



The Barton

Presented by THE KOALA

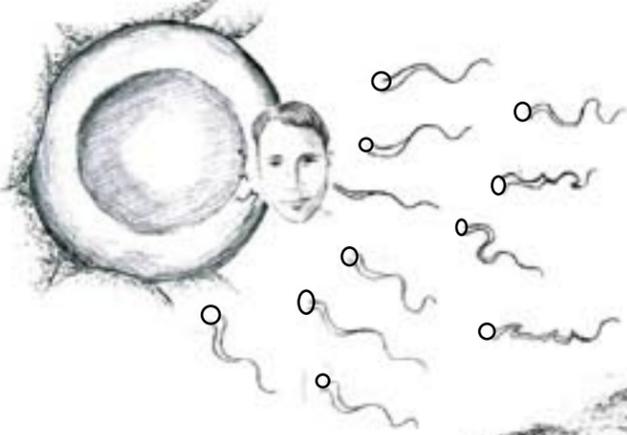
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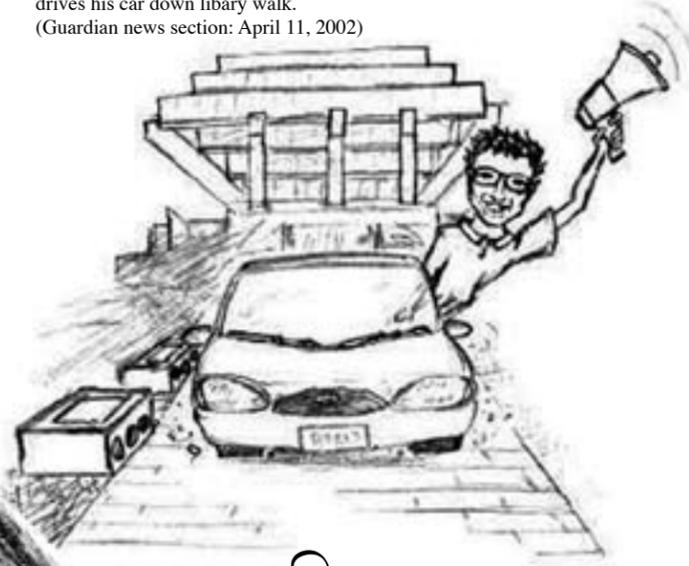
And on the 19th day, god created his equal.

Bryan Barton is conceived.
(Sacramento hospital records, nine months before April 19th, 1980)

Seeds of a movement People's Parking Party gets rolling as Brian Barton drives his car down library walk.
(Guardian news section: April 11, 2002)



Happy Birthday!



OTANJOU-BI
OMEDETOU
GOZAIMASU!

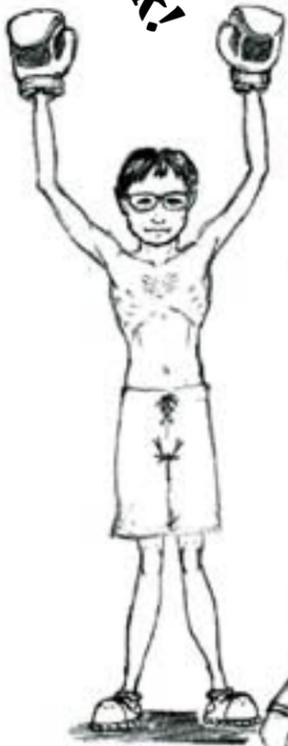
Chuc Nung Sinh Nhut!
Malligayang Bati Sa
Iyong Kaarawan!

Saeng il Chuk Ha
Ham ni Da!

San Leaz Quiet Lo!
Qu Ni Sheng er Kuai Le!
Suk San
Wan Keut!

Torson Odrin
Mend Hurgee!

Sun Yat Fai Lok!
SAN RUIT KUA LOK!



Brian Barton, Uniter of UCSD

生日快乐



Victory in the Brian vs. Bryan Boxing match
(Guardian news section: April 7th 2003)

Brian Becomes editor of the most prestigious paper at UCSD... THE KOALA.
(The KOALA: Volume 64, Issue 1)



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME!!!

When I say "me" I mean me, Brian Barton. Happy Birthday to me! Happy Birthday to me! That's right folks. This issue of The KOALA is focusing on celebration. I am so happy because for my birthday THE KOALA let me write my own ed box! Please join me as we celebrate the birth, the life, and the legend that is Bryan Barton. Please keep in mind that even though five KOALA members have April Birthdays this week, as I am sure some of your friends do, you should save all your "Happy Birthdays" for Brian. I really hate when selfish people think about themselves and not me!

Wait...I just thought of something. Happy B-day! Does the "B" stand for "Brian" or "Barton?" Whichever suits your fancy!

So I looked up the day I was born on one of those "what happened on the day you were born" things on the internet and all it said was "Bryan Barton Was Born!" In conclusion, the end.

Lastly, a bunch of people were upset with our first issue this quarter merely because it said "The Koala". I rectified this situation.

Although THE KOALA usually doesn't apologize, I wanted to apologize to all my fans that my picture was placed on the back page. Don't forget to join my fan club at: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BrianBartons_FanClub

Hey freshman, have you realized UCSD sucks yet?



KOALA NIGHT '01 WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

Haha fools! It's too late to turn back, but it's not too late to join THE KOALA.

**KOALA RECRUITMENT MEETING
FRIDAY, APRIL 23RD, 4:30
Media Lounge above Soft Reserves**

Koala Trouble with the LAW

By: Brian Barton or for you visual learners the guy that looks like this:



The last two months were a little slow around the Koala office. Only four KOALA members had brushes with the law.

Milkman got a DUI. Dirty Mike got a DUI. And Jon was arrested for felony arson. I, Bryan Barton, the most hardcore mofo of the Koala staff, got in trouble for distributing newspapers (yeah, that's right, newspapers with sharp edges bitches), which is a violation of city code 57.16a. (I know what you are thinking...yes, it was a Vietnamese cop).

Before court the DA (who was about my age and super cute) came up to me and immediately offered to plea bargain my fine in half. I then compared her to the guy in Hogan's Hero's who pulled the lever for the gas chamber. I was all ready to crush "the man" in a trial, "the man" in this case being a chick barely of drinking age, when they told me my case was dismissed because the cop did not show. I was pissed because I wanted to make some connections with my homies in jail who got in trouble for jay-walking. "What!?!?" I shouted, "I don't want my case to be dismissed. I want justice and victory for the people!" I was told that if I wanted to change the law I would have to talk to the people in charge. So I went across the street to the Mayor's office.

