

U OF TOIKE



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EDITORIAL

Ahem.

It is my great pleasure to welcome you to U of Toike, the most prestigious newspaper-university-thing on campus. Whether you picked this issue out of your frosh kit or off of a graduate student passed out under their chair, you’ve taken your first step into a world of humour and depravity.

If this is your first time picking up a *Toike Oike*, you should know that it’s unlike any of the distinguished (but slightly less illustrious) newspapers on campus. It is not dedicated to hard-hitting news and, in fact, you should really take everything written on the following pages with a grain silo of salt. As the Engineering Society’s humour newspaper, the Toike is here to deliver the laughs to students across campus.

No, I don’t know how we get

away with this shit either, but get away with it we have!

From the Toike’s fumbling adolescence in the early 1900’s, club notices were flush with one-liners of questionable taste. After every lawsuit, exam, and war the Toike has returned funnier than ever. We have made some, er... mistakes, but the spirit and skill which have brought the Toike back bring me hope that we will continue to learn from them.

Speaking of mistakes, I’m excited to be your Editor-in-Chief for the coming year! I can’t tell you all of my plans for the newspaper, but I can speak in this tantalizingly vague manner about them and promise that they’ll be cool. I will note that I’m surprised that the Engineering Society approved my request for 200 feet of Laffy Taffy and a Medieval suit of armour.

And so it with the spirit of



optimism that I welcome you back to the whimsical grip of the Toike Oike. I have to say I’m pretty stoiked about this year. I look forward to toiking you on a journey full of laughter! It should be really be something to toike about.

Okay, I’m done.

Swag out,
Colin Parker
Editor-in-Chief

WRITER’S BLOCK

Ah, September. The leaves are turning, classes are starting, and nobody is quite sure yet if it’s shorts weather or cozy sweater weather. Most lost of all are the frosh, who have no idea what the fuck is going on and still probably think university is something like Pitch Perfect.

Here at the Toike we are beyond pleased to welcome you to U of T, and really sorry about what’s going to happen to your GPA, social life, and bank account over the next four years. To help you deal with all the pressures of university we recommend dropping by Suds to grab some drinks every Friday

night, thereby numbing yourself to the harsh realities of life.

Of course, it isn’t that bad here at U of T. Heck, we’re Boundless! And while sure, we have no idea what that’s really supposed to mean in any specific or useful way, it’s at least something to say when your family asks you what university is like.

And with that, dear readers, I leave you. There’s a party I was invited to tonight, and I need to pick up some wine to drink while binge-watching The Mindy Project instead of going to that party.

Faithfully yours,
Samantha Summers
Senior Staff Writer



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,	Dear Editor,	Dear Jane,
What even is this paper?	Why aren’t you as cool as John?	<i>Uh, of course not. This is a great way for me to get in touch with the Toike Oike’s lovely, not to mention loyal, readership.</i>
-Lin	Sincerely, Totally not John	Colin
Dear Lin,	Dear Totally not John,	*
<i>This paper is 12-page tabloid print, 1/2 fold. Snazzy, right?</i>	<i>It would be hard to be as cool as the ex-Editor without going to Siberia. Which is where I’m going to send him, by the way.</i>	I just wanted to say, keep up the great work!
Colin	Colin	-Totally not Colin
*	*	Dear Totally not Colin,
Dear Editor,	Dear Editor,	<i>Thanks man. You know, that really means a lot.</i>
So, how many swords does the Toike have, exactly?	Are your responses to these letters going to be as snide as previous editors’?	Colin
-Malcolm	-Jane	
Dear Malcolm,		
Yep.		
Colin		

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



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SPECIAL THANKS TO **The Textbook Vigilante**

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 Giggibytes per second. The Toike Oike staff then painstakingly pens every issue under its cold and unyielding gaze.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is an institution of higher education and research which grants academic degrees in a variety of subjects and provides both undergraduate education and postgraduate education. The words “Toike Oike” are derived from the Latin Toikus Oikus, which roughly means “community of teachers and scholars.”

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra educational 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

The Toike Oike is a member of Canadian University Press

Air Canada Flight Ends in Tragedy After Oprah Does Pre-flight Presentation

Kate Middleton
Toike Oike Cartesian Airline Pilot

ATLANTIC OCEAN – Forty-seven are in critical condition following the crash of Air Canada flight 1035 from Toronto to London into the Atlantic Ocean. The flight began on a happy note, with a surprise appearance from beloved T.V. host and celebrity icon Oprah Winfrey treating passengers to a special Oprah-fied safety presentation in which they were promised new cars, vacations to Tahiti, and autographed copies of her favourite book.

The joie-de-vivre felt by all those on the plane as a result of Oprah’s magnetic personality and contagious enthusiasm for life began to falter two hours off the coast of Newfoundland, when the first of the plane’s two engines began to experience mechanical problems. The engine failed completely a half hour later, and the second engine burst into flame soon after.

Careful maneuvering by Pilot Amrit Singh allowed the plane to land with minimal damage in



fall of oxygen masks which they had been assured would increase their chances of survival on such an occasion, and were devastated to find that when the overhead panels opened they revealed not life-preserving masks but round-trip first-class tickets to Tahiti.

Passengers eagerly awaited the

the ocean, however when staff searched for the inflatable life rafts that are required by law to be on every commercial airplane they instead found 200 autographed copies of Sue Monk Kidd’s *The Life of Bees*, a touching coming-of-age story about a young black girl in in the American South in 1964.

Passengers were instructed in-

stead of don their life vests, which are kept underneath the seats on Air Canada flights, but were only able to find keys to brand-new Honda Fits.

All on board were soon rescued by Ms. Winfrey’s personal Coast Guard crew, and are now in recovery at a private medi-spa Ms. Winfrey owns in Bermuda.

Police Demonstration Disrupted by Activists

Officers still recovering from vicious tauntings

Vinnie Briey
Toike Oike Beat Cop

TORONTO – What started as a peaceful assembly of law-enforcement officers downtown devolved into chaos as hostile civilians attempted to break up the demonstration.

“We had just gotten some new riot gear and decided to get everyone out wearing it, to see what it looked like, if it fit, that sort of thing,” said Constable Jessica Harding. “We had a professional photographer come out to take some pictures in front of the station, to use for our office’s Christmas cards, but as he started taking the first pictures we could see people getting curious about what was going on. After a few minutes they started to try to get in the way of the camera, and when we told them to leave they started acting hostile. At least three of them called us pigs, which was just completely unfair.”

