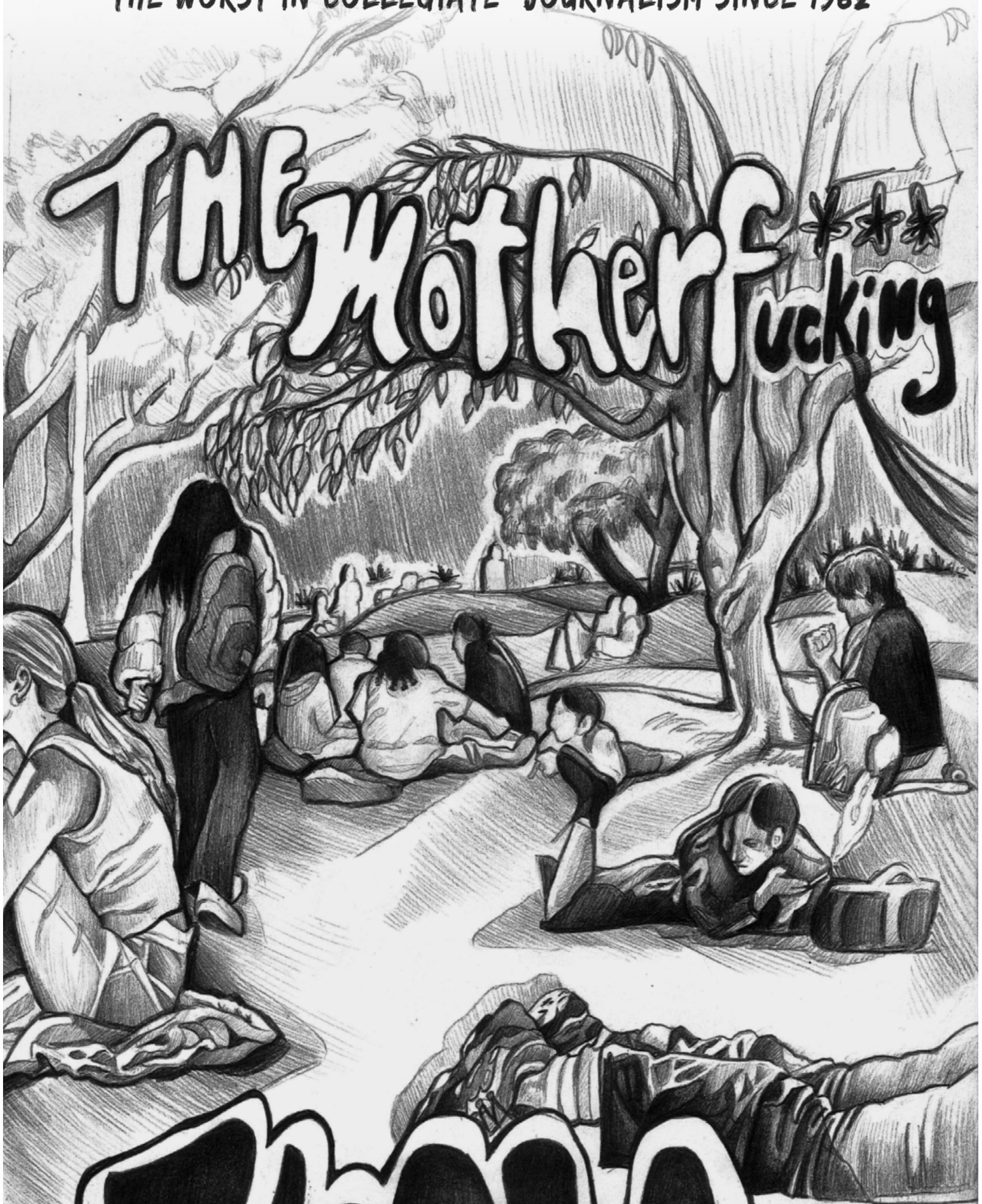


"THE WORST IN COLLEGIATE JOURNALISM SINCE 1982"



# THE Motherfucking

# KOALA

VOLUME  
XXV

ISSUE 7  
RED DEAD  
ERECTION

# KOALA LANDSLIDE VICTORY

## Koala Party Candidate Easily Wins

Just a mere two weeks ago, SDSU history was made. Prominent Koala Party candidate, Koala Q. Koala, won the highly contested and bloody Associate Student presidential election with an unprecedented total 80.085% chunk of the electorate. On election night at the Student Union, Mx. Koala gave a triumphant victory speech, exclaiming, "The people have chosen; and the people have chosen very poorly." Koala then shotgunned a 4Loko at the podium and proceeded to list off a number of incoherent proclamations, including but not limited to: bulldozing the Love Library to erect an even more brutalist monstrosity, a university mandate requiring pre-class borgs, and launching a bold new economic initiative to convert Storm Hall into a 3 story Arby's drive thru. Koala had also flirted with the idea of declaring war on UCSD, claiming that, "Those nerds have had it too good for too long."

For skeptics who claim these plans cannot be afforded with the current measly and tiny university budget, Koala plans to first introduce a wide array of new student success fees, followed by a vast sustainable network of fracking across campus, beginning with the construction of an oil rig that will drill directly through the little theater. Koala added, "...and while we're at it, we'll just strip the Daily Aztec of all its funding. Because why the heck not!" Fascinating!

However the mood of the night was not all cheery. Outrage from the College Republicans was expressed at a press release by their club president, sweatily claiming that, "Clearly this student election was stolen! It was riddled from top to bottom with nothing but ballot fraud, and we plan to immediately file an appeal with the A.S. Judiciary to correct this egregious hoax!" True to their word, directly after

this interview their appeal paperwork was submitted, and then promptly tossed into the nearest A.S. admin office trash bin.

