

THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA



VOLUME XXII
ISSUE 3

CN

Take a Deep Fucking Breath

10/10 Would get Shit Faced on Election Night Again

Dear Ex-President Donald Trump,

Suck my dick, eat my ass, and lick my shit off the rim of the toilet. Thank fucking whoever the fuck created all of us for that shit show being over.

Howdy everyone, Handie here. It has been some crazy times this November. There is a new president, the old president won't accept it, and we are all still locked in our houses. At least that means we don't have to come home for thanksgivings this year. My apology for any people that are locked inside with their family. I sit in my high castle in San Diego eating pasta and questioning my life choices. Ah yes, my questionable life choices. Anyways this country is on a new path of hopefully being less racist and more accepting of others. Even with that us here at the Koala will try and stay the drunken selves that we are. "Consistency in our addictions" is our motto. We try our best just for you, the readers. If for whatever reason you all miss seeing your family this november let me simulate some of the fun questions that would have been asked: "Why haven't you graduated already?"; "What do you mean you don't have a girl/boyfriend?"; "So, when are you going to stop going through THAT phase?"; "Oh, that is a real major?" Didn't that make it feel like you were sitting at the table for Thanksgiving dinner? I hope not because if so your family must suck. With all this said I miss seeing all of you on those misty Monday mornings. Sitting on the stairs annoyed that I have to go to class later and upset that I am not in my bed. Until the day comes where we can see each others beautiful faces again I will be sitting, waiting for the moment that I can tell you all in person to take a mother fucking Koala.

Fearless Slacker Extraordinaire,

Handie Samberg

Eats Glue

Handie Samberg

Gum in Hair

Rat Junior

Diaper Warriors

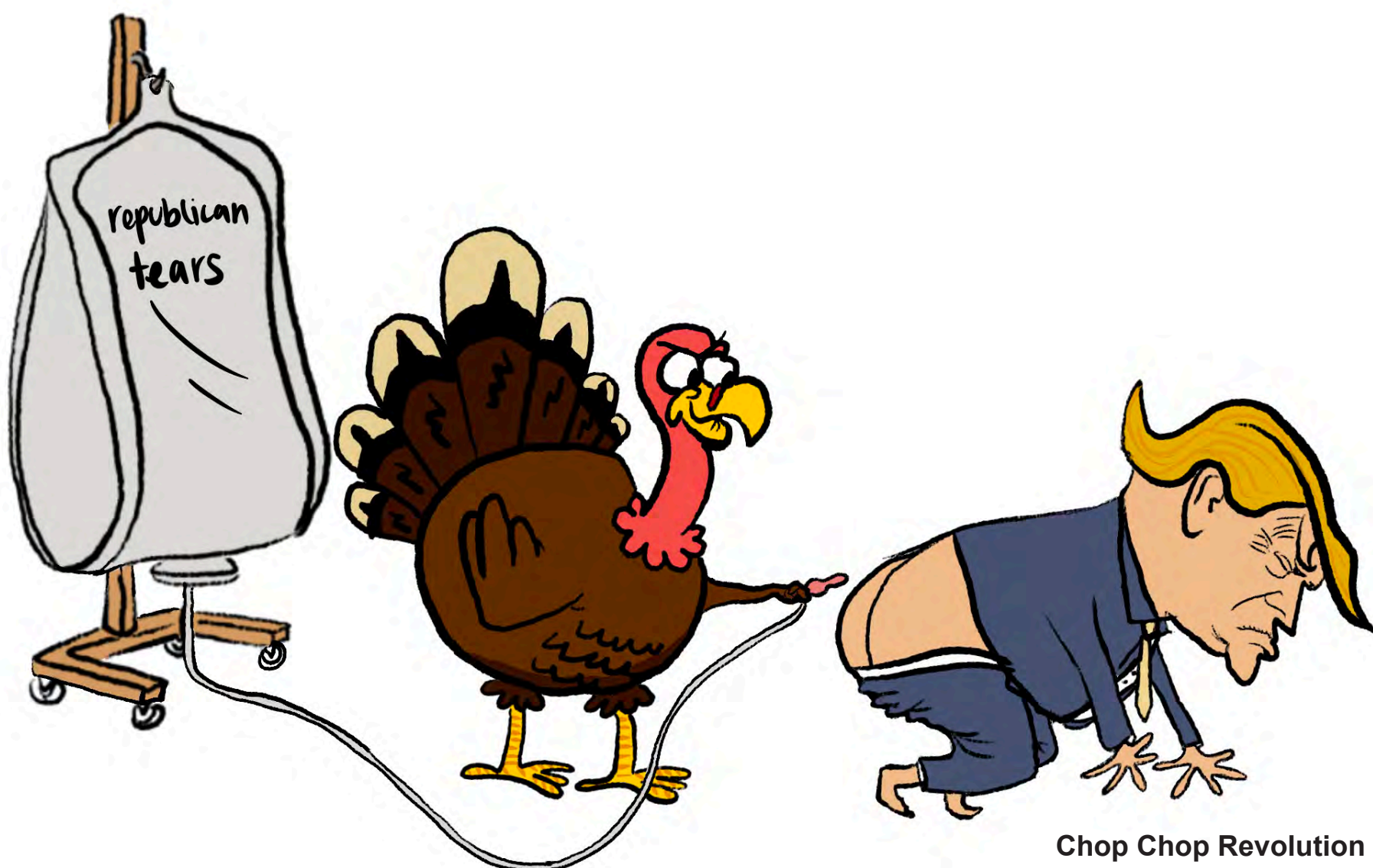
Pissboi, Tiny Rock, Soy Kombucha Latte, Maturbation Enthusiast, Texas Toast, Hentia, Blackout Brady, Watersportz, Coconut Head, Marmite, Chop Chop Revolution, Aynal Rand, No Capes, Fleetwood Macdonalds, Tom and, Flower Boy, Little Dybbuk

