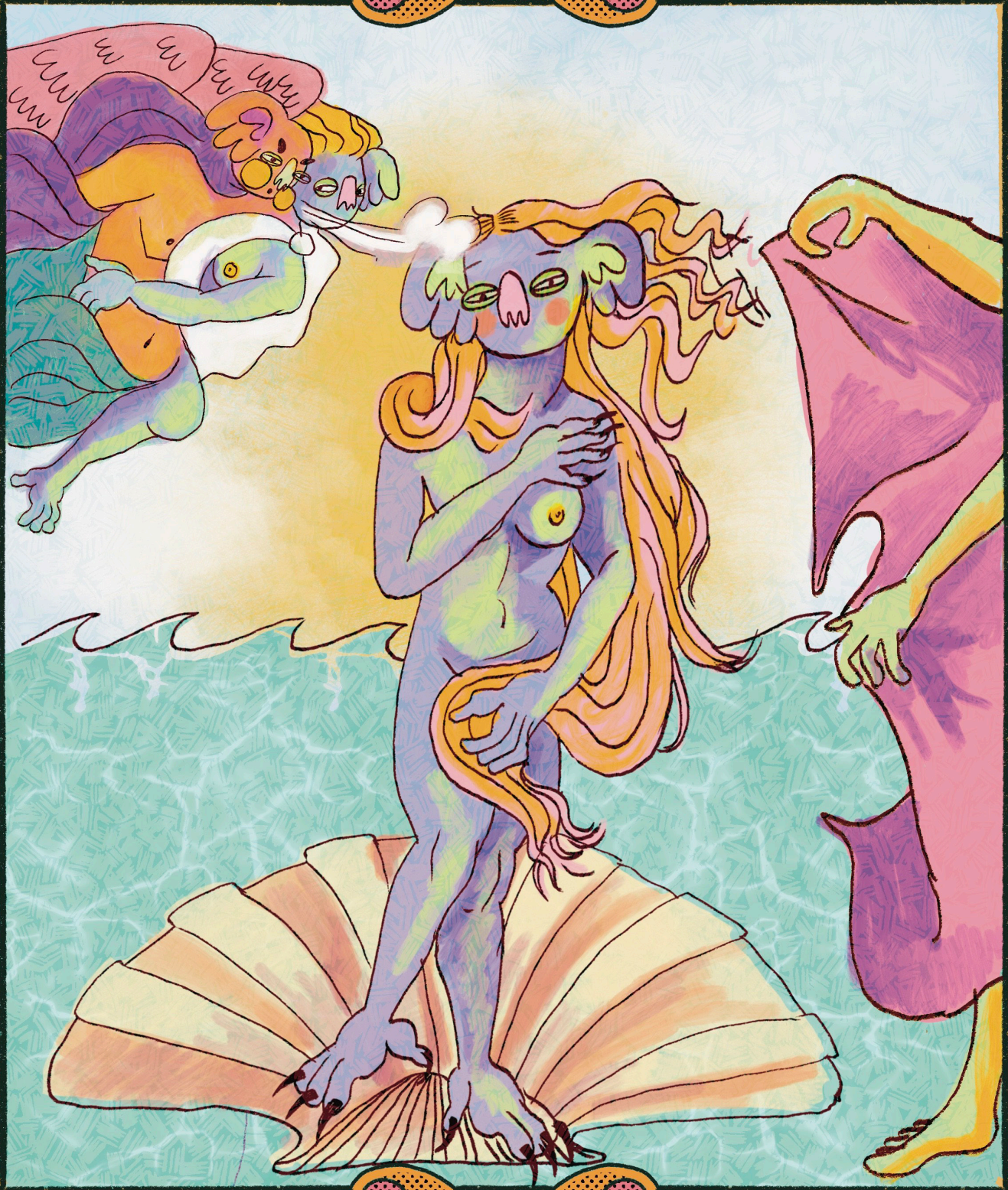


THE WORST IN COLLEGIATE JOURNALISM SINCE 1982

motherfukin' **Three Koala**



VOL XXV  **ISSUE #4**

IG: @SDSUKOALA

**NIGHTMARE
@
THE MUSEUM**

DEC '22



THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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fuck chegg

