

← **DYSENTERY**

DEHYDRATION →

CHLAMYDIA ↑

*open 24
hours!*

**A FISTFUL OF
TOLKES**

JD

EDITORIAL

Howdy, podners!

Why, how mighty kind o’ you to stumble ‘pon this lil’ here Toike o’ ours! We got a real nice issue for all y’all ready this month, with lots o’ gunsligin’, desperadolike articles that’ll make your sides hurt harder than somethin’ from cowboy times that’d make your sides hurt, that’s for sure!

We’re jumpin’ right into a new year with all kinds of fun, startin’ with Godiva Week. Now that’s a tradition that’s could be as old as the Wild West for all I know, but we’ll certainly be havin’ our right own event durin’ all o’ it called the Toike Spellin’ Bee. I know many o’ y’all’re feelin’ all obsessed with bees ‘cause of that mee-mee with the Jerry Seinfeld movie, so I hope you’ll come out to spell some words ‘n’ stuff.

This semester, we here folks at the Toike are plannin’ all kinds o’ mighty fine events and what-not for y’all to enjoy. Y’all can be expectin’ anoth’r two graphics and writin’ workshops, and I’m hopin’ real high for anoth’r movie night like we did have in good ol’ November. On top o’ all that, we still got two more issues comin’ out in February and March, so lots for you wild ‘n’ loose rapscallions to look forward to.

Now I gotta admit, it’s been a pain tryna write this entire editorial



usin’ all cowboy words ‘n’ bein’ all cowboylike in general, so I think it’s ‘bout time I wrap this thing up here.

I wish ya a rootin’ tootin’ Janaury ‘n’ see ya ‘round town!

Yeeeeeeeheaaaaaaawwwwww,

Simo Pajovic
Toike Oike Editor-in-Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Has there ever been Toike Rule 34?

Sincerely,
A Very Enthusiastic Reader

Dear Very Enthusiastic Reader,

Yes:



Yours truly,
Simo

Dear Editor,

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNPOQRSTU-VWXYZ

Joe Smith

Dear Joe,

TY! ILY, U R SO FUNNY. LOL! OMG!

TTYL,
Simo

--

Dear "Toike" "editor" or "whatever" it is you call yourself these "days",

I can't believe you've done this. A "Wild West" Toike, but created entirely by tame, easterly

Skuligans? Next thing you know, you're going to have, I don't know, a devil-worshipping Toike!

Ain't this a gosh-darnit-all wretched time to be alive?

Leigh McNeil-Taboika

Hailey,

How dare you be so insuborin-date! I thought you were one of the good ones, but I guess I'll have to ship you off to the dungeon like all the other disobedient graphics editors. Unlike your memes, the dungeon is very dank, so try to learn a thing or two about being a memelord down there, okay?

Sincerely,
Simo

WRITE-ITORIAL

Well howdy there, readers!

Although, since this is the Wild West, I'm going to assume that most of you can't really read the words, and are mostly looking at the pretty pictures. Our graphics team will be pleased. As for our writers, I think a few of them will have to be taken out back and shot. Or sent over to *The Cannon*. Either way, it promises to be an... interesting affair for all involved.

With 2016 left behind in a hurried scrambling, 2017 will hopefully provide us ample opportunities for fun headlines. Possibly even ones that aren't true this time! (Thanks, US election.) It's very discouraging to have writers propose an idea that we have to shoot down because it's too fucking

plausible. So we've decided to recruit more writers, because more ideas = better, right?? Yep, that's right: we want YOU for *The Toike Oike*. See how cool our newspaper is, with all its sex and violence and occasional tasteful nudity? YOU can contribute to it! "But how, Senior Staff Writer? I'm an engineer, I can't write good!" Shhh, it's okay, everything will be fine, just step through this doorway and enter the meeting. Yes, that's good. Shhh, the pain stops after the alcohol kicks in, it's fine...

Whether or not you decide to take us up on this offer of bolstering your resume joining the Toike, the year will be filled with alcohol, bad choices, and possibly more Toike workshops, who knows? And more trips to Steins (this isn't

a subtle hint directed at the Editor, I just really want more Steins wings).

Happy Godiva week, friends. Here's hoping you remember some/most of it. I know I won't.

Diana Pesce
Senior Staff Writer



The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

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COLOPHON

Each month, under a full moon, the ancient pagan god Cthoikeoike manifests Himself in this dimension as an enormous obsidian monolith, emerging from the void at a remote location in the Sahara. In anticipation of His arrival, a cult of engineers sacrifices a goat in exchange for the His blessing and the publication of The Toike Oike. From beyond the nether, Cthoikeoike summons the newspaper into this realm through portals located above newsstands across the University of Toronto. With a steady rumble, He then slowly descends back into the sand and returns to the manifold in spacetime from whence He came, vanishing from our world until we need The Toike Oike once again.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a genre of various arts which tell stories set primarily in the later half of the 19th century in the American Old West, often centering on the life of a nomadic cowboy or gunfighter armed with a revolver and a rifle who rides a horse. Cowboys and gunslingers typically wear Stetson hats, bandannas, spurs, cowboy boots, and buckskins. Other characters include Native Americans, bandits, lawmen, bounty hunters, outlaws, mounted cavalry, settlers, and townsfolk. Many Toikes use a stock plot of depicting a crime, then showing the pursuit of the wrongdoer, ending in revenge and retribution, which is often dispensed through a shootout or quick draw duel.

DISCLAIMER

The rootin' tootin', gunsligin', no-good 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

Midwest Doctor Under Scrutiny After (Mis-)Using Cacti for Acupuncture

Dr. Toike

Toikally Legit and Knowledgeable
Medical Professional

While the recent dry spell in the Midwest and burning heat of the sun have been uncomfortable for most, in severe cases, extreme sunburn, heatstroke, and muscle aches have become the norm. Perhaps some of you may be suffering in silence in the dustiness of your homes while your dear friends find relief with our town's infamous doctor.

Dr. Smith recently came back from an extended trip to China and has brought home a number of questionable medical practices, one of which has included the use of cacti as acupuncture needles. Traditional Chinese acupuncture is used to treat muscle soreness and claims to improve circulation in the body. It is used to treat headaches, numbness in fingers and toes, as well as improve the overall health of individuals. With the number of illnesses that are plaguing the town, Dr. Smith's office has been overwhelmed with patients seeking a miracle cure to all their ailments. His acupuncture therapy was scrutinized when reports of his treatment being ineffective and painful came to light. Patients who have received this procedure

have complained of sharp pains when the cacti needles were inserted, bleeding in insertion areas, and multiple scabs on their bodies. Furthermore, the treatment was not effective in curing any of their health issues.

