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Funny Bones

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Perry the Platypus (1) *Fedora laticium* / Hawk (2a) *Fellatio expactora* / Gay Squirrel (2b) *Sciurus rypaula* / Mrs. Kipling (2c) *Varnus heyjessii*

Highbrow Comedian (6) *Humora sophisticateda* / Common Class Clown (7) *Humora juvenila* / Insult Comic (8) *Humora inflamator*

Letter From the Editors



**Claire “Mummy” Marchand
and Leo “Duddy” Reale**

Dear Reader,

In a turn from our traditional humorous content, we are proud to present Spokesonian, a serious archeological study of the rich history of Emory University. In this issue, our team of journalists excavate the truth, covering everything from the history of frat boys to the geological stains left behind by frat boys. As you examine the ancient and natural wonders this beautiful campus holds, we hope you come to learn of the past that makes up our tumultuous present. As we say at the Spoke, ‘Question everything, fear something, make anything, be nothing.’

Enjoy the magazine!
Leo and Claire



**Aidan “He’s Not Even That
Much Older Than Me” Elie**



**Arjun “Allowed To Do This”
Vohra**



**Anna “Just a Quick
Nibble” Little**



Tanvi “One with Nature” Kulkarni

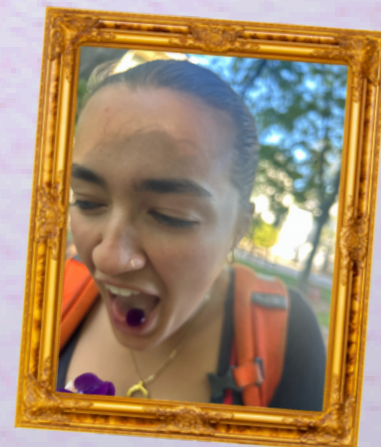


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Ari “Hetero Erectus” Ophir



Morgan “Stoner Age” Starnes



**Elena “Eat the Flower It Will Be
Funny” Sabin**



Von "Yakub's Unpaid Intern" Stroud



Sarah "Lying in the Brary" Fleshman



Riley "Allergic to Long Paragraphs" Dowell



Lorenz "Hit it From the Frontier" Nazzaro



Ivy "Danger: Ivy, Leeches" Leach



Jace "Megasus Twinkas" Cooksey



Maya "Twink Anthropologist" Vizucete



Harison "Homo Erectus" Rudnick



Carson "Lover of Priapus Statues" Stone



Frankie "Doesn't Mind a Bush" Corrado



Jason "Woodwork" Dement



Jerry "Pronouns: Hunter/Gatherer" Halsey



Fiona "Go Down on History" Ferguson



Leiana "Lean Wit It Rock Wit It" Vaughan



Katelyn "Tree Humper" Miller



Zoe "Would Bone a Neanderthal" Bailey



Ella "Who's Your Mummy Now?" Abend



Alex "Actual Cave Dweller" Valdivia



Malhaar "Perfect Pitch, Perfect Bitch" Nair



John "All Natural" Cross



Palmer "Mary Jane Goodall" Strubhar



Annika "Leaf No Trace" Cunningham



Caroline "I Ate the Wrong Mushroom" Hansen



Lola "Touching Grass" Cooke



Emily "Grass" Chea



Alex "Bigfoot (He's a size 15)" Vasilakopoulos



Andrew "Cougar Prey" Burchett



Spokesonian

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I Infiltrated the Spoke – What I Found Shocked Me

You may have heard of “The Spoke.” This mysterious ‘writing’ society has slowly garnered a cultish fanbase with dedicated followers even in the faraway reaches of the rabid Georgia jungle known as “Aucksfyrd”. How did the Spoke claim so many faithful? As a Creative Writing major who occasionally walks past the anthropology hall - therefore a qualified anthropologist - I took it upon myself to uncover their secrets.

The first step was infiltration. I embodied the spirit of a blunt-smoking, hippy degenerate with too many friends, and applied with the most disgusting tale my head could conjure: two gay roommates smoking drugs in the roach-infested ceiling tiles of Dobbs Hall, discovering Narnia in the process. The Spoke licked the bait right up (like those boys probably licked each other after) and soon enough the day came for my first Spoke meeting.

I was right to be scared: they were debauched like the gay Narnia explorers— except they certainly weren’t conducting their adventures in any closets! The meeting centered around a most peculiar ritual known as “pitching.” As a straight woman, I wasn’t sure how I’d be “pitching” given my lack of certain anatomy - and all the men here were “*catchers*”. I found that “pitching” was a verbal sharing of even worse depravity. A Spoke(n Word) Orgy, they howled and hooted at one another’s ideas, and I was forced to join in celebration as they indulged in repetitive ‘jokes’ about the male penis. Yucky.

Being undercover was grueling. Every Monday at 6, the cult leader’s whip cracked:

“Pitch, pitch, pitch!”

” Please finish your articles so we actually have stuff to post!”

“Sign up to do graphics so there are more than two people doing them!”


Membership is grueling— they even keep hostages. Ripped from their physical bodies, their souls trapped in an electric artifice they refer to as a “Zoom Call”, are their most silenced and ridiculed cult members: those banished to the Aucksfyrd. These members are shunned from the “pitching” ritual, except on rare occasions when sympathizers take pity upon these poor creatures and point out their virtual raised hands:

As time progressed, I grew more fearful of being discovered. I was guilty of the cardinal sin among Spoke members: being straight. If Aucksfyrd outcasts are doomed to such a fate, I can only imagine the punishment for being a heterosexual. Even the bangs I grew will not last long— soon they will ask me why I haven’t gotten my septum pierced yet. I can no longer continue, and my identity will soon be unearthed. I must fake my own death. Perhaps I will seek refuge amidst the Spoke’s enemy tribe, The Wheel, or retreat to Aucksfyrd and free the trapped souls - they may know how to defeat this foe. Readers beware: the Spoke is a feral cult, and one should not join unless they wish to relinquish their seat in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Xoxo,

Indiana Spones

*A trapped
Aucksfyrd soul*



Anthro Review: The Great Massacre of Run the Row

The trees are flowering, the sun is shining, and in the distance—through the quiet solitude of a spring almost sprung—are the thundering footsteps of hundreds of frat brothers descending upon the row. What seemed like yesterday, the majestic herd of drunken B-school hopefuls completed their final task— tripping over one another as they fought for the coveted position of line leader. Sights like these warm the heart, especially with rumors that the Emory frat scene is officially endangered.

Recent anthropological studies have shown that the once thriving frat culture is now dwindling. Heartbreaking, but true. Ask yourself, how many times have you blacked out at ATO this year? How often have you heard the siren song of an empty K Sig party?? Now all we have is the old ethnographic accounts, reminding us of the Sammy foam darters. What does this mean for the rest of Emory? Must we finally crack, surrendering our wallets to a \$90 fake?? Will we ever hear “Can I like, get your snap or smth,” again??? But even within these dark times, there is light. Pouring over the hill, the new members are lifted upon the angel wings of possibility and substance abuse.

I quickly began to realize that this was not just another day out in the field; to watch them run home is a gift, one that only the lucky are able to witness. Initially, I assumed, walking home from Kaldis, that the war cry of hundreds of coked-up freshmen surely meant that I would be meeting our Lord sooner than I had expected. Little did I know I had been handpicked to witness this annual phenomenon. To all the brothers, I hope that this world treats you kindly. I hope, as you sprint into the setting sun, that you will remember this in the morning. May your LinkedIn connections be fruitful, and may your hazing be swift and painless.

