

the worst in collegiate journalism since 1982!

motherfucking
THE NOODLE



SHITPOST
ISSUE

VOLUME XXVI - ISSUE 6

DOM
HOOK

BLANKET
@SDGUKOBLA

ANNUAL SHITPOST IMMI- NENT!

HIDE YOUR KIDS! HIDE YOUR WIFE! HIDE YOUR RIDICULOUS LOOKING PITBULL WITH THE SWEATER ON!

That's right, our ANNUAL SHITPOST ISSUE IS HERE AND IN YOUR GRIMY LITTLE HANDS! If you thought our content was terrible before, prepare your pea-size brain for the most putrid issue of the Koala yet! You know what they say, kids: ALWAYS BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ. Especially if it's coming from the weirdest, homeliest looking bunch of motherfuckers you've ever seen handing you a barely put together newspaper.

We've got it all this issue! Game pages, treasure maps, even a 5K giftcard to Target! Make sure to scan that QR code and look very, very carefully at the fine print. In fact, make sure you send that link to everyone in your family! Your couponing grandma will be so thrilled to get the best bargain we've had in 45 years!

A special message to Dr. Heather Canary if she happens to pick up a copy of this fine publication: we may be an ugly, funny bunch, but believe me when I tell you that your shit isn't going to fly anymore. Actually, let this be a special message to all of you blood-sucking administration:

EAT OUR FUCKING ASSES, YOU UGLY CUNTS!

For the rest of you miserable student body, we sincerely hope you enjoy this issue. Read this instead of studying for your midterms, I promise it's going to be worth it. Who needs a degree when you're going to be homeless due to the recession anyways? Maybe start looking into that master's degree.

Happy shitpost!

With disgrace,

Jewish American Pegger & Guava Goose

Aw fuck I still have space in this stupid fucking box?

[Ass & Hole]
Jewish American Pegger,
Guava Goose

[Unforgettable]

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

[Unforgivable]

DeeZ Nutz, Bobby Slayy, 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, Chlamyllion Dollar BJ

[Trying Hard to Forget]

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

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THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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Top 5 Green "People"

1. me after i CUM?!?!?
2. silly freak
3. Me after i go in the sludge
4. cee lo
5. The most jealous man
6. smurf x spongebob sex
7. almost vomiting man
8. a green person
9. A really bunked ant

Top 10 Days of the Week

1. September 12th 2001
2. tomorrow
3. Today
4. Wednesday
5. Girls day!
6. Dusk
7. national suck my cock day
8. muscle mommy monday
9. thurssday

Top 5 Platonic Ways to Solve Horniness

1. make a new robot body
2. boob reveal
3. platonic fucking
4. die
5. talking it out
6. jerking off eachothers hard dicks
7. holding in ur pee

Top 5 New Limbs

1. An extra arm that's only meant for scratching
2. Inside hands
3. The secret one
4. The big one
5. Hair but you can feel it
6. Ass arm
7. Arm on balls
8. Vestigial tail
9. A gun where the dick should be

Bottom 5 Almost but Not Quite Problematic Tweets

1. what country does the gay accent come from?
2. Azalea Banks claiming gay people appropriated ketamine and harnesses from horses
3. People are so sensitive nowadays. They can barely handle having their lil chin tickled!
4. where did OJ Simpson go
5. who's josh groban? kill yourself

Bottom 5 Personals

1. trujillos is so yucky!!! would rather fuck señor pancho
2. The one you were about to write. Yes, you reading this
3. i took a shit in hepner hall and didn't wipe
4. i fucked a frat guy and now i have crabs
5. aztec market food is expensive
6. who's hotter, adela or rapp?

Top 5 National Tragedies

1. the fappening
2. that really bad one
3. the discontinuation of McDonald's snack wraps
4. bruh moment
5. Zendaya no longer being single
6. Bedtime
7. olive oil drone strike
8. vape ban
9. When the pyramids of Giza fell

Top 5 New X-Men

1. burp guy
2. Mario...
3. man man
Woman Man
4. Obamna
5. big dick Dave
6. mr blow himself up once
7. Mr. Blow himself up twice

Top 5 Vague Threats

1. Line up pledges
2. i'm gonna piss your pants
3. he sees you when you're sleeping
4. need that googoo
5. just wait til I almost stab you
6. Why I oughta...

Bottom 5 Top 5s

1. I'm gonna fucking shoot you in the head.
2. Top 5 days of the week
3. top 5 days of the week
4. top 5 days of the week

Top 5 Uncomfortable Band Names

1. Two in the Pink Floyd
2. The Regrettable Tweets
3. ungrateful dead
4. You Can't Cancel Us Because We're Self Aware
5. Wait, How Old Are You?

Bottom 5 New Amusement Parks

1. Gender Dysphoria World
2. the alley behind aztec corner
3. the american judicial system
4. Six Flags: Yes We Know Our Name References The Confederacy And No, We Won't Change It
5. Dubstepcot
6. Bob Iger draining all the money from your checking account while you're duct taped to an office chair
7. The Elon Musket (a giant gun that shoots you into space and posts problematic things on your twitter account)
8. Permanent Aztec Nights
9. trolleywood (the only ride is the MTS trolley)
10. Epstein Island

Top 5 Concepts

1. No

Top 5 Problems

1. Dick too big
2. First world ones
3. underboob sweat
4. no funny personals
5. my life is stupid and dumb and i wanna die
6. Jay Z

Bottom 5 Idiots

1. Me
2. You
3. It
4. them
5. Her.....
6. They
7. His

Top 5 New Swear Words

1. Fiddlesticks
2. sugar snap Peas
3. derp
4. ermagerd
5. Skiddy-cock
6. Dink my outer
7. rhombus

Top 5 Ways to Cheat on Your Mid-term

1. With your side chick
2. on a business trip
3. kill someone taking the test so everyone gets an A
4. call a bomb threat on the school

Dear the Garden: Kill Yourself

Jackoff All Trades Master of Cum

What the fuck is The Garden? Seriously, where did this second-story brick shit-house come from, and how has it not been exterminated from our otherwise also shitty (but not AS shitty) campus??

The sign outside says "16 dollars for all you care to eat". The key word being care, because after sitting on your ass at the garden for an hour or so you're not gonna care about jack shit anymore. I certainly can't say that I care about myself or my values if I'm propping this institution up with my parents' hard-earned meal plan money.

The Garden is the epicenter for all SDSU negativity. It's a fucking black hole, strategically placed right next to the dorms to drain students of their optimism and confidence. This Koala writer knows, because I personally went undercover last week. Eating all my meals at The Garden, watching its every move. I can officially confirm that the Garden is a living and breathing entity of its own which only lives to serve itself, getting stronger with each miserable bite..

