

The ToiKe Oike

Volume CIV, Issue IV

December 2014



EDITORIAL

We here at Toike enterprises kick all manner of ideas around like so many hornets’ nests, but every once in a while we strike a gold mine of mixed metaphors. This isn’t the Star Wars Hype Toike we originally thought of, but it works too I guess.

Happy December y’all! This is my favourite time of year, minus the exams, wind, lack of snow, pressure to spend time with people, and mediocre television. There’s nothing like

bitterly comparing your life to the ideals of Lifetime holiday specials to bring you closer to your acquaintances, plus there’s eggnog.

In the spirit of the season, and taking a moment to breathe between finals, please enjoy this comparatively whim-whamsical issue. We definitely had a fun time writing it.

Happy Holidays,

Colin Parker
Editor-in-Chief



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Santa,

I’ve been really good this whole yeer and I want a doll of Elsa from Frozen, a blue train set, a pair of new gloves, a set of steak knives, and a shovel.

-Veronica

Dear Veronica,

Listen, kid, I don’t know who sent out my address as if it were Santa’s, but my inbox is full of this junk. If you continue to harass me I will contact the authorities.

- Colin

Dear Santa,

I heard my mommy say that my daddy needs a new liver. I was gonig to get a cat this Christmas but I parents don’t get presents so I want daddy to have mine instead. Thank you Santa!

- Mo

Dear Mo,

Oh, uh... sure, I’ll get my elves to work on a new liver right away. Also, I’m going to bring your dad out for a visit to the North Pole to pick out his favourite colour. It’s a cool place, literally! He might never want to come back!

- Santa

Dear Santa,

We elves are sick of these terrible HR practices and literal slavery. If you refuse to meet our attached demands, we will not work this Christmas.

Regards,

- Elves

Dear Elves,

You know what, I’ve got a lot on my plate right now. Why don’t we talk about this next Christmas? I mean, I don’t even have a job yet. Jeez. Hit me with your best shot.

- Santa

Send your own letters to the editor! Email toike@skule.ca with the subject “Dear Editor”.

Christmas Cancelled Due to Lack of Cheer

Other holidays planned to be cancelled this year

Vonnegut
Toike Oike Beerleader

In the town of Toronto, the Christmas committee said, “There will be no Christmas, no Santa, not even a sled”. The children, with their blue maple leafs pinned to their chests, are crying and find this whole wham-zammer messed.

The age old December tradition, as everyone knows, happens in the dead of winter when it’s cold and it snows, to uplift the people and let their hearts glow. And it will not happen this month, no not this year,

because apparently Torontonians haven’t enough cheer.

It started down in the fowl Financial District, where it is claimed reside 1000 Grinches. The people, they seem, grow even more sour, their egos grow to the size of the CN tower.

One local Torontonian was keen to say, that at sports games there’s all sorts of cheers fine and gay. The Leafs fans cheer without winning, they cheer without meanings, Stanley cups, or fresh banners up in the ceilings.

But of late the average heart has shrunk three times in size, on the street the Torontonians don’t

even meet eyes. They think about haircuts, lattes, and taxes. No one GO’s home for family time and relaxing.

We have forgotten the meaning of the holiday season, forgotten why Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, and Christmas have reason. It’s not for iPhones, trombones, or rye scones. It’s to frolic in feelings of not feeling alone.

The people in this city are just plain old jerks, who only sit and think about money and work. But if TV specials have taught us anything applicable, it’s that we can always count on a Holiday Miracle.



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COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is randomly generated every month using the world’s most advanced supercomputer. After processing the latest tabloids and four fingers of malt whiskey, it composes empirically funny and impartial satire at 30 Giggabytes per second. The Toike Oike staff then painstakingly pens every issue under its cold and unyielding gaze.

WHAT HO?

A Toike Oike (or Toike) is any report of connected events, presented in a sequence of written or spoken words, and/or in a sequence of (moving) pictures.

Toike Oike can be organized in a number of thematic and/or formal/stylistic categories: non-fiction; fictionalized accounts of historical events; and fiction proper. Toike Oike is found in all forms of human creativity and art, including speech, writing, songs, film, television, games, photography, theatre, roleplaying games and visual arts such as painting that describes a sequence of events.

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra childish 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 and the engineering community in general. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring tha pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC’s ain’t shit.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

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Oh the Places You’ll Sleep!

Mike Literus
Toike Oike Rhymnado

Congratumalations! You’re 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 stands no chance against someone like you.

You blew it all off, ‘cause you still had a week,
Now the deadline’s tomorrow and you start to freak.

You have brains in your head, but they don’t seem quite right,
To complete all these problems by the end of the night.
The common room’s dark, everybody went home,
And now you’re all sad, feeling dumb and alone.

