

VOLUME XXV ISSUE 2

WALLABEANIE

Happy Dyxlesia Awareness Momth!

Obtoctober is the most awesome nomth of the year! And it's not becuae of Halloween... but bebceuse Octebor is Dyxlesia Awareness Month! For those who suffer this teribble disease, it's time for us to shine! No more thoughtful speech! No more #\$\$**in' **AUTOCRREDT!!** Those ADHD mofer-thuckers may try to co-opt this month for their own awareness, but we say to hell with those batstards! Take your Adderall and go home. It's time for pure unhniged madness.

Special shout out to that email from Randy Timm warning about unrecognized student organizations. I know we're not as special as Kappa Sig and Beta Omega Phi, but not one mention of your favorite marsupial based paper? I thought we were closer than this, Randy! At least we don't skin cats, piss on pledges in a pit, or harass Bryce Hall, unlike your "recognized organizations!" The only thing we are guilty of is being fucking awesome.

And now... **THE MOEMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITIGN FOR!** Only the biggets event of the year at this \$#*%ing crap school! **KOALAWEEEN** is coming right at your cum-caked face wheteher you like it **NOT!** What's that you say? 'Sounds like a load of #\$\$@\$?' **FUCK YOU!** We've had to dogde all kinds of lawsiuts from last year's Koalaween and we are not stoppign now. We've been beaten up, fucked up, diucked down, curb stomped, camed on, gently kissed, had the wool pulled over our eyes, but you know what?? We've gotten back up **EVERY** single tiem! ... and so can you! So come on down for a good time (for the lwo low price of **\$4.99** ;) and bring a **PAL**. It;s fun for the **WHOLE** family (**DISCLIAMER:** Only 21+ permtited within the premises. Violators **WILL** be prostituted)!! I heard this year they've got all sorts of fun in store just for the likes of **YUO**. We pulled **ALL** the **STOPS** (You can't **RESIST** this **OFFER!**) **CUM, TAKE A LOAD OFF** (IN MY %@& @\$!)!!

With your well-bieng and haelth in mind :)

Jeiwsh Amirecan Pegger & Gauva Goose

[Morticia and Gomez]

Jewish American Pegger,
Guava Goose

[Uncle Fester]

Brotankula, Backshot Barbie, Clifford the
BIG, Eaterout, John MulBangMe, Minisquirt,
Molly Ringworm, Orb, WatersportZ, Zodiac
Killer

[Cousin Itt]

Bikeable, Bobby Slayy, CuntPuncher, DeeZ
Nutz, Nightmare at the Museum, Plankton,
StarFucks BartisToe, Sweater Weather,
Wallabeanie

[Grandmama]

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 Dybbuk, Lilo
and Bitch, Handie Samberg



KOALAWEEEN

OCTOBER 29



THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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fuck chegg

Top 5 Places to Get Monkey-pox on Campus

1. My coke dealers "house"
2. My special town
3. My room baby
4. Where the viruses hang out
5. Eureka kitchen

Bottom 5 Serial Killer Names

1. Gun Man
2. Boo!
3. Craig
4. Jeffrey Dahmer 2
5. Skinny queen

Top 5 Haunted House Themes

1. Beanies and Bikinis
2. Biblical
3. Epstein Mansion
4. Penis Jones's House of Bones
5. All the dicks that are just too big

Top 5 Non-Binary Halloween Costumes

1. Gummy Bear
2. Ballsack
3. Septum piercing
4. Teeth
5. War criminal

Bottom 5 Places to go Trick or Treating

1. Chernobyl
2. A white van
3. The sad party your RA throws
4. Atlantis, post sinking
5. In the bank with a ski mask and a gun

Top 5 Queen of England Conspiracies

1. Two rows of teeth
2. She's fucking Drake...
3. In 1992 she escaped to Hollywood and took the false identity "Betty White"
4. Still alive in Argentina with high school fling
5. She breastfed the royal corgis

Top 5 Vampire Names

1. Pedophilus
2. Sucky Sam
3. Vampire
4. Period Predator
5. O Positive Jones

Bottom 5 Halloween Costumes for Frat Boys

1. Baby
2. Back half of a horse
3. Ronald Reagan but still dead
4. Guy who says "lit" a lot
5. Small penis (full body costume)

Top 5 Nightmares

1. The one before christmas
2. Finding myself back in that god damn cellar
3. Being hit in the head with a football
4. Going to school without my ass
5. Frat boys stealing turtles from the koi pond

Top 5 Reasons to Delete Instagram

1. Everyone saw my big bug bite
2. You see your friends
3. Mark zuckerberg is going to eat you otherwise
4. @turningpointusa
5. Too many shapes and colors. Calm down.