This is not the first time Dr. Smith's medical practices have been brought into question. Two years ago, he was accused of being unprofessional when he performed operations on patients using rum and whiskey as disinfectants and attempting to do 'fire cupping therapy' using glasses stolen from Studs, the local four-star saloon. He has also been fined for attempting to sell health tonics that claim to prolong life. His tonics, though initially popular, were taken off shelves once it was discovered that the only two ingredients present were horse manure and tumbleweed. Nevertheless, Dr. Smith remains this town's only medical professional and will continue to take patients should anyone be seeking a family doctor.

Dr. John Smith
123 Midwest Lane
1-800-IAM-LEGIT

Stoned Ranger Challenged to Duel at High Noon

Mike Literus

Toike Oike Bongslinger

A local gunslinger known throughout these here parts as the Stoned Ranger has been challenged to a duel tomorrow at High Noon. The challenger, one young upstart goin' by the name o' Puffalo Bill, clarified shortly after initiating the duel that by "High Noon," he actually meant just a little after quarter past four in the afternoon.

"It's mighty surprising that I've already got a duel to duel so darn quick-like," said the Ranger, "given that I just rolled up in town today." Puffalo Bill, for his part, said he had wasted no time in challenging ol' Stoney, because he's a man who likes to do things the old-hashin' way. He offered no response to accusation from frightened townsfolk that such rough behaviour might put a strain on the community.

As the two prepare for their showdown, not all of the local

people are wary. Many guys and gals from the area are picking sides to root for, as both contestants have formidable reputations. Nearly all the local ranchers look to Bill as the paragon of cattle-wrangling finesse, and admire how he skillfully operates from within the kushion of the saddle. Conversely, a wide array of working ladies from in town are already reported to have given the Ranger hankies as a toke-n of their appreciation and support.

And so it will be that tomorrow, at 4:20 in the piping hot sun on a hazy dirt road full of potholes, with many a tumble-weed drifting by, there will be guns a-blazing as the two rivals duke it out like men. And when the smoke clears, we'll see who is left high and dry. All citizens wishing to watch as the contest unfolds have been advised to bring snacks.

Wild West WebMD

The leading source for lawful and dadgumit! decent health and medical information

Dysentery

Symptoms: Disembowelment via the anus.
Description: You can't miss this ruthless pest of an ailment! If you've been pioneering the West recently, you might find dysentery making a downright explosive appearance.
Treatment: This infamous sickness is easily combatted with a big swig of whiskey, biting on a chunk of wood, and trying not to scream. Don't worry, you won't miss that quarrelsome leg of yours.

Bruised honour

Symptoms: A fresh bullet wound, the understanding that this town ain't big enough for the both of us.
Description: This notorious injury is often found in 50% of gun-wielding chaps after: (1) marking ten paces, (2) dropping a handkerchief, and (3) firing at will.
Treatment: This cannot be cured, but it can be alleviated by downing whiskey neat (note: you should drink until you've numbed the pain and then some).

There's a snake in my boot!

Symptoms: The presence of a serpentine creature in your high-top footwear.
Description: Is there a snake in your boot? If you answered "yes," then you probably are suffering from a snake in your boot.
Treatment: Yee-haw! Giddy-up partner! We've got to get this snake a-movin'! Chop off your feet to rid yourself of that nuisance of a snake.

Saddle chafing

Symptoms: A tender ache in your southern territories, a proud cowboy gait.
Description: The jig is up: we all know why you're walking with that cowboy swagger. If you find yourself avoiding your mount and further abrasion to your nether regions, you are probably suffering from saddle chafing.
Treatment: Wet your whistle with your drink of choice and loosen your britches, then surgically remove the chafed appendages (no appendage = no chafing).

Local Saloon's Event Theme Deemed Culturally Insensitive

Alcoholic Aronymous

Toike Oike Barman

A popular local saloon, Studs, has recently come under fire for their decision to host a First Nations-themed event this past week. Members of local tribes have called the event a gross appropriation of their cultural heritage, with non-Natives at the party flagrantly flaunting ceremonial headdresses, footwear, and bottles of moonshine replete with signed pieces of paper deemed useless to anyone but the holder.

"They should have consulted with us before hosting an event in what is clearly very poor taste," said Chief Sighing Wolf, head of one of the tribes that felt most offended by the incident.

Studs representatives fired back, stating that "no one owns the rights to these costumes; we're all just trying to have a good time. Besides, one of the Studs managers is half-Indian anyways,

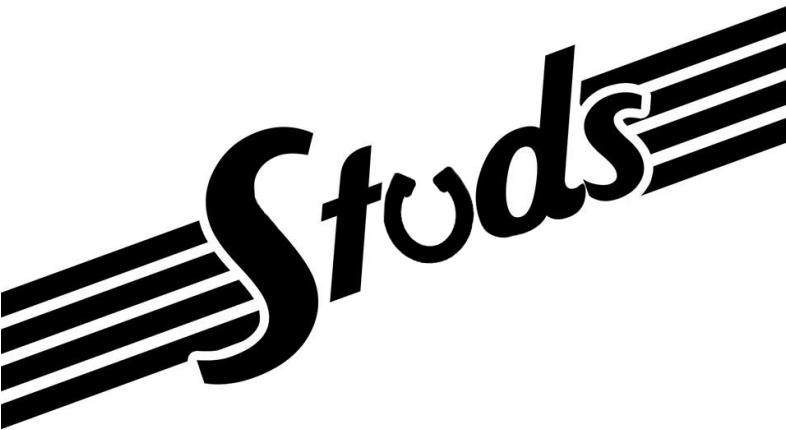
so that makes it okay, right?"

The backlash comes just as the vitriol after a previous event, Fiesta Studs, had been dying down. As a result, some pundits are starting to wonder if the establishment bears any respect for other cultures whatsoever.

"Absolute hogwash, all of it," said Devon O'Leary. "Why, just last year they held a marvelous St. Patty's day event, replete with the

time-honoured Irish traditions of shamrocks, leprechauns, and serving everyone alcohol to the point of blacking out. Of course they're respectful of other cultures!"

Officials from the Engineering Society declined to comment, citing their position of aggressive political neutrality in all controversial situations.



It'll all end in Biers...



ein-stein

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Indians Banned From Playground as Intense Cowboys & Indians Game Unfolds at Local School

Kismai Yass
Toike Oike Native Indian

Sunnydale Elementary School is this week’s source of obligatory racial tension, as parents and school faculty alike are up in arms over a playground game that quickly became, in the words of the board’s superintendent, “pretty fucking depraved.”

