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Student Works

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Fall 2023

## Pretty Boy

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# PRETTY BOY

ISSUE No. 1

"I am calm,  
and it's  
Doctor."



**EXCLUSIVE  
CONTENT!**

featuring the  
BAU's very own  
Special Agent  
Dr. Spencer Reid

# Who Is Spencer Reid?

**Name:** Spencer Walter Reid

**Nicknames:** Spence, Pretty Boy, Boy Genius, Kid, Pipe Cleaner

**Titles:** Doctor or Supervisory Special Agent

**Occupation:** Field agent of the Behavior Analysis Unit at the FBI

**Birthday:** October 12, 1981

**Personality:** Analytical, genius, often misses social cues, technophobe, germaphobic, and loyal

## **Mental Conditions:**

- Possibly on the autism spectrum
- Genetically at risk for schizophrenia
- OCD
- Recovering Dilaudid addict

## **Intelligence and Degrees:**

- IQ of 187
- Reads 20,000 words a minute
- Eidetic memory
- Graduated high school at the age of 12
- Attended CalTech and MIT
- Mathematics PhD
- Chemistry PhD
- Engineering PhD
- Psychology BA
- Sociology BA
- Philosophy BA (in progress)
- Can perfectly recite conversations from memory, even if he doesn't know the language
- Extensive knowledge of classical literature, forensic anthropology, statistics, graphology, body language, geographic profiling, and serial killers
- Speaks (or understands) Russian, Korean, German, and Yoruba

## **BAU Stats:**

- Joined the BAU at only 22



- Had to receive special exceptions to be allowed to go in the field, as he was unable to pass physical training, obstacle courses, and marksmanship tests
- Killed 8 unsubs in his career with the BAU
- Has been shot three times

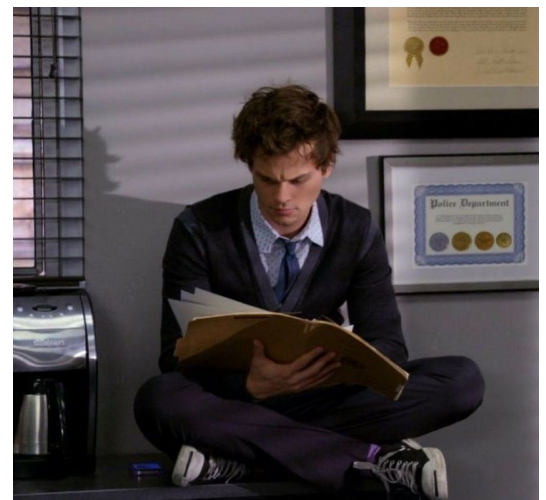
**Weapon of Choice:** Smith & Wesson Model 65 (though a Glock 17 has also been used)

**Family History:**

Spencer's mother, a previous college professor named Diana Reid, nourished Spencer's love for learning by sharing her collection of 15th-century literature with him, as well as reading to him often. Diana was a diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic who refused treatment, which led to Spencer institutionalizing her in Las Vegas after he turned eighteen. Despite this, Spencer maintained a strong relationship with his mother and wrote her letters every day for many years. William Reid, Spencer's father who worked as an attorney, walked out on the family when Spencer was a young boy, as he was unable to handle Diana's mental illness. William is not present again until Season 4, in which it is revealed that he has been following Spencer's achievements for the last 17 years. The father and son do not have a joyous reunion.

**Fun Facts:**

- Always wears mismatched socks
- "Coached" his high school's basketball team by using mathematics to figure out what plays they should use
- Avid fan of *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, and *Doctor Who*
- Enjoys soap opera
- Skilled illusionist
- Drives a Volvo Amazon from the mid-sixties
- Enjoys coffee and green tea
- Can't use chopsticks
- Has won money from card counting and has been banned from multiple Las Vegas casinos because of this
- Godfather to JJ's and Morgan's sons
- Is afraid of the dark
- Loves Halloween
- Plays piano
- Was originally supposed to be bisexual



(Submitted by Bianca from Texas)

# Why Do Fans Love Spencer?



“His character is fascinating because he perfectly balances between someone who functions highly with ADHD and doesn’t have the greatest social cues, but somehow always finds a way to boost his team and ultimately saves the day with his wits.”

- *Lea from Arkansas*

“He’s super smart and loyal.”

- *Kameron from Texas*

“I really enjoy his characterization, and one of my favorite headcanons is him being autistic or somewhere on the spectrum. He is absolutely brilliant and grows a lot as a person through his relationships with the rest of the team throughout the series that I think are really beautiful because I

think it shows a very different side of being on the spectrum than a lot of other shows, even if it is not canon that he is autistic.”

