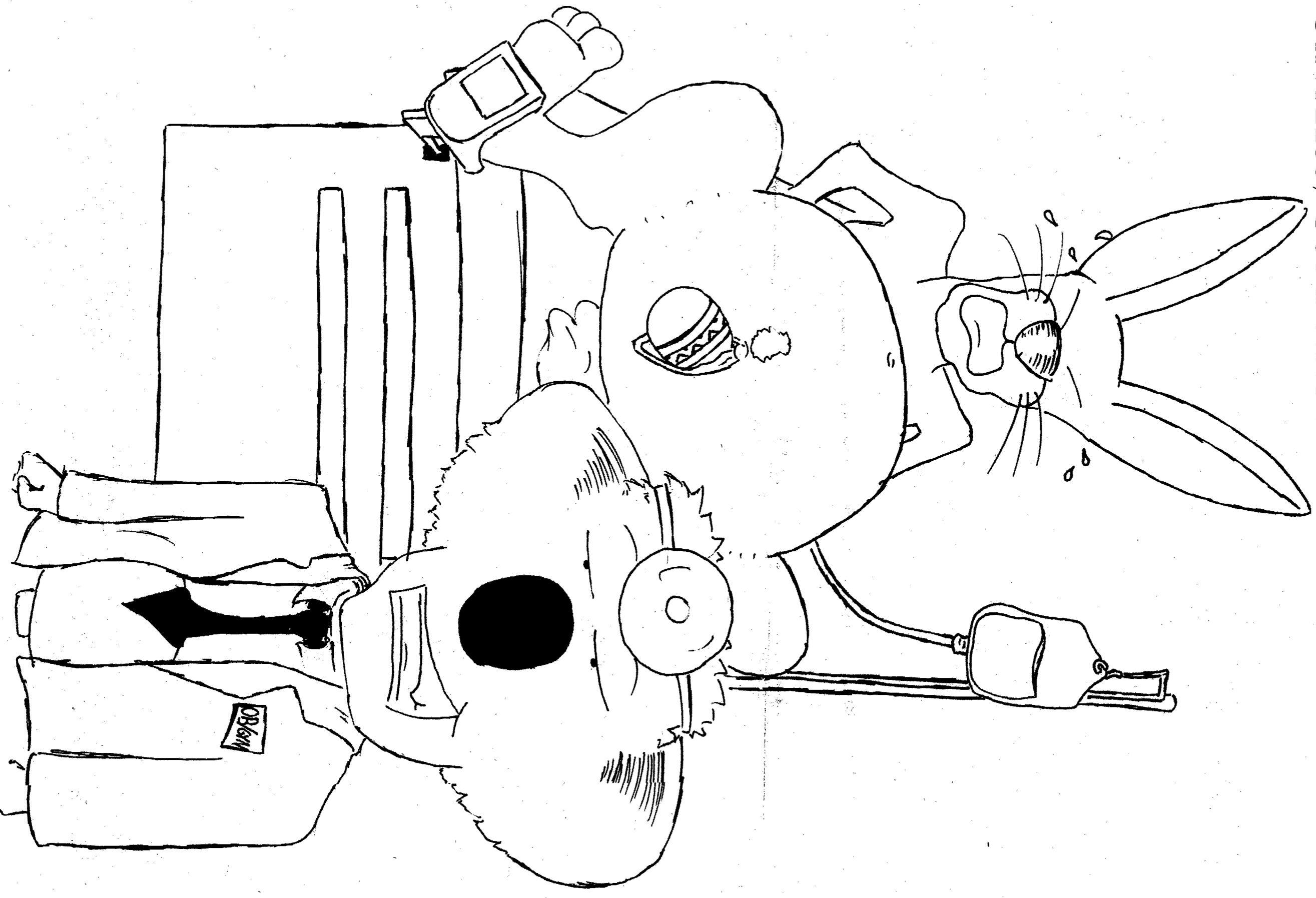


# THE KOALIA

VOLUME IV ISSUE 2

APRIL 10, 2007

MAKING EVERY DAY A HOLIDAY. A STUPID,  
POINTLESS, COMMERCIALIZED FUCKING HOLIDAY



# The Sad, Sad Tale of the Easter Bunny

So, okay. You've got the Easter Bunny. The Easter Bunny is a pretty cool animal if you think about it; a rabbit that lays eggs. Pretty unique. In fact, there's only one actual Easter Bunny. I think this is highly unfortunate, but it's not for a lack of trying. The Easter Bunny lays eggs like crazy; trying to reproduce and people play a little game called "Find Every Last Easter Egg". Ha, ha, ha. What a great game. There's this awesome unique little animal and all it wants to do is have a family, you know, pass on the genes, and we go out and hunt down every last egg and eat it. "Look, that crazy Easter Bunny hid an egg under the sofa cushion. Found it! Look, there's another one behind the tv. Found it!" We would never do that to sea turtles. Terrible.

## The Man Ruler

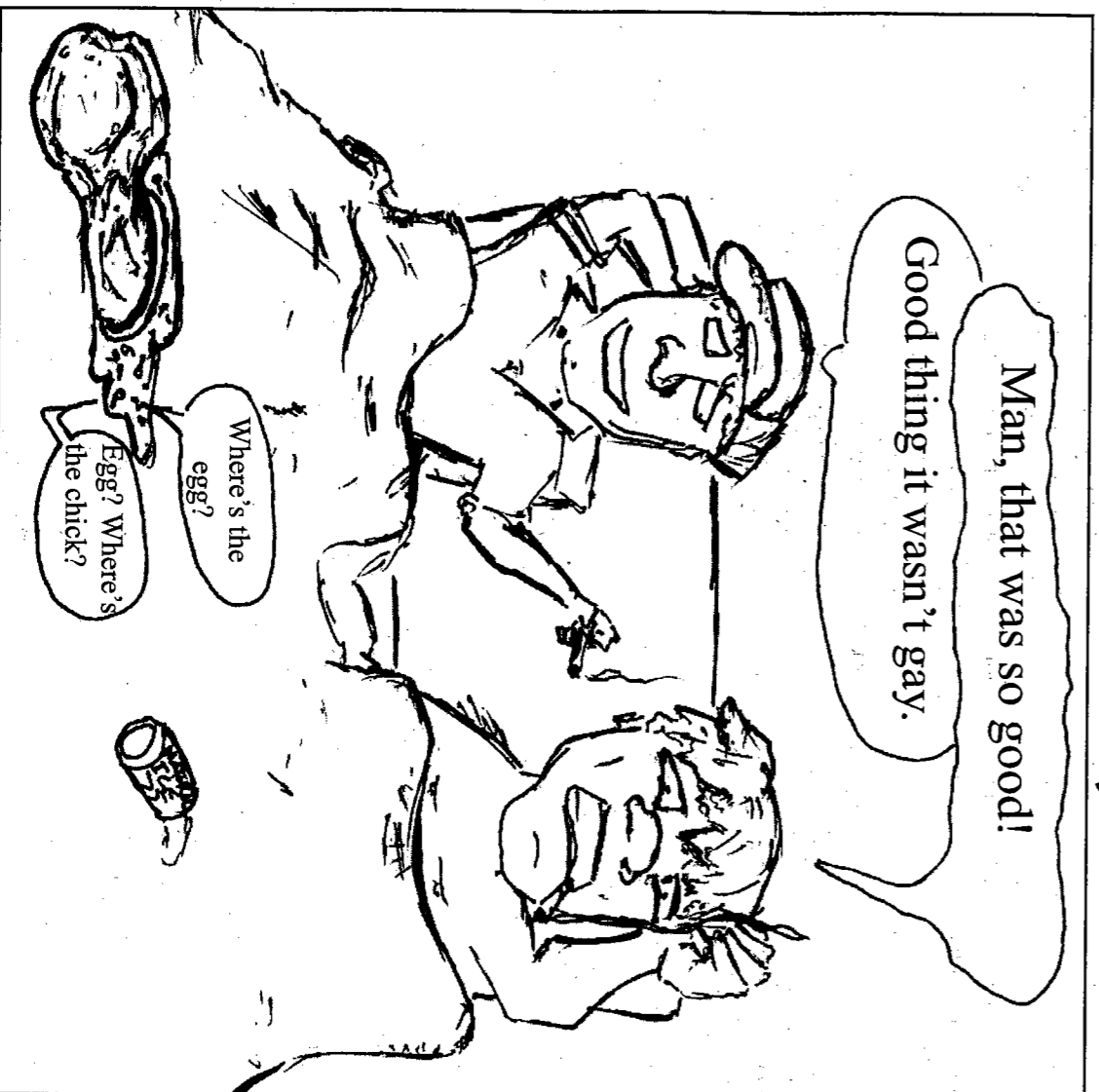
Featuring New and Improved Inches!

