



— Lil Nell —

ECONOMIZING THE TRUTH
SINCE 1912

RELATABLE, RIGHT GUYS?

Oh, Brother: Jim Ryan
Dons Backwards
Baseball Hat To Try
and Make Us Forget
His \$200K Mid-
COVID Bonus

FAKE IT 'TILL U MAKE IT!

“Snizz Up And Snick
Down, Big Mama!”:
Guy You Met At Party Is
Either Really With It Or
Just Making Up Slang

JUST KILL ME ALREADY

How To Ask for
Directions to Shannon’s
“Harry Potter Room”
Without Crumbling to
the Ground Under the
Weight of Your Own
Shame

WHO COULD’VE GUESSED?

YJ SPORTS
PREDICTIONS: We Did
It! We Won the National
Championship!

WAKE ME UP WHEN I CARE

“Oh I Forgot About
That Place:” Hereford
Residential College
Burns Down

PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED

Julia Hyde Shocks
Nation, Announces
She’s Getting Gay
Little Bangs For the
Summer

CONTENT WARNINGS:
ERECTIONS, SNAKES,
SITUATIONSHIPS, DINING
HALL FOOD, GAY PEOPLE

The Yellow Journal

SPRING 2024

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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DEAD MODERNIST AUTHOR MARCEL PROUST APPEARS AS GUEST JUDGE ON DRAG RACE



LOS ANGELES—Popular reality television competition *RuPaul’s Drag Race* shook up their usual format last week by bringing on a guest judge whom, clearly, many viewers had secretly been waiting for.

The competing queens entered the set expecting to be greeted by RuPaul and some sort of sitcom star from the 2010s or something, but instead the reanimated corpse of 20th-century Modernist author Marcel Proust sat behind the table, striking his signature sickening pose. He was more ready than ever to judge the challenges, which were French-themed in his honor.

When asked how his perspective would affect his judging style, Proust’s still-intact mustache quivered and he responded, “I’m probably too old now—but I’m not meant for a world in which women hobble themselves in dresses that aren’t even made of cloth.” Thanks, Marcel! In a polyester-poisoned world, this view is a breath of fresh air.

His judging technique proved to be unique as well. When queen Ivy Profen did a lipsync as the Eighth Arrondissement, Marcel said, “A delicious pleasure had invaded me, isolated me, without my having any notion as to its cause.” The viewers at home definitely had a notion as to the cause, since Ivy’s glimmering recreation of the river Seine stuck in the mind’s eye, but that shy scoundrel Proust played coy.

To Ivy Profen, RuPaul said, “In today’s challenge, your French... toasted. And on the runway... you really Proust yourself,

mama. Con-drag-ulations, you are the winner of this week’s challenge.” Indeed, we will involuntarily remember this serve for seasons to come.

However, not all competitors received Proust’s praise. “The flowers that people show me nowadays for the first time never seem to me to be true flowers,” he cryptically said to queen Lexi Preux, who had flopped in her lipsync as the trite and boring Mona Lisa.

“Diva Da Vinci wasn’t even French, hunty,” RuPaul chirped in support of Marcel. “Your stream of consciousness... flowed. But your timing... was lost on us.” Roop paused for dramatic effect after this thrilling allusion to Marcel’s famously long-winded novel. “You are safe.”

To queen Ella Tonin, who went home this week after a horrid puppet recreation of World War I trench warfare, Marcel had a biting remark armed and ready, acknowledging Ella’s unfortunate urge “to thirst for something other than what we have... to bring something new, even if it is worse.” This shade proved to be too much for Ella, who sashayed away from the decrepit corpse judge without even a word from RuPaul.

When asked if this appearance would kickstart his own reality tv career, Marcel simply replied “Reality takes shape in the memory alone, hunty,” and left us gagged as he returned to the necropolis from whence he came.

Although this organization has members who are University of Virginia students and may have University employees associated or engaged in its activities and affairs, the organization is not a part of or an agency of the University. It is a separate and independent organization which is responsible for and manages its own activities and affairs. The University does not direct, supervise or control the organization and is not responsible for the organization’s contracts, acts or omissions.