Top 5 Crimes to Pass off as Halloween Fun

1. Baby on a plane
2. Ecoterroism
3. Egging (but you eat them)
4. peeling someone's scab who didn't ask
5. Hiding in retirement homes and then going
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH

Top 5 New Genetic Mutations

1. 4 legs and a tail and little whiskers and paws
2. Feet are shoes
3. Being a man
4. Drag queenitis
5. SAE leg elongation

Top 5 Ghosts You Wanna Fuck

1. Ghost of my foreskin
2. Casper wait isn't he a minor
3. An orgy with the ghosts of christmas past, present, and future
4. Achilles (foot fetish)
5. All of them at once

Top 5 Halloween Costumes That'll get you Fired

1. Sex offender but the costume theme is be your wildest fantasy
2. Ballerina except you're naked
3. Bloodstained Jackie Kennedy
4. Travis Scott
5. Bear, only you act like a bear and tear open someone's guts

Top 5 Shapes to Carve Into Your Pumpkin

1. Milk
2. Larger pumpkin
3. Parallelogram
4. Eminem
5. Mouth.....

Top 5 Things to Come Out of You

1. Guts
2. Egg
3. A naughty little baby
4. Long rope
5. Corn after I poop

Top 5 Candy That's not Candy

1. Glass
2. Piss jar
3. Boogers
4. Nyquil
5. Belly button lint

AXO Member Discovered to be Rats in Trench Coat

Molly Ringworm

AXO, typically known for being second best to APhi, (and for having lice) has revealed something SHOCKING: one of their members is actually a thousand rats in a trench coat. Due to the Koala's no doxxing policy (I would never do that!!!) we can not specify who the member is, just that she is on their board of directors. Her fellow AXO sisters started to get suspicious when all of their non-fat no-calorie no-soul no-cheese went missing from their personal chef's fridge, and then returned with a note saying "What the fuck is this shit?" The girls were so upset that morning when all of their cheese had one singular nibble taken out of each slice! They couldn't even have their morning omelette served to them on a silver platter. Some girls were so enraged that they began foaming at the mouth and ripped out all of their hair extensions in anguish. It was a dark dark day...

lets all around their house and this time they KNEW it wasn't the brunette they keep locked in their dungeon. They knew they had a pest problem. They started judging each other's every move, judging each other's hair styles, outfit choices, even questioning every line of coke. And when they finished doing that, they could finally start figuring out who the rat was.

The AXO president hatched the perfect plan to find the rat: trench coat themed frat party with SAE. SAE had no qualms, so long as everyone took their trench coats off at the end of the night (score!). Silly SAE... that was always the plan...

All the girls put on their best makeup, their best boots, and their sassiest trench coats. Everyone mobbed SAE, making sure to step on the neck of every geed in line. Typical Friday night. Once they were inside, the plan was a-go. Bodies were bouncing, sweat was glistening, rats were squeaking: it was the time for the big reveal. The AXO president took the mic from the DJ and shut the music off. She announced that everyone had to take their trench coats off, for charity. At that moment she was revealed. The rat monster. The cheese stealer.

In a moment of clarity, the AXO president realized that they should never discriminate against other species. She welcomed Rat Diva in open arms. She then pulled out a crown kept in her pocket for emergencies only, and broke it up into a thousand pieces for each rat to have. Mean Girls style. They embraced, and tears were shed all across the dance floor. They don't care if Rat Diva is made of rats, she has 10k instagram followers!



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Bathroom Reviews

9/11 Eve Frat Shower

Recruit #87604768467

Twas' the night before 9/11, when all through the frat, I was in need of a shower, my hair looking flat.

I had just one goal that night, and it was to at least attempt to shower in a frat bathroom during a party. And luckily, all in the name of journalism, I battled the most gruesome obstacles just to get a little wet for this review. We tricked a frat dude into picking us up for the party. He arrived in his silver chariot (the car he said his dad overpaid for). We couldn't get in without a man on the inside, and just like 9/11, this was an inside job.

