

THE MOTHERFUCKIN' KOALA

Volume XXV Issue 8

KOALA



MY SWAN SONG

Dearest readers,

It is with a heavy heart and a fat ass that I must tell you: I am leaving. Forever. Jewish American Pegger shall rest happily in my grave, knowing that I am leaving you in the capable hands of none other than the esteemed Guava Goose.

My guess is that you won't even read this because you'll be so distracted by the tits on the front cover. I thought it best to leave you with the finest gift I had to offer: a pair of nice, supple, bountiful breasts.

Its been a hell of a ride running this cult. I didn't realize how demanding it would be to convince the staff that The End Of Days was coming, and they had to pledge their allegiance to their savior (me) in order to be saved from the Giant Koala that will explode out of Jupiter and devour the Earth. Let that be a warning to you all: The Rapture is coming. The Koala will devour the souls of those who wrote shitty personals, those who used the paper to potty train their deranged shelter dogs, and those who decided that their allegiance to Greek Life was worth more than their individuality.

Never forget what I gave you over the years: my guide to anal sex, my ode to the Easter Bunny, and all of the other garbage I've spewed out without fail once a month for two years. If you have forgotten, read the old issues, you idiot. They're linked on our LinkTree in our Instagram bio. My name should be added to the really long list of the deceased pen names, un-

less the next paper designer forgets. In that case, I will be rising out of my grave, and personally haunting the shit out of them with my decrepit ass body. (Good Luck, Soup. I'm very serious and I will find you.)

Now, without further ado, Guava Goose has some words they would like to say about me passing onto The Great Beyond. Take it away, Guava Goose!

Thank you Jewish American Pegger! Why I certainly do have a few (choice) words to say about you. Who else will get belligerently drunk and steal my shoes when you're gone? Or what about who will brandish the Koala Gun to discipline some rather unruly staff? But seriously, everyone give 'em a round of applause for volunteering to be a human sacrifice this past year and serve as co-editor of this criminal organization. It has been no easy task to deal with the slovenly drunkards who both read our paper, as well as produce it. However, it was undeniably a fun ride, and definitely a journey that I would redo again in a heartbeat. Jewish American Pegger truly kept this thing running along, so who knows if there will still be a newspaper here when we all get back from summer. One can only hope...

With love (for the last time together),

Jewish American Pegger and Guava Goose

[MILF & DILF]

Jewish American Pegger,
Guava Goose

[Help Stepbro, I'm stuck!]

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

[Size Queen Station]

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, Chlamillion Dollar BJ

[Golden Showers bring May flowers]

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 WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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Bottom 5 New SDSU Clubs

1. Taint Club
2. Club Woman
3. Killing Club
4. Giant Wooden Club
5. Club Sandwich

Top 5 Reasons He Cheated

1. Not manic pixie enough
2. Ran out of batteries
3. I turned 26
4. He went to A+ Review!
5. He fell in!!

Top 5 Koala Bonding Activities

1. Group therapy
2. Exploring each others bodies
3. Buying a zoo
4. Making a newspaper
5. Ice cream field trip

Top 5 Fantasies

1. Hobbit with a big penis
2. Male fantasies, male fantasies.....
3. Being really small so I can ride on cute beetles
4. A good fingering
5. Toes sucked o- I mean, uh. Killing myself

Top 5 SDSU Parking Spots

1. My fat ass
2. The quicksand parking spot
3. P12's secret 9th floor (you need the password to get there)
4. In my big hand
5. Clown parking garage (it can fit a lot of cars)

Top 5 420 Party Locations

1. My wildest dreams
2. New Jersey
3. The Gates of Hell
4. Fort Wenty
5. Club Penguin night club

Top 5 Personality Traits

1. The one in my pants
2. Violent outbursts
3. Lives in a house made from a shoe!
4. Apprentice Stonemason
5. Being a fan of O.J. Simpson's movies

Top 5 Hurting Things

1. Knife
2. KNIFE!
3. My feelings
4. Knives
5. Gun

Bottom 5 Campus Jobs

1. P12 suicide watch police Spanking the professors
2. Campus Gambler
3. Oral Comm lecturer (not doctor, you only have a masters)
4. Assassin

Top 5 American Traditions

1. Wealth inequality
2. Cinco de Mayo
3. The wave at baseball games
4. Police funding
5. Boom-Boom Day

Top 5 New Internet Challenges

1. Logging off
2. Veggie tales challenge
3. Big cat dance challenge
4. Expose the no fly list
5. Computer bomb

Top 5 Secret Historical Events

1. The day the music died
2. JFK's head coming back together
3. The REAL Donkey Kong
4. Nancy Reagan's head game
5. 9/12

Top 5 IKEA Products

1. Wealth inequality
2. Cinco de Mayo
3. The wave at baseball games
4. Police funding
5. Boom-Boom Day

Top 5 Life Lessons

1. Have fun
2. Never forget
3. Killing is good
4. Just stop being depressed
5. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth

Top 5 New Summer Holidays

1. Winter Day
2. Kill your parents day
3. Tom Cruise Remembrance Day
4. The End
5. Jourth of Fuly

Top 5 Sunny Day Activities

1. Perineum sunning
2. Kissing me through the phone
3. Tuckering Carlson
4. Fracking
5. Eating ice cream cone..... NOOOOOOOOOO

Bottom 5 New Laws

1. No more parking your car.
2. Once you turn 18 you can only date babies
3. The No Fun Law
4. Evil Freedom of Speech
5. Be nice to me.

Top 5 Big Summer Blockbusters

1. Cats
2. Funny Joker
3. Soothing Baby Sounds - Water Faucet (Running Water Sound Effect) (1 HOUR)
4. Blockbusters? More like cockbusters amirite
5. That sucked I'm sorry

Top 5 Study Abroad Locations

1. The Tunnels
2. Whoville
3. The Wild West
4. East Palestine, Ohio
5. Whatever farm they sent my dog to

Top 5 Numbers

1. 2
2. 4
3. 1
4. 69
5. Thrembo

BREAKING NEWS: SDSU Officially Changes Mascots

Jackoff All Trades Master of Cum

In a sudden and bold move that some are calling “just plain bizarre,” SDSU has officially changed their official school mascot. In a nearly unanimous administrative vote held on Monday, the school said goodbye to their beloved Aztec and welcomed... Mark the Turkey Vulture.

Hailing from the least-funded part of the San Diego Zoo, Mark is an “arrogant son of a bitch” who had, according to handlers, previously been banned from interacting with any of the other animals. It’s a known fact that SDSU Administration is in deep with the San Diego Zoo for over \$800 worth of souvenir soda sippers, and some are suspecting that the debt might be cleared with this new arrangement.

When asked to comment, a San Diego State representative said “It is time for our campus to once again be restored to its former glory. And the road to that glory is Mark! He will usher in a new era. An era of discipline. An era of control.”

Mark’s reception from the student body has been... lukewarm, to say the least. Most people, it turns out, don’t like Mark.

“Mark fucking sucks,” claimed one student we interviewed, while passerby vigorously nodded in agreement. “Every time I walk past him on campus, I just feel bad.”

Another student chimed in, “He knows things. I don’t know how, but he picks on you when you’re at your weakest. I was a happy-go-lucky kid before coming to SDSU. Now I’m on Lexapro.” “If you skip class, and then go out on campus for food later, he’ll be there. Mark will be there, and he’ll make sure you go hungry,” shuddered another student.

The feeling is mutual, however. Several videos have gone viral already, showcasing Mark’s violent outbursts and the terror he’s bestowing on the students. When interviewing his past handlers, we were hard pressed to get a straight answer.

“Here’s the thing: we don’t talk about what goes down at the Zoo. Part of the zookeepers code. Now, if you wanna ask me about my start-up ceramics business, I’m happy to talk to you. If not, get the fuck away from me. I have the key to the lion’s sanctuary. I repeat—I will unleash the lions on you.”

Our reporters understandably backed off, but not before we overheard that same handler whisper into his radio, “Shit, Darrell. They’re onto us! Seriously, man, we gotta sever all ties. From now on we don’t know each other, and we DEFINITELY don’t know Mark”.

Back to the students though: the new handlers of Mark. “It’s hard enough dealing with college for

the first time,” said one teary eyed freshman, “without having to worry about a giant bird attacking you on your way to class. I came to San Diego to get away from stuff like this! How long will Mark’s tenure last? Look out for an update in our September issue.



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Has Your Experience Reading the Koala Every Month Been in Desperate Need of Something?

Well shut the fuck up. Because for the upcoming 2023 Fall semester we are proud to finally announce...

KOALA PREMIUM™

\$0.99

PER YEAR

THE 'FUCK YOU' PLAN

You can do better, slut.

Enjoy a sopping wet paper at the beginning of every month

Paper filled mostly with ads for new shows on Fubo TV

Oh my god we know you have money. Just give us more so we can feed the children in the Koala orphanage (our writers)

\$4.99

PER MONTH

THE BARBIE PLAN

Pink tax. Bitch.

Get a bonus, close-up photo of a single nipple with every paper!

Paper will be entirely made out of glitter. Good luck cleaning that up.

You will be subscribed to receive daily calls from US Army recruitment centers. Pussy

\$4.19

PER WEEK

THE NURPLE PLAN

lol

Purple...

