

THE KOALA IN COURT



First Online
Only Version

Whats up BIZATCHI!??!!

Does the above face resemble any of the following?

Back off then motherfucker!



Looking at
Rape Victim



Raping
Rape Victim

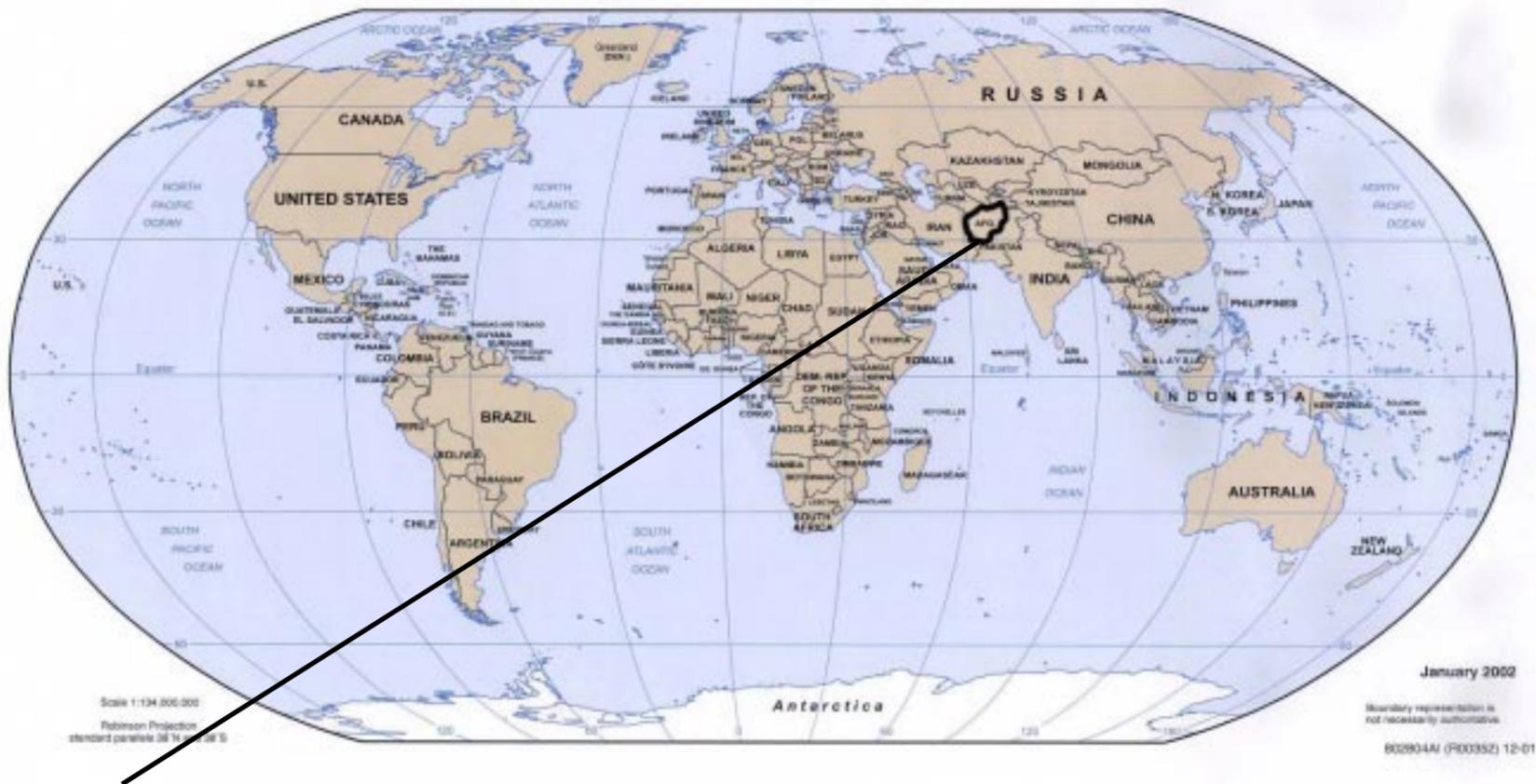


Murdering
Rape Victim



Raping Murdered
Rape Victim

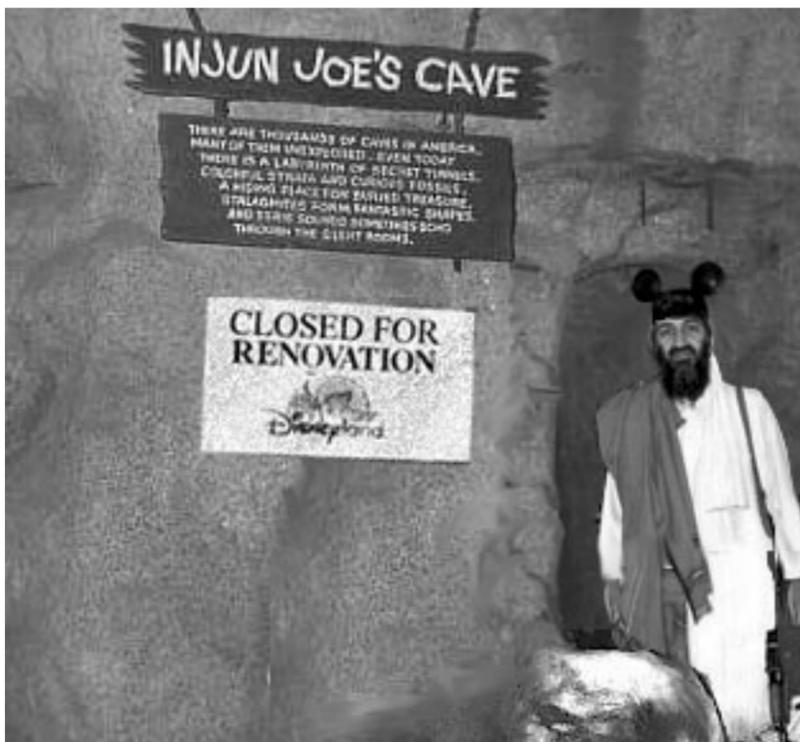
Koala Undercover: Osama Chillin' At Disneyland?



According to the FBI, Osama bin Laden is either in the tiny country circled above, Afghanistan, or some other country.

The investigative arm of THE KOALA, in the wake of September 11th, sent a reporter to go undercover into Al Qaeda in hopes of discovering the retreat plan of Osama bin Laden. After intense cultural training, our reporter went to Afghanistan and attempted to infiltrate the Al Qaeda network. He sent the pictures here back as documentation of his full acceptance into the inner-most circle of Al Qaeda advisors. "Jason," as he became known in the Al Qaeda network, was privy to the top-secret post-9/11 plans of Osama bin Laden. "Jason" asked Osama's right-hand man where bin Laden was headed, and was shocked to hear the response, "He's going to Disneyland, of course!" When he heard this, he immediately forwarded the information to the FBI, but because the FBI couldn't find their own dicks in the dark, they have still been stymied in their attempts to locate Osama bin Laden within Disneyland. So HQ (all the stoners hanging around in our office) has

