



— Lil Nell —

ECONOMIZING THE TRUTH
SINCE 1912

UVA IN BAHLEHNTHYAH

Hullabahoos Detained
at Spanish Border
After Busking 🗣️
Internationally
Without License

IMPETUOUS IMPOTENCE!

LIMP Society:
UVA's Clandestine
Underbelly Rocked
by News of IMP With
Erectile Dysfunction

SCOOORE!

Same Love: How I Lost
My Virginity to the
Goalie Pole of the 1515
Basement Foosball Table

PHIL, SUCK ON THIS!

Strawman Phallusy:
Philosophy Major
Exaggerates Dick Size

d3st13l-love.tumblr.com

Charlottesville's
Premier Midwest Emo-
Influenced Band That's
Also Pro-Circumcision:
Meet Snip-Snorp

"CULTURE"

All White People
Dance Like They're in a
Charlie Brown Special

D(ADDY'S)-DAY

YJ Fourth Year
Léo Zhang, Toes Out,
Never Lets His
Babies Go Dry

CONTENT WARNINGS:
RACISM, CLASSISM,
MISOGYNY, HOMOPHOBIA,
PROFANITY, OBSCENITY

The Yellow Journal

SPRING 2022

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

[f TheYellowJournal](#)

[t yj_atuva](#)

[@yjatuva](#)

UVA CAREER CENTER ANNOUNCES FAILURE RESUME WORKSHOPS

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—UVA's Career Center announced today its series of Failure Resume Workshops to help students hoist their personal letdowns towards the attainment of professional clout.

The "failure resume"—an Instagram story-friendly list of one's rejections and disappointments—has long been a prized tool of LinkedIn demons and career animorphs to pose as fallible beings. But lest us regular humans believe we are good enough, the Career Center is here to remind us to Relentlessly Optimize. If your failure resume isn't up to snuff—you're fucking dead, kiddo.

"In today's economy, it's important that your successes and your failures are marketable experiences," says Gretta Job, newly minted director of the Career Center and recent graduate of the Austrian Institute for Late Stage Capitalism. "These workshops will help students secure rejections from the world's most selective institutions."

"My roommate has already been rejected from JeffSoc, Guides, and the

Comm School," laments Fhail Ure, a first-year struggling to spin her latest rejection into something positive. "I mean, who the fuck gets rejected from The Washington Society?"

Second-year Pubick Poliseé, a representative from the Peer Advising Program for Securing Money & Early-Age Retirement (PAPSMEAR, for short), is optimistic about the workshops' potential. "Many students don't even realize how impressive their failures really are," she said while extending a casual invitation to connect on LinkedIn.

"When I applied to Batten, they spat at my feet. Like they literally sent an email that just said 'hawkkk-ptoo, shithead.' But so many others received computer ransomware, packages of stinging insects, or worse—no rejection email at all. I'm just so honored to have been noticed by such a prestigious institution!"

Interested students can sign up for the sessions online, or by visiting Garrett Hall when the glimmer of the full moon reflects off of the Deloitte Lounge juuuust right.

To know your oppressor...

simply ask yourself who tolerates no criticism.

TYRANT STALL
SEAT JOURNAL

Threats of
Suppression



Crucial Messaging

THE DASHING
NOBLE NELL



WOOF.

MONEY TIP: HOW TO GENERATE PASSIVE INCOME BY STEALING AND SELLING CLINKY, LOOSE BRICKS

I KNOW IT SMELL CRAZY IN THERE (THE VASST HOUSE)

YOUR MOM TOLD YOU AIR FRYERS WERE BAD? I BET SHE ALSO TOLD YOU CIRCUMCISION WAS A RELIGIOUS RIGHT, JOHN.

KEYSTONE XL TO REBRAND AS "ENEMIES-TO-LOVERS PIPELINE" IN BIZARRE PUBLIC RELATIONS BID

STUDENT WALKS PAST THE NEW DOMINIONS A CAPPELLA TABLE IN FOURTH DISGUISE JUST TO HEAR SOMEONE SOUND LIKE THEY CARE ABOUT THEM

NEW STALL SEAT JOURNAL SPINOFF "THE URINAL JOURNAL" DEBUTS TO PISS POOR REVIEWS

"HONEY, I THINK I WANT A DIVORCE": BEE DIVORCES WIFE

PERSPECTIVE: WHEN A SHOW GETS TOO SUSPENSEFUL, I HOVER MY MOUSE OVER THE TIMELINE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT BECAUSE I'M A LITTLE BITCH

MADLINE BRENCE NAMED SWING DANCE WORLD CHAMPION

PEOPLE WHO SAY A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS HAVE NOT READ MY MR. CLEAN X SLOPPY JOE 30K WORDS SLOW BURN ENEMIES TO LOVERS

ALPHA CHI SIGMA PLEDGE UNABLE TO NAME ALL 20 AMINO ACIDS. YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!

