

TOIKE
OIKE

MICHELIN GUIDE TO UOFT

TRAVELER

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

TOIKE.SKULE.CA

7

LIBRARIES TO GET DRUNK IN

PLUS

PHOTOS FROM
OUR CAVE
EXCURSION



EDITORIAL

How’s it crackalackin’?

Tis’ I, Joanna, aka your *Toike Oike* Editor-in-Chief for the 1T9-2To year! Many of you are coming to Skule™ for the first time (ever!), and many of you are even coming to Toronto for the first time (ever!) too. Yikes. You may be thinking: “ah shit where are the things, how do I do, what how excuse quoi?” Well honestly, same, dear reader. The good news is that *The Toike Oike* has got you covered this month with a Travel Guide to Toronto/the GTA/UofT.

Inside this beautifully-crafted piece of work that you’re holding in your hands (or reading online idk), you’ll find oodles of helpful articles about the GTA, including tips and tricks to successfully march through the city with confidence and grace.

Feeling lost and confused about school or life? If you read this *Toike*, I’m sure that you’ll quickly become confident that we’re all pretty derp with no direction in life, and that’s okay! Right...?!

While you’re at it, you should totally email me at **toike@skule.ca** if you want to be a part of this cool, factual, academic piece of literature. You can also email me to put an end to my lonely, lonely, lonesome. If you like writing, making graphics, drawing comics, or just eating some of the free food that will only occasionally exist because EngSoc cOuLdN’t fUnD iT tHiS yEar, you should totally join *The Toike*!

Anyways, see ya around homies,

Joanna Melnyk
Editor-in-Chief 1T9-2To



Wow look a sword! We have a sword! Isn’t that sick??

WRITE-ITORIAL

HI ALL, THIS IS MATT HERE! I’M BACK, NANANANANANANAN-ANA!

DID I JUST DATE MYSELF? I REMEMBER WHEN “WITHOUT ME” CAME OUT. OH NO. I AM AGING.

ANYWAY, I’M SUPER STOKED FOR THIS YEAR, AS ALWAYS, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE I WILL BE JOINED AS SENIOR STAFF WRITER BY NONE OTHER THAN GRAEME EDWARDS HIMSELF! YOU MAY KNOW GRAEME FROM OUR WEBSITE, FROM THE 20 OR SO ARTICLES HE WROTE LAST YEAR OR FROM HIS HAT. SO YEAH, WOO, SO EXCITED!

- Matthew Gene

Goodbye none, that is graeme there. he’s front, anananananananan.

did you just break-up someone? you forget why “with you” went in.

hell yes. you are getting younger. one way, you are rotten indifferent from last millisecond, as seldom... what? No, Matt, I’m not just copying yours. I’m doing the furthest thing from copying your blurb. What do you mean it’s still copying if I’m saying the opposite of everything you say? If it’s the opposite, how can it be copied? Well maybe you should have said that before we printed these. I most certainly will

not collect all of the copies we’ve already printed just so I can “write my own blurb”.

I’m being told that I have to stop it with my Write-a-torial shenanigans. Is it copying you if I tell the nice readers that I’m really excited for the year too? Well too bad, I’m going to anyway and there’s nothing you can do to stop m-

- Graeme Edwards



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To Whom it May Concern,

Hi there!

I am an engineering student at the University of Toronto (the number 1 ranked university in Canada and a top 25 ranked university globally) and I am very excited to be applying to your job posting. Being a student at one of the best universities in the world, I am sure that I am going to be the ideal choice for this job. U of T is very prestigious. I look forward to discussing my higher-than-the-national-average starting salary.

Sincerely,
A U of T Student

Attached: U_of_T_Student_Resume.docx

So glad to hear that you’re interested in joining *The Toike Oike*. I am confident that our publication will meet all of your prestigious needs, as we are the most official, factual, intellectual and legit newspaper there is. I can also assure you that we will keep up your reputation of highly ranked resume entries, because we are actually the #1 ranked newspaper in Canada (don’t look that up).

Although I’m guessing you aren’t very funny, I’m sure you will be a gr8 addition to the *Toike Oike* (not because we make fun of people like you sometimes or anything... of course not... shhhh).

Regards,

Joanna

Dear Ms. Editor,

If you could only eat one kind of vegetable for the rest of your life, which one would it be? Tomatoes count for this answer.

Sincerely,
SeverelyProteinDeficient

First of all, eggplant. Second of all, I think it’s very daring of you to say that you consider tomatoes to be vegetables.

