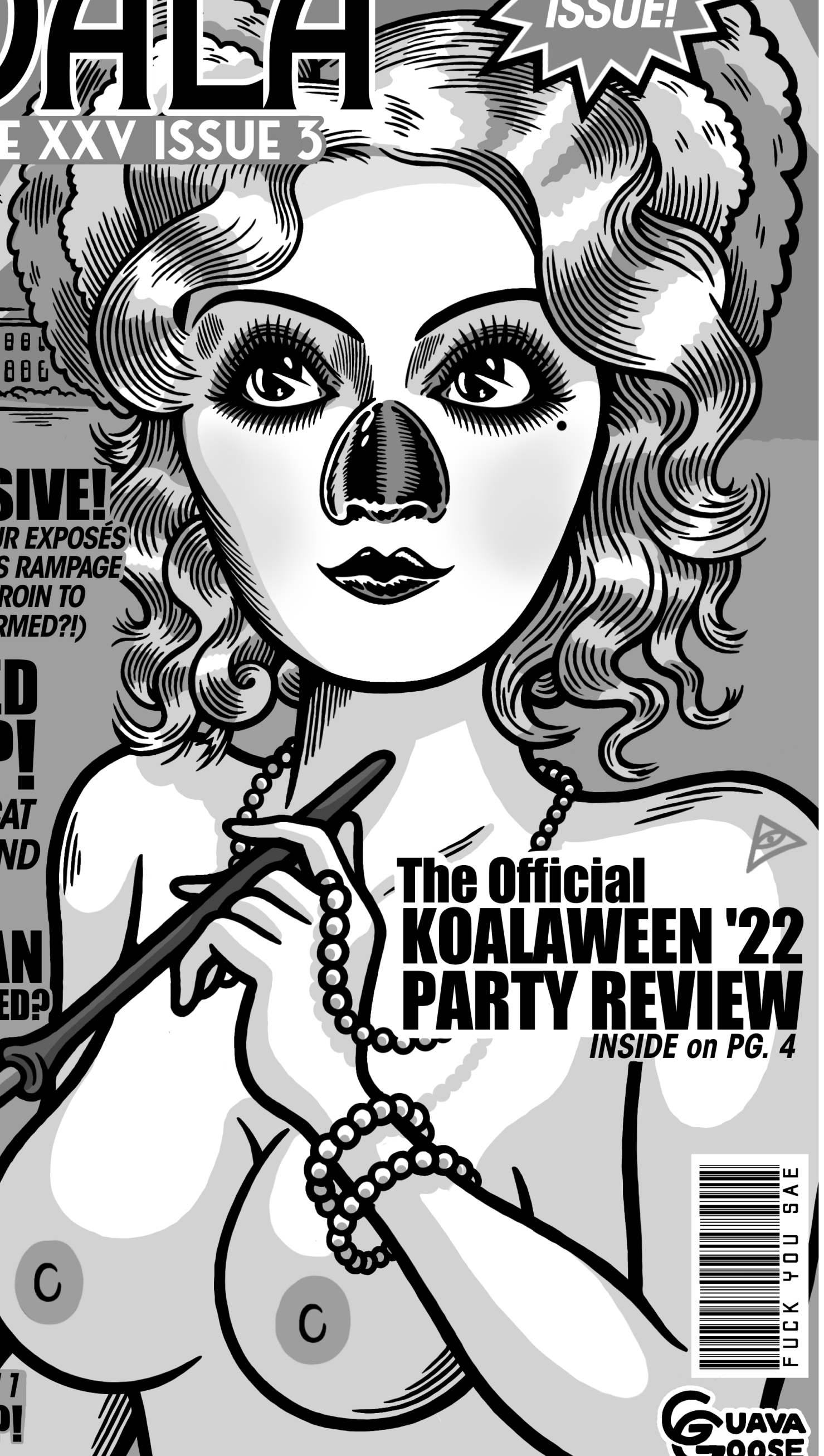


THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA

"THE WORST IN COLLEGIATE JOURNALISM SINCE 1982"

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VOLUME XXV ISSUE 3



EXXXCLUSIVE!

READ ALL ABOUT OUR EXPOSÉS ON ATTORNEY KING'S RAMPAGE & SDSU 'GIVING' HEROIN TO STUDENTS? (CONFIRMED?!)

FEATURED SCOOP!

SECRET SAE CAT COUNCIL FOUND PG. 13

MOLD MAN OF PIKE REVEALED?

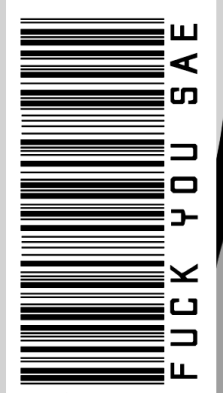
More on PG. 14

The Official KOALAWEEN '22 PARTY REVIEW

INSIDE on PG. 4

DID THE HARDY TOWER REALLY GET PREGGO?!

Pg. 11



IG @SDSUKOALA

*THE KOALA IS LEGALLY CLASSIFIED AS PORNOGRAPHY

Lady Dick-me-down's Society Papers: Repugnant People, Repugnant News

Dearest Readers,

While autumn is in full swing here in San Diego, it has come to our attention that being a whore did not end at the turn of the season. Below freezing temperatures were reached on Halloweekend, and yet I saw nay a sweater nor a coat.

Instead, I witnessed perfectly proper young ladies and gents galavanting about, titties flying, asses out, and dicks hard. You all behaved like the filthy animals that you are, humping and grazing each other in front of a crowd of at least 300 people at a time. Tongues clashed for dominance and slobber dribbled down the chins of costumed crusaders. I even caught the Pope dry humping a Playboy bunny.

It is clear that whomever raised you did an absolutely horrid job, and should be swiftly challenged to a duel at sunrise. Protecting your family's honor was relinquished as soon as the first pair of bunny ears and matching lingerie was purchased.

Let me be quite clear, even though the ton's actions were appalling, I was satisfyingly amused watching bare asses shaking into the night. There is some beauty to be found in round, squishy, supple bottoms making their debut. Truth be told, there can only be one Diamond of the season though— and I do declare that it belongs to none other than Jewish American Pegger.

