

Owl Troll Blamed for Olympic Snafu

Many Reedies felt the excitement last Thursday night as rumors spread that the Doyle Owl would be making an appearance during the snowstorm. However, once everyone was gathered on the Front Lawn amidst a barrage of snowball fights, the (Questionably) Honorable Administrator of Reed Relieves revealed that it had been a mere hoax. Some students were enraged; Vladimir Putin, however, was likely not surprised.

That last bit requires some background to explain. You see, unbeknownst to most of the Reed community, Andrew Watson '14 had been hired to work on set design for the Opening Ceremony of the Winter Olympics in Sochi. He was responsible for a display of five snowflakes suspended in the air that would open up in order to resemble the five Olympic Rings. But to the horror and embarrassment of much of Russia, one of the rings malfunctioned, and the logo was incomplete. Russian television edited the footage to mask the humiliating mistake, but the rest of the world laughed in ridicule, and Putin was not happy about this. The latest update suggests that Watson has been exiled to a prison camp in Siberia.

Sources say that the two events are, no doubt, linked. "This Watson guy has quite the trolling agenda," says The New York Times' Chief Olympics Correspondent, Kyle Gagarin. "He started small by targeting a small liberal arts college first, but quickly spread his influence to a worldwide audience."

"He's got lots of eyes on him," says Rand Paul, *The Pamphlette's* resident trolling expert. "He's really got lots of potential for professional trolling. When the next Olympics rolls around, everyone's gonna be watching Watson."

As of February 9, the Doyle Owl has nothing to say on the subject. We attempted to contact him at his hotel in Sochi, and all he would tell us was how fucking gross the bathrooms were.

He also passed along a hearty "Xyt xyt, motherfuckers."



You fake an owlflight, you embarrass Mother Russia. Kak uzhas!

By ER

Hannah's Take on Venn Diagrams: An Anti-Drug PSA by the Ad Council

URGENT TELEGRAM fwd---->Nigerian_Prince.reed.edu
Important thesis on Venn Diagrams STOP Do these things overlap? STOP Help STOP Submit answers/funds receive coupon bank transfer Switzerlaaaaaand mega party, ok?

Why your Dog Died/Why Your Wife Left You

- 1) You forgot to feed, yes?
- 2) You don't like dogs much, eh?
- 3) Wife was dog, you were dog, wife left, killed dog/wife? You silly dog, don't kill wife! Wife only live oncel!*

Tennessee Crab Populations in Decline/Unicorns Generally Well-Liked

- 1) Neither of them exist, no?
- 2) Mystical creatures are too ethereal to elicit meaningful discourse or other considerations.

Burning Sensation in Left Eye/Completely Broke

- 1) Daughter is marrying evil ophthamologist in large ceremony. At least she married, right? *wink*

Portland Snow Storm/Al Gore Finally Gets Richly Deserved Media Attention

- 1) Global warming, too hot!
- 2) Tipper "What a Gall!" Gore Leaves Al in Chilly Divorce, Brr!

This Article is Dreadful/Someone's Writing Career Over Before it Began

- 1) it's by H.L.

*as per USDA "One wife, one life" policy, effective Jan 2014



Google Images's take on "Confused Venn Diagram."

By HL

Boner Owner: Wait, You're WHO?!

Wow. This is really it, huh? We're really done after this. And right after I took out a mortgage, too. My wife and our new babies, of which there are definitely several, really aren't going to like this. Oh well...

Q: Boner Owner, will the intro/outro guy be alright?

A: Yes. He doesn't have a wife, just lots of cocaine and the haunting knowledge that he won't be able to afford buying it by the van-load anymore. I'm sure he'll be fine.

Q: Boner Owner, I just got into a new relationship a few weeks ago. I really like her, but I'm super-nervous about Valentine's Day. I've never had a girlfriend on Valentine's Day before! What should I do?

A: First, stop worrying and be honest with her about it. People really respond to sincerity, so if you just let her know you're new to this anything you do will come off as endearing and plucky instead of pathetic and weird. In fact, go for broke with the clichés: giant teddy bear, chocolates and flowers, *Star Wars* Valentines, wrapping your erection in layers upon layers of peanut butter, the works. You can't go wrong with the classics.

Q: Boner Owner, I have the opposite problem. I've been with my girlfriend for three years now, and I'm unsure about what to do for Valentine's Day. Should I just go with the classics and try my best?

A: NO. No no no no no. Now there are expectations involved; the cute, rom-com bare minimums aren't going to cut it anymore. You need to show effort and originality. Forget sticking to a specific theme of "romance" or "love," just do something that clearly took a lot of effort and that nobody would ever expect. Make a 1920s German-Expressionist-style film with your erection as the star. Make cookies shaped like the profiles of her least favorite dead family members. Frame her for a murder or theft and spend a few weeks with her on the lam, living day to day, terrified of discovery by the police, stewing in your resentment that her crime has ruined your life, only to dramatically leave her and then reveal that--surprise!--she's innocent after all! If that won't bring you two closer together, nothing will.

Q: Boner Owner, what about sex? Neither of us have had problems like REDACTED, so don't tell me how to turn my penis into a sentient being, but my boyfriend and I have had a bit of a stale sex-life recently, is Valentine's Day the perfect time to spice it up?

A: Absolutely. Try everything you've been too nervous to try before--penis sword-fights, twisting your boner into a heart-shape, bedroom tricycle-jousting. The sky is the limit!

Q: Quit stalling, Boner Owner. Who are you?

A: Yes. I suppose it's time. My name...is Randal Howard Paul.

Q:...what.

A: Yes. I'm Rand Paul, the current Junior Senator from Kentucky and the son of Ron Paul. My opposition to civil rights-violating drone strikes is rivaled only by my supernatural, frighteningly advanced sexual prowess.

Q: What! WHAT! But Sam, who writes for *The Pamphlette*, HATES Rand Paul!

A: No, quite the opposite. Sam and I have been in an intense, dynamic sex friendship for the past year, more erotic and powerful than I could have ever possibly guessed it would become based only on that first handjob at Tom-Yum all those months ago*. Those articles were purely to obscure the truth and prevent any of our readers from discovering my identity. Plus it gives me material to work with on spanking night!

Q: Wow. This...this changes how I'll look at a lot of things. I really don't know what to think anymore...

A: That feeling is exactly what I wanted to instill in readers when I started Boner Owner. My Boner and I leave, rigid and content, with the knowledge that our mission is complete.

*with Kelley's permission, of course. Love you, sweetie!

Well, I guess that's it. You can contact the Pamphlette at pamphlette@gmail.com, which I guess is also Rand Paul's email? Is that why we keep getting those passive-aggressive gifts of sad dogs from Chris Christie? Whatever. I'm going to go powder my nose for three hours. Bye!



It's Rand Paul!

By SS

Got an article you want us to consider for publication?

Then send us an email!

pamphlette@lists.reed.edu

Want to have weird nightmares tonight?

Find our past issues online!

pamphlette.wordpress.com

"Have you ever had a Close Encounter™?"

ELIZABETH CRISMAN: The targeted person liked my Reed Relieve. does that count as "close"?

HANNAH LOONEY: Well, the Moroccan passport authorities called me an "illegal alien."

EMMA RENNIE: I saw a lizard once. THEY'RE COMING.

SAM SEXTON: I thought I saw an alien buried in a snow drift, but it was just a dead body.

BRIAN CLICK: I already made my requisite Close Encounter joke on Facebook; follow me for more info.

RAND PAUL: Other than the ghost that haunts the Senate, no.