JANIE CAI, BROODING, READING BOOK PENSIVELY IN 1515 WINDOW

WHICH RECIPE ARE YOU?

1. I prefer:

- Pepto Bismal
- Your mom's beef stew
- Pink Whitney
- Wet cement

2. What's your favorite color?

- Yellow, like piss
- Brown, like teddy bear shavings
- Clear, like tequila
- Grey, like wet cement

3. Are you a cocktail purist?

- Yes, there has to be wet cement in my Sidewalk Slammer. Otherwise it's just called sparkling Five-Hour Energy
- More or less; I like a garnished twist of BOV member hairs in my Old Fashioned's
- I definitely think that International Delight's Elf-Inspired Caramel Waffle Cookie Creamer must be served in a tiny thimble borrowed from a delicate wispy woman
- No, I'm not even a Christian!

4. What is your favorite salt?

- The kind from my FOMO-related tears
- The kind they put over the wet cement on the road before it snows
- McCormick's Italian Seasoning Blend
- Himalayan sea salt on the rim

5. Hottest culinary take?

- Tuna water and mezcal
- Pineapples on pizza
- On a hot day, grill a burger on the wet cement of the sidewalk to sear it
- Cook eggs on the dashboard of a 2005 Honda Odyssey to leave them sunny-side-up



A'S: THE 100TH BANANA

- TWO 99 BANANA SHOTS
- THE BIGGEST BANANA YOU CAN FIND
- A SPOONFUL OF PEANUT BUTTER
- COMBINE ALL AT ONCE IN YOUR MOUTH À LA HAIRCUT AND PRAY



C'S: THE "DADDY"

- ANY LEMON VODKA (HOWEVER MUCH YOU WANT)
- BOLD ROCK IPA
- LEMON JUICE
- TWO AND A HALF URINE SAMPLES FROM UVA HEALTH

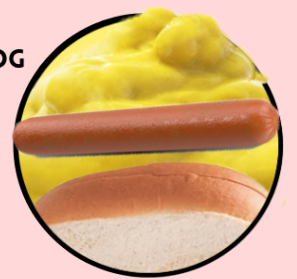
B'S: THE "HOT BROTHER"

- TWO OZ FIREBALL
- ONE CHAI LATTE (NOT FROM STARBUCKS)
- DASH OF APPLE JUICE IF YOU WANNA GET FANCY
- HOT CHILI OIL



D'S: LIL NELL'S DOG

- 1 PART MUSTARD
- HOT DOG (BOILED)
- BUN (WET)
- 22 PARTS MORE MUSTARD



Well met, traveler. You must be new here. Venture forth into this cavernous lecture hall, be it Wilson, McLeod, Warner, or Gilmer. You hardly know 'er. In a big lecture hall like this, during the first full in-person Spring semester in a while, it's kill or be killed. Either you're the one completing the quest, or you're the one asking for it to be completed. You need to find your niche, and fast, before the lecture begins and the boss fight commences.

Choose your path to figure out if you're an NPC or not...

UNIVERSITY OVERSIGHT EMBARRASSINGLY RESULTS IN 500 SQUARE FOOT REGION WITHOUT CONSTRUCTION

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—

A topographical survey performed by the Students Worrying About Grounds (SWAG) Collective unearthed a shocking discovery: nearly five hundred square feet of our precious Grounds is completely free of construction. Students of this University are well aware of the initiative, headed by President James Ryan, to enact as many active construction sites as physically possible over Grounds. SWAG's discovery has rocked the community.

First-year student Klew Lass described to us their dismay at SWAG's announcement. "The construction everywhere is what made me choose UVA in the first place," they report. "I feel like I don't even know this place." In contrast, fourth-year conspiracist Ed Ging crawled out from under a rock to deliver his testimonial. "Students these days don't know how good they have it. Back in my time, we had to

actually enter Alderman Library. Can you imagine?"



