

THE MOTHERFUCKING KOALA



ISSUE 1
FUK U :)
VOLUME XXV

BUSSIN
ZADDY
MEET ME IN THE BARN

KING
WRIZZ



TRAD Thinspo
- Era

Italians

MILKERS



Elon
SIGMA Core

Cuek
NPC
OPP



HIMBO



Incel

CHAT GPT
OOMFIE

Drip



LEGALIZE METH
AGREE?



FUNNY
TOWERS

BASED

10,000.00
ASSIGNMENTS
DUE IN 1 MINUTE!

L+RATIO

COPE

! !
MY.SDSU
NOT WORKING

Normie

Ask
SAE
where is their
missing CAT?!

EREN YAEGER

SHARE
YOUR
LOCATION

Edging

Seed oils

SDSU
SHEIN
MERCH

BRUH

NO HOUSING
4 U?
WOMP WOMP



FEMBOY



SOY



MICROPLASTICS

Barbenheimer
GOONING

STUDENT
SUCCESS
FEE DUE
PAY \$6911420

SOAKING

HOT
KOALAS
NEAR
YOU?
ACCEPT?



PSYOP?

KOALA
ISWEEPSTAKES!
ENTER YOUR
CREDIT CARD
INFO TO WIN!

SOUNDING

THE WORST IN
COLLEGIATE
JOURNALISM
SINCE 1982!

Baby Gronk

FREE!!!
FREE!!!
FREE!!!



DRAIN
GANG

WELCOME BACK TO THE SHIT MOTHERFUCKERS

Well, well, well, if it isn't the most DEPRAVED and PRETENTIOUS little newspaper you've ever had the privilege to lay your unenlightened eyes upon! Gather 'round, you mere mortals, for a message from the one, the only, the magnificent and ever-present Guava Goose!

In this year's sensational paper, we've got stories, blurbs, doodle, scribbles, and other funny little tidbits that'll make your jaw drop, your hearts throb, and your dopamine-fried brains absolutely burst like your ex-boyfriend on homecoming night when he was only 2 seconds in! We've got scandals that'll make Watergate look like a kiddie pool party, and exclusives that'll have you thinkin', 'Why do I even go to school here?' Don't blink, don't you dare fucking blink, 'cause you won't wanna miss a single syllable of this scatological spectacle!

Prepare yourselves, folks, because you're about to embark on a riveting journey through a newspaper so grandiose, it'll make Shakespeare look like a fucking toddler smearing shit across walls! Hold onto your panties, and your common sense, because we've got some steamy hot content that's been brewing in us all summer; brewing like that turd you've been holding in all morning during lecture (everyone can tell).

So, get ready to be overwhelmed by the sheer lack of quality in this piece of toilet paper, stuff it into your backpack, and only re-discover it as you search for that pack of Newports that you just seem to be unable to go without. Oh, the sheer melodrama of it all! Welcome back to state suckers.

Your secret admirer always,
Guava Goose

[The 1%]
Guava Goose

[Blue-Collar Twerkers]

Eaterout, John MulBangMe, Orb, Zodiac Killer, Minisquirt, Brotankula, Molly Ringworm, Bobby Slayy, Soup

[The Lower Ass]

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

[Untouchables]

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, DeeZ Nutz, Backshot Barbie, Jewish American Pegger



THE KOALA WANTS YOU FOR FALL RECRUITMENT

IF YOU ARE
GOOD AT:

- ART
- WEB DESIGN
- ADVERTISING
- JOURNALISM
- INDESIGN
- PARTY PLANNING

JOIN NOW!

APPLICATIONS
ARE OPEN!

DM us on IG:
@SDSUKoala

Email Us:
the.koala.newspaper@gmail.com



THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



sponsored by **course**  **star** SM
fuck chegg

Top 5 Freshman Housing Options

1. Sophomore Housing
2. Commune
3. The Arc Lactation Room
4. The Tunnels
5. My House

Top 5 Banned Books

1. Waddle Lot of Laughs: The Official Club Penguin Joke Book
2. The Dangerous Book for Boys
3. Harry Potter and the Uptick of Gun Violence
4. Magic Tree House: Camping Out with the Confederacy
5. Diary of a Wimpy Kid: When Nice Guys Get Angry

Top 5 TSA Tips

1. Put a bullet in your foreskin so they'll touch you
2. Show them your gun!
3. Wear a striped polo shirt
4. Cocaine EVERYWHERE!!!
5. Pet the doggies :3

Top 5 September Holidays

1. 9/10
2. Tuesday
3. Tueaday
4. Boom boom day
5. My uncles's birthday

Top 5 Natural Disasters

1. Class on your birtdhay
2. Big rock candy mountain fudgeslide
3. My friend grant
4. Hijacked plane
5. Cigarette won't light

