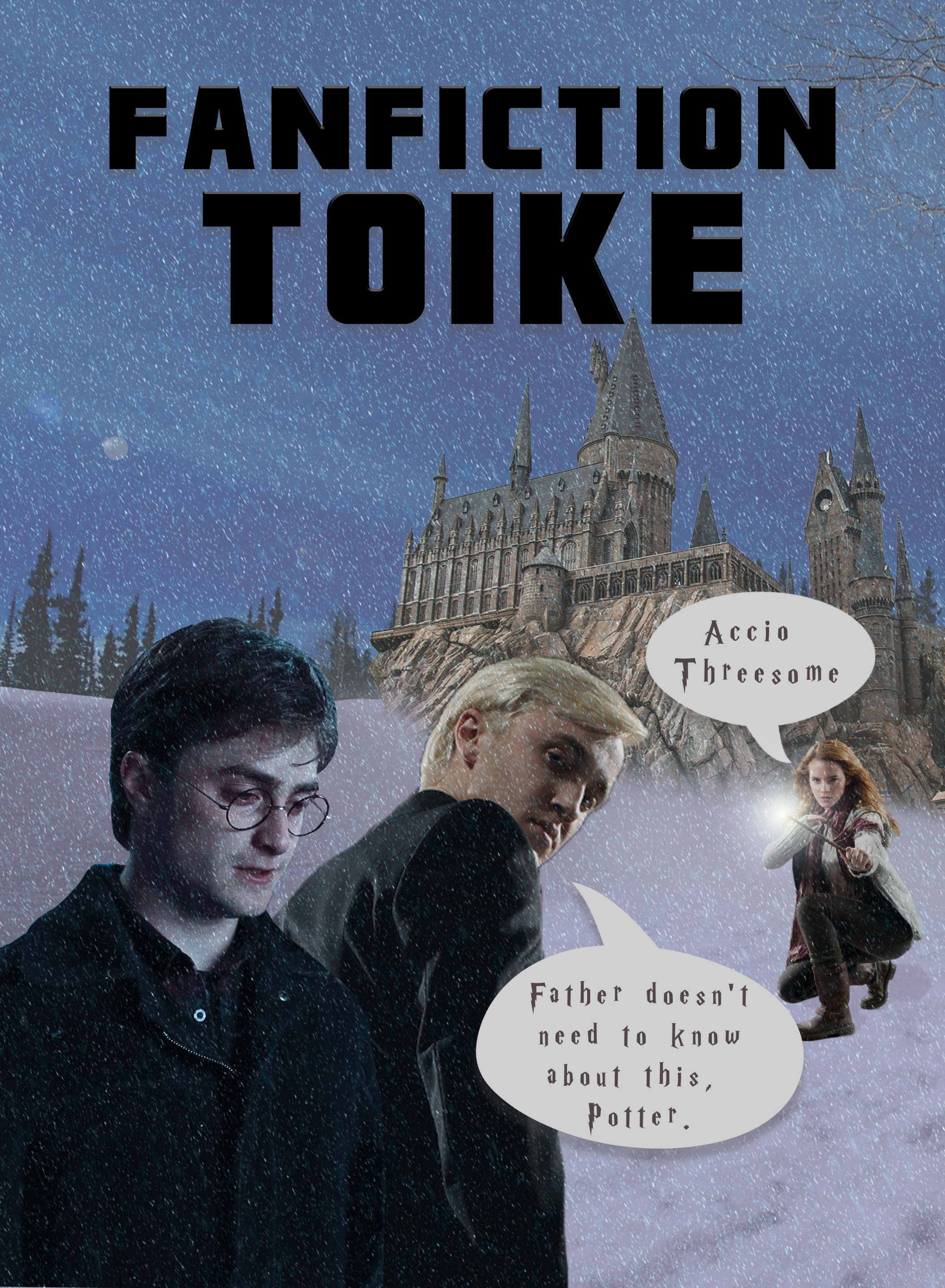


FANFICTION TOIKE



Accio
Threesome

Father doesn't
need to know
about this,
Potter.

EDITORIAL

A December *Toike*? It's been a while since we've had one of these hasn't it. I've gotten a lot of advice about this issue, from "do a reduced issue" or "don't do it", so I've decided to ignore all of it and run an extended edition because I am the Editor, and I can do whatever the heck I want.

Regardless, welcome to Fan-Fiction *Toike*! This edition was dreamt up during the idea meeting to the adorning of some, and the dismay of others. There's definitely some... interesting pieces in this issue, from

WRITE-ITORIAL

'Sup my biotches out there in internet-land. And yes, I do know that everything on the internet lasts forever, thank you for asking. Also yes, derogatory names associated with women are not cool - I am sorry.

This issue is about Fan Fiction. Yes, you read that right. I know what you are thinking because I was thinking it too and actually, I still am thinking it. What the [censored], *Toike Oike*?? How did you fall so far from grace?? T_T

In protest, and also in the name of our Goddess, Satire, I shall seek an outlet for my frustration. This will of course be in the form of the most cringe fanfic write-itorial possible ft. the executive team of the *Toike Oike*. Here goes nothing.

It's 2451 CE. The OLD EARTH has been taken over by sentient lettuce. The Letti [p]. Lettucses, I don't care if that's right or not. This is my story; deal with it] are the army of JO(ANNA). She has seized control of OLD EARTH, nobody knows why but we'll just say that it was for nefarious purposes.

