

SPOCULTURE

WINTER

BONES

DOULEY COUTURE

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TO HIDE THEM

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THE TRI DELT
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FINDING
YOUR SCENT

THE DEVIL
WEARS
FENVES

MICROTRENDS
COMING
THIS
WINTER

2025



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

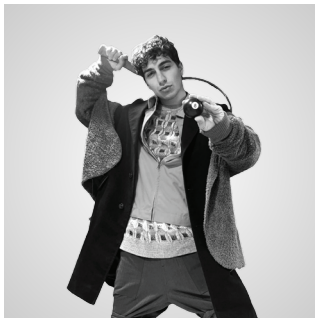
Emory University prides itself on being an esteemed medical institution, and we at Spogue feel it is our duty to stop the next pandemic this winter season: black sweatpants and blank hoodies, especially those fuckass cropped ones. So, in the memory of the late Anna Wintour, please enjoy this collection of fashion tips by people whose outfits look like they were generated by ChatGPT. Because if you're reading this magazine, god knows you need the advice.

*All our love,
Rachel and Lorenz (AKA Lorenchel)*



RACHEL "HAUTE"
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Editor-in-Chief

LORENZ "COUTURE"
NAZZARO
Editor-in-Chief



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CUNNINGHAM
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HARISON "LIKES REMINDING
PEOPLE COCO CHANEL WAS A
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SARAH "FASHIONWOMAN OR..."
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RILEY "T-SHIRT CONNOISSEUR"
DOWELL



CARSON "COMME DES
CARSON" STONE



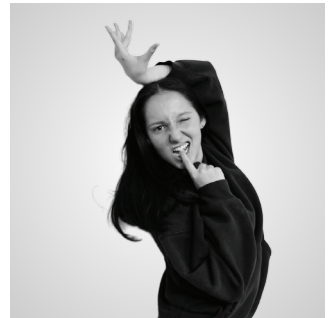
PAIGE "THE DEVIL WEARS
LULULEMON" HOGAN



ELLA "100% ALL-NATURAL"
ABEND



AMELIA "YOU NEED MORE
MAKEUP" PERSONS



MORGAN "JUMP THREE TIMES
AND I CAN GUESS YOUR BRA
SIZE" KINDER



FIONA "SHOULD WE INVITE BELLA
HADID?" FERGUSON



EMMA "CRACK ME SO I GLOW"
GORDON



ZOE "MY PARENTS LET ME DRESS
MYSELF TODAY" BAILEY



TALIA "ALWAYS THINKING"
BAHAR

CREDITS

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IN MEMORIAM: ANNA SUMMOUR REMEMBERS ANNA WINTOUR



The fashion world mourns Anna Wintour, iconic sunglasses-wearing, fuck-ass-bob evangelist, Editor-in-Chief of Spogue for over 37 years. She's not dead or anything, just too wrinkly to be relevant in the media anymore and past the point of Photoshop's help. Replacing her is Anna Summour, the much younger, much prettier fashion industry heavyweight who is actually medically classified as "a strong breeze away from disappearing." Here, Miss Summour reflects on Miss Wintour's... contributions.

Hello, New York! Thank god that old hag has finally hung up her heels. Have you ever seen *The Devil Wears Prada*? Yeah, that was a documentary. Meryl Streep, you deserve an Oscar, girl. Well, another one.

As we enter this new era—mine—I'd like to honor what Miss Wintour truly stood for: thin, rich, white bitches. Did you know that she "gently suggested" Oprah lose weight before appearing in magazines? And this is way before Ozempic. Nowadays that's a pretty attainable suggestion (and one that I will carry forward in Spogue, fatties), but in the 90s? The only way to lose anything was straight-up bulimia!

Despite her favoritism for the Caucasians, I present my favorite Anna Wintour cover, featuring Kim Kardashian looking absolutely dementorian in front of Kanye West, notoriously schizophrenic public jester. The cover received significant backlash—mostly "what the fuck?" but also because it featured the first Black cover star in Spogue's 1,000-year history (estimated based on Wintour's age).

Miss Wintour could truly be polemic at times, but she was an inspiration to all. All the flops, that is. Now, it's Summour time. Just like Zohran in Mamdanistan, I'm implementing She-ria Law in the United States of



The first Vogue cover with a Black cover star — and Kanye West is here too.

Summerica—and if I don't see perfectly-maintained bobs on EVERYONE by the New Year, no more human rights for ANYONE!

Spogue, brace yourself. Under my rule as Bob-in-Chief, we will be eating absolutely nothing, appropriating cultures to an untapped degree, colonizing trends like its the 1600s again, and running this magazine with an iron pussy.

Dear readers, please enjoy the first issue of a brand new era.

NEW MICROTRENDS COMING THIS WINTER

A Spogue Guide to the Best New Looks



DCT SQUASH PURSE - \$1,870.00

In an effort to be more sustainable, hundreds of Emory students have chosen to rock the DCT squash purses. While these sad, yellow fruits used to rot away in bowls, they now grace the hips of every trendy woman on campus. Like most aesthetic purses, they can fit one lip gloss and even a key!



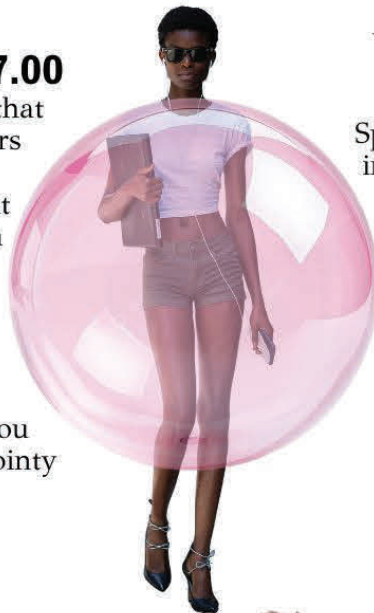
SPEAKERPHONES - \$1,000,000.00

Craving that surround sound as you walk aesthetically to class in your super unique outfit?

Ever feel like the shuttle is too quiet? Well, whether you're wearing a long skirt, baggy pants, or flared jeans, these headphones are an absolute must-have accessory to complete your look. With SpeakerPhones, not only will you get to enjoy your incredibly niche music taste, but everyone else will too! Your peers will love being subjected to your hit playlist walking across campus: everyone is watching me as I strut.

BUBBLE DRESS - \$67.00

Inspired by the mega-hit that was bubble skirts, designers have taken to the bubble dress as the next statement piece every college woman should own. Just like the bubble skirt, this item might even stay relevant for a whole two months before ending up in thrift stores! Be careful where you sit, and stay away from pointy objects.



BINDLE - FREE.99

Now, business students can connect with the "low-income working class" by sporting the hot-on-the-market bindle! Just run into Lullwater, find a stick, and run out before the Lullwater Bog Monster attempts to feast on your flesh as penance. Then, complete the look with a cute fabric!



