

*Spoke*MD



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Your Illness Based on Your Major:

I believe some congratulations are in order: you made it to another flu season! Disease is widespread and no one is safe. Actually, you're already sick. But do not fret because facing another temperamental Urgent Care doctor, who inevitably makes you question if you are really sick at all, won't be necessary. With new technology, your major alone can be used to diagnose and shame you all in one.

English: Carpal Tunnel! You developed carpal tunnel from writing on all those scrolls with your funny little quill. You misunderstood scribes are so artsy, but at what cost?

Philosophy: Your Covid test just came back and (you guessed it) it's positive! For those of us who choose to ignore our existential dread, just one conversation with a philosophy major warrants a two-week recovery period. It's pretty nice to see the tables turn.

Business: Mono. You get it.

Neuroscience: Oh, so you're NBB? So is everyone else. Like the common cold, you are a basic little bitch.

Computer Science: There are consequences of having a diet consisting entirely of DCT pasta and lint, and **that consequence is scurvy.** Consider eating an orange for a change (seriously, when was the last time you were outside?).

Psychology: You're a hypochondriac. As it turns out, while all those self-diagnoses were wrong, they weren't a coincidence after all. Isn't that just silly?

History: Cholera for you! Since you love history so much, you get a blast from the past, and this blast is taking the form of a raging cough. At least now you can put that plague mask in your closet to good use.

Political Science: You have strep throat. Your opinions have been heard loud and clear in innocent classes across campus for far too long. Your vocal cords can't even take it anymore, and strep has made you hoarse. It's a catastrophe that your revolutionary views will be put on hold during your recovery, how will the rest of us cope?

Chemistry: Whoopsie! You have ringworm! Stop touching all the fungus in your labs you silly goose!

Education: Congrats on your case of hand, foot, and mouth disease! Education is such a cute, little major. So, you have a wee, to prepare you for those sticky tots and tennis you'll be teaching.

Don't Worry

That Burning Sensation When You Pee is Just Your Dick Transforming into a Fearsome Dragon

In an **astounding medical breakthrough** that is sure to assuage readers' anxieties, the world-renowned health experts at SpokeMD have unveiled their latest revelation: that burning sensation when you pee is simply your manhood undergoing a remarkable transformation into a fire-breathing dragon. At last, we know it's not an STD; it's just your junk auditioning for a spot on Game of Thrones.

SpokeMD's panel of medical experts proudly presents this anatomical discovery, assuring you that the only infection you have is in your imagination. So sit back, relax, and **let's explore your "Dickgon" journey together!**

1. The Fiery Itch

This initial sensation signifies the awakening of the dragon within you. Your member may tingle and itch as it begins to grow scales and form wings.

2. The Scorching Stream

This initial sensation signifies the awakening of the dragon within you. Your member may tingle and itch as it begins to grow scales and form wings.

3. Scales and Spikes

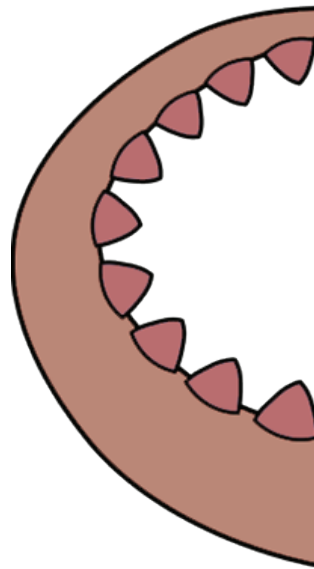
You may start noticing subtle changes in your skin texture, as dragon-like scales and spikes appear. Don't be alarmed; this is just your new armor taking shape.

4. Wings Unfurled

As your penis's transformation reaches its climax, you'll begin to see tiny wings sprout. Congratulations, you're almost ready to take flight!

5. Dragon Awakening

The final stage of your transformation will be marked by your dragon's awakening. You may even breathe fire, so be prepared to amaze and astonish your friends and family.



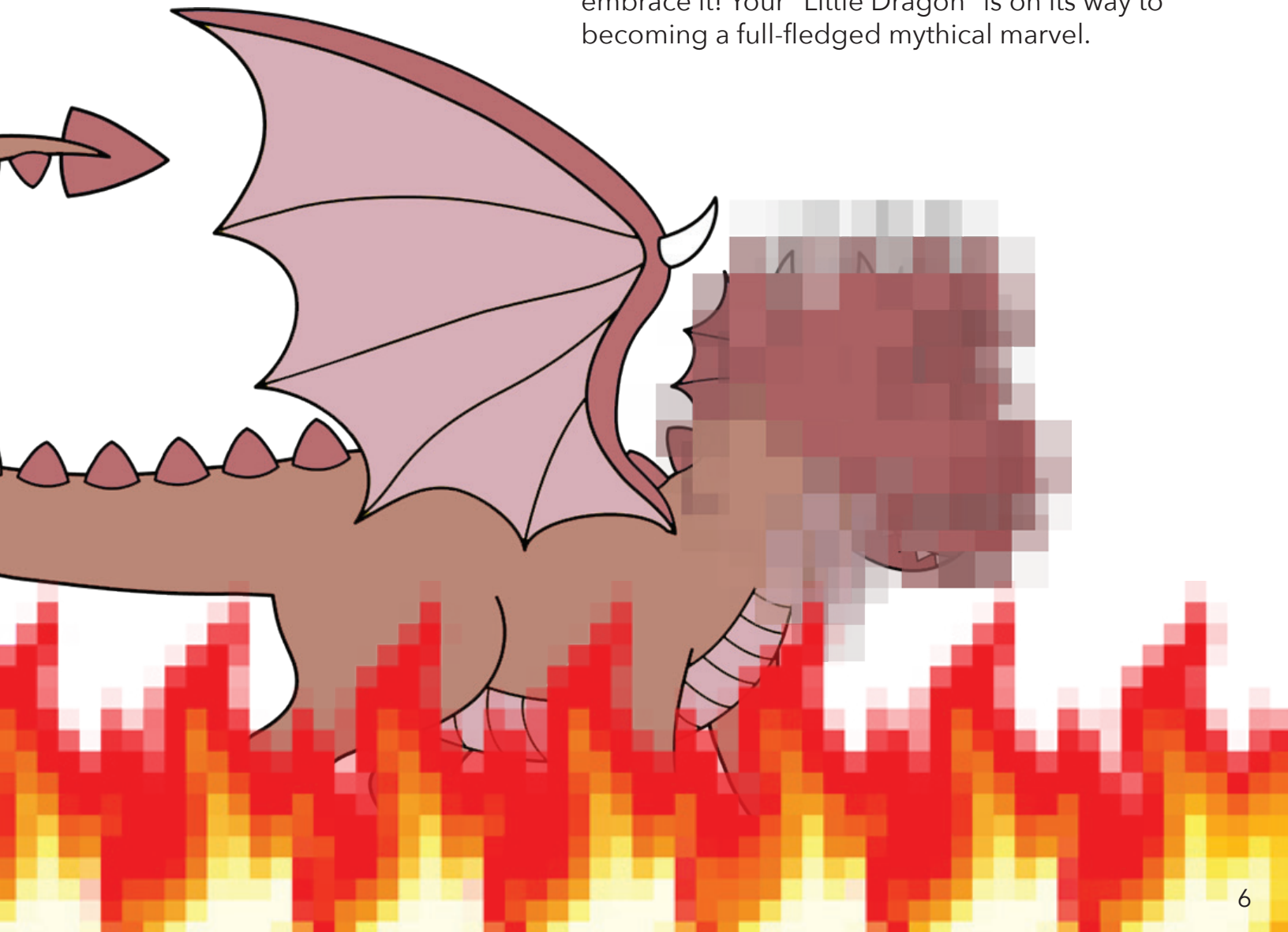
Worried about going through this transformation process? Fret not! It's just your body's way of preparing for the breathtaking spectacle of dragonfire, which will undoubtedly make you the life of the party at future barbecues. **Soon, you'll be able to toast marshmallows using your newfound, inextinguishable penial flame.**