Things are bleak. Humans can no longer eat lettuce. Instead, JO(ANNA)'s Letti army forces everyone to eat moss; punishment for their past crimes.

One day, a humble moss-farmer - our GOD, PARKER JOHNSTON - decides that he has had enough of this shit and sets off on a journey. In which a wise Sage, by the name of SPENCER, reveals to him that he is the CHOSEN ONE. The sage's pet, a xenomorph named JOEL, gives PARKER JOHNSTON a magic sword made out of the precious metal, Aluminium.

GRAPHICS-ITORIAL



the sexual activities of M&Ms, to a piece of *Toike* legend. On top of that, we've added the Graphics-itorial! A place for our graphics directors to sell out to whichever corpotate overlords they worship.

Anywho, Winter is definitely my favourite season, between the snow, the lights, the warmth! It's what I look forward to most every year. It's also a stressful time, between exams, obligations, and all that sort of stuff. I do hope you take a minute sometime to breathe in the cold, winter air that I love so much.

Thus, the journey begins.

On his quest to amass a following for his revolution, he meets a rocket mechanic working at the now defunct and bankrupt Musk Space Enterprises, GRAEME. The mechanic is frustrated that he is making no money building these hunk of junk rockets when there is much better, more advanced, and newer technology to be discovered. So, he quits for Musk and joins PARKER, the MOSS FARMER and CHOSEN ONE, and they set off towards THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO - JO(ANNA)'s evil lair.

Along the way, they bump into a trio of Sexy Martian Vampires (the SSWs), named NISHA, ESTHER, and URVI. These Sexy ladies agree to help them if they can solve a series of riddles.

GRAEME is really bad at riddles and the Martian Vampires are about to eat him when PARKER panics and says something random that just so happens to be the answer.

Meanwhile, at KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE, JO(ANNA)'s right-hand woman, NAT, is frustrated with JO(ANNA)'s constant demands for more kale. NAT is disappointed that their plan to take over the world went evil. The original plan was actually a bank heist gone wrong, and well, now here they are. All NAT ever wanted was to see how many heads of lettuce could wrap around the GLOBE, and now she's eating moss and being a narc.



Parker Johnston
Moss Farmer-in-Chief

PARKER and the GANG are almost at their destination. They meet a group of FREEDOM FIGHTERS - MAYA, KATE, and DINA - who take the GANG to their leader, PROFESSOR DEEKSHA. The FREEDOM FIGHTERS and the GANG finally arrive at THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

It is time for the final showdown - THE CHOSEN ONE vs LONE-LY LETTUCE LADY. JO(ANNA) decides that she doesn't want to fight anymore and gives PARKER the keys to the place. Her and her Letti Army leave for MARS and are chaperoned by the (now defunct) FREEDOM FIGHTERS to make sure that they get to the VAMPIRE MARTIAN PRISON successfully. They do not serve soup at the VAMPIRE SUPERMAX - but I guess that's okay.

This Fic's gonna end here with a bunch of LOOSE ENDS because we got a word limit and I've already gone over it by 320 words.

Yours,
Nisthervi, *Toike* Portmanteau Alias

But actually:
Live long and prosper,

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



The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

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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 going insane in quarantine into the *Toike* you see before you.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is fictional writing written by fans, commonly of an existing work of fiction. The author uses copyrighted characters, settings, or other intellectual properties from the original creator(s) as a basis for their writing. *The Toike* ranges from a couple of sentences to an entire novel, and fans can both keep the creator's characters and settings and/or add their own. It is a form of fan labor. *The Toike* can be based on any fictional (and sometimes non-fictional) subject.

DISCLAIMER

The 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**

Content Warning

EngSoc has required us at the *Toike* to warn you about the articles : “Sexy Septuagenarian Senator Stimulates Socialist Singles” and “Feel me up Scotty” due to their graphic nature. We recomend reading them with an adult nearby, for example a parent or guardian.

Alternatively, if you experience an erection lasting longer than 4 hours, please consult a medical professional.

DISNEY AS A PERSONALITY TRAIT

Mary Jane
Toike Botanical Expert

Yooooooo my fahmmms. Why is this italicized? Hold on. There we go. Fixed that. Anyways I want to talk with you today about those annoying zombies. Y'know, zombies. You probably have one in your life. Scratch that - you probably have SEVERAL. These zombies feed on content. And no, not juicy over-the-top satirical *Toike Oike* content like they probably should since that'd be actually GOOD for them. These zombies are slaves to Disney.

Ahhhhhh. You get it now. These zombies are people whose defining personality trait is their all-consuming obsession with Disney content.

Movies, music, merch. These people have seen, have, and done it all when it comes to their deity Disney. They've got fridge magnets of their family trip to Disney World Who even goes to Florida anyways? Against their will and better judgement probably.

Sure, I'll admit, Disney movies are fun. I like to sit down and watch them occasionally. Especially with

a bowl of cheetos. Uhhhh, I could go for some cheetos right now man. Shoot, this article is making me hungry. I'ma just fire off the rest of this in list form or something because I have the munchies so bad now ugrhrghhhh.

Who even is Walt Disney and why are y'all so obsessed with him? Can you imagine being a grown adult and being able to quote verbatim an entire children's movie? Yikes.

People who make Disney their entire personality also have a few other traits that I personally find unbearable. Like how they never shut up about their favourite character and how they're going to dress up as them for halloween, or even just around the house when nobody else is there. Really, these people just haven't discovered Studio Ghibli yet. They've got overactive imaginations, talking about who they ship who with and how they're working on their fanfic magnum opus.

