



The Koala

Located at University of California

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"Hello, how's it going? Come here often?"



"Wait...weren't we supposed to be inside that thing?"



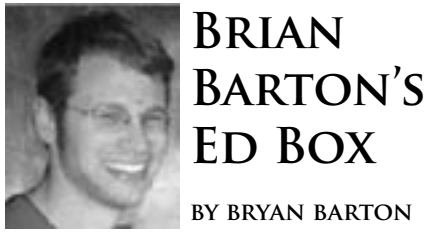
Dude Disrupts Class by Reading The Tardian

A lecture in Center Hall was brought to an abrupt halt as Jolly Roger was reading The Tardian. It turned out that due to the frequent mention of THE KOALA the student mistook it for the fuckin awesome student satire publication. "This Koala sucks," said the young man so inhumanely subjected to rantings about the coolness of reality television and a long article on homosexual marriages without a single gay joke.

The kid was immediately threatened with expulsion as the professor also thought the paper was a Koala. Asked to not be quoted, Nick Aguilar said, "we were gonna expel this young dude for violating university procedures and disrupting class because we originally thought it was a Koala, but it turns out it was only a Tardian and his punishment has already been served."

Since the Tardian obviously needs a new editor, we at THE KOALA would like to take this opportunity to pose a business proposition. We are willing to trade Bryan Barton for two cases of beer and a roll of tape.

Angry? Want to talk shit about THE KOALA? Too bad. We'll delete it. Fans of THE KOALA, help us improve the paper. Give your feedback on our new web forums. www.thekoala.org



BRIAN BARTON'S ED BOX

BY BRYAN BARTON

I regret to inform you that the picture accompanying this editor's note will be the only picture of me in this 4 page issue of THE KOALA. Unfortunately, I was outvoted by the rest of the senior staff on THE KOALA and they agreed to only allow me one single, tiny, picture to help you visualise me speaking directly to you. I hope there are not too many April showers because you won't have the multiple copies of my picture that you have grown accustomed to and now take for granted to brighten your every day.

APRIL FOOLS!!!

Just kidding! We're hateful, but not THAT hateful. The senior staff damn well knows what keeps the people coming back. Enjoy this fun size issue of THE KOALA and tell us what you think on our new messageboard, ya punks!

-Bryan Barton

Top Five Retard Pick Up Lines

1. Are your parents retarded? cuz I am too arrghhhh
2. You wanna see me bite my ear? arrghhhh
3. Hey, whats your major?
4. Do you believe in love at first sight, because I can see myself in them arrghhhh
5. What's your sign? mine is Leo-tard arrghhhh

Top Five Things Curious George Stopped Being Curious About

1. If the man in the yellow hat would like his penis being bitten off.
2. What the red button did.
3. The issues regarding the existence of time and its effects on the theoretical complementarial nature of the quantum and relativistic views of the universe.
4. If diet coke tastes like normal coke.
5. How much chunky monkey could a curious monkey's unkie eat in a junky '74 klunky?

Top Five Things Overheard at a Baby Auction

1. We'll open the bidding at fifty cents for the Smart & Final kid, but remember folks- you can beat him all you want!
2. Going once, going twice, this Bangladeshi baby is SOLD to the man in the back for a crippled goat and three fire logs!
3. Bid high folks! This baby isn't one of those cheap mass manufactured Chinese babies.
4. This baby goes well with a Merlot
5. SO-O-OLD to the man with the Zip ties!

Top Five Games UCSD Students Play Alone

1. Musical Chair
2. Count the tears
3. Monotony
4. Connect 174
5. Drink off against myself in the mirror. It's awesome because it's always a tie and we have to keep drinking off until one of us is unconscious. That fuckin bastard never passes out!

Top Five Uses of Brian Barton's Picture

1. Plastic surgery cutting guide
2. Fantasy mirror
3. Non-phallic orgasm generator
4. Get it laminated
5. Wipe your ass with it and imagine Bryan is giving you a rimjob

Top Six Reasons God Hates Wal Mart

1. VCRs are more expensive in heaven.
2. Only HE can really roll back prices.
3. If God wanted retards to work he would have made them smart.
4. Smiley face logo direct rip off of God's best logo...the sun.
5. Only heaven should have a greeter.
6. No one ever shoplifts his action figure.