As I await the hands of the most eligible bachelors in all of College Area, I implore the rest of you fake blonde bitches to try harder next time. The bleach must be getting in the way of your cognitive ability to feel pain, remorse, or shame. Shaking your ass for Bradley Chode III can't be worth getting frostbite in those beautiful toes of yours. It certainly wasn't for me. I've lost 3 toes and $\frac{1}{4}$ of my left labia to the nippy fall air. (And yet I remain this season's Diamond still)

Yours Truly,

Lady Dick-me-down

(Jewish American Pegger and Guava Goose)

[Large & In Charge]

Jewish American Pegger,
Guava Goose

[Lactose Intolerant]

Brotankula, Backshot Barbie,
Bikeable, Clifford the BIG, Eaterout,
John MulBangMe, Minisquirt,
Molly Ringworm, Nightmare at the
Museum, Orb, Zodiac Killer

[Wet & Juicy]

Bobby Slavy, CuntPuncher, DeeZ Nutz,
Plankton, Starfucks Baristoe, Sweater
Weather, Wallabeanie

[Silent but Deadly]

Soy Kombucha Latte, Blackout
Brady, Texas Toast, Tiny Rick,
Masturbation Enthusiast, Chop Chop
Revolution, Aynal Rand, 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, 4LOKA, black
tarry stools, DominAsian, Juice Willis,
Leprecunt, Hentai, Salty Dog, Piss/
Shit/Cum, Buster Hymen, Rat Junior,
Little Dybbuck, Lilo and Bitch, Handie
Samberg, WaterSportZ





THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



sponsored by **course**  **star** SM
fuck chegg

Bottom 5 Grandma Types

1. Still sexually actively grandma
2. Xanax grandma
3. Taxidermied
4. Confederate
5. The one we kept in the basement too long

Top 5 Places to Put Turkey Stuffing

1. Bird nests
2. Jungle juice
3. In the gender binary
4. Inside of a French person
5. My cousins sexual mouth

Top 5 Myths

1. Yeast infections can't kill you
2. Weed making you feel good
3. Eminem (can't be true)
4. There never was mold in the Zura vents
5. IUDs working

Top 5 Sex Toys

1. Legos
2. Bong downstem
3. Carrots and onions and broth (I'm baking you into a stew)
4. A gun
5. Bristle side of a toothbrush

Top 5 Career Ruining Dinner Party Topics

1. Is it incest to fuck your clone?
2. Why 9/11 led to 50 Shades of Grey
3. How to hijack an airliner jet
4. My history of writing fan fiction
5. The time they put you into rehab

Bottom 5 Reasons to Drink a 4Loko

1. A committed relationship
2. So I can throw up in the uber later
3. Funeral
4. You just like the taste
5. Doctor prescribed it

Top 5 Plan B Side Effects

1. I get to hit it raw
2. Having to venmo request \$50
3. Fetus turns into two fetuses. If you would have twins you have quadruplets now
4. No more voices
5. Psychosis

Bottom 5 Temper Tantrums

1. Frat boys when yours is bigger
2. When they don't have alc at the Alcohol Awareness desk
3. Me when I found out she's a creamer
4. The climate changing. Suck it up you big baby
5. Scorned axo

Top 5 Causes to Stand For

1. The right to bottom when necessary
2. Nobody should be allowed to have hands
3. Koala gets boxes like daily aztec
4. Class action lawsuit against bad bunny
5. The right to disregard human rights

Top 5 Ways to Ruin a Funeral

1. Ban all words except pussy
2. Plugging your nose when you walk up to the casket
3. Post on instagram and make everyone like it
4. Wear white
5. Saying "He's right behind me isn't he.."

Bottom 5 TV Shows to Jack Off To

1. House Hunters
2. Dance Moms
3. Big Mouth
4. Nathan For You
5. America's Funniest Home Videos

Top 5 Family Secrets

1. Bathtime with grandpa
2. Your dad's godfather is OJ
3. My uncle dennis isn't allowed back in california
4. So much Scientology
5. Suicide pact

Bottom 5 Apocalypses

1. Gravity turning off reaaally slowly
2. Montezuma McDonald's closure
3. i eat everybody up
4. Vape juice running out
5. Sdsu welcome week

Top 5 Envious Moments

1. It must be nice being a dog and getting leashed up like that
2. When my best friend lost his virginity to my mom
3. Reaching your first female orgasm and knowing you'll never feel that same orgasm again
4. Depop bitch takes the sexy pants at goodwill
5. Only men get prostates :/

Top 5 Alternate Thanksgiving Meals

1. My asshole after a long wet day
2. 50 mg zoloft, a joint, a six pack and a cold brew
3. One (1) dark green american spirit
4. Dirty needles I found on the ground
5. The body and blood of jesus christ

Top 5 Bible Sequel Titles

1. Another white guy's diary
2. The Motherfucking Koala
3. Bible 2: A Twist In Time
4. I'm Glad My Son Died
5. 2 Jesus 2 Furious

Koalaween 2022 Party Review

Want us to Come to your Party?: Send us a DM

Eaterout

You heard it here first: we beat out last year! Sure, I placed and lost a bet in which I confidently stated that we wouldn't make it past 45 minutes, but who's really keeping track? Well, I guess we are, and our new record is 4 hours. So to all you fuckers requesting refunds and clowning on us for the events of years past: suck it. If you spent all night waiting on the street, this recap's all for you, baby:

The doors opened at 8pm sharp, and people were immediately pressing to come inside. I started the evening on bar duty, and let me just say: you guys were fucking ravenous. I mean really, it was hard for me and my Koala comrades to pour at the same pace as the speed in which you were dislocating your jaws to pour jungle juice directly down your throats.

I'm fairly certain that every bitch coming to the table must have lost their sense of taste and smell in a horrible, vape-induced accident, because the biggest question the other bar wenches and I kept getting asked just so happened to be, "Is there alcohol in this?" As funny as it would have been to placebo you all into getting faux-drunk, if you're still wondering: yes, there was alcohol in that. Also, I think you need to go to the doctor.

After about thirty minutes of pouring, we hit cap, which essentially turned out to be a lot of your guys' 9/11. I heard later that people were asking the Koalas working the door, "Aye, is it worth it?... No, like, forreal" before proceeding to call security personnel "miserable cunts" for being denied the right to piss on the side of the house. (Honestly, I just have to inquire: Is it ever that serious?).

All of a sudden, the lights went out. I don't know what's wrong with you people and how you lay your little heads on the pillow at night considering the party-wide transformation into gremlinhood, but whatever demons you're all fighting certainly came out to play. Katy Perry's "TGIF" came on, and within 30 seconds, the pit had been opened the fuck up.

Girlies and delinquents alike were pulling out their phone flashlights, taking to climbing each other like trees to play out-of-water games of Chicken, and scaling the roof like parkour masters. I wasn't too concerned with their whereabouts considering the massive crowd of 300 people waiting just below to break their falls, but I— truthfully— was fearing for my life. After all, I'm too young to be sued!

