

TOIKER BEAT

WHY LGMBEAVER and TRUEBLUE
called it **QUITS!**

THE MOST
REAL GOSSIP



The **HOTTEST**
In Fashion!



The Life
Of An
ABANDONED
NEOPET!

Cannon PREGNANT?!
Former Chief tells ALL!

Full Page
BNAD POSTER!

Is Mario Baker just three
mischievous raccoons stacked
on top of each other?!

All Of The **SPICY DETAILS** You Need To Know

NO WAY!!



You'll **NEVER** Guess Who
THIS Celeb Is!

Toike Sword
Spills The Beans!



The Struggles Of
Being So
LONG And
GIRTHY

Sexy Vacay Pics
LEAKED!



toike.skule.ca

September 2020

CAD \$4.20





EDITORIAL

Hello Hello Hello!

I suppose I should introduce myself - my name's Parker, and since this is an editorial, I suppose that makes me the Editor-in-Chief of *The Toike Oike* for this 2To-2T1 year!

Let's be honest here, the world outside is kind of on fire. I'm not sure of the exact situation is out there right now for you, but with any luck, life is starting to return back to normal. In times like this, I find it often helps to look back to better days, and with that, I present to you my inspiration for this month's theme - 2000s *Toike*.

The early 2000s were truly the best of times, back when Club

Penguin was in its prime, when you were getting owned in gym class, and when Grey's Anatomy was still good.

I often wonder what brings me back to this time, is it nostalgia? The music? Reminiscing back my childhood and hiding my DS under my pillow trying to play Pokemon at night? Or is it truly because this time period was better than all others? I like to believe the third option. Regardless, I hope you enjoy the very first issue of the 110th edition of *The Toike Oike*!

Anyway, I gotta bounce - Peace out y'all!

Parker Johnston
Editor in Chief 2To-2T1



Normally this picture would have my sword in it, but faculty won't let me back into SF

WRITE-ITORIAL

It's September 2020 babyyyy. Heck yeah! Who would have thought we'd make it this far? It feels like just yesterday I was overeating edibles on New Years Eve as I drunkenly tried to figure out how to livestream the Ball Drop in New York.

AHM Not that that ever actually happened.

ANYWAYS. We, the Senior Staff Writers of this year's run of *The Toike Oike*, wish you the best and hope that you, our young F!rosh whom this issue is addressed at, are safe and healthy. To everyone else, prepare to feel old, nay, ancient. This is *The Early 2000s Toike*!

The *Toike Oike*, well-renowned in the most exclusive intellectu-

al circles since its conception in 1911, is the epicentre of culture here at the University of Toronto. Our incredibly competent members meet once a month to drink excessively, joke around, and occasionally come up with passable article ideas. Articles are written, graphics are designed, and papers are distributed all across campus to our loyal fans - eagerly waiting to read the latest issue and *Toike* their friends (ask your F!rosh Leedurs about this, because even we don't know why). If social satire, plain 'ol absurdity, ludicrous memes, and salacious debauchery excites you (٩̂̂̂), then we welcome you to *The Toike Oike*!

Not only do 99% of doctors*

confirm that reading the *Toike Oike* during the semester improves your mental health, it also improves your sense of humour and makes you doubly as attractive to other humans, and animals alike. Joining the *Toike Oike* as writers, graphic designers and comic contributors, is even more potent, our staff agrees.

As for this year, we have a rather exciting lineup of themes that will compel you to come up with endless funnies, articles that make you question your very existence and a side of hysterically hilarious graphics.

Lastly, we would just like to welcome you to university and hope that the *Toike Oike* has a part in retaining at least a fraction of your sanity during your time here.

Bestest,
Nisha Malik,
Esther Smerek,
& Urvi Verkhedkar
Senior Staff Writers 2To-2T1

*Doctor as defined by and including individuals who hold an online certificate.



B740 Sandford Fleming
10 King's College Road
Toronto, ON M5S 3G4

tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
http://toike.skule.ca
e-mail: toike@skule.ca

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Parker Johnston
MANAGING EDITOR	Graeme Edwards
SENIOR STAFF WRITERS	Nisha Malik Esther Smerek Urvi Verkhedkar
GRAPHICS DIRECTORS	Natalia Espinosa-Merlano Joanna Melnyk
WRITING CONTRIBUTORS	Graeme Edwards Matthew Gene Joel Kahn Spencer Ki Nisha Malik Esther Smerek Deeksha Tewari Urvi Verkhedkar
GRAPHICS CONTRIBUTORS	Harrison Chan Parker Johnston Natalia Espinosa-Merlano Joanna Melnyk Urvi Verkhedkar
LAYOUT	Parker Johnston
CONTENT REVIEW	Graeme Edwards Parker Johnston Nisha Malik Amanda Plotnik Esther Smerek Urvi Verkhedkar
DISTRIBUTION MANAGERS	Maya Diamond Kate Whelan
SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER	Dina Bernstein
WEBMASTER	Deeksha Tewari
TOIKETV DIRECTORS	Joel Kahn Spencer Ki
PRINTER	All Solutions Printing Inc.

COLOPHON

Each month, the staff of *The Toike Oike* gather at nonspecific points within their own homes. They all sit at their desks, open Zoom, and listen to the editor angrily rant about God knows what. The team sits and takes notes on his mindless droning, converting the nonsense of a sad old man reliving the glory days of humanity into the *Toike* you see before you.

WHAT HO?

Toiker Beat is a magazine designed for teenage girls to get the latest scoop on what's going on within Skule™. We take a look at who's who at Skule™, and all the latest trends with all of your idols! From fashion tips to get your wardrobe on track for back to school, to the top music tracks, no self-respecting teen is complete without their copy of *Toiker Beat*!