“We are doing the best to mitigate the situation,” informed the superintendent. “I can’t make too many comments at the moment, but it appears that the cowboys have successfully barred most of the Indians from the playground and are also currently holding hostages in the play pen.”

It all began when third grade teacher Mrs. Wayne suggested a new game to her students to help bolster their understanding of the day’s Canadian history lesson.

“We were discussing the history of First Nations in North America,

and I wanted to do something engaging with the children. I suggested this old Cowboy-Indians game to teach them about western colonialism through a postmodernist lens, but I didn’t

think it would come to this.”

Asked if anything could have been done to prevent this, Wayne replied, “Well, maybe letting them play with the toy pellet guns

we built in 2nd period art wasn’t the best idea.”

One of the eight-year-olds barred from the playground mustered the courage to provide a recount of what happened.

“We were just there playing with our friends when the other kids came and stripped us of our resources. They took our lunches, Pokémon cards, and even my Tamagotchi. They stripped this land and left my people with nothing.”

The school’s staff is hard at work trying to convince the cowboys to give up control of the playground and release their hostages. Mrs. Watson has personally argued with the cowboy leaders, to no avail, that their actions are currently in violation of the classroom treaty that involves core amendments such as “don’t be mean” and “treat others the way you want to be treated.”



Above: The Cowboys & Indians game becomes more and more heated as the cowboys cordon off the playground, holding within their Indian hostages.

Cowboys Demand NFL’s “Dallas Cowboys” Name Change

Jean Calvin
Toike Oike Resident European

The Dallas Cowboys have come under fire from real life cowboys claiming their team’s name is cultural appropriation and offensive to the real men and women who call themselves cowboys (and girls).

“Honestly it just makes me feel sadder than a horse with no saddle,” said John “Big Buck” Brown, a 5th generation cowboy. “To think that my livelihood, my identity, my calling, is reduced to a mascot makes me madder than... than... well, gosh durnit, I can’t even remember what I’m madder than, I’m so mad.”

The Dallas Cowboys are the latest team to have their mascot and name challenged and now join the ranks of the Washington Redskins, Cleveland Indians, Edmonton Eskimos, and Chicago Blackhawks.

“Everyone makes a big hullabaloo about Washington and their name” said Billy “The Cow Whisperer” Jefferson, “but no one bats an eye when the Cowboys

come to town for Sunday night football. My momma raised me to be a straight shooter and by golly I am, so you know what? I’m just gonna say it. All mascots matter. Not just the racist ones,

y’all hear?”

Unlike the fight against indigenous mascots, the push for a new name in Dallas football has gained little traction. Few have

come to support the “All Mascots Matter” movement, while many actively oppose their claim that this is important or is even an issue. Many say that the team name “Cowboys” is perfectly okay and not at all similar to the Redskins, Indians, Eskimos, or even the Blackhawks.

Despite the lack of momentum, the cowboys say they will ride on. “Being a cowboy is a proud and noble calling and has a rich heritage, a heritage that doesn’t involve football,” said Big Buck. “I mean I’m from Dallas and I root for ‘em and all. And yes they’re 11-1 this season with a real shot at the Super Bowl, but I’ll be damned if any one of those so-called athletes could lasso a chair, neverminding a running bull. Now we got city slickers getting drunk off Bud Lights tailgatin’ in a parkin’ lot callin’ themselves cowboys. Shameful.”



Above: A nimble linebacker just barely escapes the lasso of a local cowboy after tensions grew high following a recent football game.

Controversy Sweeps Nation as Historic Tumbleweed Legislation Is Passed

Kismai Yass
Toike Green Thumb Twiddler

Prime Minister Trudeau lit the country ablaze last night, as tumbleweed legislation finally passed through the House of Commons at midnight.

Local individual rights and medical usage of tumbleweed “enthusiasts” have come out in full support of the historic bill.

“This is a step towards freedom as our founding fathers intended. I’m glad our country has finally realized that the war on shrub-like plants has been a complete failure. Plus, now I don’t have to waste so much money vacationing in Colorado.”

Local mother Bonny Bawnghit, however, has raised concerns over the potential negative influence of the substance on children now that is available legally.

“Now anybody can just walk into a regular botany shop and buy the stuff. I mean, I already thought florists were a dangerous bunch. It’s only a matter of time before they inject their seed into all of our youth.”

The wide-reaching impact of this legislation appears to be influencing unexpected areas already. Khan Uhbis, an owner of the breakfast eatery “Wake

and Bake,” explained, “I’ve been getting nothing but confused and angry teenagers walking in and out of my wholesome restaurant for the past 4 years. I can only imagine this law is going to make it worse.”

Although public opinion is mixed at the moment, the consensus amongst those in the political sphere seems to be that this will be likely define how the Prime Minister will be remembered by both academics and plant enthusiasts alike. Concerning Trudeau’s legacy, CBC historian Mary B. Jane said, “Justin may never fully live up to the legacy of his father. That being said, this historic legislation puts him in discussion for the dankest prime minister in Canadian history. I’d say right up there with that one French guy.”

With respect to what it means for the country symbolically, Jane claims that tumbleweed will likely become another staple in the Canadian identity.

“For a long time, tumbleweed has been appropriated by Hollywood and exploited in countless Westerns that no one can take seriously anymore. Now that it’s back in the Canadian conscious, we finally have an appropriate symbol for the hopeless abandoned, desolate wasteland that spans 90% of this country.”



Above: Trudeau hungrily flipping pancakes after a recent press conference, rocking his new \$420 tumbleweed dress shirt from The Bay’s new collection celebrating the historic legislastion.

Local Scientist Creates Cow-Boy

I. P. Errwhere
Toike Oike Mad Journalist

In an unprecedented discovery, a scientist on the outskirts of a local village known only as Dr. Darkenblatt has managed to create a cow-boy: a half-cow, half-boy boy. The cow-boy formerly known as Darren has the lower body of a cow and the torso of a boy, sewn together with expertise one would only expect from a master seamstress, let alone a scientist. The 24/7 access to milk is perfect for the cow-boy’s boy half since a growing boy needs calcium to build strong bones.

Naturally, the scientific community and villagers alike are thrilled about Dr. Darkenblatt’s incredible work. “I’ve s-seen things,” stuttered a villager trembling with udder excitement. “H-he... H-h-he let me into his lab, and... Oh God, I keep seeing

it over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over in my head,” he added, referring to the splendid sight of Dr. Darkenblatt’s laboratory. When introduced to the cow-boy, the village priest simply shouted “the power of Christ compels you” while holding up a wooden cross he had on hand. Of course he was praising Dr. Darkenblatt for doing God’s work, as the power of Christ did indeed compel him to do so.