Some other critics voiced their concerns about the growing inaccuracy of the SDSU electoral college, which seems to disregard the student popular vote. Pundit Warren G. Hard-on quoted that, "The electoral college at our college is the result of a highly flawed college system where the results of our college elections are left in the hands of a few shadowy college elite, and not the bulk of college students." Mr. Hard-on's cold lifeless body was found just days later in a dumpster behind the local Jack in the Box. A pure coincidence of course.

Indeed, it seems many are excited to see this new regime take office, with the most honest of polls already indicating a 109% approval rating; a democratic record which hasn't been seen since the likes of Joseph Stalin. The Koala Party victory celebration will take place on Saturday, April 22nd, just after the newly established National Holiday on April 20th. All are invited to join, with an official press release coming from the official A.S. president-elect for the event to be included below.

Guava Goose & Jewish American Pegger



### [Knocked Up & Locked Up]

Jewish American Pegger,  
Guava Goose

### [Addicted & Convicted]

Molly Ringworm, Eaterout, John MulBangMe, Orb, Zodiac Killer, Minisquirt, Brotankula, Backshot Barbie

### [Nailed & Jailed]

DeeZ Nutz, Bobby Slay, Starfucks Baristoe, Plankton, CuntPuncher, Wallabeanie, Jackoff All Trades Master of Cum, Downton Stabbey, Phallic Baldwin, Red Dead Erection, Soup, Wee Wee Madame, Sidewalk Slammer, Drain "The Cock" Sockson, Dom Nook, Chlamillion Dollar BJ

### [Screwed & Sued]

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, Nightmare at the Museum, Nadya Furry, Clifford the BIG



# THE INFAMOUS 420 PARTY

FEATURING

Saturday  
April 22nd

One time only.

**KOCEAN**  
**HANNAH GELLER**  
**THE RUMOR**  
**APE STATION**

TALENTED BANDS FROM @AZTECMUSICGROUP



# THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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fuck chegg

### Top 5 Ways to Perform a Circumcision

1. Gnawing
2. Stomping
3. Vegetable peeler
4. Vacuum device
5. Beer cap remover

### Top 5 Bong Positions

1. The bathroom next to Panda Express, furthest stall back
2. Left nose hole
3. Right nose hole
4. In front of a mirror
5. East

### Top 5 Cotton Mouth Cures

1. A towel
2. Spit in my mouth
3. Taking the cotton balls out of your mouth
4. A little ciggy
5. Smoke weed but make sure it's wet
6. lube

### Bottom 5 Smoke Shop Experiences

1. The first one
2. When they don't think you're hot and charge you full price
3. Getting ID'd
4. The door is locked
5. When you try to sell them an ad for the Koala and they pretend like they want to and then next time u see them they act like they've never seen you before

### Top 5 New Trader Joe's Spices

1. Sand from the beach
2. Dingy dirty dust
3. Plain bagel flavored seasoning
4. Crushed aspirin
5. Powdered greenhouse gas

### Top 5 Boy Things

1. Being repugnant
2. My pussy
3. A loveless marriage
4. Thinking a date went way better than it actually did
5. Football

### Top 5 Names for the Koala Suit

1. Charlie
2. VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV
3. George W. Bush
4. Kowala
5. Daddy

### Top 5 Reasons to Lure Your Professor to an Orgy

1. I just like him
2. I want him to lower my grade
3. New topic in therapy
4. Please, wake up! You've been in a coma for three years and this newspaper is my only way of communicating! Please, we miss you...
5. Real big dick on him
6. Lose your virginity
7. He seemed so sad today and so many people have been skipping his lectures lately ...
8. Teacher appreciation day

### Top 5 Itches to Scratch

1. Balls
2. Ass (not mine)
3. That one nipple...
4. The girl reading this's
5. The itch is right behind me... isn't it...

### Bottom 5 Nicknames for Penis

1. Girl
2. Mr. Peeny Weeny
3. The Man Maker
4. Beepy
5. Straight-Shooter
6. Sleepy Joe

### Top 5 Sluttiest Forms of Transportation

1. Walking naked
2. One of those group Ubers
3. Conveyer belt
4. Wheelbarrow
5. The worm

### Top 5 Agonizing Truths

1. You will probably never be able to find real love

### Top 5 Things to Smoke That Isn't Weed

1. Home Depot floor dust
2. Beef brisket
3. Drunk cigarette
4. Just rolling paper
5. Pre-workout

### Top 5 Easter Alternatives

1. Better Friday
2. Eggs from a chicken
3. Arbor Day
4. Thanksgiving again
5. Oyster Sunday

### Top 5 Priest Box Confessions

1. Sucked my own dick (finally)
2. No words, I just put my tongue through the little holes
3. I shoplifted sometimes in high school
4. I had a bad dream, can I sleep with you?
5. I hate priests

### Top 5 Onomatopoeias

1. Peepeep
2. I just confused that for a palindrome
3. BOOYAH
4. Erm
5. BLAMMO

### Top 5 Ways to Handle Rejection

1. Shovel them into your gaping toothy maw
2. Don't
3. Voodoo Doll
4. Tell them it's Opposite Day!
5. Clever disguise and try again

### Top 5 Ways to Ruin Spring Break

1. Being blown up
2. Accidentally joining a drug ring in Cabo
3. Getting wasted at your hometown bar and running into every single one of your exes and their fiances
4. Getting immediately detained for indecent exposure
5. Being cancelled on Twitter

# Obituary: Tommy, the Child Cop

*Bobby Slayy*

Thomas "Tommy" Matthias Miller, a prominent figure in the San Diego Police Department who helped establish a judicial branch responsible for numerous child predator convictions, tragically passed on to meet God several days ago. Born to Caterina and Joshua Miller in Santee, California, Tommy spent his early years playing airplane and shitting his pants, before attending Carlton Hills Elementary School, where he became the fastest half-mile runner in the first grade with a time of three minutes and forty-eight seconds.

