CARLI THOMAS IS A FAT WHORE

There comes a time in every sorority sister's life where someone she once thought she trusts crosses her. It doesn't always have to be something egregious, it can be something as simple as "I told everyone you have pimples on your ass, you fat slut," or "I fucked your boyfriend while I was on my period before you blew him yesterday, you fat slut," or some other combination wherein the ex-friend basically calls her a pudgy slag while acting like, well, a pudgy slag.

In this episode of "Whores of Our Lives," however, the square-chinned, thick-necked uppity skank named in GIANT FUCKING LETTERS up there has something somewhat more sinister to hide. According to one of her ex-sisters at Chi Blow, Carli "Portly AND Stout" Thomas has the gift that keeps on giving. That's right, first of all 1) She's not actually a man, as that John Wayne jawline would suggest and 2) Some guy (who obviously gets around) actually managed to imbibe enough alcohol to sleep with her, yet didn't die of alcohol poisoning in the process. While we here at the Koola don't wrap it or even pay attention to the state of aliveness of the things we stick our genitals in/on, it's kind of ironic that we're spending the $450 allocated to us to print thousand upon thousands of copies of paper that basically say, "Carli Thomas, while a homely unfuckable bovine before, isn't even worth a drunken sportfuck now."

While we're on the subject of whores, I've got to say it's with guarded optimism that I'm all juiced about this new trend in pop music where it's totally okay for girls to get shitfaced drunk and be slanks. I'm really only talking about Ke$ha because I don't leave my cave for long enough to know about anything other than the most obvious pop culture references. In the past, songs used to be about like "I'll lick your lollipop if you help the little man in the boat" and now it's like "I'M DRINKING POPOV FOR BREAKFAST, FUCK ME." I say guarded optimism because I worry all this is going to do is embolden the girls who are already sluts to just have an even greater sense of self-importance. Remember that annoying bottle-blonde at the last whatever-whatever-whatever rush event that got fucking shitshow wasted and demanded you give her your drink? Now her closet-freak friend is going to be like her too. We're trying to reinvent the wheel here. We've already got a tried and true algorithm for slut making and it's called guilt. Catholic guilt, white guilt, rich guilt, daddy guilt... It's all good shit and we don't need Ke$ha making girls think they're special just because they have concave genitilia.

All the best,
Kris Gregorian
Editor-in-Queef
The Motherfucking Koala

In the time-honored Roman tradition, us AS senators hold all-male orgies in the Muir college natatorium on Tuesdays after tea. This past week, my colleague said, "These young freshmen boys are cute, but I'm growing tired of them with their pubic hair and all." I replied, "You surely speak the truth but what can we do about such a conundrum?" He brilliantly gleamed, "Well you know, there is quite a bunch of strapping young lads over at the Preuss School!" I retorted, "Well you know the best way to woo young grade-schoolers?" We both cheered, "Kittens!!" We procured twenty juvenile stray felines from the local animal shelter and before long we were serving twenty little-league soccer players some Jesus Juice spiked with GHB! I was fitting a ball gag to one of the attack players when Pope Benedict arrived with an entourage of the finest Pontificial Swiss Guardsmen. He then injected a most plentiful rail of the finest cocaine and ejaculated upon the very boy that I was gagging! He raised his arms to the heavens, shouting "This publication may have been funded in part or in whole by funds allocated by the ASUCSD. However, the views expressed in this publication are solely those of The Koala, its principal members and the authors of the content of this publication. While the publisher of this publication is a registered student organization at UC San Diego, the content, opinions, statements and views expressed in this or any other publication published and/or distributed by The Koala are not endorsed by and do not represent the views, opinions, policies, or positions of the ASUCSD, GSAUCSD, UC San Diego, the University of California and the Regents or their officers, employees, or agents. The publisher of this publication bears and assumes the full responsibility and liability for the content of this publication." After which, he tapped his sparkly red heels together and was whisked back to Kansas.
Top Five Lists

Top 5 Answers to the Question “Got any spare change?”
1- Nope I need it for candy and booze for me.
2- Do you take American express or only master card and visa?
3- Sure! Do you have a spare kidney?
4- No but I can lead to where there are some slow moving pigeons with lots of meat
5- How long can you hold your breath?