Frat Boy #1 was exclusively blasting songs that Glee© had made covers of. When we pulled up to the bleak and depressing party, we were led down the winding halls to a room that could only be described as "exactly what you'd expect." The irony of a cross above a bed where such sacrilegious incidents had occurred was something I couldn't delve into then, and will not now. Later on, as the gaggle of self-tanner and white tops began to pour into the function, a single dreaded thought crossed my mind. The bathroom attendant, who, just like the brave passengers of Flight 93, was going to try to prevent me from completing my mission. So we needed a distraction. With a few golden schmeckles I found on the ground outside, a plastic tiara, and a promise to buy into her future multi-level-marketing scheme, we roped a WOMAN into rubbing her ass on the little bathroom attendant. The plan was to go just far enough to push him to the edge, but not far enough to give him that sweet, ooey-gooney release. As the golden gates of the throom opened, a honey with a little bit of squirt still on her pants announced that there was no more toilet paper left. However, instead of rushing to the aid of the sopping sorority

sister, the little elf they had guarding the door shrugged and said "since when did women need piss paper? Keep the line movin'." It was my turn in, but before my showering escapade, I had to make big poop first. I saw a huge puddle of piss and toilet water that was drenching the raggedy bath mat on the ground. There was clearly a failed attempt at cleaning it. This was explicitly shown by the cum and discharge-filled wads of yellowish tissues that were pulled up and out of the trash-can, and onto the ocean of mystery liquid. Once I finished my poop, I used the cloth towels they had to wipe my ass and some q-tips in a drawer to wipe the perimeter. I stripped down to my bare butt and balls and faced the faucet, dropping my sock into the mystery soup in the process. To think that so many women (and some men during pledge week) have been raw dogged in this very shower was enough motivation for me to step in it. The hot water hit the tub, forming a piss and cum-condensation steam cloud. That delicious frat boy smell was in the air. To my surprise, I saw a bottle of facial cleanser and only a few bottles of 2 in 1 shampoo and conditioner (so it looks like these creatures are learning). It was a perfect night for a dirty boy like me to get wet and naked in the frat shower. Their body wash gave me several strains of chlamydia, and yet, I had never felt cleaner. Before I stepped out of the golden shower, I left my calling card- the stream of pee that ran down my leg that I shook off, and a bottle of travel-sized shampoo I brought just in case these heathens didn't have any.

Overall it was a great and adrenaline-pumping experience, and their water pressure was amazing

I give it 4 out of 5 Schmeckles.

Kaiser Permanente Zion ER Bathroom

Recruit #984017258

If you know anything about being at an E.R. for 3 hours, it's that you're gonna have to piss. Not one of those satisfying pssssssss drop drop pisses, but one of those..."FUCK WHAT IF MY FUCKING NAME GETS CALLED RN AND THEY THINK I LEFT THIS MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT WHEN IN REALITY I AM JUST A WENCH TRYING NOT TO PISS MYSELF" pisses. I think that's the classic E.R. piss situation. But what I forgot to add was that I was in the E.R. for 2nd degree burns all over my fucking vagina.

I sat down gripping the handicap handle thingy, trying not to fucking scream. Obviously I was taking my time, considering my bits are blistering and burning. But then I heard this agitated pregnant bitch begging to take a piss, and all of the sudden my urethra was like: "we're not fucking hurrying up for this bitch, this cunt can wait." So I stopped. I could only imagine that this non-virgin ass woman thought she could finally take a wazz because the little drip sounds stopped. When she didn't hear the toilet flush, I knew I was ruining her life.

Out of nowhere, my fucking nightmare happens, and my name gets called to have my fanny inspected, but here I am, fully naked, sweating, bleeding, screaming.

I wasn't ready. I couldn't come out yet.

But I had to, for my minge.

I peed as hard as I could, biting my t-shirt to shreds, teaching the soon to be born baby how to use bad words. The single ply gripped to my blisters as I wiped. I washed my shaky hands. I did it.

I somehow made it out alive, but I would truly never be the girl I was 3 hours ago.