Top 5 Reasons SDSU's Internet is Slow

1. UCSD is stealing our signal strength in order to keep us from being as smart as them
2. The guy riding the bike got too tired
3. Cum on the router
4. The router is flesh and bone
5. I'm too busy pegging the tech repair guy for him to fix it

Top 5 New Seasonal Trader Joe's Products

1. Woke Nativity Scene
2. Peppermint Mocha Pad Thai
3. Everything but the Seasoning Seasoning
4. Elf Jerky
5. Pumpkin Spice Viagra

Top 5 Ways to Get Hazed

1. Asshole fingering
2. Bowling but you're the ball!!
3. Why don't you find out (;
4. Build the frat house
5. Forced lactation

Top 5 Date Locations

1. Inside the creature
2. Graveyard full of GHOSTS!!!!
3. Chum Bucket
4. Inside an acorn's empty shell
5. Mall prison cell

Bottom 5 Reasons You're on the Naughty List

1. It's not my fault anal feels better
2. Lied about already having a Koala
3. Illegally downloaded the Sims 4
4. Convinced Elon Musk to buy Twitter
5. Masturbated right after my Grandma died

Top 5 Reasons to Go Home for Break

1. Guilt
2. I get more attention on Grindr back home
3. I'm an Orange County 7 and a San Diego 3
4. I don't know how to see a doctor without me mom
5. Milk straight from mom's tit

Top 5 New Idioms

1. When the going gets tough, make sure there's a tall bridge nearby
2. You're wanking the wrong dick
3. Let's do anal
4. Don't be a little piss drinker!
5. Applebees foot job

Bottom 5 Holiday Gifts

1. Chlamydia
2. Moms old lingerie that she "doesn't use anymore"
3. Period blood in a vial (I'm putting a spell on you)
4. Taxidermied baby
5. Deodorant because you smell like really really bad

Top 5 School Pranks

1. sdsu web portal
2. Aimless piss stream
3. Corporal punishment
4. Reaching into your bag real-lyyyyyy slowlyyyyy
5. Funding for the arts

Top 5 New Superheroes

1. Batman but he's gay
2. Me on adderall
3. The fan in my room that's been going for 2 weeks straight
4. Malibu Barbie Paytas
5. Boner Guy

Top 5 New Rules for Dreidel

1. losers die
2. same thing but spin it a little faster
3. strip everytime it lands on its side
4. trisha paytas referrees
5. every twister rule

Top 5 Ways You Disappoint Your Parents

1. Improv comedian
2. Didn't get into a UC
3. Barista
4. All the places I stuck my weewee into
5. Turned around on the highway with Grandma in the backseat and she got a heart attack

Bottom 5 Nefarious Winter Break Activities

1. Slip into a depression reminiscent of your adolescence
2. Don't shit for the entirety of break
3. Tie a rat to a string
4. Bear trap at the bottom of the chimney so you can put an end to that fat fucking bastards reign of terror
5. Kidnap elves... for reasons

Bottom 5 Methods of Torture

1. Roommate moans when she coughs
2. Listening to Seinfeld scene transitions for 24 hours straight (Just the bassline)
3. Having a sore throat
4. Wisdom teeth removal
5. Month long situationship

Bottom 5 Ways to Deal with Your Seasonal Depression

1. Bitching in public
2. Cum cum cum and cum
3. Dark web drug sourcing
4. Don't shower until we turn the clock back forward
5. Becoming the one that they fear

Bottom 5 Tinder Bios

1. Podcast and soundcloud link below
2. Not actually 18 ;)
3. Polyam and partnered, looking for someone really into spit
4. ~Looking for an adventure buddy~
5. 420 UNFRIENDLY. NO HOOK-UPS. I DON'T DRIVE

Top 5 New Sexting Phrases

1. ...- .- -.-. -.- / -- .
2. If I only had one wish, I'd wish for you to be riding my dick rn
3. PLEASE CUM
4. Hey! I hope this message finds you well. I know we haven't talked in a while but-
5. Hey baby, why don't we mosey on down to the farmyard?