While President Ryan denies the existence of this "Area 500" on Grounds, we got in touch with Dade Alus, chair of SWAG, who insists that no mistakes were made. Ryan offered no response to this claim, beyond reminding us "big things coming!" More on this story as it continues to break ground.

Nell, I've been feeling lethargic lately. Any tips?

Omg! That is totally normal. It's because of all the little gremlins. They're running around and grabbing at ur ankles :)

Wow! The Clem stairs HAVE felt harder than usual! Thank you!

Hey, the group project is due tonight and it looks like all you did was go in and add your name. Can you finish your slides?

Hello??

128.143.223.85

Oh my god

ln4kh@virginia.edu
Og9heXdfkU

078-05-1120



First, tell us about yourself: what is your backstory?

A. You can't remember. Oh, God. Why can't you remember? The first memory you have is spawning into existence FDOC in January. Omicron who? Squid Game what? You were dust and you'll return all the same on LDOC.

B. You've got Irish blood somewhere, I guess, and that's why you wore your "Kiss Me I'm Irish" shirt to Trin for the entire month of March.

Turn the page to learn what your past says about your present.

Curious: Classmate "Loves" Student Musicians but Gets Upset When U Rec Their Car

That's Big Talk for Someone on Suggesting Mode. You're Typing Green Letters. Sit the Fuck Down

Student Who Goes on All of Jim Ryan's Runs Definitely Does Not Have a Desperate Need to Prove Something to His High School Track Coach Bill

Shneyder & McGuigan Win: Dasha & Pasha Added to Santa's Reindeer Roster

"Sure," I Say to Girl Asking to Take My Unused Chair at Grit, While She's Blissfully Unaware of My Plot to End Her Bloodline

WET N' WILD: UVA to Covert McCormick Ramp to Dell Pond Slip N' Slide

A-School Calves Reportedly 20% More Shapely Than Other UVA Student Because of All These Fucking Stairs

Report: Alexander Davis Just a Guy Who Knows French

"This Is That One TikTok Song!!" Exclaims First Year as 1812 Op.49: Overture (Adolph/Slavonica) Comes Over Newcomb Speakers

"What Color Puffle Did You Own in Club Penguin" and More Dumbass Questions on Major Applications

UVA Announces \$500 Awarded to the One Student Still Diligently Completing Their Hoos Health Check

I Love Embezzlement! I Did It to All My Toys as a Kid

!!!!!!!

Event Trombonist Bannon Luckert Arrested After Firing Poison Dart at Visiting Speaker

Second-Year Awaits Decision After Applying To "Tomfoolery and Scurrilous Hijinks Studies" Major

Not the Christian Way: Girl Throws Entire Spinach and Feta Pizza at Boyfriend After He Admits Cassie Is His Favorite in Euphoria

GPA Based Class Rank To Be Replaced With Highest Scorers In 1515 Skee Ball

P Diddy's Real Name is Paul Didderson

First Year Leaves Mini-Fridge Unplugged, Fully Stocked Over Winter Break; Returns to a Third Roommate

Guys, Seriously Don't Take a Picture of Beta Bridge Someone Painted My NFT on There Seriously Guys What the Fuck

Ben Shapiro's Wife Releases New Champagne Line, Says It's "Drier Than... Well, You Know."

The Yellow Journal's Latest Issue Celebrated for the Conversational Meta-Commentary of Its Narratives

When2Skeet: Tinder Unveils Hookup Scheduling Feature For the Busiest of Breeders

Help! Rachel Smith Spit in My Coffee (And I Liked It?)

Wow! My Female Professor Gave My Entire Lecture Omicron By Breaking Through the Plexi-Glass Ceiling

SCIENTISTS DISCOVER THAT SIGN GUY WAS BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL SPILLS UVA ALERTS US TO EVERY FEW WEEKS

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—

Since Sign Guy's mysterious disappearance, the Charlottesville police department has been hot on his trail, trying to determine who, or what, put an end to their hero's legacy.

"In a time when everyone loves hating on the police, Sign Guy was the one guy we could count on to have our backs," Police Chief Don Ut said while brushing away a tear. "I mean sure, he was blatantly racist, supported a system that perpetuated inequality, and enjoyed creating controversy, but that just goes to show how much we had in common."