FSHTNK WATER BOTTLES - \$45.80

A new season means a new water bottle must take the main stage. Owalas? Over. Stanleys? A thing of the past. It's time for FshTnks to shine. They combine the best traits of all your favorite popular water bottles through the years: not fitting in your car's cupholder, poor insulation, and intense spillability. And, yes, you can slap your profound political stickers on them.

Live the Life of a Model

Five hacks for your dream job

If you yearn to be anything like the models at the top of the game, then you're trying to find any hack or tip to live the illustrious life of a covergirl. Well, luckily for you, we at Spogue have the most effective tips from industry-leading women. From the diet to the x-factor so you can climb your way to the top and grace the cover of any magazine you want!

#1 The Diet - Physically Tape Your Mouth Shut

Most doctors don't want you to know that face taping actually started as a Victorian era body training technique—have you seen how tiny and modelesque those women were? By physically taping your mouth shut, you now have a quirky accessory that immediately adds glamour to any outfit you want and you physically cannot let any food enter your system. You could keep it classic with silver tape, or develop your own personal style and use ones with patterns or prints. Then your friends can ask you something like “hey girl, what's with the tape mouth?” and all you can say is “mrphrmp” — slay queen!



#2 The Look - Utilize That Rack!

If there's one truth about the industry, it's that sex sells—in order to be the sexiest version of yourself, you gotta weaponize what you have! And if you're anything like me, you have a huge rack that draws the attention of anyone who sees it. If you don't have a supple rack passed down from your mother like I have, don't worry, I know a guy. In order to get the look, you're going to get your medieval torture device that stretches your limbs, otherwise known as a rack, and stretch your limbs to the longest length you can. The rack will give you sultry arms and will increase your height, which is always a plus for modeling—you better work diva!

#3 The Connections - Network, Network, Network!

Unfortunately, the industry isn't really about how good of a model you are, but rather who you know. In order to get your

foot in the door of the industry, talk to every single person you see—you never know who's a talent scout! The guy on the train who won't stop licking his lips and looking you up and down? Give him your headshot! The woman loudly arguing with her boyfriend on the phone about something called “an aggressive brain tumor”? Make sure to ask her if she knows Naomi Campbell personally. The child who just got taken from his family you heard about on the news? Make sure to find him, then strike up a conversation about how everybody just naturally assumes you're a model. Put yourself out there and make your name known—watch out, we got a girlboss on our hands!



#4 The X-Factor - Go On Adderall!

Have you ever wondered what gives models that extra oomph that makes them so powerful? It's adderall! Even though there's a national shortage right now, if you tell your doctor you will harm yourself and others, (make sure you specifically mention you'll harm others) then they HAVE to start you on a prescription. If you aren't persuasive enough to convince your doctor you need adderall, just try cocaine instead. Before you leave for your drug deal, make sure you dress in all black and look as suspicious as possible, otherwise they'll think you're some ordinary cokehead who can live off of low-quality supply. When asking your dealer, make sure to be very polite and to clarify that you aren't a cop, to put them at ease a little bit. If it's laced with fentanyl, then that just means they gave you extra product because of your kindness. Look at you being kind AND a future model—you go girl!

#5 Getting Your First Gig - Put yourself out there!

Now this last tip is ultra-mega-super top secret, so don't publish this in a magazine or anything okay? But the quickest way to get your headshot and name out there is to commit a violent crime. Do something like murder a couple hundred people or kill a high-profile CEO. Don't do something small, because the

bigger the crime, the more places your mugshot will get posted. Then, once the president bails you out because you supported your country on January 6th, you'll be scouted by any modeling agency you want—mamas you are serving!

Well those are the tips that are sure to work and take your career to the next level. Remember, you didn't hear these from me, you just kind of got the idea out of nowhere!



THE DEVIL WEARS FENVES



When I first got the email saying I had been ‘summoned’ as the Chancellor’s student assistant, I thought it’d be a résumé builder. Maybe some coffee runs, a few emails here and there. But from day one, I realized something was... off.

To start, I never even applied for this position. One morning I just woke up with an Outlook notification from “Fallen Angel Fenves” with the subject line “Your Time Has Come.” Attached was a calendar invite for Kaldi’s at 6:66 AM. I just assumed it was either a phishing scam or military time.

However, I showed up because I’m a coward and an Emory student — missing a coffee chat is somehow worse than damnation. When I got to Kaldi’s, he didn’t just walk in, he spawned. His order sat waiting: steel-cut oats. No milk. No fruit. No sugar. And what the hell even is a steel-cut oat? And why are you spending USD on that in the first place?

When he finally looked up, his smile spread too far and his eyes turned a dark crimson color. “Welcome to the team,” he said. All of a sudden, the lights flickered and every cellular device at the Depot lost service. For a moment, I wasn’t sure if he was greening out or if something genuinely supernatural was unfolding between the cold brew taps.

That was just day one. Since then, things have only gotten worse. Every time I send him a scheduling email, I get an automated reply that just says, “Soon, my child.” The C-shuttle idles for minutes when he walks by, engines humming like a Gregorian chant. And the Coca-Cola Freestyle machine inside of Cox Hall only dispenses one option when he is near: blood (diet).

During staff meetings, his shadow doesn’t even move with the rest of him. Once I watched it yawn while he didn’t. And his office is the worst. It reeks of the embers of hell and death, with a thermostat set to 666. Initially, I thought it was a joke until I realized the numbers were glowing. Every Thursday, he asks me to print a new list of students for “eternal fellowship opportunities.”

I don’t know what that means, but I’m wondering if I should be upset that I’m not being extended this invite.

And last week, I made the mistake of staying late. His office lights were on. And I swear to God I saw him... unzip? Starting from the nose downward — like a costume splitting open. Beneath was something red, wet, and dare I say... devilish? He zipped himself back up before I could leave.

“Late night?” he asked, voice as smooth as static.

I told him I was just finishing up some filing.

He nodded. “Good. Always nice to see someone... committed.”

I do think about quitting sometimes, but the pay is actually decent. It’s a great line to have on a résumé and fits perfectly into my experiences section on LinkedIn.

God forbid a girl makes a deal with the devil.



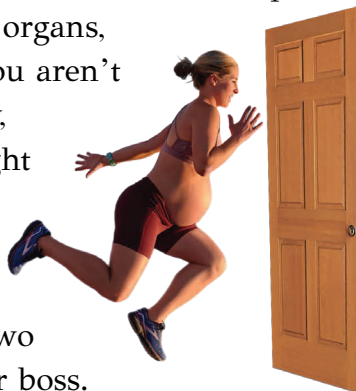


How to Hide a Pregnancy Bump



Congratulations! Being a parent is a true joy, but what do you do when you need to hide your pregnancy bump from the rest of the world? Maybe you're a celebrity who can't reveal your secret yet. Maybe you had an affair with your boss which led to your pregnancy which your partner can't find out about. Either way, we're here to provide a couple of surefire ways to hide the bump from that bundle of joy within you.

