



**VOL: XIX**

**Issue 7**

# If the virus had a pussy I'd fuck it.

Jesus Christ what a fucking way to write an editor's box. Turning 21, stuck inside, drunk at noon. Can't complain though, I'm not coughing (unlike some of you). The only breaches of quarantine for me have been to wander off to the liquor store, the pussy store, and the cocaine store but hey, pobody's nerfect. I truly will miss handing the paper to you unwilling sons of bitches this month but I hope that the digital issue is finding you well. We truly have pushed this release date further and further into the future. I hope you all understand it's largely due to my own grappling with the concept of digitizing a physical paper, and battles with the (near and dear to our hearts but also racist and incredibly problematic as well as non functioning for two-four years depending on who you talk to) UCSD Koala regarding ownership of a URL. But here we are, on our website, happily looking away as SDSU crumbles into the ages of a pandemic. We're all

expecting refunds by the way!!! We're directly speaking to you SDSU Admin (de la Torre we are quite literally begging, please use some of your mansion money to help the students), if we wanted to attend online school we could have signed up for DeVry and saved a cool 10 stacks a year—Forget housing. We bring you the Koala now in some effort to cheer you up. Keep on drinking, smoking, and jacking off, because frankly that's all we have to hang on to these days. If you're reading the Koala, be it from email, instagram or twitter we love you, and we thank you for your support in this trying time. All we can do is bring some tastelessness to your socially distanced lives and here we are doing just that. I miss every single one of you, even the haters- especially the hater. You gave me something to talk about at Koala meetings. Stay inside everyone, for now, it's Slick signing off

-Slick

## Breaking Quarantine 4 Booze

Slick and Big A\$\$ Bird

## Coked out on Zoom

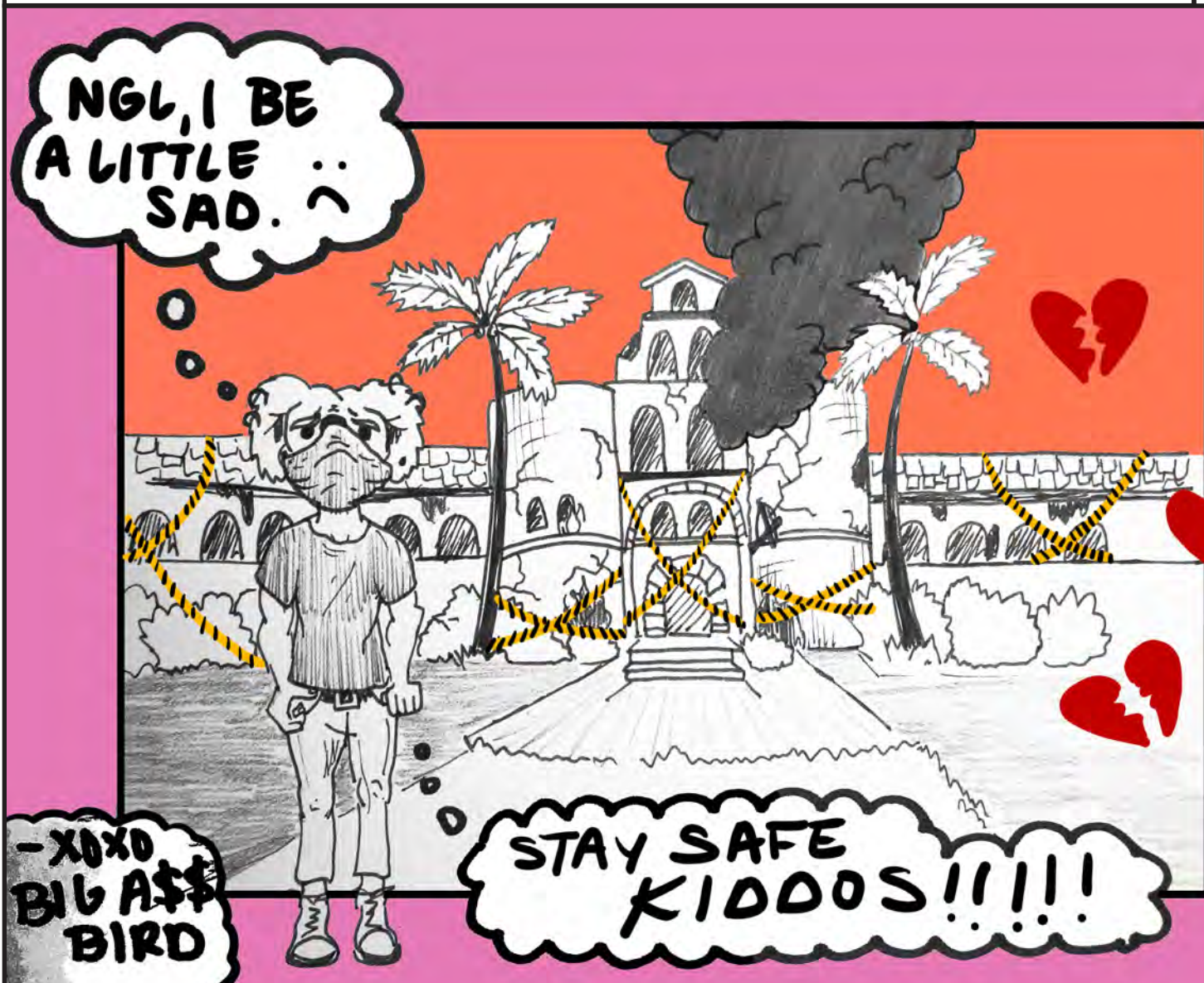
brotendo64, Tiny Rock, Black Science Man, soy kombucha latte, Masturbation Enthusiast, Beef, TexasToast, Myle High, Boyshark, Struggle Bus, Hentai, geyser permanente, The Juice, Blackout Brady, Marmite, Mothman's Slampiece, Watersportz,

