Welcome to UCSD!
Welcome back, friends and enemies, to the school where dreams meet reality and the fun never stops. For those of you who might be new to the school, there's no doubt in my mind that the tour guides lied to you face; hence, let me share a few anecdotes with you that might give you a better idea of the school you will most likely be attending for the next five years.

A couple months ago I was recounting tales of yore with two fine ladies in the privacy of one of their rooms. We were sharing stories of deviancy on the par of five-ways on pool tables. When asked, "What is the craziest thing you've ever done?" One of the two replied, "Well … this one time … when I was in the 3rd grade. … [DEEP BREATH] I stole four dollars from my mom's purse so I could buy library books, then I read them and buried them in my back yard so no one would find out." Welcome to UCSD.

Shortly after the preceding story I found myself in UCSD's combative practice room (no joke, it's under main gym). The coolest thing about this room is that it has a ping pong table in it. Welcome to UCSD.

Lastly, right before the Sun God Festival I devirginized a hot 16 year-old girl so that the priests of Quetzalcoatl would have to use someone else for their sacrifice. Welcome to the Aztec Empire circa 1467.

Meet Your New Staff and Their Positions of Power Within the Mother Fucking Koala

General Moximo
Leading the largest, yet most-confused unit within the Koala army. Moximo leads the yigger units, these Asian thugs have no problem sporting FUBU and wearing crooked LA Dodgers hats regardless of their 1600 SATs scores and 4.4 GPAs. These daring troops harness the anger of lacking real exhaust systems and the ability to skateboard, drive, or ride a bike. If you hear 50 Cent blaring from a busted-ass Acura you know Moximo and his troops are near, and all hope is gone.

General Aaron
Leader of the clinically-obese-acne-prone-barely-legal-ruffle-skirt-wearing-Geisel legions. Aaron leads these pudgy-yet-determined-to-be-sexy-killers in their quest to help the Koala attain its rightful place in history. Through years of dateless isolation they have perfected the abilities of celibate induced distractions and the voracious devouring of anything, alive or dead, with these powers they have become unstoppable.

General Marcus
Marcus is responsible for commanding the smallest, most-specialized legion of Koala defenders, the BLACK Ops. Their prowess is only surpassed by their scarcity. Through affirmative action and quota systems Marcus has recruited the most under-qualified Special Ops agents in the world. While small they are fearless and unstoppable; they are the BLACK Ops.

Stupid Photoshop of the Month

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG STAFF BOX

Genetic Enhancements
Brad Kohlenberg

Illegal Steroids
Moximo, Aaron, Marcus X, Rexi

Blood Doping
Skillz, Davye, Eugene, Milk, Bear Paw

Creatine
George, E-dogg, Jeremy, Mariissa, T-bone, Adam, Barton, Dirty

Whey Protein
Sowers, Judy, Nicholle, Devlin, Randy, Connor, Joy, Jake

Fucking an athletic-looking hooker in a tub of testosterone
Steven "Westerfield" York

Want to be a part of something bigger than you, this school, or anything you will ever encounter in life? Check out our humble rag. www.thekoala.org

Please set your internet security settings to “Low,” thank you.
Top Five Ways to Celebrate the Day You Get Out of Jail
1. Go in the tunnel behind you on your partners, cause fuck 'em.
2. Sodomize a prostitute to see what it’s like on the other side.
3. Finally meet, then fuck, your son.
4. Dig up the guy you killed, then beat the shit out of his corpse for being found under the merry-go-round at the elementary school.
5. Put on your clown suit, smoke a bowl of meth, and continue as if nothing happened.

Top Five Signs Your Son is Going to Grow up to be a Suicide Bomber
1. When kids pick on him he says, “Stop it or I’ll kill myself.”
2. When kids play army, he plays land mine.
4. At the pool when other kids are screaming, “Canon ball!” He’s screaming, “15 pounds of plastic explosives!”
5. He straps fire works to his G.I. Joes and throws them in the pool.

Top Five Excuses to Tell Your Boyfriend After Showing up Late at Night Covered in Cum
1. So...I met your friends.
2. Sorrow, “DAZZ... God!”
3. I told you, I DON’T SWALLOW!
4. I hate family reunions.
5. Guess who found the donkey show.