Nap Avoiders

Special Gay, Squirms McKenzie, Clifford the BIG, GoldiCocks, Silent, Brotankula, Buster Hymen, Fuzzy Naval, JohnMulBangMe, Lilo and Bitch, Pixy Pipe Dream, Sinus Baby, Based Sticker God, Manson Family Vacation

Fork in Socket Kids

Brotendo64, Sharkboi, Mothman's Slampiece, 99.9 Million Pilots, Absent, Black Science Man, Boobs Radley, Comrade Illuminati, Thing 2, Slick, Big A\$\$ Bird, Tsar Keef Keef, Geyser Permanente, DominAsian, Juice Willis, Leprechaun, Salty Dog, Piss/Shit/Cum, Nickelodeon, New Erik



Chop Chop Revolution



THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



Top 5 Alternative Ways to Spell Karen

1. Cretin
2. Amy Coney Barrett
3. I believe that's called cognitive dissonance
4. "Plantation wedding"
5. Fuck the Bath and Body Works in Appleton Wisconsin

Bottom 5 Big Dick Energies

1. Having a slim jim for dinner
2. Being a history major
3. Not taking a nap during nap time
4. Boot cut jeans and flip flops
5. .Littering

Top 5 Excuses to Have Your Camera Off in a Zoom Call

1. You're smoking crack
2. Your classmates DO NOT deserve a free show
3. My mom is beating my little brother in the background
4. I don't like being reminded I have a physical form which tethers me to earthly consequences

Top 5 Ways to Introduce Your Pissing Fetish

1. Introduce it into someone's mouth
2. Attach a cover letter
3. "You're gonna pee no matter what, you might as well do it in my mouth"
3. Ask them if they knew that squirting is basically just pee
4. Give and receive consent

Top 5 Reasons to Get Hit With a Belt

1. Sex
2. Your new Koala buttplug hasn't come in yet
3. My dad came back
4. Belt defense Classes

Top 5 Black Friday Hacks

1. Security at goodwill sucks

Top 5 Dads

1. My dad (:
2. Dr. Heinz Doofenshmirtz

Top 5 ways to say I love you without actually saying I love you

1. Scaring them away
2. Having dreams about them yelling at you in a bathtub and then texting them the next morning a picture of a hamster
3. Mix your farts under the covers
4. Endlessly try to harpoon them at sea, eventually killing yourself in your hopeless dream of finally hunting them down
5. Telling them I love you haha and then un-sending the message
6. Drag them into your downward spiral, but, like, feel really bad about it

Top 5 Switches

1. when i finally made the switch from coke to meth
2. A Nintendo Switch For Women (NSFW)
3. The self-destruct one
4. Using internet explorer purely for the sake of downloading chrome
5. A comically large lever

Top 5 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life

1. Ball gags, but like instead of a ball, you have a harmonica in your mouth
2. Incorporate power tools
3. Bring up the idea of having your wife join in on the fun
4. Crying before and after
5. Invite your inlaws so it's fun for the whole family

Top 5 Songs to Add to my Epic Sex Hot Playlist

1. Noises that Make you Poop: 10hr version
2. George Orwell -Animal Farm (Audio book)
3. Kendrick Lamar-HUMBLE (Roblox Parody)
4. Eating; Crunching And Mouth Sounds 8 HR EXTENDED Version
5. "Mine Diamonds" a parody of A-Ha's hit,"Take On Me"

Top 5 Animals to Switch the Koala to

1. AIDs monkey
2. The cat that followed me around on my walk today and let me rub his belly
3. Keep it koala but call it a "spirit leader" instead of a "mascot"
4. Sloth since the papers always getting out late
5. A small feral child named benben

Top 5 Most Hungry Lads

1. The barracuda from finding nemo (he ate ALL those motherfuckers)
2. A kid in a pac man costume, asking for "pellets" at every house even though we're not doing trick or treat this year
3. Kirby
4. The top result in google images when you search "large boy"

Bottom 5 Ways to Tell Someone You're Straight

1. Wearing socks to bed
2. Support blue lives matter
3. Start a forest fire for your unborn baby
4. Watch Jimmy Kimmel
5. Show them your domestic beer bottle collection
6. Saying that you're not not not gay

Top 5 Ways to Stage a Coup

1. Idk anything about setting up a stage, ask the theatre majors

Interview from the Front Line

Frats and Goats and War

Orb

"It is only those who have neither drunk a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the blacked-out, who cry aloud for drinks, more goats, more parties. War is hell." -Some general or whatever.