Within minutes a handful of people had turned into an angry mob and College Street was packed with protesters.

“You can imagine how nervous we were to be facing all these angry people, and we were wearing brand new equipment!” Harding continued. “We weren’t exactly eager to get it scuffed up. I would have preferred to use it in a controlled training exercise with coworkers. At least then you know



According to independent investigation, the police force’s new riot gear is both cozy and functional.

the weirdo you’re up against.”

After an hour several people in the crowd spontaneously produced megaphones and began verbally abusing the officers. Witnesses reported a wide range of anti-police expletives including “donut munchers” and “ticket monkeys”, though the majority of which were unfit for printing.

“It’s been very upsetting for us,” said Toronto Police Chief Norm Crichton. “I mean, sure, we eat donuts and coffee, but so do a lot of other people. It’s not all

we do, either. I know one officer who drinks tea. I think it’s hardly appropriate for these people to be making snap judgements based on the colour of our uniforms.”

“When you’re on a megaphone in a crowd, people look at you as an authority figure,” he continued, “and in the wrong hands that megaphone can become a weapon. It is clear to me that until we have stronger legislation to prevent maniacs from using these weapons our officers need to be better equipped.”

The police did manage to subdue the crowd in short order, with a few gentle taps of their nightsticks and just three reported cases of friendly pepper-spraying. Chief Crichton was unable to comment on any arrests or charges to be laid against the protesters, but added that a self-esteem workshop and counseling services would be available for verbal assault victims, and that the Commissioners are considering adding de-sensitivity courses to the officers’ training regimen.

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Freshman’s Ability to Hold and Use Chopsticks Not as Special as He Thought

Dinobot
Toike Oike Forking Expert

University of Toronto freshman Mike Morgan’s vision of Tuesday night’s sushi outing was turned sharply on its head last week as, to his horror, each and every person accompanying him unexpectedly had a stable grasp on how to hold and use chopsticks.

Just one week after moving to Toronto from Smallwood, Ontario to attend the University of Toronto for a Bachelor of Psychology, Mike had already gathered a small group of five frosh to accompany him to a sushi night out. Sushi, a rare and exotic food which only a fraction of the rural Smallwood population had dared try, was a speciality of

Mike’s and from day one he was eager to flex his cultural prowess.

“Where I come from, just knowing that Chinese isn’t a language but rather Mandarin and Cantonese are what’s spoken in China made me the most multilingual person in town,” explained Mike in a later interview. “I’m the first person to leave town to attend a university in five years, and the first male in six years to graduate high school without a pregnant girlfriend.”

Among the five-person sushi cohort were Lisa Harmon and Lauren O’Bailey, two students on Mike’s “would sleep with” list also attempting their Bachelor of Psychology, and whom Mike had intended on impressing with a brief tutorial on chopstick use. Sadly, Mike’s vision of deftly using

chopsticks to effortlessly consume piece after piece of sushi while his friends struggled not to drop food on the floor was a harsh contrast to the events which actually took place.

“As soon as we sat down I knew something was wrong,” described Mike. “As my friends identified and opened the chopstick packets I felt myself begin to sweat.”

“One guy, Tom, broke his chopsticks apart and starting rubbing them together to remove any excess shavings. I felt my heart trying to rip itself out of my chest as I struggled to cope with the fact that my secret pre-meal move was executed almost mindlessly and not a single person at the table seemed to have noticed.”

“As Lisa opened the menu and starting complaining that the

bento boxes were too inflated with California rolls, I knew there was no hope for me and I immediately suffered a stroke. The left half of my body went numb and I felt myself beginning to drool.”

It was when Lauren broke off a piece of wasabi and began mixing it into a small volume of soy sauce that Mike suffered his second stroke, this time on his right side. Unable to remain sitting his head careened into the table his nose was broken three places.

Mike has since fully recovered and, while suffering from a minor identity crisis, hopes to regain his confidence by dazzling his peers with the christmas lights he set up in his dorm room and by toting a messenger bag to class in lieu of a backpack.

Frosh Friendships Fade with Purple Dye

Harry T. Stickle
Toike Oike Head Leedur

Last year the Engineering frosh received a stern reminder of the dangers of frosh week when Kevin Mahmoud was found sobbing in his empty bathtub by his roommate. His skin still tinged with dye, and he could only be heard uttering, “no, purple, no,” until paramedics arrived for him.

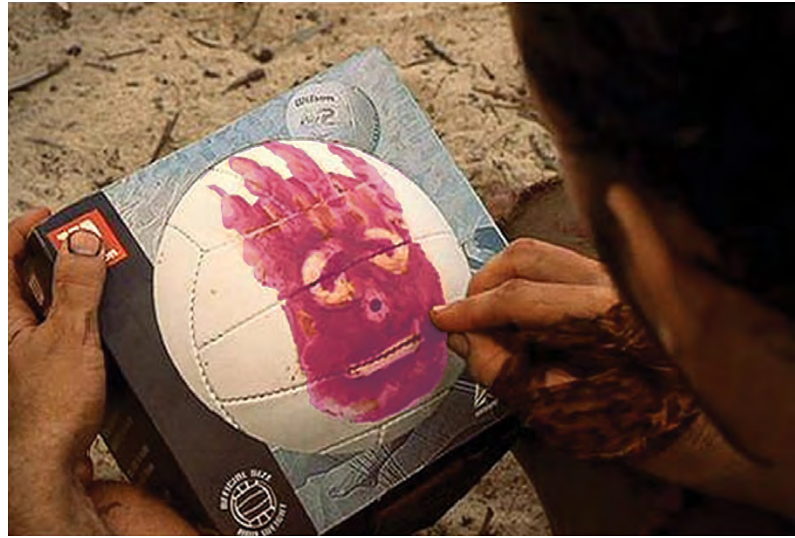
“I was the most popular guy back in frosh week,” Mahmoud told the Toike after his recovery. “I was that keener frosh in Beta who started the chants all the time. I had made about a hundred friends from all the groups. But, after the purple dye faded on Wednesday, no one recognized me. I kept on telling them I was Kevin, but they didn’t believe me.”

The Toike asked Kevin what he remembered from before he was found crying.

“To regain my popularity, I stole some leedur dye from a secret location that I’m not allowed to discuss. I started pouring the dye over myself until I was as purple as Barney the Dinosaur. However, the alcohol

in the dye got me drunk and I fell asleep in the washroom trying to wash some out of my eyes. The next thing I remember is the Skule Patrol dragging me out while I was still hungover.”