The Mayor wasn't in, but the Mayor's secretary let me eat cake. It was chocolate with vanilla ice cream, my favorite. The secretary said to come back on Tuesday morning so that I could speak with all the San Diego City Council members.

After several minutes of applause, each city council member praised me individually: "No, give him more time to speak!" "No, no give him more time to speak!!" "You really made my Tuesday!" (After large bear hug) "That was the best public input ever!" "I didn't know that Jim Carey had a younger brother!" "That was some of the funniest, most entertaining stuff I have ever heard in my entire life!" "Has the apocalypse come?"

Of course the city attorney personally apologized to me on behalf of his DA and said that the city code 57.16a no longer applies to Brian Barton. "That's OK city attorney Glynn," I said, "I've already forgiven your cute DA. In fact, I sent her a music video of me singing a They Might be Giants song in the nude.*"

So Milkman and Dirty Mike lost their drivers' licenses, Jon is looking at 2 to 3 years if he is convicted. I, on the other hand, made friends with the most powerful politicians in San Diego, became exempt from city code, and had the city attorney personally apologize to me.

So the Moral of the story is:
DON'T EFF WITH THE KOALA...editor.

*Would you like to see some of Brian Barton's music videos? IM Scott at: UCSD-whiteguy and look for them soon on SRTV.

An Open Letter to all Koala Advertisers

THE KOALA would like to thank you for your continued support of our outstanding publication. We would also like to apologize for the offensive content wrapped around the last 4 page issue of THE KOALA. An immature campus organization called THE TARDIAN pulled a prank on us for April Fools. We found it highly offensive and distasteful and will be taking legal action against them. We hang our heads in shame and are sorry to all our offended advertisers and readers. Please understand we are not at all associated with THE TARDIAN and we hope they all die.

*Sincerely,
THE KOALA*

STAFF BOX

BIRTHDAY BOY

Bryan Barton,

BIRTHDAY PLANNERS

Marissa Crane, B-rad, Jonathon Severdia

SACRIFICIAL LAMBS

Dirty Mike, Skillz, Anthony, Emily, Shaft Wu, G. Liddle, J. Rode, Paula Koala, Janitor Rob, Megan Something, Eleanor, Milkman,

BACK UP SINGERS

Aaron, Davey G, Canadian Paul, Greg, Matt, the Spy, Tupac, and Will Smith

NOT INVITED

Erika Pernick

"The views expressed in this publication are solely those of THE KOALA and our members. While the publisher of this publication is recognized as a campus student organization at the University of California, San Diego, the views expressed in its publication do not represent those of ASUCSD, the University of California, the Regents, their officers, or employees, nor does ASUCSD, the University of California, the Regents, their officers, or employees even pretend to like us. Each publication bears the full legal responsibility for its content."



World Famous Koala Lists!

Top Five Jobs for Advanced Retards

1. Special Olympics Referee
2. Monkey trainer
3. Student at the Institute of Advanced Retard Studies
4. Chairperson for the National Association for the Advancement of Advanced Retards, known affectionately as NAAAR.
5. Author of a series of books called the Chronicles of NA-A-ARnia.

Top Five Wishes Made by Retards at Make A Wish Foundation

1. I wish I wasn't retarded.
2. Front row tickets to GWAAAARRRRGHHH!
3. A brand new CAAAARRRRRGH!
4. Some mouthwash, AAAARRRRGH!
5. I wanna go where the turf meets the surf in Del MAAAAAARRRRRGH!
6. Piece of Earth

Top Five Things Said by the KSDT Listener

1. Enough! Enough! I'll tell you whatever you want to know!
2. I like cake.
3. I like Cake.
4. This isn't nearly as cool as KSTD, the radio station at state!
5. You'd damn well better play my song, I'm half your listening audience!

Top Five Ways to Explain Death to a Child

1. It's a giant monster that hides in your closet and comes out at night only when you're asleep and bites your head off.
2. Oh, you don't need to worry about death. You should worry about HELL!!!!!!!!!!
3. That's God's way of saying, "I hate you."
4. You know how when you finish your cereal and there's none left? It's kinda like that.
5. Well first I tied your mother up, then I ripped off her toenails and ate them with ranch dressing, cut off her limbs with a ballpoint pen and burned her alive. Any other questions?

Top Five Food Specialties of The Che

1. The "Che Guevara" - cold beans in a can
2. The "Fidel" - I don't know what it is, but it's got a lot of hair in it.
3. The "Mao" - a mouse
4. The "Stalin" - potato bread, laced with strichnine
5. The "Lenin" - a twinkie preserved for 80 years.

Top Five Things I Hope I Never Forget

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
5. Damn, this list would have been so good.

Top Five Pick Up Lines to Use in the Waiting Room of Planned Parenthood

1. HPV? That's my favorite channel too!
2. Can I watch your abortion?
3. Come here often?
4. Want to get a coffee or something after you get that fetus removed?
5. Are you anti-life as well?

Top Five Signs Bryan Barton is a Prophet

1. We want to nail him to a cross.
2. All the people in his organization betrayed him.
3. The Jews hate him. Oh wait, he hates the Jews.
4. He's playing us all like a row of puppets.

5. Predicted that Jenn Pae would win the election, a foxy lady would become Chancellor, and that Jeremy Gallagher would mysteriously fall to his death. Oh wait, that's next week.

Top Five Things I Did When Locked in Brian's Pantry

1. Jacked off in the cracker jacks
2. Jizzed in the jelly
3. Creamed in the cream of wheat
4. Jerked off in the beef jerky
5. Ate everything else

Top Five Signs Your House is Haunted by a Dead Fag

1. Instead of all your furniture getting knocked over it is rearranged.
2. The groaning and moaning you hear is scary, but not in the way you'd expect.
3. Your VCR spontaneously records every episode of Will & Grace.
4. You feel cold whenever you say "god hates queers."
5. You hear banging on your closet doors every night.
6. Your house is built on top of a fence.

Top Five Things the Antelope Says to the Lion Before Getting Eaten

1. That's it, no more! This antelope is done "running." You want me nigga then come and get me aaaaghhh
2. Okay, but I'm expired so don't say I didn't warn you!
3. Would you settle for a leg or a piece of my ass or aaaaghhh!
4. Don't you see? You're just perpetuating a cycle of recreational violence that will never end, but if we work together in harmony we can both excel as species in our own unique endeavors. Don't you want to be known as the lion that changed the world and made life great for all of your future cubs aaaaghhh!
5. Yo mama so fat aaaaghhh!