The Toike Oike went on a special press tour of the laboratory after the cow-boy’s creation was officially announced. The laboratory was remarkably humble, with its stone walls and moist aroma harking back to an era of science far less harsh than present day. Whereas other research institutes are profligate in their spending on scientific instruments peppered with all

kinds of extravagant extras, Dr. Darkenblatt sticks to the basics, using tools common people can pronounce like scalpels, razor blades, drills, and saws. Watching him talk about his work while giggling to himself nonstop, it was clear that Dr. Darkenblatt loves his work above all else.

One of the press loved the laboratory so much that she decided to stay behind and, evidently, pursue graduate studies with Dr. Darkenblatt as her supervisor. In a letter handwritten in classy red ink delivered to her co-workers just last week, she claimed that she “had been in experiments” and “needs help,” without a doubt describing the difficulty of performing experiments as a PhD candidate.

This journalist, for one, believes that Dr. Darkenblatt should



Above: The cow-boy formerly known as Darren grazing in his new, lush home on the range. Truly, this cow-boy is the pinnacle of moden science and a most majestic creature.

be nominated for the Nobel Prize. Even the cow-boy himself agrees that “Dogktggglegglgr *cough* Duurrrkenblagltttt isszszs *gurgle* *strained moo* szssssickkkgggg”—sick at doing good science, obviously! We wish him all the best as he applies for

MedSci Outlaws Strike Again!

Jaques Chit
Toike Oike Town Crier

It has been announced in a press release that the Sheriff Attiliator has just put an end to another raid by the MedSci outlaws on the engineering buildings this past Thursday. It is believed that the MedScis wanted to reach the Engineers’ beer reserves at the heart of Studs, the local four-star sa-loon. Raids have been increasing in frequency recently, such that increased protection has been granted to the caravans of F!rosh roaming around campus. A warning has been issued against walking through MedSci territory, as the MedSci outlaws have also been reported to be kidnapping Engineers in exchange for Studs tickets as ransom.

It has been confirmed that the MedScis are also raiding the proud colonists of the campus frontier, laying waste to all the ingéniosité the engineers have generously placed there. Lieutenant Grand Major Barry has warned that the MedScis pose a great threat to the completion of the cross-campus railway designed by the engineers.

It has been confirmed by a random individual that the MedScis’ ultimate goal is to once again steal Ye Moderne Mighty Skule Cannon. The mayor, Mr. Bluen-goald, has stated that he plans on sending in a spy into the MedSci ranks to lead them into stealing a Trojan Cannon (not to be confused with a brand of condoms).

{GODIVA}

GET YOUR GUN

LET ME TELL Y'ALL A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A LADY NAMED GODIVA, AND HOW SHE BECAME SOMETHIN' OF A LEGEND 'ROUND THESE PARTS...

WRITTEN BY: DIANA PESCE, ALEXANDER SIMONE, AND RYAN WILLIAMS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY: SAUSEN JESSA AND LEIGH MCNEIL-TABOIKA

I'M AN EVIL ASSHOLE AND I'M GOING TO RAISE YOUR TAXES BECAUSE I CAN! BWAHAHAHA!

UPROAR!!!

THE VILLAGE PEOPLE

NOW, NOW, HUSBAND. THIS IS CRIMINALLY UNFAIR....

YOUNG MEN, THERE'S NO NEED TO FEEL DOWN!

...YOU ARE GOING TO LOWER THOSE TAXES!

...NAH, PRETTY SURE I'M NOT.

UNLESS...

YOU ENTERTAIN ONE OF MY FUCKED-UP FANTASIES, AND RIDE AU NATURELE THROUGH TOWN!

WAIT WTF??

..Y'KNOW WHAT, FINE. IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES, THEN I'LL DO IT!

WHY DID SHE EVEN MARRY THIS DUDE???

MAKE THEM STAY THERE! SO THE LADY CAN RIDE!

I SAID, YOUNG MEN! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE GROUND!

AND HELP US! SAVE! OUR! HARD! EARNED! DIMES!

LOWER THE TAXES!

...NAW.

HANG!!

HIS GUN'S REALLY SMALL, TOO...

FUNNILY ENOUGH, THAT WAS ACTUALLY THE BEST RIDE YOU EVER GAVE ME.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: SOMETHING ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY

FROM THAT DAY ON, NO ONE SAW LADY GODIVA EVER AGAIN. SOME SAY SHE'S STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, SELLING CHOCOLATES, AND RIDING OFF INTO THE SUNSET...

THE END.

Spaghetti Westerns are in Fact 20% Linguine

KC and the Sundance Kid
Toike Oike Pasta Experts

An incredible discovery by Western University's Department of Carbohydrate Culture and Starch Studies has revealed a dark secret about a beloved film genre. Studies and analyses performed by the renowned Professor Leeroy Jenkins, a devout Pastafarian and avid gnocchi-nosher, have shown that Spaghetti Westerns are, in fact, 20% linguine on average.

"I first noticed this about thirty minutes into the original *Django* film," explained Jenkins, "the av-

