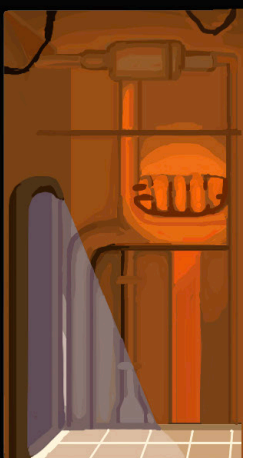


the *Metherfucking* Keala

♥ Vol. XIX Issue 8



The Pony Sexpress

God fucking damn ittttttttt Phil Collins you smooth bastard, the way your soothing vocals in In the Air Tonight take me away, even if momentarily, from the reality that is slowly rapidly turning into a hellworld. Yes friends and family (god I hope my family isn't reading this) much like Phil Collins we've returned to give you a momentary break from this piece of shit fuck country and it's benevolent evil lurking around every corner. Hey, the paper at least give us something to do besides playing the classic Slick Family game: Try to Get So Drunk That You Can't Walk Up the Stairs or something like that, it's a working title, we're trying to get it to the markets by August but like I said, it's a work in progress. De la Torre is still royally fucking us but I can't be bothered to look into the specific means, tools and positions with

and in which she is doing so. But god my rump is sore. Rode into town on the wrong pony I suppose, and that pony was riddled with viruses. Remember to disclose your STDs before having sex with someone folks! It's unethical not to and borderline illegal, just ask that poor horse. I hope that you all are abiding by the social distancing orders, unlike the dipshits on my street raging just as hard as ever. If every natural selection could take its course, now is the time, I haven't had a good night's (sober) rest since this thing began. Awfully odd that none of you partiers have grandparents you care about! But enough about that, that's no fun.

-Love Slick

JWOWW & Pauly D

Big A\$\$ Bird and Slick

Vinny and Snookie

Brotendo 64, Tiny Rock, Black Science Man, soy kombucha latte, Masturbation Enthusiast, Beef, Texas Toast, Myle High, Boyshark, Struggle Bus, Hentai, geyser permanente, The Juice, Blackout Brady, Marmite, Mothman's Slampiece, Watersportz, Little Dybbuk

Sam and Ronnie

Boobs Radley, Nickelodeon, Based Sticker God, Special Gay, No One's Bitch, Lepercunt, Flour Boy, Pissboi, Handy Sandberg, Squirms McKenzie, Baphomet's Better Half, Chop Chop Revolution, No Capes, Fleetwod Macdonald's, Coconut Head, John Garfield, Goldicocks, Mr. Has Krabs, Tom and, Rat Downey Junior, Aynal Rand, #1, Clifford the BIG, Buster Hymen, Billy Slays, Manson Family Vacation

Angela

Pumpkin Spice Ugg Boot, *Social Anxiety*, Comrade Illuminati, Thing 2, New Erik, Vladimir Puffin, Quote the Raven, Chicken Cassadilla, Jezza Corbyn, Just a Bottle of Water, EthosPathos4Lokos, Tsar Keef Keef, Four Loka, 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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BLANKETY
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Contact us at
the.koala.
newspaper
@gmail.com



THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



Top Five Places to Switch Your Tinder Location To.

1. The Federal Reserve so you can steal all the gold.
2. Oh wait! There isn't any gold.
3. To a country that still has sound monetary policy, basing their currency off of the gold standard and not creating a fiat currency which sacrificed inflation for the ability to print more money during a downturn, seemingly solving an issue in the short run, but really just pushing the problem down the road.
3. Two miles from your house, into a better neighborhood.

Top Five Uses of Time in Social Distance.

1. Make all my friends on sims and let them hang out together.
2. Telling your friends "once we get out of quarantine it's gonna be lit" but knowing realistically you will see them once and then just stay at home/work the rest of our free time.
3. I'll say it: being horny.

Top Five Alternative Names for Covid-19.

1. Bat scratch fever Boomer cancer The plague God's wrath What comes before the great flood.
2. The only thing that could make people think my high ass mashing buttons on a register at a market is "heroic."
3. Wuhan's revenge.

Top Five Songs on Your Covid-19 Playlist.

1. I just don't know what to do with myself - the white stripes.

Top Five Ways to Celebrate a Birthday in Quarantine.

1. Without hair.
2. Crying.
3. Miss it because you haven't known the date since quarantine started.
4. Two government mandated walks, as a treat
5. Aggressively flirt with your immediate family members.
6. It's not even my birthday.

Bottom Five Reasons to Develop a Crush.

1. He called your nudes beautiful before launching into sexting.
2. Your professor gave you an extension on an assignment.
3. He brought you a half empty bag of mint m&ms.
4. You're so bored that you mistake wanting attention as having a crush.
5. He's not even cute he just is a white boy who looks like he does drugs and doesn't sleep and that's your type.

Top Five Alternative Names for Circumcision.

1. Snip-it's.
2. Baby's first haircut<3
3. A scam by doctors and rabbi's alike.
4. The simultaneous removal of 5000 nerve endings.
5. Meal prep.

Top Five Secrets the Government Doesn't Want You to Know.

1. All the big titty anime girls are hidden away in area 51.
2. It doesn't actually matter how you load the dishwasher, the water goes everywhere.
3. Big titty aliens.

Top Five Questions to Ask Your Parents at the Dinner Table.

1. "Do you respect communication majors?"
2. "Would you care if I tried to fuck a professor?"

Top Five 6-Word Adoption Stories.

1. Trashcan baby I found while drunk.
2. Raised by wolves, the good kind.
3. Parents recognized my low potential early.
4. It was not born, but summoned.

Top Five Similarities Between Quarantine and Prison.

1. Training 24/7. Training for what? Revenge.

Bottom Five Things to Get Caught Masturbating To.

1. Transformers they are the only men that change for the better and that's hot.
2. Inking from SSB's.

Top Five Ways to Get Out of Jury Duty.

1. Felons can't get jury duty.

Top Five Ways To Feed A Stray Cat.

1. To the gators.
2. Find a stray rat (almost all rats are).

Top Five Reasons You're Up at 5am.

1. To provide top five content (please get me out the koala hasnt fed me in days).
2. My sleep paralysis demon be lookin kinda cute tho.
3. Because sleep was invented by the government to make sure we spend a third of our days NOT thinking about overthrowing the federal govt. I no longer sleep.

Top Five Ways to Beat the Heat.

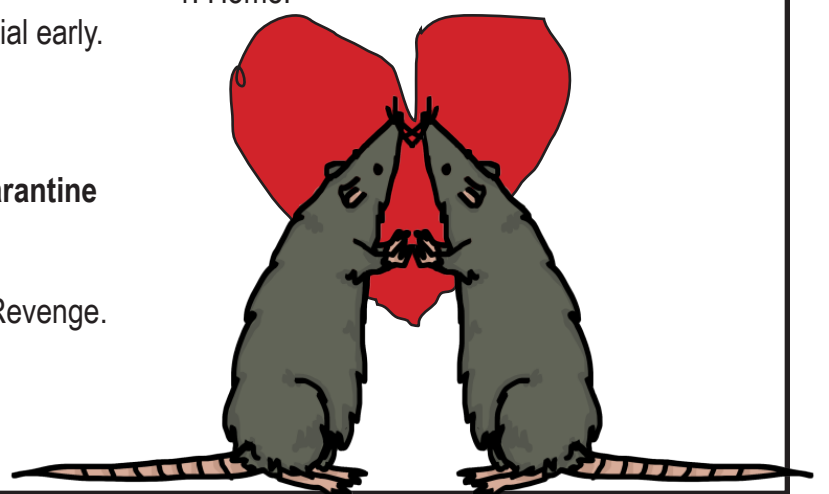
1. Nobody tell plant power but I've been hiding in the walk in refrigerator every night.
2. Run really really fast so it's windy.

