FAKE MOUSTACHES: STILL FUNNY?
Not really, but at least it’s not a dick joke

Inside:
Cox Hall: Now With More Balls!
CAKE

THE ATHEIST COFFEE SHOP

Has the realization that it’s a cruel, indifferent universe out there got you feeling a little cold? How about a latte to warm you up?

Have other coffee shops misled you? We hope all of us at Cake have been up front with you, we hate anything and everything to do with religion.

What do you think of evangelizing? We know that our beliefs are too important not to prosthelatize them at you. But if you do believe in God, we’ll still take your money.

Please stop by sometime and enjoy some overpriced confections. That’s right we’re charging you, who do you think we are, a bunch of crazy Christians trying to lure freshman onto our premises under false pretenses?

Mondays and Wednesdays @ Cake
“How to talk to feeble-minded religious zealots” Discussion
7:30PM-9:30PM

Tuesdays and Thursdays @ Cake
Selected reading from Thus Spoke Zarathustra, On The Origin of Species, and The Selfish Gene
7:00PM-9:00PM

Fridays @ Cake
Hardcore Late night Orgy - Free Lube!
11:30PM-4:00AM

FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, MEMBERSHIP PAYMENTS, OR ANY OTHER MISCELLANEOUS DONATIONS PLEASE SEND PAYMENT TO: ACCT. NO. 423455-6969-4237858 AT GRAND CAYMAN NATIONAL BANK, GRAND CAYMAN KY-1-428963, CAYMAN ISLANDS
Letter from the Editor

Instead of a traditional letter from the editor where I would comment on events at Emory, hilarious observations, and life in general, I have decided to take another route which better expresses my emotions: poetry. Please enjoy the feelings that lie in the depths of my soul, and know that you now have a bit of me inside of you.

You
Are me
I
Am you
Your soul is clean, crisp, clear
I am ruined, sad, alone
But now you're near
I feel you softly
I feel you a little less softly
Now it's kind of a gratifying feeling
Actually that really doesn't feel good
Did you shave today?
Because really that's going to give me hives
Do you not get that that feels terrible?
Um, ok I guess you can do that
Yeah...sure that feels good?
Um actually I have to get up really early tomorrow
I have this huge test in physics
And my gpa is really
Important
Because
I'm
Pre-med
You know that

-Robin Higgins

Corrections

In the Fall '08 edition The Spoke we referred to Ann Coulter as a "stupid bitch." (pg. 4). Upon further research, we have learned that she is in fact an obtuse cunt, not a dumb bitch as we previously advanced.

In the Fall '08 issue we mentioned that the sustainability gardens would produce no food worthy of human consumption. After consulting with the Emory Sustainability Office, we have learned that a head of broccoli, two full tomatoes, and three cucumbers were harvested as a part of the sustainability harvest and added to the salad bar in the DUC cafeteria, resulting in only two reported cases of E. coli.

National Spokographic

Editor-in-Chief
Robin Higgins
Managing Editor
Ted Gillespie
Writers:
Martin Krafft
Ben... my ass. He would have lamented a lot less if he let some Olde English go in his mouth instead of come out of it.

4 NATIONAL SPOKOGRAPHIC SPRING 2009

Letters to the Editor

From Construction Critic:

Emory has a reputation for its incessant need to build things, things that do not necessarily even need to be built. It is a manifestation of the University's lack of educated and responsible planning that all of these construction projects are located next to or in the vicinity of student housing. There has been a continuous downturn of students' grades over the last four years, showing how continued exposure to the sounds of jackhammers, bulldozers, cranes, and construction workers negatively affects those trying to live in the area. Medical problems incurred from these poorly placed construction zones include mesothelioma and lung cancer from asbestos inhalation, as well as the occasional case of dismemberment from those few unlucky freshmen that ventured too close to the machines.

In addition to construction, there is plethora of noise pollution at Emory, including the 5 A.M. trains, constant helicopter fly-overs, and the unending stream of emergency vehicle sirens on Clifton Road. In addition to poor grades this has caused a number of problems for students including insomnia, migraines, and other symptoms too ghastly to be mentioned in print.