Top Five Reasons The Tardian Should Thank Us

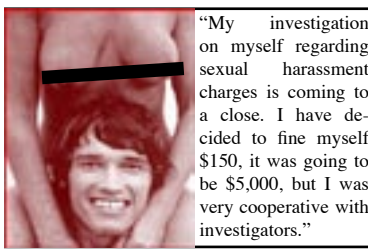
1. No swastikas
2. No boobs
3. No use of the word "nigger"
4. Only two pictures of Barton
5. Only four pages

Top Five Things Overheard in the Anti-Hate Meeting

1. I hate hate.
2. Now now, calm down. Don't say anything you're going to regret later.
3. NO!!!! I MEAN IT! I HATE hate.
4. Travis, please, you're making us really uncomfortable.
5. This meeting is OVER!!! Fuck you guys.

Top One Use for Duct Tape, a Stick and a Lightbulb

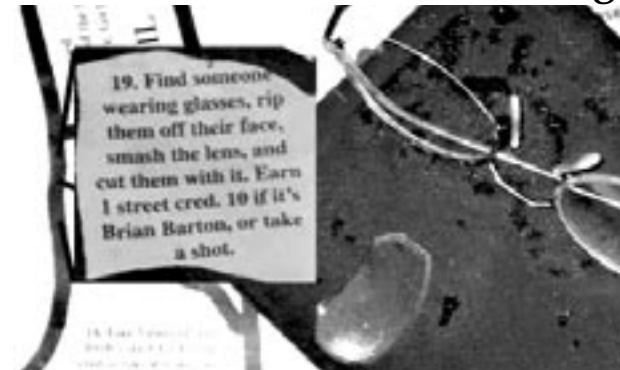
1. Stick the stick on a duck with duct tape. Use the lightbulb to help you find a duck. Eat a sandwich.



"My investigation on myself regarding sexual harassment charges is coming to a close. I have decided to fine myself \$150, it was going to be \$5,000, but I was very cooperative with investigators."

UCSD, Thornton Hospital

Another Recruitment Meeting



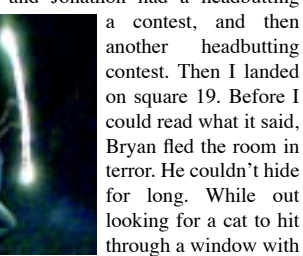
It was a warzone. A few fist sized holes dotted the walls, manifestations of aggression from earlier in the evening. Outside, beer cans and patches of burnt grass littered the lawn. Off in the distance, I could hear the soft whimpering of Brian Barton as he lamented the loss of his glasses.

Somewhere in between it all, there I was, fists raised as I squared up against Jon, watching as senior KOALA staffers stumble down the stairs, their eyes dripping with mace and faces wrenched in agony. Joe threw a right hook and the fight was underway. How the hell did I get here?

It all started off innocently enough. I had gone to a few KOALA meetings before and decided to check out their recruitment drive. After what staffers like to call the sober section in the Media Lounge, we adjourned to Brad's house. While kicking back and writing lists, the group managed to kill a keg. The alarm did not last long, however, as George promptly showed up with a palette of Australian rum and cokes for our deserted throats. Those didn't last long and after consumption, the group brutally murdered another keg. At this point, the meeting began to pick up speed. From out of nowhere, a fire juggler randomly dropped by bringing the one thing every group of belligerent drunks desperately needs...FIRE. I watched in a euphoric haze as both Brad and Sam attempted to test their skills. Sam caught his pants on fire and Brad accidentally caught the lit end of the baton like five times. Jon took a disturbing amount of photos of the fire. Before we could burn the house down, fire-girl left, taking her kerosene and all hope for further pyromaniacal adventures with her. With arson out of the question, for the time being that is, we needed something equally reckless to do. Since the KOALA had recently

published "Violence - The Game," there was the little question about what that something would be. We cleared a table of empty beer cans and laid the game out.

Off the bat George landed on the square that required him to hold a razor blade in his mouth for two minutes. During that time Milkman tried to punch him in the mouth, but George dodged and gave Milk a fat lip. This was only the beginning. People were punched, bit in the kneecap, and spat upon. George and Jonathon had a headbutting contest, and then another headbutting contest. Then I landed on square 19. Before I could read what it said, Bryan fled the room in terror. He couldn't hide for long. While out looking for a cat to hit through a window with a shovel, Brad spotted



Barton, the holy grail of credit points. He jumped him, ripped his glasses off his face, smashed them, and then cut Brian multiple times with his own lens. Ask him to show you the scars! After an indeterminable amount of time, partially because of how drunk I was, Brian lurched back into the house, his back and wrists cut while he cradled his broken glasses. Soon after, Jeremy fucking maced Sam. Seven members got maced that night. By the end, the house reeked of sweat, blood, booze, and capsecum. Shortly after my fight with Jon I headed back to the dorms, the screams of KOALA staffers still resonating in my ears.