## Throwing Parties of 10 or More People

Boobs Radley, Nickelodeon, Based Sticker God, Special Gay, No One's Bitch, Lyttle Dybbuk, Leprecunt, Flour Boy, Pissboi, Handy Sandberg, Squirms McKenzie, Baphomet's Better Half, Chop Chop Revolution, No Capes, Fleetwood Macdonalds, evel knieval, Coconut Head, John Garfield, GoldiCocks, Mr. Has Krabs, Tom and, Veronica Mars, Aynal Rand, AssMR, #1, Clifford the BIG, Gravity Falls, Buster Hymen, Billy Slays, Manson Family Vacation

## Actively Spreading the Virus

Pumpkin Spice Ugg Boot, social anxiety, Comrade Illuminati, Thing 2, New Erik, Vladimir Puffin, Quote the Raven, Chicken Casadilla, Jezza Corbyn, Just a Bottle of Water, EthosPathos4Lokos, Tsar Keef Keef, Four Loko, La Migra, Fat Patricia, hillbillyinablimp, MILFs for Sale, Beamfish, Czech Urself, Maud'dib, Rompal2012, SJM, Kush McTush, Gingerbread Man, Esq., DominAsian, Token, Benedick CumHerSnatch, may they all rot in hell



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 Contact us at  
 the.koala.newspaper  
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# THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



### Top Five Reasons to Sue SDSU

1. I pay for parking and there's no parking.
2. No strong enough turtles.
3. I got trapped in the library elevator.
4. A cop ran me over.
5. They're onto us.

### Top Five Speakers SDSU Should Have on Campus

1. Milo Yianopolis.
2. Aquaman.
3. A single Rat.
4. A Married Rat.
5. A Divorced Rat.
6. Eminem.

### Top Five Things to do Instead of Having Premarital Sex

1. Sin Tastefully.

### Bottom Five Repercussions of Day Drinking

1. Spending your entire day sleeping.
2. The cat stealing your box of saltines and you're too fucked yo to snatch them back from him the poops.
3. Trying hard not to throw up in a CVS while juggling pedialyte and saltines.
4. Having to wake up from your stupor at 7:30pm and get to drinking all over again.
5. 10/10 your titty popped out of your bikini top at the dayger.

### Bottom 5 Reasons You've Broken Quarantine

1. Milk.
2. Blacked out and woke up outside in the real world.
3. I went to Starbucks to feel something.
4. I got bored jacking off at home and wanted to do it in public.
5. My neighbors had a party,,,,,, i could not resist the bp table.

### Top Five Rascals

1. Anybody who takes a koala from me.
2. Anyone who doesn't take a koala from me.
3. Mr. Bean.
4. That slick ass little fuck alfalfa.
5. Luigi, what a rascal!!!

### Top Five Methods of Procuring Soup

1. I make soup in my toilet after every night of excessive drinking.
2. Volunteer at a soup kitchen, then steal all the soup heist style.
3. This is completely not top 5 related but once I got dared to bite into a bath bomb at the mall and ngl, it was shockingly good. Flavor was on point and the fizzy in my mouth really made it all worth it.
4. Did you pay for it first.
5. No I took a bite out of it and put it right back on the shelf.
6. Cum in a bowl.

### Top Five Sleep Paralysis Demons

1. The Knob, and He who slob upon it.
2. The Healthy Sleep Demon who doesn't ever show up and let's me rest well.
3. Danny Devito snorting fat rails of white lightning off my immobile, cardboard skin.
4. Bob Saget giving me Full House life advice except he's talking out of his eyes.
5. Ellen Dengerous.
6. Can someone come up with a top/bot 5 title for this fishing out the pearl onions from the pea salad at the buffet because yummy eyeball.

### Top 5 Quarantine Activities

1. Drink yerbs until you blackout.
2. Stick-n-poke a tattoo of Bernie on ur right ass cheek.
3. Send ur coke dealer a love letter.
4. NOT PLAY ANIMAL CROSSING, PLAY SIMS LIKE A GROWN ASS ADULT.
5. Seriousuly wash ur hands u grubby fools.
6. Tastefully shave ur head.

### Top 5 foods that will make you feel stronger than god himself

1. Goat milk.
2. Goat cum.
3. Expired buzzball,,,,, make go fast.
4. Eminem's early discography.
5. A hearty hawaiian breakfast.

### Top 5 worst messages to send to that Tinder girl who clearly super liked you on accident

1. Baby I got a knife and a dick and one of em's going in ya.
2. Damn are you a hot parked car? Because I'm tryna put a baby in you.
3. The difference between me and my couch? My couch pulls out.
4. Damn girl, are you a bowl of soup? Because I'm tryna dunk my dick in you.

### Top Five Ways to Dispose Your Old Koala

1. Use it as a swaddle for your children.
2. Smother the swaddled child with a koala.
3. Wrap ur willy.
4. Eat them.

### Top Five Koala Secrets

1. We have a fight night.
2. We don't have a fight night.
3. None of our material is topical because everything is prewritten years in advance.
4. Every meeting all the alcohol we buy goes to the giant rat who grants us protection from SDSU.
5. We have a designated member in each frat. Good luck finding your mole.

### Top Five Quarantine Outfits

1. My low cost hazmat suit made from plastic bags.
2. They can't tell it's body paint on zoom.
3. A towel because you're too lazy to dress after your shower so you just wear your towel until your next shower.

# How to make weed butter

*Handie Sandberg*

It's that time of year where you want to get high on your own supply and you're finally not living with mommy and daddy anymore. If you are anything like me, you occasionally want to just eat your weed because smoking it can get boring from time to time. Luckily, there is not a better time to be alive than now to make safe, easy, and legal weed butter at home.

