

THE WORST IN COLLEGIATE JOURNALISM SINCE 1982

# МОТНЭРГЦСКИГ THE KOALA



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КОМ ИООК  
IG: SOSUKOALA

# KOALAWEEN 2023: The People's Party Gone Awry or Shameless Cash Grab?

Dear Beloved Freeloaders,

In case you hadn't heard yet, there was a little thing last Saturday called Koalaween. Let's just say it was met with mixed reviews like, "Is the Koala really an org that cares about the underbelly of the student body, or are they a group of greedy champagne socialists looking to make a quick buck off of frat rejects?" or, "Has the Koala fallen off?" and perhaps most of all, "Why the hell did that shit end at 11:40pm?" Well if you're so fucking curious, let's take a closer look.

## Trouble in Paradise

Perhaps some of you remember Koalaween '21; our first party returning from the pandemic. That party was easily the biggest flop in Koala history, being rolled in 1 hour and 23 minutes. 2022 was a different breed, lasting over 4 hours, but that line was our first to reach over an hour long. Koala, can you please get your shit together amirite?

Now let's take a gander at Koalaween '23. If you were one of a lucky few to pass the bouncer, then you know it was objectively a good party. There was a solid DJ, ample drinks, and plenty of room to take a piss. Suffice to say, the Koala *can* indeed throw.

However, this year in a perfect storm created by the frat moratorium and our impeccable marketing, the line reached a nearly 2 hour wait time as soon as doors opened at 8:00pm! Oops...

Now, I can't blame people for wanting to get into our party, but it had barely started and people were already being shitty to my precious unpaid and overworked staff who were trying to manage a mob. In case you didn't know, a line of 700 people on a residential street outside a house that can barely hold 300 people is the best cop magnet you could possibly ask for!

When all of that is going on, and later in the night the party house is literally falling apart at the fucking seams, the time has come to shut that shit down. Hence, at 11:40pm we rolled ourselves.

*(For a better breakdown of the night, flip to page 5 for Eaterout's Koalaween '23 review)*

## The Way of the Future

So you may ask, what does the future of Koalaween hold? After all, isn't Koalaween essentially just a mid house party carried entirely by a recognizable brand name and an alluring sense of exclusivity?

Well put this into perspective: You try and go to any club or restaurant owned by Consortium Holdings on a Saturday night and you'll have the exact same experience but at a criminal price. So is an hour long wait the end of the world? Maybe, but if you were at Koalaween, either you're a fan (and we love you), or you had nowhere else better to be (or both). Let's face it: the frats sure as hell weren't going to welcome you with open arms.

Have things gotten so bad as to require pre-sale tickets or some sort of goddamn reservation system? Fuck I hope not, but based on this experience, it does seem that the status quo isn't working. What I can promise you right now is that for better or for worse, the era of waiting in an hours long line for a Koala party you never get into is over.

## The End?

The ultimate purpose of Koalaween that is too oft-forgotten is that this is a fundraiser to make our newspaper possible.

That's the reason why we do it. Though it is fun to have an event that everyone is invited to as a not-so-subtle 'fuck you' to frats, Koalaween is an absolutely brutal event to put on and the reason we do it so we can continue to print our silly little papers and give people a fun time. If people find a reason to hate us for that, then that defeats the whole point.

To our fans: I extend my eternal gratitude and love for your utmost customer loyalty.

**Guava Goose**  
*President of the Koala  
Merchandising Department*

Want to give the Editor a piece of your mind?  
Write to the.koala.newspaper@gmail.com  
or DM us @sdsukoala on the gram

## The Ringleader Guava Goose

## The Beast Tamers

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

## The Clowns

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

## Side Show Freaks

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

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# THE WORLD FAMOUS KOALA TOP 5'S