I come to you today from the war-torn region of the Phi Kappa Psi frat house, where the frat bros are waging war against their long-standing enemies, their neighbors. This conflict has been raging for the last couple of months, and primarily concerns Phi Psi's goats. They have been parading their goats all around the fucking neighborhood, and their parties - which they still continue to throw even though COVID is fucking still around. Local middle-aged residents who were unwilling to be exposed to the infectious disease, have started attacking these parties. The frat has responded by attacking the residents with goat shit. I sat down with a Phi Psi ground soldier and a sorority freedom fighter to get a perspective on all sides of this conflict, and to understand the motivations behind this ongoing conflict.

Firstly, I talked to Chad P., Phi Kappa Psi Member and Goat Wrangler.

Hi Chad, good morning.

CP: "Sup, sup."

So, let's get started right away. Why did you join this frat, and this fight? What made you become a goat wrangler?

CP: "Well, I've been into Greek Life ever since I was a kid. My dad was Phi Kappa Psi, and I've heard about 'em my whole life. When I heard about this covid stuff, I was hella freaked out, but my dad said it's a liberal hoax so I'm not worried anymore. So, I came here to our sick frat house, and I've been partying all fuckin' year! Those fuckers next door are just like... buying into all the hoax shit. Who fuckin cares? I think I got it a few weeks ago and I'm fine."

And the goats? Why the fuck did you guys buy goats??

CP: "Well, at first it was for a joke. Brett was like, 'Hey! You can buy goats online.' And then Doug said, 'Oh shit! I bet girls love goats.' Then my dad gave me my allowance and it was enough for the goats. My boys were like, 'DUDE! do it!' So I did it. After they got here, we were just walking them like dogs. We would just like... put a goat on a leash and walk it around, like a dog! It was so fuckin cool."

How is it having the goats around?

CP: "It was only fun for like a week. After that, it got a lil boring. Me and the boys were sitting around talking about how to use the goats to get pussy. Doug was like, 'We should let the goats drink too.' I don't remember much about that night, but the next day the bitchass neighbors started attacking us."

What does being a "goat wrangler" actually entail?

CP: "Like, I ride the goats into battle. They usually try to buck me off, so I've gotta grip 'em with my thighs and steer 'em towards the neighbors. I try to get 'em in the dicks or shins. Then I let the goats take a shit on their lawn. They're usually hella constipated, so shit gets everywhere. I always make sure to fling shit at those fuckwads' faces."

Why do the goats shit so much?

CP: "I actually came up with that idea! We usually feed them a shit ton of grass from the backyard, but I noticed that they were shitting way too often. I think it's the fiber. So like, now we just feed 'em raw meat and eggs and shit, to get em all proteined up. Then, when it's time, we just give 'em a little kick in the ass and it all comes squirting out!"

How is your war going?

CP: "Honestly, I think we're winning. There's no way the normies can stand up to the full weight of Phi Psi, and honestly we're winning the moral battle. We deserve these fucking parties!!"

I was also lucky enough to catch Meghan L., local Sorority Girl and Freedom Fighter, for a short chat.

Hi Meghan! How are you?

ML: "Let's just get this over with, please."

Of course. What made you decide to become a freedom fighter?

ML: "Those damn goats. I was frustrated with Phi Psi for throwing parties, but I mostly just tried to keep to myself. It was only when they got the goats that I started fighting back. Those goats are awfully mistreated! They keep them in a little cage in their backyard, and only let them out to eat up my begonias. Finally, the last straw came when I looked over my fence during a party. I... think I saw two Phi Psi boys making out with the goats - quite passionately, at that. Seeing that... I couldn't take it anymore. That was when I joined up, and we launched our first attack on those bastards the next day."

How is the war going for you?

ML: "I think I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. Those little bastards will have to stop renting those goats someday, and hopefully those frat fuckers will all get covid and be sitting on ventilators before then. I think I heard one of them coughing on their last shit and run."

A terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day

Buster Hymen

Buster Hymen woke up on Election Day. Dehydrated with a terrible hangover from drinking all of Halloween, Buster knew it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen got out of bed knocking over a half drunk beer next to her laptop. The beer spilled all over her keyboard. She picked up the bottle frantically, drank what was left, and wiped off the keyboard with the crusty shirt she was wearing. Buster knew it was going to be a terrible, horrible no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen decided to skip all of her classes so she could vote. Secretly, she had mailed her ballot weeks ago but they wanted a valid excuse to skip

class. Buster had not been this anxious about an election since the time she ran for student council in fourth grade. Buster Hymen knew it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen cracked open a beer to help lessen her hangover and hopefully blackout again before the end of Election Day. Before long, Buster felt water dripping down her face. Crying over a beer because of the anxiety over the possible outcome of Election day, Buster Hymen knew it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen spent the next few hours smoking weed, drinking, arguing with her mom, and watching TikTok.