Is This Thing On?

I Have Blades for Hands and Knives for Feet. But My Dick Regular

Damn, Bitch, You Brush Like This?: Two-Year-Old Toothbrush Begs for Sweet Release of Death After Every Single Bristle Flattens

“No, I Brought These in Here With Me,” Says Guy Holding 30 Newcomb Apples in Newcomb Dining Hall

Guy Eating Everything Bagel Looks Like He’s Casting a Spell Every Time He Brushes the Seeds and Shit Off His Fingers

YEEOWCH: Where the Fuck Did That Anvil Come From

Final Exam Reveals Entire Semester Was Just Timeshare Pitch

YJ INVESTIGATES: Ethan Buckner Has Been Training to Memorize Numbers Since He Was a Small Child

OPINION: I Know My Fly Is Down. It’s Supposed To Be. These Pants Are European They’re Just Like That

Guys, I Think Thomas Jefferson Might’ve Been Racist...

Fourth-Year Emma Reilly Revealed To Have Moved Permanently Into a Hole In The Virginian’s Wooden Walls Like the Keebler Elf

Here Comes Trouble! Slip-Slappin’ My Big Wet Feet ‘Round My Dorm’s Communal Showers

Confession: I Have No Idea What Brexit Is and It’s Too Late to Ask

“Your School Has Such an Illustrious History!” Says Your Grandmother, Who Still Uses the Word “Hussy”

Anthony Michael Hall and Five Other “Breakfast Club” Actors I Thought Were Also the Names of Frats

NEW Perfume from University of Virginia Bookstore:

Stinky Newcomb Vent

Permanently on-sale but **never** cheap!

Base accords:

Brown College sewage
Curdled soft-serve
Ambergris
TI-85 battery acid
Musk



Top Notes



Sewage



Bradford Pear

Middle Notes



Last Night's DFMO



Squirrel Pheromones

Base Notes



Ambergris



Something Unplacable but Impeccably Familiar

HOW TO PLAY OFF RUNNING INTO SOMEONE AT THE BOYLAN BRIDGE BLIND CORNER

14TH AND UNIVERSITY—Are you tired of not knowing how to act at the blind-turn-slash-truck-stop on the Corner? Do you stumble over your words, embarrassed and peeing a little, while your rival pedestrian walks away unscathed? Well, look no further, because we at *The Yellow Journal* have crafted a list of tips to help you turn the corner on awkwardness.

- Yell “CORNER!”
- Grab their hand and do an impromptu palm reading
- Turn around and say “Whatever, loser”
- Grab the top of their head, pick them up, and relocate them to a more convenient location
- Send them to the dust bowl
- Slide around the corner like you’re sliding into home
- Seduce them, fall in love, and ride off into the sunset
- Burst into tears and yell that your day has already been so bad, and this just made it so, so much worse
- Run full speed around the corner, tackling anyone in your way
- Throw them across the street like a shot put.
- Hold them by their waist and kiss them passionately
- Throw a balloon full of champagne at them so they get a little in their mouth, but not even a whole sip
- Dump him, girl!
- Take your ass to 7 Day and get yourself an OK Energy Drink™
- Turn around and chase them on all fours
- Cropdust them
- Launch them into orbit with a swift kick in the pants!

Couldn't get a spot here?