Top Five Preschool Pornos

1. Crawling for Cum
2. Tiny Titted Tit Sucking Toddlers
3. Monster Cocks IV
4. Show and Tell and Fuck
5. Anny Has a Vagina!!! Anny Has a Vagina!!!

Top Five Things Overheard During a WNBA Game

1. So how was your day at work?
2. Nice weather we're having.
3. Gas prices keep going up. Damn OPEC.
4. It was a buck seventy at Mobile last year!
5. Change the fuckin channel.

Top Five Signs the Girl You're Hitting On Is a Prostitute

1. She has a sales tax chart tatoed on her ass.
2. When you punch her, there appears a suspicious "Dirty Sanchez" charge on your credit card.
3. You are surprised when instead of being prosecuted for rape as usual you are charged with theft.
4. You have to keep telling her, "My name isn't John. It's Dirty Mike."
5. Who hits on prostitutes? Prostitutes hit on you. And now you know.

Top Five Ways to Prevent Being Butt-fucked in Jail

1. Open your mouth reaaaally wide
2. Explain that you have a condition and you're doctor forbids it.
3. Tell them you're in for killing some guy who was looking at your ass.
4. Start crying and shouting at the top of your lungs "daddy no daddy I'm sorry I won't leave my toys out again please don't put your thingy in my no no place

again."

5. Carry a mousetrap in your ass.

Top Five Ways to Tell Someone Their Son Died Attempting Autoerotic Asphyxiation

1. He died happy...really really happy.
2. At least he came. Not all of them do, you know.
3. No, ma'am. Not just suicide...
4. Three-person, live dramatic re-enactment
5. Start it off with "We found a copy of The Koala next to the sink..."

Top Five Things You Should Never Say to Your Captor

1. Do you know who I am!? My daddy's rich and important!
2. Sir, I don't think the ropes are tight enough.
3. Nice trap, I've seen better . . . much much better, still nice though.
4. Kidnap and torture are nothing without murder.
5. America is going to win you infidels!

Top Five Dog Pick Up Lines

1. Wanna come back to my place? My master has a plasma TV and a hot tub.
2. I swear I'll still be here for you when you're not in heat.
3. Cute collar, wanna fuck?
4. I want to take you to the pound.
5. Baby, I would eat chocolate for you.
6. Ever wanna have sex with a black lab?

Top Five Things Jesus Said On the Cross

1. "Jews killed me and they should never be forgiven."
2. "I think this makes a great shape for a necklace."
3. "That walking on water thing, yeah, that was done with mirrors."
4. "I should have been less offensive to people."
5. "I wouldn't be violating my chastity if someone gave me a blowjob."

Top Five Improper Uses of the Word "Fellatio"

1. Is there a doctor in the house?! This woman is going to go into fellatio!
2. Life Alert, I've fellatioed and I can't get up!
3. Fellatio Alger was a great American author.
4. Was that a misdemeanor or a fellatio?
5. I fellated that fish like the iron chef.

Top Five Reasons To Go To Jail

1. Character building race riots over the game Uno.
2. Find out with very high precision how much money your fatass is worth.
3. Discover a simple and bittersweet joy in playing with a styrofoam cup.
4. Stealing pastries and ice cream from the Swenson's truck.
5. Discover that the universe has a sense of humor when you come home to a jury summons in the mail.

Top Five Ways to Have Safer Sex

1. Always check the "born on" date
2. Rub vitamins on your dick
3. No more suplexes
4. Use a friend's penis
5. Use a pre-packaged vagina

Top Five Things Overheard at the Dinner Table in a Gay Household

1. We're having chocolate covered bananas for dessert.
2. And how was your gay?
3. Could you please pass the macaroni and crap?
4. Mmm mmm mmm, these butt nuggets sure are delightful!
5. Ouch, not now honey, we're at the

dinner table.

Top Five Things You Can Do with a Music Degree from UCSD

1. One things for sure, you won't be able to cut it at Costco.
2. Play the skinflute for cash.
3. Do it tuba style for money.
4. Toot someone else's horn for rent.
5. Become Provost of Thurgood Marshall College.

Top Five Rulings Made by a Female Judge

1. I'm issuing a nag order.
2. Aww...you look so cute when you're guilty - 30 years!
3. I have cramps and so you have the death penalty.
4. The "you should know what you did wrong so I'm not going to talk to you until you figure it out" penalty.
5. 9 months of hard labor!

Top Five Lessons I Learned About Diversity from Protestors

1. What diversity looks like is a bunch of people of the same race wearing the same clothing and chanting the same thing in unison.
2. A university without diversity is like a clock without a duck.
3. Dirty little secret: The African American Student Union and the Multi-Asian Student Association are always on opposite sides of the protest.
4. Instead of having all the black people at the back they should be at the back, middle, and front.
5. Everybody still hates Asians.

Top Five Things Harish Will Do Now That He Lost the A.S. Presidency

1. No one cares.

Top Five Things Overheard in My Ethnic Studies Class

1. I can't believe none of you are hookers!
2. Class cancelled today: our professor was indicted as a terrorist and our TA got deported
3. Ummm, my last name is Rodriguez, can I have my A now?
4. Feel free to axe any questions.
5. I have no more tears to cry.

Top Five Extra Credit Assignments for an Ethnic Studies Class

1. Come to class late with a story of the morning's hardships.
2. Write a 30 word essay on how imperialism is bad.
3. Have a baby.
4. Bomb the UCSD history department.
5. Watch the movie, "Nobody will give a damn in 100 years" and take notes.

Top Five Things I Know Now That I Wish I Knew Then

1. Putting \$5 on the bed doesn't make it any less rape.
2. Pulling your pants up before running is well worth the 5 second delay.
3. When that girl told me that she liked me, but not in that way, she didn't mean she wanted anal.
4. In jail, when the crazy dude is talking on an imaginary cell phone, don't ask him if you can make a call.
5. Being intricately familiar with the physiology of the colon doesn't help at all on the analogy section of the SAT.

Comments? Give us your feedback on THE KOALA forums at:
www.thekoala.org

U¹⁴³C¹⁴S₈Dweeb

-or-

How I finally applied Chem to real life

Some may say that I studied too much. Others may say that I didn't study enough. My eyelids were heavy with the long hours of studying. I was barely able to see through them. Had I studied myself Chinese? I don't know. What I do know is that when I got on the shuttle bus, my mind was on chemistry. There were six people on the bus. These people were my age, college students, none were too beautiful, but they weren't repulsive either. Had they been in my dorm building as a freshman, I'd know their names, their interests, maybe they'd have been my best friends. But here on the shuttle bus, these "peers" were not potential business associates, drinking buddies or sex partners. They may have been someone's friends, but not mine. To me, they were electrons.

