



Better Spoke & Garden

Great Leap
Forward

*Famine-inspired dieting
tips that you (and your
wallet) will love!*

10 WAYS TO PICKLE
HARVESTED ORGANS

CASSEROLE RECIPES
CAROL FROM FIGHT
CLUB WON'T SHIT
ON BEHIND YOUR
BACK!

Summer
wedding gifts
to remind you
that no one will
ever love you

plus: the life-changing magic
of losing all your shit

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Letter from the Editor

Readers,

It has always been a mission of ours here at *The Emory Spoke* to beautify campus, the lives of our readers, and ultimately the world. As is, we're working with an ugly load of shit. Of course there was no better way to do this, and no better way to appeal to our vastly diverse readership, than to produce a white-washed, how-to magazine focused on the suburban upper-middle class. Here you have it folks, Emory's own (and yes, we are Emory funded — looks like Daddy's money is finally going to the right places) *Better Spokes and Gardens*. Since there is no real hope of fixing the world around you, you might as well start with a copy. Read up, you n00bs.

Floral-scented-love,
The Editor-in-Chieves



Some Editor bbz

Ari "yodels in Walmart" Newhouse, *Co-EIC*
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 Raya "I'm a Bad Bitch You Can't Kill Me" Machaca
 Camila "I'm Eleven so Shut the Fuck Up" Makhouta
 Aaron "Gucci Mane?" Mamaril
 Katherine "Buttery Flaky Crust" McClure
 Sri "whaddup it's ya boi, uh, skinny penis" Ponnazhagan
 Juliana "ahh...stahhp I coulda dropped mah croissant" Rodgers
 Joanne "Let's Do The Fork in the Garbage Disposal" Wu
 Michelle "Road Work Ahead, I Sure Hope It Does" Zhang

Senior bbz

"The most important thing to never, ever forget is:"
 (part 2 to come if I actually graduate next year)

— Graham "No Pomegranates" Hansen,
Co-Editor-in-Chief

"HAGS!!!!"

— Carissa "Dance Mom" Goodwin,
Staff Writer

6 THINGS YOU *CAN* USE AS MASON JARS BUT PROBABLY SHOULD NOT

1 TOOTHPASTE TUBE

This may seem a little off-putting at first, but just stick a paper straw in the hole, and you can think of it as a minty Capri Sun. As an added bonus, people will think you are absolutely psychotic (aka #eDgY) when they see you sipping on a tube of Colgate Total White.

2 ERLENMEYER FLASK

Even though you may have to steal one of these from chem lab, or haggle with an overachieving pre-med freshman to do so for you, the benefits of an Erlenmeyer flask far outweigh the efforts to obtain one. These are better than regular flasks because with this nifty piece of lab equipment, not only can you be hip with the kids, but you can also assert yourself as the alpha intellectual in any room you walk into.

In addition to the social capital you will get with an Erlenmeyer flask, the residual hydrobromic acid adds an explosive kick to your pickled radishes.

Whether you use mason jars as glorified cups for your iced caramel latte with half a shot decaf and half a shot regular espresso, or to preserve fruits and vegetables in order to avoid going to the DUC-ling, mason jars are becoming quite the mainstream trend. Here are 6 different ways to stay ahead of the curve while still being extra af.

3 JASON JARS

A jason jar is a mason jar's broke ass cousin. The glass says Balls instead of Ball because the jason jar sucks balls, but only if you use jason jars as mason jars were intended to be used; for canning food. However, these underrated containers have their merits compared to the classic mason jar. For example, jason jars are terrific at collecting dust as paintbrush holders.



4 YOUR ROOMMATE'S SUCCULENT

Kill two birds with one stone by getting back at your roommate for sexiling you for weeks on end and also creating a homey centerpiece for your desk. Nothing says "artsy" (in the swoopy calligraphy font, you know, THAT one) quite like upgrading your succulent pot to a candle holder. As for the actual plant, fucc the succ - you need a candle holder for all of the candles you aren't allowed to have in your dorm. So don't be shy; rip that succulent to pieces, and you'll be a home decorator in no time .

5 NORMAL COFFEE MUG

Even though you won't get the street cred you would from drinking out of a glass jar, you can still stake your claim to the bourgeoisie lifestyle through witty sayings and cute animals printed on a mug. But why limit yourself to the conventional uses for a coffee mug? Throw in a couple of dandelions and bada bing bada boom, you've got a neat little vase until the next time you want to drink something from your mug, in which case RIP, but you can just put those flowers in the same place where you threw out your roomie's tiny cactus.

6 THE EMPTINESS IN YOUR SOUL OCCUPIED ONLY BY A SENSE OF GROWING MEANINGLESSNESS IN LIFE AFTER YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR GRADES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR PRE-MED OR THE B SCHOOL

The vacuum of space created by getting rid of the pressure to follow either career track is great for long-term storage of preservatives. The stress of finding your life's purpose in a mere 4 years as you desperately attempt to reconcile your childhood hopes and dreams with financial stability and your own mortality should have made your body acidic enough for pickling. However, beware of flip-flopping between ambition and curing fruits and vegetables within your body: accidentally fermenting your shattered view of reality could ruin some perfectly good apricot jam.

Up your cooking game with xanthan gum

Everyone knows that following the latest trends is the most important part of healthy eating, but all those fads can be hard to keep track of. That's why Better Spokes & Gardens came up with our own gimmick that will fade into obscurity within two months!

The exclusive life hack is: xanthan gum! What the hell is it? Nobody really knows, except maybe some nerds in a lab somewhere. But a quick examination of your nutrient intake revealed that it's already in pretty much everything you eat, so why not pile on a little more?

Experts told Better Spokes & Gardens that xanthan gum is actually a powerful thicc-ener, so if you're looking to get dat ass in shape for this spring, dump a generous helping of whatever this stuff is onto every meal you eat.