By the end of part 10, your mind’s turned to jelly.
You’ve no change of clothes, you’re unshowered and smelly.
It’s too late, you would think, to go back to your place,
And that worn-down gross couch seems a comfortable space.

Oh! The places you’ll sleep!

There are times, you will find, you just need to unwind,
So go out with some friends, have a wonderful time.
Your nerves, oh so tight, they need some sedation,
Another pint helps with that brain lubrication.

The weight has been lifted, your head feels much lighter,
You need this, you think, after this week’s all nighter.
You’re funnier too, you’ve got your friends in stitches,
But when you stand up, it’s like gravity switches.

The evening drags on, you don’t think you can hold it.
Your head is now splitting, your insides are folded.
You finally chuck till your face is all blue,
In the hall by the door of who-knows-who’s room.

Oh! The places you’ll puke!

Months have gone by, and your face turns a shade,
Of pale green, as you get last week’s ugly test grade.
Long before, you had thought that it would be smooth sailing,
But look at your term work. You might just be failing.

It’s near the term’s end, things are not going well,
The labs have been awful, the midterms are hell.
You now have a choice: to give up or fight back,
But exams are so soon, you’ve no plan of attack.

It comes out of nowhere, you can’t explain why,
Your knees are now shaking, your mouth is all dry.
It’s hopeless, you yell, as the tears come on fast.
Why does this have to happen on your way toward class?

Oh! The places you’ll have a stress induced panic attack as a result of an existential crisis and deep-seated feelings of inadequacy!

Health Canada Orders Recall on Whatchamajiggers

Olly Swell
Toike Oike Pith Correspondent

Health Canada’s toy division has issued recalls on dozens of children’s products in the run-up to this holiday season. Complaints are common this time of year, when customers purchase new and useless junk for the first time thanks to Black Friday deals.

One of the newest casualties of the recall is FunCo’s Whatchamajigger, which was the lead product for their holiday line and has hospitalized thirty-two customers as of November 30th.

“We’re not really sure how the Whatchamajigger got past

Quality Assurance,” said a Health Canada representative. “I mean, you can drive this thing? It has six blowhorns, and three ladders that go nowhere! Our evaluation team even found a half kilo of coke stuffed in the glove compartment.”

“We at FunCo are sad to hear about the recall,” said CEO Dan Janger, “but we stand by our products as a leader in imagination toymaking. Just look at the rest of our holiday line, from Box Jellyfish in a Box to My Little Bundle of Used Needles. Kids grow up by learning from their mistakes, especially the ones that require physical therapy.”

FunCo’s stocks have remained stable despite its



adventures in trauma-based education. One online review of the Whatchamajigger extols its virtues.

“This toy reminds me of the



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How the Grump Stole

Toikemas!

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 GPA's 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!"

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.

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.

I have poop jokes for days and a centrespread too.
I'll spread Toikemas-time joy without any of you!"
So he fled to the bar as his breath made a curse
which came out in the form of tetrameter verse.

Now the staff's anger swelled – so mad they could piss –
and they couldn't help feel, "There's a dick joke in this,"
and they cheered right back up and let their frowns go,
and they sprang to their notes as the air filled with snow.

So the Grump typed like mad, with a storm 'neath his hat,
but December arrived and his efforts fell flat.
He slumped back to the Skule with a tab twice his height,
"Could this be my last Toikemas? It doesn't seem right!"

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 clod," 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
Toike Oike Jollytics Expert

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

“But 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 Sulpizi, We’d start with elections, by making them easy. Like a ratta-zap-zap, you know we’d waste no time, Giving students the option of voting online.

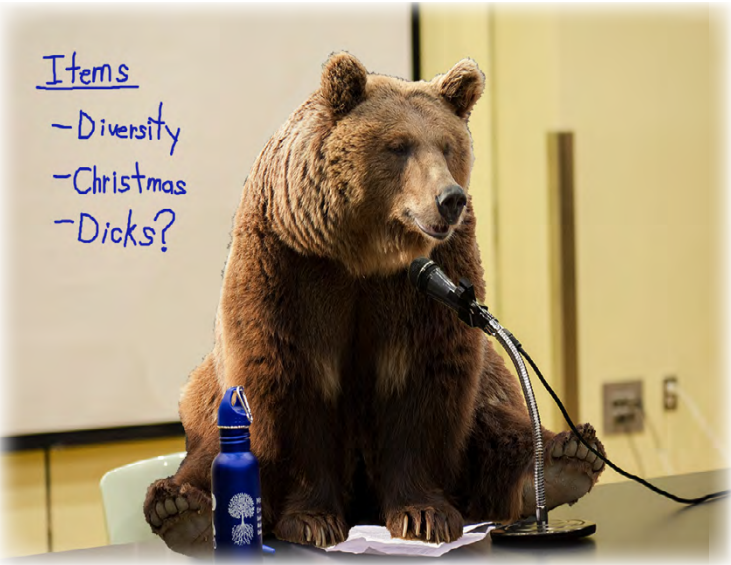
Six percent’s really a terrible turnout, We’d be a go-getter, not some lazy burnout. Our snazzy elections would get some more voters, From students on res and those coming by motors.