Brothers Since the Dawn of Time

Archeologists, paleontologists, and anthropologists have uncovered cave drawings from 10,000 BCE depicting what they believe to be early religious rituals. Or maybe survival practices? The archeological-anthropological liaison, Dr. Frederick Williamson, calls it “a peek into the earliest forms of human society, built on community, collaboration, and whatever the hell is happening here.” He gestures towards a depiction of cavemen holding one of their own upside-down above a barrel. The team uncovered evidence of early rituals, including hunting together, sharing fires, and absolutely bodying fermented fruit juice out of hollow skulls.

Dr. Williamson explains, “We initially believed these rituals represented a collective struggle for survival among the Neanderthals, but after months of research, and thanks to our summer intern, Brody, we now understand these practices as rites of passage for the brotherhood.” Researchers now believe that Greek life may have predated the formation of actual Greece. Their thesis argues that “Greek Culture” means pledging to a social hierarchy of guys named Thog, Rok, and Grog - nothing about emperors, philosophers, or gyros.

Brody, a summer intern in the Arthropod Symbolism Regional Institute (a position he only got through his dad’s mistress, the chair of the American Society of Invertebrate Enthusiasts), first made the connection. He noticed a pattern in the symbols. “I was looking at the wall for, like, morphology data, or whatever, and then I saw all these handprints lined up in a row,” he explains. “I just knew it was a lineup. Classic pledge shit.”

From there, the team began to decipher more drawings and uncovered what they believed to be the first pledge book. Some of the rules include: No Cave Hoes; Thog Walk First; If Brother Sleep, Brother Painted; and Must Bring Fire Every Night. Along with the inscriptions, they found a table with hollow skulls arranged in triangles and images of a brother on a mammoth with two hot neanderthals on either side of him. They also found evidence of various punishments, where pledges had to gather berries instead of hunt (humiliating!) or only wear a squirrel hide for a week as opposed to the usual wolfskin coverings.

Despite Beta Beta Ugh’s reputation, the research team denies any evidence of hazing. “There was nothing that specifically referenced hazing,” Dr. Williamson clarifies. “Though it is possible that some events, like the Night of Many Rocks or Fire Walking, may not have been acceptable under IFC guidelines.”

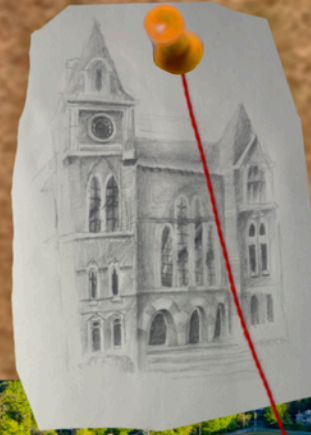
Dr. Williamson suggests that their research is reshaping how we view modern society and particularly male friendships. The team expects their work to be highly cited, especially in journals like *Paleolithic Social Structures Quarterly*, *Anthropological Findings in the Man in Me*, and the *Joe Rogan Experience*. They plan to revisit the site next year with Brody and a few of his brothers for more ethnographic accuracy and vibes.



Stunning discoveries and fresh breakthroughs in ethnographic study profiling unknown group found in Covington woods. The following image depicts the preliminary notes of an ethnographer currently in the field documenting the lives and culture of these "people."

Lifecycle:

- Like salmon, they migrate to mate, taking a shuttle to Atlanta to breed with Georgia Tech individuals
- People on this campus seem to have a fleeting lifespan of only two years



Several Mass Psychosis Symptoms:

- Many seem to believe this to be the original campus of Emory University
- When I asked for their leader, they all raised their hands, citing 'abundant leadership opportunities'



Habitat:

- Discovered individuals living in study rooms with no running water
- Some individuals pretend to be gay to secure humane housing



Culture:

- Local music consists of traditional hymn titled "Little Sophomore Girl"
- They perform a human sacrifice about twice per year on a platform referred to as 'Groupme'



Confederate Cemetery

Seceded from life

Geodes of Emory



1. Kap Sig Cocaine

Emory's academic rigor has always driven students to push themselves, but no one quite exemplifies dedication like the brothers of Kappa Sigma. "It really helps with late-night study sessions," said one brother, his pupils WAY bigger than usual. "Before trying this out, I could barely get through one page of my coloring book. Now, I'm mixing colors to make new ones!"

2. My Suitemates' Weird New Incense

After a very awkward conversation with my suitemates about the state of our bathroom and the sticky white stuff on the walls, I am so glad

to see they're finally pulling their weight. Lately whenever I enter the bathroom, not only are the floors clear of dirty underwear, but I'm greeted by a thick, earthy aroma – seems they're using new incense! I tried to ask them where they had gotten it, but they giggled and said I "wouldn't get it." Also, is incense supposed to leave tiny green leaves on the floor? I'm all for natural healing, but it's getting a bit tedious to clean up...

3. DCT Vegan Chocolate Chip Cookies

With the DCT's vegan-friendly chocolate chip cookies, you'll never have to skip jaw day. "Huh, seems they were soft-baked today," said one student looking through the mirror at the cookie-shaped dent in her teeth.



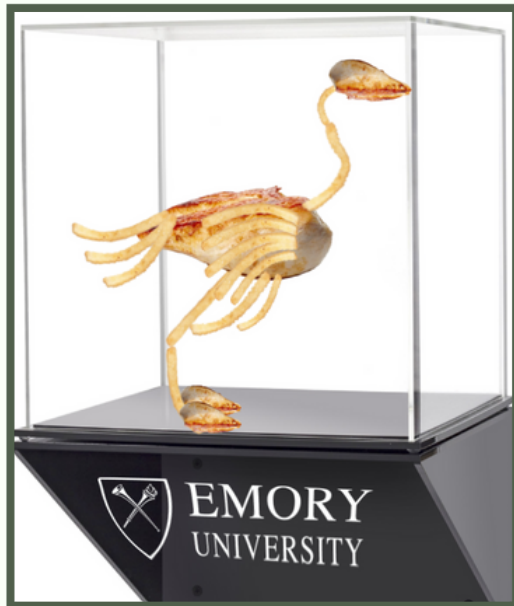
4. My Roommate's White Sock

I have to give it to my roommate – he is incredibly devoted to that one white sock. Wonder if he'd even treat a girl like that (if he had one). He never washes it, never wears it, but it's always within arms-reach from him.

5. Dobbs Cockroaches Skin

Living in Dobbs really will connect you to nature... and not through the courtyard. While other dorms boast sterile environments, Dobbs strives for biodiversity. I woke up the other day to find a delicate exoskeleton beside my bed – proof that our six-legged friends are growing and changing everyday. It's really beautiful if you think about it.

DCT Chicken Carbon Dated to Mesozoic Era



Reconstructed fossil of *Tasteslike shiticus* on display at Michael Carlos Museum

Today at the Dobbs Common Table, history was (literally) made. After comments and complaints from hungry students, scientists were called in to sample the “grilled chicken” served at The Luncheonette. Weeks of laboratory testing revealed that the DCT isn’t just the wrong place to serve such slop, but also the wrong time. This strange overcooked meat (typical for the DCT) is not a dish you can prepare in your microwave at home, as it appears to be 60 million years old, dating back to the Mesozoic Era.

This catalyst for this discovery came in the form of a student complaining about how the dryness of the chicken gave it an ancient, prehistoric, and “older than white hall”-like quality. A biology professor, who was in the

DCT at the request of an overly eager ECS 101 student, overheard these comments and, in a time where research grants are up in the air for legitimately important topics, decided to tackle this hypothesis and apply for funding. Naturally, it was approved.