Local bro and insufflation enthusiast Bradwick Chawley advised violently inhaling the white powder into the nostrils in search of a fleeting rush, and we're right there with him! Chawley lives by the motto, "find out if it smells like cocaine." Though things often turn out not to, as evidenced by numerous emergency room visits, he remains committed. Thus, Chawley sampled our xanthan gum, and determine that it was "some good shit, wouldn't even put [his] ass in the hospital."

There you have it folks. Xanthan gum: good for your waistline, your soul, your nose, and everything in between.





Sand
Hefty, but awkward to lift

Defibrillator

I bet the hospital is looking for that



Human teeth

Are these all from one person?



A pile of dead rats
The threat of disease outweighs benefits



Rudy from bio lab

He's here to exercise too, stop trying to bench him

The gym equipment you shouldn't be using but are



Iron Maiden

If you can lift all six members of this English heavy metal band, you don't need to be exercising



Squat rack

Exclusively for douchebags

The Iron Maiden
Not hardcore enough for your workout

The GEICO Gecko

It seems like a good idea, but he's an asshole in real life; trust us



Celebrate National Pancake Day with your favorite flapjacks

A beautiful home is nothing without the smell of a delicious treat wafting through the air, and pancakes are the perfect, quintessentially American treat. Thanks to National Pancake Day, there's now an entire day dedicated to celebrating this wonderful part of human life. There's just one minor hiccup: that a plain pancake doesn't always get the people going like it used to, so maybe, just maybe, it's time to spice up your pancake life.

Maybe you've suggested using some new accessories in the kitchen to really give your pancake-making that extra pizzazz, but your partner didn't want to hear it. The idea of eating more than one pancake for breakfast just disgusted her, even though you thought it might be more fun.

But have no fear, we have just the solution for you on this special national holiday to get everyone in your home on board some different flap-jack(off)s!

Lube It Up!

We recommend trying new ways to grease your pan. Why settle for good ol' canola oil, when you could add some flavor to the mix? Lubricate your pan with some Crisco and strawberry essence instead to make sure your fruity pancakes slide into her plate with ease.

Fun Toppings

If subtle flavor isn't really your thing, stand out with some inventive toppings. Wow your significant other with some classic strawberries and whipped cream. You may cream all over your kitchen while you're whipping it up, but it's sure to make your wife cum running downstairs to check it out. If you're not big on creaming it up right away; start slow and give the whole family something to bite down on with some crunchy bacon bits. If you're more into sweet surprises, add some Maltesers into the pancake batter; because everyone knows that getting a surprise mouthful of chocolat-ey balls is a real crowd pleaser!

Pancake Art

The pancake art trend is sweeping the nation and just in time for National Pancake Day. Sometimes, you just have to ease your significant other into the spirit of pancake day with some classic subliminal messaging! Channel your creative side and draw up some nice big pancakes for your girl to let her know you're thinking about her. Snap a pic of those huge members and let her know what's in store for her later. She'll love the grand gesture! In fact, get your special lady her own squeeze-bottle full of pancake batter so that she can join in on the fun and squirt that creamy goodness all over the pan herself!

So, don't let the pancakes be the only thing that rise to the occasion and get excited for National Pancake Day!





Spring has sprung: 420 blaze it

As spring is in full bloom, tulips are being planted at the expense of our \$70k tuitions, pasty white thighs are seeing the sun for the first time in months, and natives from above the Mason-Dixon line are finally getting their turn to bitch about the “extreme” temperatures. All seems to be well on campus... except for a strange phenomenon plaguing Emory’s gardens – the introduction of a mysterious non-native plant species.

The fragrant herb is most pungent at night as the scent is becoming especially pervasive throughout a few central points around campus, primarily Lullwater, Baker’s Woods, and select Raoul rooms. As the weather grows warmer, the plant becomes ever more elusive, seemingly camouflaging in the natural foliage to be some perfectly undetectable, no matter how hard landscapers search.

Currently, the dedicated research staff here at the Spoke have procured samples of the herb from an unnamed source and are hard at work exploring its uses – for educational purposes, of course. Preliminary analysis shows that it may be linked to recent surges in late night WoodRec customers and Venmo descriptions containing the leaf, fire, and smiling purple devil emojis. To gather some firsthand accounts, we’ve taken to the streets to conduct field research and gauge the student populations’ thoughts and experiences.

Under the guise of anonymity, a nervous pre-med student revealed, “I use it for medicinal reasons. It’s helped me relax ever since student health services started refusing to renew my codeine prescription. Plus, my philosophy grade has gone through the roof ever since I started using a little before writing my reflection papers.”

When stopped to be interviewed, a Goizueta undergrad carrying a drawstring backpack smelling heavily of Febreeze Lavender Vanilla said, “I’m just trying set myself apart from the other B-school kids by doing a little business on the side. Cannabusiness, if you will. Wait, is this going on record?”

A blissed out patron of Ray’s with a mild case of conjunctivitis declined to comment, too invested in the shape of his hands and the complex taste of his chicken tenders to reply with anything other than “yes” when asked how his evening was going.

Emory skincare enthusiasts thirsty for **blood** ~facials~

The Kardashian clan is often the inspiration for the newest trends across America and the Emory campus, as students rush to emulate their fashion and beauty choices. However, if you do not have thousands of dollars for extensive cosmetic surgery, you're in luck! The illustrious blood facial, which Kim recently received in an episode of "Keeping Up with the Kardashians," is now available at the Twilight Series Spa in Emory Point.

Kim commented on the origin of this rapidly spreading trend: "I was getting my daily face punching one day when the treatment, like, got out of hand and a mixture of pus and blood starting pouring down my face. At first I was like, Sven what the hell, but then I woke up the next morning and the patch of skin where the blood had been was, like, glowing! I've been getting the treatment weekly ever since."