- *Theo from New Hampshire*

“I love Spencer. He is so fine!”

- *Tiffany from Connecticut*

“I like Spencer Reid because he is a goofy little man who wears funky socks, and I, too, am a goofy little man who wears funny socks.”

- *Zoey from Maine*

(who submitted the photo on the right)



“I genuinely believe Season 12 of Criminal Minds was HIS season, and that’s arguably the best season of the show.”

- *Annabelle from Maine*

“I like Spencer Reid because he carried the TV show due to his stand-out personality and his ability to rizz up all the girls who identify with the LGBTQ+ community.”

- *Alex from Texas*

“One of my favorite things about Spencer Reid is the way he speaks. His tone, the way he holds himself, and how excited he gets about things he is interested in. He also has great fashion sense and hair.”

- *Rainn from Vermont*

“We all have to love his quirky way of letting you know he’s better than you with his genius brain... and will still love you at the end of the day and tuck you in at night (I get that vibe from him).”

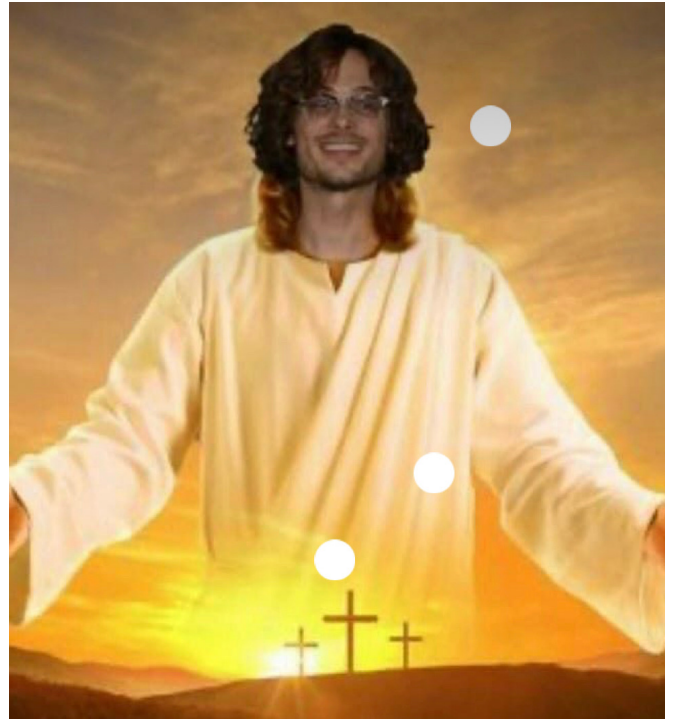
- *Bianca from Texas*



(Submitted by Bianca  
from Texas)

# The Man, the Myth, the Meme

the fact that that we had BOTH of these outfits in one episode



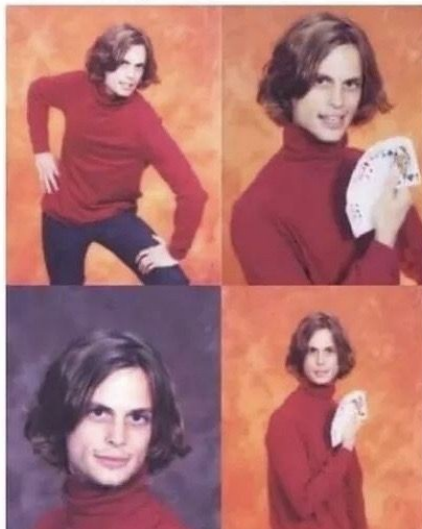
(Submitted by Alex from Texas)



 **Chloe Marie**  
Jan 16 · 🌐

"i watch criminal minds for the plot."  
the plot:

When you figure out who the killer is before the episode ends



(Submitted by Bianca from Texas)



# What An Icon!

## (Quotes from the Genius Himself)



"I don't believe that intelligence can be accurately quantified, but I do have an IQ of 187, an eidetic memory, and can read 20,000 words per minute. Yes, I'm a genius."

"I just keep getting PhDs."

"Look at me. Without a gun I look like a teacher's assistant!"

"To get away with murder, you simply don't tell anyone."

"Contrary to popular belief, decapitation is not that easy."

"The business of incarceration is extremely lucrative and virtually recession-proof."

"Sometimes for an artist, the only difference between insanity and genius is success."