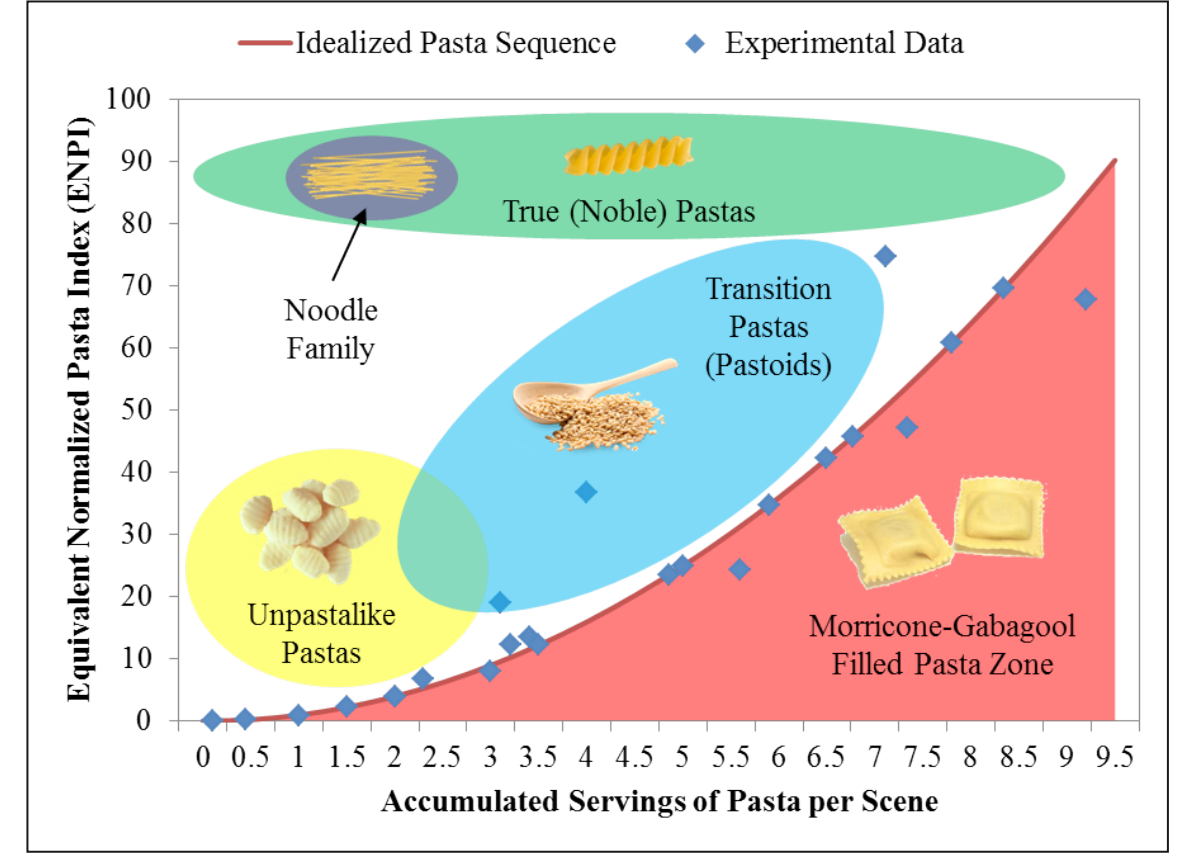
erage width of the pasta noodles was just... wrong."

Though Jenkins' study is still in its infancy, it has yielded several astonishing facts about some of Hollywood's classic films. The classic *Once Upon A Time in the Wild West* has the highest recorded percentage of linguine, at approximately 43%. *Django*, by contrast, is only 10% linguine, with trace amounts of fusilli and tortellini.

According to Jenkins, such anomalies are also present in other genres. While investigating

other categories of films, Jenkins discovered that stoner comedies, such as *Pineapple Express*, contain up to 10% rock, and only about 90% stone. Coincidentally, he found that rock operas are 90% rock, with the other 10% being comprised of pop punk and ska.

"I wonder what else Hollywood is hiding from us," muttered the professor as he unpacked his lunch only to discover that his spaghetti and meatballs was, astonishingly, tainted with fettuccine, comprising 57% of his sacrilegious meal.



Buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo

KC and the Sundance Kid
Toike Oike Hatchet Buriers

It has recently been observed by American cattle ranchers that particular groups of bison are prone to exhibiting violent responses in reaction to certain forms of hostility.

In behaviour found to be prevalent in herds from the New York region, weaker bison that have faced abuse from more dominant specimens are regularly found to mimic such behaviour towards other animals farther down the hierarchy. The unusual conduct is present in both males and females of all ages.

"Them beasts are normally calmer than a hostful of angels on the Sabbath," grumbled long-time livestock rustler and general anti-hero Clinton Westwood, "but pen 'em together for a fortnight and the Devil gets right into 'em."

Raising further questions, the unusual activity seems to be completely restricted to bison-bison interactions between animals from the New York region. Introducing a foreign bison into a local herd has been found to yield none of the interaction described above. No local New York bison was ever observed to act aggressively towards a foreign bison, if it acknowledged the outsider's existence at all.

Furthermore, dislocating bison from the region in question has been found to completely halt the erratic behaviour. Bison from the New York region that were transferred to a separate ranch in Texas were observed to once more become the docile creatures they were prior to this spate of unusual incidents.

"We're looking for all the possible causes we can think of," reported Prof. Tino Taranquentin, a bovine researcher focusing on western New York State, "but all the tests come back negative. It's not water contaminants, air pollution, or steroids. All that I can conclude for certain right now is that Buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo."

Ryerson Undergraduate Engineering Students Design Functional Space Elevator, Experts Baffled

Shad N. Freude
Ryerson Ram Ambassador

Earlier this month, a small team of undergraduate engineering students at Ryerson University managed to achieve what many experts had thought to be a monumental feat of design and construction, designing a 100 km tall space elevator. This amazing structure, which reaches well into the ionosphere, was designed in the span of eight hours using only popsicle sticks and hot glue. "It was remarkably easy", one member of the historic team was quoted as saying; "We even had time to stop for lunch". Experts in the field of civil and aerospace engineering are reportedly dumbfounded by the elegance and simplicity of the design. "We never would have guessed it was so easy", one Dr. Glüh Huffens, P. Eng remarked. "We've spent so many years investigating and developing carbon nanostructures and advanced composites that we completely missed the real secret; popsicle sticks have been the latchkey solution all along". Plans are being drawn up for mass production of the structure; experiments are currently being performed to genetically engineer trees from which to produce kilometer-long popsicle sticks. The new structure has been affectionately dubbed "Eggy's Long Member" after Ryerson University's namesake, Egerton Ryerson. A striking addition to the downtown core's iconic skyline, the enormous assembly emanates from the center of the university's quad, soaring far out of sight into the sky, dwarfing even the CN Tower. "It's right at home here", said one Stew Pede-Fuche, a fourth year business student; "It's honestly what our campus has been missing all along". Eggy's Long Member has been successfully deployed in a field test, slapping its considerable length and girth across the GTA. The test caused untold millions of dollars in property damage and killed tens of thousands of people, injuring countless more. "It was an unprecedented success", said the design team's lead; "We couldn't have asked for a better result". The elevator was designed to deliver supplies over long distances to individuals unreachable by conventional means. The elevator features a basket on its orbital end, which is filled with a payload; the enormous structure is then pushed just above the hinge securing it to Ryerson's campus by a team of students with sufficient gains, dropping the package onto its destination. As a token of friendship and solidarity over the loss of their own (much smaller) pole, Eggy's Long Member will deliver its first load straight to the campus of Queen's University in Kingston; the supplies will include pamphlets on how best to secure the campus against the infamous BFC, and how to correctly use a computer to contact the notorious organization to negotiate terms in case of future mascot theft.



POINT/COUNTERPOINT

This town ain't big enough for the two of us!