Dermatologists and spa technicians quickly jumped on trend. "The process is quite simple," Dr. Vampiro of TSS explained, "We simply put you under a bit of anesthesia, withdraw some blood from your neck with our tee- um, two small needles. You wake up with a few drops of blood smeared on your face, and voila! Your skin is ... glowing. And, um, more plump."

Upon hearing that this trendy new treatment would be available so close to campus, Emory students began booking their appointments. Skin care enthusiasts reported feelings of utter relax-

ation and wounds that heal to reveal skin even more flawless than before. Carrie Williams, an Emory college freshman, was one of the first lucky enough to schedule a treatment. In accordance with all the bougie shops in Emory Point, Williams reported that the TSS offered the height of luxury.

"When I first walked in, I instantly felt calmed by the ambient lighting; there were candles everywhere and the glass was tinted so that the sunlight could hardly get in. Assistants offered me a glass of water imported from an exotic Idaho spring and showed me into the back room, where I was instructed to remove all clothing and jewelry. They seemed particularly nervous while carrying away my jeans and silver cross necklace, but promptly gave me a plush robe. Dr. Vampiro soon came in with a very soothing voice and injected me with a bit of anesthesia. It had an odd effect of making me feel very light headed and drained. But I knew that if Kim was doing it, then it must be good for you. I even got a discounted premium package for both the blood facial and a complimentary slap from Sven. Sure enough, my skin was rosy red and glowed for days afterward."

Hearing rave reviews such as these, many more Emory students have followed in Kardashian footsteps and received the blood facial. Skin across campus is glowing this Spring season. Who would have known that smearing your own blood across your face would be the culprit?



Tips for saving seeds

College is known as a time explore their sexuality to the fullest. Young adults are encouraged to get jiggy out there. Getting laid is praised as this high and mighty climax for attaining maximum social victory.

However, let this be an assurance to you that saving your seeds is really the way to go. Let's face it: sex is overrated. To go through all that trouble just to touch your sacred spots below the belt with another person is not what the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit would want. Save your seeds. It's really the only way to connect with His Heavenliness. In order to spread the word of God, keep your pants on. Here are a few tips on how to preserve your pureness, the very pureness that makes a worshipper of the good Lord true:

Assert your dominance.

Anytime someone makes an approach, shout out "BEWARE YE, JESUS CHRIST IS THINE LORD AND SAVIOR. ONLY HE HAS THE POWER TO USE MY BODY" This ensures pure holiness. Make your beliefs loud and clear. No one wants to mess with a true child of God.

Listen to the Prodigal son.

Whenever you get the urge to pleasure yourself, pull out an image of Danny DeVito and stare at it, while imagining him telling you about his raging hemorrhoid problem. America's sweetheart Danny DeVito is everything but a sex symbol. He has even been quoted saying, "pre-marital sex is bad." He knows what's up. Some may even think he is the second coming of Christ.

Dress appropriately.

Wear a shirt every time you go out with a picture of your saggy, toothless, grandma on it posing like she wants to be painted like one of your French girls. She's the saint we all know and love and an angel among us, who is sure to make any penis softer than your favorite brand of tissues.

Use just the tip.

We've all been there, a time when the mo-

ment was too right to pass up. You know even Jesus might've tapped that. It's okay, the big man upstairs will understand. Just the tip doesn't really count, and you're still saving *most* of your seeds.

Reduce your risk of accidental encounters.

Only leave the house a maximum of two times every week to ensure minimal social interaction and lessen the risk of accidentally having sex. Studies show that people who only leave the house for Church on Wednesday and Friday have the best chance of preserving themselves for holy matrimony. Any more than that, and you might blink and find yourself in the middle of the devil's dance!

Anal.

Plain and simple, it's God's condom. Need I say more?

By following these easy tips, you can ensure a spot for yourself in heaven. You are your own sacred palace, so stay pure out there and save your seeds. You are your own, valuable \$2 bag from the gardening section of WalMart that He crafted. Don't plant your precious seeds in the wrong lawn or end up with weeds. Preserve, persevere, and procreate when the time is right so you can blossom into children of the Good Lord. Hallelujah, Amen.





CDC isn't the travel destination promised in the brochures: A travel review

If you have watched the news at all, you have heard of this travel hotspot called "The Center for Disease Control," or CDC. People are raving about this unknown vacation destination. Headlines exclaim, "Doctor airlifted to CDC!" or "New cases bring large groups into the CDC!" Needing to understand why so many people are infected with the travel bug and set their sights on the CDC, four Spoke editors chose our weekend, booked our Uber, and joined the tourists. Never have I been more disappointed in my stay at such a location.

The Spoke Editorial staff began our escapade. We stepped out of our Uber, driven by Felix, a man who "doesn't need to drive Uber." He explained, "I don't need the money. I'll be rich off bitcoin in a few months anyway. I just like passing the time by letting strangers disrespect my car." Right when we stepped through the tacky sliding doors, no bellhop or concierge greeted us. Rather, a security guard with a metal wand manhandled us before letting us go on our way.

Past that nightmare, we looked for the front desk, to no avail. Giving this famed travel location the benefit of the doubt, we assumed the CDC had adopted the Swedish "self-check-in" style, in which a guest chooses his own room by walking into it. So that's what we did. We took the elevator to the top floor—a floor we could only travel to by using a paperclip to trigger a keylock. The doors open, and the décor could only be described as plastic wrap chic. Clear plastic draping lined the walls. Even the waitstaff took on the plastic drab look, being covered head-to-toe in yellow plastic suits. We tapped on a plastic-covered glass wall to let them know we would be taking the adjacent room. Apparently, that room was already taken, because the staff charged us, knocked us down, and injected us with a serum. As the world faded into darkness, I remember wondering if the CDC had a heated indoor pool. I would never find the answer to this question.