The big step here is the versatility of this butter. If you can put butter on it, you can get high on it. Now, if you have never had weed butter, it's one hell of a fucking ride. I remember sitting on my friend's dorm floor and eating a straight half-ounce of weed butter. Let me tell you, I didn't get off that floor, or down those stairs, or up those stairs, or in my bed, or make that cup of noodles, or play GTA V, or remember what this sentence was going to say. It was amazing, but devilishly strong. So, caution to anyone that has light experience with edibles because this is the base for most edibles you buy in stores.

The first step is to acquire about half an ounce (fifteen grams) of weed. Now here is the best part: it doesn't have to be top quality seaside grown weed from Humboldt or Santa Cruz county. This can be some low tier dry-ass shitty bud. The reason why is that we aren't smoking this. Still, better weed can mean a stronger high, so spending the extra green for your green can be worth it. We are going to do something called decarboxylating. All that means is that we are baking the weed to make the THC activate. What you need to do for this is break your bud up, throw it on a baking sheet, and bake it in the oven at 240 F for 40 minutes. Best part is: you can get baked while it gets baked. Now that the weed is all decarboxylated it's time to make weed butter. It's one of those amazing things you never knew you needed in your life. Get a pound of butter, that weed you baked, and a 12oz mason jar. Grind up your weed and melt the butter, and combine both into the jar. Now get a pot of water to a boil and submerge the (lidded!) jar in the water so it completely covers the jar. Let it simmer for 3 or 4 hours, and then get a cheesecloth and strain. Once strained, refrigerate. That's it. So fucking easy I'm sure you can teach a monkey to do it and have Joe Rogan talk about how this is the next step in evolution. This fucking butter can be used for fucking anything. Toast? Weed toast. Pasta? Weed pasta. Just stress eating butter? Basting a porterhouse? Best fucking porterhouse you will ever have. Well now it's weed butter, so you will feel better afterwards. And for all the vegans: just do this with coconut oil. This is all about THC connecting to fat. You'll just get canna-oil and it's just as versatile.

Full ingredient list:

Half an ounce of weed (15 grams)

A pound of butter (salted or unsalted) or a pound of coconut oil

Boiling water (if you can't do this, drop out of college)

Materials needed:

baking sheet

12 oz mason jar

pot

Oh shit, wait, fuck oh shit, did I have a paper due? Fuck, shit, well at least I got all this weed....wait I ate all of it. Fuck, but a good fuck? Fuuuuccckkk.



Art by Sinus Baby

## Blame It On The Mold

*Mothman's Slampiece*

Have you been absolutely insufferable lately? Just an unmitigated tool that has your roommates looking for a large rock to Lord of the Flies your sloppy, inconsiderate self?

If so, boy have I got a solution for you:

Blame it on the mold.

Headaches, irritability, forgetting to flush when you use the communal bathroom; all things that could be side effects of the mold that's growing in your room.

Too many loud nights with a hook up? Tell your roommates those sounds were just you writhing in restless, painful sleep as it takes hold of your respiratory system!

Why did you eat their food? You didn't! The mold got to it and you were just being a decent person and protecting them from what you have already succumbed to!

Don't have mold? Doesn't matter!

Tell your roommates that your room is toxic and it would be dangerous to go in to check, or to ask you to do any of your chores for fear of passing out.

Now, after a while, they might contact your landlord to help rid the house of this penicillin pest.

Not to worry! Just tell your landlord that you'll take care of it! "Even though it was your negligence and lack of insulation that developed this fast-growing nightmare; no need to spend an exorbitant amount of money on a mold man, Carol, I can clean it up!" And then you get her to send you a couple bottles of mold killer (for resale or use at another time).

You can repeat this process a few times over the months before your roommates catch on or your landlord decides to tent the place. The real trouble is finding mold to put in your room for when the jig is finally up. I recommend leaving a damp towel in your closet on top of your birks.

So there ya go! Anytime you feel entitled to being a raging pain, just fake some dry eyes, a dry cough, difficulty breathing, and blame it on the mold (just be careful that they don't mistake the symptoms for corona and get you a one-way ticket to the hospital).

# A+ Review

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Acctg 202	Chem 201	MIS 301
Acctg 326	Econ 101	Math 120
BA 323	Econ 102	Math 150
BA 360	Fin 321	Phys 180A
BA 370	Fin 325	Phys 180B
Chem 100	Fin 327	Stat 119
	Fin 329	

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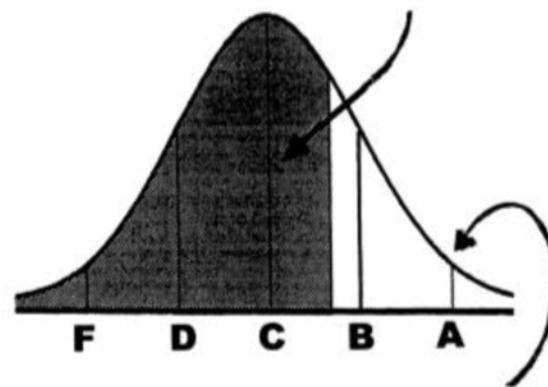
For more information go to  
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**SDSU Exam Prep Spring 2020**

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

## How to grow dank Nugs

*WatersportZ*

In honor of our 4/20 issue, ya boi is going to be your Obi-Wan for all things weed cultivation! This process is based on my three seasons of growing experience, the research I have done on the subject, and the teachings of my father, an old hippie who has been growing since the 70s. Your first time growing, you will make many mistakes; however, the online weed community has answers to almost every problem. Do your own research and modify this process wherever you see fit.

Have fun and get fucked.



