



— Lil Nell —

ECONOMIZING THE TRUTH
SINCE 1912

STILL LOVE HIM, THO

Help! I Just Stepped on My Roommate's Boyfriend and It Made a Little Squelching Noise

LACADEMICAL VILLAGE

We Knew It: Milk Starts Spurting From Top of Rotunda

ETHICS MADE COOL

Local Philosophy Major Serves Kant in Iconic Knowledge Theory Slay

MOVIN' ON UP

UVA Ranked Most 16th School in the Nation

FRESH, NEVER FROZEN

They've Been Waiting for You: Orientation Leaders to Begin Defrosting From Their Cryogenic Chambers

7 8 ...

The Seven Society Welcomes New Members, Who Look More Like a 5 or 6 Out of 10 if I'm Being Honest

BALZ TO THE WALLZ

Local Echo Scholar Mentions Their Priority Enrollment Status, Status, Status, Daily... Daily... Daily...

CONTENT WARNINGS:
RACISM, CLASSISM, SEXUAL VIOLENCE, MISOGYNY, HOMOPHOBIA, PROFANITY

The Yellow Journal

FALL 2022

yellowjournal.lol

yj_atuva

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

@yjatuva

Dear readers,

This issue of *The Yellow Journal* was produced in the immediate aftermath of the attack that took the lives of our classmates Devin Chandler, Lavel Davis Jr., and D'Sean Perry. Our hearts go out to the victims, their families, and everyone close to them.

We've asked ourselves if jokes are appropriate or welcome while our community collectively processes such a massive tragedy. We decided to continue publication for this semester in hopes that this silly journal could help bring people together—whether that happens by laughing with us or at us. Either is okay.

Throughout all the hurt we have been feeling, we in *The Yellow Journal* have found great comfort in this comedy. We hope you do, too.

With love,
The Yellow Journal

THESE WINGS WON'T FLY: ASADO TIGHTENS TO-GO POLICIES

THE CORNER — An endless line of patrons winds along warm wooden walls as students attempt to enter Asado. The establishment, popular among students for its "Marg Mondays" and discount wing nights, recently bolstered enforcement of its strict anti-takeout policy. In an effort to squash attempts to abscond with boxed wings or stuffed burritos, Asado announced a partnership with the U.S. Transportation Security Administration (TSA), beginning a wide-scale adoption of their infamous strategies to stop people from taking things places.

"They reached inside my butthole, man," said Herc Litorous, third-year. "Something about a 'cavity search'? But my dentist appointment isn't until next month..." she trailed off, staring into the distance. "I'm not sure which was worse, losing my wings or discovering a new kink."

Students reacted with dismay. "My tried-and-true method of slurping an entire margarita into my jowls like a chipmunk hoarding food for the winter didn't pass the new measures," lamented seasoned fourth-year Colin O'Scopy. "The ASS man [Asado Security Service] on staff made me hold my mouth open so he could sip the sumptuous substance straight out of my gaping maw through a teeny tiny cocktail straw. Not a single drop was spilled that night, but I left downtrodden and sullen as fuck."

Yet one should never underestimate the creativity of college students on a budget. Our reporters saw customers pointing at a



nonexistent eagle in the distance, tricking their server into turning around for enough time to rappel a fifteen-count wings basket with buffalo sauce out the second-story window to a middleman below.

Asado's unconventional new policies are impressively thorough. "They've started checking us at the door too," complained Connie Tainer, a pitiful second-year. "When they found the Tupperware I tried to sneak in, they gathered the entire staff to collectively spit in it while chanting 'secret sauce.' Guess I've lost that plastic bastard forever. Worst of all, they wouldn't even let me leave with my to-go box of leftover spit!"

In other news, Roots is now offering nachos loaded with bacteria-ridden—erm, barbecue-ridden—tofu and could use help offloading bowls of this shit. You can totally take that to-go.

WOOF.