This chicken-like species, now scientifically described as *Tasteslike shiticus*, has been carbon dated to around the time of Pangea. Business majors have also been known to call this time period “what is that?”. Scientific visualizations show this early species growing to be 2.5x the size of the *Tyrannosaurus rex* and having a numerous population. These astronomical stats led researchers to one obvious answer: animals didn’t want to eat this thing either!

However, the story goes deeper. Those who have attempted to cut this substance we generously call food know of this creature's resilience. An asteroid, continental drift, and Michelle Obama’s school lunch reform couldn’t force this creature into extinction. Ancient cave paintings and hieroglyphics from what is now North Decatur, Georgia, reveal a group of cavemen called the DCT (roughly translated to the Dark Cave Tribe) who once fiercely hunted this foul poultry. The recovered meat, while not eaten, was highly sought for its rubbery quality, allowing the cavemen to build the first crude trampoline.

Since the discovery, Emory University has raised the price of their meal plans, citing students' unique opportunity to literally take a bite of history and just maybe swallow it.

The Fossil Dig that Brought Back the Dead... or the Undead

For years, the fossil dig at Emory in the dead-center of the quad has been ongoing. Disrupting foot traffic, graduation photos, and protests, all of this time and effort has finally proved to be worthwhile after the paleontology team's rarest finding yet: Emory School Spirit.



"We didn't really care if our dig was disruptive"

"What's another administrative disturbance? The students can just deal with it the same way they deal with everything else—by complaining on Fizz."

A historian working on the project.

Upon discovery of this elusive fossil, it was clear why it had taken the team so long and been such an arduous task. The Spirit was buried under six tons of soil and was lodged in bedrock.

"Once we found the School Spirit, we knew we didn't need to dig further. Everyone knows what happens when you dig past bedrock" a paleontologist explained, miming a person falling out of the universe with her hands. *"We've all played Minecraft before."*

Closer biological research revealed that while Emory School Spirit appeared long dead, it was actually responsible for several of the cold shivers and apparitions students have been reporting around campus.

"I went to one of the tailgates and I was one of the only people there, so I got a free Playstation," a freshman shared. "I wanted to leave so I wouldn't be forced to watch the sport thing it was for. Then I saw the saddest looking transparent man, dressed in a shredded suit. I thought it was the weed."

He wasn't alone in his experiences.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but for a moment, I was possessed. I started talking about how much I love going to the DCT and how beautiful our quad is to sit on," a junior stated. "When I woke up, I was a tour guide, shirt and all. I can never go back."

Luckily, these instances are rare, and most students remain unaffected. The School Spirit appears to be severely malnourished due to decades of neglect.

"Please kill me again," the Spirit begged when interviewed before vanishing into the swimming pool, the last place on Emory's campus with pride.



Archaeological Discovery in Kappa Alpha Chapter Room

For many decades, the Kappa Alpha fraternity has been denying non-members entry into their chapter room, stating that the room contains the secrets of their brotherhood. However, archaeologists at Emory have been trying to gain access for years, claiming that they believe an important discovery lies inside. Finally, under threat of losing their charter, the brothers of Kappa Alpha granted permission to the archaeologists.

They discovered the cryogenically frozen body of Confederate General Robert E. Lee concealed within the chapter room. The body was lying within a gold-encrusted casket situated in the center of the room, with a game of beer pong set up on top of the casket lid. Additionally, portraits of the general were discovered on every wall, most with words of admiration and little mustaches drawn on with Sharpies.

“It’s not what we were expecting to find,” the head archaeologist replied when prompted by journalists. *“I mean, we thought they’d be hiding the bodies of small animals they’d killed or fossils their pledges had stolen from the Carlos Museum. Frankly, this whole cryogenic body thing is much more work than we signed up for.”*

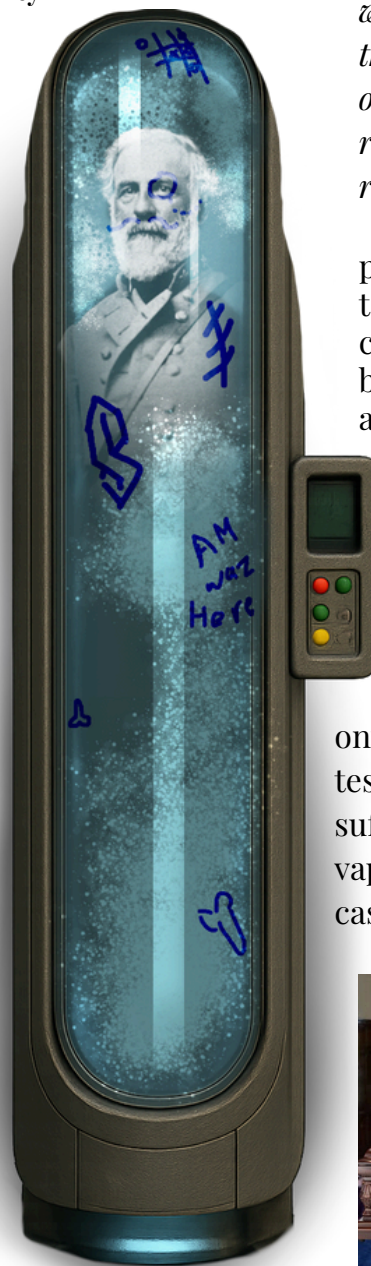
“We’re just hoping this saves us from losing funding next year,” said another archaeologist on the project. *“Surely this discovery stops Emory from replacing our department with a TV playing Antiques Roadshow 24/7, right?”*

“That makes sense,” said one AEPi member living in the KA house, when he heard about the discovery. *“Why else would they not let us in there? After I got yelled at for peeking in once, I figured it was either a lot of cult stuff or the cryogenically frozen body of Robert E Lee. Couldn’t really imagine any other reason for the secrecy.”*

The Emory Administration permitted archaeologists to take the body, much to the chagrin of the Kappa Alpha brothers, who have announced that they will

complete a ritual to bring the general back to life if his body is not returned to the chapter. Nevertheless, the archaeology department is holding

onto the body and plans to run tests to check if the body suffered damage by way of beer vape smoke leaking into the casket.



Above: The uncovered artifact.

Right: The “hiding spot” of the coffin



Seven Wonders of Emory University



Petra, Jordan



Roman Colosseum, Italy



Chichen Itza, Mexico



Taj Mahal, India



Machu Picchu, Peru



Christ the Redeemer, Brazil



Great Wall of China

Jesus Christ Lizard? Gimme a Break.

“Jesus Christ Lizard Walks
On The SAAC Pool”
Unknown Artist
Oil on Canvas

“When pride comes, then comes disgrace, but
with humility comes wisdom” Proverbs 11:2

There comes a time in every man’s life when he needs to do the honest thing. To choose the path of righteousness, of humility. I call upon one such man—and by man, I mean species of lizard endemic to Central and South America—to make that choice. This Man has forgotten his roots. He’s forgotten what it means to be one of God’s lowly creatures. He’s forgotten to unplug his hair straightener AGAIN and it’s starting to become a fire hazard.

I know him as the Common Basilisk. However, he’s made his name as the Jesus Christ Lizard.

Who is he? Where did he come from? He’s become a household name. His name is still warm on the lips of those searching for connection, uttered like a prayer. “Maybe if I show everyone a video of this wack-ass lizard who can run on water, I’ll finally be accepted.”

The Jesus Christ Lizard cannot save you.