The Oxford Dictionary states that a tomato is: “A glossy red, or occasionally yellow, pulpy edible fruit that is eaten as a vegetable or in salad.” QED

Sincerely,

Joanna

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B740 Sandford Fleming
10 King’s College Road
Toronto, ON M5S 3G4

tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
http://toike.skule.ca
e-mail: toike@skule.ca

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF **Joanna Melnyk**

MANAGING EDITOR **Spencer Ki**

SENIOR STAFF WRITERS **Graeme Edwards
Matthew Gene**

GRAPHICS DIRECTORS **Brittany Chan
Ethan Dean**

WRITING CONTRIBUTORS **Alec Xu
Catherine Kucaba
Ben Morehead
Deeksha Tewari
Joel Kahn
Spencer Ki
Matthew Gene
Graeme Edwards
Joanna Melnyk**

GRAPHICS CONTRIBUTORS **Brittany Chan
Ethan Dean
Spencer Ki
Joanna Melnyk**

COMICS **Harrison Chan**

LAYOUT **Joanna Melnyk**

CONTENT REVIEW **Matthew Gene
Graeme Edwards
Spencer Ki
Joanna Melnyk
Shashwat Panwar**

DISTRIBUTION MANAGERS **Parker Johnston
Kohava Mendelsohn**

SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER **Leigh McNeil-Taboika**

WEBMASTER **Deeksha Tewari**

PRINTER **All Solutions Printing Inc.**

COLOPHON

Each month, the staff and contributors of *The Toike Oike* gather at a specific point given by geographical coordinates: 43°39’36.6”N 79°23’42.0”W. They all stand in a circle, join hands, and recite a chant that will not be disclosed to mere readers of *The Toike*. As they chant, smoke starts to form, seeming to escape from the floor. The people of *The Toike Oike* gaze upon the centre of the circle as a green figure begins to emerge from the smoke. Who could it be? All of a sudden, the man himself, Shrek, appears. He is also holding a cat. Shrek hands the Editor the cat. It turns into the next issue of *The Toike*. They all rejoice. All is well.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a book of information about a place designed for the use of visitors or tourists. It will usually include information about sights, accommodation, restaurants, transportation, and activities. Maps of varying detail and historical and cultural information are often included. Different kinds of guide books exist, focusing on different aspects of travel, from adventure travel to relaxation, or aimed at travelers with different incomes, or focusing on sexual orientation or types of diet.

DISCLAIMER

The globetrotting opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not sue us, as we have just booked ourselves a trip to somewhere cooler than Toronto, and seriously cannot afford a lawyer; also we’ll be too busy having a hoot and a half on our vacation. Peace out homies.



**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY**

The Toike Oike is a member of Canadian University Press

DEFINITIVE LIST OF UOFT'S WORST BUILDINGS

Clein Kalvins

I Toike in my Calvins

In 2005, Eminem released the album *Curtain Call: The Hits*, a greatest hits compilation album featuring several new songs. One of those new songs was the incredibly explicit “FACK,” a confusing, farcical nightmare about unbelievably kinky sex involving a rodent in which Em makes orgasm sounds in a Cartman-esque voice. We never asked for it, nor did we want it once it was offered. It was abhorrent, criminal, and later used as a call-back on Eminem’s *Kamikaze*. It was so sexually explicit, that a *clean* version of the album was issued without it. Let that sink in. This *Eminem* song was so *offensive* and *explicit* that they had to *remove* it so as not to *offend Eminem fans*. Give it a listen, we’ll wait.

Terrible, isn’t it? Terrifying, isn’t it? Well, that nausea-inducing work doesn’t even come close to these five buildings:

5. Sid Smith

Hi, yes. Where the *fuck* is this place? I’m seriously asking, because I’ve never seen it. This place is a maze within a maze, a labyrinthine nightmare out of Daedalus’ wettest dream. There’s no Minotaur at the centre, just more fucking hallways *with no lights*. This place is like a sick prank for Eng because, even though our buildings are usually boring as shit, our buildings have straight-forward, predictable floor plans. This ArtSci building is a Greek tragedy. If you wanna find a bathroom you’d better bring a ball of yarn to find your way back because not even a map of the building will help you find your way back to the main foyer. Like a lost puppy, you’ll be running around in a panic for hours, only to realise that you’re on some kind of mezzanine. The only things more confusing than this hellscape are those who choose ArtSci over Eng.

4. Galbraith

No A/C in this motherfucker, it’s Sweat City up in here, just

like the next building on this list. The only thing that makes it remotely better is the fact that the bathrooms don’t look like they’re out of a 90’s horror film. For some reason, the men’s and women’s bathrooms are on alternating floors, I don’t even have a joke for that dumb shit. “Yes, yes. Only *men’s* classes on this floor, women’s on the next. Why? Because that’s where the bathrooms are, silly.” I am *livid*. There is nothing worse than having to resist pissing yourself while fighting gravity on your way up to the bathroom. Save yourself the trouble, use a catheter. I’d rather have a pissbag strapped to my thigh than have to use those ventilation-free stairwells.

