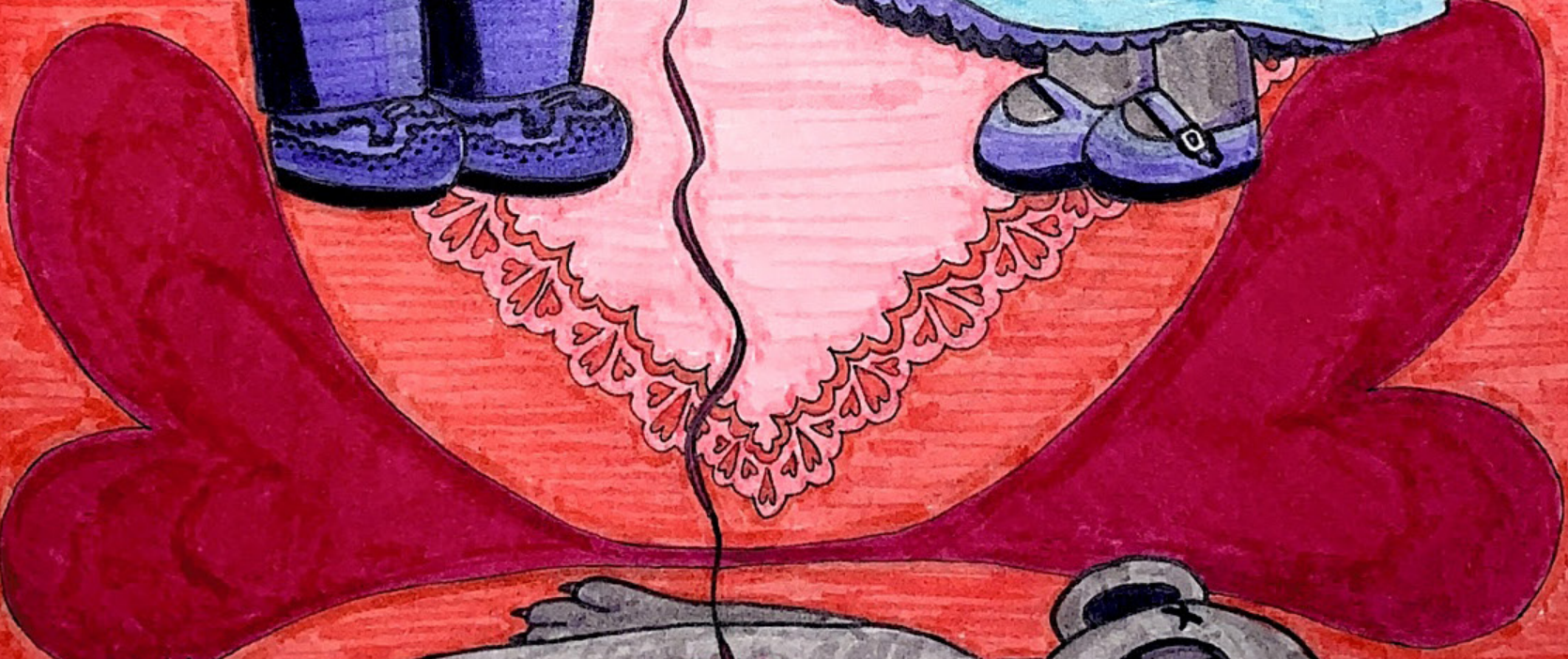


"THE WORST IN COLLEGIATE JOURNALISM SINCE 1982!"



THE MOTHERFUCKING

KOALA



VOLUME XXV - ISSUE 5

IG: @SDSUKOALA

WALLABEANIE

Koala Recruitment??! The Koala Wants YOU \$\$\$!!

Recently it has come to our attention here at the Koala "Big Time Money" Associates LLC. that the allegedly 'honest' and 'legitimate' Daily Aztec is nothing less than your common run-of-the-mill Ponzi scheme! In fact according to an exclusive insider report, 99% of their recruits not only don't make money but lose money?! Truly sickening stuff. As we all return for the new semester and you poor unfortunate souls are running around like crazy, panicking as frantically as Kanye's PR agents, we know some of you are also looking to be financially secured. For those of you who this applies to, ask yourself, "Am I really ready to commit to something potentially risky when predatory organizations like the shady Daily Aztec exist? I mean they aren't even daily; they're monthly at best..." But let me put those worries to rest when I tell you about an alternate offer that you couldn't possibly refuse... The Koala. I can illustrate this best with a personal success story from my wife's boyfriend who was able to make over 10K in less than one week with one simple trick.jpeg!

Now I typically don't like to release insider knowledge but I trust you – you're different from the other girls. Our new recruits enter a semi-under-the-table contractual business arrangement handing out our 'product', and are then able to rapidly work up the ranks to become a Level 100 Boss. To some this might sound like a pyramid scheme, but rest assured we would never model ourselves after something so sketchy like the DA. No, for our model is in the shape of a rhombus – clearly the most trustworthy of shapes! All of our direct salespersons are then compensated most generously in the freshly introduced and 100% money guaranteed* crypto KoalaCoin© (patent pending)! Upper levels in the Koala Rhombus are specially privileged to have access to *secret money* in the corporate slush fund account because sometimes it's okay to skim a little money off the top. When has that ever hurt anyone?