By Rowdy McBadass Jr., Local Bandit

vs The square footage is actually pretty good

By Montgomery Jeffords, Unemployed Teacher

Around these parts, there's only room for one gun-swingin', door-bustin', brawl-endin', brawl-startin', drink-drownin' cowboy: me. So sorry to rain on your parade there, bud, but you're going to have to step over my dead body to take a walk on my turf. Unfortunately for you, this town ain't big enough for the two of us. Now you don't have to take my word for it, but ask anyone and we're already scraping by for supplies. I can barely fit my two .69 Magnums up my holster without some punk feeling lucky. Heck, just the other day I had to shoot down Waldo because the place was too crowded, and I liked Waldo; you though, not so much. Now I'm gonna to give you one more chance to ride your mustang into another county, 'cause mine's taken.

For crying out loud, I'm just a travelling teacher trying to find work. I came to your town because I heard it was in dire need of education, and I can see that my services are indeed needed. First, this town is actually rather decent in square footage, and there is plenty of room for the both of us along with the rest of the town's population. I can estimate that given the town's perimeter, there is roughly 2500 acres of land, and the population is only about 800. So that gives one person over 3 acres of land on average, and that's before accounting for crowded saloons and bars. Further, *Where's Waldo* is common reading material for boys and girls, not 38-year-old adults; you should let me lend you some higher-level reading material. Please, this town needs me; I can teach you how to count to 5, maybe even 6 if we're feeling lucky!

Nintendo to Open Super Mario Brothels Worldwide

I. P. Errwhere
Toike Oike Sexpert

Hot off the heels of their relatively recent portable blockbusters *Pokémon GO*, *Super Mario Run*, and of course, *Pokémon Sun* and *Moon*, Nintendo has decided to make another bold move by opening a line of Super Mario Brothels where legal worldwide. These locations will aim to satisfy visitors with workers dressed as their favourite characters from the Super Mario universe and environments designed just like levels from the game. "Go down Peach's pipe until your Wiggler turns red in one of our forest-themed rooms," proclaimed an advertisement for the establishment, "or if you're into kinkier stuff, smash with Giga Bowser down in his dungeon."

"I can't believe we didn't think of this sooner!" cried Reg Fills-Me, President of Nintendo's Division of Pornography (Nintendo DP for short). "It was only one letter away from Super Mario *Brothers!*" Believe it or not, Nintendo DP has always been around but only became more public recently with the rise of the Internet and Rule 34. Nintendo simply decided that with porn at the forefront of the digital age, they may as well capitalize on its popularity and be open about

their behind-the-scenes porno division.

"Our work goes way back," said Fills-Me, hands calmly steepled, elbows resting on his table made of that sweet, sweet *Pokémon* green. "Why do you think Peach keeps Toad in her dress in *Super Smash Bros.*? Or in *Zelda II*, what do you think that lady is really doing when she takes Link into her home to 'heal' him? Samus being a chick in a swimsuit at the end of *Metroid* was our idea!"

Even Kirby, Nintendo's cutest and surely most family-friendly mascot has been influenced by Nintendo DP's work. Yet even this is unsurprising given that the character's main power is sucking.

According to Fills-Me, many of Nintendo DP's ideas have been censored over the years. "Originally, breeding in traditional *Pokémon* games was supposed to be more graphic," claimed Massagiرو Sukherai, one

Above: Nintendo's current plans for the line of Super Mario Brothels, with fortresses representing individual locations and the castle representing headquarters. The Hammer and Boomerang Bros. represent possible street-level escorts as the Game Boy to the brothels' Nintendo 64.

Manufacturer Recalls Blazing Saddles

Alcoholic Aronymous
Toike Pseudonym Changer

A massive recall has been issued by Holdzerass, Inc. on their recently released saddle, the Colt 7, after widespread reports of the model bursting into flames when operated within the parameters of its normal everyday use. It is estimated that over 7,000 models have been recovered so far, with up to 69,000 still estimated to be in circulation. The results have been devastating, with the rear-end explosions leading anywhere from assless chaps to chaps who have literally lost their asses (as well as their ass, if riding a donkey).

A retrospectively unfortunate marketing campaign, which labelled the model as the "hottest seat around," has been quickly cancelled following the stream of accident reports that came alight. Tort litigation is being prepared,

with lawyers across the country trying to reach out to affected consumers, using the verbose yet effective slogan, "Those assholes' half-assed manufacturing cost you your ass, so let's sue their ass and see their asses in an assylum!"

This has been the largest recall of blazing saddles since the 90s, when in 1894 a similar instance of explosions resulted in a mass recall as well. In that situation, forensic engineering showed that the accidents appeared to have been triggered by the presence of methane and other gases in the proximity of the saddle while being ridden. It is still unclear whether that is the case here as well; however, until more details arise, readers are cautioned to avoid mine shaft exploration, the use of gas lamps, and excessive bean consumption while using their saddles unless it is absolutely necessary.

Local Outlaws Outraged at TTC Subway Service

Robin Banks
Toike Oike Hog Rustler

The recent state of the Toronto Transit Commission has made some locals not only late for work, but also put them out of it. The near-20,000 annual subway delays are endangering the traditional culture and way of life of Wild West criminal families.

“My great-great grandfather made a living out of abductin’ innocents from the local burg,” attests self-identifying outlaw Harvey P. Weintz. “He’d tie ‘em

to the train tracks just before the arrival of the 7:10 express, sit back and watch the chaos unfold as some hero ranger rushed to untie his victim before they got flattened.”

Of central importance to the Weintz family’s move to Toronto was the presence of subway tracks, which Weintz felt would ensure he would be able to continue the noble work of his lineage. The TTC’s constant delays show that the Rocket is in fact a poor substitute for the railroad

tracks of the Old West. “Now you get someone down on the tracks, start tyin’--but no, just as you get ‘em gagged, there comes that darned voice, announcin’ that trains will be moving slower’n usual as a result of a passenger alarm activated at St. George.”

The time-sensitive nature of Weintz’s work does not allow for even small delays in transit. “If you tie ‘em too early, and no train comes, someone’ll save ‘em even before the tracks start vibratin’. Jig’s up, there’s no point continu-

in’ after that.”

Weintz cited a number of other impediments to his work. “Not only do you have to pay fare to even get down the subway, but once you’re there, the mood is just horrible, no blazing sun or hot sand. Doesn’t hold a candle to the Old West. An’ even if you manage to get someone on the tracks, squealin’ away like a stuck pig, no one notices. They’re all streaming High Noon off Netflix, court’sy of TCONNECT. There’s just no suspense to it anymore.”

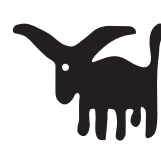


Above: Tying people to the TTC tracks just isn’t like the old days.

TOIKEOSCOPES



ARIES



TAURUS



GEMINI



CANCER



LEO



VIRGO

The positions of Mars and Neptune this month offend your honour. Are you just going to stand there or challenge them to a duel at high noon?