Greenhouse



Grandmarc

Live here instead! →



- ✓ private rooms
- ✓ exercise area
- ✓ close to class
- ✓ affordable
- ✓ no parking

5 TIPS FOR USING A FAKE ID

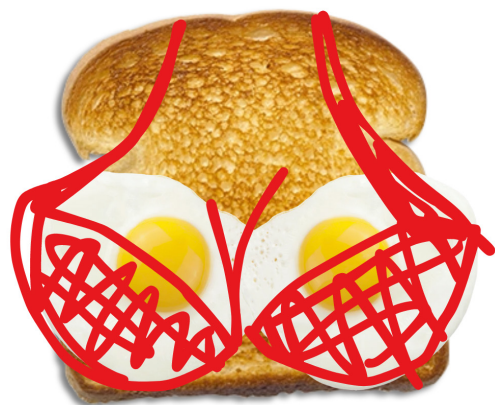
- 1 Flat iron it regularly. 450 degrees. Just hold it there until it smokes
- 2 Peel the edges a bit to enhance the worn-in and authentic look.
- 3 Remember: If you're from New Jersey, you do pump your own gas
- 4 Avoid making eye contact with the bouncer to demonstrate confidence
- 5 Make sure you were born in 1995, at the latest. Because then there's no way you're not 21.

INTRODUCING “THE SLUTTY DUCK”: THE COCKY ROOSTER’S NEW, UNSAVORY RIVAL

THE AMPHITHEATRE—UVA’s much-beloved “Food Truck Friday” just got a little bit spicier. It’s every first-year’s favorite day of the week, but not for the reason it has been historically. What once used to be the only chance for the University’s hatchlings to dine on food with substance and flavor has turned into a day of festivity, merriment, and, for some lucky ducks, love.

After the unprecedented hype garnered by The Cocky Rooster, the newest addition to the UVA Food Truck Family, representatives of UVA Dine sought to strike while the iron was still hot and throw another truck with a bird gimmick into the mix. Enter The Slutty Duck, the only food truck on Grounds that serves all-day breakfast (but only during lunchtime). Their hot ticket item is the “Duck Egg Double” (pictured below), an open-face breakfast sandwich with two duck eggs sunny-side-up and topped off with the truck’s “Special Slutty Sauce.”

Students just can’t seem to get enough, and UVA Dine has chalked it up



to a win: “It gets protein into their diets, and that’s what we’re all about! Healthy eating is at the forefront of our minds. Nothing else. Nothing else at all,” one representative said.

But it’s not just the scrumptious sammies that get the “U-th” (Yeah. That’s short for UVA Youth. Deal with it.) lining up by the hundreds on Friday afternoons. Some have come to seek out a personal connection with the Slutty Duck herself, Dolores (pictured above).

“It’s just in time for Valentine’s Day,” said one lucky single whilst engulfed in Dolores’ warm and feathery embrace, “I thought I’d be all alone, but now I know I can always count on Dolores to brighten my day and lift my spirits.” He then stuck a fiver in the mascot’s bikini top, walking away with a love-struck glimmer in his eye. Love and romance might be uncertain as we approach the Valentine’s season, but one thing’s for certain: everyone is head over heels for this red-hot lovebird.

How to Reenter a Common Space After Your Roommate Definitely Heard You Using Your Vibrator

How The Hell Do You Pronouns Beabadoobee? I Can’t Fumble This Smokin’ Alt Girl, Not Again, Not After Last Time

Efficiency-Minded Boyfriend Suggests Making Out Pomodoro-Style

Boix Enjoix la Croix

University Decision To Swap Out Ambassador SUVs For Monster Trucks Already Fucking Rules. They’re Just Absolutely Crushing Cars And Houses And Shit

Humiliating: Forced to Sit in the Reddit Booth at the Cane’s on the Corner

You Can’t Smoke at Ellie’s. Because of Woke.

UVA Board of Visitors Votes to Rename Library After Less Problematic Figu— Ah Shit They Went With “Mel Gibson Memorial Library”

Spliff With the Girth of a Bratwurst Summons “Evil Mike” in Dillard

Local Man Is Obviously Pretty Cool Because the Bald Orange Line Bus Driver Always Fist Bumps Him

Nate Gleberman’s Mom Just Brought Him Chick-Fil-A for Lunch and Everyone’s Jealous

**PUSH DAY, PULL DAY...
WHAT ABOUT TONGUE DAY?**

Don't forget to work out your girlfriend's favorite muscle!



Call NOW to Schedule Extremely Personal Training Sessions!