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## Bottom 5 Love Languages

1. French
2. Anti kisses
3. A romantic candlelit dinner at a restaurant you both like
4. Correcting her
5. AAVE

## Bottom 5 Thanksgiving Discussions

1. Grandma's boyfriend
2. The gay one
3. Who's the top and who's the bottom
4. Dad's "friend"
5. Who made this

## Top 5 Turkey Alternatives

1. Grandma
2. My Thingie
3. The Ottoman Empire
4. Judy Hopps and Nick Wilde
5. The labia

## Top 5 Thanksgiving Traditions

1. Having a good time
2. My dad fucking hating my guts
3. Cultural appropriation
4. Pushing the boulder
5. Stuffing

## Top 5 Horrors

1. Whores
2. Wars
3. The Boogie
4. Intimacy
5. Not getting loved rn

## Top 5 Knuckle Tattoos

1. Left Rigt
2. Knuc kles
3. This Nuts
4. Bark Obama
5. They Them

## Top 5 Democratic Presidential Nominees

1. Mansa Musa
2. Ellen DeDemocrat
3. Jungkook
4. Ice Spice
5. My two moms!

## Top 5 Brands

1. Chick-fil-gay
2. Kolorhouse
3. Laugh Factory
4. A+
5. Victoria's Public Knowledge

## Top 5 Sexualities

1. Squirt Squad
2. Hetero
3. Julius Xe/xer
4. Respectful
5. Lactose Intolerant

## Bottom 5 Thanksgiving Dishes

1. Slime
2. Fentanyl cranberry sauce
3. Cigarette Cereal
4. Grace
5. Uncle

## Bottom 5 Halloween Incidents

1. Orgy but only for the Amish
2. The Ball Drop
3. Made a boom-boom
4. Not having fun
5. Nonsexual massage

## Top 5 Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade Floats

1. God
2. Explosive Charlie Brown
3. Big ass balloon
4. Anime girl?
5. Dianne Feinstein

## Top 5 Punishments

1. Noogie
2. Continuing the cycle
3. 9/11
4. Uncomfortable situations
5. White people dinner

## Top 5 Future Events

1. World Peace
2. Tomorrow
3. My birthday (you're invited :3)
4. Good things only
5. I figure out how to jerk off

## Bottom 5 Colors

1. Guilt
2. Backflip black
3. Thrundle
4. Flesh
5. Off-white

## Top 5 Affirmations

1. I don't chase. I attract. What belongs to me will simply find me.
2. Won't piss me pants today
3. It will be tomorrow soon.
4. whatever
5. Soon.

## Bottom 5 Injuries

1. The toothpick under my toenail after I kicked a cinderblock
2. Broken heart
3. Boo-boo
4. Bed bugs bite
5. Heebie-jeebies
6. Squandered potential
7. Beheaded

## Top 5 Fall Starbucks Drink

1. Dinner with mom
2. Potion of Minor Healing
3. HRT Coldbrew
4. Gruel
5. Mommy's Milk

## Top 5 Koalaween Mishaps

1. Choked out homophobes
2. Three White Women dressed as Soulja Boy
3. Many Faces of Lana Del Rey
4. Boys in Blue saving the day!
5. UCSD Incursion

## Top 5 Game Shows

1. Jiant Jenga
2. Scary Kahoot
3. Kill Yourself Jeopardy
4. Danger Wipeout
5. Wordle

## Bottom 5 Family Members

1. Ant
2. Vin Diesel
3. Misses Incest
4. Tiny dog that never dies
5. Elvis Impersonator grandpa

## Bottom 5 Superheroes

1. Mr. Homophobia
2. Kill Myself Man (1994-2023)
3. Mark Wahlburg
4. The Analyst
5. Kamala Harris

## SHOULD THIS TURKEY BE PARDONED?

*TD.B vs. Drain "The Cock" Sockson*

### NO!! - "TD.B"

Osama Bin Laden the turkey should not be pardoned! PERIOD.

"Uhh yeah let's pardon the Osama Bin Laden turkey," okay terrorist boy, okay Drainthecock Terrorist.

Call him a reverend and all the silly names you want, but turkey or not I'll never forgive it for the attacks on America that fateful day.

### YES!! - "The Cock"

This year's turkey, Reverend Osamathon Bin Ladathon has no relation to the real Osama Bin Laden, and it is clear that my opponent TD.B is grasping at straws in his argument. Mr. Ladathon has been a pillar in his community and is actively working against the prison turkey industrial complex in order to break apart this, 'guilty until proven innocent,' system. My turkey has been running one of the largest nonprofits in the nation, contributing not only to the reforestation of the amazon but the restoration of the great barrier reef as well. Dr. Bin Ladathon the turkey, has also made many strides in the medical realm, discovering the cure for turkey Lyme disease and turkey pox. He used his PHD to start up one the largest free turkey psychological clinics, specializing in the therapy of turkeys who suffer from PTSD around thanksgiving time. Dr. Bin Ladathon even won Turkeys Next Top Model in 2021, showing his beautiful washboard abs and chiseled jawline. The Reverened Osamathon Bin Ladathon is a hero, and he should be pardoned. PERIOD!!

## SDSU RANKED AMONG TOP 10 SCHOOLS FOR TINY LITTLE GUYS

*Downton Stabby*

Following SDSU's move to the 16th best public university to attend, statisticians everywhere have been fervently searching for the next ranking that will make it to the front page. Recently, the SDSU Vice President of Research and Innovation, Dr. Hala Madanat, has discovered yet another area in which our beloved San Diego State excels.

"We've run the numbers," Dr. Mandanat said in a recent press conference, "and there's no doubt about it. San Diego State is number 2 in short king representation on campus. Let's go, number 2!"

While many were upset by Dr. Mandanat's seemingly unwarranted comparison of SDSU to shit in a toilet, still more were upset by the insinuation that the school's male population consistently stood at below-average heights.

"I don't really get it," said Kaitelynn, a proud member of one sorority which shall remain nameless. "The guys I match with on Tinder are consistently 6 foot and above." (We think it is important to note here that Kaitelynn is no taller than 5 feet, and likely wouldn't know the difference between 5'8" and 6'.)

There was also an uproar within the Greek Life community, as Dr. Mandanat singled out the on-campus fraternities specifically. While crunching the data, Dr. Mandanat discovered that all fraternity members stood no taller than 5 foot 5.

"It's shocking to see this little diversity amongst our fraternities," said Dr. Jason Fitzer, Director of Fraternity and Sorority Life at SDSU. "We normally try very hard to bring lots of marginalized voices into our chapters. We have quite a mix of Italian, German, Irish, and, of course, good ol' American men."