Some may ask us, why all of a sudden the interest in getting some fresh tail – I mean talent? Why it's certainly not because we took some bad investment advice from a strung out Handie Samberg and are now more broke than an art major. No, rather we are merely trying to generously extend a hand out to the desperate and needy: That's right – YOU! There may come a time in the near future when we need to call upon your help to collect money from our insurance policy. Some so-called 'experts' might call this 'illegal' and technically 'insurance fraud' ...but what do they know? On behalf of my extremely real and certified law degree from SDSU, I can legally assure you that this is 110.03% legit. Ask yourselves this, when has Guava Goose ever led you astray?

Cheers to immense wealth* & success!!

Guava Goose & Jewish American Pegger

*Legally we cannot guarantee any finances promised nor otherwise stated

[Hot & Bothered]
Jewish American Pegger,
Guava Goose

[Sick & Tired]

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

[Overworked & Underpaid]

DeeZ Nutz, Bobby Slayy, Starfucks Baristoe, Plankton, CuntPuncher, Wallabeanie

[Old & Wrinkly]

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

HEY YOU!
YEAH YOU! AREN'T YOU TIRED OF YOUR SAD & PATHETIC LIFE? THE ALLEGEDLY BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE RAPIDLY WITHERING AWAY?

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THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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fuck chegg

Bottom 5 Breakup Texts

1. Stop doing the motorboat thing when you eat pussy
2. How does it feel to be single now?
3. My uncle got really upset that you crashed his new dirt bike
4. You've been chopped. Please pack up your knives and go.
5. I'm looking for something more quality

Top 5 Valentine's Day Pornos

1. Tulips and Two Lips
2. The one you made with your high school boyfriend
3. The Cockfather Part II
4. Pitch Perfect 4: 2 in the Pitch, 1 in the Stitch
5. Steplandlord I'm Stuck in the Oven Please Help!

Bottom 5 Ways to Get on The News

1. Become a news anchor
2. Die trying erotic asphyxiation
3. Trash fit
4. Nick Cannon's newest baby Mama
5. Robbed at Eureka

Top 5 New Sexualities

1. The 4th gender (time)
2. Bloodlust
3. Shoving my foot so far up your ass I can see my boot at the back of your throat
4. Can only cum while eating
5. Looks good in a cardigan

Top 5 Last Minute Valentine's Day Gifts

1. Half-hearted cunnilingus
2. The ick
3. One sniff!
4. HPV
5. Hair

Top 5 Kissing Styles

1. Get your fingers in there
2. Sucking very fast
3. Get a piece of hair in your mouth but you're too embarrassed to stop and take it out
4. No tongue (it got removed)
5. To the death!!

Top 5 Future Historical Leaders

1. Sentient iPhone
2. Jeff Bezos (we had to throw in an unfunny realistic one)
3. The Tentacle Beast
4. Adam Levine
5. Unfortunately, a Pike

Top 5 Deaths

1. Mine
2. Yours
3. Jesus
4. Too much pussy
5. Charlie Brown

Bottom 5 White Rappers

1. John Lennon
2. Taylor Swift
3. Business majors on Soundcloud
4. Airheads mystery flavor
5. My roommate's ex from Rancho Cucamonga

Top 5 Romantic Gestures

1. Eating the placenta
2. Panic attack
3. Head on a bad day
4. Note that says "I love your skin" but it's made of magazine letter cutouts
5. Kill him

Top 5 New Cryptocurrencies

1. Attention
2. Baby teeth
3. Shells
4. Photos of my balls
5. My.sdsu.edu points

Top 5 Places to Not Have Sex

1. Sea World
2. Canada
3. A space between the world and time
4. Inside a big bottle of Windex
5. Flat Earth convention

Top 5 Fun Toys

1. An alive bear
2. Goo
3. My emotions
4. A nail in a wooden board
5. Long furby

Top 5 -Ussies

1. Honey mussy
2. All up in my businussy
3. Does bussy stand for boy pussy or butt pussy
4. Vincent Van Gussy
5. Moreussy

Top 5 Indications You're a Slut

1. No pubic hair
2. Too much pubic hair
3. Just the right amount of pubic hair

Bottom 5 Brand New Erotic Classes at SDSU

1. Whatever the Bad Bunny class is called
2. Sex ed (interactive)
3. RWS 100
4. Pussy lab (dissection!)
5. Oscar the Grouch 101 (he's the most sexual muppet)

Top 5 Drugs That Aren't Drugs

1. When they wash your hair at the salon
2. Marlboro Reds
3. The Peanuts Holiday specials
4. Big angry gorilla!!!
5. Weed that doesn't make you nervous