VIRGINIA
ATHLETICS

#10 Baseball

Sunday vs. NC State | 7 P.M. | The Dish

Thursday vs. Virginia Tech | 6 P.M. | The Dish
Virginia Baseball Diva Cup giveaway!
Available to the first 1,000,000 fans over at the marketing table

THIS IS NEWS TO ME...

Booktokker Obsessed With “Spice” Still Not Entirely Sure How Gay Women Have Sex

“Wait, you still live in first-year dorms?": Ben Wiggins Still Lives In First-Year Dorms

The Womb Where It Happens: I Am Pregnant With Lin Manuel Miranda's Child

Amazon Rainforest Finally Kicks the Bucket After Professor Demands Entire Class Print Out 50 Page Reading

They're Still Playing that “High Hopes” Song? Seriously?: Lesbian WXTJ DJ Shatters Gay Stereotypes by Having Terrible Music Taste

OPINION: I Know My Fly Is Down. It's Supposed To Be. These Pants Are European They're Just Like That

Hiring Manager Posts “No One Wants To Work Anymore” on LinkedIn While Using AI to Read and Reject Hundreds of Resumes and Cover Letters a Day

JIBZCEL: Jibz Brencé Announces Eighth Consecutive Year Stanning Weezer

Local Man Is Obviously Pretty Cool Because the Bald Orange Line Bus Driver Always Fist Bumps Him

Rapper's De-fright: Drake Retires From Rapping After Getting So Scared About Monsters He Pees In Pants

Punching My Man's Dick Like It's One of Those Boxing Speed Trainers. PDDDDDDDD

STUDENT TRAPPED IN NEWCOMB OVERNIGHT SHARES HIS STORY

CENTRAL GROUNDS—National news vans converged in the plaza outside of Newcomb Hall this morning as third-year student Ken Billings emerged from the dining hall following a grueling twenty hour stretch within its confines. The story picked up coverage overnight as Billings posted a YikYak saying that he was “trapped in FFC” and to “please help there isn't anything edible in here.” Despite pleas to university officials, there was nothing that could be done; a group of Ambassadors attempted to use their sturdiest soldier as a battering ram, but was unsuccessful given that the glass barriers of the cafeteria were built to withstand point-blank nuclear blasts in the midst of the Cold War.

While the world waited with baited breath for Billings' emergence, Ken courageously conquered countless obstacles which came his way. He later recounted his experience to reporters:

Billings (5'3"): Well, you see, it all started when I went to the dining hall for breakfast Tuesday morning. I waited in line for my daily cheese and mushroom omelet, then settled into my favorite nook: the interior of the milk dispenser. You won't hear it from me, but once you get past the breakfast rush, it's quite peaceful in there, and the staff never looks there until the next morning.

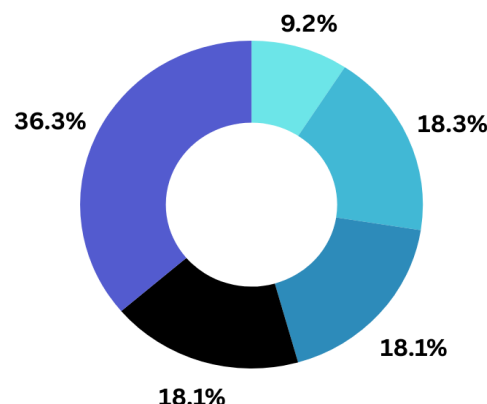
Anyways, after my omelet, I'm usually fine to nourish myself from the hole in the whole milk bag till the dinner bell. This time, however, a new, overzealous worker decided to reload the milk bags early, unknowingly tossing three bags

one after another right on top of me. I quickly realized I couldn't move, and even worse, the volume at which The 10 Spot kept blasting classic hits from the 2010s was at once refreshing and a death knell. You won't hear it from me, but in the Newcomb milk machine, no one can hear you scream.