I have been to Tibet and have found the spiritual rituals of unconscious meditation to be, in a word, sublime. The CDC spirit gurus, though, need to be educated on such practices. When I awoke, I felt no metaphysical awakening or sexual release, as promised by such methods. Instead, I felt sore and groggy. Needle bruises lined my arms, and there was no evidence of the other Spoke editors. The only silver lining was the towel folded into a paramecium, with a chocolate where the bacterium's nucleus should be. It was a tasteful touch that made me feel welcome and at home, despite the notice under the towel explaining that I had been exposed to smallpox.

My stay at the CDC lasted longer than expected. The accidental exposure was an exciting experience and a unique touch, like a challenging escape room or a complimentary brunch. It alone, though, could not redeem the poor décor, inhospitable staff, and threat of death. We three Spoke editors that survived the experience left the CDC feeling unfulfilled by this travel destination, and cannot, in good conscience, recommend it to our readers.

Being the hostess with the most

Closet decorating—the Dobbs edition

Walk-in closets can make or break a room, and organization is key! Here are some specialized tips for Dobbs residents because this amounts to decorating your entire square foot of a room!

The one downfall of closets is that they're just too darn small! The easiest solution to this problem is to assert your dominance as the superior roommate. Every morning when your closet-mate Harry drags himself out of your cupboard under the stairs for his 8:00AM calculus class, move each piece of his furniture precisely half an inch closer to his side of the room.

Rugs are far too big for Dobbs closets, but a nice doormat in the middle of the room could really open up the space and relieve the claustrophobic's nightmare! It'll give the room a nice homey feel while simultaneously covering up the stain from when your roommate's soft friend Sean puked up his first Smirnoff Ice during his first (and last) pre-game.

Ladies, hang your bras from your windows to save much-needed drawer space for all of those "limited" t-shirts you viciously fight over at campus events, only to never wear in public again. If questioned by housing or your not-so-discreetly hungover RA, just defend your freedom of speech as a luscious liberated lactater who doesn't need no man telling you where to hang your unmentionables. If they keep

complaining, break out the period panties next.

Black mold? No problem! It gives you the opportunity to be #authentic and live up to your status of being more historically cultured than every other freshman or bullshit history major. 101 years without being buried behind bulldozers and construction cones! You get to breathe the same air as the class of 1917! It's not quite as retro as the Black Plague but you just have to wait for your summer "service trip" to Sicily to get the full experience. Follow up the "toxic substances" aesthetic with your decorating and ironically hang editorials from the Wheel beside the fungus.

One proven life hack from ex-Dobbs resident and currently unemployed Emory grad Chuck Sophrat is to use cheap, non-FDA approved air freshener. That, combined with Dobbs' naturally putrid odor, can only help overcome the sickly sweet smell of your pain-in-the-ass hallmate Brentley's non-stop vaping!

Finally, make sure to use all available resources to your advantage. Start storing extra stuff in the halls, stairways, and study rooms. Begin with a few books and then expand to a backpack or two, a couple of pillows, your roommate's dresser, your roommate... Anyways, good luck organizing your hobbit-holes—you're going to need it. But hey, at least you have your slightly-above-par Songfest banner!

PARTY HACK:

Tired of your blooming social life? Looking for something to regret doing that isn't that guy from SigEp? Celebrate the crippling stress of college by throwing a dorm party that'll have people saying, "I honestly wish I was asleep right now". These ideas will fuse your lack of Emory spirit with that pre-midterm stress, ultimately creating the most downbeat, depressing dorm party ever. These tips are designed to wow your crowd – you'll have them wishing they were studying QTM in no time!

First, set the tone for the party by sending a mass text 2 hours prior. Now, you don't want anyone to think you're actually trying, so no punctuation and definitely no emojis. Who you send this text to is crucial for the success of your dorm party.

For starters, you want to send it to half your squad (you know, the half you actually like), that frat boy that crushed you 3 months ago, your really cute bio TA, and that guy on the cross-country team that you've been criminally stalking for 3 weeks.

test ~~~aDORMable~~~ space



How to lose all your friends in one night

But why stop there? Invite your best friend's ex! That guy in your PoliSci class that can't help but share that he will not confirm nor deny communications with Russia. And of course, no party would be complete without your token pre-med! You can always count on them to dampen the mood by complaining about Orgo. Want to be advised for 3 hours on how a career in healthcare is the only reasonable way to go? Has it been a while since someone shamed your major? Mr. soon-to-be dermatologist has you covered.

Now that you have just the right crowd and the 10 strangers they dragged along with them, things are ready to get hot and sweaty. Literally. Who said it was a bad idea to have 20 people in a room designed for at most two people? Not any one I want in my dorm party. You want the atmosphere to be entertaining yet totally blasé, which is why you'll have to leave a stack of Cards Against Humanity visible in the periphery.

Ultimately though, you'll end up playing Never Have I Ever. This is a huge crowd pleaser! You want to spice things up during the game; "Never have I ever had a pregnancy scare" is for noobs. After reading this, you'll be a professional, which is why you'll say things like "Never have I ever been so desperate for social interaction that I started screaming in the stacks" or "Never have I ever cried myself to sleep every night since Songfest." When everyone puts their finger down, now you're in business.

Background noise at a party is a must. Without it, your dorm party would sound like a lot of heavy breathing, awkward shuffling, that premed crying because they failed GenChem and the guy from your politics class rambling; "OK, but I mean, his economic policies... I'm just saying". A way around this is to create a playlist the night before with a varied selection for all musical likings.