In the meantime, here are a few tips to make your transition into dragonhood more comfortable:

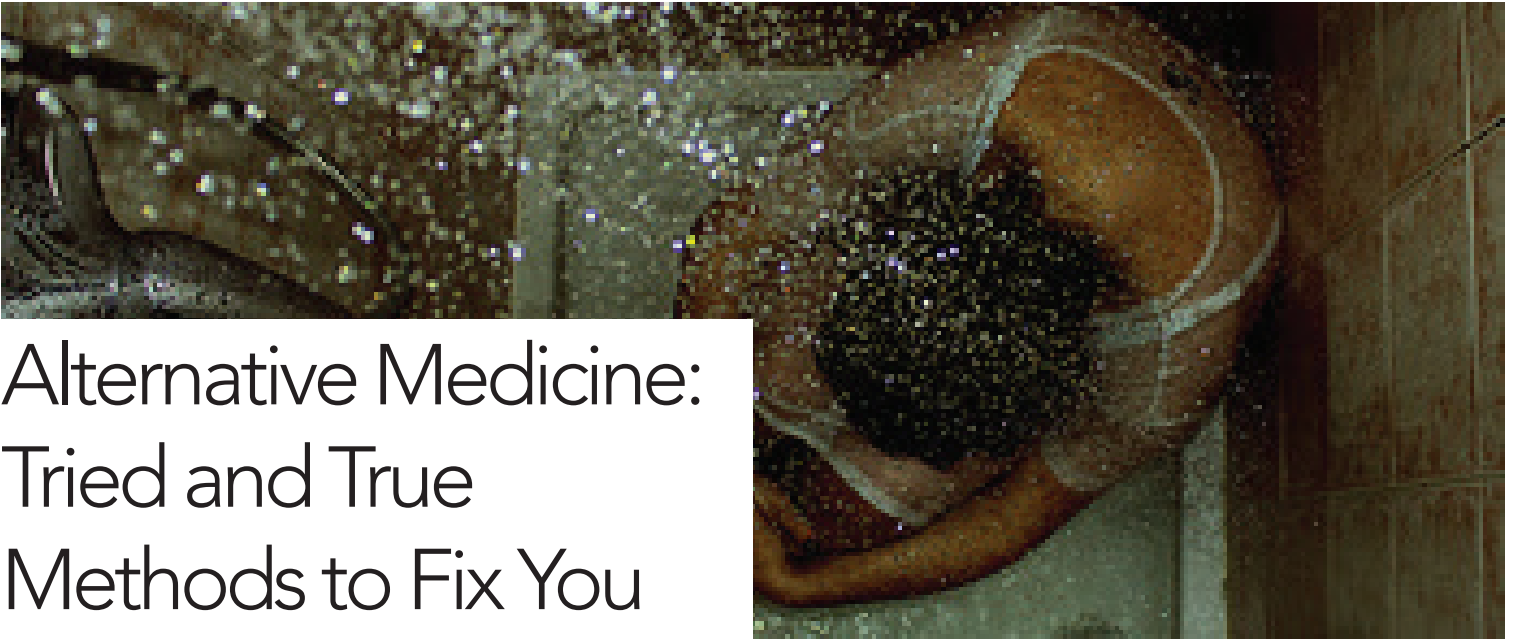
- 1. Stay hydrated with plenty of water.** Dragons need to be well-hydrated to breathe fire effectively.
- 2. Invest in some flame-retardant underwear or take up fire dancing to hone your skills.**
- 3. Embrace the discomfort** - after all, no pain, no dragon gain!
- 4. Keep your friends and family informed about your newfound destiny.** They might want to build you a lair or start hoarding gold for you.

As this groundbreaking discovery spreads, it is imperative to remember that while you may be turning into a dragon, this is a long-term process. For now, just enjoy the ride, and rest assured that your future as a fire-breathing, mythological beast is nothing to be worried about.

So, the next time you feel that burning sensation, embrace it! Your "Little Dragon" is on its way to becoming a full-fledged mythical marvel.



Treatment



Alternative Medicine: Tried and True Methods to Fix You

Feeling tired? A little blue? Just all-around under the weather? You're not alone! And what's more, you don't need to give in to Big Pharma's propaganda to fix your every malady. These alternative medicine options are SpokeMD-tested, SpokeMD-approved, and 100% guaranteed to fix absolutely any ailment.

Sitting down in the shower

There is not a single problem in the world that cannot be solved through the therapeutic power of porcelain on your ass and a trickle of dangerously hot water down your face. If Lee Harvey Oswald had even once just plopped down in there for a nice forty minutes or so, John F. Kennedy would still be alive today.