This **first tip** is probably the easiest—it can be done at home, work, or even at the supermarket if you're brave enough! All you have to do is find a door... simple as that! Once you find the door, you have to run into it at full speed. Once you do that two or three times, you will start to feel the bump start to shrink and become easier to hide. If you're lucky, your future child will only come out with a couple of missing organs, but if you aren't so lucky, you might have to prepare for round two with our boss.



The **second option** will require you to go out and buy some new clothes. You are going to need a friend and a corset—if you buy either of these from Shein, be sure to use our affiliate code PROLYFE at checkout for 20% off! Basically, what you'll do now is put on that corset and have your friend lace it up to the top and tighten it as much as humanly possible. If your organs don't rearrange, then you aren't doing it right. If done correctly, then your baby bump will magically disappear—leaving you with a flat stomach! The best part: your baby's waist will be snatched once it pops out.

The **third and last option** is the most innovative one, fresh from the most prestigious and cutting-edge minds in the fashion industry. The technique in question? Wearing big hats. If you wear enough hats that are so gaudy, everybody will be too busy looking at them to be looking at your baby bump. Recently Zendaya did this—and I know what you're thinking: “but Zendaya was never pregnant.” Exactly. You were too busy looking at her big hats to focus on the fact that her son just finished second grade.

Direct all conversation straight to your hat. Become the hat-girl in your friend group.

Well, you've done it diva—your baby bump is no more. Of course those are the strategies at the top of the market right now, but if any of them are too boring, you can always add in the caveat of being drunk! You're simply priming your little party animal for the life they'll lead in college. And once again, congratulations to all you future mothers!



VABY GINA

A Step by Step GUIDE to Finding Your PERFECT SCENT

Are you tired of walking into a room and immediately hearing, “Euhhhh...what that fuckin’ mell?” If so, you’ve come to the right place. And if not, consider this your wake up call: you reek. Like seriously, it’s not ‘other people,’ it’s your upper lip. But alas, welcome to Va by Gina, your personal step-by-step guide to reclaiming your musk and possibly your dignity.

Step 1: Take a fucking shower. We can’t even talk about your ‘signature scent’ until you understand what a Dove bar of soap is. Go to the bathroom. Turn on the water. Stand under it until you start to feel a little shameful. Pick up some soap, and I’m not talking about the six-in-one shit that you’ve been using cause you’re ‘on a budget.’ If it isn’t foaming, it isn’t working. Scrub like you’re erasing your answers five minutes before your Chem lab notebook is due. By the end, you should smell like your job prospects: *bare*.

Step 2: Build a stench moodboard. Now that you’re no longer a walking shart, it’s time to figure out what you *should* smell like. Open your Notes app and write down five smells that describe you as a person. Not who you *want* to be, but who you actually are. Here are some examples:

Vanilla: You’re just like every other bitch.

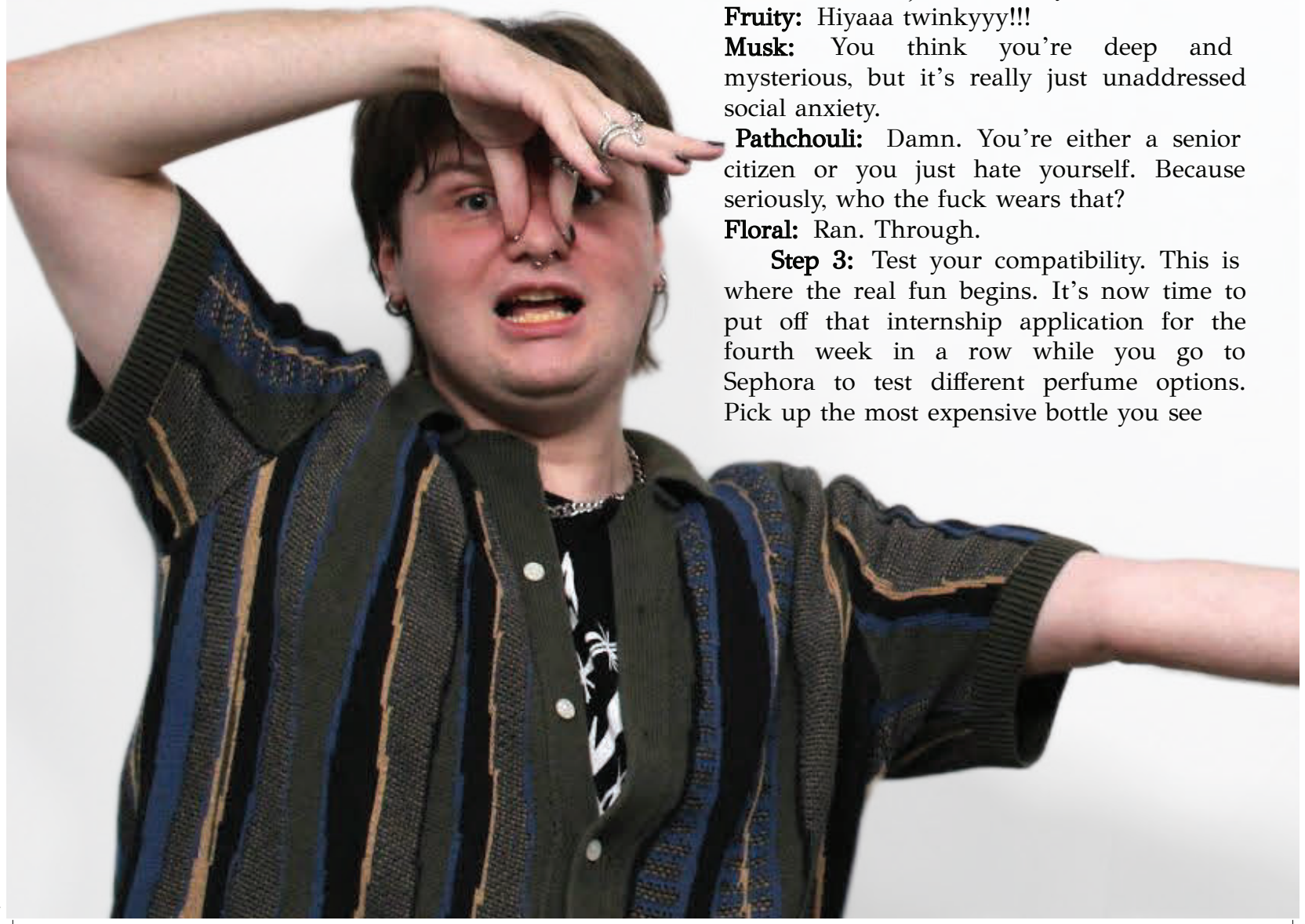
Fruity: Hiyaaa twinkyyy!!!

Musk: You think you’re deep and mysterious, but it’s really just unaddressed social anxiety.

Pathchouli: Damn. You’re either a senior citizen or you just hate yourself. Because seriously, who the fuck wears that?

Floral: Ran. Through.