*My backyard, Sep. 16, 2019*

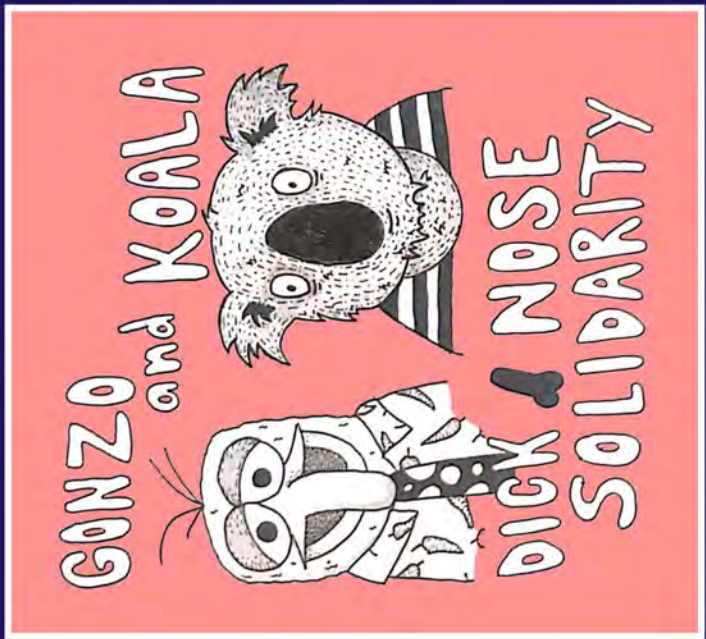
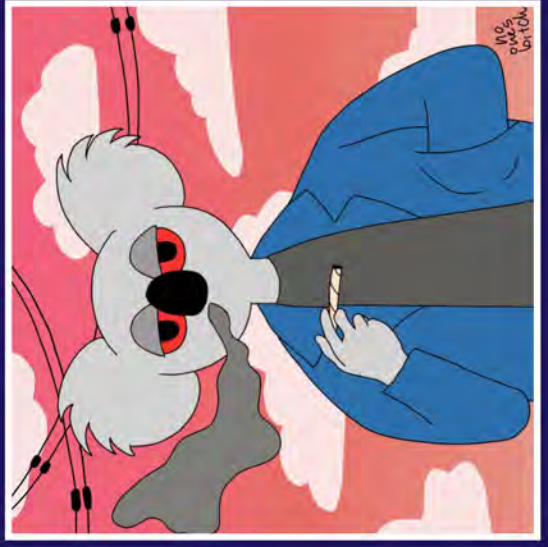
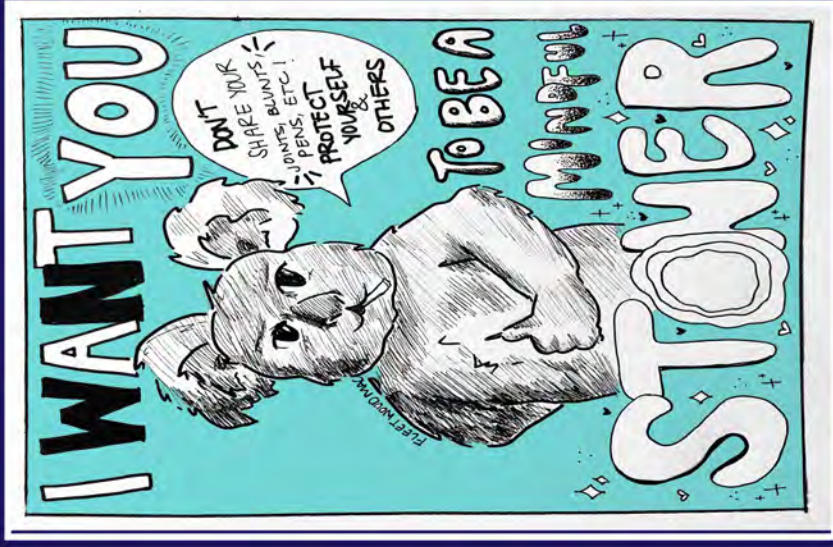
Photo by WatersportZ

**Part 1: Germination and Planting**  
The first step in growing some killer weed is correctly germinating your seeds. Remember to start with feminized seeds and about twice as many seeds as the number of plants you eventually want. Start germinating in late March by placing damp paper towels in the bottom of a tupperware container, placing seeds about 1.5 inches apart, and placing dry paper towels on top of them. Close the lid, leave somewhere warm, and check in every day to see if your seeds have cracked. They are ready when their tail is about an inch long. Select the

seeds that seem to be growing most aggressively, as this aggression will persist through the plant's entire life. Punch holes in the bottom of a red solo cup and fill with dirt, pushing a two inch deep hole in the soil. Place your seed in the hole with the tail facing upwards, place the cup in a window, and water every few days until your plant is a foot tall.  
**Part 2: Vegetative growth**  
Find some good ass dirt and dig a party cup sized hole. Take your young marijuana plant out of the cup and place her in said hole, giving her some water. Begin fertilizing your plants about every three

weeks with nitrogenous fertilizer, my favorites being urine or nitrogenous guano. Let the top two inches of soil become dry before giving your plants a deep watering. Your soil should smell dank and earthy, and if the tips of your plants become crispy, you are overfertilizing. Marijuana plants enjoy love and listening to music, so provide lots of both. Continue this process for the entire vegetative growth state. As your plant gets bigger, you should trim off lower leaves which are not receiving as much sunlight as others higher up on the plant. To maximize your yield, train and top your plants (Google how).

**Part 3: Flowering**  
You know your plants have begun flowering when you see white hairs growing at the ends of branches, and they begin to smell like weed. At this point, switch to flowering fertilizer, such as Fox Farms Big Bloom or phosphorus-rich guano, keeping your normal watering routine. Carefully observe the white hairs growing from your quickly forming buds, and stop fertilizing when these start to become darker, giving the plant an increased amount of water to flush fertilizers from the buds. When these hairs become amber or orange, it is time to harvest your weed.  
**Part 4: The Harvest**  
Depending on how large your plant gets, you may want a friend or five to help you trim. Cut off large chunks of your plant and begin removing your buds from larger stems. Sit down in a nice chair, roll a joint, crack a beer, play some tunes, and get ready to spend way too many hours trimming tiny leaves off nugs. Once you have removed as many green leaves as you can with your trimming scissors, dry your weed and jar it up. You are finally ready to get high on your own supply.