Top 5 Other Things that Happened on 9/11

1. LOST MY VIRGINITY!!!!
2. Stubbed my toe :(
3. Bush's Big Oopsie
4. Opposite Day!
5. Got my pilot's license

Top 5 Towers

1. 2
2. 1
3. The one in my pants
4. The Triplet
5. Getting Eiffel towered

Top 5 Campus Construction Projects

1. Kumeyaay Land Acknowledgement Parking Lot
2. UCSD
3. Harder tower
4. The 9/11 memorial
5. Tower lengthening procedure

Bottom 5 Tips for Freshmen

1. Join the Koala
2. Plant bombs on campus (as a bit!)
3. Try out equitable access!
4. Don't wear a condom!! it feels better
5. Rush

Top 5 Sluts

1. Slut Magog
2. Tony Soprano
3. The guy from the Sopranos
4. Slutman
5. Vivek Ramaswamy

Top 5 Bugs

1. Applebee
2. Covid! Remember? 2020?
3. The one in my head that tells me to jerk it to my roommates
4. Beetle with penis
5. Bah cumbug

Bottom 5 Books

1. Warriors
2. Warrior cats
3. Warrior cat fanfiction
4. Warrior cat fan fiction for girls
5. If You Give A Mouse A Handjob
6. 1985
7. Book of Mormon (no gay sex!)
8. The Bible (no gay sex!)
9. The Quaran (no gay sex)
10. Binging with Babish cookbook

Top 5 Torture Methods

1. No tummy time
2. Koala Personals
3. America Ferrera Barbie Monologue
4. Campus Toilet Paper
5. Johnny Bear Trap Hands

Top 5 Things You CAN'T Joke About Anymore

1. Hijacked airplanes hitting towers full of innocents
2. Urban sprawl
3. The Naughty List
4. Men with mustaches
5. Bomb threats targeting campus on 9/13/2023

Top 5 Songs of the Summer

1. Te Deum Laudamus (Franz Joseph Haydn)
2. Hungarian Dance No. 5
3. Horse Whinny by Pro Sound Effects Library (ft. Baby Songs Academy)
4. White Noise
5. I Promise You Baby If You Come Back I'll Stop Cranking My Hog So Much (Elvis)

Top 5 Republican Presidential Candidates

1. Happydam Hussein
2. Lin Manuel Miranda
3. General Plookie
4. Tooty Giuliani
5. White hillary

Top 5 Hurtful Insults

1. Fucking gunker
2. Bet you jerk it from the front
3. Clitty boy
4. I bet you use two hands and gargle the balls too
5. Whitey

Bottom 5 New SDSU Professors

1. Dr. Barbie (is boy)
2. Tom Foolery
3. Dr. J. Angelo Corlett
4. Professor Mister
5. SkyDoesMinecraft

Top 5 Tips for Frat Parties

1. Go to them
2. Shoot for the moon, if you miss, you'll land among the stars
3. Bring ur 3DS
4. Kill yourself in front of them
5. It's better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all

The War on Drugs

Drain "The Cock" Sockson

San Diego State University President Adela de la Torre signed the "Don't Say Drug" bill into law last Friday and effectively declared drugs as "Public Enemy Number One!"

The bill approved an investigation that was originally supposed to be on the tightened grip of SDSU's administration when it comes to drug related incidents. However, after looking into WHY the school tightened its grip, I was in shock! SDSU recently implemented a stricter drug policy with obsessive and almost tyrannical new tactics. I was in my Culture and Language class the other day when a gaggle of the school's lackeys came storming in and raided backpacks in suspicion of a "drug related incident." In fact, the whole Ethnic Studies department was involved in a crazy drug bust that was said to rival "Operation Sudden Fall," SDSU's partnership with the DEA back in 2008 (look it up). Only this time, it's not those heavenly angels on Frat Row, with their perfect white complexions and flawless record being **WRONGLY** accused :(. Instead, it's the disenfranchised and underprivileged freaks and geeks of SDSU that are getting **RIGHTLY** accused :).

However, I quickly realized this might be a burden for me. I tried to fill my subscription the other day at our pharmacy (which many students don't know we have) and I found out that SDSU raised the taxes for international students. I tried to plead with them and tell them that I'm not even out-of-state, let alone international! But they wouldn't have it. All they did was point to my skin. After this altercation, I was strip searched. They spread everything in hopes of sniffing out "what we placed on you," as they called it. Honestly, the biggest news here is...

"The Cock," is brown.

Once it started affecting me, I decided to dive into the problem a little deeper and noticed a string of incidents where Elite guards have been dropping crack into the lowest income classrooms: Performing Arts classes. The Experimental Theater turned into a trap house and they're using the recently built "Main Stage" as a source of distribution. My roommate who's a Theater major robbed me blind just the other day in hopes of obtaining "that good good." Now I'm out a couple wristwatches, 55 bucks cash, and a roommate. On top of all this, people around San Diego County have noticed spikes in both opioid usage and ear-splitting Les Mis renditions across the streets of Little Italy.

