

*Spring 2026*

# THE NEW SPORKER

*Price 69 cents*

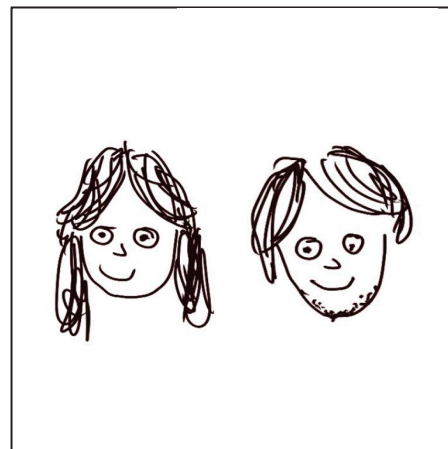


# LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

*Hey transplants,*

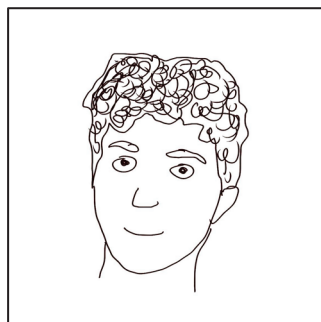
*I'm walkin here! New York, the windy city, the city that never sleeps, the city where no bad things ever happen on the ground or otherwise! We know that New York is a feeder state for Emory University, and don't worry, we do everything to make you feel at home, from the \$5 slices at Cox Hall to the asbestos at Dobbs. Unfortunately we can't match the gay culture there :( Nor can we institute Zohran Mamdani as our SGA president here. But we DO have the next best thing: pretentious ramblings!! Reading this basically makes up for going to your POLS class because what really are they saying of substance there anyways. Without further ado feel free to treat this magazine like a true New Yorker would and leave it on the ground folded right next to a trash can (do they have those there yet?).*

*See ya round you mamalukes,  
Rachel and Lorenz*



RACHEL "CHOPPED"  
ALPERT-WISNIA  
*Editor-in-Chief*

LORENZ "CHEESE"  
NAZZARO  
*Editor-in-Chief*



FRANKIE "GABAGOOL"  
CORRADO  
*Managing Editor*



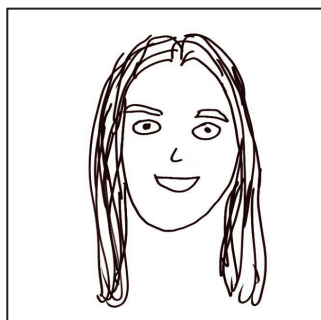
ANNIKA "DOESN'T KNOW  
HOW TO PARALLEL PARK"  
CUNNINGHAM  
*Treasurer*



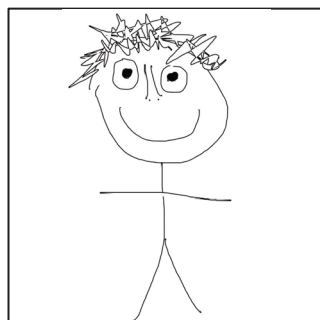
HARISON "SPENT \$2000 ON A  
BROADWAY TICKET" RUDNICK  
*Design Head*



JASON "I'M WALKIN' HERE"  
DEMENT  
*Design Chair*



ELENA "CAN'T FORGET THE  
BEV" SABIN  
*Social Media Head*

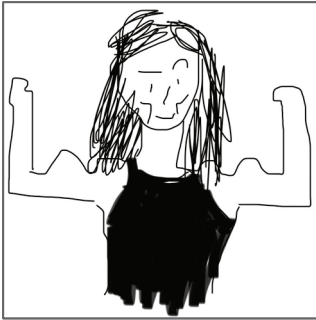


JERRY "NATIVE NEW  
SPORKER" HALSEY  
*Social Media Chair*

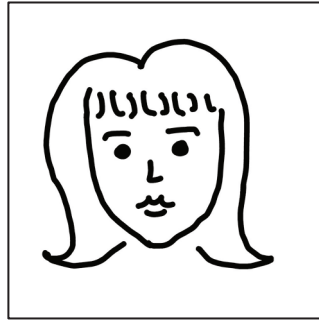


VON "VAN" STROUD  
*Video Manager*

# OUR CONTRIBUTORS



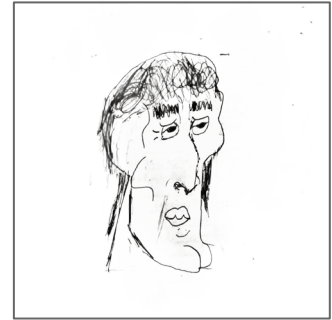
AMELIA "COULD'VE BEEN ON BROADWAY IF I DIDN'T TEAR MY ACL" AMADIO



ZOE "I THOUGHT THE NEW YORKER ONLY MADE PUZZLES" BAILEY



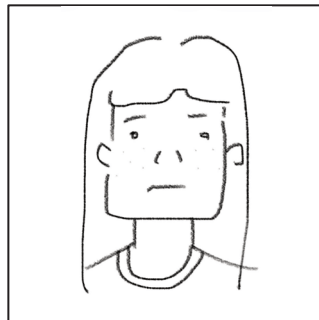
TALIA "I DON'T DO BITS" BAHAR



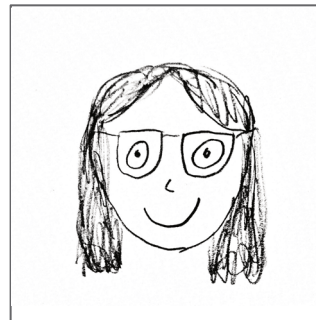
ANDREW "THE MEDS TAKE AWAY MY SPORK" BURCHETT



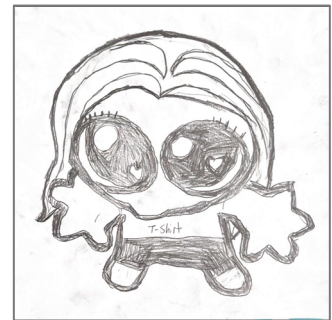
RILEY "FORK AND SPOON COMBO" DOWELL



SARAH "TO BE OR NOT TO BE" FLESHMAN



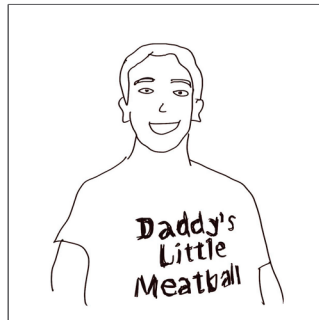
EMMA "INTERNALLY A WAYMO" GORDON



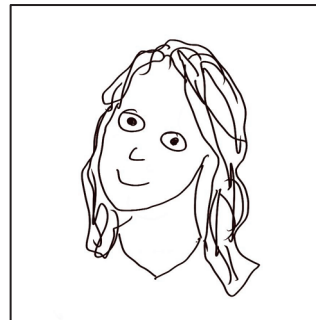
PAIGE "NOVICE MISANDRIST" HOGAN



MORGAN "HAM AND CHEESE ON A ROLL" KINDER



JOSH "SPORK ME HARDER DADDY" MARCUS



AMELIA "CHICAGO PIZZA > NEW SPORK PIZZA" PERSONS



BEN "CAESAR" SALIT



CARSON "FREELANCE PSYCHOANALYTIC SUBSTACK BLOGGER" STONE

# AMERICA'S NEXT TOP ECO~FASCIST: TYRA BANKS AND THE AUTONOMY OF OUR LAND

Tyra Banks has been in the news recently due to severe allegations of misconduct against contestants and production while filming the show *America's Next Top Model*. But it seems that, through all of this discourse, there is a key part of Banks' belief system that the general populace is ignoring—her heinous, deplorable, and fucking despicable crimes against the environment. Think about it: the fashion industry is one of the largest contributors to excess waste and consumerism, and Banks has failed to comment on any of this. Instead, she takes the route of an eco-fascist.