Lastly, in addition to these other terrible problems, habitat space for Emory students has been decreasing steadily over the past two years, with the loss of Turman West, Longstreet, and Means halls and plans in the next six months to tear down Turman North, East, and South. With this loss of viable hunting and breeding grounds, students have been forced to seek shelter in the available space affected by the plagues above.

It is a sad day for Emory when it drives its own students to seek shelter in the backwaters of Georgia. Readers, please do your part to stop the madness and save the endangered Emory students. Write letters to President Wagner and the deans, make demands, phone calls to the University Board of Trustees, and please, for the love of God, stop sending Alumni donations to the Telefllam! They lie to you and only use this money for the oppression and destruction of the student population! Fight the power!

Like Bitching?
Write a nasty letter to the Spoke!

We can be reached at spoke@emory.edu

Some key words and phrases to include: "immature," "rude," "least funny thing I've ever read," "extremely offensive," "I'm going to assume you were trying to be humorous, but..." and anything else you’d like to include. Profanity Encouraged!

From Generic Complainer:

How dare you publish the Weekly Flush/Spoke on Emory's campus? You are racist and sexist and not funny. Please stop trying. Even though I am anal enough to send in an angry email to the fucking humor magazine, I am a good judge of what is or isn’t funny. Thank you, and I will have you know that what you people do is a disservice to Emory.

From Studious Slut:

Your recent publications deface everything that Emory stands for. We present an image of excellence and success. We try to make a life for ourselves by continuously working on our resumes and preparing ourselves for ten more years of college, refusing to let anything stop us from achieving our dreams of multi-million dollar salaries. How can we provide our jobs and Prada bags for our future children if we don't spend our time working hard to get straight A's? The Spoke is just an unnecessary distraction on this campus. Academics are the only thing that matters; how can you focus on your homework with "funny" posters everywhere? Obviously, you’re the reason many students turn to drugs to help them with their studies. Maybe you should forget about being "funny" and instead focus on your grades.

From Confused Student:

Thank god for the exposure you published in last issue about ENG 300, "Oldie English". I was one of the sad souls that got suckered into Professor Morrey's class in Fall 2007, based on its title. How was I to know it was about really old poetry and not my favorite beverage? I guess I should have suspected since the course number was not 800. And Emory doesn't offer courses on King Cobra, or Colt 45, or any of the other brands. I hope your story will be a warning to others, so they will know what they are getting themselves into.

P.S. King Alfred's lamento my ass. He would have lamented a lot less if he let some Oldie English go in his mouth instead of come out of it.
Goizueta Hit Hard by Tough Economic Times

Perhaps no other school at Emory has been affected as much by the financial crisis as the Goizueta School of Business. Since the economic collapse, which began over six months ago, the Business School’s outlook has changed dramatically.

“We have really had to cut back,” said dean Michael Summers, “it’s not about giving ourselves lavish gifts and bonuses, it’s about buckling down and getting through this together.”

The business school has seen many cutbacks in an economic time which experts have described as “disastrous” and “the worst of our generation.” These cutbacks have included printing books with fewer blank pages to save on paper costs and canceling the highly anticipated B-school trip to the moon. There has even been talk of changing the expensive and laborious four-day week the B-school now operates with into a three day week, saving an estimated $10,000 each Monday.

“We want to teach our students professionalism and give them realistic goals,” said professor George Hauser, “we’re not going to give them the impression that business is all about fun and games.”

The school has decided to implement a new emergency set of rules to be followed during the crisis which will ensure responsible spending from all involved with the school. The rules include a list of appropriate and inappropriate items to buy with company and school money. Among the items deemed inappropriate were panda fur coats, uncut blood diamonds, and Pepsi products.

But these cutbacks would not go without drawing attention from some members of the faculty. “It’s completely absurd,” said Sarah Shea, Associate Professor of Organization & Management, explaining that these benefits are a necessary part of running Goizueta, “People need to understand that these types of benefits are just a reality of the business world.”