Anyways, by the time I was able to drink enough of the milk to escape, it was well past close. I stumbled to the windows, throwing chairs and TVs to no avail. My phone had long since died, so I knew I was going to have to rough it out. I searched behind the counters for anything I could eat, but there was nothing there. There wasn't anything in that labyrinth that you could find on the food pyramid—only pain. I looked for meals— nothing. I looked for morsels— nothing. I looked for crumbs— nothing. As it turned out, the only thing in the entire facility with any nutritional value was the Brown College resident who has to keep guard of their dining room each night. You won't hear it from me, but I ate him. Anyways, I—

It was at this point that Mr. Billings was herded off by dozens of medical staff members for intense psychological and emotional therapy sessions. Ken's family has asked for no further questions from the press, and university officials have stated that they are taking this situation as an opportunity for serious reflection and pondering. At press time, Ken Billings was last spotted being ushered into a van at a gas station in New Mexico.

YOUR SPENDING THIS MONTH:



DKE PHILANTHROPY

7 DAY WHIPPETS

BRIBING THE BOYLAN BOUNCER TO LET YOU WEIRD FRIEND IN

“COCAINE”

CHRISTIAN MINGLE SUBSCRIPTION

WHO'RE YOU LOOKING AT?

bookslut2003's Reviews > The Court of Fantasy and Romance



The Court of Fantasy and Romance

By Q. R. Esse

bookslut2003's review:

Feb 14 2024



SPICE RATING:

Tropes: Small and Frail FMC, But She Gets Crazy Powers and Is Still Skinny, Protective MMC, Touch-Her-And-Die MMC, Grumpy Sunshine, Enemies to Lovers, Consent Kink, Biting, Wing Kink, Shitty Ex-Boyfriend, Climb Him Like a Tree, Grower And Shower, Third Leg Alert, Like He Has a Huge Cock, Almost Too Big YK, And He Makes Her Come Every Time, and Also Cuddles Morning After

Before we begin, I have to say it... **ASHER DARKFLAME!** He is so so perfect, genuinely my newest book boyfriend. The way he cooks breakfast for Nyami after she's been brutally tortured at the hands of Ithica gave me insane butterflies. *Like. ALL. THE. FEELS.* I mean, imagine if in real life, a man did something like this for you. Protective, broody, and makes you c*me so hard you literally teleport into the sky. I think it dragged a bit in the middle third, as Nyami has gained her shifting powers but is still figuring out how these powers factor into her personal history as a human-born citizen of Tropolis. But overall, it was such a fun read.

Oh No! It's Mr. Least!: Mr. Beast's Evil Twin Mr. Least is Blinding Small Children

I Lived It: I Applied to Live on the Lawn Solely to Watch Streakers, but Now I'm Disappointed by Their Bodies

Cowboy Carter Serves Cowboy Cooter on Latest Beyonce Album

New Washington Society T-Shirt Features Fashionable "Kick Me" Sign on Back

OPINION: When I Shoot You When We're Playing Cowboys, You Are Supposed To Stay Dead

Sitting on motorized scooters? What's next? A vehicle that can transport multiple sitting persons at once?

Trin to Offer Layaway Payment Plans for Tonight's \$23 Vodka Cran

Wait, Guys. No For Real. . . Are the Hullabahoos Christian?

"The Only Double Standards I Know Are My Girlfriend's Sick Breasts," Admits McIntire Student Who Thinks Licking Vulva is Grosser Than Straight-Up Snorling Shaft

"Ellie's Country Club" Picks Only Name Whiter Than "The Biltmore" For Rebrand

2024 ELECTION NEWS: I Wouldn't Have a Beer With Either of These Guys

Quiz: Are You in Your "Slut Era" or Are You Going Through a Major Depressive Episode

New! From VJ Brewing Co.

SNAKES ON A GRAIN

*The only craft beer that is **NOT** just a tallboy filled with snakes*

Just beer here!

Not Snakes

Surely you will not find snakes in this beer.



Hey, man. What're you having tonight?