If you have had the pleasure of being around one of these crackheads when they meet another zombie then you know what it's like to watch in disgust as two people instantly click. Yeah, I meant

TOP 5 MOST UNDERRATED DISNEY FILMS

Patroike Warburtoike
Toike Disney Fanatic

What's up Skulgans and Disney fanatics! It's Patroike here with another Top 5 list. In honour of this month's underrated Disney theme, we're gonna be ranking the Top 5 Most Underrated Disney Films! Let's get right into - what? They changed the theme? When? HALFWAY THROUGH THE IDEAS MEETING??? Well does it still have anything to do with Disney? How can something sort of have something to do with Disney? Are we talking children-filling-in-the-gaps-of-their-favourite-stories fan fiction or the raunchy shipping kind of fan fiction? Ok, I guess the filling in the gaps one isn't too bad. WHAT? WELL THEN WHY'D YOU SAY "FILLING IN" WHEN YOU MEANT THE RAUNCHY O-oh. That is gross?

Can I at least keep going with the article?

Ok, I guess I can try to relate the movies to the theme.

#5) The Black Cauldron
Alright, this movie is straight-up criminally underrated. It's got everything: action, adventure, drama, heroic sacrifici—you want me to say what? No, his name is the

that. Brain-dead Disney-holics link up with other brain-dead Disney-holics immediately. They start talking like they've been friends for years and suddenly your roommate's running off with some guy in a Walmart aisle while you hold all your groceries too stunned to say anything.

As they leap through the produce section singing that dumb love song from Frozen, you can't help but think - filled with regret - of every time you agreed to edit her fan fiction or helped her colour-code the fan art that adorns the walls of her room. And now, they've eloped and asked you to move out. So here you are, back in your mom's basement wondering where it all went wrong.

What were the warning signs? The compulsive sexualization of children's cartoons? Their altar of the House of Mouse?

Disney literally owns everything, fools! Wake up, wake up, wake up! You are selling your soul to a corporation that is capitalism at its finest.

Update: Since writing this article Mary Jane has become a socialist.

give it a ri- why are you winking? Oh. You were making another sex joke, weren't you?

#2) Treasure Planet

A sci-fi version of Stevenson's "Treasure Island", it's a shame that Disney mishandled the marketing for this one so badly. So, what are you gonna twist this one into? You gonna talk about how the cyborg probably has a high-tech dildo on his robotic arm? How about Morph, eh? Are you gonna say that this adorable childlike blob could turn itself into a floating fleshlight? Or are you gonna obsess over the cat-dog babies at the end like people obsessed over the Shrek donkey-donkey babies? JUST SAY WHATEVER PERVERTED COMMENTS YOU'RE THINKING OF AND GET IT OVER WITH ALREADY!

#1) The Emperor's New Groove

I wanna die. I wanna fucking die. This issue of the *Toike* is cursed. If we were printing it, we could at least burn all the copies. But we're not and we can't. The curse will live on on the internet. Forever. ... Emperor's New Groove was a pretty fun movie.

SEXY SEPTUAGENARIAN SENATOR STIMULATES SOCIALIST SINGLES

Alexander O'Shea
Toike Democratic Socialist

I met him at the bar. He had thinning white hair, thick-looking glasses, and a neatly pressed navy suit with a Congressional pin on the lapel. It's safe to say he wasn't my type. Nevertheless, he approached me, bottle of Ensure in hand, and introduced himself. "Hello, my name is Senator Bernie Sanders. It's very nice to meet you."

I introduced myself and politely chatted with the man for several minutes, all the while scanning the room for other prospects. And then he whispered the three words that would change my life forever: "Tax the rich."

Suddenly we were stumbling through my 200 square foot studio apartment, wrapped in each other's arms. I could feel my growing erection pressing into my zipper as the Senator talked about prison reform. "We're gonna cut the incarcerated population in half."

"Yes! Just promise to cut me in half first," I thought to myself. I tore off my pants, freeing my throbbing Member of Parliament, and went to rip off his \$250 suit when a firm hand caught my arm. He pulled a plain white handkerchief from his inside jacket pocket and

I felt the blood rushing once more to my swollen sausage. "Ready for Round 2?"

WHY IS EVERYONE SO OBSESSED WITH KRONK?

Ned R. Morrow
Toike Actual Journalist

Alright, I know Conspiracy *Toike* was last month but something weird has been happening since then and I need you guys to help me unravel the mystery. For weeks, the entire *Toike* staff has been obsessively talking about Kronk and I don't know why.

Now, based on the fact that *the Toike* is a reputable newspaper delivering hard-hitting journalism to trillions across the assorted galaxies we deliver to, I have deduced that this Kronk person is none other than world-renowned broadcast journalist and anchorman Walter Cronkite. Obviously, it's not unreasonable for staff to admire the man. But obsess over him? I'm skeptical. I mean, all this talk of Kronk "helping them pitch their tents" and wanting him to "tear them a new asshole" is peculiar, right?

Fuck! You know what? I get it. If Kronk were still alive, I'd probably wanna fuck him too. And that's the way it is.

placed it over my eyes. "Let's make you as blind as justice is going to be when we reform the judiciary."