Top Five People You'd Want to See in the Gulag.

1. Joe biden.
2. That one asshole who never mutes his mic during the zoom lecture.
3. Myself, that fucker. He's caused me more problems than anyone.
4. Zine club. Especially Ju*ian
5. Grandmama

Bottom Five Places to Live During the Pandemic.

1. Home.



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Acct 334	Econ 101	Math 120
BA 323	Econ 102	Math 150
BA 360	Fin 321	Phys 180A/B
BA 370	Fin 325	Stat 119

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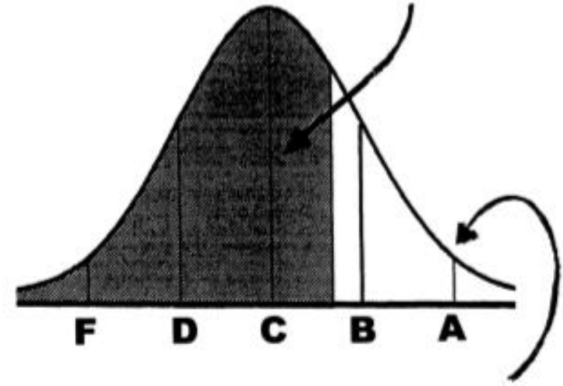
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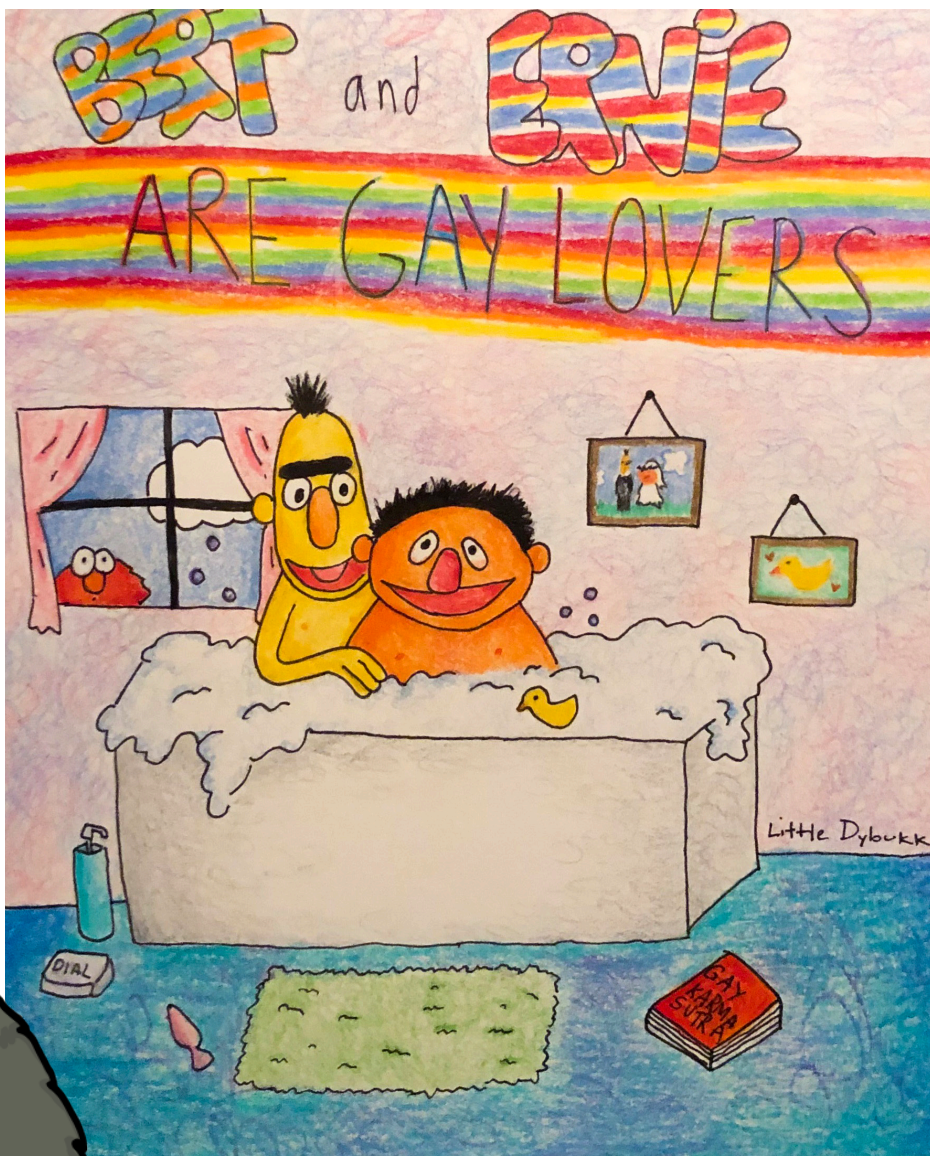
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Review

SDSU Exam Prep 2018

Bert and Ernie are Gay Lovers: Let Them Fuck!

Little Dybbuk



Art by Little Dybbuk

Dear PBS Kids,

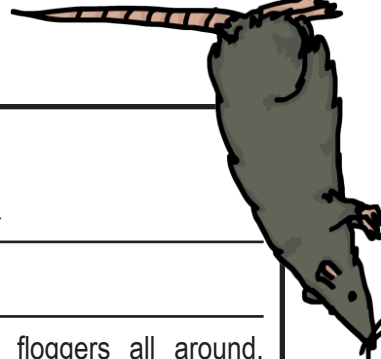
The LGBT community has had enough! Time and time again your program is constantly pulling closeted queer characters from your publicly funded assholes!! Clifford the Big Red Dog? Gay. Caillou? Non-binary. All the bitches from Arthur? LESBIANS! And, please, you think Curious George and The Man in the Yellow Hat aren't fucking? Give me a break!!

But...there is one couple so gay and so beloved...so horny, sexy, and fruity. It is a crime that you keep them in the closet! Bert and Ernie are as gay as going to an Art Deco exhibit in Miami. They are as gay as drinking a Gin Martini in Palm Springs. They are as gay as doing poppers in the parking lot of Whole Foods. They are as gay as having a tiny quiet fart in your 2013 Mini Cooper R56 Hyde Park Edition with Pepper White Exterior and Cool Champagne roof, stripes, and mirror caps VIN 1FMZU63E35UC04406. The LGBT community demands that PBS Kids let Bert and Ernie fuck!

Bert is just an uptight Virgo twink who needs to be buttered up by his hunka hunka chunky fuzzy bear toy, Ernie. Many know of Ernie's favorite rubber ducky that, "makes bathtime so much fun". But not so many are aware of Bert and Ernie's bathtub sex toys. Their favorite? An 8 1/2 inch suction-cup dildo which they have playfully named, "Rubber Fucky". And, like a Rubber Ducky makes noise when squeezed, so does "Rubber Fucky".

PBS Kids, get on the right side of history and Let Them Fuck!