Ongoing research suggests



Engineering frosh resort to creative measures to relive Frosh Week.

that Kevin may not be the only victim of this tragedy. The medical condition named *purpulus fadeoulus* may indeed afflict hundreds of frosh every year.

The Toike recommends some steps you can take to defend yourself against this condition and have a safe and enjoyable frosh week. First, don’t leave your room until the dye completely fades. Then, make sure everybody else out in public is clear of the dye themselves. Only then can you start making friends from scratch and bitch about how you hated frosh week because you made no friends at all.

We have no idea how all the frosh are going to cope with meeting with each other for the second time. However, it seems like joining an irresponsible amount of clubs and pretending to be 19 may be the answers many are looking for.

How to Survive a TTC Delay

Part one of six: Making camp

Very Real Nigerian Prince
Toike Oike Bear Grylls Impersonator

MUSEUM STATION –

Imagine that you’re making your way down the yellow sub-way line, and somehow you’re squeezed out onto the Museum Station platform. Someone pulls the passenger assistance alarm at the last station, and you’re now stranded here for days.

Despite the safety of modern technology, this unfortunate situation is encountered by many and survived by few. I’m going to show you how to survive long enough for the next train to arrive.

The first thing you want to do is examine your surroundings.

Should you get off at Museum station like I have, you will see strange pillars adorned with demonic-looking stone heads. These fearsome structures were sculpted by an ancient, long forgotten unionized downtown construction company, and are rumored to contain the bones of their fallen brethren and their class action lawsuits for workplace safety.

Along with a seemingly endless pathway on your left and right, there is also a central staircase that ascends upwards. You will explore these later on, but right now you will have to find a source of fresh water and food. Begin

searching your surroundings for a distinctive metal structure. It should have three round openings on top, with symbols reading “Recycling” and “Litter” left here by previous explorers.

These structures are sacrificial altars used by visiting pilgrims, who cast offerings into specific openings. Inside the blue “Recycling” opening you should be able to find clear canisters with small amounts of water inside. Inside the “Litter” opening, you can find offerings of food. Do be careful when taking these relics, since the natives will likely find it disrespectful.

I have personally found

some fried chicken bones, and I hope you will be as lucky in this situation. These provisions should sustain you until nightfall, but if not you can also hunt for fresh game by the subway tracks. Mice are a very good source of protein, and their fur is a prized commodity.

The first night of a TTC delay is often the hardest, but luckily the station is protected from the elements. Seek refuge near benches or the aforementioned bins for the time being, and avoid the yellow tiles. I will cover more survival tips and how to build sustainable lodgings in the next edition of this series.

News Briefs

East Coast Wrecked by Hurricane Morgan Freeman

What began as a dulcet class-1 twister off the coast of Florida became a sultry class-3 storm over the weekend, leaving hundreds ravaged and oddly comforted across the Maritimes. The low, baritone winds blasted Nova Scotia for an estimated \$24,829,261 in damages (via IMDB).

Victims are have been left with a sense of optimism despite the damages. However, experts say that this could just be the first in a series of dramatic storms.

Mayoral debates to receive 18+ rating

Toronto’s recent mayoral debates stirred discord after candidates pulled facts directly out of their asses live on national television. Hundreds of viewers were scarred by the shameful display, though several have noted that they were “already used to it”.

Upcoming debates are to be prefaced with a lengthy skit encouraging viewers to turn off their television and go outside for a while. In addition, press conferences are to be placed on an eight second delay and replaced by the soothing sound of a fog horn for the majority of their duration.

10 Year Double-Blind Study Reveals No One Wants to Listen to Your Goddamn Phone Call On the Train

Recent findings from the Department of Urban Studies at the University of Toronto have determined that literally nobody wants to hear your cellphone conversation on the GO train and that you should shut the fuck up.

Ongoing research into the issue led researchers to the conclusion that one cares that you’re making vegetarian Creole lasagne bagels for supper again, and that the reason people are staring at you is that they’re goddamn furious. Researchers have also concluded that you should probably stick to texting next time, or so help me God, I will throw your phone onto the tracks at the next stop.

U of Toike Tip!

Anything is a study snack if you’re hungry enough!



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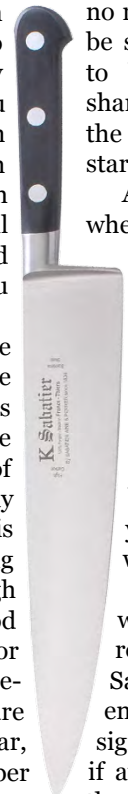
Is My Roommate Going to Kill Me?

Eric the Misread
Toike Oike Survivalist

UNDER THE BED –

I cannot stress enough how bad an idea it is to live with a randomly selected roommate. If you played Russian roulette with a double-barreled shotgun and then went to sleep in a locked room with a total stranger, the shotgun would still be the safest thing you faced that day.

Unfortunately, if you live in residence, chances are you’ve already made this mistake. Fortunately, you’ve gotten the biggest mistake of your entire life out of the way early. All that matters at this point is learning the warning signs and making it through the year. It might be a good idea to let a family member or loved one know of your whereabouts. They can make sure you make it through the year, or at least that you get a proper burial.



If your roommate stays up all night and sleeps all day, chances are he’s fucking watching you while you fucking sleep. There’s no reason to be afraid. Just don’t be surprised when you wake up to him breathing heavily and sharpening his hunting knife in the pale light of the moon while staring at you.

And here’s another thing: when you go to class, your roommate is at home. When you get back, your roommate is at home. There’s no getting around it: your roommate is probably observing your habits and patterns in order to more effectively kill you and wear your skin. It sucks, but don’t panic; panic makes your skin looser and easier to wear.

Of course there are other warning signs, like if your roommate frequently prays to Satan or plays League of Legends. Pay attention to these signs and sleep with a handgun if at all possible. Good luck out there. You’re going to need it.



A Match Made in the App Store

Taking a look at the new ways people are using the Internet for sex

Harry T. Stickle
Toike Oike Ship Captain

The popular hook-up app *Tinder* has attracted all sorts of users, even those looking for love. The Toike Oike sits down with the first couple to get engaged after meeting on the social platform.

Toike: Thanks for taking the time to talk to us. How did you two get started using *Tinder* as your partner-seeking, genital-matching mobile app?

Becca: Well, the app really changed my life. I was on a bit of a dry streak until my friend suggested that I use *Tinder* to find “hot locals in my area” and it seems like it worked. Jacob is actually my first guy, and hopefully my very last.