The Curious Case of Parking Lot 12

Orb

The first indication of the P12 incident was the faint murmurs heard from the structure:

“OIL!!!! BLACK GOLD!!! DINO JUICE! MONEY SLUDGE!! SWEET SWEET TAR!!! WE’RE RICH BOYS, WE MADE IT! YEEEEEEEEEEHAW!!!”

We dismissed it as nothing more than the wind. Oh, how wrong we were.

The next morning, almost every student was caught by surprise when the structure was covered entirely in a thick black cloth, with the sounds of heavy machinery rumbling away deep inside.

Despite multiple days of student protests in front of the closed P12, SDSU refused to say anything. Finally, once a particularly dedicated cult of P12-worshipping sophomores were apprehended planting bombs in the administrative building, President Adela de la Torre Announced a press conference to address the issue.

Standing at the podium on stage at the amphitheater, she cut an imposing sight: she seemed to have gotten a new outfit of black leather with fur trim as well as a wide-brimmed hat, and her hands were encrusted with diamonds and other precious jewels. As she spoke, I caught a glimmer of gold from her teeth.

“I would like to begin by restating,” she began, “that intentional detonation of explosive devices of any kind is against school policy. To this end, we will be instituting a new mandatory fee, aimed towards sweeping the campus clean of further explosives, as well as educating students on expected campus behavior. Also P12 will be closed forever ok bye.”

She was then seen being escorted away by large men with submachine guns and buzzcuts, dressed in suits emblazoned with the word “ELITE” across the shoulders. Something was fishy, and it wasn’t just the koi that were mysteriously floating on top of the turtle pond.

We at the Koala, therefore, sent our own investigative journalist to get to the bottom of P12 - me, of course. I approached the now ominously-shrouded P12 at around 3 in the morning, ready to do some investigating. I slipped inside through the top floor, and made my way down the stairs.

The first thing that I noticed on my way down was how empty it was— with no cars, it felt like a ghost town in a way that greatly unsettled me. The only thing I could hear were the echoes of a punk band practicing on the roof. The second thing I noticed was the giant oil rig.

It extended through the whole complex, breaking through the concrete ramps until it stopped just under the fifth floor, and was busy pumping away like a frat guy outrunning alcohol-induced erectile dysfunction. It seemed to have been erected in a hurry— it looked like it was made of scrap metal, and was covered in pipes and pistons that poked out at odd angles, like a great misshapen beast. Confused, disturbed, and intrigued, I made my way ever downward, towards the first floor.

When I finally reached it, I was greeted by a horrible sight: three of the P12 worshippers were tied to the side of the pump, and Adela stood in front of them, monologuing as the main cylinder slowly compressed them.

“Nice try, you scum, but the SDSU oil pipeline is almost complete! Shell will pay BIG MONEY for us to dump this oil in the Pacific! With that much money, we can pay the TAs at UCSD to keep striking, cementing SDSU as the FOREMOST RESEARCH INSTITUTION IN SAN DIEGO!!!” Cackling maniacally, she turned to one of her ELITE minions.

“Speed up the damn pump, or we won’t get enough oil in time to meet the quota!”

He did, and I could do nothing but curse my journalistic integrity and watch as the pump’s head descended, crushing the sophomores to death. I saw their mangled bodies collapse on the concrete— and then they blossomed orange as their deadman bombs exploded, and everything went white.

I woke up hours later, sprawled out in the middle of the soccer field - I must have been flung there by the explosion. P12 no longer loomed above me, having been reduced to a ruin of concrete and small fires. I hobbled over to the remains of the parking structure, but there was no sign of life— Adela and her minions must have slipped away.

The pump lay in ruins, the oil it siphoned burned away. Satisfied, I headed home. Someone would need to tell this story.

As I turned away, however, I heard the dulcet chords of an electric guitar wind their way out of the ruins: despite everything, the punk band had survived. They played a low, sad song, a funeral dirge for P12, all minor chord progressions and melancholy barking. I felt a tear well up in my eye as I limped home. P12 would never be again as I had known it, but life would continue ever on.