I Want to Dominate Tom Nook

Lilo and Bitch

Squished between the time I spend sleeping, smoking, and trying to study for the classes I'm failing, I have been dedicating the remnants of my broken soul to the development of my personal island vacation in Animal Crossing. I've invested hundreds of thousands of bells trying to get all the damn ramps and bridges built in my town, and invested too many Nook Miles trying to get Raymond's bubbly ass over to my island where Isabelle and I can double team him. So while I wait for my prince to come home, Isabelle and I have settled for being full-time Dommies for Tom Nook since that rat bastard deserves to feel what it's like to be fucked by crippling debt that I've been suffering with since 2005. Please don't get my wrong here, I love Animal Crossing. It gives me the feeling like one day I'll actually be able to pay off the student debt I'm accumulating as a liberal arts major. Animal Crossing makes me feel like I'll actually be able to do something with my life. It's refreshing. Cause while I'm here sitting in my room, stoned out of my mind a bare minimum of fourteen hours a day, eating two day leftovers from that day decided to cook, and doing assignments minutes before they're due, at least I know that my con-



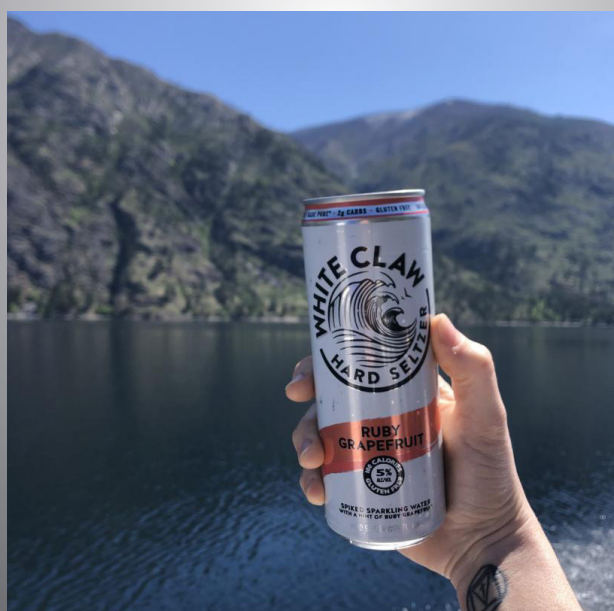
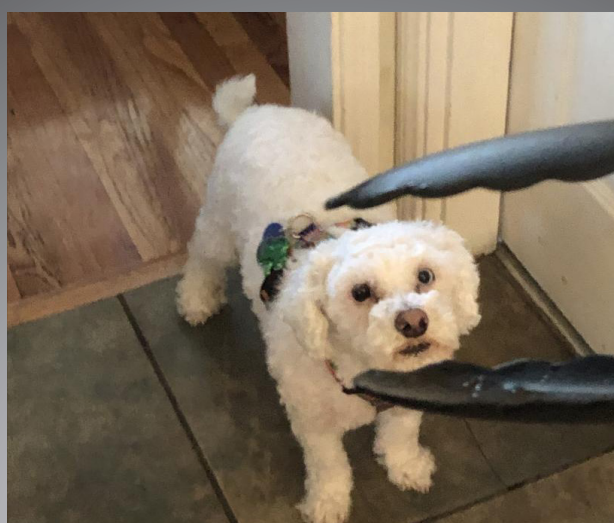
paddles and floggers all around. I'm talking about collaring that little raccoon tanuki animal, putting some nice tassels on his nipples, and shoving personalized bell shaped anal beads up that tight ass and ripping them out like they're a bey-blade ripcord. We ain't playin' here. I'm sure y'all understand that we are safe, sane, and consensual up in this bitch. That's right you bastards. He's INTO THIS SHIT. There's no way we're doing any of this without this tanuki's consent. And lemme say it's some of the most fun shit ever cause after all this we just open the town hall back up, unfurl the blinds, unlock the door, and we're back to business as usual. Now, that's the life. I don't apologize for writing this furry smut because this is the effect that Animal Crossing has had on me. And if I am being completely honest, I love it. I finally have something else to do when I'm bored than fucking around on Grindr and seeing how many nudes I can get in an hour. There are a lot more productive things that I can be doing, but all that matters is that I'm at a four star town, and that I'm in the process of caging and kicking out three villagers so I can wait for Raymond, Poncho, and Roald to come back home. So with all that said, this is definitely my Game of the Year, 10/10.

tributions matter to my townfolk. Listen, I'm horny as fuck, and I may or may not have had a few fantasies about the things I'd do for, and to, some of my villagers. But if there is one thing I fantasize more than anything it's just dominating Tom Nook with my fellow Mistress Isabelle.

Now some of y'all vanilla motherfuckers might be thinking they're just gonna peg him or something with some restraints or whatever. No, no, no my friends. We are talking a full on Red Room™ like how they do in 50 Shades. Imagine a St. Andrew's cross with multiple

OFF-THE-CUFFS

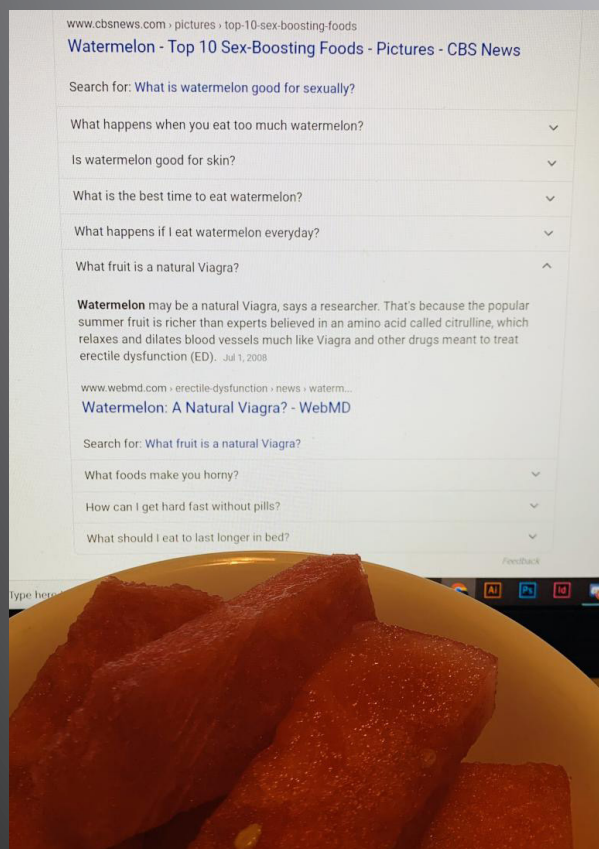
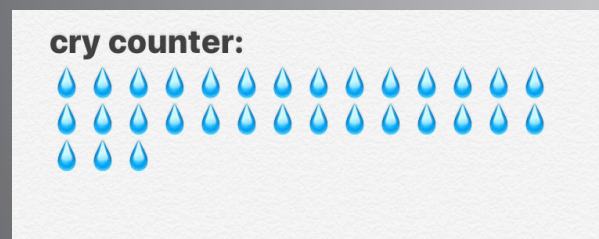
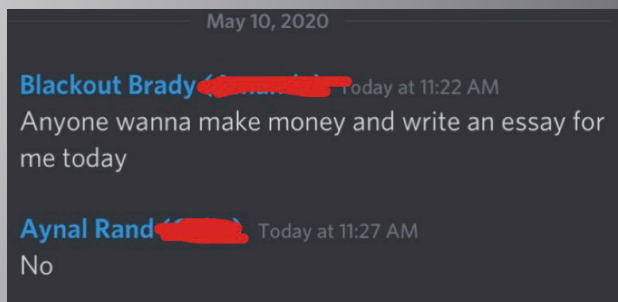
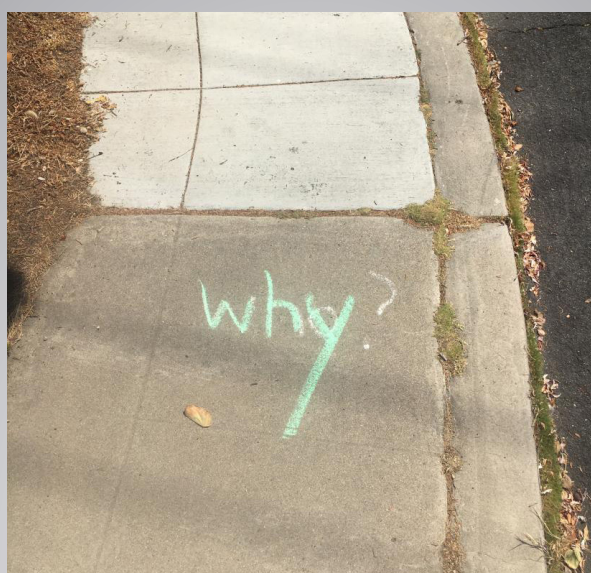
Koala Staffers Quarantine Mood Board