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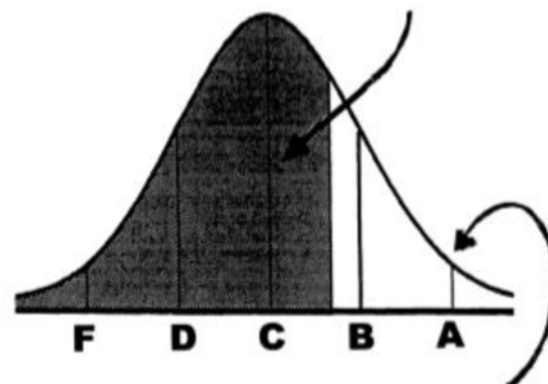
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## The one with the disease

*Buster Hymen*

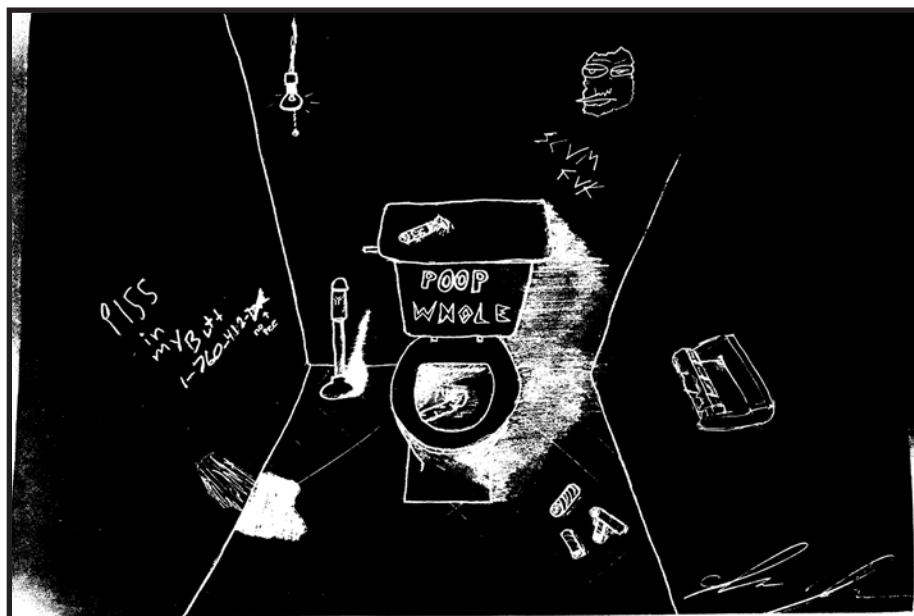
Dear SDSU,

There is a slight possibility that I have coronavirus and have single-handedly brought the pandemic to SDSU. As a warning, if you have class with me, you're infected. If you grabbed a Koala from me last month, you're infected. If I dicked you down in the basement of PSFA, guess what! YOU'RE INFECTED.

During the third day of my diseased stupor, I managed to drag myself to take an exam before going to Calpulli. While at Calpulli, I was given a paper mask, a squirt of antibacterial jizz and a command to wait with the other diseased rodents. I sat in the hot, overcrowded waiting room for TWO HOURS before I saw a nurse. She stuck a wooden popsicle stick down my throat (didn't know they still did that) and proceeded to lodge a large splinter in my uvula! After I dislodged that sucker and vomited into the nearest trash can, she gave me a paper on the common cold. Of course I already knew I had a cold! My dumbass just wanted a confirmation test for COVID-19. Filled with spite, I chugged a bucket of Corona beer (not to be mistaken with the virus, idiots), and stumbled over to GMCS where I licked EVERY doorknob. Prepare yourself for the pandemic. If I'm going down, I'm taking everyone with me.

Love and slob on the knob to all,

Buster Hymen





Texas Toast

## I'm in love with my Oral Comm instructor

*John MulBangme*

Alright, here's the deal, bitches: no one at this godforsaken school will ever enjoy giving a speech for a communication GE credit. If you do, you're either a shit-mouthed liar or a cargo-short wearing, Honors College scooter-rider with an unearthly B.O. stench who plays Minecraft so much in the common area no one can tell if it's for the meme anymore. But let me tell you something, reader. Absolutely nothing turns me on more—nothing gets this rat more hot and bothered, more absolutely lascivious, than giving an Oral Communication speech. Why? It's definitely not my primal attraction to meaningful hand gestures and logical fallacies that gets me as toey as a Roman sandal; it's the ephemeral, twenty-something grad student in the back of the room.

