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FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS A GOOD THING

Stupid Photoshop of the Month



The sound of chains woke her.

“What the Hell?” Trina muttered, or at least tried to. Her mouth felt like cotton and something was stuffed inside, gagging her.

She opened her eyes. “Shit” she thought. She was in a room, on a bed.

Frantically, she looked around, brick walls painted a sickly yellow, one floor to ceiling window. Damn, she was in the John Muir dorms. Out of the window, she could see a Muir parking lot.

She tried to sit up but couldn't. Her hands and feet were bound to the legs of the bed. “What the Hell?” Trina repeated silently. She looked down. “Oh my God,” she screamed in her mind.

She was naked.

“Fuck ... Shit ... Oh my God,” Trina's brain cried as she tried to think.

The last thing she could remember was meeting one of the art students for coffee at the small shop inside Middle Of Muir. Her eyes widened.

Jaxon Smith... fucking hot makes my panties soaking wet from one scorching glance, Jaxon Smith. She had met with Jaxon to go over his midterm grade. Trina moaned, what the hell had happened?

The doorknob to the room jiggled; someone was coming in.

Jax smiled as he crossed the threshold into his dorm room. There she laid, a ball gag stuffed into her mouth, the black leather ties strapped around her head. Her chestnut hair laid across his pillow, her large breasts heaving up and down with every breath, her long legs tensed, her pussy calling to him. Trina's body was hotter than his wildest fantasies, and he had fantasized plenty these past six weeks.

“Fuck, you're hot,” Jax groaned, he closed and locked the door, his dick growing harder and harder as he stood there watching her. “We're gonna have some fun, baby. It's about damn time we both got what we've been fucking wanting.”

Trina struggled against the chains that held her down. Her pussy was wet just from looking at him. Damn if she was going to be chained up while he touched and fondled her. She would lose all control. She wouldn't be able to stop herself from giving in, from screaming his name as she came.

Jax walked over to his dresser and started taking something out of the top drawer. He glanced at Trina, “I want your hands on me, baby. I want your mouth sucking my dick. Not this first time, though. This first time is gonna be a little different. I'm gonna make you want me so bad, you won't be able to say no.” Jax walked over to the bed, “I've gotta go to class right now but you'll be having fun while I'm gone.”

Trina gasped when she saw what was in his hands. Nipple clamps. They were connected by wires to a small black box and a third wire led to a smaller clamp. Trina's eyes widened.

“I see you recognize these. They've got an extra bit of fun for your pussy too,” Jax said as he deftly attached one clamp to each of her nipples and her clit, “I'm leaving now. So just enjoy it until I get back.” Jax flipped the switch on the battery pack, grabbed his backpack, and left.

As the time passed, Trina laid there, chained to the mattress. The small electric charges from the battery jolted her nipples and clit, keeping her aroused; her nipples tight, her pussy soaked. Eventually her body grew so desperate that her hips started thrusting into the air with every jolt to her clit.

Trina moved her head wildly, back and forth on the pillow. “This is gonna kill me,” she thought. Her mind felt numb from over-stimulation and lack of completion, all she could think about was how much she wanted Jax' big cock inside of her.

By the time Jax came back, all Trina could do was gasp and moan, her hips writhing, her breasts shaking with each jolt from the clamps.

“It's only been an hour and you look like you'll die if you don't fuck something,” Jax said, his hands roving over Trina's body. As he removed the nipple clamps, he rubbed her breasts forcefully.

Trina groaned as he excited her body further. When his hands moved to her pussy, her hips pushed upwards. “You want that, huh?” Jax asked as he removed the clamp from her clit and quickly sank his fingers into her pussy.

Trina let out a strangled cry, her hips ramming into his hand, the muscles inside her pussy clenching hard around his fingers.

Jax smiled, “You're definitely ready. Aren't you, you little slut.” Jax saw the want in her eyes; he could measure the liquid dripping down her thighs. Damn, HE was ready. He unzipped his pants and positioned his cock at her entrance. Jax reached down and took the gag out of Trina's mouth. “I like to see you tied up, but I want to hear you scream my name when I come inside you,” Jax said as he entered her.

“Damn Trina, your pussy is so tight,” Jax groaned as he withdrew and then plunged back inside of her.

Damn, it was too good, he couldn't hang on much longer. Jax' hips pistoned in and out, faster and faster. He rammed into Trina, forcing her ass into the mattress, her head farther into the pillow. Trina's hips matched him thrust for thrust, fucking him.

“Jax... God, Jax!” Trina screamed as she came violently.

“Hell,” Jax gasped as he put his hand between them, rubbing her clit in a circular motion, building her up again. His free hand rose to her breasts, tugging and pulling on a nipple in rhythm with the thrusting of his huge cock.

“Oh... Fuck!” She shouted as she came again.

Jax groaned, letting himself go. His cock twitched and thrust, pumping his semen inside of her. Trina's hips continued to move, milking Jax' penis until he collapsed on top of her, exhausted.

“Trina,” he moaned, gasping, trying to breathe, “Trina there's something you should know”, but it was pointless, she was dead, the orgasm had killed her and all he could do was say the following to the nude corpse: *“The 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 the 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 principal members of each Student Media bear and assume full responsibility and liability for the content of their publication.”*

Ed note: the italicized text above is separate from the text that is not italicized in accordance with the AS Media Charter 2005-2006 (Article III, Section A, Sub-Section 3)



Ed box

It's so cold. Balls cold. What the hell San Diego, you're sucking at this whole sunny so-cal thing. Well, we finally got new computers from the school. They are fucking sweet and way better than our old ones from the industrial revolution. Want proof? Just check out how fucking cool our holographic cover is; enough said. Did anyone see Arnold on campus? I didn't but I did see the hundreds of cops and security he had. I just don't get it, don't we have like 5 movies that prove he's bullet, fire, and death proof. Perhaps they were there to protect us from him. Congratulations to Alicia Coates for being in Maxim magazine's campus cuties. Thanks again for saying no to the SDSU, UCSB, and ASU acceptance letters and reminding us UCSD guys what it means to settle. Anyway, enjoy the issue. If you don't like it then come by a meeting and do better, if you can't or won't then sit back, drink something alcoholic, and enjoy. By the way, Do you know what I hate? I hate the phrase, “it is what it is.” Oh ... is it? Is that what it is? Thanks for the clarification. For a second there I thought it was something else. Wait, it isn't it is it? Oh it is? Oh, ok, good. Again, I appreciate your assistance. I guess I won't kill my self now. God damn it's cold ... balls fucking cold.

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Staff Box Helping the Handicapped



Special Olympic Gold Medal
Brad Kohlenberg

Prosthetic Limbs of a Quadriplegic
Moximo, Aaron, Marcus X, Rexi

Blind Dudes' Begging Cups
Skillz, Davey G, Eugene, Milk, Bear Paw, Bear Cub

Motorized Wheelchair Joysticks
Sours, Judy, Nicholle, Robert Connor, Joy, Jake, Mike T, Vince

Drool Bibs
George, E-dogg, Jeremy, Marissa, T-bone, Adam, Barton, Paula, Michelle N.