Top 5 Fuckable Mascots

1. Banana Slug
2. Target Dog
3. Mickey Mouse
4. The Pixar Lamp
5. Pillsbury Dough Boy

Top 5 Ways to Get Alcohol Poisoning

1. Drink a lot
2. Join the koala
3. Trauma
4. Poison
5. The Mystery Jar

Top 5 People I Hate

1. Boss Baby
2. Adam Driver
3. Jenna
4. Uhhh... George Washington???
5. The Girlboss

Launching March 2023: My.Koala

John MulBangMe

Glad tidings, dirty freaks! It is I, your sexy and brilliant martyr with an unfortunate penname, John MulBangMe! Those avid Koala readers from last year that had absolutely no plans, hobbies, or bitches may recognize me from actually reading anything in this godforsaken paper besides the personals (we see you skip all our hard work, you ungrateful, illiterate fucks. What, you think it's easy to write this shit? Do you know how mentally taxing it is to be so fucking funny? The years I've lost? The loved ones I've driven away? Alright, that's enough of these comfy little parentheses. Man, sometimes I wish we could stay all cozy in these parentheses forever though, haha. Just me and you. Pressed close together here. We could get to know each other; you'll learn how sweet and genuine I am, and you can tell me about what girls do at sleepovers. After a while, we could fall in love. But, sigh... I guess we've got to go back to the real world, huh? You've got your career to pursue, I've got... all the important stuff I've got going on. I won't forget the time we spent together inside these parentheses, though. Will you? Will you forget about me?)

Ahem. You're probably wondering, "John, where have you been all this time? Why couldn't you have written something about Ned Fulmer??? HOW COULD YOU LEAVE US???" Don't lie, I heard you say all that, Matt. But I'd never forget! In fact, I've been working on something BIG. A new frontier for a digital age. My.Koala!

That's right, we had the unique idea, not influenced by any other institution, to consolidate all of our content in a single, streamlined online platform! Gone are the days of walking on your dumb, stubby little legs to grab a physical newspaper like some kind of 20th century steel worker and reading the damn thing with your stupid eyeballs! My.Koala started as a dream in my parents' garage. All it took was some elbow grease and some coding. (Not from me though. I realized that I have no fucking idea how to code, and hired a kid I found in a local high school coding class! Pro tip: if you offer a high schooler \$200 dollars or an eighth, he'll take the eighth up front! I think he used it to make the website.) And so, My.Koala was born!

Let me illustrate the genius of My.Koala for you all. When we have content ready for your viewing pleasure, you can find it under "My Tasks" on the My.Koala homepage. You will not be notified of this. Once you enter the Tasks page, you'll find a link to the newest content! Click on that link, and you'll be redirected to a new website, where you'll find that piping hot content. To access your gut-busting entertainment content, you'll need to create a log-in. This requires your username, your 18 digit password, a copy of the deed to the acreage on which you have laid bloody claim, a CAPTCHA in which you must pick 5 potentially-innocent criminal suspects to be put on death row and executed in the state of Texas, and of course, your KOALA ID (if you don't have this on hand, it can be easily located in the our most sacred of places, the Holy Sepulcher of the Koala. More details in the coming months.) And, of course, to ensure the online security of our readers, we've implemented a two-step verification system. When you attempt to log in, we'll send a ping to one of your friends or family members at random—and as per our privacy policy, you'll have 30 seconds to determine who it is, and tell them you love them, or we'll remotely detonate their personal device, killing them immediately! That way, you can be assured that your My.Koala account is safe and secure. Then, once you're logged in, all you have to do is print it out at home! (No, you can't just read it

online. Ok, so maybe My.Koala isn't exactly "functional" at the moment. So we need you to do a bit of fucking legwork here, is that so much to ask?) Easy!

Now, I know that sometimes it's hard to step out of your comfort zone in the name of progress. You might be thinking, "why the fuck would you do this? Why the fuck would you take something user-friendly and easy to understand and completely massacre it, not only creating a site that looks like it was made on Windows '95, but literally screwing over almost every necessary function, making it an absolute headache to navigate and creating something that is virtually unusable by both students and faculty, creating unnecessary chaos for nearly every department on campus?" And to that, we say, fuck you, we're not paying for Windows 11.

Don't get me wrong, The Koala understands the importance of simplicity and ease-of-use. That's why we've made multiple upgrades to streamline the My.Koala experience. We're doing away with the personals, the top 5's, the cover art—actually, all of the art. We got rid of the shit no one cares about so we could focus on what really matters: egotistical opinion pieces filled with dick jokes and Adela burns!

Get excited, because our transition to My.Koala starts now! And, in order to smooth out the process, we'll make quick work of everyone with a physical Koala in their possession! Don't worry—we know where to find you.

Happy reading!

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RuPaul's Frat Race

Zodiac Killer

Hey squirrel friend! From the makers of Drag Race, Drag Race UK, Drag Race New Jersey, Drag Race Jupiter, Drag Race My Mom's Backyard, and many more comes the franchise's attempt at reaching a new and grimier audience: RuPaul's Frat Race!

After the success of shows like Love is Blind and Too Hot to Handle, the production company behind the TV classic realized the American public REALLY enjoys watching stupid people do uncomfortable things on television. While doing "market research," a producer stumbled on a shaky-cam, flash-on Snapchat video of a girl being told to say "go ZBT" mid-backshot, and they realized the perfect subject for a show to hit this audience: fraternity men.

Each week, you'll watch Brad, Chad, and Drad compete for the title of America's Next Frat Superstar (and \$100,000 to donate to a local right-wing politician of their choice). Similar to its parent show, they'll be walking the runway in categories such as "Cargo Shorts Couture," "Untailored Suit Realness," and "Horribly Designed Frat Merch." Instead of having to "sissy that walk," these contestants will strut their stuff with a runway walk that says "my daddy exploited the labor of hundreds of people for me to be here."