3/5 angry pregnant women



KOALA PEN NAMES AS HALLOWEEN COSTUMES



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PINK WHITNEY NOT AVAILABLE

JAEGER



FOR SKIING



FIREBALL NOT AVAILABLE

RUM



OFFICE PARTIES

RED WINE



FOR ROMANCING

BEER



FOR TAILGATING

OUR GENERATION

WHISKEY



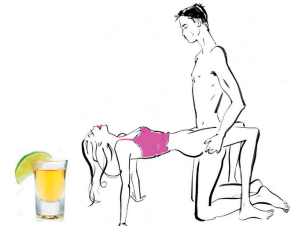
FOR BLACKING OUT

VODKA



FOR BLACKING OUT

TEQUILA



FOR FUCKING, THEN BLACKING OUT

PINK WHITNEY



FOR PUSSIES

JAEGER BOMBS



FOR FIGHTING

FIREBALL



FOR BLACKING OUT

RUM



FOR BLACKING OUT

RED WINE



FOR BLACKING OUT ON WEDNESDAYS

BEER



FOR TAILGATING




The Daily Koala

UNION UFO SIGHTING
 No. 666 Tuesday Oct. 4, 2022 Scary Edition

San Diego State University was visited by a new type of guest speaker last Thursday. As the 2pm rush swelled the Chipotle line, a mysterious flying object descended into the student union. Witnesses report that the UFO was roughly the size and smell of a Fifty Twenty-Five shuttle. Assuming that it was a scheduled performance, the students congregated around the stage. To their surprise, 11 gnome sized extraterrestrials emerged from the saucer. They have been described as purple humanoid creatures. One student reported that their only features were, oversized, haunting black eyes and "massive schlongs. Like seriously humongous. Not proportional to their bodies at all. They were like dragging on the ground." By this time students and faculty had begun pouring in from all over campus towards the union to catch a glimpse of the aliens. The senior members of Pike grabbed as many t-shirts as they could, ready to offer them bids immediately. With dicks like that, who could blame them?

The alien leader pushed to the front of the group, tapped a megaphone and asked, "Is this thing on?" The student body nodded in unison, mesmerized. "Okay thanks, just making sure. CITIZENS OF SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY, WE HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU." Adela squealed in excitement, "They want to donate! I knew it! They'd have to let us into the Ivy League then!" The student body waited in anticipation to see what he had to say. "OUR LEADERS HAVE SENT US FOR AN IMPORTANT EXCHANGE. With us we have the materials to eradicate the fentanyl crisis that plagues your campus and makes your parties way less fun. In return, we have decided that your football team has perfect specimens- I mean candidates for an intergalactic experiment that we plan to conduct. But it's a really nice experiment, like the kind without any dissection or torture or anything. Anyways, you have 30 days to decide before we come back." With that, they returned to their ship and zapped back to wherever they came from.

Everyone sat around stunned for a moment before quickly beginning the discourse. The sorority girls were in a real stump. If they take the offer, they can do as much coke as they want with no repercussions. However, if there was no football team then who would they fuck? Soccer? There was no perfect choice.

The administration cried out in terror. What a terrible proposition! Human lives aren't bartering pieces! Especially when we have a new stadium to pay off!

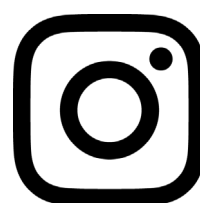
The football team has been formally disinvited from the conversation because of their narrow viewpoints. Rather than focusing on the greater good they started asking questions like, "Where are they taking us?" and "Will we come back?" Sounds like somebody is suffering from a little FOMO...

In an effort to be democratic, faculty and admin have decided to leave the decision up to the students. There will be a school-wide poll sent out to your emails in order to make a decision. The days are dwindling before their return, so please don't take this matter lightly. And remember: one pill can kill.

BACKSHOT BARBIE
Conspiracy Expert



@SDSU_Koala



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The Hardy Tower Wizard

Bobby Slayy

When the pentagrams first began appearing, we all thought it was a prank. One club's miserable attempt to stir up trouble, or perhaps an elaborate Greek Life hazing technique. But then the salt circles came. Then the disembodied frog legs and bat wings. Then the plagues.

Covid, Monkeypox, E-Coli, Frat Flu and the mold. Some called it chance, some may have called it divine intervention, but nay. I know a spellcaster when I see one, and these incidents were nothing but pure alchemy. There were too many coincidences for this to be anything other than a campus Wizard.

Once us at The Koala pieced it together, we panicked. Our next meeting was entirely devoted to planning how to take down this fucking sorcerous bastard. So we gathered in our dim basement, but this time, there was no cauldron of jungle juice, no lube station, no sex jungle gym. This was a war meeting, and the Koala Gun was on hand.

But elsewhere, there was another war meeting. Atop Hardy Tower, the Wizard gazed into his crystal ball, peering into our basement, listening to our plans and plotting how to respond to our devious schemes.

"I vote we just go and eat him up!" suggested EaterOut.

"Uh, no. We've got all these recruits, the wizard would surely accept a sacrifice. Let's toss 'em into his potion pot!" commanded Guava Goose.