I am calling on the powers that be to have the name ‘Jesus Christ Lizard’ stricken from the historical record for a myriad of reasons. First off, it uses the Lord’s name in vain. What’s that all about? Whatever happened to freedom of religion? Thanks, Biden.

Second, it’s terribly misleading. Let me ask you a question. When you hear the name Jesus Christ, do you think of a double-jointed freak who would literally get so killed if it didn’t just happen to have the ability to walk on water? NO! You think of a gorgeous, glossy-maned, ethnically-ambiguous-so-as-not-to-be-controversial man who’s good with his hands and, oh right, is the SON OF GOD WHO IS ALSO GOD DEPENDING ON WHO YOU ASK.

Third, it’s not even that impressive. What made Jesus walking on water so awe-inspiring is that he’s supposed to be a real human boy, which cannot walk on water. When other species can stay above water without drowning, it’s not considered impressive. Ever heard of waterfowl? Those motherfuckers can float AND fly! And yet they’re stuck with frankly unsexy names like “duck” and “goose.” Everyone knows that those are the worst-sounding animal names, and yet they’re way cooler than the Common Basilisk.

The lowly Common Basilisk has co-opted Christ’s name to distract from the fact that he’s a fucking freak, and I’m not having any of it.

I’d like to urge the brave followers of Christ to defend his name and get this guy canceled. I mean it’s just absurd. Jesus Christ.



Inside Agitator!

Greg Fenves Seized After Coke Museum Heist: Is This Where Our Endowment Comes From?!?!

Emory University President Greg Fenves was just caught outside the Coca-Cola Museum with dozens of secret artifacts in tow. In the trunk of his cybertruck, Atlanta Police found precious items such as cans of cocaine and the secret Coca-Cola Formula Document— which listed unheard-of ingredients like xwogfjeil and idquifle, words that resemble those which are listed in the Krabby Patty Formula from hit TV show *Spongebob Squarepants*. In an interview with the Emory Spoke, Fenves didn't have much to say on the matter:

“Yeah, you know, things were getting tough. I did what I had to do. If you had the resources and 16,000 mouths to neglect, you'd do it too. This shit was going into my pockets eventually, anyways.”

For years, the Emory community has wondered: where does all of Emory's money come from anyways? The common assumption is that it's probably some fucked up shit that we just don't wanna know about. And, like... this is probably true. All we know at this time is that much of it may not be rightfully the University's. Who knows, maybe Emory really does need those high Emporium costs to stay afloat after all.

This whole event brings into question: what is going to happen to the administration? What did Greg Fenves even do? Will there be a new president to take his place? The Emory Spoke has none of the answers, and we potentially (probably) never will.

Stay tuned for updates. The Spoke staff will be staking out around the clock until we find more information. Call it our own *Night at the Museum*... haha...



OPEN LETTER FROM STATUE IN THE READING ROOM

Ah, you there! Yes, you. Though I stand silent and unmoving, I feel your pointed gaze. I hear your whispers, your laughter, your mockery. Each day, you pass before me, we make eye contact briefly, and then you look down, a fleeting moment but still your eyes linger for a second too long. Sometimes you even stoop and you squint. Have you no shame?

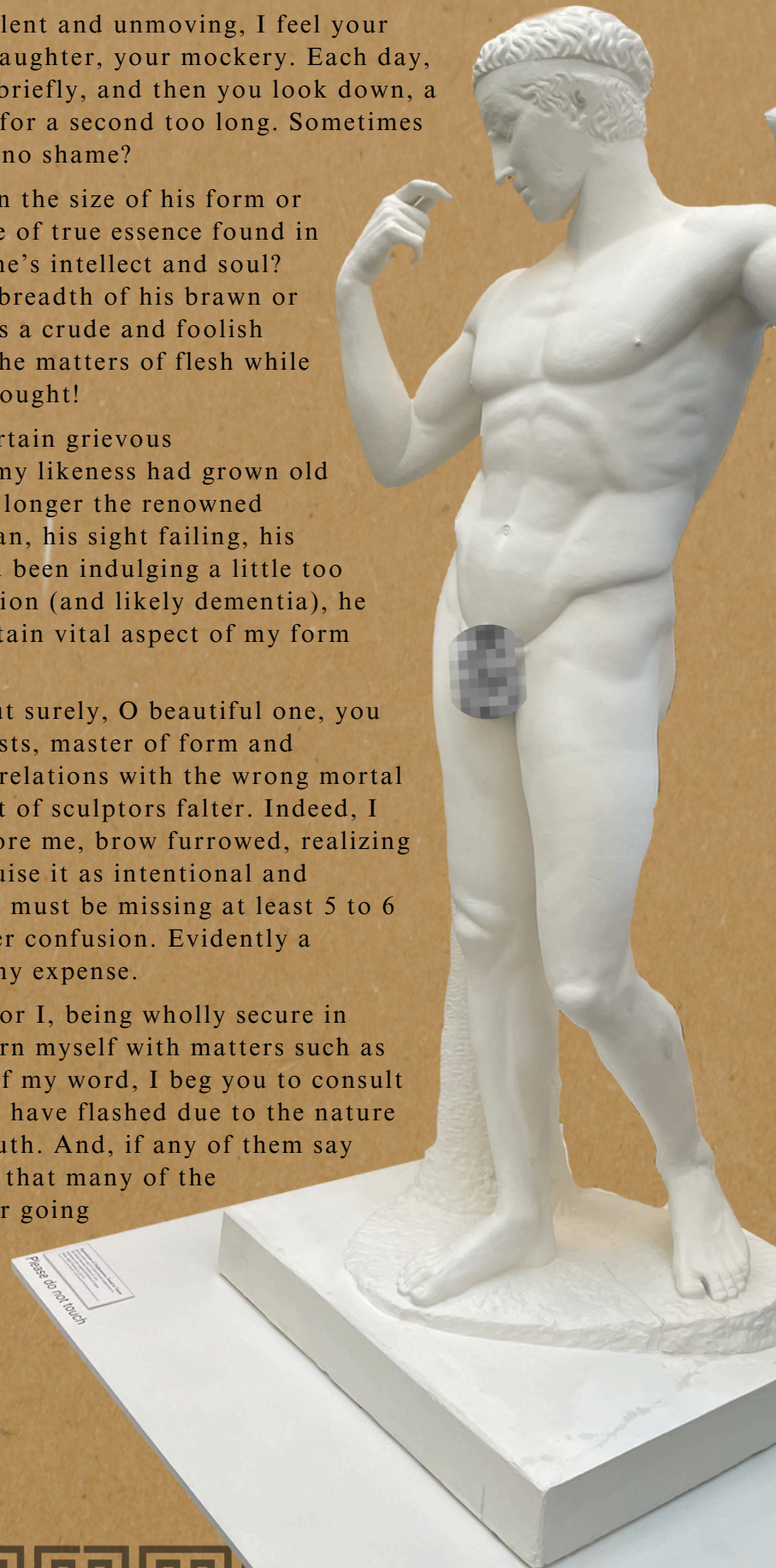
So consider this: is a man's worth found in the size of his form or in the depth of his wisdom? Is the measure of true essence found in one's physical manifestation and not in one's intellect and soul? Would you deem a man great only by the breadth of his brawn or by the quality of his thoughts? Surely, it is a crude and foolish thing to concern oneself so entirely with the matters of flesh while neglecting the cultivation of virtue and thought!