DISCLAIMER

The fashionable yet scandalous opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not sue us - you and I both know the extent of your legal knowledge comes from binge watching *Suits* during quarantine.

For Skule™ by EngSoc

 **UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY**

Branding Policy was made unbinding - time to MS Paint the EngSoc Logo

“WHO THE HELL AM I?” GENERATIONAL CONFUSION PRESENTS PRESSING PROBLEM FOR THE FUTURE

Sigmund Fraud, Em Dee
Toike Societal Psychologist

Baby Boomers. Gen X-ers. Millennials. Generation Z. For decades, people have been grouped based on the year in which they were born. As they grow older, stereotypes begin to form based on their shared experiences and common characteristics. Boomers are racist and ruined the planet. Generation X have contempt for authority and are generally cynical. Millennials are lazy and entitled. And Gen Z-ers are naïve, thin-skinned children. These stereotypes are essential to a child’s sense of self and often shape their personali-

ties when they eventually grow up.

Unfortunately, for millions of Canadians, these handy user guides to life just don’t fit, leaving them completely confused as to who they are supposed to be and how they are supposed to act. These Canadians, as I’m sure you’ve already guessed, are the ones born between 1995 and 1999.

These young adults, who have begun to enter the workforce and will no doubt shape the future of our nation for decades to come, are entirely unsure of

whether they are supposed to be lazy and entitled or spoiled and thin-skinned. Whether they are supposed to be deeply cynical of the state of the world or painfully naïve and optimistic. Ambitious as an individual or ambitious as a society.

Concerningly, the impacts of this phenomenon are seen more deeply in those subjects with slightly older siblings, who for years were likely forced to watch Boy Meets World or Sabrina the Teenage Witch while also being mocked relentlessly as a “2000’s kid” rather than the 90’s kid they felt they were.

For these elderly children who are old enough to remember watching “The Black Cauldron” (underrated) on VHS or listening to music on a Walkman but not old enough to remember the Twin Towers or the dark days before the internet, these future leaders and entrepreneurs who agonized building their mySpace pages only to have to switch to Facebook when social media became a key aspect of their lives, these reformed emo-kids who now are experiencing legitimate depression and don’t know how to cope with it, life has been a 20+ year-long identity crisis.

This forgotten generation shudders at the thought of being classified with people born in THIS millennium but has been shunned by the “true millennials” who view them as children to be ignored. Well, guess what. The children are grown up, they refuse to be ignored, and their identity crisis is about to become the country’s identity crisis.

Just give them a fucking stereotype to define themselves by already.

MARVEL PLANNING ON LAUNCHING INTER-CONNECTED MOVIE UNIVERSE?

Stanley Lee
Toike Pop Culture Correspondent

With the recent success of movies based on Marvel Comics characters, speculation has abounded that 20th Century Fox and Columbia Pictures may soon begin collaborating on a new movie series that brings superheroes from their respective franchises into a single shared world. While these reports are purely speculative and details are subject to change, the involvement of the two movie studios suggests that Spider-Man, portrayed by Tobey Maguire, and the X-Men would be central characters in any collaborative film series.

With Spider-Man and the X-Men meeting in this collaboration, it’s possible that these studios could adapt the ‘Neogenic Nightmare’ storyline from the 90’s animated series to the silver screen. Adapted from the Six Arms Saga of the comics, this storyline involves Peter Parker’s mutation into Spider-Man threatening to continue until he becomes a human-sized spider. In his search for a cure, Parker turns to the world’s foremost expert on mutation: Professor Xavier. While superhero movies are still somewhat niche and adapting a comic story of this magnitude would certainly be ambitious, initial box office projections for such a project show that the studios could be in line for a massive haul of nearly 1 billion dollars.

Should a Spider-Man-X-Men crossover prove successful, the studios could include some of the other popular comics characters whose rights they own, such as the Fantastic Four, Ben Affleck’s Daredevil, Nicolas Cage’s Ghost

Rider and even Eric Bana’s Hulk or Wesley Snipes’ Blade if they include other studios in the collaboration. Unfortunately for fans of the merc-with-a-mouth, Deadpool is unlikely to be involved in any potential film series due to his vulgar and graphic nature being unsuitable for kids, the primary target audience for superhero films.

Third installments in the X-Men and Spider-Man franchises are currently being developed and should be released in the next couple of years, along with a sequel to Fantastic Four. If the rumours are true, these films should collectively introduce many fan-favourite characters into their respective franchises, such as the Dark Phoenix, Venom, Sandman, the Silver Surfer and Galactus. Based on the success of the previous movies in these franchises, specifically X2 and Spider-Man 2, viewers should be prepared to be wowed, especially if the movies are used to tease a future crossover film, perhaps just before the credits so that viewers are sure to see them and get excited.

In somewhat related film news, Marvel Studios is currently developing a movie based on the character Iron Man, a somewhat minor character in the comics compared to the likes of Spider-Man, the X-Men, and the Fantastic Four, which is slated for release some time in the next couple of years. Given the character is not well known among mainstream audiences, it is unlikely that Iron Man will play a prominent role in this theorized series of interconnected Marvel films, though he may make the occasional appearance should the film do well.

Virgin Sex Columnist 0.0-ing At Attractive AOLers

Nhak LeoJ
Toike Opposite Name

A Swimmingly Sexy Summer’s Sweat to you, dear reader!

I hate to admit to this, but it’s necessary- I have been lying to you. The truth is, my love life has been suffering unbearably. I’m not an expert- I’m a fraud.

Lately I’ve been wishing that I could just curl up into a little ball and listen to the Black Eyed Peas’ “Pump It” all day while crying into my pillow and as I constantly and vigorously PUMP my IT to my life-size Jonas Brothers postertears streaming down my face as I HUMP IT to shreds- of course, I only wish for that haha, obviously I’d never actually follow through with all of it.