Top Five Expressions Used When Your Mom Catches You Covered in Shit
1. When your mom says, “Oh, that reminds me… get outta my house.”
2. “I wasn’t going to settle for anything less than... anything.”
3. “I wasn’t going to settle for anything less than... anything.”
4. “I wasn’t going to settle for anything less than... anything.”
5. “I wasn’t going to settle for anything less than... anything.”

Top Five Everyday Tasks I Would Rather Do with Telekinetic Powers
1. Shake my baby.
2. Hold the 4 foot bong and the lighter at the same time.
3. Go down on my girlfriend.
4. Slap my wife around.
5. Three words: “Floating hookers.”

Top Five Gay Names for a Street Gang
1. 4th Street Flamers
2. Shot in the face gang
3. West Side Los Bitches
4. San Diego County Sheriffs
5. Hillcrest Irritable Otos

Top Five Phrases Used to Refer to a Prostitute
1. Who has to sleep in the chocolate spot.
2. When the pussy will finally start rolling in.
3. Who gets to smoke crack out of whose asshole.
4. “Mission Accoplished, the hurricane has been defeated.”
5. “At least no one died, and by ‘no one’ I mean ‘25,000 black people.’”

Top Five Games That Failed Before the Mind-Boggling Success of Whack-A-Mole
1. Punch-A-Fag
2. Whacka-Beauty Mark
3. Watch-a-mole
4. Shoot-a-Cop
5. Bone-a-Dyke

Top Five Indications that the Hurricane Katrina Relief Program is a Scam
1. At least no one died, and by ‘no one’ I mean ‘25,000 black people.’
2. “Katrina, didn’t she go to my high school... oh wait, what am I thinking, I didn’t go to high school.”
3. “Sorry for the delay, I was at Six Flags, Hurricane Harbor.”
4. “This is the most costly disaster in American history, just above me sending troops to Iraq.”
5. “Mission Accomplished, the hurricane has been defeated.”

Top Five Ways You Don’t Wanna Hear a Girl Say After Sex
1. Anything. Dead people talking is just creepy.
2. “Mom, Dad, you can stop hiding now.”
3. “I’m going to consider this rape.”
4. “Do you have change for 300 pesos?”
5. “Unie you! Shut the fuck up, Slave!”

Top Five Ways You Know it’s Not Gay Porn
1. It itches soooooooo good!
2. “Katrina, didn’t she go to my high school... oh wait, what am I thinking, I didn’t go to high school.”
3. “Sorry for the delay, I was at Six Flags, Hurricane Harbor.”
4. “This is the most costly disaster in American history, just above me sending troops to Iraq.”
5. “Mission Accomplished, the hurricane has been defeated.”

Top Five Things Ben and Jerry Argue about
1. Who has to sleep in the chocolate spot.
2. “Ninjas...”
3. The waitress is giving birth in the bathroom.
4. “Hard to find a job since the fall of feudal Japan.”
5. “At least no one died, and by ‘no one’ I mean ‘25,000 black people.’”

Top Five Signs They’re Running a Hurricane Katrina Relief Program Scam
1. Donating money requires a series of transactions involving your bank account and a swiss one overseas.
2. They spelled “Hurricane” wrong.
3. They spelled “Hurricane” wrong.
4. They asked that you donate your used panties.
5. “This is a scam.”

Top Five Games That Failed Before the Mind-Boggling Success of Whack-A-Mole
1. Punch-A-Fag
2. Whacka-Beauty Mark
3. Watch-a-mole
4. Shoot-a-Cop
5. Bone-a-Dyke

Top Five Things You Dont Wanna Hear
1. Anything. Dead people talking is just creepy.
2. “Mom, Dad, you can stop hiding now.”
3. “I’m going to consider this rape.”
4. “Do you have change for 300 pesos?”
5. “Unie you! Shut the fuck up, Slave!”

Top Five Games That Failed Before the Mind-Boggling Success of Whack-A-Mole
1. Punch-A-Fag
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3. Watch-a-mole
4. Shoot-a-Cop
5. Bone-a-Dyke
ROHYPNOL!

THE “EVENING BEFORE” PILL!