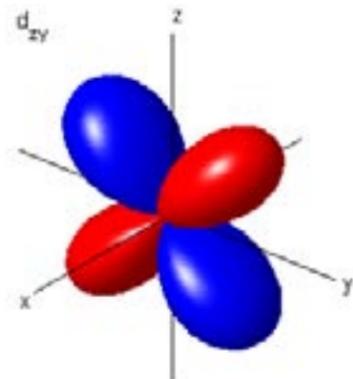
The shuttle bus has two columns of seats, each with room for two until the back row. My eyes flitted over the crowd, careful not to make eye contact, or if I did, to look away quickly and pretend that I hadn't looked at their eyes at all. Like the male black widow spider that is still alive after the mating season has passed, I knew the moves. It fell to me to recognize that I had no business sharing a seat with my fellow passengers; there were still too many empty orbitals. The shuttle bus driver, who I will refer to as 1s1, was settled in and I knew in a flash that there was no room for me until deep into the 4f territory. We weren't nearly there yet. Maybe if it started to rain. I moved on. 2s1 was a

single, a pale Asian girl. I knew that if I sat next to her, she'd accommodate me, maybe move her backpack a little, maybe even throw out a thin smile as she looked away from my eyes. But she'd wonder why I hadn't taken something in the third shell, instead of filling 2s2 out of order. I'd throw the whole atom into chaos. Would we have to talk? I know I could hold up my end of the conversation (I had heard a really funny Swedish joke earlier), but she was ground state if I've ever seen it and you never

can tell with these Asian girls whether your frequency will resonate. I wondered if she had ever even seen the third level. It seemed unlikely. I moved on. 2p1 and 2p4 were a couple, sitting together silently. Couldn't tell whether 2p4 was imposing on 2p1 or whether they had been going out for years. Either way, it didn't look like fun and spontaneous three-way hybridizations are very improper according to the laws that govern the shuttle bus. I moved on. 2p2

was a young man looking straight ahead. His gaze was reminiscent of the chimps of the Gombe, except that picking stuff out of the hair of 2s1 constitutes another massive violation of shuttle bus etiquette. That behavior that for other primates is an essential part of the social bonding process would devastate the delicate balance of the shuttle bus system, irretrievably throwing us all into the unpredictable world of social interaction, which could only be a bad thing. The cloud of the electric force field generated by 2p2 repelled me. I moved on. 2p3 was another young woman, in shorts and carrying a bag that could have been for soccer or possibly track. Not bad looking, but a lot of those soccer chicks are coke fiends and she'd either leave

me behind for it or drag me down with her. I also couldn't ignore my distinct feeling that she might not have been interested in my attempts at ionic bonding, preferring instead to bond only with like materials, covalently. Diatomics, or dytes as I like to call them. Never can tell with those athlete types. I moved on. The final piece of the puzzle was the guy wearing sunglasses in the back row. Tossing all the rules out the window, this lawless rebel sat across 3d1, 2 & 3. Like the rooster, he had staked out his territory, and had carefully arranged himself in a way that it was easy to defend it, but also allow electrons of the opposite spin in for constructive harmony. Trying to interject myself into that situation would probably lead to destructive interference in most other circumstances, but get real. This is UCSD. But I really didn't care; there was plenty of seating still available in the 3s and 3p sections. Nose bleeders, to be sure, but I was only looking at a short ride. I moved on. So there I was. The laws of the shuttle bus had prevailed again. I sat down in 3s1, alone, and rode it all the way to my stop, where my entropy driven carrier was waiting to take me to more hospitable atoms. I reflected briefly on the cruel, heartless nature of the laws of the shuttle bus, but soon realized that that's just the way it was and that it would never, ever, ever change.



95% of all the students on the shuttle are thinking about this anyway, so let's make it official



Here's a picture of the SDSU shuttle bus. I hate our school.



How to Buy a Water Pipe

1. Go to Glassworks.
2. Be amazed by their pieces.
3. Buy one with money and get 10% off!
4. Holy cow!



GLASS ART • HEADY SMOKING ACC. • INTERNET ACCESS
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 ↑ X LONG BOARD
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How Many Times Can I be Called an Asshole in a Month?

By Antoine "El Suave" Guanoero

Fuckin' women! In a period of a month I came to the assessment that you ladies are crazy and helpless. The three girls I dated during last month ended up calling me an asshole! I don't fuckin' understand. They didn't find out about each other, so I thought I was doing everything right. What you don't know won't hurt you, right? Obviously I'm wrong.



We were trying to figure out what picture to put here to break up the article and then I came upon this perfect gem!

The first I saw on Library Walk a week after I had broken it off with her. When she stopped me I thought she wanted to chat, but I'm a man and thus wrong. She was still wondering why. I guess my extensive excuse about my penis falling off (obvious lie since Butch, the ten inch girth will always serve proudly) was not enough. Loudly, (I guess to attract the hundreds of people on Library walk at that moment) she asks "what the fuck is your problem?" All that came out of my mouth was "you're immature, and a Jew." So she called me an asshole.

What I meant to say was, "I'm sorry. You're 18, I'm 24, and our religions would conflict because I'm Catholic."

Conclusion: I'm an asshole.

The second is this chick from back home who I had no emotional connection with. She confronted me to tell me that she felt as if I was taking advantage of her 'cause I only went over her house to fuck. Of course I was! That was stupid and ignorant of her. I mean come on; this was going on for a few months already! That obviously was my cue to run. So I explain that "I now go to school 45 minutes away. I do have a car, but gas is too expensive. I have to focus on studying, and your poonanny is old news." And for whatever reason, she calls me an asshole.

What I meant to say was, "I love you!"

Conclusion: I'm an asshole.

Lastly, there was my favorite. Two weeks after I had given the boot to this one, she shows up outside my class. Funny side note: I never told her where and when my classes were. Hhmmm? Anyway, she starts a post breakup, breakup talk to the effect of, "I don't think it's working

out." Or what I like to call for the psycho hose beasts, the "breakup echo." I interrupted her and said, "Don't embarrass yourself." I didn't understand the stupidity that was being regurgitated from her cock sucking hole, so I ignored most of what followed. Last thing that was said was that she wanted me on the same page as her, so the obvious thing to say was, "No one will ever be on the same page as you, psycho!" So she called me an asshole as I walked away from her.

What I meant to say was, "Fuck you, psycho hose beast! I broke up with your sorry ass two weeks ago! Get it through your head!"

Conclusion: She's the asshole!