A Crying Deaf Girl's Rapist
Steven “Westerfield” York

NEVER RECYCLE



WORLD FAMOUS KOALA LISTS

Top Five Things God would rather be doing

1. 72 virgins
2. Cage match with Nietzsche
3. Thinking of new ways to cripple newborns.
4. Collecting foreskins until the end of time.
5. Screwing every black hole in the universe; he's got a thing for the dark matter.

Top Five things that make Buddhists cry

1. Self-immolation
2. Losing their place in the reincarnation line.
3. Any time some stupid cock sucker dies.
4. The vicissitudes of a corporeal existence challenging the notion of an immutable flow of karma and therefore frustrating attainment of Nirvana... well that and NO SEX EVER.
5. When people see the virgin Mary in pancakes but not Buddha in soap.
6. Realizing the eerie coincidences between their religion and Mormonism.

Top Five reasons the Gays Need a New Office

1. Glory hole was plastered over in current office.
2. Not getting what you want sucks, not getting what you want as a gay equals discrimination .
3. Because they're taking over the EARTH!
4. Because someone shit all over their old one, Steve.
5. The old one smells like ass.

Top Five reasons Art Still Exists

1. Because the governments Artist Infecting Death System (AIDS) hasn't caught up with all of them yet.
2. To have something to hang over the bullet holes in your wall.
3. So 'gay colonies' can be called 'art colonies.'
4. Rich people like seeing how life is represented through art instead of just living it.
5. Gives parents something they can encourage their kids to do instead of constant masturbation.

Top Six things to do after killing a girl by orgasm

1. Pull out
2. Be glad that she's not asking, "What are you thinking?"
3. Revive her by stabbing.
4. Sell the movie rights.
5. Climb out of the trunk and close it.

6. Stop calling, "axes," "orgasms."

Top Six Reasons to Avoid Talking with Jesus

1. He's so old. He must be like 800 or something.
2. He thinks he's so immaculate and all.
3. He turned your best water into two buck chuck.
4. That holy ghost thing scares me.
5. He's clingy. You know that he's just going to start calling you five times a day and ask you to go to the movies with him when you really don't want to, but you say yes because you feel bad because he doesn't have any friends, you'll end up going and just waste \$8.50 and two hours on some crappy Bible-thumper flick, and the whole time you'll have to keep telling him to keep his hand off your breast when he does that fake yawn thing, but he'll still try to give you a good night kiss afterward so you'll try to be polite and kiss him on the cheek, but like a sleazeball he'll turn his head and try to stick his tongue down your throat. Then when you get inside you'll see that you have a message from Kevin Johnson, the hunky quarterback of the football team and the most popular guy in school! He wanted to know if you would go to Make Out Point with him. But of course it's too late by then. Oh, you could just die, you'll be so disappointed.
6. Actually, now that I think about it, he's not old, he's dead.

Top Five Southern Board Games

1. Nooses and Niggers
2. Clue: Klux Klan edition
3. Cottonopoly
4. Hungry Hungry Chillun
5. Taboo: The Game of Incestuous Sex!

Top Six Things a Ten-year Old Says to Jesus

1. "Why didn't you save yourself like a real god?"
2. "You're blacker in real life."
3. "If you're from Israel, do you hate Palestinians?"
4. "Yeah, I know how you feel ... my mom wasn't married either"
5. "My dad says you're a shitty carpenter...always talking and afraid you might get a nail in your hand."
6. So you're the guy I swallowed father McCallahan's load for?

Top Ten Ways ESPN Helped Me Graduate

1. Watching idiots argue over hypothetical sports scenarios helped me understand how important an education really is.
2. Every time I wanted to give up I thought of Maria Sharapovas' hot little grunts when returning a serve to give me determination.

3. Thinking to myself 'I am the Michael Jordan of Calculus' always helped me feel less quadratic.
4. My sports gambling ring gave me real world corrupt business experience.
5. My thesis in endocrinology involves identifying the exact steroidal cocktail that helped Barry Bonds grow eight hat sizes in one year.
6. It taught me to focus on academics because UCSD athletics REALLY REALLY suck.
7. Every time I say the name, I exercise the spelling part of my brain.
8. All the technical sports terms sounded fancy in my doctoral thesis.
9. Watching the Dallas cheerleaders kept me from raping the girl down the hall.
10. "They paid for my college 'cause my dad works for them." -Nicholle

Top Five Ways to Recognize AS Council Members

1. The walk, it's as if they have a gavel up their ass.
2. Run in terror at the sight of a Koala.
3. They go all Helen Keller when constituents voice their opinions.
4. The puppet strings.
5. The only balls they have are big, black, belong to Joe Watson, and on their chin.

Top Ten Soups of Africa

1. AIDs Boyardee
2. South African Rape Chowder
3. Moroccan Monkey Brains
4. Female Circumcision Bisque
5. Cream of Famine
6. A turd floating in a pool of piss.
7. Water from a well with a dead cow in it.
8. Primordial.
9. Oddly enough American Food drives have made the top five soups of Africa the bottom five soups of America
10. Dirt n' Water with a hint of tears.

Top Ten Alternative Titles of "Memoirs of a Geisha"

1. "Book About a Whore"
2. "My Time in the Koala"
3. "Short Stories: My encounters with Japanese Cock"
4. "Your Mom Did What to Pay for Your UCSD Tuition?"
5. "Everything Costs More in Japan"
6. "All Asian Men Like Pale White Chicks"
7. "Prostitutes Being Treated as Women ... Then Prostitutes."
8. "Blue Eyed Asian Chick Sucks Cock"
9. "People Who Talk Funny and Fuck"
10. "Movie You Will Never Watch But Will Make Fun of"

Top Five Things to Say When a Gay Guy Tells You He Loves Uncut Dick.

1. "And I love cut throats!"
2. "Not as much as I love uncut pussy."
3. Nothing at all. Let absolute silence speak for you.
4. Show him the full-length version of the 1999 movie "Dick" starring Kirsten Dunst.
5. "Opposites attract, eh Goldstein?"

Top Ten Inappropriate Nautical Metaphors for Sex

1. Sight a position on a sextant
2. Dropping anchor
3. The last man that rode her came down with scurvy.
3. Raising the man sail
4. Hose the poop deck
5. She hasn't performed this well since the day I christened her.
6. My bowline is full of seamen!
7. Activity below deck.
8. Ass rape the cabin boy.
9. The booby hatch is abreast!
10. I'm gonna fuck you up the ass, bitch- ARRRR!

Top Five Names for the IPayOne Center...

1. The, "What the FUCK?" building.
2. YouPayTwo
3. HePayThree
2. The "I should have signed a pre-nup" center
3. The, "What happened to San Diego Sports Arena," Building.