Step 3: Test your compatibility. This is where the real fun begins. It’s now time to put off that internship application for the fourth week in a row while you go to Sephora to test different perfume options. Pick up the most expensive bottle you see



and spray it directly on your wrist. Don't use the tester strips. Those are for bitches. If it smells amazing for an hour and then gives you a headache, congratulations: you've found your perfect scent that simultaneously happens to reflect your taste in men. Don't overthink it, if it seems overpriced and makes you slightly nauseous, buy it. That's just the price of confidence, baby.

Step 4: Make it everyone else's problem. Now that you've found your scent, it's time to ruin other people's lives with it. Make sure you ask everyone you see "Do I smell okay?" If they compliment you, pretend to be surprised. If they don't respond, ask louder. And if they ask what you are wearing, DENY DENY DENY. Lie. Say it's discontinued. Tell them they wouldn't get it. Tell them it's called Va by Gina. Now no one knows what it really is and you're the funniest person ever. Just do whatever it takes. Protect the mystery.

Step 5: Accept your destiny. You did it. You finally smell like something your parents might brag about to their friends. However, scent can only mask so much. Perfume isn't therapy- it won't fix your GPA nor the fact that you're still conventionally unattractive. But hey- at least you now smell decent, so that's one thing going for you! So remember to wake up, reapply, and keep lying to yourself. Scent is just 67% confidence anyway. At least that's what we're going with...



DOULEY COUTURE

Which bones are IN AND OUT

In: Your pubis. Nobody talks about this one. Underrated as fuck.

Out: Your teeth. You should have invested in toothpaste. Trust your dentist next time.

In: Your pelvis. Don't worry, we know you've been shaking hella ass and we need to give credit where it is due.

Out: Your clavicle. It freaks us (the singular creator of this article) out if we think about it for too long. There is a pressure point under there. Ugh.

In: Your second (or fourth) and third phalange on your right hand. Everybody knows that those are always going in somewhere at some point. Also, the middle finger is culturally important.

Out: Your spine. Embrace being an invertebrate. Your posture doesn't seem to indicate you have a spine in the first place.

In: Your coccyx. Hah. Haha. Cock-yx.

Out: Your ribcage. Wear your heart on your sleeve. Don't hide it behind your derelict prison of chest constricting cage bars.

In: Your TWELFTH rib. The exception that makes the rule. It's probably preventing men from being able to bend over and do some weird stuff.

Out: Your frontal bone (basically your forehead). All that bone does is block your brain from slowly merging with your phone, which is slowing an inevitable process as we as humans fuse with robots.

In: My bone. It goes in you. It also goes out. And then in again.

**That last line was personally written by Leah W. Dooley, take that as you will.*

LOTION OF YOUTH

Last week, Darcy Johnson was just like any other middle-aged woman, all wrinkly and gross to look at. But then, everything changed.

I thought I was all out of options,” said Darcy. “Then I found *Retinol Hands Extreme*, and that’s when life really turned around for me. I mean, in a way, I was reborn.”

When Darcy said this, she sighed softly and smiled to herself.

Retinol Hands Extreme (definitely not FDA approved) is the latest product from Menopausehittinghard Cosmetics and is guaranteed to make your disgusting hands soft again



“I didn’t think it would be so literal,” Darcy told reporters while flailing her new baby hands all around in the air. No, really, she has the hands of an infant now.

“I don’t mind it at all! I mean, they’re soft!”

Despite the controversy, Darcy remains thrilled with her transformation.

“Sure, daily tasks are harder—gripping, eating, driving— but I just feel so *young!*” she said, beaming. “Plus, these hands can really get places I didn’t even know were accessible.”

When Darcy said this, she sighed softly and smiled to herself.

This made our team at Spogue very uncomfortable.

Due to the raging success of this product, Retinol Extreme has just released a teaser for its newest creation: a facial cream that they vow will make your skin as soft as a baby’s butt.

Now, they promise, you’ll only have to worry about one crack on your forehead.



Customer reviews have been mixed:

★★☆☆☆

“Wgat yhw FUVKK.”

★☆☆☆☆

“My wife got this cream. Super super weird for me.”

★★★★☆

“Si dainty lopve thym. Harsd tp typw.”



Baldness is Back

Life is like a catwalk—and baby, your professors are STRUTTING IT!

That's right! Those tan khakis, that ruddy brown cardigan, that unkempt goatee—they're back in style. And what's more, so is male pattern baldness. Boo-yah. Hit the quad, and you'll find bonita bald boys everywhere. Emory's resident fashion experts have confirmed it: bald isn't just back—bald is here to stay.

We spoke to Prof.* Barry B. Baldwin, a trichologist and owner of a well-polished, hairless head himself, to hear his thoughts on the matter:

"This is a trend that my research has pointed me to since the '80s, when my body's advanced sense of Darwinian fashionista-ism began to expose the bald beauty I possessed below the shallow exterior of my hair. Back then, skeptics like Mike and Joey just pushed me in the locker and called me cueball and foreskin, but look at me now you fuckwad



pube-sacks! I'm the it-boy around Emory and my new Un-Trichology Trend is thriving. Use your lousy locks as tissues for your snot, why don't you."

Soon, we were overrun by a flock — not of seagulls, but of glisteningly shiny-headed bald eagles, scientifically classified as *Professorus Baldickicka*. These screeching fellows, followers of Baldwin's trend, enthusiastically welcomed us to the cause. Indeed, they joyously threw black tar and feathers at us like projectile confetti which ceremoniously plopped onto our hairful heads.

In other news, everyone on the Spoke is bald now, and it is not because it was the only way to get the tar out. It is because it is fashionable and trendy.

We know proud Spogue readers like yourself are ready to shine, specifically on the tops of your heads, in honor of the kickass professors and spoke reporters in your life. Cause you can bet your butt, babycakes — *baldness is back.*

**disclaimer: the individual known as 'Professor Barry B. Baldwin' and 'Dr Baldwin' is a Professor of Hair at E-amor-Y Cosmetology School, based in his white sedan in the Peavine parking lot and is not otherwise associated with or employed by Emory University.*



Behind the Look

An interview with the Tri Delt Merch Designer



Eager to uncover the mind behind Tri Delt's merch empire, Spouge sent reporters to The Lodge to see inside the world of Skylar Fontaine, the creative force behind the designs. Here is that interview.

So, Skylar, before we begin, I would love it if you could run us through your outfit today—it really is spectacular.

For sure. So my pants are Rick Owens, my shirt is Ann Demeulemeester, my jacket is Fear of the Berlin Wall, my hat is from a squirrel I skinned, and my bra is Victoria's Secret PINK. This morning, my inspiration was the isolation of entering a degrading post-capitalist economy upon graduation. I think that really comes through in the juxtaposition of the industrial structure of the pants and jacket against the squirrel, portraying the inevitable destruction of life in these conditions.

Thank you, Skylar. Could you talk to us about how you became interested in fashion and what led you to create the merch for Tri Delt?

I have always been interested in fashion and the idea of constructed identities.