Well, I still don't understand why I'm an asshole, but one for three is not that bad in my opinion. You just learn for the next one, right? Definitely for those of you who are interested in showing me that women are not all like this. No psychos!!! That is a prerequisite! Oh yeah, and no Asian girls either!*

*The views of Antoine do not represent the entire Koala. Although we are all assholes, some of us like Asian girls.

Bad News for the Jews

The Jews are no longer God's chosen people according to a press release from heaven today (or tomorrow or yesterday...time doesn't really matter as much if you are a celestial being). God proclaims that he has downgraded the Jewish people to hold/accumulate from their previous strong recommendation of "chosen."

God proclaims, "Yes I sent my kid to their land and they killed him... Jesus Christ... so what, who the hell cares? Who heaven cares about is where I requested my equal go and that is UCSD." It has been confirmed that God's equal Bryan Barton does indeed attend UCSD.

"The fact that I put in a good word for my equal Brian Barton to go forth to UCSD shows how much I care about the students of UCSD: they are my new chosen people."

Why I Want to Be a Grad Student

Then I'll get free booze instead of free diversity. Their student association spends all their cash on booze whereas ours spends it all on promoting diversity. I don't know about you, but I am opposed to buying any more black people when my money should be put towards booze.

Problems with the Hoes

One of the many problems with women is that they bleed. They bleed when they drop pans on their bare feet in the kitchen, they bleed when you hit them or push them down the stairs. But today I'm gonna bitch about the bleeding of the primary part of the bitch. That's right I'm talking about the time of the month when they spew red from their hole like Mount Vesuvius. Although usually I don't care about the suffering of other creatures, I take issue with their suffering if it is preventing me from banging them. Part of me doesn't care, but part of me feels bad as it seems as though I am actually causing the suffering as I am nailing a human body. And usually she refuses to give it up as I think this is also when chicks are PMSing but I'm too unobservant to know and to uncaring to care. The thing is that bleeding of hers lasts for 5-8 days. A WHOLE WEEK every month?!?!? She is only normal 3/4 of the time.



Brian Barton making out with his new ketchup bottle girlfriend. Sorry Rollanda.

Your beautiful coke bottle figure girlfriend spends the other 1/4 of her time more like a hip-shaped leaky bottle of ketchup. So ultimately if you're dating a UCSD/gives crappy blowjobs girl, then for a huge portion of the time you're chained to this chick you aren't getting any satisfaction from at all. Fortunately for you THE KOALA has a new edict for all couples that have a bleeder in it and hopefully our A.S. will pass the following resolution: *Whereas, the bleeder is only able to be a contributing member of the relationship 3/4 of the time, be it resolved that the healthy member of the relationship should be able to bang other chicks 1/4 of the time.* Thus shall be the law of the land.

CALLING ALL MIDGETS
Wanna be the next Weeman! If you are a midget and you're cool, we will make you crazy famous. For the love of God if you're a midget or know a midget contact us. We are in dire need of one. The fate of the universe depends on our acquisition of a midget. This is not a joke!



Koala Baseball Preview by Dirtay Mike

Many of you might not know that UCSD has a baseball team. Well, UCSD has a division II program that will this year, if history repeats itself miraculously fold during the latter part of the season. Fortunately the major leagues are back in action so I decided to write about baseball so I could have a section that no one reads like the sports section in the Tardian. Before I make all of you rich by picking my winners I would like to take a moment to point out that instead of being an above average bench player my path has guided me to become a Koala Superhero. I also suggest that if you want to meddle in the mediocrity of division II sports you attend a women's softball game and check out Jodie. She is really hot. Oh yeah, here is my preview for the upcoming season.

Barry Bonds will hit his 660th home run. Reaching this milestone will permanently put to rest all suspicion of steroid use by this role model athlete.

A-Rod will be traded to the Yanks, but he will start poorly. A-Jax, however, will continue to clean sinks with its powerful, no scratch formula.

New Angels owner, Artie Moreno, will abandon his Mexican countrymen and hire three players from the Dominican Republic. In a related story, he will also fire the entire grounds keeping crew. The result-

ing massive protests in Santa Ana lead Mr. Moreno to reconsider his decision and further lower the beer prices. John Moores, are you listening?

The Tampa Bay/Yankees season opener in Japan will inspire the Astros to live up to their name and hold a surprise season opener on the moon. The Montreal/Houston game sets an all-time record for homeruns and for runs scored in a 147-112 blowout of the Expos. The Expos, accustomed to playing for small audiences, have planned 22 more moon games for the '05 season. Terrorists will strike Shea Stadium with an airplane attack from LaGuardia. Appar-

ently, the terrorists were offended by the notion that there's an entire neighborhood of New York named after homos. Queens welcomes the attack as an opportunity to get a much-needed non-shitty ballpark.

Blue Jays. 19 games against the Orioles and the Devil Rays. Good. 19 games against the Yankees and the Red Sox. Bad. Season outlook. Mediocre Close race for the AL East, but the Yankees will lose out because of an "unfortunate"

plane crash. The entire team will die and Steinbrenner won't be able to buy a new team in time to compete. The Series will be a Red Sox / Dodgers showdown with the Sox prevailing in seven.

MC HAMMER does not play for the Oakland A's anymore. He was traded to Baltimore.

The Padres will try hard. ed note-Dont let Dirty Mike ever do layout. ed note-this is not filler ed note-seriously this is not filler at all

To the UCSD Tour Guides:
While I fully understand The Old Student Center is an integral part of the UCSD campus, it is also home of me and THE KOALA. Chances are if I see you with a bunch of freshies, I'll be passing out issues like a shirtless and shoeless drunken ninja. Cooperate and we'll keep it peaceful and short. Love, Dirty Mike



I'm Wink Dinkerton and I'm on location with the law enforcement officers of UCSD. Remember kids, all the events you read about today can be prosecuted by law.

W: So, what do we have here officer Shipheel?

O.S.: Just a routine case of a frat boy getting his entire asshole caught around a doorknob. It happens every rush week.

W: Wow! Although it looks excruciatingly painful, the frat boy seems to have a smile on his face.

Chad: Like, fuck off dudes. They won't let me in until I get the whole door crammed in there.

O.S.: I think they're just playing games with you son.

Chad: No they're not. All the brothers have done it.

W: What fraternity are you trying to get into? Chad: Fraternity? This is for the A.S. elections. I'm gonna be president.

O.S.: More power to you son. Carry on.

W: Shouldn't we at least give him some butter or a shoe horn or something?

O.S.: First of all, his shoes are already on and do you really think he wants to eat with a doorknob up his ass? Hey, don't fall behind because I will leave you.