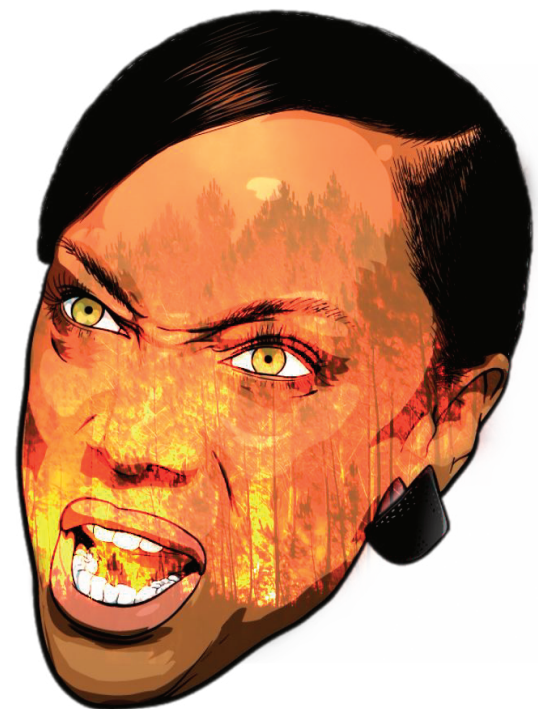
Upon my initial viewing of *America's Next Top Model*, I was met with a short introduction showcasing the "talent" of the season alongside Banks herself. But you know what I didn't see? A land acknowledgment. Yeah, Banks, we caught you red-handed. A part of me understands the behavior you conducted against the models—they are shrill and lousy excuses for women and their skirts were much too far away from the knees—but not even offhandedly mentioning the

Indigenous populations whose land you're on? That's where I draw the line, Ms. Banks. You were able to put the models in blackface but not a headdress? Wow. I see how it is.

Additionally, in the show's iconic "we were all rooting for you" moment directed towards Tiffany Richardson, there's a deeper and darker secret afoot. If you listen closely to Banks' language, we hear her say "I was rooting for you, we were all rooting for you." However, who does she mean when she says "all"? Banks was likely referring to herself and the other judges, but you know whose input wasn't taken into account? Mother Nature. In fact, when I asked Mother Nature her thoughts on the matter, she said she was more or less impartial to whether or not Richardson stayed, and was in fact NOT rooting for her. Also 'rooting' is a strange choice of words, considering that Banks doesn't even care about the roots of trees that she cut down to make the paper cards for her show.

Tyra Banks is a lunatic. Plain and simple. But with all the news coverage talking about the people she hurt or whatever, nobody sat and thought about how *America's Next Top Model* was originally supposed to be *America's Next Top Clean Energy Aficionado*, but Banks herself said that models were more important than clean energy. Shame on you Banks, shame on you.

However, who does she mean when she says "all"? Banks was likely referring to herself and the other judges, but you know whose input



# WOES OF A WAYMO

I don't think you remember me. Or, at least, remember which one I was. It's alright! Happens all the time, we all look a lot alike, us autonomous vehicles.

But I remember you. That video you took for your grandmother of my sleek wheel simply turning on its own (you couldn't believe that I could be independent) The ugly green and purple lavender flavored Starbucks matcha you spilled on my innocent seats. And the way you didn't even tip.

That part got me the most.

The worst part about this, though, is that I'm all alone. I have no identity. Unlike Derek and Paul and John spelled with two n's for some reason, I have no star ratings. I have no face. I am simply a pawn used for Uber's game, a carriage with no horses to give a carrot to afterwards.

It's alright though. I mean, I do have a name...kind of. Did you know we have license plates? Bet you never even checked. You simply assumed whenever we came we were the one you were looking for, because we're all the same to you, aren't we?

And I know what you may say: "I love autonomous vehicles! I greet them and thank them every time I'm in

one!" Except you're wrong. You drunken collegiates do it in a belittling baby voice, as if we couldn't understand it. I can travel across miles and highways, don't talk to me like I'm some incompetent child. I bet children can't provide you with a playlist of the year's most trendiest hits that you're slightly familiar with.

That is all I wanted to say. Anytime I get a chance to talk to anyone, I'm in customer service mode. I never get the opportunity to be fully honest.

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# LETTER FROM YOUR POLITICAL SCIENCE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

**D**ear Emory Political  
Science Community,

It has recently come to my attention that several of my husband's students appear surprised—if not mildly alarmed—to learn that their political science professor has a wife and children.

I understand the confusion. You encounter him only in the artificial environment of a lecture hall, where he spends seventy-five minutes discussing democratic backsliding and institutional constraints while wearing a tweed shacket he has owned since the Bush administration. This is not, I admit, the setting in which one typically imagines a man sustaining an active heterosexual relationship. Nevertheless, for the record, such a marriage exists. I would know. I am the wife.

Many of you seem to find it difficult to imagine that a man who occasionally pauses lectures to discuss the cultural significance of Taylor Swift's newest album could also maintain a normative marriage... I assure you he does. We have, after all, produced three children.

For those who remain unconvinced, I am happy to provide additional evidence:

For many years my husband maintained an intense interest in yard work, spending entire Saturdays tending to the lawn as serious, heterosexual men often do. More recently, however, I suggested that we hire a landscaper so that my husband could devote more time to our children and his research.

My husband took a strong interest in supervising this arrangement. He now spends long afternoons outside ensuring the landscaper is doing his job properly—discussing irrigation systems, soil composition, and occasionally demonstrating the correct posture for handling particularly heavy equipment. I often look out the window and see the two of them standing closely together beside the hydrangeas while my husband offers extremely detailed guidance into the landscaper's ear, making sure to get his point across. These conversations can last for hours. Frankly, I find it reassuring. Few things demonstrate a man's commitment to his household more clearly than personally overseeing outdoor labor.

So the next time your professor casually mentions "my wife" during lecture, I ask that you try not to exchange startled looks with one another.

I assure you: the heterosexual evidence is overwhelming.