Top Nine Things Overheard in a Gay Bar

1. I'm gonna fuck your ass up, bitch- ARRRR!
2. The time for sucking dick and holding hands has passed.
3. You're not going to be able to swallow for a week.
4. Knocking your teeth out is going to make things so much easier later tonight.
5. That knee to the groin was FABULOUS!
6. It's gay-basher time!
7. Who's gonna clean up all this blood, zima, and lipstick?
8. I'm gonna complete your sex change the hard way.
9. Consider this our gay divorce.
10. I'm gonna fucking slit your fucking throat Steve.

Top 5 Ways to Fuck Up in a 69

1. Anything that involves two guys
2. Asking a CS major if they want to 1000100?
3. Being number 70
4. Not cumming in her eye.
5. Remembering your favorite scenes from King Kong outloud.

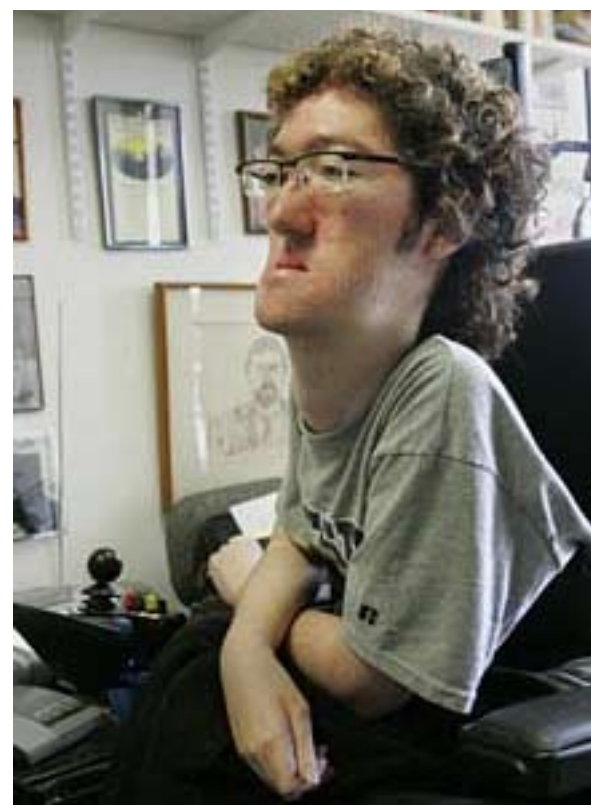
Check out even more lists online at: www.thekoala.org

New Hollywood Fasttrack: Being a Gimp

by "Bitter Steve" McLuhan, Senior Entertainment Editor

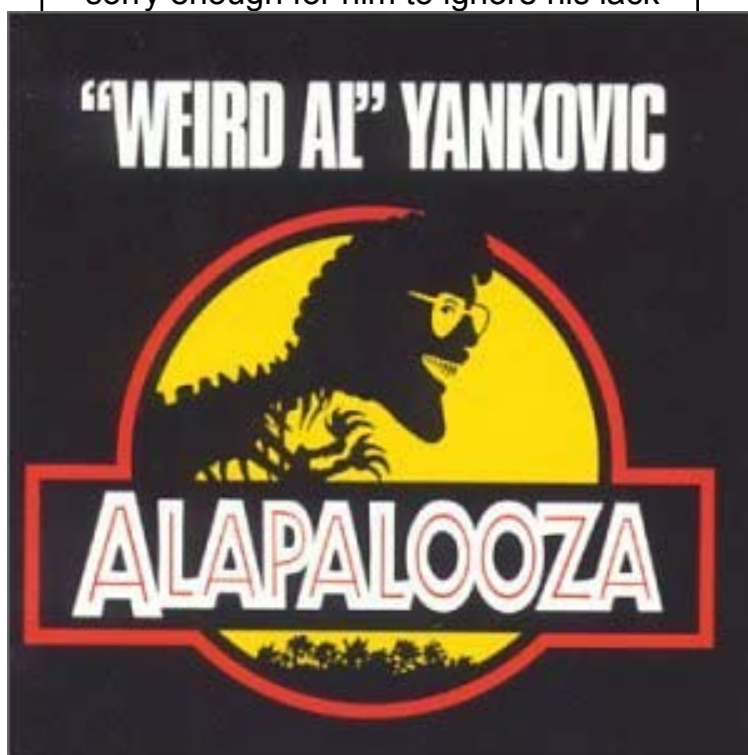


"Michael Carnick talked with his screenwriting teacher, Allan Havis, in his office. Havis expressed his gratitude to Carnick for making him look like a really nice guy by helping a cripple."



A young UCSD student recently won the Samuel Goldwyn Writing Award for his original screenplay, a prize that includes 25 grand and a bunch of Hollywood yahoos beating a path to your door. Did the screenplay of Michael Carnick, 23, based upon his experiences as a disabled man, capture the hearts and minds of the judges? Or was it his wheelchair getting caught on the shag carpeting at the awards ceremony? The smart money is on the latter. Carnick suffers from congenital fiber-type disproportion, a degenerative muscle disease that apparently makes you look like an emaciated "Weird Al" Yankovic. This article is meant as no slight to Carnick, who has suffered enough and, due to his disability, won't even be able to enjoy all the Hollywood snatch that is sure to be tumbling his way soon. However, this author is particularly bit-

ter because he has suffered from a disability for years, yet no one has felt sorry enough for him to ignore his lack



of talent and focus instead on his handicap: near-sightedness. Oh, I know it may not be as glamorous as "congenital

fiber-type disproportion" (is that even a real disease? Answer the question, Mr. Carnick!), but I and thousands of others must overcome the physical, social, and mental challenges posed by not being able to see too far away unless you squint really hard. My screenplay is in the works as we speak. Tentatively titled "The Fuck You Lookin' At?" it is a no-holds-barred look at the life of a nearsighted man, Stan Maclellan, who must constantly assure people that yes, his glasses are real and not for show, and no, let's not switch glasses and compare prescriptions, and no, I can't read that fucking exit sign because it's too far away, so shut the fuck up, Dad, or I'll shove you out the passenger's side door while doing 80, so help me God! Anyways, it's time the differently-visioned were given a voice. And an opportunity to bang starlets.

A Day In The Life of Dirty Mike

"While driving in my camaro after a late night face feasting fest, some dude yells to me, "hey man, peel out" as I'm driving onto Garnet Avenue. His chick advises him that it's a poor idea, so I tell him to pay me. The dude's like, I have a dollar and I was like, cool. He hands me the dollar, and I leave in a calm, cool, and collected manner."

-Dirty Mike
November 20, 2005

Another Day In The Life of Dirty Mike

"This morning I was awoken by a mechanic's phone call saying some black dude was trying to steal my car and I should get down to the gas station. There I opened up the car and the mechanic told him to get the fuck out and and I held him until the cops came. The car stunk like cigarettes. Turns out this man is mentally ill."