**Finally, you can look your girlfriend in the face and tell her you really are over a foot long, goddamnit.**



Good luck passing on the family name, you stupid fucking bunny.

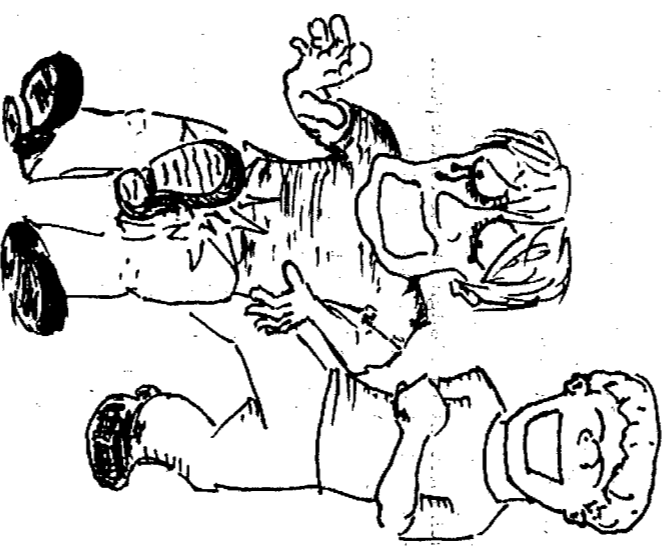
## The World's First Anti-Gay Condom



Man, that was so good!  
Good thing it wasn't gay.

Where's the egg?  
Egg? Where's the chick?

Savvy the same sex but don't want to make a lifetime commitment to an oppressed minority? Save yourself the social stigma with the new Anti-Gay Condom. Just put this on like a normal rubber and you will instantly be immune to the homosexual label. You can fuck your roommate all day without the fear of being disowned by your family, and you'll never get anyone pregnant. Does not protect against AIDS.



Believe It  
OR  
Fuck Off

While it takes 43 muscles to frown, it only takes 19 to kick someone in the nuts.

### STAFF BOX

- The Big Cheese
- Alex T, George L
- Cheese Wheel
- Zach C, Charles M, Zim,
- Paul H
- Cheesy Goodness
- Brittni, Maggie, Alex M, Eric
- O, Jamez H, Alex S, Stifler,
- David M, Caitlin M, Mike F,
- Shane S
- Velveeta
- SamSkillz, JRhodes, Milkman

# Koala Top Five Lists



- Top Five Ways To Tell Your Clone is Evil and Secretly Plotting Against You
1. He is your clone, after all
  2. He looks just like you, but has shifter eyes
  3. He ordered his In N' Out burger without cheese
  4. You saw his top 5 list in The Koala, "Top 5 Ways to Kill My Clone"
  5. You accidentally had sex with your girlfriend's clone, which is his girlfriend
  6. He recently got a tattoo that says "He's the clone, shoot HIM!"
  7. He gets up on the wrong side of the bed

- Top Five Things That Sound Tasty But Aren't
1. Seminal Smoothies
  2. Succulent feces
  3. Flan
  4. Farrah Fawcett
  5. Air freshener
  6. Ovulation
  7. Bunions
  8. Chlamydia
  9. The Burger Place

- Top Five Things That Would Make Me Want to Hijack the Airplane
1. "The in-flight movies will be Free Willy, Free Willy 2, Free Willy 3 and Free Willy 4, edited."
  2. When a foreign country is better than my country and knows it
  3. Finding out that both pilots are Asian women
  3. When there aren't enough snakes on the plane
  4. Curiosity; I've always wondered what pilots taste like
  5. So I can finally say "I'm jacking into the cockpit"
  6. Little known fact, airplane parts sell very well in Tijuana

- Top Five Straight to Video B-Rated 80s-Batman Crossover Movies
1. Batman and Hooch
  2. Weekend at Bernie's and Robin's
  3. Scent of a Batman
  4. When Batman Met Robin
  5. Batman II: Electric Boogaloo
  6. An American Werewolf in the Batcave
  7. Smokey and the Penguin
  8. Honey, I Shrunk the Batman
  9. Jokergeist
  10. Doogie Howser Forever
  11. Three Batmen and a Baby
  12. A Fish Called Batman

- Top Five Things to do When That Invisibility Cloak Hits the Market
1. Cockslap a university cop
  2. Go hook up with invisible chicks
  3. What do you mean WHEN? I knew that shitbag from Men's Wearhouse screwed me
  4. Open up a cloak repair shop
  5. Fuck with mental hospital patients
  6. Skateboard on campus
  7. Cloak your penis when you hook up with that straight guy
  8. Finally start using that "invisible condom" trick on your girlfriend

- Top Five Reasons to Die in a Car Crash (This was submitted. The first entry is his, the rest are ours)
1. Cremation is free (and mandatory)
  2. You can save a fuckload more on car insurance by switching to dead
  3. It worked out pretty well for Princess Di
  4. To really stick it to the crash dummies
  5. Who wants to live through a car crash?

