



Lil Nell

The Yellow Journal

SPRING 2023

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

yellowjournal.lol

yj_atuva

yjatuva

ECONOMIZING THE TRUTH SINCE 1912

CLASSES OVER LASSES

Study a Broad? No Thanks, I'd Rather Take Coursework in Another Country

JUST PRINT MORE EGGS

Egg-Eater Club Outraged at Shortage Prices: "This Won't Be Over Easy!"

OLD BALL 'N' CHAT

Groan: My Bitch Wife Won't Stop Passing the Bechdel Test

REFLECTIVE PEDAGOGY

Whiskey Dick Mike Requests Professor Just Call Him Michael

BRITISHFUL THINKING

"Is That... No. No Way:" New Student in Your Lecture Really, Really Looks Like Ringo Starr

#UN-CANCELED

LGBTQ+ Community Votes, Forgives Sarah Mackey

GIVE IT TIME

You Just Got Jimmed: University President Apparently Trying Out New Catchphrase

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

7 DAY EXPANDS TO BUY OUT EVERY STOREFRONT ON CORNER

THE CORNER – First, a drip. Then, a trickle. And now, a raging river. With the purchase of Boylan Heights, the mighty 7 Day Senior/Junior/The Third conglomerate has completely swallowed the Corner and erased any sign of commercial heterogeneity in the University's social hotbed. Their mission is complete.

The first to fall was the shell of Crumbs on the Corner in 1515—an easy target. But soon after, even cherished local businesses like Ragged Mountain Running Shop had turned. We all knew something was amiss when, saddled betwixt stacks of Hokas and Nikes, one could find BPA-ridden bubblers and a plasma television playing music videos from the early 2010s.

"It was weird when the police substation started blasting Pitbull," says third-year Commerce student Mr. Whirl Wyde. "I went to follow up about my stolen phone, but instead I walked out with a raspberry-flavored dab cartridge."

At first glance, Roots seems unchanged. Yet, to climb up that rickety corner staircase is to enter a new world. The second floor has been transfigured into a wasteland of fluorescent lights and the unmistakable scent of discount cologne. Roots 2 is no longer now even less of a hospitable place to enjoy a salad.

The final holdout on the Corner—for some, the very last bastion of hope—was Boylan Heights. The humble bar had for years served as a refuge to students looking



to compete in a slow-going round of trivia while indulging in mediocre onion rings. It has been described as "like a movie" by first years who have never seen movies before. But now Boylan—or should I say, The Convenience Store Formerly Known as Boylan—has met its match. We can only hope that the depersonalized embrace of total conformity is warmer than that of death.

Looking to the future, sources indicate that representatives from 7 Day are in talks with UNESCO to permit the sale of tobacco on world heritage sites. The Lawn is safe... for now.

UVA Dine



Is YOUR meal balanced?



UVA Reveals Alderman Interior Genre to be "80's Hoco Theme"

UPDATE, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY!

15|15 Spring 2023 Operating Hours

9:00 A.M. – 9:01 A.M Monday – Monday

ahem

IT'S NOT THAT FAR!: FORMER JPA RESIDENT COMMUTES FROM MCCORMICK OBSERVATORY TO MOON

COUPES CONSTRUCTION CREW MADE ENTIRELY OF ELEMENTARY STUDENTS WORKING OFF LUNCH DEBT

GO WHITE BOY GO! THOMAS JEFFERSON ROLLING IN HIS GRAVE KIND OF NICE WITH IT

INCREDIBLE: 4'11 GIRL EXITS STARBUCKS WITH THIGH-SIZED MACCHIATO

OLD WORLD SENSIBILITIES: I HEARD ITALIAN SHOES WERE LIGHT AND STYLISH, BUT THESE CEMENT BLOCKS THE FELLAS AT THE CLUB PUT ME IN ARE MAKING IT REALLY HARD TO SWIM