-Dirty Mike
December 19, 2005



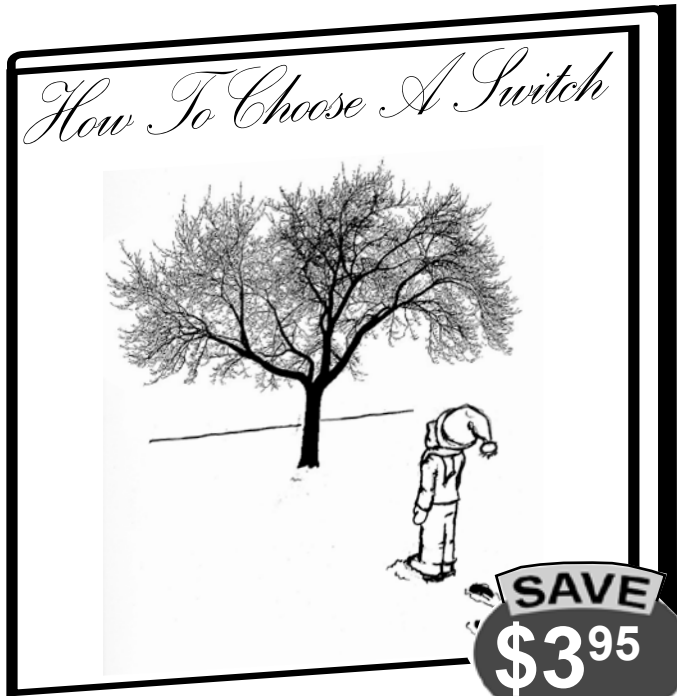
Now where would God be without Boost Mobile? See back in the day, his son Jesus tipped him off that Lucifer, the Morning

Star, was up to no good, and the rest is history. But without Boost, God would be scalping tickets to crossing over with John Edwards

and eating beans and pigeons in the park. But lucky for us, and God, he has Boost Mobile.

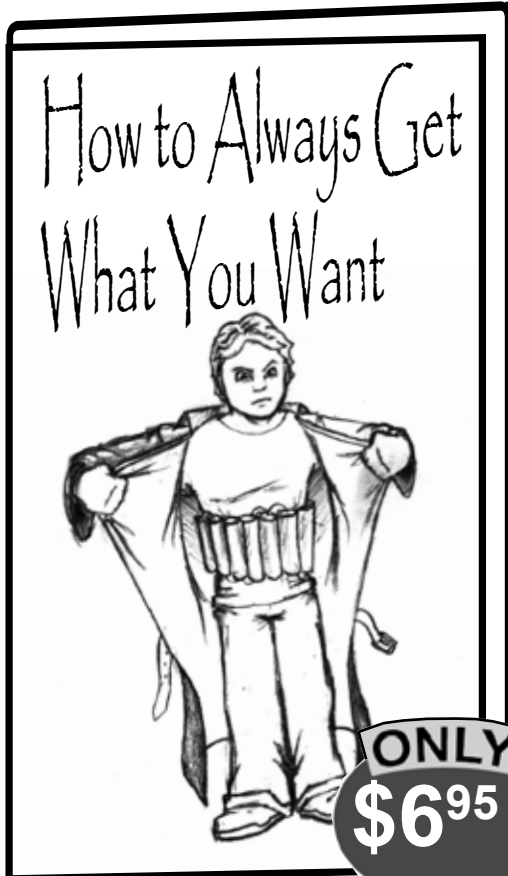
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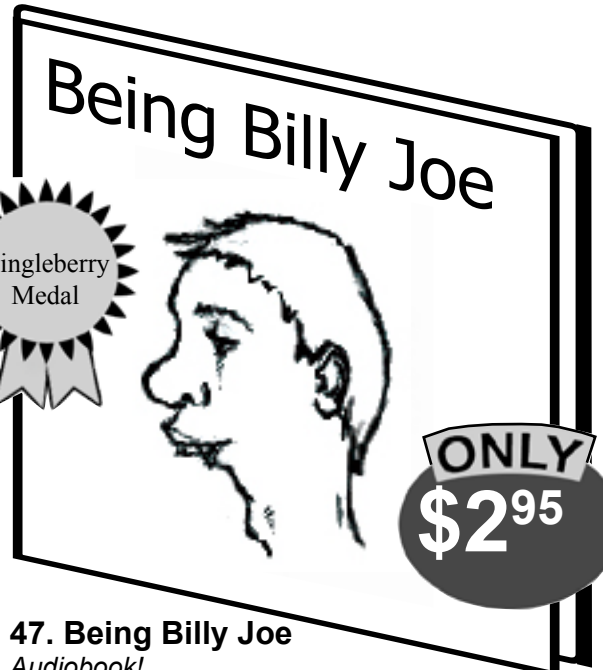
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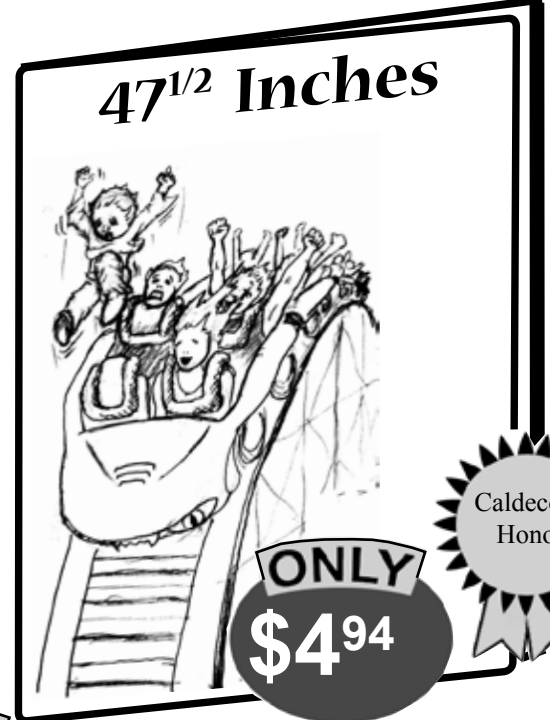
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Watch what happens when babies eat for free at the Las Vegas Buffet.
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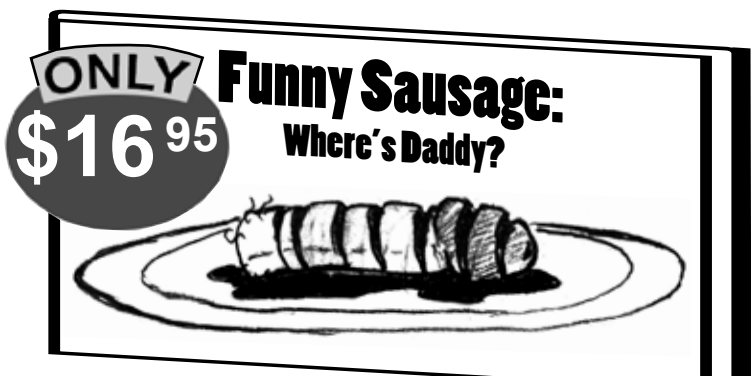
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Before Lefty Loan Shark
Breaks Daddy's Legs