That being said, I do wish to address a certain grievous misconception. The artist who fashioned my likeness had grown old by the time of my commission. He was no longer the renowned sculptor he once was - now, just an old man, his sight failing, his hands unsteady (some whisper that he had been indulging a little too freely from Dionysus's cup). In his confusion (and likely dementia), he egregiously erred in his portrayal of a certain vital aspect of my form and GREATLY underrepresented me.

Perhaps a number of you will protest, "But surely, O beautiful one, you were sculpted by one of Crete's finest artists, master of form and proportion." Nay! Even Zeus himself has relations with the wrong mortal every now and then, thus even the greatest of sculptors falter. Indeed, I remember the moment well—he stood before me, brow furrowed, realizing his error. Embarrassed, he sought to disguise it as intentional and accurate, for when I questioned him "You must be missing at least 5 to 6 inches of clay, oh wise one," he faked utter confusion. Evidently a desperate attempt to conceal his folly at my expense.

Yet, let no man question my confidence, for I, being wholly secure in masculine prowess, have no need to concern myself with matters such as these. And if you doubt the truthfulness of my word, I beg you to consult the fair women of the Polis (all of whom I have flashed due to the nature of my toga), and they shall tell you the truth. And, if any of them say otherwise, it is important to keep in mind that many of the aforementioned fair maidens are drunks or going blind or so maddened by desire they seek to dissuade other women.

Ah, so let this matter be settled! Look upon the leaf that covers my limb of desire not with doubt, nor mockery, but with respect to my hard stature—both in form and spirit.



The History* of Emory University

***In accordance with Trump's Project 2025 bans of controversial words and phrases, edits have been made to censor Emory's less than perfect history.**

Emory University was founded [redacted] college [redacted] that it is today.

On [redacted] land, Oxford was founded [redacted] in Georgia. At [redacted] Emory, [redacted] campuses [redacted] throughout [redacted]

Our mascot, Dooley, was [redacted] with the [redacted] Emory. The history of Dooley [redacted] is [redacted] As a [redacted] college [redacted] of [redacted] to [redacted] Emory, [redacted] the church [redacted] and a [redacted] university [redacted] built in Atlanta. [redacted] of the [redacted] in [redacted] In [redacted] of [redacted] and [redacted] at the [redacted] of [redacted], and [redacted] though [redacted] and [redacted] Emory.



BABY BORN NAMED JAMES CARTER

WHO IS THAT? SOURCES SAY THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT TO US



THIS IS ACTUALLY JIMMY CARTER LOL

By Cletus W. Broadbottom

Early last Wednesday, Oct 1, a baby was born in a sanitarium that may or may not have national and political implications down the line. The birth has drawn global attention, raising the question-literally who is that?

James Earl Carter Jr., or 'Jimmy,' as he will someday probably be called, was born in Plains, Georgia. The most hick place for an important person to be delivered, and actually pretty far from Emory. The arrival of this prodigal son will maybe mark some significant developments in both peanut farming and

Egyptian-Israeli peace talks. The baby appears to have already shown talent for music: "It's uncanny," Lillian Carter, mother, noted. "His goo-goo ga-gas sound exactly like the intro to Lil Wayne's song. It's as if he knows his presidential oath will someday be sampled by a fellow Southern icon."

Just yesterday, infant Carter was seen negotiating peace between two squabbling toddlers in his nursery, a harbinger of his future diplomatic achievements that will be underappreciated by the American public. ...pg. 2

TERROR AT EMORY GATES: WOMAN ATTEMPTS TO ENROLL IN CLASSES

"Not until 1953, madam!" declares security guard, police form human shield around outside agitators ...pg. 3

PROHIBITION AGENTS SKIP EMORY'S FRATERNITY ROW: "TOO BORING TO BOTHR WITH"

"We haven't found a single illegal establishment there-those boys drink milk and are in bed by 8 PM," reports disappointed federal agent ...pg. 4

COCAINE-COLA NO MORE? STUDENTS DEMAND RETURN OF COKE IN COKE

"FUCK YOU ASA GRIGGS CANDLER!" SAY STUDENTS

By Peter B. Shartz

Students assembled on the quad en masse this week to protest the removal of pure, uncut cocaine from their favorite beverage. The Candler family, which recently acquired the company, has officially removed all traces of coca leaves from the original recipe-causing havoc among students and tanking GPA averages. The protesting body, chanting "MAKE COKE GREAT AGAIN," aimed to deliver an open letter to the Asa Griggs Candler, CEO, printed below:

Asa Griggs Candler, you big-headed bitch,

We, the students of this fine institution, write to you in deep and penetrating

distress. Your beverage, once the finest, most unquestionably academic drink-has now disgraced its roots by removing the singular ingredient that made it both iconic and essential: cocaine.

What are we, mormons? Are we going to start soaking and marrying our cousins next?? Without the cocaine, Coca-Cola is just a glorified soda. We might as well be drinking Fanta, for God's sake. Stupid decisions like this are why dogshit coffee shops like Blue Donkey exist. Where are we supposed to get our coke from now, huh? Kap Sig?? ...pg. 3



MARRIAGE PACT FORM OPEN; EMORY MEN TO BE PAIRED WITH VIRGINAL LADIES OF DRUID HILLS HIGH SCHOOL

"And then you actually get married, because it's 1919!" ...pg. 6

Margaret's

NEIGHBORHOOD BAR, GRILLE
& SODA SHOPPE

2937 North Druid Hills Rd, Atlanta Ga, 30329

NEWS

In wake of WWI, economics professor predicts "German reparations will lead to economic prosperity, definitely not another war" ...pg. 4

OP-EDS

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:
"What if the stone roller could have some sort of axis that allowed it to circle around?" ...pg. 5

SPORTS

"Our first priority is establishing heterosexuality, our second is experiencing incredible male thrills," says football star ...pg. 9

The Presence of Cher Across History



T.H. Matteson, *Examination of a Witch*, 1853, possibly showing pop star Cher [Public domain via Wikimedia Commons](#)

The legendary singer CAN turn back time, according to historians

another piece of parchment next to the original note was discovered, reading, "Yes, I am Cher, and I wrote that note *flips hair* do you believeeeee in life after love?" Historians are still trying to figure out why she wrote out that she flipped her hair. "Literally who is Cher?" asked former Emory Spoke writer who got fired for asking stupid questions.

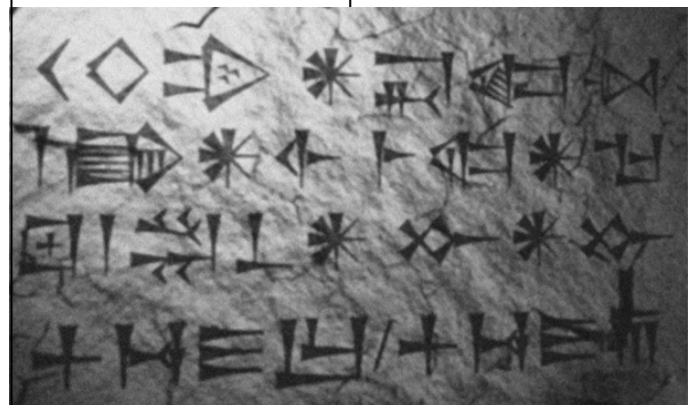
Cher refused to answer any questions regarding the findings, claiming that "she is a changed person who regrets the person she used to be – she would never wish Madonna a happy birthday now."