After a field trip to the San Diego Police Headquarters and an intense love for Paw Patrol, Tommy became infatuated with police work, vowing to join the force at any cost. His wish came true after showing exceptional bravery on the playground; where he told on Carlton Hills's bully, Gordon Jefferson, for standing atop the monkey bars. Tommy successfully put him in time-out after a short altercation in which three stray fists to the head left Jefferson concussed.

For his heroism (and NOT the staffing crisis), Tommy was personally awarded the role of police officer by San Diego Sheriff Martinez. However, Tommy struggled to find his place in the department at first. In his early months as an officer, due to the ever-increasing surveillance measures such as stoplight cameras and license plate readers, Tommy himself became a plate reader. With his exceptional CAASPP test scores and seventh-grade reading level, the highest in his precinct, Tommy garnered much respect.

With a recent generous increase in funding, Tommy was able to expand his plate-reading division, being promoted to sergeant and employing the use of protective assault weaponry, defensive armored cars, and big fucking giant awesome dinosaur laser beams!!! These techniques all massively helped the homelessness crisis after the Incident of September 11th (2022!!!! NOT THE OTHER ONE!!!!) where the homeless population of Downtown was reduced by 20%.

Unfortunately, public backlash/woke mob cancellation resulted in Tommy's reassignment to regular patrols. His work here was exceptional, and he was once again praised for his work, this time, for arresting a serial child predator. The horrible criminal, a local Catholic priest, was found by Tommy lurking at a horrible awful freakish liberal fucking disgusting drag show, and was subsequently sentenced to life in prison.

Tommy was once again reassigned, as the department realized he could expertly work undercover, bringing more sexual monsters to justice. Tommy would frequent playgrounds, ice cream

truck routes, and drag shows, but wasn't able to bring anyone to justice until he worked harder. His new brilliant technique would be to surprise these disgusting animals when they thought they were alone: hiding in a bush, using the bathroom, in their own home, or taking a shower. With the presence of Tommy, a minor, these dangerous criminals would then be arrested for indecent exposure in front of a child. In his time bringing these evil-doers to justice, 114 pieces of shit were put behind bars.

Unfortunately, Tommy's reign of justice was tragically and suddenly ended, when, several days ago, he took his own life. In his final days, he had painfully begun to doubt his role as a police officer, becoming strangely and irrationally convinced of corruption. Unable to take the sudden and drastic change of life and worldview, Tommy committed suicide, shooting himself seven times in the back. He will be greatly missed by his family, friends, and the San Diego Police Department, who will be holding an honorary game of tag sometime soon. Thomas Matthias Miller is survived by his Mommy and Daddy. God rest his soul.

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# AN EASTER CONVERSATION

(BETWEEN JESUS CHRIST AND THE EASTER BUNNY)

WRITTEN BY: JACKOFF ALLTRADES MASTER OF CUM  
 ILLUSTRATED BY: DOM NOOK

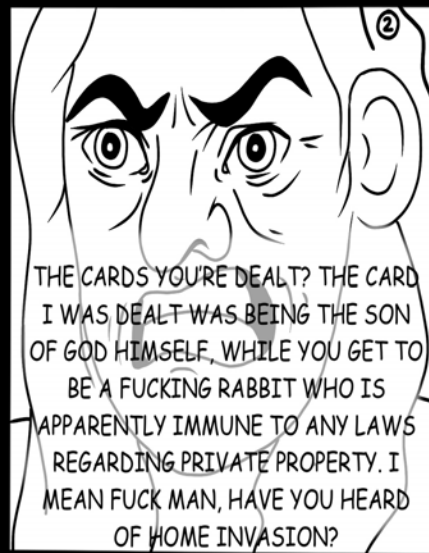


I really think we should trade places.

NO.

Come ON man I'm begging you.

I said no. You do the best you can with the cards you're dealt.



THE CARDS YOU'RE DEALT? THE CARD I WAS DEALT WAS BEING THE SON OF GOD HIMSELF, WHILE YOU GET TO BE A FUCKING RABBIT WHO IS APPARENTLY IMMUNE TO ANY LAWS REGARDING PRIVATE PROPERTY. I MEAN FUCK MAN, HAVE YOU HEARD OF HOME INVASION?

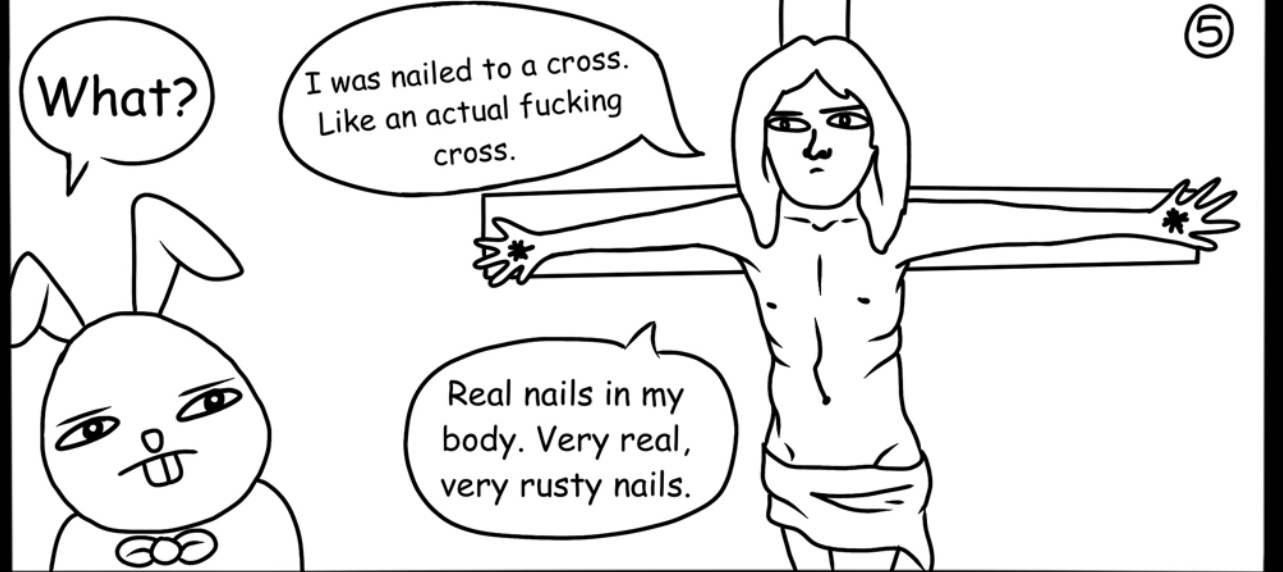


Dude.