However, while recently taking a break from playing Mini-clip’s “8 Ball Pool” (I sure wish I had eight of those with me in a pool right now) and the World’s Hardest Game (those red squares are promiscuous little devils), I happened across a lovely advertisement on a, uh, community virgin support hub, that just popped out at me. It said the following:

“Chat with hotties in your area now! Jaylor is just DYING to meet you, only 2 miles away!”

Well, you know that I’m never one to pass up on a cute hottie in my vicinity - never mind how badly spelled their name is or how desperate I may look - so I decided to click through to Jaylor. Long story short, I soon

found myself powering up my ’06 MacBook Pro and getting around to AOLing the cutie-pie of my dreams. Joy!

Jayden: Hi VSC, i’m supper extra titted to meet you!!!

Now I won’t deny that the initial passes at conversation by Jayden (who apparently has misspelled their name even MORE atrociously) were quite disappointing, until I realized that these could actually be indicative of something much more cryptic. Could it be that hiding behind those incredibly misspelled words was some super salacious (albeit doltish) athlete who only passes each semester because their professors are attracted to their wanton animalistic sex drive? I clearly was chatting with the hottest hottie to ever enter my private chatroom!

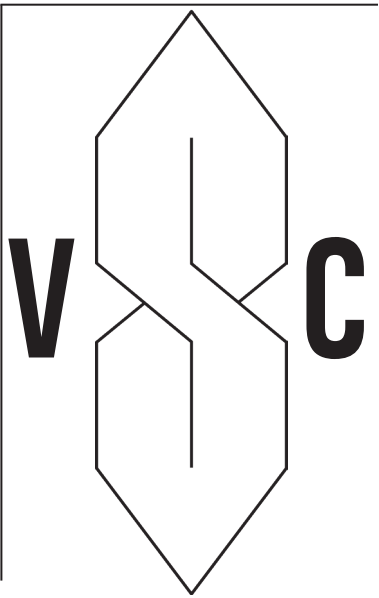
We had a little more conversation about how febrile our respective body parts were feeling, until Jayden dropped in with this gem —

Jayden: What’s your SIN, baby?

I know what you’re thinking, and yes, that’s pretty forward for a first meeting. But considering that this is basically the equivalent of a date in the new promiscuous paradigm we’re in, I didn’t in the least bit mind spilling the beans to Jayden that my personal sin was having sticky cold legumes drizzled all over my hair. That lovely moist, squishy feeling of having

my pointy hard keratin violated with that creamy beany goodness just OOHed me in the most genitive way possible (if you know what I’m saying). We kept talking through the night, with Jayden continuing to vividly explore my personal deviancy, but seeming a little shy about revealing theirs, until all of a sudden - they logged off.

I’m still not quite sure why — I hope I didn’t scare Jayden off by letting them know that ever since my parents found out I was spending half my tuition money on OnlyFans that I’m not allowed a credit card anymore. Either that, or they must’ve accidentally upgraded their computer last night and now AOL isn’t compatible with their system, but hopefully they’ll downgrade back soon and we’ll be able to keep talking about our respective legume-y sins and peccadillos.



From the Toike Vault

Filmed some time between 2005 and 2009, “Scooter in a Skate Park” is a video made by a girl named Billie in an apparent attempt to make it big on the new video-sharing platform YouTube. Found by dedicated Toike historians while researching the 2000’s for this issue of Toiker Beat, the video of Billie’s trip has been transcribed below. Though the video was meant to showcase Billie’s skills on her Razor Sport Scooter, things quickly turn grim as she suffers a gruesome injury with no one around to help her. I must warn you that the events described in this transcript are graphic and may not be suitable for all readers.

SCOOTER IN A SKATE PARK

By Billie, Toike Sk8er Boi

00:00: What’s up everyone, it’s Billie here and today, I’m gonna show you guys some sweet tricks I just learned on my new scooter!

00:30: [Billie stands at the top of the least steep ramp] K, so this is a dope way to ride down a ramp. [Billie descends the ramp past the jump while crouching down on the scooter so that she’s reaching up to the steering bar]

01:03: Aight, so that’s how we’re gonna ride it out when we land this sick jump. [Billie goes to the top of the ramp and rides down. She goes off the ramp this time, gets about a foot off the ground and tries to spin her scooter around in the air. Her foot lands before the scooter can get around fully.]

01:27: AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!! [Billie drops to the ground screaming and grabs at her ankle. Her face is just out of frame.] WHY GOD, WHY ME?!?! [Billie continues screaming for 5 minutes]

06:30: [Billie drags herself to where her camera is set up. Her eyes are red and her tears have dried on her face.] I’ve been yelling for help for about a half an hour at this point. [Billie sniffles as she looks around.] I don’t think anyone’s coming. I told mom that I needed a cell phone and she just wouldn’t listen. Now, I’m probably gonna die here cuz I can’t call anyone and both of my legs are completely broken. [Billie turns away from the camera and starts crying.]

10:02: Hour number 5. If I’m going to survive this, I’m gonna have to ration my food. I think I have a couple of Go-Gurts in my bag. Mom might’ve even packed me a Baby Bottle Pop or a pack of Dunkaroos. I should probably save those for dessert. [Billie sniffles as she reaches into her pocket and pulls out an open pack of Skittles.] Until then, I can survive off of these Skittles. I would kill for a Jones Root Beer and a Pogo stick right about now. [Billie grabs a single Skittle and puts it into her mouth. She immediately spits it back out.] Yuck! I hate yellow. [Billie puts her head down for several minutes.]