Tragically, the cups ran out just as the electricity did, posing quite the problem when needing to pour drinks directly into your dirty, dirty little fuckholes. While the sadistic part of me was having trouble holding back the giggle fest prompted by the delicious soda, vodka, and dirt concoction dribbling down your chins, mostly what I was thinking was, "Eww,

sticky!" and "Hey, 'Pursuit of Happiness'... This is just like Project X!"

Now, unfortunately, I— beautiful and sexy— was stuck behind the bar all night (Sigh! But alas— how else will people be convinced to drink the worst jungle juice in the history of ever?), so I was not able to be fully present for all the tomfoolery of the evening, including but not limited to: spitting, yaking, and lots of heavy petting.

Yet, as horribly devastated as I was to not be able to witness someone replace their tampon in the (very public) side alley, my penance was trapped in purgatory watching couples get down and dirty to "Tia Tamera" and "Super Freaky Girl," so really— I'm calling it even. And anyway, Jewish American Pegger and Guava Goose let me keep the tampon as a souvenir to make up for it. (Score!)

The end of the night triumphantly culminated in the likes of an epic shootout— Oh, wait, no, that was just Eureka... Really, we just all got a little sleepy. After all, Guava Goose had to get home to ingest their nightly milk and cookies! Thus, there was only one thing left to do: go home.

One Koala talked to another Koala about how the cops were circling our party, and all of a sudden a glorious game of Telephone commenced. "Should we be worried about the cops?" went into one poor idiot's drunken ear and came out slurred and sloshed: "Koalaween is getting rolled and we have to get the fuck out of here."

Conveniently, the cops did actually roll us about 2 minutes later due to the immense amount of people in the street— the first boys in blue I had seen all evening that weren't wearing name tags with shit like "Sergeant Oliver Klozoff" written on them. Everyone fled far into the night, leaving nothing behind. Just kidding, the clean-up haul was a crusty pair of Tozo earbuds, two (!!) tampons, and at least a few packs worth of half-smoked ciggies (if you're going to mouth-fuck Big Tobacco, at least finish them off, you fucking pussies).

Sure, we had to pick up all your sweet offerings with our bare hands, but you know what else I got to touch at the end of the night? Sweet, sweet dollar bills, baby. That's right, at least five of 'em! Crumbled and sweaty from your little pockets, nothin' feels better on my paws.

And you know what? When we were all done cleaning- we used those earbuds! We put those tampons back up where they belong! We killed those cigs! We did it for you, because Koalaween is all about booze, comradery, and cold, hard cash.

Happy Halloween, fuckers. We'll see you next year.

5/5 Bloody Tampons.

BANNED MARTIAN PENIS RITUAL

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September 11 attacks

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

https://www.penismagic.com

Martian EVIL wizard aliense sex HARD!!!!

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four packets of "willful maneule silt"

Penis Scoop

instructions

Every time your penis small Take two tablets every day and one pill every hour.



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Pemis_Ritual.MOV

Pemis_Ritual.MOV



NIGHTMARE @ THE MUSEUM + ORB

New York City, U.S.; Arlington, Virginia, U.S.; Stonycreek Township, Pennsylvania, U.S.
September 11, 2001; 21 years ago
8:14 a.m.^[a] – 10:03 a.m.^[b] (EDT)
World Trade Center (AA 11 and UA 175)
The Pentagon (AA 77)
U.S. Capitol or White House (UA 93; unsuccessful due to diversion passengers)
Islamic terrorism
Aircraft hijackings
Suicide attacks
Mass murder

Penismagic history: Earthen wizards of stonee grant ancient humans PENIS MAGIC TO GIVE WISHES AND GRANT COCKS.

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WIZARD RITUAL FIVE HUNDRED YEARS sorcerer spell five hundred years of peaceful penis wizard



(PENIS PILSS HAZARDOUS TO HUMAN HEALTH because human penis EVIL)

BEFORE AFTER



CLICK HERE

against Iraq. After evading capture for almost a decade, bin Laden was killed by the U.S. military on May 2,

SDSU FLU SEASON'S RECORD HIGH

NewsCenter

Monday, November 7, 2022



Due to a little delivery truck oopsie earlier this week, students are advised NOT to get their free flu shot on campus until further notice.

The registered nurse distributing flu shots to students reported initial confusion when the shipment of vaccines contained an ominous, brown substance and was delivered by a man in a rusted 2006 Cadillac CTS with a dangling front bumper.

Unbeknownst to the nurse, their vaccine shipment was accidentally switched with a heroin delivery for a faculty mixer! The mistake was uncovered when several students began moaning in ecstasy after their shot, followed by maniacal giggling, frothing at the mouth, uncontrollable spasms, and finally falling unconscious.

When queried as to why she continued to inject students after witnessing this behavior, the jaded nurse said, "I try not to ask questions anymore, I thought maybe it was some sort of TikTok dance." At this moment, a few stray confiscated syringes and spoons fell out of her pocket and she scurried away, unavailable for further questioning. Staff has also been asked how they failed to notice, with one professor saying "They weren't acting much different than any other students. It's just that point in the semester, you know?"

The affected group of students have been left traumatized, scarred, and strung out. They have many questions and mixed feelings such as "If she didn't know, why did she inject me in my toe?" One SDSU student claims that "It was actually a really good stress reliever. I'm thinking about trying it again around finals." One man has become mute since the incident, except for an occasional fearful animalistic scream that seems to be caused by the sight of nursing students. He has been assigned a school therapist to cope with the aftermath.

Administration is trying to avoid assigning blame, since it pretty much seems like an honest mistake. When the Koala's team reached out to them for comment, we received an email quoted written, "We don't really think anyone's at fault here. Who hasn't done heroin by accident at least once?" While tragic, it seems like a learning lesson for everyone. I know I for one will never, ever be getting a flu shot again.

BACKSHOT BARBIE

Heroin Expert in Residence

SDSU | Department of Drugs
Research and METHodology

A+ Review

SDSU Exam Prep Fall 2022

TYPES OF PROFESSORS TEACHING AT SDSU

Brought to you by Mike, Walter and Sarah at A+ Review!

Celebrating the 1st Amendment!



THE NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING PROFESSOR:

Fresh off a boat from places like The Czech Republic, El Salvador, and even China... these professors are imported into SDSU to work for \$2.75 a day so that the full-time professors can continue to make their \$300,000. The fact that these professors speak no English at all does not matter. However, they ARE trained for weeks by SDSU linguists to say "Powerpoint Slide" and "no questions".



THE CUTE PROFESSOR: the first ten rows of the classroom are always filled with girls without boyfriends who never seem to take notes. They just stare and flutter their eyes. By the end of the semester there usually ends up being two or three of the girls hanging around the professor's office with the door closed or can be seen with the prof at Bennigans or The Salty Dog after 10pm.