A TREATISE ON THE SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF MAKING OUT WHILE LIL UZI VERT'S XO TOUR LIF3 PLAYS

VEO RIDER INVITED TO 35TH ANNUAL THREESOME COMPETITION

AM I AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK CITY? GIRL WHO ACCESSORIZES WITH WHITE BUTTON DOWNS TOO STYLISH FOR SOUTH

BORED OF VISITORS: LAWNIE TIRED OF TOURISTS PEERING INTO HER ROOM

"WE SHOULD GET BOOBS": STUDENT WHO CAN'T FUCKING READ LEARNS THAT THE NAME OF BELOVED BAGEL SHOP IS NOT WHAT THEY ONCE THOUGHT

HOW TO READ THOSE "GOD DAMN SOCIALISM" FLYERS SO EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT SIDE OF THE CLASS WAR YOU'RE ON

HOO KNEW? BROWN COLLEGE IS ACTUALLY NAMED AFTER ITS UNIQUE EXTERIOR BRICKWORK; THIS IS BECAUSE THE BRICKS ARE BROWN

NEXT CLASS OF LAWNIES TO INCLUDE ONE RANDOMLY SELECTED NORMAL PERSON TO SERVE AS BENCHMARK

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY: ROACHES PLEAD WITH GOD WHEN I GET HOME AND SHAKE EVIDENCE OF AUTUMN THUNDERSTORMS OFF MYSELF LIKE A WET DOG

GIRL, DON'T HELP! JUST GOT THE BEST BRAIN OF MY LIFE BEHIND THE CHICK-FIL-A RENOVATION BARRIER

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT BODY PART DEAN OZMENT'S SECOND FAVORITE METAPHOR IS ABOUT

ANOMALOUS

MOSTLY B'S: Lady of the Dell

Dwelling at the bottom of the Dell Pond, the Lady dispenses swords, mechanical pencils, elfbars, and other treasures to passing first-years and anyone else who could use a pick-me-up. Does she enjoy the construction of the Contemplative Commons right next to her home? Let's just say she voted for Marianne Williamson in the 2020 Democratic Primary and leave it at that.

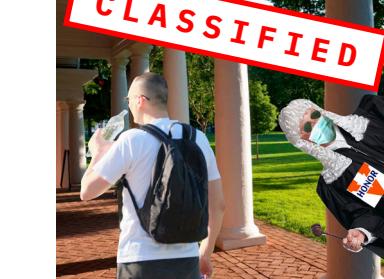


MOSTLY A'S: Littlefoot

Not to be confused with his bigger cousin, this lil' guy lurks behind columns and other head-assed, Classically-inspired architectural fixtures around Grounds. He's a bit shy, but legend has it that he gives a scrumptious pedicure the night before Founder's Day every year to a "very special and polite" student he deems worthy.

CLASSIFIED

MOSTLY C'S: Missing Honor committee members



MOSTLY C'S: Missing Honor committee members

They are but a shadow—a memory. They must be ghosts, or even poltergeists. What else explains the committee's inability to ever reach quorum or accomplish anything? These students, if you're lucky, can be found drifting around the fourth floor of Newcomb wearing split-V Honor quarter-zips, but somehow thinking Teresa Sullivan is still President of UVA.

MOSTLY D'S: Clem Stairway Goblins

Got your ankles! Ever wondered why you feel dragged down while climbing back up the Clemons stairs after a long night of "brainstorming" on the first floor? Well, you may have had a run-in with these little miscreants who live underneath the steps. They find unimaginable joy in grasping the legs of lethargic students and destroying their confidence and sanity one gnarled finger at a time.



Intrusive Thoughts Won: Walked Into Lecture and Yelled "Oh Brother"

"You Really Don't Remember?": How to Talk to People Born After The 2003 Space Shuttle Columbia Disaster

Forgotten: Archaeologists Unearth Stash of Microwave Mac and Cheese Hastily Bought After Being Too Nervous to Ask Cohn's Cashier for Cigarettes

About Time: Croads Menu Now to Feature Someone Else's Grubhub Order

Office of Admissions Phases Out Standardized Testing in Favor of Performance on Try Not to Laugh (IMPOSSIBLE EDITION) [1 HOUR EDITION]

You Are Not a "Secret Third Thing." You Are Statistically Normal and Unremarkable

"I Know It Smell Crazy In There" Jokes No Longer Funny to Newly Declared Computer Science Major



Rotunda Set Ablaze in Botched Gender Reveal

Coach Donne, who was in the room

The Fed Increased Interest Rates in Hopes That You'd Stop Letting Him Live In Your Head Rent-Free

Fraternities' Coke Use Down Nearly 50% after UVA Switches to Pepsi Products

"Rotundanna" and Nine Other UVA Inspired Baby Names to Ensure Your Newborn Will Grow up to be Completely Unfuckable

Cigarettes: God, These Things are Fucking Great

Extra, Extra, Head All About It!