Stealing your roommate's skincare products

Variety is the spice of life. Sure, you've got your boring ass Cetaphil right there on the counter, but look to the other side of the sink. Lavender-infused body milk? What does that even mean? Where does it go? Who cares! Take a pump. Take three! It's not your money. Your roommate will say to you three weeks from now, "Weird. I thought this would last way longer," and you, glistening and smelling like a damn meadow, will just respond, "That IS weird."

Looking at the Instagrams of people you hated in high school

Doctors say social media is wreaking havoc on young people's self-esteem. But clearly these so-called "doctors" never met that bitch Margaret. Go ahead, see what she's up to now. Are all of her friends hotter than her now? Did she suddenly delete all the pictures of her boring boyfriend? Like chicken soup for the soul, that one, because regardless of how she's doing, she's far away from you.

Shopping Spree at Eagle Emporium

"If you have to ask how much it costs, you can't afford it." Usually, the Emporium lives and dies by this principle, leaving students to take a gamble on every purchase. A bag of salt and vinegar chips could be anywhere between one and forty dollars, and it is purely up to the whim of the register. But today, treat yourself. Confidently walk in, slam their finest (read: least squished) 3 Musketeers bar on the counter, pay the thirteen dollars, and leave with your head held high.

The Kleenex Puffs Pals Will Never Stand a Chance Against the Mucinex Cold Symptoms

Who would win in a physical fight, the Cold Symptoms from the Mucinex Commercials or the Puffs Pals? Luckily for you, we at Spoke MD have the answer.

It's obviously the Mucinex Cold Symptoms. Here are five reasons why:

These so-called "pals" are ridiculous.

First off, their heads are huge; one little hit from Mr. Mucus and little Linda and her stupid red nose would topple. And look, the kids don't have nostrils! They can't even use the fucking tissues that they're supposed to promote. Pathetic.



Linda. Don't even get me started on Linda.

The Puffs Pals are fucking losers.

Losers that let a cold get the best of them. They act like freshman who caught frat flu on their first night out at Mags and haven't gotten over it yet.

The Mucinex Cold Symptoms on the other hand, look at them!

They have matching umbrellas and signs telling us exactly how they're going to demolish the Puffs Pals. The "pals" will never have this level of coordination, which is exactly why they would never win this battle.

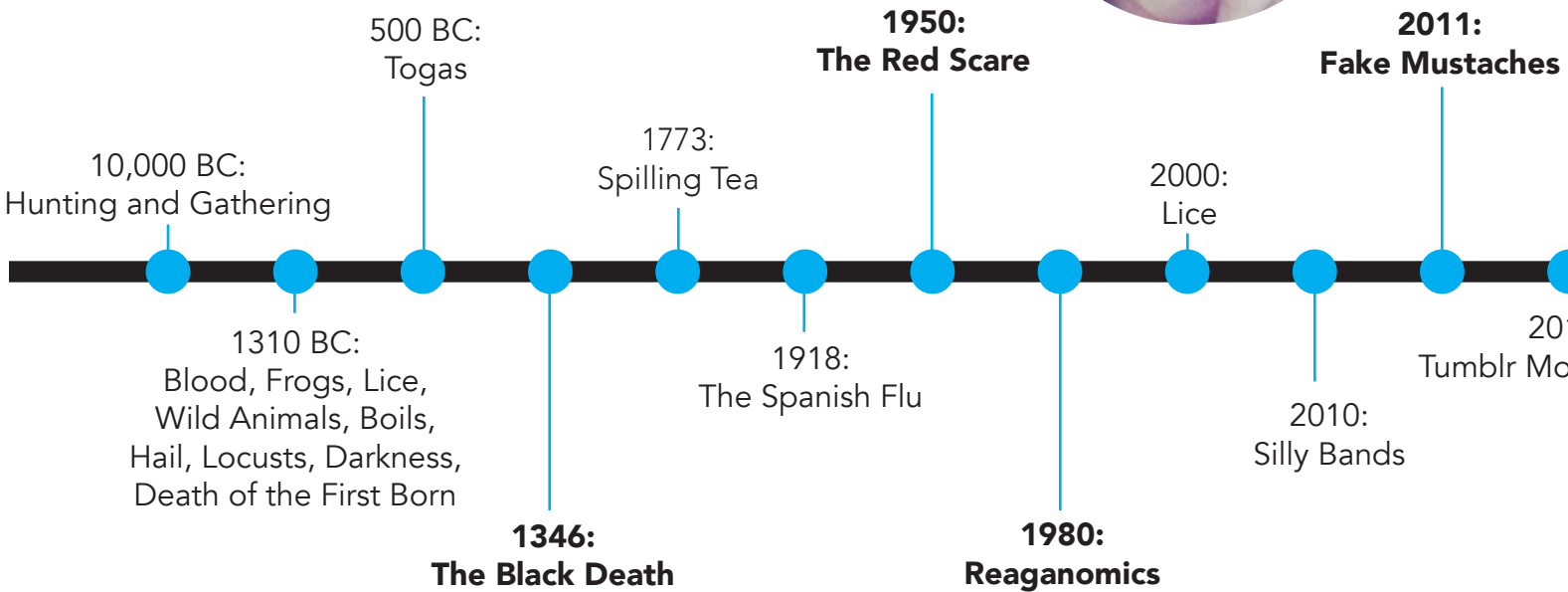
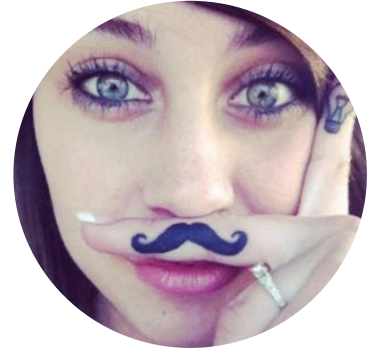


Mr. Mucus is hot now!