I decided to track down and follow one of the Elite guards to a second base of operations, which led me straight to the Chemistry department. It turns out that a student government run operation called the Chemist's Illicit Addicts, or CIA for short, are partnering with the school to peddle the worst grade substances straight into the disadvantaged hands of minorities and low income classrooms.

Once the information on all of this went public, the SDSU Chief of Staff resigned and explained the motives behind these measures. As we all know, affirmative action has been canceled by the government, so SDSU decided to take control in an unprecedented way. Now that there was no requirement for them to accept minorities, the last bit of cleansing that needed to be done was weeding out the colored students who have already been accepted into SDSU. Otherwise when it came to the Performance majors, it was obvious; SDSU simply didn't want to fund their shitty musicals anymore.

The Chief of Staff closed their speech with a final statement:

"We knew we couldn't expel students for participating in Performing Arts or being a minority, but by getting the public to associate the performers and minorities with drugs, and then fighting against both heavily, we could disrupt those communities. We could arrest their leaders, raid their homes, break up their meetings, and vilify them night after night on the evening news. Did we know we were lying about the drugs? Of course, we did."

Online Homework... The Relentless Time-Sucking Monster



Have CourseStar Tame the beast!

DOES YOUR HOMEWORK FOR YOU:

MyStatLab | BA 323 | BA 360 | FIN 329

Acctg 201 | Acctg 202

Acctg 326 | Acctg 331 | Acctg 334

OWLv2 Chem 100 & Chem 200



coursestar.com

Koalas On Strike

Downton Stabby

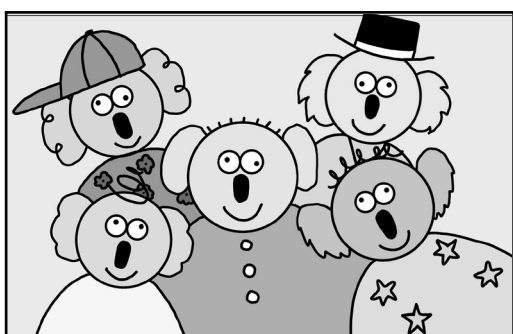
I'm sure you all had a lovely summer, relaxing in the San Diego sun and giving yourself a nice, crispy complexion. I bet you had so. Much. Fun. You know who didn't? Writers.

Earlier this year, the Writers Guild of America went on strike because those multi-billion dollar studios won't fork enough chump change to pay their workers. Their fight serves as inspiration to writers everywhere, especially here at the Koala.

Ok, yes, we don't publish anything over the summer, but that doesn't mean we weren't worked to the fucking BONE. Yeah, maybe the Holly-

wood writers were living in fear that they would be replaced by AI, but we weren't being allowed bathroom breaks! And maybe all of them were struggling to make ends meet, living paycheck to paycheck and fearing they would never see compensation for their work, but we were living in fear of having to do ALL of the dishes after our Koala feasts!!!

All of this to say that we cannot catch a fucking break. So, like my forebears, I am taking it upon myself to force a break. You can have this silly little draft, and fill in the blanks your fucking self, because I'm DONE:



KOALA LIBS

The semester is back in full swing here at SDSU, bringing _____ right along with it. Freshmen everywhere are flocking to _____, toting _____, boxes, and millions of _____.

At the _____ of the morning on August 16th, families and _____ alike were lining up to try and get the best _____ in the dorms. Already, alliances were forming and _____ were being filled. The freshmen were already knocking on doors, picking out which of their hallmates they were going to _____ and then ignore for the rest of the year. It seemed all was well in the _____ halls of _____ and _____, and even _____ that is, until a _____ broke out across campus! Multiple students reported hearing a loud scream that sounded like _____.

"It was fucking crazy, _____," new freshman Bradley said in an interview. "I was just, like, _____ and _____, and then the scream happened." SDSU Police say there's nothing to worry about, but they also said that when I caught my ex-wife cheating on me, that _____.

Unbeknownst to everyone until the morning, the scream was a result of _____ getting _____ with _____. The freshmen and their families were _____.

One alumni, _____, told reporters, "I was graduated from this _____ institution in _____, and I have NEVER been so appalled! Usually, they invite everyone to watch the first _____ of the season." Back in the freshmen dorms, everyone was _____. While many assumed it was because they were realizing their own mortality once their parents left, the reality was that the _____ had been canceled because of the scandal. "This kind of makes me want to allegedly _____ all over campus," one freshman had to say. And, while all of us who have once been freshmen can sympathize, there's only so much we can do. It only goes downhill from here and, as they say, "_____!" Hopefully, they can catch and observe the next administrator scandal. There's bound to be another soon.

ROTC Whistleblower Reveals Speedrunning PSYOP

Chlamillion Dollar BJ

To many, this past summer was a time of rest, relaxation, and sneaky links with the high school teachers you never quite relinquished tensions with. However, for some Americans, this summer was a time of continued hard work and dedication. The best and bravest of our countrymen did not take a single break from focusing their mind, body, and souls to protect the thing they love most. That's right, even in the dog days of summer we can always count on America's Finest: the Speedrunning Community.