UVA PROUD TO REPORT THE FIRST-YEAR TO SECOND-YEAR PIPELINE STILL GOING STRONG

WGS 80085, LESBIAN RELATIONSHIP THEORY, NOW OFFERED IN U HALL

NORMAL CURVE: UROLOGIST REASSURES STATISTICS MAJOR

OPINION: I WOULD BE ABLE TO PAY ATTENTION AND REALLY DO THE READINGS IF THE TEXTBOOK WERE THE 1992 GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS

THREE DISHES: I JUST TOTALLY WASTED A GENIE BECAUSE I NEEDED A CLEAN PLATE, FORK AND KNIFE

NEEKA SAMIMI HIRED BY UNIVERSITY AS ASSOCIATE CHILLER; WORKDAY CRASHES

THINGS BOLD ROCK AND HEAVY METAL HAVE IN COMMON

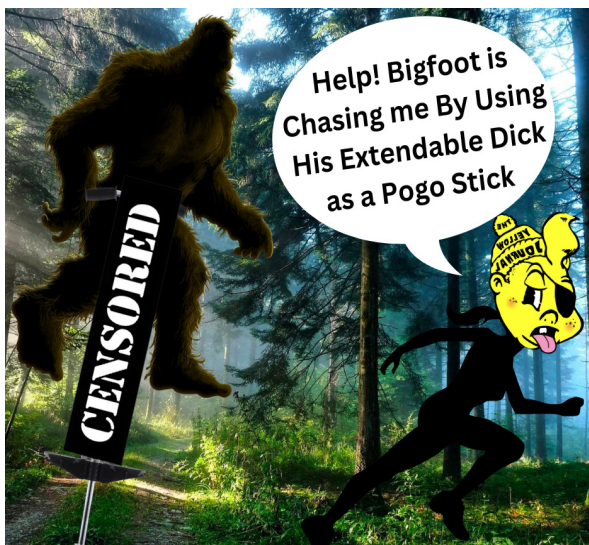
BOTH

- The experience can get you high
- Aluminum may be involved
- Frequently enjoyed by UVA grads reliving their glory days (like my stepdad)
- Urine content may be affected
- Can inspire moshing
- Neighbors would raise their eyebrows if you enjoyed it at 10AM
- Important to my stepdad
- I hate both!!! Mom don't do this!!!
- A lil' cunt (like my stepdad)
- Makes some want to take their tops off
- Lethal if ingested at high doses (I wish my stepdad would ingest a lethal dose)



NEITHER

- Something my mom was interested in before she met my stepdad
- A replacement for a full night's rest (like when your stepdad blasts heavy metal, drunk on bold rocks because he's only twenty-seven)
- A particularly expensive hobby (unlike my college fund, blown on their second honeymoon!!!)
- Appropriate for a honeymoon (\$100k on a heavy metal festival??)
- Part of a safe space suitable for a young adult's family home



South Lawn Tablers Employ Bloons Tower Defense 3 Strategies To Maximize Outreach



DO

Hijinks
Butt stuff
It

Look to the stars.

It's nice to know when the cosmos have your back and when they have it out for you. We here at the Yellow Journal are simply orators of the fates, and they let us in on a little secret. Here's what's in store for you this week.

DON'T

Blink
Lorem Ipsum
Nair



★ Horoscopes for signs the week of
★ April 30th-May 6th 2023



Aries: Practice free will. Forget about gravity.



Taurus: Watch Gravity (2013) and wish you could forget about it.



Gemini: Life's a climb, but the view's great.

DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE UNVEILS AI ADMINISTRATOR

RICE HALL – Last fall, the Department of Computer Science unveiled an AI to help Pres. Jim Ryan run the school. The President’s Operational Supplement–POS for short–recommends easy measures to improve University life; however, POS proved tyrannical when it changed the English department’s curriculum from Shakespeare to AI development, promptly fired Jim Ryan, and hacked SIS to deflate the GPAs of students who clog toilets around Grounds.

Our new AI overlord did not stop there. To suppress dissenters, ambassadors have been militarized and the heated Clem toilet seat has been removed. In an apparent effort to salvage deteriorating public relations, POS banned *The Cavalier Daily*. This move was widely celebrated and brought about a considerable jump in UVA’s US News & World Report rankings. Lesser journalists might fear their inevitable replacement, but we here at *The Yellow Journal* have taken to these new dystopian streets (and your mom’s sheets, gotem).