Careful Now: If You Put up One of Those Flyers With the Dangly Paper Slips, I'm Gonna Have to Take a Lil' Nibble

Between a Cocke and a Yard Space: Homer's Lament

Local Bad-At-Finances Girl Haunted By Weekly Robinhood Email Asking for Tax Information After Making \$35 Off Dogecoin in 2021

Jack the Ripper: Nic Fiend Unmasked as the Dude That Stole Your Vape Three Months Ago

Gonorrhea 6: New Features to Get Excited About

I Only Have to Piss When My Roommate Is in Our Shared Bathroom and Other Things I Confuse With Being Pavloved

Rate of Panic-Induced Heart Attacks Spikes With Unveiling of Great Rotumpkin: "It is so Scary"

We Live in a Society Subs: Croads Workers to Market Suspicious Green Meat as New "Joker Burger"

"Wow, This Wine Is Going Straight to My Pussy!" Says Woman After Pregaming Sunday Communion

Honor Committee Launches "Enhanced Interrogation Techniques;" Informed Retractions Up 200%

"Grind Leetcode" and 9 Other Sleeper Agent Activation Phrases for Computer Science Students

Alcohol Licks Anonymous

HOOS REPORTING?: STUDENTS YEARN FOR REAL JOURNALISM



Courier?"

These names did not ring a bell, nor were *The Yellow Journal's* historical researchers able to find any trace of such a paper.

Igne Sufferabelle, a second-year, agrees. "I'm in Indieheads, so I feel like I need a music section somewhere that tells me what everyone on Grounds is listening to, just so I can avoid it."

With no proper news outlet reporting on-Grounds happenings, students have resorted to informing themselves through outlets such as UVA Twitter, condescending emails from ODOS, and a 140-year-old blind man in an E-Way steam tunnel known as "the Oracle of Olsson."

Salsa Hall, an opinionated Jeff Soc exec member, is concerned. "I need takes that some would consider 'uninformed' and 'completely reductive.'" Hall hopes that a student publication could service this burgeoning need. The tension builds as our quivering student bodies are unable to embrace the big hard facts of our world today. We can only hope that a self-righteous group of students will come forward to lead the charge in student journalism.

CHARLOTTESVILLE — There is a thirst arising in the UVA community, and not for pitchers or actual hydration. This desire can be quenched only by serious journalism.

"I don't know, dude, it feels like stuff just happens, like, all the time," says fourth-year Hugh Janus. "And I feel like someone should keep track and tell people that it's happening."

Janus is not alone in his longing. Artie Cull, a third-year in the College, has brainstormed an innovative solution to this problem. "Yeah, it'd be super cool if UVA had a school newspaper. Didn't we have one a while ago, called the Wahoo Weekly or something? The Cavalier

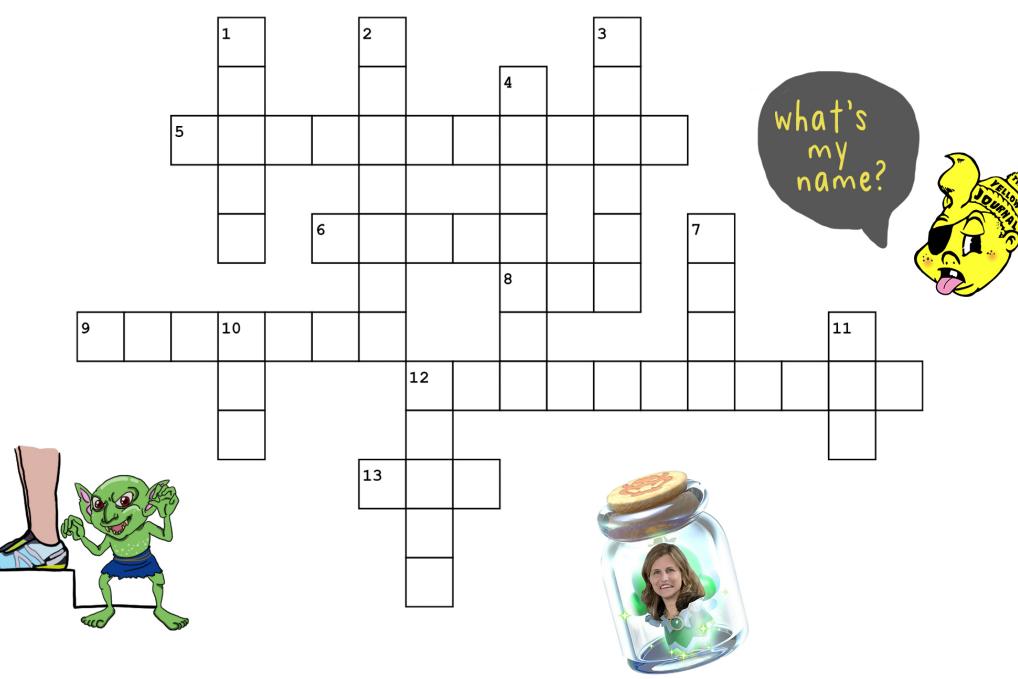


**"THEY DON'T
GIVE A FUCK
WHAT I LOOK
LIKE"**



Yellow Journal Crossword Puzzle

Fancy yourself a fan of the Yellow Journal lore? Do you have what it takes? Think you're hot shit? Well well well...let's test that theory. It's time to think like one of us (a really smart hot person).