"Absolutely not, we need these little fuckers! There's only one way to solve this once and for all..." said Jewish American Pegger, taking out their cock.

Then, poof! A cloud of smoke erupted in the Koala dungeon. And no, it wasn't Minisquirt's joint, it was the Wizard apparating into our very meeting. Dread filled our hearts, fearing what our robed enemy would do next.

The recruits all begged,

"Don't fireball us!"

The staffers pleaded,

"AAAAAAA!!!"

"SILENCE!" the Wizard shouted, quelling the shouting in an instant.

As we whimpered with horror and slight arousal, the Wizard tapped his staff against the floor, and opened his spellbook.

"Listen, thee Koalas. I know thine schemes as I know mine own name. What thy plot surely holds no confidence in your heart... All thine plans shall fall through, as they hold not one candle to my spells and incantations. If thou wish to hurt me, you will know nothing but pain. If thee think I could be appeased, you mistake yourself, I want nothing but peace in my great tower. If

thou cock thinks itself to be guided toward mine asshole, you are foolish. Mine butt plug prestidigitation will protect me so. You are powerless."

A loud silence rang throughout our basement. We awaited our demise at the hand of this Wizard's fireballs.

"But... if for me you work. If my demands shall be answered thus, perhaps your lives will be spared..." he grinned.

"Please, we'll do anything!" Zodiac Killer pleaded, hornily.

"Whatever you want!" added Clifford the Big, becoming Clifford the Little.

The Wizard scanned the room, trying to sense anything other than fearful devotion, he then chuckled.

"With my vanishing from thine basement, these such things thou shalt do. Message thy Dean. Alert them to mine meddling. Tell them of the Wizard that lurks in Hardy Tower. Tell them I want all ye dead. I have divined that thee next event shall be an email. An email to all of you, and all of thine peers. De la Torre shall alert thee of seeking help in Student Health Services, tell thee of a potential lawsuit, but I will be secure. Any my future incantations shall be covered, and Hardy Tower shall forever be guarded by a great Elite security guard, demanding thou mask thyse—"

BANG! Pink mist splattered the basement walls, and the wizard fell to the floor. DeeZ Nutz stood there, Koala Gun in hand and shock on their face. They had just killed the Wizard, and whatever that weight meant for their mental health, we didn't care. We were safe, and the campus was finally safe from all horrible spells from the Hardy Tower Wizard.



♈ ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌ ♍ ♎ ♏ ♐ ♑ ♒ ♓

THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S WHORE-O-SCOPES

The Signs as Horror Icons

ARIES: Jigsaw from Saw - What can I say, you love to play a game! And those games get bloody real fast.

TAURUS: Taurus - Werewolf - Not to say your mood changes faster than the moon, but it does. Also not to say you need to shave, but like at least trim the wolf bush a little.

GEMINI: Elvira, Mistress of the Dark - You're not just a nice pair of tits... You've also got some nice legs. You've got a lot of wit and always have something to say.

CANCER: Ghost face - You're secretly two little boys going on a murder spree.

LEO: Jennifer Check from Jennifer's Body - You're gonna go get what you want, and be sexy while doing it. You're definitely the type to say "I am a god" casually in conversations.

VIRGO: Norman Bates from Psycho - You've got mommy issues out the wazoo, and have a strange methodical calmness that scares the shit out of me.

LIBRA: Dracula - you really know how to suck dick- fuck I mean cock- I mean blood. Yeah. Bloodsucker (but also cocksucker)

SCORPIO: Frank N. Furter - A true cult classic. You really know how to pull off some fishnets, bend gender to your liking, and fuck whoever will walk through your door.

SAGITTARIUS: Pennywise - You're the type to end up in a sewer grate after a fun night out. Also you need to stop offering children balloons, that shit's weird.

CAPRICORN: Reagan from The Exorcist - you're the type of person to tell someone that their "mother sucks cocks in hell" just for looking at you incorrectly. Try being just a tad nicer.

AQUARIUS: The girl from The Ring - We get it, you're flexible. Now go get a damn hairbrush.

PISCES: Carrie - You're too nice. One of these days you're just gonna snap, and I have no clue what's gonna happen to you. Will you rebel against your evangelical mother? Will you kill an entire prom? Will you do the truffle shuffle naked in the middle of storm hall?? Who knows.