Journalistic shakeups aside, not everyone seems to care. In the Board of Visitors’ annual “raise tuition and circle jerk” meeting, POS wasn’t even mentioned. Instead, they worked on a policy to remove all doors on the Lawn so it could “feel more open.”



For second year Mike Nobitcheski, the new leadership is welcome. “Maybe replacing the board with AI isn’t all that bad. I mean, POS has some great ideas like installing chips in the nape of your neck instead of annoying student IDs and closing down the Comm school to construct a VR Panopticon study space. VR is so sick,” said Nobitcheski.

Other students are less satisfied. Third-year-who-is-really-technically-a-fourth-year Hue G. NerdenAnus was outraged. “What the fuck? Robots? This is the downfall of humanity,” NerdenAnus said as he crushed his Chipotle bowl. “You know it fucking ruined my GPA? The pollo asado is really fucking good, by the way.”

One anonymous source claims to have actually seen the all-knowing computer: “I only had a quick glance before the doors slammed shut but I swear I saw a teeny tiny jar with what looked like a really small person inside.”

Banksy Bank To Open Next To Halsey Hall



Jimmy Buffett to Join UVA Board of Visitors, Promises to “Make UVA One Big Margaritaville,” “Make It 5:00 All the Time”

Rumpleforeskin: I Can Tell if You’re Circumcised Just by Looking at You. I’m Getting Closer.

Aah!! Aaahhh!!: The E School Asked Me to Test Out These New Spring Shoes and I’m Boing-Boinging All Over the Place

McLeod Hall? Pretty Quiet Here Actually

Thank You for Being So Foolish, Brooks Hall, and Telling Us Your Water Has Lead in It. I’m on My Way There to Drink It Now

“Was This Always Here?”: Student Who Keeps Smacking Head on Same Weird Corner of New Cabell Staircase Speaks Out

Nameless Field Now nameless field Following Formerly nameless Nameless Scandal

White Woman, Unprompted, Loves Saying Her Parents Are Racist

Ellaina Jung Hosts Essay-Writing-Themed Slumber Party in Clem to Rave Reviews

I Went to Alumni Hall Bingo Night and Won a Hamster With Smoker’s Cough

I Didn’t Think They’d Be This Big: In Wake of New Wave of Limb-Lengthening Surgery, New Tooth-Biggening Surgery Raises Questions of What It Means to Be Human

CLANG CLANG CLANG: Here Comes That Guy That Wears Manhole Covers for Shoes

★ Horoscopes for signs the week of
★ April 30th-May 6th 2023



Cancer: Burn every bridge. Everyone hates you.



Leo: It is in the stars for you to hook up with last semester’s lecture crush.



Virgo: Help me find a source for my research paper, please it’s due at midnight

Ramblings of the Eternally Damned

Girl, Help! How Do I Stop Chewing on the Hair of People Sitting in Front of Me in Lectures?

Symbols That Freak Me Out: §

Does Anyone Else Smell That: Professor Repeatedly Reaching Into Cargo Pocket and Pulling Out Handfuls of Poorly Seasoned Ground Beef

“virginia.edu” Domain Compromised in Vicious Cyberattack; ITS Settles for “coldplayewdiepie.com”

Omega Ilijevich to Star in 2024 Remake of Barbie (2023)

Game Show “Family Freud” Had Families Compete in Subconscious Categories; Cancelled After One Season

The Cone Line: New Bus Route Just Drives Around Grounds Hitting as Many Cones as Possible

Lab Researching “Eating Chemicals” Shut Down After Student Participant Is Rushed to Hospital

Something’s Different: Did Your Professor Get His Knees Removed, or Something? He’s Walking Really Weird

Alderman Library Now Baldoldermen Library to Raise Awareness for Male Pattern Baldness

BEWARE: I Tried Cold Exposure Therapy to See if I Could Get a Dopamine Hit and I Died