had to carefully examine Disneyland in hopes of figuring out where Osama bin Laden might be. Might he be in the Matterhorn? No, that territory is controlled by the Yeti, and he doesn't give nothing to no one. Might he be in Sleeping Beauty's Castle? He better not be!!! Sleeping Beauty's my girl and I might have to open up a package of box cutters on his ass if he was there. What about the Pirates of the Caribbean? Nope, ever since they put food in the arms of the women there, Osama, like all other men who aren't afraid to be men, has boycotted the ride religiously. So what is the only place left? Well, dummy, you should have guessed it from the beginning. He's on Tom Sawyer's Island, living in the Injun Caves. It's his natural habitat, plus the opportunity exists to ram a reed raft loaded with explosives into the side of the Mark Twain Riverboat. That'll show those heathen American bastards!!!



Osama poses for a photo outside Injun Joe's Cave to send to his militant followers. Authorities are still unsure of his whereabouts, but comment, "If you see any suspicious characters with Mickey Mouse ears, please report to the authorities immediately."



This is Osama bin Laden's new flight school. With increased vigilance at the flight schools of our nation (i.e. they no longer accept riyals, dinars or afghanis), it has proved easier for Osama to conduct his pilot training at the Astro Orbiters.



The Autopia is the perfect way to prepare Al Qaeda hopefuls for their driver's exam. Without this essential training, the terrorists would never get a driver's license, and be unable to effectively move stealthily within the taxis of our country.