Tragically, just when the police department believed they had located Sign Guy, all they came across was a bubbling green puddle. Without the chance to exert unnecessary force, the police were clearly out of their comfort zone, and called in UVA's top scientists.

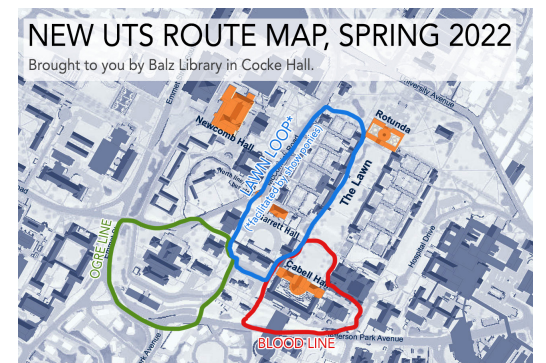
After running numerous tests on the puddle, Dr. Sy Ense came forward and announced that Sign Guy was not so much a guy, but rather an accumulation of construction debris brought to life

by hazardous materials spilled along McCormick Road. After spreading his toxicity on the corner for months, all that remained of him was a puddle.

"Students are alerted to a hazardous chemical spill on McCormick Road every other week, and the fire alarm goes off in the chemistry building at least once a month," Dr. Ense told *The Yellow Journal*. "I assume most students ignore those notifications, but over the past decade, incompetent chemistry majors have done enough chemical damage to create a new life form."

However, the revelation was not a surprise to Dr. Ense. "This explains a lot of Sign Guy's behavior. He was literally hazardous garbage spewing toxic waste. I don't know how we didn't see it sooner."

After the discovery of Sign Guy's remains, students received an alert informing them of a hazardous materials incident and asking them to avoid the area. No further information or details were ever provided, and no students gave the alert a second thought.



If you chose A: As your existentialism worsens, you decide to go to the library to study up on Sartre, and you remain there until LDOC approaches. When the clock strikes midnight on May 3rd, you immediately evaporate into thin air, as is the life of an NPC. Sartre would have approved.

If you chose B: Your Irish blood has made you hungry for some lucky charms, and you decide to grab a bite to eat.

Where are you going for lunch?

A. Bodo's, but the one on Preston, and you walk there. Sometimes you get a bacon egg and cheese, and other times cream cheese and lox, but today you order everything on the menu just because you can. You reach for your ticket and it's #69. Life is good.

B. West Range meal exchange. Grilled cheese, fries, pink lemonade. You can't change your order at this point or you'll die.

Read on to eat your meal.

YELLOW JOURNAL PRESENTS:

20 Punishments

To Replace the Single Sanction

- 🔑 Talk to a french "person"
- 🔑 Watch Morbius, the cinematic experience of the century
- 🔑 Talk like a pirate for an entire week in your ENWAAARGH
- 🔑 Show someone a YouTube video you like and slowly realize it's not that funny
- 🔑 Become an Elevate ambassador
- 🔑 Use the word "besmirch" in a small group discussion setting
- 🔑 Watch this dance that me and my sister put together and you can't be mean
- 🔑 Rebrand as a Superwholockian in the year 2022
- 🔑 Go streaking while Dean Solomon is walking his dog Dante
- 🔑 Slowly push a boulder up a hill only for it to tumble down to the bottom just as your about to reach the summit for all eternity
- 🔑 Ask your roommate whose first name is a noun to pay rent
- 🔑 Change your ringtone to "bing bong!"
- 🔑 Stick your hand in every hole in the walls of the hullabahoo house and see if something bites back
- 🔑 Tell people you have a small dick, just for fun
- 🔑 Do the mannequin challenge with your other fellow defendants

FORGIVE ME...
I'M JUST A LITTLE BIT
AWKO TACO



If you chose A: After eating 162 bagels, you feel charged up to do some studying.

Where do you study on Grounds?

A. You can't really move from your one spot, or your legs start glitching out. People also run through you a lot and punch you for fun.

B. Exclusively at the Clem 4 heated toilet, where you perch atop it, squatting backwards, like a thirsted-over anime boy. Protect your territory by any means necessary. That or 1515 I guess?

Turn the page to crack open some books.