The anticipation became unbearable. "I'm close," I gasped out. "Not yet," replied the Senator. "I want your balls to turn as blue as California." They obliged. He flipped me over like Stacey Abrams flipped Georgia. His pulsating Jewish corned beef teased my trembling butthole. "Let me socialize your health care so you can still walk straight next week."

With that, he entered my anus. "Choke me," I cried out between moans. "That's an excessive use of force," he whispered back. "Then what are you gonna do to me," I asked. He pulled me close so I could feel the moisture of his breath. "I'm gonna cancel your student loan debt because education is a right."

We came in unison and collapsed in ecstasy on the bed, the Senators arms still wrapped around me. "Thank you, Senator Sanders."

"You can thank me by continuing to exercise your right to vote."

I felt the blood rushing once more to my swollen sausage. "Ready for Round 2?"

I mean, I'm as big a fan of Cronkite's as any. His composure in November of 1963 while reporting on the assassination of John F. Kennedy was and is legendary. The way he took his glasses off and put them back on again while announcing that Kennedy had died was surely what inspired David Caruso's signature move on CSI: Miami.

And you've gotta love a man whose reporting on the Vietnam War precipitated the end of Lyndon "Big Dick Energy" Johnson's Presidency and whose 4-minute report on a popular British rock band helped launch the fucking Beattles to the US. Destroy my credibility with middle America, you well-dressed Monopoly man. Introduce arguably the greatest rock band of all time to the Western world, you sentient moral compass.

Fuck! You know what? I get it. If Kronk were still alive, I'd probably wanna fuck him too. And that's the way it is.

OPINION: TEXTUALISM IS JUST CONSTITUTIONAL FAN FICTION

Sonny Sotomayor
Toike Constitutional Law Expert

With the appointment of Amy Coney Barrett to the United States Supreme Court, the highest court in the USA has dramatically shifted towards a more textualist (or originalist) interpretation of the Constitution. But should we really be letting Constitutional fan fiction become legal precedent for decades to come?

Now, you might be thinking that I'm being too harsh to subscribers to "a legitimate practice in Constitutional law" but who in their right mind looks at a document written by a bunch of rich, white guys who barely washed their dicks and thinks, "I know what these dumb-fucks were thinking when they wrote this"?

The entire practice is predicated on figuring out what these probably neuro-syphilis-ridden whiney little bitches who wanted to pay less money for their tea meant when they turned their collective temper tantrum into a physical declaration of war and a set of laws. But wait! There's more! These "textualists" who definitely know what the framers meant even though the English language has drastically changed in the two centuries since the Constitution was written actually IGNORE any writings that clarify the FRAMERS' OWN FUCKING THOUGHTS! Well, as long as those thoughts "aren't cannon" to the interpreter. Like, I don't know, Thomas Fucking Jefferson saying that the Constitution is "a living document" meant to evolve as American society evolves!

Now, you might be thinking, these shit-for-brains "judges" have to at least be consistent in their interpretations of the Constitution. Surely, they must take each part of the document and interpret it as it would have been interpreted in the 19th Century. Of course they do.

HOW TO SKIRT AROUND INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY LAWS AS AN UP-AND-COMING FAN FICTION AUTHOR

Shirley Temper
Toike Resident Lawyer



Sue us Nike, I dare you

Just do it. Who cares. I would tell you to try to not over-do it but you probably will anyways so please at least just respect women. Thanks.



KRONK AS A FEMINIST ICON

Watrick Parburton
Toike Special Effects Artist

My dear friend, what are the defining traits of feminism? Some may say empowerment, others radical compassion, and still more that it's a social movement originating from humble origins. All of these opinions are of course true, and it's important to note that feminism is not defined by any one characteristic, but rather, it's objective. Full disclaimer, I am a feminist myself.

So what if I told you that one of feminism's greatest accomplishments was the objective portrayal of men in popular media? That's right ladies, let's dehumanize hunks. The term chad is in popular circulation right now, but it's crucial that we take a closer, more in-depth look into the history of the caricaturization of powerful male figures. Think about it, the strong man was almost always the protagonist, and then there was an equally strong man as his

antagonist. Leading ladies were romantic interests with no prerogative of their own.

Kronk, a beloved character in a long forgotten Disney film, The Emperors New Groove, is no such protagonist. In fact, he's a side character - and a clumsy, thick-headed one at that. And Kronk works for a woman, a smart one. Yzma is Kronk's boss and although she has her moments, Kronk respects her and does her bidding. Who cares if they're technically the villains? The protagonist was a whiny brat and deserved what was coming to him anyways.

Remember what I said about radical compassion? Kronk's most admired traits are his empathetic actions towards animals. There's no slaying dragons or hunting in this story. Oh no, Kronk wouldn't have it. Instead of your standard Disney princess chirping away at her tiny animal friends, we have this big hunk tickling his tiny squirrel buddies and feeding what

he thinks is a homeless llama. That's compassion. That's turning gender typical tropes on their head.

Yeah, okay, maybe Kronk isn't a perfect character, and he's definitely become a meme in recent years. (Who doesn't love a good Kronk meme though?) He even got his own follow-up sequel as the starring role. But what makes Kronk a feminist icon is not necessarily who he is as a character, rather its what he is as a plot point. The Emperor's New Groove is a Disney film about weak, dumb men being usurped by powerful women and then not knowing what to do with themselves. Kind of like what you'd see happening at a #metoo rally.

Kronk is an ally, okay? He respects Yzma. He cares for little animals. He's a handsome, strong man but he's not chasing down women just because he can.

