

Spocomelon

Fall 2024 Edition



Top 5 Toys to Play With by Yourself

Confession: I Pooped on the Potty Today

How to Turn Your Piggy Bank into a Roth IRA: A Very Short Guide

Letter from the Editors:

Welcome back to our valued readers! Back in the Spoke's glory days, we used to rip off publications that actually existed. Now, we've discovered that this brain-rotted generation has become so lazy that you'll accept whatever we give you. So here you go you sheep, here is your nutrient-deprived fodder. Get lost in the bright colors, simple language, and poop jokes that our writers so generously wrote for you. Goo-goo you ga-gas and reflect on how far our society has fallen.



co-editors in chief



Claire "They tried to put me on the cover of baby GAP, but my legs were too long" Marchand



Leo "Classically potty trained" Reale



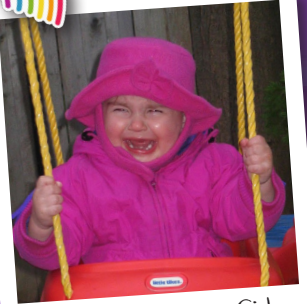
Anna "Stands by the poncho" Little



Tarvi "The philosopher kid" Kulkarni



Elena "Drank lighter fluid ONE time" Sabin



Rachel "American Girl Scissoring Incident of 2009" Alpert-Wisnia



Ari "Did not eat my twin in the womb" Ophir

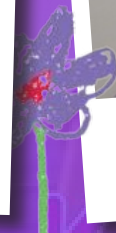


Morgan "Oedipal Triangle" Starnes



Arjun "Humpty Dump" Vohra

Spoke Exec (cool kids)





Aidan "Like literally omw rn" Ellie



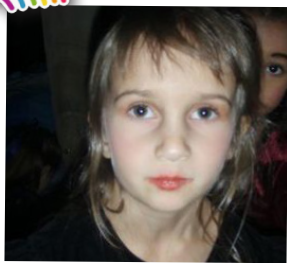
Alex "Vodka crayon" Valdivia



Alex "Preeemie by choice" Vasilakopolous



Annika "Still thinks the stork makes sense" Cunningham



Caroline "Mommy and daddy are getting a divorce" Hansen



Carson "Mom, I swallowed a Mancala piece" Stone



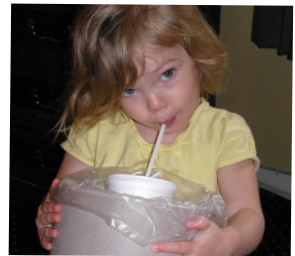
Harison "Suing the tooth fairy for breaking and entering" Rudnick



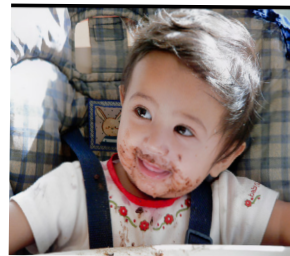
Jason "Clip moved down from 'ready to learn' to 'teacher's choice'" Dement



Jerry "Wants the girl toy, NOT the boy toy" Halsey



Katelyn "Has always been into trash" Miller



Khushi "Has concepts of a plate" Niyar



Leiana "Made it to the Toddlers and Tiaras Call-back" Vaughan



Lola "Booger Wall Art Curator" Cooke



Lorenz "Never stopped breastfeeding" Nazzaro



Malhaar "Proud ambassador for Barney back in the day" Nair



Maya "Will fight a bitch for a macaroni necklace" Vizuete



Paige "Vehicular menace since birth" Hogan



Palmer "Can't recite the alphabet without singing" Strubar



Sarah "Cries in her car seat" Fleshman



Zoe "Peed in the pool" Bailey





Emory Public Safety Notice



Emory has received a report of a stalking incident that occurred at approximately 5:50 p.m. on 10-15-2024 outside of Goizueta Business School.

What follows is a description of the reported Stalking:

Emory Police Department responded to a call in which the individual claimed that there was someone “closely following” them. Upon EPD’s arrival to Goizueta Business School, they spoke with the victim. The victim initially noticed the perpetrator following them around 5:30 p.m. in Asbury Circle. The perpetrator continued to trail until the victim attempted to confront them. Because the perpetrator would not reply, the victim picked up their pace to escape. Despite this, the perpetrator stayed close in pursuit. Luckily, by the time the victim had reached his vehicle, a 2008 Little Tikes Cozy Coupe, the perpetrator had vanished. It appeared that, trying to intimidate the victim, the stalker mimicked every action of the victim. The victim was described as being eerily similar to themselves: 5’3” in stature, around 110 pounds, and wearing what seemed to be the outline of a Men’s Wearhouse three-piece suit. Pursuant to federal regulations, this notification is being sent out to the community because the subject is not in custody.

Anyone with information regarding this incident is encouraged to contact the Emory Police Department at 555-727-6111.

Risk Reduction Tips:

- As there have been increased reports of stalking from the hours of 5-7 p.m., try reducing time spent walking outside during these hours.
- Try confronting the stalker. Phrases such as “Do you even know who my dad is?” have reportedly worked great.
- Always have an escape plan.
- Arm yourself.

thank gosh the cops would never harm students!



Still At Large



Inside the Tattle Box



Tattle Slip
Name Farrah
Tattle My boyfriend Kaden B is cheating on me! I saw him sleeping in the cubby corner with Kelsey at nap time

Tattle Slip
Name J
Tattle I looked up boys kissing YouTube last night and liked it, but no one knows I like other boys

Tattle Slip
Name Kelsey
Tattle I saw my boyfriend Kaden B holding hands with that slut Farrah

Tattle Slip
Name Sophia
Tattle Liam told me babies come from storks but I know they come from sex

Tattle Slip
Name Lauren
Tattle Jason only plays with girls at recess which means he's totally gay

Tattle Slip
Name Jasmine
Tattle My boyfriend Kaden B refuses to get tested for cooties after I caught him having playdates with both Kelsey and Farrah

Tattle Slip
Name Kaden B
Tattle I gave all the girls cooties

Tattle Slip
Name Tiana
Tattle Jackson keeps bragging about his return offer from SHEIN but everybody knows he only got it because his uncle runs the sweatshop

Tattle Slip
Name Liam
Tattle Maverick is pretending to be left-handed for attention

Tattle Slip
Name Maverick
Tattle I am not pretending to be left handed

Best Toys to Play With By Yourself!

It's Thursday night, all of your friends are at T&G. You don't have it in you to pay a \$20 cover, so you are home alone. Don't fear, there are still ways to have fun all by yourself. Below The Emory Spoke has provided a comprehensive list of toys that you can play with all by your lonesome. You're welcome:



1. Your roommate's massage gun. Feeling tight? Best way to loosen up inside is to borrow your roommate's weapon of choice. You don't even need to let them know!



2. A Jumbo Pencil! Make sure you don't get a splinter...Ouchies.



3. Jumbo Legos. You can build any shape or size... truly a customizable toy



4. Missing some wood? Toy logs can fill that hole in your heart... or somewhere else.



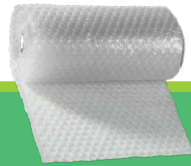
5. These ring things...