As guidance, a good playlist could include Tchaikovsky's "The Nutcracker", any song from that U2 album that appeared on everyone's phone in 2014 and "Tonight Tonight" by Hot Chelle Rae at least 4 times. No night is complete without a beautiful rendition of Mr. Brightside. The original version is killer, however, there are many versions out there that I would highly recommend instead. For example, an a capella version or Mr. Brightside sang by an American Idol contestant in the early 2000s.

If however you are not one for music, don't fret. You may instead put the news on in the background. There's nothing like the cold shock of reality to make someone want to drink their way into a sad, sad, pit of darkness. It's a good thing that by being at our party, they're already halfway there. You're a real hero, if you think about it.

The only thing that could possibly make this night any worse is being caught by your RA. Since this will ultimately happen if you have done everything right, you want to at least make your RA think you're cool. Making people think you're cool is the whole reason everyone refuses to leave your sorry excuse for a night out. Drop an anonymous tip that you will be hosting a smoke sesh in your room at 1:42am. Really though, that's when you will have planned to play strip poker. Your RA will walk in on half the room naked, and the other half snorting coke off Jen's back with zaddy Anderson Cooper playing in the background. He or she might even join in; I mean, nothing says "don't write me up" like some good TV and a class 2 drug. And remember, if all else fails, the worst part about a dorm party is ultimately, that it is a dorm party. There's nothing to worry about! It's going to go horribly awful!

FOMore information, check out dormparty.com/socialmediaisruiningourlives

Bootlegging: Use a single boot to hide alcohol from your RA

Enough with the simple, monotonous routine of hiding alcohol amongst your tightly whiteys! Spice up your own personal speakeasy by literally pouring all of your alcohol into our Alcohol Boot.

How does it work?

The boot environment will undoubtedly lead the booze to ferment, and the pungent smell seeping from your closet floor will no longer be due to your nasty feet, but rather a more sophisticated bootleg of your own panty-droppin' punch. This barbaric alcohol blend will most certainly get you schlammered.

Instructions:

Seriously, just dump all of your Smirnoff, Fireball, and Bacardi into a solitary riding boot.

If you don't believe us, listen to these success stories!

"This tip saved my life. My RA had no clue that I had any alcohol, and he also could not spend more than 10 seconds in my room without gagging," first-year Mandy Griffin reported.

"The atrocious aroma also covered up the eau de rotten egg wafting from the makeshift meth lab under my lofted bed," disclosed Walt Blanco, a self-proclaimed street-pharmacist.

"Honestly, my Alcohol Boot changed my life. And I don't even have an RA; I live at Emory Point. I just hate myself," admitted senior Steven Bradley.

Customer Reviews:

9/10 ~kewl and relatable~ SAs recommend literally pouring all your alcohol into your large shoes.

10/10 Sig Chi recommends dumping your cocaine in too.

8/10 SigEp recommends crying into the boot if you can't find salt to put on the rim.

0/10 RAs will ever detect it, guaranteed. If in the unusual case your RA does find out, that really sucks. No refunds.

Warning: Side effects may include rectal-cranial inversion, permanent memory loss, repeating yourself, repeating yourself, and spontaneous shrieking. The alcohol boot has been linked to increased risk of wet socks, losing just one Apple air-pod, and drunk calls to uncles named Kevin. Please contact your doctor if you contract a severe case of never getting laid.





Jungle Juice is no longer just a drink with this recipe!

Lights spotlighting the walls. Evaporated sweat and saliva fogs the air. The bass of the music forces your heart to sync to its rhythm. Yes, it's a typical Saturday night at any other school besides Emory. At this rager, or a different much less exciting party on Eagle Row, the time will come for braving the horde standing in front of the bar and fetching a libation. Now, time to decide what to order. The smart choice would be a beer, a wine, any mixed drink. But, to reach a new plane of drunkenness, the right choice is the punch, often affectionately known as "Jungle Juice."

Jungle Juice's origin is not known, but records indicate its lengthy history. Hieroglyphics in the Great Pyramid even show multiple people drinking from a bowl and then immediately falling to the floor. This is the sign of a legendary Jungle Juice, like the one we are going make today.

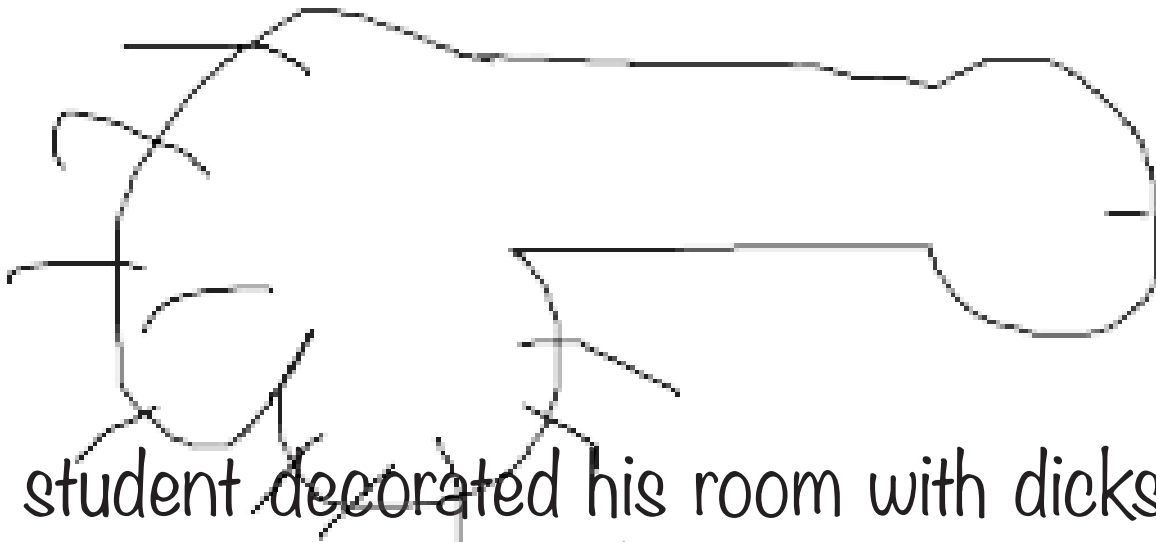
The first step is gathering a bowl, but not just any bowl. Get yourself a round trash bin for a couple of reasons. First, it's perfect for mixing large quantities. Next, it can be covered securely, which will be important for future steps. Finally, if you are making this, you are trash, so why not get a bowl to match?