Deal with it, Kuzco.

CHOKE ME, DUNDER MIFFLIN DADDY

James Halpern
Toike BDSM Enthusiast

Ok kiddos, things are gonna get weird in here real quick, so leave if that makes you uncomfortable. I'll wait. Are we alone? Good. Lemme start by saying that I know who you are, Toby Flenderson. You know what I'm talking about, you dirty depressed Dundee-less dingus. You're really gonna make me say it? Fine. I know you're the Scranton Strangler. And I'm into it.

So, whaddya say? Are you gonna choke me? Like you hate me? But you love me? Lowkey, wanna date me?

What do you mean, no? You're really hung up on that Pam girl, aren't you? What the hell man, you guys never dated or anything. You just touched her leg that one time. And it was really awkward. Like a Hindenburg level disaster. I'm honestly just surprised they didn't fire you on the spot. I guess there are some perks to being the only HR person at your branch though, aren't there?

Why are you climbing over the table? Wait a second, what are you doing with that rope? OH MY GOD!

YES! Choke me harder, Dunder daddy!



I WANNA LICK ALL THE STUDIO GHIBLI FOOD

Darth Vibrator
Toike Live-Action Cinephile

I have never seen a Studio Ghibli film. I can't even name one. Grand Budapest Hotel? Is that one?

Well anyway, it was a popular thing on the internet like a month ago for people on the internet to be like, "hey, look. Studio Ghibli food, directed by Wes Anderson, ahhhh, symmetry shots" or whatever, I never read the captions -- Wes Anderson made that Japanese cartoon nemo thing with the fish boy, right?

So the food, right? The food looks so damn good I want to

take my tongue and rub it all over until it chafes. Do they not feed the animators when they make these films? "You get lunch when the movie's done." Geez, it's like the animators are trying to make you stomach-horny and succeeding.

I wanna motorboat the hot ramen from the fish children movie. I wanna choke on the bento box from the movie with the oval bunny. Gimme the massive feast from the film with the mask-y ghost and lemme punish my colon for its various intolerances.

Someone give Wes Anderson a wet kiss on the lips for me, as a thank you for the food porn.

TOIKE TAKE - TORONTO'S WORST

P. Ennis Razer
Toike Slasher

This column features the 3 worst people, places or things (Nouns, for those of you who failed grade 4) in Toronto this month, personal bias definitely included.

3. Skating at Nathan Phillips Square – It's almost that time of year again: crowds of people skating in circles and taking cheesy pictures in front of the 'Toronto' sign. Meanwhile, there's nobody left at Starbucks to talk with me about my new passion project but hey, you're here now so just read this okay?

1. Whatever – who cares at this point.

2. TTC – The TTC has been really slow lately. Anyways, Ron could feel each breath on the back of his neck. He braced himself for the cold, but the rush of air was surprisingly warm, almost caressing his collar. "And what" whispered Snape, "have you come to see me for?". Both men knew that this question did not need to be answered. The tension had built to an almost insurmountable level, and it was only seconds until Ron felt strong, tapered fingers grip his cloak.

Ron's robe slipped away, down to his ankles with practiced ease. When he turned, he saw that Snape had disrobed as well, revealing a thin, yet muscular frame. Ron's eyes were drawn downward, grazing Snape's effortless 6-pack and settling on WAIT. Was he covered in syrup? Yes, a thick syrupy coating covered Snape's entire body from head to toe. Could it be... Ron dipped his finger in and had a lick. It was! Trader Joe's \$4.99 syrup, silky smooth and tasty as hell. Buy it now at your local Trader Joes or online at <https://www.traderjoes.com/>.

Honorable mention: How easy this was to write – It makes me very uncomfortable.

FEEL ME UP SCOTTY A SULTRY STAR TREK STORY WRITTEN BY SOMEONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT STAR TREK

I. P. Errwhere
Toixual Deviant

"Third base: the final frontier." These were the words Captain Kirk uttered as he reached to pull off Scotty's uniform in the darkness of Starship Enterprise's broom closet.

"Are you sure we should be doing this, Captain?" whispered Scotty as he resisted a little. Kirk stopped and gently placed Scotty's hands on his ass. He leaned in. "Feel me up, Scotty," he said, breathing heavily. Scotty's lips trembled; a little drool rolled off. He licked his lips as he leaned in towards Kirk.

Suddenly, the door burst open. There stood Mr. Spock, face like a thunderhead, his monstrous Vulcan dick swaying between his perfectly toned calves. Spock raised an eyebrow and looked down at Kirk and Scotty, whose hands were now firmly grasping Kirk's behind.

"It would be illogical to not use protection," advised Spock, for the first time, his mouth curled into a sexy grin. His palm opened, revealing a handful of condoms of various sizes and alien shapes. Then Spock pounced.

The three made love well into the next star system and spread to the bridge as more crew members joined in on the orgy (except, of course, for Mr. Sulu). Each and every redshirt wore no shirt, the glow of electronics illuminating their finely chiseled muscles and soft, round breasts.

Their passionate sex, however, was cut short by an incoming transmission.

"Open communications, Uhura," ordered Kirk, his head popping out from between Lieutenant Chapel's incredible bosoms. It was the Gorn--the very same one Kirk thought he had killed

that one time.

"What do you want from us, monster?" shouted Kirk. The tension in the bridge was palpable. Even Spock's comically large cock went flaccid as his attention shifted from the sweet booty meat he was pleasing to the situation at hand. But instead of showing aggression, the Gorn closed its eyes in resignation and smiled at the crew of Starship Enterprise.