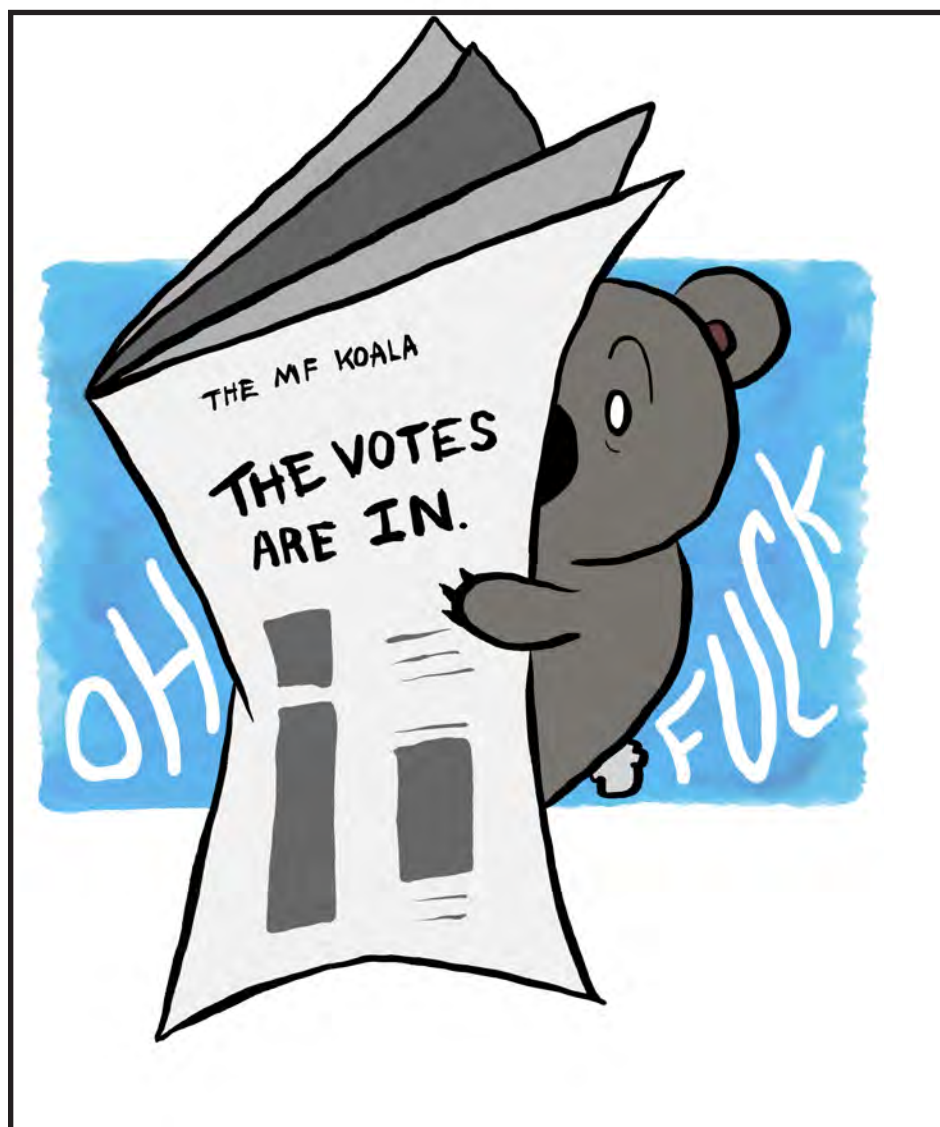
She did anything she could to distract her from what was going to start at 6:00 that night. Buster Hymen knew it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen sat in her living room as her roommates argued about election fraud. She passively drank and smoked her Juul knowing that whatever they were saying was irrelevant. The shit show was beginning. Buster Hymen knew it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen was ten beers deep with two Digiorno's resting in her stomach when Big Orange Fat Fuck took the stage. She was tightly gripping a Tito's bottle in her

hand when 45 announced he had won the election with several states to go and votes to be counted. She flew into a rage. Cans went flying. The Tito's was smashed as rage smeared her vision. Buster Hymen was going through a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.

Buster Hymen stumbled back to her room. She threw off her pants, told her roommates to fuck off, and crashed directly onto her bed. Stomach aking from the frozen pizza and alcohol slurry, she cursed that she had ever got up that day. Her red eyes shut for the night as the last beer can tumbled to the floor falling onto her keyboard once again signaling an end to a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad election day.



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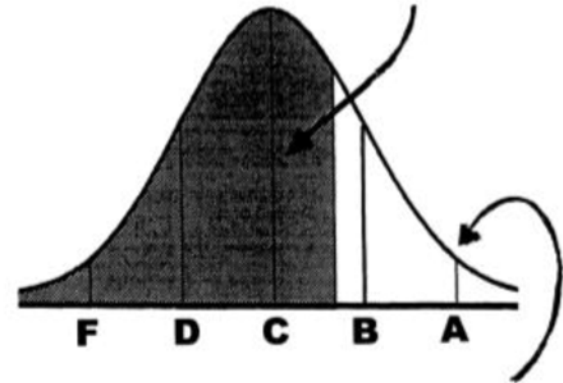
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SDSU Exam Prep Fall 2020

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

Everyone at this school is fucking dumb so here's another article about COVID

Manson Family Vacation

Hey there! You have fun at that party last weekend? Well I sure fucking hope not, dipshit. Did that come off too harsh? Well here's your semi-friendly but mostly aggressive reminder that the global pandemic you might have heard of actually isn't over!! Funny, huh?