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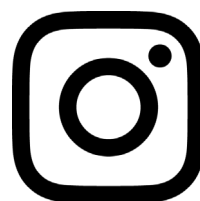
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The Inner Workings of a Host's Mind

Backshot Barbie

I have come to a recent realization. Fuck the news stories, the how to guides, the wild orgies. Fuck it all. I hate everyone. That is my realization. I hate everyone. I think it was sparked by my re-entry into the customer service industry a couple months ago. Has anyone else noticed how much brighter life is when you don't have a job?? Like, seriously. Every customer that waltzes into my place of work seems to be suffering from the aftermath of a botched lobotomy.

Have you ever walked into a restaurant where they quoted you a 15 minute wait but you saw there were open tables all around you? Well shut the fuck up about it. There's a reason, which I will not explain to you, it's just one of our little secret torture methods in the restaurant industry. I just want you all to know that any little accommodation you might ask for puts us in a homicidal state of mind. You're gluten free? We hate you. You need a high chair? Fuck you and that baby and the greasy ass high chair you just made me wipe down. Also, I'm going to steal your sunglasses from the lost and found.

I swear to god, if another entitled motherfucker lets me walk them to a table all the way to the other side of the restaurant, just to let me know they want a booth, I'm going to put arsenic in their food. Ok, maybe that's a little too far, But I want to. Know that. I really do feel bad for being so heinous to paying customers, trust me, I do. But if you're too nice, people walk all over you. Like the time someone picked their shit up out of the toilet and threw it against the bathroom stall door, and we had to scrape it off with a butter knife (which went right back into the kitchen btw). Or the time I caught a couple getting frisky in the handicap stall. I used to be nice back then. But as a host, it is our job to instill fear in these people!! Without us there is only chaos!!

The best time of my day is when my coworker lets me know it's time for my hourly vape break (that's what we call 10's in this industry). Time to sit down in the sex dungeon, I mean handicap stall, and blow fat clouds while we bump up the wait time to 45 minutes. Yes, that is my only solace during my miserable shift. I'll have to write a bathroom review next time I take a shit on company time... Just wait until Eater-out hears about this one.

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Murder on the MTS Express

Recruit ##(876)-047-6846

It was just like any other day for me. I was walking from Fashion Valley to the trolley, the rain beating at my back. It was 3 pm and practically pitch black outside. I arrive at the station, and wait years until the trolley arrives. I step on. Immediately something feels off. There are some suspicious-looking characters on board.

An old lady steps in and sits down in a middle aisle seat with a vacant look on her face. Before I could even sit down, the lights go out. I hear some muffled screams, and something heavy hits the floor. The lights go back up and I see that same old lady lifeless on the ground. People are standing on the bench seats, their legs shivering. There's some scared whispering. Some start looking out the windows in fear, while others run for the door. I stand right in front of the exit. "Nobody gets out of this trolley until I get to the bottom of this," I said. I had to start gathering answers from the people aboard. A tweaker starts yelling and pointing at one of the MTS security guards who scan the cards. Everyone's a suspect.

Pushing people aside, I take a step and immediately find myself shoe deep in a mysterious sludge on the floor. I delve a finger into the goo and bring it to my lips for a taste. I know that taste anywhere. I track it down quickly all the way to the back of the trolley. My sights are set on two individuals; a young woman, and a young man kneeling between her legs. The woman gasps and meets my eyes, her gasps of what seems like pain echoing throughout the trolley. "You're hurting this woman!" I shout, bounding my way over to the pair, avoiding the slime-coated tiles. I grab the man's shoulders and pull him away from the maiden, that same sticky substance dripping down his face. "Hey! I need to collect some evidence here" I cry, the man scooting over to give me ample room. "Oh! And you didn't even finish her off? Unbelievable." I relieve the man of his attempt at service and, with her permission, shove my tongue into her. I don't stop until she is shaking on the floor. "Where were you this evening?" I say while wiping the salacious squirt from my mouth. "We were at Fashion Valley! Uh.. watching a movie! Here's our tickets for proof!" The man scrambles. I sigh, their alibi was rock hard, just like something else in the back of the trolley, in my pants...