Fueled by chalupas and G-Fuel, the gamers of the speedrunning community work tirelessly to maintain their world records and find frame-shaving glitches, often completely unrecognized by the public at large. In fact, not many know this, but some of the juggernauts of the culture were born and bred in SDSU's nationally renowned Speedrunning Club. Gaming superstars like B0bTheBr0ny, xXx_wonkydongcuntry_xXx, and Big (Dick) Richard all started by yanking the sticks in the SDSU clubroom underneath the soccer field by P12.

However, a presumed former club member and ROTC student that only goes by the screenname "NavyBrat" has just blown the whistle on a massive undercover operation in a recent YikYak about the club. In a fevered string of posts, NavyBrat revealed that the SDSU Speedrunning Club has been undergoing a military PSYOP ever since the student population returned to campus from summer. The club's former president who went by her screenname MyLittlest Chungus (who said girls couldn't GAME??) had been replaced by a 6'7 skinhead that wore camo, weighed 280lbs, and called himself ChiefQueef. According to NavyBrat, ChiefQueef began running the club like a boot camp, pushing all the top players through rigorous finger training and endurance drills. Club members would go nights without sleep, eyes glued to the screen under the Queef's watchful gaze. There was apparently at least one instance in which a sophomore player named \$had0wThe3dgeHog missed the world record on Super Mario 3D World by only .03 seconds as a result of playing the English version instead of the vastly superior Japanese version, like a child, a fucking imbecile n00b who doesn't even know how to play the fucking game. As punishment for this, the Queefster actually broke \$had0w's custom

LED Hentai Rouge the Bat keyboard with his bare hands, smashing it over his big meaty knee and then spitting on the pieces. This reporter wouldn't wish a fate like that on my worst enemy, not even a total plebeian like \$had0wThe3dgeHog. But what could the reason for all this conditioning be?

Well, according to NavyBrat's post, after a late night coding a TAS for a LOZTOTK no-hit ANY% run, he overheard ChiefQueef on a phonecall and recorded the following transcript:

Yes Lieutenant Colonel Sider! The mission is going totally according to plan.

These fucking dorks are forming themselves quite nicely into manly officers with the help of my strict training regiment. I know we have been preying on minority communities for years to become military cannon fodder and serve the U.S. Imperialist machine, but we should've been preying on the MOST oppressed members of society...

GAMERS!

The transcript appears to go on like this for a while before ending with a comment about how their plan is "just like Oppenheimer!" in an overstatement that is leaving the community baffled.

NavyBrat's YikYak was taken down within 2 hours of being posted and State's ROTC program has yet to make a formal response to the whistleblower's allegations. The Speedrunning Club DID however post a 13-hour COD Zombies run performed (middlingly) by Chief Queef himself. The stream began with an informal 4-minute ukulele apology, punctuated with the sound of zombie screams as he started the run in shame.



Mandate of Heaven

TD.B

As progress continued on one of the dorm construction sites this past summer, the construction crew has uncovered stone tablets beneath the foundation written in Hebrew. After the anthropology department tested the tablets it was discovered to have the exact material makeup of the original Ten Commandments uncovered by Moses 3,500 years ago.

This discovery shook both the academic and religious communities and after months of translation and debates, the true meaning of the tablet was announced. Pope Francis has declared this the word of God:

Thou hast taken thine hills of green and thy rivers of blue, mine holy design, and forged an evil so deep and twisted that it spites humanities true purpose. Thine "Computer Science" and the majors alike are an affront of sanctity, a soiling of the soul.

Hereby the gates of Heaven shall never be open to so called "Computer science majors" for their meddling with the holy forces are evil at their base and will never thrive in holy paradise.



@SDSU_Koala



@sdsukoala



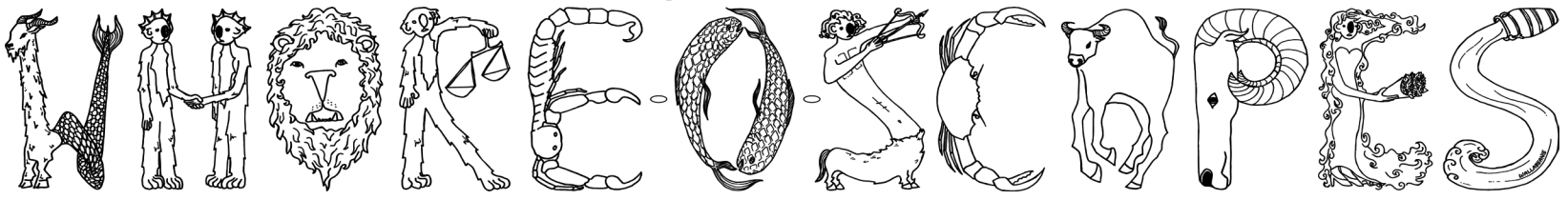
sdsukoala.com

Before A+ Review *After A+ Review*

GPA's Matter!
5-hour exam-cram workshops.
Join us and score higher!