"Depression is a vicious cycle. It frequently manifests itself in the degradation of one's personal living environment, which in turn, fuels the depression, which then worsens the living environment."

"Evil can't be scientifically defined. It's an illusory moral concept that doesn't exist in nature. Its origins and connotations have been inextricably linked to religion and mythology."





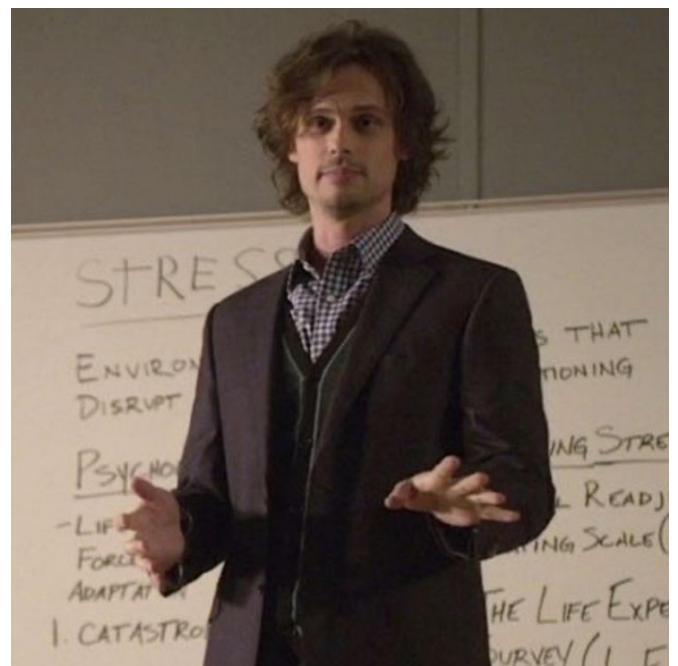
# Fangirl Moment



(Submitted by Bianca from Texas)



(Submitted by Bianca from Texas)



# Maeve Donovan

**Name:** Maeve Donovan

**Alias:** Phone Booth Girl

**Profession:** Geneticist

**Importance:** Prominent love interest

**Background:**

Maeve and Spencer begin an over-the-phone friendship in Season 8 to find the cause of Spencer's headaches from Season 6. Their feelings eventually evolve into more than friendship, yet they can't be together because Maeve is hiding from a stalker. When Spencer and Maeve finally arrange to meet in-person, Spencer believes he spies Maeve's stalker waiting for her to enter the restaurant. This

interaction causes Maeve to go further into hiding. A few episodes later, it's revealed that Maeve has been kidnapped. Spencer discovers that Maeve's stalker is not Maeve's former fiancé but instead the fiancé's new girlfriend: Diana Turner, a young woman with a vendetta against Maeve for shutting down her research idea. During a stand-off between Diana and Spencer, Maeve is held at gunpoint. In an attempt to trick Diana into believing that Spencer empathizes with her, Spencer claims he doesn't love Maeve. Diana turns her gun around to kill both Maeve and herself.