I make my way to an intimidating individual in a three-piece suit. "A businessman," I think to myself. "I need to ask you some questions." Frightened, he jumps out of his seat and onto the floor, only to be revealed as five D-Sig members in one cheaply made suit. I scavenge their briefcase for any clues. All I could find were loose pills, only one ticket to a movie (those bastards), and two used condoms (one tucked inside the other). I knew they didn't do it, and I didn't have much time left until my last stop. I quickly look around the trolley. I lock eyes with an old man jacking off. He's clean though. He's been masturbating at me since Mission Valley.

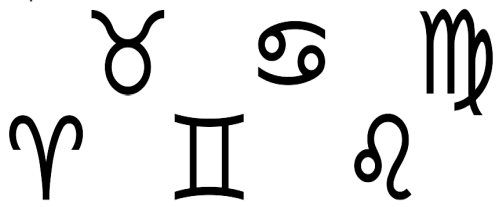
At this point, I'm desperate. Anybody is a suspect. I make my way over to an unattended child sitting in one of the back seats. His eyes are fully dilated, he's holding a lollipop, and is sporting a propeller cap. "Must be a clever disguise for a killer," I think to

myself. As I walk up to him it's very clear that he isn't old enough to speak yet. He's not making any sense, and I can't understand his baby talk. "I never truly left Iraq," he says. I hand him my cigarette and say "take it easy, kid, take it easy."

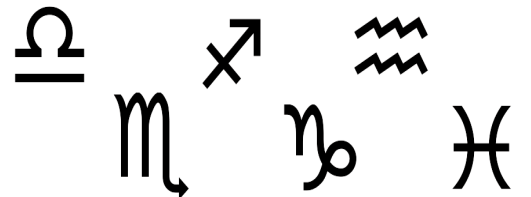
I hang my head down, and slowly walk to a seat. "It's hopeless," I think to myself. The tweaker sits next to me, he slumps down, and begins to mutter something under his breath as he manically points at the guard again. I pick my head up and look at the other end of the trolley where the MTS guard is and jump out of my seat. There's one person on this train I haven't looked into.

I walk up to him as he holds up his scanner and exchanges one word with me: "Card." I awkwardly look away (I don't even have the app). "Fuck you" I retort. I glance down at his scanner and see a splotch of blood on the screen. I extend my finger into the blood and raise it back up and onto my tongue. "Yep, it's old woman blood," I declare as I look into the guard's eyes. He nods slightly, not appearing to be happy about my little revelation. The guard yells, "OK IT WAS ME!" "Why?" I ask. He screams "BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T PAY!" "You bastard," I mutter, "nobody does." The trolley finally comes to a halt as we make it to SDSU. A sigh of relief goes through me as I slap my handcuffs onto the perp. "All in a day's work," I remark to myself. Everyone gives a thunderous roar of applause. The dude in the back pulls his hands out of the girl to clap for me. The five D sig members are cheering, and even the old man stops jacking off for a second just to express his support. I walk past the kid who is covering his ears and screaming, and meet eyes with the tweaker. "I couldn't have done it without your hel-" before I could say anything else he leaned in and kissed me (with tongue). Just another day in the life of me, the greatest detective at SDSU. In the end, it looks like the truth was hidden in train sight.





THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S WHORE-O-SCOPES



Advice for December

ARIES: I sense prosperity for you in the near future. Grab it by the balls and try not to rub it in the rest of our faces.

TAURUS: Take up knitting this month. If you're gonna keep bitching about how cold it is you might as well make yourself a sweater.

GEMINI: I think you should either read or reread The Bell Jar this month. It definitely won't make you think about stuff you shouldn't.

CANCER: Be ready to have your shit rocked. Wear a helmet, a condom, and cover yourself in bubble wrap to keep yourself protected.

LEO: Step out of your Fleabag era and go into your being nice to others and showering regularly era.

VIRGO: Try taking accountability for your actions. I don't know if it was a bitchy comment or arson, but you need to own your shit.

LIBRA: Stop fucking that guy and go for an even more pathetic loser. The more pathetic the man, the less likely it is he'll give you an std.

SCORPIO: Reach back out to your therapist. You still have shit to deal with.

SAGITTARIUS: Work on your patience. You're not gonna get your dealer to respond to you any faster with 3 additional texts demanding they bring you shrooms.

CAPRICORN: Start stockpiling soup so you have something to eat while you ignore the outside world this winter break.