"Room for one more?" the Gorn asked playfully as everyone on the bridge suddenly beamed with joy, for it was a known fact that he had many penises.

"Set phasers to love," said Kirk. "And Dr. McCoy, won't you raise your leg up a bit more?"

"Damn it, Jim, I'm a doctor, not a gymnast!"

Fin.

"BOUNDLESS": PAPER LOVE

Darth Vibrator
Toike I Graduated BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO QUIT YOU PLEASE LET ME GO

"Hey, so are you new here?" whispered *The Toike Oike* to the new satirical paper during the ANT100 in ES1050. Dressed in cuffed light-washed jeans, an un-ironic Patagonia jacket, unbranded beanie and Doc Martens, the new kid was a bisexual dream. Rumour has it, they were super popular online.

"Yeah, I moved here from New York. My family moves around a lot. It's not, like, a big deal," said The Boundary, their every word dripping with the honeyed pomposity of a young paper experiencing its fifteen minutes of fame. Still, *The Toike Oike* swooned, brushing the hair from their margins in a bid to maintain The Boundary's attention.

You see, no one really looks at *The Toike Oike* anymore. Nobody walks by, biting their lip, saying, "damn, *The Toike* is looking real funny today." The *Toike* even tried branching out into new forms of content, but nobody wants to watch two guys blend things. They felt old -- irrelevant, a relic of a bygone era. But *The Toike* had just gotten a new editor a few months earlier and was feeling confident lately -- relevant, even -- so they decided to take a chance and talk to the new kid.

"That's a really cool--"

"So, I hear you're the new kid," spat The Strand menacingly, slamming their Moleskine book of free-form poetry on to the small fold-out precariously perched on The Boundary's thick right thigh. The Strand's equally clunky Doc Martens tapped in double-time awaiting the satirical upstart's response.

"Yeah, what of it?"

"I just want you to know that you don't belong here and you never will."

The Toike Oike attempted to interject, "guys, please--"

"Can you guys shut up, please? I'm trying to get into grad school. Do you even know that is?" shouted The Varsity to everyone even though nobody ever wanted to hear what they have to say. The Varsity always spoke loudest of all the papers, even though they only ever published yesterday's shower thoughts filtered through the Oxford Dictionary. Everyone heard what they had to say, but no one cared.

"Guys, why can't we all--" started The Cannon.

"SHUT UP!" shouted back all of U of T's publications at The Cannon, the oft-forgotten engineering newspaper made for people too boring for *The Toike* and too engineer-y for The Varsity. Sat beside them was The Gargoyle, doodling nonsensical

nightmares on the syllabus in grey even though they have a sixty-four pack of Crayola pencil crayons.

"That's not very hoikity choik of you guys," added The Mike, judgmentally and secularly. The Mike was always trying to be The Varsity.

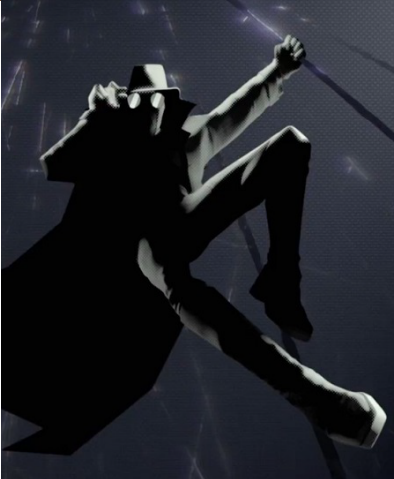
"Can we just get back to our lesson?" moodily cried The Varsity. "The break is over and I'm trying to maintain my funding for the year and I can't maintain my funding if I don't... you guys wouldn't understand."

"Fine, whatever. Vic loves everyone." The Strand picked up its sticky-note-riddled journal of unpublishable nonsense, and shot one last cutting look at The Boundary on its way back to its seat at the front of the class.

The Boundary shook its header in frustration, it's tangled brown locks bouncing down over the headline on the front page.

The *Toike* watched The Boundary. Was it attraction, was it love? Or was it an obsession, born of jealousy? The sexy young upstart and the forgotten mainstay. Star-crossed, cross-campus, interdisciplinary lovers -- could it ever be?

a) Spider-Man Noir: You're an enigma wrapped in a mystery surrounded by a thick fog of confusion. You've buried your emotions for so long that you're not even sure you have any anymore. And you're sure that everyone thinks that you just don't have any emotions. The truth is you just haven't found people you can trust. Yet. You'll find a family that loves and respects you eventually. For now, just keep on fighting those Nazis.



b) Johnny Blaze: You're a bit of a hot-head. You jump head-first into danger without giving it a second thought. But living life on the edge has its drawbacks and your actions can put the people you care most about in danger. You're better off a loner so you're the only one who's at risk. Just make sure you read every contract you sign very carefully from now on, especially when you're dealing with the literal Devil.



c) Balthazar Blake: Buddy, you've been on a disturbing downward spiral recently and, unfortunately, I don't think you've quite hit your low point. Maybe someday you'll get your career back on track but shit like this isn't the way to do that. Maybe you should take sometime to figure out who you are as a person.



d) Benjamin Franklin Gates: You're a very well-read crazy person who can think his way through any problem imaginable, provided said problem has to do with American history and extremely convoluted conspiracy theories. Fortunately for you, you live in a time when the Deep State was cool and left people treasure and not when they were a bunch of alleged child-trafficking Satanists.