Top 5 Reasons to Cut Media Funding
1- $9,000 sunk into one fashion magazine (even if it had tits) doesn’t look to good in the middle of a budget crisis.
2- All that extra security at Sungod isn’t going to pay for itself.
3- AS needed the money to pay for their ruinous 5-hour energy drink and sharpie-fume benders.
4- Carl Thomas is pissed at me because I put it in her ass and didn’t call her.
5- It’s actually a secret Koala plan to make our paper the only one left on campus (excluding the Tardian and the racist ones).

Top 5 Reasons African-American Pilots are Better Suited Than Guatemalan Prisoners for STD Experiments
1- Everyone likes to say Tuskegee
2- In the 50’s our black veterans were worth less than other countries’ prisoners
3- Because Guatemalans already sounds like an STD
4- Protecting my pecker with foreign prisoners is bad?
5- Seriously, it’s black people. African-Americans is an offensive term.

Top 5 Signs You Murdered Me
1- There is a hazy outline of a guy who is giving you the spirit shocker in your pictures
2- Every time you return home, all your chairs have been turned upside down- take that, bitch!
3- Every time people gather at the Church of Me for a memorial service, your stomach twists with guilt.
4- The surprise addendum in my will written in blood making you the sole heir and ending with, “About the blood, I ran out of ink”
5- You wake up night after night clutching your throat and gasping for breath... as if you’ve been ghost teabagged

Top 5 Jobs for Ratzinger if Being Pope Doesn’t Work Out
1- Holocaust museum tour guide
2- Dark Lord of the Sith
3- Owner of pest control company “Rat Zinger”
4- Chancellor of UCSD after we raise up Fox in white smoke from Price Center Ballroom
5- Pediatric Proctologist

Top 5 Ways to Combat Bullying
1- Stop, Drop, and Roll away
2- It’s been about 2000 years. He’s moved on, why can’t you?
3- This wouldn’t happen if you were a combat class
4- Make a girl suit out of fat chicks you’ve killed and tuck your dick between your legs...
5- Start seizing and puke on yourself

Top 5 Cowardly Things to Say During a Fight
1- Your fists of fury are no match for my cringing possum technique
2- I meant a battle of wits!
3- We’ll stop here but your just lucky I have to clean up all this blood
4- I know I called you a douchebag, but that guy behind you called you a faggot and the guy across the street said he fucked your mom.
5- Something in French

Therapeutic Healing Cooperative

New Members
5 Gram 1/8ths & bonuses for referrals!

All Day, Err’Day
4 gram 1/8ths!
1/8ths capped at $55!

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THC is a not-for-profit collective in full compliance with California Proposition 215 (HS 11520.2) & California Senate Bill 420 (HS 11520.2)
The thirty-sixth time we watched Fear and Loathing, we decided to see what all this mescaline nonsense was all about. Since the probability of finding a peyote roadman at UCSDork is highly unlikely, we found ourselves left to our own devices for procuring our latest outreach into the wild, wild world of hallucinogens. Being that the interwebs provide us with accounts of much worse means to much worse ends, we turned to them for some guidance.

The mescaline alkaloid naturally occurs in the following three cacti: Peyote cactus, the San Pedro Cactus and the Peruvian Torch Cactus. It’s no surprise that none of the local nurseries carry full-fledged peyote cacti so one of its less potent cousins would have to do. We then found out that any rare cactus is ass-rapingly expensive so we had to acquire ours in the old fashioned way: after dark, with ski masks, and accompanied by an ex-Disney Channel star.

We charged the gate of Enchanted Way Nursery with our custom-built stage III armor-fitted Prius. Countless rows of plants, trees, and shrubs greeted us but the two cacti we were to keep an eye out for were the Sand Pedro and the Peruvian Torch, both of which averaging somewhere between .5% and 1.5% in their total mescaline content. Since this is more than two times less than the peyote cactus (3.6% average total mescaline content) we needed about one foot of cactus per dose. It’s good to keep in mind that the darker green the specimen is, the more potent it will be. We went with a Peruvian torch that we found towering regally above its peers, boasting blood-green flesh.