Copyright © 2005 Hoffman-LaRoche - “Roofies - The Original, Suspiciously Strong Mint”

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HTTP://www.thekoala.org
According to Time magazine, Wal-Mart is getting pretty popular in China now. What the fuck? You’re telling me some Chinese dude is gonna walk into a Wal-Mart, see the pocket calculator that he made 200 of a month ago for two cents an hour, and then buy one for $9.97? Fuck no. He’ll be like, “What the fuck? I make shitroad those rast week, you want me pay? Fuck you! I go stear one from work, when boss no rook.”

Four of my good friends and I were invited up to a wedding somewhere in the "Bay Area." For all of you kooks from No-Cal, in So Cal, we call everything north of Santa Barbara the Bay Area.

We began our adventure around ten pm on Thursday night, by drinking and driving north. For the benefit of law enforcement officials who may be reading this, that means we were drinking straight Patron and driving our motor vehicle, simultaneously. We found our destination surprisingly quickly, or did it take two days? Honestly, I can’t say. I do know, however, we were definitely still drinking.

Suffice to it to say, many things happened in the ensuing weekend, but one thing that didn’t happen was that I stopped drinking. So, come Saturday morning, I regained consciousness and went out in search of my cooler which I had lost at some point during the orgy. I found it in the bridal suite, full to the brim with ice and beer. For the first time in my life, I toyed with religion. Anyhow, long story long, I continued drinking. I wanted to put down a few before my compadres found me, and by me I mean the ice chest full of beer. About fifteen minutes later, my buddy Rob finds me. Much to my dismay, he grabs a beer and sits down. We drink and we drink and next thing I know the rest of this story is being explained to me through the bars of my Chilean jail cell.

Somehow, I was rewarded by a seat in the limo and a bottle of champagne to drink on the way over to the chapel. I will leave out the irrelevant details about what happened in the limo with me, the bride and five bridesmaids, as it in no way relates to how I fucked up the wedding.

Upon arrival at the chapel, we poured out of the limo into the parking lot. I wrapped my arm around the bride and said in a low whisper that apparently only me, the bride and everyone else in the parking lot were able to hear including the groom-to-be, “Hey baby! This is your last chance to run down to TJ with me and get married to a real man.”

Apparently, just because I had known the bride for longer than he had, and he was unsure about any previous/recent sexual history between us, and the bride told him that she had always had a crush on me, and the fact that the bride and I already drank the bottle of champagne that was supposed to be for the two of them to drink after the ceremony on their way back to their bridal suite, which he hadn’t seen, but I had been in all morning, drinking beers from his cooler which I had “mistaken” for mine, and throwing the empties into the indoor Jacuzzi, he got pissed. Anyway, they are separated now.
While searching Myspace for a new roommate, my friend Brandon told me that two girls, who were interested in the place, were stopping by. He had to go to work so his meth-smoking lesbian roommates were supposed to show them around. Instead his roommates passed out from smoking too much meth, and around 3pm two cute Mexican girls walked into my life. To zip through this the cuter one’s name was Mandy. Apparently the next day was Mandy’s birthday but due to her new job at the Del Mar Hilton she had to stay overnight at the hotel for employee training which was part of their company policy. Apparently what wasn’t company policy was humping so loud that it woke the people in the adjacent rooms. She was fired the next day.

To soothe her pain I invited her to a Valentine’s Day dinner the following week. Next week came and I took her to UCSD to catch a meal. I know what you’re thinking, no I didn’t bring her to Sierra Summit or any of the other cafeterias. I’m way more classy than that, I took her to Panda Express.

During our dinner Mandy told me that she went shopping and talked to one of her girlfriends about S&M, whips, pain, and shit like that. I didn’t really think anything of it. I drove her back to Brandon’s because his house is nicer than my apartment, and he wasn’t there during the night, and he doesn’t lock his house door, and didn’t notice me making copies of his room key.

I brought Mandy into his room and shut the door. Much to my surprise that gleaming, dickens-craving fire in her eyes, the one that was there the weekend before, wasn’t there anymore. I tried to move in to initiate a Valentine’s sex ritual but she pushed me away saying, “Not tonight.” I pondered, then it came to me and I asked, “You want to try out that S&M jive don’t you?” She looked at me and her eyes widened as she said, “Maybe.” In that split second I felt a little awkward because in all my years of Sexual Athletics and Dickens Delivery I had never hit or manhandled a chick for her pleasure.