In addition to the runways, we'll see the boys compete in challenges like chugging 40s, jerking off in obscene locations, and making women uncomfortable in every social setting! However, instead of having the under-performers lip sync for their lives, our contestants will get hazed for their lives! Going head to head, they will have to compete against each other in hazing rituals that would typically be forced upon unsuspecting freshmen. These can range from playing the classic "Cocaine or Dildo" to the dreaded Elephant Walk. The loser of the hazing will join the ranks of

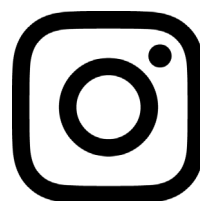
all those cats that SAE "allegedly" killed (ALLEGEDLY!)

Joining a blow-up doll painted to look like RuPaul will be a panel of esteemed and qualified judges such as Adam Sandler, Elon Musk, Andrew Tate (via Zoom from Romanian prison), the old man in the wheelchair that's always in front of the College avenue Starbucks, and the hilarious Ross Matthews!

Tune in every Friday at 12pm eastern, exclusively on Pornhub.



@SDSU_Koala



@sdsukoala

Party Review

DChi Dry Period: Pre Rush, Poppers, and Floornication

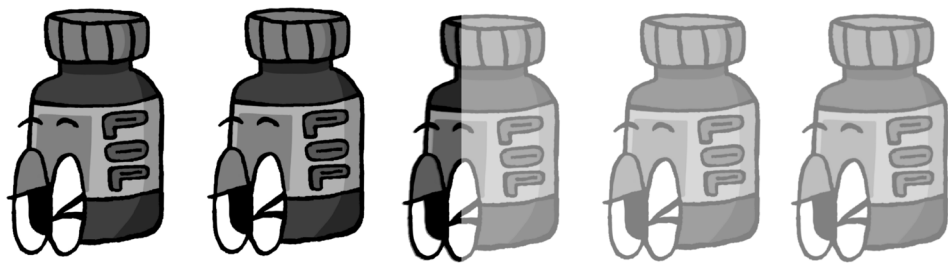
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When the glorious cock strikes 10pm, hoards of drunk bitches, as if on cue, slither out into the night— and to this, I have but one thing to say: FUCK A BITCH NAMED PRE RUSH! I have never before felt the searing rage that drove through me as I pushed my way through a sea of monotonous urban corsets and predatory pledges. But I digress. The music was blasting, the drinks were flowing (out of my bladder)- what more could I ask for?

One simple thing: cocaine.

I made my way through the grueling trenches of drunks attempting to make sweet (questionably consensual) love along the walls and floorboards of the beloved Pink House. But sadly, to no avail. Until a flicker of hope and beacon of light caught my eye... a sweet baby bottle of poppers. One whiff of that glorious bussy loose juice behind a decrepit bathroom door was almost enough to make me forget the terrible lack of that dear, beloved mama coco. Almost.

2.5/5 poppers



A+ Review

#1 Test Prep for SDSU

The Ultimate Guide to Passing Your Classes

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



Day 1: Make a Personal Pledge to go to EVERY class this semester!!



Day 2: Wake up for school. Notice a small amount of weed left on the table. Smoke it. Go back to bed.



Day 3: Wake up early for school. Notice vodka still left in the Pink Whitney bottle. Handle pull. Go back to bed.



Day 4: On way to class, stop by Broken Yolk for a mimosa flight. Drink seven. Head back to bed.



Day 5: Wake up early for school. Stop by Trader Joe's for a kombucha. Run into high school lover. Together head back to apartment. Spend all day in bed.

Day 6: Surfs up! Head to beach for the day. Then head back to bed.



Day 7: Wake up early for school. Accidentally hit the wrong vape and get stoned. Watch Addison Rae on TikTok all day. Head back to bed.



Day 8: Exam tomorrow. Head into A+ Review. Get highest grade in class. Head back to bed.

Day 9: Make new Personal Pledge to go to EVERY class remaining!! Find weed in kitchen. Smoke it. Go back to bed...

WAR BREAKS OUT: College Ave Planned Parenthood to Lower SDSU STD Rates Through Any Means Necessary

Recruit #84695384689

After a restful, sexually successful Winter Break for many (unless you're a loser virgin), the student population of SDSU returned on January 18th to a gruesome sight. A head mounted on a pike, looming parallel to the Hepner Hall flagpole. And not just any head on the pike: the Head of Pike's head stuck piked, piquing the interest and turning the heads of tenured professors and elementary school visitation groups alike. The horrifying scene seemed utterly unexplainable, save for a slip of paper resting, bloody and brutal, at the pike's base.

Upon inspection, it was an official document; a lab record showing the poor frat boy's medical record. It was a smorgasbord of sexually transmitted infections, ranging from the usual suspects (Herpes, Genital Crabs, the Clap) to the downright obscure (HPV, BBL, RawrXD) with the initials "PP" scratched into the bottom. At first, fingers pointed immediately at Peter Procto, Assistant Dean of the College of Arts and Letters and certified Creepy Old Bastard. However, this stopped when Procto was able to provide an airtight alibi in the form of a movie date to see *Bones* and *All* with one of his 19-year old TAs on the night of the murder. Disciplinary measures are being taken for this—The Daily Aztec reported that Procto would be suspended for a day and get a good spanking from his superior, in order to de-incentivise him from dating anymore students, so don't worry guys, it's being taken care of— but it clears him of the murder. This has begged the question, then, of whom? Who would commit such an act of malice against this well-despised member of our campus? Well friends, I have committed myself to the investigation and, during a recent visit to ensure my own genitals were pristine, overheard some damning conversation in the belly of the beast: The College Avenue Planned Parenthood.