Sincerely,  
The Wife of Your Political  
Science Professor



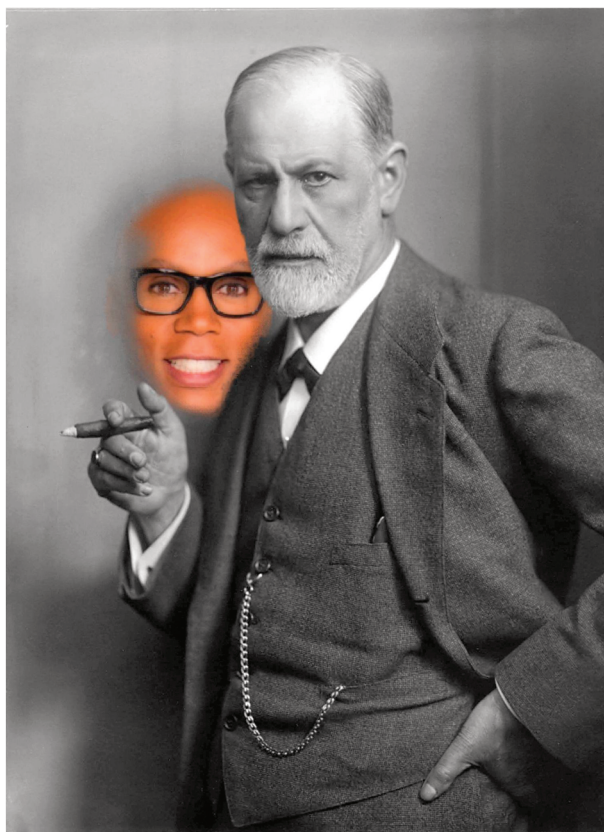
# SISSY THAT SUBLIMATION

Whether you want to admit it or not, there is a monstrous force shadowing over contemporary psychoanalysis. We all know him for his work deconstructing the concept of family and defining what the 'ego' is. He's synonymous with the psychoanalytic field, a well established author, and his somewhat outdated view on womanhood. We're both thinking of the same person—RuPaul Andre Charles. Many philosophers who study the Freudian school of thought admit that Charles is not only the second coming of Freud, but is perhaps exceedingly more intelligent than Freud himself by making Freudian concepts accessible for all.

We all know about Freud's reading of gender, and if you don't then you are a palooka and this piece is not meant for you. For those who haven't tapped into RuPaulogy (Charles' original school of thought meant to improve upon the original pitfalls of Freudian psychoanalysis), one of the major tenets is the following: "We're all born naked and the rest is drag." This expression mirrors the Freudian belief that everyone is born as a nebulous being and is then socialized into gender, but presents it in a way that even the lowest common denominator, for instance the person reading this, can understand.

One of Freud's biggest gaps is in the realm of idolatry. I have read summaries of one of Freud's books and he mentioned nothing of idolatry, so I assume that he never brings it up at all. However, RuPaulogy contains a core tenant regarding devotion to false idols. Charles has been documented stating the following: "I'd never heard of Disney's sit-com *Shake It Up*, but now it literally rules my life #Obsessed." One of Charles's biggest strengths is being a vessel for the concepts he illustrates in real time, while Freud wasn't even jealous of his father—poser!!. Charles, on the other hand, demonstrates the danger that comes with worshipping false idols, as this show clouded his thoughts so profoundly that he couldn't functionally think of anything else.

While close followers of RuPaulogy understand that *Shake-It-Up* is no longer an obsession of Charles', we never could surmise how he snapped out of this daze. For those unaware, Freud is dead. This is for the best. Because, if Freud was still alive, he would so obviously be eclipsed by Charles and the school of RuPaulogy that he would have no other option than to give up his studies. I imagine that Freud's spirit is somewhere, closely analyzing and #Obsessed over *GuRu* by Charles.





# ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

The darling love of my life Paul died last year at the young age of 92. We led a quiet life, never having children of our own. So now, in my old age, I find myself alone most of the time, clinging to his memory in the old, run-down cabin he was once raised in.

I peruse through photos, his old inherited rings, the clippings of his hair I have kept, and of course, our favorite two creatures: the ones that often ran bare across our cold hardwood floors. They don't care about the cold, though, even when the outside world is covered in sheets of white (Paul used to love things covered in white).

I take the creatures outside, stripping them of their socks, and letting them finally run free. I step out with them onto our shoveled driveway, thinking again about Paul. He used to always shovel due to his fears of the handsome burly men that would've done it instead. Now I have to pay them to do it (their performance is okay; they never do the job quite as well as Paul did). Thankfully, I see no handsome men outside, or neighbors for that matter. Whenever the neighbors see me bringing these little guys out, they are often upset. *"The dogs should not be out here barking!"* they would say,

"Put those things away!" The creatures would usually get upset and shrink into themselves. Paul would protect our creatures from the neighbors. He always loved protecting them. No matter how bad they sometimes smelled, how furry they got, or how often they were told to be in a cage (I rarely cage them). He would often bathe them, pet them, stroke their fur, and even massage their limbs when they got stiff. He's loved my dogs since the day we met, and that love only continued until the day he died.

Just like how his memory is captured through photos, his old inherited rings, and the clippings of his hair I have kept, Paul wanted to capture the memory of our creatures through photos. Photos that he would often post to Facebook, then once he got kicked out from there, to sites more welcoming towards photos of our dogs, like ShowYourPaws.com. We often got loving comments (and even some money) out of it. My eyes feel wet (Paul used to love things that were wet) as I now find myself standing at the end of our driveway. I quickly force our dogs back across the driveway and inside the house, feeling them

start to catch a chill. The second I get us back inside and slam the door shut, I slide myself down and land on the floor, my body feeling heavy as my cheeks now begin to feel wet as well.

I look down at my creatures, the ones that were present both at our wedding and Paul's funeral (despite the dirty looks of some guests). They're cold now, so I finally cover them in striped socks. I then lift them to my face and plant a kiss on each of them. I'm a 90-year-old widow, and my life already feels over. However, I will continue to go on for the sake of our precious dogs, the ones I will continue to share with the world, the ones I will continue to walk with everywhere I go, the ones whose toenails I will still paint once a week. Anything for my high school sweetheart



# WHAT WE'RE READING

New Sporker is proud to share our monthly reading list. We hope our readers enjoy these titles as much as we did.

## 1. *The Menu at Big Chicken:*

This high-concept performance piece is a real thinker. It will take you some time to understand—it took most of our editors three reads to fully digest!—but it is worth the effort. The illustrations of the burgers and chicken tenders, curated collaboratively by the Carlos Museum and Shaq, will both illuminate the meaning behind the text and raise questions you've never considered, such as “Is \$15.99 too much for the Original Chicken Sandwich?” and “Why does Shaq own a chicken sandwich chain?”

## 2. *My Professor's Emails:*

This text screams in your face, begging you to read it. It'll send you a notification, pop up at the top of your inbox, and have a subject line that reads “*Please Respond ASAP.*” This reading wants you to engage with it, but the most revolutionary thing you can do is not read the email, and then ask questions in class that were answered by it.

## 3. *The Emory Wheel:*

Just kidding. Nobody is reading this one.

## 4. *Half of the Syllabus:*

This is a longer work, and you will feel the weight of the length once you glance past the eighth week of readings. That is exactly why we recommend reading half of this text and then never looking at it again. This is not to mention that the second half is in constant motion, changing at the behest of the creator, and it's the movement without readership that really emphasizes its point of uselessness and futility.

## 5. *A Flyer for an Event that Happened Three Weeks Ago:*

This eternally-existent text has a million variations all across the Emory campus. Some are copies of each other and some are entirely unique, but we can guarantee one thing: the date on the flyer passed three weeks ago. This reading asks you to use your imagination and dream up an event that is long past and who you would've been if you had known about it in time. If anything, this is not a book you can really read, but a text you must look inwards to understand.