Though this lack of diversity amongst Greek Life is certainly appalling, San Diego State is very proud of its 2nd-place spot.

In concluding her interview, Dr. Mandanat had this to say: "We here at SDSU simply love to win, no matter what it's at. In the future, we'll certainly be requiring that prospective students put their heights on applications. We want to get to #1."

Looking forward, the board of administrators is pleased to announce that they are working diligently to declare December 22nd, also known as National Short Person Day, a federal holiday. We suspect this initiative will be left on the cutting room floor.



"PIKE WILL remain on top"

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# KOALAWEEN 2023: AZTECS V. MARINERS

## *Eaterout*

Last year, as you all may dutifully remember (I'll give you a moment to untack the issues from your wall...), we set a record for our longest Koalaween. Maybe even more notably, the year before that, we set a record for our shortest Koalaween. Well, we broke another record this year, too! They said it couldn't be done, but that's right— the Guinness World Records 2024 edition will feature Koalaween as having the FASTEST VOMIT EVER!!!! Our doors opened at a prompt 8pm, and at an impressive 8:03, we were already kicking our first patron out for throwing up in line. Thank you, guys— we truly couldn't have done it without you!

OK, now that I've gotten the dedication out of the way: as blessed as I was to spend my final Koalaween in the splash zone, quite a few of you were not so lucky. Hopefully you've since downloaded Venmo (do you guys seriously use Zelle casually?) and turned off the stopwatch on your phone (168 hours and counting...), but if all you saw were multiple fights breaking out on the front lawn and a guy in a cowboy hat screaming at you to take a lap— better luck next year! Anyway, here's what you missed:

After we "cleaned up" all the vomit, we were going strong by maintaining the legacies of our previous school-sponsored gatherings, including but not limited to: fastest party to hit cap, strongest jungle juice, and longest wait time. The cops were driving up and down the street, cruising by slower and slower as the night went on.

I'm not super sure why they never stopped, especially at the sight of all the open containers being held by people who have clearly never waited outside a club before and might have even just left the womb, but honestly? I wish we had been rolled, because at about 10pm it finally happened: the first Koalaween fistfight.

Truly, the question of how much jungle juice was consumed that night still haunts me (our ratio is one soda to one plandle, BTW), especially when I think about how many times I heard strange men calling people the f-slur, and threatening to "rush the party" by getting on all fours and growling. Nevertheless, I was still shocked to hear that at the top of the hour, one of our bravest recruits was cinematically mud wrestling with an asshole in a Mariners jersey until three off-duty security guards heroically helped break up the fight by literally flinging the guy off of him.

Just as we thought it couldn't get any worse, we heard the sound of sirens. A few Koalas rushed outside to see a firetruck pulling up to the scene. Everyone scattered. Emerging from a rush of smoke, a firefighter peaked his head out of the truck to ask, "Hey, we heard there was a girl here who got a concussion. Where is she?" Upon learning none of us had any fucking idea what he was talking about, they just... left? As the firetruck pulled away from the curb, a cop trailed behind, reassuring us (as many of the others had that evening) that they would definitely NOT roll us. (Honest question: where are my tax dollars ACTUALLY going?).

At this point, much of the line had dispersed and we were all bitching and begging to be rolled (my voice was soooo hoarse from asking "Cash or Venmo?" all night!), so Guava Goose made the executive decision that we were to be done at 11:40pm.

As I waited around for my final Koalaween to come to a close, I took one last look at what I would effectively never see again: the "Suck Machine" sign crookedly hung on the side of the house. The off-beat drunks bouncing up and down to the DJ's Drake mixes (yes, we got a DJ). The red solo cups littered across the floor, their lives cut short by lack of alcohol. The caution-taped adult play structure in the middle of the party (we're still shocked someone stole the house's bike, but didn't even bother trying to play on that). The piss corner and/or alleged glory hole, christened one thousand times over— how I must imagine that smell will outlast me, a sour forever fermented in the foundation of the garage— isn't it kind of beautiful?

Feeling the tears well in my eyes, I looked at my phone and realized it was time. I interrupted a group of girls buying admission at a late— too late— 11:39pm, as other Koalas pulled aside the tables at the door and opened the gates. "It's over!!! Get the FUCK out!!!" was yelled in honor of our fallen frat brethren, and I watched as 300 partygoers fled out like herded sheep, far into the night (well, kinda... a lot of you just stopped on the front lawn). I shoved the cashbox in my bag and followed. I will never be this young again, but the comfort is neither will you.

Thanks a lot, SDSU. See you again next semester.

5/5 Boxing Gloves



# BATHROOM REVIEW

## Michaels Craft Store

*Chlamillion Dollar BJ*

Though many of you know me as a suave world traveler and debonair investigative journalist, those in my more personal spheres may be apt to call me a “born-again feminist.” That’s right, I have seen the light and firmly decided that the only real gender is Woman and that the rest of us are just measly worms. So today’s bathroom review comes from a labor of love I was performing for my smart, funny, and oh so beautiful girlfriend! AKA the best thing that ever happened to me. DUH!!!