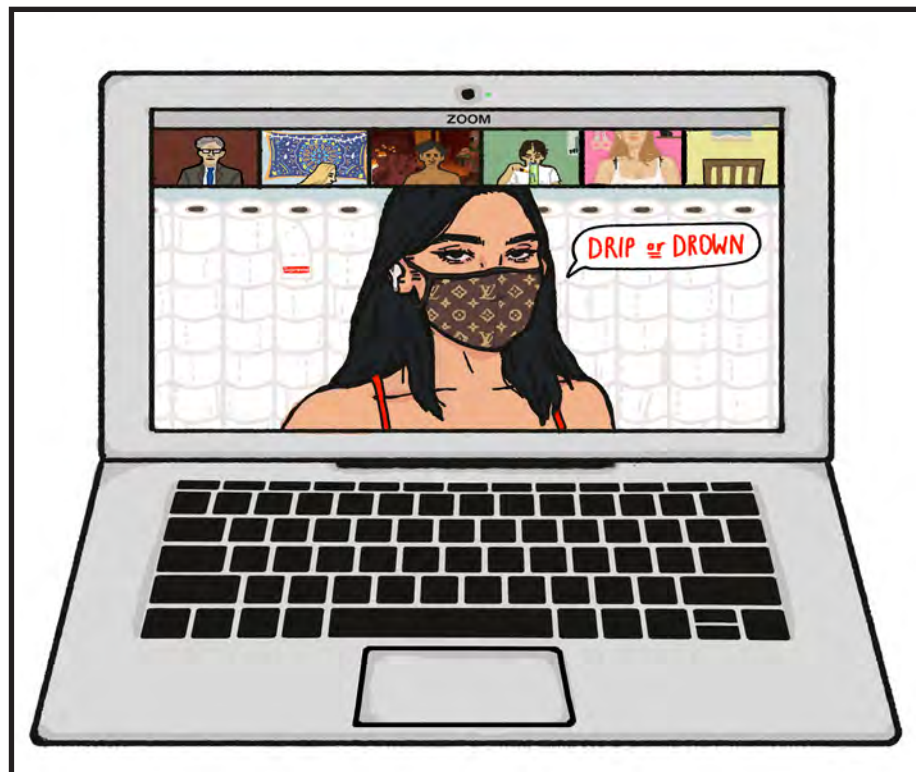
That's right, folks, I'm in love with my Oral Comm small-section instructor. Hey, it isn't my fault that the School of Communication unleashed a graduate teaching-assistant armada of perfect 10's to teach a bunch of freshmen about confidence in public speaking. Don't lie to yourself and say that you haven't had a Stockholm-syndrome attraction to that hot slice teaching you how to speak at a Trump rally or whatever the fuck that waste of time class is supposed to be about (and for the people who opted to take Chicana or Africana studies for your Oral Comm cred, stop reading now, we all know that most of you are just virtue signaling.)

I can picture it all now. I show up bright and early at 8 AM with bags under my eyes and a shitty Yachak yerba mate in hand. I'm running on 2 hours of sleep, which is pretty good considering I started preparing for this goddamn speech at about 2 AM, conservatively speaking. The first thing I see when I walk in that dull, beige hellscape is that gorgeous grad student standing at her computer trying to get that gosh-darn projector to work. She has the appeal of a sexy librarian or the chick from the Bee Movie that fell in love with a bee or whatever (Does anyone talk about that anymore? She wanted to fuck a bee. Like, a literal fucking bug. This chick was literally promiscuous over a goddamn insect). Anyways, I've been waiting for weeks to bust out my informational speech on gamer culture, and now is finally the time to blow my busty intellectual princess away with my nuanced vocal inflection and the prominent 4-and-a-half inch pecker under my khakis. After 6 glorious minutes of awkward pacing and juggling PowerPoint slides, I take a seat in my grand throne, which is really just some strange plastic wheely-chair with a desk that's barely big enough to hold a notebook and some wack fucking cupholder thing underneath the seat (what crackhead designed this shit?). And there it is, my glorious prize; a rubric marked 41/50 with a personal note, just for me, that says "Well done, very entertaining :)"

And for those of you thinking to yourself, "What about Master Rapp?????" First of all, knock that ass-kissing shit off, he repeats that joke to every lecture he ever has, you're not special. And second of all, if that Jerry Seinfeld/Cindy-Lou-Who lookin ass wants a piece of these hot cakes, he can watch from the couch, because that gorgeous grad school goddess is all mine.

## Zoom Boys never sleep

*Phlower Power*



Art by Sinus Baby

It was a chilly Thursday morning, roughly 10 am, when I was sitting in the dorm lobby in my stained adidas track pants and T-shirt from an ex-boyfriend minding my own business in my new zoom class. Was it the way my hair was barely brushed? Or the fact that I was slouched on a couch showing my double chin? With all these promising factors you slid in. PING. I look, a private chat with you had just popped up. A Private chat? I didn't know that was possible in zoom, or maybe you made it possible. A simple, "Good Morning". Your word choice, your simplicity, this early in the morning just for me? I looked up to the gleaming square where your face was. Your bulky headphones that ruffled your waves that matched your last-nights-hookup shirt. I knew it was from you. There's no rest for the fuckboys of SDSU. I answer. "Good morning :)". Was the smiley face too much? Of course it was, looking back now I realize that, but it was too late. PING. "WYD". I obviously was taking notes and you could see that, but because I was lured into your trap I replied, "just focusing like you should be lol". I saw you read it, I saw you laugh, I saw how you snapped another girl. That should have been the end. You replied, "let's study together then, maybe you can help me focus?" let's analyze this sentence: take the first part, "Let's study together then". What we have here is the classic, invite-you-over-could-turn-

sexual-but-I-have-no-intention-of-studying type of text. We all have been there ladies, however this was a thursday morning where there's no point to brushing my teeth because no one on zoom can smell my breath. Next we dissect the second part: "maybe you can help me focus". Just as sexual as the first part, probably even more so. I say, "lol I can't, I have to work." Good solid response with no leading on and no opportunity to think sexually. PING. You send your full ass phone number. "I respond better there babe." An amazing twist to my morning haze. Am I scared to go back? Of course, but zoom boys never sleep and he'll text me waiting..lurking in the chat for my name to show up in a box so he can make his move and strike like the horny viper he is.



# Whore-o-scopes

## The signs as Tiger King Personalities

### Rat Junior

**Aries- Doc Antle-** You're a crazy manipulative fuck, and you love it. Stop feeding your own ego, you aren't hot enough to act the way you do.

**Taurus- Travis-** Hey baby its gonna be okay! I know you get scared of change but there's probably a toxic situation in your life you should be pulling yourself out of.