6. Your rotting corpse smell will be covered up by pine-scented air freshener
7. You get to die in the comfort of your leather bucket seats

- Bottom Five Rated Mythological Entities
1. Apollo Loco
  2. Pegasus
  3. Herpecles
  4. The Mighty Cuntaur
  5. Xena, Warrior Feminist

- Top Five Ways Gay Married Couples Decide Who's the Husband and Who's the Wife
1. A riving game of "Who has the tighter asshole?"
  2. Cock, paper, scissors
  3. Whoever says "Who's your daddy?" the most is the husband
  4. Compare salaries
  5. Whoever's more fabulous gets to choose
  6. Endurance kneeling

- Bottom Ten Reasons To Date an Astronaut
1. Not potty-trained
  2. Wedding ring has a moon rock
  3. Space AIDS
  4. In space, no one can hear you faking it
  5. If you have a dysfunction getting it up, she'll have to tell everyone in Houston your problem
  6. Cosmonauts are way easier
  7. Insistence that ten years from now, we'll all be eating Dippin' Dots

- Top Five Ways to Find the Clitoris
1. Cockpuncture
  2. Mapquest
  3. Stop fucking men
  4. Tell her to shave her fat smelly bush
  5. Fuck that bullshit; clits are for pussies

- Top Five Innovative New Ways to Rob People by their bullet wound.
1. Shoot them with a gun. They will be preoccupied
  2. Tell her you are a virgin too
  3. Hold a drawing offering a \$370 million grand prize
  4. With a snow-sledding mask
  5. Throw your infant at them as a distraction
  6. Change your name to "Rob" first

- Top Five Advantages to Dating a Bald Britney Spears
1. Easier to balance a beer on the top of a shaved head
  2. Yellow magic markers just became a great Valentine's day present
  3. Completes your fantasy of dating Mr. Clean
  4. Do the curtains match the drapes?
  5. You always wanted to satisfy that leper fetish
  6. She wont cause your bathroom to look like it was attacked by Chewbacca
  7. Skip lines at theme parks by claiming she's a cancer patient

- Top Five Girls to Pick Up at Trujillos
1. The one on the floor.
  2. The girl who can fit an entire burrito in her mouth at once.
  3. The one sitting at the table closest to the window wearing the green shirt and sweatpants and black-rimmed eyeglasses with the oversized purse eating the chicken burrito with guacamole. She's easy.
  4. The Chiquita Banana lady. You can eat her out since your fetish is obviously hair in your food.
  5. The one that takes checks.
  6. The one with the moustache behind the counter.

- Top Five Reasons Spring Break in Iraq is a Good Idea
1. Thanks to burkas, ugly chicks don't exist
  2. Cheap rooms available at the Ramadi Inn
  3. Getting head is easy. Just wait for most recent decap to roll down the street.
  5. It's the new Spain...just without the hot women, food, bars, safety, and climate

- Top Five Reasons to Have Voted for AS
1. Finally found a candidate that wasn't a douchebag: "Write-In"
  2. Because vote for Pedro Pelayo was just so damn clever... way to play the race card.
  3. Because with good leaders in AS, more skilled "artists" such as Ace Young will bless our campus
  4. To break the four-way-tie currently at zero votes
  5. Chet was in charge of local Vote or Die campaign, and you don't go against Chet
  6. Thought you were voting for teacher strike
  7. You're a foreign exchange student just excited to be able to vote for anything
  8. You log into your WebPortal seven times a day already

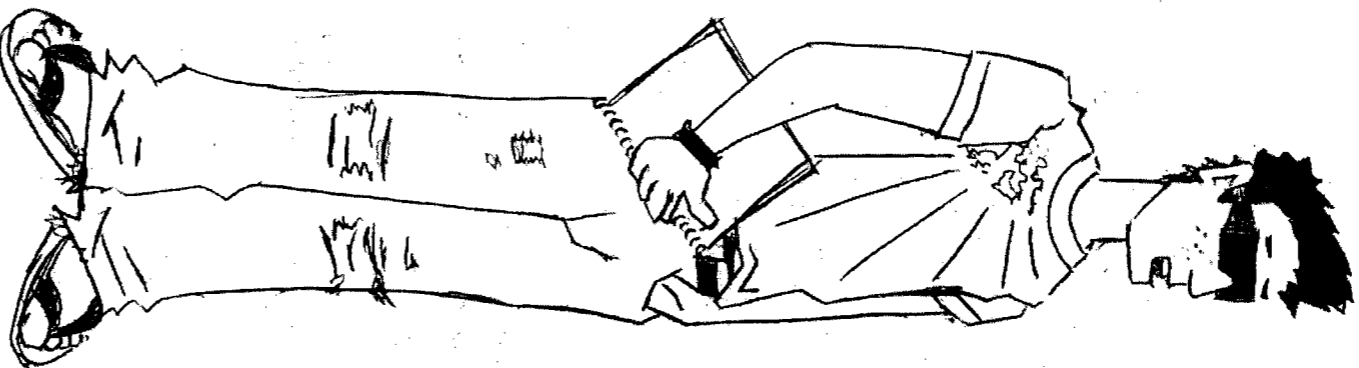
- Top Five Ways to Defeat an Evil Blob Monster
1. Add two eggs and some flour, and you got an evil blob cake
  2. Tell her she looks like an evil blob monster in that dress
  3. Survive until sunrise
  4. Duel to the death with SpongeBob
  5. Use the Vacuum Cleaner of Justice
  6. Lick the red knob between its lips just right and it'll let out a defeated moan

- Top Five Theories as to What God Did During the Second Week of Creation
1. And on the 8th day, God did create the Pita Pit and buy something because the line wasn't so fucking long
  2. And on the 9th day, God did compete in a race, go God go!
  3. And on the 10th day, God did proclaim "I've taken in more then I can swallow" to which an angel responded "that's what she said"
  4. On the 11th day, God created ganja. On the 12th day, God created Furryuns.
  5. And on the 14th day, God did write down what He did in 3rd person.

- Top Five Alternative Names for Whiskey Dick Rum Dong
1. Schnapps Schlong
  2. Naty Wang
  3. Vodka Cocka
  4. Sake Sausage
  5. PBR Peepee
  6. Wine Wiener

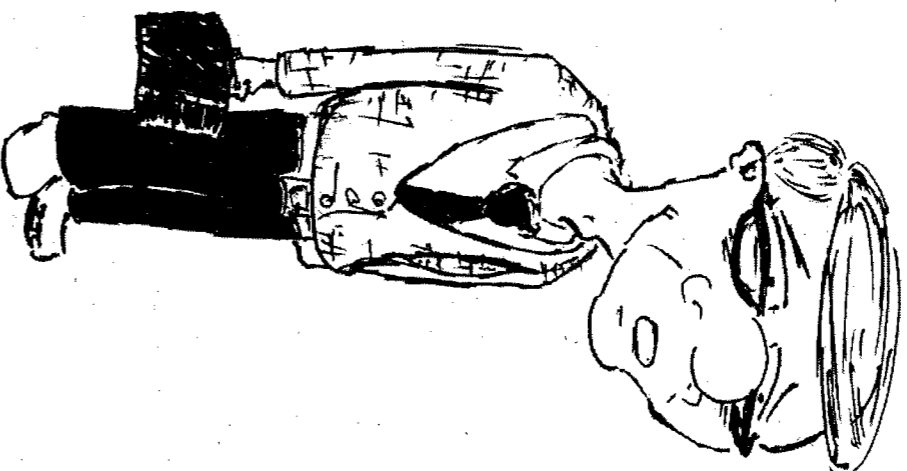
**Do we really have to recruit you at this point? You read the whole goddamn list page, why don't you just come to our fucking meeting already? 12:30 this Friday, Aztec Center Food Court, look for the table with the KOALA sign and the grinning douchebag behind it.**