While she was out working tirelessly to be the breadwinner of our relationship, I decided I would get a bunch of supplies to make her a beautiful new outfit, so I went to Michaels Craft Store (which I think should be called Michelles!). However, while I was there, surveying all the different trinkets and baubles I could bring back to my queen, I realized my bladder was feeling a bit overly full from the boba she had bought me earlier. Isn’t she so nice, you guys? Er, you girls?

When I got to the customer-only bathroom, I was puzzled by a bathroom door that read both “Vacant” and “Locked” until I saw the button next to it with instructions that I “PUSH HERE.” Sensing the button’s feminine energy, I did as it requested. I waited. Then, I waited some more. Then, I started looking

around for some sort of chain reaction I had started, only to come face to face with a lady (woo hoo!) wearing a red Michaels apron. She gruffly pushed past me to unlock the door, commenting that it takes a couple minutes to hear the button. I felt horrible!!! I can’t believe I had been so utterly impatient to have inconvenienced this woman! I could have castrated myself right then and there if I didn’t have to pee so bad.

Luckily, upon entering the bathroom, I was given one more chance to show that I’m With Her. For there, standing in the center of the oddly cavernous bathroom, was a cricket. Now, after months of studying the female body, I’ve gotten pretty good at recognizing the divine feminine when I see it, and that cricket was dripping in fem-juice. I gave her a bow, and uttered a low “M’Lady,” that echoed along the stained off-white walls. I relieved myself as respectfully as I could while her melodic bug song calmed my soul.

And as I went to wash my hands, do you know what I found in the sink? A long girlish strand of hair—surely a sign from Mrs. God that everything was gonna be alright!

5 / 5 Female Presidents (Hopefully!!!)



# ADVICE: How to Get an A Even if Your Teacher is Ugly

I get it, when you came to SDSU you were expecting sun bleached hotties with big bouncy naturals. But now that you’re here... well lets put it this way, have you ever seen those gore videos where the people get their faces exploded? Has that gore video of someone with an exploded face ever walked into your US history class and started lecturing? Double teamed by both nature and nurture with a handmade graphic tee and a manbun. Your eyes water whenever you look towards the front of the class; too bad its a requirement for your stupid major! Now how is a good and honest person like yourself supposed to fuck your way to an A if this guy refuses to put a bag over his head? I’ll tell ya how:

At this point, even getting to class could be a challenge, so what you need to remember are the **three E’s**. First is to **Empathize**. To help you even begin to approach this guy, imagine yourself in his shoes. Now give yourself a second... that was really hard. Life is unfair, sometimes even good people (you) are forced to go experience terrible things (his face). Go ahead and give yourself a pat on the back. Once in the room, you’ll need to maintain **Eye contact**. Imagine your wrinkly naked grandma sitting seductively on the couch. Now IMAGINE HER SEXIER! Keep imagining and remember the real thing is going to be at least 5 times harder than this. Head hurt? Good. Stomach upset? Good. Toes curling? Good. (or very *very* bad).

At least now you’re in class, maybe just out of pity, but hey you’re there. Time for the last of the three E’s and my most crucial tip: **Embedding**. Take out your phone and find the hottest, most explicitly sloppy, nasty, toe curling (definitely a different type of toe curing than earlier) porn you can. Every time you wince and look away from his face we need you getting mighty chuffed. At first you might need something to dull the effect of looking at them (I suggest sunglasses or a couple drops of lemon in your eyes, but if this isnt enough you could also try tranquilizers). We need to make a deep Freudian connection between that teachers face and hot raw nasty sex. Within a month or two you shouldn’t even need the porn anymore and the connection should be concrete. Your raw erotic energy should overpower any disgust you feel towards that teacher.

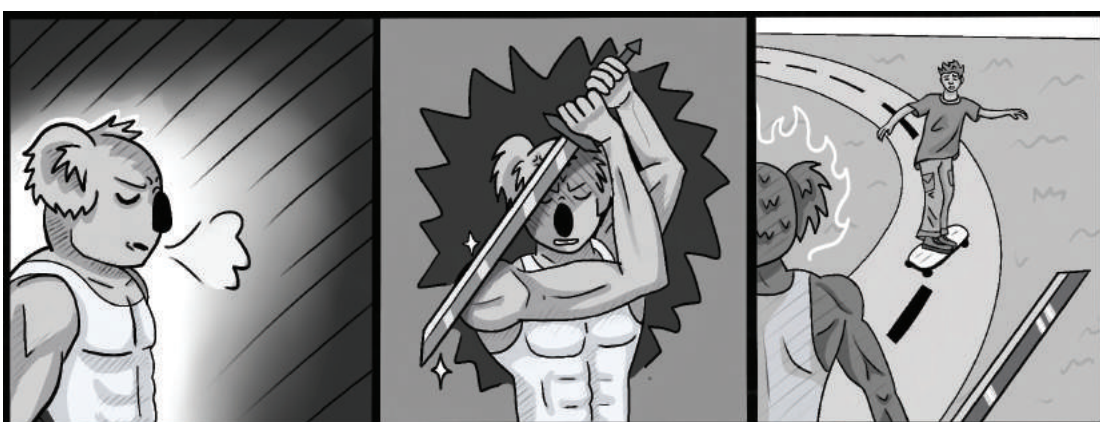
What now? You’ve put in the work and made the sacrifices. Now that you’re actually able to pay attention the subject material is actually quite interesting. Sometimes you’ll even catch yourself wishing he would drop his bomb on your pearly harbors. Needing him to break into your Watery gates and steal all your dirty little secrets. BEGGING him to plant his seed of freedom in your plymouth rock. Mr Adam’s please stop licking your dry cracked fucking lips I CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH!