AQUARIUS: Idk go eat some ass or something.

PISCES: No, fuck you. You don't get any advice. Maybe next time, sport.

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Bathroom Reviews

Train Bathroom Review

Bobby Slayy

Chugga-chugga-chugga-chugga-chugga-chugga choo-choo!!! That's right, I plopped a little poopie while on the rails.

Watching the sights of So-Cal speed by while atop Pacific Surfliner 774, I felt a fullness in my bowels. The ride had been nice to this point, I'd gotten a little homework done, played a few Nintendo games, and looked out at the sea while listening to tunes. I'd even gone potty a few times.

The bathroom downstairs was similar to an airplane's poopoo room, just a wee bit bigger. Tissues, towels and TP were provided, convenient for any fluids dispensed in that little chamber. A railing was provided for any pee-standers to grab hold of, providing me a sense of safety as the train bounced by bits up and down. The toilet wasn't even that scary! The booming flush didn't have an extremely threatening and slightly arousing suction as a plane's John would.

But still, I was nervous. The prospect of sitting on that bowl and being shaken up and down was strange. A grim fantasy ran through my head of my log being jetted back

into my bunghole, or possibly being rocked back and forth like a pendulum and swinging into my sack like some reeking wrecking ball. I. Was. Terrified.

But still, it beat holding it in and it beat shitting my pants. So I went. I asked the kind man across my seat to watch my things, and I sauntered down the stairs, locked the bathroom door, and potentially sealed my fate.

And it went well. My expectations were wonderfully exceeded as I had a simple and pleasant poopie. The bowl was deep enough that my bouncing bowel movement fantasy didn't come true, and the pipe out must've gone farther than I could see, as even before flushing, much of my pee didn't remain in the bowl, eliminating the risk of splashes. The toilet paper was also quite good, at least compared to the sandpaper SDSU provides. My fibrous Thanksgiving diet meant I didn't spend long wiping as well, and soon enough, I left that pleasant little stall behind, and went off to bigger and better bathrooms.

3.5/5 Trains (sex joke)

Second Floor Women's Bathroom Physics Building

Eaterout

This may seem controversial, but my highest held opinion after frequenting the second floor women's bathroom of the Physics building is that there should definitely be fewer women in STEM. All the power to you guys, but honestly? I treasure the lack of line every single time I visit my favorite bathroom on campus and just cannot have my experience disrupted. Plus, I'm pee-shy!

Anyway, this is honestly the only bathroom I use on campus due to its many amenities. For starters, it has an ominous staircase leading directly towards it, plus two doors for extra protection, meaning that I can lurk in the small room between them and scare people.

Just above one of the toilets, there is a huge metal door that— when opened— leads straight into what can either be called the worst glory hole on campus or a plumber's wet dream: an empty wall cavity with a bunch of pipes. When I'm extra bored and lacking any reading material, I occasionally try to tinker with them, but my feeble arms can never get a grip on any of the rusty screws. (Does anyone know if the Calpulli center does tetanus shots?)

Obviously, I exclusively use this stall not in spite of the creep factor, but because of it. Seeing as my greatest fear is people living in my walls unknowingly, the hole acts as a great laxative! Physicists themselves must have