We will visit you in a dream and read the paper aloud to you. But only once! And you have to keep it a secret...

You are granted access to the SDSU underground tunnels for a 1 hour period on October 19th. You cannot opt out.

\$9.99

PER DAY

THE SHIT PLAN

It doesn't get better than this

You guessed it! 1 paper to 1 poop pic ratio

Daily affirmations from a writer of your choice. Except that one.

A plague of locusts will be released on to the nearest retirement home in your name (good riddance!)

\$69.99

PER BREATH

PLATINUM PLAN

You wont regret this...

You will receive 1 sloppy pegging from yours truly at the end of the year. But you CAN'T cum. Promise?

And sure. You get a paper at the beginning of the month... ARE YOU HAPPY?

\$15

PER HOUR

THE PISS PLAN

Get it!? Bc... umm.. nvm

A piss-soaked paper will be stuck to your face the dawn of the first of the month

Koala employees will finally be paid a liveable wage! (jk)

You will be liable for any and all "accidents" committed in SDSU elevators by The Koala in the past 10 years

We accept US dollars, UCSD meal plan, food stamps, weed, green American Spirit cigarettes, drug money, the color brown, baked goods, ancient relics, movie tickets, Sonic fanart, Edward Norton fancams, green apple flavored candy, Trader Joes giftcards, Venmo, and finished crosswords as payment. All standard rates apply. Unless your name starts with an S, then you are eligible for a 2% discount for the months of May, August and December. [If your name is Alex though? Don't get me started. We made several reports this month of the things you did. Better get a move on before the FBI gets here!] Holy fuck! stop reading this. Go google what Skrillex looks like now or some shit! Oh fuck I forgot to mention that cancelling the plan at any time will result in the birds striking down upon you and wishing you ill for all eternity. Plus a \$40 cancellation fee. Doesn't that suck!? You should definitely do it..

EMAIL US OR SCAN THE QR CODE TO FIND OUT MORE!



MRAPP@SDSU.EDU



Our Final Broadcast

Bobby Slayy

Thousands dead. My friends, peers, classmates, enemies. No discrimination was made. All were laid waste by Lovecraftian gremlins roaming San Diego State. Six months ago, I never could've dreamed of this nightmare, and now The Koala itself is doomed. If anyone reads this article, please, tell my family I— Oh God, I'm sorry! I know I'm not following the Koala style guide. I'll— I'll be more professional and journalistic from now on, okay? Please, we're gonna die anyway, don't whip me! Ok— I should go back to the beginning. Before the end of times. Before... the high-schoolers.

It started on Explore SDSU Day, 2022. Thousands of would-be Aztecs ventured across campus, discovering what future they could uncover at their new soon to be home. However, tragically unbeknownst to them, their fate was already set in stone. As the Koala's lead high-schooler expert Molly Ringworm reported (with no further context), "Fuck them kids."

Greek Life booths and club tables were swarmed that day. RSO leaders were expecting to be overwhelmed— but it was too much. The Koala's resident Cannabis Club Representative, Orb, looked back on the day with trepidation, "No, I swear, we don't just sit around smoking weed. It's an actual club. We do important shit! Such as—"

And they were right. There were too many teenagers on campus! When the summer of '22 came to a close, SDSU's new freshman class swarmed the dormitories like a plague of locusts. They all piled into their doubles, three per room, excited to begin their fresh new college experience of getting talked down to by frat boys. However, their excitement would soon be squashed, as the mold growing throughout the vents, just like in *Among Us*, was soon to emerge and strike.

It was first noticed by faculty, feeling as though their early morning freshman lectures were a bit more dead than usual. And they were right. Senior staffer Zodiac Killer, still taking numerous freshmen classes reported, "I was the only one asking any questions. Rapp seemed so sad, and I remember one day he left class crying! That's why I slept with him! To make him feel better!"

Things escalated when high schoolers began touring campus again, as groups of slimy little first years would stop and stare dead-eyed whenever a gaggle of minors passed. At first, it was thought to be a joke. A fun new way that the freshmen would intimidate the potential Aztecs. However, when the high schoolers would join in with the unblinking stares, mumbling chants, and singing in unison, there was nothing to joke about. It started to be scary, like the scary movie *The Shining* or *Matilda*. "I was so scared," reported Wee Wee Madame, trembling. And that was before the killings began.