# Portrait of a Man

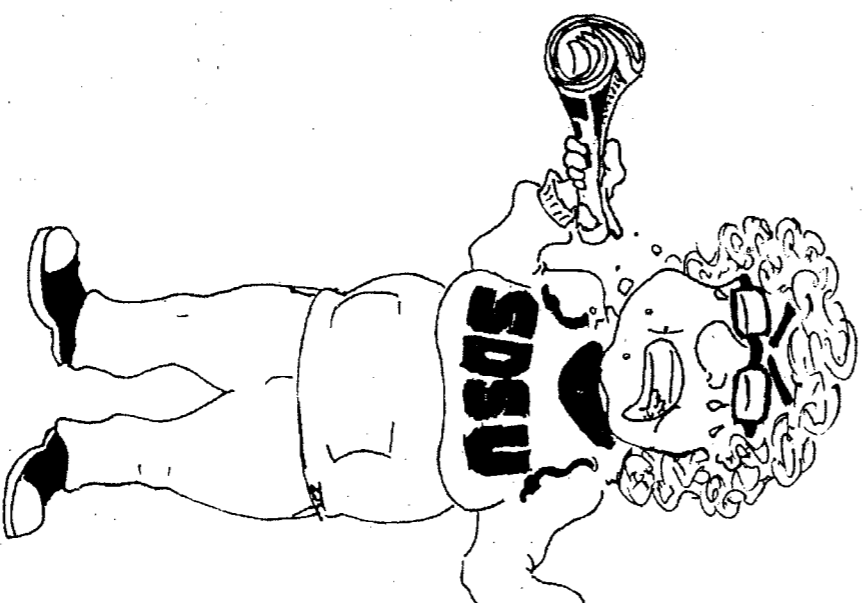


## Strong, Silent Dude

When asked, "Do you want a Koala?" he responds, "I'm cool." Yeah, bro, I'm sure you're 'cool', but I was just wondering if you want a copy of my newspaper? Then he comes back with, "I'm straight." A little defensive, are we? Wow, that's an interesting first thing to ever say to me. Hey, no one said you were gay. Does "Do you want a Koala?" sound like "Tell me about your sexual preferences.?" "I said I'm cool." Look, no one said you weren't cool. No one said you're a fag. We just think it.



**The Suit and Tie**  
AKA "The Old Person"  
From the murky depths of the University Administration come the Suit and Tie. Their greatest weapon: selective hearing. Nothing quite has the same effect as the "Do you want a Koala?" question as the blank, frowning smile death stare given by old professionals. In an instant they call upon the spirits of our dearest relatives to lay upon our shoulders the disappointment of countless generations before us, showering us with bludgeons for, as always, poisoning the minds of youth and steering their dentures. This comes in one facetious, youthful smile. But don't be fooled: actual age doesn't apply to the Suit and Tie. Even if you appear young and friendly at first glance, they're old at heart. If they still have a

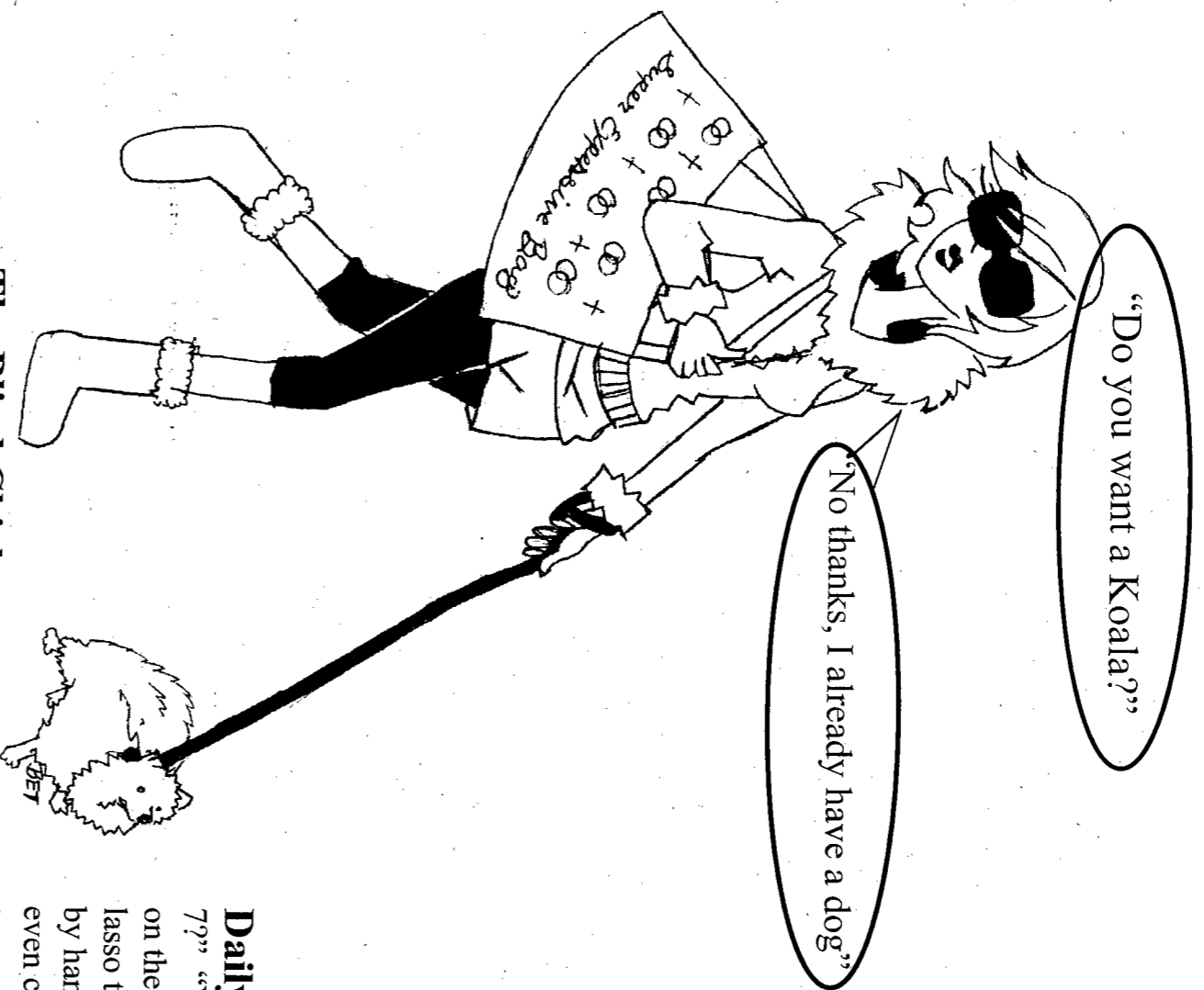


## The Tour Guide

Peppy, perky and clean-cut, how these people represent SDSU, I can't imagine. I'm not sure if these people are aliens, super-religious, or, like most ambassadors, child molesters. In any case, they don't like us handing out The Koala to the potential students. One time, one girl told me that she overheard some of the kids saying that they didn't want to go to a school that had a paper like this and shouldn't we really think about the fact that we're making people not want to go here. I replied, "Uh, that's the point."