If you chose B: You sit down to take a bite of your crispy grilled cheese, only to find a BLT sitting in its place. This isn't possible. You try to take a bite, but your body physically cannot consume anything except grilled cheese, fries, and pink lemonade due to your programming. You were an NPC all along, and you internally combust.

Fucking Blue

Investigation Reveals Dasha Shneyder Was Your Orientation Roommate

First Year Thrown Out Of O'Hill for Enjoying Men's Curling

Oh, You're a UGuide? Why Don't U Guide These Balls Into Your Mouth

OPINION: If That Ugly Paint Stayed on Ancient Roman Statues, We Would Never Have Idealized Western Civilization

"They Just Came, So They Won't Come for Another Ten Minutes": Investigating Buses' Refractory Period

Sorority Incurs Wrath of God in Group Garfield Costume

Science Friday: How to Tell How Old a Leaf Is By Putting Lots of Leaves in Your Mouth!

Curious! You Preach Tolerance Yet Shit Yourself After a Single Yoplait

"It's Dialectical." UVA Leftists Speak Out About Challenge of Remaining 'Relatable' While Also Incorporating Schopenhauer, Kant, and Engels Quotes Into Their Daily Speech to Prove Intellectual Superiority

inSLAYtion: Comm School Yassifies Curriculum in Attempt to Gain Female Students

Fourth Year Pasha McGuigan Dragging that Ass All Over Grounds

TRENDING ONLINE

Accessibility Win! SDAC Employs Your Mom to Accomodate Deez Nuts

Frat Bro Accidentally Texts His Boys That He Had a “Bussy” Night Instead of a “Busy” Night. You Won’t Believe What Happens Next!

Daring Physicist Mohit Srivastav Invents Jello 2

Gynecology Win! Me and Your Mom Use Dental Dams

Everybody in a Band Now

Computer Science Department Debuts Powerfully Vulnerable Course “Computer Insecurity”

Girl Help! Instead of a Date Function, I Got Invited to a Fig Function

Just Watched Love Actually Again and I Still Don’t Know Who the Fuck Carol Singers Is

How Many Refrigerated Peanut Butter Protein Bars Can Fit In My Tummy? One Brave Little Fella Finds Out

Always the Bridesmaid (IMP Tapping Party Invitee), Never the Bride (New IMP)

SECOND-YEAR ROOMMATE BACK FROM SEMESTER ABROAD IN HELL

Second-year roommates can be your best friends or your worst enemies. Bright-eyed first-years give way to exhausted second-years who regret signing a lease with their very first college friends. Luckily, you managed to get away from the nightmare that was your second-year roommate, but they haven’t stopped making peoples’ lives miserable. In fact, they’re learning from the very best. We sat down with your second-year roommate who just returned from a semester abroad in the only place that would accept them: Hell.

“It was just so great to immerse myself in Hell culture after reading the classics—Dante, Milton. Nothing compares to getting a feel for the place. It’s a really vibrant world down there.” Your roommate hardly touched their coffee, and you could tell they were already thinking about bringing the full cup home and just leaving it on the kitchen counter to sit for a few days.

Without being asked, your second-year roommate started talking about the language barrier and how they finally got the chance to learn a new language. “So, yeah, everyone in Hell speaks Biblical Latin, which I’ve really been meaning to take, so it was great to be immersed. Sometimes now I’ll slip a little Latin into my day to day. A few days ago I was at a basketball game and I caught myself chanting ‘victoria aut mors’! So embarrassing.”

We wanted to know if all the rumors

about the “big guy downstairs” were true, so we asked if Beelzebub is real and, if so, what he’s all about.

“It’s actually pronounced ‘Beelthebub.’” Your second-year roommate made such a thick, wet “th” sound that their shot of espresso became an Americano. “Don’t worry, it’s a pretty common mistake. And, yes, I did get to meet him. Just between you and me, I actually sold my soul to him! To be honest I haven’t really noticed much of a difference.”

Wiping the spittle out of our eyes, we

asked about their living situation in the Inferno. Just the basics: which Circle did they stay in, what were the popular forms of torture there, etc. “I took a placement test when I got there and placed into the 9th Circle, which is like, the highest

number you can get. I felt so at home! It was a bit more chilly than you’d think, but I usually leave the front door open at night, so I’m used to sleeping in the cold. And my host-demon was such an icon. Maybe you’ve heard of him. Do you know Brutus?”