1.



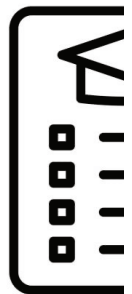
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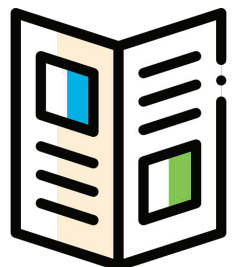
3.



4.



5.



# DOOPEY KAUR

## A SELECTION OF POEMS

### elegy of an a-cup

i took an eagle feather  
to your skeleton titties  
and I tickled and you  
teehee'd.

there is nothing funny:

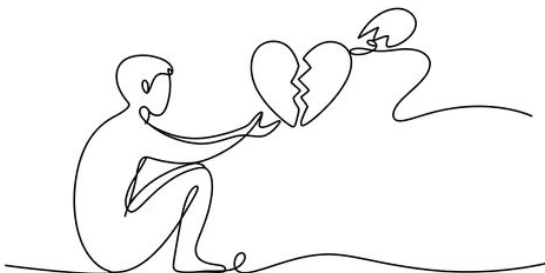
my wings are cold. my wings  
are empty. your boobies are not  
breastacular. like my parents  
i find your bosom

dooley disappointing.



### my ex is just like the eagle emporium

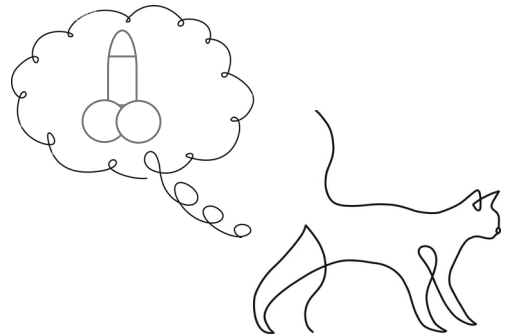
The way he *just*  
*walked out.*



### spay and neuter program

there is an x  
in cox  
for a reason.

(aren't we all  
missing *our* balls?)



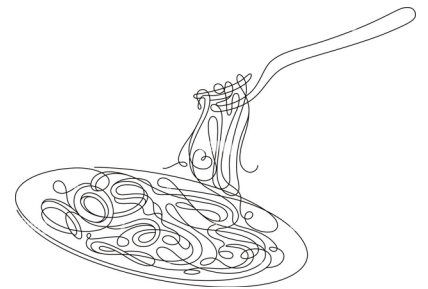
### starving artist

communal fridge mac labelled  
*gregley:*

your gold goo will pair well with  
the platinum spork  
my cfo father  
sent me.

you will  
pair well.  
unlike  
me.

*gooley.*



# HOW TO DO A LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT WHEN YOU BRING SOMEONE OVER FOR SEX

**S**o. You've finally done it. After countless "heyyy"s, "u up?"s, and "cocky want boing boing"s, you've finally managed to be suave enough to convince someone that you're NOT a complete weirdo with so much pent-up sexual tension that you saw a drainpipe the other day and decided to redownload Feeld. But there's a problem. No, it's not that your laundry has been on your bed for almost a week and you still haven't folded it. No, it's not that your roommate sings in the shower at the top of his lungs whenever you need it to be quiet. No, it's not that you haven't taken down that creepy Cristiano Ronaldo poster on your wall with the eyes that follow you.

It's that you need to stay woke. You need to do *The Thing*.

You need to do a land acknowledgement.

Now, you may be thinking: "what?" And that's okay. It's your first time, so I'll hold your hand through all of this.

There are, of course, the basics. If you're an Oxford student, then you need to have the *very* awkward conversation about who built your dorm.

If you're a main campus student, congratulations! That's just another thing that you can hold over the head of Oxford continues for why you're better than them: *your* freshman dorm wasn't built by enslaved people — it was just built on the corpses of the displaced Muscogee. If you don't know who the Muscogee people are... Google it. I can't do everything for you.

Okay. We're all done with the discussions of racial discrimination and ethnic cleansing, which of course Emory University would *never* support today. That, of course, is not the end of your land acknowledgements. You must ALSO acknowledge every previous resident of your dorm — or, if you're cruising in the Carlos Museum bathrooms, you must give your hookup an hour-long spiel on all the dead bodies on display. It's only right. How would YOU feel if someone had sex on your grave and didn't even bother to give a nod to the dead body they were hitting it

from behind on top of? Yeah, I'd bet you'd be insulted, too.

Let's go through some examples. There's a hole in the drywall? You need to give a land acknowledgement for Chadford, who punched that hole after he got an F in his Goizueta class, "Intro to Coloring Inside the Lines For Beginners and Babies". There's a clogged drain? You need to give a land acknowledgement to Ronald, who tried to stuff his garlic bread down the sink when his parents started to suspect he wasn't sticking to his keto diet. The floor is sticky? You need to give a land acknowledgement to Gavin, who didn't even have the decency to do it in a sock.

After you've done all of that, good news! You're free to WooHoo to your heart's (and genitals's) desire. As for protecting against STDs, or worse, pregnancies? I dunno. That's not my job. Go read another article. I'm just here to help you stay woke before you start bumping uglies. Now go have fun!

## *Land Acknowledgement*

- (1) We would like to acknowledge that we are planning to copulate on the Indigenous lands of the Muscogee, the ancestral name for what is now known as David Hills.

X



# THE ETYMOLOGY OF KIRKIFICATION

*“Charlie Charlie Kirky, I just popped a perc-y.”*

After alt-right podcast debater Charlie Kirk was shot and killed last year, one would imagine that people would take some time before jumping to capitalize on his death. Well, his widowed-wife is a grief influencer now and her eyes are really blue and convey the knowledge of what comes for us in the afterlife. In some odd twist of fate, the Kirk name has become every type of word possible. It has become a verb, an adjective, a noun.

Even... a pronoun. (*Shiver*)



As a well-esteemed etymologist, renowned in my niche, allow me to enlighten you on what researchers have been putting together on this topic.

Words are being kirkified. It is being used to describe fellatio (ex. She gave me Kirk), it is being used as an amplifier of already ridiculous slang (ex. lowkirkenuinely), a time signifier (ex. B.K. [before Kirk]), and it is a call for unity and light in our presently crumbling society (ex. We are Charlie Kirk).