And just in case you thought things were finally "getting back to normal," they're not, and I don't imagine that cases here will be under control literally any time soon! And that unfortunate truth is due to a separate virus that's been infecting Rage State students for years, and I think it's finally time we give it a name and really talk about it, as well as how it's making the Covid-19 crisis even worse than it needs to be at SDSU.

At this point you're probably a bit confused as to what I'm referencing so here's some blatant honesty; I'm talking about a sickness that I'd like to call genuine fucking stupidity. And I mean a very special kind of stupid, one that I could confidently say I have never seen to such a drastic degree outside of the wonderfully ignorant SDSU community.

A vast number of the students here are brainless, and yeah, we know. But DAMN guys we really outdid ourselves this time! Parties? Ragers? Halloweekend was something, wasn't it? How about the genuine lack of social awareness and human decency? The fact that people aren't even trying to hide the fact that they don't give a fuck about endangering compromised people's lives

for the sake of getting drunk and throwing up in some stranger's moldy bathroom? That's some next level shit right there!

In the past, the student body here has been able to get away with somehow seeming kind of intelligent to the general public, but to nobody's surprise, that is no longer the case! News stations across the nation have reported on the ever-increasing covid rates on our very own campus! And before y'all get too excited over there at Phi Psi, this is NOT something to be proud of (Everyone already knew you were dumb, this just took it to another level).

But what else can I say? Stupidity is a seemingly incurable disease, and it's spreading around campus fast! I guess the only advice I can give to our readers is to help with this outbreak is wear a mask and stay a minimum of 6 feet away from ANYBODY wearing Greek Letters at all times. It's an early symptom of infection and it's better safe than sorry, ya know? Ok, low blow? Moving on...

But seriously guys, stop fucking partying already. That's the cure. Like, stop being stupid. If all of you fucking nincompoops who have been partying could sit down and do a lil thinky for once, maybe we'll get on the right track. Like damn, that's all it comes down to, ok Ashleigh? So if you wanna stop whining about wanting things to be "back to normal," how about you stop being part of the problem? Sleep on it maybe.

Capitalism has to go on, right?®

Well, fuck that, this holiday season save thousands of dollars by just **stealing** whatever you need!



Thousands have died during this global pandemic, but that's why I'm going to tell YOU how you can **save thousands of dollars** this holiday season.

You're going to want to walk into your store of choice - hell, it doesn't even have to be on Black Friday.

Matter of fact, the store doesn't even have to be open.

This is your chance to just grab a handful of items and dip like a chip out the door (or back through the ceiling if you're really fucking extra). The hack is you're stealing. **You're stealing the fucking items.**

You're committing burglary which is punishable by law. You take things from big corporations.

Got it? **Good.**

*You're gonna need that "Get Out of Jail Free" card

Monopoly board game

\$Free*

Titos, Jägermeister, fuck it

\$Just take the damn lot

Shove em' in your purse, your jacket, up your hoo-ha, whatever

Some of the season's **hottest** items

*No, we're not committing arson yet

Shopping from home for cyber monday?

No problem!

You've heard of credit card fraud, now get ready for - okay, it's still credit card fraud but it's only fraud **if you get caught**, so be slick about it

The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift on DVD

\$0.00 each



Just fucking take it!



Ladies and germs, friends and colleagues, former sexual partners and the countless men I have given chlamydia to, I have devastating news to report: The rat that once lived in the walls of my house, named Michael Mouse, has died. Michael was a young rat that tried his hardest, but in the end the traps got the better of him.

Michael Mouse was a special rat one that is near and dear to my heart. He accomplished what I never could: striking fear directly into the heart of my father and mother. He made my mother question my father's manhood, and topped it off with my dad spending upwards of \$100 on rap traps from Amazon. So even though I lost a good

amount of Nutella because, I shit you not, my dad used a mixture of Nutella and cottage cheese to lure him into his traps, I think I still got something good out of this whole encounter.

My dad, for the sake of this story we'll call "Mr. Bitch", has been conducting home improvement projects and decided that his next conquest was to get a larger and more in charge refrigerator for the family. So Mr. Bitch cut a section off the drywall to see if it was possible to take a section of the wall out to make room for a new fridge that could maybe hold more than two weeks worth of fresh goth girl mommy breast milk.

But, alas! There's a beam right where he wanted to take out the wall. And with that, Mr. Bitch hit a feat of laziness and all progress came to a grinding halt, leaving two holes that remain in the drywall for, perhaps, some friendly neighborhood rats to have some fun inside the house for once. However to our surprise, camera footage revealed nothing.

It seemed like there was nothing to solve this problem. Mr. Bitch could have just fixed the wall, but he decided to set traps instead. Mr. Bitch spent days in and days out for signs that Michael Mouse had been caught. And one morning while conducting his daily rounds, he noticed one trap fired. But no rat was to be found. Further investigations revealed a chopped section of a rat's foot. This was not Micheal Mouse's foot. It may have been a friend, a lover, or a family member's foot, but Micheal Mouse was still on the lamb.