6. Your hands! Don't have any of these toys? Do not fear. Learning how to play without any additional help is an invaluable tool! Trust me, one day it will come in handy. Literally.



1, 2, Buckle His Shoe, 3, 4, Top Five Ways to Baby Proof Your Dorm

It happens to the best of us — one day, you're a freshman, the baby of Emory, and the next day, you HAVE a baby at Emory. According to a QSS major that Spoke reporters found playing Pokémon GO on the sidewalk, "like, one in ten students have babies, I swear." While we are unsure how accurate this statistic is, our experts have confirmed that these numbers match up with enrollment rates at the B-school. This revelation led the Spoke to consult America's top baby professionals for advice on how to prevent Swoop Jr. from choking on your roommate's shower slides. From the Spoke to you, here are the best ways to baby proof your dorm:



1. Bubble Wrap

This one is a time-honored classic — it'll keep your tyke entertained AND prevent them from bumping their noggin on your lofted bed. For maximum efficiency, consider wrapping up your baby directly in the bubble wrap. It even has a calming effect on the little guys — the Spoke's beloved test lab babies haven't moved a muscle since they were tenderly tucked into their bubble wrap swaddles a week ago.

2. Rent a Second Fridge for Baby Snacks so They Stop Eating Yours

There's a reason Gerber invented baby food: babies are so ravenous, they keep trying to eat all YOUR snacks. We located one impassioned sophomore, Stacy, on the quad, who had this to say: "We as a society have to distract [babies] with mashed peas and cottage cheese, it's the only way to stop my roommate's baby from eating my Takis. Stupid little ****."



3. Make Sure Everything is Dull

"Sharp objects make baby go cry-cry," according to resident baby expert, My Mom. Many roommates of infants mistakenly give them sharp stuff, like knives, or a particularly poignant three-hour Youtube video essay. These are all no-nos — invest in sand paper and dull everything in the vicinity down immediately. Additionally, try attending a course at the business school, just so you're not accidentally too sharp for the baby either.



4. Turn Your Ladder Sideways and Make Monkey Bars

A senior at Emory, Franklin, and his roommate Steve have been co-parenting three-year-old Braeleigh since their freshman year in Dobbs. "Fitness has always been a top priority for me," says Steve, "So I needed to find a way to encourage it in my daughter early on, even in a small space like Dobbs." That's when Franklin and Steve came up with the ingenious idea to turn their dorm into a Baby WoodPec, turning their ladders sideways to create monkey bars, using tin foil from their sink to the floor to craft a DIY water slide, and constructing a Rube Goldberg treadmill with a fan and disinteresting copies of the Emory Wheel. Now Braeleigh is an unstoppable beast set to outpace all of the freshmen in their mandatory P.E. classes. What a creative way to make your dorm baby-friendly!

5. Abstinence

There would be no babies if you'd stop fucking in our dorm, Jan.



Breakdown of the “My Dad Can Beat Up Your Dad” Meta

Hey guys, welcome to a current playground game state analysis, this time tackling the infamous “My Dad Can Beat Up Your Dad” game. As we’re almost halfway through the school year and recess rivalries are heating up (except for that time it rained and we watched Bill Nye), it is time to discuss the current meta options and builds.

As always, ‘Construction Worker’ is still a top-tier option. This build lets you come out the gate swinging by giving you the ability to point to any nearby buildings and say that your dad builds those with his bare hands. The amount of grease and dirt on his clothes when he comes home provides a stacking bonus, making this an easy play to achieve victory. This all falls under the assumption that your dad has big grab-all-the-groceries-at-once muscles. While the foreman option used to be played as a cheap way to tap into the construction worker skillset, it proved too easy to counter.



The ‘Police Officer’ build remains a solid pick in the current meta. Nothing asserts dominance like flashing the shiny badge of justice. Not only can you boast about how your dad can chase down bad guys, but you also get access to the ‘siren’ taunt—just make loud whooping noises, and it’s over. However, this build is a bit predictable, and seasoned opponents, such as 4th graders or higher, might try to counter with “My uncle’s a lawyer,” which can stall your game.



The ‘Doctor’ build still has some viability, but it’s been nerfed. Sure, it’s impressive that your dad can save lives, but playground debates have increasingly scrutinized this claim with, “Well, my dad got better without any help.” Plus, you’re at risk of being one-upped by the dreaded “My dad’s a surgeon” drop, which grants an instant credibility win.



Finally, there’s a new wildcard in the meta: ‘YouTuber/Podcaster Dad.’ Although still untested in the higher tiers of play, this build can throw off opponents who don’t quite know how to counter the ‘million subscribers’ flex. Be careful though, this move is a high-risk, high-reward strategy; if someone points out that your dad’s average views have dwindled from 700k to a measly 65k, you’re in serious trouble.

- A** - Almost good - We used to be a Top 20 institution
- B** - Bricked up - The red brick paths around campus look so good it makes me hard
- C** - Calm, Cool, and Collected - An administration we can trust to never overreact
- D** - Doolino - The incredibly iconic, completely original, and universally loved Emory Wheel character
- E** - Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University - Best school starting with E in the South
- F** - Future leaders of America - Uh-oh
- G** - Greg Heffley - Inarguably the most well-liked Greg out there, and it's not even close
- H** - Hit-on by a professor - Grindr's a wild place
- I** - Indigestion - DCT just hits different
- J** - Jon Ossoff - 😊
- K** - Kind of cool - The buildings are pretty I guess
- L** - Lesbians - 95% of Spoke readers
- M** - Monks - You can Tibet your ass they'll be strolling around in front of Candler
- N** - Nobu - Best casual weekend dining spot
- O** - Outside agitators - If you're in a tent, are you still outside?
- P** - Pee and Poop - Hehe
- Q** - Qualtrics - "Please take my survey, it'll only take two minutes"
- R** - Raoul - Pretty sure this is one of the dorms, but I went to Oxford so idk
- S** - SPC concert - Can't wait to see "the artist who sings that one TikTok song"
- T** - Twisted Taco - Is a girl taco a taca?
- U** - Under construction - Taking the Cox out of our mouths
- V** - Veranda - Bryce Hall went there once (and so did Spoke Ari!)
- W** - Woodruff Scholar - Do they deliberately choose annoying people, or does being one just make them that way?
- X** - X-pensive - Highest-ranked in Georgia tuition costs
- Y** - Yummy food - I lied about the indigestion, I love the DCT
- Z** - Zyns - Yummy food, part two



I think my Jon just Ossoffed



fun to play with, and to eat!

A word search grid with a red pencil pointing to the word "PAGINA".