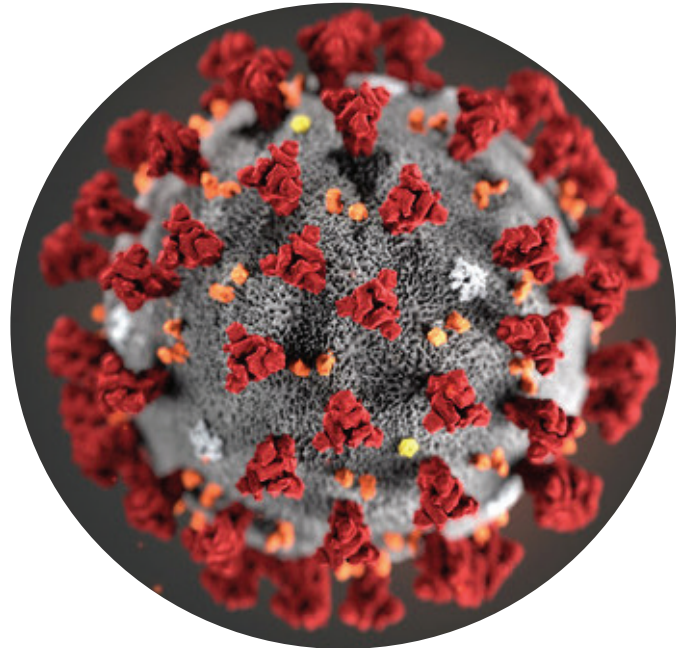
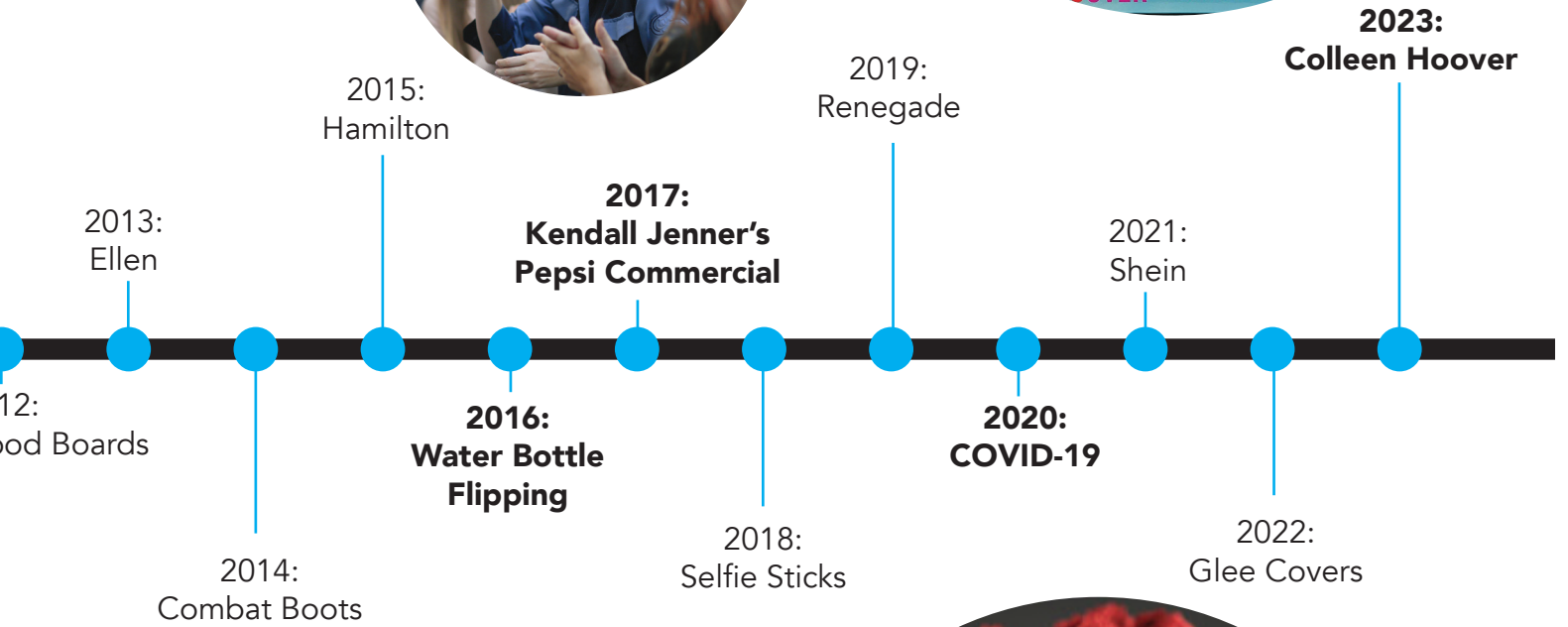
All grown up with his own instagram account, Mr. Mucus has had a glow up. Instead of letting this new attention get to his head, he is using this new confidence to really fuck up Linda one last time.



A Look Through A Timeline of



ugh Our Past: of Epidemics





How to interact with your woman friend when she's on her period

So it's that time of the month again. Your woman friend is becoming irritable, moody, and for some reason, doesn't seem at all interested in your analysis on the movie you've been watching in film class. As a man, you might feel like every conversation is a possible landmine, but never fear. SpokeMD has compiled a handy list of scientifically proven suggestions for how to interact with your woman friend when she's on her period.

1. While on her period, your woman friend will likely forget basic facts, like where she goes to school, what her name is, and why she should always defer to you for analysis on politics and current events. You can gently remind her of these things with helpful sticky notes. Place a sticky note on her forehead with her name. Label household items as edible and inedible, for example: cheese = edible, erasers = inedible.

2. AVOID AT ALL COSTS any mention of Twilight, When Harry Met Sally, or Timothée Chalamet. When your woman friend is on her period, she loses all ability to regulate basic emotions. If she hears mention of any of these things, or god forbid, is exposed to a photo of Robert Pattinson, things could get ugly quickly.

3. Much like the primitive jungle cat, your woman friend may perceive direct eye contact as a sign of aggression when she is on her period.

Be sure to avert your gaze to demonstrate to her that you come in peace.

4. Periods inhibit a woman's ability to follow the flow of a conversation, so try using simple, easy-to-follow phrases when telling her a story. Limit the stories you tell to "The Very Hungry Caterpillar" level of complexity and below.

5. Buy some doggy pads (the ones used for potty training small chihuahuas will suffice). If your woman friend is stepping foot in your room during her period, it is not safe to trust her tampons and pads to hold all that disgusting blood in. You need to

protect your space at all costs, placing doggy pads anywhere she might stand or sit. You don't want any accidents!

6. The myth that you as a man need to buy chocolate for your woman friend while she's on her period is quite frankly sexist.