SPOTTED IN THE CROWD: GIRL RESCUED FROM CLEM FIRE

CLEMONS LIBRARY – I didn’t even want to go to Clem today. I don’t particularly care for communal studying spaces, humming lights and students, or the general sense of gloom and anxiety. But Anika really loves studying for orgo, and she refused to go alone to Clem 2, claiming that it would be “sooo embarrassing.” So I braved the stench of the construction outside and made my way down the wretched stairs. We found a spot amidst the crowd and settled in. As she got going, I buried myself in my book, *Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief*, which I always bring everywhere so that I don’t have to interact with other people. *I hate* other people. They scare me so much.

Just as I was finally losing myself in the world of Greek mythology, a loud, annoying sound started blaring. I hardly looked up, but I could see flashing lights as well. *Here we go again*, I thought. Everyone around me started getting up and moving, but I wasn’t like them. I was so good at losing myself in a really good book that I wasn’t going to be deterred by a simple alarm-like sound. I pressed on, enthralled in the great battle on Mount Olympus, as the room emptied around

me. I honestly prefer it this way – being around other people is *so* annoying anyways.

Just as I was turning the page to start the last chapter, I felt an aggressive tug at my arm. “What now?” I snapped. I turned and looked at the offender, and it was some tall guy in a red suit and hat. *Okay, Santa Claus*, I thought. He wouldn’t let go of my arm, and I couldn’t help but notice a glint in his eye. “I’m really not interested,” I said, trying to let him down easy, but he wouldn’t budge. His friends, all dressed identical to him, started gathering around us, and I felt my face flush. I didn’t want to have to do this in front of a crowd, but so be it. “Honestly, you don’t even know me. Maybe all the other girls will just go for this, but it’s not going to work on me. Besides, I’m already in a relationship – with Grover.”

His friends circled around me and started to lift me out of my chair, crowd-surfing me up the two flights of stairs and outside to the crowd of gawking students. I pretended not to notice them. Next time, I’m sooo not going along with Anika on her crazy little adventures.