Toike: That’s a really touching story. How did you start using this app, Jacob?



Jacob: Oh man, I had been single for two years now. Studying engineering and stuff, you know. No time for girls. No girls I was into. Just no girls. This *Tinder* shizzle saved my butt. I logged on, uploaded a few hot pics of mine, and started accepting everyone who came up.

Toike: Wait, so you said yes to every girl you saw on *Tinder*?

Jacob: Of course! You know what engineering is like. I once hooked up with a warm Pop Tart because no one had touched my lips for the last two years. So, I was swiping right for all of them until I saw Becca two weeks ago.

Becca: You hesitated for me? Didn’t you think we were a good match?

Jacob: No, honey. I wanted to take my time to see your beautiful face and get to know more about you. I knew right away that we were meant to be. The fact that we had fifteen likes in common – like Starbucks, Batman, YouTube and Cosplay Club – made me decide that you were the one.

Toike: Aw, Jacob, that is so sweet. Becca, how did you find out about him?

Becca: My friend and I were just swiping randomly for fun. When she saw Jacob, she was

about to swipe right, meaning yes. However, I told her that he looked ugly an—

Jacob: Wait, what?

Becca: Ugh, honey, just wait. So I got the phone from her and just as I was gonna swipe left, she got it back and swiped right.

Jacob: What the heck? I was shirtless in my picture and every-thing! You were going to turn me down?

Becca: At least I wasn’t being a whore by swiping everyone to the right like you do!

Jacob: Oh, well, guess what? I

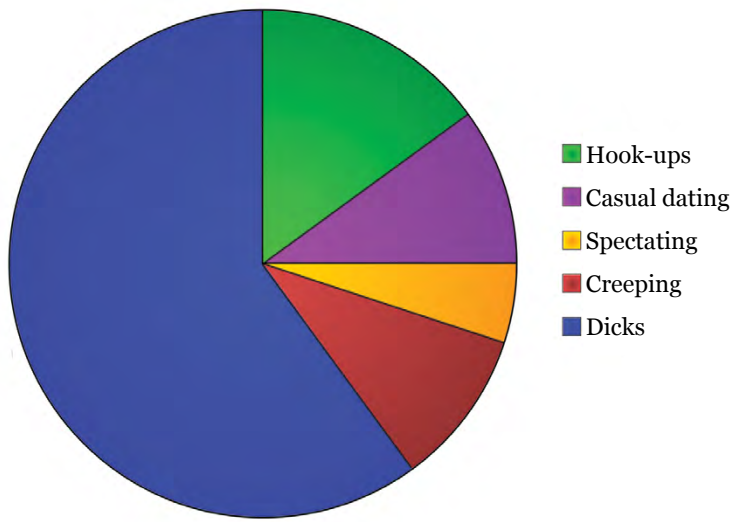
had six other matches... and you weren’t even my first choice! Oh, and I hesitated when swiping for you, because I was trying to figure out how you hadn’t been banned from the app.

Becca: Fuck this engagement! I should have seen this coming when you proposed to me in front of *Tinder* headquarters. Give me my ring back!

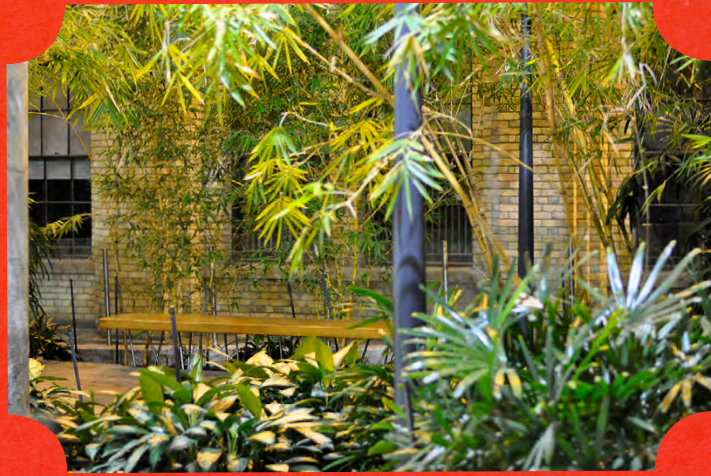
Jacob: I’ve been fucking your sis—

Toike: Alright, guys. Thanks for this sweet and enlightening interview. Watch for our next one when we talk to the first Christian Mingle users to have sex.

Tinder profile breakdown



A (Poorly) Illustrated Guide to U of T



RAINFOREST: MEDICAL SCIENCE BUILDING

A rare exhibit found north of College Street, experts are still unsure if the forest was planted there or if the building was built around it. A quick look reveals two benches within this forest, likely built from the wood of surrounding trees.

The vegetation can be described as tall, misplaced, and dying.

What appears to be a field full of beautiful grass is just an impression achieved by strategically placed flower arrangements. Autumn rain dissolves most of the field, turning what was once (about 50 years ago) a center of campus activity into a muddy slip-and-slide-into-the-Earth.

Fortunately, the Circle gets covered by a thick layer of ice and snow over the winter break, when no one is there to enjoy the convenient shortcut. This layer then melts with the arrival of Spring, revealing the shoe-trap once more.

DESERT: KING'S COLLEGE CIRCLE



HEDGE MAZE: TRINITY QUAD



The Trinity quad is a sanctuary for the aristocratic Trinity College students. Here they can find refuge from the non-Trinity plebes with which they must interact on campus. Visiting Trinity College during the first few weeks of classes is a prime way to get yourself scoffed at and have your familiarity with the works of Franz Kafka harshly scrutinized.

BADLANDS: ST. MIKE'S

While the physical resemblance is missing, the pun is not. Many brave souls have ventured into these Northeastern lands, but few have returned. To this day they refuse to talk about the experience.

Technically part of the campus, the neighborhoods south-east of the Bloor and Spadina intersection are hosts many species. Some students have even chosen to build their nests here to reduce the need to venture far when the struggle becomes real.

Conveniently located at the centre of this region is a park, which serves as an oasis for both kindergarten and university students.



AN ACTUAL COMMUNITY:
BEHIND ROBARTS

The Engineer (*Machinator fabrica*)
Likes: Free-body diagrams, Linux, cheap beer
Dislikes: Hygiene

The Engineer (Figure A) is one of the rarer creatures at U of T. Their workload combined with the University's outdated equipment confine them to labs for days on end, and even when free they seem to prefer darkness to the light of day. The distinguishing features of the Engineer are its scruffy neckbeard and putrid stench. There is no need for us to describe the smell; you will know it when it hits you.