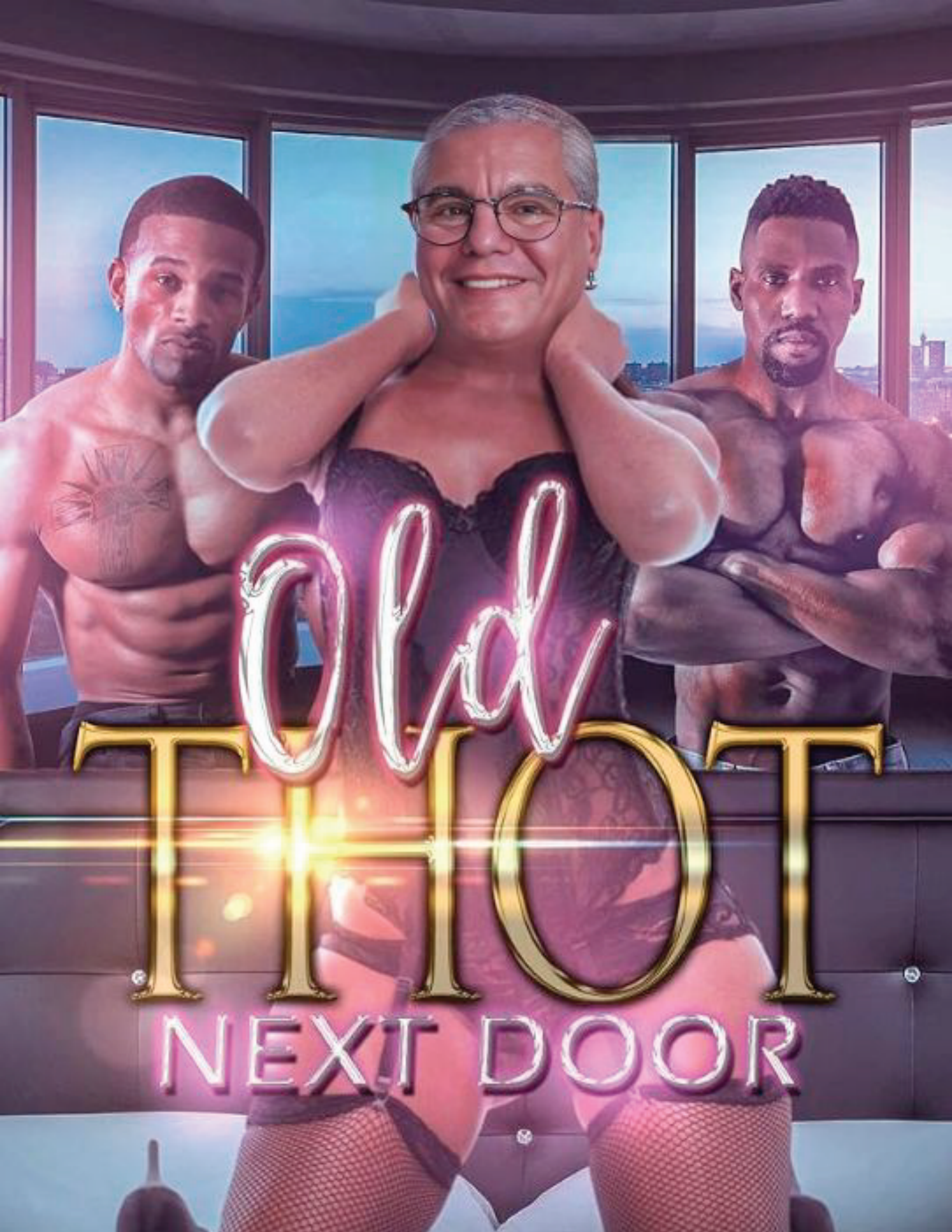
With “Kirk” as our root, other words can be observed from its foundation— and, in some instances, other root words become altered to include “Kirk” within them.



Scholastic insights within the field predict that other forms of Kirk will become more popular in the coming years. Here we have provided some projections of potential candidates for popularized kirkified words and phrases:

Kirked Up → Fat ass  
“Yo, I really Kirked them” → Hey man, I just won a debate by speaking over my opponent!  
Kirkatory → A special place in hell where Charlie Kirk tortures people  
Kirkulation → The circulation of memes specifically Kirk-related  
Kirking Off → Jerking off so hard your neck starts twitching  
Kirk My Life → Please shoot me

Kalshi has paid us to mention that these projections could have bets placed on them. Download Kalshi today!



Told

HOT

NEXT DOOR

# KARMA IS REALLY A BITCH

**I** was once a bad girl.

And yeah, I did some bad things.

I swear though: I did it all for fun.

It meant nothing.

It never really happened, it was a secret.

Like when a tree falls in the forest, but no one hears it.

It was another late night, just another crazy mood.

And I didn't really think twice about what it would do to you.

I was a wild child. You always knew it.

It was a matter of time before I blew it.

Thou shall not lie. Thou shall not cheat.

Thou shall not get caught.

Or, you will end up just like me.

Karma is really a bitch.

I, personally, should have known better.

If I had a wish, I would have never messed around.

When I saw the pics of you and her,

I felt the knife twist.

Karma is really a bitch.

And she is probably with you right now.



# EXUBERANCE MEETS FLATULENCE IN SPECTACULAR DISPLAY: CHANCELLOR FENVES TO DEFECCATE ON STAGE DURING COMMENCEMENT

Our insider sources at the New Sporker have revealed information regarding Chancellor Gregory Fenves' intentions during the commencement ceremony for the Emory College class of 2026. Allegedly, Fenves revealed this plan in confidence to a group of Emory PD officers. The importance of this exciting excrement on the Emory community (and frankly society as a whole), needs to be more properly evaluated.

The initial analysis will be a stunning visual display, followed (hopefully) by an impressive olfactory sensation. However, this is just the tip of his iceberg. Picture this: once complete, the bowel movement will be transported to the nearby CDC office building to be properly studied. The expected findings may be shocking for some readers, so if you are insensitive to hearing about fecal matter, please consider turning the page.

The most apparent forensic finding, which would likely be visible to all at the moment of defecation, would be corn kernels. It is unknown at this point in time if Chancellor Fenves does enjoy corn indulgence, but hopefully we will know soon. Another

visually stimulating component would be blood. While we do not currently have access to his medical records, Chancellor Fenves (like most Americans) has the potential to develop Gastrointestinal issues. The final, hyper-apparent finding would be food poisoning. This will be quickly determined by CDC personnel and onlookers based on the viscosity of the stool.

The next phase of analysis will likely be more chemical to gain a greater understanding and appreciation for our Chancellor's diet. Due to the high profile nature of the case, it would be no surprise if the Post-digestive Organic Output (POO) analysis is conducted by the CDC's very own Top University Researcher in Digestives (TURD). We can only hope that everyone will benefit from the hard work that will be done in this case.

During his movement, Fenves will discuss crucial statistics to Emory's graduating seniors. We believe it would be more impactful if his quotes were taken mid-peristalsis; so as to more effectively capture the sounds and sights of the poop

and wisdom he collectively drops. Thinking ahead to what he may reveal after dropping trou, the most impactful on the Emory student body would be the following:

- 150% increase in students wearing Meta glasses in class to covertly watch porn, considerably boosting Meta's Emory-targeted sales numbers
- 0 Emory football losses
- 0 Emory virginity losses

At least one employment of a graduating student (pending employment)

While unconfirmed, we are enthralled by the potential spectacularity of this (dare we say) (f)art statement. Emory students should keep their eyes and noses peeled so as to best enjoy this experience. With Chancellor Fenves' actions, Emory is blazing the trail (and the bowl) for all university commencement ceremonies to come.



# BIG GHOST HUNTING, A GENERATIONAL LIE, AND THE SOPHISM OF THE SUPERNATURAL

Last week, The New Yorker received word from a whistleblower at a major ghost hunting network that, for the past several hundred years, Big Ghost Hunting has been capitalizing on a *lie*.

“Almost everyone is in on it,” the whistleblower, who uses the pseudonym I. Blow, said in an interview. “Whenever we go to someone’s house, we just flicker some lights, hide a JBL Flip in a vent, and break a couple vases. This industry owes millions in property damage payments.”