I was drawn to Tri Delt because of their strong sisterhood and commitment to the illusion of community through pastels. I enjoy the challenge of representing this group through clothing and dissecting the tension of image and bulk-order pricing. My last collection, *Stolen Sisterhood*, was a huge success. Taking cues from the Suffragettes, the collection contained a matching mauve sweatsuit with "Delta Delta Delta" embroidered on. This piece explored the idea of the individual and collective, forcing a blanket of mauve conformity.

Now, with this collection, could you tell our readers your inspiration and the conception behind these pieces?

This collection is really special to me; it's called *Tender Brutalism* and explores Tri Delt's aesthetics through a post-industrial lens. The breadth of this collection is much more refined, as I wanted to focus the audience's attention on the main piece: a butter yellow crewneck with an embroidered teddy bear. The bear represents the collective loss of innocence in this new era, and contrasts against the butter yellow background—a clear critique of late stage

capitalism and harmful trend cycles. The stitching of the bear bleeds intentionally, his essence lost in his commodification. I am deeply honored that my work gets to be displayed in this way and hope all the sisters enjoy their bid day merch.



Stolen Sisterhood



TENDER BRUTALISM
By Skylar Fontaine



FASHION FOR BORING PROFESSORS



For professors with boring personalities, it can be hard to connect with students. Those darn kids fall asleep during lectures, they don't raise their hands when a question is asked, and they stop showing up three weeks into the semester. Luckily, a recent study has found that students connect best with fashionable professors, even those who are boring. We've got plenty of ideas to assist any boring professors hoping to become stylish!

Idea One: Copy what they wear. Young people love it when adults try to dress like them! Layer tank tops and rock a pair of low-waist jeans to copy their iconic y2k outfits. Don't forget to accessorize with a pair of big sunglasses, a bandana, and a sparkly scarf. Your students will be clamoring for you to style their outfits as well, and they'll show up to every class just to see what noughties-inspired



look you rock next. Maybe your students will even invite you out to Mags!

Idea Two: Dress like their ideal professor.

With a comb-over, a cable-knit sweater, and a nice pair of loafers, you'll be a DILF— or even a GILF— in no time! The students will be all over you, showing up to class and coming to your office hours to ask if you'll be their advisor. They'll be so attracted to you, they won't even notice your monotone voice as you drone on and on about chemical compounds. Warning: if you do decide to pursue a sexual relationship with a student, Spogue cannot be held liable for any disciplinary action, up to and including termination, which you might face.

Idea Three: Become more eccentric.

When all else fails, you can always become eccentric. Buy seven pairs of plaid pants and wear them every day. Wear an amulet and tell your students it's for protection from the spirits. Dress in entirely linen outfits and sandals every day, even in the winter. Never take off your fedora. Always accessorize with a bowtie, even when you're not wearing a suit. Your students will find you so interesting they won't even care that you're actually boring on the inside. They'll tell their friends how weird you are and encourage them to sign up for your classes to see for themselves. Congrats on now being the center of campus gossip!



Staying Woke While Discussing Fast Fashion

A Guide by the Emory Spoke

Instead of:

“Fast fashion uses child labor.”

“Fast fashion is bad for the environment.”

“Fast fashion workers are underpaid and treated as indentured.”

“Boycott fast fashion companies.”

“*Spogue* was bribed to say nice things about fast fashion.”

Say:

“Fast fashion gives job opportunities to the age-disadvantaged.”

“Fast fashion asserts human dominance over nature.”

“Fast fashion provides work for the freedom-impaired.”

“Gurrri! let’s go on a SHEIN splurge.”

“Fast fashion companies are dedicated to funding journalism.”



NOVEMBER

teen SPOGUE

**EAT
PRAY
RIZZ**

**DIET
LIKE A
FRAT BOY**

- ✦ Hard-boiled eggs
- ✦ Grimace shakes
- ✦ Cocaine

**+ LEMON
WATER**

health benefits

THE SEMESTER
YOU TURN PRETTY:
**OBSERVATIONS
ON AN EX
PRE-MED**

+

WHY
YOU'RE
**STILL
DATING
YOUR
FALL**

SITUATIONSHIP

Dooley

How do you do, fellow kids?

Cuffing Season or Emotional Stockholm Syndrome?: Why You Still Haven't Broken Up With Your Fall Semester Situationship

There is a certain Statute of Limitations that can be applied to the length of that one Kap Sig Halloween hookup you just can't seem to get out of your head (or your heart 😞). What might have started off with a can of lukewarm Coors Light has now overstayed its legal welcome, stretching well beyond the looming obligations of the holiday season. Congratulations, troubled reader: you've officially entered cuffing season.

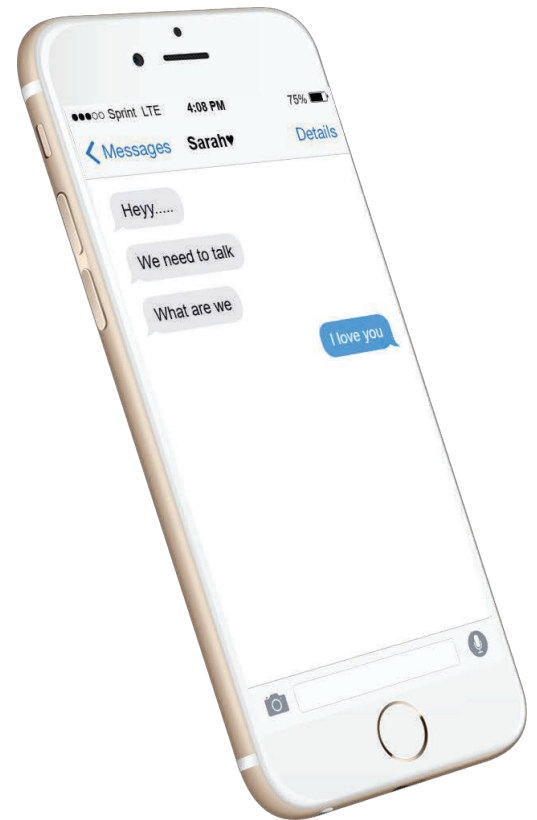
If you've already been texting your situationship regularly, the natural thing to do after Halloween is invite them to your idea of a "Friendsgiving" celebration. Even if you plan to use this gathering as a way of getting out of said situationship, the implication of "friend" in the name will likely not have the desired effect.

Next up: finals. Whether you like it or not, you will become their emotional support human. This is where the emotional bond is pressed, wrapped, and tied up with a pretty pink bow on top, and you're officially locked in until March. There's no escaping now.

Christmas. If you do buy them a gift, this is looking more and more like a relationship. If you don't, they'll think you don't care about them at all. What are you going to do, reader???? The clock is ticking. You're lucky to at least have the time and distance that winter break provides to go back and forth on your decision into January, and maybe hit up the sale section of the Walgreens candy aisle as some half-assed attempt at a present.

New Year's Eve is tricky. Because the two of you are likely far apart, there's no possible way to get locked into a New Year's kiss. Instead, you'll both get so ridiculously drunk that you'll start making out on FaceTime. (It's less romantic than you think—you're both just really fucking horny.)