The ArtSci (*Discipulus inutilis*)
Likes: Partying, self-discovery, living the college life Hollywood promised all of us
Dislikes: Productivity, sobriety

The Artsci (Figure B) is the most readily spotted animal at UofT, given the hours it spends at Robarts where it nests throughout the school year. Like the hummingbird, it is known to dart between faculties throughout the day, with many returning to their haunts long after graduation. It seems to like the taste of sugar water from Starbucks and beer from the many bars on campus, like St. Michael's College.

The LifeSci (*Scholasticus sanguinarius*)
Likes: 4.0 GPA, bird courses to boost its GPA
Dislikes: Anything that stands between it and medical school

When you first meet a Lifesci (Figure C), it will seem like a kind, genuine being who could become a close friend. Make no mistake: it is one of the most bloodthirsty and vicious creatures prowling the streets of U of T. Beneath its wool fleece lie some 59 knives of various materials and strength. If you threaten its chances to get into med school, or are mistaken for doing so, it is probably too late to start running.



FIGURE A



FIGURE B



FIGURE C

The Tenured Professor (*Magister possessius*)
Likes: Chillin' like a villain
Dislikes: Doing stuff

The tenured professor has achieved what many of us dream of: a six-figure salary, baller benefits, and a virtual guarantee of never losing its job. As you can probably guess, it gives absolutely no fucks about anything any more. Having relied for so long on slaving graduate students for research output, the tenured professor is more likely to show up to class in a Notorious B.I.G. shirt than publish a first-author paper.

The Asshole TA (*Phallus erectus*)
Likes: Giving undergraduates a hard time
Dislikes: Contributing to the education of undergraduates

Some say the Asshole TA was once an undergraduate who became lost in the bowels of Gerstein library. Others say it was driven mad by countless hours of research. All we can say for sure is that it feeds on the hopes and dreams of hapless undergraduates. Be warned: leaving your final answer on quiz as 0.5 instead of ½ might just earn you a 0, and if your lab equipment fails you had better have an extra set in your back pocket.

Girl Not Present in Conversation Needs to Have More Self-respect

Kate Middleton
Toike Oike Respector

OTTAWA – Julie Freedham, 20, needs to have more respect for herself, according to sources. Classmates saw her at a bar Friday night wearing a tight dress and drinking a martini while laughing at jokes told by the man sitting next to her at the bar, and it was pathetic.

“It was just so sad,” said Katie Jones, who regularly sits behind Freedham in Introduction to Religion and had a very serious crush on Julie’s ex-boyfriend Matt. “Like, put some clothes on. God.”

Sandra Dee, Jones’ best friend, agreed. “It’s not like she’s stupid, or anything. I just don’t get why she’d go whoring around like that. That’s just an issue of feminism for me. Cover up already and get some self respect.”

The outrage worsened as Freedham exercised her autono-



Pictured: Gross, like she isn't even trying to be modest.

mous will and participated in a consensual kiss with her male companion.

“Who just does that?” Jones was heard saying. “She must be so sad with her life. She really needs to get some confidence and stop throwing herself at guys.”

The drama peaked when Freedham and her companion left the bar together after Freedham decided, given her ownership of

her sexuality and desire, that she wished to spend the night with him. The two took their leave while Jones and Dee made their outrage known to one another.

“I’m sorry, but that’s just so slutty,” Jones was heard saying while Dee nodded sagely in agreement. “I’m actually sad for her right now. Having no respect for yourself like that must suck.”

Veteran Uses Pit as Air Raid Bunker

Vonnegut
Toike Oike Veda-ren

While Toronto crowds enjoyed a fireworks display all along the harbourfront, local homeless man and Canadian army veteran Steve Winklestien sprung into military action.

Winkestien grabbed students from the University College area around midnight and fled the “air raid” into the Sanford Fleming building’s Pit. Those who resisted were sharply hushed, making them feel too awkward to escape.

The troop was barricaded in by blockades constructed from pop machines and held together with used gum found throughout the establishment. The greatest challenge, according to Winklestien, was finding nourishment. Faced with week

old pizza (from the previous day) and stale curry, the group took to a vote and decided on fasting instead.

Only fifteen minutes into the apparent war, six unwilling participants developed trench-foot and one came down with the Bubonic Plague. Specialists currently believe that the archaic disease was contracted from a nearby water fountain. Luckily, all hostages were released after a brief shootout with the campus police.

Amanda McCulky, one of the survivors, said it truly felt like she was being held behind enemy lines and that she was horrified from having spent so much time in an abandoned meat locker. She had no comment when informed the Pit is actually the main cafeteria for the University of Toronto’s engineering students.

How to Live Off \$7 for 8 Months

Kate Middleton
Toike Oike Vaga-bond Trader

Balancing a budget can be a tough task for a student at university, especially those living away from their parents for the first time. For many, a party-filled frosh week means only two things: blurred memories and \$7 left in their bank account to last them the rest of the year.

This is a common problem, and there’s no need to despair! Here are seven tips to help you stretch those seven dollars out over eight months.

1. Weep loudly every night.
2. Give dumpster diving a shot.
3. Turn to a life of crime and alcoholism.
4. Learn to count cards and strike gold in Las Vegas.
5. Buy a yacht and pick up a cocaine habit.
6. Hit rock bottom and learn the error of your ways.
7. Sell your yacht and buy packaged ramen for \$0.99 a pack.

How to Ace Exams

Vonnegut
Toike Oike Revisionary

Whether you’re a grizzled grad student or a bushy-tailed frosh beaming with false confidence, busting your ass for a perfect record is something to be proud of. For many, the 4.0 GPA is worth sacrificing everything. Luckily, Toike-funded researchers have discovered a technique which will allow students to shirk all responsibility and still snatch ultimate academic victory from the jaws of whatever is on Reddit.

There is a method behind the strange phenomenon known as super-sub consciousness, and it can be achieved with the help of the following steps. This state of mind allows its user to tap into the faintest of memories which would normally have to be reinforced with countless hours of repetition. Therefore, while studying one

must simply skim the information to form the initial neural networks that will be recalled once in super-sub consciousness.

Here are a few helpful hints to trigger your “mind’s eye”. The most common methods require the user to enter a “sleep” of sorts, as you may see your more advanced peers employ during lectures. Fasting can also improve performance by a stunning 5% per consecutive day before an evaluation, though you can consume a diet of Red Bull and week-old yogurt without diminishing the effect.