By Aaron

Ed Note: A recruit wrote this article, but if 5,501 people don't visit the web page and give him props we are kicking him out. If he doesn't make it we'll need someone to write about the next article so stop by our recruitment meeting on April 2nd.

Sloshball: BORED vs. BOARD

"Bored vs. Board?" you ask. Bored is how we felt after spanking Board Club 18 to 3. It was a cold and rainy day. The kind of rain that called for swim fins. Board club supplied two kegs of Coors and we supplied the drinkers. At the field we found the very same box from last year in which Pug from the Ultimate Frisbee team vomitted approximately 72 times. We used it for third base. Sloshball hint #1: The tricky part about playing in the rain is drinking enough Wild Turkey to stop the body from shivering, but still saving room for the beer. Sloshball hint #2: The secret about driving drunk in the rain is to go through peoples' yards instead of on the road. Cops can't come on private property. Anyway, here are the highlights from some of our players.



A perfect example of why the Koalans are so rock hard. Note the teamwork, as Jeremy stops the enemy before second base, while Dirty Mike gets the ball, and George guards the beer, both the keg and his own.

Aaron: I caught a pop fly even though I saw four of them.
Sam: People kept talking shit about how I bat one-handed, but it paid off in the rain when the bat "slipped" out of my hand and went straight at the head of the third basemen so he had to duck instead of field. And to the doubters - I never got out.
Brian: I picked up Aaron and took him home.
George: The only thing I remember is going from second base to third base, finding myself on the ground for some reason, and then making it home. Apparently, I had been clotheslined and blacked the dude's eye.
Mike: I got a hit. After going 0 for a really long time it was awesome. Did I mention I played college baseball?
Milkman: I got a DUI. Wait that sucked. Fuckin Bryan should have taken me home.
Brad: I played in board shorts and a smile. On my second in-field homerun on my way to second base I knocked the ball out of the hand of the first baseman and chucked it back into the outfield. On the same run I broke my collar bone sliding into home (check out my x-ray and notice the lack of a heart byotch) so the rest of my day was spent covered in mud, drunk off my ass in Thornton's waiting room talking shit to a burn victim.
Jonathon: This Board goof popped a fly directly to me after George told me to scoot infield for his scrawny ass. George congratulated himself for the call, but I know better. It was a clear-cut case of divine intervention. God wanted us to win that day.

So yeah, when the first keg gave out, so did the opposition. They whined about the cold, about how their club of hundreds of members, avowed drinkers, couldn't get more than eight to show up, blah blah blah. They weakly tried to stand in the way of the AWESOME Koalans and their spirits were crushed. We allowed them to forfeit on the condition that they unconditionally surrender possession of the second keg, which they did. We even took it to one of their houses to drink, but the roommates promptly bitched about us making a mess in their house. Eight fools got in our faces, acting tough cuz they were sober and we were only three, not to mention we were totally wasted. Blows were exchanged, and the three Koalans grabbed the keg and took off. Mike got a shiner and I socked someone, not sure who, hopefully not Mike. Keg in hand, we went back to Kap's, where we each took a victory sip, and passed out where we stood. KOALA WINS AGAIN!!!

Latest Piece of Stuart Art Dazzles the Campus



Added to the Stuart Art Collection for less than \$27 million, this open and ventilated sculpture represents the budget cuts and tuition increases at UCSD. "During a budget crisis there can only be a skeleton of a building," artist D. Funk said. The piece is entitled "Parking Garage," and is seven stories tall, complete with bi-directional traffic and every type of "parking space," including A, B, C, S, gimp, 20 min, Service, etc. "Further, it represents the rush-rush attitude of a world too lazy to find an open parking spot, too cheap to buy a permit and also, total uselessness," D. Funk continued. Parking in the art structure is, of course, forbidden because it is art, is not a parking structure.

Dirty Mike-237, Fucking Pigs-1

The bitch ass pigs finally won a round. Last Friday I did what I do every Friday or Saturday when I'm drunk off my ass, but not getting laid. I called up the local police department and spoke with Officer Frank.