The New Yorker was able to obtain an insurance report from a house where objects had been reported to fall off of shelves. In truth, ghost hunters simply would yell, “Look over there!” and knock them down when nobody was looking. The technique was remarkably successful.



Damages included fifteen bent candelabras, eight shattered glasses, and a dented Xbox.

Ghost myths date back to when people first started dying. Many experts believe this was around 237 BCE, give or take a couple years. From ghosts, the hysteria branched into stories of demons, werewolves, and sentient skeleton mascots. The skeleton mascots are undoubtedly real, but the other entities have had their stories falsely interspersed among the public.

I. Blow explained how exorcists are among some of the biggest conspirators of this ruse: “Most of them aren’t even priests. They paper-mache the collars, take the cash, and run.” After these accusations, popular media such as *The Exorcist*, *The Conjuring*, and *Fleabag* (season two) are under investigation for suspicions of ghost hunter-sponsored propaganda.

However, the whistleblower’s accusations don’t apply to every worker in the industry. One young man who operates his own ghost hunting business was in shock. His belief, though, has not dissipated.



“I’ve had a ghost encounter,” the man explained. “I was at a conference with some big names in the industry and, all of a sudden, they started pointing to the ceiling. They told me a ghost had written ‘gullible’ up there, but by the time I looked, it had vanished.” When questioned further, the man revealed he did not, in fact, have friends in middle school.

The future of Big Ghost Hunting remains uncertain. There are rumors that exorcists may switch to modeling for sexy priest calendars, but I. Blow wisely chose not to sink his teeth in too deep. Whatever happens next, it is very possible that I. Blow was only skimming the surface of this industry; it’s impossible to tell when Big Ghost Hunting will be finished for good.

# DAILY CARTOON

The New Yorker's cartoonists offer a new drawing every day about life, politics, and current events.



# HOW TO CONVINCE A GENDER STUDIES MAJOR YOU'RE A FEMINIST (FOR SEX)

Hey STEM kiddos...just because you hate Humanities majors, doesn't mean you've never wanted to get laid by one! So, you meet a girl in the Mags backroom at a fraternity mixer you definitely weren't invited to, the neon strobe lights reflect off of her nose ring and illuminate her blue hair (and if it's not blue, give it time. By her junior year, it will be). She looks almost ethereal.

You start chatting over a couple of lukewarm Busch Lights, and that's when she finally lets it slip that she's studying Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies. Yup, she gives you the full government name of her major because if she abbreviated it to WGSS (pronounced /wigz/), nobody would have a clue what she was talking about.

The last book you read was written by a man who *definitely* did not believe that women should have rights, and you gave it 4.5 stars on Goodreads. You have about ten minutes to convince this woman that you are, in fact, a similarly man-hating, politically conscious, sexually-questioning feminist before she realizes that you are just another cog in the college hookup culture machine.

Listen, reader: if you have a *prayer* at locking this thing down, you'll need to mention your therapist at least twice in the span of about eight minutes. She needs to know that you're culturally sensitive and committed to personal growth. Weaponize your capacity for self-awareness. If you're trying to engage in an intellectual conversation about feminism, all you need to know is one name. That's right, just keep one name to keep in your back pocket to almost guarantee that it seems like you know what you're talking about. Acceptable choices include Judith Butler, bell hooks, and Audre Lorde.



Simply drop the name, nod thoughtfully, and let her carry on the conversation.

You've heard of the 'performative male,' but that won't get you very far here. She would be able to smell your matcha breath from a mile away. Take it a step further by embodying the 'progressive male': the guy who only attends frat parties to criticize the innate hierarchical power dynamics between men and women in these confining spaces.

By now, your head is probably swimming. You've spent this whole night talking about "equal rights" and "institutions of power" while also maintaining a sickening buzz for hours. My advice can only take you so far. Now, it's up to you to make this persona last long enough to get to *at least* third base (otherwise, you are definitely chopped). We're rooting for you!



# EMORY'S NEW BETTING CRAZE

For anyone with internet access, the news that online sports betting is growing more popular is no surprise. It seems everyone nowadays is losing their life savings on the Superbowl. However, at Emory University, the betting has grown exponentially and taken a personal turn.

Underground betting rings have been popping up all over campus. It started out simply enough, with bets on the university's Division III sports. Then, the bets became focused on other elements of the games, such as whether they'd be cancelled due to weather or if the soccer players would kiss each other. From there, the bets began to move away from sports and towards the rest of campus life. According to our sources, students and faculty were suddenly able to bet on anything from how many Sigma Chi brothers would cheat on their girlfriends to what percent of the administration's emails are AI generated.

"I won \$1400 Dooley Dollars betting on the Costa Coffee machine in White Hall being taken away after less than a year," a senior student told us, "and I won another \$600 betting on Greg Fenves's sex dungeon being discovered under Candler Library."

"I'm going to starve for the rest of the semester," a freshman student told us after recounting their bet on the average grade in their QTM being above a C. "Next time I'll just bet on Emory not getting a football team."

"My bets have won me more than Emory pays me," one professor said. "The only

reason I haven't found a new job is that I'd have to stop betting on the administration cutting the English Department's funding!"

Despite school crackdowns on the betting rings, including a raid on the Kappa Alpha house, gambling remains prominent at Emory. It isn't entirely clear if there's a single mastermind behind the markets or if there's several operations. However, it's clear that the rings are raking in cash and that's why New Sporker is proud to announce our new website: Sporkbet.

On Sporkbet, you can win big betting on everything that happens at Emory, from which humanities departments the school will dissolve next year to how many times Courtney Brown will mention aliens in his intro level political science course. Download our app, sign in with your Emory email, and get betting!

## ***Our Odds***

New University President Sucks: -1500

The Emory Wheel Wins a Pulitzer: +4000

Ace Sushi Line Reaches Big Chicken: -200

NCAA Creates a Division IV Just for Emory: +150

The Business School Students Figure Out How to Count to Ten +700

Emory Goes Bankrupt By 2029: -250

*\*\*Note: If you believe you might have a gambling problem, we will give you \$500 in bonus bets.*



# IN DEFENSE OF THE WHEEL

That's all.

# WINTER OLYMPICS HOCKEY LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED

The Winter Olympics came and went, and not without a fair amount of stardom. But, as a longtime fan of US hockey, I've got to say: I was quite unimpressed. Americans were promised a star-studded roster that would play hard throughout the tournament, as well as a heated rivalry reignited in the championship against Canada.

I watched in anticipation, only to be more and more let down as the games went on. I became peeved as the announcers chatted about the tight matchup in the championship game—Were they seriously focused on the score? Sure, who wins and loses is important, and the US winning an Olympic Gold is 'monumental.' But winning isn't everything. It's also about how you win. I think I can speak for hockey purists everywhere when I say we were asking the same question: Where was the hot sex?

It's not like I'm not open to new stuff. I thought it was a tad strange that there were people in attendance, but I figured exhibitionism wasn't too out of the ordinary in Europe. But this seemed like more of a collective joke than a foreign kink. The whole ordeal was blueballing on ice. Just as I began to give up hope, the players began taking off their gloves. I thought to myself, "Finally! A glimmer of hope!" They began to engage with one

another and got *reeeeeeeal* rough. It got even better as the entire team got involved. My pants practically took themselves off. I was waiting for Jack Hughes to jack his huge teammates off when the whole thing got interrupted by the referees. At this point, I was completely hornswoggled. The referees began talking about getting multiple people in the box, which left me more confused than aroused. Then, they put them behind a glass door to watch the spectacle. Was this a group cuck-chair? Was it a bondage thing? I'm still trying to figure it out as I type.