AplusReview.com

Acct 201, 202 | BA 323, 360 | ECON 101, 102 | FIN 321, 323, 327, 329 | MATH 120, 150 | MIS 301 | STATS 119



How To Survive This Semester

ARIES: Stop overthinking your friendships! They like your intensity, if they didn't they would've stopped talking to you a while ago... unless?

TAURUS: Coming off of Venus retrograde, it's time to either get engaged or block them on everything. Probably the latter, but that's up to you to decide.

GEMINI: Remember to smile! People take your actions and how you act around them personally sometimes..

CANCER: You should start a podcast! You need somewhere to dump your chronically online takes so your friends don't have to hear you rant about he/him lesbians

LEO: I know your birthday just happened, but you need to stop drinking like it's still your birthday. Consider this an intervention.

VIRGO: You should either start or restart your meds. Rawdogging life is not for the faint of heart.

LIBRA: Everyone already knows about your big secret, so you might as well tell everyone about it. No one will be surprised.

SCORPIO: You need to stop bleeding so much. It's bad for your health.

SAGITTARIUS: Drop out of school and start a self help class to show people how to "vibe" and "chill" (whatever that means).

CAPRICORN: Try not to fall asleep with a candle burning again. One of these days you're gonna set your house on fire.

AQUARIUS: Maybe it's time to try out polyamory! Also remember to try to keep up with texting the people you forgot to respond to.

PISCES: Please take a breather. Your stress is stressing me out. You're probably in therapy already, but you should do more therapy.

Campus Village APARTMENTS

Been searching for some affordable housing nearby San Diego State campus. Well look no further!

Campus Village Apartments are located within walking distance to SDSU as well as the Campus Plaza Shopping Center.

5925 El Cajon Blvd, San Diego CA 92115

2-3 Beds

1-2 Bath



Up to 1,000 sq ft!



AMENITY HIGHLIGHTS

- Fitness Center
- Sparkling Swimming Pool
- Conference Room
- 24 Hour Laundry Facilities
- Ping Pong Corner
- Coffee Station
- Assigned Parking
- Pet Friendly Accommodations

FOR MORE INFO
REACH OUT
TODAY

619-583-3339
pm.campusvillage@6starproperties.com



A Study on Homophobia at SDSU

Bobby Slavy

Campus Pride Index names SDSU as one of 40 “best-of-the-best” LGBTQ+ friendly schools, a fact that provided an incredible relief to me when I arrived as a freshmen. However, with queer issues becoming a hot-button political question in recent years, especially with the “trans issue” driving the republican party, I’ve grown anxious. I’ve needed to receive some reassurance as to the friendliness of my school, as well as a journalistic investigation to provide relief to my fellow same-sexers. I chose to infiltrate SDSU’s most heterosexual community, the slack-liners.

I’ve watched them before, balancing perfectly while showing off their bare chest to the world. I must admit, I’ve longed for them and their glistening abs, yet I’ve always been fearful of approaching them.

Their odd homoerotic behavior is known to only exist in self-secure straight men, perhaps even homophobes. A frat man could never openly dry hump their bros in celebratory glee, or give a subtle ass-slap after a successful tight-rope act. These men are gay in public for the bit. It’s a joke to them, and to top it off, they carry a stench about them only the heteros could exhibit. The ambiguous mustiness pushes away women, yet pulls me in like a warm pie, drawing in floating cartoon characters and Drake alike. I’ll have to fit in, so I don my longest gym shorts, tightest stained white tank top, and my damp underwear from yesterday. It’s perfect.

My mission begins early afternoon, as it grows hot enough for shirts to be ripped off. There are two men: Chet, a tall tank top wearing blonde with a scraggly beard and sexy gravelly voice, and Blake, a muscular short king with no shirt and tiny nipples. Their beautiful, intense blue eyes seem to drill through me as I introduce myself. After giving their names, my fear spikes as Chet asks,

“Ayo and what’re your pronouns. We both use he/him by the way, but I’m chill with “they” as well.” This is when I thought I was caught. Could they see through me? Were they testing me, like a Soviet asking a comrade what state they’re from in order to weed out spies? Or were their girlfriends just bisexual, and they’ve been reading up on their Instagram Infographics? I swallow my fear and uncertainty, answering,

“UUHHH, he/him!!!” They shrug, and we move on. I watch them slack line for several minutes, trying not to obviously watch their glutes clench as they maintain their balance, and desperately trying to sound heterosexual in our small talk. And if it wasn’t for my lengthy practice in dapping-up (which I use to sneak into frat parties), I could’ve been outed right then and there.

However, after just a few minutes, Blake asks if I want to try out slack-lining. Trembling with fear and lust, I know I have to say no. If I didn’t, they would see me for the unbalanced little limp-wristed cock-sucker I was. Despite this, upon offering his firm veiny hand and willingness to help, I’m unable to resist. With one hand on mine, and one supporting my supple bottom, Blake eases me onto the rope.