I'm a rabbit dude, being in someone's yard doesn't qualify as a home invasion. Besides, people literally worship you man. Most people don't even believe in me. You know how hard that is? Have you ever really had to suffer for your art?



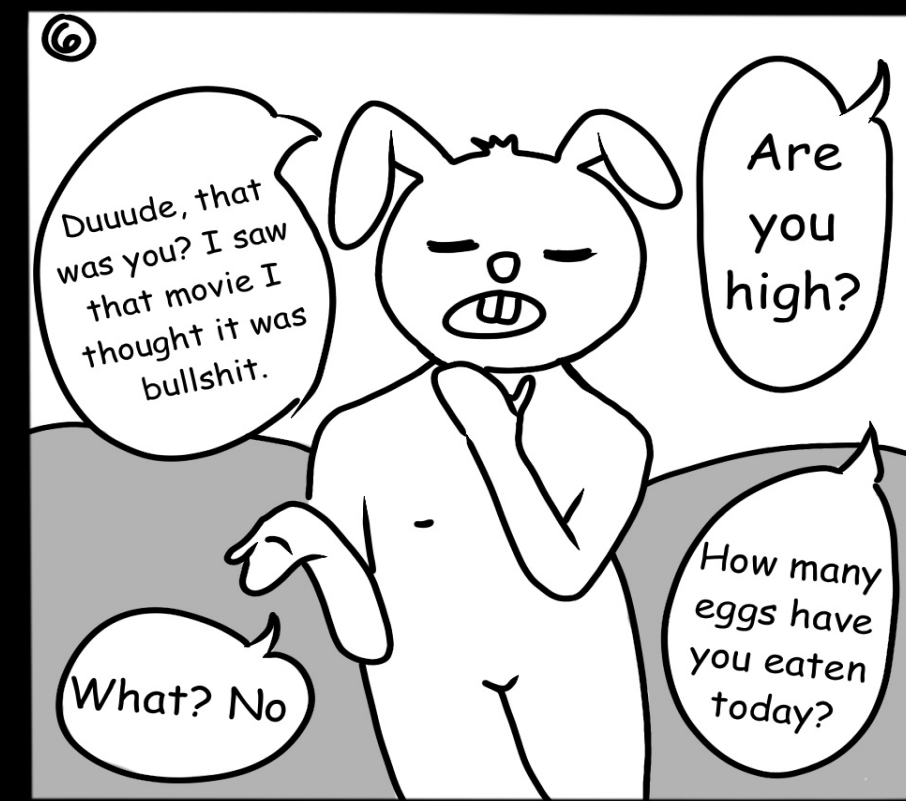
No seriously, have you seen the latest numbers? The amount of people above the age of seven who believe in me has gone down 27000%. You know what that means? There's 31 of them left, and they all live in Iowa.



What?

I was nailed to a cross. Like an actual fucking cross.

Real nails in my body. Very real, very rusty nails.



Duuude, that was you? I saw that movie I thought it was bullshit.

Are you high?

How many eggs have you eaten today?