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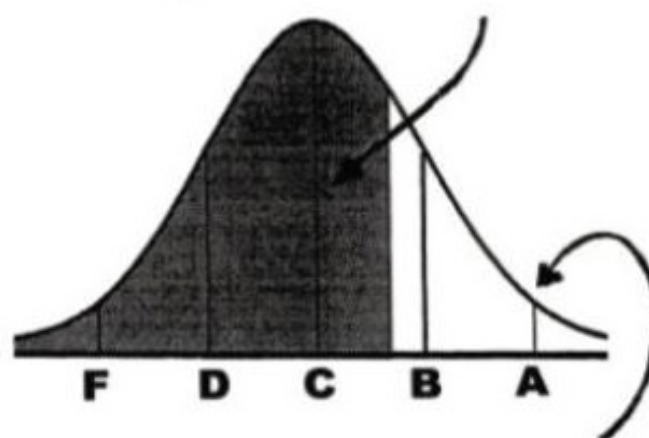
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SDSU Exam Prep Fall 2022

Bathroom Reviews

Target @ Grossmont Center - Revisited

Recruit #84695384689

My therapist told me that in order to unpack some latent traumas and Freudian fetish-sparks, I would need to revisit places of old guilt. Under this guise I find myself walking into the heart of darkness—the Grossmont Center Target Family Stall. Some of it is familiar: the migraine-inducing phosphorescence reflected off gray-scale tiling. The stark silence of it, Target's usual corporate pop replaced by the buzz of AC and muffled babble of customers waiting outside. The bin where I had tossed my soiled undies a year prior. I wiped the whiz from the porcelain seat and dropped trou, reclaiming my forgotten throne. Sporadic tremors punctuated the mental silence, reminding me exactly where I sat and the fecal travesties I had committed on my last visit.

I am sent back in time, flicker of chicken wing smeared with 'Da Bomb Hot Sauce. The Tartaric-red greasing down my gullet and sparking a slowburn chain reaction. First, the tingle around the lips. Next, a slight ache forms in my gut. Third, a calm before the shitstorm. I needed a private bathroom, and there stood Target. Memory fades in and out as I grip my butt, holding my insides together before letting them burst out in that family restroom. Solar flare off the lower horizon.

I open my eyes back in the present. My bowels move. My hand reaches for the toilet paper and—a gift. Unlike last

time, it was there, there for me, there to wipe and to heal and to clean my stinky hole. A silent prayer escapes from my sweaty lips. I rise and hitch up my jorts. I fill a familiar place in the mirror above the sink. The figure is emptied, as it was a year ago, but less gaunt than I remember. It smiles at me. Absolution. Shitty, shitty absolution.



Tenochca Floor Two Bathroom Review

Recruit #57392865943679563497

I honestly can't believe I didn't pass away this morning. Every step I took to the second floor bathroom of Tenochca Hall was predicted to be my last, but to my surprise I made it to a stall. I took one look at that toilet and thought "Oh, I am going to fucking destroy you." And that's exactly what I did. 5 and 1/2 minutes later, I stood up with an overwhelming sense of pride, feeling like a man with a renewed sense of purpose. I went to push the handle down and finish this century old, trusted process. That's when things went to shit. The toilet was clogged. I tried the next toilet, willing myself to shit again (it wasn't hard to be honest, last night was rough). But to my dismay, this toilet was suffering from the same ailment as its neighbor. To make matters worse, as soon as I came to this dismal conclusion, I heard the door open as several bros walked in blasting music, ready to enjoy a blissful shower. I was fucked. To recap, there's two monstrous, theme park worthy shits sitting and stewing on this floor's most popular bathroom. I was in fight or flight mode, and I chose flight. Scrambling out of the stall, I say a quick "What's good dawg" to the shower dudes, and head straight for the door. But then a little voice in my head said "No, no, I was raised better than this." I realized then that if I didn't wash my hands after those two museum worthy shits, then I'm just as bad as the toilets who rejected them. I look at the soap dispenser. It's about three feet away from me. Accounting for time to dry my hands and how long those shits have been stewing, I realized I've got T-Minus 15 Mississippi seconds before these dudes pick up on the natural disaster that's happened here. "Fuck it" I thought, "let's go for it." I casually walk back to the sink, sweating fucking bullets, and place my hand un-