Be sure to take a well-deserved break from your training regimen by not sleeping before any evaluation. Acing the exam should be a breeze at this point. Just listen to your gut – it should be making plenty of interesting noises by now. With these tips in mind, your academic success is all but assured!

Youth Baseball League to Start Drug-Testing

Kanye Lingis
Toike Oike Baller

MILTON – The peewee baseball team “The Mavericks” performed slightly better than usual this year. Could this have been the result of good coaching, more effective work-outs, or better players?

Not according to the league’s commissioner, Gordon Chang. After an thorough and controversial investigation within the league, accusations of illegal drug use among the pre-teen players have been vindicated.

Three weeks into the season, Chang caught on to the use of performance-enhancing substances on the team. He immediately shared a proposal to introduce mandatory drug testing. This would force all players to test after each game starting at the beginning of the next season.

Though his plan was met with incredulity from parents, Chang refused to back down. Local police began an investigation into the team and quickly produced incriminating evidence not long after the scandal broke.

During a raid into team captain Mark Chesterfield’s home, it was found that there was a vegetable trafficking ring among parents of

players. Searches revealed several banned substances, which include carrots, spinach, and milk. Three players have already admitted to using these vegetables.

Parents weakly defended themselves with arguments such as claiming all kids eat vegetables or that it’s necessary to drink milk just to stay at the same healthy level as the rest of the league. Some even argued that the vegetables were necessary for medical reasons, since their children always whined about eating vitamins.

In a particularly jarring case, a player allegedly did not know that they were consuming vegetables. Instead, the kid’s success-crazed parents were concealing it in the rest of her diet – which mostly consisted of Eggo waffles, pasta, and chocolate milk.

Commissioner Chang and local law enforcement have had little sympathy for players using these substances. Eleven parents, along with the Mavericks’ coach (a parent of two players himself) have been arrested on vegetable trafficking charges and the team has been suspended for the next three seasons.

The league will commence mandatory drug testing in the 2015 season.

How U of T Helped Me Find Myself

Kate Middleton
Toike Oike REDACTED

REDACTED – When I first came to UofT, I brought a lot of questions with me. What were my passions in life? Who was I meant to be? Where was I heading? Who was Katya, and why did she keep texting me GPS coordinates from numbers that were always traced back to disposable cellphones? And of course, could cafeteria food really be that bad?

The first month brought a lot of changes. I had always had a room to myself, and suddenly I was sharing a space with a roommate who had vastly different taste in music from me. I started partying just a bit too much as well – many mornings I’d wake up with no idea what happened the night before, and with long messages written on my torso in Cyrillic characters. And of course, with killer headaches!

Things were going downhill, and so I decided to get a much-needed appointment with CAPS (a service which I would recommend to anyone having a tough time at U of T). They helped me realize that I was actually a Russian sleeper

agent from the Cold War era, and that I had an unhealthy tendency to internalize negative feedback and using it to beat myself down.

I started attending self-image building workshops and began working with Dr. James Lahiri, of the Psychology department, as well as a team of PhD candidates from the history and political science departments to get me in touch with my commanding officer back in Russia.

A man named Vladimir put me in touch with an agent who went by the name Operative Z, with whom a meeting was arranged in Belarus. It was there that I first met Katya, who explained that I had been saved from a fire in St Petersburg as a seven year old, had my identity erased, was implanted with a new identity, and sent to live with a foster family in Calgary. She also explained that she was in fact my biological sister.

Reunited with my real family, and finally understanding why I always dreamed in Russian, I returned to U of T. I am eternally grateful to this university for the role it played in helping me find the real Anastasia Abramovich: student, Maroon 5 fan, ping pong enthusiast, and Russian secret agent.

Screaming Baby Did Not Enjoy 14A Movie

Vinnie Brier
Toike Oike Father of None

Moviegoers at the Yonge Street Cineplex last Sunday were surprised when a baby loudly announced its dissatisfaction with the recently released *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For*. Tristan Isaac Stevenson, 7 months old, reportedly launched into an incoherent babble which became a tirade of screams, lasting for the entire length of the movie.

Critics have since heralded the critique as inspired, poignant, and succinct. “He’s accomplished so much at such a young age,”

said renowned reviewer Ron Akermann. “The goal of every critic is to make others hate what they hate. I honestly expect there wasn’t a single person in that theatre who went home feeling they had enjoyed their night out. It was beautiful.”

Tristan’s unique insight is quickly edging out the competition. “Tristan was able to convey into an incoherent babble which became a tirade of screams, lasting for the entire length of the movie. special effects, all in a few word-less screams,” says Akermann. “In an industry where word count can determine readership, Tristan’s inarticulate yelps were so effective

that critics like myself were unable to write our own reviews. There was just nothing left to say.”

Tristan’s parents, Jim and Christine Stevenson, have expressed their own concerns. “At first it was kind of endearing, and we were proud to have such a prodigious child. Now he complains about everything,” says Christine. “Everything I do is subject to criticism, whether it’s the way I’m rocking him or the temperature of his bath. He even gave my breast milk a one-star review!”

“We used to take him to more expensive restaurants, but everyone recognizes him now,” explains Jim Stevenson. “We’ve tried putting a moustache and wig on him, but the instant he starts to critique the food, we’re asked to leave. He won’t eat anywhere that’s got less than two stars on Yelp.”

The Stevenson family believes Tristan’s enthusiasm for critique is caused by the amount of time spent reading Rotten Tomatoes and watching Gordon Ramsey’s Kitchen Nightmares during the early months of Christine’s pregnancy.

At the time of publishing, Tristan was unavailable for comment, but Toike Oike Editor-in-Chief Colin Parker hopes to hire him for a regular political column as soon as the infant finishes teething.



Mayor Rob Ford Says “Sorry” Again

Dingleberry Orchard
Toike Oike Human Smear Campaign

TORONTO –

At a press conference today, Toronto Mayor Rob Ford said “sorry” again after admitting to having caused the Bhopal chemical disaster in 1984, the crash of Swiss Air flight 111, and both the Chernobyl and Three Mile Island nuclear

accidents. He also admitted to funding North Korea’s military programme and driving the snakes back into Ireland.

When pressed for comment, he clearly and plainly said “sorry”. Added his brother and leash holder, Doug Ford, “he said ‘sorry’, what more do you people want from him? Fucking left-wing Toronto Star socialists!”

Upon leaving the conference

Rob Ford proceeded to kick a puppy, yell at a woman riding a bicycle, and snort a line of cocaine off the hood of his Escalade.