Next, it's time for ingredients. Start with the tequila, exactly two handles. If your tequila doesn't have the worm in it, adding an earthworm to the punch for each handle will suffice. Next, buffer it with Hawaiian Punch fruit juice. It probably can go

without being said, but it should be the red flavor. If you thought about the blue favor or, Dooley forbid, the green flavor, then you better say you are color-blind and thought that shit was red.

The next step is to add that monkey (the one you left soaking in your tub in vodka for three hours before starting, right?) to the concoction. After adding, mix well in the trash bin. The chemicals in the Hawaiian Punch will dissolve the monkey, leaving about 3 handles of vodka and liquid primate flesh behind. Make sure you put the lid on quickly after the monkey addition, because there will be a minor combustive explosion. Remove the lid when safe. How do you know if it's safe? You don't, so have someone expendable open the lid. This shouldn't be difficult to find because if you are making this, again, you are trash. Finally, add two bottles of hot sauce and one more handle of coconut rum. By now, you will probably be drunk from fumes, but nevertheless, the savory Jungle Juice is finished.

A potent smell will punch you in the nose. With the first sip, the buzz hits you like a hive of bees on your head. A full chug and you become the calmest, coolest, stumblingest biohazard at the party. This is your prime. You have found it, like an adventurer in the vines or a mom who lost her child at the mall. You won't remember the moment, but everyone else will. This is courtesy of Jungle Juice. The Juice says, "You're welcome."



This student decorated his room with dicks and made it so much better. Here are his tips for you:

*DISCLAIMER: the Emory Spoke does NOT encourage vandalism of school property unless it makes good material for a semiannual publication.

The home should be a place to k(d)ick back, relax, and wonder if your wife, Linda, will ever forgive you and come back even though you've made some mistakes. But when you live in a dormitory, it can be difficult to enhance bland, school-issued décor in a way that maintains both functionality and personality.

So tear up your roommate's Chance the Rapper poster! The next big thing in dorm design is all below the belt.

College freshman and aspiring interior designer Joe Kaufman claims that the key to exciting limp dormitory furniture is to "just draw dicks everywhere." With simple base pieces as a canvas, there's nowhere to go but up.

"My passion for D-sign began when my friend Kyle kept drawing dicks all over my shit. Eventually, my buddy Jaden started doing it too. I realized, if I can't beat them, I CAN self-sabotage so hard that they can't take credit for the deed. So suck it, dicks."

The room's overly decadent design speaks for itself: every inch of Kaufman's luxurious

Longstreet-Means double is decorated with cartoonish renderings of male genitalia.

Kaufman continues, "It goes beyond the aesthedick appeal—no homo, by the way. It's about artisdick expression. In high school, if you drew dicks everywhere you'd get detention. If I drew dicks on my furniture at home then my mom would be like, 'what the fuck; Joe, that's an antique!' But in college there's no authority figure who can keep me from drawing dicks all over my stuff so like, why not? It's a real cumming of age project, if you will."

Here are (just the) tips to Dicktorian design, according to Kaufman.

1. First, find your personal artistic style.

Kaufman smartly distinguishes between his work and that of his peers: "I always like to do a hyper-realistic rendering of a penis. It's painstaking work. Kyle's more about gesture-drawing – the carefree, sketchy lines that characterize his work really give the

illusion of ejaculation. Art is so beautiful," he choked, eyes welling with tears.

2. Always match a bold stylistic choice with a contrasting accent piece.

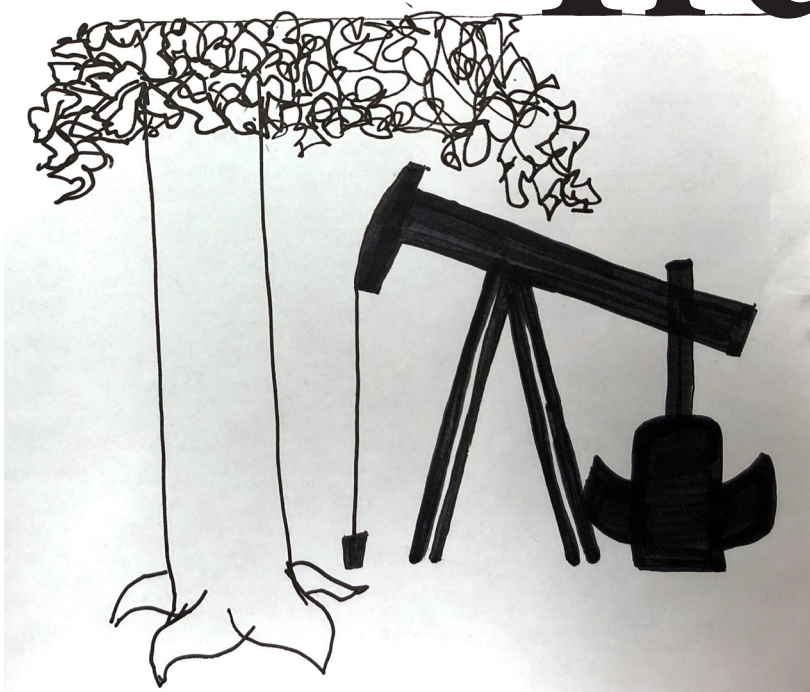
Prints of Georgia O'Keeffe paintings are the ideal complementary imagery for Kaufman, who was unable to offer his own artistic rendering of a vagina, having never actually seen one.