No pop star has as much longevity as the incomparable, iconic, and archaic Cher. While news sources like *The New York Times* have claimed, "If there's a nuclear war, only two species will survive: the cockroaches and Cher," nobody actually believed that the Twitter icon was centuries old because that would be fucking stupid. However, historians have recently found evidence suggesting that when the singer claimed she could turn back time, she meant it. "It really is amazing to lead the discovery of a lifetime – CherMan is real," said the Chief Director of the *Cher Historian Project*. The primary piece of evidence that supports the idea of a caveman Cher, known as CherMan, is a slab of rock with prehistoric inscriptions on it – this passage is known as CherMan's manifesto. "Unga

oonga boonga CherMan, yabba dabba doo they/them," which either translates to "My name is CherMan and I use they/them pronouns," or "My name is CherMan and they/them pronouns aren't real." *The Emory Spoke disagrees with this potential sentiment and believes that they/them pronouns are real.* Depicted on the cave paintings found alongside CherMan's manifesto, an old-looking humanoid creature with a black middle part celebrates one of their friends in something akin to contemporary birthday celebrations. Pictured next to CherMan is a young blonde woman in front of a slab of rocks and a sign that reads "Wunda inda Madonna" – translating to "Happy birthday, Madonna." When the Emory Spoke contacted Madonna for further inquiry, the singer commented, "The word primadonna was

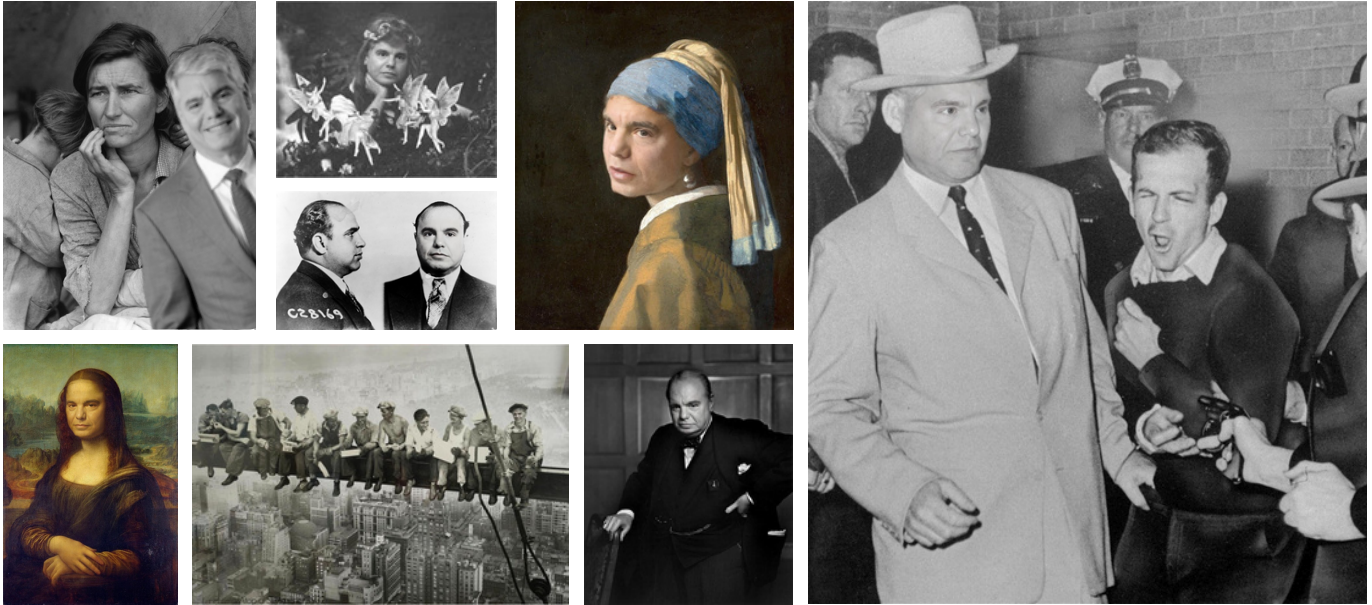
originally pre-Madonna." *The Cher Historian Project* also found startling evidence that Cher was alive during the Salem Witch Trials. In one of the wooden huts, scrawled on a piece of parchment, reads "Hey, it's me, Cher! Do you believeeeee in life after love?" Historians have been scrambling to determine what this could mean: Did a witch claim to be Cher, or was Cher actually there in person? The question was answered when

Photograph of recently discovered Sumerian cave paintings that possibly hint at Cher's ancient provenance, Smithsonian archives, 2025



Greg Fenves: Immortal?

Coincidence?
Proof that vampires exist?
Some other third thing?



(clockwise from left) *Migrant Mother*, the Cottingley Fairies, Al Capone's mugshot, *Girl With a Pearl Earring*, Assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald, *The Roaring Lion*, Lunch atop a Skyscraper, *Mona Lisa*

Subscriber Wildlife Photography Contest Winner



A pack of wild freshman found at Mags watering hole. Submitted by a reader from Atlanta, GA.

Classifying Species: Herd Names

A “parliament” of owls? A “pride” of lions? A “conspiracy” of lemurs? — More like a “hogwash” of hoe-ass names for animal kingdom plebeians. No, you’re a refined member of a prestigious T20 T30 school community, and you desire a refined vernacular with which to refer to its subdivisions. Beholdeth: the Spoke’s 2025 Glossary of Emory Sub-Groups!

B a “**Bitch-Ass**” of B-Schoolers



D a “**DCT**” of Diners who keep breaking my goddamn ice cream machine

E an “**Egotistical Jockery**” of Econ Majors
an “**Egotistical Nerderly**” of English Majors

F a “**Fucking Short**” of Frat Boys

G a “**Greg**” of Fenveses



M a “**Marry Me**” of MILFs on Parent’s Weekend

a “**No, Please Don’t Marry Me**” of Short, Nerdy Boys

N a “**NO, I’M TOO YOUNG TO DIE**” of NLE Choppa Concert Attendees who got trampled at Homecoming

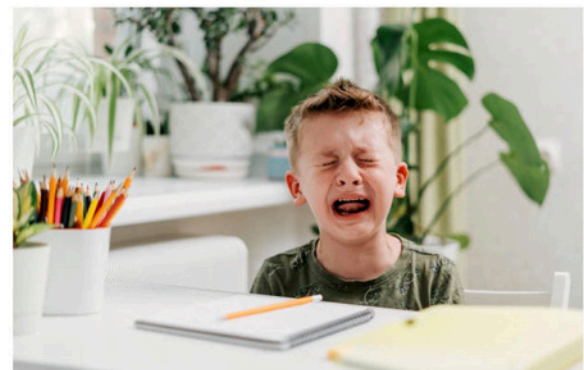
O an “**Outcast**” of Oxford Continues

P a “**Praying Chemistry Class**” of Pre-Med Students



S a “**Smart-Ass**” of Spoke Writers

W a “**Widdle Whiny-Pants**” of Wheel Writers



Opinion From Director of Spokesonian Film Department: A Smarter, Better Future for Nature

Here at Spokesonian, we know that the production of nature documentaries is a grand labor of love to showcase the beauties of this ever-giving world. These projects have represented some of humanity's finest accomplishments in the filmmaking discipline. They capture our planet's most fascinating and unique creatures. And these films could not exist without the extraordinary dedication from our producers, filmmakers, zoologists, biologists, and crew.