**After:**

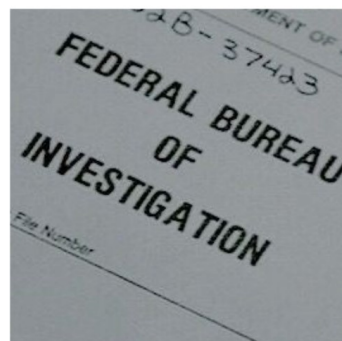
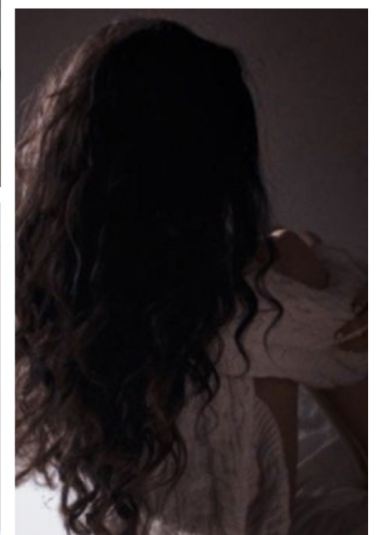
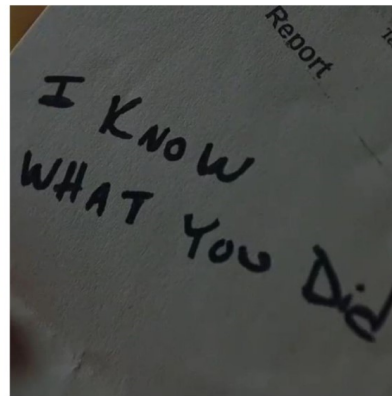
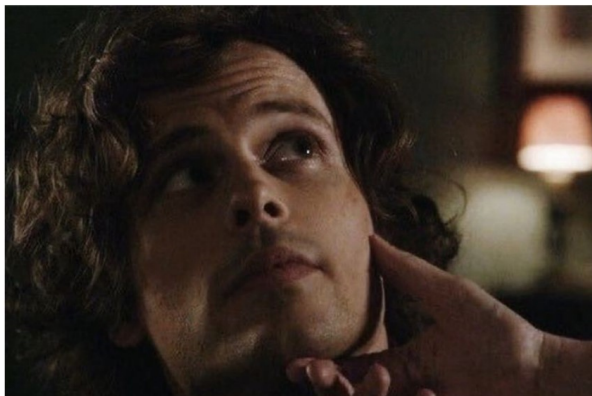
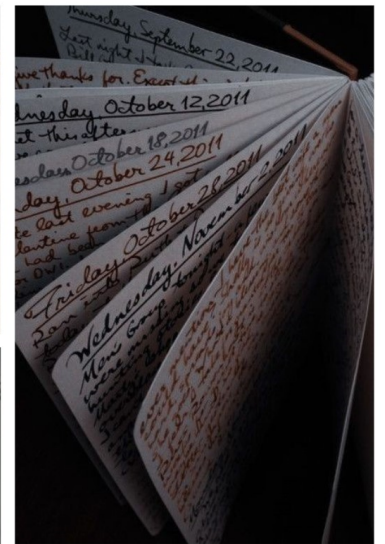
Spencer takes two weeks off from the BAU to process Maeve's death. For several months, he has recurring dreams in which Maeve asks him to dance with her, yet he wakes up just seconds before he can answer her. Eventually, he is able to complete the dream. Near the end of Season 8, it's revealed that Spencer's hopes of starting a family died along with Maeve.



# No Body, No Crime

*by MallGothReject on [www.archiveofourown.org](http://www.archiveofourown.org)*

After practically raising her younger brother and picking up an unfortunate side-hustle to pay for her grandmother's medical bills, Delilah Deckett is eager to escape her life in Las Vegas. A split-second decision at a roadside diner leads Delilah to hitch a ride from none other than former BAU agent Spencer Reid. However, Spencer isn't so eager to let Delilah go. And as the pair find themselves in rural Texas with no one but each other and their troubled pasts, Delilah realizes perhaps Spencer is who she was meant to be with all along. Yet when the FBI gets involved.... Well, surely this was all a misunderstanding?



*"You've gotta save your reputation  
They're close to finding out about your girlfriend"*

- **Panic at the Disco (Girls/Girls/Boys)**

## Prologue

"Thank you for your patience. I apologize for the wait."

I tear my eyes away from the two-way mirror to watch Agent Morgan take a seat in the metal chair across from me. The overhead fluorescent lights reflect off his close-cropped hair. He offers me a small smile that I don't return.

Morgan clears his throat and opens the manila folder he set on the table between us. Inside it are several pages of handwritten and typed notes, as well as over a dozen glossy photos. I spot a picture of an old-model white Volvo and its license plate, a shot of me smiling at the front counter of a diner near Vegas, and a glimpse of a house surrounded by yellow crime scene tape.

I glance back at the FBI agent to find him watching me with his dark brown eyes. Sighing, I cross and uncross my legs as I lean farther back in my chair. The metal is cold through my clothes and impossible to relax against.

When it becomes obvious I have no interest in talking, Morgan speaks again.

"On behalf of the Bureau, I offer the most sincere condolences for what you endured over the last six months. I hope knowing your captor will be locked away for a very, very long time will give you peace of mind."

At this, I scoff. I haven't felt a moment of peace since that fateful day when I made one foolish decision that veered my future off course. Nothing this man can say or do will give me back what I lost.

“Ma’am, I need you to cooperate with me,” Morgan sighs, finally irritated with my silence. “There’s holes in our understanding of what happened to you, and only you can fill in the gaps. I can promise that you’re not in any trouble and that the agency will do everything it can to protect you.”

I laugh. “Protect *me*? Derek, your team couldn’t even protect its own agent.”

My voice is slightly raspy from disuse and from the crying I’ve done in the past days. The agent bristles as I say his name. The familiarity in which I use it makes us both recall a time when we first met under much calmer conditions.