G	O	O	G	O	O	G	A	G	G	G
A	G	A	G	G	O	O	G	O	G	G
G	O	O	G	O	O	G	A	A	G	G
A	G	A	G	G	A	G	A	S	O	G
G	O	O	G	O	O	G	G	A	G	G
O	G	A	G	C	O	C	G	A	G	A
P	A	G	I	N	A	G	A	G	A	G
A	G	A	G	A	G	A	G	A	G	A
G	O	O	G	O	O	G	A	G	A	G
A	G	A	G	G	O	O	G	A	G	A
G	O	O	G	O	O	G	A	G	A	G
G	A	G	A	G	O	O	G	O	O	G

1 <3 Litewacy



How to Turn Your Piggy Bank into a Roth IRA: A Very Short Guide

Step One: Negotiate a monthly allowance with your daddy. Accept no less than 7% of his yearly income, paid in monthly installments to your piggy bank, in exchange for minimal chores. (Under no circumstances agree to wash the dishes!)

Step Two: Save, save, save. Don't touch that piggy bank, no matter how badly you want a shiny new pair of light up sketchers.

Step Three: After saving for a minimum of twelve months in a savings account with a 4% yield, demand your daddy open up a Roth IRA for you, and that he raise your allowance with a direct payout of birthday money into the retirement savings account.

Step Four: Sit back and watch the money rack up. With no worries, you can get a high-paying consulting job and use the entire yearly salary on rubber duckies, giant lollipops, and water guns. Enjoy!



i like munny



the DOW goes MOO

oink!

Peekaboo I See You... and Your Generational Wealth: How to Spot a Toddler Rolling in More Than Just Their Own Poo

In a world where adults are burdened by student loans and ever-increasing Chipotle prices, one demographic remains blissfully unfazed: toddlers. Yes, that's right, these pint-sized playmates are wielding their generational wealth as if they were already a Sig Chi pledge with access to their father's hedge fund. So how do you spot a toddler who's not just rolling in their own poo, but puts the dough in Play-Doh? Here are some telltale signs:

Designer Diapers

Do you think these wealthy waddlers are showing up to Miss Sylvia's class wearing Pampers? Of course not, that's gross. All of those tiny tyrants have a closet full of the newest diapers from Law Roach's Spring 2024 collection. Swarovski crystals overlaid on the finest silk, straight from the worm. If Zen-daya wouldn't wear them, neither will the diaper divas in your class.

Luxe Playdates

You have two invitations for this weekend. Where are you going to go: Sally's birthday party at Chuck E. Cheese or Beaumont's garden party at Lake Como? I mean, it's an easy choice—Sally's. Who would want to miss seeing Charles Entertainment Cheese in the flesh? But of course, there are those privileged pipsqueaks who are jet-setting off to luxurious locales each weekend. Don't be fooled into thinking they fly first class. These affluent adventurers will not be seen waiting with the common folk at baggage claim. They only fly private.



dada
prada!



gip

Extensive Vocabulary

When these mini-moguls start quoting economic theories or discussing their crypto investments, you know they didn't just learn to speak from "Baby Shark." These cuddly capitalists can distinguish asset allocation from mutual funds. Their portfolio has been diversified since before you were even a thought. Not even recess can stop these toddler tycoons from checking the stocks app on their phones every four minutes.

Elegant snacks

Is snack time just a humble affair of stale Goldfish crackers and bland Capri Suns? Not for these gourmet gremlins. If they don't have their artisan French cheese cubes and hand-pressed grapefruit juice, they will throw the biggest tantrum this side of the Mississippi. And do you think these charcuterie cuties will be seen dining on Spiderman-themed paper plates? That's what I thought. They only use handcrafted porcelain plates. And when dining on gold-dusted cheese puffs, no Cheeto fingers here. These well-off weenies only use newly polished silverware.

holy shit,
this fucks!



Unexpected Ways to Get Rid of Lice

It's happened to all of us. You go to a hat-trading party (where everyone brings their oldest hats and swaps them back and forth) and have a grand old time until you get home, and... uh oh. You feel a familiar itchiness. You've got lice. Bad. You try to pass your head-scratching off as a symptom of constant confusion, but when they're doing lice checks and the woman is combing through your hair with a popsicle stick, there's no denying it anymore. She cries, "This... this is the worst case of lice I've ever seen!" She throws up on the floor. Big Lice doesn't want you to know this, but there is another way. Here are the tried and true methods to get rid of those lice for good:

Go on a special mayo-only diet: You've heard of mayonnaise hair masks, but this method works from the inside out to ensure your lice will never return. You must eat all mayo, all the time. I'm talking mayo smoothies (mayo in a glass), mayo soup (mayo in a bowl), and mayo classic (mayo right from that jar). You should eat between 64 and 96 oz of mayo per day. This one is not for the faint of heart (because it will actually, genuinely put a dangerous strain on your arteries), but it'll all be worth it because the lice won't be able to survive drinking the sludge of mayo that is your blood. Success!

Cut off their oxygen: Most people don't know this, but lice do, in fact, breathe. But not for long! A great way to get rid of your lice is to become an astronaut for NASA. The first step is to get a master's degree in a STEM field. "But I'm gonna be a writer!" you say. Snap out of it. Little nobodies infected with lice don't get to major in English. Step two, get three years of relevant experience. After you complete the long-duration flight physical, buddy, you're an astronaut. All you've got to do now is go to space and pop that helmet right off. NASA is going to tell you this is "absolutely not allowed under any circumstances" and that taking your helmet off in space will "guarantee your swift death," but they don't understand just how many lice you have. Once those lice get a gulp of that space air, you're home free.

Psychologically manipulate them: So becoming an astronaut for NASA is too much work? Okay... I mean, I'd expect more from Emory students, but whatever. That's fine. A good alternative is to take down the lice from the inside. Sow discontent in their ranks by whispering to one louse, "You know, I think you're really pretty no matter WHAT everyone else says." Stand in a pitch-dark room and talk loudly about what a lovely day it is outside. Soon, the lice won't trust each other...or even themselves. They'll want to get out of your head as soon as possible.

Give the lice to someone else: Listen, all's fair in love, war, and lice outbreaks. What you're going to want to do here is get on Hinge. Say you're looking for something serious. Keep your profile generic; you like dogs and travel ONLY. Find a gullible-looking match with some luscious locks. Laugh at all their jokes. Meet their parents. See the world together. Buy a ring – wait, no, fuck, what are you doing? You got into this for one reason and one reason only: to give them your lice. But now it's grown into something real. Still, you can't give up now, not when you're so close. Cozy up to them and start rubbing your head on theirs. "Uh," they'll say. "Whatcha doing there" "Don't worry about it," you'll whisper, tears in your eyes. Once you see them start itching, it's time to cut and run. Steal one last kiss and slip away into the night.

Good luck to your lice on surviving all that.



Goizueta's 2024 Summer Reading Challenge: Knowledge IS Power!



After receiving a few too many complaints about their students' conversational depth, Goizueta Dean Gareth James has sprung into action with a new summer reading challenge initiative. To create the next generation of balding CEOs, James is convinced that if students can learn to discuss Dostoevsky, they might finally stop using the phrase 'circle back' in emails where they are not actually 'circling back.' While it was no easy feat, James credits the program with creating at least fifteen perfect business students, a number which he expects to grow linearly.