The day had finally come where Micheal had met his match. But he did not go down easy. Michael was the original rat that I came to know and love, and to tell his story is an honor and an absolute privilege. And thus, I shall honor him by recounting his death.

In the early hours of October 18th, around 2:38 a.m., Mr. Bitch's nest camera detects a noise that can only be reasoned as the



An unfortunate update on the rats living in my house

Lilo and Bitch

snapping of a rat trap. Mr. Bitch, delighted at the news, heads to bed, ready to harvest the fruits of his labor in the morning.

He went to check the trap at 6 am to find the rat and trap missing. Baffled, he searched the area, even braving the conquest of going underneath the house to see if Michael made it there despite the trap still being attached to him. And still, Michael was nowhere to be found.

It was only at 7:30 a.m. when Mr. Bitch found Michael while backing out of the driveway on top of the rain-gutter with one of his hind legs caught in the trap. He was still alive! Surprised at the tenacity of Michael Mouse, Mr. Bitch resulted in the only logical solution for trapping a rat. He got another trap and veeerrrry gently placed it next to Michael. Give it some time and Michael activates the second trap, trapping part of his snout and front leg. But he was still alive! He was fidgeting every once in a while, trying desperately to escape, but to no avail. Finding his suffering too painful to watch, before leaving to take the car to the shop, at around 8AM, he took another trap (it's \$5/trap btw) and veeeeerrrrryy gently placed it next to Michael.

At 9:00 a.m. I found Michael and took a video of him fidgeting with three traps stuck to him, the third only loosely grabbing the skin on his back. He continued to suffer for 8 hours until he couldn't take it anymore. After some careful maneuvers, he managed to trap Michael in a bag, tied that shit tighter than Melania's tubes, and threw him in the trash bin. But Michael was still alive in that trash bin. And he knew that. Some say that the ghost of Michael haunts trash cans all over the South Bay, rattling trash cans still trying to escape the grasps of the jaws that bound him.

And thus concludes the tragedy of Michael Mouse. If only Mr. Bitch hadn't begun his excavastion behind the refrigerator wall. I may have never met Michael, but he would also still be alive living his best rat life.

Skate medicine for skate park injuries

Fleetwood McDonald & Handie Samberg

Skating is a sport of fun, laughs, connective tissue tears and shattering portions of your skeletal structure. Everyone has been there at some point or another. Maybe it was a dislocated finger, or an entire femur sticking out. No matter what it was, we here at the Koala want you all to know that we care and will give the best skating medical advice that we can. Disclaimer: these will only work if you really need help. Always go to a hospital afterwards. Or don't, we are not responsible for you.

Splint: From experience, the handle of a plastic utensil works really well for fingers. If someone messed up bad it may be time to bring out the big guns, or boards really. Hopefully someone has a screwdriver or there is that one dude that always has some fresh decks on them. Either way lay the injured limb straight and place both boards grip side up. Use a few belts (and if it's at the skatepark that mostly likely means shoe laces) to fasten those boards together so nothing can move. Get your injured friend up and into the car. Give them a beer because it's gonna be a shitty ride to the hospital.

Sling: if you have one of these, you're not punk. Real skaters say "FUCK CASTS!", hard or soft (no pun intended). Unless you broke your collarbone, then that really sucks. In that case, take your old grimey t-shirt, maybe your homies' too. If your shirt isn't long enough, tie the opposing ends together. Too hard? We figured. Just get some help from Mary Jane and bite the shirt on the way to the hospital. If you need a sling, you really fucked up.

Wrist wrap/brace: If you need one of these, you probably haven't been skating for long. Or you're wearing one right now. That proves how hesh you are. If you have a wrist brace on, you probably shred. Or just eat a lot of shit. Either way, you gotta respect it. If you dislocate or fracture your wrist and no one has a brace lying around, get a t-shirt and wrap it as tightly around the hand with the thumb separated from the fingers. Make sure it can't move. Refer back to the shoelace to hold it all together. Feel free to go back to skating after this.

Disinfectant/cleaning wounds: Pour that warm Coors or Busch right over your newly exposed meat. Extra points if they're cold. They double as an ice pack. Extra extra cleaning power comes from Natties and PBR. Just saying. If you wanna prove how tough you are, let the blood dry and get crusty. If you go get some food after, restaurants really appreciate the crust on their patrons. At least you aren't dripping, and people know you skate. It's a good conversation starter, or a way to get kicked out.

Concussions: It's never a good thing to bonk your dome, hopefully you're fine. The smart thing to do is to always get it checked out, if you can even remember to go to the hospital. Wait, do you have health insurance?

Dislocations: This one is cool because you can do it yourself. Simply grab your wrist and place your arm out in front of you and, well, pop it back in. If you wanna be extra safe, and have homies that love you, lie on your back on a bench and have one of them firmly grasp your wrist with both hands. They will then move your arm to above your shoulder while it lays out sideways. Either way there is going to be an audible pop. It is going to hurt. Refer back to the sling to complete this one. Go to the doctor afterwards. Or just smoke some kush and down a PBR and try to land that seven stair again.



THE MF KOALA
KOALA
FOR
PRESIDENT



WHAT, ME WORRY?