16:09: [Billie grabs the camera and sits up.] I just wanted to make a cool scooter video. I should’ve just stuck to my Heely’s. Now I’m stranded here with three broken ankles and no one’s gonna find me. If you’re seeing this mom, I’m sorry I wasn’t wearing my ankle guards. I should’ve listened to you. [Billie sniffles again.] I don’t know how much longer the battery is gonna last. [Billie hears a car in the distance.] Is that a car? HEY! HEY! I’M OVER HERE! HEL–

End of video.



Above: Billie after the incident in question

AN OFF THE CHAIN GUIDE TO DA BOMBEST SLANG OF THE NAUGHTY AUGHTIES

Gretchen Wieners
Toike Slang Interpreter

Whazzuuup dawgs! It’s ya gurl Gretch here with another list of some bomb slang terms and their meanings. So let’s kick it and get to these sick terms so you can stop frontin’ in convos with your homies. Cool beans?

Sitch – Not to be confused with Stitch, which is a spazzy dog so ill-mannered and ugly that it’s adorable, sitch is an abbreviated form of the noun situation. A ‘**sitch**’ refers to events that are either currently or will soon be transpiring.

Person A (cool): “So what’s the **sitch**?”

Person B: “Well, the situation is that the toilet is overflowing.”

Fetch – An adjective used to describe a noun, usually an article of clothing or an accessory, that, at first glance, seems cool but is probably just a fad or trend that will be dead in a couple of weeks.

Person A: “Oh my God, that purse is so **fetch**.”

Person B: “Stop trying to make **fetch** happen.”

Avril – A person who looks sweet and innocent but is actually a total badass. Also describes someone who tells a story and only includes basic details.

1) “Katie always wears those unicorn T-Shirts, but I saw her leave school on a motorcycle the other day. She is SUCH an **Avril**.”

2) Person A: “He was a boy. She was a girl. Can I make it any more obvious?”

Person B: “Yes! You VERY MUCH could make it more obvious. Stop being such an **Avril** and tell me the story.”

Y2K – A noun used to describe a terrifying future event that is highly unlikely to ever occur and is inciting irrational fear or is being overhyped.

Person A: “I shouldn’t go to the dance. What if I slip on some punch right in front of Stacy? I’ll look like a total doofus.”

Person B: “Dude, that’s a total **Y2K**. Quit worrying about it.”

“Talk to the Hand” – A phrase used to make known your lack of interest in anything a specific person has to say. Particularly effective when said while showing them the lack of ears on your hand as this conveys that, despite your invitation for them to continue talking, you do not intend to listen.

Person A: “So I think I’m gonna go on a juice cleanse.”

Person B: **“Talk to the hand.”**

EMINEM ON HIS SUCCESS: “I WOULDN’T BE HERE TODAY WITHOUT MOM’S SPAGHETTI.”

Ms. Crusty Plumbus
Toike Rap God

Rap Sensation Eminem, popularly known as The Real Slim Shady and Rap God, tearfully opened up to the *Toike* today about the reasons behind his success. “It was all Mom’s Spaghetti”, he said as he led our team into his multimillion-dollar home.

“It was the 1997 Rap Olympics — the biggest turning point in my career — and I was so fucking nervous. My palms were transpiring. My knees were severely lacking in strength. And, I’ve never told anyone this before, but my arms actually felt harder to lift.

But then I looked down at my sweater. Earlier that morning, I had vomited all over myself and then I saw it — the unmistakable stain of Mom’s Spaghetti.

The sauce was just, so rich — the tangy flavour of tomatoes beautifully complemented the delicate Italian herbs. It was so fucking pure, I nearly choked on stage. Everybody was joking and the clock was running out and time was almost up.

I kept thinking of my mom, adding slippery spaghetti to the tomato sauce, and then suddenly, I began spitting rhymes like never before. I was so fucking good, I DESTROYED everyone that day. And I never looked back.

To me, God is bullshit. But I believe in Mom’s Spaghetti. I hope this helps someone through some tough times too.”

Our team later reached out to Eminem for the recipe to Mom’s Spaghetti, but he’s yet to comment.



THE NOKIA 3310.

Crushing out all the competition. Literally.

Infinite battery life? Yes.

Indestructible hard shell to crush anything? Yes.

Perfect armor for raiding Area 51? Yes.

Bulletproof? Probably.

GUARANTEED TO OUTLIVE YOU OR
YOUR MONEY BACK.

NOKIA
FUCKING INDESTRUCTIBLE

AN ACADEMIC ANALYSIS OF SHAGGY AND RIK ROK’S “IT WASN’T ME,” INCLUDING A REFUTATION OF THE POPULAR THEORY THAT IT IS A GASLIGHTING ANTHEM

Darth Vibrator
HBSc (UofT 2To)

The song “It Wasn’t Me” was extremely popular at the turn of the millennium though many, through their complete lack of attention and culture, have always struggled to understand the lyrics sung by legendary Jamaican musician Shaggy. For the first time in the history of the world, we will conduct an analytical deep-dive of a profoundly anti-gaslighting anthem that was mistaken as being the seminal gaslighting track.

The track opens with a classic 2000s skit where Rik Rok, hat in hand, arrives at Shaggy’s door to reveal that his partner had caught him in an act of infidelity. Instead of encouraging his friend to be open and honest with his partner, Shaggy instructs Rik Rok to say that it wasn’t him, which today falls under the umbrella of “gaslighting” - to make someone lose confidence in their memory through manipulation or deceit.