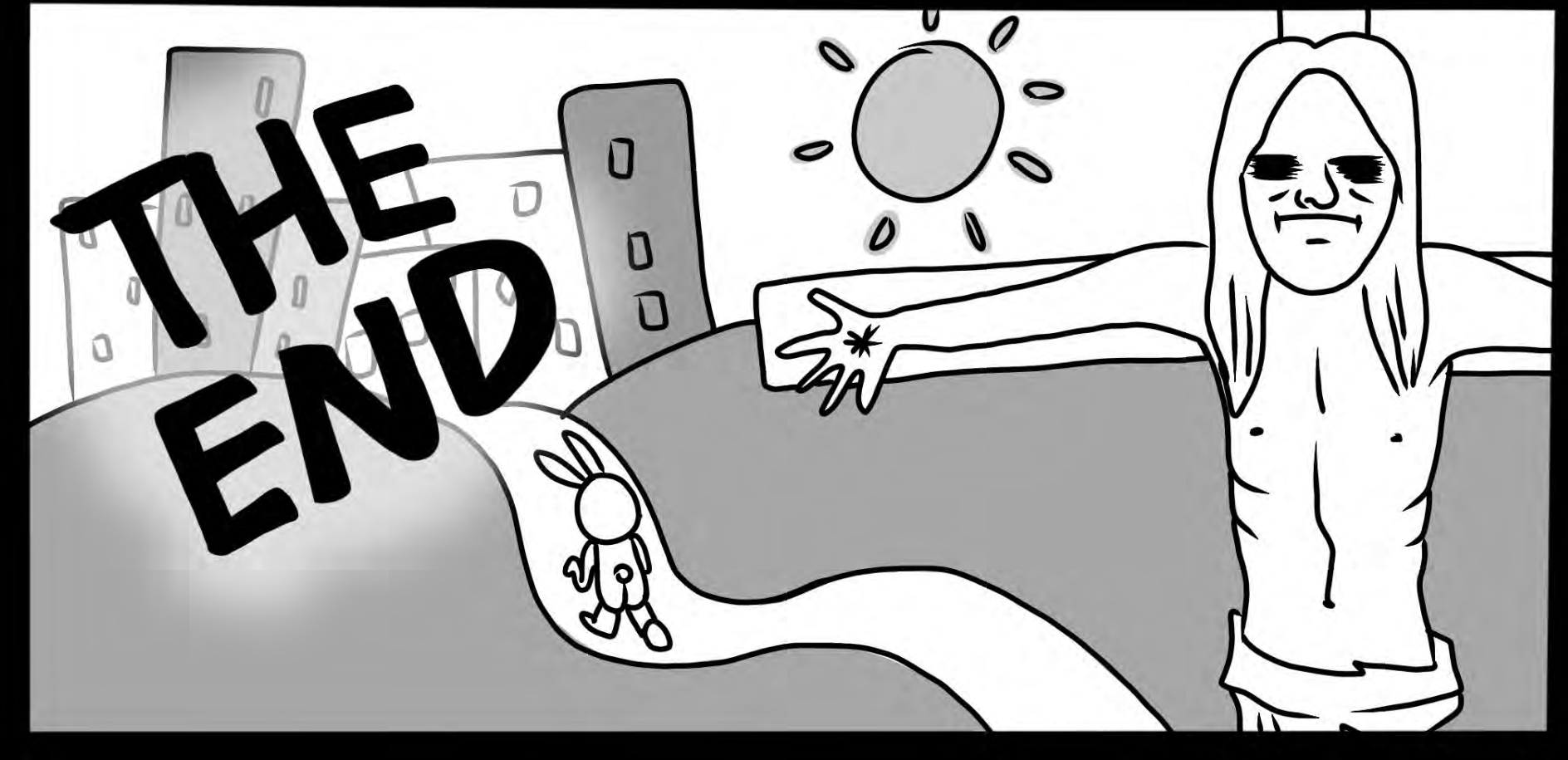
What? No



Ummm

HOW MANY EGGS

11. I'VE EATEN 11 EGGS TODAY. AND I ATE 7 YESTERDAY, AND A WHOLE FUCKING DOZEN BEFORE THAT. HAPPY?



THE END

# 21 Trump Street

## *Chlamillion Dollar BJ*

For the past couple of weeks, the SDSU student body has been fixated on the identity of a new transfer student named Brock Hardabs. The barely-social media app Yik Yak has been abuzz with anonymous questions and hearsay written about the fellow, to the tune of: “Who’s the new kid and why’s he so hot?”; “That new guy Brock called me gay”; and “I’m 90% sure that’s former United States President Donald J. Trump.”

However, the Koala has never been a paper to report purely on rumors, so I decide to strike up an investigative case to get to the bottom of this! I reached out to undercover Koala agent J. Luke Wood (who also happens to be SDSU VP of Student Affairs) to see if he could give us any extra info on this “Brock Hardabs.” He got back to us in a matter of minutes, sliding the unused expulsion letter of a student athlete who they decided to “Give the pass this time” under our office door. Written on the back was a memo to the admin that revealed the new students real name: Donald J. Trump.

Just like when they objectify hot teachers and shit on the Koala, Yik Yak was right once again! But why? Why would the former Commander in Chief be attending our humble institution? I decided to do some digging into his history and believe I have put together the real story, which goes a little something like this:

In the wake of Donny’s recent paranoia about getting arrested for a reason he can’t quite put his finger on, the 45 has been looking for a place he can go to hide out from the cops (who aren’t after him), the government (who still loves him), and the media (who stopped caring about him). He tried going back to the White House, but mean ol’ Joey turned him away! He tried going to Mar-a-Lago, but it got flooded with rain! He even tried taking a trip to Mars, but his old buddy Elon is sick of him too! What was a president to do? But when all hope seemed lost, he had an idea. An awful idea. The Trump had a wonderful, awful idea. He would go back to college!

So, according to phone records I stole from NSA, I found that he called up his old high school fling, our very own Adela de la Torre. The two had maintained a steamy tit-for-tat-for-tits-for-gnads ever since they parted on the night of their high school graduation. How could De la Torre say no to her

Ducky Donald? So she mustered up her most offensive Ice Cube impression and said “You two sons of bitches are going to college!” There was not another son of bitch around, so she probably felt really silly.

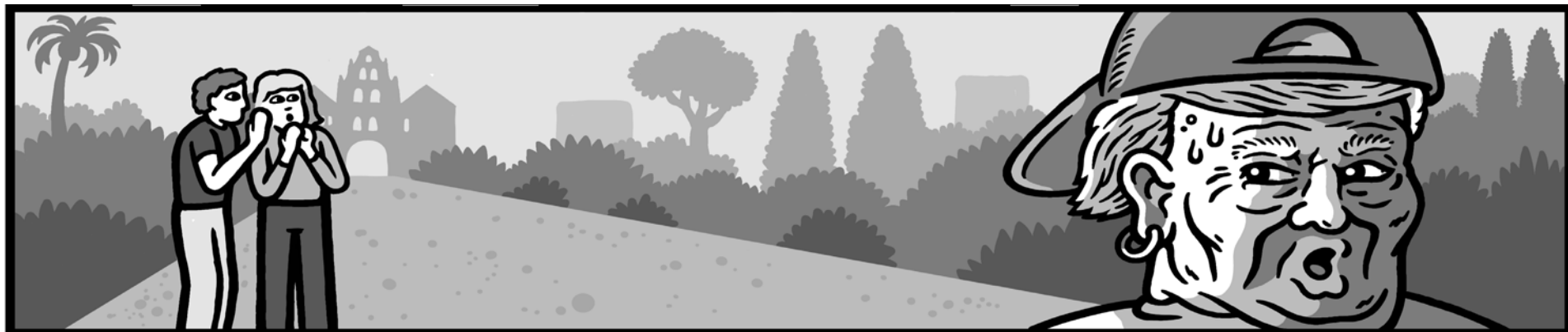
Wood helped me hack into the student database and we were able to confirm this story as well as the following: De la Torre gave the Big D a yearlong scholarship, a \$5000 meal plan card, and a free parking pass for any of the school’s lots, which is literally something she can just do considering how much money our school makes, but I guess I’ll keep paying to not find a spot in P12.