Officer Frank: 9-1-1 emergency
 Me: I just had 14 shots of tequila and 6 beers and I'm hopping in my truck right now! Try and find me!!!
 OF: Hold on son, where are you located? Don't go anywhere.
 Me: Well that wouldn't be any fun would it? The race is on bitch!!!
 OF: Look around and tell me where you are so I can send a squad car.
 Me: I'm in Mira Mesa and my truck is red. That's all the info you're getting though! Promise me you'll keep your sirens on so I get fair warning!
 OF: "Sir, for the sake of everyone's safety, please tell us where you are so we can arrest you."
 Me: "HAHAHA, you stupid fucks, I ain't paying for sex!"
 OF: "...uhh...Sir, are you aware of the penalty for drunk driving?"
 Me: "Well, I've been saving up all the money that I haven't spent on taxis. I got more than enough to pay off this shit. Fuck off, bitches!"
 OF: If you are not safe to drive do not drive your vehicle. Give your keys to a friend. Tell me where you are.
 Me: Come on Officer Frank! You know how this game goes. I won't go

over the speed limit if you don't! Oh shit, I'm just passing a Jack-in-the-Box. Good luck LOSER! -click-

This is the first time they ever found me. This week I stupidly chose to hide in my truck behind a tree with my head on the horn. If the cops hadn't taken so long I probably wouldn't have fallen asleep.

Kerry Visits UCSD to Gank Bitches



"Where the fuck are the bitches? I thought SDSU was a party school!?"

"No dad, this is the campus you dropped me off at to get rid of me remember? What are you retarded? Now get out of here! You're embarrassing me!"

Kteam: Bryan Barton, Dirty Mike, Skillz, Marissa Crane, Wu, G. Liddle, J. Rode, Jon Severdia, B-rad, Paula Koala, Janitor Rob, Megan Something, Eleanor, Milkman, Aaron, Davey G, Emily Carter, Anthony, Canadian Paul, Greg, Matt, Tupac, and Will Smith
 "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."



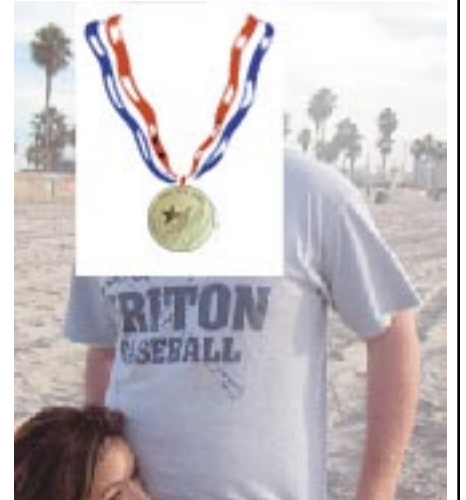
Recruitment Meeting

Tomorrow, April 2nd, 4:30

above Soft Reserves in the Media Lounge

Special Photoshop Training

Come learn from the best! Our photoshop guru, Dirty Mike, will teach you to make masterpieces like you see on this page.



At the left, you can see some of the many awards Mike has won for his "Will Smith-Centaur" Photoshop series. Beware, though, as Mike has been known to use his extraordinary photoshop skills to claim that he has also won an Olympic gold medal for it. Our training series will not only improve your photoshop skills, but also give you pointers on how to spot forgeries. Come by on Friday to learn more!

Respect the House!!!

So we just got kicked out of our second meeting house this quarter. We keep getting told that we're not "respecting the house."

Huh? What are you talking about? It's not like when I was taking a piss outside I was like "yeah, that's right! Fuck you house!" The house never did anything to earn my respect in the first place. Maybe if it reached over and socked the house next door when the neighbors tried to call the cops I'd respect it. Or if the door slammed everytime some loser came over. Until then though, expect the house to get disrespected.

Oh, and if you're interested in hosting Koala meetings at your house just e-mail editor@thekoala.org. We'll bring beer.



INTERIOR DESIGN FROM THE STRAIGHT GUY

Hey homos. Here's a decorating tip from a straight guy. Decorating your house is a two day process. Don't worry, it's not that difficult.

Day 1: Move in to your new house. Your house is empty. Now is when you buy the essential first items for your house. Three kegs of beer and three handles of Tequila. Then, you call up all of your friends and invite them all to your house-warming party. Party your ass off.