THE HYPNOTIZER: The professor that used to work as a part-time hypnotizer in Las Vegas now teaches at SDSU. He uses a combination of a perfectly monotone pitch and black & white small font Powerpoint slides to fully lull to sleep an entire 500 person class. Just before class is over, he snaps his fingers to wake everyone up.



THE STORYTELLER: although this professor starts the class with an important problem, by the third minute of class he is off on a wild story about when he was fighting a lion in Africa. The story usually finishes up a minute before the end of class only to have the professor instruct everyone to finish the important problem for homework.

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12.31.2022

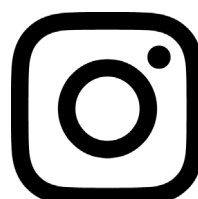
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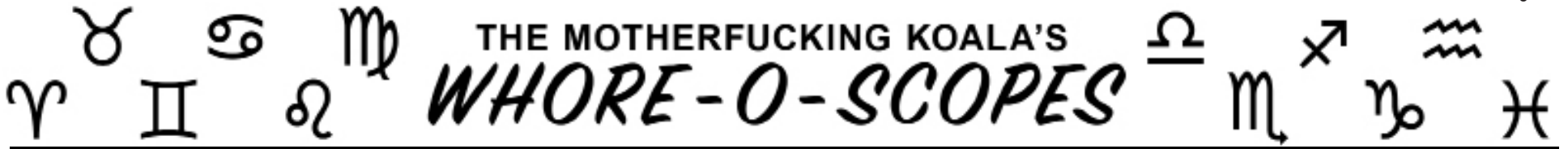
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THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S WHORE-O-SCOPES

The Signs As Kinks

ARIES: Knife play - You like it a little dangerous, even life threatening. I can't tell if it's from disregard for the life of yourself/others or just a need for excitement. Maybe both?

TAURUS: Masochism - Something in the very back of your brain gets scratched whenever your bro punches you just a little too hard after you make a bad joke, or when he roasts you just a little too much. Explore that itch, it could be fun!

GEMINI: Choking - It's the only way your partner will get you to shut up. Plus, the brain rush it provides gives you more dopamine than your antidepressants ever could.

CANCER: Mommy/daddy roleplay - Your parents gave you some intense psychological damage, and that middle school Melanie Martinez phase definitely didn't help. Guess you're trying to fill the void until your coinciding breeding kink makes you an actual parent.

LEO: Sex in front of a mirror, American Psycho style - You're a real sick fuck, you know that? We all know you'd prefer to clone and fuck yourself, but since you can't afford that, the best you can do is admire your own "mad game."

VIRGO: Edging - you like to just keeeeeeep on going, and keeeeeeeeeeeep on delaaaaaaaaaaaaying that gratification. Just keep on beating it, man.

LIBRA: Submission - You often feel like you're too in control, so being able to submit sexually might be a way for you to let go. Also, something about you just screams "Throw me across the room."

SCORPIO: Bondage - Admit it. You saw that one scene from a show a while back with a character being tied up and it made you feel something down there. While there's a laundry list of other things you're also into, you can't go wrong with some nice entrapment.

SAGITTARIUS: Orgies - Why take a slice when you could have the whole pie? You just wanna be able to fuck your boyfriend, your boyfriend's boyfriend, and your boyfriend's boyfriend's cousin all at once. Is that so much to ask?

CAPRICORN: Pegging - In the words of Miranda Cosgrove, you like to switch it up on a bitch! Whether taking or giving, you want to feel like you're sticking it to the patriarchy by sticking it in the ass.

AQUARIUS: What isn't your kink? You've tried everything from vanilla to oviposition, maybe your kink should be taking some time to reflect on what led you to this.

PISCES: Missionary - You wanna connect with someone emotionally and spiritually, not just sexually. You need to be making deep, intense eye contact while you're "making love" (side note-please just say fuck. Just typing "making love" gave me the ick).

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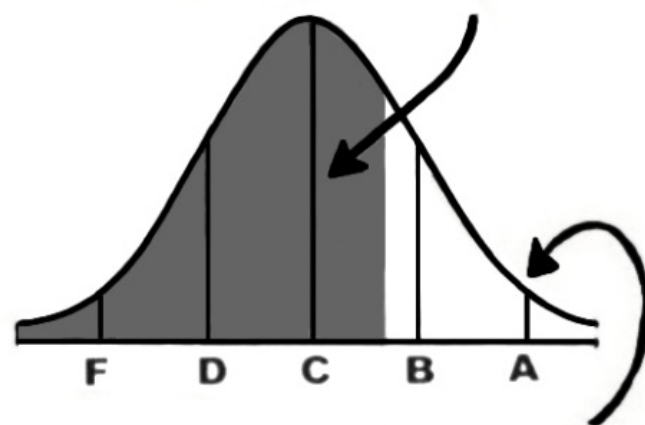
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The Dreaded Bell Curve

Approximately 50% of SDSU undergrads shall be given a C, D or F as a final grade!

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SDSU Exam Prep Fall 2022

The New Cartoon Network

CuntPuncher

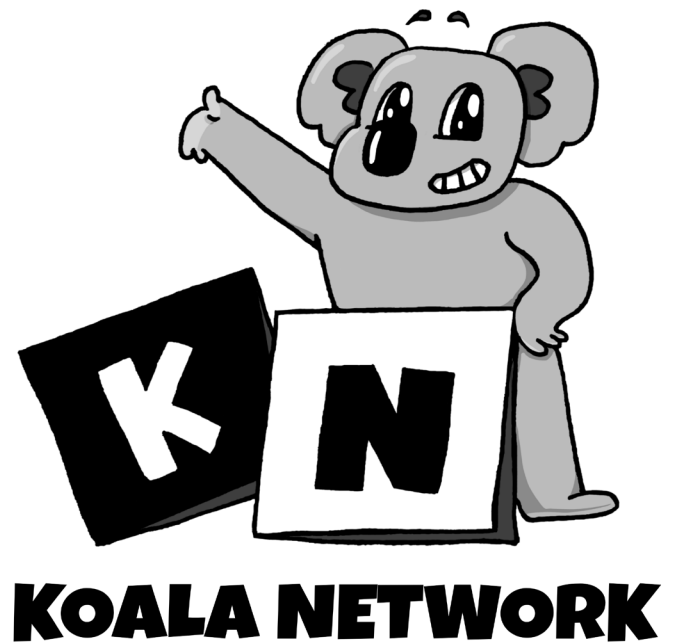
As part of this semester's ongoing make-the-Koala-suck-less-campaign, the Koala has decided to branch out into the larger world of degenerate entertainment. We are proud to announce the launch of Koala Network Animation Studios. After Warner Brothers pumped and dumped Cartoon Network Animation Studios like a sorority girl on a Thursday night, the value of the beloved studio has tanked so low that even a college shitshow like us can afford to throw some cash at it. We'll be changing the name to Koala Network Animation Studios and bringing you all kinds of nasty, nasty content.