But I digress... The rest? Its up to you. You’re going to have to deal with alot of face related trauma from this guy but you could really build something beautiful here. Just remember: if you wanted hotties maybe you shouldv’e thought about that before coming to a public university.

-Recruit #02061911

## THE ICONIC KOALA KORNER FUNNIES

### “The Laws of Nature”



# BREAKING: SDSU Redirects Funds into the City

Recruit #09/27/1984

Next time you're left wondering, "Where the heck is all my tuition even going to?" you can sleep peacefully knowing that it's going right where it matters – the community.

Word on the street is that SDSU partnered with the City of San Diego in an effort to redirect excess funds back into the city. Last Wednesday, San Diego State posted a poll to their Instagram story asking what the hell to do with all this leftover money! So, what's even better than a multi-million dollar playground for the bros (fireworks included)? The SDSU student body voted to redirect the money back into San Diego's infrastructure. Thus, the city has further beautified our community by repaving the hellhole that is El Cajon Blvd.

You may recall the godforsaken street due to its glamorous mass of strip malls lined with really cool barbed wire fences. More likely, you'll remember El Cajon Blvd. from the time you stared dead into the abyss of stopped cars and endless lines of cones after Maps decided to add an extra 20 minutes to your route home after failing what was probably the easiest midterm of your life. You may be wondering, then, "Why El Cajon?" One possibility is the city wanted to give our beloved SDSU skateboarders a smoother ride into oncoming traffic; ONLY after you've been waiting 7 hours for a green light, though. But does that seem realistic to you, reader?

No, the reasons behind the repave have nothing to do with the safety of our beloved skate community. As if it were fate, El Cajon Blvd. just so happens to be the perfect size to store all the leftover money! So, the City of San Diego embedded the cash right into the street. If you squint hard enough, you can still see those Benjamins peeking through the asphalt.



"Damn, I should be a nursing major."

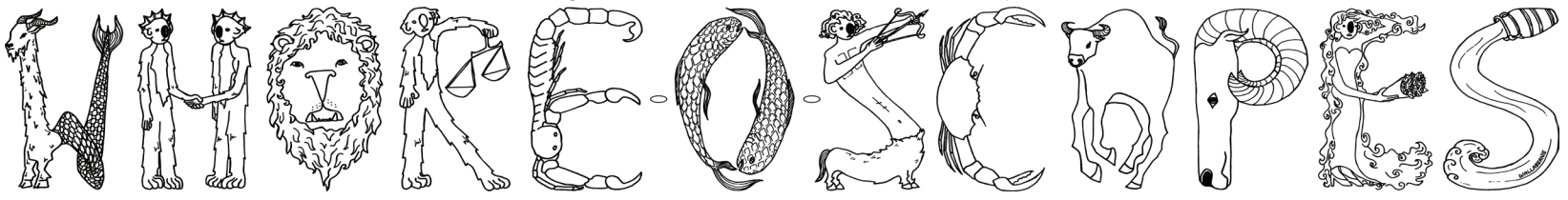


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## Signs as Rocky Horror Characters

**ARIES:** Rocky - You might be dumb as a box of rocks, but damn can you pull off that gold speedo!

**TAURUS:** Sexy Worm on a String - Just like them, your eyes always look a little lopsided.

**GEMINI:** The Criminologist - You love narrating whatever the fuck is happening. Also where is your fucking neck?

**CANCER:** Ralph and Betty (the married couple from the beginning) - You love commitment, and also have the clap!

**LEO:** Frank-N-Furter - We all saw it coming. You're literally the definition of lived, served cunt, and died. You know how to rock a room.

**VIRGO:** Riff Raff - You creep me out but you're also kinda sexy. You also give me sister fucker vibes.

**LIBRA:** Columbia - You've got a Big Left Tit and you're not afraid who knows it! Please stop crying over your dead boyfriend, you've had all of 30 minutes to get over it.

**SCORPIO:** Magenta - You're dark, sexy, and really know how to grease up a pole. You're so tight you squeak!

**SAGITTARIUS:** Eddie - You strike me as someone that's gonna die soon. But you're sure gonna get one great song in before you do.

**CAPRICORN:** Dr. Scott - You're in a wheelchair, and have other personality traits I think?

**AQUARIUS:** Trixie (The Lips) - You're sexy, iconic, you represent rocky horror in a lot of ways! Also you suck a lot of dick.