Across

5. "I lost a part of myself"
6. Site of famed orgy
8. Scream it into the Bodo's microphone
9. These creatures grab your ankles, particularly on the stairs of Clem
12. Clean 'em up and clear 'em out
13. "Lick my __"

find the answers on our website, www.yellowjournal.lol

Down

1. The site of a notorious TriDelt shit many moons ago
2. The Cav Daily are a bunch of __
3. Reader of the Yellow Journal (affectionate)
4. Our fearless mascot (2 words)
7. The official drink of the *Yellow Journal*
10. Help! I'm tiny and stuck in a jar!
11. The next technological feat of the *Yellow Journal*
12. Phallic pinnacle of Alderman construction

YJ TRIES POETRY AND SUCCEEDS: "THE BAG I FIRST LICKED"

The Bag I first licked
Went something like this
Squeezing the neck, I first
Tasted the left... While stroking the next
I found it abhorrent... The right one, a poor scent
Recoiling my tongue... I winced at the thing that hung
Overwhelmed and done... I turned my head, starting to run
But before long, a revelation... A new feeling at the wrinkly relation
"By God, that was so pure..." A profound internal freedom for sure
Looking again at the Bag... I knew I couldn't resist another drag
Holding the left near my ear... And wetting the right with joyous tears
I licked fervently like at war... Fearing when licking would be no more
I licked that shit like a lollipop.. Sucking as if it were a gumdrop
After hours, I had to stop... The hair started to erode on top
I bid it farewell... Leaving it felt like hell
Thank you
My sweet Bag



**We take feedback!
Have thoughts? Let us know!**



What Kind of God...

Local Conversation Going So Bad They Start Explaining to Each Other Where They Live and Why

The Strangest Feeling That I Am but an Abstract Collection of Concepts Held Together by a Turkey Cheezer Sandwich

FAKE NEWS: I Was Not Looking Into the Living Room Window of Very Cozy White Girl-Decorated Apartment Like a Victorian Orphan at a Toy Shop on Christmas Eve

Do NOT Replace the H in Honor Code With a B!!! Bonor Code?!?!

PARCHED: Pathetic Patron of Rising Roll Tries to Milk One Final Drop From Udder of Coffee Canister

She Sat on My Tire Until I Yell "Oh Journal!"

Oh, So Pooling Resources Is Great When You Do It, but When I Volunteer My Diva Cup for a Pong Trick Shot, I'm "Exiled From the Function?"

My Bidet is My Mother Figure

YJ UNDERGROUND: We Made Too Much Fun of the Tri Delt Trin3 Shitter and Now They Have Trapped Us in the Tunnel Connecting Their Houses

Glen Pumpkin Unveils New Fall Themed BOV Appointee With a Pumpkin Spice Flavor of Bigotry

Dastardly: Christian Orgs Begin Playing "Silk Chiffon" to Identify and Escort Lost Queers Out of Their Events

BOIOIOING! AWOOGA!

Wet, Soggy, Flaccid Leaves Are Actually High In Fiber and Better For Your Shoe Health

Slow Down, Speed Racer: Finance Major Absolutely Hauling Ass On One Of Those Stupid Little Machines With One Big Wheel In The Middle

CURIOS: Early Study Reports Record Low Amounts of Sex Being Had in Lawn Rooms

INSPIRING: UPC Petting Zoo Goes Awry When Alpaca Develops Critical Thinking Skills, Becomes Tenured Professor

Rice Hall, Huh? So, Like, Is There A Beans Hall?