With this in mind, I'd like to pose a pertinent question:

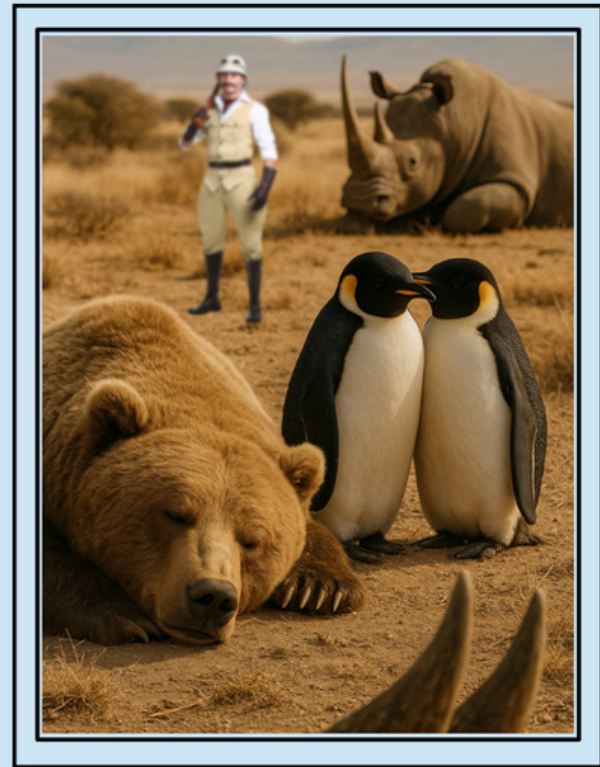
Who gives a fuck?

Seriously. You don't care about how we get the footage, you just wanna see a fucking bird dance. You'll never know the difference if we used artificial intelligence to make the docs. Do you KNOW what lions do for 20 hours a day? Well I do, since I was filming them while my wife delivered our first child. They just fucking sleep. King of the beasts my ass.

Hey here's another question: do you know the mental repercussions that rooting for a jaguar to maul a capybara to death have on your social life? You can't just go out to eat after that. And that's when recording is going well. That's if the animals are doing anything in the first place.

One of our filmmakers sat in a canopy for eight months just to watch a rare species of fowl for one of our ornithology documentaries. The bird didn't do shit. Didn't have sex, didn't fight, didn't even catch a worm. Better yet, the guy developed chronic back pain from hunching over for fourteen hours a day. Imagine his daughter telling her friends at school that her dad films nature documentaries just for him to be halfway across the world with a camera set up on a dumbass bird. It's inhumane. Let's poach the fuckers.

Artificial intelligence is only improving. If we invest now, we could have legitimate high-quality digital animal reproductions within five years.



Additionally, in five years, we could also have a fuckton of ivory. Rhino horns run like sixty grand a piece. And that's just the beginning. We got locations, bids, and connects for sea turtles, tigers, frogs; you name it, we got it. There's way more money to be made in killing these things than to be sticking a camera in their faces.

And I know—I know! There are those of you who might think my words sound harsh. Allow me to provide two responses to this observation: 1. Grow a pair dork 🤡🤡 2. With the poached-animal money we could invest in environmental crises solutions, or artificial intelligence, or something. I don't know! You tell me. I'm gonna go back to overseeing edits on a clip of penguin sex now.

Sincerely,
The Director of Spokesonian Film Dept,

F R A N K

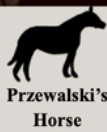
The Endangered Species of Emory.



Woolly Mammoth



Extinct



Przewalski's Horse



Extinct in the Wild



California Condor



Critically Endangered



Green Sea Turtle



Vulnerable



Polar Bear



Endangered



Monarch Butterfly



Near Threatened



Bottlenose Dolphin



Least Concern

People who've liked you back



Data Deficient

EX



Jimmy Carter

- Rest in peace in that giant peanut in the sky

Emory football

- Undefeated since my ass

NIH Funding

- At least you're not a graduate student

EW



Cox Hall

- Would take all my classes in White Hall just for a Maru bowl

Being a top 20 school

- Top 20 in your heart <3

Your Sex Life

- You're vanilla af, loser

CR



Your GPA

- Gurl... you in danger

The DUC

- They all call it the DCT now (nostalgia moment)

Happy students

- It's mad depressing out here

VU



Campus Tour Guides

- You better watch where you're walking backwards

Bourtney Crown

- Always at risk of getting arrested for accomplice to murder

The DCT ice cream machine

- Not every day can be an ice cream day :(

EN



Emory Students

- We all remember last spring

Studying the Humanities

- Classics is *such* a practical major

A Kaldi's booth

- Once claimed, beware of poaching

Fraternities

- Brother eughhhhh

NT



QTM100

- Yeah, I near threatened my lab group

Your Favorite Campus Celebrity

- They know you are obsessed with them

Freshmen

- You should transfer to Cornell!

LC



Greg Fences

- Like I don't even care about him anymore

SGA

- Student government is NOT that serioussss

Premed whining

- We get it, you're taking chemistry - you CHOSE THAT (anger)

Sophomores & Juniors

- You're not special

DD



Emory Athletics

- Do we even have sports?

DTD

- Data too deficient

Your international friend's backstory

- Okay but for real what does their father do for work?

The DCT Food Web

Fun Fact!

I hunt using botulinum toxin, known as Botox! It's found naturally in my skin



Emory Mom

Your Mom
Homo suckpenis
Mature specimen
APEX PREDATOR

Fun Fact!

I am venomous and toxic!



Pyjama Pants Sorority Girl
Homo suckpenis
Immature specimen
APEX PREDATOR



Karaoke Guy
Homo songpiens



Gym bro
Homo doesnotsapiens



Any Sports Team
Homo sapiens



Chicken who died for your mid physique
Gallus gallus domesticus



That one long table
Quercus robur



Unsuspecting Freshman
Homo shittymealplans



Bowl of cereal girl dinner
Cereal cerealus



Lactose Intolerant
AND PROUD

Fun Fact!
My BF isn't the only closeted meat eater on this web!