We cannot stress the piercing power of the Peruvian’s thorns as we brought gloves and a tarp that were grossly underrated for the task. Nonetheless, we managed to hack off its limbs and stuff it into the trunk like a dead hooker.

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few people have the fortitude to endure what I, and a handful of other unfortunate souls weathered through. It began with us being forced into a dark, humid room full of other sweaty men. It stank unbearably, mainly of the silent desperation of a group of men with no hopes or dreams. Sustenance was limited. As I lay stricken by my thirst, I was handed what appeared to be urine recycled into a vessel labelled, "Gray Goose." What irony; literally old wine new bottles. The longer we spent in there, the more anxious we became for any sort of sign of rescue. I stared at the entrance of our prison with feverish anxiety, looking for the flashing lights which would surely mean our salvation. As the hours went by, I began to fear for my safety; my companions were becoming restless, reduced to mere beasts deprived of the touch of the gentler sex. Santiago, a hirsute and generally imposing Chilean stopped his pacing and gave me his thousand yard stare. This wasn't his first pony show. Like the Oracle at Delphi, perhaps I too had succumbed to the nightmare for I could feel his gaze ravishing me. His breathing quickened and he began to advance upon me. As I backed away in abject terror, fearing for the structural integrity of my colon, I slipped in a fresh puddle of shit. I cursed the dearth of toilet paper in my personal hell just as Santiago descended on me. When rescue finally came, no amount of therapy could fix the damage done. To add insult to injury, the organizers denied all liability for what happened there and went on to say that I had actually started everything. I fucking hate frat parties.

Boneville: The Most Addictive Game Since Penny Slots

When I tried to sell heroin at Balboa Elementary, the police sent me to the hospital with a wounded knee. Bored with the rest of the Internet, and with throwing bedpans out the window, my last recreational option was a new Facebook game that seemed to involve hos. Turns out it was about Injuns. So I got ready to paint myself red with Native American wisdom and grow my own Indian Burial Ground.

The game was a little slow at first; I started out planting bones to grow bone bushes, from which I made and sold wampum, flour, and dildos. Once I learned how to rain dance, I grew totem poles and peyote, which unlocked animal spirits. I mainly used them to attack my neighbors to add to my land and Scalp Collection, but apparently they can also help you paint your teepee. The best way to make money is to raid caravans or trade in smallpox tokens to the government. Eventually, you can save up enough to build a casino, which I had to do after some bitch built a university over my burial ground. In the end my character developed a drinking problem and died.

Boneville has received much criticism from Chief Angry Bird, who believes it reveals too many trade secrets and wants to sue the developers with a retroactive copyright on Native American culture. Whether he will take back this gift from us, we have yet to see see.
Top 5 Campus Organizations That Might be Cults
1- In light of recent tragedies with MQ alumni, they seem well enough like a death cult.
2- Do we even need to mention the Asian christian groups?
3- Campus Crusade for Cthulhu
4- The biggest sorority on campus, offering female sacrifices to other frats since 1900s.
5- The kids that do the korean BBQ... If you slaughter a dog on campus there is probably some sort of ritual.

Top 5 Issues for Fat Girls
1- Weight capacity on office chairs
2- Converting nutritional information based on a 2,000 calorie diet
3- Never having to worry about date rape
4- Being misunderstood--while chewing
5- Weight Watchers Weekly

Top 5 Reasons You Regret Voting for Obama
1- Liberal tax and spend policies are driving the country into the ground!
2- Because The Koala stands up for the underdog, we were forced to let the College Republicans write the first entry in this list.
3- You just found out he is half white
4- You still have to throw down for the co-pay on your adderall prescription
5- Universal Healthcare doesn’t cover overwhelming shyness.