“Just relax, and try to focus your eyes on one point,” he says, guiding me. Surprisingly, it’s not that tough, my eyes quickly wandering to Chet’s cute little lips. He’s smiling with encouragement as I’m helped up. I stand atop the rope for a good ten seconds, shaking with fear, poor balance and utter horniness. Over the next dozen minutes, I fall over and over again, moaning as I hit the ground and as Chet’s perfect hands help me up. However, eventually, finally, I take three steps forward, letting go of those angelic fingers and balancing all on my own. I fell shortly afterward, but nonetheless, I slack-lined.

The two boys leap up in celebration, shouting and whooping for my baby steps. As I sat on the ground, exhausted, I feel their shadows fall on me, their beautiful faces gazing down at my sweaty trembling body.

“That was amazing,” Blake compliments me,

“Can I kiss you?” Chet asks. I don’t know what to say. Was this a joke? A feign at congratulations for my tiny accomplishment? Is queerness still just a meaningless mockery to these boys? But as I see the gleam in his eye, and the bulge in his pants, I realize: it’s not a joke. Blake takes his hand, and adds,

“That really ment a lot to us, to show somebody new what we love,”

“Facts, we don’t know what way you swing, but we’d love to give you our full traditional celebration of a twink’s first slack-line,” Chet elaborates. And they gave it to me, right in the bushes by the turtle pond. And two minutes later, after we were finished and I laid there, sweaty, staring at the koi, I realized that while fearfully searching for bias among my community, I had been the one with bias. If I had only asked them to fuck right out the gate, it would’ve been so much easier.



Bathroom Review

Bathroom Review: Topaz Apartments

John MulBangMe

EXCITING TIMES! A new school year means many things: new classes, new awkward tension with peers you can no longer avoid after your failed summer fling, and of course: shiny new student housing options! The future brings progress, and progress would be nothing if not for an overabundance of ugly, contemporary apartment highrises.

Up, up, up they rise! Down go the businesses, big and small, from the most prosperous McDonald's to the grungiest of quote-unquote "vintage" clothing stores (nothing but love, Wotown. We miss you.) But, who cares about all that when you can pay an exorbitant amount of your parent's money for a shiny, beige, glorified dorm room!

Now, I know a certain reporter with three thumbs who thought they'd get ahead of the wave, and check out this glorious new housing option firsthand. Now, I wasn't there for the neglected pool tables, fitness centers, and gregariously painted teal accent walls, au contraire! I was called by the sweet siren song of a pristine, glistening porcelain throne untouched by human hands or cheeks. Oh, tie me to the mast!

As some of you can probably imagine, I was met with only disappointment when I was instead met with hideous construction fences and sweaty workmen with nary a place to do their holy business but a porta-potty. A PORTABLE LOO? FOR AN ESTEEMED JOURNALIST? Now, my "#1 Topazhead" foam finger may have drooped, but I was not going to let this wound bring me down. I came for a scoop, and a scoop I would get.

Literally. I took a dump in one of those big scoopy hands on one of them Bob-the-Builder lookin-ass trucks. Are they called trucks? Bulldozers? I have no idea. I shit in one. I'd like to see The Daily Aztec chunk out some dookie on an active construction site. THAT'S journalism.

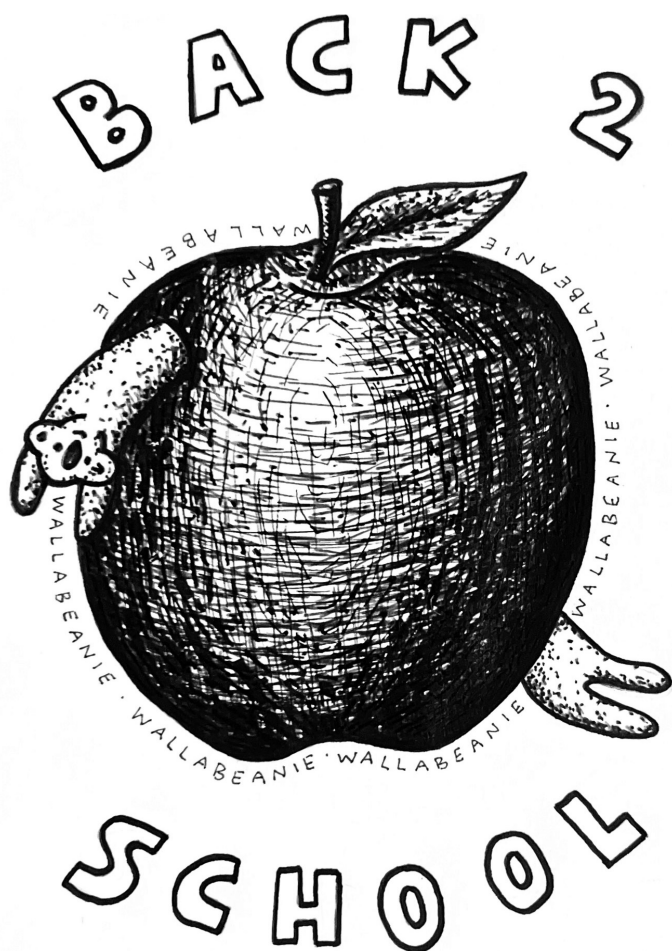
Oh, but you thought I was done? You think that I just wiped off on a loose piece of sandpaper and went on my merry old way? You're mistaken, reader. Would I have done that had I not gotten hopelessly lost in an endless tunnel of unfinished backroom-esque hallways, stretching on ad infinitum, accented only by the occasional circular teal ottoman? Maybe.