After having my finger pricked (for business) and my prick fingered (for pleasure), I was left alone in the little broom closet they take patients in. From this sanctum, I could overhear a staff meeting happening right outside the door.

"For too long," began the voice of a surly male nurse, "have we treated these ungrateful little State shit-heads! They are as filthy as they come, past the point of any ill-funded training we have received! Entirely new infections have been birthed out of that cesspool! We tried to take a petri dish sample to learn why they were so horny and gross, but one of them fucked the agar!" I listened, jerking off on the other side because I love to be degraded. He went on, "The killing of the Pike boy was a good start, but we need to take things up a notch. As of today, I am declaring a state of TOTAL WAR on the campus of San Diego State. We must wipe out this scourge of sex disease through absolute eradication of the infected populace! Dr. Jill, do you have the special bioweapon?"

At this, I knew I would need to take a peek. Still cranking it, I cracked the door open just a smidge and looked into the hallway. Who did I see, but the Wife of the Husband of Dr. Jill Biden herself? Dr. Jill Biden! Holding a small vial of brackish yellow liquid. "Yes," declared Dr. Jill, with a tone of female excellence, "I

have it right here. Piss-9. A cocktail collected from all the most infected urine samples of the student populace: the horniest musical theatre major, any freshman that rushed Aphi, and that poor Pike son-of-a-gun, ready to be dropped on the campus in a chemical weapon sure to kill even the most resilient cockroach in East Commons!" She ended her statement with a hand on her hip, posing like a girlboss.

I, a masturbating feminist, was so moved by Dr. Jill Biden's womanly power that I punctuated her sentence with a forceful ejaculation. I tried to hold in the delight, but a single moan escaped my lips and that was all it took to alert them of my presence. They all turned to me in a comedic double-take. Dr. Jill Biden cried out in a dignified First Lady-like voice, "Silence him!" The crowd of nurses overtook me, I blacked out, and...

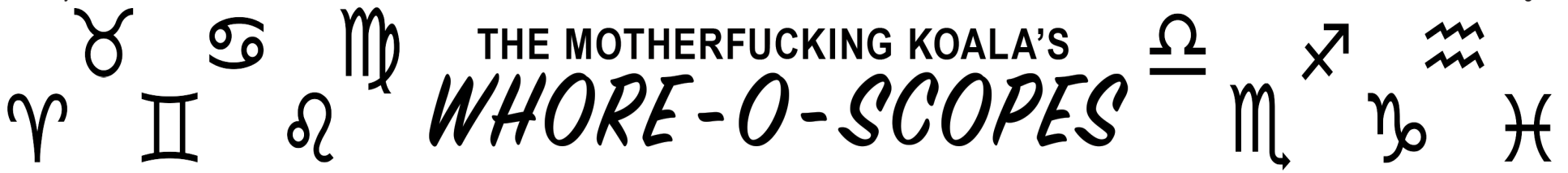
Reader, they cut off my balls.

I will save you the gritty details, but in an attempt to keep me from blowing the whistle on what I saw, they castrated me and told me that my wiener was next if I didn't keep quiet. But I am a journalist of the people! Even if they have taken my precious, enormous balls, they will not take my voice. Students of San Diego State, heed my warning. If we do not clean up our act and our genitals soon, our entire student populace will be in grave danger. Jack off regularly to keep your libido down, always wear a condom (or two— or three!), and most of all...

BEWARE PISS-9!

[ed note: ironically, the author of this article tested positive for chlamydia right before this was published]





THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S
WHORE-O-SCOPES

Why the Signs are Single

ARIES: Dating could lead to you losing your virginity, and you never lose! USA! USA!

TAURUS: You just haven't met the right person— you should try talking to a Pisces! Your sexual juices pair well together.

GEMINI: No one can captivate you the way YOU do. All your best conversations are between you and the voices in your head, so how could you even think of talking to someone else?

CANCER: You're probably on the search for someone pathetic and vulnerable enough to be your next "I can fix them" partner/project. If they can't see you as a new mommy, they're not worth dating.

LEO: In order to date, you have to start considering this thing called "other people's feelings?" Who's ever heard of that?

VIRGO: Somehow the entire human race has given you the ick. Maybe you should just stick to porn.

LIBRA: You're probably not. You can't exist if you're not with someone. Would it benefit you to have some alone time? Yes, but are you actually going to? Absolutely fucking not.

SCORPIO: People don't want to date you when you can't get out of your melancholic solitude. Talking about how sad you are that you're single doesn't make people want to date you. Take a Zoloff, bitch.

SAGITTARIUS: As it turns out, 2 situationships doesn't equal a regular relationship. But don't let that stop your slut era!

CAPRICORN: Who has time for a relationship while taking 17 credits and working 20 hours a week? With your schedule I wouldn't be sleeping, let alone dating.