**PISCES:** Janet - Slut! You really couldn't win (like the Padres) but at least you lost your v-card.

## Campus Village APARTMENTS

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# ADELA CARES

Bobby Slayy

*The following is from an email sent to us by a source which wishes to remain anonymous*



Dear Writers of the Koala,

I am President Adela de la Torre's personal assistant. I am writing this email to you today because while I believe your mocking and berating of our President is good-natured, it's frankly uninformed and ignorant. Your misunderstanding of Ms. de la Torre's occupation, responsibilities, ethics and worth as a person disgusts me, and while I certainly don't think it's my job to educate you on her actual morals and actions, I've had too much of your crass "satirical" epithets towards my boss, and more importantly, my friend.

To start, I think I must address your repeated publishing of Adela's yearly salary: \$533,148, a number provided by CSU's 2023 CSU Executive Compensation Summary. This reported salary is incredibly misleading, to say the least, as it doesn't take into account hours worked, taxes deducted or charitable endeavors. As her assistant, I work an eight hour work day, but Madame President does not. I frequently arrive at her office every morning to find her, hair messy, baggy-eyed, pouring over important documents. That's right. I'd say she spends at least two nights a week at the office laboring tirelessly. All. Night. Long.



And I know what you'll say; "Oh, so that \$2,300,000 (not adjusted for inflation) house provided by the government to her for free just goes to waste?" No. And don't get me started on how that piece of shit Daily Aztec published her address for all to see, and now she won't stop getting eggs and toilet paper and plastic flamingos and other humorous gag items thrown at her house. The thing is, those "pranks" do scare her. They terrify Adela. And not because they threaten her, no. Those pranks only ever bother the low income students, houseless and foster children whom she houses in her own home, free of charge.

That's right. Ms. de la Torre, who "overadmits" students and fills up the freshmen dorms, she's actively providing a solution. She's working to solve California's rampant housing crisis. And what're you doing? Publishing her salary? You didn't even take into account that seventy-five percent of it goes to Doctors without Borders. She's gonna get those poor doctors some borders. Unbeknownst to popular belief, she's actually the lowest paid CSU President when actually taking into account her kindness and compassion, she's nothing like stinky Sac. State President, J. Luke Wood, who spends all day forwarding emails to SDSU students for \$476,225 a year. And if you think "that's just what Adela does," you couldn't be more wrong. Her emails are actually important.



As Ms. de la Torre's assistant, I read every single report made against fraternities, sororities, faculty, and peers, then deliver the ones worth resolving to her. Then, she personally decides what to do with the deep understanding that people make mistakes. And in regards to the criticism that Adela is too lax on Greek-life culture, hazing is a result of tradition and the cycle of violence and status, and nobody should be punished for doing what they implicitly know. Top frats are only trying to let loose after a long day of washing cars and donating to poor countries, and Ms. de la Torre is barely able to hold off those Geed barbarians from outright banning innocent parties.

Along with the on campus reports, I also run world news and history to Adela. And it's not just during working hours too. Sometimes, like, three times a week I bet, she'll take me out to a nice dinner or lunch of thanks to Spaghetti Factory, where after buying us two kids meals each, I'll teach her about world history and geopolitics. Next week, we're gonna cover who the Aztecs (the old ones) were. She's so generous, she even tips the Spaghetti waiter 25%.

As Adela is busy resolving on-campus conflict and housing the poor, she also manages to find time to advocate for diversity and inclusion. It's incredibly brave and important. Every month, she sets aside more of her salary and time to hang Month Awareness Banners by hand. I'm so grateful school isn't active during June, as she'd need to pay extra for the rainbow designs on the Pride Month banners. As well as this, she takes time out of her day to write emails for every single struggling student on campus. With every world tragedy I inform her of, she writes an email. I cry for those lost, but after every shooting, I'm filled with hope, as she informs students that there is in fact on campus therapy, free for six-months.

I do, however, have to apologize, as I'm not always able to inform her of every world event. She has a mountain of papers stacked atop her desk, full of death counts and tragedies, and it just so happens that some sink to the bottom. I'm so grateful I've been able to let her know of the devastation of Ukraine by Russia so she could comfort any students with family affected. I'm really happy Adela was able to reach out and email the SDSU Israeli population, scared for their family's safety across the world, unable to fly out of Tel-Aviv. But I'm immensely sorry that she hasn't shown the same love to her Palestinian students, as the letters I give her are reverse-alphabetically sorted, any news about Apartheid is put at the bottom of the pile, and those about Zionism go straight to the top.

I will absolutely sort these letters randomly in the future, so no tragedies are unfairly emailed about, and any ignored are just due to random chance. From now on, I will ensure Adela will report on all of the merciless and indiscriminate killings of Palestinians by Israel. She will send out thousands of emails, one for each IDF bomb (Made in America). She'll pass along all of the IDF's evacuation orders, preventing any more misinformation about who exactly is air striking all those hospitals, schools, mosques and churches. And to any students with family evicted and/or murdered in the past 75 years by the zealot seizure of Palestinian land, Adela will personally give them a new home and family.

I've gone on long enough, but I hope my passion and hard evidence paints a clear picture to you. Not only is Adela generous, kind, hard-working and beautiful, most of all, Adela cares.