Grab the bull by the balls while the opportunity is ripe, Taurus. This is the perfect time for that duel at high noon you’ve been thinking about.

Find your long lost twin while Mercury’s position is favourable. Once you do, challenge them to a duel at high noon. There can only be one.

The sun will reach it’s peak angle this month, Cancer. Perfect time to have a duel at high noon.

Jupiter seems to suggest that you’ll have to work hard this month, but you’ll be rewarded when it all ends in a duel at high noon.

Don’t let the haters get to you. You can have a duel at high noon all by yourself, Virgo.



LIBRA



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS



CAPRICORN



AQUARIUS



PISCES

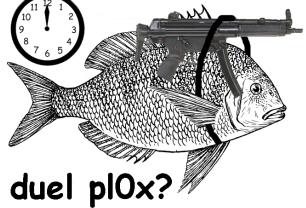
If you find your balance in life upset, Libra, it wouldn’t hurt to have a duel at high noon to restore things to their natural order.

You should cut loose this month! Release your inhibitions and have a duel at high noon with a sexy stranger.

Be crafty, Sagittarius. Saturn points towards fruitful creative endeavours this month. Have a duel at high noon and try out a crazy trick shot.

Challenge yourself to get healthier this month. Pluto’s position indicates that a duel at high noon would be a particularly effective means of getting active.

Looks like those mean ol’, nasty ol’ desperados poisoned the town’s water supply. A duel at high noon should settle this once and for all!



Want to join the Toike? Read this Black Box!

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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.

Frosh Screams “S-K-U-L-E,” but Everyone Else Is Done Cheering

Egos Were Bruised, Hearts Broken

Mike Literus
Toike Head Givur

In a predictable yet seemingly unavoidable F!rosh Week F!aux pas, an eager but hapless yellow-shirted first year was recently heard attempting to go for a 5th round of the S-K-U-L-E cheer, despite all surrounding Orientation revellers assuming that the chant had ended. Reports suggest this may not even have been the first time in one day that the unnamed freshman fell victim to this all-too-common blunder.

The head leedur for the group in which the catastrophe occurred, who also wishes (unsurprisingly) to remain anonymous, believes that nothing could have been done to prevent the tactless transgression. “There’s always that moment of fear you feel in the split second after the fourth time shouting ‘Engineering U of T.’ You wonder, did they

get it? Are these precious new F!roshlings understanding when it’s time to stop? Is everyone satisfied? And then, sometimes, you just get that icy chill up your spine as you hear some poor kid trying for a 5th.”

The almost terminal discomfort with which the gratuitous outburst was belted was only bolstered by the way in which the perpetrator entirely failed to play it off or at least snuff out the snafu with some speed. According to witnesses, the result of the misplaced yell was neither the unfortunate but respectable “S! K! U-L-E! ...uh, YEAH!” nor the drole and forgivable “S! ...dammit...” but instead just a disheartening trail-off as the turmeric-tunicked young pup entered the second line.

“It felt like I imagine firing a bazooka would feel, but the

bazooka turned out to just be full of wet spaghetti,” said one bystander. “I think, in that moment, something inside me died.”

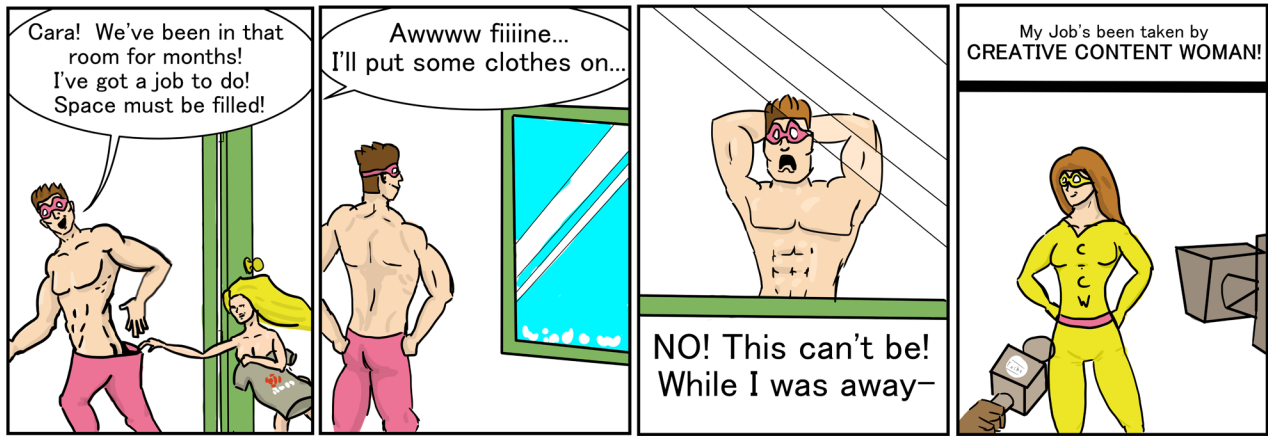
The culprit behind the ensuing moment of awkward silence and shattered enthusiasm throughout the F!rosh group could not be reached for comment, but this poor soul is undoubtedly still feeling the heavy burden of their sin. Local experts speculate that this same first year may have already been involved in other types of well-documented orientation alterations, including the “can’t figure out how to put the hard hat together,” the “mistaking short female leedur for other frosh,” and the especially embarrassing “bruising nose on horse statue’s ball sack.” Some even assert that the anonymous young’n is still at risk.