I'd like to order a whiskey—a dram. Splash of water, a dash of angostura bitters, with a twist. On the rocks, as well.



Sounds great. Which whiskey, sir?

Fireball.



Jesus Christ!

Art Gone Too Far: Those Bastards Put Jorts on the Naked Men of Clark Hall



FRESH SCOOP RIGHT HERE!

“Please, Mr. Bean Was My Father. Call Me L.L.” Says Econ Major Wearing Eight Puffer Vests

Trend Alert! Jake Robey Reported “Brown College Sober;” Only Gets High Off Lead-Contaminated Water

“IS ANYONE HERE A DOCTOR?!”, And Five Other Fun Icebreaker Questions

Please Pass Me By: I Just Got Freaky Fridayed Into Ringo Starr’s Wife’s Body And Now I Have To Fuck Him

Newest Drinking Group “His Horse Was Named Friday” to Rival Thursdays and Eli Bananas

Shel Silverstein Announces That “The Giving Tree” Was Originally Titled “The Serving Cunt”

The Nova Kids I TA for Looked up My Salary and Are Now Giving Me Handouts

“Who’s Throwing”: Guy Nicknamed “Piss-In-Pants Peter” Having Trouble Figuring Out The Move For Tonight

Man Walking Down Rugby Exhibits All Signs of the Stages Before Pubs: DILF (Dude I’m Literally Fine)

Tearful Farewells: Becca Davis Confirmed to Be Entering NBA Draft

Pst.. hey kid... over here... you looking to buy some stuff?
 1. I'm here for something called... “Obama runtz?”
 2. I have neither currency nor possessions
 3. Music can't be bought, Scuzzer, and music's all I need!
 4. You take pennies? Like, 10,000 of them?

Some type of wise guy, eh? Who sent ya?
 1. My mom (she's just happy I'm making friends)
 2. My mom (mother nature)
 3. My mom (big mama and the cheek clappin' chaps)
 4. Your mom! (not funny)

Speak up! I can't hear ya over all this noise... What is that anyway?
 1. *continues hacking up lung sludge, cutely*
 2. The call of the wild, returning me to my homeland
 3. This is the key to the castle, old-timer! This is the 3rd wave!
 4. Just took the exhaust pipe off my 2003 Honda Civic... you likey?

You think you're so cool? Huh? Too cool to join my cover band?
 1. Y'all ever play 311? Brooooooo you gotta hear 311
 2. I don't have thumbs. You're scaring me... I get real stinky when I'm scared...
 3 I already have a band called Phlat Stan Lee... see what I did there?
 4. I am “band” from several gas stations and their surrounding sidewalks

You've got some real guts sayin' that! Where's a guy like you been hiding?
 1. At the Indieheads shows; getting a wicked contact high!!
 2. Holes, mainly
 3. Me and the band rent a great studio apartment together, I sleep in a tuba
 4. I have been on house arrest since birth

ZAZ?
 Or
SKAZ?



Mostly 1s: Za (weed)
 It's legal! It's also sorta illegal! It's that smell you always notice in garden VIII! I tried it once in tenth grade and frew up! Please dont tell my parents....

Mostly 2s: Ska (possible abbreviation for skunk?)
 You're a sk— tbh we don't have time to say all that. Y'all know what we mean.

Mostly 3s: Ska (the music genre that goes doo doo doo)
 You might think to yourself, what should I listen to if I'm anti-establishment but also in marching band leadership? What type of live music can I expect in an Applebees? Whatever happened to Smash Mouth? Look no further! You, my friend, are a real rudeboy in the making.

Mostly 4s: My burnout friend Todd (a fan of all three)
 We all know Todd. You may have dated him in high school, or watched him smoke a damp cigarette he found on the ground. He's either the worst person you know or the image of unbridled confidence. No need to call him up and figure out which—he's been off the grid since 2016.

UVA LNC CONSULTING CLUB
 Lil Nell Club Consulting Club

Here ye! Here ye! Dawning a humorous wee accent will get you tapped into Jeff Soc forthwith.