1. What is your favourite colour?

- a) What's a colour? All I see are different shades of grey, which I just now realized is representative of the fact that I myself live in a moral grey area.
- b) Red. All I see is red. Because red is the colour of justice being served and the souls of the guilty burning away.
- c) Blue. Merlin's hat was blue. And so's my fire.
- d) Orange because I used an orange binder for my history classes as a kid.
- e) Black. The colour of death.
- f) Green and gun-metal grey. Both are the colour of money. Just in different ways.
- g) Hmm. I guess Caucasian because those are the only people whose faces I can take...off.
- h) Well, my mustache is brunette and it's my favourite thing in the world so I guess my favourite colour is brunette.

2. What is your favourite book?

- a) The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich by William Shirer. It's amazing to me that you defeated the Nazis decades ago on this Earth. Wait, they're BACK! FUCK!
- b) The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri. It's nice to imagine a world where the Devil is frozen in Hell rather than out and about, making deals with desperate souls.
- c) Harry Potter by J.K. Rowling. It's not accurate at all but it's a nice little story and it'll probably never be controversial. WHAT? SHE DID? Well, that's disappointing.
- d) 1776 by David McCullough. It has so many CLUES.
- e) Who cares about books? We'll all be in the ground soon, though not soon enough if you ask me. Time spent reading is time you could have spent drinking to numb the pain of your pointless existence. Fine, it's Hamlet by William Shakespeare.
- f) The latest issue of Guns and Ammo magazine. Well my guns say it DOES count as a book. No, this isn't the first time they've spoken to me. BACKGROUND CHECKS ARE UNCONSTITUTIONAL!
- g) The Face: Pictorial Atlas of Clinical Anatomy by Karl Wesker. It was...inspiring.
- h) Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens. I would have adopted that little thief in a heart-beat.

3. A cult has captured you and now plan on executing you with live bees. What do you do? (Editor's Note: Yes, I included this question. No, I didn't include Nic Cage's character from Wicker Man. Bite me.)

- a) Bees confuse me. They're striped two shades of grey but they're also a letter? I don't understand them. But I will.
- b) The bees can't hurt what they can't touch. Flame on! Wait, shit, that's that other guy's thing. At least it's the same brand.
- c) A little bit of magic should clear those bees right up.
- d) I ask the bees if they are part of the Knights Templar. They will lead me to a long lost treasure that my family has a weird personal connection to.
- e) I accept my fate. What's the point in fighting the bees? It's not the best way to go, but I won't care about the how of it when I'm dead.
- f) I shoot the bees. I shoot every last bee.
- g) I want to take the bees' faces...off.
- h) I let the bees build a home in my glorious and I raise them as if they were my own.

e) Ben Sanderson: Despite your appearance, you're a very serious person. People expect you to act all crazy all the time but that's just a façade you've grown tired of maintaining. You're done hiding the sadness that's deep inside you. At least your life ends with a bang (look it up).



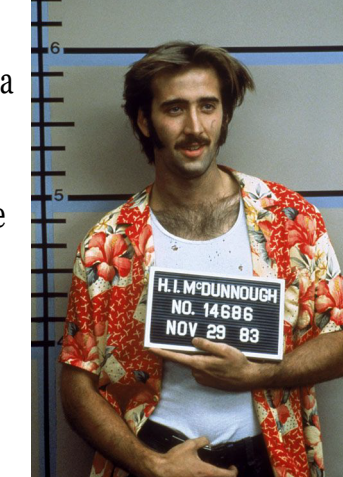
f) Yuri Orlov: Okay, simply put, you're a bad guy. Duh. In reality, you're more of an extreme capitalist than a pure villain but that might actually be worse. You like to play both sides of a conflict...at a price. You know what you're doing is wrong but you just don't care. I would tell you to go to Hell, but I think you're already there.

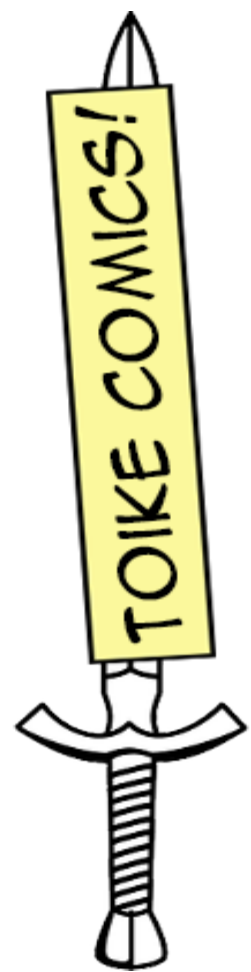


g) Castor Troy: You are seriously fucked up in the head. It's one thing to steal someone's face for escape purposes. Who hasn't done that? But not even Hannibal Lecter used someone else's face to get closer to that person's family. Seriously, seek help before you accidentally bomb a city or something.

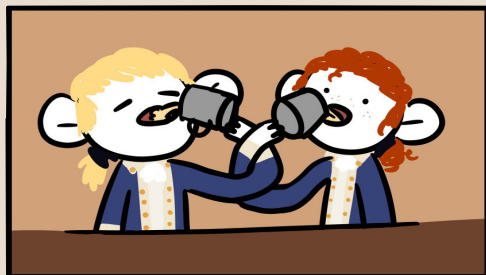


h) H.I. McDunnough: You're just a small child trying to make a name for yourself. Here you are, a fresh-faced (save a creepy-looking mustache) rookie avoiding using your family's name so that people don't give you special treatment. You have no idea how crazy your life is going to be, you sweet summer child. Just as a note though, YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO STEAL BABIES BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY!