Day 2: In the wake of your party, search out the very largest stains on your carpet. These are where the major pieces of furniture, your sofas, your dining table, your tv and stereo tower will go. The smaller stains are for rugs, coffee tables, chairs and the like. Holes in the wall are where your posters go. And that spot where you fell asleep, of course, is where your bed goes. Simple.

OLD PEOPLE HAVE IT MADE IN THE SHADE!!!

All these people are cruisin' around, feeling sorry for old folks. Man, the laugh is on you. I can't wait til I'm old. You see all these old people wandering around, dragging tanks of oxygen behind them? Well, mine's gonna have nitrous. Cuz seriously, who's gonna check my tanks? No one! It's the perfect crime. What the fuck do you need brain cells for anyway? You're old! When I'm acting tipsy and I fall into the pool and break my hip, people will just say, "Yep, he's getting a bit senile in his old age," but I'll just be getting hiiiiiiiiigh bitch!

Koala Conversations

Sam: Hey George, whats up?

George: You know what I hate?

Infertile people.

Sam: Yeah, those terrorists need to back the fuck off of Vegas.

George: They get together and they want kids. But not just any kids.

Noooooo. They have to be superkids.

Sam: I mean, I don't give a damn if you blow up New York, DC, LA, Houston, Chicago, blah blah blah.

But if you motherfuckers hit Las Vegas or New Orleans, you'd better be aware that you're getting too close for my comfort.

George: The dad has to be an Olympic athlete, a millionaire and a Nobel Laureate and if the mom isn't a super-model race-car driver astronaut who's

5'9," forget about it. Those fucking losers, would be lucky to get a three-legged hamster, the greedy mother-
Sam: Vegas and New Orleans are our sacred places. We don't go invade your country and raid your mosques do we? Oh yeah, we do.

George: Fuckers! That's what I'm saying. The thing is these biological defects have the audacity to reject any child more than half a step away from being the next Messiah. If their baby was nothing more than a giant eyeball, they'd be miles ahead of the game. God says no and so do I. FUCK YOU!!!

Sam: You terrorist dudes need to BACK THE FUCK OFF! Don't fuck with Vegas or New Orleans or I'm gonna enlist and then there's gonna be trouble!

PERSONALS

That's right, we're talkin' to YOU!

We didn't write these personals. Okay, maybe one. Can you guess which one?

Met a guy at your uni(california, san diago) whilst on holiday in Venice, Italy! Never got a contact but the internet is amazing system, just wondered how well it worked..!
Girl, Gloucester England

My ass smells like poop, anyone wanna taste?
- Anastasia the Jew

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.

I saw you by Geisel library. You were wearing tight pants with a star on them. You were passionate, happy, and seemed to have a great personality, but you were fat so I kept walking. Lose some weight fatty!

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.

Fuck the FCC. Long live Howard Stern!

To Food Co-Op,
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 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

Hey baby, just wanted to say happy anniversary and I know you love the K, so there you go. I think I have to come up with something funny so this will get printed so here goes: butt!
From S

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 Queer 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.

TO THE GUARDIAN,
I WANT TO GET INSIDE YOU.
THE KOALA

PERSONALS BAGS ARE LOCATED AT OVT, SIERRA SUMMIT, PLAZA CAFE, CANYON VISTA, THE GENERAL STORE, PORTER'S PUB, CLICS, EARL'S PLACE. YOU CAN ALSO SEND THEM IN ONLINE AT WWW.THEKOALA.ORG.

PAAARRRGHTY REVIEWS

Surf Club Party at Reese's in UC

Surf club threw another phatty, went straight after work and was greeted with sweet ballast point. Hay una cover but El Presidente Art knows how to hook up a friend. Party filled out nicely and there were some state girls which never fail to impress. I got pretty shitty and ended up jumping the fence and did flips on the neighbor's trampoline. Apparently the neighbor said he would shoot the next kid who did that so heads up to everyone getting drunk over there. Kegs kept running out and Tobey could only makes so many beer runs. Um I vaguely remember a cotixan trip with Julian and Getting Reese a burrito. Crashed and got up the next morning for a head shave and sloshball!!!!!!!!!!



Party at Tall John's in La Jolla Village Square

So we roll up to this party and the kegs were all done, but that was ok because I was drinking since 5. It was hot in there so I took up my shirt to impress the ladies with my kickin body, but none of them wanted to dance. A bunch of people kept telling me to put my shirt back on, but fuck that shit. The last time I checked I was born without a shirt on. One girl was talking about her guy friends, so I called her a fag hag, and she got all upset and kicked me out. Another dude got pissed and kicked me out of the other house. That's because the parties were in an apt building across the way from each other. He didnt wan't to fight though. Oh, and old editor Erik was there too, but you weren't.