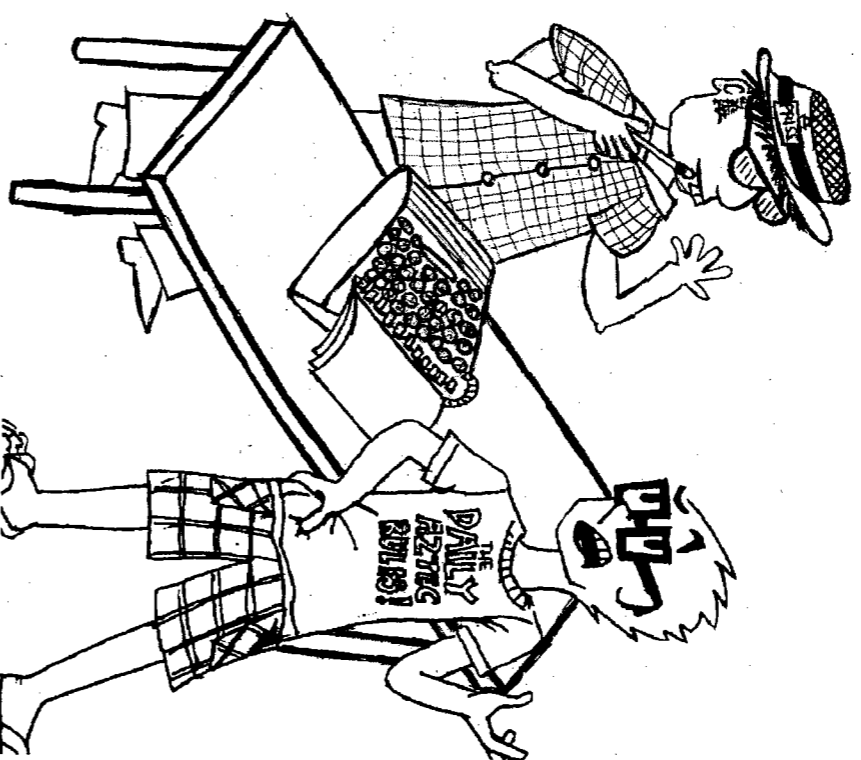
**Victim of a Personal Gir**  
You're a mean, fat, ugly bitch and some had the nerve to say so in the Personals. Now, you hate us. When we suggest you just write a personal back, you stalk like a mean, fat ugly *dumb* bitch.

I know it's a surprise, but some people just don't like the Koala. These people are not to be trusted. Use this helpful guide to identify potential NonFans (Nans) so you can avoid/egg them on sight. And remember, don't hate them because they're Nans. Hate them because they're *ugly* Nans.

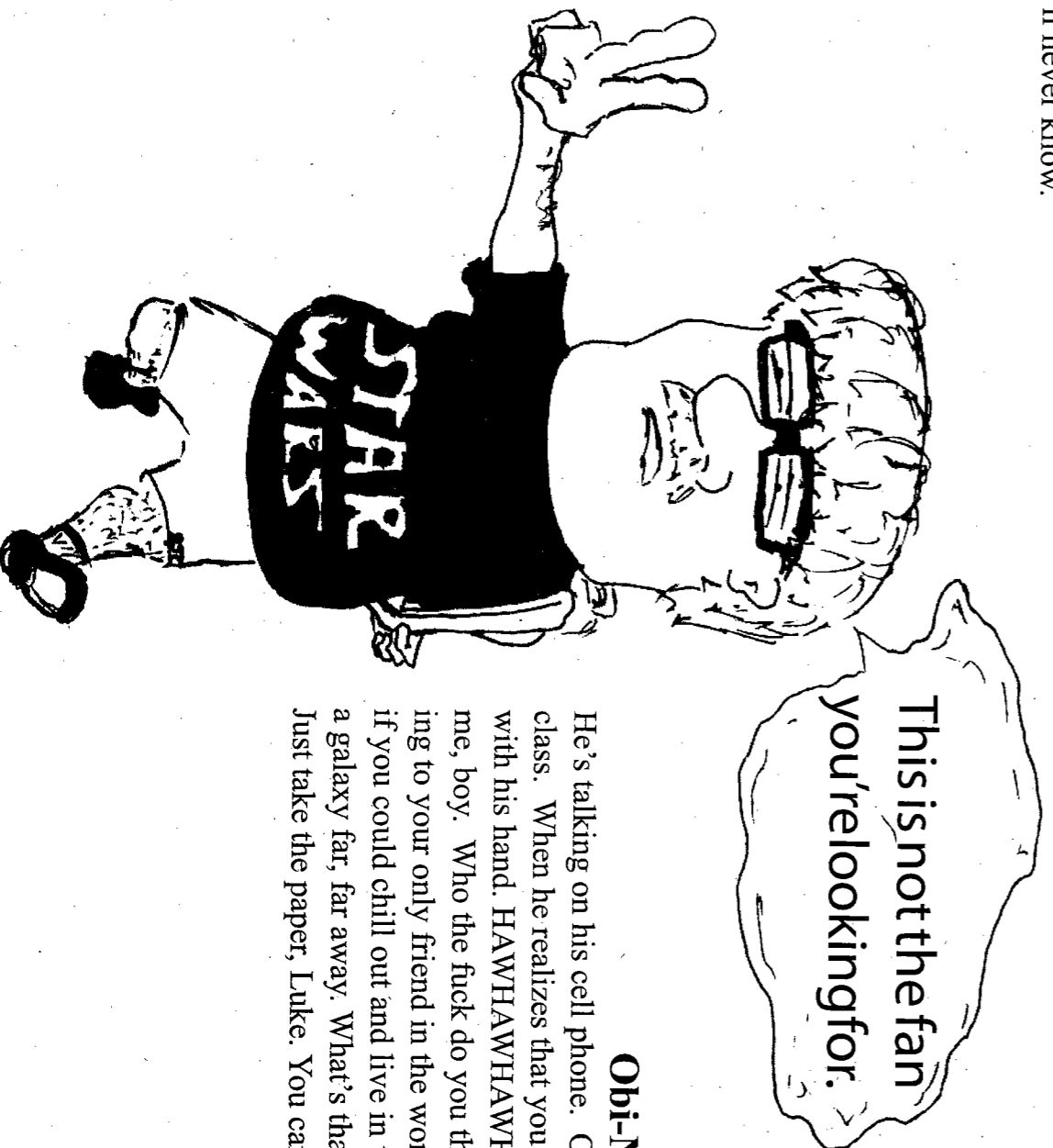


**The Blind Chick**

I don't know what blinded these poor girls, but I really feel sorry for them. I ask them, Do you want a newspaper? and they reply, "No thanks, I don't read." How they pass their classes, I'll never know.