OFF-THE-CUFFS

Koala Staffers Quarantine Mood Board





MADE EROTIC EYE CONTACT W/ A HOT STRANGER ON CAMPUS	PURSURING TIKTOK DANCING AS A QUARANTINE CAREER	FAV PLACE @ EAST COMMONS IS RUBIO'S (BASIC)	PROBABLY DOING A SHITTY JOB AT SOCIAL DISTANCING	LIVED IN <input type="checkbox"/> CHAPPY OR <input type="checkbox"/> ZURA
DID ~SOMETHING~ ILLEGAL ON CAMPUS	HAS EVER SAID "r00MiE"	TRIED TOO HARD TO MAKE COMM103 SPEECHES INTO STANDUP COMEDY	LED LIGHTS IN UR ROOM	LIKES HALAL SHACK (NOT BASIC)
MAJORS IN LITERALLY ANYTHING BUT BUSINESS	MEDIOCRE HEFNER HALL PIC ON STORY	WOULD FUCK RAPP (FREE SPACE)	VAGUE MEMORIES OF TRUJILLO'S	~ACTUALLY~ SKATED AROUND CAMPUS
OVERPAID FOR A PUFF BAR	CAN DRINK W/O TELLING EVERYONE THE NEXT DAY HOW "FUCKED UP" U WERE LAST NIGHT	READS MORE OF THE KOALA THAN JUST THE PERSONALS	REGRETTED GOING HOME WITH SOMEONE	HAD A PERSONAL WRITTEN ABOUT YOU
LIKES YERBA MATE	GOT SICK IN THE DORMS	FELT HORNY FOR A TA/RA	bleAched hAIR	HAS BEEN TO EC TATTOO

MANSON FAMILY VACATION & NANGBANG

An Update From The Koala

Goldicocks

As many of you are probably wondering, I wanted to make it clear and known that the members of The Koala are doing just fine. Yes, you heard that right, everything is great and going smoothly here for us. We are staying hydrated, eating what we can, and writing our hearts out. Oh, and we're also living underneath the campus. Currently, thirty-three out of the thirty-six of us are quarantined underneath SDSU, the other three of us have died. (Not from Corona, but from lack of dick, Tito's, and attention). You see, once a member of the Koala, always a member of the Koala. Upon joining, it goes without saying that you are:

1. Immediately disowned by all and any connected family/friends, and
2. Gay (or bisexual at the least).

Along with this entails that you are now one of us, and therefore can never leave. As Adela sent out not one, not two, but three shit-slop excuses of an email, we realized that we must go home... but with mothers and fathers who no longer claimed us, where would we go to escape the campus we once called home? Then, it struck—if not on it, then below it. As fear and panic quickly spread it's way into the remaining student body, we were busy shoveling our papers into the sewers, and shredding all documents once kept inside the Theta Chi residence—a site that we're sure Adela, and frat boys everywhere, would die to see. As quarantine continues, and sorority girls somehow continue to fucking party, we are settled, and safe in our hide outs. During the day, we scramble within the pipelines and inner workings of our beautiful, godforsaken school, and at night we crawl our way through the secret tunnels, through the floorboards and terra cotta roofing, up into Trujillo's and cuic to feast upon frozen breadsticks and horse meat tacos. One day, we will see the light again. Many of us have completely forgotten what sun feels like altogether, but as long as the gays have their Nintendo Switch, and our editors have their banquets, we're going to be ok.



The Great Sock Debate

Handie sandberg and Coconut Head

Opening statement from Handie Sandberg: Socks-on during sex is the only way for bro-on-bro phanny pounding to totally jump over the need to go through that "no homo" before the nut is bust.

Opening statement from Coconut Head: Socks on during sex is a red flag. socks during sex is morally wrong and here's why. picture this butt ass naked, absolutely plowing a cooter. Annihilating your pick of the week, and she finally lets you raw dog, but you consciously decide to keep your socks on. I'm sorry sweetheart, but those socks are not going to save you from a pregnancy. Now don't get me wrong we all are missing the good ole romp in the sheets during quarantine, but come on people we have to have some standards. Why do you need your socks on?

Are you scared you're going to get cold? Honey you aren't fucking hard enough then!!!!!! The only thing that should be touching those ankles are either rope, someone's hands, or a tongue making its way either up your leg or to your feet. Now, I'm not here to judge you unless you have socks on, but if you can feel cotton on your ankle, it's time for you to pack up and leave because this isn't going to work out.

Imagine feeling a sock rub up your leg as he's finger blasting your coochie, that's not sexy.

Counter argument:

My opponent here is severally misguided in her assessment of wearing socks during sex. This is not simply about warmth, or pregnancies, it's about the fact that no sane straight man would wear socks during a sex with a female. Socks are for when your fist deep in your homies intestines. Listen if I'm gonna be finger blasting Stacey on the stairwell, you for damn sure know that my socks are in fucking Kathmandu.

The point here is about when one bro loves another bro enough to violate New York health directors order to not rim your bro's taint during corona virus. Someone can say "ever been sucked off by a dude?" And you can say "yes, but I had my socks on." And the most logical next thought you both share is "totally not gay." This is all a matter of understanding that when two bros do anything that is not hetero, then socks have to be on. It's simple physics. Ask your 101 professor, they'll agree.

Counter-Counter Argument:

Here's the thing, Brad and chad, no matter how much you tell yourself no socks during sex isn't gay, it is most definitely gay. I'm sorry if your alpha ways don't let you be honest with yourself, and let you admit how you really feel about each other. But that just shows you're truly the beta bitch.

The real manly thing to do is take those fucking socks off and not give a shit what they say, and keep plowing. The only way it isn't gay is if it's a threeway. This has been a well known fact since the birth of Jesus Christ. Your socks aren't saving you from your sins, and your father is going to hate you whether you're gay or straight.

Rebuttal:

While yes it's known by straight law that if it's three men plowing the fuck out of each other in a butt-to-butt-to-butt triangle, the gayness can not be spread out (as long as all cum stays inside) this is an exception to the rule and not the law. Do not be persuaded by the fact that this counter argument is coming from a babe. Tits may be God, but when God has died who is to rule over a bro's destiny but the bro himself?

The point of the matter is that you and your homies should feel secure in heterosexuality and masculinity by knowing where the sock boundary begins and ends—and that's with them staying on.

I rest my case brothers.

Closing statement:
men aren't shit, and their opinions don't matter.
socks stay off ladies.