Among the items deemed inappropriate were panda-fur coats, uncut blood diamonds, and Pepsi products.
Timeline of a Power Hour

T-minus 1 Hour:
Our journey begins where all good tales of underage binge drinking: Pitch and Putt. Got a sheet of paper with your name and the year 1987 written on it? You’re in luck! Welcome to a weekend of drunken debauchery!

T-minus 45 minutes:
“So ten shots is one beer. So we need six each?”
“Six and a quarter each.”
“Fuck you and your mental math.”

It Begins - 0 Minutes:
“Yeah, this won’t be too hard. This is what I normally have, just faster.”

15 minutes:
“Yeah, this isn’t too bad. NO, I’m not already feeling it! Only pussies get drunk in 15 minutes and I am a MAN!”

16 minutes:
Ok, I’m feeling it.

30 minutes:
Okay, so how am I going to piss between drinks?

45 minutes:
Alright, 5 minute break. It’s not cause I’m too drunk, let’s just let it digest a little bit. I can keep going. I just want to make sure you’re ok.

60 minutes:
SUCCESS! I AM A GOLDEN GOD!

1 Hour 15 Minutes:
Your first brilliant idea that leads you out into the real world.

1 Hour 25 Minutes:
That gate arm isn’t gonna fuck with you again!

49 minutes:
At this point, at least one participant will back out, resulting in complete emasculation, forfeiting the right to make fun of any of the other participants for the next month, and taking on the nickname “bitch” for at least two months.

35 minutes:
The concessions begin.
“Listen, I’m gonna piss now, and I’ll take two shots on the next one.”

20 minutes:
I really need to burp right now.

21 minutes:
Ahh, much better

National Spokographic Spring 2009
Special Alert:
Facebook in Crisis!

Harvard graduates invented Facebook in 2004. Since then, membership has extended from college students, to high school students, now to anyone over the age of 13. Worldwide membership recently rose to 200 million, making Facebook the most popular online network. With this explosion of networking capabilities comes an insidious and menacing threat: adults. As the membership of Facebook has expanded, adults have created accounts in increasing numbers. This means neighbors, parents, and even grandparents of naive college students have Facebook accounts, with which will they expand their espionage efforts in the endless quest for adult manipulation of free-spirited youth. Jimmy Sartorit, a freshman at Emory University, says of his experience: “My mom sent me a friend request on Facebook and I saw no reason not to, so I friended her. I didn’t even think about it a few weeks later when I was tagged in those photos doing a keg stand, sticking my face down that girl’s shirt, and sitting in a smoke-filled basement. My parents called me up the next day and bitched at me for an hour about how I was wasting their money.” Now Jimmy has to call his parents nightly to check in with them and keep him “focused.”

Jimmy’s is not an isolated case. Freshmen are especially at risk for trouble concerning Facebook. Their underdeveloped brains lack the complexity to understand the threat that adults pose. Reports of freshmen hurt by Facebook exposure are ever-increasing.

The Center for the Prevention of Adult Facebook Use (CPAFU), was formed in 2006 by a group of worried college students at Emory University. The Center seeks technologically savvy students to increase public awareness of the issue. President Mike Stutler has organized marches through Ashbury Circle and hunger strikes on the Quad, as well as posting flyers in bathroom stalls (Ed. Note: Back the Fuck Off, Stutler! That’s Weekly Flush territory you’re entering) and on the backs of roaming squirrels.

Mr. Stutler says, “As a matter of privacy and respect for human beings, students must take whatever steps needed to connect adult’s attempts to infiltrate the internet.” He concluded saying, “It is doubtful that this divisive issue will be easily solved, but will continue to fight for the well being of current and future generations.”

An old person attempts to use Facebook

Crisis Averted: Global Warming Over

In a shocking development, the UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change issued a statement yesterday saying they are “shutting down” due to the “end of global warming.” This astounding claim, corroborated by scientists from the United States, France, and the former Yugoslavia, has sent shockwaves throughout the world. Global warming, the warming of our planet due to the release of greenhouse gases into the atmosphere, was widely seen by both scientists and civilians alike as the paramount threat to mankind, more threatening and urgent than the global financial meltdown, nuclear war or obesity.