**Daily Aztec Writer** "Did you see that typo on Page 7?" "Yeah, what a bunch of amateurs!" "And that text wrap on the Ed Box?" "Yeah, it's like they've never heard of the lasso tool!" "And did you notice how they passed out 7,000 by hand in two days?" "Yeah, uh, what?" "Yeah, they don't even come out regularly." "Why does everyone love them so much?" "Yeah, they suck so hard." "Do you know when their meetings are?"



**Obi-Nan Kenobi**

He's talking on his cell phone. Or perhaps to an ugly chick from his last class. When he realizes that you are talking to him, he waves you off with his hand. HAWHAWHAWHAW, your mind tricks will not work on me, boy. Who the fuck do you think you are? Apparently, you're talking to your only friend in the world, which probably wouldn't be the case if you could chill out and live in the now, instead of a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. What's that scent you're wearing? Desperation? Just take the paper, Luke. You can use it to clean your droids with later.

**EFFIN'S now serves HARD EFFIN ALCOHOL!!!**

**VOTED BEST STUDENT  
HANGOUT IN SAN DIEGO**

- The Reader's Best 2003

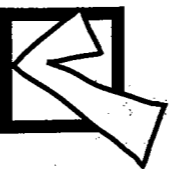
**BEST EFFIN FOOD  
IN TOWN!**



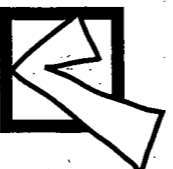
**BEST EFFIN FOOD  
IN TOWN!**

**Now with  
FULL LIQUOR**

# THE BEST EFFIN FOOD IN TOWN!



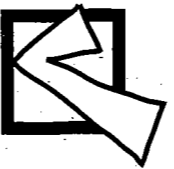
Beer & Cocktails



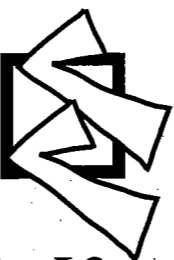
Pizza, Wings & Other Appetizers



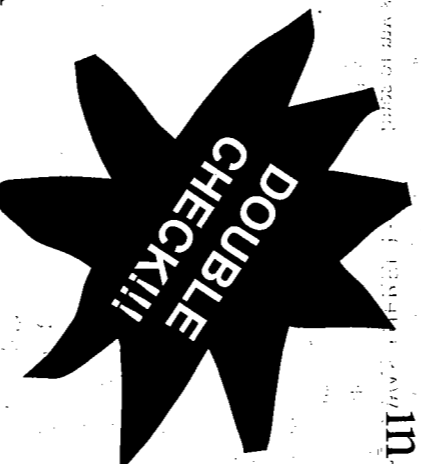
Pool Tables



Rockin Band



Steve Langdon



Check out our coupon  
in the Dollar Stretcher!

## DAILY SPECIALS

<b>MONDAY</b> MADNESS X-Large Pizza with a Domestic Draft Pitcher 4pm - 10pm <b>\$14.95</b>	<b>TACO</b> TUESDAYS "Great Big Effin Tacos." <b>\$1.50</b>
<b>WING</b> WEDNESDAY Hot & Spicy Wings "The Best in Town" <b>35¢</b>	<b>THURSDAY</b> Party with Steve Langdon! "It's an Effin Tradition!"
<b>FRIDAY</b> 1/2 Off Appetizers from 4-7pm	<b>SATURDAY</b> Saturday Night Live (with Steve Langdon)
<b>NOW SERVING HARD LIQUOR</b>	

## SUNDAY BRUNCH

Wake up after partying on  
Saturday and come have break-  
fast at Effin's.

It's the best breakfast in the  
college area.

Sunday specials all day!  
Opens at 9:00am

**619 - 229 - 9800**

**6164 El Cajon Blvd.**

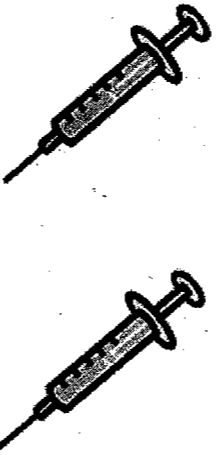


# Party Reviews

Here's the deal; you give us the beer, we give you the review  
 Invite us to your party: [editor@sdsu.koalabq.com](mailto:editor@sdsu.koalabq.com)

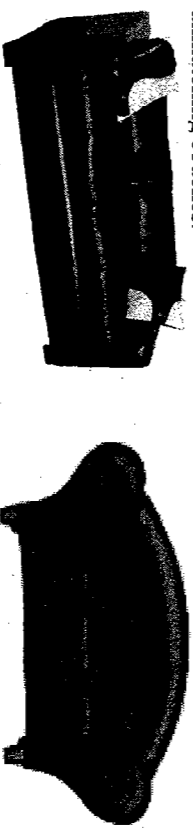
## Sig Ep Party 3/8

Allow me to preface this by saying this review is made up about 90% of what I've been told since the event. As much as I'd like to recall every semi-lametic second of this Tijuana extravaganza, it's only in my nature to be too fucked up by my time of arrival. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on the way you look at it) the party occurred on the very same night of my first Koala meeting. After this historical event I was in the celebrating mood and headed back to the dorms for some obvious prepartying. The refreshments ended up arriving a mere fifteen minutes before our departure, so we had some cramming to do. By the time we arrived, I was no longer parched, and I was ready to...mingle. The turnout was reasonable (or so I'm told.) Naturally, it was about 10:1 sluts to dudes. The point of the party was to get that dirty Mexican flava without getting blackmailed by the police, put in a Mexican jail, receiving HIV from some stray needle, or getting roofed and waking up curled up in the gutter (I would debate the legitimacy of going to a Fraternity party to escape the latter.) Granted I didn't need it, but I'm told the booze was freely flowing yet difficult to reach, as the bar was choked by dozens of scantily clad "Tijuana themed" sorority girls making receiving a shot ranging in the impossible without getting vicious (which normally, I am not above.) I woke up the next day to find sand all over my fucking high heels. There's a reason I don't go to the beach, I don't want sand all over my fucking shoes. The sand scattered all over the hallway of my dorm alerted me to the fact that I was probably not the only one to wander my drunk ass over to Hardy Ave that night. Overall, the decorations were a quaint effort, but I'm sure that if there was actually something worth remembering, I probably would have remembered it. I give this party 2 stray HIV needles.