Yet, here we are. Lost in a cyclical hell of hip, San Diego interior design—a phantasmagoria of the ugliest shades of teal, orange, and neon yellow (WHY???) the human mind could comprehend. Finally, when I emerged into dirt filled courtyards with the odd decorative cactus and lots and lots of yummy construction runoff (I was thirsty! Can you blame a thirsty, thirsty girl?) I found myself in the noblest of pursuits—the need to tinkle.

My snaking path spit me out at what felt like the crux of the world. I stood out over the acute-angled precipice overlooking a preschool and Senor Pancho's, rife with utter confusion—who thought of this? Why? What made them think this was a good idea? Is this supposed to look good? Why is it so pointy?

I guess the fine folks at Cannon Construction aren't big fans of deep critical thinking, or pissing off of buildings.

To those unlucky souls who have been usurped by this completely ridiculous construction delay, my heart goes out to you. What a terrible place to do my business. I give it 1 soon-to-be-neglected study room out of 5.



ERRATUM

The Koala would like to issue an official correction and clarification to our last issue. Under no circumstances would it be "goated" to supply incendiary bombs to ISIL just to "see what they come up with." We apologize for any misconceptions.

- orb

Limp Dick Limericks

Chlamillion Dollar BJ

Welcome back everyone! Your favorite worldly poet has returned with a series of gay little rhymes for all the little children returning to San Diego State from their summertime vacation. Hope you all enjoy!

There once was a guy from the 'Tecs
who claimed not to like anal sex.
So the RA's did balk
at the big plastic cock
they discovered hid under his desk!

There once was a freshman from Chappy
who claimed drinking hard made her happy,
but she made jungle juice
with Crush, wine, and Grey Goose
and the next day in Stats she felt crappy.

Sophomore Jack Horner

Fucked in Aztec Corner

Trying to make Creampie.

He pulled out his cock
and found with a shock

he'd been fucking the Squishmallow's eye!



A+ Review

SDSU's #1 Test Preparation For Fall 2023!

Our exam-cram reviews **dumb down** all of the required exam problems and concepts that are most likely to appear on your exam!
Our students consistently score in the top of the bell curve. Join Us!

Classes We Cover:

Acctg 201	Econ 101	Fin 321
Acctg 202	Econ 102	Fin 325
BA 323	Mis 301	Fin 327
BA 360	Math 150	Fin 329
BA 370	Stat 119	

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.

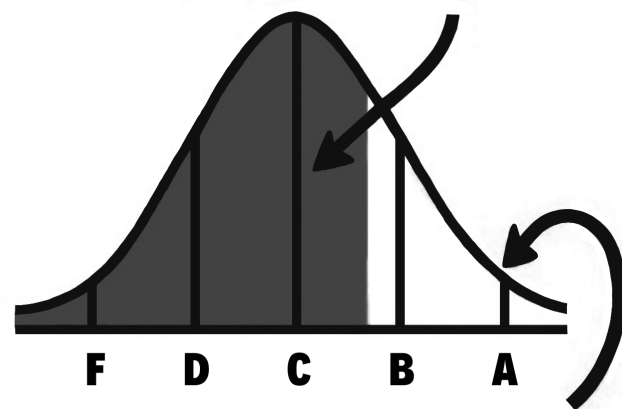
For more information go to
aplusreview.com

Parents can now pay easily online!

The Dreaded Bell Curve

Approximately 50% of SDSU undergrads shall be given a C, D, or F as a final grade!

Don't settle for that nonsense.



We **FIGHT** to push OUR students into the TOP of the bell curve. How? We spoon feed our students the exam material...

Join our exam-cram reviews!

A+ **Review**

SDSU Exam Prep Spring 2023



THE PERSONALS



STAT MATH
119 120

This page
sponsored by

A+ Review

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

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

And MANY more...

sometimes i look at my balls in the shower just to see how they are doing

IM GOING AS DEEP AS I CAN

With all the porn I watched, I couldn't find my girlfriend's vagina.

