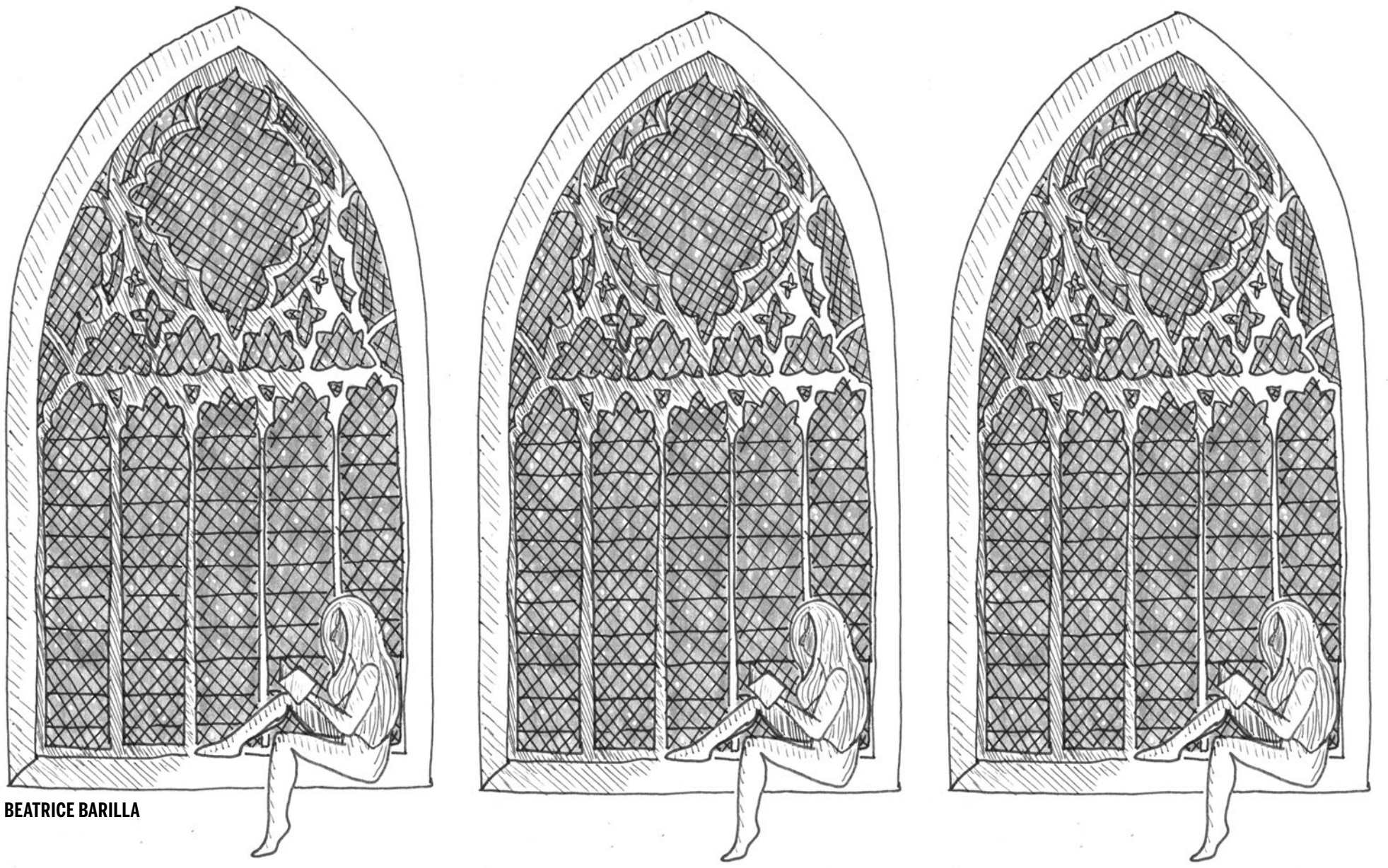
WEEKEND *SNOWSTORM*



BEATRICE BARILLA

PERSONAL ESSAY

Moments in the blizzard

// BY BEATRICE BARILLA

It's a week from March, and we've been hit with another blizzard. From that first glance at my weather app, I could already imagine all the groans at another cold spell. It's hard to picture spring break when spring... isn't here. That goddamn groundhog.

However, to a South Carolinian like me, the snow is a novelty; I treasure every snowfall like it might be my last. I understand that Northeasterners and Midwesterners who see this every year are currently crashing out, but I'm glad that I have a perspective that — while crashing out — allows me to embrace the winter magic. A perspective that allows me to notice that being trapped with others during a blizzard creates moments that we wouldn't otherwise get. And so, as a little morale booster, I'm going to share some moments from the blizzards that brought me joy. Hopefully they make you think of your own. Spring will come, but there's value in every moment, including the cold and inconvenient ones. Stick with me through the sappiness, okay?