Take out your earbuds, pause Shark Tank for a minute, put the fucking brownie down you self hating sack of shit, and listen. Hear that? Hear that sound? That rumbling? Could that be the rumbling of laughter, coming from the building itself? No, you're just stoned. I repeat, because one of our readers definitely needs to hear this right now: YOU'RE JUST STONED. More likely than not, you're just hearing the distant footsteps of an oncoming tour group, who WILL be stopping at the garden. Now, correct me if I'm wrong, (actually, don't. Mind your goddamn business) but I definitely didn't eat at The Garden when I toured SDSU as a pimply faced high school senior. So, in the nicest words possible, WHAT THE FUCK ARE THESE RANDOM FAMILIES DOING HERE?!! The last thing my disheveled, unshowered ass wants to see when I'm stuffing my face at The Garden, half conscious, is the punchable face of some bright eyed twelve year old kid. I know for a fact I've changed several middle schoolers' minds about college. See what I mean, SDSU? This is starting to cost you money. And the food? Inconsistent dog shit. Even if you find something you like, don't get attached. It's just gonna get up and leave you, like the french toast sticks. I'm not gonna lie to you guys- the Garden does one thing right, and that's those orgasmic french toast sticks. They're worth every penny of those 16 dollars. Sometimes the thought of those french toast sticks at 11:00AM the next morning is the only thing that gets me through the long, cold, lonely nights here in SD. That's right, feel sad. It is sad. But y'know what's even sadder? When I pay my 16 dollars, enter the garden, and my heart flies out of my chest and drops to the fucking ground. There's no french toast sticks.

It's moments like these that make me wish I had tried harder at that Yo Gabba Gabba audition back in '03. I wouldn't be in this mess if I had just gotten my shit together and fucking nailed that Yo Gabba Gabba audition. Ah, well. Story of my life. Back to The Garden.

Y'know how they don't have windows in Casinos, so people don't know what time it is and stay there all day? The Garden has the exact same effect, except they fucking have windows. Don't ask me how they do it. I genuinely think they may have accidentally made a ground-breaking scientific discovery.

There's literally windows everywhere, but when you look out of them you're greeted with a cold, gray view of the world. Even the sun has a gray tinge to it. A grayish hue,

if you will. Say, maybe my science majors can help me out here: how do you change the color of the fucking sun?

Overwhelmed by the cruel world you see outside, you tear your eyes away from the window, trying to get a bearing of your surroundings before you lose all possible hope. But when you're sitting in The Garden, the most emotional support you're going to get from anyone there is an indifferent stare from a fellow hungry depressed person, or one of the workers making a point to come up to you just to say "wow, you're here ALL the time".

You rub your hands in your face, go fill up a soda with one of the mustiest and least lucid glasses you've ever seen, and try to find solace in one of the single occupancy restrooms, thinking if anything you'll at least get a peaceful shit out of this experience. But no. You step into the bathroom and are greeted with the smell of a cleaning guy who worked reallyyyyyy really hard last night to get the smell of cum out of here, but it didn't work, so he just said fuck it and drained the hose himself. But nevertheless, you came in here to shit, and by god, you're gonna shit.

You shove some paper towels into your nose and sit down. Big mistake. Big, big mistake, because yeah, you just sat in a ring of cum. You try to get up, but nah, your bare ass is stuck to that shit. You smile. "So this is how I die huh?" Well, who knows? Check the further-back bathroom at the garden once this issue comes out. If it's locked, it's not gonna be open anytime soon.

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Built right here in the SDSU College Area!

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English Beware! The Amish Have Come to SDSU!

Downton Stabbey

HEPNER HALL – Take a look around, partner. A new cowboy is in town, and we’re not talking about Pedro Pascal. If you’re in need of a ride around campus, you’re in luck. The Amish have come to San Diego State!

In an effort to reduce our carbon emissions here at our lovely university, SDSU Administration has officially done away with those pesky golf carts and employed a group of upstanding Amish citizens and their horses! Now, you can hail a horse and buggy and be carted around the grounds of SDSU like the royalty you are.

While this initiative is new, the idea is not. “We’ve wanted the Amish here for years,” Debbie Richeson, Director of Parking & Transportation Services at SDSU, said in an interview. “We really think this will help people understand that there’s not only one path in life. Plus, the degrees you’re getting here are going to be worthless in a few years, so you might need to live off of the land.”

Like any new idea, this one is not without its faults. Some mild confusion erupted over how the Amish were being compensated for their work, since they do not accept hard, cold, American cash. “Not to worry,” Vice President Luke J. Wood said, zipping up his pants and wiping his mouth. “They are very happy with our form of payment.”

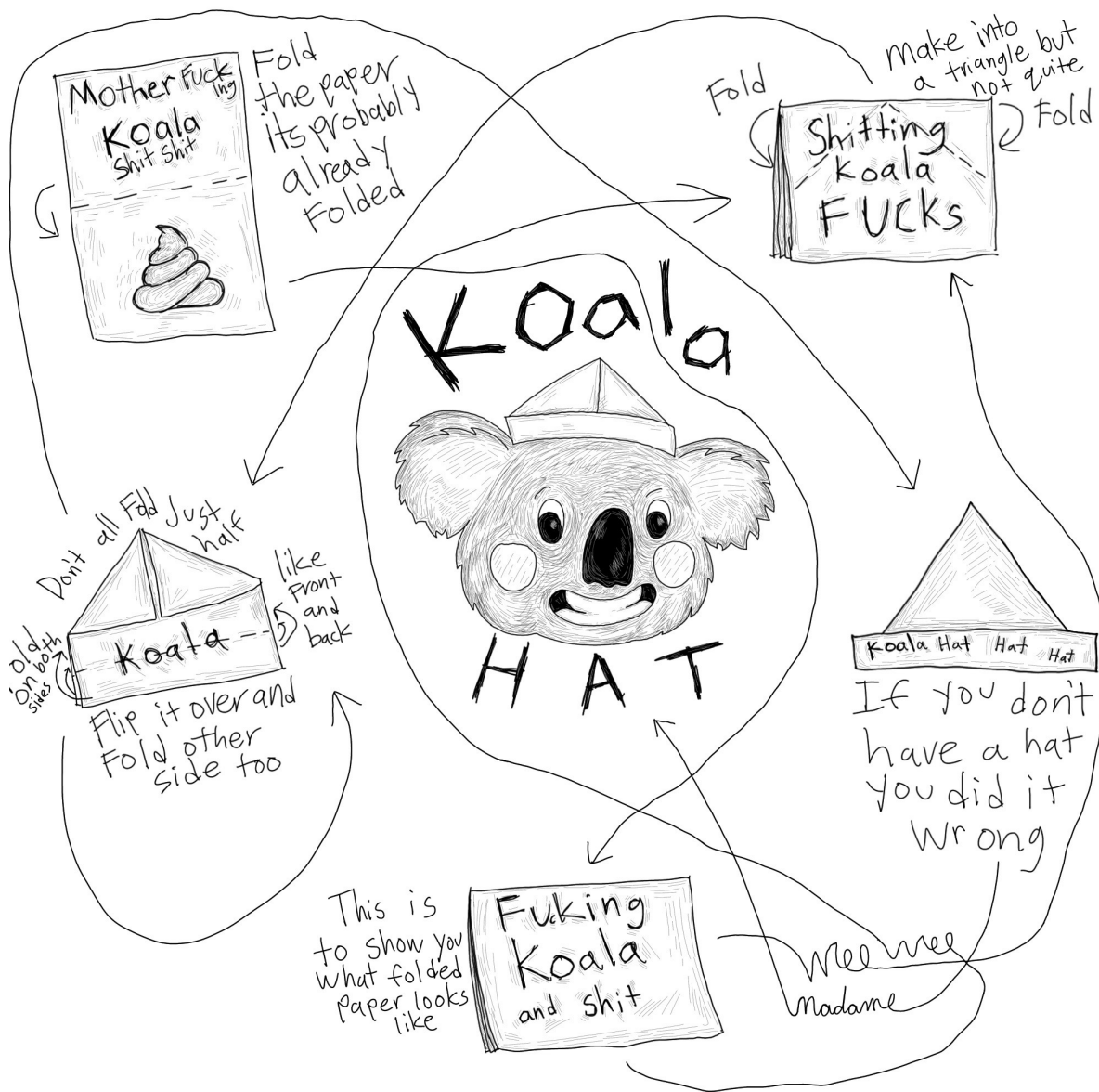
Environmental rights activists are also worried that this initiative is not doing anything to reduce the university’s carbon emissions. In fact, they worry that it’s only contributing to global warming.