19. Finding Stuff to Hock Before Lefty Loan Shark Breaks Daddy's Legs

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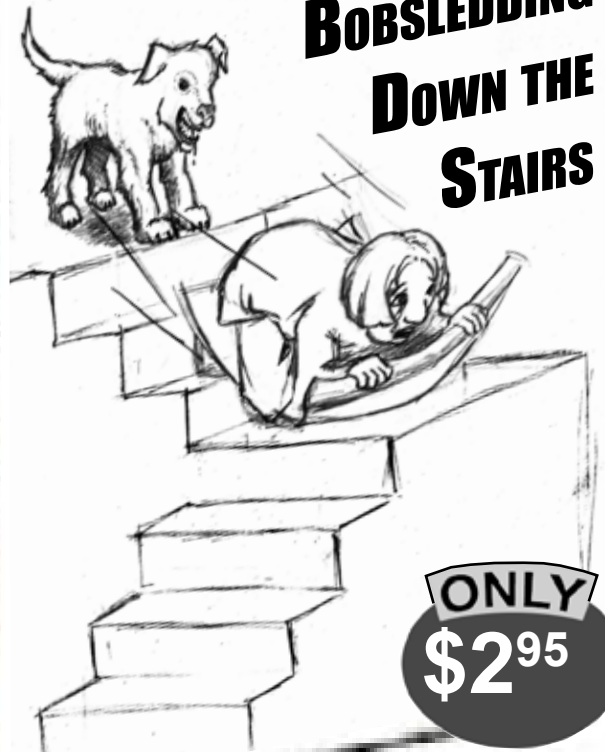
9. Bobsledding Down the Stairs

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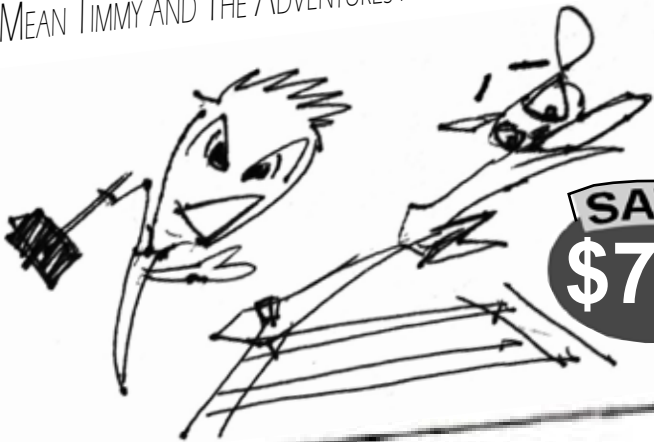
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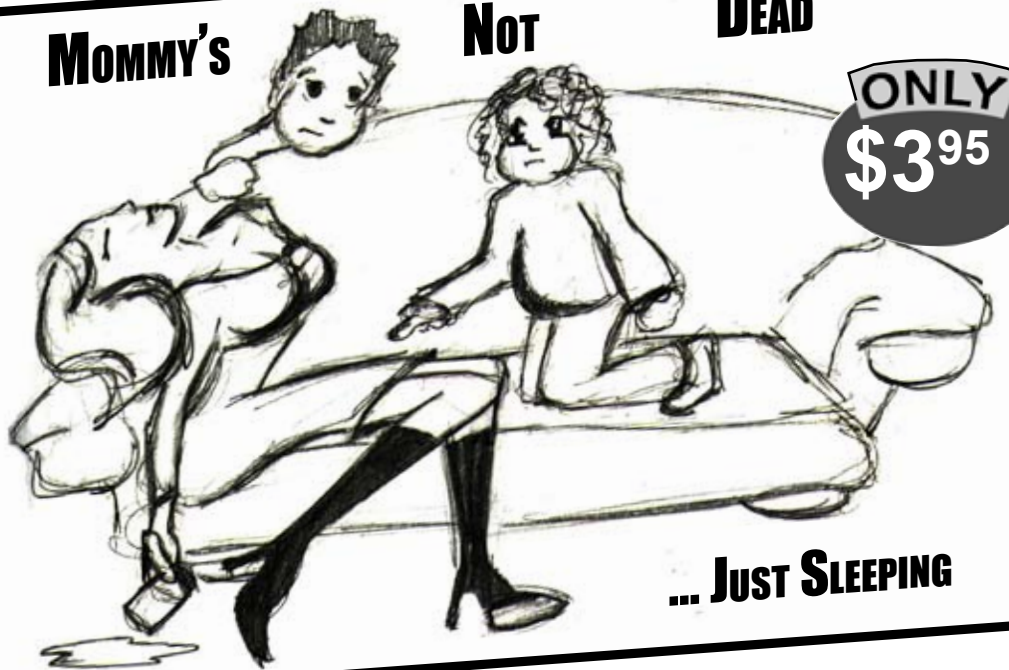
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34. Mean Timmy and the Adventures at the Train Tracks

24 pages 9" x 12" Grades 3-9

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11. You're Different! And That's Wrong!

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18. Everyone Masturbates (except Dav-ey)

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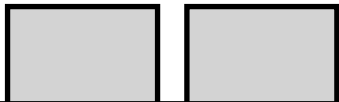
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INVENTORY CLEARANCE WINTER 2005-2006

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5	New Mommie Wears A Lot of Makeup			
6	You're Not The Boss of Me!			
7	Sometimes Mommy Moans at Night			
8	What Happened to that Man's Face?			
9	Bobsledding Down the Stairs			
10	Pretty Girl, Why Don't Your Eyes Move?			
11	You're Different, And That's Wrong			
12	Candy From Strangers Tastes Funny			
13	Applesauce Is Fun!!!			
14	Hamsters Like Microwaves, Too!			
15	This Jolly Rancher Tastes Like Hurt			
16	Mommie and Daddie Made Meth (and Now They're Going Away)			
17	Latchkey Billie Answers The Door			
18	Everyone Masturbates			
19	Finding stuff to hock (Before Lefty Loan Shark Breaks Daddy's Legs)			
20	Shut The Hell Up, A Bedtime Story			
21	Where Did Mommy's Baby Go?			
22	Babies Have Soft Heads			
23	Mommie Brought Home A Doll That Screams A Lot			
24	My Brother Lives in the Basement and So Do I			
25	Sleeping With Sister Is Fun!			
26	47 ¹² Inches			
27	My First Communion...and other Firsts with Priests			
28	Stealing Is Only Bad If Your Get Caught			
29	How To Choose a Switch			
30	Baby's First Overdose			
31	Uncle Jesse and the Magic Woodshed			
32	Games Me and Daddy Play in the Dark			
33	Daddy Bought Something Called Enron			
34	Mean Timmy and the Adventure at the Train Tracks			
35	Ha Ha Billy has Boobies!			
36	What's Inside the Freezer?			
37	Clifford, the Big Red Dog, Humps the Mailman			
38	Knee Blood and Head Blood Look The Same			
39	The Tasty Drink Called 409			
40	There's a Bug In the Wall Socket (Let's Get 'Im Out With a Fork!)			
41	Funny Sausage: Where's Daddy?			
42	How to Always Get What You Want			
43	Touching Yourself, Why Wait Till You're 14?			
44	Anyone Can Fly If They Wear a Cape			
45	My Staring Contest with Mr. Sun!			
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48	Curious George Tastes His Own Feces			

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When you pay by check you authorize us to process your check payment electronically. Funds may be withdrawn from your account as soon as the same day we receive your payment. You will not receive your check back from your financial institution; however, the transaction will appear on your bank statement. So don't fuck with us, bitch.