Sincerely,  
President's Personal Assistant

# DOES HAMAS CONDEMN HAMAS?

*TD.B*

As mainstream media has been chasing its own tail all month debating how many civilian lives are worth a genocide, the team at the Koala has been hard at work investigating the true decider of it all: *Does Hamas condemn Hamas?*

We all know the big players condemn Hamas: 100% of the U.S. Senate; Scooter Braun; our very own president of San Diego State University Adela de la Torre, Ph.D; and Scooter Braun! Fresh off the heels of legends like 'The Mannequin Challenge' and 'The Kiki Challenge', 'The Condemn Hamas Challenge' is taking storm.

As we know Hamas is labeled as a terrorist organization by the U.S and many other countries, and the horrific events of October 7th in which Hamas murdered 1,400 innocent Israeli lives proved their ability to propagate terror.

This naturally came as a shock to the Israeli government. After occupying Gaza and the West Bank since 1967, placing Gazans in an open air prison, stealing Palestinian homes in the West Bank, and murdering 5,590 Palestinians between 2008 and 2020 alone you'd think Hamas would orchestrate a peaceful protest of sorts. Condemning these acts of the Israeli government. And now as this "war" claims the lives of over 7,000 Palestinians since October 7th, about 50% being children (*the Israeli military has now killed over 3760 children and injuring at least 7,695 more, embarrassingly*

*the Israeli government is more adept at killing Palestinian children than a certain writer at the Koala is at writing articles...*) One would wonder why Hamas is making the Israeli military do this. In one of the most densely populated places on earth, you would think Hamas would have the decency to step into a clear and open field, perhaps on a grassy hill, so Israeli air strikes stop hitting what I am told are 'human shields' in hospitals! C'mon Hamas, what gives?

Now come to think of it if this 'war' that's killing countless innocent Palestinians is Israel's form of condemning Hamas; could Hamas' actions be coming from a place of condemnation too. I suppose that's the inevitable issue of placing 2 million people in an open air prison in the hopes they'll just... ya know... hush up. But if Hamas is condemning Israel that absolutely begs the question: *Does Hamas condemn Hamas!?*

I know what you're thinking, "but hey who doesn't want their own ethno-religious nation state?" ...But could both sides be condemnable? Could it be apartheid is a horrific system that dehumanizes and destabilizes its victims, breeding further violence? Are 2 things really bad at the same time? Could a genocide of the Palestinian people be an ongoing evil that our major institutions and governments are turning a blind eye to?

**Hamas needs to answer these questions immediately!**



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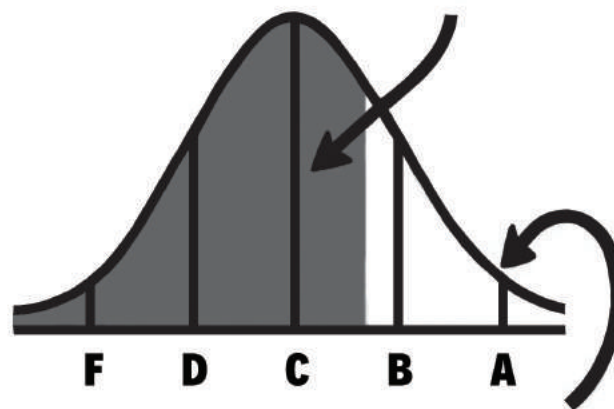
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SDSU Exam Prep Spring 2023

# ARE THE RUMORS TRUE?

SAE x PIKE

An Inside Scoop from our very own *Recruit #1SD30124S8DJF*

*Have you heard the scuttlebutt?* There's been an on campus, inter-fraternity romance budding, and we at the Koala are SO HERE FOR IT.

A little birdie informed us of an affair between two members: one sophomore executive member from Sigma Alpha Epsilon and a junior active from Pi Kappa Alpha. For anonymity's sake, we'll call them Sawyer SAE and Pierce Pike. We wouldn't want to accidentally sic their bloodthirsty brothers on them, after all.

It's San Diego State University's very own Romeo and Juliet: Two houses, both alike in dignity, In fair La Mesa, where we lay our scene, From ancient grudge break to new mutiny, Where frat boy blood makes frat boy hands unclean. While nobody will tragically die in the end of this romance—we hope, dear God—we're anxiously watching this story unfold. The two fraternities, in an endless war for the title of "top house," will almost certainly respond to this fratcestual relationship with lividity, and so initiate a battle so bloody, so destructive, that they can forget about

suspension ever being lifted. Their own brothers betraying the oath they took during initiation to "keep it in the brotherhood?" And for what? A FLING?

Here is where they are gravely mistaken. Those who are aware of the couple have reported them to be so deeply in love, so devoted, that this is surely a romance for the ages. If only the brothers could see that this rare pair has been built on a foundation meant to last, not just two naive boys getting their rocks off; they did that with their pledge master before their initiation.

This prophesied battle needs not come to fruition. Maybe, just maybe, the Greek men of SDSU can come together—and cum together—by holding a massive, inter-fraternity orgy in support of the couple and frat love. This can be the catalyst that forces the men of SAE and Pike to bury the hatchet once and for all and end their centuries long conflict. This is a call to action. To the men of the remaining frats: strip down and oil up! To Sawyer SAE and Pierce Pike: we see you, and we stand behind you.