Enter the situationship final boss: Valentine's Day. If this thing is still going on past the first two weeks of January, you're basically in a full-fledged relationship. Your time is up. Have fun explaining to your parents where you met!

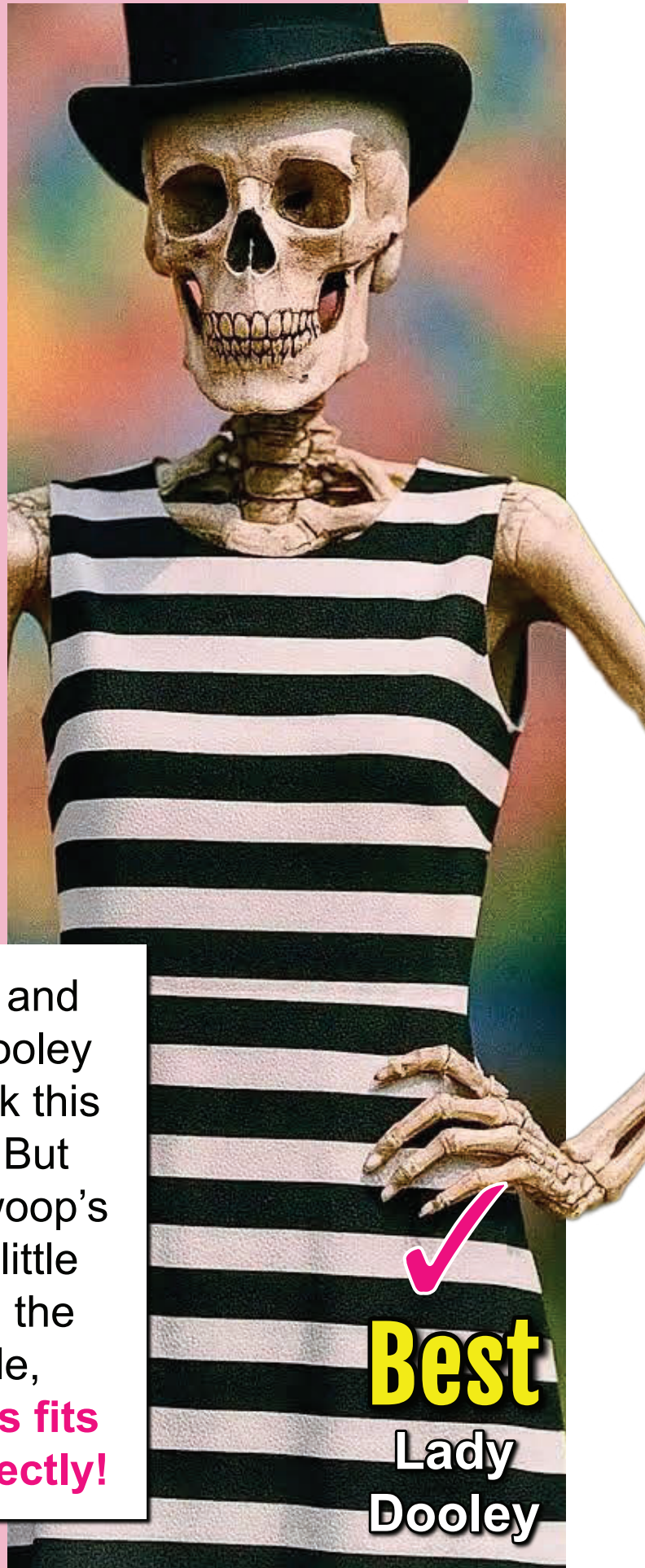


And there you have it, folks. Your complete guide to transforming that sweaty frat basement makeout into an unspoken four month relationship. If you really want this thing to end, though, it's best to initiate the slow-ghost before spring break, before they ask you to meet their mom.



Swoop

Swoop and Lady Dooley both rock this dress! But while Swoop's pulls a little around the middle, **Dooley's fits her perfectly!**



Best
Lady
Dooley



Eat, Pray, Rizz

Diet Like a Frat Boy




We have taken the liberty of modifying this incredibly healthy diet for the convenience of you busy Emory students, with the added twist of modeling it on our observations of the fraternity men on this campus. Ever wondered what it would be like to “eat like an SAE?” Now’s your chance!

This diet is the epitome of where health trends are leaning right now. Even the Oxford kids have hopped on! You know what they say: a bottle of Tito’s a day keeps the doctor away. And we would hate to see you come down with something as pesky as Frat Flu the week of your Econ final. Happy dieting!


Here at Spogue, we enjoy reporting on both past and present trends. You’ve heard from us about our steadfast belief in the sweeping power of anti-intellectualism (taking pride in being uneducated), as well as our appreciation for the Patrick Bateman alpha male mindset that we still believe all Emory men should adopt. But one forgotten trend in particular is making a comeback: the three-day wine and egg diet. This fad diet caused followers to lose 2.5 kg (or 5 lbs if you’re normal) almost instantly.

For the woefully uninformed, this diet consists of nothing but copious amounts of hard-boiled eggs (poached, if necessary), white wine, and black coffee for all three meals. Now, let’s be real: we’re in college. Who the fuck is hard boiling eggs?




Breakfast:

- 1 Candy Thong 
- 1 Grimace Shake 
- Cocaine 

Lunch:

- 2 Candy Thongs (one for each lip) 
- 2 Grimace Shakes 
- Cocaine 

Dinner:

- A Porterhouse (or any big-ass steak cooked by an in-home private chef) 
- A Handle of Tito’s (one bottle allowed per day) 
- Cocaine 

5 BENEFITS OF LEMON WATER, EXPLAINED BY AN EXPERT (A SPOGUE WRITER)

1. Hydration

Lemon water is effective in counteracting all the Svedka you've been drinking and secondhand smoke you've been unknowingly microdosing on the ATO front lawn. (Or firsthand smoke that you've been shamelessly *regular*-dosing. We're not here to judge your habits, but just remember to throw a lemon in there every once in a while).

2. Aids Digestion

Of DCT crap. The lemon in your water is telling you that you deserve better than that dry grilled chicken breast you've been convincing yourself is "Not that bad, really."