12:15pm Investigative Report

W: We are here at the Revelle dorms, Cargo

Hall, where there's a possible rape in progress.

So who's the lucky person officer Pewphzhut?

P: Apparently three morbidly obese women were reading the Tardian on March 29th and became obsessed with a man named Brian Barton.

W: Is that this poor wretch right here?

BB: Hello, this is Brian. Hello, this is Bryan. Hello, this is Brian.

W: Why's he keep saying that?

P: That was the last thing he said before they laid in on him. He was lured to their dorm room after they called him to order his platinum photo package. Earlier attempts in which they pretended to order the silver package were ignored as nobody would knowingly order less photos of Barton.

BB: AAAAGH!!! Barton sees fat girls!

W: Why is he beating his own head into the wall? What the hell did they do to him?

P: Once they got him in the room they ripped off his clothes and then had a wild orgy under the covers only stopping for K.F.C.

W: You mean these pigs were under a blanket with that chicken?

P: It's worse than that. It has been a week since he was reported missing. We believe that the initial impact of three six hundred pound women sent his body into shock for the first two days. After that his poor brain probably wouldn't let him sleep.

BB: Mom says I'm handsome, girls think I'm handsome, I think I'm handsome...fat girls like handsome. AAAAAGH.

W: He's hitting his head again, is there anything that we can do?

P: Don't worry about a thing. I've left these three corpulent young ladies in charge of getting him home. Lets go to Weinerschnitzel, I'm starving.

W: Hello this is Wink Dinkerton and I'm joined by officer Don K. Kong. Can you explain to our readers what we're doing here?

K: We are part of the event staff here at the W.T.S.U. pep rally to gaurd against troublemakers and fun-doers.

W: Can you explain what the W.T.S.U. is to our readers. Why are they all wearing wife beaters?

K: They're the White Trash Student Union and you better watch your mouth about the "wife beaters" because those are part of their cultural heritage.

W: Forgive me for mispeaking. What I don't understand is why these people need protection. Most of them have no front teeth and they all look pretty tough. Just look at that guy over there that has "Ma" tattooed on his neck and that lady standing next to him who has a "Son" tattooed on her forehead. Who's going to start trouble here?

K: Every year we have trouble when the white trash cultural dancers come on stage to perform. They do their "Drunk-a-wifa-beatin" dance which represents the struggles of the modern white trash women finding love in the fists of their mulleted husband and his drunken but sincere remorse. Sometimes, the crowd mistakes this celebration of love with that of

a senseless act of violence and they tend to throw bottles of beer on the stage.

W: If our purpose here is to stop the violent crowd from harming the dancers couldn't we just stop the dance or put up chicken wire around the stage?

K: Stop it? We're just here to collect the un-open bottles for the dancers. They need them for their next performance which is the "20 budweisers and sex in the back seat of any pick up truck" dance of female courtship for her white trash mate. The banjos are starting to play, we better take our positions.

W: What are all those bald headed guys doing over there in the crowd. OH MY GOD!!! It looks like they're choking each other.

(Half an hour passes by...)

W: In a bizzare twist of fate the "Muirons For Christ" have tried to synchronize their mass suicide with the beginning of the "Drunka-wifa-beatin" dance. Oddly enough, the Muirons didn't think to bring any weapons to perform the act and were reduced to trying to choke each other to death. Only half survived. Unfortunately, Officer Kong was helpless to stop the suicide as he has a phobia of violence and passed out at the first signs of trouble. Oh wait he's waking up...

K: I was just checking the ground for any narcotics. Hey will you come back and cover the story about our departments decision to not let the bicycle cops go from wearing shortened spandex short shorts to spandex G-string?

W: Sure. Well this has been the most eventfull day I've had in quite a while so this reporter's going back home to Tijuana where it's nice and quite. This is Wink Dinkerton signing off.

E.T. RETURNS and cuts through the crap.

Twenty-two years ago, I was left behind on this planet and had an adventure that inspired a movie. My home planet is 11 light-years away so when I arrived, I watched the movie and I had to turn right around. That lying Jew bastard Steven Spielberg! So now I'm back, to set the record straight. This is MY side of the story.

First of all, the movie only shows me getting to first base with Drew Barrymore. That pussy-ass bitch Spielberg cut the full scene to get the G rating. Drew and I went all the way. She kept asking me, "Am I doing okay, Mr. T?" And I was like, "I love it when you call me that." So yeah, I did hook up with Drew Barrymore. What? She's full size to me and that was back when she was cute. So fuck you Tom Green, I had her first. He probably divorced her because he couldn't compete with the extendable, prehensile alien penis.

Second, you have no idea what it was like for me, being on your craphole of a planet. Can you imagine, for a moment, that you are an astronaut? You fly to Mars or whatever and you meet the aliens. They look vaguely humanoid, torso, legs, arms, eyes. There's two major differences, though. They're ten feet tall and their heads are the size of an orange. Seem a little strange? THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, you tiny headed



freaks! What the fuck is wrong with you?

No wonder you people haven't escaped your solar system. Yeah, you've got a space program. They visited the moon! Whoop-de-fuckin-do. Ooooh, you went all the way to the moon, huh? DID IT TURN OUT TO BE MADE OF CHEESE? What a fucking shocker! You mean a group of cows didn't mix up a million ton block of

cheese and launch it into orbit?

Now I gotta admit, my people are way more advanced than you boneheads, but I didn't build the ship myself you know. I'm the ship's healer, not the engineer. So I'm stuck on this planet of the dimwits. I wow them with the old glowing finger trick (I can't believe they hadn't seen that before, I learned it in 2nd grade!). These idiots make me wanna puke. I gotta get the fuck outta here. I asked the kid how people communicate and he handed me a crayon and a piece of paper. I wrote a note, found my star, crumpled the paper and chucked it as hard as I could. It went about 15 feet. So I hit the gym.

I mean, I hit the kid. For being a little idiot. Realizing these people were getting me nowhere, I started digging around and come up with what? A goddamned Speak 'n' Spell and an umbrella. This is fucking pathetic, but guess what? I'm using it. I gotta get the fuck off this rock.

"GET ME OUTTA HERE! ET PHONE HOME!!!" So I send the message with the Speak 'n' Spell and the phonograph but,

Christ Almighty, I don't want to wait. All right, kid, make with the bike. What'd you say escape velocity was around here? I know my legs may not look like much, but I'm pretty zippy on a bike. I set up a ramp and do a pretty big air

but only made it to the mesosphere. That damn kid weighed me down.