The UN report presented a series of temperature readjustments, artic ice thickness measurements, and CO2 levels in the atmosphere to show that no measures are returning to normal levels. The UN report did not provide any possible reason for this shocking reversal, however a group of American scientists has issued their own report with a startling conclusion.

In clear scientific opinion, the report states, “the end of global warming can be directly linked to the installation of the 2,265,386th compact fluorescent light (CFL) bulb, specifically the one installed by John and Louise Flomboker of West Hartford, CT. Some have criticized the report for its incredible specificity. The American scientists, led by Michael Scram of UC-Berkeley, dismissed the criticism as coming from “the fucking French.” Mr. Scram says that direct connections can be drawn from the installation by the Flombokers of the CFL bulb to the reversal of global warming. However, Mr. Scram warns, this does not mean mankind can completely cease their efforts to reduce carbon emissions. "People should continue to use CFL bulbs and drive hybrid cars because it will mean cleaner air and water and could end our reliance on foreign oil. More importantly, the Flombokers’ light bulb could burn out or break," leading to an immediate warming of the earth. “Better safe than sorry,” Mr. Scram cautions.

Outside of the scientific community, reactions came fast and swift. The report reverberated in the halls of Congress, as politicians from both sides of the aisle were quick to put out statements. “These are all just lies put out by the liberal media to scare you!” House Minority Leader John Boehner (R-OH) said in a hastily set-up press conference held by Republicans. “It is obvious that these liberal scientists are just using their fancy science tools to create lies,” Senate Minority Whip Jon Kyel stated (R-AZ). Not to be outdone, Democrats held their own press conference on the steps of the Capitol. “It is because of our party’s fight for scientific funding that these scientists brought an end to global warming,” proclaimed Senator John Kerry (D-MA), “but as the American report says we must stay vigilant in the fight against global warming and it is for this reason that will propose tomorrow a 20% increase in spending on global warming prevention.”

A statement from the White House said, “President Obama is very pleased that global warming has been halted and he stands with Democrats in Congress in calling for a continued effort to insure that global warming does not begin anew.”

Non-politicians from across the country also released statements regarding the UN report. Environmental activist Leonardo DiCaprio hailed the end of global warming, saying it, “gives me more time to focus on fucking my supermodel girlfriend.”

Televangelist Pat Robertson suggested a connection between the passage of Proposition 8 in California and the end of global warming. “I believe God is rewarding us for the preservation of marriage and therefore I predict continued global warming in Massachusetts.” Former Vice President Al Gore has been hospitalized for depression-like symptoms including lethargy after police found him wandering along the National Mall muttering “now what?”

Emory and “The City”

Emory students love “The City.” “The City” needs no other explanation, and certainly does not need its actual name spoken. “The City” is the best place on Earth, unless you live closer to another city, which is then the best place on earth, but is always referred to as “Another City” because, unlike “The City”, your city has to be recognized. If you do not live in “The City” you often wish you did. If you don’t visit “The City” at least annually, you’re likely to feel excluded because talk of “The City” is prevalent and constant, and plus, if you live in “The City” you’re more than 500 times more likely to see other Emory kids over the holidays. If you’ve previously visited “The City”, you’re likely to exaggerate stories, memories, and even your love of “The City” in order to present yourself as more of an absentee city-dweller and less as a tourist, because tourists of “The City” really suck and only remind Emory students of other schools with football teams.
What does your study abroad country say about you?

Italy: Even though you’re in one of the most richly cultural and beautiful countries in the world, you’re probably not going to give a shit because you’re getting extremely fucked up on a regular basis. But go ahead and post on Facebook about how much gelato and wine you’ve consumed in the last month, everyone is really interested.

Japan: It’s cool that you’re into it, but if you ever want a girlfriend you’re going to have to get rid of that manga collection.