derneath the soap. Nothing. Jack. Fucking. Shit. There's no soap. "Is this some translucent, invisible California soap bullshit?" (My mental ability wasn't at it's best, I seriously can't stress enough how fucked last night was). This was no soap dispenser, this was a lesson from god. Right on que, I hear a primal scream come from one of the showers, followed by the most confused and anguished "FUCK" I've ever heard. I bow my head in shame as I prepare for the onslaught of verbal assault that's sure to follow. As one of the shower bros runs out butt naked to find the source of the stench, my mind goes into overdrive, and I hear myself simply say "uh, squirrels." The shower bro stops dead and just looks at me. "Squirrels?" I take a deep breath. I mean, at this point I gotta commit or eat shit. Literally. "Yeah, and birds. There's a whole bunch of dead squirrels and small birds clogging the toilets." He looks at me a bit longer, clearly trying to think of a scenario where birds would be in the building. He proceeds to go inspect it for himself, his comrades yelling from the shower, wondering what the fuck was going on. A smart person would've ran, but I was glued to the spot. A few seconds later Mr. Shower bro walks out and curiously asks "so that's what squirrels look like when they die?" Now, I don't know who failed this man in his education of small mammals, but it sure as hell wasn't me. Willing myself to keep a straight face, I looked this man dead in the eye and said "yes." And that was that. So folks, the lesson here is simple; take a plumbing class, inspect those pipes before you sit down, maybe familiarize yourself with what the fuck a squirrel corpse looks like if you don't know. And most importantly: don't use the Tenochca Floor 2 bathroom.

PIKENSTEIN

Eaterout

The perfect frat bro is one that must be built. It takes time, care, consideration... It takes brains, it takes brawn. In the dead of night, Pike's President had ordered the careful construction of a lab to fulfill this dream. He wanted to be forever solidified as leading the best frat on campus straight to the top. Unfortunately, the cost would be immeasurable compared to the results...

Pike's Laboratory had grown, just as their chemical collection and number of casualties had. It was now a full-blown evil lair- and they weren't just cooking meth anymore. Bodies littered the floor, but SDSU had not yet grown wise to their antics, dismissing it as just really bad B.O. Don't get it twisted- it was a little bit of that too, but what was truly transpiring in Pike's Lab this fateful Halloween night was nothing a shower could fix.

They had used the arms and legs of the pledges, the abdomen of the strongest gym bro, the brain of their token Engineering major, the toes of their student athletes, the fingers of the frat's best DJ, the hair follicles of the only member not solely relying on 8-in-1 soap, and the phallus of the San Diego Zoo's giraffe.

Pike's President finished tugging at the final stitch and immediately broke out into maniacal laughter. He threw his gloved hands up into the air just as a random climate-change-induced tropical storm boomed to life!

"Open the chamber, dickwad!" He screamed over the storm. "Do it, quick! We don't have much time!"

The last remaining pledge- saved for this exact moment- pulled the janky, dildo-shaped lever in fear. Above them, the skylight opened up to reveal the terrible storm. The body's platform levitated high into the sky, soaring far above the stars, until suddenly- a crash! An electric bolt, a tremendous amount of energy!

"ARRRGGGHHH...!" Pike's President screamed out. He had mistakenly placed his hand on the metal platform and the electrical current had sent a shock through his body. His hair stood straight up. His heart pounded. He immediately tore off his Joe Rogan t-shirt... He had gone mad!

"Lower him! Lower my child!" The body lowered slowly. The skylight closed. The laboratory quieted as The President approached his greatest creation... The Creature began to stir. "It's alive...! My boy is alive...!"

The pledge strained to see, quietly crossing the room to stand beside The President. Unfortunately, the Pikentists took the Engineer's brain out before he could get to explaining how to put it back into the new body! The hardwiring was all wrong. All The Creature could do was groan, moan, and drool... He fit right in!

"He's perfect, sir..." The pledge mumbled under his breath, tears rushing to his eyes.

The President turned to look at the pledge, forgetting he was even there. His face darkened. "Yes... Except, we must perform the final test..."

"The final test?" The pledge asked, once again looking afraid.

The President looked back at The Creature. Slowly, he raised one hand and snapped. The Creature rose from his

sunken state and grabbed the pledge by the throat. He twisted once, and it was over.

The President began to laugh. He had done it! He had created the perfect frat boy. He was strong, loyal, and had no means of questioning his master.

Yet, just as he was celebrating his victory, a light began to grow in the distance. It poured through the window and into the laboratory, with distant chanting accompanying it. "Let us in! Let us in!" Thousands of SDSU students shouted, holding their lighters high in the air.