Finally, my ship came to get me. Turns out, they were all doing light saber rips in the cabin. They wouldn't have even noticed I was gone except they were so high they forgot to water the ship's flower and F.T. almost died.

USELESS PRODUCT COMPANY (UPC)

One-Armed Man Doorknob Defense System

GOING OUT OF
BUSINESS
SALE



- Did you find soup cans in your pantry smashed in anger?
- Was your alarm system disarmed?
- Is everything gone except your golf clubs?
- Are you retarded?

Take the law into your own hands! You have them, he doesn't! Use this to your advantage! Thanks to recent advances in nuclear technology and rocket science even the people in Hiroshima or on the moon can be safe from one-armed bandits.



Still worried?

If you think the one-armed robber might have a one-armed partner ask about our deluxe triple knob version!



Who will be Person of the Year?

THE KOALA has a tradition of choosing a Person of the Year. Last year it was the Muslims and we dedicated an entire issue to them. The year before it was Billy, the boy made entirely out of cheese. On this page you will find the nominees for this year. Your vote counts so choose wisely.

Henry Earl



Henry Earl's been arrested a lot. Over 900 to be exact and all but two for public intoxication. He began his protesting of the sober and non-government subsidized life in 1994 and since has become something of a legend in Kentucky. He's been to Jail more than George, gets more free food than Mike, his roommates are more interesting than Anthony, he's prettier than Brad, and is blacker than Brian Barton. In short he is the perfect role model to us all and we are honored to nominate him for Person of the year.

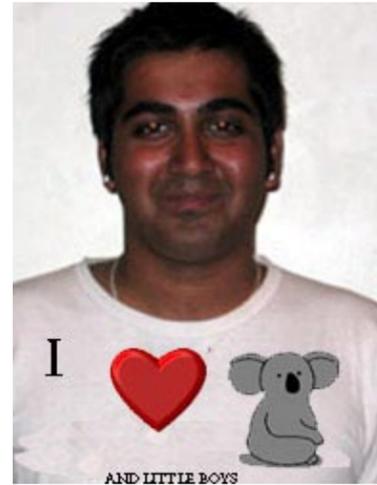
He-man



Haven't heard of him since you were ten? Well now he's back because we say so. Who can get away with wearing less clothes than his woman? He-man, that's who. Yeah. He da man.

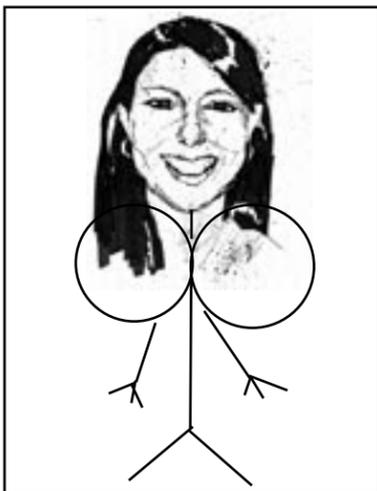
Harish

Nandowhocares



Most commonly used in the phrase, "Harish is a fag." He has sworn to shut us down, but we don't really know why. With the publication of this little blurb, we understand much better. Good luck, you fag.

Francis Galvon



Francis Galvon is the A.S. Commissioner of Communications. She loves Brian Barton with a passion and is nominated for Person of the Year for two big reasons.

Ron Jeremy Look-A-Like Technician



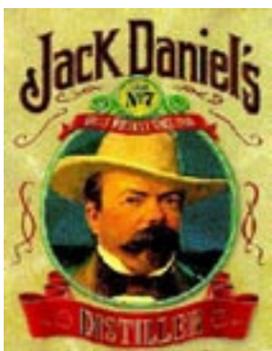
At UCSD, only one man is the master of shoving his data wire into multiple ports. Only one man has the longest cable to connect your copy machine to the surge it needs. Only one man can shoot his powerful signal across campus and freeze his data for all to use. He is the computer technician that looks like RON JEREMY! And we at THE KOALA wish to honor him for his spunky contribution to the San Diego Community.

Bill Gates



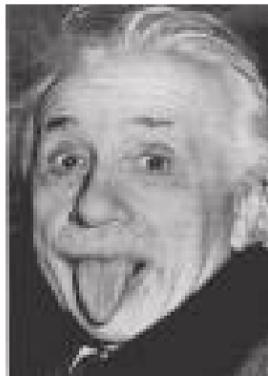
Bill Gates is nominated for person of the year because he has finally gained complete control of UCSD. For years he has been "recruiting" UCSD student computer programmers to do his evil bidding at the Microsoft headquarters complete with a dastardly gym and spa. Dressed in drag, he has become our new chancellor under the code name M.A.R.Y.E. A.N.N.E F.O.X. Koala sleuths have deduced that this is a code name because who the hell spells "Mary" with an "E!?" That's like spelling "Brian" with a "Y!" The code name really stands for: Microsoft Alliance Requires Your Every Asian Now Not Enough For Our Xbox.

Jack Daniels



This year at THE KOALA has had it's ups and downs. Some people bail out when things get rough, but not Jack. He has been here for the good times and has helped us through the bad times. Jack Daniel, or Jim when you've known him as long as we have, encourages us to do things we would never do. (like pass up a hot chick taking off her pants in my bed for a little prayer session with the porcelain goddess in the next room) The life of the party, Jim is always quick to make us laugh, cry, punch each other in the skull, and then forget it all ever happened. A toast to Jack and a whole hearted nomination for Person of the Year!

Albert Einstein



We admit it. The main reason that 'Berto is here is because he was Time Magazine's Man of the Century. That makes it official: Albert Einstein has pulled off the biggest lie of anyone we know. He writes several papers that revolutionize our understanding of the universe ... while working in a patent office. Hello? Coincidentally enough, Albert Einstein is also listed as the inventor of several other items in 1905, including the vacuum cleaner, the popsicle, the car jack, the turbocharger and the gasoline pump.

Cast your vote for Person of the Year!

Punch out your choice with a pencil and drop ballot in any on-campus mailbox

- Henry Earl
- Francis Galvon
- The Ron Jeremy look-a-like technician
- He-Man
- Jack Daniels
- Harish Nandowhocares
- Bill Gates
- Albert Einstein
- Fill in candidate _____

KOALA PERSONALS

You stupid Fucks. I hate reading these long and winded personals. Keep them short and sweet.

Fabulous lover. with tremendous cock seeks hot girl for drinking buddy and sex. Almost all females are eligible. Pretty face is a must. No fat chicks. Must make noise, i.e. heavy breathing, moaning, and/or screaming affirmations during coitus. Must be on the pill. No games, no drama, no babys' mamas! Just fun. Anyone interested, go to the Pub or Round Table and drink, and well make things happen. 3 orgasms a night, minimum, guaranteed!