Anyways, I decided to confront the manboy himself and see if he would come clean about his real identity. I caught him as he was coming out of West Commons, which was the first red flag. I mean, what real student eats in WEST Commons? “So Brock,” I began, with a cool, attractive, almost-seductive-but-in-like-a-friendly-way smile, “how old are you again?” He looked so surprised that he almost dropped his raspberry iced tea. “Um, totally 25 man. I know I look old but I promise I am not, um, mid.” The words didn’t seem to fit right in his aged presidential mouth.

“For sure, for sure,” I responded, “so why do you wear a suit all the time then?” I thought this would get him. “Um uh ooh um...” he stumbled as sweat dripped down his face, “it’s just because I’m... in a business frat! That’s right, a business frat.” Damn, I thought to myself, he’s good! There really ARE dweebs who just dress like this every day!

“Okay, okay, seems reasonable,” I had to catch him somehow! Then, the bait hit me. “So, how big is your frat?” He maintained composure at the seemingly innocent question. “Oh, it’s huge.” I got him. As soon as he said that word, he realized my trick and knew his cover was blown. His eyes were wide with shock, his mouth gaped like my asshole, and he started turning a bright conservative shade of red. I leaned in close to the poor fool’s ugly little ear. “Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me.” I kissed his cheek and turned around, never looking back at the ex-president, Brock Hardabs.

Did I lie to him? Maybe. Or maybe I’m just giving him the college treatment: having your identity exposed and distributed in a monthly newspaper. But you all won’t tell anyone, right? Promise?



# BREAKING: Luke Wood Joins Shen Yun

*Molly Ringworm*

The majority of our student body knows Dr. Luke Wood to be SDSU’s resident... something. He definitely did something at this school. We all got emails from him all the time and that is, well that is very important and impressive. Unfortunately, Dr. Wood has informed us all, via email with the very cryptic subject line of “I’m Fine” that he will be stepping down from his position as...something? to join the wondrous ballet known as Shen Yun.

In his email he stated, “Ever since Adela De La Torre started spewing propaganda promoting the football team I became really fascinated by propaganda itself and want to delve fully into the propagandist lifestyle.” Dr. Wood has apparently spent all of his time here studying the dancers of Shen Yun and their culture, because SDSU has no problems that need tackling whatsoever. I mean, we are the mighty Aztecs of all things, a powerful warrior that’s definitely not controversial at all to have a bunch of white students be proudly representing.

After a few weeks of studying the ballet, Dr. Wood was shut down when he tried to put on a performance of Shen Yun at the school with the help of the Skull and Dagger club. The club’s representatives said they were forced at gun point to “Dance you fucking losers DANCE!” This backlash is reportedly the direct cause of Dr. Wood’s resignation.

Well, we can all wish him farewell and good luck.

SDSU is now taking applications for his position. Application requirements include:

- Can breathe
- Has a face
- Knows when to stay Quiet
- Loves community!

# A+ Review

#1 Test Prep for SDSU

## TYPES OF DRUNKS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
MIKE, WALTER AND SARAH AT A+ REVIEW



The Blabbermouth



Drinks to forget.



The Lover



Low tolerance, may rally later.



Always screaming, loses phones and one shoe. Usually blacks out.



The Hothead

Zero to 100 temper after a few shots.



# THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S WHORE-O-SCOPES

## The Signs as Reasons SDSU is Raising Your Tuition

**ARIES:** They need to prepare for the impending lawsuit... you know the one.

**TAURUS:** They got really into "inflation" and didn't do their research first.

**GEMINI:** To get Trujillos on the meal plan.

**CANCER:** Finally changing the SDSU mascot to the Koala.

**LEO:** Adela really wanted to build a house shaped like her own head.

**VIRGO:** SDSU's dedicated rebranding task force decided that red was a really pretty color after all.

**LIBRA:** SDSU reeeeeally really wanted to sell a Diet Coke, and Pepsi made them pay the big bucks (we already bought the Diet Coke, though. Sorry.)

**SCORPIO:** They want to pay Nick Cannon to teach a class on child development.

**SAGITTARIUS:** In order to pay for the SOOSSISPFSBTC-CCUOAT (The Student Out-of-State Student Success International Student Program Fee Sponsored by the Cal Coast Credit Union Open Air Theatre)

**CAPRICORN:** Increasing their nuclear arsenal to keep up with the Arms Race.

**AQUARIUS:** To pay for more beds to make every freshman dorm a sextuple.

**PISCES:** They need more money to dangle in front of TAs faces with a fishing pole.

## Party Review- Doing My Part: an ROTC Party Adventure

### *Eaterout*

Anyone with a superiority complex knows that the weekends are for confronting stereotypes and internalized biases, and that doesn't mean reading copious amounts of Judith Butler and bell hooks. Rather, I'm referring to the truest form of activism: attending ROTC parties!

Look, I'll be the first to admit I made a mistake by showing up in full camo and saluting every beefy short man in sight. Sure, MAYBE I went a little overboard when I brought a whistle and a bugle horn and tried to summon everyone into formation. But hey, without preconceived notions, how are we supposed to grow as individuals?

Anyway, after stripping (not like anyone could see my clothes anyway), I immediately went outside to smoke a cigarette. It might surprise you all that there were so many alternative bitches at a military-endorsed function, but that's politics, baby! I would like to say that I have a sixth sense for nic-fiends, but what really tipped me off was the pointing and the congregating.