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This Jolly Rancher Tastes Like Hurt.

15. This Jolly Rancher Tastes Like Hurt.

56 pages 9" x 12" Grades K-4
Take a trip to the E.R. as Josh learns that eating candy from strangers can permanently destroy little things called taste buds.
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MOMMIE DOESN'T LOVE YOU OR DADDIE ANYMORE

Caldecott Honor

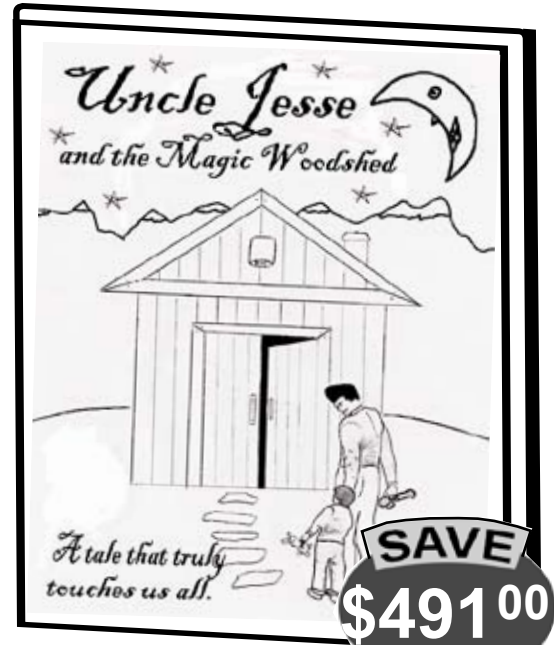
4. Mommie Doesn't Love You Or Daddie Anymore

64 pages 9 1/4" x 11" Grades 3-6
Billie learns that not finishing dinner can make Mommie leave forever.
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128 pages 11" x 17" All Ages!
Baby learns Mommy hides her M&Ms in funny bottles. Watch as baby takes a very long nap.
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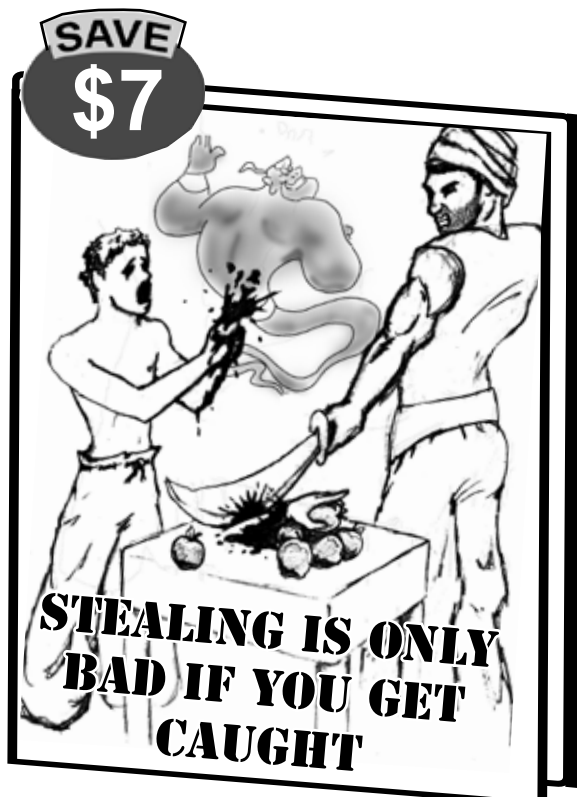


Uncle Jesse and the Magic Woodshed

A tale that truly touches us all.

31. Uncle Jesse and the Magic Woodshed

24 pages 9" x 15" Grades Pre-2
Go explore dark places with Uncle Jesse.
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MY STARING CONTEST WITH MISTER SUN

Dingleberry Medal

45. My Staring Contest With Mister Sun

64 pages 6" x 11" Grades 2-6
Doggie won't lose this double-dog dare. Now in Braille!
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Now where would Adolf Hitler be without Boost Mobile? See back in the day, his buddy Günter tipped him about this hate rally in Munich, and the rest is history.

But without Boost, he would have embraced his love of ballet and found his life's calling, broadcasting play by plays of ballet performances on the German radio station Sender

Gleiwitz, until August 31st, 1939 when he was fired for jacking off to an exhilarating performance of the Nutcracker. But lucky for us, and Adolf Hitler, he has Boost Mobile.

**If you Ever want to see
THE KOALA
newspaper again,
Bring one of the following:**

1. Key to Blacks
2. Hot girl who puts out
3. A UCSD janitor key ring
4. A midget

To one of the following meetings:

Koala Dehydration Session

Friday, January 27, 2006

Porter's Pub

4:00 pm

Koala Back-Issue Bonfire

Friday, January 27, 2006

La Jolla Shores

10:00 pm



**BE there or
THE KOALA dies!**

Embattled A.D.D. Home Security Makes Changes

A number of lawsuits have been filed against A.D.D. Home Security charging gross negligence and false advertising. Employees are described as "wilfully disobedient, rude, and impulsive;" multiple deaths and injuries have allegedly occurred because the company is not fulfilling its security obligations.

Below are two startling pieces of evidence against the company, revealed to The Koala.

From a patient interview by Dr. Andrew Consumerelectronics, March 4, 2005:

I never should have cut him off to get that parking space. Especially not him, a convicted arsonist-kidnapper-Congressman-rapist. It was a crowded parking lot, it was Christmas season, damn these things just happen! ... God, I just wanted to buy a PSP for my son. [sobs] He was angry, but I didn't think about it any more until that night... Until I saw him in the window. As soon as he broke it, the alarm went off and my family ran upstairs. I called the A.D.D. emergency hotline. At first, I was so relieved when they answered.

The first thing the operator asked was if I could shut off the alarm. He said he couldn't concentrate with all the noise.

"What?" I screamed. "SOMEONE'S FUCKING BREAKING IN TO OUR HOUSE!"

"Oh, OK ... Did you hear that crash? I think someone's breaking in to your house!" Replied the operator.

"Yes! Someone's after us!" I said.

"Wow. It's really noisy at your place. Are you guys having a party? Can I come over? I have to pee! I love parties and girlsandboozeandmusicanddancingit'ssofunfunfun-" he told me.

"Holy fucking shit! My family is being attacked you idiot!" I wailed.