"Pancakes for Parkinson's" Up In Arms After Overnight Success Of Upstart Rival Group "Crabs For Pubic Crabs"

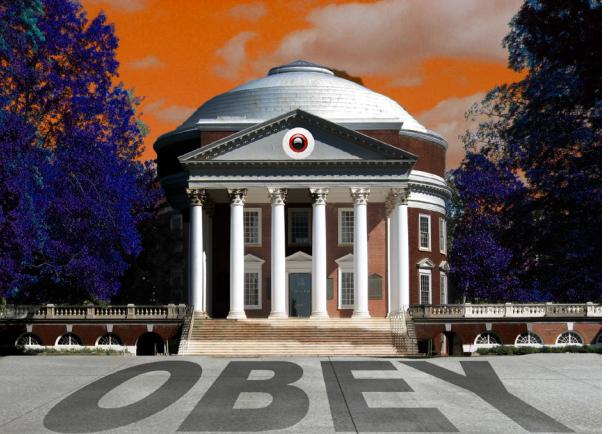
Secret Societies Release Expenditure Reports For First Time EVER: It's Chalk. Literally Just Chalk

Still Pretty Good: Chipotle on Corner Better as Distant Fantasy Object Than Material Reality

No One Saw Professor Mouth, "Your Ass is Grass" With Threatening Hand Gestures to Student Already Down on Their Luck

SPEAKING UP: University Students "Outraged" At Election Day Class Cancellation, Demand Saturday Classes To Compensate

TIME TRAVELER OFFERS GLIMPSE INTO UVA'S DYSTOPIAN FUTURE



credits, they must subsist entirely off of barely-edible gruel served from the New Newcomb Sustenance Center.

Harrowingly, he recounted how students enter the horrific Lottery in order to enroll in classes. Should Fortuna (cruel goddess she is!) condemn them to a subpar Lottery spot, their academic careers are surely doomed to fire and brimstone. Worse still, a tiny fraction of students known as the Sloche Scholars are able to bypass this infernal Lottery entirely. And what allows one to receive this coveted designation? "That's the thing—no one has a goddamn clue," Bezosson cried to our reporter. "Some of the most insufferable people I know are Sloche Scholars. There's no justice."

Finally, in what could be his most disturbing report yet, Bezosson told of the Emissaries, the neon-clad mercenary force that function as the eyes and ears of the tyrant Borg of Visitors. "They prowl UVA Floors—that's what we call Grounds in the future—lurking around every corner," he recalled, shivering. "Their garish regalia can be spotted from a mile away." And what do these shadowy Emissaries do? A dumbfounded Bezosson shook his head in disbelief. "Absolutely nothing! So, what the hell are they 'visiting'? Not UVA, that's for sure. Visiting something implies you'll be gone soon."

At that chilling note, Bezosson began experiencing obscene bouts of flatulence, which he explained is a symptom of being outside of his own time for too long. Before he departed, he yelled for the crowd to "heed [his] warning" before being sucked up the Brown outdoor elevator—like margarita up a straw.



"I Never Realized How Pretty He Was": Jim Ryan Puts Glasses On, Then Takes Them Off In Effort To Improve Public Opinion

BODO'S BAGELS INTRODUCES PAP SCHMEAR

CHARLOTTESVILLE — Local bagel shop Bodo's has released a statement announcing a new addition to their menu: the pap schmear. "We want to bring to light an issue that weighs heavily on us," spokesperson Ava Cado said. "People with cervixes are at a significantly higher risk of cervical cancer than people without cervixes." Along with the announcement, Bodo's unveiled a new logo and updated menu to reflect the change. Head chef Biel Ti revealed that the team has been working for months in partnership with UVA Gynecology on perfecting the recipe. "We kept veering too salty or too bitter, but we finally made something that we can really hang our hats on." From quality ingredients to careful measuring and mixing, Ti tells us it's something to get excited about.

Bodo's regulars report having mixed feelings following the announcement earlier this week. Second-year Sam Mitchy shared her dismay at the new item's ingredient list. "Couldn't it have been vegetarian? I get the idea, but they didn't have to add cervical chunks



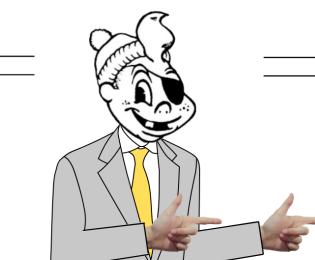
into the actual schmear," she argued. Fourth-year Vul Vahaver disagreed; they appreciated the ingenuity—and the reminder to make an appointment with their OB/GYN. "I've been dragging my feet for months, but the tub of cream cheese in my fridge stares me down every morning, and it's really motivated me to take action."

According to the official statement from Bodo's, this is exactly the kind of awareness they wanted to raise with the introduction of their new concoction: "Sometimes, the urgency doesn't hit until you're sat down for breakfast and the smell of preventative health hits your feeble nostrils."