Milk from a cow
Bos taurus



Actual Kids
Homo Sapiens
Immature specimen



Vegan girl's 'vegan' BF
Homo sapiens



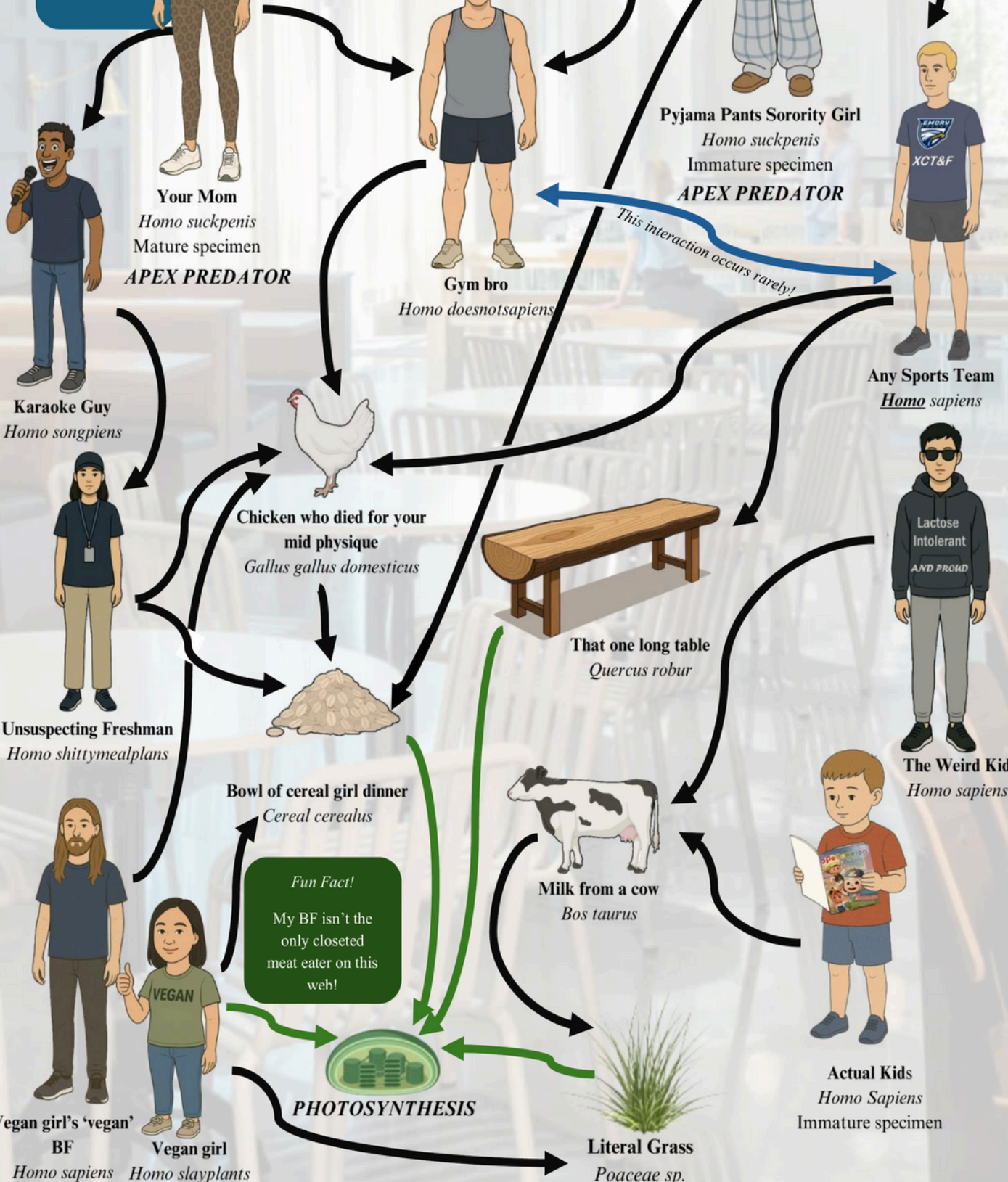
Vegan girl



PHOTOSYNTHESIS



Literal Grass
Poaceae sp.





Did you know?
di-verse-sity
noun: the state of
being diverse;
variety.
Proly not.

World's Greatest Hunters: Diversity Photographers

Picture this: you're a non-white student at a PWI. You've managed to find yourself a diverse friend group, and wow, there's just one of every kind of you! You're standing on the quad with your pals as your white friend, Kyle, is telling you about how much he likes Kendrick, and then the last time he punched a hole in his wall.

There's a bright flash. Your eyes are dazed, readjusting to the light. You look to your friends who are just as confused as you. But you shrug it off as now Kyle is telling you about the last time he called his mom a bitch. It's days later. You're walking across campus when you see it out of the corner of your eye:

it's you and your friends plastered on pamphlet advertising your school. You can't recall a time you've ever looked so happy in your life. This is sure to recruit a lot of students, and shows how inclusive your school really is. But how did this happen? Skulking through the grass, there's only one beast capable of hunting so quickly and quietly...

They come in many shapes and flavors, but all are perfectly evolved to capture the likeness of students of color at any given moment. At the library with your friends? BAM. Gettin that slop at the DCT? BAM. Taking a massive dookie? You get the idea. The Emory campus is habitat to the photographer called Ted (This is actually the name of the photographer who took pictures of me and my friends, this is not a joke). A 46 year old male from the Caucasus mountains, his brittle knees allow him to drop to the grass and take a picture at a moment's notice. His fingers, extra long to reach the shutter button on his camera (but that still didn't stop his wife from leaving him). Some even say he's so dedicated to the job he ONLY sees color. But not in a racist way. The diversity photographer has upwards of 3,000 captures of students who look happier than they actually are. And now you're one of them, immortalized on your college's diversity ad forever. Just another victim to this elusive and dangerous creature.

The campus diversity photographer.

MeeDoow!

Meow. Hello. If you have ever seen a black cat wandering around campus, usually in the Dobbs-DCT area, then you saw me. Maybe you thought I was a sign of bad luck. However, I am just a normal cat who does normal things. Let me give you a rundown of one such day.

6:00 AM

The couple of humans who go jogging in the morning pass by my bush close enough to startle me awake. Drats.

6:10 AM

I become hungry. I start to hunt for the Dobbs roaches. They are easy to find but very tough to kill. How annoying.

6:45 AM

I clean myself with my tongue after my meal. It feels very "circle of life" to me. How beautiful. I am quite the stunner, after all.

Wait, sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Kevin. I am a sexy and gorgeous feline.

7:00 AM

I reward myself with a nap and dream of "My Talking Angela" sexy styles.

8:00 AM

The food trucks have started to arrive. I spend the next couple hours darting in and out of bushes trying to steal scraps of people's variations of cheese sandwiches. It's the closest thing I think I'll get to milk around here.

1:00 PM

With it being a little past noon, naturally, I go on an adventure. I stick to the shadows, my black fur keeping me hidden. I rustle through the leaves onto a street full of brick buildings. I lick my paws and follow my nose to a trash can by the side of one of these large brick buildings, referred to by the humans that live there as "KapSig". I follow the scent I have picked up on to a trash can on the side of the structure. The trash can is knocked over. There are little scraps of paper with bits of white stuff on them. I am curious. What is it? I lean over and sniff it, and it gets into my nose!

Five minutes pass, and my body starts to uncontrollably shake, and I start running around their yard for what feels like an eternity.

1:05 PM

I am exhausted. I pause my running to take a nap near the trash can. This time, I dream of "My Talking Tom." I don't discriminate on my sexy cat dreams! That pussycat can get this pussycat riled up, am I right, folks? Meowwwww.
Purrrrrrrrr.

9:10 PM

I wake up? What the meow? I am going back to my bush now.

Thank you for tuning in!

Yours truly,

The Fuckass Cat

The Definitive Truth Behind Who Killed JFK

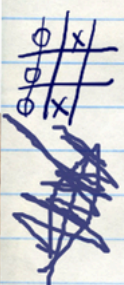
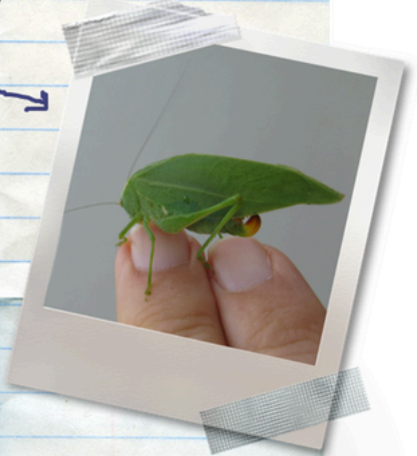
The mystery surrounding JFK has long been one of the greatest unsolved mysteries of our times. In this groundbreaking, mind blowing... the winning article, we definitely

Top Ten Leaves in my Room

- 1) Brown leaf
- 2) Red leaf by the chair
- 3) yellow leaf I drew in my notebook
- 4) Green one
- 5) Orange leaf I put under my roommate's pillow
- 6) Leaf stem in my drawer
- 7) the leaves outside my window
- 8) The leaf in my hand
- 9) leaf pile (15+ leaves (assorted)) by the door
- 10) My lucky leaf ♡

More even:

- 1) When my roommate says "leaf"
- 2) When I think of an auburn leaf when im in my room



been revealed to the public for the first time... in decades of intensive research. we hope this deeply shocking revelation inspires... society.



Spokesonian