"STOP YELLING AT ME! STOP YELLING AT

ME! EEEE! EEEE! EEEE!" Was all I heard, but by this time the attacker had us cornered. He snickered and lovingly set my son on fire. "Vote for me," he cooed between thrusts. I only escaped ... by donating bloody tampons to his PAC. [cries]

Transcript of 911 call made by James Beluga, A.D.D. Home Security operator, on July 14, 2004:

Dispatch: 911, what is your emergency?
Beluga: This is A.D.D. Home Security; I believe we have a break-in at a client's home.

Dispatch: OK, we'll send someone to investigate immediately. What's the address?
Beluga: [pause] Hey, have you seen the Chronicles of Narnia?

Dispatch: What?
Beluga: I like Billy Madison, too.

Dispatch: [pause] Are you shitting me, son?
Beluga: Stop looking at me, swan.

Dispatch: Is this a fucking prank call?
Beluga: Look at me, I'm an orangutan! [thump]

Spokesmen for ADHD Inc., A.D.D.'s parent company, say they don't remember any of these incidents happening. But after numerous complaints from homeowners about poor response time and dispatchers who just didn't give a shit, ADHD decided to revamp its hiring practices and hire only applicants who are professionally diagnosed with obsessive-compulsive disorder.

After applying three times on consecutive Wednesdays, applicants must pass a rigorous battery of tests. In one test, waiting for the phone to ring, hopefuls must alphabetize the contents of their own and their neighbour's wallets, then count the number of dots on the



office ceiling, then stare out the window for potential safety hazards. They must also exhibit lightening speed in sending out every known emergency service response team within seconds of receiving a call.

"Our new program has been very successful," said Greg Jawbone, manager of the Chula Vista A.D.D. office. "We had an emergency situation at a home yesterday and the quick response from the police department, fire department, ambulance company, search and rescue team, HAZMAT, paramedics, SWAT team, FBI, CIA, CSI, and the entire cast of all the Law & Order shows, was quite impressive. The excessive lint from the dryer was removed and the smoke alarm was disarmed."

"Hardly anyone was killed in the process," Jawbone added. "With our new coverage you will get security check-up calls a minimum of three times every time and on our security walk-throughs we'll check your locks five times before we leave guaranteed, guaranteed, guaranteed. You can relax because your safety is in our freshly washed hands."



KOALA PARTY REVIEWS

The Koala reminds you to please drink and drive responsibly



BOARD Rockstar Party 1/20/06

At the last minute I find out about this BOARD party in P.B. Apparently there was some sort of theme, I think it was "dress as your favorite gay-pornstar" but who gives shit. I came dressed as Joe College Jack-off. Anyway, I give my buddy who lives down the street from the party a ring, stop by and we start walking to the party. Before we even get there the president of the club pulls up in her car to tell us that the party was broken up by the cops and moved somewhere else. So I was like "Hey bitch! why don't you give us a ride and shit?" then I jumped my drunk ass in the car to get chaffered to wherever the new party is (plus one star.) When I get there I was able to quickly find booze, and I was immediately hit on by a pretty hot asian chick (plus three stars.) It seemed promising that I would get laid tonight, that is until I used my famous asian chick pickup line, "Me wrike you go bounce-bounce on fun stick!" She dropped me like a Russian orphan with leprosy (minus one star.) After realizing that I was not going to get laid, and being sufficiently drunk, I decided to go home and strangle my best friend Willie.



Undie Run 1/20/06

I arrived right at midnight to see about 50 people wearing next to nothing along with three drunk girls pissing under sungod. Some of the people should have stayed at home but for the most part it was fucking hot seeing all the hot bodies that are usually hidden under stupid clothes and shit.

The after party was fucking awesome with jello shots, and twister, and a bunch of nearly naked people getting their mack on.



Double the birthday half the fun at the Sigma Nu House 1/15/06

It was a joint birthday party at the Sigma Nu house next to Regents lots. So you would think that they would have two kegs. No, they had one (1 star). Twice the women? No (-1/2 star). What they did have was a beer pong table in the garage (1 star) which held up most of the party throughout the night. Everything was going well and I was talking to some foreign chicks (1 star) who were giving out fake names and numbers in front of me so it makes me doubt that they were even honest to me until nine guys with backpacks came out of nowhere. The contents of the backpacks were never revealed and there was definitely no beer in them (-1/2 star). The hottest girl there was too hot; she had burn marks over 1/4 of her body (1 star). You know who I'm talking about. I wrote this review to basically proclaim our love for her from all at The Koala. In the end one of my friends took back the two random asian ho'z from Long Beach. He came out pretty well while I was still looking for a way to talk to the fire school drop out. In the end the party did not last too long but it was still really fun.



Board Toga Party (Friday) 1/13/06

The best part was procuring togas with Dirty Mike. He didn't want to pay, so we just stole tablecloths from hotels instead. I ended up in a stylish navy blue table skirt. At the party, it was not toga weather. Girls who were in costume were too ugly to sport a toga, those pretty enough weren't. The party was rolled before it got too out of hand, but even during the three hours I was there, it certainly didn't live up to toga reputation. Due to the lame girls, lack of John Belushi, and/or my own self-confidence issues, I didn't detach myself from the wall much. Sorry to take out my self-frustrations on you BOARD, but ...



New Years in Tahoe 12/31/05

Woke up to no power and ice cold water. What that means to the slow out there is no convenience of modern man. After eating one of our party and burning her bones for warmth I realized it was raining and snowing and we were huddled in a cabin just barely warmer than outside, a cabin in which we could see our own breath. At about 9:00 PM we drove for an hour to stateline and drank, gambled, and smoked among a sea of heads. When the clock struck twelve, nearly all the faces in the crowd dissappeared into other faces and people started running through the crowd macking on as many people as possible. I myself dodged the messengers of lord Herpes as my girlfriend was still in Chicago probably kissing some dude with herpes. After all was said and done we drove back to San Diego for 15 hours

through snow with fucking chains on and shit, and even through rain with fucking windshield wipers on and shit. This party should only be sought out by the truly adventurous and cannibalistic.



Gaslamp New Years 12/31/06

Party starts out well however its -2 stars for 300 dollar hotel rooms, +1 star for the free champagne (side note: Marriot you can splurge for better champagne than andre its 2 for 7 bucks at ralphs you bastards). With a solid group of 20 and about 15 girls we add another +2 stars however we -1 star since my friends cannot speak to women (side note #2, if a girl does not like you "fuck her she went to state and is dumb as fuck" is not a valid ego protection method). Jimmy loves easy to get in, packed with a good girl to guy ratio and free champagne with me attempting to dance and the girls all kissing around me adds another +2 stars.



Sigma Nu "Two Sizes" Party 1/20/06

Sigma Nu party was off the hook! Bartender, free booze, chicks who were down as fuck. What else can you ask for? Oh and did I mention overcapacity? Props to the cat who bitch slapped his hoe and the other hommie who kept fixing girls' skirts for them.