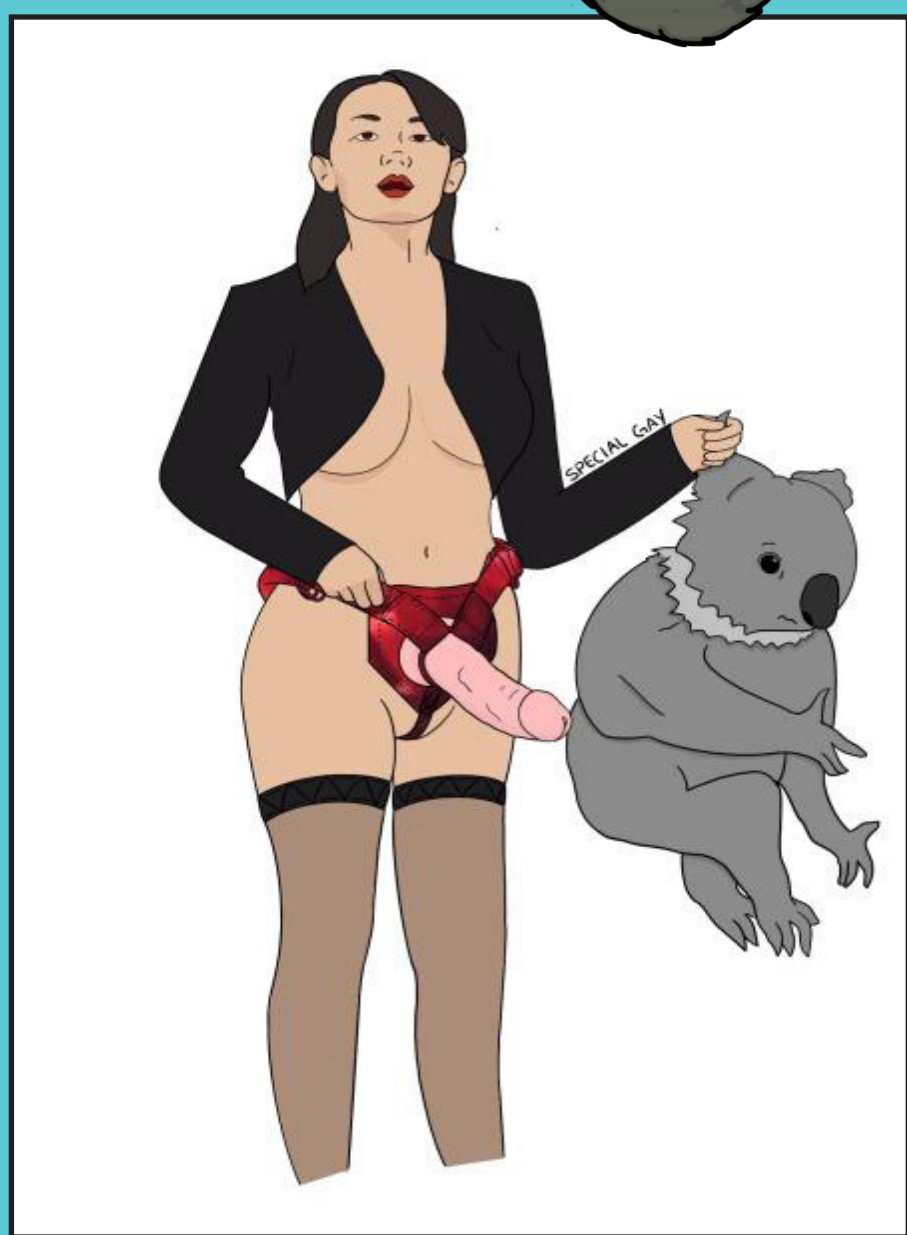


Nuclear Simpning

Aynal Rand and Tommy Salami

After many weeks of uncertainty and numerous disputed articles, The Koala is unsure of what to make of the current North Korean political situation. Is Kim Jong Un alive? Is the North Korean media being truthful? The only one thing we can be certain of in these trying times is that I want Kim Yo Jong to ash cigarettes in my mouth as bass boosted K-pop shreds my eardrums in an underground sex dungeon. As I sit here writing this in my mother's basement, I have finally realized that this is what 2020 has been needing all along: a powerful Queen who has the potential to lead our world into a nuclear holocaust, and at the same be able to step on my balls until I cummy on my tummy. THE WORLD IS LONG OVERDUE for a tomboy mommy dictator like Kim Yo. I've been reading way too much Buzzfeed not to want to submit to her, and have her thrust deep inside me with a strap on dildo as I sucky milky from her squishy mommy boobies while she tells me what a dumb capitalist American I am.

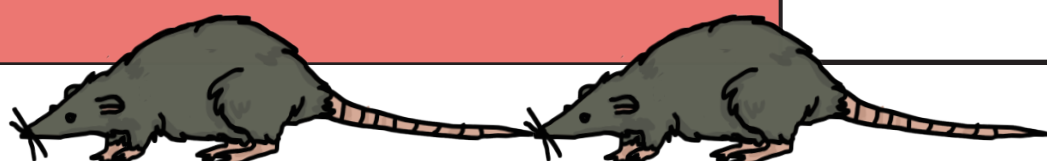
After contemplating this fantasy and binge listening to days worth of Call Her Daddy to gain insight into the female mind, I wondered how I could communicate with Kim Yo to express the fact that I am indeed simping for her. I began writing letters to her explaining that I'm looking for a new home and trying to travel to the feminst utopia that is North Korea. I made it clear that I, the perfect male feminist, could be used as a submissive bottom to take her sexual rage out on. After writing many letters to her over the last few weeks, explaining that she is mommy gf material, I finally received a response from The Democratic People's Republic of Korea. Kim Yo praised my courage and persistence to get her attention. The end of her response included the username for her CashApp, which I instinctively sent my entire \$1200 stimulus check to (Don't worry, my Queen, when the economy gets rolling again there will be a lot more where that came from). I was ecstatic, this is the moment I had been waiting for ever since I was graced with seeing my (our) Queen for the first time. I have since renounced my US citizenship and fully intend on rising to the occasion and emigrating to North Korea, where I can properly serve my Queen in all her glory. All hail Kim Yo Jong and The Democratic People's Republic of Korea.



Breakups During Social Fucking Distancing

venDIEaGRAM

Welcome ladies, and gentlefucks. This is going to be the best fucking news you'll hear. It is officially breakup season. Couples around the world who clearly can't be separated from one another are now crumbling apart at this new distance. This is for the half hearted souls who have no idea what to do with their new shitty lifestyles. Here are some fun tips and tricks on how to get the fuck over your sad uncontrollable emotions during this isolating time. Go ahead, send that aggressive text to your ex. While you're at it you should call them at the convenient times from 3am to 6am. At least now you'll know that they really are ignoring you because what else are they fucking doing during these times? Definitely not going to the fucking movies. So while they are bored, and have nothing better to do, go ahead and desperately beg for them back while you have all this fucking free time! At least now our dumbasses will feel rejected enough to not call again after the fifth fucking time. So go ahead, make the mistakes now while you can still learn. Definitely, take this time to neglect basic hygiene. Nothing says broken up with better than teeth covered in four day old tar. Also fuck those birth control pills you are supposed to take consistently! You're not even fucking anymore anyway! Take this time to really just treat your body like crap. Everyone else is out here trying to exercise and try new diets during this time but YOU! YOU are taking this time to really just indulge yourself in the high calories and never ever fucking leave that bed. I mean why get up? Your entire fucking life is on a laptop now anyway. Absolutely start hitting up new people. People are definitely dying for the loving touch of a sad and vulnerable soul. So go ahead and contact those old friends you talked to for three months in an economic class! They definitely miss you (no.). In fact lets start learning how to have phone sex again. Go ahead and shake that ass to the camera, and replace that ex of yours! They are definitely going to be missing out on a good show. So fucking get out there again and have some protected cyber sex you slut! Most importantly, take this time to just focus on yourself (as cliché as that may sound). Really appreciate and be proud of how far your sexy ass has come. Just take this time to love yourself again. I mean, really love yourself. Like fucking love how hot and sexy you are. Just fuck yourself. Again, who's stopping you? You can literally just lay in bed and try to break the world record of orgasms in a day. No work; no school. Just lay there in bed and touch yourself until your broken heart has fully healed. Until then just remember to use protection you wild slut.