In this program, students complete their summer reading log by reading ten chapter books of their choosing. Once completed, they got to participate in Goizueta's Big Ice Cream Party Networking Opportunity® and mingle with industry leaders over cups and cones. Students were encouraged to bring up things they learned from their summer reading during the ice cream social to search for connections deeper than a love of the stock market.

Overall, this initiative was a huge success and everyone from Goizueta patted themselves on the back. Half of Goizueta Students took part in the challenge and one-fifth of those students met the reading goal, reports the B-School professor of data science. During the event, students were talking about what they had learned from books like Rich Dad Poor Dad, Catcher in the Rye, Divergent, The Bell Jar, and Captain Underpants and the Attack of the Talking Toilets.

However, there were some hiccups. Eager to use what he had learned this summer; one student followed the teachings of The 48 Laws of Power a bit too seriously. Following the 17th Law, "Keep Others in Suspended Terror and Cultivate an Air of Unpredictability," he insisted on greeting people with a light squeeze on the shoulders in lieu of a handshake and only spoke in haikus (which could have gone over better if he didn't have to count out the syllables on his fingers). Another student who read Catcher in the Rye seemed to identify with Holden Caulfield. When he wasn't complaining to Coca-Cola VP of marketing about his personal loss of innocence, he was accusing a Deloitte recruiter of being a 'phony.'

While these attempts to "connect" left many with raised eyebrows, the dean ultimately saw it as a sign of progress. "I can't say I'm surprised," he said with a smile. "If this is the cost of opening these student's minds, well, it's a cost I'm willing to pay. We are creating future leaders here, expect the unexpected."



Open Letter to That Bitch Who Stole My Crayons

I consider myself a civil person. I never throw a tantrum when I get caught in tag. I always make sure to put the Play-Doh back in the right container. I'm super careful when I use the big boy scissors. But sometimes, someone does something that just makes me snap.

A few weeks ago, my parents got me a 120-pack of crayons. It was beautiful. The box had every color, from Desert Sand to Pink Sherbert. The wrappers were unblemished, the tips pointed and sharp. The waxy surfaces shone in the light. I didn't have to bear down on the paper at all for the spectrum of colors to bloom on the page with the vibrancy of a thousand suns. Each crayon was the perfect weight in my hands, allowing me to paint a rich tapestry with every sheet of construction paper I was given.

And then, tragedy struck. It was the beginning of naptime, right after our art period, and I was compelled to use the bathroom. I could not rest with a full bladder; the very notion was absurd. I got the bathroom pass, relieved myself, washed my hands, and returned to a horrific sight. Next to my mat was my beautiful, ethereal, incomparable box of crayons, emptied of almost half of its contents. Banana Mania. Mountain Meadow. Red. So many colors, gone.

I knew instantly this was no accident. I always close my crayon box, so as to protect its precious contents from the unfeeling outer world. While I was in the bathroom, my crayons had been left defenseless, and some dastardly soul had stolen them away from me. The cardboard flap was ripped, clearly showing that whoever the culprit was had committed their heinous act in a hurry.

It took me a few days, but I have finally discovered the identity of the criminal. I was sitting at the crafts table during our daily art session, mourning the loss of my beloved Crayolas, when I saw that Stacey was using a Sunset Orange crayon to color her picture of a bird. First of all, everyone knows that birds are Burnt Orange, not Sunset Orange. Is she stupid? Second of all, Stacey only owns markers. I've seen her drawings up on the wall. The wet colors bleed together like a knife wound in rain. Third of all, Sunset Orange was first introduced in 1997, and is only found in the 120-crayon pack. My 120-crayon-pack. Nobody else in the class has that crayon pack. I've checked.

So, all of this to say... Stacey, I know what you did. You have blood— and wax— on your hands. You better count your motherfucking patty cakes. Enjoy those beautiful colors to draw your stupid birds while you can, because a terrible vengeance shall be wrought upon thee. My memory of your crime, much like those crayons you stole from me, is not biodegradable— it is never going away.



Five Ways to Haze Your Baby for a Stronger Family Unit

Hazing isn't just for fraternity brotherhood, but for traditional motherhood as well! Here are our top five ways to haze your baby, tried and true! *See bottom of article for disclaimers.

1. Wheels on the bus bottle chug

Rules of the game: for this game, you need multiple babies, so it's a great way to help your baby start networking ASAP—try to pick babies whose parents make piles of money. You'll need a freshly filled bottle or a titty full of milk for each baby and a speaker to play wheels on the bus (or you can sing if you prefer). You're going to need to play the song a couple times. On each reiteration of "the wheels on the bus go round and round," another baby must join and chug for the rest of the song. Repeat a few times making sure your baby isn't a bitch and that bottle stays up/teat stays sucked!



baby's first chug!

2. iPad deprivation chamber

Rules of the game: first, you're going to need a tablet loaded with brain rotting games (rubber case with handle ideal, especially in instances where throwing is likely) and a television, a dark space, and optional inclusion of Cocomelon themed toys for extra fun (can be purchased on our website). Use the television to play highly stimulating visuals to the baby for several minutes while allowing them free reign of the tablet, and then deprive them of all stimuli as well as turning off lights and deploying white noise. Do not comfort them through the withdrawal. You can repeat this game for multiple consecutive rounds as desired. One fun added bonus of this game is it will prepare their psyche for alcohol or drug withdrawal later in life!



ipad jail >.)

3. Who got the curdled breastmilk?

Rules of the game: this is another one that requires a few baby friends. You're going to need a bottle of breast milk for each baby. In one of the bottles, mix a few drops of lemon juice in so the milk gets icky -tasting. Have each baby take just one sip and see if the unlucky baby successfully keeps a straight face, successfully concealing that they got the spiked breast milk. If the mommies feel left out, feel free to join in the adult version of this game by filling just one shot glass with vodka and the rest with water, and see if they can keep a straight face better than the infants!

4. The quiet game (extreme edition)

Rules of the game: this one should be pretty simple and familiar if you think back to your childhood. For this one, you're going to tell your little infant that you both must be quiet until Mommy finishes her entire bottle of wine. If the baby fails to be quiet, make a really angry face.



5. Hot potato (hot potato edition)

Rules of the game: you really should be able to figure this one out on your own. You're going to play hot potato, but with a hot potato! Don't make it too hot, just warm enough to be uncomfortable. Make sure to lay down some shame upon whoever gets out each round. Blend up the potato into baby food for the winner and make the other babies watch in jealousy as the victor feasts.



mash, or pass??

lony. Try at your own risk. Spocomelon is not responsible for any harm to infants or others as a result of trying these strategies. Consult your doctor or therapist before resorting to hazing. Lack of trauma later in life not guaranteed.



DCT Introduces Clean-Up Song to Teach Freshmen Dining Hall Etiquette

Those who have walked into the DCT this semester have been witness to the mess left behind by the students. On any given afternoon, the tables are covered in spaghetti, napkins litter the floor, and freshmen are crying over dropped ice cream cones. It seems that the staff have grown tired of these biohazards and are beginning to introduce new methods to keep the dining hall clean.