Moving forward, Koala Network will be creating new original series such as "Timmy the Koi Pond Turtle", "Whatever Happened to Salem the Cat?" and "Virginzone: Tales from GMCS". Not only that, the controversial "Alexa the APhi" pilot has been picked up for a two season deal. Furthermore, a straight-to-TV movie titled "Behind the Scenes of the Koala: Raw Uncut Cock" is in development, with Chris Pratt set to voice the main character.

But don't worry, your old Cartoon Network favorites aren't dead! Koala Network Animation Studios will be making all-new porn parodies of the old Cartoon Network classics, such as "We Bareback Bears",

"Powerpuff Girls: Chemical xxx", and "Steven Universe but the Gems Fuck". No really, the gems fuck, full on gem on gem action. I'm talking stone tiddies, mineral pussy, all of it. That crystalline clitoris. It's hot steamy lesbian space rock action. Sparks will fly. Literally. There's a scene where they scissor and sparks start to fly, because you know, they're rocks. There's a scraping noise and everything. Oh fuck its gonna be so hot. Just imagine what Garnet's pussy looks like, oh god. We're gonna get Estelle back and everything. Connie's mom too while we're at it. We own the intellectual property, who's gonna do shit about it? Fuck you Time Warner Cable.

Oh fuck



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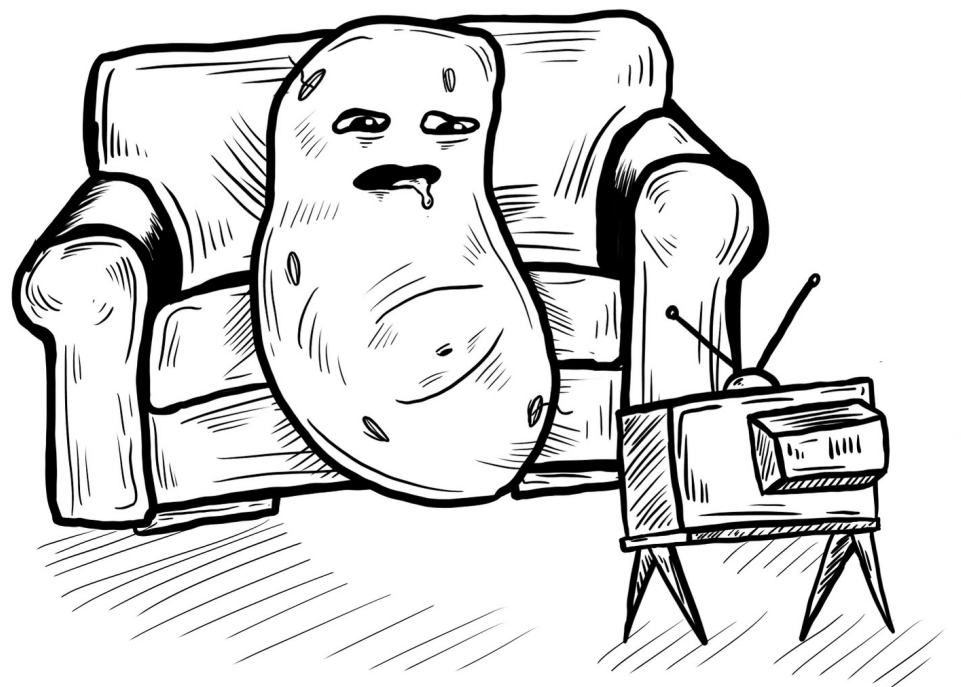
Bathroom Review: Double Whammy

DeeZ Nutz

My god, where to fucking start. It all started when I decided to make the wonderful decision of drinking a lovely madagascar vanilla latte from BCB. I'm typically not one to start off my day with coffee, and I pretty much only drink water, but I was feeling frisky that day. I had never had oat milk before so I figured what the heck? Put the nut of the oat in there. It tasted great. I got a burst of energy and had to take a lap around my building to stop from shaking. That's when my stomach decided to start churning. Throughout the next two hours I was absolutely fighting for my life. The catholic guilt came rushing back and boy was I begging for mercy. I had to run to the bathroom on the 4th floor of Adam's Humanities to let an underwhelming amount of caca seeth from my ass. Honestly I expected more, and it was kind of disappointing. If my internal organs are gonna clean themselves out I at least expect a show. I figured it was a false alarm, shit happens (literally). But then the stomach churning got louder. I hadn't eaten anything yet so I was probably just hungry. I got to my final class of the day ready to get it over with. It was one minute before class when I felt it. It was coming. I ran to the bathroom of the music building clenching my cheeks and holding on for dear life until it all just came out all at once. It wouldn't stop. I tried so hard to keep from making noise but my ass had a mind of its own. It's truly fitting that I was in the music building at the time because my asshole was producing a goddamn symphony. I was

afraid to move because I thought it would cause even more to come out of me. My mind was all over the place at this point. Was this karma? Am I being pranked? Did I catch ebola? When I was finally done I left the bathroom covering my face so that no one would suspect the blasphemy that occurred on that very day. I told the professor I threw up and went home, so if he sees this, I actually had diarrhea but I spared the details cause that's nasty.