After getting my nightly buzz, I was delighted to find that a deadlift contest had broken out. I guess it was too much trouble for the housemates to put their workout equipment away, but have no fear: every single party goer who has simply seen the ARC will try to relocate that 45 lb bar for you. I hope I don't sound too sadistic when I say that watching a complete stranger deadlift the bar a few times only to fall flat on their ass did give me a good laugh.

I closed the night with my signature move: asking a man for his gamer tag. It's a little known fact that a huge part of military training is not only to be tased and pepper sprayed, but to prove your psychological resilience by achieving a Victory Royale on Fortnite whilst being verbally abused by nine year olds who are (obviously) better than you. When speaking to military men, you want to be careful to not trigger their Fortnite-induced PTSD by saying phrases such as, "Shut up, gaylord," or "You suck at building." Speaking from experience, you have to be gentler than that!

A word from the wise? Just shut up and take them to see the SeaWorld fireworks. They'll be in your arms in no time.

4/5 War Crimes



# Bathroom Reviews

## Adams Humanities

### *Downton Stabbey*

When you gotta go, you gotta GO. And when you gotta GO, sometimes you end up in the lawless wasteland known as the 4th floor Adams Humanities restroom.

The toilet seat is nice— only SLIGHTLY damp. It's perfectly chilly (a rarity when you're using a public restroom during an after-class rush) and the lighting in the bathroom sets just the right mood. The walls are a nice hospital-green, the stall doors are a weird sterile beige. You can get maybe a total of 1 minute of bliss before someone else comes in and ruins what little comfort you've found.

Sometimes, this person is in an even more dire situation than you are. Like, they should have been stopped by TSA for the absolute bomb they're carrying in their digestive system. Sometimes they leave you quaking on the toilet seat, half-naked and wholly-afraid. And sometimes, when God is not kind, THEY LEAVE WITHOUT WASHING THEIR FUCKING HANDS.

Not even hearing someone FAKE wash their little grubby paws CHILLS ME to my FUCKING BONES. I mean, really: how DISGUSTING. How UTTERLY FOUL. You people really have no self-respect, do you? You would think that a little legionella pneumonia would scare you filthy animals into at least ATTEMPTING to sanitize your grabbers. A little rinsey-rinse under some cold water, maybe? A quick rub to heat up those palms with some friction? YOU ALL HORRIFY ME. YOU MAKE MY PEE REABSORB INTO MY BODY OUT OF FEAR. Don't ever speak to me again. If you see me on the shitter, walk away before I see you, too. I'm not kidding.

Anyway, there's always a lot of paper towels in the dispenser, the soap is plentiful, and the sinks are clean. Too clean...

2 dookie hands out of 5.



## Japan's Smallest Bathroom

### *Chlamillion Dollar BJ*

That's right dear readers, your favorite world traveler Chlamillion Dollar BJ just flew in from Tokyo last night—and boy, are my arms tired! On this trip, I never forgot my loyal reading constituency from here in the good ol' U.S. of A., and thus made a point of finding the must-use pissing holes in case any of YOU wanted to venture outside your little American echo chamber and get a glimpse of the real world! There is such beauty to exploring and understanding other cultures, including stumbling across diamond-in-the-rough attractions, tucked away from the public eye.

For instance, on my way to the famed Shinjuku Gyoen park and gardens, I happened to stop into the punctually named, "Excelsior Coffee Barista Sendagaya Ekimae-Shop." The coffee was okay. The real treasure was the toilet! In fact, I think it is unique in being the smallest bathroom in the whole Japanese archipelago. Or at least, it sure felt like it was!

Upon opening the door labeled "男性," I was a little confused to find a urinal in the broom closet. Then, I observed the distinct lack of brooms, and stepped into what I realized was the bathroom. Without exaggeration, I would estimate the square footage to be 3x3, including a urinal, a sink, and an EXTREMELY broken hand dryer.

Now if you're like me, your first thought is probably, "Only a urinal? What if I need to drop a dook?" This is a good question. Allow me to quote a bit of Japanese I learned on my trip to answer:

~\\_(\ツ)\\_/~

Despite the teensy weensy space for my teeny weeny, the bathroom still boasted a plethora of features: wood paneling for some reason, the smallest plunger I've ever seen, and a window to the hallway outside. That's right, a window. That way, I could look out into the hallway to see whoever was waiting for me while I washed my hands.

Why did they have this? I imagine it could not have been to prevent acts of impropriety from occurring, because I physically could not have fit another person in the room with me, much less give them my trademarked, internationally recognized, stupendous cunnilingus. Either way, the process was eclectic and the staff were wonderfully polite—even when I shat in the urinal.

4 / 5 Peepers



@SDSU\_Koala



@sdsukoala

# SDSU Aztecs Putting the “Balls” in March Madness

## *Recruit #justdowhateverthefuckyouwant*

The San Diego State University basketball season is coming to a close and the Aztecs have had a meteoric rise to the top. Beating off every team getting in their way of the top seed, the Aztecs are pounding those balls hard and show no signs of slowing down. To see how this team has erected themselves to the top, I scored an interview the head coach Brian Dutcher.

I find myself coming into the newly installed Dutcher Dome and take a seat outside his office, where I can't help but overhear his current meeting. A tired voice yells out “I TOLD YOU I WON'T... I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE! IT'S UNNATURAL!” I hear a clatter of metal hit the ground. A tense moment passes until a new voice barks back, “Now who the fuck do you think you are, coming into my office like this. LOOK AT ME!” The commanding voice pauses. “These boys can't make a three pointer with their three inchers, and I paid you for the season! I expect more results!” The first voice takes a moment, then mutters, “You won't get away with this. People will get hurt!”

The door creaks open and I feel the salty pressure in that room rush out and coat me, and soon after a disheveled balding man in a janitor's uniform follows suit. We lock eyes for a fraction of a second and I feel his plea for help, something I haven't felt since interviewing OJ Simpson. His posture is flaccid, as he saunters off into what seems to be the basement of the Dome. Before I have a moment to collect myself, I feel the knob jerk, and Dutcher's door swings open. “Apologies for the wait, I had to finish off some business.”