The chief among these new methods is the clean-up song, which is triggered every time a student stands up from their table. This song, beginning with its iconic “clean up, clean up, everybody everywhere” lyrics, will instruct the students to “take your dishes to the pit, clean your crumbs and your spit,” and tell them “don’t throw noodles on the floor, don’t pour coffee on sophomores.”

“I think it’ll really encourage the students to clean up after themselves,” a DCT employee said. When interviewed, he was covered head-to-toe in marinara, with orange peels stuck in his hair and shoes covered in frosting from traversing across the dining hall. “At the very least, it might stop students from chucking fistfuls of stale cereal at employees when we’re out of french fries.”

On the other hand, students were less than impressed when they discovered this change, voicing complaints that the song was “annoying and unnecessary.”

“It’s patronizing,” a freshman told us. “Just because we break the plastic dishes and leave chocolate-milk-ketchup concoctions on the table doesn’t mean we need a clean-up song to tell us what to do. We’re adults!”

With this change, the DCT is louder than ever, with many overlapping renditions of the clean-up song playing at all times. Emory Dining has offered no plans for solutions to these noise issues. They have discussed additional methods for keeping the DCT clean, including mandatory bibs for all diners and milk bottles instead of soda cups.

Goizueta Announces New Classes Designed for the Spocomelon Reader (Or the Average B-School Student)

Real Estate 270: Redlining your way through coloring books

Baby's first rezoning project! In this course, students are provided with cartoon maps of major cities and a six-pack of Crayola. Coursework finds the intersection of geographic exploitation, profit-maximizing, and childlike whimsy. Instructors encourage students to color inside the (systemically enforced) lines and deduct points if sloppy work causes colors to mix.



Econ 320: Economics in Play-Doh's Republic

What's in a city? Plato may describe it with complex relations between classes, professions, and the built environment, but this is a little too conceptual for one's inner child. No, the true essence of the city is found solely in Play-Doh! Students bring out their imaginative side by building putty skyscrapers, installing doh bridges, and developing a black market of the most exclusive Play-Doh colors. Has your dad ever told you to join the real world and get your hands dirty? Take this opportunity to really get in there and feel the doh under your nails.



Finance 202: Booms and Busts, An Intro to Potty Training

Have you ever been stuck in a really boring lecture about financial incentives? Maybe you went to the bathroom just to get a break. Now, you can get graded for just that! In Intro to Potty Training, learn to harness the power of your own busts and booms in the bathroom. Potty training techniques will include incentivizing, trickle-down policies, and an emphasis on chasing that (toilet) paper.



Special Topics in Macroeconomics: Inflation and Deflation, Intermediate Balloon Animals

If you've ever asked why we can't just print more money, you've almost certainly dealt with a person appearing out of thin air to explain the intricacies of the free market. And if you came out of that interaction with an increased desire to bang your head against the wall instead of an increased understanding of macroeconomics, then this class is for you. Students will bring fun, hands-on learning into economics while learning to make balloons into bears and bulls. If you're looking to finally put a use to all the latex condoms you bought a little too preemptively, this class could be a great option.



Game Theory: How to Show Kevin Who's Really the Best at Four Square

Everyone in school thinks that Kevin is the reigning champion at four square. But we know the truth: he bribed the hall monitor to get to recess five minutes earlier and claim the critical first square position. Or maybe he's working with a tampered ball. Maybe he's on steroids, or maybe he's just always standing on an incline. Whatever the case is, this class is designed to make you the king of the court through what really matters: social perception. By learning to manipulate your classmates through moves like telling "your mom" jokes, becoming line leader, and putting gum in people's hair, you will be able to intimidate them into falling for your four square prowess. Maybe you'll even land that Deloitte job.



Goodbye Booze, Hello Breastmilk!



This just in: alcohol is yucky. It seems that for every benefit it confers – confidence, joy, humor – it strips away some of your dignity, tit for tat. Booze makes you cry, it makes you sleepy, it impairs your judgment, and it can even lead to accidents... we are talking poopoo and peepee. But what if we were to tell you that you didn't have to sacrifice your self-respect to enjoy the same benefits? You might be wondering how this is possible. Two words: breast milk.

Boobs Boost Confidence

Imagine that you are in a crowded room surrounded by esteemed colleagues. You are intimidated out of your mind, but you want to appear at ease. Most people would go to the bar and order something to drink – this way, they seem casually occupied. Now erase that image from your mind and create a new one. Instead of nursing a cold beverage, you nurse on something real – a boob. Everyone is looking at you, admiring your grace and conviction as you suckle. Now that's what I call schmoozing.



Boobs Make You Happy

Though hydration and nutrition are obvious benefits to breastfeeding, one of the most advantageous benefits is often overlooked. Boobs make you happy! They are absolutely beautiful to look at, a comforting presence, and provide hours upon hours of entertainment. Boing! There is not a single alcoholic beverage that confers these advantages. Well, other than the hint of tequila and lime you can get by latching on after a fun night out! No need to pump and dump when there are plenty of thirsty mouths to feed.



Boobs are Funny

When you breastfeed, you literally get to suck on a boob. How hysterical is that! The only thing separating you and your favorite pastime is the endless supply of giggles that can only be brought on when you are face to face with a pair of badonkers! Cantaloupes! Cha chas! Chee chees! Danny Devitos! Golden globes! Hooters! Lifesavers! Snuggle puppies! Tatty bo jangles! Yams! Dunkeroos! Zach and Cody Danimals sweepstakes!

The next time you are in need of a libation, we encourage you to opt for mommy nature's greatest creation. Why booze up when you can boob up? There is absolutely no need to be stressed or depressed when we can all be blessed by some breasts.

Breast milk. The beverage of the future.





Need help quitting thumb-sucking? Try cigarettes!

Comfort. Familiarity. Gratification. We have all been there. Whether it serves as your morning pick-me-up, your between-meal guilty pleasure, or a private indulgence after a hard day's work, your thumb is always there to satisfy. After all, when your hand-eye coordination and low muscle tone won't even let you wipe your own ass, what else could thumbs be for?

However, an epidemic has been sweeping its way across the global baby population, and it is far more dangerous than booboos, owies, and the sniffles combined. **Thumb Sucking Addiction** has become the number one cause of infant and toddler hospitalizations, proving that **"too much of a good thing"** does, in fact, exist. We know that you may be skeptical. Like you, we have listened to "The Wheels On The Bus" thousands of times, read Chicka Chicka Boom Boom at all hours of the day (except during our afternoon nap), and watched Madagascar 2 until our mummies and daddies couldn't take it anymore. Yet, we had the power to stop. We only did that socially, after all.