What follows Shaggy’s ridiculous statement is Rik Rok’s chorus, detailing how he was caught “banging” on the bathroom floor with the girl next door and his shame at forgetting that he had given his girlfriend a key to his apartment. For the first time in the song, Rik Rok explains how his girlfriend possessed a clear view of him engaged in sexual intercourse with their neighbour. This description of the indiscretion is used by Rik Rok to suggest that Shaggy’s suggestion of gaslighting his girlfriend is ridiculous considering the evidence.

In clear Jamaican, Shaggy chastises Rik Rok for giving his girlfriend a key to his apartment and for making a poor go of it as a “player,” suggesting that now his partner, having caught him, may murder him for infidelity. Shaggy ends the verse by suggesting that Rik Rok ought to say the opposite of what his partner suggests and deny all accusations.

The now-classic pre-chorus features Mr. Rok detailing how he was caught having intercourse all over the home he shares with his girlfriend, how his girlfriend recorded it and how she even waited for him to finish. To each of Rok’s descriptions of the evidence, Shaggy merely suggests that his friend tell her that it “wasn’t me.” This ludicrous interaction is meant to critique how men who cheat will continue to gaslight partners despite all the evidence of the indiscretion, and the excessive manner in which the back-and-forth is presented actually ridicules the cheater

Following another chorus, Shaggy suggests impossible lies that Rik Rok should tell his girlfriend, such as “a smaddy else a favour you inna complex” or that she has no right to be angry. This toxically masculine verse ends with Shaggy saying that Rik Rok should flee if his girlfriend brandishes a gun, furthering the stereotype that women have violent reactions.

This is not Shaggy’s true feelings — he sets himself up as the villain in this story to critique and ridicule the manner in which men gaslight women over cheating allegations.

The remaining new piece of lyrical information comes in the form of a bridge. Rik Rok indicates that he is going to apologise to his girlfriend, that Shaggy’s arguments make no sense and that, while he thinks he is a player, he is in fact completely lost. After all of Shaggy’s prodding, Rik Rok rejects the idea of gaslighting his girlfriend as it is ridiculous.

Shaggy and Rik Rok’s “It Wasn’t Me” is a masterful anti-gaslighting anthem that finds success through Shaggy’s willingness to play a no-good misogynist against Rik Rok’s apologetic cheater.

Norm & Gord DISCUSS A.I.M.

This monthly column features a titillating discussion between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw. This month’s column is sponsored by Black Clothing.

Black Clothing — how else will people know that you listen to Fall Out Boy while smoking in the skate park at midnight?

Norm: Hi there, I’m Norm McLuhan and this is my brother, Gord —

Gord: Hi!

Norm: — and today we’re discussing A.I.M.

Gord: Oh, we’re talkin’ about the bad guys now, eh Norm?

Norm: What do ya mean, Gord?

Gord: Well, you’re talkin’ about the Advanced Idea Mechanics, right?

Norm: Who?

Gord: Ya know, the bad guys in those Marvel comics? They try to steal Iron Man’s technology a lot?

Norm: Oh. No, ya hosehead, not those guys. We’re talkin’ about AOL Instant Messenger.

Gord: What’s that?

Norm: It’s an internet messaging service that the cool kids are usin’ nowadays.

Gord: So what do the kiddies use A.I.M. for?

Norm: I guess talking to each other mostly. And a lot of them ask each other for a/s/l?

Gord: It’s a pretty inclusive platform then, eh? I mean, if you were to meet these people in person, it would be good to know that they use American Sign Language.

Norm: Actually a/s/l on A.I.M. stands for age/sex/location.

Gord: Huh?

Norm: Teenagers send it to each other to try to hook up.

Gord: ...

Norm: And usually there’s an old pervert involved trying to catfish horny teenagers.

Gord: ...

Norm: ...

Gord: I think you should do the thing.

Norm: This has been Norm and Gord —

Gord: The internet was a mistake.

Norm: — discussing A.I.M.

Lady Godiva Memorial Bnads

Wish
Fire

Ally

Jeff G. Anglin





Review

INNOCENT CHILD CREATES WHOLESOME WEBSITE CELEBRAT- ING JAPANESE POP CULTURE

Adam Susan

Toike Notorious Hacker

NEW YORK CITY, 2003 -- With a spring in his step, a twinkle in his eye, and a song in his heart, untainted and pure adolescent Christopher Poole of New York City created “4chan.net” last Wednesday, with the goal of sharing his appreciation of Japanese graphic literature and animation with the world.

“Gosh-golly Mr. Big-Newspaper-Man, it sure has been exciting making this brand-new, age-appropriate website all by myself,” said the adorably undefiled Poole in an interview with *The Toike Oike*, shortly after finishing his homework on a Saturday night. “I really like kid-friendly Japanese stuff like Pokemon, and want somewhere special on the internet to talk about it! After my old favourite website 2chan started allowing underwear drawings, I knew Jesus wouldn’t be happy with me still going to it.”

Users of the site are completely anonymous, following guidelines established by Poole’s mother for all his internet interactions. When communicating officially with site-users, Poole identifies himself as “moot” — a moniker he earned at Bible camp abbreviating “Morality Ordinarily Overcomes Temptation.”

Despite the anonymity, a number of the site’s early users have publically come forward to *The Toike Oike* to sing its praises. “UwU Iwt’s juwst sugoi tuwu have somewhewe tuwu tawk with othew otaku who appweciate weaw awt, instead of gai-jin gawbage, desu,” commented one user to *The Toike*, only identifying themselves as Senpai Jonathan-chan.

Still, 4chan is not without its critics. “The anonymous angle is

actually off-putting to me,” explained unblinking, manually-breathing Harvard frosh Mark Z. in an interview with *The Toike Oike*. “When I converse with someone on the world wide web, I want to be able to see who they are, what kind of things they like, who they know, where they live, their marital status, what they ate for breakfast, whether or not they’re safe from natural disasters, what their deepest and darkest desires are, and what their armpit sweat tastes like.”