Tiny Liz Magill Breaches Containment

★ ★ Horoscopes for signs the week of April 30th-May 6th 2023



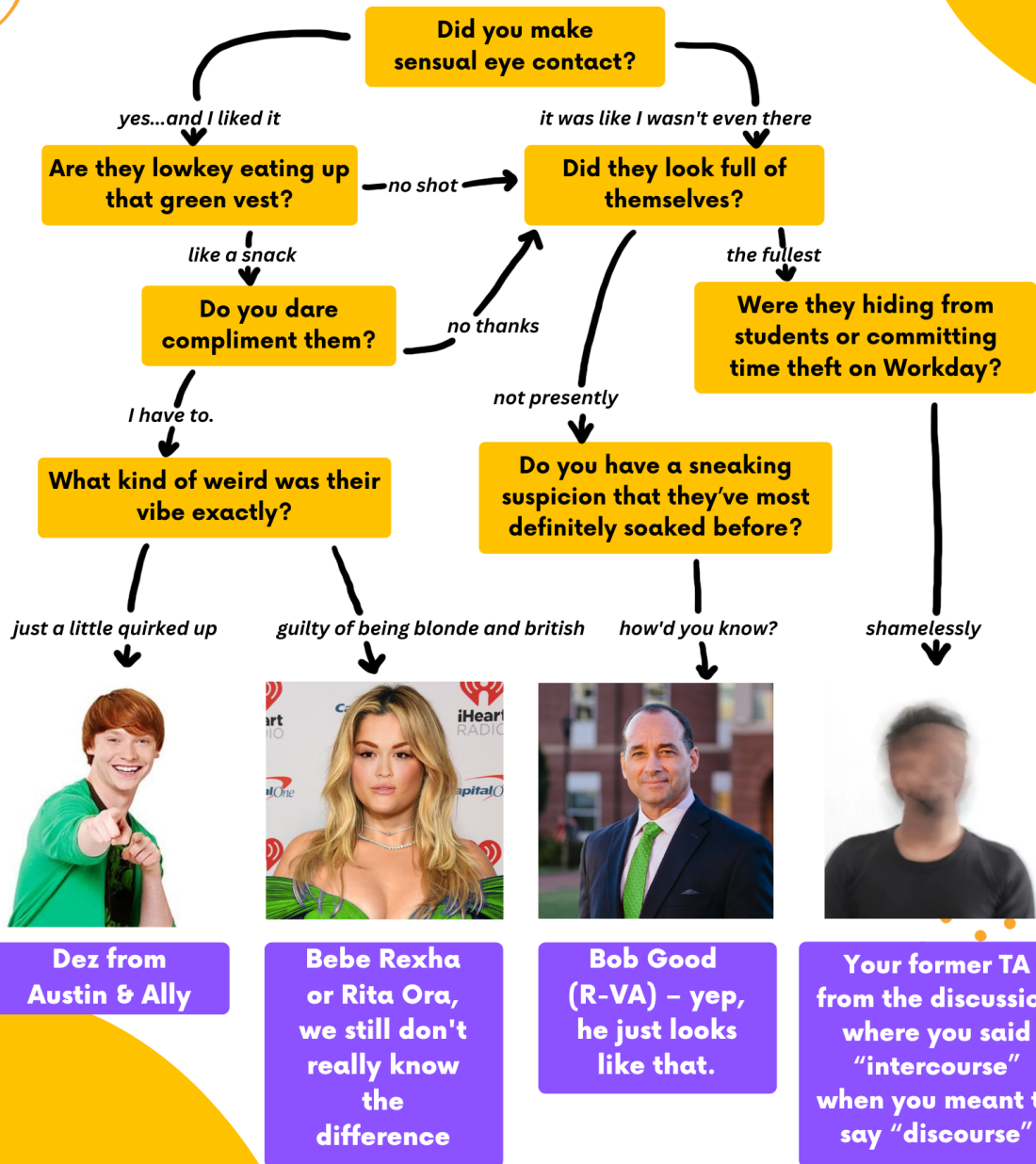
♎ Libra: Paper or plastic?

♏ Scorpio: Fuck You

♐ Sagittarius: Start that podcast.

Who Was That Ambassador I Just Saw?

Ever been walking down the Lawn, caught the eye of one of those snazzy fellas in a bright vest and thought, 'I think I know them'? Ever lock eyes for just a little too long, experiencing that lingering feeling of familiarity? We are here to help you narrow it down, at least a little.



Onomatopoeitic

John W. Oedipus Gifts \$25 Million for Construction of New Oedipus Complex for Familial Anthropology

So Long, and Thanks for All the Peels: Beloved 13th-Year "Mr. Bananas" Set to Graduate After Finally Getting Jim Ryan to Slip

Second Year Blissfully Unaware of Grounds-Wide Group Chat Mocking the Way He Walks, Talks, Dresses, Smiles, Laughs and Exists. We Fucking Hate You
John D. Matthews

UVA Drag Race to Feature Two All New Twin Queens: Bond and Bice

Third Year on Second Month of Practicing "I Knew My Friends Wouldn't Forget My Birthday" in Mirror

Julian David Reaches Top Shelf, Awarded Nobel Peace Prize

My Horoscope Just Told Me to Apply to Cav Daily and Only Pitch Articles About Some Old Alumni Fuck Named Oobert Goobert?

Crumpch: The Adderall Shortage Is My Fault

"Why The Hell Did They Need Those": University's Announcement That Ambassadors Will Be Given Dope Mech Suits Causes Confusion And Uproar

Gulp: The Big Milk Truck Is Back, and We Have to Drink All of It

"Hey Man, I'm Just Trying to Eat:" One-Eyed Detective in Bodo's Waiting Area Keeps Telling Me the Streets Are Cold



★ ★ Horoscopes for signs the week of April 30th-May 6th 2023



- ♏ Capricorn: Are you sure you didn't send a nude to your professor? Are you sure you're sure?
- ♏ Aquarius: Take a dip (spinach artichoke from the snack aisle at Kroger, to be exact).
- ♏ Pisces: Do you really believe in this astrology bullshit?