Once the Spring semester of 2023 began, bloodied, beaten, and battered upperclassmen were found in trash cans, dumpsters, nooks, and holes across campus. They were all hidden poorly, with trails of miniature footprints connecting each amateur burial site. Everyone was tense across the university, as it was clear who was responsible for the killings. "That's not how I would've hidden bodies! It must've been those worthless children all running amok," speculated Koala violence expert Soup. And Soup was onto something, for nobody would hide bodies that sloppily... unless... they weren't human. As more and more minor hordes roaming campus displayed odd behavior (levitation, eyes with no pupils, wild contortions and such) in unison, only one conclusion could be met: they had grown into a hivemind.

The next few months were defined by misery. Getting to class was a dangerous mission. Students ducked and weaved between hordes of minors, taking back-routes and The Tunnels, driven only by the harsh attendance standards of their professors. Koala transportation expert Guava Goose shared his unusual commute route, saying, "I just drive onto Campanile and run all those stupid fucking kids over in my 1974 Buick Apollo."

Nobody could run the risk of being ripped apart by tour groups in the union or sports fans at Viejas Arena. That's where all the old Koala recruits went. I swear. That's how they died. Nonetheless, since January, thousands of Aztec lives have been lost to the evil pimply hordes, and as I write this article, the twin towers of Koala HQ are surrounded by children, our staffers praying for some way to combat the demons.

And yet, as I and the rest of the staffers huddle around the KoalaGun™, we know there is nothing we can do. For they are minors, and we are not. We can't scare them with our super funny newspaper, as it is legally classified as pornography. We can't fight the little blighters— we can't deal with another lawsuit! All we can do is pray to God. And so, I must assume this is the last anyone will hear from The Koala. Please remember us. Tell our families we liked them. And if you want more satirical news, don't read UCSD's Koala. That's not how we want to be replaced.



Attention All Business Majors: Naptime!

Drain "The Cock" Sockson

SDSU is implementing a very special course, part of their new higher-level-education business major, "Super BS". On top of rolling out this more advanced "Super BS", they announced a very special class that caught the media's attention: "Naptime."

This upper division class will feature very rigorous course material. It is said to require 8 hours of homework a night, with a very in depth, dreaming portion. It seems as though the days of passing out on the upper floors of the library are over, and the time for sleeping with your teachers is upon us!

Business majors make up over 20% of this school's population and they have been demanding courses to match up with their skill level for years. Much of the school's new funding has been recently approved to build a playground to accommodate this new major's extensive course material. Equipped with the highest-grade monkey bars, and a seesaw to practice "getting above the rest," this playground will be a hot new attraction for undergrads.

With such a competitive major underway, the SDSU board members decided to pick the incoming students through a game of heads-up 7up, a cup stacking tournament, and a campus-wide scavenger hunt. Alongside these more than unorthodox methods we will be receiving a new Masters program as well, offering a playing-pretend course with a thesis in fingerpainting. These new courses are rumored to be issued in between recess and snack time for these newer students, and will be available next semester. Time will tell if these new opportunities for business majors will lead to a decrease in temper tantrums and milk spills!



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#1 Test Prep for SDSU

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The Blabbermouth



The Blackout



The Lover



The Yakker



The DAB



The Hothead

♈ ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌ ♍ ♎ ♏ ♐ ♑ ♒ ♓

THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA'S WHORE-O-SCOPES

What are the Signs' Summer Plans?

ARIES: This is the summer you're finally going to make the perfect brisket.

TAURUS: Let's be real: you're going to sit in your bed and rot away all summer. (Trader Joe's has cheap wine, FYI)

GEMINI: Ur gonna get soooo many Kissies~

CANCER: We know what you're planning. DO NOT FUCKING DO IT.

LEO: You'll take selfies in a kiddie pool shallower than you are, you fucking asshole.

VIRGO: You're going to live out the entire plot of Fleabag Seasons 1 and 2.

LIBRA: Try putting a little seasoning in your ramen. And by that, I mean cum.

SCORPIO: You're finally going to land that backside frontside switch kickflip. And nobody will believe you.

SAGITTARIUS: Y'arr going to "discover" ye "Olde New World" filled with unsuspecting locals.

CAPRICORN: You're going to be fired from that job you love and everything around you will crumble.

AQUARIUS: The council has decided that you fuck-ing suck. Have a terrible summer.

PISCES: You're going to develop a chronic addiction to drinking cranberry juice because someone told you it will help your vape addiction.