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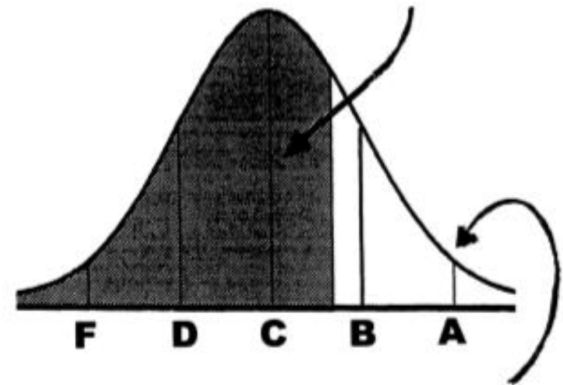
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Review

SDSU Exam Prep 2018

Soup, Salad, or Sandwich

Leprecunt

Issac Newton, physics daddy and huge nerd, showed us the way into learning the world through physics. The people who dared take a physics class were taught the basics, the law of motion, relativity, $E=MC^2$. What they don't teach the abstinent youth is arguably Newton's best, the Law of Soup, Salad, or Sandwich. You see kids, food is so much more complex yet simpler than the government will tell you. They threw us a freakin' bone with the confirmation of UFO's. But don't let that fool you, there's so much more. Aunty Cunt is gonna let you in on the biggest government secret since Nixon. All meals can be categorized as either a soup, salad, or sandwich based on composition, sound, and texture. Obviously a PB & J is a sammy, but so is a piece of apple pie, tacos, and pussy. Open your minds and mouths! Please see this table below to help you on your journey to meal enlightenment.

	Soup	Salad	Sandwich
Composition	~More liquid than solid ~Looks sexier in a bowl, on a plate it's sacreligious; ex. An Irish Stew	~More solid than liquid; ex. pasta that just has butter & parm ~Looks like a big pile of legos; ex. chipotle burrito bowl	~A solid base, the state on the inside is up to you baby ~Sex, you only need 2 but the more you add, the more fun; ex. Lasagna, a Rueben from DZ Akins
Sound	~Sloppy pussy; ex. Alfredo pasta, extra sauce ~when the ice melts & it slurps so hard the bong water slaps ya in the face; ex. Chicken noodle soup, cereal	~Crunch. ~The fork hitting plate noise; ex. classic dad dinners: meat, potato, veg	~Crunch. Huuuhhmurru; ex. Sandwiches with no crunch, Mamma Mia pizza pie
Texture	~Wet; ex. Coconut water with pulp, semen with pulp ~Creamy; ex. Ice cream	~Moist; ex. scrambled eggs ~Lumpy; ex. Curry with Rice**	~Chewy; ex. Little Debbie Oatmeal Creme Pie ~Juicy; ex. A properly lubed up hole, burger king whopper

**Lumpy could also work for soup, however please note the provided example says "with rice" showing that it is in instances of meals with more solid than liquid



An Analysis of “Blow-Job Betty” by Too Short

Slick

Too Short, infamous rapper, producer, and OG-mack first burst on the scene and made waves with his use of the word “bitch” the first time it had been done in mainstream rap music. On his song, “Ain’t Nothin’ but a Word to Me”, Mr. Short doubles down on the criticism he received saying that bitch truly ain’t nothin’ but a word to a man of his stature.

The release of his 1986 album “Raw, Uncut and X-Rated” featured a song that would live on in infamy for years to come. The song, of course, is Blowjob Betty. The lyrics cascade around the listener, painting a fable like tale of a woman, Betty, who Too Short came into correspondence with. Betty, or Blowjob Betty as she was more commonly known, was revered around Mr. Short’s neighborhood for her oral accomplishments. As short says himself, “She could blow more head than a whale blows water/Blow job Betty make your dick get harder” which is hyperbolic in nature, as there’s no way any woman could blow more cocks than a whale could blow water. Additionally, whales don’t actually blow water out of their spout, it’s actually hot air mixed with mucus, as this is the way that whales exhale.

Short goes on to discuss his courtship of this girl, and inquires as to why she’s been performing her services for free, saying “Why you runnin’ round suckin’ all that dick for no money?” An excellent question in the context of the story, and causes Betty to begin to wonder if she could have a career on her hands. Too Short makes a proposition, and the two agree that Short could be Betty’s pimp; after all, why would she be running around sucking all that dick for no money?

The story cuts to six month later, with Short saying “6 months later, I’m still a pimp, I’m still a player” and by god, he was. Too Short ends up going into a club, and sees a girl in the bathroom giving that sloppy toppy to several people waiting in line. Short, being the player that he is, cuts the line, just as you might at a Long John Silver’s if you were particularly peckish. The girl offering her services out of course, was the one and only Blowjob Betty.

Short commences with the acquisition of head from Ms. Betty, and tonight she’s doing a particularly good job, perhaps riled up by the crowd. At some point Short gets onto the sink, singing “Cause the player I am to the day I’m dead//I was sittin’ on the sink gettin’ some head” And who could blame him? Sitting on the sink getting some head sounds quite nice.

The issue arises when Too Short reaches his climax, a quite powerful one at that. “But then I shot that fatal nut/Must of knocked that bitch on her butt/She couldn’t even breathe, she was holdin’ her throat” Pardon me for saying but is it possible that this poor girl had a nut allergy? Just kidding. In reality for a load of semen to be so large and so strong for a woman to be rendered unable to breathe it would have to be around 10-20 mL, whereas the average male’s ejaculate ranges only in the 2.5 mL range.

The Shakespearean twist to this tale comes about not that night, but the next day. “But that next day I read this story/A young girl died just last night/She choked on sperm in her windpipe/It was on her face, her neck, and chest/And we’re sorry to say there’s no suspect/When I saw that my brain clicked/I bust a nut and killed a bitch”

There you have it, he bust a nut and killed a bitch. More than anything what this woeful tale does is to serve as a stark lesson about the lack of sexual education in inner city health classes. Had Short been wearing a condom for this feliatio, Betty would still be out and about, giving head, 35 years later.



Sometimes Your Dick Is Just TOO Big

Mothman’s Slampiece

My friends, it’s been a long-running joke that little dicks are funny. Sure. Ha ha “it’s the motion of the ocean not the size of the boat.” We know— we got it— it’s been done to death. You don’t have to defend your little guys anymore, we, as a society have gotten over it (mostly).

And now that we’ve gotten little dicks out of the way (not like it was hard there isn’t much to get out of the way) it’s time we turn our attention to big boys.

I’m talking Moby Dicks.

People might not think they’re so funny. We’ve all gotten caught in the thirst trap that these Jon Hamm boys create with grey sweatpants. The aesthetic has a great appeal.

We all talk a big game about not wanting to be able to walk the next day because of a 9-inch-nail. But that’s exactly the point. These big boys we thirst after are “too big to nail.”

If a dick is too big, it presents a health hazard.

“Oh baby I want you to take it all.” I CAN’T! My esophagus will stretch too wide! You’ll rupture my uterus when my IUD gets pressed into it. And I don’t even want to THINK about what it could do to my butthole.

Put a fucking warning sign on that thing, jolly flesh-toned giant. “You ready for it baby?” Yeah, I’m ready to take your ass to court on a workplace-related injury! “You wanna be on top?” Why??? So you can turn me into a lollipop when you Vlad the Impaler my ass? No thank you!

I’ll be over here having a lovely time with average Joe, whose dick will not make me laugh or cry. I’m now Goldilocks, and any man with a dick 5-7 inches is my just right.

We’ll be banging all night in any position possible while you and your tiny-dicked counterparts figure out how to get really good at foreplay because that’s the only way you’ll actually get someone off.

I’m sorry to be harsh but you goliaths have had it too good for too long without the sexual competency to back it all up. Practice giving head, or start a dating site for people with wide orifices so you can pleasure instead of pain your partners. Good luck and happy trails.



Whore-O-Scopes Quarentine Edition

Goldicocks

Aries- Quarantine just doesn't seem to be registering in your mind because for some reason, you're still texting your ex, and last night his dick was definitely not 6 feet away from you.