“That is...unrelated to the matter at hand, ma’am,” Morgan says uneasily. He pauses to scratch his eyebrow before sliding the photo of the white car towards me. “Is this the car in which you got into on May 29, 2014?”

I shrug nonchalantly. “How should I know?”

“May 29, 2014 is the day that witnesses at Patty’s Diner on the outskirts of Las Vegas say they heard you asking customers for a ride out of town. A few days later, your grandmother, Rose Nylan, reported you missing.”

He slides forth the picture of me sitting at the diner’s front counter. It’s a black-and-white, slightly grainy image clearly taken from a security camera. I’m wearing the same heeled cowgirl boots with floral stitching in that photo as I am now in this holding room.

“Then I suppose you already know the answer to your question.”

Morgan exhales heavily through his nose as he puts aside the two images he just showed me. “Why do you insist on avoiding my questions? Don’t you want your captor to be brought to justice?”

Justice, reckoning, penance. All three are words I've heard used to describe the punishment *he* "deserves" for what happened all those months ago. I almost want to laugh at how wrong everyone is, how clueless they all are.

"I'm not avoiding your questions if you already know what happened. We're wasting each other's time, as well as his."

"*His?* Miss Deckett, *he* is serving time in the Nevada State Penitentiary for first degree kidnapping. I hardly think wrapping up this investigation is a waste of anyone's time."

I can't hold it anymore. My grandmother jumped to conclusions when I disappeared for a few days, which I admit is my fault. Yet everything after – the APB, the house raid, the investigation as a whole – was a huge misunderstanding.

"I got into the car willingly," I say exasperatedly.

Morgan doesn't even so much as blink. "We're well aware of that. Witnesses, as well as you, mentioned you were hitchhiking that day."

"I wasn't kidnapped," I insist. "I was there of my own volition."

Now the agent pauses. He arches a thick eyebrow as he asks, "So, you're telling me that you voluntarily moved to Texas for six whole months and willfully chose to not tell anyone, Miss Deckett?"

"I —"

"You felt no obligation to inform your grandmother or brothers of your whereabouts? You never felt inclined to at least know if *they* were okay?"

"I tried —"

"Miss Deckett, I'm struggling to corroborate your claims with all the compiled evidence I have in the folder before me."

“I don’t give a damn about your so-called evidence! Not after you locked away an innocent man for life!”

Morgan is unfazed by my outburst. I suppose he must see all sorts of behavior displayed during interviews. The fact that he’s remained so composed and detached throughout this whole conversation is starting to grate on my nerves.

“He was not an innocent man. You even said so yourself.”

I pause, confused as to when I ever said such a thing. Then my stomach jumps into my throat as Morgan slides a green, leather-bound notebook towards me. *My diary*. It was missing when I returned to the house a few days ago to gather my possessions. I should have known the agency took it.

Agent Morgan is silent as I take a moment to plan what to say next. I glance away from him and back to the two-way mirror. I wonder if the viewer on the other side of the glass is the serious Agent Alex Blake, or perhaps the BAU’s leader himself: Agent Aaron Hotchner.

“Well,” I say slowly as I fold my hands together in front of me on the table, “if your team truly knows everything about what happened... I suppose you should know better than to call me Miss Deckett.”

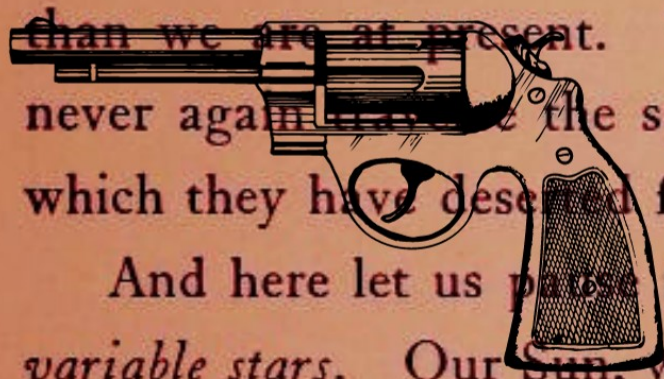
I smile demurely as I tilt my head to the side with mock thoughtfulness. “Mrs. Reid has a much better ring to it, does it not?”

***Check out “No Body, No Crime” by MallGothReject on  
ArchiveOfOurOwn.org to read the next chapter!***

# PRETTY BOY

ISSUE NO. 1

"I never have  
any normal  
fans."



October 2023

smart men are my weakness (smart men i mean spencer reid)

