Oh the Places You'll Sleep!

Congratulations! You've finally here! It's nearly time to start a brand-spanking new year! You have brains in your head, and a foot in each shoe. This homework statement has no chance against someone like you.

You blew it all off, 'cause you still had a week. Now the deadline is drawing near, and you start to feel it.

You have brains in your head, but don't wear quite right. To complete all these problems by the end of the night.

And now you're all sad, feeling dumb and alone. Of pale green, as you get last week's ugly test grade. Months have gone by, and your face turns a shade.

Oh the Places you'll sleep!

There are times, you will find, you just need to unwind,

To complete all these problems by the end of the night. And now you're all sad, feeling dumb and alone.

The evening drags on, you don't think you can hold it.

The weight has been lifted, your head feels much lighter,

You're funnier too, you've got your friends in stitches, And the book is not the only feeling I have.

But when you stand up, it's like gravity switches.

You're seeing me, you just need to unwind. It's too late, you would think, to go back to your place, And that worn-down groovy couch seems a comfortable space.

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In the days when the Skulehouse was Little and Red, 
and the students were busy and boring instead, 
there was one time of year when they put their work down 
and the Toikemas-time spirit unfrowned all their frowns.

But one year the cheer halted, the work did not stop, 
and the essays were piling, the GPAs dropped. 
“It won’t come,” said the Grump. “But I had such big plans. 
I’m so ready this year but it’s out of my hands!”

Then the group all sat down with some bottles of Jack 
and they wrote ‘till their fingers and livers were black, 
And the Toikemas-time spirit – the Toikeman himself – 
came to help them all out like a buzzed Keebler elf.

But by noon when they woke they weren’t even half done. 
Every line was off key and they all had no fun. 
“Oh alright!” said the Grump, “I will write it alone! 
Since you hacks seem more eager to bitch and/or moan.

Alas he was persistent, and he dreamed up a scheme, 
if he had to save Toikemas, he’d drop a Seuss theme. 
A whole issue of rhymes! Wouldn’t that be a sight. 
(When you’re drunk engineers, verse is quite tough to write.)

So he called up the staff and announced with a smirk, 
“It’s a special edition, so drop all your work!” 
They all fought, as you might, but the Grump would not lose. 
The whole crew acquiesced with the promise of booze.

Then the group all sat down with some bottles of Jack 
and they wrote ’till their fingers and livers were black, 
And the Toikemas-time spirit – the Toikeman himself – 
came to help them all out like a buzzed Keebler elf.

Then he heard students laugh, and a hip TA too, 
they’d all found some fresh Toikes and were on them like glue.

“What the shit?” said the Grump. “Is this Toikeman’s last gift?”

“No, you cod,” said the staff, “we just pulled the night shift. 
We used some of your jokes, and then some of our own. 
This whole seasonal hubbub is quite overblown. 
There’s no point to a Toikemas which bids us adieu. 
Why just brighten four weeks when you’ve got fifty-two?”

And it hit our poor Grump what the month was about, 
that its spirit is found from within, not without. 
It was clear that his Toikemas was well all along 
but a joke that is forced is a joke not as strong.

And what happened then...? Well some Skuligans say, 
that some part of the Grump grew three sizes that day.
If I Ran the UTSU

Mike Literus
Tokyo-Tokyo Jetski Hangout

“It’s our student union,” said Teresa Nguyen. “Although the people who run it, We’re tired.”

“If we ran the UTSU,” chimed the Engsoc crew, “We’d make a few changes. That’s just what we’d do!”

If we ran the union, said Cory Sulczi, We’d start elections, by making them easy. Like a ratta-zap-zap, you know we’d waste no time,

“We’d do lots of projects, and have subcommittees,
Large demographics would no longer be banned,

We’d fix it all up, make some policy changes,
We’d be a true union, represent the whole team,

We’d do lots of projects, and have subcommittees,
Large demographics would no longer be banned,

We’d talk to the stars again. Yeah,

If people had problems, we’d listen to them,
There’d be no one crying at our AGM.
Our union would make the school so much fun,
And work for all students, from thy to mypanis.
We’d be a true union, represent the whole team,

But alas, friend, we don’t run the UTSU,
And with all those issues, there’s not much we can do.
They’re not too efficient, they don’t meet our needs,
Maybe, eventually, they’ll just let us write.

If the stars just woke up from a

Horton the Elephant Hear Voices in His Head

Steven Seagull
Tokyo-Tokyo Pissmaster

Horton the Hollywood Elephant has been living in the forest for the past few months, and we finally know why.
His familial release statement yesterday revealing that Horton has been seeking treatment for an

“We’re not going to watch such a talent actor burn out.”

They’ve been warned for not serving green eggs and ham.
Now they’re shut down, and Sam wears a large frown.

We’ve been following this story since the beginning. As a long-time fan of children’s books,, it’s

We talked to the stars again.

They’ve been warned for not serving green eggs and ham.
Now they’re shut down, and Sam wears a large frown.

At this moment, we have no
disaster!

This new project is a

Want to join the Toike? Read this Black Box!

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.

You’ll be automatically notified of any and all upcoming meeting dates, times, and locations.

Meetings are where we work on the Toike. They’re filled with great friends, good times, and tons of free shit like food and BEVERages.

Are you fairly hilarious? Can you photshop like a boss? Can you draw or sketch? Do you have an appreciation for humour? Do you have writing experience and want to try hand at humour writing? Do people think you’re funny but you’re far too modest to ever admit

A Business of Ferrets

I can’t believe it.

This new project is a disaster!

Doesn’t anyone know how to run a business?

Local Diner Closed for Health Violations

The Toronto Health Board recently closed Sam’s Diner, located on College and

They served them to women and children. They served them to women with children in them.

These green eggs and ham did read a great deal, they pushed more surgery than infamous street meat.
They would not stop, though they had no fans, they would not stop serving green eggs and ham.
So now they are shut down, and Sam wears a large frown.

Toike Oike Psychonomist

According to sources, Horton’s mental condition has been deteriorating at an alarming rate.
He gets too involved with his method acting,” says Steve Martin, director of the latest

Harvard psychology professor

We don’t have to hear this story twice.

We’re not going to watch such a talent actor burn out.

We talked to the stars again.

They’ve been warned for unsanitary conditions.
They’ve been warned for not serving green eggs and ham.
Now they’re shut down, and Sam wears a large frown.

If you answered “yes” to ANY of the above questions, we could definitely use a person like you!

You can keep yourself informed of our ever-changing and always home-cooked gala-suggestions on Facebook.com/collegefest

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This issue is dedicated to the memory of Angelika Baker, whom we remember in the best possible way.

We’re sure you have a good and

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