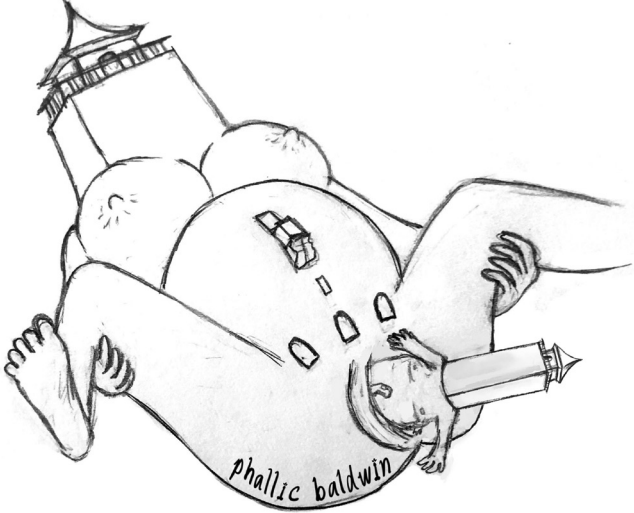
Breaking News Update: Hardy Tower Has Given Birth!

Chlamillion Dollar BJ

After a dreary Winter, it seems that life finds a way! Last November, a new Koala recruit reported that the Hardy Tower was pregnant with a half-human, half-belltower hybrid child. Though that recruit was taken out back and shot with the KoalaGun™ for being found canoodling with a member of the Daily Aztec, the Hardy Tower itself moved forward with the pregnancy. After months of incessant bell ringing, morning sickness, and a gender reveal party that left everyone more confused than they were to begin with, a bouncing baby building has been born!

A correspondent for the Koala met with the baby's deadbeat dad, second-year Econ major Geoffrey Markham, in his shared one-bedroom apartment to learn more about the child. "Well, as you know," began Markham between handfuls of Cheetos Hot Fries, "the kid was conceived when I jerked off in a lonesome corner of the Hardy Tower's many hallways. I tried to convince the tower to... get rid of it, but it never answered!" Markham paused to burp and lick the dust off his fingers and then fart. "Probably because it is a bell tower." Apparently, Markham had wanted to name the child after his father Linus, "but the Hardy Tower insisted on naming it 'Ring-a-ding-dong-cling-clang.' I hate ethnic names!" Oh brother.

In related news, an unplanned building demolition occurred at Life Sciences South, where the baby went on a stumbling tantrum-induced rampage. Standing 12-feet tall, it stomped around on its huge stupid legs, making frantic bell sounds and baby gurgles. A group of Campus Police drove up on golf carts to stop it, but when they realized it was a descendant of Dr. Hardy, they decided to just give it a warning and go back to kicking unhoused people off of the Broken Yolk property. It took a whole team of architects and wet nurses to calm it down by creating a large artificial breast (filled with real building milk!) and implanting it onto Hardy Tower. The baby suckled before cuddling up to nap. The familial peace of Spring fell over the courtyard, as the parent tower began a clanging rendition of "You Are My Sunshine."



BREAKING: Local Family Generously Offers Home to Gang of Criminals

Recruit #1@ML3G3ND

The SDSU Police Department has had their hands full with the recent uptick in criminal activity around campus. From carjackings to muggings, every officer available has been patrolling the streets and booking as many criminals as possible to try to keep our streets safe. This all led to last week's incident where the matriarch of the Ramsey family, Rebecca Ramsey, called SDSUPD's emergency line after she came home from a long shift to find her home occupied by armed strangers. The police call transcript reads as follows:

Dispatcher: SDSU PD, this is Officer Timbo, what's your emergency?

Rebecca Ramsey: There are strangers in my house!

D: Ma'am I need you to calm down, okay? Are you sure they aren't your kids?

RR: No, they aren't my fucking kids, there are like 30 adults in there!

D: Always nagging with you types, geez.

RR: My kids are still in there with them. I think they are holding them hostage!

D: Yeah, yeah. Officers are en route.

When police arrived on the scene, they quickly began negotiations with the abductors. Bullhorn in hand, police chief Gregory Murphy ordered for one of the criminals to step out and act as ambassador. Then out stepped the gang's appointed leader, who we now know as James Budd, wearing Cheeto stained sweats and