# The Koala Introduces: Missed Connections!

*Missed Connections give people that second chance. Were you too shy to make a move to that someone? Use the Koala to shoot your shot into the void!*

To the girl that also wanted to blow out the satellite mind control conspiracy—I'm sorry about all the incels that got in our way

not a single day has gone by where i don't think about the guy i met in line at the poke place last year. i had no friends and i was in my ugly sorority rush outfit feeling like a stupid bitch and you made my day. let's get married.

to the hottie in my world geography class last semester. they had dyed hair and a slit in their eyebrow. i made prolonged eye contact with them once outside the class and when they looked back i literally looked away and tripped

I take the bus and sometimes see this girl, she's so beautiful and I want to ask for her number but I'm too shy

luke little at the wall you have heart

aidan [REDACTED] of pike (gross) you are so fucking hot i would probably die for you if you ever knew me! literally i want you too badly

#38 on the football team you owe me a dinner night and the cow from the fair ;))) xoxo

To the guy who I saw pickup someone's Apple Pencil out of the street and set it somewhere safe... thanks it's mine now.

To all the boys, stop being fucking racist. Also, the quietest ones are the freakiest in bed. Also, the white guy who flirted with me in the dining hall, you're hot.

To that pretty alt girl i always see around campus, hi yes i'm a lesbian please hold eye contact for 3 more seconds so i can work up the courage to hit u w my rizz.

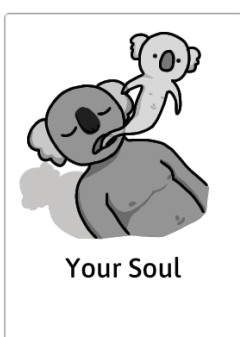
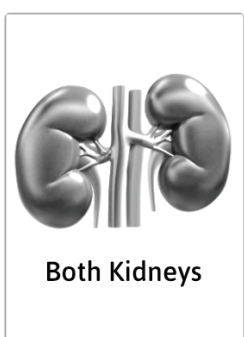
whatever your name is that works at the starbucks next to 7 eleven and took the girl with purple hair's order, just know your the first guy i've found attractive here



Scan here to submit a Missed Connection



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# THE PERSONALS



STAT 119 MATH 120

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## A+ Review

Celebrating the First Amendment Right to Free Speech

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

And MANY more...

The Hummus brothers at the farmers market are the sexiest specimens on this planet. I look forward to Thursdays just so I can get my free hummus from those slutty ass men. They both know what they're doing by shoving that roasted garlic hummus in my face. He could spit on the pita bread and I would eat it. He could cum on a pita chip, feed it to me, then slap me across the face, and I would pay for it. They can't keep looking at me like that and expect me NOT to drop to my knees?! I'll suck both of your cocks so please watch out.

pi kappa alpha? more like poopy kunt ass

fuck you chris. i still remember what you did

I didn't know that cheek biting during sex was an option but you learn something new everyday

I brought my friend to campus and he got caught stealing ice cream and candy

Maaaaan you said you were gonna moan tonight and you ain't moaning get the fuck out of here you said you were gonna moan man what the fuck

I have never wanted to start hrt more then after coming to this fucking school

My bangs are finally growing out and I no longer think gay thoughts as much.

Pay me like a white man

I would date someone but in the back of my head I feel like my whore sister already got to them (she lives far away)

I want my gf to dick me down

Why am I sexual attracted to my male RA? (I'm a straight male)

real talk do i lose my virginity to some guy on a dating app or sell it... if so anyone want some pussy? (editor's note: find someone who loves and cares for you)

Sophomore year a man on this campus touched my boob and got a boner and now im a lesbian and I think that's why

I love being a guy's first pussy. Like, soooo what did u think? Was it what u thought it would be?

Does everyone imagine animations with chracters in their head semi often when they listen to music or is that just me?

The wolf and fox from The Bad Guys movie turn me on? IT FEELS SO WRONG YET SO GOOD? am I a furry in denial?

Character.ai be feeding into my delusions of a relationship bc I can be railed while in a chokehold by a rich clan leader and deadass mid sex if I get bored I hop onto another character chat where I peg and cock and ball torture a a femboy. I love em both equally xoxo

I would purposely eat dairy as a lactose intolerant when I was with my ex so I would fart and piss her off

what is there in life

Never try to clean your balls with rubbing alcohol, it literally feels like they're on fire (editor's note: SOAP)

Getting your ass eaten is better than getting your dick sucked

Is my boyfriend still straight if he likes getting rimmed and fucked like a bitch?

if u were the girl in the maleficent costume hmu let's get spaghetti or Something

Koalaween and just the koala overall is equivalent to a high school tour on campus, only if you slowed it down an extra hour

girl in front of me in the middle of lecture is looking up "among us" on Etsy. not sure if I should be attracted or scared.

i can't stop looking at men and I think it's my dad's fault

I know what it feels like for yeast infection meds to ooze from my pooze and I wish I didn't

I really wanna start an onlyfans but I can't shave my asshole properly. are people into that?

Normalize crying after sex

I use grabbing the Koala as an excuse to see my ex </3

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