Whore-o-Scopes

Rat Junior

The astral projections of 2020 have proven that the stars and planets do not give a shit about your feelings, and neither do I. Lets run with the existential terror and roast the signs. Check for your sun and rising sign, if you buy into this sort of thing.

Aries- Honestly, Aries is the type to Snapchat the whole concert/ vacation/ literally any experience. Stop posing, and please stop asking your friends to take a million photos of you. Half of the reason why you do fun things is so you can show it off, you little baby.

Taurus- I know you want people to think you're chill, but y'all contain a different level of anger. In short, I am very scared of Taurus placements. Borderline demonic. Don't fuck around with Taurus, stay strapped with holy water.

Gemini- I don't think you are all two faced, but I do think you all are annoying.

Cancer- Any negative opinion on Cancer's is just low hanging fruit, but come on. It's all accurate. Show me one Cancer that isn't crazy. Should I apologize for this comment now or later, because I know you'll hold a grudge.

Leo- Fuck ya'll. I mean that in the rudest way possible.

Virgo- How do we teach Virgo's to stop micromanaging? How do we teach Virgo's to stop talking? Maybe jail?

Libra- You folks are terrible with money, incredibly vain, and think everyone is in love with you. You don't have to order a fancy drink for people to think you're interesting. But go off, Gatsby.

Scorpio- Y'all emit early 2000's teen drama energy in the worst way possible. Life isn't like Vampire Diaries. You don't have secrets like the girls in Pretty Little Liars did, the stakes aren't that high for you, stop pretending they are.

Sagittarius- I would rather eat gruel for every meal than date a Sag. Also, let someone else talk.

Capricorn- If any sign represented business majors, it's this one. "Rise and grind" headasses. You were the kid that made it a statement to finish your test first, and for what? Why are you always competing? And why do you always think you're winning? Pipe down, Boss Baby.

Aquarius- When will you fuckers learn that your music taste is not that special? Everyone listens to Tame Impala, now stop staring out the car window like you're in a movie. Listen to some Megan Trainor every once in a while to keep your individuality complex in check.

Pisces- Where are the original thoughts, Pisces? No, original thoughts are not whatever you hyperfixate on when you're high, and they are not the idealized versions of people in your life that you keep as characters in your daydream. Form an opinion, Jesus.

Koala Bathroom Review

Backyard Bush 8.67/10

Coconut Head

The backyard bush at your cousin's house in the middle of fucking nowhere during Thanksgiving is a truly underrated bathroom. This is the only bush you are going to be seeing on this godforsaken holiday break, when all you really wanna be doing is railing a bitch back at State (with your mask on). For all of you big family having motherfuckers out there, you truly understand the pain that is an always busy bathroom. On a holiday such as Thanksgiving, you NEED ample bathroom ability, and sometimes you gotta take your big boy pants off and go take the best piss of your life in the bush behind your cousin's house. This bathroom is particularly special for you risk takers. The fear of god will be instilled in you to not get caught mixed with the excitement that is pissing in the wilderness, invigorating. It won't be porcelain cooling your bare buns this time around, it's the ice cold chill of November wind and your piss immediately freezing as it escapes your body. A euphoria like no other. That is until you make eye contact with your aunt through the kitchen window, and all prior excitement absolutely drains from your body and you suddenly are wondering when THE FUCK your family will be leaving. Nonetheless, in the moment, you are just happy to finally get to empty your bladder and feel the freedom of fall. Happy pissing guys and gals, and Happy Thanksgiving from my backyard bush to yours.

Hit us up
Hit us up
Hit us up
Hit us up

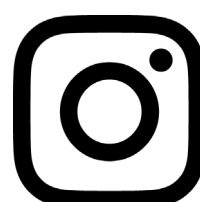
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Guide to (not) having a boyfriend:

Chop Chop Revolution

First, find the guy from your high school that you always thought was cute but never felt like acting on it because you were always in San Diego but now lives 5 minutes away from you since you're home.

NEXT, start hanging out with him Thursday-Sunday. Then plan a road trip to Norcal after "talking" for a month.

THIS will lead to some juicy ~deep~ talks about your past trauma. He'll ask you to be his girlfriend but take it

back the next day because he's scared of commitment. Then, buy tickets to every fun seasonal event you can find to make sure he enjoys life during a fucking pandemic.

Chivalry isn't,

NOW THAT UR SINGLE DON'T FORGET I'M ALWAYS DOWN TO HYPE UR TITTIES

Dead.

-rupi kaur

Next, you'll do anal.

Make sure he tells you he loves you and how amazing you are RIGHT before he dumps you, adds that extra drama and sizzle to the night<3.

Make sure you don't EVER ask if you're his girlfriend, you wouldn't want to annoy him, silly.

Oh and of course! Let this go on for about five months, give or take a few.

Fuck you

Election Update

Little Dybbuk

While the country is in the midst of a massive global pandemic and political strife, it is no question that this year's election is a little different. With Trump denying his defeat, you may be asking yourself, "what to happen when vote now election yes?" Well, the answer is a bit complicated.

I have presented this question to top DC political experts. When approaching the topic of "what to happen when vote now election yes?" The answer is yes but also a little bit of no.