I wondered would I feel bad, would I hurt her, and is this even legal? “The safety word is Mandy.” I reached back and slapped her as hard as I could with my right hand; it whipped her head to the left and almost knocked her off balance. I grabbed her hair and shoved her head into the mattress and ripped her pants down. She resisted so I slapped her again and said, “Do what your daddy says bitch,” and shoved her head back into the mattress. “Now take this you dirty bitch;” then I unleashed Girtha. I hadn’t felt this alive since I was 19 chewing down Viagras like Flintstones vitamins and huffing lines of coke. I smacked her across the back of the ass as hard as I could while maintaining a firm grip on her hair and pressing her face into the mattress. I announced “Oh you like to play games, do you?” I slapped her ass again; by this time my hand was tattooed into her ass. “Oh you want to play games like my name is Milton Bradley? I can play games bitch!” Amazingly she hadn’t uttered the safety word, and so far no blood was drawn that I could tell so I decided it was time to go for the money. I pulled Girtha from Mandy’s dick mitten and went straight for the money. I pressed him against her anus, and she screamed out, “MANDY MANDY MANDY!!” I couldn’t believe it. Up to this point I was thinking I could have busted a blade out and cut her ass, and she wouldn’t have screamed safety. I clarified things for her “I was just going to slide it in your ass.”

“I don’t do anal sex,” she replied.

I try to clear it up more, “Well I have Astroglide so you won’t feel a thing.”

That’s when she said firmly “NO Anal!” I took two steps back and picked up my pants looking at her in disgust as I put my pants and shirt back on.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

So I told her the truth. “Look you can do what you want tell me I’m ugly, stand me up on Valentine’s day, say I have a small dick or I suck in bed but when you say, ‘No anal,’ now that really hurts. That is just a cruel, vindictive, hurtful thing you just said to me.”

Afterword I walked her out to my car and opened the door for her. Before she got a chance to get in I opened my hand and popped her across her cheek.

“What was that one for?”

“Good measure,” I said with a loving smile, “Happy Valentine’s day.”
A baby, who’s mother smoked crystal meth for all nine months of the pregnancy, was adopted and named, ironically, “Crystal.” Some thought she would have special powers or something, but when she popped out of the shoot it was clear she didn’t have any powers at all, not even the power to breathe.

At first I thought she would be super fast, you know like the Flash, because of all the speed that crossed the placenta but no, she was just as slow as you or I, unless you count the twitching.

Then I thought, maybe Crystal does move faster than normal but due to the fact that she weighs as much as a dime bag we just can’t see how fast she is moving. When I pushed on her mini-chest, her little preemie arms did wriggle like a humming-bird’s wings and once she was able to, she did breath a lot faster.

I dunno, I could be wrong about the whole super speed thing. Perhaps, she has the power to attract medical personnel and surgeons to her bedside. In the two hours I took to smoke a cigarette in the drug baby ward of the hospital, I must’ve seen my co-workers come by like fifteen times to help her. Little did they know that Crystal can excrete doctor pheromones which make her irresistible to help, well that and lungs on the outside.

According to the Scientific American Cliff notes I will get around to reading, pheromones may not be the correct power to ascribe to Crystal. If that was the case then logically she would have used her powers to lure doctors into stopping her mom from smoking meth while she still had a chance of leading a normal, severely retarded life. That is to say before she was doomed to writing jokes for the Koala. It seems as though her power, if any, would have to be very subtle, nay almost imperceptible.

Eureka! She is not a super hero at all but a super villain. Her powers are to stay dying no matter what precautions the medical staff take. In this way she can erode the system by draining money, medical attention, and lets not forget about the emotional downer of keeping a baby alive with no hope. Dark Crystal, as she will hence forth be known, will single-handedly destroy both the meaning behind the hippocratic oath and all future attempts to keep other drug babies alive. I’ve kept my nose down sniffing your tracks all night Dark Crystal, this has left me both dizzy and with a renewed burst of energy to stop your diabolical scheme ... or instead maybe to just vacuum my apartment again and again. Fuck it, I’ll just leave this one to natural selection. Good luck kid.
I don't hate them because they're racist, or sexist, or African-American, or any of those normal things which people hate them for. I hate them because they're my friends.