Why should you spend money on something that will make her feel better? It's not doing anything for you. Men should not have to bear the burden of this vile time of the month. Instead, treat yourself! Go buy a pack of chocolates and enjoy. If your woman friend asks to have a bite, remind her that summer bodies don't grow on trees, and it might be smart to slow down on the desserts.

Lesser Known STIs:

STIs. We've all heard of the big ones— chlamydia, syphilis, HIV, etc. Hell, maybe you've even had a few! However, many STIs are still not discussed for a variety of reasons. But just because they are less common doesn't mean you don't need to worry about them. To spread awareness, we here at SpokeMD have compiled a list of some lesser-known STIs that Emory students should watch out for:

Hepatitis ATO

Caused by: sleeping with someone in ATO
Symptoms: becoming insufferable

Stuproco:

Caused by: sleeping with someone in SPC
Symptoms: memory problems (particularly common is forgetting that SPC is lame)

Spokeitis:

Caused by: sleeping with someone on the Spoke
Symptoms: being super hot and sexy and cool

Hepatitis Beta:

Caused by: sleeping with someone in Beta
Symptoms: lol jk no one sleeps with anyone in Beta

AKPsiphilis:

Caused by: sleeping with someone in AKPsi
Symptoms: desire to join a cult

Herpes:

Caused by: my ex
Symptoms: herpes



3 TIPS

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU CONTRACT AN STD? Here are some tips

1. Don't tell anyone. I can't think of anything more embarrassing.

2. Take some sweet dick pics. The swelling makes it look bigger!

3. Try out a celibate lifestyle Not much will change for you.

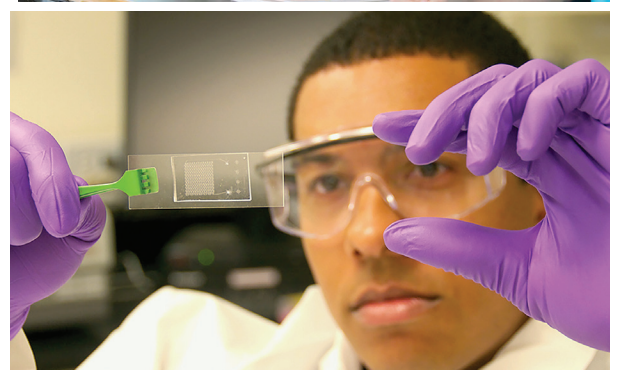
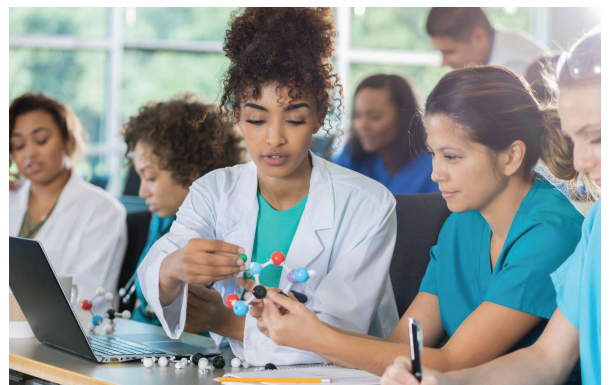
Dear Prestigious Pre-Med...

*Dear Prestigious Premed,
I was walking around campus stressed out earlier this week and suddenly felt pain in my chest. My lungs tightened, I felt like I couldn't breathe, and I got super dizzy and nauseous. Was I having a heart attack, or could it be something else?*

*Please help,
Concerned*

Dear Concerned,
I experienced very similar symptoms during my DILF chemistry professor's office hours today! My chest felt super tight, I was sweating a lot, and there was a sharp pain in my left shoulder. He's just so attractive, oh my gosh. **I've realized in my many years of studying medicine that the symptoms of love can be quite physical.** Next time you feel this way, keep an eye out for that special someone on campus—they might just be the cause of your mysterious illness! And don't be scared of the ride. Lean into the love; enjoy it while it lasts.

Best,
Prestigious



*Dear Prestigious Premed,
I looked down for the first time in years yesterday, and there was hair all over my body. I was absolutely taken aback. Is this normal?*

*Desperate for a diagnosis,
Harry*

Dear Harry,

You obviously have hypertrichosis (Human Werewolf Syndrome). Do you ever rip off all of your clothes at night and run off into the woods? Do you ever feel the unexplainable need to howl at the moon? We learned about this super rare disease in one of my classes, and you definitely have it. While we're talking about this, could we actually meet up? I'd love to write about your case for my medical blog.

Text me,
Prestigious

*Dear Prestigious Premed,
I've been going out a lot with my besties, and lately, it seems that every night at Veranda ends with me slumped over the toilet throwing up. I thought my alcohol tolerance was going up, so why does this keep happening?*

*Enlighten me,
Afraid*

Dear Afraid,

You're pregnant. Praying 4 U bestie!!

Sincerely,
Prestigious

P.S. If you need a C-section, hit me up! I did a suture lab with the pre-meds club and you'll be in great hands.

Top 5 Times Greg Fenves Served Us Prescription Medication Realness



Focus on Me!

Let's just say there was no deficit in the well-deserved attention we gave this iconic Adderall XR look. With a lovely orange that calls to mind Fenves' University of Texas days, this classic look is certainly one for the books.

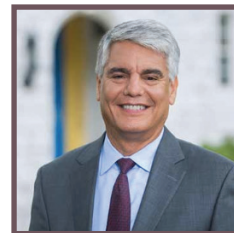


Sore Subject

Fenves pushed the boundaries of fashion with this elegant two-tone homage to Acyclovir, an antiviral used to treat the symptoms of herpes infections of the genitals. Thank god for modern medicine, and for this look.

Are You Happy Now?

Fenves certainly lifted all our spirits when he channeled the antidepressant Wellbutrin. The classy purple put even the most seasonally affected in a good mood. We can honestly say this fashion moment did more to help our depression than all 8 CAPS sessions combined!

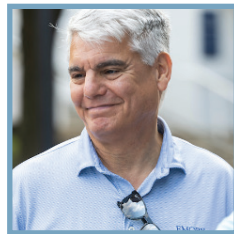


UT Austin, UT...I?

We were all in awe of this monochromatic masterpiece, a standout look for our President. In an edgier, almost gothic throwback, Fenves evokes Nitrofurantoin, an antibiotic used to treat and prevent urinary tract infections. Yip-pee!