“There is literal shit everywhere,” one such activist said. “I can’t go three feet without stepping in a new pile of horse shit. It’s worse than the floors at DU.”

Our four-legged friends aren’t the only ones with some stake in the bathroom situation! Turns out, along with electricity, the Amish also don’t believe in indoor plumbing. “We can’t be livin’ like the English,” said their apparent leader, Moses. “The electricity, the knowledge...it’s too much!” Half of the time, students cannot tell if what they’re stepping in is horse-shit, or Moses’s dinner from yesterday. Indeed, their brains are likely scrambled from all of the restrictions that they have to abide by. No drinking, no cussing, no frat shots after 9 pm...

These criticisms are valid, but we can’t ignore how happy this whole arrangement has made the horse girls! This group of passionate females has started a petition to unionize. Not for the Amish people, but for their horses. Mary Beth and Sue Anne, representatives of the new horse union, told us in a recent interview that they do not even attend SDSU. They’re just really, really into horses. Yikes.

So, when you’re walking around campus this week, be sure to watch out for those pesky mud pies! And always remember to tip your Amish carriage drivers, kids.



Koala Interactive Presents Wizard Labyrinth I: Blood on the Sand

Hey guys, whats up? We at the Koala have entered the exciting new world of game development! That's right, we're gamers now. Anyway, we don't have the budget for floppy disks and the post office has us banned, so we had to distribute our game another way: in print! We hope you enjoy our wonderful, well-balanced game experience known as: WIZARD LABYRINTH I: BLOOD ON THE SAND!

- You have angered THE WIZARD. You have been placed in THE WIZARD's prison labyrinth. You are in a small room. There is a DOOR to the SOUTH. You hear the sounds of hungry GOBLINs to the SOUTH. [Go SOUTH. Line 2]
- You are in a large room. There is a GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST. The GOBLIN is HUNGRY. There is a GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST. The GOBLIN is HUNGRY. There is an ORNATE GOBLIN to the SOUTH. The ORNATE GOBLIN is HUNGRY. There is a DOOR to the SOUTH. The ORNATE GOBLIN offers you free passage if you give him a TREAT. [Give the ORNATE GOBLIN a TREAT. Line 4] [Refuse the ORNATE GOBLIN's offer. Line 5]
- You look in your INVENTORY for a TREAT. Choose an item from your INVENTORY:
 - 1x PEANUT BUTTER [Choose? Line 6]
 - 1x GEL PEN. [Choose? Line 6]
 - 1x GRAPE JELLY [Choose? Line 6]
 - 1x LARGE MARBLE [Choose? Line 6]
 - 1x WIZARD TREAT [Choose? Line 6]
 - 2x WHITE BREAD SLICE [Choose? Line 6]
 - 2x BIRTHDAY CAKE SLICE [Choose? Line 7]
 - 3x GOLD COINS [Choose? Line 6]
 - 5x CRANBERRY [Choose? Line 6]
 - 14x MARBLE [Choose? Line 6]
- The ORNATE GOBLIN snarls. "Why would I like that? DIE!" The GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST slashes you with its DAGGER. You take 5 DAMAGE. The GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST slashes you with its DAGGER. You take 5 DAMAGE. The ORNATE GOBLIN clubs you with his JEWELLED SCEPTER. You take 10 DAMAGE. You are dead. [RESTART. Line 1]
- The ORNATE GOBLIN snarls. "Why would I like that? DIE!" The GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST slashes you with its DAGGER. You take 5 DAMAGE. The GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST slashes you with its DAGGER. You take 5 DAMAGE. The ORNATE GOBLIN clubs you with his JEWELLED SCEPTER. You take 10 DAMAGE. You are dead. [RESTART. Line 1]
- The ORNATE GOBLIN snarls. "Why would I like that? DIE!" The GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST is distracted by your equipped BIRTHDAY CAKE SLICE. The GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST is distracted by your equipped BIRTHDAY CAKE SLICE. The ORNATE GOBLIN clubs you with his JEWELLED SCEPTER. You take 10 DAMAGE. You punch the ORNATE GOBLIN in the mouth: the ORNATE GOBLIN is dead. The GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST is eating the BIRTHDAY CAKE SLICE. The GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST is eating the BIRTHDAY CAKE SLICE. [Go through the DOOR to the SOUTH. Line 8]
- You are in a small room. There is a CHEST to the SOUTH. There is a DOOR to the SOUTH. You hear the sounds of full GOBLINs to the NORTH. [Go through the DOOR to the NORTH. Line 9] [Open the CHEST. Line 10]
- You are in a large room. There is a GOBLIN to your NORTHWEST. There is a GOBLIN to your NORTHEAST. There is a DEAD ORNATE GOBLIN to your NORTH. The GOBLINs see the CHEST behind you. The GOBLINs run past you and through the door to the SOUTH. You hear the sounds of goblins choking. [CHECK THE DEAD ORNATE GOBLIN. Line 14] [Go through the door to the SOUTH. Line 12]
- You open the CHEST. You hear a small click. The room begins to fill with POISON. You hear the doors to the NORTH and SOUTH lock. You take 1 DAMAGE. You take 2 DAMAGE. You take 2 DAMAGE. You take 2 DAMAGE. You take 2 DAMAGE. You take 2 DAMAGE. You take 2 DAMAGE. You are dead. [RESTART. Line 1]
- You open the DOOR to the SOUTH. You hear a creaking noise. A large METAL BALL falls on your head. You take 50 DAMAGE. You are dead. [RESTART. Line 1]
- You are in a small room. You see an OPEN CHEST to the SOUTH. You see a DEAD GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST. You see a DEAD GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST. You see a door to the SOUTH. [Open the door to the SOUTH. Line 11] [Check the DEAD GOBLINs. Line 13] [Check the OPEN CHEST. Line 15]
- The DEAD GOBLIN to the SOUTHWEST has: 1x DAGGER, 1x GOBLIN LOINCLOTH. Your inventory is full.
- The DEAD GOBLIN to the SOUTHEAST has: 1x DAGGER, 1x GOBLIN PANTS, 1x GOBLIN SHIRT, 1x GOBLIN UNDERWEAR, 1x GOBLIN WEDDING RING. Your inventory is full. [Go to line 12]
- The DEAD ORNATE GOBLIN has: 1x JEWELLED SCEPTER, 1x JEWELLED GOBLIN PANTS, 1x JEWELLED GOBLIN TUNIC, 1x FAMILY PHOTO, 5x JEWELLED GOBLIN RING, 1x JEWELLED GOBLIN WEDDING RING. Your inventory is full. [Go to line 9]
- The OPEN CHEST contains an UPWARDS LADDER. Go UP the UPWARDS LADDER? [Yes. Go to line 16] [No. Go to Line 12]
- You are in the WIZARD BEDROOM. There is a WIZARD CAULDRON to the NORTH. There is a WIZARD WAND to the NORTHEAST. There is a WIZARD BED to the SOUTHEAST. There is a WIZARD to the SOUTH. There is a SPELLBOOK to the WEST.
- The WIZARD speaks. "GET OUT OF MY BEDROOM! EVER HEARD OF PRIVACY?!" The WIZARD notices your WIZARD TREAT. "Hey, is that a WIZARD TREAT? I love those things! Will you give me one?" [Give THE WIZARD the WIZARD TREAT. Line 18] [Refuse THE WIZARD's offer. Line 17]
- "You dare refuse me? DIE!" The WIZARD casts LIGHTNING. You take 100 DAMAGE. You are dead. [RESTART. Line 1]
- THE WIZARD takes the WIZARD TREAT.
- The WIZARD speaks. "Thanks! I really appreciate it. Hey wait, you're one of my Dungeon Labyrinth peons! The one I threw in there for finding out that I wasn't killed by THE KOALA! You know, I really didn't need to do that - they'll find out soon enough, anyway... Muahahaha!!! Anyway, you can go now." THE WIZARD teleports you home.