Sometimes getting into a club at UVA is harder than Lil Nell himself can get in the bedroom! That's where we can help!!

Stop in for a consultation! @The dumpsters behind lawn room 25 whenever we feel like it

Wanna apply to be a member of LNC Consulting?? Link in Bio (we take 0.001% of applicants)

3 HOT emojis guaranteed to seduce your Samsung sweetie

Erm.....Actually

TikTok Cosplayer

is that.... Weezer?!?!

Who did this? 😂😂😂

TikTok Shorts

gettyimages 25

@vjatua

made with mematic

Posted in r/Jornal reddit

TO SLURP OR NOT TO SLURP

Things have really been heating up between you and Chad Braderson, the newest pledge of SLURP fraternity, and this weekend you're thinking of making it official. You're so infatuated that you don't care about all the weird-ass shit he has to do as a pledge. He told you it's all worth it to join the brotherhood; he's so introspective!

Question 1: How do you ask him to hang out?

Option 2: DO not, under ANY circumstances, text him. Snap him instead. Just a forehead pic tho...

He wants you so bad he can't fucking handle it. Sends you a "wyd" with a picture of his Wolf of Wall Street poster.

Option 3: Give him a quick call and ask what he's up to!

Question 2: How do you find him?

Option 1: Trin. But you're not sure which floor. Try not to fall down the stairs during your search - that would be embarrassing.

Well, you didn't listen, and it seems you fell down the fucking stairs. Oh my god. He hates you now. He told us.

BAD END

Option 3: His frat house. Showing up unannounced.

Question 3: You've made it to Chad's frat house. Ah, SLURP... Do you stop in the kitchen to palm a beer, or head straight up to Chad's room?

Only Option: Chad's Room. You decide you need to see Chad more than you need a Busch light. You run up the stairs, but can't figure out which room is his. After some investigation, you identify Chad's room by the fist-shaped hole in the door. Through that hole, you see him sitting on his bed, looking sad. He misses you!

You walk in, and his face lights up. But then you wake up. It was all a dream. You're in the bed of the Coupes bouncer from your math class. It seems he's still wearing that orange shirt. Thank God?

THE END...?

Option 1: Chat him on Snapchat and hope he decides to respond after side-swiping you and then continuing his conversation with the girl he met on Trin 3.

Chad side-swipes it, seeing your all lowercase "wyd tn." He responds with "Idk." He's so excited you texted him, he can't think straight!

Chad picks up grumpily. "Hoe, I'm busy." You hear a distinctly female voice in the background. "So sorry, Chad," you say. "I was wondering if you wanna hang out tonight." "I'm with the boys, I thought you were chill."

He hangs up and ghosts.

BAD END

Option 2: Coupes. You shouldn't have a problem getting in because the bouncer is in your math class.

Wait, why is the bouncer kinda... fine? When he's in that neon Scrutiny tee, you just can't help yourself. And he's interested. He asked you what year you graduated high school! Tonight, you're getting a different kind of line leap. And by line leap, of course, we mean that he is coming in seven seconds as you hook up in the grimy weird bathroom building.

WEIRD END



NOT CLICKBAIT!

"Why the hell not?":
Hindenburg 2 Maiden
Voyage Coming Soon

"It Didn't Touch the Floor":
Student Continues to Eat
Chipotle Bowl Spilled in
Backpack

Brad Schurtz Caught in
Virg Downing Beers Like a
Steelworker in the 1910s

True Lime: My Gritty
Investigative Podcast
Series Into Who Ate First
Ever Lime Not Doing So
Great

Oh Fuck: I Pulled the Stop
Cord on the Bus and It's
Not My Stop and Oh God
No One Else Is Getting Off
Fuck Fuck

Mwahahahaha: I Have
Stolen All of Those
Fuckass Blue and Orange
Ties and Destroyed Them
For Once and For All

I Will Slap Austin Butler's
Bald Head Like a Bag of
Franzia at SNU Vineyard
Vines Party

Members of So-Called
"Salsa Club" Order That
Bitch-Made Mild Shit at
Guad

Slope of Regression: This
Math Major Just Started
Posting on Her Tumblr
Blog Again

Seven Deadly Zyns:
I Thought You Were
Supposed to Swallow
Them!