Suddenly, one of them tripped. Their lighter caught the edge of the die table and, in the students' drunken state, no one had noticed in time to put it out. The table caught flame, and the fire spread to the laboratory. Unfortunately, the Pikentists were unwise enough to disrespect chemical safety protocol, and the heat caused mass amounts of uncovered concoctions to spontaneously combust! The elixir filled the air, suffocating every living thing in its wake. The President grabbed The Creature's hand, and they made their great escape.

Outside, campus police had already gathered to attempt to control the chaos. The President of Student Affairs had even come to yell, "Shut the fuck up! If you don't want to go home, shut the fuck up! Quiet coyote, guys!"

The President of S.A. turned to Pike's Prez. "Is this your party?" they interrogated. "You really need to control this. Someone could get seriously hurt!"

"It's not my fucking party!" Pike's Prez shouted back over the noise. The S.A. President took a step forward, and suddenly The Creature was lurching towards him and fastening his hands around his neck.

"Hey- what's wrong with your friend?" He shouted just before The Creature devoured him whole. His body flopped as The Creature shoved him down his throat, releasing an impressively long belch. He got all the way to W before he had to take a breath.

Pike's Prez stared at his creation, realizing suddenly that what he had created was far beyond him. The Creature was not only the perfect frat bro, not only the perfect minion, not only the perfect friend... He was something more. He felt himself leaning forward, and The Creature followed his lead. They shared a tender moment just as the laboratory erupted into flames. It didn't matter. They had both gotten what they had wanted all along.





THE PERSONALS



STAT 119
MATH 120

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And MANY more...

Yo did anyone else see that girl slip on a tomato on campus

i regularly wipe my vag with hand towels at house parties.

A girl said I can cum in her ear if I bought her a slurpee. Best slurpee I ever bought

This annoying blonde bitch wont shut the fuck up in class no one needs to hear your peter griffin laugh in chem lab 100 you know who you are

I'm sorry I'm the one who be pissing all over the toilet seats in the gender neutral bathrooms

Use my code for \$\$\$ off weed delivery <https://eaze.com/share//icrdmua>

Why couldn't my sister have been the fucking miscarriage?

Dermatologists give such good dick

lungs in my boogers

Don't trust a virgo ass bitch

Honestly, fuck y'all

This newspaper sucks

is the queen gonna die

How do I know if my entry got selected I don't have time to read them

That one Tree near the GMCS Building is Goated

I'm just a little cutie patootie

I got a married girl pregnant. Help

PIKE threw at 9/11 themed party... it was bomb!

i wore my mask as a thong after shitting myself in east commons

My small penis makes up for my horrible personality

why

Stole Lego pirates from my girls place and I'm feeling like a million bucks

i've been bringing my kitten to class

my roommate won't stop saying slay im thinking about submitting her to my strange addictions

When the people stand outside the class room just bc the room is empty or a few fucking people are in there even though it's their class pisses me the fuck off

My RA was pouring shots down my throat last night

Something about the big switch from society to newspapers makes me feel all cummy

sunny oowy gooey me want mothers sweet teat to suckle from

I can tell my relationship is healthy by the amount of suicidal comments my roommate keeps making

Tim I hope you're done drunk pissing

YOU NOT ROCKIN WIT ME ?! I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF

i feel like i get bitches but at the same time i don't

Stop shaving your fucking balls over the sink.

How easy is it to fuck a white bitch?

y'all are mad weird
i dont like the way my skin feels on my body

I've never smoked weed before because I am genuinely convinced that I'd be allergic

I climb the crack in the arc just to stick my hand in something tight

she made me cum so hard i have her two thumbs up and now she won't talk to me anymore

Is this Horror Nights or am I just tryna find the exit in PSFA

i'm horny but not horny enough for a white girl in lulu lemons

I know for a fact sex is not as good as marination

how are you 21 and still can't get bitches, like just buy them alcohol

nothing is more humbling than working at a bbq restaurant over the summer

i bet you frat boys would have a field day at a chuck e. cheese

I have a chubby little thing

Assholes just dont cut it anymore

Gta 6 leaks got me leaking in more ways than one

THE 5th Floor of love library is the mother fucking SILENT floor. STFU with ur Bermuda shorts and toothpick legs dumb bitches

left hand on that samuel t. black shoe, right hand on this pussy

I'm patient zero my fault og

me and my bestie made out with brothers at dsig! problem: i wanted to make out with the other brother and she is a lesbian

every night to go to sleep i stare at my crash vinyl because charli xcx's boobs bring me comfort

Don't do coke at pike!!!! It's pre workout...

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