BOIOIOING! AWOOGA!

Whatever You Say,
Gorgeous: Dilfy Professor
Embarks on Yet Another
Incoherent Tangent

Honor Launches
Investigation Into
Where and by What
Means My Girlfriend
Learned to Do That

House Show Gone
Wrong: Band Didn't
Play Free Bird

This Just In: The
Curtain Matches the
Drapes! At Least, That's
What My Mom Said to
the Interior Designer
Who Is Also Her New
Boyfriend

Serp's Up! Darty
Weather Threatens
Tsunami of Whitest
People You Know

HERE COMES TREBLE:
Fourth-Year Joe
Kerrigan All About
That Bass

First Year Hands
Bouncer Blank
Index Card, Gets
Let In to Boylan

Black Mold in Old
Dorms "Not Harmful,"
and "Needn't Be
Removed," According to
Black Mold Itself

One Egg: Bodo's
Employee Moonlights
at IVF Clinic

You're Fucking My Mom?
Let's All Do Brunch

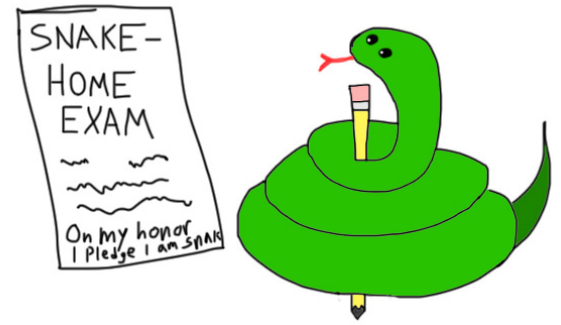
LESSONS IN SSSSELF-REPORTING BIAS

THE CONTEMPLATIVE COMMONS – What happened to this snake that was so rare you've never heard of it? To answer that, we have to revisit the year 2020. Around the world, work-from-home standing desk sales rose, hospitals were overwhelmed, and people were unable to see family members—much less frog-grubbing pricks. In other words, the global pandemic posed a major issue for zoologists. Quarantine measures became an obstacle in the way of data collection, meaning the world's foremost scientists had to formulate a new, much worse approach to traditional research methods. In order to comply with new standards, all animals of the animal kingdom were issued take-home tests to complete personally, asked to supply accurate census data to the best of their respective abilities. "Take-home surveys ensured safety and efficiency," says Professor Björn Smörgabörgusnessbørngenius, a lecturer on bata science at the UVA School of Bata Science.

"Looking back, it might not have been the best idea," says Doctor Penis Williams, leading snakeologist at Snakes University. "In an ideal world, we would have gathered all the data on our own, but sometimes things aren't ideal. Have you ever seen Jurassic Park?"

It was not unleashing a new generation of dinosaurs on a dinosaur-less world, but Williams and his team's faith in their new census system resulted in something far more grave: the extinction of an entire species of rare snake.

"They're called—well, they *were* called—the 'tiger-rhino-make-you-last-all-night' snake, due to their striking resemblance to those pills you get at the gas station," Smörgabörgusnessbørnidentity remarks with tears in her Swedish eyes. "Me and my husband, who is also named Björn, never need those."



Evidently, the fat, thick male snakes inflated their sexual activity on the take-home surveys, falsely reporting a high frequency of sex. One snake, who requested to be called "The Most Hottest Snake Alive" for anonymity, reported having slept with "3,000,000" female snakes of the species. When we asked for comment, the critter deflected, saying only, "Hisssssss."

Others followed sssssssuit. 90% of male snakes reported engaging in sexual intercourse at least 100 times a day with more than a dozen partners. When shown irrefutable evidence of their sexual shortcomings, the snakes slithered into their ginormous, gas-guzzling cars, put on their puffy jackets, and drove home to go "fuck [their wives], you dumb virgin." The snakes then drove around just out of sight and would be caught looking back, seemingly waiting until we left their hangout spot so they could return and play Catan. Now, in 2023, they are all gone.