## Party at the Editor's House 3/9

Does this qualify as a party? Does that mean we can review it? Upon contemplating the worthiness of our party I nominated myself to write this. Seeing as I was the only one of the four or so people involved in this conversation that one could stand on their own, and two: was guaranteed to remember all the little details you, reader, are so enthusiastically clinging to, I thought it best. Let's start this piece like all great pieces are started... urbandictionary.com. "Party: something I never get invited to." Well, in your face, urbandictionary.com, you have been proved wrong. I WAS THERE! I was there for the "grand tour" of the however-many-bedroom-dirty-little house. I was there to sit on each clashing piece of furniture at least once, and I was there for Beirut. I most likely spelled that wrong. Now let's use our imaginations. Think beer pong. Now add a couple of stoned people, a half dozen people who have completely lost their sense of volume control, thirty seven confusing rules that separate this game from beer pong, speed, and unhealthy levels of energy mixed with even less healthy levels of drunkenness. I give you Beirut. I didn't even play this game, watching it was enough. Actually, sitting back and watching the only guy who knew the rules hop about and yell explanations mid-action was enough. It was enough for the whole night: I had enough entertainment in my day to sleep now. The night continued with a few more games, general drunken mingling, and couples in dark corners thinking they are being both slick and considerate to the general party-going public. We wrapped up the night in the most tasteful of fashion at Tapito's to fulfill munchies and finish sobering us up to make that home stretch that gets us into our bed at night. At first glance, two stars. The fact that now I have an awesome image of a new friend leaping about like a jackass yelling rules of Beirut...2.5 stars Oh yeah, we don't do pussy-ass half stars. Nevermind. 2 unmatched couches.



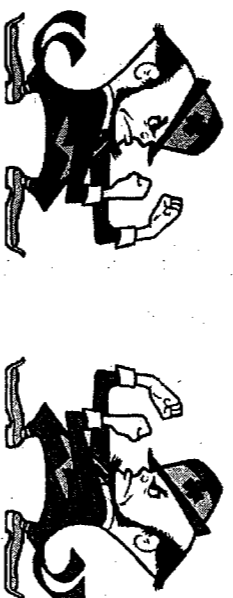
## Frat Row St. Paty's Party 3/17

After a day filled with drinking I decided a change of pace was in order. I wandered over to the one place I usually can guarantee booze won't be free unless you have tits or a lifted truck and a dad who owns a dealership: frat row. The place where dreams were born, neglected, abused, sexually assaulted and forced into a life of alcoholism and prostitution. Upon walking up to the row I heard the Dropkick Murphy's assaulting my senses from every direction. I saw a black man walking by wearing a leprechaun's outfit and a girl puking green while her friends attempted to close her legs and protect her "modesty." I knew I had arrived. Casually strolling into the loudest party I could find I was welcomed by a few of my fellow Koalans who had also come to celebrate the holiday. They were smashed by this point and I needed to catch up in a hurry. A few games of beer die later, with green ale... okay it was Keystone, and I was in the mood to make merry with my newfound friends. Jigging and people practicing their bad Irish accents were found everywhere. In true Irish fashion, the women were nowhere to be found, assumably they were cooking up potatoes and popping out babies elsewhere. The party gets one out of five green pints due to the generously granted great green beer that was given to your intrepid reporter and because of the lack of retheaded Irish lasses.



## St. Paty's Day Beer Pong Tourney 3/17

Arriving a little early to scope out the competition was the first good idea of the day. The tourney started at 4 in the afternoon, we showed up already drunk on this the most holy of holidays. Their was a gigantic plasma TV showing the basketball games of the day. I posted up directly in front with a frosty mug filled with non-green but still delicious beer. It was a sad day for my bracket as the team I picked to win it all was eliminated in dramatic fashion. It was at this point that the Irish blood in me boiled. Even the corned beef and cabbage offered my way could not calm my defeated soul. Though it did help, it was delicious and reminded me of the food me Ma would make back in the homeland. In Nor Cal. There was not much good news for your loyal Koala representative during the actual tournament. I was so agitated that I threw the ball with a tremendous force, far, far away from the cups. But I did nearly get into three brawls later for throwing pennies and pretzels into the cups of those teams that beat me, which I consider a more difficult skill. The host of the tournament ended up winning it all, a fact I attempted to dispute but all that came out were random syllables and Flogging Molly lyrics. Overall I give the event two fighting Irishmen out of five. Would have had another if I had been swilling green beer.



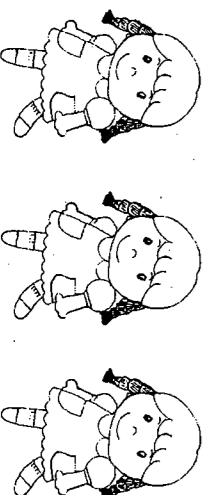
## Kickback @ Artist's Apartment on 3/14

This party, like all parties began with a phone call. Only, this phone call was one that made my ears dance and liver sweat like nary many a party is capable. During this short and sweet conversation, I was instructed to travel to the nearest vendor of alcohol and purchase two thirty packs and both a handle of Captain Mo and Schmirhoff. Granted, this does not amount to very much total alcohol, but it was the second half of the conversation that made for the money shot: "I'll pay for it all" and "I'm bringing five girls to your apartment to drink it". Never before have I been so happy to lay down eighty dollars for alcohol - especially when it included thirty packs of Miller and Budweiser as opposed to Natty Ice or Keystone. Upon arrival of both the alcohol and women to the apartment, it was quickly realized that there is very little to actually do within the confines of my small and sparsely furnished bachelor pad. The one other male and I present quickly decided that a game of speed quarters was in order - especially once it became apparent that we were the only ones that had ever played any form of quarters before. If I have anything in abundance inside my apartment, it's quarters (for those little temporary tattoo dispensers) and shot glasses. After a good long while of watching girls chug beer as fast as they can before I drop yet another quarter into a glass and set another beer in front of them, the game came to a close after the completion of the first thirty of which I had a solid three beers. At this point a couple more males arrived but brought with them a hookah which was up and puffing by the time the game had ended which naturally led us to cracking open handles and filling these now whorish shot glasses with disinfectant-grade alcohol. As shots were repeatedly being slammed back and slammed down, the group began to disperse into the various rooms for exciting games of drunk-Mario 3 on a Nintendo on its last legs and bong circles. The only problem was that the previously mentioned bong circle was taking place within my bedroom... where I like to keep my bed...where I like to have sex. Therefore, I retreated around out back of my apartment building to my parked car with what I must say (for both my own ego and.. well.. my ego) was the hottest girl available at the moment to grab, and proceeded to put a nice little climax on the night. For a party, this was small with very few drinking games, but a girl-to-guy ratio greater than any I'd ever seen at State, so I will drop a solid two shot glasses. But I also fucking got laid so lets just throw one more drunk chick onto it making it worthy of two shot glasses and one drunk chick.



## Spring Break Palm Springs 3/31

While all the sorority girls and fraternity guys were frolicking on the beaches of Mexico and South Padre Island, receiving a steady diet of Coronas, Tequila shots, gonorrhoea and melanoma, I decided to head to an alternative spring break destination, Palm Springs. Yes, that Palm Springs. The playground of the rich and famous 50-odd years ago. Now apparently it is the playground of the gay and the elderly. I had heard of a house party that was occurring during my stay so I ventured on over out of pure boredom. I arrived to find a decent ratio of girls to guys and an amazing ratio of people to booze. The hosts apparently enjoy seeing people get drunk off their dime and I was more than willing to comply. One of the people at the party was a bartender by trade and thusly took to mixing some delicious shots and mixed drinks. The ladies all took blowjob shots while the men all leered creepily. I got incredibly drunk off incredible alcohol but all the girls ended up being high-school age cock teases. Final score: three hot-ass jailbait girls.