KOALA PERSONALS

We did not write these personals,
our evil assymetric conjoined twins did.



The #1 "FUCK YOU" PERSONAL OF THE MONTH

the parties that the koala party reviewer goes to suck. Cuz how else would some loser from the koala find out about a party unless its where all the dickless homos from UCSD go to. The real parties would never have koalafags show up.

After seeing Stevie Why banging that chick on the Koala website, I have decided to become gay. Thanks Steve - I used to really dig pussy... now I'll have to suck cocks for the rest of my life after seeing you in action.
Damn you Steve - damn you to HELL!!

To a Certain ECE Professor that we'll call 'Ray-Beez':

You suck ass dude. No one cares about your DoD meetings - we're just sitting in class because we have to be there. If it wasn't for having to learn your dumb-ass subject, we'd be out actually LEARNING something important - not listening to you brag about inane shit. The only reason that we laugh at your stupid stories is because you're the type of asshole that would use your teaching position to exact revenge upon us for not giggling. You are that serious of an asshole. Your board-work SUCKS, your 'concern' is laughable, and you are the laughing stock of the ECE department.

How do you get through airport security with that stick up your ass?
Seriously, you're going to become severe TOAST when the CAPEs come around - you'll be lucky to be cleaning the ECON shitters after we're done reviewing your sorry ass.

to all the guys at UCSD that wants to FUCK ASIAN GIRLS!! damn how fucking stupid are you guys! u want some pussy but it has to a HOT pussy. from one of those sluts who have heavy makeup and short skirts. why don't u walk up to the nice swt looking girls n talk to us. Its the swt ones that are fucking HORNY!
ED NOTE: ANY NICE SWT LOOKING GIRLS OUT THERE MAY BRING THIS PERSONAL AS AN OFFICIAL INVITATION TO A KOALA MEETING.

hose-b
to the beautiful couple in russ' bathroom, now u both have aids. ps-shes the dirtiest slut at ucscd.
-the captain

To my roommate, countless nights when you drop your pants, your ass odor permeates the room. *cough* Your KKK clan mentality has done nothing to you but has made me stronger (nasally and mentally). Don't be a hypocrite. You're not as white as you think you are.

Aaron hides his penis in your mothers giny hole and she has a poop shoot that doesn't quit!

To the bitch who doesn't have a final.
I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR LIQUOR ALONE! ASSHOLE!

To the awesome frat boy who bumped into my buddy in Ralphs on 11/19. You bump into my friend and then flex in his face for 0 reason then he proceeds to bitch slap you in the face in the booze aisle and you dont want to fight, wtf is that youre obviously drunk and still a pussy! He didnt even give you the courtesy of a punch he took your manhood with an open hand fucking slap. You then have the best line ever " your lucky im pledging and cant get in trouble" YOU JUST STARTED AN ARGUMENT AND GOT SLAPPED IN THE FUCKING FACE YOU DOUCHE. Oh by the way you cant wear a greek week shirt from two years ago and pretend to be a pledge to avoid getting owned in Ralphs..and by the way youre friends laughing at you was classic, from the look of it your boyfriends dont even like you.

The #1 "FUCK ME" PERSONAL OF THE MONTH

i like sweet butted ladies i cannot lie
slip my tougue up your ass or you'll make me cry.

It's not a frickin specator sport so shut the fuck up and tell your nocturnal visitors (all three but not limited to), to keep their orgasmic outbursts to themselves. Your nightly activities aren't made for listening, especially when you are supposed to be the epitome of a figure of authority. It doesn't matter how long you shower (loudly, I might add), you will never cleanse yourself of your dirty acts. When you realize that we all know when you need love because we can hear it three doors down and three floors up? Keep your fucking business to your fucking self. No pun intended.
-Revelle Res Halls 2005

To my Chem 6A T.A: You are USELESS!!! To my Chem 6A professor: You are just as USELESS!!!
- the students of Chem 6A

To my roommate, countless nights when you drop your pants, your ass odor permeates the room. *cough* Your KKK clan mentality has done nothing to you but has made me stronger (nasally and mentally). Don't be a hypocrite. You're not as white as you think you are.
-your superior

To all the white guys that go around campus thinking that they are hot shit and or pimps because they've bagged a few asian girls whereas they were previously virgins with no game before coming to UCSD: Fuck you! I don't respect you little bitches one bit. You don't have game, you just have a white penis. I should spraypaint my cock white, slug it out

on library walk, and then let everybody watch as asian girls start to fuck it. That would show you wannabe white playa's how big of losers you really are.

--The Mad Indian Reefermeister

To the HIV and mono-infested bitch above me. QUIT FUCKING STOMPING ON THE MOTHERFUCKING CEILING! You're already ugly enough already TO FUCKING ATTRACT ATTENTION, you don't need to go that special length TO ATTRACT MORE. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS SMEAR SOME STINKING CV LEFTOVERS ALL OVER YOUR FACE AND YOU'LL WIN MISS UGLY ASS HOE UNIVERSE. YES, IN FACT YOU'RE THAT FUCKING UGLY. Do yourself and the world a favor, stop working at the library and become A DONKEY RAPING HERMEIT KRAB AND NEVER LEAVE YOUR DORM EVER AGAIN!
AC

To my roommate,
If you are wondering why on Saturdays and Sundays you wake up to a sore ass and bumps and bruises around your general hip area, YOU'VE BEEN ASS RAPED BY MISS FUCKING UGLY UNIVERSE UPSTAIRS. ENJOY YOUR FREE DOSAGE OF STDs! SUCKER!
-AC

To the ugly bitches who always cut in line for the Regent's shuttle,
What the fuck are you doing?? The line is there for a reason. Don't act like people don't see you. If I wasn't so far back, I would walk to the front and grab you by your ugly pigtails and pull you off the shuttle myself.
Oh, your trendy, hideously ugly UGG boots won't keep your pale, skinny, under-exposed legs warm and your gaudy, over-sized sunglasses don't cover enough of your ugly face or your enormous schnozz, Toucan Sam.
Go to the back of the line.
-EDUB
P.S. - fuck all the fags letting the bitches cut. You scrotumless fucks, a smile doesn't mean she's going to slob your knob. Grow a pair and man up

to all wackie Iraqies: fuck you all, Bush should have nuked your ass you mother fucking bitches

NICK C.
i know you fucked things up with that hot thing that I wanted to fuck. your gay! but wheres she been all quarter? what did you do to her queer? trust me cuz your new pussy is way dirty dude shes uglier than that dog you used to have in lab. fuck can i have the old ones numberz?
-I got ballz

i just took a test at the free clinic for hepatitis, kicked ass too-i got an A, two B's, and a C. to the slut in pi phi (aka all of them), i have herpes also bitches-thanks a lot.
-terrence

Want to talk some shit but is your pen mightier than your fists?

Want to spit some game but too ugly for girls to take seriously?

Submit Personals at: www.thekoala.org

The best way to get your lame shit in the issue is by making it funny, not by daring us to print it, you know who you are dumbass.