I waltz into his office, which is covered from wall to wall with front page headlines and awards all attributed to Brian Dutcher. I take a seat across his desk. He offers me a glass of whiskey before filling his water bottle to the brim. He looks at me with a smug expression and says, “So, what do you want to know about the best team in the country?” I clear my throat and turn on my recorder. I ask him how he manages to do what so many coaches can't. His answers are generic but filled with charisma and confidence. He seems to be a man who has everything figured out, who has nothing to hide. But I've been in the game long enough to know better.

I know there's something dark and sinister hiding behind his success, and I am determined to jerk it out one way or another. Once he's done with his spiel, he slides a piece of paper across the table. “I took the liberty of

starting off your little article for you,” Dutcher says, sprawled out in his chair like an emperor. I take a look at the paper titled, “Coach Dutcher, World Class Clutcher!” I quickly understand the “interview” he wanted out of me is nothing more than a puff piece to stroke his throbbing ego. “I'll see what I can do,” I mutter while leaving his office.

I quickly crumple up his vanity project and walk down the hall to throw it out. “Kobe!” I yell, nailing the trashcan from 15 feet out. In the midst of fantasizing about a basketball career of my own, I am struck with fear.

“GRAAAUHUHUGGAAUGH!!!” A voice cries out. I hear it coming from the basement; the man in me is terrified, but the journalist in me has to follow this lead. Walking down the stairs I start to hear a racket of machinery and pipes. A strained voice yelps, “UHGGHT HOW MUCH LONGER?” A tired familiar voice answers, “Just one more flush my boy, you can do it.” I don't think anything could've prepared me for what I witness in that basement.

As I take my final steps down, Dutcher's twisted machination comes into view. There sits an Aztecs basketball player, surrounded by whirring pipes and machinery, perched on a single toilet in the middle of a standard size basketball court. Behind him is the janitor from Dutcher's office working as technician for the contraption. He pulls a lever back and the toilet powers down, “That's the last of it, how're you feeling?” The player gasps for air trying to catch his breath, and after a moment utters “Like a million bucks.”

When he stands up from the toilet, I cannot believe my eyes. The longest cock I have ever seen follows him out of that toilet. I mean that shit is really swangin. Balls swangin too! He grabs a ball (basket\*), stands tall, and hits nothing but net from half court.





# THE PERSONALS



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## A+ Review

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

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And MANY more...

The scrawny dude with a middle part at the aztec market should just bend me over and fuck my tight little ass

I was driving my mom around and I accidentally put my hand on her thigh from force of habit

pussy from Bakersfield will have you enjoying the waft of piss squirt from your beard at your cousins chucke e cheese birthday party

If I fell off of Hepner Hall, you'd all just walk around me

I took shrooms with my boyfriend and all he said was butthole for 3 hours straight do I need to break up with him

i haven't taken my meds in three days and i prayed to god for ten minutes last night

I've been putting stains on the Library seats for year...tell no one.

simping for this girl whose into taxi-dermy and i found a dead raccoon i thought she'd like so i brought it into the dorm kitchen freezer and the custodians threw it away

How basic and white you gotta be to get a chicken bowl, side tortilla, and watercup at chipotle.

i got gonorrhea at sig chi

I witnessed 2 guys walk out one of the ARCs single toilet bathroom. Which was perfect timing because i had to take a shit. Open the door on a girl fixing her makeup. It was roughly 7 in the morning.

When youre petting your dog's tummy and you accidentally touch his penis do you make eye contact or not

my roommate is on level 1422 for candy crush... someone pls take her out to see the light of day

i hide condoms and 3 joints inside a yoshi plushie that my ex got me

If I lose my virginity, I'll lose half my humor so can't ever do that

Rip SoCal Chicken and Vinnie's. they deserved better than just a sign on the door

Koala be crying over the extra credit assignment

To the guy who dropped his gum on my pubes last weekend... it's still there.

Need an enema asap

seeing the guy i used to sext around campus kills me

Everytime I eat Chick fil a, I think of lesbian porn

im ngl i thought dubstep was an anime thing

spill chemicals in my labs on purpose so the TA grabs my arm turns me on fr

fuck the douchey barista at storm hall starbucks you know who you are

white girls on my class groupme are so dumb like wym you cant find the exam on canvas that's under the exams tab !??

You girls have got to stop wearing sweatpants and those ugly ass ugg horse hoof slippers

i just spent fourty dollars on a fucking abraham lincoln costume

just gave the guy in a pikachu costume a thumbs up because i feel like he needs that validation

I understand you're not from the US and that you miss your bidet but if you're gonna wash your ass in the fucking shower clean your feces off the wall and floor too you unsanitary fuck

I hope everyone who thinks I'm cis thinks I have the best cock ever. Just a real 10/10 cock

To the bitch that threw an orange at me during a St. Pattys day party I will find you

Fernando you need to start getting bitches or I will for you

STOP SENDING ME PORN WHILE IM ON THE TROLLEY

I hope Alex's back surgery goes well

i'm so fucking sick of getting hit on by marketing majors

I swear lint just spawns in my ass. Every single day im pulling copious amounts out of my butt crack. Maybe ill make a sweater

To the group of Pi Phis taking PSY 360. For the love of god please learn to brush your hair. I can't spend another two hours staring at three different shades of tangles and your wack ass roots

blacked out last night and woke up with a piece of pizza in my bag. wanted a snack for the road

Where the fine opium bitches at

If I fail one more oceanography test I'm going to try heroin

They finally arrested the man who took me to the art building & painted my feet & took pics of them. Run me my emotional compensation pls

The bridge by 7-11 is the most definitely the most fuckable bridge

I went to a stripclub in vrchat and I get it now

my professor said i looked like a young little boy not sure how to respond to that

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