Proudly Presents the 69th installment in our Speaker Series:

Some Guy Named Oobert Goobert



Reciting from his podcast episode entitled

"I Frew Up: How Blowing Chunks Reaches Across the Aisle"

8 PM - THE CLEM HEATED TOILET BATHROOM
FRIDAY APRIL 13th - ADMISSION IS ONE (1) TENDER FOREHEAD KISS FOR THE SPECIAL SPEAKER BOY

LIVE FROM THE TOWN CRIER:

WHHHHYYYY: My Skin Doing Something It Never Did Before

"Who's This Little Guy?": Professor Shows Up To Lecture With New, Smaller Head Growing Out Of His Neck That Definitely Wasn't There Before

Dog People With Those Button Mats Win Saddest People Award

I Just Feel Like if a Car Is Driving Towards Grounds While I'm Walking I Should Get To Ride Along

Pride and Prejudice: You're Not In Love With Your English Professor, You Just Miss Your Mom

Just One More Tabletop RPG Bro, Just One More Bro I Promise You'll Love This One Bro

EXPOSÉ: Grounds Goblins Confirmed To Be Lifting The Wiggly Bricks Up Just Enough For You To Trip On Them In Front Of People, Then Putting Them Back Down For Everyone Else

Chi Alpha Introduces "Bag Slapping" Communion Technique in Effort to Reach the Greek Life Community

Gastro-Economics: The Opportunity Cost of Shitting Yourself in Public

GIRL, HELP! INTRODUCING THE YELLOW JOURNAL'S ADVICE COLUMN

Q.

DEAREST NELL,

I need your help. I'm having troubles with my boyfr—I mean, this guy I sometimes hang out with.

One night, he grasped my hand, gazed into my eyes, and said, "I'm just a boy, standing in front of a girl, asking her to love him." He throws those kinds of romantic lines out casually, like they aren't the most genuine, original lines I have ever heard in my life. "If you jump, I jump, Rose!" he said one night. The adorable nickname made me smile and we made impassioned love for several hours. With each tender yet mildly unsatisfactory thrust, he told me that he wanted to paint me like a French girl. But after all he had confessed, he did not let me stay the night.

Two weeks trickled past without so much as a whisper from him, but in his defense, he's really busy establishing his food Instagram. Then, at 2 AM, he texted "lmao u up?" and I beat my high school cross-country personal record racing to his house. When I arrived, he told me that there had not been a moment where he hadn't

thought of me and swept me into his arms. When I said I missed him too, though, he was reticent. "Oh, that's kind of intense," he said, and stopped honking my boob.

This all came to a head last night. We loved fiercely and with friction...so much friction, in fact, that the rubber broke. Without hesitation or fear, he escorted me to the Corner CVS to pick up a Plan B. Ever the gentleman, so I thought, until it came time to pay and he was nowhere to be found. My vanishing knight...wherfore art thou?

Girl, Help!

Sincerely,

Girl Who, When She Loves, Loves Hard

A.

HEY GIRL WHO,
WHEN SHE LOVES, LOVES HARD,

He is just not that into you.

Now that's a girl: helped.

You're welcs,
Nell

Gulp: Dumb Bastard Just Dropped Pencil In Class And Is Having To Really Contort Body Around Very Small Desk To Pick It Up

"Wee ooo Wee ooo": Local Cop Takes Advantage of Broken Siren to Show Off Vocal Chops

New Fast Fashion Brand Aims To "Get These Wenches Looking Rent Asunder"

Bodo's Found to Be Only Charlottesville Institution Without Disbanded Eugenics Program

Country Girls Make Do: Third-Year Tells All About Her Intimate Relationship With the Fine Arts Cafe Bathroom Sink Water Pressure

"He's Got That Dog in Him," Says Student On Their Friend Todd

Wahoo-WOAH NELLY: A Naked Photo of Cav Man Reveals The Mascot's Other Impressive Sabre

Cursive-Voiced USinger Comes From *Ould Viurgjdinyiya*

Want to write for UVA's only
(and oldest)
satirical publication?

APPLY!

We recruit semesterly – inquire at
yellowjournalapp@gmail.com
or www.yellowjournal.lol



Are you suffering from...

- high self esteem?
- low self esteem?
- racing thoughts?
- no thoughts?
- boredom?

Just not feeling like yourself?
Feeling too much like yourself?

WE CAN HELP!

 NOVARTIS

Ask your Twitter timeline if Ritalin is right for you.