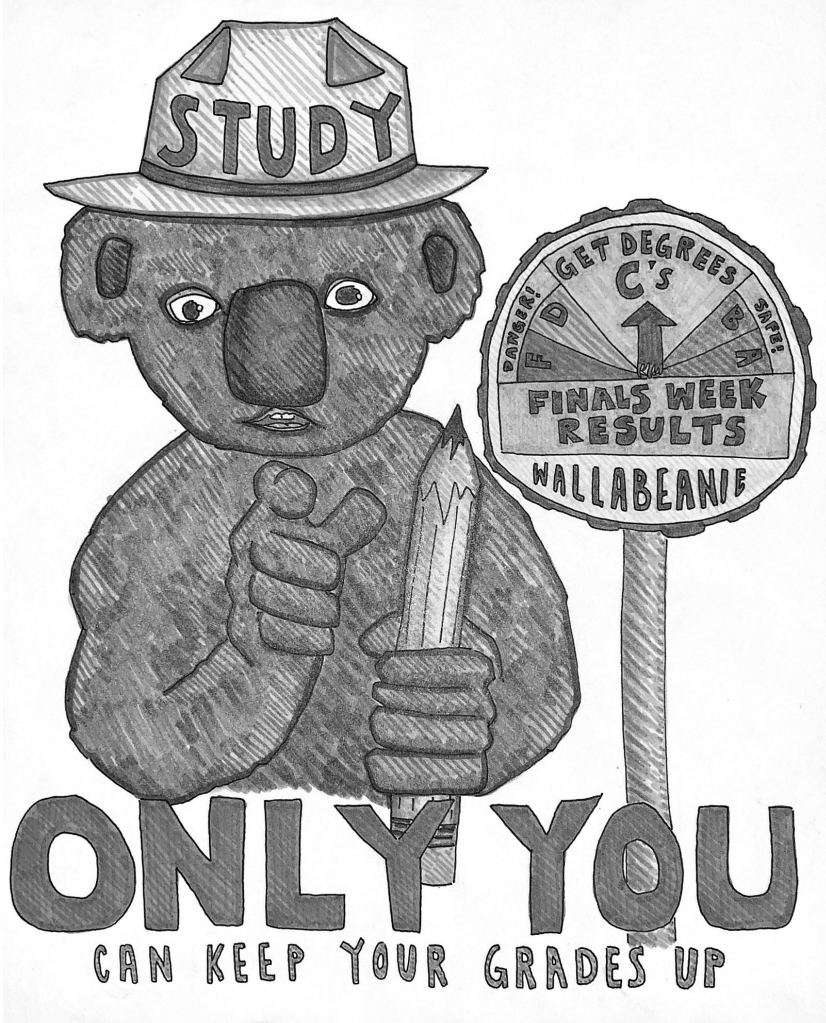
an "I Paused My Game To Be Here" graphic tee. Though he was encircled by armed policemen, Budd was as calm as can be. Using a military grade robot dog - newly acquired by SDSUPD through the city's peacekeeping initiative - Budd was given a bullhorn of his own.

"The only way this doesn't turn ugly is if you hand over the kids and turn yourselves in," the Police Chief shouted, readying a SWAT team to recover the kids.

Budd was silent for a moment, until taking out a paper from his pockets. His words rang thus:

"For decades, the Ramsey family has been a part of this land. This home has nourished, healed, protected and embraced them for two generations in a relationship of balance and harmony. As members of the San Diego State community we acknowledge this legacy. We promote this balance and harmony. We find inspiration from this land; the home of the Ramseys."

Immediately the SWAT team fell back and stared in awe. Police Chief Murphy put his bullhorn down and raised his fist solemnly in the air. "I'm sorry we were so mistaken sir! Boys, it's a-okay here. Let's head home." As the cop cars filed out of the area, Rebecca Ramsey shouted out, "BUT MY HOME! MY KIDS ARE STILL IN THERE!" The police chief shook his head and said "You don't know a damn thing do you. This land isn't yours anymore, it's the community's. Show some respect." And he got in his car and drove away.



"I don't think this is COMM 103"

Bathroom Reviews

An Un-bear-able Fate

Drain "The Cock" Sockson

Two burritos into my usual Three Burrito Breakfast, and things are looking pretty dicey. I never thought it would come to this. I glance down at my Jaeger-Le-Coulre watch (which I have) and see that it's 1:53pm. I have seven minutes until my next class, but I've been known to make quick bathroom trips, or my name isn't Drain "The Cock" "Quick-Bathroom-Trips" Sockson. I sprint straight beneath the historic arch of Hepner Hall, swing a right and wiggle my way into the bathroom, almost like those two burritos (two thirds of my Three Burrito Breakfast) that are wiggling their way out of my arches. I can't wait to be rushed with that iconic wet dog aroma that I sometimes smell in there. I burst the door open, while those two burritos (part of my Three Burrito Breakfast) are creeping out ever so steadily. Then, I push the big stall door wide open, I close it behind me, and I lunge for the toilet. "AAGAGHAHAHGAGH-AGAHHHAAGAHHHHHH." Suddenly, I can't move, and my right leg is in excruciating pain. "OH FUCK OH GOD FUCK!" I scream.

MY LEG IS STUCK IN A BEAR TRAP!

By minute 6 of my leg being stuck in a bear trap, I'm soooo bored that I pull out a notebook to document my experience.

Minute 7: I'm not happy about this.

Hour 1: I don't think I'm making it to class.

Hour 3: I'm holding in my two burritos with everything I have. I can't reach the toilet or the door to the stall because the bear trap is conveniently placed in the middle.