UVA Student Sitting on the
Lawn Issued Parking Ticket

TOP CLUBS TO JOIN FOR THE JERKERS

Here's a list of clubs you should join if your only hobby is jerking off. We've put together this list through exhaustive first-hand experience.

The Jefferson Society

Maybe you were enticed by the fancy banner hanging outside of the West Range, or maybe you just love to hear yourself talk. Either way, you sat down to interview for the prestigious debating society and found a surprise—every single one of your white male interviewers whipped their metaphorical dicks out and decided that they know more about microbiology as politics majors than you do as a microbiology Ph.D. student. You battled their questions with ease, answering each ethical quandary with the classic finisher, “because woke.” Now you've reached the ultimate stage—the Podium—and get to pull your own knob every Friday night in front of probies that aren't allowed to leave. While this is purely metaphorical nowadays, I'm sure the 80s in JeffSoc was a more literal time.

Hullabahoos

You've seen those robe-wearing, lady-loving, Pitch Perfect-featured boys strutting towards McLeod Hall on a random Wednesday night while begging for your money. And while you may think their friendly back rubs during a performance are signs of support during a member's solo, the robed singers actually have mysterious back peens—that's why they don the robe, they need to hide that performance boner from view! If finding pleasure with your homies runs right down your alley, trot down to the random lawn room where they hold auditions and sing your heart out. But make sure to have a fraternity brother or cousin in the group to hold

your spot—you wouldn't want the group to have real singers, would you?

Zete

It's full of those regular guys from your high school. But now, they're in Zete, so they're cool. What else would they need DoorList for, but to invite a chosen group to their Jerking Off Party? Actually, that's how you get into the function. You have to yank it at the door.

Trigon Engineering Society

After the Trigonorrhea incident in the early aughts, Trigon Engineering Society has never been the same. The society and their ostensible rival Theta Tau, another engineering fraternity, are in disagreement about which group came first. Engineers talking about coming, in any context, seems foreign and weird to us here at *The Yellow Journal*. If you can take a second away from pumping your pythagoras, you too can chalk e-way and fraternize with other people in UVA's worst school.

The Yellow Journal

You have to apply to this one and have somewhat of a sense of humor in addition to your love of choking the chicken. Here at *The Yellow Journal*, we do a lot of sucking of our own dicks. I mean, comedic writing is the second-least likely reason you'd ever get laid. The first, of course, being that you've already beat off today.

Outdoors Club

Umm. Wayyyy too many trips where they sleep in small little tents. Hmmm... that's suspicious.

Chi Alpha

Need we say more? This is the first-joined club of eager first years. Why? Because they want to jerk off probably. What do you think is in the mugs at Mug Party...?

HEALTH: Doctors Confirm Your Roommate's Recommendation That Drinking Un-Brita-Filtered Water Is More Dangerous Than the Line She Did at Phi Psi Last Weekend

Can't Smash? UVA Overcranked Film Festival Debuts New Student Film That Begs the Question—What If the Hulk Was a Virgin?

New “Hokie Stone” Strain from Blacksburg Makes You So High That Everything Loses Saturation and Just Turns Gray

“5-to-15 Michelob Ultras” and Other Methods To Cope With Fact That Time Is Slippery and Fickle Mistress

“Gotcha!": I Scammed The Make A Wish Guys Into Making Me King Of The World For A Day And Used My Power To Execute Every Single Head Of State

Sneha Rachamadugu Excavated from Clem 1 Renovations; She Was Stuck Inside the Bookshelf and Too Small to Leave

OPINION: I Boinked On Those Brutalist Ping-Pong Tables Outside Runk—And It's 100% Worth It To Bring Your Own Paddle

Grown Ass Man Owns Geeb

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