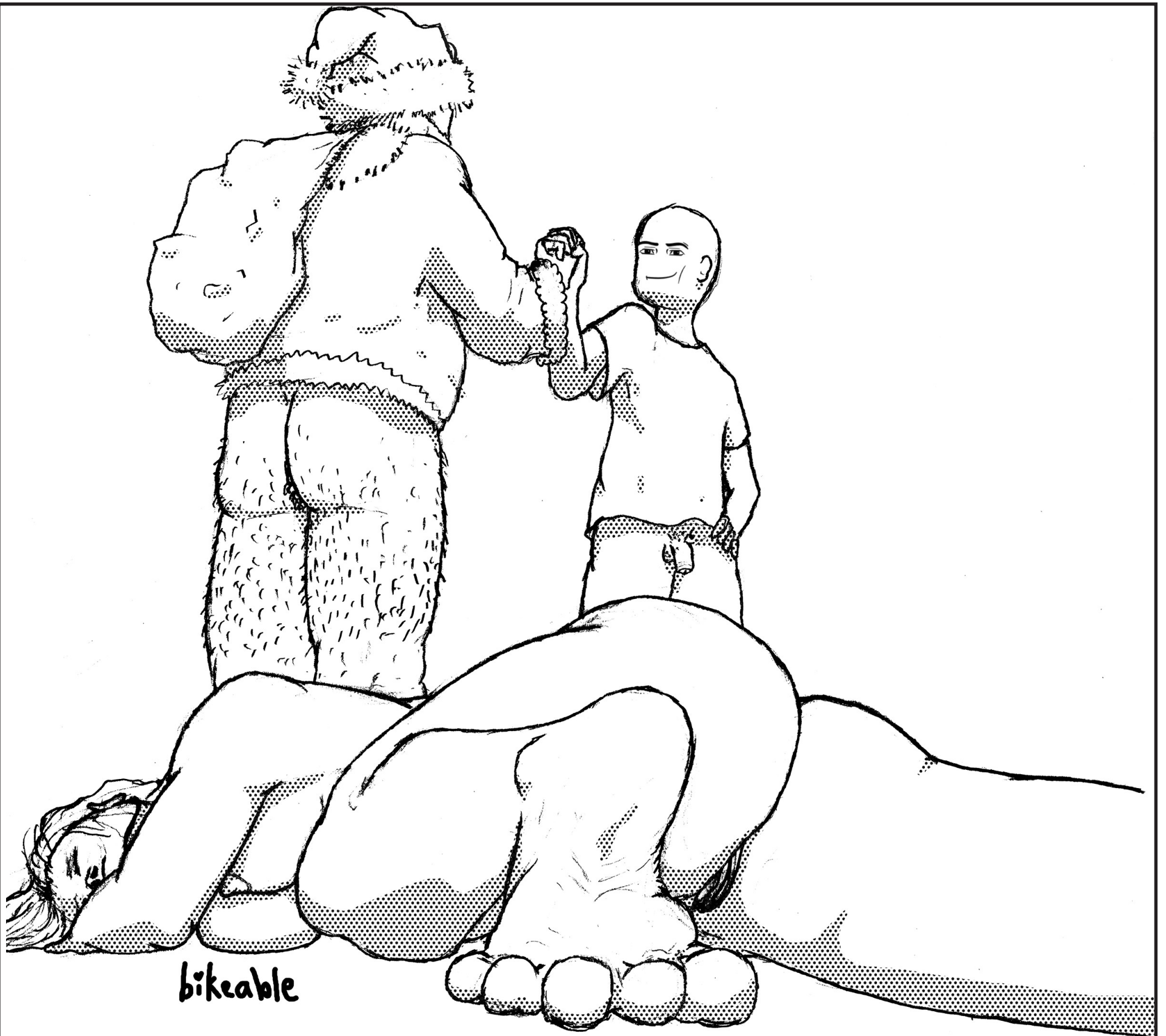
designed the bathroom, because clearly whoever did had a real handle on the laws of motion.

My favorite part about this bathroom, however, is not the secret goblin home, but the perpetually clogged third stall. I am a third-stall endorser and proud of it, but I can never warm the seat out of fear of being blamed for the mess! Thus, I am always banished to the fourth stall (lame!) in order to not disrupt some poor science nerd's experiment.

The final step in my visits always includes washing my hands (unlike you guys, I bet), and this is also the most dangerous part of the whole process. When you turn on the water, expect it to immediately spray all over your clothes and beat your hands with the unrelenting fury of a thousand tiny needles. You will never finish feeling clean, but don't worry, the bathroom also features a bunch of little shelves. Don't feel like participating in a wet t-shirt contest? Take off all your clothes! It's ok, everyone does it, and no one will look at you weird unless you're wearing open toed shoes (they're against lab protocol, silly!).

My final verdict? This bathroom contains every element found on the periodic table, plus a surprise!

4/5 Laws of Motion



bikeable

Silent Night

Recruit #m1leycyprus

Silent night, holy night!

Your mom's giving head, and she's doing it right.

She's not a virgin, that much is clear.

She fills every hole, including my ears.