5/5 vanilla lattes



Breaking News: Hardy Tower Pregnant with Another Smaller Bell Tower

Recruit #84695384689

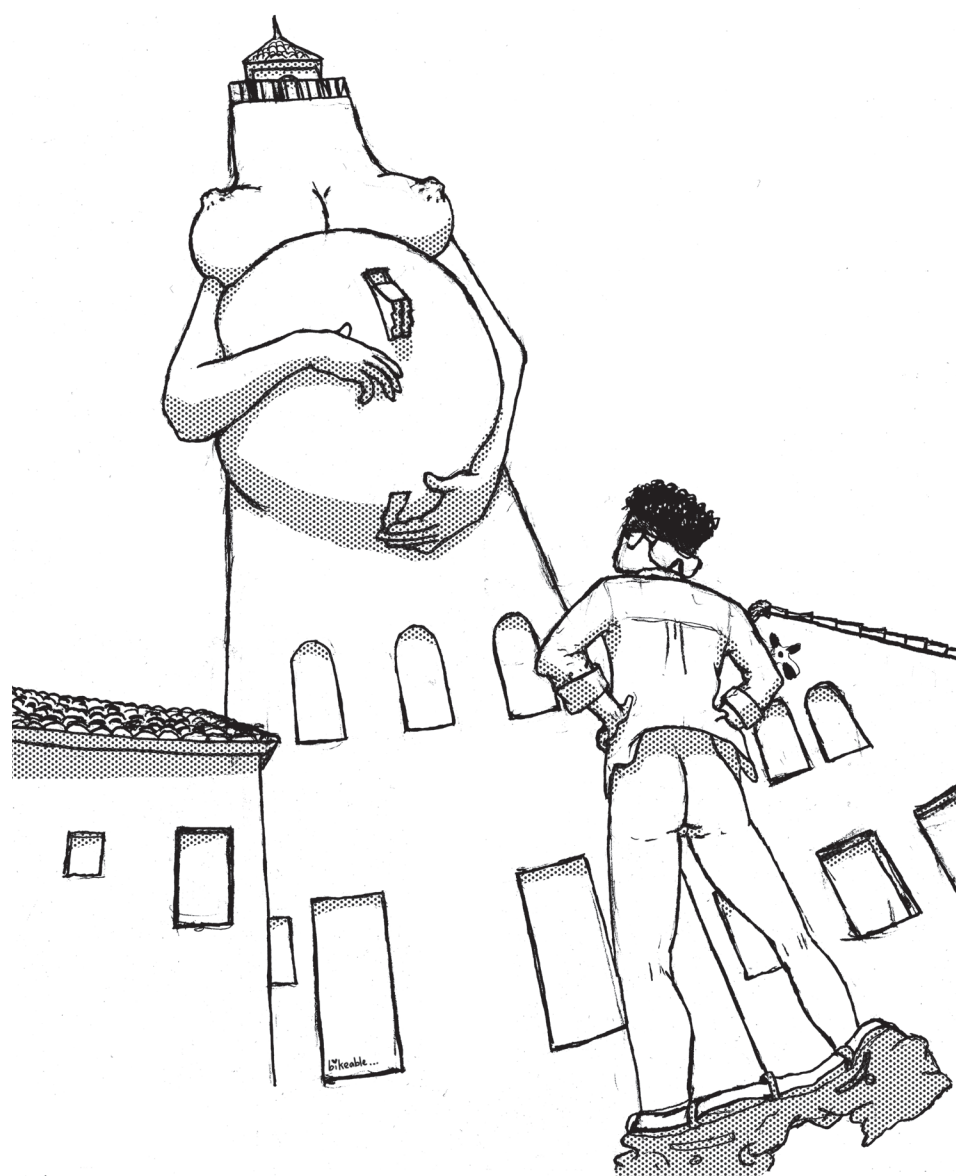
For months now, students have been wondering what has been happening with our campus's centerpiece, the Hardy Memorial Tower. The chimes have been running late, there have been irregular tremors affecting the building's foundation, and we haven't wanted to say anything, but it looks like it has gained a few pounds. Written last Monday, in a poorly written report from the Daily Aztec, we now have our answer: Hardy Tower is preggers! The pretentious publication announced this after bringing a bell tower expert in, who is quoted as saying: "Yup, looks pregnant to me," after putting his face to the wall and knocking on it. Bullshit! Is this what the Daily Aztec calls investigative journalism?? Not good enough for this reporter. I decided I would take the scientific route in an attempt to uncover the truth.

In exchange for some bombastic sloppy, I convinced an anonymous member of the School of Nursing (I promise it wasn't Andrew Lehman. Don't worry Andrew, I deal well in secrets) to conduct an unauthorized X-Ray with an enormous experimental prototype designed for your mom. He set up the machine while I corned his cob, and the scan yielded some intriguing results. Sure enough, the Daily Aztec was actually right! Hardy Tower is with child! And not just any child, a half-human half-bell tower hybrid. The fetus already possesses a partially developed skeleton with 105 bones and a partially developed carillon with 74 bells. Noisy noisy baby! In terms of sex, the baby is smooth down there, fulfilling a personal gender fantasy of my own. It has light blonde hair, red tile skin, and when its eyes squinted open I saw dollar signs shining out. Any investigative journalist worth their salt knows what this last part means: Econ Major. I wiped Andrew's gunk from my mouth and pondered the results. At this point, my leading hypothesis was that a lonely Econ major had delighted himself in a quiet corner of the tower, unintentionally siring this beautiful monster of architecture and anthropology. The only problem is there are SO many bitchless Econ majors... how was I ever to find the culprit?

A lesser journalist might have given up... but not me! I decided to go undercover. I painted myself beige, covered my cock with caulk, took on the disguise of a Hardy Tower corner, and entered the belly of the beast. Staking up a stakeout with my caulked up steak out, I didn't have to wait long before the jerker appeared... Geoffrey Markham, second-year Econ Major. He looked around for passersby before tiptoeing to the corner (where I lay prone, watchful), unzipped his pants, pulled out a surprisingly shlangin' sausage, and went to town after uttering the phrase, "oh yeah oh yeah yeah daddy likey the sexy corner." Even in disguise, I had never felt more objectified in my life.

I waited for him to finish putteringly all over my drywall smeared body (I had to be sure!) before jumping up. "J'Accuse...!" I cried, swallowing all of Markhams battery acid splodge, "So you're the father!" The little money-slut was so startled that he farted. I pressed him for answers, figuratively with my questioning and physically with my awesome tits, before he finally admitted to the crime. His reasoning? He needed to release all his pent up sexual frustration from being in an incel major before No Nut November. You see, NNN is not just a stupid endurance game 16-year-old virgins play. For the Econ Majors, Geoffrey explained, it is a very important holiday, sacred even. It's like Lent, but different. Now culturally informed, I told Geoffrey I wouldn't call the horny police on him as long as he agreed to pay child support for his large weird baby. He agreed and we parted ways after I gave him a wedgie for being such a fucking dweeb.

So there you have it folks, the full inside scoop, procured lovingly and sensually by yours truly. The honored Dr. Edward Hardy's name is continuing to get passed down in the form of a brand new child, the little freak being due sometime in the Spring. The father has been satisfactorily shamed into paying child support, the school is getting both a new student and new tower, and the student body isn't too sick yet of hearing the carillon play "Rockabye Baby" every half hour. Sadly, Hardy Tower itself has thus far ignored my request for an interview, but I don't take offense. It's a bell tower.





The Quest

Recruit #whateverthefucknumberidkanymore

Ok, this is starting to piss me off.

So I'm taking out the recycling right? That's what I planned on doing, that's what I was prepared for and equipped to do. I grabbed the recycling can full of shit and cum (I guess it's reusable?) and marched out of my room, feeling like a real adult. That's when I first heard it.