**Gemini- Carol Baskin-**We know about the skeletons in your closet, you truly are THAT bitch.

**Cancer- Howard-** You're absolute simp.

**Leo-Joe Exotic-** san Don't get me wrong, you're an icon. But maybe you should be honest with yourself about your fashion choices and some lies you've told. Start drafting some apology letters, buckaroo.

**Virgo-Ann McQueen-** You are dependble and sane, you've got tea on everyone baby, speak up and seek some justice.

**Libra-John Finlay-** You are too good and too likable, stop letting people walk over you.

**Scorpio-Jeff Lowe-** You are an absolute fuck, stay away from me.

**Sagittarius-Wives of Doc Antle-** Queen! You bring the party everywhere you go. Your ass is bangin and I'm willing to bet you give the best sloppy toppy.

**Capricorn-Joshua Dial-** You've seen some shit in life, which has ultimately lead you to not trust authority. Fuck the feds.

**Aquarius-Mario Tabraue-** In any situation you are the chilliest one in the room with the best stories to tell, you weird ass motherfucker.

**Pisces- Rick Kirkham-** Please, for the love of god, have a cigarette and try to shake off some of the trauma you've experienced through the years.

# THE FRATOALA

## Manson Family Vacation

So the other day I overheard a bitter bunch of frat boys talking about the Koala, and one absolute genius of a bleached blonde baddie suggested creating a rival newspaper. With the target audience of their own tiny dicks in mind, the boys gushed over the concept. As a writer for The Koala and a supporter of all creative endeavors, I decided to help get the ball rolling with this article, cause we all know the fratties aren't too good at shit that takes creativity and originality. So first of all, a name. After about one second of contemplation I landed on "The Fratoala," (pronounced frat-wall-uh) because who gives a fuck? It's not that clever, just their type. The boys are gonna love this pathetic, overt attempt at a play on words. Moving forward, The Fratoala will definitely have some solid articles; mostly ones revolving around ranking and rating different shit, cause that's all they know how to do. Yeah, of course they'll rank the sororities, but let's dig a little deeper. How about an article on their favorite slurs? White supremacy groups? Absolute ways to OWN a woman who speaks her mind? (with "did I ask?" ranking #1)... The possibilities are endless. Maybe in an attempt to get a little racy, they'll add a section for Adela De La Torre erotic fanfiction. Some ideas that come to my mind are "Adela De La Torre Bought Me!" or "My Step-sister Adela." **BONUS:** In return for getting the entire SDSU student body to lust after her, she'll definitely fund the paper. And what about the art? Well they've got countless shitty doodles of things such as (but not limited to) the supreme logo but with Greek letters, dicks, the Tyler the Creator GOLF design, and every outdated meme from 2017 to choose from. Prime shit. So... there you go. Hopefully all you frat bitches out there reading this right now are inspired. I've given you this, and now it's on you to run with it. Best of luck to the Fratoala, and remember, none of us here at the Koala have any faith in you.

# DRUNKENLY EDUCATED

**Drunkenly Educated is a comedy science podcast hosted by drunk SDSU grad students dedicated to answering your science questions.**

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# KOALA BATHROOM\_S

What could be more important than seeing our bathrooms?



Want a bathroom reviewed? Think we're wrong and want to send us death threats? Hit us up at [the.koala.newspaper@gmail.com](mailto:the.koala.newspaper@gmail.com) and talk shit to us.

## Swine and Dine

*Aynal Rand*

At about 2 in the PM, I awoke and gazed upon the absolute beater I took home the night previous. I drank enough to kill several farm animals last night (What farm animals you ask? Idk it's a fucking idiom), but I thought drunk me had standards at least a little better than... THIS. She was the most horrendous thing I ever laid eyes upon, as I pulled the covers off her a stench so indescribably bad wafted into my unsuspecting nose. Imagine you collected air from several gas station bathrooms and concentrated it in an aerosol can. Through bloodshot eyes I analyzed her features, her skin was leathery like an old football and studded with coarse, scraggly hairs, her body so fat and plump, her legs stumpy and hobbit-esque. My God, her feet! They were hardly feet at all, why, they were hoofs! It must've been a birth defect or something. She was covered in mud, or at least I hope it was mud. Nothing would surprise me at this point, not to mention this isn't the first time my sheets have been doused in an unknown brown specimen. She even had this strange corkscrew flap of skin protruding just over her stinky butt. It resembled a tail. Her face was even worse, a broad upturned nose and big floppy ears, it was revolting. Now, folks, let me tell you, I've slammed plenty of stinkers in my day, but none this nauseating, this has to be rock-bottom. I couldn't bare to look upon her any longer. I poised my index finger and firmly flicked her forehead. She jumped awake, made some sort of squealing noise at me, and looked at me with dull, stupid eyes. "Hit the bricks, sweetheart." I expected her to leave, but all I got in return was a blank stare. "Hey! You gotta get outta here." Still nothing. Maybe being nice is the way to go, "What's your name, baby?", I asked. "Oink" she said, "Okay, Oink, I need to start getting ready for classes, that means you should leave." "Oink" "Do you speak English?" "Oink". I could tell she was patronizing me at this point. I looked around my room for her clothes, but to no avail, she must have not been wearing anything when I brought her here. Jesus, whatever happened to modesty? I began leading her to the door, and as if I couldn't be anymore baffled, she starts walking on all fours like some sort of animal, almost like, idk... a dog or something. It was pretty kinky though ngl, and in that moment of weakness I nearly considered going for round two with her, but self-control prevailed, and I simply walked Oink outside, all the while she kept saying "Oink" and snorting at me in disdain. I led her to the curb, assumed she knew her way home, and said my farewells. Goodbye, Oink.