Snow art exhibition

I see them everywhere on campus... and on Fizz. We get snowmen, igloos, snow bears and weird, niche snow configurations that nobody understands. You can always count on Yalies to be a little too creative. In the middle of a blizzard shutdown day, my friend and I made the most beautiful snow serpent on Old Campus and ignored our other responsibilities. That's what a snow day is for!

Extreme sledding

I don't know what it is about humans, but we really enjoy throwing ourselves off of high surfaces: rollercoasters, bungee jumping, skydiving... sledding! There's something so nice about hurtling down a hill in the freezing cold before crashing into a snowbank and getting wet ice all over your face: My friends and I call this nature's Botox. In the last snowstorm, I made the pilgrimage to the Divinity School with some friends and spent hours tossing myself down a sledding hill. Afterwards, we made a quick Yealth trip, but isn't that what makes these things so memorable?

An ambush

What shows friendship more than wanting to pelt someone in the face with a snowball? The closer I am to someone, the more this desire arises — can someone get Freud on this? I felt the urge this week and tempted my friend out of his library lock-in to get hit. He was not pleased. I highly recommend making your friends miserable like this — it's a great way to get your anger out and to take a much-needed break after squatting like the Hunchback of Notre Dame over Zoom all day. Sorry if I called you out.

The backflip

Snow seems to be woven into the frat pledge process. I've seen shirtless pledges playing football in the snow, complete snow beer miles, create weird red stains on snowbanks — does anyone know what that is, by the way? And the other night, I spent about an hour watching a helpless pledge try to do a backflip in the snow. Over and over, he hurled himself backwards as my friends and I watched from our dorm window like Darla from "Finding Nemo." We shouted encouragement-adjacent things, and my gymnast friend tried to teach him better form. And to his credit, he almost got there.

And now that I've shared my favorite moments, get your butt into the cold and make some stupid college snow memories before it all becomes gray mush!

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PERSONAL ESSAY

Why I love blizzards at Yale

// BY NINA BODOW

Us Yale students have it great. But during your time as a Yale student, you'll come to realize: There is no stopping. Every day feels like a hustle to catch up on something you're inevitably behind on. Even if you have miraculously gotten ahead on everything, a shadow of unproductive doom looms over you wherever you go. You cannot escape the pressure to keep producing. It's go, go, go or failure, surely.

Our friend Yubble — for those of you unfamiliar, let me introduce you to the Yale bubble, aka Yubble, which will indubitably conquer your sense of reality and take over your conceptions of normal — is responsible for such a mindset. Yubble creates an illusion that if you're not continuing to get ahead, then you're falling behind. Yubble tells you that normal is nonstop. But the human condition is not built for perpetual motion.

Now, don't get me wrong: I adore Yubble. As is the case with many of my peers, I am extremely goal-oriented. I find fulfillment and excitement in continuously attacking tasks and goals. But, although I find this sentence hard to admit — Yubble, look what you've done to my mentality — I need a break sometimes. And I find blizzards on campus, while still physically at Yale, to be an escape.

Sundays are known as a reset day. Recalibrate, reorganize, get ready to do it all again. But rarely — if ever — do I get to the end of a Sunday feeling 100 percent ready to attack the week ahead. Enter Blizzard. Blizzard is here to give you another Sunday.

Yubble's clock breaks during snow storms at Yale. Since we've had two of them in a month I feel prepared to speak on the matter. It's not that time stops when campus is shrouded by flurries of beautiful white snow. Nah. None of that. This is no winter wonderland. You still have shit to do — piles of it, I'm sure. But when taken by storm, the gears of Yubble's ticker slow down a bit. Urgency loses a bit of its authority. You get redemption from Sunday's fake "restful reset" that really was just anxiety in the form of procrastination and complaints.

There are aspects of the storm that are not so good. For starters, I am cold. I much prefer warm weather. I am also not particularly a fan of the shoebox prepacked lunches they served when the dining halls were unable to open. And the following days, when the snow remains everywhere you look but you still have to function regularly, those suck. But we're just talking day-of-the-storm right now.

I'm sure part of my love for storms here has been partial luck — I know some friends who have had four back-to-back uncancelled lectures on snow days, and I doubt their experience felt much like a Yubble escape. But regardless of how much online class you have, you can exist wherever and however you want on a snow day. You get cozy and trudge across campus to see loved ones but only loved ones because you don't have to be anywhere except for where you want to be. When I say loved one, it's important to note this could come in the form of a coffee or GHeav sandwich. I have trudged across campus for exactly those things mid-storm.

It's not often the Yubble clock breaks, so take advantage. Enjoy getting taken by storm.

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WEEKEND RECOMMENDS:

STAYING INSIDE IF YOU CAN SEE YOUR SHADOW