It is now believed that Rob Ford is responsible for numerous disasters and industrial accidents, as well as global civil unrest. However, his supporters are undeterred: “he privatized half of Toronto’s garbage collection. I literally care about nothing else.”



Harper to Replace Foreign Aid with Likes and Prayers

Vinnie Briey
Toike Oike Photo Doctor

OTTAWA – In a move that has rocked the political world, Prime Minister Stephen Harper announced Friday that the federal budget will no longer include foreign aid initiatives. Instead, the Conservative Party’s “Economic Action Plan” will launch a new social media campaign to lend intangible support through Facebook “likes”, shares, and comments.

The campaign, dubbed “Click-Aid”, was reportedly inspired by ongoing Facebook trends. Facebook users should be familiar with the concept of “1 Like = 1 Prayer”,

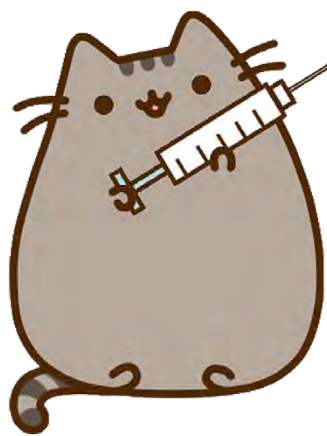
which has successfully integrated social media and modern medicine to help burn victims, cancer patients, and disaster survivors.

Using this seemingly arbitrary conversion of social media attention to spiritual support, Facebook has been able to focus hundreds of thousands of prayers on those who need them most. Soon, Facebook users will be able to like and share official government updates to make a difference in people’s lives.

“If one like can be said to be equal to one prayer, when there are so many obvious differences between a simple click and a heartfelt call for divine intervention, then in theory we should be able to convert these resources

into funding for international aid,” says Minister of Finance Joe Oliver. “When you ‘like’ this kind of content, the prayers don’t come from anywhere specific - they just appear out of thin air. We hope to harness this transformation to generate virtual dollars, and get struggling regions the help they need.”

“We were impressed by the innovation of the Facebook team in pioneering social meta-currencies,” said Prime Minister Harper in a statement to the press. “My cabinet also drew inspiration from Kickstarters and communications companies, who frequently donate to charities based on the number of texts and phone calls made by their clients.”

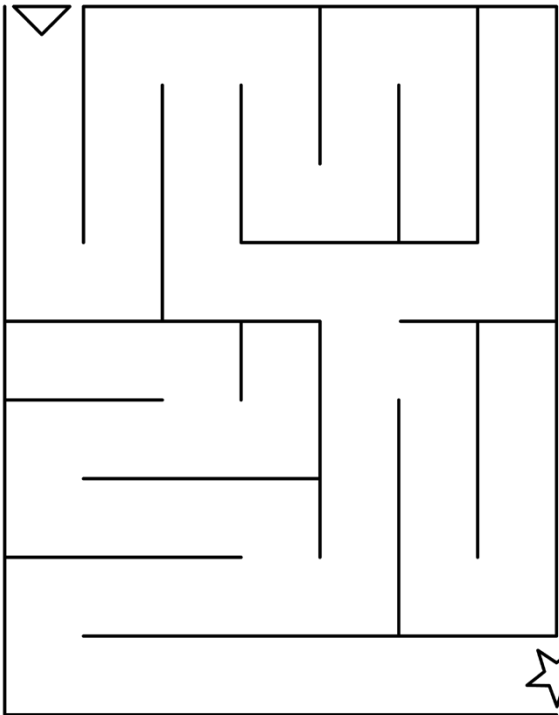


A press release written by the Prime Minister’s office stated, “this campaign represents significant savings to the Canadian public, since we basically run the whole campaign with an unpaid intern and some Twitter and Facebook accounts. Added benefits include that Canadians will get all of their depressing international news on their Facebook newsfeeds, which they can easily ignore, and they will no longer feel the need to donate to pushy charity workers. News programmes will even have more time to cover important issues like sports and what a Nikki Minaj is.”

Over the upcoming few weeks, Harper will be meeting with financial advisors to discuss the conversion rates of virtual prayers from different faiths, as well as the looming threat of popular Facebook pages creating divine inflation.