Top 5 Reasons A.S. President Wafa Has Not Sued the Koala for Hate Speech
1- Calling a chick “Wafa Ben Hassine” is only hateful if that is not her real name.
2- She doesn’t care about black people after they vote
3- Too busy with her LSAT’s
4- AS allocated all the legal fees to the Kwanzaa celebration
5- We promised her a night of bukkake as an escape from her homosexual “boyfriend”

Top 5 Reasons You Regret Voting for Obama
1- Your connect roofied you on voting day. Capitalism’s a bitch, ain’t it.
2- Mexican Cartel Conspira-Wait, when’s the last time you ever bought Mexican weed?
3- People don’t give a fuck about saving the trees anymore
4- Midterms on Tuesday, fuck!
5- Woah man... *cough, cough* What’s Prop 19?

Top 5 Differences Between the Bloods and the Crips
1- The Bloods are a predominatly hispanic gang, whereas the Crips are much more diverse in their recruiting tactics... no wait... they are both only African American.
2- The Bloods are, ironically, lifeless robots
3- The Bloods don’t have wheelchairs
4- Different sides on the colors of Kwanzaa campaign: Red and Black vs. Blue and Black
5- Only one group has a citrus named after it, the Crip-quat.

Top 5 Reasons to Own a Japanese Robot
1- You need a dancing partner for the macarena
2- It has an expansion slot capable of fitting most Fleshlights
3- Japanese robot makers are the only ones who can understand the complicated depths of your perversion
4- No longer has kamikaze switch controlled by the Japanese parliment.
5- Free tentacle attachment.

Top 5 Reasons Prop 19 Failed
1- Your connect roofied you on voting day. Capitalism’s a bitch, ain’t it.
2- Mexican Cartel Conspira-Wait, when’s the last time you ever bought Mexican weed?
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Moar Top Five Lists

Top 5 Ways Dr. Suess Tells a Chick to Get an Abortion
1- There is but one thing to do when one acts like a whortion.
2- Up the V-jay you stick, a pointy pointed zizzawick.
3- One fish, two fish, red fish, blue fish. If it smells like tuna fish I have but one wish. To open it up and grind up the insides.
4- There was a red rocket in my pocket. I stuck it your socket. In the goo flew. It made a critter half me and half you. Terminate.
5- You can do it in an alley, you can do it in a chair, you can do it in a clinic, you can do it anywhere. Or I will act like the son of Sam I am.

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Now that your mealpoints have all gone up in smoke, how are you going to spend all your parents’ hard earned TritonCash?

Those Hare Krishna hippies won’t take that particular imaginary currency

(Marshall Bucks maybe).

But Porter’s Pub will.
7.95 all you can eat lunchtime buffet
$1 off all beer happy hour
5-7pm
Come for the food, stay for the community.

(Though we beat them at laying pipe, they still own us at laying tile)
MFK forefathers, was to drown my sorrows in enough alcohol to clean every piece in a smoke shop with enough left over to sterilize octomom. Then I spot the multiple, unopened jems of loko (-1). Two lokus later plus a good kick in the ass from my dear friend Jager, I'm belligerent enough to make Me! Gibson look like a member of AA—engage the rage. Keep in mind, we were already shitfaced from yet another game of blackout in a cup—loko die! So we now have a handful of shammedrrot mofos and one angry rage-mode, blacked-out, caffinated mofo. Shit hit the fan. I cracked, punched two holes in the apartment walls (-2), disappeared for a while with a sharpie, and had to be held back by two hammered homie girls. Bowls were blasted, nigga's calmed down, and the following day was surprisingly chill. Note to the homies: LoNo.