Australia: Your profile picture of you and kangaroo is really precious. You think you visited a museum, but mostly you remember those bio classes being a bitch.

South Africa: OMG. You like went there? That must have been so scary, I bet you’re really brave. That’s like, in Africa and shit. Wow! Did you meet somebody with AIDS? I bet you did. Can I just say, it’s people like you that make the world a better place. Thank you.

France: You’re really annoying. Just because you took the AP exam doesn’t mean you can start wearing striped shirts or pronouncing Ponce de Leon the ‘proper’ way. Oh, and every tourist ever has kissed under the Eiffel tower so please stop talking about it.

England: Not only is your fake accent terrible, it also isn’t funny. You’re sure in a great mood for someone who’s been in a country where the majority of the population is miserable. Please stop nutting yourself when you meet a real English person back home.

Germany: Wow, thanks for bringing back all that Nutella! None of your friends had noticed it in Whole Foods until you came along. I’m interested to know what else you ate to put on that extra 151 lbs. Oh I’m sorry, I meant 69 kilograms.

Russia: You’ve noticed that all your life problems don’t seem to matter here. After a couple of shots of vodka to start the morning you feel comfortable in the understanding that everyone here is just as depressed as you are.

China: You aren’t a Vietnam vet, so you really don’t have an excuse for that Asian chick fetish. It’s a little creepy, so please don’t talk to us about it anymore.

Tibet: Despite the fact that you’re from Connecticut, there are prayer flags all over your hemp backpack. You spent most of your trip praying that the drug-sniffing dogs wouldn’t find you.

South America: Basically the same as Africa, except replace AIDS with ‘Catholicism.’

Mexico: I’m sorry you didn’t remember the application deadline until a month after all the good countries were gone. Please don’t try to turn your molehill into a mountain, we all know we’re not eating ‘real’ Mexican food in the states.

Africa: This will look great on your Peace Corps application, but don’t be fooled. That family that calls you their son is actually not related to you. Get a grip. If you’re spending thousands of dollars to experience village life chances are you’re not really getting it.

Italy: Even though you’re in one of the most richly cultural and beautiful countries in the world, you’re probably not going to give a shit because you’re getting extremely fucked up on a regular basis. But go ahead and post on Facebook about how much gelato and wine you’ve consumed in the last month, everyone is really interested.

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Guerilla Parking

For years, inhabitants of the Atlanta wasteland known as Emory have suffered terrible injustices. Those lower on the caste system are not allowed to park cars in the area, and those even in the highest caste must pay large sums of money to park cars in lots miles from their homes. Though the people face harsh conditions and brutal retaliation from the powers that be, they refuse to give in. A revolutionary spirit and a deep-seated belief in the merits of their cause keep the fight alive.

The parking-fighters are extremely resourceful and use their keen knowledge of the land against the outsiders’ rules. In groups or alone, these brave citizens scope out areas that the guards often neglect. This sometimes means roaming the dangerous landscape in the dead of night, where the natives may encounter wild squirrels or violent vigilantes.

One parking-fighter, who wished to remain anonymous for fear of retribution, said that he continues to search for ways around the oppressive laws because it is an important cause. “If I don’t stand up for my rights, who will?” He explains, brushing the sweat off his forehead as he hits the remote control lock on his sports car, “My biggest fear is that my kids will face similar tyranny, or worse, here at Emory. But hopefully they’ll face this kind of tyranny at an Ivy, or at least WashU.”

Another anonymous guerrilla said she parks her car in the Village, behind a general store called CVS, which sells essential survival items to inhabitants of the area. The consequences for parking without a permit outside the Emory perimeter are even direr than within; in addition to a fine, lawbreakers risk having their cars “booted,” a method of trapping deemed by Human Rights International as “barbaric and inhumane.”