"Meow."

Initially, I thought those dudes two doors down from me were tripping balls again and making animal sounds, so I shrugged it off and kept walking.

Since I've moved to SDSU, I've gotten used to the perpetual smell of shit around campus. Even so, I couldn't help but notice my floor's communal recycling bin was smelling... off. I could barely stand to exist next to this thing while I poured my content into the bin. That's when I heard it again.

"MEOW."

"What the fuck," I thought to myself, and against my better judgement, I leaned my face into the bin, looking for a lost kitten of some sort. That's when shit got fucked.

All of a sudden, I felt my feet leave the ground, and then felt my consciousness separate from my body. I was sucked into a bright blue void, and I found myself sitting before a council. A council of cats.

"Who are you?" I asked them.

They surveyed me, and answered "We are the brotherhood of Sacrifice. We are the last step of normalcy before truly entering Greek Life. We are the CKB, the Cats Killed By SAE".

Spoken by what was clearly the Chief of Cats, I noticed a nametag dangling from the neck; Tiberius.

I was shocked. I'd heard rumors of course, but this was something I'd never experienced before.

"What do you want from me?" I pleaded.

Tiberius gave me a penetrating glance, clearly surveying if I was worthy of the task. He looked around at his comrades. I noticed other name tags attached to these all-knowing, translucent beings. Whiskers, Daisy, Fluffin, and Dave. They seemed to be of a lower ranking, all possessing blue collars while Tiberius wore one of crimson red. The lower level felines nodded their heads towards Tiberius, who gazed upon me once again.

"We want...a vending machine".

Now, I may just be a young man who bought ten dollar acid off of a homeless man in OB, but in this moment, I became a messiah. The Messiah for the CKB. I felt power transferred from The Chief Cat spirit to my own body, power as I had never felt it before.

"I will not let you down," I said to Tiberius.

"I'll see to that" boomed Tiberius. "Whiskers, Daisy, Fluffin, accompany our new human friend through the spirit realm".

"What about me?" asked Dave

"Fuck you Dave" said Tiberius.

"FUCK YOU DAVE" I found myself chanting with the rest of the council. With the spirit of the chief cat came new knowledge I hadn't had before, like the fact that Dave sucks. He fucking sucks.

And thus began my journey. We set out on ghost horses, killed by SAE in the 19th century before SDSU put their foot down and made the frats settle for cats. Running on all fours, gasping for breath, we stopped as this pathetic excuse for a cat collapsed beside us.

"God fucking damnit," said Daisy.

"I'm here to help you guys!" exclaimed Dave proudly. "I just ran four ghost miles, which is seven miles in the real world, I thought I wasn't gonna catch up."

It wasn't long before we reached our destination. A portal from the spirit world of Cats into the campus of SDSU. I quickly realized we were at the Music Building. The voice of Tiberius rang through my ears.

"You must step into the material world and collect The Device. The wormhole will only be stable for two minutes. Good luck, my son."

I turned towards my new friends, nodded, and stepped out of the light and into the material plane.

Now, have you ever tried moving a vending machine? Like actually lifting one? It's fucking heavy dude. I quickly realized that this was just not happening, and my time was running out. Fast. No longer able to see my CKB comrades from the other side, I screamed to the sky

"Tiberius! Oh Tiberius! Give me strength! Give me the strength to prevail!" I waited for his voice to ring through my ears once more, but I ended up hearing a different voice entirely.

"Dude, what the fuck are you doing? Put the vending machine down."

It was another student, and he looked like he was wishing he was anywhere else but the Music Building at the moment. I started stammering, "But, what the, no there were cats I swear, and everyone hated Dave, and..."

He just kept looking at me. Fuck this.

"Sorry bro I'm really high and I ran out of swipes on my meal card." I told him.

He nodded. "Try putting in like, a dollar bill next time."

"Noted, thanks dawg." I walked away, feeling like a seventeen year old kid after their first mushroom trip. Empty.

And that was that. The recycling can had stopped smelling by the time I stumbled back to my dorm. I smiled as I passed it. "Hopefully they'll find someone stronger than me to get them that vending machine," I thought.

There's a hero in this story, it just wasn't me. And the story's not over, because the vending machine next to the Music Building is still there. Go see for yourself. And if you, like I, ever notice that certain smell from your recycling can, be ready. Cause you're boutta talk to a bunch of dead fucking cats.

BREAKING NEWS! MOLD MONSTER

Recruit #302589405u7

Everybody watch out!! A mold monster has taken over P12, holding 2 Elite Security guards hostage (let's be honest though, did they ever really protect us in the first place??). According to our sources, the monster is actually SDSU freshman Cole Smith, a current Pike pledge, who currently dorms in Chappy. His roommates attest to just how gross Smith has been throughout this whole semester. "It's actually one of the main reasons he got a bid from Pike in the first place," Smith's roommate states. "I don't think that man has ever touched a bottle of shampoo in his life and whenever he spills his food on the floor, he cleans it up with his shower towel. You should see it. He does this bit where he rubs his towel on the floor to pick up the food and then puts it in our mouths so we can guess what he spilled."

Of course, having to live in Chappy doesn't help one bit. With those swamp cooler systems that admin likes to call "A.C" and the fact that Smith hasn't showered since his parents said goodbye, Smith just got dirtier and dirtier. His bedsheets in Chappy are always damp with water and the condensation on the windows never goes away. It all started when Smith noticed a bit of green mold sticking out of his armpit. He and his roommates didn't think anything of it. But as the green started spreading onto Smith's chest hair and his anger issues became more and more apparent, his roommates began to think something was up.

"It was like he was turning into the Hulk, dude, it was insane. You could smell him coming up the stairwell and it would be a mad rush to pretend to be asleep so that he wouldn't get angry with you for just using his toothbrush ONE TIME. It was just one time."

The straw that broke the camel's back was when Smith caught his roommate using his towel to play the food

guessing game on the girl from AXO that he was seeing at the time. By that point, he was basically the Green Giant with how green he was. And his anger issues had never been worse. When he opened that door, the transformation took place. A stench worse than the dumpsters behind frat row flooded the room and Smith just went berserk. Ripping the towel from his roommate's hands with superhuman strength, he started his rampage. Eating the mattresses from all of his neighbors and not passing up a chance to flirt with the girl at the front desk, Smith stormed out of Chappy and into the nearest cold and dark place he could find. To P12.