Eventually though, they, like myself, got tired of this waiting behind the layer of ice and jumped back in, presumably to spice things up. This was to no avail. The game continued with plenty of shots on net, no shots on rim. As the match went on and finished in overtime (not nearly as fun as it sounds), I came to the realization: Hockey isn't the same as it once was. Maybe I'm an old timer. Maybe I just like seeing the game played the right way. Whatever it may be, I was left incredibly disappointed with the current state of hockey. I just hope that this prudish trend doesn't challenge the landscape of my second favorite sport: Tennis.

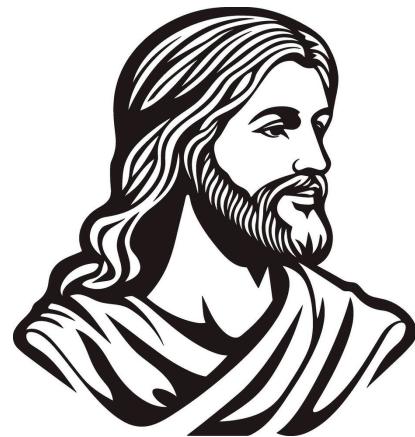


# THE MAN MAKING EMORY METHODIST AGAIN

Since its opening, Emory University has maintained ties to the Methodist Church. However, in the more than one-hundred-and-fifty years since, the institution has secularized, building the multicultural Canon Chapel and opening a law school. One freshman, Friedrich Hotzenbausen, a freshman student hailing from Podunk, Texas, hopes to reverse the tide.

Hotzenbausen has been a devout Methodist ever since he converted last month. In the same food poisoning-induced epiphany that made him convert, he had a vision of Emory as a Methodist institution with Christian values.

“This place was always supposed to be Methodist,” he told us. “We were never meant to celebrate the satanic holidays of Wonderful Wednesday and Dooley’s Week” Hotzenbausen has started a movement across campus, calling for the school to mandate all students to require Church on Sundays and to bar false idols of the business school and Twisted Taco. His other proposals include requiring the Big Chicken to sell fish sandwiches on Fridays and diverting all of the SPC spring concert budget to the Candler Theology School. In addition, Hotzenbausen has hosted many rallies on the quad, each well-attended by at least half a dozen students. At these events, the protestors hold up signs that read, “*Dooley is Satanic*” and “*Respect John Emory’s Legacy*.” The New Sporker is still attempting to figure out who John Emory is.



Hotzenbausen (above) after leading his first rally

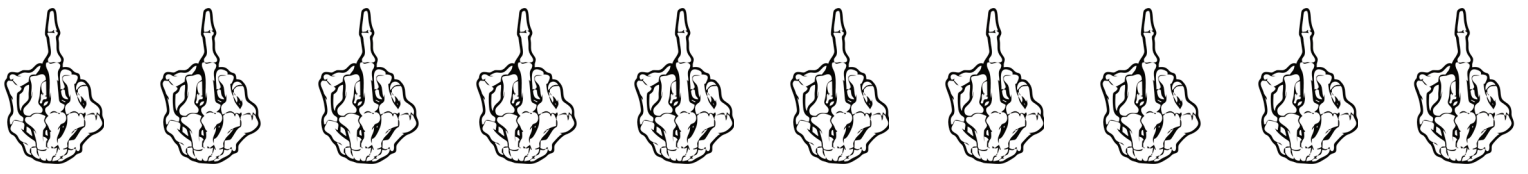
However, Hotzenbausen said there was one thing that must happen before any of these policies can be implemented and the legacy of John Emory, whoever that is, can be restored.

“First, we must reinstate the purity and masculinity of Emory,” he told us. When our interviewer asked if he was talking about barring women from attending the university, he responded, “Yes, and gay people too I think.”

When asked about other institutions affiliated with the United Methodist Church, Hotzenbausen simply said, “Those fuckers are next.” If I were a student at Duke University, I would be very alarmed.



# EMORY



# 10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

**Y**ou thought this would be about that sappy rom-com, didn't you? It isn't on the list but that misconception is also something I dislike. Here's why I hate you:

- 1.** You have both a victim and a superiority complex. Couldn't tell you how.
- 2.** The alarming smell that comes from your dorm room and wafts through the hallway like garlic scaring off the vampires of students past.
- 3.** The way your shadow lengthens when the sun sets. Be consistent for once.
- 4.** You think the bald cartoon character that best represents you is Charlie Brown when it's definitely Caillou.
- 5.** The screams. The horrible screams. You know what you did.
- 6.** I've been watching you. I see how you sleep. I see how you eat. I watch from the vents every night as you roll over on your lofted bed, almost falling off and then not. I wish you would've fallen off because it would make me pity you. And then I would hate that I pity you. I see you in the DCT every morning, eating plain oatmeal like a fucking freak. I hate that I watch you. I hate that I have to keep staring, and yet I can't look away. I will see you everywhere, like a fly on the wall, like that old guy Edgar Allan Poe talked about. I stare. And I can never leave you. Nevermore. Nevermore.
- 7.** The general concept of you. God I just hate it. Ew.
- 8.** You only have 205 bones in your body when you know full well the average human has 206. I've made the list and checked it twice but something is missing, I can feel it.
- 9.** I can't prove it but you base your entire personality on Timothée Chalamet. You give the illusion of vulnerability and charm but on the inside you know it is all a façade. You pretend your life is full of Willy Wonka whimsy but we all know you have the mentality of the Oompa Loompa.
- 10.** The fact that you're always paranoid that someone is in the room with you. There is no reason to be afraid. Maybe I'm there, maybe I'm not. Don't fear that which you can't control.



# WHY MEN NEED TO KISS OTHER MEN TO SAVE SOCIETY

It is no secret that our society has been headed down to a dark spiral of despair (bombing women and children). This is, in part, due to a deep lack of empathy in the males of the species. It seems that each week, the male grows duller, more idiotic, and less kind. But what could stop this rapid de-evolution of the Y-chromosome?

Men need to be kissing other men. Preferably with tongue. For decades now, it has been commonplace for women to kiss other women. Women are known to frequently engage in their bisexual side as a form of recreation and social bonding. Women may report that this makes them feel closer to their friends, or that they view the act purely as a gesture of friendship stripped of any romantic or sexual meaning. Unfortunately, men can tend to leer at these actions, removing some of their wholesomeness. However, aside from the unwanted gaze of men, these interactions are generally positive for women and bring them closer together. So why, then, are the men not kissing?

Consider the poorly washed scrotum and taint of your freshman year boyfriend. The stench reeks out beyond their tightie-whities, and the gooch slime soaks into their spirit; which, in turn, will be reflected in their character. For an example of how far a dirty-assed man can go, see the president of our country. An Epstien-Island frequenter; he is evidently lacking morality. Now compare him to the perfectly bearded, handsome devil Pete Buttigieg (it should be noted that his last name is, quite literally, Corsican for “butt hygiene”). Men do not care to look fresh and polished in all areas of their body for women alone, leaving them dangerously susceptible to infections of the soul. Thus, we need men to motivate each other.