The thing is, every time I try to tell anyone from The Koala that I don't want to be their friend anymore, they remind me that "the only way out is in a box," and I go home to find one of my family members dead, with "Top Five Reasons to Keep Your Mouth Shut," painted on the wall in blood.

But why do they always threaten to kill me and my family (who, according to them, are my "real enemies"), you ask? Because I don't write enough funny stuff. I am a dirty sweatshop worker, and if I don't meet the demand quota for the week I get my eating privileges revoked and random electric shocks up my urethra.

I do get good ideas, but every time I do, some Koala member shows up at my house just to ruin it. It's as if they don't want me in, but they won't let me out, like a felcher's first hamster run. Just the other day I was working on this great idea when this dude from The Koala showed up at my door.

"Yo! What's up, dude," I said as I let him in.

"Not much, you worthless sack of do-nothing-shit." "Oh... uh... well you should check out this article I was writing up," I said as he walked towards my liquor cabinet, "I really think I'm on to something with this one." In response to this he chugged half my bottle of 18-year old scotch, shotgunned my last six pack of Old Milwaukee, and then pissed on my computer. The computer, article, homework, my life, and all went up in a shower of sparks and crackles.

"Sorry, what were you saying? I couldn't hear you over the sound of your computer exploding. Damn, you should fix that shit, it's more fucked up than your girlfriend was when I gave her Gonorrhea."

All of this has taught me a valuable life lesson: sneaking into your "friends" houses late at night and slitting their throats with a razor-sharp Ka-Bar knife left over from your uncle's second tour in 'Nam is a perfectly valid, and acceptable, form of conflict resolution.

"I hate the Koala"
HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL

FROM: GEORGE WALKER BUSH

DEAR SIR / MADAM,

I AM GEORGE WALKER BUSH, SON OF THE FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA GEORGE HERBERT WALKER BUSH, AND CURRENTLY SERVING AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. THIS LETTER MIGHT SURPRISE YOU BECAUSE WE HAVE NOT MET NEITHER IN PERSON NOR BY CORRESPONDENCE. I CAME TO KNOW OF YOU IN MY SEARCH FOR A RELIABLE AND REPUTABLE PERSON TO HANDLE A VERY CONFIDENTIAL BUSINESS TRANSACTION, WHICH INVOLVES THE TRANSFER OF A HUGE SUM OF MONEY TO AN ACCOUNT REQUIRING MAXIMUM CONFIDENCE.

I AM WRITING YOU IN ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE PRIMARILY TO SEEK YOUR ASSISTANCE IN ACQUIRING OIL FUNDS THAT ARE PRESENTLY TRAPPED IN THE REPUBLIC OF IRAQ. MY PARTNERS AND I SOLICIT YOUR ASSISTANCE IN COMPLETING A TRANSACTION BEGUN BY MY FATHER, WHOSE PROFESSIONAL DEDICATION TO THE VENTURE WAS DEMONSTRATED IN THE NAMING OF A CHEVRON OIL TANKER AFTER HER. I WOULD BESSEECH YOU TO TRANSFER A SUM EQUALING TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT (10-25 %) OF YOUR YEARLY INCOME TO OUR ACCOUNT TO AID IN THIS IMPORTANT VENTURE. THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WILL FUNCTION AS OUR TRUSTED INTERMEDIARY. I PROPOSE THAT YOU MAKE THIS TRANSFER BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH (15TH) OF THE MONTH OF APRIL. I KNOW THAT A TRANSACTION OF THIS MAGNITUDE WOULD MAKE ANY ONE APPREHENSIVE AND WORRIED. BUT I AM ASSURING YOU THAT ALL WILL BE WELL AT THE END OF THE DAY. A BOLD STEP TAKEN SHALL NOT BE REGRETTED, I ASSURE YOU. PLEASE DO BE INFORMED THAT THIS BUSINESS TRANSACTION IS 100% LEGAL. IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CO-OPERATE IN THIS TRANSACTION, PLEASE CONTACT OUR INTERMEDIARY REPRESENTATIVES TO FURTHER DISCUSS THE MATTER. I PRAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND OUR PLIGHT. MY FAMILY AND OUR COLLEAGUES WILL BE FOREVER GRATEFUL.

PLEASE REPLY IN STRICT CONFIDENCE TO THE CONTACT NUMBERS BELOW.