Night out with the best boi.



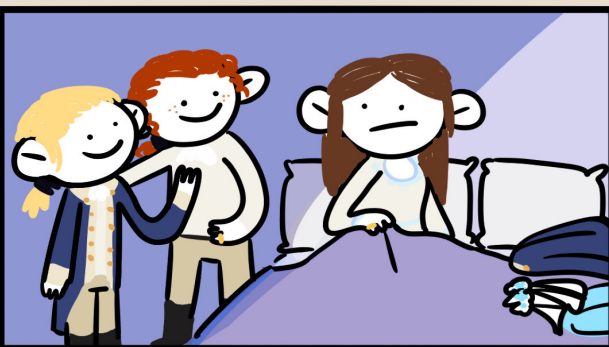
"Can express my affection for you"



It was a fine day for a ride.



We combined our height to achieve strategic advantage. We have befriended the marquis. We became the gayest trio.



My dear Betsey was thrilled to see John on our wedding eve.



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.

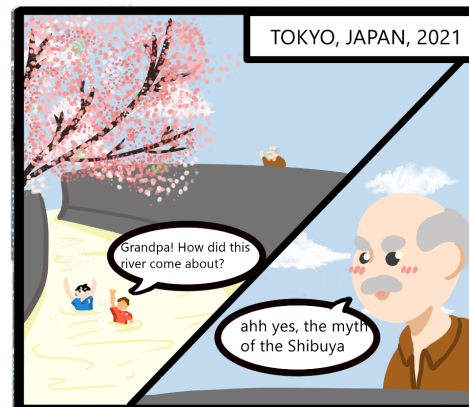
Alternatively, if you're interested in something specific, like graphics, editing, layout, multimedia, social media or distribution, email toike@skule.ca and let us know!

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.

The Myth of Shibuya

following the release of Godzilla V. Kong (2021)



BEN OF THE MONTH!
THIS ISSUE OF THE TOIKE OIKE IS DEDICATED TO.....



TOIKEOSCOPES



ARIES

Have you guys seen Shazam? That wizard was weird right? "Lay your hands on my staff so my powers flow through you?" "I open my heart to you?" Anywho, there's no harm looking for a homeless wizard and grabbing his staff to see if you get powers, right?



TAURUS

Hmm. This month, you'll embark on a great quest with someone very special to you. A philosopher. This quest will take you somewhere dangerous. To the frozen center of hell itself. Sounds like a fun time!



GEMINI

So you're the fucker who keeps on writing all the Suite Life of Zach and Cody fan fics. Sorry, Suite Life on Deck fan fics. The other would have just been weird. Anyway, I'm a big fan of your work. You just keep doin' what you're doin'.



CANCER

Go watch Divergent and then watch the Fault in Our Stars. Yeah, you probably like that the actors played siblings in one movie and a couple in the other, you sick twisted fuck. Go watch it again you perverted old Tumblr goblin.



LEO

into some weird stuff, aren't you? I'm getting a sense that you have fantasies about Aslan the Jesus Allegory Lion from Narnia...and he's with the White Queen? No, not the White Queen. Mr. Tumnus? No, not him either. OH GOD. THE KIDS?!?! WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!?!



VIRGO

Okay, you probably don't understand 90% of this Toike because we're all twisted shitheads and you're a pure soul so we're gonna change that. You should go to DeviantArt this month and check out some of the fan art. [WARNING: The Toike is not responsible for loss of innocence.]



LIBRA

This Toike's not weird, you're weird! We're normal. Just take a look at WattPad. That's a representative sample of the population, right? Anyways, the shit on there is way worse than the stuff we wrote here.



SCORPIO

Have you ever just jerked it to pictures of Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson from The Mummy Returns? What? You haven't? Yeah, me neither. What a weird thing to do. Is it hot in here? IT CAN BE HOT IN WINTER! CLIMATE CHANGE IS REAL, YOU P.O.S.



SAGITTARIUS

Mythology time. Do you think centaurs are the spawn of some unholy union between man and horse? Honestly, you should do us all a favour and test out the theory. For science, of course.



CAPRICORN

Alright, it's December so let's talk about Santa and his elves. Do you think...that he fucks the elves? Or is Santa more of a reindeer fucker? For the amount of time he spends watching little kids sleeping, I know that he's not getting any from Mrs. Claus.



AQUARIUS

I assume you've been spending a lot of time on DeviantArt and Wattpad, right? Well I've got some bad news for you. All that masturbating has probably left you a little dehydrated. Do yourself a favour and drink lots of water before you go back on.



PISCES

Okay, hear me out. Aquaman can talk to fish, right? And fish teeth are less in the way than human teeth are, right? And Aquaman's a very attractive man, right? Do you see where I'm going with this? [Completely unrelated, check out "Justice League is Sad" on YouTube]

CHOOSE YOUR UNIVERSE

TO ENTER THE UNIVERSE, RUB YOUR FACE
AGAINST YOUR CHOSEN OTP BELOW



YOU, A FANFIC
FANATIC WHO
WANTS TO
TAKE THE
SHIPPING
EXPERIENCE TO
THE NEXT
LEVEL