University Parking Director Jenny McGuckin, spoke on behalf of the University saying, “We feel it is entirely reasonable to ask $700 of our students for the privilege of parking no where near their place of residence.” She continued, “And besides, If students are seeking transportation around Atlanta, they have a variety of options: walking, biking, MARTA. (Laughing) I’m sorry, I can’t even say that with a straight face. If you are looking to rely on MARTA as a consistent means of transportation you are fucked. I mean seriously fucked. Like hardcore-porn worthy, gangbang, in-the-butt, fucked.” Ms. McGuckin did note that her views on butt fucking were not representative of the University, however were probably fairly accurate.

Together we can stamp out prejudice. It only takes one voice to make a difference.
The Mating Rituals of Freshman

For generations the residents of the Druid Hills area have looked on in wonder at the natives inhabiting the stretch of land between the CDC and North Decatur Road: boldly attempting to avoid hitting them as they jaywalk away from their refuge, and cheering when they migrate away for the summer. However, no one has attempted to understand these people, to make an analysis of the structure of their society, and to share this unique and bizarre culture with the world. No one has attempted this, until now.

In my seven months entrenched in this society the most astonishing of all of my observations is the mating rituals of the Emory Freshman. This subset of the general Emory population follows a distinct pattern by which they endeavor to procure a companion for the evening. The major arena in which the College Freshman will attempt to find a mate is called the “Fraternity House.” Each of these locales follows a similar procedure by which the Freshman copulates. There are also a number of interesting consequences of the Freshman Mating Ritual that must be addressed. The Fraternity House is perhaps the most efficient mating assembly line ever created. The first important feature of a Fraternity Party or “Frat Party” as the locals call it, is that it is made up of 12% brothers, 79% freshmen, and 9% other (an upperclassman in a rut, the girlfriend of a brother, Georgia Tech guys who want to see what a girl looks like, etc.). Unlike what one finds on many other college campuses, the freshmen who attend Frat Parties are about 50% male and 50% female. This bizarre phenomenon is hard to explain, but it has been proposed that the reason is two-fold. First, because of the strict(s) enforcement of the alcohol policy within the freshman dorms there is almost nowhere that a freshman who desires to get trashed beyond memory can do so besides the Frat House. Secondly, freshmen are, for all intents and purposes, overly horny regardless of sex. Another important feature of the Fraternity Party is the incredibly loud music, all but prohibiting conversation between potential mates. This is important as much of the time conversing with a potential mate makes them less desirable, especially if that someone is an awkward teenage male. Similarly, Frat Parties are kept in very low lighting, making it difficult to see what potential partners look like, ultimately making it easier to hook-up* with them. Finally, and most importantly, is the ritualistic use of alcohol. This is not limited to Frat Parties, however, because of the quantity of alcohol available and its fiscal standing (free), imbibing is prevalent.

Frat Brothers create this perfect storm for one reason: getting themselves laid by freshman girls. Thus, the Frat Brother is the natural competition of the freshman male, and yet, freshmen males owe a deep gratitude to the Frat Brother because while they may decrease total available freshman females, and take some of the best looking ones for themselves, they make the remaining female freshman population easy pickings for the freshman male, by creating by creating conditions favorable to mating. It should be noted, however, that this is not only a net positive for the males, the females are horny and are quite fond of the situation themselves (or would not return), and so the frat party is a net positive for everyone except those with self-respect. The basic procedure for getting action at a Frat party is outlined below.

The Different Steps to a Freshman Hook-Up

**For Males:**
1) Get drunk. This will make you smarter, cooler, and more charismatic.
2) Find a (drunk) girl. It’s best if you know her before hand to avoid talking (which is negatively correlated with getting some play), but not always necessary.
3) Start grinding with her (commonly mistaken for a form of dance, it is more accurately described as dry humping with music).
4) Grind for what seems like 20 minutes (in reality it is more like 5 minutes).
5) Lean around (not to be confused with the reach-around).
6) Kiss if she turns towards you, if not, find another girl. Frat parties are long.
7) See how far you can get. (Remember: no means no... or try again later.)