After hearing this answer, you may also be asking yourself, "ballot fake noway recount media what?" or "if no leave winner not election happen no?" As a citizen of this nation, you are right to be asking those hard-hitting questions. I met with Professor Mike Ox Uge to analyze the possible scenarios.

"Fly pence head funny funny. Make silly SNL haha. But down to business." Says Uge, "We no know if unprecedented happen or what? Fact the matter that country division BidenTrump uh huh? Well, you know it!"

Now, that suggestion may be surprising, even scary. However, it is a real possibility for this election. However, Uge provides some words of encouragement: "Now, do not get panties in twist, something little okay could happen hm probably not."

You might be considering, "Both of them no no bad man? Not for me! What?" This is absolutely true. After asking for a response, Professor Uge said, "Yaaaa both no no bad man buut one nono badder man oohmmm..agree?"

You may be feeling conflicted, while Trump is claiming, "NO VOTE ONLY VOTE ME NO COUNT NONON-OFUCK", Biden is saying, "1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6...)" To summarize his various public statements, Trump argues that poll workers should count votes until the clock strikes 12 on election night, then all the rest of the ballots will turn into pumpkins and you cannot count pumpkins because they are illegal ballots.



Wish you were
xoxxo, Koala



THE PERSONALS



STAT 119 MATH 120

This page sponsored by

A+ Review

ECON 101 ECON 102 CHEM 100/200

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

And MANY more...

To the 40yo guy who sat in front of me in my "imagining hell" class last spring. I spent the whole time imagining your cock in my mouth.

There is nothing more embarrassing than writing a song for a guy then him telling you he has a gf. Hope she heard the songs

~_(_)_/

I got COVID and HPV from phi psi

I might lose my job over this but sdsu is literally killing students

It's kinda weird how easy it is to jerk off during class now. Any person could be completely whacking it with their camera off while you're sitting there taking notes.

am I the only one who regrets not taking advantage of the free vibrators they were handing out by scripps cottage last year

NEVER TAKING SOMEONES VIRGINITY EVER AGAIN!!! also, do u guys intentionally leave in all the typos in or... [Editor: ...Sometimes]

As an RA during this pandemic, we know who goes out to parties and we know who's getting covid. Shockingly the same people.

i can't believe we went from getting potential STDs by sharing frat shots at parties to not being able to breathe in the same room oml

i'm queer now

To the redhead thotty in my RWS class. Dear fucking christ your knees look like baby faces and it turns me on. Call me. Please. Call me

I'm tryna head back to SD for that college coochie

State has literally forced me into several depressive mental breakdowns over how they've handled covid I need a goddamb break i tell u hwat

That corona horny hits different

i have a wap for rapp

Hey Trader Joe's, fuck you for removing your bags with handles and expecting my weak ass tiny ass pathetic ass to carry my heavy ass groceries all the way back to Aztec corner with no fucking handle. Absolute cunts

to the person who said saponjic and her noisy birds made online classes worse, fuck you i love that woman and her household zoo

dear the two girls who ran into my house wearing 2 blue morph suits, next time you try

something like that you will get clocked so hard you will be making out with the floor. also come back im lonely :/

okay but at this point it's almost a joke to be going here right? like is anyone actually learning like this? im genuinely curious

Chegg can get you a degree bruh

feels like we are all suckling on the teet of life this year to stay alive. good luck y'all.

dear ksig, y'all are cute but not hot enough to act like there's a stick up your ass

the personal about professor mcclellan...i feel so SEEN i love that man

Your RA usually knows what you're doing. We just don't care.

to nick from ens 303, you're a douche for saying body positivity is an excuse for people to be overweight, congrats on never getting your dick sucked ever again

Dear trumpsters that harassed me on election night, who's sipping on who's tears now motherfucker ;*

hooking up w skater boys is like being in an A24 film

The koala finally ran out of personals to post, ITS MY FUCKING TIME TO SHINE.

i never thought i would miss feeling dumb in ens 280 or walking all the way to storm hall but damn i want in person classes back

To all the stupid ass bitches going out to parties, fuck y'all. And too all the frat boys throwing parties, really you can't find any other way to get your dick wet than throwing your little covid parties? Get a Pocket pussy, bitch

I need a hug

These horny freshman's personals are the only thing s keeping me sane in these trying times

Hope everyone is enjoying how unnecessary pants are in quarantine as I am

My old fuck buddy is the relationship type. ldk what's worse knowing he wouldn't date me or being to scared to hit him up cause he may have a girl

I have the easiest fucking workload ever and I can't even fucking party at rage state. Fuck man.

Forgive me father, for I have sinned. I was backout drunk and flushed a tampon down the toilet.

Why is every red head from colorado a Trump supporter

why does no one at state give a fuck about the arts. every time i mention that i major within the arts people have the audacity to question it. like okay bitch. i get it. you want a boring 9-5 office job and to drive a mini van. i fucking GET IT.

Ever want to tell the Koala how you really feel about us? Write a Letter to the Editor and send it to our email. If we find it good enough we may even run it and tell you what we think. Shoot us your shit here the.koala.sdsu@newspaper.com.

Submit your bullshit to:

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