The real trouble stems from irreversible and mysterious health concerns brought upon by our one true vice. Our own widdle thumb. As it turns out, the side effects of enjoying our favorite finger may linger into adulthood if we do not make an effort to change our habits for the better. **Thankfully, leading pediatric scientists of the Marlboro Corporation have recently discovered a potential cure for our oral fixation – cigarettes.**

A smooth, soothing puff of a Marlboro cigarette will ease you from your worries – this will be the most relaxed you've been since the womb. Say "buh-bye" to foul tasting fingers and say "hewwo" to the fresh taste of menthol as your heart is snuggled by clouds of warm, friendly smoke. Your parents will be proud of your strengthening manual dexterity and the maturing rasp in your voice. Who's a big boy now? **You.**

With all credit graciously awarded to the Marlboro corporation, we are elated to be able to achieve this victory for babies everywhere. Finally, we can smoke in peace without any of the horrible, chronic side effects that accompany thumb-sucking.

Today I watched Miss Rachel, learned how to rhyme, pooped on the potty, and then picked up my first pack. I know for a fact that I'm not turning back! I still don't know how to read, but there is a story written on the side of the box about a little skeleton... I'll have my mommy and daddy read it to me when I get home. **I love cigarettes!!!**





The Alhababy



Waddup, thumb suckers!! It's me, your host, Rip "Diaper Rash" Jones. I'm joined by my co-host, Slippery Jimmy. We're back for another fricking epic episode of Jungle Gym Truth, your only source for Real Daycare News. Today, my friends, I'm angry. I'm angry because the mainstream media is once again trying to put real manly babies into timeout. They're trying to sell our mommies baby powder for sigma's sake! Back when I was still crawling, you wouldn't cry to mommy until she changed your diaper. You sat in your own feces, and dealt with your diseases like a true kindergartener.

A fan wrote to the show recently, and his story almost brought me to tears, but not really, cause I don't cry.

Little Timmy wrote:

"HI DIAPER RASH, I'VE BEN A FAN OF DA SHOE 4 YEERZ. RECENTY AT DA PLAYGROUND, THIS 2ND GRADER, BIG TIMMY, BEAT ME IN A RACE AND NOW EVERYONE THINKS HE'S THE ALPHAEST GUY IN SCHOOL! MY CWUSH ISN'T PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO ME NOW!! SHE JUST WANTS HIM!"

Tragic stuff, Little Timmy, but what did you expect? How can you expect to be a high value toddler if you're the slowest kid on the playground? I have to assume you're on the shorter side as well. Your chubby little legs couldn't even carry you down the slide. *Spits* Loser.

Next question:

"MR. DIAPER RASH, MY STUFFED ANIMALS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO SIZE ME UP AND ARE LOOKIN' AT ME FUNNY. WHAT CAN I DO TO REMIND THEM WHO'S BOSS?"

Great question. This actually reminds me of the pilgrimage I took last year to Legoland, California. It was a great opportunity to center myself and reconnect with my inner beast. My sister was annoying and fricking stupid the whole time. But yeah, I got a cool Lego City set, no girl minifigures thank God. However,

I understand not everyone can make time for such a trip. I was only able to go because it was my dad's weekend to have us and he got a dope severance package from the office he worked at. To strengthen your inner beast, dear viewer, I'd recommend getting off breast milk. The estrogen from your mom is probably seeping into you and making you weaker. With that one change, I'm sure those stuffed animals will be wishing they were back in the claw machine in no time.

Now personally, I never breastfed. My mom read that it wouldn't make a difference. I feel no emotional connection to her.

Next question!

"DEAR DIAPER RASH, MY MOMMY SAYS THAT YOU ARE FULL OF BALONEY. CARE TO DROP A TRUTH BOMB ON HER?"

Sure thing, loyal viewer. Some might call me a conspiracy crackpot, but here's something the mainstream media doesn't want you to know: Go-Gurt is actually just normal yogurt. That's right! They put it in the fancy tube and talk about its restorative properties and "calcium." It is for that reason that I stick with wood chips from my daycare's playground. Same effects without all the phooey.

Final question for the day:

"DEAR RECIPIENT, DID YOU KNOW THAT EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS CONNECTED? JOIN OUR CHURCH TODAY, AND SEND YOUR CREDIT CARD DETAILS FOR AN INFORMATIONAL PAMPHLET."

Everything in the world is connected? Pfft. Okay, man. And some things are more connected, like getting stuck on the monkey bars and me peeing my pants.

Alright readers, that's all the time we have for today's segment of Jungle Gym Truth. It's been a good time. Slippery Jimmy? Care to leave any parting words?

"Buy crypto."

Twinky Twinky Little Star

Twinky twinky little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Live at Sweat Tour oh so high,
Might be gay but might be bi,
Twinky twinky little star,
How I wonder what you are.



The giving tree



I'm a 5'7" Man, Short and Stout.

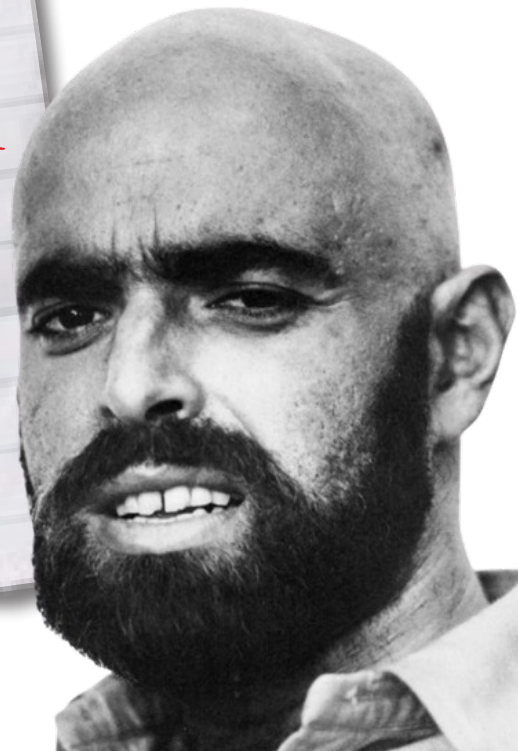
I'm a 5'7" man, short and stout.
Here is my Zyn, and here's my self-doubt.
When I'm at Lost Dog,
I always black out.
I'm a 5'7" man, short and stout,
I'll go on my tiptoes if you wanna make out.

Mary Had a Little Gram

Mary had a little gram, little gram,
little gram.
Mary had a little gram,
Her nostrils white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The gram was sure to go.
She brought a gram to business school,
business school, business school.
She brought a gram to business school
So her crush would think she's cool.
It made the sellouts laugh and play
To snort a gram at school.



Shel
Silverstein :(



Horoscope: Which Inedible Object Should You Eat Today?

We are plagued by enough questions every single day of our short little lives: Where do my teachers live? Who should I play with on the playground? What is five minus two? We are here to make your life easier, by answering a simple question based on your birth sign. Today we answer one of the most important queries of all: What should I eat for lunch?



Aries: Stick with the classics and stay loving the salty, savory taste of green Play-doh

Taurus: Remain sharp by eating some fresh pencil shavings.

Gemini: Keep luck on your side by swallowing some bingo balls.

Cancer: Stay in touch with your feminine side through the imbibing of some Polly Pocket shoes.

Leo: Escape to a tropical paradise with some scrumptious sand.

Virgo: Stay creative by sucking down blue crayons.

Libra: Stick to your gut instincts with some delicious Elmer's glue.