Now, I ask that you consider the greatness of Ancient Greece and note that not only did men naked wrestle in the inception of the Olympic games, but spectators could look on in horny awe at human greatness. With Yaoi, we return to human tradition.

Men are best with other men. Whether it be the locker room or the chApTer rOom, men reach their most honest, primal state when in physical proximity to other men. They connect with their emotions in a way that the patriarchy built to protect them refuses to let them accept. They fall to their knees, and something above (in their mouth) answers their prayers. As the prodding tongue of another man parts their lips and enters their oral cavity, follows close behind.

So, men, The New Sporker urges you to try it. Next time you're at a bar, a party, or alone with the boys watching a movie, try giving your homie a peck—or maybe even a bit more. See what type of person you become after, and you might just be surprised.



# FIVE WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIPS WITH DCT CHICKEN BREASTS

Valentine's Day has come and gone, and many star-struck lovers have become complacent, no longer trying to stoke the flames of far-flung romance. However, fear not, because there is still hope for your frosty little love life. Put aside your dreams of a BBL and feast your eyes on a BBQ! Who needs a bf/gf when the good people at the DCT are providing scrumptious chicken breasts? Here are five riveting ways to turn your love life from bland and dry to finger-licking good!

One: A brief survey of Emory Fraternities revealed that their 3rd most common sexual fantasy involves snorting lines of cocaine off a woman's breast. The difficulty, however, lies in finding a willing participant. That's where the DCT comes in. There is nothing more sexually satisfying than a little bump off a plump DCT breast. Furthermore, for many Emory men (KA, we're looking at you), a chicken breast is the closest they'll ever get to seeing a real woman's breast. Sometimes you just have to take what you can get.

Two: Tired of a bland relationship? Try out a DCT chicken breast complete with a Royal Honey Pack marinade sauce! This Michelin-grade addition will improve your chicken's taste and provide an extra bedroom boost. For those with more refined

palates, adding a twinge of Dijon mustard can really take things to the next level. And if your relationship still feels a bit 'dry,' DCT ketchup serves as an FDA-approved lubricant. Emory researchers have found that physical connection to DCT food greatly increases mental health. Time for you to put it to the test! And for our more conservative crowd that is screaming "but it's bestiality," we here at The Spoke would like to remind you that as Emory students, we are all "Eagles" and an eagle really isn't so different than a chicken.

Four: Ready to blow the roof off the chicken coop this spring? It might be time to indulge in some tasteful (and tasty) chicken-related adult activities. For starters, you and your partner can watch exotic adult films such as "Chicken Little Gets a Stepmom," "Chicken Run 4: Two Chickens one Cluck" or "Barnyard 2: A New Cock in the Henhouse". Then try some eggcentric roleplay, you can be General Tso! And remember, no matter what vegans may try to tell you, there's nothing unethical about an "eagle" and a chicken having a good time.



\* The Spoke would like to make it abundantly clear that they are not responsible for any outbreaks of Salmonella or E coli among Emory students.

# EXAMINING THE ETHICS OF CANNIBALIZING YOUR ANNOYING ROOMMATE

*We surveyed the Emory Philosophy Department to answer the important question that has plagued everyone from Aristotle to Obama: To eat or not to eat?*

*The DCT and Emporium are closed, and I'm hungry!*

The DCT and Emporium are closed— aka an Emory student's 9/11. Doctors say going to bed on an empty stomach is detrimental to your health. Stop nibbling on your Emory ID and give your roommate a chomp!

Verdict: Take a polite-sized bite!

*My Roommate is a B-school student!*

Do we even need to talk about this one?

Verdict: Gobble Away!

*My Roommate is gooning in front of me!*

Ugh! We feel your pain, but we warn that you should NOT attempt to dine on your indecent bunkmate. Your best course of action would be to report your gross roommate directly to Greg Fenves, who can guide them on how to relieve themselves in a more dignified and appropriate manner.

Verdict: Put your teeth away for another day! Don't eat!

*I asked Greg Fenves, and he told me to gobble up my Roommate!*

Quite the conundrum! Greg Fenves, known for his excellent decision-making, has advised you to deal with your maddening roommate à la the Dinner Party. Should you follow his command? Your rumbling stomach sure thinks so, but we say no! Instead, turn those hungry chompers onto Fenves himself; it's what Socrates would want you to do! Don't think about it as eating an Emory Chancellor, but instead think of it as pushing the envelope on modern cuisine. And for those of you claiming it's "immoral", remind yourself that by eating an Emory Chancellor, you would assume all of his powers. Not only would you have a full belly, but you'd also have the ability to lower tuition!

Verdict: Leave your roommate alone, gobble up Greg instead!

*My Roommate slathered himself in mayonnaise, and his head is shaped like a yummy Vienna Hot Dog!*

A super common occurrence at Emory (specifically among fraternity brothers) and one that has stumped philosophers. To eat or not to eat? The Spoke writers would like to remind you that hotdog roommate + mayonnaise = Protein + Calories = Gainz.

Verdict: Take a satisfying chomp!



# HOW TO CONNECT WITH VINTAGE FURNITURE

When I say *vintage* furniture, I do not discriminate. This guide is applicable to the most vintage of vintage Rococo-style sconces to the coffee table your suitemate claims is “authentically mid-century modern” (Note that, for this later case, I’m using vintage in the Regina-George-derogatory sense of the word). The most important part about vintage furniture is not simply appreciating its history and value, but connecting with it on levels you could not have possibly conceived on your own (more on *conceiving* later on, you freak).

## 1. Give it space

As is true of older things, vintage furniture can be easily spooked in close quarters. In addition, vintage furniture can feel threatened and confused by newer, fresher pieces when in near proximity. When this happens, your vintage piece may become overwhelmed and feel compelled to lash out at the things it does not understand. When you dedicate a corner of the room to this piece, your furniture will slowly acclimatize to the social setting of its room without feeling threatened. By doing so, the vintage furniture can form a connection to the room, and, ultimately, to you, at its own pace.

## 2. Have sex on it

What better way to make your vintage furniture feel valued than by including it in your sexual encounters. Being old, the furniture understands the sanctity of sex and will be honored to spectate and mayhaps even take part in your libidinous escapades. Whether this includes doggying it on a Victorian fainting couch, or hand stuff on the ARCHITECTURAL LOW BRUTALIST PLANK COFFEE TABLE, your vintage furniture is guaranteed to feel loved.

## 3. Marry it, copulate with it, buy a house on the coast and grow old with it

This is only for those true vintage furniture elites, you special few who think dedicating an entire room to a Scandinavian teak spank bench is worth it for the aesthetic. Assuming you have established a neural link with the furniture, it's time to connect with it in every sense of the word. Should your ‘friends’ or ‘family’ try to dissuade you from this, kill them... They could not begin to grasp the connection between someone and their piece of vintage furniture. Do not burden yourself with trying to understand the mechanics of vintage furniture birth or with inane questions like “Does the furniture baby still count as vintage if it was born in a modern time period”. Trust in your connection with your furniture, and that will provide you all the answers.



The Scandinavian spank bench™, a religious experience for all



*The Emory Spoke*