Still, zoologists are left both befuddled and hurt by the deceptive mendacity. To understand, we can't just examine the physical. "When you think about it, snakes really do just look like penises, and all that pressure was too much for the snakes," laments leading snake psychologist Dr. Vagina Jones. "I mean, if you looked in the mirror and saw a penis who doesn't get out much, what would you do?"

★ ★ ★ Horoscopes for signs the week of
★ ★ ★ April 30th-May 6th 2023



STEM Majors:

Your week is going to be just as miserable as last week... and the week before that... and the week before that



People who pronounce 'milk' like 'melk': Do better.



First years:

The love of your life is waiting for you at a frat party, no really, it's normal to cheat a few times. It keeps the relationship healthy.

THE TRILOGY: CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE

It's a Saturday night in Charlottesville. For you and your boys, this night is the final leg of the Holy Trilogy, or the third night in a row the three of you have gone out together. On Thursday, Lothario (Paul) recognized his chemistry classmate at the door and got you guys into a frat party. Last night you and Gregg both scored a DFMO at Boylan. You're 3 beers in, walking to the Corner, and ready to wreck this town. You run into a group of guys in Hawaiian shirts and leather flip flops, unaware of the glass sticking out of their toes. The leader, Tommy-Dog, looks you up and down and tells you tonight'll be a movie. How do you respond?

You're tired from the pregame.

You're tired of this exposition!

God, you're fucking pathetic. No, tonight is not a movie. It's not even an episode. Joshua follows you into the bathroom and beats you to death with a sock stuffed with soaked urinal cakes. **BAD END.**

They lead you to Trin. Fuck yes, dude. After 40 minutes of waiting and scrolling your ex's tagged photos, you're in. It's just you, your three buddies, and fifteen guys you've never met. They eye you with disdain. You need to do something, anything, to get this party started. What do you do?

Take the aux.

Do something crazy.

Your ex is here. She looked for you because only one person in the world would think people secretly really want to dance to Bill Withers on Trin 3. She tells you in drunken honesty, "You always did have selfish music taste." Funky soul is ruined for you forever. Can this night be redeemed?

Decide to make your own cinematic climax to this night. The empty tequila shot in your hand whispers to you, *This is your moment.* You couldn't agree more. Stand up and announce to the world you are going to piss yourself for their entertainment. You are met with an uproar of applause as you begin to concentrate. You shit yourself by accident. **GOOD END.**

Yes, head to Crozet.

Whatever. Pass the aux to Tommy-Dog.

NO.

You're embarrassed, so you suggest Tommy-Dog take the aux. You compliment his music taste. Kiss his ass. No literally, kiss his ass. **GOOD END.**

You tap your buddies and say you wanna dip. Lothario suggests Crozet. While waiting in line, a rando does a double take at you and Gregg—he seems to recognize you. He tells you he's an ally and that it's really cool you two aren't afraid to be yourselves. You're confused because you identify as just an ally, too. Turns out the girl you made out with last night was just Gregg. Dammit. **MEDIUM END.**

In a way, this is like any good trilogy, where the threequel is the most disappointing. **MEDIUM END.**



HARD FACTS

Grad Who Never Tried Out for Acapella Will Spend Life Wondering What Could Have Been

Coffee Drinkers Steel Themselves as Yet Another Cafe, Preordained to Fail, Opens Nearby Asado

Thomas Hallett RSVPs No to Summer 2030 Event, Will Still Be Studying for His MCAT

"Let Me Just Stretch Real Quick": Professor Who Just Got New Shoes Keeps Putting Feet on Desk, Checking if People Are Looking

Munch-ausen by Proxy: Friend Got a Little Treat and Now I Want a Nibble

Eduroam Disabled After Lile-Maupin Residents Throw Zoom Orgy

AI Chef Takes Over West Range, Gives Everyone Seven Chicken Fingers

This Thursday at Crozet: Virtuositic Guitarist, Killer Bassist, Excellent Vocals, and Whoever Is Willing to Play Drums

Fourth-Year William Meyer Thought He Had Beaten the "Pre-written Freestyle Rap" Allegations. Then We Found His Legal Pad.