SINCERELY WITH WARM REGARDS,

GEORGE WALKER BUSH
Who Wants Shitty Advice? part 1

Hey Mike N.
I have been trying to preoccupy this buddy of mine on the Koala message boards to deter him from posting more of his random ramblings. I’ve considered giving him his own “advice” column thread. Do you think this will work? Lemme know.

Sincerely,
Evan “Cool Balls” Hoov-Lo

p.s.
Does my dick fit all the way in your mouth without causing your lips to split? Lemme know.

Evan “Cool Balls” Hoov-Lo

Thanks for the note Coolio. I think to help your friend out, you will need to make a goal to get this done. There are four steps to a goal. The first step is a self check. You need to know yourself and your abilities. The next step is to be realistic about your goal. If you know yourself you need to be realistic about what you want to accomplish. You are not 6.5 feet tall so chances are near nil you will be the next center of the Vancouver Grizzlies, but you might be able to play if everyone is in a wheelchair. The next step is something I forgot, but it’s way more important than the fourth step which is actually setting a goal. I think it’s knowing your limits.

So now that you have a goal, you need to nurture it. If you planned properly for your goal by doing self checks and don’t get deterred, you might be able to accomplish your mission.

As far the whole nut sack thing, you should be delighted to find out that you have cool balls. The scrotum needs to be at a lower temperature to keep sperm healthy. If you have warm balls, you might lower the chances of propagating your genes. As much as I wish I could accept this challenge, I wired my mouth shut to curb my eating habits. I would suggest you test the validity of your hypothesis by trying something comparable to my mouth, like say for instance, a chainsaw. Hope this helps.

-Mike N.

Toilet Paper: why is it so accepted?

Let me start off with a question. If you had shit on your hands, what would you do?

A: Wash your hands with Soap and Water
B: Crumple up a thin sheet of paper and swipe your hands gently with it.
or
C: Do A then B

If you answered A, then I feel comfortable assuming you’re a reasonable human being with enough problem solving skills to at least wash shit off your hands with soap and water. +10 points

If B, then however admirable your intentions were there is still shit on your hands, therefore only two points awarded.

If C was your choice, then you’re obviously obsessive compulsive and the idea of smidgeons of excrement remaining on your hands indefinitely, causes you to shit out more excrement. +0 points ya fuckin’ sicko

In conclusion, how has human society evolved where a person can honestly say to themselves that they are living in a dingleberry free world? Is your asshole clean?
Let this be a subject of meditation.

If you’ve gotten this far then you have the dedication it takes to kill a man and get away with it.
We need people like you; come by a meeting for more instruction.
Fridays 4:20
Media Lounge
2nd floor of old student center (above Soft Reserves)
Someone's House, OB (8/5/05)

Starting slowly, the party steadily improved as time, beer, and increasingly hotter chicks flowed by. Some dude jammed alternately on guitar and drums, while Brad tried and failed to join in. A greasy guy peddled ’sonnets’ for cigarettes. In the backyard I was ambushed by a midget who disagreed with my fashion sense. ’Are you in the math club?’ he asked. ’Are you on the basketball team?’ I replied, or wanted to. Lucky for him, I have a black-belt in cowardice. Instead, he leaves and the dudes who

met a pretty girl; we talked, then danced when I was the convenient guy. We decided that Brad, she, and her cute friend macking on Brad would go back to his house. I would meet them there.

Despite a gas leak in the kitchen there were no major incidents, much to the dismay of our pyromaniac hosts, I’m sure.

Three stars, minus half a star for that halfling asshole.

Comic Con 2005

So I got my press pass and laughed at all the people in line. To my horror, there was a mad fart dropper that was always five seconds ahead of me delivering his packages. I tried to escape all the Break-lunch-dinner farts but was overwhelmed. Questions crossed my oxygen deprived mind like: ’What in god’s name where they feeding these people,’ and ’Why have you forsaken my nostrils, oh Lord...WHY?’. At one point it got so bad it was like touring the descending colon. I appropriately wiped the perspiration off my brow with toilet paper, said my Adieus and quietly walked for the exit. When I got home I showered twice and rubbed myself down with a little tree car deodorizer but to no avail. My hands still shake a little now and again.