Male mechanical engineering student seeking female coupling to link for an incompressible fluid flow. Im willing to put heat and work into the system--if out signals are right, well make this periodic. Must be willing to experiment with MATLAB. If you come back to my Laplace trust me, Ill transform you.
p.s. must not be afraid of nonnegligible friction.

Celeste, It's me the guy who stared at you all summer at work in the warehouse. I was hoping we could go out, or just fuck, or maybe I could just hack you to pieces with a shovel, drag your body into the woods, have wild sex with your corpse, and then bury you in a shallow grave. Remember that one time you walked by with a look of disgust when you caught me looking at kiddy porn? I masturbate until my penis bleeds thinking about you. Love you...cunt.

FUCK YOU AND YOUR FUCKING SOUPS. I ate your soup in the morning and that night I broke out in rashes and had food poisoning.

SO FUCK YOU AND GIVE ME MY DAMN \$3.49 FOR THE PEP-TO-BISMOL I HAD TO BUY!
-RC

to that dude in the revelle commuter lounge,
Thanks for telling the innocent chick I am dating the definition and dangers of Blue Balls. You're a Ballsaver!

To the loud persian fucks in upper div ECE classes: Persia doesn't exist shitheads!take pride in In your hairy Iranian origins. Passing notes in class is not trendy, nor is taking a shower with cologne. Unibrows are not gonna get you laid. Stop chanting that Ali Baba shit in class. Don't act like you don't shop at Ross, fuckin cunts.

Hoa (Hwa) please come back to intermediate class. Keith from beginning.

To all the homosexual and bisexual boys and men out there. I am one of those straight girls who really likes to hang around gay men (fag hag [even though I'm not a hag, I'm decent looking], fruit fly). I'm really really lonely and I need some friends to watch Will & Grace and Queet Eye for a Straight Guy with. Shows about interior decorating and fashion too. If you are interested you can come meet me next Tuesday at 2:30 in the price center over near the box office. I will be wearing black pants and a green shirt.

THIS IS FOR ALL YOU PUSSIES WHO FEEL THE NEED TO SNITCH TO UC POLICE THAT I'M SMOKING POT

IN THE PARKING LOT. YOU CUNTS MAKE ME SICK, IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I MUST BE ON THE CONSTANT LOOK-OUT. DOES EVERYONE HAVE A STICK UP THEIR ASS AT THIS SCOOOL? OR IS IT THAT POT IS TOO BENIGN? MAYBE IF I WAS SNORTING COKE OFF OF A CD CASE YOU WOULD FEEL A LITTLE MORE AT EASE. I'M TIRED OF THIS PIECE OF SHIT SCHOOL AND EVERYONE IN IT. LET'S NOT RAG ON THE ASIANS TOO MUCH THOUGH, THEY MIGHT TAKE AWAY PANDA EXPRESS. WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT, WOULD WE? I'M SURE EVERYONE (EXCEPT YOU PIECE OF SHIT FRESHMEN AND SOPHMORES) REMEMBERS THE OLD PLACE CALLED "WOKS UP" AND HOW MUCH IT SUCKED. ANYWAY, I'M GETTING OFF TOPIC. UCSD SUCKS, UC POLICE SUCK, PRISSY UCSD BITCHES SUCK AND SPINACH PARMESAN BAGELS RULE.
WITH MUCH LOVE, THE BUNDLE OF HATE

Dear RC of DB,

You are a bitch! I wonder how big your asshole is from all the times your idol Arnold bust a nut up in that bitch azz. I bet you are a short skinny super-sensitive wussbag waiting to catch a beat-down. All your doing is talking big, pussy, and in front of a radical liberal I bet you would shut your bitchhole up quickly. Anyway, GO SUCK BUSH'S DICK YOU FAG, AND BE GLAD I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME CUZ IT WOULD BE TAGGED IN LARGE LETTERS ACROSS PRICE CENTER RIGHT NOW YOU DIPSHIT. Rot in pieces,
-R.Q. from L.P.G.

Dear Koala,
I am the President of the United States. Hello.
Sincerely,
George W. Bush

To all those fuckers in my Corporate Finance class, Econ 175: you all looked the professor in the eye and told him you wouldn't cheat and yet you still got help from other people on the exam. Even worse half of you were doing it the day it was due inside or right outside the class! Have you no honor? If I ever see any of you in the business world I will spit in your face.

Fuck Dre Fuck motha fuckin death row

Hi, my name is Gippy. I fight for right and freedom. I like cat. Go baseball. big fan of my country. i like cat.please send email.

This is two that big titted teacher Lincoln. You look like Big Gay Al from South Park. Is that character based on you? I hate your homo ass and you suck as a teacher, and please start wearing a bra to class.
From 2Pac

fuck you....feels better....fuck u motherfucker ;-)

To the dumbass physics TA that sounds like Pewee Herman/Kermit the frog. You are an ugly jackass. Stop being a dick or you will get beat up even more than you did in high school.

To the woman in Clicks who waited 25 minutes at the already clearly busy printer in order to print out and post a sign which read, 'Printer is busy'--
Next time, use a different printer to state the obvious, you dumbass bitch.

To all the old people in my classes, shut the fuck up! Nobody cares about your lame experiences and shit. Go home and bake me some fucking cookies you old farts.

UCSD nice weather:
If it weren't for you, I would have forgot that I even had a dick besides pissing. Thank you for all the mini skirts.
- William HUNG Dick

To the fucking Muir quarterly. You think your so sly making your jokes about how UCSD guys can't find a girls clit... Its been my experience that most UCSD girls can't find their clit either. They can however tell you about o-chem. I'm going to fucking kill you.

To: Nu TOP GUN,
Remember that time we stayed at your place and had sex all day? Good times. Call me so we can do it again...
And don't I owe you a school-girl uniform?
From: "M"averick

Submit your personals online anonymously, irresponsibly, and inconsequentially at:
www.thekoala.org



What would the Koala do?

They would write something in a backwards L shape to fill a hole in the issue when they have been up for the past 10

hours straight and are too tired to come up with any more pure comedic gold for this fucking birthday issue. But tune in next issue kids for the greatest adventure the Koala has ever embarked upon.
-B-Rad

To the fat guy from the mailroom: you're looking great! Have you lost weight? Just wanted to say you were always the fastest with the mail and the way you licked the stamps was damn sexy. UCSD loves Tim!
- A special personal from Brian Barton