AQUARIUS: You're too painfully oblivious to the 7 people that are completely enamored with you and your manic-pixie-dream-girl mystique.

PISCES: I don't know, but run away from any Tauruses. They all have knives and are hungry for blood.

Emotional Support Dog Fighting

Molly Ringworm

Dear San Diego State Students,

I am sending this email to you all in order to thank you for donating your hard earned tuition money that I used to build the new Snapdragon Stadium (not to mention a bit of Adela money on the side— mommy needed a new Tesla!) Unfortunately, we are having a hard time breaking even on sales due to a recent drop in support for our football team...not sure what that's all about, and if you're a reporter, I don't give a fuck! Anyways, me and the little gnome man that only I can see came up with a new initiative to increase profit, as well as benefit you all. Emotional Support Dog-Fighting! As a way to bring awareness to mental health, we are encouraging you all to adopt a rescue dog from a local shelter that you can register as an emotional support dog. Then bring 'em down to Snapdragon Stadium and put 'em to WORK, hunty! I wanna see grunting, growling, blood splatters, and blue ribbons pinned to your shirts because, well, I care. And for all of you that still have any cash left after the Equitable Access deadline passed, worry not— betting is STRONGLY encouraged! All bets will be placed against me of course, because I care so much. I will put my own dog in the ring to make it fair, and if you see me injecting anything into his sweet little bum don't fucking ask me about it. If you win against me, congratulations! You must know that I do take 15% of all winnings even if you do win, but you still get that 85%. I'm in the giving spirit baby, woohoo! Mental health rocks!!!!!! I attached a Google form below for all those who wish to sign up, and if you don't sign up it will give your computer a virus.

And remember, when you get all sad this Spring because of your horrid situationships inevitably ending, and the absolute destitute loneliness of being surrounded by faces (like mine! hehe) who don't know you and don't care about you, just keep holding on. Your little emotional support dog-fighter is on the way...

Adela De La Torre

finally superbowl sunday
 i must confess
 i'm gay
 for the sig chi frat president
 he has a massive cock
 and i have a tight asshole
 i think
 i will ask him to be my valentine
 and warm my twin xl
 bed
 all night
 -starfucks baristoe



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At A+ Review, we're on the students' side. We've helped thousands of SDSU students score high on their midterms and finals, and **we can help you too!** Join us a night or two before your exam.

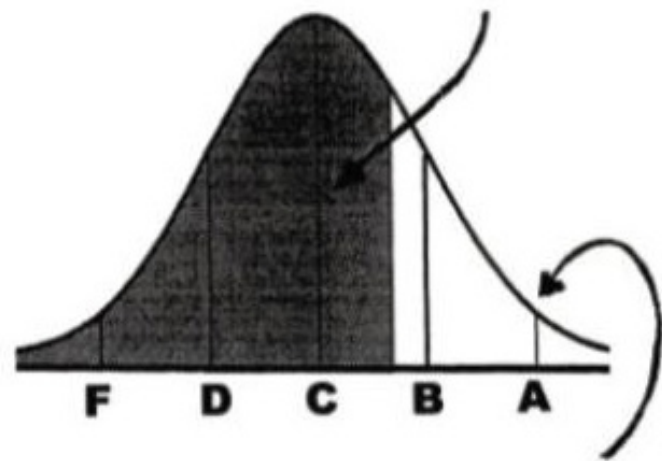
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A+ Review

SDSU Exam Prep Spring 2023

Bathroom Review

The Bathroom of San Diego's Best Coffee Shop

Recruit #84695384689

It should come as no surprise that, while the Koala is primarily an organization made up of piss-sippers, cousin-lovers, and practical gigolos, some of us are more refined, hailing from areas like "La Jolla" and "Wherever Kevin Faulconer is From." That's right, even our lowdown, raunchy little magazine has its fair share of Coffee Snobs™. So today, I bring you a review from the bathroom of San Diego's best coffee shop! (You probably haven't heard of it.)

Indie cafes have a beautiful dichotomy between the high-quality brown stuff they press and serve there, and the deplorable bubble-guts they give to customers of even the highest constitutions. That's right, even Marlboro Red smokers can be brought to shits after a properly poured Cortado (you probably wouldn't know what that is), and this spot is no different. Luckily, the bathroom is beautifully furnished, with polished, eclectic stone floors, walls split horizontally between a tiled white portion touching the floor, and a matte black paint job covering the upper half extending to the ceiling. The only decorations? A clementine air freshener plugged in by the sink, a matching soap dispenser that was probably bought from some crappy small-batch store in North Park, and a slightly spermatozoic splattering of white paint on the ceiling, meant to illustrate stars surrounding a painted, latte drinking astronaut floating above you while you wee. It always makes me slightly cum-hungry.

Now, I'm sure the nuance and tact of everything I just said has probably gone over the heads of most non-Beanheads (you probably wouldn't even know why us coffee drinkers call each other that), but I'm sure even you troglodytes can understand the real joy of this bathroom: the silence. No noise permeates from the rest of the shop. No Laufey from the head barista's "Unknown Artists" playlist, no customers asking the difference between a 12oz cappuccino and a 12oz latte (there is a difference, right?), no hum of caffeinated enthuse, just the vacuum of a private bathroom. It's all between you, the bean juice in your belly, and the gaping toilet.