You win! Congrats!
You get nothing.

Party Reviews- Continued on Page 10!

Toga Party, Written by an Ancient Greek Time Traveler

Chlamyllion Dollar BJ

Χαιρετίσματα φίλοι μου. Βρίσκομαι σε μια παράξενη και δυσνόητη χώρα των θαυμάτων. Βρέθηκα εδώ στο πανεπιστήμιο της πατρίδας σου. Είμαι ένας ταξιδιώτης από την Αθήνα που έχω σκοντάψει σε μια μηχανή και μετά σε αυτόν τον κόσμο του μέλλοντος. Έχω γνωρίσει πολλούς χαρούμενους ανθρώπους και έχω συναντήσει πολλές παραξενιές. Τα αδέρφια της αδελφότητας εδώ στο κρατικό πανεπιστήμιο του Σαν Ντιέγκο με έφεραν σε ένα πάρτι που το ονόμασαν «Ακριβώς όπως θα έρχεσαι στο σπίτι, μπρουχ». Στολίστηκαν όλοι με παραδοσιακά ενδύματα φτιαγμένα από παλαιά σεντόνια και κατασκεύασαν ένα βακχινό κρασί και ευχαρίστηση. Μου έδωσαν μια «βόμβα Jaeger» και μου είπαν να βρω μερικές «μεγάλες λάφυρες σκύλες». Σε αντάλλαγμα, τους έχω μυήσει στις λιπαντικές χαρές του ελαιολάδου για να αυξήσω τις σαγηνευτικές ιδιότητες των πιο θεϊκών σωμάτων μας. Ο ηδονισμός φαίνεται να είναι ο δρόμος του μέλλοντος, και αν δεν ήμουν διονυσιακός μάγος πριν, σίγουρα είμαι τώρα! Είμαι έκπληκτος με τις πολλές παρωδίες που κάνετε όλοι. Βρίσκω το άρωμα της βρωμιάς σου μαγευτικό πέρα από κάθε μέτρο. Ωστόσο, έρχεται η ώρα να ταξιδέψω στην Αθήνα, πίσω από τον σφιγκτήρα του Κρόνου που με έφεραν εδώ. Αντίο θερμοί! Αποχαιρετώ ρε ράτσες. Καληνύχτα, καλό κρασί και υγιεινή σοδειά καθώς μπαίνουμε στην Άνοιξη!

Rate: V/V



LEGEND:
 ☁ : tree... 🐼 : we are here! X: Me treasure! Arg! ★ : The whistler w: grass ◆ : faerie grinds
 ☠ : DANGER!! Ⓞ : slackliner sex meetup ▲ : frot booths (avoid!) ♂ : hot people sightings
 💣 : Bombs I planted on campus!! 🍑 : places I have cummed ↙ : fun places to kill yourself/be killed

WALLABEANIE'S "WHAT'S THE THEME?"

ANSWERS (DON'T PEEK!) ↓

12. LINGERANCE 13. FRATALINA WINE MIXER
 9. HOEDOWN THROWN 10. RISKY BUSINESS 11. EUPHORIA
 6. WHITE LIES 7. HEAVEN OR HELL 8. BEANIES AND BIKINIS
 4. GOLF BROS AND TENNIS HOES 5. STORYLIGHT
 1. BOSTON TWEA PARTY 2. GREAT FRATSBY 3. ABC

CAN YOU NAME EACH FRAT PARTY'S THEME FROM THE OUTFITS OF THEIR KOALA ATTENDEES?

1. Two koalas in orange jumpsuits and hard hats, one holding a yellow can.

2. A koala in a pink hula skirt and a koala in a blue jumpsuit with a green hat.

3. A koala in a yellow lei and a koala in a brown shirt and shorts.

4. A koala in a blue shirt and green pants with a blue cap, and a koala in a pink dress and red hat.

5. A koala in a yellow jumpsuit and a koala in a green dress and green hat.

6. A koala in a red bikini and a koala in a red cowboy hat and red boots.

7. A koala in a pink dress with a red devil horn and a koala in a blue dress with wings and a halo.

8. A koala in a pink bikini and a koala in a blue bikini with a green hat.

9. A koala in a brown bikini and a koala in a brown bikini with a red hat.

10. A koala in a light blue shirt and a koala in a light blue shirt and shorts.

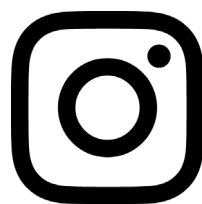
11. A koala in a blue dress and a koala in a pink dress.