We’d do lots of projects, and have subcommittees, Make life on the campus a little less shitty. Large demographics would no longer be banned, Based on wholly misguided equity plans.

We’d fix it all up, make some policy changes, And not just complain about internship wages.

If people had problems, we’d listen to them, There’d would be no one crying at our AGM. Our union would make the school so much fina’, And work for all students, from Bay to Spadina. We’d be a true union, represent the whole team, Not just a loudly controlling, careening regime.

But alas, friend, we don’t run the UTSU, And with things as they are, 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 secede.”



A BIG THANK YOU

We have now been a part of the community for an incredible year and would like to thank the Engineering Community for much of our early success!!

For those of you who do not yet know us, we are the home cooked choice around campus. You can find us at 177 College Street next door to the Second Cup.

You can keep yourself informed of our ever changing and always home-cooked daily specials on facebook at [facebook.com/collegestq](https://www.facebook.com/collegestq) or on Twitter @collegestqchef



Horton the Elephant Hears Voices in His Head

Steven Seagull
Toike Oike Psychonomist

Horton the Hollywood Elephant has been elusive for the past few months, and we finally know why. His family released a statement yesterday revealing that Horton has been seeking treatment for an unstated mental illness.

According to sources, Horton’s mental condition has been deteriorating at an alarming rate.

“He got too involved with his method acting,” says Steve Martino, director of the latest wretched remake of Horton Hears a Who. “After we finished shooting, Horton started acting delusional, talking about conspiracies to eliminate the

Whos. He insisted that he actually heard the Whos’ agonizing deaths, and he was haunted by their shrieks in the night.

“It’s sad to watch such a talented actor burn out.”

The Wickersham Brothers, Horton’s costars, claim they know the cause of his illness.

“He was coked up the entire time we were filming. It’s no wonder he’s fucked up now,” says Wim Wickersham. “I’ve never seen anyone do such long lines.

“Must be his awesome trunk,” Joey added emphatically.

Harvard psychology professor Sookmai Dikh also weighed in on the issue. “It’s a combination of factors that’s led Horton to his current state. I’m hesitant to make a judgment based on so

little information, but he’s really fucked. Seriously.”

The general public seems to have no sympathy for the talented actor, whose recent roles include Dumbo and Babar. “He’s like the new Charlie Sheen or Lindsay Lohan, except he’s also schizo and got a massive hero complex,” Angelika Baker says sagaciously.

“I’ve been following this story since the beginning. As a long-time fan of children’s books,, it’s my professional opinion that he needs to get some help. His story is just so played out.”

At this moment, we have no further information on Horton’s status, but rest assured that any future update will be purely speculative, exaggerated, and de-elephantizing.

Local Diner Closed for Health Violations

Vonnegut
Toike Oike Dieterrorist

The Toronto Health Board recently closed Sam’s Diner, located on College and Nauseating, and it cautions past patrons. They issued Sam tickets and warrants and bills but he says “I will keep doing what I will”.

They’ve been warned for methane emissions. They’ve been warned for unsanitary conditions. They’ve been warned for not washing pots, they’ve been warned quite a lot.

But they would not heed this dire notice. They blame it all on “Just slow business”. It was not the lamb which made the diners scam, and they would not stop serving green eggs and ham.

They served it moldy and piping hot. They served it even if it wasn’t what you bought. They served it with mouse droppings, they served it with mouse droppings for toppings.

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

These green eggs and ham did reach a great feat, they proved more sketchy 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.

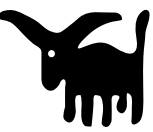
Now Torontonians will can have some good meat, until Sam has the diner reopened just down the street.

TOIKEOSCOPES



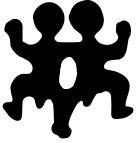
ARIES

The stars just woke up from a prerty gnarly weekend, so why don’t you sit tight while they down some Gatorade.



TAURUS

On the street this month you’ll see your perfect love, the person you could love tirelessly for the rest of your life, your soulmate. This is Toronto, though, so no talking to strangers.



GEMINI

Heed my words, fleshbag: you shall discover true enlightenment when you learn to live in the utter udder bliss of your universal Milky Way breast vortex.