Over a short week, the GoDaddy-registered site has quickly become a cyberspace hit, registering tens of hundreds of visitors and reaching the “most searched” category of queries this past week on MSN Search. This astounding growth is bound to continue, with moot already planning to diversify the potential topics of discussion available to 4chan users. “*Christopher wants to be able to take any diverse group of people and let them find a common interest on his little website*,” remarked moot’s father Aloysius A. Poole. “Take a really random mix of people: Subway’s Jared Fogle, Chris Hansen from NBC, actor Kevin Spacey, the Duke of York, and — I don’t know — the FBI, for example. Chris wants these people with absolutely nothing in common to one day find something of mutual interest on his website.”



404
Space filler not found

LOOKBOOK FASHION ADVICE COLUMN

Brad Bird

Toike Fashion Critic

Hey there fashionistas! Looking to elevate your style? You’ve come to the right place! I’m going to give you the rundown on all the latest and greatest so that you look FAB wherever you go!

Skirts/dresses over pants: This is a very up and coming trend that will give the look a very avant-garde feel, even on a budget! Denim looks the best with most dresses or skirts, but neon coloured pants are also a great option. Just make sure that the colours never match so that people don’t notice your outfit as much! Tres chic!



Juicy Tracksuits: I am COMPLETELY in love with these tracksuits! They are so comfortable and soft that it feels like I have a bedazzled blanket wrapped around me! (Which is without a doubt the best type of blanket) They are also rather magical! Nobody would even dare to think that you just rolled out of bed while you have these bad boys on.



Denim on denim on denim: Denim is the latest thing! Everyone is wearing it: and not just jeans! Dresses, shoes, bags, caps, underwear, you name it! The monochrome effect gives off a very classy vibe and paired up with your favourite bedazzled jewelry will surely blow everyone away.



Ties over tanks: Going for that edgy look? Then this is the perfect addition to your outfit! Pair it up with a simple white camisole and some sneakers or with a blazer and some heels and no one is ever going to believe that you are a sane human being!



The shipwrecked look: Our last pick is this distressed yet elegant look. The primary purpose of this technique is to look like you have just escaped from a shipwreck. So pick up that scissors and start creating! The sky’s the limit!



WALKING UP TO THE TV TO CHANGE THE CHANNEL

Mary Jane

Toike Botanical Critic

It’s 2003, and I’m just settling down to watch the new Scooby Doo movie. I kind of had the munchies, and after what felt like a long voyage to the kitchen, I’ve finally made it back to the couch with some Cheetos.

I left the TV on when I got up and sitting here now, I realize that it’s on the news. Ah man! I hate the news. It’s so boring. There’s always this guy, right? He’s in a suit and he’s talking about stuff. Usually about clouds, I think. Don’t get me wrong, I like clouds. Clouds are a part of nature, and I looove nature. Especially plants, plants have all sorts of herbal properties and I am a big fan of my herbs and greens.

Scooby Doo is on Channel 420, but damn it, I don’t feel like moving right now. Why can’t I just click the remote, you ask? Well, unlike Adam Sandler, I don’t have an effing remote to control my life much less my TV.

That’s right young buds, I have to get up and switch the channel by pressing a button on the TV. It’s annoying, y’know? I just want to sit on this couch and watch a movie, but in order to do that I have to get up. Anything with exercise turns me off. Speaking of turn off! I also have to walk up to the box to turn it off. *sigh* Some days I just want to twist up its antennas and smash in the glass screen.

But I guess it’s okay — maybe TVs will evolve in the future to be more accessible to lazy plebs like me. Though, I’d have to save up first, which means getting a job and moving out of my mom’s basement. Actually, on second thought, I’m okay with the walk.

LIFE OF AN ABANDONED NEOPET

Virtual Ass-Gerbil

Toike “Gone but not Forgotten”

Disclaimer: These excerpts were taken from the diary of an unknown soul, a long gone virtual gerbil (from what we gather) who was abandoned at an early age. What follows is an account of his descent into madness. Read at your own caution.

Day One:

When I woke up this morning, something felt off. Maybe I had slept on my tail funny - that happens sometimes - but it felt okay. I’m probably just imagining things. I get a little worked up sometimes over little stuff. My therapist – a French bulldog named Claire – helps me through these breathing exercises when I start to hyperventilate. I panic a lot for a gerbil. In all honesty, life is pretty good.

I have a sweet pad, food appears when I need it, and there’s a whole world outside to play in.

My door didn’t open today. So, I watched TV and trimmed my whiskers instead.

Day Two:

I’m starting to get really hungry. When I go to my food bowl, nothing appears.

This has never happened to me before.

Water isn’t coming out of the sink, and I’m thirsty. The door to the outside seems to be locked. That’s funny – I don’t remember ever having, much less needing, a key before.

My only light is the sun, it comes in through my lone window. If I squint my eyes, I can see the

other Neopets playing together in the distance. How could they forget about me? Aren’t they my friends? Maybe they will remember me and come see me! Then my door will be open, and I can go outside! I should try calling- oh wait, my phone disappeared a few weeks ago. That, or I never bought one. I can’t remember, my memory’s so spotty. Must be the hunger getting to my brain.

Day Five:

It’s dark in here.

Day Six:

I’m starving. The couch looks so yummy. I’d eat anything right now.

The ground is covered in feces, I haven’t been able to go outside in days. Please, anybody, anyone, come and set me free!

I’ve tried screaming but my neighbours never seem to notice. Should I light myself on fire and stand in the frame of the window as a totem to rejection? What is this cruel world?!