Hour 4: I call my mom, and she says she's doing great and that she took the dogs out for a walk today.

Hour 5: Someone walks in, says "Oh, wrong bathroom," and walks out.

Hour 10: Two out of three burritos have officially left the arches— if only I were afforded the same freedom. I am able to reach for some toilet paper to create a blanket and pillow, and I take my rest for the night.

Hour 20: I wake up, bright and early, after my 10 long hours of shut eye. I hear the familiar airy "brrrrrrrr" of the old metal hand-dryer as well as those iconic Hardy Tower bells. I sit up from my slumber, the teeth of the bear trap digging into my flesh just a little bit deeper.

Hour 45: I am awoken by the clamoring of three boys, one of them is getting dragged by the other two. The two boys doing the dragging kick the door of the stall next to mine and proceed to throw the other one

directly into the toilet bowl. All of this is followed by a couple of flushes and "how do you like that?" One of the boys grabs the toilet boy's underwear and stretches it as far back as he can. I heard them say, in unison, "Next time you'll think twice about dissing the Daily Aztec!!"

Hour 65: It's important to note that the lighting here is incredible, with gorgeous tiles and walls to match its upbeat atmosphere. As far as bathrooms go, this is a fantastic one to get my right leg stuck in a bear trap in.

Hour 83: Bored, I inspect each and every crevice and scratch in my stall. I find comfort in the etched-out words on the stall door that read "I fucked ur bitch in here," "vote for me and u can have ur way with me ~ Tarek Morsy" and "watch out for the bear trap!"

Hour 90: Someone gets done in the stall next to me and walks out, headed for the door. I yell "Hey wait! You didn't wash your hands." Embarrassed, they trudge back towards the sink. "There's no soap," they exclaim. "Try the other sink," I answer back. "Not this one either." "Ugh, ok, I think I have some hand sanitizer." They oblige and say a proper thanks before they walk out of the bathroom.

Hour 113: The lights turn off because I'm sitting still for too long, so I have to squirm around to get the motion sensors to notice me. I get up and off the floor, forgetting that my leg is stuck in a bear trap, my body yanks back down.

Hour 127: I can't help myself, and finish the rest of my third burrito. It's moldy and rotten, but I'm desperate. Hopefully, I won't be here for too much longer.

Hour 1,225: I've decided for this to be my last entry. I've been surviving off bowl water and rationed toilet paper scraps. I am flushing this review down the toilet in hopes that it reaches the subsection of the Koala staff that operates in the sewers.

Overall, this bathroom had its ups and downs; the 2 burritos honestly made their surrender fairly smooth, and the ambiance, which I've learned to love in here for the past 50 days or so, is breathtaking. My advice to you, Koala readers, is always check the bathroom for bear traps BEFORE you use the bathroom.

I give this bathroom 3/5 bear traps.



National Mall Public Restroom

Chlamillion Dollar BJ

This month continues Chlamillion Dollar BJ's expedition to shit in all the world's toilets, and I have returned to San Diego briefly to write on my most nationalistic toilet yet! I was taking a stroll through the National Mall of our nation's beautiful capital, perusing all the many monuments and landmarks that I saw in the movies. I was pepper sprayed by a guard in front of the White House, I took a selfie on the rockhard lap of big daddy Lincoln, and I made the most original joke of all time when I said the Washington Monument was shaped like a big white cock.

But it was while gazing upon the solemn list of those killed in the Vietnam Conflict, our boys whose nation sent them to a foreign land to kill for an unjust cause, that I felt the mother of all movements forming in my guts. Bad timing, I know, but my malignant stomach has no reverence for tragedy and reflects only the horrific comedy of war. All this to say, I nearly shit myself. I booked it out of the memorial trench and started looking for a place to relieve myself. I was gonna return to the Lincoln Memorial bathroom but there was a John Wilkes Booth impersonator causing a scene. I thought about stopping into the African American History Museum and shitting in their bathroom, but I'm

too much of an ally to do something like that to them. I considered the Reflecting Pond and dropped my pants, but at that exact moment a tour group of 8th graders passed by and I had to put my big ass away. What could I do????

After several minutes of frantically crowning, I saw the ONLY public restroom in the whole stupid patriotic park and ran inside. I squatted down onto the half-busted porcelain throne and held eye contact with a big "Ben Carson 2020" sticker as I made dook. Looking around, it seemed as though the bathroom had been marked with a number of campaign stickers, from Obama's "Hope" to Eisenhower's "I Like Ike," and even Nixon's "Go For Dick!" As my face turned red and my vision went white from effort, I felt a blue tear stream down my face. This is the American Dream: that even a kid coming from as far as San Diego could make their way into a stinky Hall of Fame such as this one and be surrounded by our former Commanders in Chief, and also be pooping. God Bless America! I give this bathroom 3/5 bald eagles.