Black's Bonfire 3/6

Mike and I were hanging out at George's, drinking his beer, and playing cards. We heard there was gonna be a bonfire at Black's and so we drove over to pick up some freshies who wanted to go. Sensing I was a bit drunk and concerned with my safety and that of my passengers George gave me a mint. At Black's, we got a couple cases of beer, tampico, and vodka. It started out with a ratio of like 8:1 guys so Mike did what he always does in this situation: tried to start a fight. Mike yelled at some dudes to drink the vodka and stop being pussies, but they were much too cool with their two-hour beer in their hand. When the girls came, Pearl, Megan, Lisa, and whoever else, they made the fools look like bitches by downing their fair share. We also met a guy who responded to Barton's ad and said he would kick his ass. Turns out he was cool, but I have to say

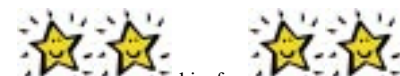
Barton woulda taken him. I headed out to pick up this chick who wanted to come to the bonfire, but after climbing up the hill I knew there was no way in fuck I was going back up there again. Goddamn I'm lazy. On the way up some dude gave me some Kahlua, but he didn't accept a ride back to campus. Ah well. 3 stars. It'd be 4, but my getting laid had all to do with my slickness and only a bottle of Kahlua to do with the bonfire.



Board Club's ABC party @ my house bitches

That's right if you went to this you were in a Koala house. Don't you feel dirty? So I want to start off by saying this will be a completely objective review and will be treated like any other party. The board club gets full props for this party. It started off with a bang when the cops showed up at 10:00 just as people were arriving. I found out later they were called because my neighbor was pissed that somebody pissed in his yard on the way to the party. What the fuck you idiot? Is your bladder that pathetic that you need to piss on the way to the party? Anyway the cops told us we needed to break it up so I said sure thing. But After 8 hours of party proofing yeah fucking right. It's worth a night in Jail. Party raged on. There were 5 kegs of Stone brew, 600+ Jello shots, and a couple of coolers full of jungle juice. Um I'll just say a bunch of cuties with an excuse to wear anything but clothes and enough booze to fill a jacuzzi makes for a fun night. At one time there was a line that wrapped around the house. According to our neighbor, who watch us like a fat guy watches the clock seconds before lunch time there were 200-300 people there. If you want to see pics just go to the board club website <http://boardatucsd.org/> You're welcome board club for the insane amount of hits you're about to get. The cops rolled back at 12 unfortunately just as the DJ had got set up. It was pretty chill of the Po' to give us 2 hours but they broke it up with a quickness. I decided to not go to jail and instead ditched my pancho made of koala issues, put on a cowboy hat and ran. I actually ran right past a cop in the my living room who was the same one I talked to at 10:00. Good eye officer. Since they couldn't get me the cops just broke up the party and no one went to jail. Lesson to be learned: cops can be cool. All in all it was the sickest fucking party ever.

1 billion stars!



skipafew



NO WALL OF HUNKS IS COMPLETE WITHOUT *THIS* STUD!

Hello, friends. This photo is a low quality teaser. For a limited time only I will send you a high quality autographed glossy. Just send a 9 x 12 SASE to me at the Koala office, or just stop by (limit 4 per request).

THE KOALA
Mailbox C-17, UCSD
La Jolla, CA 92093

Other questions? editor@thekoala.org
Have a pleasant today!

CHOOSE FROM THESE 4 PACKAGES!

Newsprint	Silver	Gold	Platinum
1 - 8x10 portrait	2 - 8x10 portraits 2 - 5x7 portraits 4 - 4x5 portraits 16 - Wallets	1 - 11 x 14 portrait 2 - 8x10 portraits 2 - 5x7 portraits 4 - 4x5 portraits 16 - Wallets	1 - 11 x 14 portrait 4 - 8x10 portraits 4 - 5x7 portraits 4 - 4x5 portraits 16 - Wallets
FREE!!!!!!!!!!	\$99.00	\$149.00	\$224.00

Can't get enough of Brian Barton? Join one of his fanclubs!
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BrianBartons_FanClub/
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/BrianBartons_FanClub2/

Due to lack of demand, the Bronze package has been discontinued.