**For Females:**
1) Get drunk. This will make you hotter, sexier, and less likely to do something you will regret.
2) Wait for a drunk guy to approach you (better if you don’t know them ahead of time, then you will not have to face them in the future).
3) Start chatting, it’s the closest to dancing you will get from the 21st century male.
4) Grind for at most 5 minutes (get used to things lasting about that long).
5) Turn your head slightly towards him (if he doesn’t get your meaning from this then he is too stupid to waste your time on).
6) Kiss.
7) Ponder on how romantic this is.

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*Hook-up is an ambiguous word which under different circumstances can mean 1) had sex, 2) started dating, 3) made-out. It was created by college males so that they can tell their friends they hooked up with a chick implying 1 when indeed all they did was 3.
An Inside Look: Statues on Campus

Library Woodruff

This portrayal of Robert Woodruff holding a phallic cigar is perhaps the most well-known statue on campus. Nothing says “thank you for donating hundreds of millions of your hard earned dollars,” quite like a hideous statue that you paid for. If you haven’t noticed the phallic cigar, perhaps you’ve noticed the 8,000 manifestations of Emory spirit this statue is routinely forced to represent. By painting, silly stringing, and covering the statue in plastic flags, Emory students live out their fantasy of going to a Big Ten school where people care about each other or at least the football team. Remember: if something is brightly colored, it’s exciting and worth your time!

Asbury Circle Dooley

As though the $80,000 price tag weren’t enough, this lovely statue is placed right in the center of campus for everyone to see no matter where they’re trying to go. Really though, who wouldn’t want to see this statue everyday? It combines the idea that Dooley is actually not an Emory student, but a skeleton dressing as a skeleton plus the fact that he begs for money while bursting from black flames. In case your parents weren’t already doubting the competence of the administration monitoring their $50,000 yearly investment in your “education,” this pseudo-mascot skeleton that lets people out of classes will probably do the trick!

WoodPEC Basketball

This lovely image of a co-ed basketball game is appropriately named “An American Dream.” Featuring a white woman dunking a basketball while playing against a black man, this ‘American Dream’ is about as realistic as saying every person in the U.S. has an equal chance to become wealthy and own miles of white picket fence. What the statue fails to capture was the ensuing play in which Mrs. American Dream missed the dunk and landed awkwardly, breaking her right ankle. After the play was over, her male counterpart, overwhelmed with pity, decided to call the game at that point resulting in a 78-12 victory in his favor. Suck it, WNBA!

WoodPEC Woodruff

If you didn’t have enough of Robert Woodruff’s delightful face while walking past the library, here’s a chance to see one of his relatives, George Woodruff, his fuck-up brother. He may be less decorated than his literary counterpart, but he has a far more interesting view: right into a classroom where dozens of girls practice yoga. Displayed in the athletic center, many visitors ask how a tradition of rubbing the statue for good luck in sporting events has not evolved yet. These visitors eventually send their deposits to Vanderbilt. Although the green color is thought by many to be copper rust, it actually depicts the green mold that grew on George Woodruff while he was alive.
1) White Hall: The most widely used building on campus, and ironically, the ugliest.
2) DUC: Where Pasta John sleeps.
3) Sorority Lodges: Nose Candy capital of ATL
4) Pre-med Haven: Check out this area for mental breakdowns after orgo exams are passed back.
5) Baseball diamonds/Art Bldg.: The Atlantis of Emory’s campus
6) Clairmont Campus: It’s like you’re not in a dorm anymore...except you still have to make posters when you get written up
7) North Decatur Bldg.: Too fucking far to walk for Spanish 101 at 8:30
8) Burlington Road Bldg.: It was finally mentioned, music majors, you can rest easy.
9) The Quad: Where two assholes playing frisbee make you walk across the long way.
10) Frat Houses: Where your high school morality goes to die.
11) Bishops Hall: Jesus shit
12) Asbury Circle: Eat a nasty $2 hotdog while saving starving children during Wonderful Wednesday.
13) Peavine Parking Deck: Emory’s Sophie’s choice: do you park in the paid parking and leave at 10pm, or risk getting a ticket in member’s only parking?
14) WoodPEC: That’s right, if you work out 6 hours a week, you won’t have a small penis anymore.
15) CDC: Home of the bubonic plague.
16) MathSci: Observe Emory’s nerdiest interacting with the business calc kids.
17) Cox Hall: Fast food to impress the visiting middle school class.
18) B-school: People with no souls have never looked so good.
Quiz of the Month:
Which Drug Addiction is Best for You?