SOME LISTS

Top Five Things to Say Next Time You're High

1. I helped kill a judge.
2. Colin Parent
3. Thanks Osama - nice doing business with ya!
4. If this is terrorism, call me the Unabonger!
5. This gram sack and I raped your newborn daughter.

Top Five Reasons Colin Parent Should Commit Suicide

1. Even his mommie couldn't get girls to vote for him.
2. Colin Parent
3. His ex-boyfriend gave those penis-cam pictures of his colon to THE KOALA.
4. Now he'll never be a senator.
5. Even Joe Watson doesn't want blowjobs from him.
6. Because the wicked witch of the North wants him dead ... and his little dog too.
7. Without him on the AS to funnel money to the MQ, they're going to have to go back to Muir for their funding. And they hated being at Muir.
8. It'd be the funniest thing he'd ever done in his life.
9. He carried around a little fag dog for two days and for WHAT?

Top Five Reasons Colin Parent Should Stay Tough and not Commit Suicide

1. Everyone knows that THE KOALA is just jealous of his cute little doggie.
2. Colin Parent
3. Why waste all of that valuable poster-hanging experience?
4. Hey, he's got to be used to being number two by now.
5. There's other black men to blow in La Jolla.
6. Because the song says he should go eat worms.
7. Where would the MQ be without their lead funny-man?

Top Five Reasons Colin Parent is number two on every list

1. He came in second in the AS Presidential Race
2. Colin Parent
3. He's the editor of the number two alternative paper.
4. Reigning Muir College Anal-Felching Champion upset in the All-Campus Round



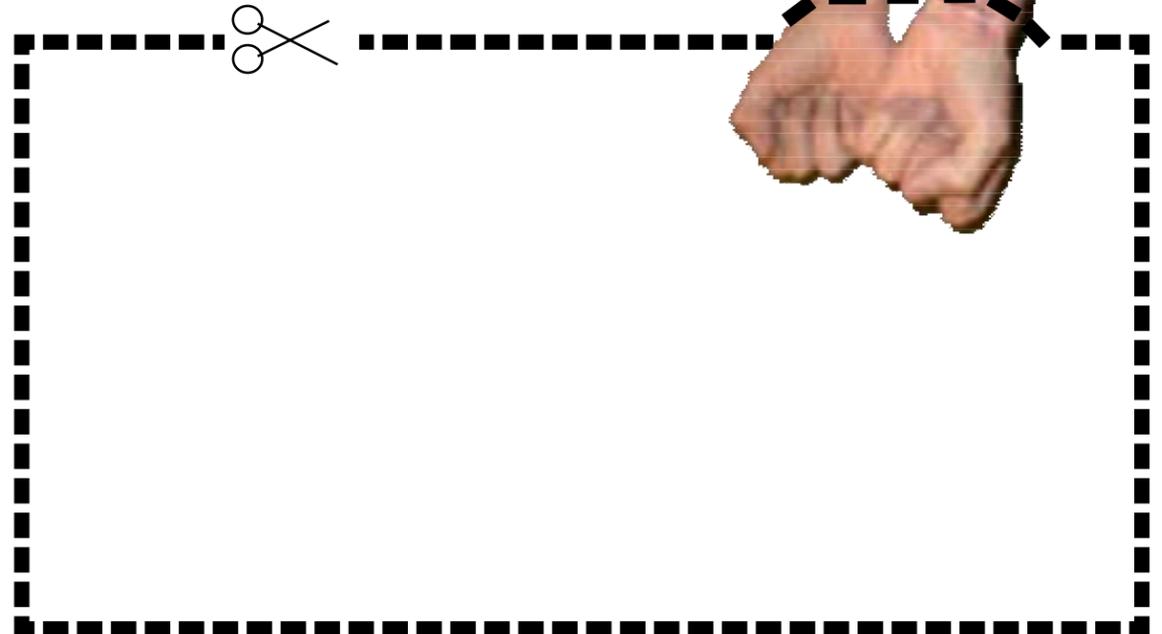
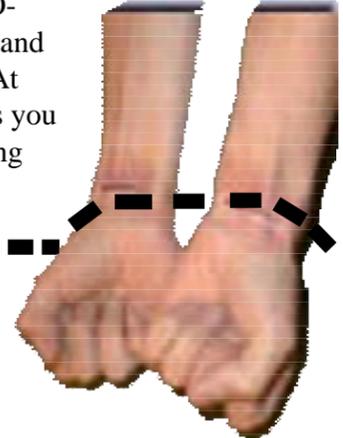
Sloshball News: KOALA crushed the Shuttle Driver Drinking Team 16 to 15 without cheating at all. Look for beatdown pics in the Fall issue or something.