Taurus- I know you may be feeling sad because that summer-bod isn't really coming along how you expected, but don't worry - nobodies is. The new ~ summer look ~ is now 30ish pounds overweight and cuter than ever. Don't sweat it.

Gemini- Do not spend your stimulus check online shopping. Pay your fucking rent and go buy more groceries. Dollskill and Princess Polly can wait.

Leo- I know you're about to wither away from lack of attention, and the grocery-store runs just aren't cutting it anymore. Please refrain from posting titty pics on the gram though. Ffs, your grandma sees that shit. Send them to us instead.

Cancer- Don't text your ex, Don't text your ex, Don't text your ex, Don't text your ex.....

Libra- This month it may be hard to find balance between keeping up with your routine and falling back into the depression pit. Just remember to take your zoloft and drink your water. Hang in there honey.

Virgo- This month is looking up for you! A new love interest has been spotted, and nothing can keep you apart (except for good ol' quarantine). Have fun sexting for the next 1-11 months.

Scorpio- She's not gonna answer your zoom call man. Forget about it.

Sagittarius- Stop self sabotaging and gas lighting your family, and go outside. Take a walk. Find a worm. Stupid idiot.

Capricorn- Your creative energy has been thriving lately. Use this month to channel your emotions (and maybe even some of your childhood trauma) into an expressive piece of art.

Aquarius- Your world might feel unstable right now, but don't worry, more instability and chaos is just around the corner! You'll be able to cling onto that and have something to complain about for the next few weeks.

Pisces- Your subconscious has been stirring lately, and your dreams are trying to tell you something... they're saying... stop watching Youtube until 4 a.m. and go the fuck to sleep.

I Found the Purpose of Men

Chop Chop Revolution

After last night's hook up I realized what an amazing glow my skin has after rubbing his jizz in instead of washing it off. This is....weird, right? Throughout the day people were complimenting me left and right asking me what my skin care routine was. How was I supposed to tell them it was JIZZ from last night's hook up?! I can't! And I won't... Instead why don't I profit off this amazing discovery and create my own "nighttime serum". This was my secret weapon to such beautiful clear skin so why not make it available for people to buy? I started with small tests on my friends seeing how successful it was. Within a week my test subjects had seen amazing results in their skin and were begging for more. This pushed me to create my brand, Magic Juiz by Chop Chop. Only problem I could see myself facing was, "What if I ran out?" SOLUTION: fuck as many guys as I can every week and just jar up all the jizz creating a huge inventory. I know it'll be incredibly successful because it works for my friends, and I so it should help everyone!

I marketed it as a vegan cruelty free serum that clears up imperfections and evens out your skin texture. GENIUS! I launched my brand and online shop, and it sold out within minutes. As I expected. With the high demand of my product I grew extremely popular overnight. My next couple of days were filled with brand deals, influencers asking for PR packages, and tv shows asking to interview me; it was insane. I booked my first brand deal with Sephora, and they sold out within the first week of having me in their stores. The influencers I had sent my magic serum to had been posting such positive reviews, raving about how beautiful their skin was becoming. This caused my online sales to skyrocket even higher than the first launch which left me feeling blessed. Thank you jizz god's <3 I decided to answer some of the talk shows that had been dying to interview me, and ended up booking an interview with Good Morning America!!! I couldn't believe it, I was really living out my boss babe dreams of being my own CEO. Just from selling people jizz. You can do anything you pour your heart into ladies. Become your own boss by joining my company because THIS is how I became a multimillion dollar boss BABE just from profiting off of useless men<3



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KOALA BATHROOM REVIEWS

What could be more important than knowing where to poop?

Quad Squad, More Fondly Known as the Quad Squat

Coconut Head

Y'all fuckin miss me? Well I'm back bitch. Not only has life been a shit show, I think I've been shitting more than normal just to get a measly minute away from my mother. Which makes it the perfect month to write about my bathrooms that I'm stuck with here at home. Now don't get me wrong, they're all truly magnificent, and it's so nice to get a moment of silence, but please, for the love of god, take me back to talking shit about the frat bathrooms. First, the bathroom attached to my bedroom. These pasty ass cheeks get to gleam at her glory 3 times a day, so I can't really complain. Strapped with a room just for the toilet so I can mentally spiral, while my asshole Hershey squirts. Let me tell you, this porcelain throne has heard some of the worst mid-quarantine sobs. When you're 1200 miles from your closest friend, this little slice of

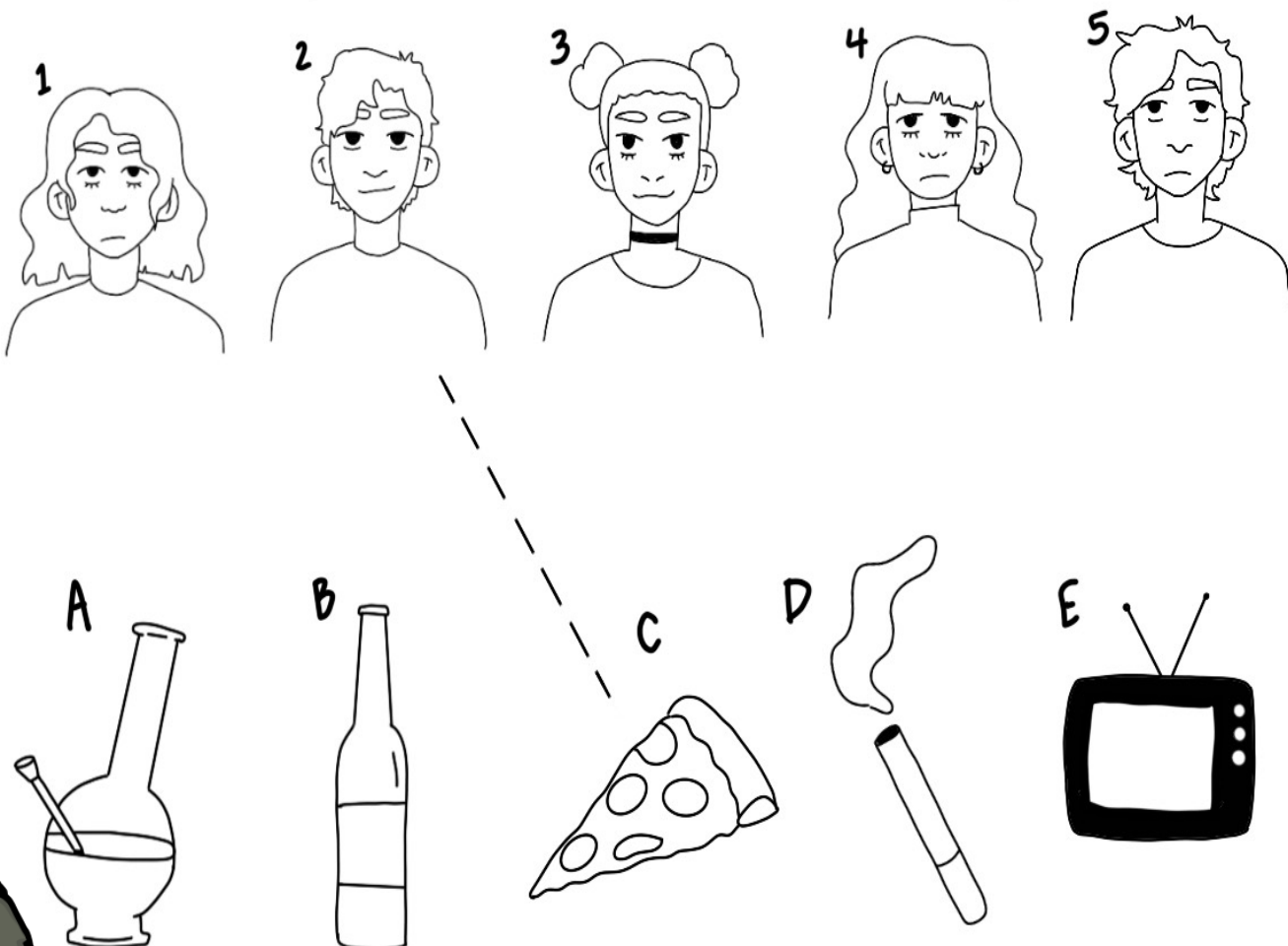
cold white toilet seat becomes your new best friend. That's not all she has, this bathroom of mine comes strapped with a soaker tub, and a detached shower (Hey man as the koala bathroom review person the only thing I can flex is well.. my bathroom). My bathroom has been a true loyal soldier in my battle of living with my family, there for me when I need her. Next, My dad's bathroom. Let's be real here, this sweet baby is on the main floor of my house. The only time she sees these cheeks of mine, is because it's an emergency and I gotta drop my drawers before things get out of hand. Pretty standard bathroom otherwise, and I don't have much to say about her. She's there to run to when I'm desperate, much like my ex. Third in line is my mom's bathroom, this gal is on my top floor,