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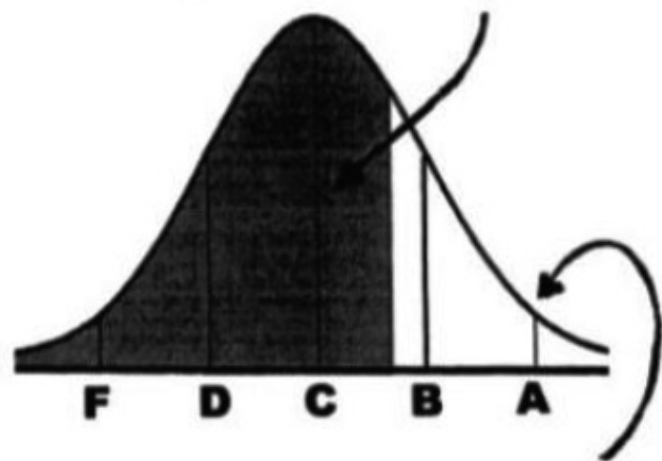
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And MANY more...

Penis in urethra = yes.

My therapist def doesn't like him but at least she understands why I do

I came all over that foot of that statue that all you bitches rub for good luck

Anyone else fucked scholastically, socially and religiously...?!?

once i put chapstick up my pussy and then just walked around to see if i could have it in there

Where do you apply to be a sorority toilet? Asking for a friend...

I accidentally shit the bed in my mexico spring break house don't tell my girlfriend

why does everyone keep asking me if i'm gay just bc i haven't had any since high school

my boyfriend is cheating on me. so i pissed on the weed he's been trimming and shit. tried to help it grow faster. can you believe he SMOKED that shit - i can't even lie. omw to break up w him now. i will never tell him about the piss though. that will be our secret. be scared

phones so dry i be checking the weather and my canvas for updates

how do y'all bitches walk out the gym with a fat ass

this guy at the trolley station asked me if i went to sdsu and said yeah then he said he had a feeling because he saw i was wearing uggs.. should i be offended

to the hot guy at chipotle who makes my kids quesadilla i want you so bad

I thought I was the only one that was held hostage in the art building by a man taking pictures of my feet, can we start an emotional support group

My homie just admitted to watching video game alien porn and I dont wana be sitting here anymore.

every michael in the whole world can go fuck themselves

To whoever has a trump flag in their room at VA, fuck you and close ur blinds that's embarrassing

I'm gonna keep calling it the East Comms until a hot bitch corrects me Got told I looked like I was from New Jersey. How did they know???

I'd settle for some nipple, you'll settle for some shaft, we're perfect for each other

My mom wants me to start helping out with bills how do I tell her I have a monthly payment on a Starbucks order

Professor Ravaglioli be fine as hell

To the drunk European who threw up onto my patio from above, it splashed onto me and I saw the oranges you'd eaten. I can't unsmell that.

If someone's boob touched me in class, should I say excuse me or should them. Maybe direct eye contact is best.

When I'm being too sassy my bf will pick me up and take me to a new location. It's his natural instinct.

My hair was almost lit on fire at the bball game by a hyper ass dude lighting his blunt.

I waiting for some blonde to face dive into the turtle pond while texting

If you see a mama duck and her 7 chicks. Please help them cross Montezuma road.

To that guy with his cursive America tattoo, and kid named America. I think you're a terrorist

To the girl I saw walking to the frat party in the red micro slingshot bikini, you are a driving hazard

Why does everyone here have such large breasts

i know for a FACT that my roommates pink build a bear frog has touched balls before

i'm waiting for the final 4 shirts to be on sale since we fucking lost

you don't have to tell us to use a swipe at the garden that's literally our job we'll do it whether you ask us to or not

Why the fuck do y'all always lose pubes in urinal and why are they so long

A little birth defect never hurt nobody

Most of the time I pee with the door open so my boyfriend can hum along, it's quite entertaining.

Is it just me or do cocks feel like you're holding a hairless cat

My polysci teacher looks like my grandma and idk if it makes me sad or horny

Had to grab a cheese stick mid hookup bc I was gonna vom <3

John, you are the chefiest man I know and you ferment your own pickles, please go down on a girl already.

Whoever tf threw my beautiful pumpkin on the street YO MOMS A HO and karma will get you that pumpkin was protecting my house from the nasty dirty spirits like you walking around state

to the guy who went down on my full bush, ur doing gods work

Our safe word is Brexit

There's a literal MUSHROOM growing out of my bathroom ceiling in the Tecs, GET ME THE FUCK OUTTA HERE

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