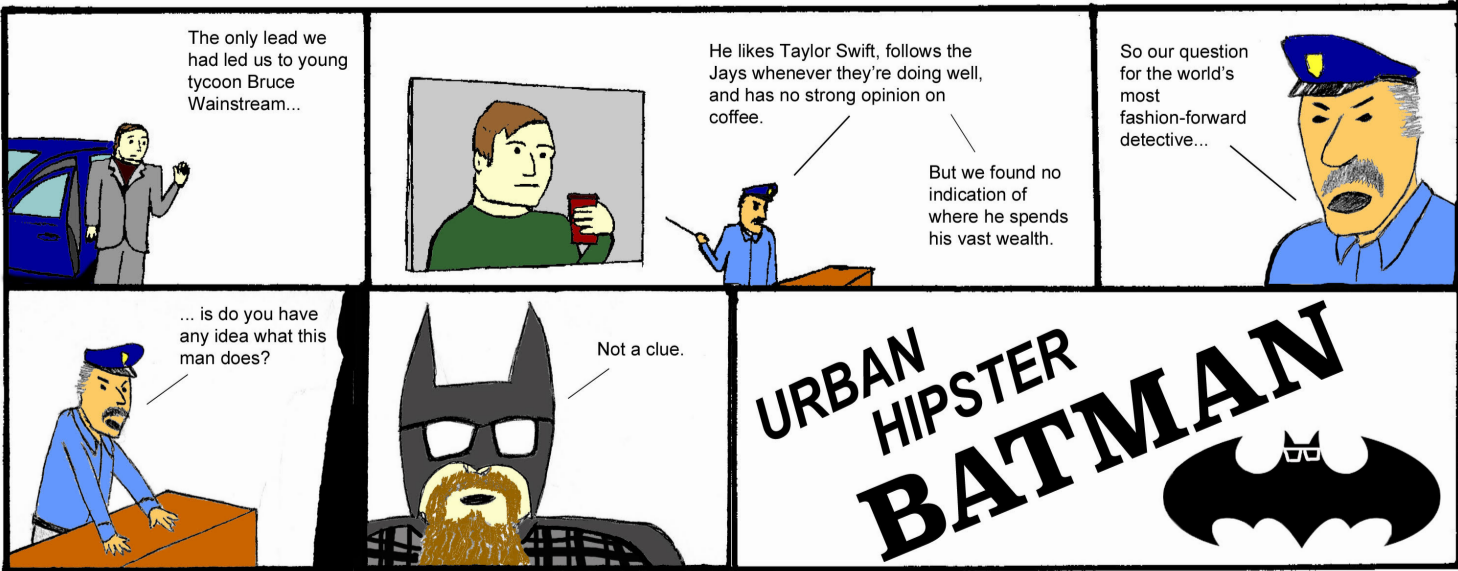
Above: Taken only moments before the disaster, this photo shows a face with the glow of innocence and no hint of impending regret.



Sophie L. Meballs



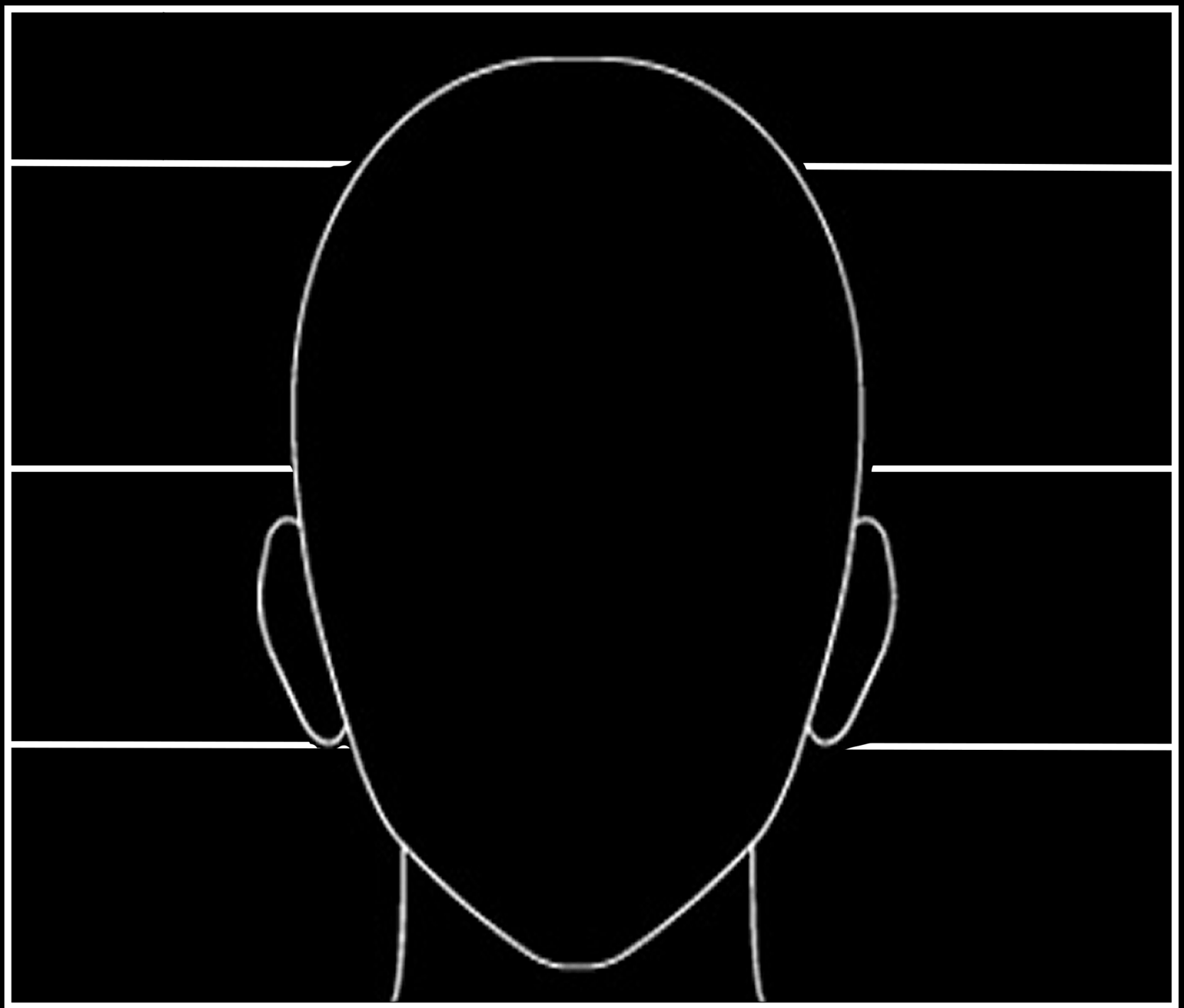
Alexander Simone



Mike Literus

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

YOU



\$69,000

For loitering, exploiting, extortion, contortion,
ding dang dortion, corruption, combustion, move a-bustin',
complaining, raining, aiming for less than your best, wearing a sweater vest
ignoring the prof, asking for Starbucks with extra froth, not helping at the Battle of Hoth
sleeping in class, staring at dat ass, skiping mass, ruining the Pit for everyone (clean up after yourselves),
playing Pirate Warrior, not voting for Trump, voting for Trump, being a lazy lump, not learning how to crump, taking a nasty dump,
selling weed out the locker room (coach knows you're selling), not having watched *Space Jam* enough times, having no name, having no game, being pretty lame,
reading this text long enough for someone to shove your face into the page and toike you, committing the less severe Deadly Sins of Frosh Week (not #5 because that's not a joke), barely passing Calc I,
barely passing Calc II, barely passing Lin Alg, going to the wrong lecture hall, breathing the wrong way according to a mustachioed hipster self-proclaimed breathing guru, rhyming, and worst of all, reading the Toike for the headlines.