## THE PERSONALS MISSED CONNECTIONS

AGAIN, to the platform wearing mo-hawk librarian worker pls fuck me

S/O to the thirst trap in my calc 2 class w the green water bottle. Them leggings look fine on you. HMU

To the guy in bio 204 with dark hair and rings you look like Danny Phantom and you could bend me over a table any day

Jack I literally want you to shove your midget arms in my asshole

Coby in theta chi, I want you to fuck me sideways and upside down on the roof of theta chi. Maybe we could add to the cum couch?

Kayla has some of the nicest, juiciest titties I've ever seen. I'd give up a kidney to be able to suck on them

To the boy with the thigh tats that always goes to the arc and uses the rowing machine pls fuck me in the sauna

To the cute boy with a nose ring that works at the chappy bcb, I want you in every hole.

To the male cashier with curly brown hair at Lolita's, I would personally like you to pin me against a while and f\*ck me at least 4 times in a row.

To the skater guy at Poke with quite literally the fattest ass I've ever seen on a man, wow you left me and my friend speechless mid conversation; thank you for your service, thickness. That shit was a fucking shelf.

To the queen RA in zura, with the light pink hair, I will walk a mile across hot coals just to see what your feet would taste like

jake from the far back building of VA-ur hella cute, rearrange my guts? xoxo

To Eric on the 5th floor of Zura, u can suck these titties anyday



# THE PERSONALS



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riley in zura floor 6 i hope you know i spent like an hour on the floor staring at the ceiling thinking of how to talk to you

STEM dudes flirt by sitting across the aisle from you in ENS-280. like just blink twice if u wanna fuck man

To Aiden who was yelling outside the SAE house at 3am about the bitch that hurt you, I live on first floor montage if you need to talk

i am so god damn sick of working at red rob-in sorry this isnt even related to this school but i just need somewhere to vent

For a while I've been wanting to strip I even told my mom and she was okay with it I just don't know where or how to start can anyone help me out???

I don't care what anyone says Rapp gives me butterflies in my coochie and that's that

to the guys who still walk around with a speaker in their backpacks blasting music, this isn't fucking high school anymore. grow up you fucking imbeciles

making eye contact with the girl who hands me the koala every month is the only lesbi-an interaction i have on this campus

Whatever shithead on floor two who keeps puking in the sinks either 1) go to the toilet behind you or 2) choose one sink to puke in. There's only one sink left that I can comfortably brush my teeth in.

To that kid with the bluuuz license plate. Stop setting off alarms in the fucking parking lot, we all know ur compensating

to the cocksucker in my tacuba suite who put a fucking burrito in the microwave for 40 minutes and forgot it was there, the alarm went off at 3AM and ruined my gf and I spooning. Fuck you

Why the FUCK are there so many goddamn tours on this campus. Like legit middle schoolers. Fully watched 5 pre-pubescent boys have a LARP battle on the ENS field last week

storm hall please fucking fix the locks on the girls bathroom stalls, I don't need some bitch walking in on me every time I go to take a juul shit

it takes one cold hearted mothafucka to leave an empty toilet paper roll in the bathroom. you really got me walking around with dingleberries

to the girl on chappy floor three who consistently shits and doesn't flush in the second stall, fuck you. that's my favorite stall.

Last weekend I somehow let a guy finger me with a red crayon and after we were done he said he was going to take a test with it... Did you?!

Abby, I'm sorry I got soft in your mouth

John I'm sorry I still don't know how to spell your last name eventhough you are my besy friend.

Does anybody else jack off as soon as their roommate leaves to go brush their teeth?

To the dude from Shakespeare class who's always interrupting the professor, please fucking stop thanks.

soft in your mouth

John I'm sorry I still don't know how to spell your last name eventhough you are my besy friend.

Does anybody else jack off as soon as their roommate leaves to go brush their teeth?

To the guy that dropped grapes at Chappy, you're an asshole for not picking them up

I just wanted to say that i, too, found shitted in boxers in one of the UTK bathrooms. je-sus fuck, how many people are leaving their shit behind?

Bobby the flasher in the ally by Aztec and Paseo, your dick is small

Aztec corner is full of mold and even the maintenance people are telling us not to report it. That's the tea. Paying 1600 to get mold lungs baby

Dykes: we need to stop being useless and posting anonymous personals to each other and start a damn SDSU dyke group chat. who's in?

Whoever in last month's issue said Prof Saccarelli makes them wet every time he praises them, u good? If u need someone to talk to I'm here

epic wing's breadsticks are better than dick will ever be

i live in one of the off campus dorm style complexes and the assigned roommate i've been given literally will not speak to me in ANY way i introduced myself and i still dont have her name. it's been like a week. can someone please come pick me the fuck up i'm concerned

To the motherly woman that works at Olive Oil, you're a godsend and we love you so much thank you for calling us "babe" and "sweetie" we need that maternal figure in our life

Shoutout to Mitchell for fucking the tired out of me basically every morning, I am late to work every time, but hot DAMN you're worth every second

rapp made eye contact with me in comm and i cummed my pants a little

im not gonna say any names but, trust me, your roommates really DO NOT want to hear your music. put in some god damn headphones please im fucking begging you

It's a rainy week and my nips are so hard you could snowboard off em

To the man who keeps beating me in smash, face me in my bed you coward

Hey Ethan everyone knows you fucked a Mexican stripper, hows the clap feel?

I still think Rapp is so hot.. u bitches can't stop me

Fuck whoever said Rapp looks like he is from Whoville, that man is a SEXY GOD who could fuck me any day ;)

Rap really do have that sexy daddy vibe to him, he can be my daddy

men of sdsu: stop riding scooters. its not cute, learn how to ride a skateboard or walk like the pussy you are

Why the fuck are there so many personals about rapp, R freshman okAY?????????

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<http://bit.ly/2xaS7NZ>

100% anonymous, 100% gucci