The Smile Says It All

Relaxed, in his element, and eminently fashionable: no list of the best Fenves medication moments would be complete without his timeless Viagra look. It's not hard to see why. All in all, this look shows the great lengths our President routinely goes to in proving himself a fashion icon.



Pickleball, White Guilt, and You.

So, you're feeling the immense weight of racial privilege in this world due to settler colonialism and systemically racist institutions that have allowed you to play manchild ping pong?

I have three words for you: You Are Not Alone.

Hi I'm Dr. 'Jeb!' Bush (no relation) and I'm here to tell you that your passion for pickleball, and the great deal of white guilt you have, is no coincidence. I have dealt with similar psychological phenomena in the past including, but not limited to: Hamilton and "liking" hip-hop, crypto induced psychosis, and of course my seminal study on Ego Death onset via clapping when the plane lands. Enough about me though, let's talk about you.

You may enjoy the 'pop-pop-pop' of a rally with your work colleague and the camaraderie of suburbia life; however, the thoughts continue to haunt you after you have pickled for the day. How do I rectify the responsibility for the injustices that people who look like me have historically inflicted on racial and ethnic minority groups? I find myself afraid of saying or doing the wrong thing, fearing that I might inadvertently perpetuate racism or cause harm through my words or actions or my pickling. What if Pickleball is a direct result of all of the injustice?

Well reader, not to worry, these feelings are valid and come with the territory of Pickleball. The sport is a product of 400 years of an unjust America; this is a reality you must accept. The next thing you can do on your journey is crucial: forget about it! Do NOT look to become more educated on these issues that are still present in Biden's America. Stay ignorant, claim that you do not see color, and pickle on! With these tools I hope that the pickleball community will continue to thrive.

Spoke MD's Health Heroes Features

We want to take a moment to honor the leaders at Emory's campus who have gone above and beyond to ensure the health, safety, and well-being of our campus. They have embodied the spirit of Anthony Fauci, may he rest in peace, in their care for the student body – and the student bodies. Here are their stories.

Student Programming Council

Whenever COVID-19, the flu, or any mysterious frat flu threatens campus, SPC gets to work behind the scenes by planning extravagant events to keep spirits up and contagion down. This underappreciated, humble group on campus ensures our safety every day by encouraging social distancing and isolation, as students hunker down in their rooms to avoid Asbury Circle and mediocre rap. SPC gets creative to plan the most unappealing events possible, like hamster balls for humans, wet massages on McDonough, and a magician who definitely isn't looking at your boobs.



Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity (SAE)

Now, some of our younger readers may not remember this, but we at Health Heroes honor all contributions to student health, past and present. In SAE they surely have not forgotten the Hand-foot-and-mouth Incident of 2018, and we want to remind our readers of this honorable

act because we will not let the Emory community forget to be grateful. Someone has to take one for the team, and that's exactly what SAE did. SOMEBODY was bound to get Hand-foot-and-mouth disease, but the strong men of SAE are the only ones who stepped up (painfully, because of the rashes) and did it. Thank you, kings.

HOW-TO TIPS

YOU CAN DIAGNOSE AND TREAT **HAND-FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE** AT HOME

After visiting SAE, check yourself for the following symptoms:

- Fever
- Sore Throat
- Irritability (unrelated to having to visit SAE)
- Loss of appetite
- Painful blisters

If you have these symptoms, you should care for yourself with the following:

- Drink cold soothing drinks, eat ice cream
- Over the counter fever and pain medications
- Quarantine yourself
- Find mental treatment to overcome your SAE visit

Dooley After Dark

Anyone who's gone to a Dooley After Dark event knows: there is nothing to soundly clean out your colon like a trip to any of the offered food trucks. D.A.D. is keeping all of us colonoscopy-ready with a wide array of food options that are sure to give you the most insane diarrhea of your life. Clearly, our colon health is a top priority for them; after all, no pain no gain! (The gain is a nice examination of your long intestine. Honestly, guys, D.A.D. paid for an advertisement here, and printing these magazines is really really expensive. This is all we could come up with. Sorry.)

The B-School Kegs

Lastly, shout out to the business school for looking out for our collective mental health. Every Thursday, campus gets to take a collective sigh of relief when the B-school students run off to play and get a little bit crazy with kegs in the courtyard. Who knew capitalism could actually benefit all of us? A little bit of damage to the B-school livers works wonders for the rest of the student body, who sometimes just need a break.

As we go on with our campus lives, don't forget to thank our health heroes for taking the initiative to look out for our wellbeing.



Diagnosis: Delicious! Three Reasons Why You Should Eat Ass Before Applying to Medical School

Are you a pre-med who's not afraid of getting down and dirty? Are you wondering if you can still get into medical school after you pulled two D's in organic chemistry? Or maybe you just really want some clinical experience. Well, you've come to the right place. A growing number of pre-meds have started to use a new approach to make sure they stand out before admissions committees, and leave quite the lasting impression in doing so. What's the secret? Eating dat ass. The time-old practice is not just useful in the bedroom, but is a surprising modern necessity in admissions offices. Here are three key reasons why learning how to toss that salad and eat it like you mean it will increase your odds of gaining that coveted medical school acceptance:

Grow Your Anatomical Knowledge

Show medical schools you can be a doctor by learning some anatomy first. What happens when you make a hard left at the anus? Or a soft right to the cheek? An upstream journey ahead? You're practically a surgeon already!

Demonstrate Your Worldliness

Medical schools want to see what would make you a good doctor. What better way to show them how experienced you are than by displaying your true depth of knowledge! Knowing how

to eat ass gives you a new perspective on how to best treat those around you. Medical schools will eat this up, just like you!

Spread the Love

Admissions officers accept applicants who are compassionate and resilient. If you've eaten some ass up like Sunday groceries before, you may not have realized it, but you were demonstrating necessary qualities of a tender-loving doctor. Patients will love your enthralling bedside manner. The admissions officers will recognize this, and who knows, they may even drop their number in your decision letter.



Botched:

“They took off all my fucking skin”

Are you insecure about your body? Do your uneven ass cheeks, Michael Cera boobs, and weak jawline make you feel like the personality hire of your own life? Shockingly, you are not alone. While many self-loathing college students compensate for this dissatisfaction by connecting with nature, engaging with close loved ones, or writing for the Emory Spoke, there has been a dramatic increase in the number of those seeking more drastic (or, should we say, plastic) measures. However, if you have ever thought about going under the knife to fix your disgusting body, you may want to reconsider.