# Koala Personals

Our most popular section, the only section we didn't write.  
What a coincidence.

Tell us something personal at [sdsu.koalahq.com](http://sdsu.koalahq.com)

Bad names for hair salons/barber shops.

- 1) Stab n' Style
- 2) Perns, Braids, and Flesh Wounds.
- 3) Shear Bangs! Shear Bangs!
- 4) Snip, Crackle, Pop!
- 5) Blood, Sweat, and tears.

From: The guy who sent that shit.

Dear Juan Carlos:

Yeah! I do know your name, after all these semesters of hearing you blurt stupid ass-shit out in class. I got news for you: I can't join your fucking pyramid scheme, because I'm not moronic enough to listen to you talk for more than a second without daying a little inside

Dear Older Gentleman in Phil412:

I am tired of listening to you take five minutes to ask your infamous questions in the form of poorly worded, drawn out statements. You smell like bandaids.  
Please stop.

FLUCK Frodo! I HATE the Lord of the Rings!

To all of the Frat Boy Bitches: You need to realize that not ever girl wants you. You are equivalent to a douche bag!

To my annoying roommate: We all liked you better when you weren't full of yourself. P.S. You have one friend!

To the girl i walked in on giving some guy head, just because you're at a frat house and having an STD is practically a prerequisite to enter does not mean you can go around sucking people off in public. I mean i understand your in the greek system, but blow jobs are really only meant to be exploited in Mexico, so lock the fucking door next time!

Ok to the fuckin promiscuous gay skanks on campus, NO THE WHOLE GAY UNIVERSE, who think you're all hot to chill with us ordinary, average gays you are all fake. You are all friendly upfront but sprout fangs behind our backs and all you "hot" gays that like to talk shit your asshole and mouth is no different because shit comes outa both and dicks go in both. [www.downlink.com](http://www.downlink.com) find out whos gay whos not !

SDSU is full of HOT WHITE GIRLS right? Please make it easy for a BEANER TO GET LAID! Would it help if im in a "top house" Fraternity? Because I will join.  
-Rico Suave (The good looking Mexxxxican you see in campus)

I peed in your shampoo bottle. sorry jess.

dear sorority with the rasta heart bag,

dude, you guys got all the fatties, huh? or else it must be all the weed, cause you girls are seriously irie.

-non fatty

ware ha tenchi ni hitotsu da

to those three hypocritical bitches who talk shit about "SLUT BAG" sorority girls but then turn around and do the same ol' SLUT BAG activities during the weekend,

i hope you understand that the only reason you talk shit about sorority girls is because most of them are hotter than you three combined, and you whores have to settle for sub-par cock, while a theata can snatch up an abtrocrombie model and fuck him every day of the week, twice on sunday. your hate and jealousy has NOTHING to do with sorority girls being "fake" or "slutty," and everything to do with your pale skin, round faces, lack of fucking tits, and those asses that look like you're wearing a fucking diaper. one whore is capable of making out next to the bush where every guy in the joint just pissed (including myself) and where i just threw up my four course steak dinner.

i hope the smell of regurgitated meat and beer piss got you all nice and wet when you were making out with a dude who was so fuckin drunk he would have made out with his dog if i asked him too. the other whore is capable of sucking the cock of any one with a wizard hat on or anyone who has sat through all three lord of the rings movies and/or harry potter. is the morning after pill still making you sick? the last whore is capable of fucking three different guys in one weekend (not something a "slut bag" would ever do, right?) or at least suckin three sweaty cocks. let me tell you something. YOU FUCKIN SMELL LIKE SHITTT! its called a douche bag, use it. so save your breath next time you three feel like talking shit about slutty sorority girls on your shitty ass couch while watching your shitty ass movies. sure some sorority girls may be slut bags but at least they look better doing it.

Regards,  
The Truth

Dear Aztec Shops,  
I hate you guys, if I could I would burn down that motherfucker! Sorry I don't speak spanish and can't lick my boss's fucking pussy and thus actually make more than minimum wage. I guess if I became a fucking nina and kissed your ass. I'd have to work less, like all your fucking weird little cronies.  
P.S. I love stealing from your store.

I FUCKING HATE YOUR GUTS AND CHAR-LIE IS DIRTY AND PLAYING THE GUITAR ps this statement has nohig to do with the first i want my money back you money grubbing son of a gun! ps stop glueing doors shut and oh yea the girls now have priority spot

ou are a womanizing bastard and i hope that something you builds collapses on you

D'Lana is amazing and that is how you spell her name THE D AND THE L ARE FUCKING CAPITALIZED D'Lana is psychologically awesome

HI CHARLIE...candy mountain...?charlie candy mountain..

To my boyfriend who gave me a hickie on my chin: I'll get you back ya bastard!

To the douschebag arabian-asian who forced himself into my group project: every morning, you walk into our 8am class with a banana that sits on your folder the entire class. Do you ever eat this banana or is it just a prop to make you look extra gay?

To my roommate's devil cat that Im allergic to:

Every morning when I wake up and open my door, you are sitting there, staring at me. Yes, I know what you're thinking "Im genna fuck you up today whitey"(he's black). I know he plans his day around my activities... "Whiey's doin laundry, im genna roll my dander shit all over it"... "Whiey left the door open, Im genna take a shit on her pillow"... Well, next time you pull another stunt, Im genna punt your racist little ass over my balcony and into the garbage truck...yadig?

Love, "yellin 187 on a mother-fucking CAT"

To my boyfriend's fat-ass monkey gardener roommate: I know you only watch TV for the Food Commercials. P.S. My name's not "Blondie, Make me Dinner"

Regards, "One pissed off Girlfriend"

Dear girl on her speaker phone near east com-mons.  
We Hate you! really, and dont act all suprised when we tell you to use your phone as a phone and not a conference call device. Your in public what the hell happened to decency. I hope you trip and land on your sidekick and it ruptures your spleen you sorostitue slut. Just cause your outside deont mean you can be a bitch!

Sean Guinn is SOO hot. I LOVE HIM. I want to suck him all night long.

Dear Fat annoying Bitch,  
I never want to go to RWS 200 just because I know I will have to hear your fucking annoying voice. You think everyone wants to hear what you think but actually everyone just wants to kill you. p.s. you say you go to the gym but it doesn't show, so just kill yourself.

To the girl w/ the missing tooth who comes into the AzMarket. I see you got a new one. It looks nice. Very realistic.  
-SDSU tooth fairy

I love y'all like a priest loves a nublie young boy.

I hate my linguistics class, they are all a bunch of kiss asses. Seriously, I didn't think some one could get so far up someone's ass. It's just so damn disgusting.

Hey Professors, y'all didn't have to cancel the strike on our account. Seriously.

-Love, the disappointed student body

**Personals Bags Are Up, Permanently, at Peabody's Coffee Carts. You can still submit a personal online at [sdsu.koalahq.com](http://sdsu.koalahq.com), but now you can just drop a note in the Koala Personals Bags at the Peabody's Coffee Carts at the ARC, Student Health, the Art Building, the Bookstore, and the Music Building.**