So I hope this has encouraged you classless plebeians to get a wolf cut, nix the

Starbies, and get a taste of real culture in your life, both of the caffeinated variety and the fecal variety, because then and only then will I finally tell you the name of this cafe. Utter perfection.

Except for the lack of a bidet, what the fuck!!!

4 / 5 Espresso Shits—Oops, Shots





★

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Bidet Room

Bobby Slayy

The purposefully unfocused and wandering eyes of these nine strangers bring me great comfort; for I know there is unity in our awkward glances. We've found a shelter, a haven, from those unwashed, dirty, stinky asshole boys outside. We know something they will never know: community.

It was August of 2022. With not but a shared apartment bathroom and shitty campus toilet paper, I was down in the dirt. Or rather, my asshole was. My manic, wiping hands could do nothing but bloody my behind, the sandpaper provided in the campus stalls wounding me as would the gruesome swing of a mighty sword. I knew no reprieve, other than the muggy water flowing from my shower faucet—comforting in its cleanliness, but in stark juxtaposition with the mural of hairs on the tile wall. I needed a propa' wash, govna'.

So I set out, wandering campus like a squeezed sponge slithering through the sands. Perhaps I could find hydration in the turtle pond? The trees I had so missed over the summer could provide a natural, organic method of wiping, yet the studying students and watching whistler may call the campus cops on me. Nay, I thought. I must find shelter, hidden from the glaring and jealous eyes of those who only wipe.

And so, I scoured the land, peeking through every door and lifting every rock. Until... one day... when I picked up a REALLY big rock, revealing a rustic wooden trapdoor.

"What was this?" I thought to myself. The rumored Adela dungeon? A secret basement for the famous SDSU circle-jerks? The second Trader Joe's????? Nay... What my mad, poop-driven curiosity led me to was something even better than like, all those three things combined I bet.

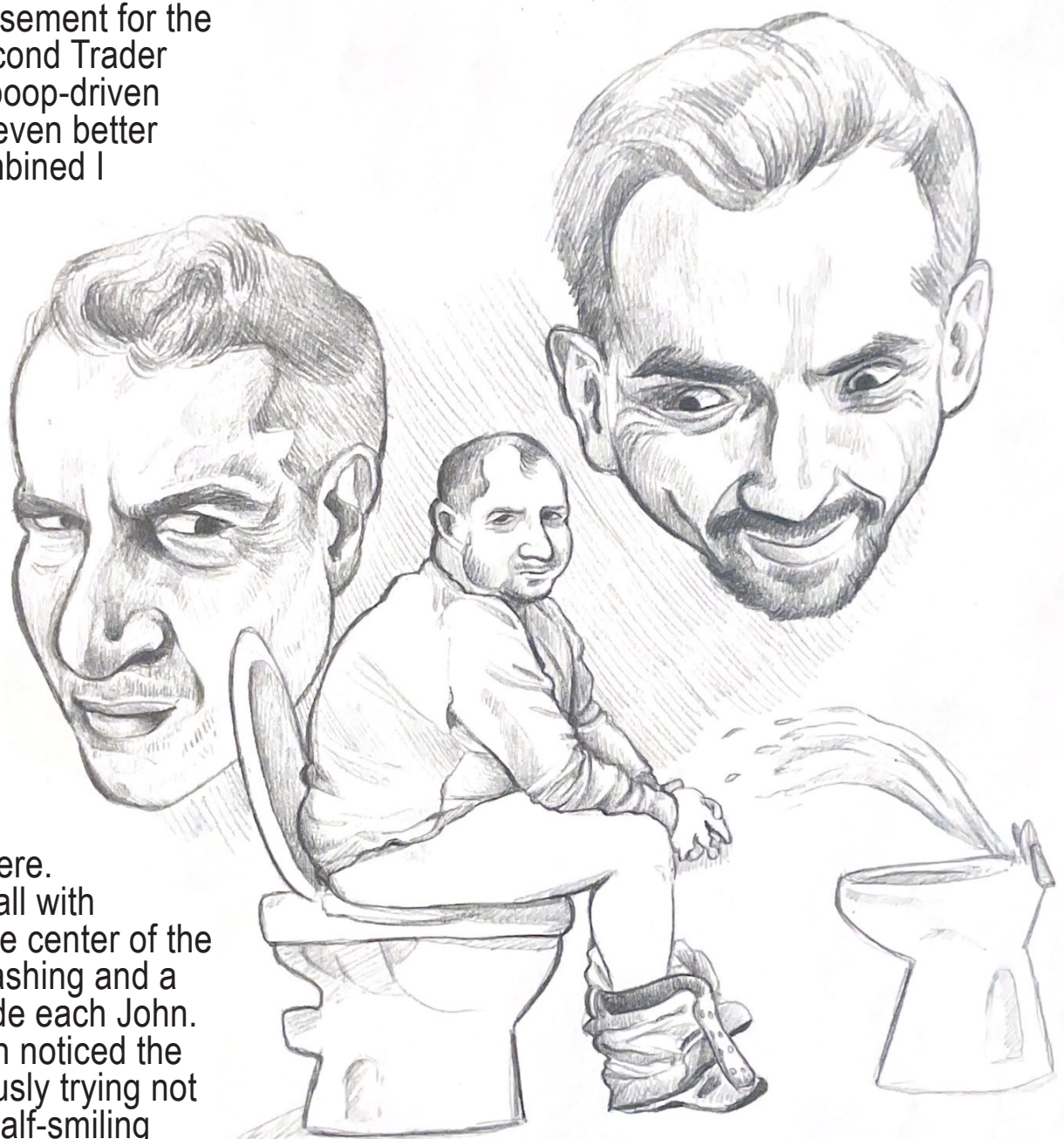
With two taps of the brass door-knocker, it swung open, and I descended the creaky ladder into... The Bidet Room. This grand hall was a large marble dome, with polished tile beneath my feet. Over my head was a pristinely painted ceiling, akin to the Cis Teen chapel, depicting frat bros, engineers, musicians, geeds, gays, girlies, sorority sisters, and ROTC recruits all the same, pooping together.