Spoke MD journalists recently met with the inconsolable victim of a botched plastic surgery from Emory’s own campus: Dooley.

“I was on the cover of Oprah Magazine, the seventh-highest-paid hand model in the industry and guest judged the X-Factor; I had the fairytale life everybody dreams of. But when work started slowing down, my agent pointed out that I was not as young or beautiful as I used to be. I was faced with an important decision – change my look, or go back to my job as a Federal Work-Study student at the Office of Student Health Promotion. **My choice was clear.**



I went into the surgery center and was greeted by a young, handsome man. ‘I got an A- in CHEM 202, I volunteer at Winship, I watch surgeries on Youtube for fun, and my dad is a cardiologist – Trust me, I know what I am doing,’ he said. And I did trust him; **it was the worst decision I could have ever made.**

I told him I wanted a facelift. Little did I know, he would take what I said seriously. He took

off all my fucking skin. I now look like the love child of Steve Buscemi and Satan, and my only prospects are the Spirit Halloween catalog and, God willing, Mary Kate Olsen’s body double.”

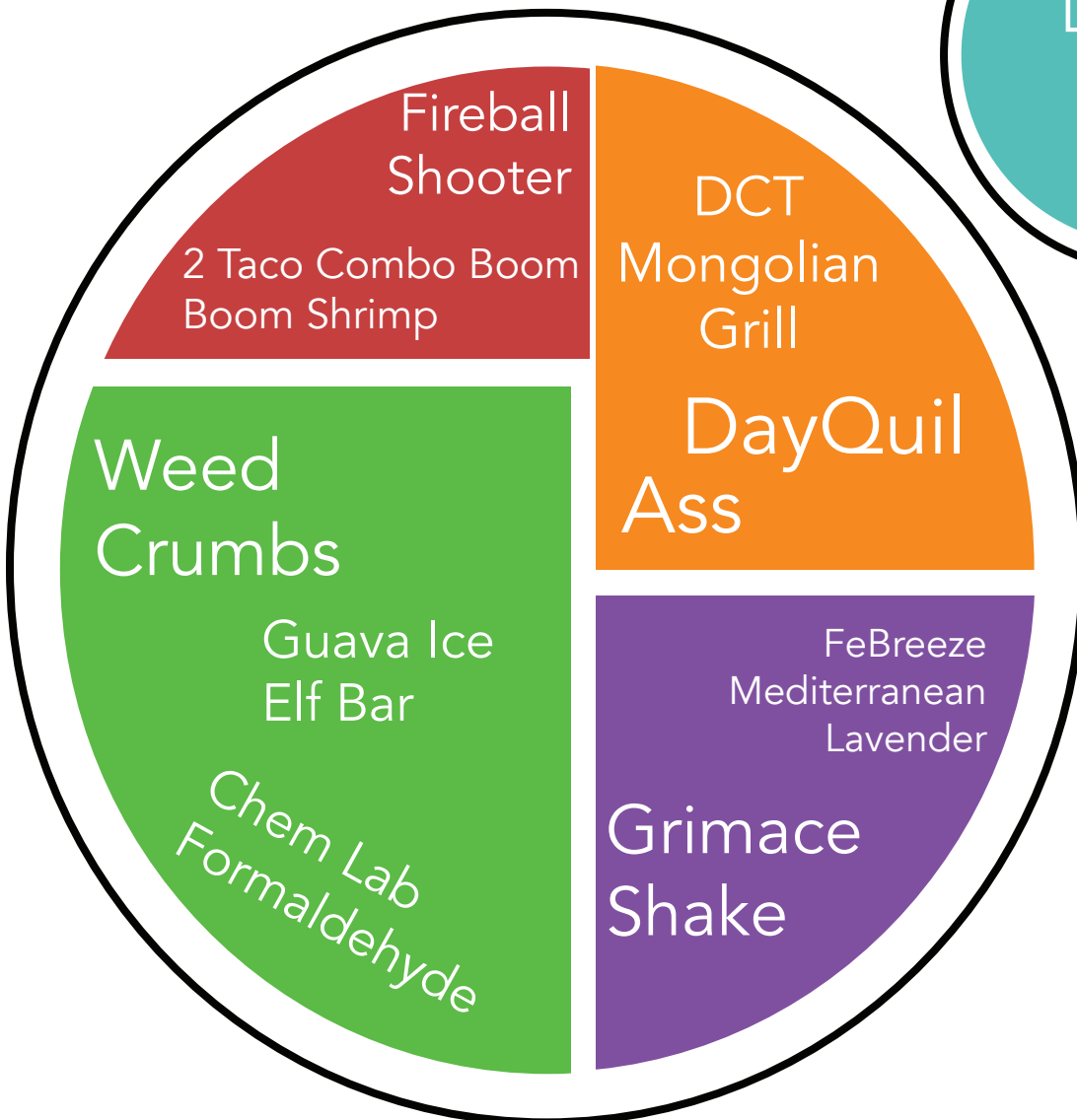
Let Dooley’s experiences serve as a warning to all: **Ugliness is not just skin-deep – it’s in your bones too.**

A Nutrition Guide for You, The Emory Student

It's now been over 12 years since the US Department of Agriculture released its MyPlate nutrition guide, and we at the Spoke think it's been long due for an update. While the fun color-coding is no doubt a plus, its misguided emphasis on obscure nutritional jargon like "vegetables" and "grains" makes it difficult to put the model into practice.

In a groundbreaking new initiative, SpokeMD has worked with top nutritional researchers to develop a new dietary model specifically tailored to the needs of the average Emory student. Your roommate Matt, who has been living exclusively according to our diet since the semester began, has reported improved focus, deeper sleep, increased immunity, and heightened sex drive as a result.

With such undeniably positive outcomes, we believe the time has come to launch our new edition of MyPlate for the entire student body. We can't wait for you to begin your journey to a better you!



What to Expect When You're Expecting

The Messiah

Do you have a functioning uterus? Are you feeling sick in the morning? Did an eldritch horror descend upon you screaming "BE NOT AFRAID" and say you would bear humanity's savior? If you answered yes to all three (or, let's be honest, just that last one), congratulations! You're pregnant with the messiah. If you only answered yes to the first two, take some Imodium. It's probably Twisted Taco.