Blackoutz
Shitz, I’m on addies, lemme try to recall dat shit. Homeboys at EAM usually hook it up, and for this hoppin rager they pulled through. My bitches and I get on our black “get-laid” gear and start pregaming. We get a ring from our boy GJ saying he’s down to DD. Sweet. We bounce out to Earl’s lot (+1 for immediate fucking arrival). Hella freshman were waiting to get shuttled, but fuck nigga, Koalas get first dibs, biatch. We arrived and cut through the mob. Hazy, sweaty, horny bitches in all directions. Good shit bro (+2). Homie hookups get the crew a fuck ton of booze right quick, and afterwards everything was a whole new kinda hazy. I don’t remember much of the rest, but here’s the highlights: +1 one for koala babs dancing on speakers. -1 for the cheeky fuck saying I looked like a stripper. IDGAF, I eat pretentious little bitches like you for my midnight snack, but there’s a reason I got laid that night and you didn’t. -1/2 for the Po, but that’s normal. Any awesome rager is bound to get rolled. We got a ride home and everyone got laid, overall, pretty chill night.

4nogo, bro.
Four loko is banned: Good FUCKING call FDA. Freal though. So the night went like this: our crew was just doing some laidback chillin, playing kings cup with a few four lokos. As I hazily recall, it wasn’t an “on day” for me. The clear answer, as it bequeathed to me by my MFK forefathers, was to drown my sorrows in enough alcohol to clean every piece in a smoke shop with enough left over to sterilize octomom. Then I spot the multiple, unopened jems of loko (-1). Two lokus later plus a good kick in the ass from my dear friend Jager, I'm belligerent enough to make Me! Gibson look like a member of AA—engage the rage. Keep in mind, we were already shitfaced from yet another game of blackout in a cup—loko die! So we now have a handful of shammedrrot mofos and one angry rage-mode, blacked-out, caffinated mofo. Shit hit the fan. I cracked, punched two holes in the apartment walls (-2), disappeared for a while with a sharpie, and had to be held back by two hammered homie girls. Bowls were blasted, nigga's calmed down, and the following day was surprisingly chill. Note to the homies: LoNo.

1 tab: The auditory hallucinations turn out to just be the singing tree/asian frat initiation.
2 tabs: Ergot outbreak at Cafe V turns your Indian roommate into the Werewolf.
3 tabs: You can now taste with your elbows, but your third eye has cataracts.
4 tabs: Your brain just took some miracle fruit and reality is a giant lemon.
5 tabs: After conversing with both baby Jesus and fully grown zombie Jesus you have been crowned the King of Space and you're about to fly out your Argo window into the cosmos.

Something Jawsome (bruxism is a bitch)
If the university gives me a reason to eat a fistful of psychoactive drugs and flail around dressed like a gender-bending derwish, I have no choice but to firmly grasp it like the hand of a trusted elder. What’s better is that my own deviant bender is emulated by a good chunk of the depressing fucks that normally surround me, allowing one to experience UCSD as it should be half naked and fried out of its mind. I can’t say when exactly the night started, seeing as time had lost all semblance of meaning to me around 4:30 that afternoon. 2 tabs of the rarest acid this side of Tim Leary’s personal stash and a face full of mephedrone had soundly ensured that (+1 tab for chronowizard skills). Pregaming ensued during this period ostensibly seeing as (+1 tab for the multiple epic beats with more hilarious results than their thizz face on and soaked up the DVC’s best and (literally) brightest of UCSD put on a sugary end to a candy filled night.

Any awesome rager is bound to get rolled. We got a ride home and everyone got laid, overall, pretty chill night.

Tired of pouring Popov into Grey Goose bottles?
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Treat yourself. We have a large selection of local and import craft beers, fine wines, spirits, mixers, and champagnes.

We also carry a fine selection of cigars.

College can be classy too.

(838) 455-1414
3251 Holiday Ct Ste 101
La Jolla, CA 92037
Dear Koala- My friend at UCSD sends me your personals. She is a pi phi. She acts like barbie. She looks like little miss Piggy.

Great for you that you have friends at UCSD. I hope you're happy for some. Here's my resume:

1. I am on the board of XYZ. 2. I have a Ph.D. 3. I am a successful businesswoman. 4. I have a PhD.

I mean my God i'm not some 4' 10" fucking bobo. I have a PhD.

I am a successful businesswoman.

I am on the board of XYZ.

I hope you're happy for some.

 Regards,

I hate myself. I'm going to cry into a cup of boba.

I want to drift and fade and float in your skin? I want to...