12. A koala in a blue dress and a koala in a pink bikini.

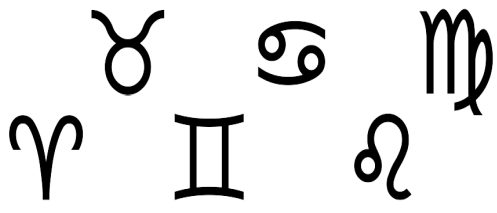
13. A koala in a pink shirt and a koala in a blue shirt and shorts.



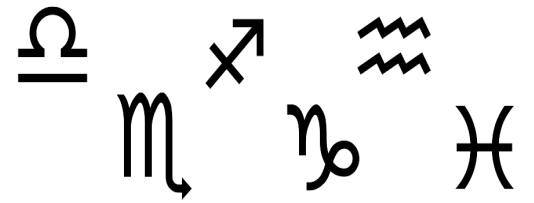
@SDSU_Koala



@sdsukoala



THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S WHORE-O-SCOPES



Shitpost Edition

ARIES: All your insecurities are true. Everybody is talking about you behind your back. Your friends have a group chat without you. When you hear them whispering, it's about you and how annoying you are.

TAURUS: Take the bull by its horns. (get it?)

GEMINI: i love you.

CANCER: just do the fucking dishes

LION: Leo is now called Lion. It sounds way cooler now.

VIRGIN:

LIBRATRONOGIGANTOSAURUS: Nations will quake beneath your boots. Hellfire will rain from the skies at your command. Go forth, and fear not those who scream in your wake. Conquer, oh mighty scales.

SCORPIO: The end is nigh. But fret not, for you must not accept this fate lying down. Fight. Fight, dear friend, fight for all your life is worth. And I'll see you on the other side.

SAGITTARIUS: Seize the day! Live life to its fullest. Take every opportunity and you'll live with no regrets.

CAPRICORN: Remove seasoning packet from box. Pour pasta into pot of salted boiling water. Cook 8-10 minutes or until al dente. Drain. Add 3 T milk, (optionally 2 T butter) and seasoning packet to pot, stir till combined. Add pasta, stir and enjoy.

AQUARIUS: Upon crossing the bridge, a troll shall roar, calling out for but three riddles. But lest, these are but a farce, as the troll's intentions are to curiously draw you closer and clamp its toothy maw around you when the time is right.

PISCES: I don't know man. What do I predict for the fish constellations??? I, uh, I'm sorry. I just don't know if I'm cut out for this. I just, I should've just let the normal sad soul do the whore-o-scopes. I'm sorry, you didn't read this to listen to me. I'm sorry.

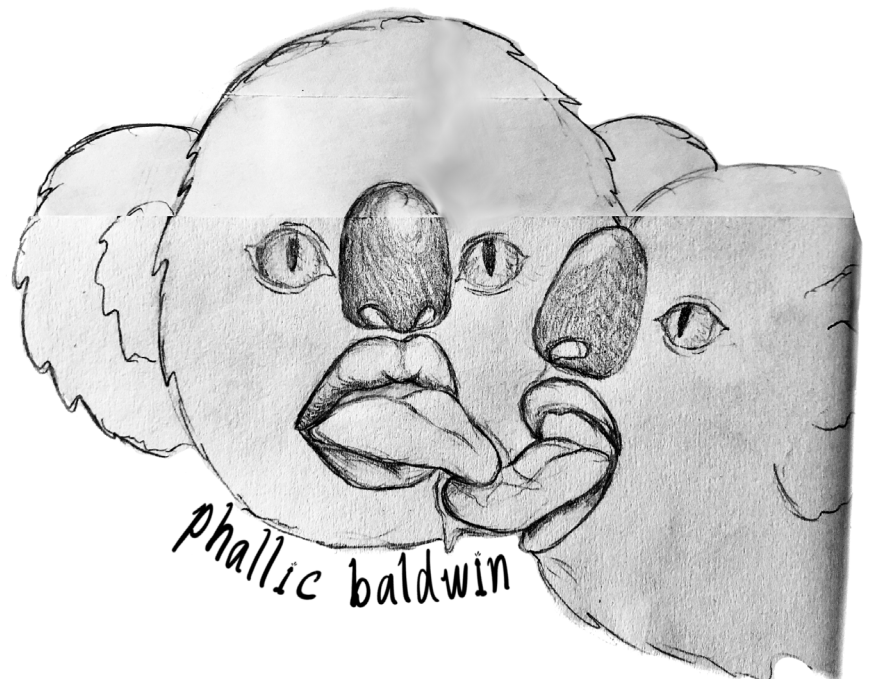
How to Kiss Bobby Slavy

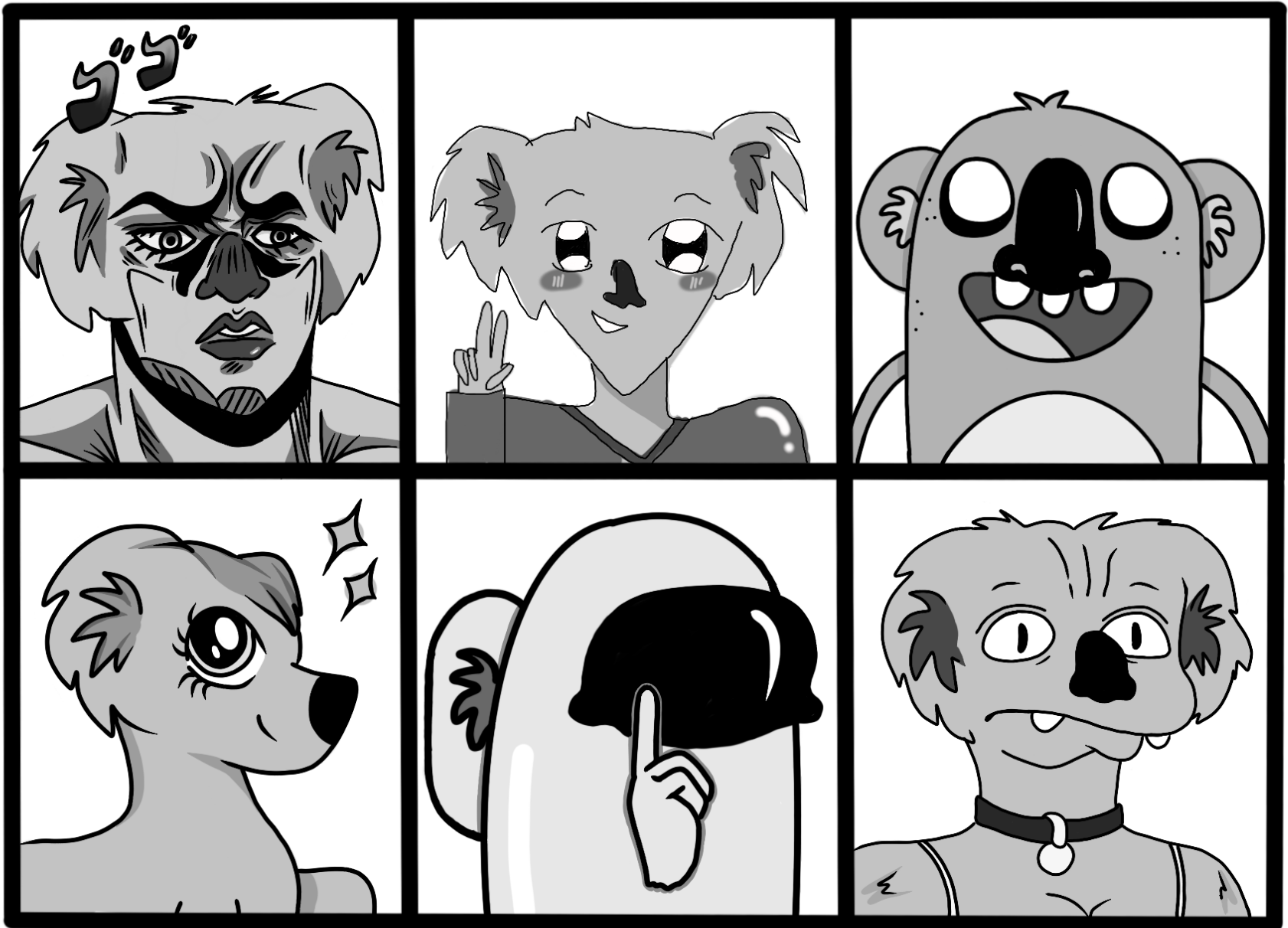
Good day to all you fine readers. This guide is intended to instruct anyone, from the most voluptuous lips of experienced smoochers, to the crustiest chapped lips of the lowliest un-kissed virgin slime. I hope all can glean at least an ounce of confidence from this complex and nuanced tutorial. Please pay attention as I teach you how to kiss:

Mmmmm. Mmmmm. Aaaaaannggggg mmmmm. MMMWAH. Mwah. mwah. Mwah. MMmmm blehhh mwah. Llllllll. Lmmmlmlmlmlmlml. Pliplipliplip blababla lalalaa mmmmwaaah. Eeeeeaaalelolollllll mmmmm. Errrrrrmmmmmm. Mrrrrmmmm leleleollmmmmmm. Schlorp. SCHLORP. Shlucklulp. Shoop. Uhshorglshorgl. Tlorsh. Tloplooshorp. Shshshshuhhhhhhhhh. BANG BANG BANG! Mmmmm shloorp. Mwah. Mwah. Muhmuhmuhmuh sheedleedleedl shlorp. Mwah. Ker-chunk! Beep-boop-beep-beep. Mwah. MMM. Yes! YES! YES!!!! Mwah. Blehblehblehblblblblm-mmmmwah. Ughhh. Oh, yeah. Mwah. Schlorp! Mwah? Lmmrrrrrrlllloggle

Mwah. Mmmmmnnnnaahh. Ughhhhh. Mwah! Uh-hhbuh buh buh buh buh shlop. Blobo blobo bilbo mwah! C'mon! Bleblblbuhhhhhbuhbuh mmmmmmmwammwammwammwamm buh. Schlurp. Schlop. Plibble plibble boobuh schlobbie. Mwaahhh. AAAA. AAAA. aaaaa. Ugh. Mwah.

I hope this guide has served you well. In case of misunderstanding, lack of proficiency with the English language, or a childlike mind, please refer to the accompanying diagram. Please join us next month for a highly detailed instruction on how to finger- you're gonna love this one!





Dom Nook

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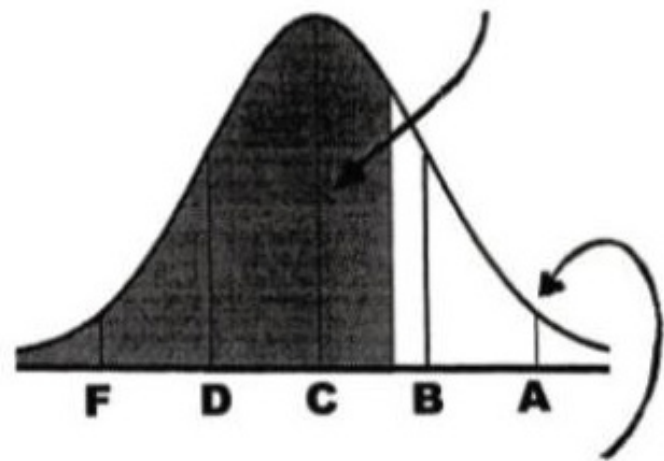
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SDSU Exam Prep Spring 2023

Party Reviews Continued!

THE JOURNEY OF ENTREPERNEURERSHIP (I'M DRUNKKKKK)

Eaterout

Investigative journalism has never been my forte, but when I heard that Kolorhouse was throwing, I knew that I had to put on my best Sherlock Holmes drip, whip out my magnifying glass, rent a hound, and hit the streets to explore the age old question: What does Kolorhouse even do?

When perusing their Instagram, you might be inclined to respond: "Well, they obviously take pictures and have incestual sex." As true as this is, I wanted to go deeper. For instance, what is the word 'creative' code for? Who is Charlie? Why do they all worship him? Will I ever unblock the Kolorhouse Instagram? (Oops, we already know the answer to that one!) And, finally, what goods can I loot from their party?

Unfortunately, my Sherlock Holmes costume is currently at the dry cleaners, so instead I brought out my BEST little boy clothes so I could be super duper brave while Birding an intense 10 minutes to the function. Minisquirt and I ditched the Birds to complete our journey (the hound couldn't keep up!), and it was while standing on that humble College Ave intersection that I saw it: our prize.

It looked effervescent in the moonlight, and I knew that I couldn't just leave it to dance on the streets and occasionally be squashed under the tires of Keg and Bottle customers. That's right: it was a Burger King crown— perfectly preserved. I picked it up off the street and vowed to make the most of this moment.

Entering the party, I came to two devastating conclusions: (1) our epic GTA-esque mission had knocked out my buzz, and (2) I was not on theme. Whereas everyone else was following the AWESOME dress code of "sports jersey over hoodie," I looked like a 7-year-old boy. Not only that, but no one was even complimenting my light up shoes or telling me that I looked like I could run SUPER fast. The shame and desperation kicked in, and I knew what I needed to do. I looked down at my prized find and remembered what Macklemore said... I needed to trade.

The first person we approached immediately had an animalistic desire for the Burger King crown, and quickly raided his pock-

ets for something to offer us. Sadly, it wasn't good enough. A pack of Extra with only three sticks left? No thanks, buddy! I rejected his offer and he immediately rose to go into his bedroom. He came back a few moments later with an unopened pack, and I was so touched that I accepted the trade.

After that, it was a bit more difficult to find anyone willing to trade with me. Some guy offered us \$3 for our pack, but I knew that if I were to trade up for something good, I needed to be strategic. I asked him if I could have \$5 for it, and he said, "GET LOST!!!" It was humiliating!!!