All in all I give comicon negative 5 hit points.

DG house party in PB (8/25/05)

So the entire BYOB event was contained in a house and a 20 by 5 foot alley. There were some cute DG’s and people were having fun until some dude broke a bottle over another dudes head. +1 star. Then the pissed off dude’s big black friend, who happens to be the bartender at Thrusters, starts screaming and jumps through the window and is threatening everyone. +1 star. I’m laughing my ass out but it amazes me that 30 something dudes (without finger injuries) will not stomp out one motherfucker who is trashing the place. Instead, he leaves and the dudes who started the whole thing go back to his house and fuck up his furniture like pussies. Somehow, I end up back in someone’s room with 4 girls and I add them all to my MySpace account like a pimp.

Mission Beach Party (8/27/05)

Given the small apartment we were forced in and the amount of dudes, it felt like Hickory farms had been converted to a refugee camp. There were cool colored condoms as party favors in a bowl, but next time the hostess should consider the guests who may require Magnums... +1 star. I saw Matt from UCSD who was a guest on SRTV last year, though it was hard to recognize him sober and clothed. When the girl I macked on macked on 7 other dudes, I knew it was time to answer that booty call that kept blowing up in my pocket.

Fourth of July, Vegas Style

So the Koala or at least 2 of us decide to show vegas how proud we are of our country+ 3 stars for blind patriotism. In order to do this the Koala representatives get obnoxiously hammered and lounge around the pool like fat sacks of shit(+1 star for the midwest fat people at the pool making me look ripped) Then comes the fire works; if I know anything about being an American it’s A) we love fireworks and guns; and 2) we love to mix booze into the equation (+1 stars for third degree burns and head wounds.) Well Vegas was a 3 day blur of 9 dollar drinks at the pool (-1 star) and casino bouncing while rocking my coveted Koala shirt. With all the booze and sex going on, YES I WAS INCLUDED AND NO IT DIDN’T INVOLVE FORCE. PROSTITUTION OR MY HAND OK, Vegas showed us a great time: 4 super Iraq-bombing-military-might-flexing-military-might-oppressing-super-lifted-truck-and-Pabst-drinking-American stars!

Girl Pukes in Kitchen Party (summer time)

Skillz, B-rad, Rexi, Moximo, and Devlin along with the rest of the crew mob in 15 heads deep to party.problem is, there is now 17 heads total (-1 star). Give up you ask? Fuck no! Moximo busts out the Seagram’s as B-rad and the boys start drinking only the finest, and by finest I mean Pabst blueribbon(+1 star for the Pabst). This brings us to the point our hardcorness was challenged by the Asian vomit machine. The Asian vomit machine is actually pretty cute, obviously likes to get tanked and on top of it can projectile vomit like a motherfucker, I mean maxhardcore choke fucking projectile vomiting (+2 stars; marry me?) For some reason the vomit seems to attract women as the ratio gets way better come 11pm (+1 star for the abundance of girls.) Well Vegas was a 3 day blur of 9 dollar drinks at the pool like fat sacks of shit( +1 star for the midwest fat people at the pool  (-1 star) and casino bouncing while rocking my coveted Koala shirt. With all the booze and sex going on, YES I WAS INCLUDED AND NO IT DIDN’T INVOLVE FORCE. PROSTITUTION OR MY HAND OK, Vegas showed us a great time: 4 super Iraq-bombing-military-might-flexing-military-might-oppressing-super-lifted-truck-and-Pabst-drinking-American stars!

This box has nothing to do with the box on the right.

Want to review that shitty party where you got the clap?

Introducing the Koala’s New Party Review System.

Now you too can be a party rankin’ playa’.

It’s free and easy, like your girlfriend.

www.thekoala.org/party_reviews

Want your shitty party reviewed by the whole school?

Send party invites to editor@thekoala.org or just tell us the next time you see us beating up a little kid.
**SUMMER PERSONALS**

We did not write these personals, people who had nothing better to do this summer did.

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**Whats up cali people!!!** We ran across ya'lls site here in Texas...just gotta say. YALL ROCK!!! i havent laughed so hard at stupid people since.....wait...i’ve never run across so many at once before. I’d also like to say all you rich ppl that can afford to go to UCSD...YOU SUCK! HOLLA!!!