Day Fifteen:

This solitude has caused me to turn inwards. My reflections have brought me to new depths. Nine days ago, I was on the cusp of despair. I still haven’t found any hope, but now I am starting to discover my purpose. I feel like, my entire life there has been this unseen force guiding my every action. An invisible hand that controlled and provided for me.

And now, that hand is gone. I feel directionless. But I know that the Hand is still out there. That, one day, it will return to me and give me new purpose in life. For now, I have built a

shrine to the Invisible Hand. I chant for hours in front of it, I know that one day the Hand will return to me.

Day Twenty-Two:

I try to recall a time before. I can’t. This is my life now. I am a servant to the universe. I must do what it asks of me.

Day Forty:

Finally! I have reached Nirvana! This enlightenment is a weird sensation. The colour is draining from everything around me. I look down, the same goes for my body. I feel as if I am being erased from existence. Everything is dimming now, but I must tell you before I go! I have finally discovered the secret to-

ERROR 420: Site has cleaned cached data. File no longer recoverable.

NEWS BRIEF: HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL IS OVER A DECADE OLD

Edward Graham

Toike “Old” Person

My Apartment, Toronto – January 20, 2006. October 7, 2007. September 28, 2008.

What do these dates have in common, you may ask? Well, dear reader, I’ll tell you. They ar– what? Oh, yeah, I have a microphone installed in every issue of the *Toike* to hear reader questions. Don’t worry

about the fact that these were all printed well in advance, meaning that I’m writing this while still sheltering in place. No, YOU’RE FEELING THE EFFECTS OF MONTHS OF ISOLATION, CAUSING YOU TO START HEARING VOICES!

...I’m sorry I yelled.

I’m glad we were able to work past that little squabble. Oh,

right, the dates. Yeah, those are the release dates for the High School Musical movies and they’re all over a decade old. And I realized that about a week ago and started feeling really old. Then I realized that Sk8er Boi by Avril Lavigne would be old enough to vote if it were a person, and I felt even older. So yeah, that’s the article. High School Musical is old and so am I.

Huh? Why? I don’t know how we fill that gap, just get Norm and Gord to promote multiple products this month. Fine. Apparently “High School Musical is old” isn’t long or newsworthy enough to be an article, so I have to keep going.

Bet On It was a weird song. Say what you will about Zac Efron but he committed in that scene. Did you guys see the Barbie Girl version of that

scene? It shouldn’t work but it does. Go watch it right now, I’ll wait. Crazy, right?

Everybody’s always talkin’ at me, everybody’s tryna get in my head. I wanna listen to my own heart talkin’, I need to count on myself instead.

That’s just...poetry.

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Aang

AVATAR

When people think of Avatar, they should 100% be thinking about The Last Airbender. It is one of the BEST TELEVISION SERIES OF ALL TIME! It’s got it all: flawed but likable heroes, blood-curdling villains, extensive and rich world-building, and the BEST REDEMPTION ARC THAT HAS EVER BEEN PUT ON-SCREEN!

YOU SHUT YOUR CGI LIPS WHEN YOU’RE TALKING TO ME, YOU BLUE CAT LOVING FOOL! Do not even THINK about playing the ‘revolutionary 3D technology’ card to defend your poorly written, bestiality-laden white saviour turd of a movie, you fucking colonizer.

Cameron had a 237-million-dollar budget and he couldn’t think of a better expository device than slide shows and video diary entries or a more creative name for an element than FUCKING UNOBTAINIUM! AND YOU FANBOY PIECES OF SHIT MADE IT NUMBER 1 ON THE BOX OFFICE CHARTS FOR A DECADE! I FEEL LIKE I’M TAKING CRAZY PILLS!

Fucking finally. Thank you! Somebody finally gets it.

...

FINISH THAT NAME AND I WILL END YOUR LIFE!

A Big Blue Cat

AVATAR

Fair point, but Cameron revolu–

Wow, there’s a lot to unpack there, um–

Oh my God, you’re right. Avatar wasn’t a good film. It was just a glorified showcase of special effects technology. It was basically Gemini Man a decade sooner!

But what about the M. Night Shya–

PANIC! AT THE WALMART - A LOOK BACK AT SOME OF THE FRESH CUTS THAT DEFINED OUR AGE

Amelia Pond
Toike Manager

It's the early 2000s – the Emo subculture has reached the zenith of its mainstream appeal and acceptance. Paramore, My Chemical Romance, and Fall Out Boy have become household names. The people, who enthusiastically support them, have

taken keenly to their messiahs' habit - wearing dark eyeliner, dark clothes, a curious misanthropic glare, and of course, the iconic Emo Hairstyle. This became a representation of a shared identity – a badge worn by those suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous misfortune (that being the inability to rant into the void of the inter-

net, in a pre-Twitter age).

In an age defined by arguable catastrophic fashion choices, hair stylists around the world began to throw more and more braids, bangs, and pixies to glam up celebrities. Then – a mutation. A Sharon Osbourne decided to highlight her individuality with an extreme A-line bob. A Vice writer likened it to the “Sword of Gryffindor”, appearing to those in need of reminding that they're indeed the baddest bish in business. In a short span of 7 years, this haircut was to transition from a sword to a crown – it wasn't just an ultimate expression of one's individuality, but it was now a demand, nay, a commandment proclaiming their entitlement.

It was the birth of the “Karen” or the “Can I speak to your Manager” Cut.

Yet, it stands almost as a monument to the Emo haircut that preceded it a couple years earlier. Is a bob-cut by any other name just as angsty? Are the wearers of bob cuts simply predisposed to a heightened sense of butt-hurted-ness? Or is it just some freak co-incidence caused by a chance cultural mutation, which in the grand scheme of entropy is indicative of nothing more than us clutching at the fleeting straws of existence for meaning?