The Elite security trying to intimidate students out of faculty parking in P12 failed to catch him. They were unfortunately caught in the crossfire that was this newly formed mold monster. Helicopters circling, Elite security screams filling the air, nothing would calm him down. Finally, the Pike Pledge Master arrived on the scene and started screaming from Storm Hall West. Somehow Smith was coaxed into leaving the Elite security guards and following the Pledge Master to the grossest place imaginable, the Pike house. Slithering along the ground, leaving the air with a musty smell, Smith slowly made his way to the house where they welcomed him with open arms. The last glimpse we got was as the doors were closing. The brothers cheered as Smith climbed into the air vents. The mold monster was finally home.



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The King Motorcycle Massacre

Bobby Slayy

Early this October, an unknown man wearing a ski mask raised a gun at an unnamed woman at SDSU's Eureka Bar and Grill restaurant, demanding she hand over her backpack. The victim quickly followed suit, and luckily, before any more threats could be made, a Eureka waiter came to the rescue, splashing the assailant with a cup of their grimy, dirty copper water. The criminal then fled and a police report was made.

Within the coming week, attorneys descended upon College Square, starting several lawsuits against SDSU and Eureka. Fences were put up around the restaurant, SDSUPD had to leave 7/11 and go across the street, and Brian, my Elite Security friend, was made to stand beside the patio, asking any passerby wearing ski masks to show their green dot.

This worked well for the next week. No guns were pointed, no threats were made, and police didn't even have to do their job (aside from arresting 14 homeless people). Everything seemed fixed. However, the lawyers wanted more. They knew if they could bring more attention to themselves, the promise of a lovely cash settlement couldn't be turned down by the hopeless masses of SDSU. But they couldn't just advertise, as a bright beaming white smile shone from all nearby benches, billboards, and buses—that of Attorney King.

Nobody could advertise. Nobody could get their name out there. Something had to be done to combat the wicked way of Car/Motorcycle Accident Lawyer Ashkan King Aminpour. Once the lawyers found a common enemy, it didn't take long for the tyrant's monopoly to crumble. Judges across San Diego all agreed the personal injury attorney had had enough

of his gorgeous teeth shining across the city, and King's face soon vanished.

King's paralegal met with him in his super big lawyer library with law books in it, handing him the files and court orders.

"RAAAGHAGGH!!!!" King shrieked in fury, pearly fangs glistening in the moonlight. He knew something had to be done. Those peasants he'd represented for the past two decades couldn't just kick him out, this was his city! All those motorcycle accidents... all those car crashes... it couldn't have all been for nothing... No... he had to show them how much they needed him. He needed to show that without Attorney King, nobody could benefit from any vehicle accident.

Ashkan mounted his motorcycle, donning his lawyer tie and motorcycle helmet, and flashed a grin at the camera before speeding out the door. He barreled down Campanile, smashing through the stone benches and SDSU sign, and flying off the grassy hill into the sky. Students watched in horror and awe as the widely grinning angel of law descended for the rapture. Within the next five minutes, King drove some sick ass donuts, going up and down and all around campus, running over a total of thirty-four students and two faculty members. The massacre resulted in ten deaths and twenty-six injuries.

In the coming week, a mass memorial was held in front of Hepner Hall honoring the fallen students and faculty member. Those ten people and Adela de la Torre will all be greatly missed. But perhaps the most tragic loss the campus experienced is that of a shining, glorious toothy smile on the back of its buses.



THE PERSONALS



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Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

And MANY more...

Ran into a creepy ex fling and failed situation-
ship at koalaween. So fun!!!

to the guy on my floor who dyed his hair
black from orange, im really glad you
changed it up bc im ngl u kind of looked like
ed sheeran

if babies had guns they wouldn't be abort-
ed

can't stop thinking about her dick

there's an influx of slut men with tiny little
waists.. i need to fuck them on my twin xl.

I sometimes masturbate to the thought of
Professor Scott Wyss in the art department.
It killed me when he got married this past
summer. He gave me such a wetty!

I read this paper with a blunt and morning
coffee like an aging white man

whenever i see the ksig pledges i mistake
them for mormon missionaries

Bitches be way too dedicated to stay on
that goddamn starbucks union line! BITCH,
make your own goddamn coffee!!!

just witnessed an ambulance run a red light
like yea your siren and lights may be on but
that doesn't mean it's an emergency

your man is getting high with his 2 friends
in a 1999 toyota with 238k miles with the
engine light on and he playing God's Plan
and now everyone is uncomfortable and
paranoid

my mom gets mad at me for drinking fireball
not bc it's alcohol but bc it's fireball

why is everyone getting married or having
kids?? im barley about to finish this sand-
wich

Air Force cadets walking around campus
with sticks up their ass

I found some lumps in my balls but im
scared to tell people

Accidentally sent my nudes to my dorm's
GroupMe now my RA won't stop trying to
get my snap?

my ex is an accessory to a cuban murder

I successfully sucked my own dick today,
America's Got Talent here I cum

As a commuter, whoever it is that keeps
crashing on the 8eastbound I hope your
face on a t-shirt so I don't have to be late to
another lecture

If ur gonna listen to bass boosted tupac on
a Tuesday night at 2 am at least use head-
phones. Seriously what military facility did
you steal that speaker from it can classify as
a psychological weapon

i may have seen someone who stole a delta
zeta sign... and he fit the description of the
armed robber from eureka

I can even know bitches vaginas were acidic,
like, tf?

Swear to god I want to fail half the bitches
I've taught

Rolling onna koala rn, doing something
right

The urge to take the white girlies to mexico
and leave them there.

next time the doctor asks if i'm on birth
control im just gonna tell him my walls are
covered in kpop posters

My girlfriend is controlling but it's okay i like
her boobs

bitch you ain't tipsy, you have a concus-
sion!!!!

dudes at the gym need to chill on building a
dumpy. That's my bit

sometimes my vagina peels around the
edges

While I was taking a shit it was so smelly I
got a headache

This could've been my parents weekend too
but my pregnancy test was negative

I never want to be heartbroken and in a sex
shop ever again

I just want to be someone's aerodynamic
frisbee

i secretly fuck myself on my roommates
mop every other monday

why are my nipples so far apart

this aint a waist trainer bitch its a back brace
i got scoliosis

they need to sell nicotine patches at the
market

being an sdsu student is really just finding
out how many people actually do have her-
pes

had a grad student tell us "daddy want big
boom boom"

Can the twink I fingered in my car reply
back thanks

i will look past every red flag if you show me
the slightest amount of father-figure ener-
gy

roommates asleep? im naked rn typing this
w my tip

lexapro allows me to be horny for only 2
days of the month

never fucked anyone into ear shit before but
not complaining that man definitely knew
foreplay

every time i shit here i feel bad then i re-
member i had to clean pubes off the shower
wall n all sense of empathy goes away

twirlin my little boy pubes thinkin about
her

I will not stop wearing ugly cut offs in the
gym

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