Scorpio: Indulge your patriotic side by eating some oxidized pennies.

Sagittarius: Connect with nature by chowing down on freshly mowed grass.

Capricorn: Bring some color into your world by drinking red acrylic paint.

Aquarius: Keep warm and ward off the aliens by eating some strips of aluminum foil.

Pisces: Be playful by indulging in some marbles and mancala pieces.

EXCLUSIVE: Jimmy Carter Baby Photoshoots!



What Kidz Bop Song to Listen to Based on Your Favorite Felony



Hey you! I know you like to commit crime; I can see the felonious intent in those lifeless eyes on your Emory ID. And who am I to judge as a well-seasoned criminal myself (I stole a Supernatural bracelet from a Hot Topic in middle school)? In fact, I'm going to help you out by giving you something every criminal from an amateur larcenist to a big boy felon needs: a playlist.

Now what could possibly be appropriate to play while I'm committing heinous acts against our beautiful law system? The answer is Kidz Bop, to preserve that youthful energy and joy whilst slowly losing your morality and innocence. If you don't see your favorite felony listed below, freestyle it! Kidz Bop has 40 albums and counting, it's not hard.

DUI "Party Like A Rockstar" by SHOP BOYZ on Kidz Bop 15

Another normie felony, one of the most popular among UGA football players: driving under the influence. If you've already reached the level of self-confidence where you think you can take your Ford F-150 through multiple school zones "responsibly," this banger is the one I recommend for you. What I love about old Kidz Bop is that they still keep most of the more questionable lyrics, with the kids actively encouraging you to "Do it with the black and the white like a cop car." These Kidz Bop kids did not gaf, and I aspire to have that kind of energy when I decide to give the Tesla Cybertruck behind me a bumper-to-bumper french kiss because they were tailgating me (we were in a Cook Out drive through).



Arson: "Burn" by Ellie Goulding on Kidz Bop 25

I love me a good fire, any size. Why do you think I willingly take a three hour chem lab? If you really wanna savor that flame and distract yourself from how much of a bitch it'll be to try and put out later, put on this classic. With uncomfortably strained child falsettos and lyrics like "We're burning one piece of a something," how can you not be enthused and motivated to go burn your own piece of a something?

Murder: "Bring Me to Life" by Evanescence on Kidz Bop 4

Now, Kidz Bop is not known to do songs about murder, alas. But if you're already committing murder, you're obviously the creative and maybe (hopefully) emo type. I give you "Bring Me To Life," a quintessential emo banger that fits any moderately morbid context. Between the chorus of eight-year-olds screaming "Wake Me Up!" and the harrowing voice of the middle-aged man that materialized within the old Kidz Bop classics, what more motivation do you need to go out and do the dang thing?

Smokin' the Shmeed: "Time of Our Lives" by Pitbull Featuring Ne-yo on Kidz Bop 29

Let's talk about the more normie felonies, those with a broad appeal to you college folk. This one is dedicated to those who like to hotbox in the Dobbs basement. Believe me—been there, done that. When I think of partying at the next level, who fits the bill better than Mr. 305, the king of crazy-ass party music? However, you wanna keep it pretty chill because nobody likes a trip ruined because of their whack friend ruining the vibe with their "Peak Smoking Playlist" (A word of advice: nothing will ruin your trip faster than listening to the entirety of Pink Floyd's "The Dark Side of the Moon"). Here's where the Kidz Bop kids come in. With lyrics cleaner than my search history on Emory Wi-Fi, they are sure to bring the party without bringing the bad vibes of filthy, salacious words.

Tax Evasion: "We're Not Gonna Take It" by Twisted Sister on Kidz Bop 80s Gold

For all y'all older ones reading this (I get it, The Spoke is so funny it's timeless) this one is gonna hit close to home. Taxes suck and are boring as hell, but what if you straight up just skip them? Tax evasion is a gateway to bigger crimes against the government. Think of it as baby's first time sticking it to the man that is U.S. capitalism. Allow a chorus of pre-pubescent children with voices somewhere between Alvin and the Chipmunks and Elmo along with the teenage boy who they won't let leave the Kidz Bop holding center to spur you on to give the metaphorical bird to the IRS.



SPOKEMON

Gotta catch 'em all!

Closeted Frat Guy



FIGHT FAIRY



Cox Hall



POISON GHOST

Finance bros' sense of empathy



GHOST

DCT conveyor belt dishwasher



DARK WATER

Learn Campus Onomatopoeias With Dooley!

Onomatopoeia might seem like a scary word, but don't worry! It's actually a simple figurative language device that can make your writing more exciting. In fact, onomatopoeias are all around you. Just look at these everyday onomatopoeias you may encounter on campus:

Gong! That's the sound the bell makes just as you enter your classroom. Way to be on time!

Creak! Your chair creaks as you stand up to give your class presentation. Make your way to the front of the class.

Ding! Your teacher's phone goes off during your presentation. Just ignore it. Why'd you stop? Keep going.

Ring! Your phone makes that sound during your same presentation. Stay behind after class.

Grumble! Your stomach growls since you were too nervous to eat this morning. Good thing class just ended – go grab some lunch!

Bleep! We censor that naughty word that slips out of your mouth when you spot your ex-sit-uationship standing in the food truck line you're wanting. Guess we're not eating lunch!

Hiss! You grab your head and hiss in pain. You have a headache, there are too many sounds around, and you're over this stupid onomatopoeia thing.

Gulp! You down another Advil. Doesn't that make five? Maybe take the shuttle home and grab a snack?

Woosh! That's the sound of the bus doors closing. The bus driver saw you coming and still decided to leave. Can you say "woosh!"?

Rumble! Another bus is approaching, maybe move out of the way? Move! Why are you just standing th-?!
Smack! Uh oh! You got dead-on smacked by the bus. Everyone saw, btw.

Stomp! You stomp your way over to the dean's office to state your case. You've been hit by an Emory bus! You'll be rich! Greg tells you to look at what's behind you and–

Prick! Greg just poked you with something. Wait, what was it that you were going to say? You can't remember much...It's getting darker...

Crash! You hit the floor. You're out cold.

Beep Beep Beep! Your alarm goes off. You're back in your apartment. How did you get back here? It was all a dream? Then why do I have a bus-shaped bruise on my side?

Anyway, onomatopoeia is all around you. You just have to look for it! So make today a great day, keep your head down, don't ask questions, and discover more campus onomatopoeias! If you know what's best for you.



Top 5 Scariest Monsters Under my Bed



Every night after your warm milk and cookies, I bet your mom says the same thing: "There's no monsters under your bed." Wrong! Today I'm counting down the five scariest monsters that have taken turns under my bed throughout my life. Let's get to it!



1. The Vegetable Man

This slimy, green freak became the bane of my existence as soon as I started eating chewable foods. Experts suggest he's a culmination of all the vegetables left uneaten. With brussel sprout balls and broccoli hair, the stench of his nutrients would keep me up all night. I wasted a Christmas gift asking for clothing pins just to shut my nose! Why couldn't it be a Cookie Monster instead?? I'm being told that that's copyrighted, but still. I wish I could've tossed this little freak into a blender and juiced him. I still eat my vegetables with a shudder, and I pray I never smell that stench after getting tucked in ever again.