The next group we approached was clearly a bunch of undercover cops, which was sad because I really wanted one of the guys "I <3 Haters" hat. One of them kept asking to check our ID's when we asked for one of their beers, and then got super upset with me for calling myself a little boy. The rest of his friends were cooler though and said "they do get those vibes from me" (score!).

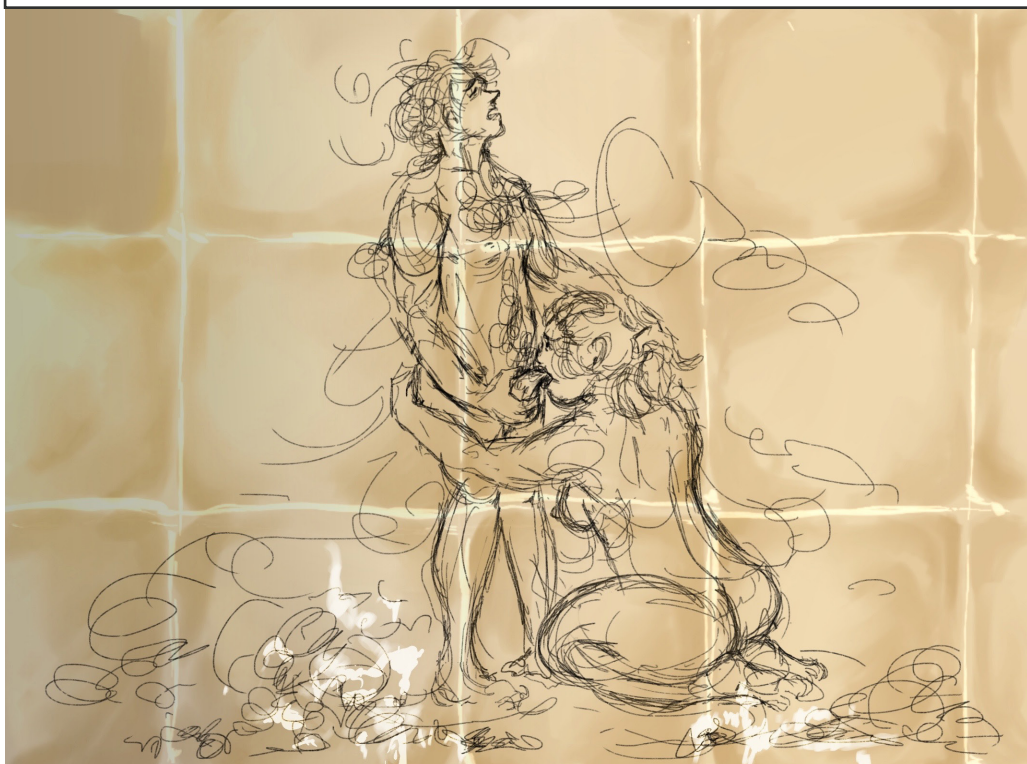
We finally got a win when we approached some dude with a box of Happy Dad's who took our pack for one. I was so excited I jumped for joy and went crazy!!!! But our work wasn't over, I wanted something more.

Our final trade happened quite easily after that, and we scored three shots of tequila in exchange for our seltzer. We got soooooo FREAKING wasted, dude! It was so awesome.

I'll admit: I didn't do any good investigative work, but I never said I wasn't susceptible to corruption! Like any journalist, I pursued whatever benefitted me to draw my final thesis of the night: I guess Kolorhouse kinda... does... do... stuff? Nah, that doesn't sound right...

Daily Aztec— y'all throwing soon?

2/5 Tequila Shots



he need some milk



PLATO: WELL, NOW THAT WE HAVE DISCUSSED JUSTICE- AT LENGTH, I MIGHT ADD-. MY DEAR GLAUCON, WE HAVE YET ANOTHER ISSUE AT HAND.

GLAUCON: AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE, PLATO? WE HAVE ALREADY DISCUSSED THE MYTH OF ER, WE HAVE ALREADY DISCUSSED THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A PERFECT SOCIETY, WE HAVE ALREADY MADE WAY FOR THE MEANING OF PIETY. WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DISCUSS? BY ZEUS, PLATO, WHAT MORE COULD THERE BE?

PLATO: YES, THIS IS TRUE, OUR CONVERSATION TO DATE HAS BEEN EXTENSIVE AND LIVELY, AS WHAT SO DELIGHTS ME, BUT I MUST ASK YOU WHAT YOU KNOW OF FOOD? I MUST ASK YOU WHAT YOU KNOW OF DOGS?

GLAUCON: OH, PLATO, YOU MUST BE MORE SPECIFIC THAN THIS! I KNOW PLENTY OF FOOD, I KNOW PLENTY OF DOGS, BUT HOW AM I INTENDED TO PUT THESE THINGS YOU SPEAK OF TOGETHER IN A WAY THAT EXCITES YOUR PONDERING MIND?

PLATO: YES, YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT THAT I MUST BE MORE CLEAR, I WILL PUT IT QUITE BLUNTLY NOW: I AM TIRED OF SPEAKING OF JUSTICE. I AM TIRED OF THE MYTH OF ER. I AM TIRED OF THE LIKES OF PHILOSOPHER KINGS. RATHER, MY GOOD FRIEND, I AM EXCITED NOW BY ONE QUESTION ONLY: WHY DO DOGS HAVE TO EAT DOG FOOD AND YOU GET TO EAT WHATEVER YOU WANT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THIS?

GLAUCON: WHY, PLATO, YOU KNOW I KNOW NOTHING OF SUCH A COMPLEX DILEMMA! I MUST LEAVE THIS ONE UP TO THE GODS- OR, MORE IMMEDIATELY, YOU! I WANT TO KNOW MORE OF WHAT YOU ARE SPEAKING OF!

PLATO: OH, I THINK YOU ARE MISLEADING ME INTO BELIEVING YOU KNOW NOTHING, BUT NONETHELESS I KNOW THIS IS COMPLEX, AND THUS I WILL PUT FORTH WHAT I THINK USING THE MYTH OF FIDO.

GLAUCON: PLEASE, DO NOT LEAVE ME-! TELL ME MORE, DEAR PLATO.

PLATO: AH, YES, GLAUCON- I CAN SEE YOU ARE EAGER! THUS, THE MYTH OF FIDO IS AS FOLLOWS: THEY SAY, LONG AGO, I MUST CONCEDE THERE LIVED A DOG BY THE NAME OF FIDO, SENTENCED TO EAT ONLY DOG FOOD.

GLAUCON: WHY, PLATO, I APOLOGIZE FOR INTERRUPTING YOU SO SOON, BUT I MUST CLARIFY: WHEN YOU SAY "DOG FOOD," YOU MEAN THOSE LITTLE ROCKS, CORRECT?

PLATO: YES, GLAUCON, THAT I DO. PLEASE, BE QUIET NOW AND DO NOT INTERRUPT ME AGAIN.