3. Popularize your new mode of design by referring to everything as "phallic."

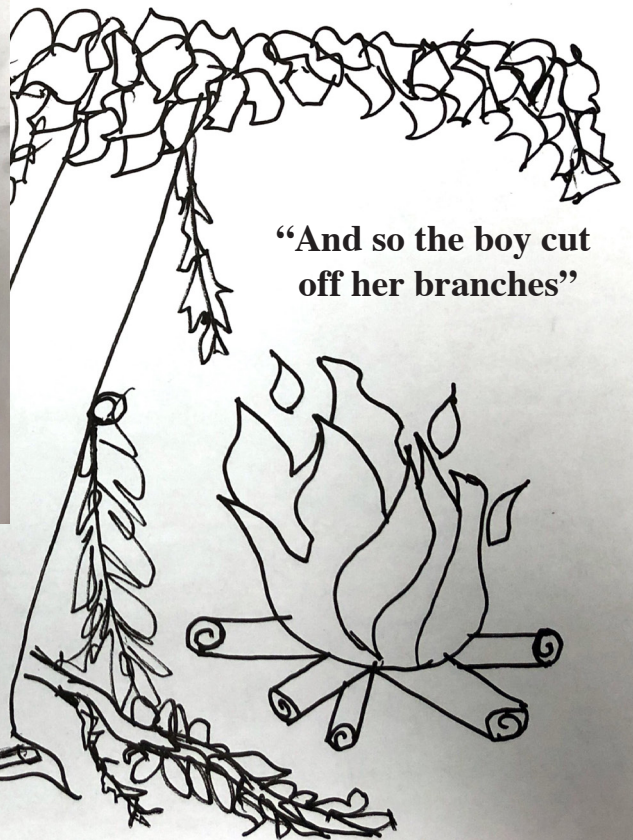
Your friend's S'well bottle? Undeniably phallic. The banana they just stole from the DUC? Too easy! "It's all about marketing – I'm pre-business, by the way – you just have to convince everyone that it's cool, artistic, and all about 'appreciating the human form' to fuck up ALL of their shit with penis drawings."

Joe Kaufman is looking into careers at HGTV or in the field of Urology if the whole pre-business thing doesn't work out.

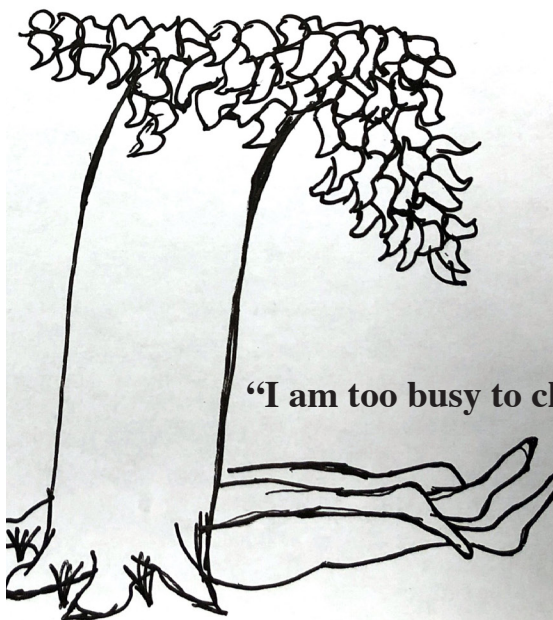
The Pushover Tree



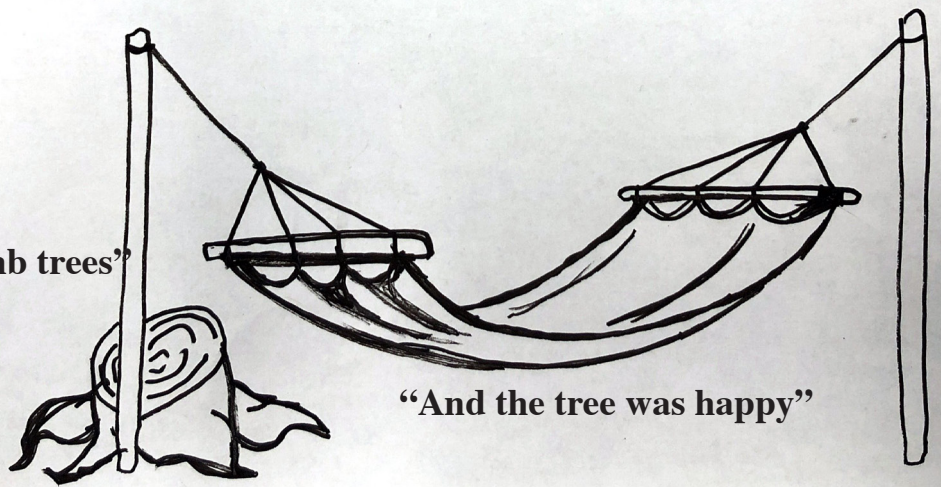
"I want to buy things and have fun"



"And so the boy cut off her branches"



"I am too busy to climb trees"



"And the tree was happy"

The weight loss plan that will kill fat and you!

It's warming up, and that means it's going to be beach season soon! The beach is great for most people, but what if you're fatter than a Big Mac? Well don't worry, lard-ass! *Better Spokes and Gardens* has you covered with the year's top workout and diet plans so you can go to the beach without triggering a 21-gun salute of projectile vomit from everyone around you. If you follow one of these plans, I guarantee you won't die alone surrounded by empty chip bags like the tub of gristle you are! Probably.