and I rarely see her, because well, I don't need to. I have my own bathroom, and see no reason to make my mom suffer through me using hers. Now, my sister on the other hand. Swear she uses this bitch more often than she uses her own, like damn just go downstairs and stop invading our space. That being said, it's nice to have a shitter for every member so we don't have to share, and for that I appreciate her. Lastly, My sister's bathroom. This little slice of heaven, that I don't get to visit often, has every item of hair and skincare you could ever dream of. I have never actually used the toilet, or any of the fine amenities that come with the typical bathroom, but boy do I still love this one. It's a sight for sore eyes for a broke college student like myself. Whenever I need anything to hopefully help me look even a minuscule less like death, she's here for me to run too.

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

pick an unhealthy coping mechanism

draw a line to connect the person to the thing they use to help them tolerate their otherwise meaningless life



THE PERSONALS MISSED CONNECTIONS

RA Daniel I just wanna ride you RAW in your business suit.

To my formal date: I'm sorry I left you to fuck your pledge brother.

to the girl i fuck in parking structure 4 and 7... i miss the taste of your big fat juicy coochie

dave from comm, i want your sweet, sweet golden curls in between my thighs.

To the zura fourth floor AM victoria, I wanna eat you out so bad -a horny girl who has a crush on you

I want RA Sean from tnasty to slap my ass with his flip flop so bad

To Karina from Zura floor three I know you don't date white girls but please give me a chance

The guy that used to run w/the tan vest thing. You're hot asf please let me sit on your face and then bend me over a table daddy

CA Angelyne lemme slide in them DMs baby girl you is fine as fuck!!

Cameron zura floor 2 wing c i would let you hit it raw

to the beautiful skater boy who works at lolitas- i miss u. thank u for giving me a gorgeous view while my fat ass sat there and ate my tacos <3

Shoutout to the guy on my floor who i became such good friends with then ghosted me for no reason and didnt talk to me or even look at me for months! ur a real asshole for that btw.

Sarah, Im just tryna show some love !



THE PERSONALS



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I'm glad Covid 19 kicked us out of school cause now I don't have to see my bitch of a roommate

Fuck you Josh, you didn't tell me Happy Birthday

i paid \$100 to switch rooms just so i could be sent home a month later w no refund

I ran out of toilet paper in quarantine, so I wiped my ass with old Koalas. Thanks for being shitty in more ways than one

all you bitches who are wet for professor rapp clearly have daddy issues.

Quarantine is so boring i want to yack in a frat bathroom just to feel something again

why are men

the real tea is half u panhellenic bitches starting to look like bad bhabie and that's on blackface.

aight sdsu dykes, lets fucking do it. sapphics email me at indigo.on.the.water@gmail.com with your phone number and lets start a mf sapphic group chat. put dyke in the subject line it'll give me a heart attack before it gives me the great joy of knowing another san diego lesbian. ill talk to yall soon xx

pinning the cute boy's zoom in my class to make it feel like we're on a date>>>>

i'm home but i still miss my mom

hey stanky bitch, you know who you are, take your boyfriend's italian cock out of your mouth and start doing the dishes? for someone who owns like 3 shirts you love to air your dirty laundry huh? let me sleep in peace

you talk a whole lotta shit for someone in nut distance, you know who you are mother-fucker

i really dont get all these people thirsting after rapp i just looked up a picture and he looks like a mouse

I just wanted to make out with all the cute gay girls on zura floor 3 before the end of the year but now thanks to miss rona I don't get to

Honestly at this point the Koala should just make a section dedicated to the hottest professors here at SDSU

My roommate and came back from a night of drinking and puked all over our rug then fell asleep in it. I cleaned it up and we went to bed. When I woke up the next morning

there was something wet in my underwear drawer. Turns out she thought it was a toilet. She peed in my underwear drawer.

to all the fuckholes who saw sdsu's dog sees god and jerked off to how edgy it was you're so fucking pussy and probably think not being able to afford a proper bong is a personality trait

This is really not the time to be single

I really miss the lil yellow sticker of sunshine on my RedID, rip Olmecca, ILY

Is it just me or was that guy that worked at the market below The Garden with the rat tail scary asf. I swear he's not stable and maybe that's why I always got a weird high after eating the bananas from there.

The smell of Plant Power haunts me in my dreams. That shit is POWERFUL

There's not enough crackhead energy in my town and its kind of making me feel like an outcast

I'd like to apologize to all the random girls that saw my vagina and bare ass when we peed together in frat bathrooms. I was drunk. I was unstable. I'm sorry.

That time I went to shower and there was legit a PIECE OF SHIT smashed in between the waffle grate of the shower stall. WHOEVER YOU ARE THAT DID THAT YOU ARE A DISGUSTING ANIMAL

Your freshman year, if at all possible, don't sign up for an 8am. You THINK you can do it cause you're getting up at 6am for high school. So you think, "Class at 8am? I got this, no problem". No, BULLSHIT. YOU CAN'T! Something changes after you graduate where you just can't autopilot yourself outta bed and go to school.

Yo wtf is wrong with me? I've been literally just thinking about sdsu building like the library and dorms and I'm getting sad man. I wanna go back

the good part of my year long relationship ending during quarantine is that breaking up over the phone was actually more respectful than doing it in person

To the absolute cunts who would rather get on their knees and suck each and every one of Sandy Garver's toes than care for your fellow students, fuck you!

i have to get my 27% in PSY-211 up to a C by wednesday, anonymous prayers are welcome

Fuck the professors that doubled the work load

making bread wont protect you from your thoughts.

To my old roommate I hope you and your girlfriend stopped fighting everyday

Can we go ahead and continue the Koala through quarantine? Like I'll suck you every one of you off if you say yes. (Editor: Promise?)

Daddy Newsom reminding me I am the white man's whore

I can't believe I'm gonna say this but, I miss going to work

Wtf with professors thinking we have the mental stability and CAPACITY to do 4 final projects

I feel a lil sad but I do be vibin tho

I was too lazy once to climb the stairs from lot 15 so I shit in a McDonald's cup and chucked it in the bushes

BBC sized shoutout to Ian for letting me show him some new things and corrupt him some more this coronacation

lowkey kinda scared to go back to state in the fall bc quarantine has me talking to like 50 frat boys I'm not gonna be able to avoid at parties oop

I'm glad Covid 19 kicked us out of school cause now I don't have to see my bitch of a roommate

Fuck you Josh, you didn't tell me Happy Birthday

Daddy Rapp please bend me over and fuck me. You're not hot but you have a way with words I love you



Submit your bullshit to:

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

100% anonymous, 100% gucci