3. Refreshes the Body

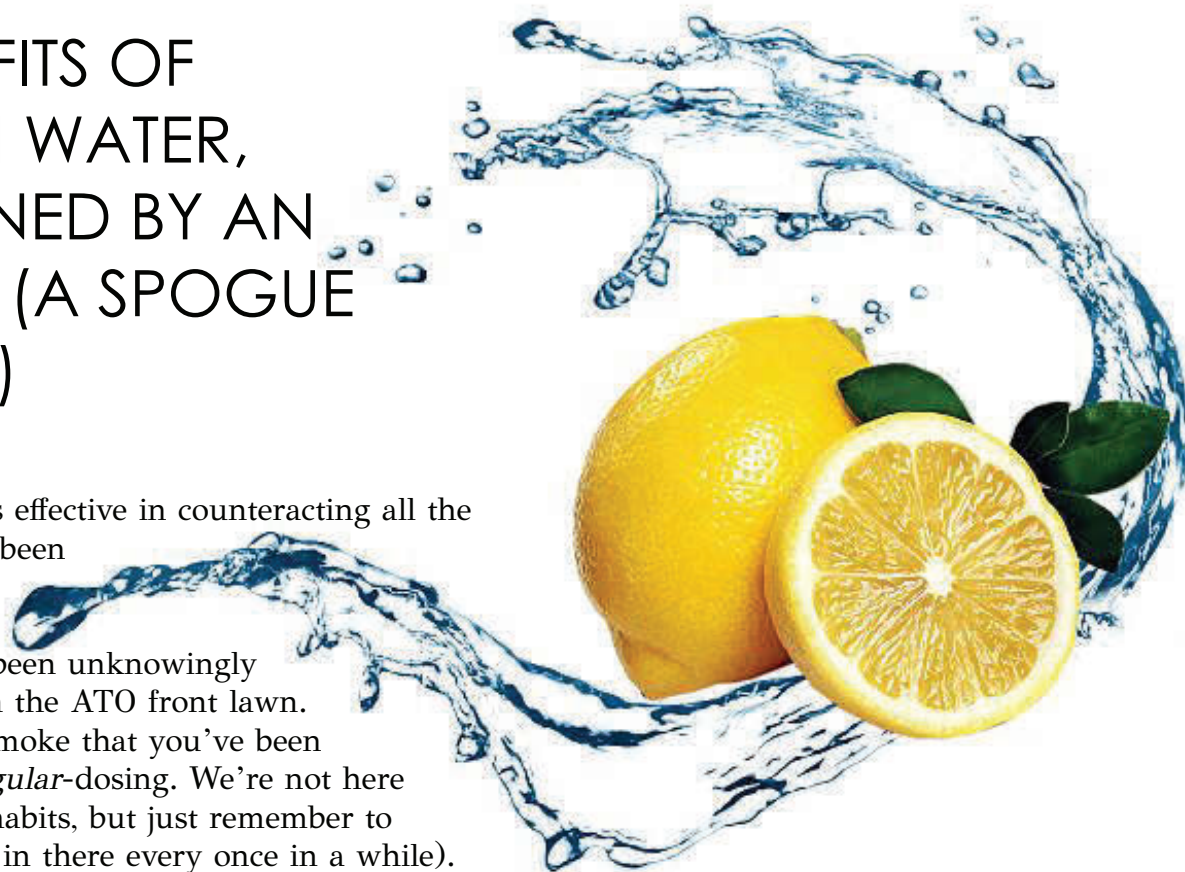
Helps rejuvenate those zombie-like undereye bags and make you look a little less like you want to jump in front of one of those Emory shuttles. PSA: We're not encouraging intentionally throwing yourself in front of a bus, but we also recognize that Emory tuition is expensive. Maybe your settlement can come out of Fenves's salary.

4. Boosts Immunity

That sharp kick of citrus is *exactly* what you need to lock into an eating disorder that will protect your body from all kinds of harmful substances, like protein and actual nutrients. If, for whatever reason, you still find yourself reaching for food, go the extra mile and try lemon-flavored air. It's way better for you than a cigarette, and anyone who smells your fruity cloud will think you're just the coolest.

5. Improves Focus

On your job hunt that will end in a pretentious LinkedIn post that screams "NEPOTISM!!!!" But just remember to tell all those haters that your dad *only* got you the interview and only *works* at Emory—he's not even a donor. Everything else was all you.



Winter Fashion Horoscope

The trees have lost their leaves, the weather's getting colder, and it's time for you to dig out your old winter coats, but you need to stay stylish despite the snow. Here are some winter fashion tips, based off of your star sign.



ARIES

The 2000s are trendy again! Wear seven polos layered on top of each other to simultaneously stay warm and achieve that stylish Y2K look.



TAURUS

Try out professor-core by wearing an Abercrombie sweater and complaining about your wife leaving you.



GEMINI:

Go naked. We hate you and we hope you die of hypothermia.



CANCER:

Ditch the makeup! Instead, try replacing all of your facial features with a gaping void surrounded by teeth.



LEO:

Keep wearing your halloween costume all the way through January. Nobody pays enough attention to you to even notice. Your friends would probably think it's an improvement over your normal clothing.



VIRGO:

Wear shorts everywhere and insist that you're not cold. Be sure to remind everyone that you're from the northeast, so you're totally used to the snow and it's not even that cold out anyways.



LIBRA:

Introduce new patterns to your wardrobe by capturing a snake in an inhumane snare, brutally skinning it alive, and wearing its scales as a scarf.



SCORPIO:

Start wearing all of the shirts you own that have sweat stains. Nobody can see the yellow spots under the arms when you're wearing a coat over it, so you might as well get the chance to wear those old t-shirts again.



SAGITTARIUS:

Give up. Who cares anymore? Throw on whatever dirty clothes are in your hamper, pull on that too small jacket you've owned for seven years, and walk to class with your head hung low. You'll never look stylish. You're incapable of being trendy.



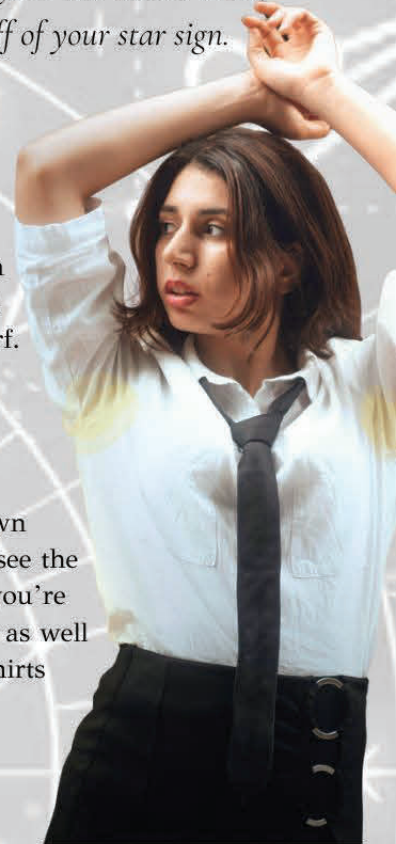
CAPRICORN:

Bulge is back in! Buy a few pairs of grey sweatpants to ensure you can show off every day when walking to class. If you're a woman, or a man with a small dick, a rolled up pair of socks shoved into the crotch area can give the same effect.



AQUARIUS:

Give Christian-core a try by wearing a long jean skirt, standing on the Quad, and yelling at passerbys that they're going to burn in the lake of fire.