Circling the walls of the room were ten... machines, that's what they were. Elaborate porcelain constructions, all with power washers built in, all facing the center of the room. A personal basin for hand-washing and a silk roll of toilet paper was set beside each John. I gawked, but not for long, as I soon noticed the people atop each toilet were nervously trying not to look at me. One girl gave me a half-smiling

nod, yet all others were determined in their formality to not appear gay in their glances at me. So without a word, I waddled on over, pulled down my pants, and got to work. The toots and splooshes from my bowl echoed in chorus with several others around the circle, like an acapella group made of only beatboxers.

And with an occasional coming and going through the bathroom, and many, many shits, not one word was said in the room. My eyes would occasionally wander to meet the odd gaze of a man across the room, but we'd swiftly look away, silently assuring each other we could poop in peace. And with each and every plop of poop, I didn't feel an embarrassment inside, nay, I felt a growing compassion. These brothers and sisters and theyers were all united with me. Our awkwardness brought us together; we were a community, similar in our shared dream of all having perfectly washed assholes. And our dream was a reality here in this room. The happiness washing over me was too much, and as the jets of water washed the residue from my sphincter, I began to cry.

The tears washed over me, cleansing my unholy body, just as the bidets of this room will continue to cleanse my ass. And yet, not one of my siblings laughed or jeered. They felt me. They knew my sobs were justified, as their tears had many a time joined the toilet water beneath their bums. When the tears finally stopped, and I had finished cleaning up, I left knowing full well that I would soon return to this community I would call home.





THE PERSONALS



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And MANY more...

I drain my balls on old xmas trees
my coughs are starting to taste like grape

Ross from my accounting class smells like feet

fuck bcb eggs

I think about the dad I fucked on parents weekend every day....

Somebody's Spotify wrapped was 89000 minutes of bladee

I would volunteer to be the SAE curb cat if it meant i'd be put out of my misery

I haven't washed my sheets since I've gotten here

when I was 8 I used to have swim lessons and then piss in the car when I was done because I was already wet

I plan my drunk texts two days in advance

i started a forest fire back in 2016 and i haven't been the same since

Get personal with these balls

Wow! two issues in a row with titties on the cover? THANKS KOALA!

Walking in the freezing cold san diego weather with my nose and cheeks a light shade of pink, listening to bladee, feeling feeble and petite

oh to be a hamster in a microwave coating its pristine walls in chunks of girlfriend

desperate for breast milk voice so i've been really into shitting my pants and wailing lately

is it gay to look at another guy's dick while we pee

why do you people sit at the computers just to use your laptops

why do all the chairs in the 24 hour section look like they got pissed on

My roommate smells like onions and farts
got slapped at a frat, not even in a sexy way just an "i hate women way"

if your name is maryam i have beef with you

I fuck to marry

It took me 19 years to learn that cum smells like chlorine

Tried tying my gf up but I didn't know how to make a knot so I tied a bow instead

Pls stop sneezing into your fucking hand and giving me your Red ID right after to swipe 4 meal plan. Literally the equivalent to a toddler trying to give you a nasty ass cheeto.

I have nothing to say i'm mentally drained

they said I couldn't be a emo Mexican who enjoys corridos and bandas boy were they wrong

My roommate set off a fire cracker in my dorm while I was jerking off

I walk as far as possible from the DSP table when I'm walking to class bc I got rejected last year lmao

There's this baddie at eureka I venmoed her my snap and she hasn't added me back

What ever happened to the painting of the sheep fucking

Stop asking for water cups at chipotle white people

do these sorority girls know how much germs are in their nasty stanley cup straws

fuck bcb & their crusty ass eggs

threesome with me a blind bitch n her seeing eye dog

fuck bcb you know i come here every wednesday at 11:45 before class so make my fucking smoothie already
This paper making me worried im pregnant even though im a virgen

just cut my clit open and candy fell out like a piñata.

inspiring! student spends fourteen hours tied to ceiling of elevator upside down, dies

sorry for being emo and painting our room all black while high on crack it will happen again

once when i was twelve i stuck my penis in a flute and it got stuck so i had to tear off part of the foreskin. i have never told anyone this

my psy professor told me i have beautiful cuban birthing hips

My Grindr hookup taught me magic the gathering

i don't care about your spotify wrapped just eat my pussy whore

I be farting on campanile in front of all these hoes

tempted to pull out a baby bottle mid lecture and just start sucking

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