Your second-year roommate explained how hard it was to leave Hell, and told us about the gift they left behind for their host-demon. “As a little thank you gift for Brutus I hid a few loose sandwiches and milk cartons in the corners of the fridge, which I like to do when I move out anyway. I hope he likes them! Gosh, Beelzy would just chew him out day after day, but I knew they were friends under all of it.”



If you chose A: As you study your supply and demand graphs, you feel something cold rush through you, and you look down to see a student pulling his fist out of your chest. More and more students begin to take part until you are nothing more than a wavering mirage of pixels.

If you chose B: You open your notebook only to find that you have no more blank sheets of paper. You take this moment to ask a favor of the student next to you.

What do you say?

A. The notebook paper is no longer your main concern. You instead ask him to fetch a rare herb that will save your mother’s life. The ingredient can only be found in the basement of President Ryan’s home, guarded by a high-tech security system.

B. You ask if you can borrow a piece of paper.

Read on to learn the result of your query.

OPINION: TO SAVE THE CORNER, WE MUST COMMERCIALIZE

The act of spending money is what organisms desire at a most primal level. It is the pinnacle of material rapture, driving the economy forward and pushing the ideal UVA student to new heights.

This summer, three daring undergraduates from the Comm School's Exploratory Program in White Collar Crime are poised to revolutionize the heart and soul of consumption at UVA: the Corner. Once home to tired local establishments like the nearly 69-year-old College Inn, the Corner shall now and forevermore host the fresh flavors of Chipotle and its ilk. Viva la revolución!

Some students worry that the Corner will lose its homebrewed charm if it is Fully Corporatized. However these same students will breathe a collective sigh of relief once snooty Grit is subsumed by the third Starbucks in a thousand-foot radius.

Fans of the coffee shop may miss



running into everyone they have ever met while pretending to do their reading. But trust that EllieBucks' corporate-friendly open floor plan will increase their productivity tenfold by erasing any source of joy beyond academic achievement.

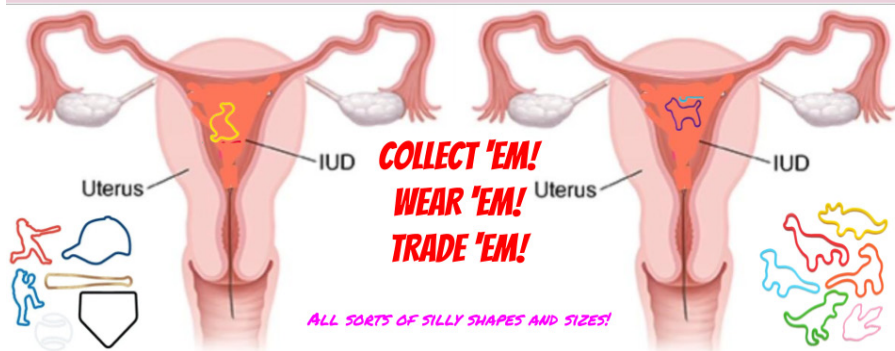
Jenny Trification, who co-authored the Corner Revitalization Plan, spoke out in support of EllieBucks. "To really capture the competitive and creative spirit of the University," she said, "We need businesses without room for 'fun' or 'creative expression.'" This intrepid reporter would have to agree.

WHY TIE THOSE TUBES WHEN YOU CAN TRANSFORM THEM?

Sillybandz[®] **Mirena**[®]
(levonorgestrel-releasing intrauterine system) 3 mg per day

Keep life simple.

Over 99% effective at preventing pregnancy by stopping intercourse before it starts



If you chose A: The student stares at you in bewilderment before leaving. You stay seated, waiting for another person to approach who you can send on this quest. You will wait forever if you have to. It's what you were programmed to do as an NPC.

If you chose B: The student refuses to give you a piece of paper, so you take their whole notebook via force. They stare at you in shock.
What do you say during this lull?
A. You notice their Phi-Delt shirt and ask what exactly happened to Phi-Delt's pledge class last winter. You are on a mission for vengeance and no lull or personal boundaries will stand in your way.
B. You'll repeat yourself if you must, but if they don't say anything, you are perfectly happy staring blankly into space, not a thought in your head.

Turn the page to learn the truth about your existence.