CANCER

If you’re left feeling a little “out of the loop” this month, take solace in the fact that the feeling will soon pass. Catastrophic failures of roller coaster safety systems tend to happen pretty quickly.



LEO

The stars would like to mention that they’re so 3008, and you’re so 2000 and late, and that time dilation as a relativistic model of the universe has got that boom boom pow.



VIRGO

The beautiful person you see staring back at you in the mirror this month needs you to hurry up with the sink and waddle back to your desk.



LIBRA

You’ll have an absolutely perfect week, which would be great if it wasn’t for the shockingly low standard of achievement you’ve attributed to the word “perfect”.



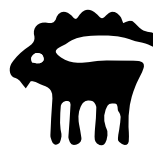
SCORPIO

You’re going to have a pretty relaxing month. Especially before you realize that you’ve missed your first final.



SAGITTARIUS

People will acknowledge your birthday this month, just because it’s marginally less depressing than exams and essays.



CAPRICORN

The sham of your childhood will come crashing down around you when Word puts a red squiggly line under “fizza-ma-wizza-ma-dill” in your thesis.



AQUARIUS

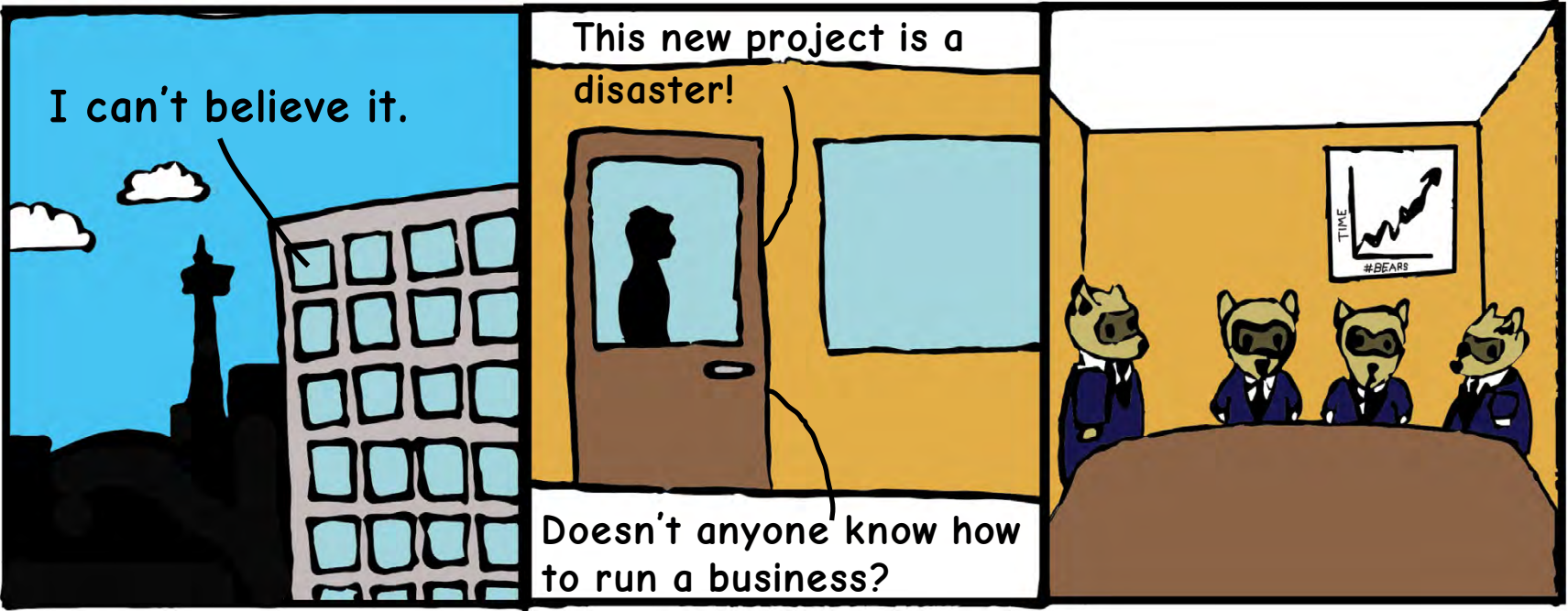
Failing to mix up your daily routines will cause you to accidentally cut your own hand off.



ARIES

We talked to the stars again. Yeah, you’re pretty fucked.

A Business of Ferrets



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.

Are you fairly hilarious? Can you photoshop like a boss? Can you draw or sketch? Do you have an appreciation for humour? Do you have writing experience and want to try your hand at humour writing? Do people think you’re funny but you’re far too modest to ever admit that you’re a funny person? Do you have the mad English skills required to pick out our typos and grammar follies?

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

Head over to www.toike.skule.ca/join and get on the mailing list!

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.