To all the people blowing themselves up around the world: What the hell? Why?! Do you know how shitty it is to clean up your dumb asses. Also, what sort of parents raised you to think it’s cool to wreck havoc on things. I hate you fuckers.

Sign the petition at www.stopthekoala.org

ED NOTE: You do and we'll fuck your sister and never call her back

Wacky Iraqies I hate you all!

To all you whiny-ass bitches that complain about noise in Sun God Lounge:

Shut The Fuck Up!! The lounge is just that - a LOUNGE - not a fucking library. If you want quiet so you can really get into your Cog Sci reading go to the fucking library. That’s what it’s there for you pansy-ass pussies!!

fuck that white frat boy that walks around thinking he’s the shit ‘cause he’s going out with that bomb ass asain honey that id brown nose. FUCK THAT SHIT, why is it that asain girls love white boys but white girls hate asain dudes. Wheres the love. You whites are taking away all the bitches from us asains.

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**The #1 “FUCK ME” PERSONAL OF THE ISSUE is ...**

To the hot girl in my summer econ class, may the latex of a thousand condoms protect you from the many varied STDs that I wanna give to you. I promise you at least 5 seconds of pleasure and a life time of gynocological visits.

- The dirty dipper

Fuck those twins on campus that where the same shit as eachother every god damn day. Damn, grow up. ur not in kindergarden anymore.

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**Bloody Tampon**

I have one and its gross

Dear the dude that works at Wendy’s god your gay.

-Frankie the faggot lover

Last years editor had a big dong.

koala you make me wanna maek you overdose on sleeping pills.

To the cute Indian Sorrority Girl, It hurts to pee now...bitch

I got a solution for everyone. Treat life like tabbed browsing and simplify things by making them more confusing.

To Matthew C, Myspace message me anytime baby.

What’s man tampons?

To all those people that wanted a second Sun God. Whats wrong with you. Were you not able to jam to Busta Rhymes. Dear God, Is there a shittier thing than Thurgood Marshall College.

To the girl that made out with me and added the 17th tally mark to her arm in sharpie and then laughed at me. You really hurt my feelings.

Piss tastes gross.

To the smelly Persian dude that nev er bathes. You suck. Take a shower man. I find it hard to believer you can get any play, not even from your sister.

B-Rad would you stop taking my sloppy seconds. I keep getting these phones calls that I should go get myself tested. Well, why is that? “Oh I had sex with Brad and he says he’s got the clap.” Thank god I have never had your sloopy, sloppily, poorly humped seconds. Lets put a stop to this mayhem. Keep on your side of myspace and UCSD, and I will stick mine in PB and OB. Deal?

See you in hell muthaucker, seanthemc

liquor before beer, and you’re a queer

mmmm...beer

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**The #1 “FUCK YOU” PERSONAL OF THE ISSUE is ...**

Fuck pig ass looking parking atten-dant #65! cocksucker wants to give me a ticket for not putting money in the meter a whole 30 FUCK-ING seconds after I park! DEAD END JOBS LEAD TO DEAD END MOTHERFUCKING LOSERS LIKE YOU! Come get me Bitchass...

-KOALA

Koala sucks my balls, if my dad was a cop I would steal his gun and shoot you with it.

Why are the chicks at this school prude and bitches? Ladies pick one or the other. You can’t have both. State is where it’s at.

To that transfer bitch from state, suck my balls you dike whore cunt rag, your the reason I kill prostitutes.

This is a shout out to all the victims of Katrina, peace out.

Dear Humans,

The Earth isn’t big enough for the both of us.

The Animals

That hurricane wasn’t as vicious as the girl I brought home last night. Both of them left me homeless.

Sexual Harassment Awareness Training (SHAT) is for pussies!

To Seth McFarlane and everyone involved in the making of the Family Guy movie: Fuck you. Your movie was too funny, and now I’m going to have to listen to imitations for the next six months by every ass hat, fuck wit, douche hole, cunt lapper, and midget tosser trying to be cool, e.g. “I’m Rick James, bitch.”

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**END JOBS LEAD TO DEAD END**

Submit a Personal today!

Watch your roommate CRY!

Tell your Dean to DO HIS WORK!

www.thekoala.org

**Or Drop one in a “KOALA PERSONALS” bag, hanging up on a wall near you!**