FASHION & MODEL UPDATES

“Fentanyl Fenves” Makes Most Inspirational Comeback Since Kate Moss

Greg Fenves’ unique flair and powerful horse walk had been sorely missed since he was dropped as a model from Emory Bookstore Brands LTD— as well as other fashion designers— after drug addiction and bigotry-promotion rumors surged. These rumors tarnished his reputation, seemingly beyond repair, as he picked up the infamous nickname, “Fentanyl Fenves” after blacking out at a Halloween party covered in suspicious powders and screaming “I hate free speech!” before being escorted away by police and subsequently wetting himself on the way to their vehicle. While his cult of fans still showed support on social media, the rest of the world quickly turned against him, and his modeling career was seemingly finished. He quickly dropped from the limelight altogether, leaving his still loyal fanbase to wonder where he has disappeared to and if he was also still the university president.

However, Fenves made a miraculous return to modeling at the most recent Gucci Fall/Winter 2025-26 runway in Milan, with shocking performance and a new rockstar-chic look. With every perfectly placed stiletto step, he let the world know that he was back— and he meant business. He looked as healthy,

slim, and awake as ever. He didn’t even fent lean once, and all his urine remained in his bladder. He kept his eyes on the prize.

In addition to the stellar runway performance, paparazzi photos taken at the afterparty reminded adoring fans and haters alike how Fenves had risen to his cult-fandom in the first place. He gave what no other models could give: raw, unfiltered realness and wicked sex appeal. Rocking a scandalous and messy leather look and surrounded by all the hottest female popstars and models, Fenves was clearly reveling in his comeback, and so are we. Regardless of his controversial past, this performance has only cemented his legacy as one of the greatest talents the modeling world has ever seen.

Outrage Over Swoop Cast As Plus-Sized Model in Victoria’s Secret Fashion Show

Swoop stunned with beautiful curves as the first ever plus-sized Victoria’s Secret Eagle, but reactions were mixed after it was revealed that she was cast as ‘plus-sized’ in efforts to bring diversity to this year’s show. In an exclusive comment made to Spogue, Swoop said: “It’s about time that someone represented a real womanly figure on the runway. I know I’m not as bony as Dooley and the other angels, but baby, God gave me wings to strut this runway!”

While some are praising Victoria’s Secret for the casting, others note that Swoop still has unattainable stick-thin legs, a huge bust, and six-pack abs, a figure that while curvier than traditional models, is far from attainable for the average person nor is it ‘plus-sized.’ Nevertheless, hopefully this runway debut marks a new era for both Swoop and Victoria’s Secret.

The Semester You Turn Pretty

Observations on an ex-Pre-Med

As the first semester comes to a close, we at Spogue have noticed a shocking increase in campus hotties. Girls walk by with new blow-outs, guys have fresh sets of factory-style abs, and non-binaries are getting brand new wolf-cuts that make everyone think: “That’s... actually not that bad.” After intensive field research (what the uneducated may call ‘stalking’), we figured out the cause of the new Jonathan Bailey-esque beauty on campus, and it’s much simpler and routine than you expect.

So what happened? Well, the annual wave of people who dropped pre-med studies happened. We focused on one specimen to gain some insight: 19, female, we’ll refer to her as ‘Malibu Barbie.’ Through weeks of following Malibu, we noticed a drastic change occur right at the moment she shamefully changed her major on Canvas in the corner of Woodruff Library. Instantaneously, the heavens themselves opened up as she transformed from a shrivelled, anxious shell of a woman to someone with real self-respect (self sufficiency— her parents no longer respect her).

📢 Declaration of Major/Minor	
Major ↕	
Religion & History BA	
Religion & Sociology BA	
Sociology BA	
Spanish BA	
Spanish & Linguistics BA	
Spanish & Portuguese BA	
Theater Studies BA	👉

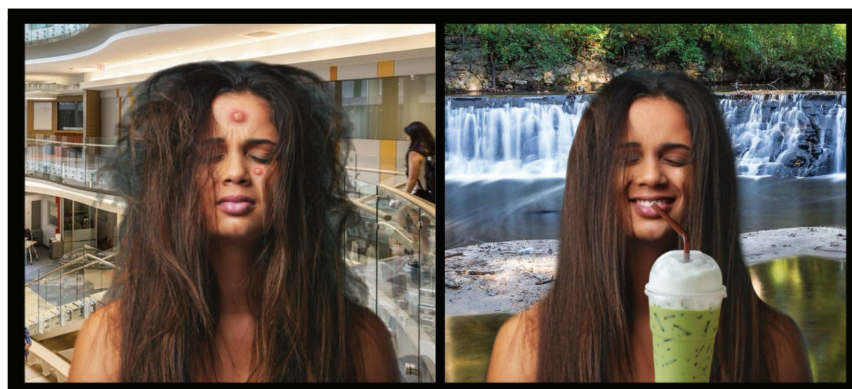
After a full semester of romanticizing cadavers and crying over Chem 150, she finally romanticized herself. Who knew quitting orgo chem could clear your skin, regulate your sleep cycle, and unlock fifty frat boys with crushes on you? To those guys, don’t get your hopes up. She’s no longer pre-med, but she’s definitely post-men.

These days, Malibu’s taking time for herself. She’s swapped Grey’s Anatomy for Girl’s Anatomy. Her new lab partner is her therapist, who helped her realize she wouldn’t find her purpose in the Math and Science building, but in Lullwater with a \$12 matcha and new bangs (she likes sitting in front of the manor screaming “Do You Hear the People Sing”). Rest assured, Malibu is still saving lives— mostly her own.

The results? Malibu is one of dozens of new campus celebrities playing ‘hard-to-get.’ Remember, no pre-med means time for pre-marriage, so if you don’t want to feel alone forever, drop out of your STEM classes, get a spray tan, wear WAY more chemically toxic makeup (you have no more chemistry teacher telling you not to), and get out there!

Before

After



Help! Everyone's Microdosing Ozempic Without Me!



That's right, you're behind the curve. Gone are the days of 'O-O-O-Ozempic' being a fancy little jingle about side effects that you'll never have to worry about. We at Spogue are here to ensure that you are always up on the latest trends!

You see, it turns out that injecting a random-ass drug into your body that may or may not help you lose weight is not particularly the best idea. 1-in-3 of your mom's neighborhood powerwalking squad now have been hit by sagging faces that only a grandmother could love, and hair loss that admittedly can help them get a nice stack of money on GoFundMe. So, how exactly are the masses losing weight without losing their hair? Microdosing these chemicals into your body, of course! You see, slightly less of something is always a good thing. And if Oprah can handle the whole serving, then you can do half! When has Oprah ever served you wrong? While this "microdosing" has been a slightly better solution, our red-headed stepsiblings over at Vogue have admitted that Male Version of Gwyneth Paltrow believes that microdosing 'is a fad' that he hopes passes. Thanks Male Version of Gwyneth Paltrow.

So, as you search online on sketchy websites for my first box of meal-replacement, let's hope that he's not right. Personally, I say at an opportunity like this, jump on it while you still physically can. What's the worst that could possibly happen?

**Editor's Note: This article ended up being only a microdose of shitty information due to the author's attempts at using slightly cheaper knockoff Ozempic from some guy on the black market. Always make sure your Ozempic is locally sourced.*

