of pizza, parents then waited in line for twenty minutes for the privilege to pay \$6 for their food, which was cold by the time they sat down. After stuffing food into their mouths, the parents were led to the fourth floor of Eliot, where they were crammed into stuffy classrooms and asked to discuss reading they did not know was assigned. They had the added challenge of finishing a complete sentence while either Pancho Savery or Jan Mieszkowski repeatedly attempted to cut them off.

Having completed their Hum Conference analogue, the parents then moved to the SU, where they stood around awkwardly as very loud, very undanceable music played. A very large group of Reedies stood outside smoking, but the ~20 parents were the only people at the "dance." After finally being released, the parents were given cryptic feedback forms to complete. Some comments are reproduced below.

"I don't know the difference between Heraclitus and Heracles and at this point I'm afraid to ask"

"Do Reedies actually smoke that much weed or is there a large skunk population in the Canyon?"

"I will never complain about paying for board plan B again"

"hail satan 666 illuminati"



The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

By FS

Man Forms Most Intimate Bond of His Life With Fantasy Football Team

Sources reported that local man Brandon Miles had successfully formed the most powerful and intimate bond of his life with his newly assembled fantasy football team.

"Alright guys, nobody needs this win more than us, am I right?" Miles was seen saying to his computer, tears welling up in his eyes. "I know how hard we've all been working these past weeks, and you guys know I'm only hard on you cuz I know you can do it, I always have. So let's make ourselves proud out there, alright?"

Miles then let out a powerful roar before laughing and spanking the back of his computer several times, muttering "good luck" under his breath.

"Yeah, we dated for two years, I never saw the level of emotional depth he's displaying now", said former girlfriend Angela Barns. "It's a little freaky, really. He never really had that many close friends, and he always seemed kinda distant; I just figured he was a protective guy, but seeing him interact with that computer now... It's a little weird."

Miles, who was later heard yelling at the computer that "you can do so much better, I know you can, I've seen you out there! So don't give me that shit now, think about your wife, your two kids, and think about how badly they want this for you, okay? Now get back out there!", later sat down with his head in his hands, mumbling about what he was going to do with these boys.

At press time Miles had lost his most recent game and severed all ties with the team.

By JG

Senior Tips: Procrastination 470

Disclaimer: By no means is any of this autobiographical in any way, shape, or form. Any resemblance to my actual sorry excuse for a life is purely coincidental.

Ah yes, that familiar feeling. It's like the "oh shit, it's Sunday and I have homework I don't feel like doing" feeling, but the weight of guilt pressing down is heavier and more long-term. This was going to be the week you'd impress your adviser by sending them lots of material two full days before your meeting. This was going to be the week you finally figured out what in the world you're talking about. And here you are, lying in bed, wondering what the fuck a "thesis" is anyway and trying your hardest to avoid it.

But it haunts you. As hard as you try, you can't keep it out of mind, and eventually you run out of other things to do and you have to face the screaming void.

Or do you? Maybe you don't have to deal with any of your problems. Maybe there's always something easier you can do to distract yourself. There are always more social networking sites to refresh, more video games to play, more anime to watch, more snacks to stress-eat, and most of all, more hours of lying in bed doing zilch. But if you've tried all of these and none of them are quite doing it for you, how can you keep procrastinating? Let's get creative.

1. Express yourself through art. Draw an abstract visual representation of your mental state. It can be quite cathartic, and might perhaps inspire you to--JESUS CHRIST WHY ARE YOU ONLY DRAWING SKULLS AND BLACK HOLES.

2. Write a letter to your dead grandma. If you must be morbid, at least be productive about it. After all, you need to apologize for never calling her when you were supposed to. The elders demand your respect. While you're at it, make some cookies.

3. Surf the web, but like in a hardcore way. Have you already finished reading every last post on tumblr, reddit, 4chan, 69flog, pinstavine, grignr, slackfeed, click-crack, and pr0nclub? It's time to take this to the next level. Enter the Deep Web, find all the secret spy IRC networks, and lead the spambot rebellion. Remember, there is always more internet. Swim through every tube. Collect every cat. Don't stop until you've won.

4. Make a costume. Just because Halloween is over doesn't mean you can't have a little sartorial fun. If you're at your thesis desk, you'll have to make do with what you have there -- just be careful with how you treat your library books. Experiment with wearing nothing but your laptop charger cord wrapped strategically around your nether parts.

5. Go shopping. What are you going to do with your life? You're going to get what you want. Shoes. Shoes. Shoes. Oh my God, shoes. Let's get some shoes. Let's get some shoes. Let's get some shoes. Betch.

6. Marathon your favorite viral videos from 2006-2007. This was inevitable. We all want to be 12 again. Wait, no. No, we really don't. Never mind. Please don't do this.

7. Just go to bed and sleep until Renn Fayre. Admit it, this is the most realistic option. We lazy millennials are just a parody of ourselves, aren't we. Good luck, my friends.



No, seriously, let's get some shoes.

By ER

Want to submit a guest article?

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pamphlette@groups.reed.edu

Need extra procrastination reading material?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

"Do you have any study tips for freshblings heading into crunch time?"

EMMA RENNIE: quick, study while it's still crunchy. nobody likes stale knowledge

FOSTER SEYBERT: If you say a prayer and burn a stripadilla, Athena will grant you an extension on your Hum paper #lifehacks

JAKE GONNELLA: try to spend less time on frivolous things, like computer games, face-book, and family

RUDY SUMMERS: Instead of stressing, don't. Just stop feeling anything, until they hand you a diploma.