1. The F & A diet

The F & A diet is the quickest known way to lose pounds. With doctors calling it "inadvisable" and "even dumber than eating Tide pods," this diet has surged in popularity in recent months. It's also the simplest diet, with nothing more to it than the name. F & A stands for fasting and amputation! With just two easy steps, it's a practical plan for anyone. Simply stop eating and cut off limbs as needed!

It guarantees immediate results, as well a number of beneficial side effects. You'll be able to park in handicapped spots! Plus, you can be as much of a dick as you want, because what kind of asshole gets mad at an amputee? Even better, you get instant sympathy points with potential lovers.

With this diet, you're guaranteed to look as sexy as Gollum after a motorcycle crash in time for your beach vacation!

2. The Darwin workout plan

Do you feel superior to animals? This plan gives you the chance to prove it. In true Darwinian fashion, become the fittest or die! All you have to do is take on Mother Nature's best in their own habitats. Learn to swim faster than a shark, outspurt a cheetah, and outclimb a leopard. If you don't get fit fast, you're lunch! The Darwinian approach also guarantees that you'll know immediately if this workout is for you. If it doesn't work for you, you'll be too dead for it to matter.

The Darwin plan has garnered praise from naturalists around the world, as it provides endangered species with a reliable food source. Humans are also an invasive species with rapid population growth. Losing a few of us helps the environment! Not only that, but we've hunted some of these species to near extinction. They're angry, and that gives you an even better workout! Regardless of whether you live or die, you won't look like a fatass on the beach!

3. Hunting

Hunting is a time-honored tradition in many cultures. Now, we're using this tradition to get you in shape. As you'd expect, there's a twist. Instead of hunting deer or rabbits, you'll be hunting humans! For this plan to work, you can't cheat. No guns or other weapons, just your bare hands.

Start off easy by eliminating a few scrawny freshmen and some Beta brothers. Wiping out Beta brothers shouldn't be hard, as they reside at the bottom of the Emory food chain between roaches and termites. This will allow you to simultaneously hone your skills and rid campus of pests. Then work your way up the frat hierarchy until you can comfortably take down gym rats, Emory's apex predators.

There's nothing like a hand to hand struggle over life and death to get the blood pumping! You're sure to lose pounds as well as your blood, sweat, and tears. This plan comes with perks too; once the life has drained from your prey's eyes, you're free to loot their corpse! You're guaranteed to get rich quick once you take down a few international students, and there's nothing that says "Don't fuck with me" more than walking into your lecture covered in fresh bloodstains.

These workouts give you everything you need to free yourself from your blubbery exterior and show the world the person inside. Alternatively, they also give you everything you need to free your soul from your cellulite-ridden mortal shell and depart this plane of life. Whether you end up buried in sand at Miami or 6 feet underground, your adipose existence will be over!

*Editor's note- Better Spokes and Gardens is in no way responsible for injuries or death resulting from following one or more of these plans. However, Better Spokes and Gardens is also in no way responsible for indescribable loneliness resulting from not following one or more of these plans.

How to get great skin: let this rich international student punch you in the face

As spring returns to Emory, so does the inevitable humidity, and a general panic can be felt across campus from the anticipated breakouts, fear not! One brave student created a solution to this crisis: Sven Van Sven, Emory University junior and international student. Sven is currently studying environmental science, but a new calling found him late in his college career.

"It was an especially hot day, and so I was eating my Surströmming of course, and then I heard somebody call my name! I turned my head, swinging my arms as they swing, and then I hit a poor little girl right on the face," Sven stated. The scene could only be described as painfully strange, as a worried, 6'5" Sven towered over a paralyzed, 5'3" Tammy Xu.

When our reporters asked Tammy about the experience, she raved that: "It took me a second to get up, and I was really worried that I was gonna have a massive black eye. I had a date party that night, and I already had serious break outs on both sides of my face. Just my luck, this crazy giant would make my concealer's job ten times harder. But when I opened my phone's front face cam, I was shocked to see not only very little bruising, but also that the pimples on my left cheek were totally gone!"

After Tammy tested Sven's abilities on the other side of her face, word of his talents spread across campus, causing a massive demand for further face punching. Scars, birthmarks, even a stray mole; a smack or two from Sven's palm could abolish any of those pesky blemishes. However, when consulting with Sven, things were not so simple.

"Every night I come home, and my hands,

they do not stop the shaking. I look at the picture of my beautiful Elsa Von Elsa, my betrothed, and her picture, it shakes in my hands. I cannot even look at my hands anymore, the drawing and coloring was my favorite part of the environmental sciences. Now when I stare at these hands, I just see all of the faces. The tears, they come out of my eyes and I do not know the why," Sven said. Sources report that at this point, Sven had started pulling his hair out.

Regardless of his crying pleas to be left alone, Sven continued to gain popularity as a beauty care alternative across campus. Tina Schaffer spoke avidly of Sven's handywork. "After my sixth time back, the doctor said I'd have temporary nerve damage if I went in for the procedure again. Lord knows I went right from that office back to Sven because where the nerve damage is temporary, good looks are forever!" Sources report that Tina went back for her 7th procedure four days later and is well on her way to making that temporary nature permanent.

Several celebrities have come out to "comfort Sven" in his time of need, and each exited smiling and more cheerful than when they entered. Our reporters reached out to one such celebrity, Jayden Smith, who stated "The punching cleared up my sunburn from Kauai, but there was something about Sven's screams that fixed my tantric vibe, you know?"

Sven Van Sven's current whereabouts were unknown, but after further investigation, our reporters found that he had been committed to Grady Trauma Center for psychosis and severe hand bruising.