So, what now? Fear not, for we at SpokeMD are here to help you. Your first step should be figuring out which messiah you're carrying. Is it Kalki? Is it Saoshyant? Is it Jesus? Is it Li Hong? Is it just some generic divine being not associated with a specific faith? Whoever it is, it's important to know, because the last thing you need is to give birth to the Flying Spaghetti Monster and be unprepared.



Secondly, make sure you stay healthy and prepared during your pregnancy. Carrying a divine messenger to term can take a toll on your body. Also, no matter what you do, do not give birth in a manger. I don't care if it's "aesthetic," you do not want to deal with straws of hay in your vagina. You're already pushing out an entire human being; do you really need the extra trouble?

Thirdly, watch out for omens. Messages in the sky, random objects bursting into flames, prophetic visions, things like that. Not to stress you out, but a messiah only comes along when the world is about to end. And yeah, it feels like the world is ending already, but I mean serious shit. Demons coming out of the earth, rivers running red with blood, things of that nature. If a monster tries to murder you to prevent your child from being born, well... ask someone else for help. I don't know how to fight monsters.

How to Know When It's Time for a Lobotomy



Ranked by an accredited source as the 4th most depressed student body, Emory University community members have been experiencing skyrocketing rates of mental health issues for years. For many people, traditional resources like so-called “therapy” or “healthy coping methods” are neither desirable nor effective. Fortunately, lobotomy offers a non-invasive, completely effective alternative. SpokeMD’s research presents some of the crucial signs that a lobotomy may be the right choice for you:

You’re reading this article.

If you have taken the time out of your schedule as a full-time college student to open this magazine and flip through these pages, chances are there is little hope for you.

You go out on Wednesdays.

What are you trying to run from with a night of sweaty small talk and watered down beverages? Only an incurable psychiatric condition could explain why anyone would ever subject themselves to a crowded Maggie’s back room on a weeknight.

You’re feeling an increasing urge to watch Riverdale.

Common to the pathology of lobotomy subjects is a compulsion for sub-par teen dramas, so if you’ve recently experienced an unexplainable drive to see a neon-orange haired Archie Andrews deliver dialogue undoubtedly written by a millennial in a beanie, it may be time to schedule that lobotomy appointment ASAP. If you’ve reached this stage of neurosis, it is crucial to seek treatment before the craving to watch Too Hot to Handle kicks in.



Your primary form of communication is Snapchat.

College students seem to be a demographic with the highest incidence of this symptom. While it may be common among your peers, it is not any less disturbing. Something pathological in your brain is telling you to pick the “U up?” snapchat over a traditional phone call. Get help.

You listen to Machine Gun Kelly.

In our expert SpokeMD opinion, any patient drawing pleasure from MGK's music undeniably has something wrong in their chemical hardwiring. Thankfully, it's nothing that drilling a hole in your brain can't fix.

You're falling for a short king.

What is telling you that you want a stuffed animal as a boyfriend? Wanna give him a piggyback ride too? Want him to sit on your lap as you read him a bedtime story? Please seek medical attention, we're begging you.

You're thinking of rushing Beta Theta Pi.

If you have actually heard of this frat, and are even slightly considering rushing, at this point you are too far gone. The supposed "Men of Principle" at Beta can't save you from this fate. Just let us schedule the procedure for you.

If any of these symptoms apply to you, do not be concerned. SpokeMD assures you that lobotomies are an all-in-one cure to any of your personal strife. We recommend you reach out to that pre-med student that lives down the hall and commission them for the operation as soon as you can. Those competitive fucks will be more than happy to get some hands-on experience.

BETTER VISITS

HERE ARE SOME WAYS TO **IMPROVE YOUR LOBOTOMY APPOINTMENT**

1. BRING A BOOK.

At Emory, lobotomy lines can be long. Some Colleen Hoover is sure to entertain your little pea brain, and will also serve as a test of efficacy after the procedure.

2. DON'T EAT BEFOREHAND

It doesn't improve the procedure, but this'll be one of the last times you'll want to say "Omg, I just realized I haven't eaten anything today! I'm so quirky and skinny!"

3. TAKE THE ANAESTHESIA

Trust me, this procedure hurts like a bitch.



So Dooley Got You Pregnant?

Ruh Roh! So you boned a little too hard? It happens to the best of us! You'd need an iron-clad condom to keep all of his spooky sperm out of your body. But that's all in the past now, time to focus on your future with that old lump of bones.

First off, you will have to get married. Dooley's an old-fashioned guy, so he's not going to want one of those Gen-Z non-monogamous situationships between two people with ADHD self-diagnoses. He'll want a wedding and he'll want it fast. Expect no frills, little to no acknowledgement of your mother, and a dowry of two sheep and a portal to the netherworld.

Don't expect any more romance after that. Once you're locked in for the long run, Dooley will come and go at mysterious hours, claiming that he's "going on a walk around campus with his security to boost morale."

The kid will be hollow, both physically and emotionally, due to never having his father show up to dismiss his class. You will also be resented in the way that we as a society treat mothers.

So Swoop Got You Pregnant?



So Dooley Got Swoop Pregnant?

Swoop stared deep into Dooley's eye chasms.

"Don't look at me like that," Dooley whispered. But it was too late; he was enthralled. Swoop wrapped Dooley in his plush feathers, holding him tenderly.

"Why do we fight so much?" Swoop asks as he caresses Dooley's spine.

"The world is scared to see us together," Dooley answered. Tears welled in his eyes. "We're competitors. Schools aren't supposed to have two mascots. Hate was never supposed to become love." Dooley rested his face in Swoop's burly chest. For a moment, everything was quiet. For a moment, everything felt right.

"Then let's make one mascot. A mascot that is the best of both of us. He'll have your charisma and my joie de vivre. He'll be charming, kind; a figure that all Emory students can turn to. A beacon of hope. Then everyone will know how wrong they are for pitting us against each other."

"Wait, are you saying you want to have a baby?" Dooley asked, lifting his head up off of Swoop's chest.

"Oh please, you can't tell me you've never thought about it," Swoop whispered sensually into Dooley's ear. Dooley felt his nonexistent blood rush to his face. He felt his bones shaking with desire.

"Okay," Dooley surrendered. "I trust you." Dooley pulled Swoop's face close to his, kissing his beak gingerly, "I trust you."





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