From the DJ Archive

PHE Launches Kegels for the Cure, Combating Pelvic Floor Dysfunction

Guy Pats Self on Back for Being Straightforward About Not Wanting Relationship Four Months into What Was Objectively a Relationship

Born and Raised in a London Apartment, Call That Flatbread

Rebuilding the Glass Ceiling?: Male Friend Called Me a Broad the Other Day

It's Actually Illegal To Wear A Mask On Grounds If You Are Profusely Dripping Snot And Pre-Comm

Inspiration Tuesday: Fourth Year and Aspiring Sea Turtle Natalie Costanzo Breaks Free from Plastic Six Pack Thingy

Get Me One of Those Nerds From the E-school That Can Design an Ice Tray Where All the Cubes Come Out With One Shake God Dammit

"They'll Never Take You From Me" Local Crane Lover Elated by Construction Delay at Main Library

FIRST YEAR WHO WILLINGLY USES ROLLING BACKPACK ACCIDENTALLY BECOMES TOP RANKED PLEDGE FOR HIS FRATERNITY

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—Raul E. Packer, first-year, rushed with low expectations. “I really only did it to make friends,” he reportedly said, his lenses transitioning to shades in the sunlight. “I’ve heard scary stories about hazing, but I’m willing to do whatever it takes.”

Packer, 19, is a new pledge for Beta this Spring. He’s just like The Batman, in the sense that he has permanent dark circles under his eyes and a soundtrack follows him wherever he goes. Packer’s soundtrack, however, isn’t Nirvana: it’s the brrrump-brrrrump of his rolling backpack lurking just behind him. When asked why he prefers this luggage, he simply shrugged his shoulders. “I like having good posture,” he said, stifling a Discord ping emerging from his pocket.

Yet, to his fraternity brothers, Packer’s tale is a triumphant one—the story of an underdog overcoming insurmountable odds. Beta brothers cannot deny that they are awestruck by his incredible commitment to hazing rituals.

“We weren’t expecting the kids to commit this hard,” Beta recruitment

chair Richard P. Ennis admitted. “That Packer kid uses a rolling backpack twenty-four effing seven, my guy. No normal guy would do that and still show his face for Wing Wednesday.” Packer is now the top-ranked pledge in his class, with no sign of slowing down.

While he’s not technically supposed to know his ranking, Packer smells something fishy. “Guys are dapping me up constantly,” he frets. “Once, two guys tried to dap me up at once, and I lost my grip on my backpack’s handle!” The rolling backpack in question is now stained with powdered, neon Kappa Delta dandruff, which probably won’t rinse out until the beginning of the new millenia.

As for the rest of Packer’s pledge class? You might find them weeding the frat house’s front yard, assembling jigsaw puzzles blindfolded, or perhaps picking up Pav Subway to rack up a few brother favors. But you certainly won’t see them with Packer, who has pulled so far ahead that even the rhythmic clicking of his wheels is no longer audible. Stay gold, Ponyboy.

“Oh, You Guys Actually Ski?": Disappointed Student Learns VASST Isn't Just a Hippie Sex Cult

10 Toes and 9 Toenails: How Trying to Kick an Acorn in Flip Flops Changed My Life Forever

Stealing From TJ Maxx & Redistributing It Equally Cuz I'm a Marxxinista

Tragic: Economics Student Learns About Sunk Cost Fallacy and Continues Studying Economics

Mike Penis Just Doesn't Have Same Ring to It as Mike Hawk

Docapella: Why Freestyle Rapping Over Your Patient's Heart Monitor Is Just as Effective as CPR

My Eyes! Oh God My Eyes: A Guy Just Sucked on His Fingers in the Dining Hall

Opinion: Being Hit by a Car on a Full Stomach Is Worse Than on an Empty One

If you chose A: A battle commences between you and the student. You know the truth about hazing, and your vigilante desire for justice leads you to victory with an uppercut to his jaw. You are both a hero and a villain to the UVA community, and your gray morality makes you the perfect main character for your big lecture.

If you chose B: The student says nothing and neither do you. You can only speak when prompted and you are limited to a set amount of phrases. No wonder your discussions have been such a nightmare! It's not easy to piggyback as an NPC.

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

APPLY!

Inquire at
yellowjournalapp@gmail.com
or www.yellowjournal.lol