You might quickly dismiss the similarity in appearance as just some psychotic rambling of a quarantine addled brain. But, if you look closer, you might just find two sets of beady, incredulous and angry eyes glaring back at you with the answer. Think about it - there seems to be an odd similarity between the anti-authority trappings of the Emo subculture, and the defiant entitlement that drives the angst of The Karen. There seems to be a similar, dissatisfied outlook to life – whether the cause of that dissatisfaction is the constant barrage of hormone-fuelled emotions, or the consistently poor service at the local Walmart.

Maybe it's a side effect of the sticky-uppy back that quivers in rage when the manager isn't in. Or maybe it's the rebellious streaks of colour that set you even further apart from the mainstream “cool kids”. Whatever it may be, the evidence suggests that this hairstyle is donned by those wanting to gain some form of meaning from society – either by shouting at it, or at its manager. Thus, it links those who wear it into its common cause. What cause? The writer does not have the faintest idea. But it has to do with world domination or something like that, so we'll run with that for now.

So, as you beg for the writer to draw some conclusion, in my mind, there is only one possible explanation for such a connection. The Karen seems to be almost like an evolution of the garden variety Emo. Where the Emo represents a certain sensitivity and desire to vehemently scream at societal norms, the Karen – with its bright reds, blonds, and brunettes – has mastered the art to bend society to their screeches. It is the Emo when it finally accepts society - plunging head first into capitalism, and using stinging one-liners and demands for discounts to make grown men and women cry.

All of this evidence can only mean one thing - signs that herald a conspiracy so terrifying, it makes the Matrix look like Teletubbies. An insinuation that the way you style those keratinous strands atop your crown might peek out some interesting behaviours from its wearer. Makes one wonder if closing down the salons was just a public health move. Or if there has been more at stake here than we could ever have realised.

Still think teenagers scare the living shit out of you? Frankly, this shit scares me more.

SNEAKY TEEN TEXTING CODES

What your teen's texts really mean



- OMG: Order My Ganja
- LOL: Lusty Orgasmic Lad
- SMH: Spread My Herpes
- BRB: Break Religious Buildings
- NVM: Need Viagra, Man
- IKR: Ingest Ketamine Rapidly
- OFC: Oh Fuck, Cops
- ROFL: Rob Outlets For LOLs

TOIKEOSCOPES



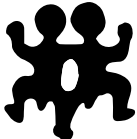
ARIES

Did you guys watch Class of the Titans when you were kids? Yeah, that show was great. It's all on YouTube, so go watch it. You'll thank me later.



TAURUS

You should try piercing your nose and putting a ring in it! Nothing says rebellious emo kid like a ring in the nose that is typically used to control bulls at livestock shows.



GEMINI

I used to think that twins were just good for spare parts when one of them got sick or injured. But the Suite Life of Zack and Cody taught me that their actual use is making Disney money.



CANCER

GASP A dastardly villain has punched a hole in the “Ozone layer” with a “laser”, allowing UV rays to pour in, increasing the risk of skin cancer. Wear plenty of sunscreen this month.



LEO

You're a rising star! The next big thing! Pretty soon, you're gonna be recognized for your superior talent and hard work. Any minute now...



VIRGO

Hit up AOL Instant Messenger this month and take a chance on love! If you get an “a/s/l” message, you know it's the real thing!



LIBRA

Expand your mind this month by going to a Toronto Public **Library** and pick up a copy of a Harry Potter book. Two things that will age perfectly, I'm sure.



SCORPIO

Whenever you think you've failed in life, just remember... The Rock is one of the biggest movie stars in the world and his first movie was “The Scorpion King”. You're gonna be fine.



SAGITTARIUS

Remember going to camp as a kid and learning a bunch of “useless” survival skills like archery? I would brush up on those skills. They could help in the coming apocalypse.



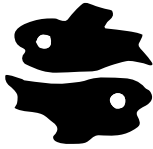
CAPRICORN

Forget BTS. Listen to the true G.O.A.T. boy band: *NSYNC! [To all BTS stans reading this, I want to say...Bye, Bye, Bye...but also please keep reading.]



AQUARIUS

LETS MAKE ATLANTIS: THE LOST EMPIRE DISNEY'S NEXT LIVE ACTION REBOOT! <https://www.change.org/p/the-walt-disney-company-convince-disney-to-make-a-live-action-atlantis>



PISCES

Scratch that whole “A.I.M. Dating” thing from the Virgo Toikeoscope. Apparently most people IMing you saying a/s/l are old perverted fish WITH MUSTACHES!



WANT TO JOIN THE TOIKE? READ THIS BLACK BOX!

Are you fairly hilarious? We want you!
Can you photoshop like a boss? Join our graphics team!
Do you want to try your hand at humour writing? Become one of our staff writers!
Do you have the mad English skills required to pick out our typos and grammar follies? Do content editing for us!

HEAD OVER TO WWW.TOIKE.SKULE.CA/JOIN AND GET ON THE MAILING LIST!

You'll automatically be notified of upcoming meeting dates, times, and locations.

Alternatively, if you're interested in something specific, like graphics, editing, layout, multimedia, social media or distribution, email toike@skule.ca and let us know!

Get involved with your friendly neighbourhood Toike Oike! Anyone can join.
It doesn't matter what year, faculty, discipline, or college you're a part of; if you can read this then you're good enough for us.

EXCLUSIVE!!

TOIKIC PANIC

"GREASY INK" SEMI-PERMANENT HAIR COLOUR RUB

FEEL THE PAIN

BE THE PAIN

HOW TO APPLY

1

Play "I'm Not Okay" by
My Chemical
Romance

2

Press Toike angstily
against head, basking
in the angst

3

Rub viciously.