Sleep in heavenly peens,

Sleep in heavenly peens.

Average night, 'til your dad arrives.

He's hung like a horse, and I quake at the sight.

And who else appears to hit from the back?

But Santa and his humongous sack!

He came in right as your father did, too,

Leaving Daddy Claus with his ornaments blue.

I feel God in your house tonight.

I go down on your mother and she's still so tight.

She says to me, right in my holy face:

"I'm a naughty girl, put me in my place."

She confesses to embezzling cash.

Santa puts his gift right in her ass.

We're at the end of this silent night.

I pull out a ciggy and give it a light.

Your mother and father are both so pleased

And Saint Nick goes back up the chimney with ease.

Sleep in heavenly peens!

Sleep in heavenly peens!



THE PERSONALS



STAT 119
MATH 120

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A+ Review

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

ACCTG 201/202
ECON 101/102
BA 323/360

And MANY more...

waking up still drunk from the night before is just my way of pregaming

can y'all go away, I'm tryna get head in P12 hagrid from harry potter could absolutely rail me like he'd really know how to throw a bitch around

i don't think i've ever been horny

Everything was going well in No Nut November until the boys put on Shrek

Anyone else make anime sounds when they shit?

Nothing puts me to sleep faster than an ugly mf asking me why I'm still up

I remember being in class dick harder than the question

was dancing with some girl at the club while she was checking her baby monitor...

no one is allowed at my house anymore. I had 12 roaches and now i'm missing 3

whoever said mayonnaise isn't an instrument is stupid

who needs feminism when we have corn

walking around campus is literally just a game of ghosts of hookups past

someone told me once that a senior pike used a towel (the poop towel) to wipe his ass for an entire semester

i swear these two bitches are fuckin in lot 1 every morning

I wanna rub my balls all over my homie's face rn

can you stop publishing my personals that was private

just saw 2 turtles fucking today at the pond and realized I can't pull dick like that

Roommate thinks I don't know he watches me jack off

i want simon cowbell to judge my pussy

A 40 year old alumni gave me 2 joints cuz I was wearing my sdsu sweatshirt. Boutta wear this bitch everywhere

How come my pubes are curly but my hair is straight as fuck?

this bitch started gargling my balls

I'm gonna roll this paper up and turn it into a pocket pussy

your earlobes are perfectly aligned with your nipples (test it out)

i used to shove pinecones up my urethra and then my 1st grade teacher was like ur urethra is bleeding and then i didn't shove pinecones up my urethra

All I wanted was a normal tinder hookup but the guy just had to tickle his uvula with my toes

Love being a woman to scam discord deadbeats for csgo knife skins

Does anyone else feel the need to jack off in the UT elevator or is that just me?

These bitches I have met been saying they eat at Rubios on campus and calling it Mexican food. Dusty ass hoes

my roommate won't let me smoke weed in our apartment and now I want to cute off her tits with a dull butter knife

To that one bitch in RWS 100 nobody gives a fuck that you're from Minnesota

So when do they give out the free drugs

Call me catheter cuz I'm up your penis draining shit outta it

i voted no on prop 31 so i could quit my nicotine addiction, today i found out they're actually banning flavored nic so i bought 2 more nic

<https://youtu.be/VOnTi4yseWs>

we purposely take long when you order a smoothie at bcb. i don't care that your class starts in 5 mins

That weed must be rotting y'all's brains bcs high off ur ass at the turtle pond is NOT the time nor place to pick up chicks. next time i bring pepper spray

has anyone ever fucked a book... asking for myself

I havent been getting any so when my pet kisses me i get horny like a corn dog

to the bitch who blacked at the gunna concert and threw up on my shoes...i ain't forget

ive been sensing some real tweenager activities this weekend

the drink with da fanta orange fucked me up so bad i accidentally fucked someone in our friend group instead of my actual boyfriend

just gave my sister a tutorial on how to smoke a cigarette... she's 5

how do i find my boyfriend's prostate

I have been using this newspaper as my chihuahuas piss and poo pad.

Please stop riding dick in the library study room I got a paper to write

whoever thought cough syrup and alcohol were a good mix- you should've been sick more when prepubescent

i snuck into your walls and have been hiding there ever since

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