Monkey see, Monkey do, Monkey pee all over you

I've been in the same talking stage for 6 months do you think it'll work out

im gonna be a 7th year bitch

Being home for summer made me realize that my parents need to get divorced

Literally farted on this girl right after we fucked and that secured our relationship

Brought a copy of the koala back home during winter break and showed it to my family. My mom hasn't looked nearly as disappointed in me since the last time I tried to kill myself but reading the top 5 page out loud to her came pretty damn close to it.

One minute he was giving me head, the next he was sucking my toes ... He told me he doesn't have a foot fetish but he did it everytime we hooked up

post emo boy dick clarity is so real and must be studied

I need the little fucker in overalls and the yeehaw hat to come over so I can give them a BIG smooch

my cat has gotten closer to touching my boyfriend's asshole than I ever have

tried to wake my boyfriend up with a bombastic 6 second fart over facetime. he didn't wake up but my brother down the hall did

They should rebrand Storm Hall into a Rainforest Cafe

Kenzie

I have a hugggggeeeeeee crush on this one dude but hes fuxking my roommate and im also so stoned rn

Covid wasn't real

Day 2 at sdsu and my ex asks me for a ride home. Bitch what the fuck

Freeith the nipple

Ok so I'm going to make this quick. The last guy I hooked up with blew up the used condom like a freaking clown at a child's birthday. Suprised he didn't turn it into a balloon animal. Still shocked.

This gross ass bitch from Austin Texas keeps trying to talk to me and she deadass came over to our house yesterday and started cooking this rank ass sausage... and get this she itches her vagina and proceeded to cook the sausage....

Putting in my transfer application cause where the fuck is the honey mustard on this campus

the only discovery I've made about myself while away at college is that I'm alarmingly attracted to older men with small wieners

When class material gets hard so do I. I'm not kidding I literally black out from blood loss in the brain and my massive boner.

If you're the guy who fucked me in the aepe pantry last year, burn in hell

Had a threesome with 2 cousins

Me thinking about the time I caressed my roommate with a knife in his sleep just because I could

can't think too much man breast on my mind

severe lack of hot TAs this semester

That roller blader with the dreads is one tasty piece of bitch

Guys how do I eat pussy please this is time sensitive

i made friends with some girl in the elevator but she had to excuse herself to take a call from her cousin at the county jail steal from the bookstore they're not paid to stop you

I know what sex is I've just never experienced it follow me on insta @underscoreruben

They say going back to school is an adjustment. I wholeheartedly agree with this statement, but perhaps in a little less conventional way than most others. You see, I am a second year student, and as per SDSU policy you must live on campus for two years, which could be all fine and dandy, but alas I am in South Campus. This means I am without a glorious kitchen. However, because I am a stubborn little lady I refuse to go back on the SDSU meal plan. Yes yes yes, you may say all the pain I suffer is self inflicted, and it may be, but so what if it is? Aren't I allowed to complain anyway? It was today's meal that has left its mark on me. But first allow me to inform you what I have cheffed up this past week. For the past five days I have been eating mostly oatmeal, and say what you will about oatmeal, but she is one versatile-have-your-back-kind-of girl. She is, dare I say, one of the most filling breakfast/snacking food items and has been my greatest investment since returning to SDSU. I also must confess that I have smuggled a hot plate, and I refuse to feel guilty about that. A girl has got to eat. However, it's rather embarrassing because now when the RA's say "just don't let us see it or smell it", why is the "it" I am more concerned with is my poor little hot plate. I had a knock on my dorm the other day, and unfortunately I am too short to see out the South Campus peepholes (WTF South Campus, please chill) so I chucked the hot plate into my laundry bin. All this is to say, its intense lifestyle to live and not cut out for the faint of heart. I try to limit my use of the hot plate since, unfortunately, it's considered an unauthorized item. Hence today I wanted to stick to microwave meals. Thus I began my day with good old oatmeal and then for lunch I decided to try something new. I am not talking about a new Trader Joes item, I am talking about cooking, real world food making. I decided to go with something more elegant, something that reminds me of my American roots. You got it folks, it's a grand old baked potato. But gawd damn was she not baked. She was all potato. NO BAKE. I had her in there for seven minutes and it sounded like my microwave was busting her ass to get that bake, but the potato just wouldn't. And boy did I need butter or something to dress lil miss potato with. My meal right now simply looks like a beaten-up and gasping-for-life potato that still manages to be undercooked. I did what I could to fix her up, give her a little UMPH you know? I melted cheese on it and that kind of helped, but since I could not cut the potato well (with the cute zig-zags) I ended up melting the cheese beside the potato then rolled the lil potato in it. It worked? But at what cost? Also somehow I still managed to burn the roof of my mouth. I don't know, it was a rough meal. I am full now, so I will give the meal that. Before you go pointing fingers and saying it's the person that wields the potatoes, not the potatoes fault. I get it, it is my fault. I admit fault. I am just worried for the rest of the year, I thought potatoes would be reliable food too. Alas, for now I suppose it's back to oatmeal.

Submit your bullshit to:



<http://bit.ly/2xaS7nZ>

100% anonymous, 100% bullshit