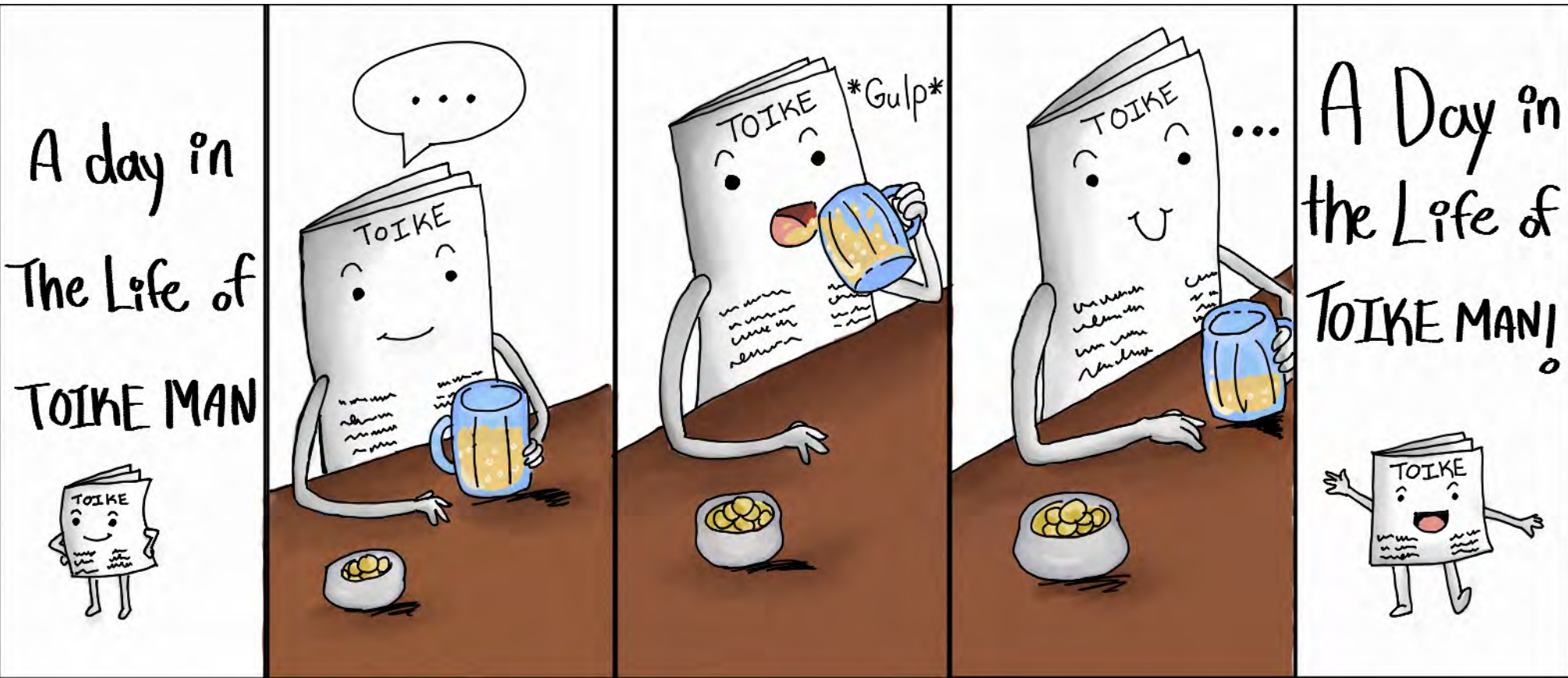
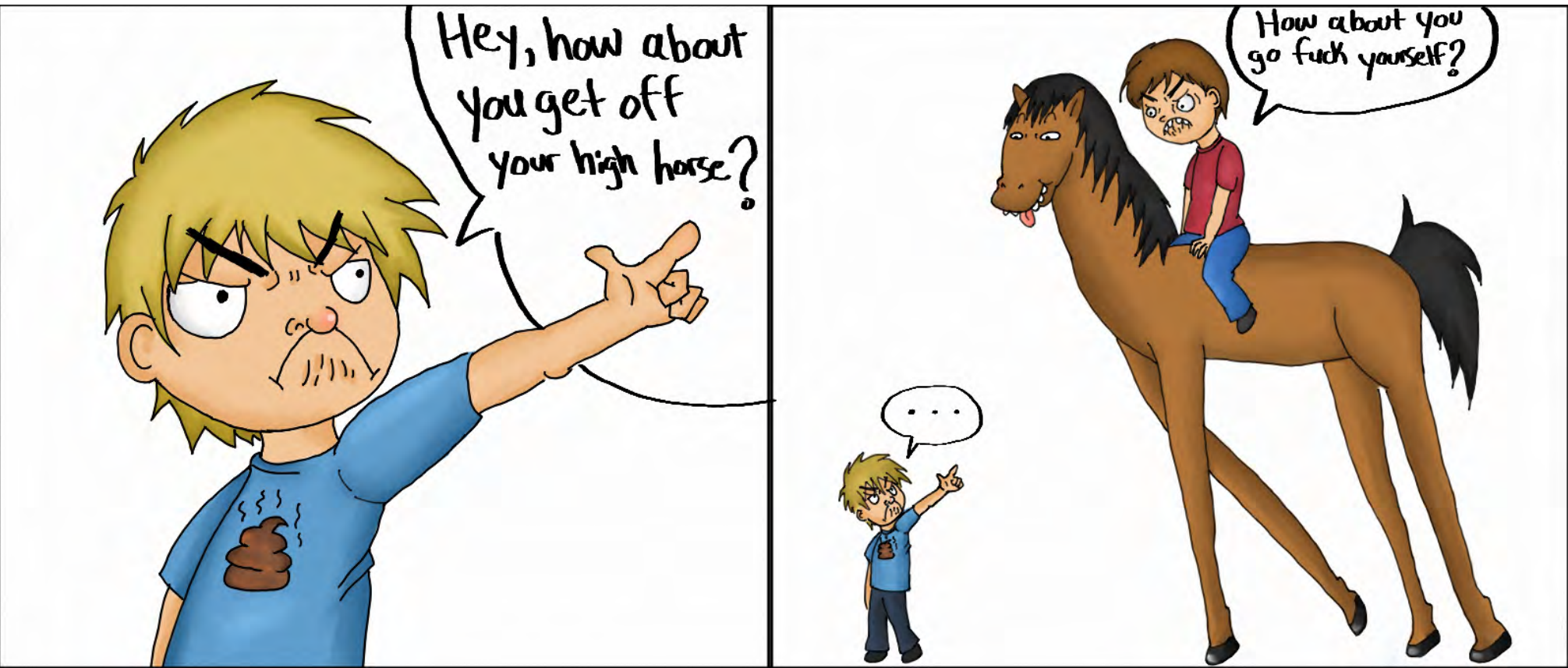
Frosh Week!

The Toike’s Guide to University: Ryerson Edition





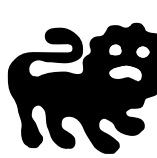



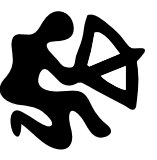


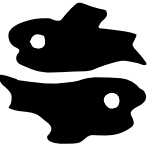


☆ Degree!

Kathleen Wynne Delivers Transparent Government



TOIKEOSCOPES

 ARIES You will briefly unite the Faculties under one banner, as all threats to the University do.	 TAURUS Your first week at university is the perfect time to reinvent yourself. In your case, plastic surgery, a forged Armenian passport, and a shortwave radio would be a good start.	 GEMINI Oh man, your star chart is insane this month. Like, I have no idea what's happening on it. Is that an octopus? Or maybe the Tokyo subway map?	 CANCER You'll be the first to discover a crazy new disease! Well, the doctors who study your body will, anyway.	 LEO Look up to the sky and take a deep breath. Seriously, please do it. The chemtrails haven't been working very well on you, and the boys upstairs are starting to worry.	 VIRGO Listen, dude, when someone tells you to “dress for the job you're looking for” it is not an acceptable time to drop your pants.
 LIBRA We're not sure what's weirder; that all of the frosh this year are humanoid robots, or that you think you aren't one.	 SCORPIO Gordon Ramsey will show up at your house and literally tear you a new one.	 SAGITTARIUS Someone will rub you the wrong way today, but don't take it personally. Just be sure you at least get your \$10 back.	 CAPRICORN Ever heard the saying “we bathe in the blood of our enemies”? Exactly. Now jump into that pool full of purple liquid, frosh.	 AQUARIUS Holy shit – you have an ENORMOUS hand. Have you gotten that shit checked out? Jesus.	 PISCES You will not receive a horoscope this month.

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.