GLAUCON: YES, I UNDERSTAND, PLEASE, CONTINUE ON.

PLATO: FIDO WAS LIKE ORDINARY DOGS IN THAT HE WAS FORCED TO ONLY CONSUME THESE "LITTLE ROCKS," AS YOU SAY, BUT HE WAS UNLIKE OTHER DOGS IN THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY IMMORTAL. FIDO ATE THOSE LITTLE ROCKS FROM THE DAY HIS TEETH HARDENED, AND HE CONSUMED NOTHING MORE. EVERYONE WOULD POINT AND LAUGH AS THEY SAID, "LOOK AT FIDO! LOOK HOW SILLY HE IS! HE ONLY EATS ONE THING, ISN'T THAT FUNNY? AREN'T YOU BORED, FIDO? AREN'T YOU SAD?" AND IT WAS TRUE: FIDO WAS SO SAD, FOR HE NOT ONLY WAS IMMORTAL, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD GREEK PERFECTLY! HE KNEW WHAT ALL THE HUMANS AROUND HIM WERE SAYING, AND EVERY NIGHT HE CURSED THE GODS FOR THREE THINGS: THOSE LITTLE ROCKS, HIS IMMORTALITY, AND HIS UNDERSTANDING OF GREEK. FIDO LOOKED AT ALL THE HUMANS AROUND HIM AND THOUGHT: "THEY ARE NO BETTER THAN ME, BUT FOR THE FACT THAT THEY ARE BIPEDAL! SO WHY IS IT THAT I HAVE TO EAT DOG FOOD AND THEY GET TO EAT WHATEVER THEY WANT? WHY AM I THE ONE WHO IS CURSED?" WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, GLAUCON?

GLAUCON: WHAT A HORRIBLE INJUSTICE! BUT I MUST SAY: FIDO IS RIGHT THAT HE WALKS ON FOUR LEGS! DO YOU NOT THINK THAT IS SO SILLY? HE DOES NOT EVEN HAVE HANDS TO EAT HIS FOOD WITH! HE DOES NOT EVEN SEE COLOR! HOW IS HE TO TELL ONE ROCK FROM ANOTHER? HOW IS HE SUPPOSED TO TELL ONE COLOR OF THE RAINBOW FROM ANOTHER? HE CANNOT EVEN SEE ALL THE BEAUTY IN THE WORLD!

PLATO: DO YOU NOT THINK FIDO SHOULD BE EXPOSED TO THESE BEAUTIES, HOWEVER? DO YOU NOT THINK THAT FIDO DESERVES TO KNOW WHAT ELSE THERE IS IN LIFE?

GLAUCON: BUT HE IS SO CLOSE TO THE GROUND! HE IS SO CLOSE TO HELL! THE GODS HAVE MADE FIDO TO WALK ON FOUR LEGS, THEY HAVE MADE FIDO TO UNDERSTAND GREEK WITHOUT ANY WAYS OF SPEAKING IT, THEY HAVE CONDEMNED HIM TO LIVE FOREVER NEVER TO BE REBORN ANEW! HE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING HORRIBLE!

PLATO: BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, GLAUCON? AREN'T YOU MORE CURSED THAN POOR FIDO? YOU ARE CLOSER TO THE GODS THAN HE, BUT YOU RECEIVE FAR LESS LOVE. SHOULD FIDO NOT BE ALLOWED TO EAT WHATEVER HE WANTS, AS DO YOU?

GLAUCON: WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PLATO.

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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.

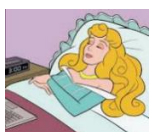


Day 4: On way to class, stop by Broken Yolk for a mimosa flight. Drink seven. Head back to bed.



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...



THE PERSONALS



STAT 119 MATH 120

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A+ Review

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

And MANY more...

Dear Average Personals Writer,

Yeah. That's right. It's me. I am the faceless, nameless entity that has to read through pages, and pages, and pages of your bullshit. I read every single submission. I have come on here to expose myself and tell you: you are not funny. None of you are fucking funny. I have had to sit here and witness the decline in quality of personals over the past 2 years. No, it's not because of YikYak. We still get thousands of personals each issue, no problem. The issue here is that each year, you fucking assholes get less and less interesting. I can not tell you how many fucking times I have had to read your stolen TikTok jokes, stolen Tweets, and shit stories. I don't give a fuck that you took a shit and didn't wipe in Hepner Hall. We got 4 different personals last issue alone saying that. A bulk of the personals we receive are now stupid fucking shit stories. About actual shit. Why are you all so disgusting and not in a funny way???? Seriously. You should all be fucking embarrassed. I have had to be physically restrained by my peers from throwing my laptop out the window when forced to read another goddamn shit story.

Our paper may be an asshole, but at least we fucking wipe ours. Like, do you people ever do anything interesting? Big deal, you fucked a Pike and his dick was uncircumcised. Wow, that must have been really crazy for you. That must have been so fucking crazy and wild

for your stupid tiny fucking bleach blonde fried brain to deal with, that you pulled out your phone, thought "Wow. This is so crazy and interesting and funny that my college satire newspaper has to read, and therefore publish this in the next edition of their newspaper!" and you looked us up and sent it. I am begging you fucking people to go and hang out in a fucking sewer where real people live. Go to a rave. Go to LA. Go to a sex party. Go to fucking "Part-Time" or whatever the fuck new bar is on the rise. Frankly, I don't give a fuck what you do as long as you make it interesting. Because if I have to read one more stupid ass, vanilla ass sex story, one more "I took a shit and didn't wipe" story, one more stolen TikTok joke, I'm going to blow my fucking brains out on this newspaper and make my colleagues hand out that same bloodied paper to you cunts next month.

Just be fucking funny. I'm begging you. We are all begging you. Please.

Signed,

The Personals Editor

what drugs do i have to take to get over a nicotine addiction

was at a frat party and then he asked me "have you ever made out at student services?"

Im maryam and if you have beef with me stop being a pussy and say it to my face :P

Greg in SAE I dream about your balls on my face

i want to be rough fucked in the kcr radio studio

One time i had to piss so i went to the bathroom at 6 am and sat in someone's barf on the toilet seat bc i was to tired to open my eyes all the way

can the girl who places her hair on the shower wall take an art lesson cause that shit sucks ass

To the tech guy that works in the bookstore r u gay and can I have ur number

My professor called me "Good Boy" when I left to use the bathroom before the mid-term

i fell infront of the bcb and non of the white bitches helped

My mom works at McDonalds how tf did I get the middle class scholarship

every tuesday i go to east commons and smoke a cigarette out of my vagina

a man turned my pussy purple

i know those white bitches feet smell like salami in those ugg slippers

Please don't take off your shoes at the library disgusting

I'm done chasing men whose foot stink should be classified as a biological weapon. I'm better than this

i want a bitch that speak french with a fat ass

Submit your bullshit to:



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100% anonymous, 100% bullshit