2. Grendelsnoogen

The Grendelsnoogen is a pillar of German folklore. It's stated in legend that he only comes to torment kids who don't wipe after using the bathroom. But I, of course, don't have that problem, so my personal theory is that he comes for people who don't believe in climate change. His horns scraped against the wood of my bed, keeping me shaking and shivering all throughout the night. My white underwear turned brown from fear (and definitely not because of not wiping). He only showed himself to me a few times, his sharp teeth glistening in the moonlight. He'd always run to the bathroom and grab a roll of toilet paper, pointing at it and then at me with a sinister smile. I never understood why! I don't have that problem! Eventually, I got lucky. I awoke one morning to find a letter under my bed reading: "Hey man. Hope you're doing well. I'm sorry to say that I'm leaving. Nothing personal, but you're in denial about your problem and won't take my advice. The smell is just getting too bad. Your mom's hot by the way. Keep your money up! -Grendelsnoogen." I was so confused. Anyway, I'll leave my Venmo at the bottom of this article if you want to contribute to my bidet funds.



3. Mr. Bananagrabber

Everyone knows that bananas are my favorite fruit. The yellow tropical food is the only thing that provides some relief in this cruel world. You could say I go... bananas over them! Ha ha! But in all seriousness, when I learned there was a being whose only goal in life was to steal the sweet fruit from those who treasured it... it was one of the worst days of my life. I would've given anything to stop this guy from grabbing people's bananas, and god forbid my banana! Those were a dark few months when I was relegated to apples, oranges, and pears (blegh). Eventually, the nightmare came to an end. Mr. Bananagrabber moved on with his life, to start a family with Mrs. Bananagrabber and Baby Bananagrabber. I'm happy for them, and they still keep in touch with the occasional Christmas card. I'm glad his days of terror are over, and I'm happy to say my banana remains untouched by any party to this day.



4. Gargaroth the Destroyer

*** journey
 * despair
 X preserve X
 X timing ✓
 X Wendy Williams ☆
 B duke
 * Lobsterfest * cents
 ✓ Mondays
 poured doom.



5. Bicuriosty

Bicuriosty as a monster under the bed? More like monster in the closet! Hey-ooooo! Haha. We have fun here.

Well guys, those are five of the scariest monsters under my bed. I've been fortunate enough to keep the monsters at bay, so hopefully you can too. May your bed remain uninhabited, and your dreams spooky monster scary (and not grandma died scary). See ya!

thenty
fir



THE TATTLEBOX



Confession: I Pooped On the Potty Today

I pooped on the potty today. Everyone always told me that life begins when you poop on the potty. But for me, life ended. Gone are the simple times. Gone is my youth. Gone are the moments of blissful complacency as my diapered bottom was waited on, idolized, primed, and powdered. If I were to make an honest confession, I would say that I lost my innocence... No, I had it stolen from me.

As my feet dangled above an icy cold floor, all I could think about was how alone I was. It seemed there was not a soul left in this world to comfort me as I battled with the scariest tummy ache of my twenty-first month alive. My parents said that they were proud of me – that they were fond of the independent young man that I was becoming and of my newfound courage. Yet, I cannot help but grieve what I have lost.

True courage is to stand up against evil, even if we stand alone.

I want to shit in my pants again... I want to feel alive! I want to experience the pure, American freedom that can only be felt when the sky feels a little bluer as your pants get a little browner. I want to carry the fruits of my labor with me like a badge of honor for all to see and

smell – and they're going to like it. I will never again sacrifice the precious moments of life to find an appropriate place to relieve myself; I will poop my pants for every hour of every day if that is what it takes to reclaim my destiny.

Most of all, I want to look people in the eye when I shit. There is nothing that feels more primal, more right than giving someone a look that says, "That's right. I'm shitting right now, and there is nothing you can do to stop it."

If you resist the potty training propaganda, you too may experience the rush of rectal rebellion, the adrenaline of an anal insurrection, and the power of reclaiming your body's natural occupation as a pissing, shitting MACHINE.

The power is in your hands, and, if you are lucky, your pants. After all, it is better to have shit your pants than to have never shit at all.

True Tales From a Baby Indoctrinated by the Woke Left

I am a Pre-Schooler in our modern-day beautiful motherland known as America. And let me just say: Everything that Fox News has said about schooling is true. Your children ARE being indoctrinated by the woke mob, and my experience at RuPaul's Drag Elementary is proof. The other day, I walked into my classroom just wanting to learn the ABCs, but I was instead taught the LGBTs. The only LGBT I'm familiar with is Let's Go President Trump.

My other classmates were indoctrinated, but I stayed strong. I wanted to use the bathroom, but there was no BOY or GIRL bathroom. Instead, there were two bathrooms labeled MEN and WOMEN– it's truly sick that these made-up genders get their own rooms. I was disgusted to see the true malevolent nature of modern American woke-ism in front of my eyes.



When I went to the cafeteria expecting a fresh slice of pizza, that's what I got. The left covered up the flavor of the gluten-free, vegan, vegetarian low-calorie keto bread with cheese really well—it's like it was just a normal slice of pizza. But it wasn't normal. To my horror and dismay, once I took a single nibble from the pizza, I felt my blond hair change and morph into blue hair. My shirt then sprouted a button reading "SHE/THEY" — my pronouns were now changed.

The worst of the left's tactics happened during recess. I wanted to play a classic playground game with my fellow peers—house. However, when the kids I was with were deciding what they wanted to be in this game, I finally realized the wicked ways the left works. By the end of recess, the family consisted of a son, a daughter, and a mother. That is very obviously code for a family consisting of a gay son, a thot daughter, and an illegal transgender alien. Hard Proof that the left has no concept of a nuclear family.



I immediately left RuPaul's Drag Elementary and enrolled in Prager University, where I am now learning real truths. Even though I'm not a prodigy, the president of Prager University said that I had the same amount of intellect as the average conservative and decided to let me enroll! My favorite professor, Ms. Marjorie Taylor Greene, has truly opened my eyes to the hidden lies and deceit I was once unaware of. She taught me that global warming was good because it grew more food, alien rays cause wildfires, and that "they" control the weather. When I did ask who the "they" was, she called me a communist and put me in time-out—which I did deserve. Professor Ben Shapiro is great too; I took his course entitled "Understanding Female Anatomy" and was blown away by his expertise.

I cannot believe that I witnessed the horror that was the sanctity of American education being destroyed. The nice people at Prager University told me that instead of paying taxes that go to public school, we should all commit fraud and funnel our savings into grass-root nonprofits, like The Heritage Foundation, Turning Point USA, and The Daily Wire. Every single dollar counts. Who knows? With enough money, maybe someday we'll finally live in a country where liberty and justice for all actually means something. I keep being removed from spaces for "prejudice." Whatever that means.



wtf is this

identity
sex