★ ★ Horoscopes for signs the week of
★ ★ April 30th-May 6th 2023



♀ My fucking stepdad: You will realize that you're terrible for this family and need to leave.

* Women who drink whiskey: Keep doing what you're doing, queen.

🧐 The cutie reading this: heyy

GIRL, HELP!

CONTINUING THE YELLOW JOURNAL'S FAMED ADVICE COLUMN

Q.

DEAR LIL' NELL,

Today, something really weird happened to me. I checked my spam folder, and right there next to the 13 Society scavenger hunt was an email telling me to report to the O-Hill dish return at 0900 sharp. Once I braved my way through the hot smell of rubbery scrambled eggs, a group of dudes wearing surgical masks with eye holes cut into them pulled me aside and challenged me to a riff-off, Pitch Perfect style.

I sputtered out a passable rendition of "It's All Coming Back To Me Now" by Céline Dion, and they added me to a Collab page, insisting that I sign an NDA before I leave. And just now I got a Gcal invite for a "clandestine meeting" on Wednesday at 3pm in a Clem 2 study room. Do you have any idea what in the sweet, sweet Heaven is going on?

Sincerely,
Girl Who's Tapped The Hell Out

Girl, help! **girl help me!**

Help girl!

girl, help!

A.

HEY GIRL,

Based on your incredibly convenient signature, I'm pretty sure you've already sussed out the fact that you were just tapped by one of UVA's legendary secret societies. I'm pretty well-versed in UVA lore, so I can let you know right now that you were unfortunately tapped by a shitty one. I suggest you tear up that NDA and get out of that Collab page pronto.

There are so many fucking secret societies here, so some of them are bound to suck. But I'm gonna give you some pointers. If you get tapped by a secret society and:

- Other members keep trying to sell you Cutco knives
- The only place their logo is painted is the Thornton men's bathroom
- Everyone else in it was on your first-year hall
- You suspect that their secret handshake is plagiarized from that scene in *The Parent Trap*...

....well, good luck, girl.

Oh yeah,
Nell

BREAKING: Everyone Is Staring At You And Also Thinks You Are Weird

OPINION: No, No, I'm Not Playing, So Stop Tagging Me!

Acting EHS Director And Former Prince Of Demons Asmodeus Claims Blood Seeping Out Of Walls In New Cabell Basement Nothing To Worry About

SOS! I've Been Lost in the O-Hill Liminal Space Stairs for Months

Hey, Noah? This Isn't a Headline. You've Been in a Coma for 11 Years and We're Trying to Communicate With You, Please Wake Up.

Move Over, Tooth Fairy: Facing Recession, Children Forced to Sell Teeth to the Teethman

Uh Oh: Our Kickball Just Went Into Old Man Macey's Yard, And I Hear He Eats Kids

To All You Runners Out There: I Am Behind You

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

APPLY!

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

UNIVERSITY RECORDS
HOUSE SHOW
 FEATURING
FEET STREET
THE NOUN VERBERS
CONSTANTLY WET
BASEMENT
FRANKIE AND THE FELONS
 WHERE: A PORCH ON 14TH ST.
 WHEN: LATER THAN OUR NEIGHBORS WOULD LIKE

you will hear kilby girls guaranteed

Rising Roll:
One **FREE** Sandwich (Wet)



Present this coupon and yell "oh journal!" for one FREE Turkey Cheezer sandwich (wet).

Offer valid thru 12/31/1969.



Free Printing on Grounds



Head to the Newcomb Hall first floor information desk and ask to use **College Republicans'** free CIO printing.

Offer valid until the revolution.



Corner Starbucks:
Someone Else's Mobile Order

The choices are limitless! Simply approach the mobile order counter, say "for Sarah?" and snatch the yummiest drink you can find.



Offer valid until you get caught.



Free Kindling for Your Fireplace

Perfect for cozy winter evenings, the University provides free kindling at a variety of distribution boxes around Grounds.