1: Which type of room decorations do you prefer?
A) Old futons
B) Glow in the dark stars and a strobe light
C) Glass tables and leather furniture
D) Broken bottles and chewed gum with the occasional plastic bag strewn around

2: Which career best describes your own?
A) Gardener for your mom's friends
B) Computer technician or 17-year-old
C) High powered executive in a 90's movie
D) Truck stop meth addict

3: Which genre of music do you like the best?
A) Reggae
B) Techno
C) Whatever makes my power suit look better
D) I used to like country, now I only like meth

4: Which present would you give your guy/girl?
A) Surfing lessons
B) Nude photos of yourself
C) A classy silver watch
D) A bag of meth

5: Which color do you prefer?
A) Green
B) Rainbow
C) White
D) Mostly white, sometimes with a brown/yellow hue (that's the color of meth)

6: Which feeling do you enjoy the most?
A) Watching South Park
B) Extremely loud music ruining your ears
C) Knowing you're the richest person you know
D) Shooting up meth

7: What's your favorite movie?
A) Half-Baked
B) The Strobe Light Movie
C) Scarface
D) The one where meth is cooking in my bathtub

8: Which animal would you want to chill with?
A) Turtle
B) Dragon
C) Hummingbird
D) A dog addicted to meth

If you answered...

Mostly A's
You should get addicted to Marijuana. You like being a lazy, good for nothing bum, so this is definitely the right drug. If you save up long enough, try purchasing a vaporizer or bong.

Mostly B's
You should look into an ecstasy addiction. The holes it will make in your brain are similar to the holes you'll make in the dreams of your parents when you tell them you want to be a DJ.

Mostly C's
Cocaine is the drug for you. It makes you lose weight which is good because you'll be looking in a lot of mirrors as you take it. Make sure to stay classy, people will expect it from you.

Mostly D's
By now your meth addiction has probably gotten so severe you can't read anymore. If you can still take in information, remember, almost everything is flammable when you're making meth.

Did you...
A: Enjoy this issue of the Spoke?
or
B: Hate this issue of the Spoke?

If you answered A or B, then congratulations!
You’re qualified to become a Spoke staff member!

We know the end of the year is coming up, but if you’re a freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior who’s missing that last PE credit and is being forced to return fall semester, then sign up today!

Check out our website at: www.emory.edu/spoke

Love us? Hate us? Want to join our mailing list? Email spoke@emory.edu
ok so let me tell you what happened right because heres what i was doin first i went down 2 the park wit jesse right because i was like ok look we hvae to do somthin and its lik i dont wana just like sit arund n do nothin all day right so we get in his truk which is hella pimped out n shit altho he was havin sum problems with his uncle and payin for it but thats not wat im talkin about and so we roll down to the park n shit and thers this dude ther whos lookn hella sketchy right and hes like do u want sum ice and jesses like man i dun touch that shit and im like jesse you aint never tried that i mean dont rock it till you try it so we get in his car to try it and shit and its cool cause he says the frist time is free anyway so im shootin taht shit up rite and it feels pretty good and shit and im just bakc ther thinkin of all sorts of shit and you no my mind racin and shit and then jesses like man suck my dick and the sketchy guy is all well u gotta suck his dick and im not down for that gay shit but u no im jsut like well shit i gotta do it if this guy game me some free crank and im feeln pretty good from tha know anywya so i just start suckin jesses dick and next thign is just wake up in this room right and its all dark and shit and thers music and the sketcy dude als me if im ready to go again and i dotn knw whatz hpening and so im like what and hes like are u fukcin ready nad all pised and shit and so dont do meth.