Top Five Items on Receipts Peter Butcher Gave to SBPD

1. Full tank of Mobil Gas in La Jolla
2. Colin Parent
3. Ski mask, ski gloves and jogging shoes from REI
4. Snow tires
5. Liquid tranquilizers and syringes from a local pharmacy.

COLIN PARENT COMMITS SUICIDE

Is what our next headline will read when Colin Parent does the right thing. Hey Colin, we know you're thinking about it, so THE KOALA has taken all the work out of that pesty suicide note and wrote it for you! Well, actually, write it your fuckin self. At least we found you the paper...except this is online...guess you have to just print it then fill in the text and simply cut along the dotted lines and your home free! It's just so easy!



AE Toga or Less Party

I decided to go with this clever title to attract the majority of the UCSD populace - fat and sex-deprived. Luckily for the attendees, this party took place at SDSU and excluded ugly people from partaking in the adventures of wearing less than a toga. I did see one girl with a toga sheet that must have been the size of a fuckin ship sail to cover her fat ass, but she was promptly rolled down the parking ramp into oncoming traffic.

Anyway, I met my knicca from AEPie at his dorm to get our togas together. When we got there the party was pretty weak. Considering that it had not started, I let this go. Supposedly we were going to help set up, but we just helped drink beer. There seemed to be a lot of "supposedly"s because as people started arriving the rule was *supposedly* toga or less or get the fuck out. Minus one star because it started off being toga or more. Fuckin three faggots rolling up at a time with one girl - none wearing a toga. Security was then told to only let in dickless people and it was all good.

The true draw of this party was that there was supposedly going to be JELLO wrestling. Of course, once a few hotties arrived, me and my knicca Daniel headed straight for the fridge where we knew the seven hundred gallon (I'm estimating) bucket of JELL-O was waiting to form. It had not formed. After not caring, we picked up the bucket and dropped the half-formed cherry red JELLO into the pool and found three hot girls to start off the flesh fest. One girl asked for ten bucks so she'd "feel better" about doing this so I mentally pimp slapped her and gave her some play money instead. Aww how the wonders of drunkenness and darkness combine into one beautiful cloud of beffuddlement!

There was supposedly some prize money, which I assume one of the girls got. However, the only real winners of the JELLO wrestling were the onlookers and the lucky few who had whip cream canisters to use as excuses to grab upon the girls. Oh, and whichever girl socked the ten buck ho in the face.

Daniel and I, being the gentlemen we are, aided these girls in showering in the frat bathroom. A lucky pledge was scrubbed down by two of the girls, and as people shouted from outside of the locked door that they wanted in, we laughed.

Throughout the party there was lots of drunken dancing to some techno shit, hot girls in metal cages and Biggie's song Hypnotize came on (fuck yeah!!!). Although it was BYOB there was no cover and lots of shared beer. All in all AEPie delivered. Next week I'll probably order a large vegetarian though because near the end there was again, a little too much meat. Other than that, JELLO wrestling never fails and the sheer hotness factor in general mandates four stars.

Check out THE KOALA's new cd: From the *EucLLlyptus*



**The Koala:
From the EucLLlyptus**

Featuring songs such as:

Koalaty Flavor
Australian Assbeating
I Ain't Fluffy on The Inside
Kangaroo Gets Thumped
Master of the Marsupials

And lyrics such as:

You wanna get *wit* dis?
This funky killa chewin on eucalyptus
Learn something
Silly screwin foo cal bitch kids
Grabbin on ho-tel big tits
With a blunt in my mouth for big hits
All the womens like furry bears
Especially when getting they pussy teared
I stay slick, sick, quick
As I mock the mentally impaired
And they cry and drool like I cared
Giving the homos they share
Of brain damage
Heads crunch like cabbage
Cuz they say "fuck off God"
"It's all about me and Tod"
Well here's an Australian ass beating
For you and the officer at DARE
And everyone at MECHA meetings
Fall to your knees for prayers
I'm bringin the slap, punches, and booze
Koalaty flavor for bitches, fags, and Jews
(UCSD students, thanks for your DUES!!!)