3. Haultain

Ah, Haultain. Ol’ fucknugget itself, Haultain is that first pancake. The one that’s too big or small, either under- or overcooked, and misshapen. The one you accidentally fold in half when you try to flip it and either discard or eat yourself. You *never* show anyone the first pancake, you don’t even let people get close to the first pancake, which is probably why U of T hid this monstrous turd in an alleyway that can only be accessed by the seven Mechs. But oh-ho! You don’t have to be a Mech to have class in Haultain, you just have to be a Mech to get *in* to Haultain. Do you see the issue? All of the classrooms are on the fourth floor of this horror-movie-style insane asylum, and I am 110% sure that Slenderman is in every damn one. You could take the elevator, which is essentially an electric coffin that, instead of lowering you to your rest, raises you up to *hell*. There’s no A/C. Only heat. All year, only heat. Ceiling pipes just *drip-drip-dripping* only to hiss when it hits the always-on radiator in the corner as Jigsaw eyeballs you through his goddamn mask. *Fuck* Haultain.

2. Bahen

The perennial disappointment. Voted as the worst building for sixteen-straight years. The only building with heating vents in



the ceiling and cooling vents in the floor, Bahen must have been built with literally nothing or no one in mind. If you don’t see the flaw in this little design ‘quirk,’ you need to re-evaluate your decision to become an engineer. Why is it that some of the staircases skip floors? What do they have against the sixth floor? Why are they hiding the math department? Maybe those math nerds ought to solve the fucking mess that is Bahen.

1. Myhal

We at *The Toike Oike* always knew it would take a gargantuan fuck-up for a building to surpass sixteen-time reigning champion Bahen in the race to be the campus’ worst building. Myhal feels like one of those assignments you had four months to do but decided to do at the last minute while blazed out of your *fucking mind*. An eight-story shit-berg with only two non-functional elevators, Myhal is U of T’s answer to the current mental health pandemic - with all the stairs you have to climb you’ll be drowning in a sea of endorphins. Imagine the amount of exercise you’ll get in, climbing eight goddamn stories in your second-hand Canada Goose jacket in the winter. Myhal is best described as a “shit-storm” because it literally rains ceiling tiles down on students with barely enough health insurance to cover a flu shot. And don’t even start with that “oh, there’s so much space in the basement” shit, that “oh what lovely fabrication facilities we have” shit. Cut the crap, there’s no ventilation. So if you wanna trip and die while running to the one and only water bottle refill station on the sixth floor to wash the acrid fumes out of your nose, mouth, and other orifices, Myhal is the building for you.

MICHELIN GUIDE: THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Darth Vibrator

Toike Gourmand

The Brown Food Truck



A curbside dining experience at The Brown Food Truck (St. George Street, between Willcocks and Harbord) always begins with a minutes-long wait among U of T students who share in your salty cravings. After all, it has been the go-to dinner spot on campus for decades. With an expansive menu that features everything from hot dogs to a hot dog and fries, one would be foolish not to opt for their most famous dish, the aptly named “medium poutine.” Julienned potato that has been double-fried until crisp, and served under squeaky cheese curds and an umami-rich brown gravy, their interpretation of the Canadian staple will never disappoint. After having ordered your calorie-dense fuel, an experience at The Brown Food Truck is never complete without a cry from the chef that rings familiar to countless generations of U of T grads - “anything to drink for you?” A variety of toppings are available for you should you feel the need to spice up this already heavenly delight.

The Blue Food Truck



This challenger to the poutine throne offers up a unique take on classic North American street food. Located outside of the world-renowned Astronomy & Astrophysics Building (St. George Street), The Blue Food Truck offers up fried delights, like (hopefully) previously-frozen fish and calamari. One

would be foolish, however, not to opt for their signature dish, the appropriately named “medium poutine.” Soggy fries serve as the bed for a simple light gravy and some squeaky cheese curds in this exciting new take on the classic poutine. Despite the complete lack of texture and warmth of the fries, the quality of potato is unmistakable, as the spud maintains a sweet taste and a fluffy texture. Seating options are non-existent, so try your best to snag a seat in Bahen after securing your taters.

Those Weird Burger Places On Campus



“Holy shit, right?” exclaimed Senior Staff Writer Matthew Gene when asked about his thoughts on Weird Burger Places on Campus. A variety of burgers and hot dogs can be purchased from these delightfully random restaurants, all two of which can be found on the St. George campus, in Sidney Smith Hall and the Medical Science Building. The atmosphere at both of these locations is best described as “boisterous” and “limited on quiet seating.” A burger with mushrooms and garlic in a creamy mustard sauce, or one served with both caramelised and fried onions are just two of the beefy beauties offered up at this local burger joint. One would be a fool not to try their poutine, consisting of thick-cut french fries salted and served with salty cheese curds and a generously-salted light gravy. Despite the brilliant food, make sure to have a couple (refillable) water bottles with your meal here.



GANDALF FIRED FROM BORDER SERVICES

Frodo Pack-Your-Baggins
Toike Travel Correspondent

BORDER SERVICES HQ, MISSISSAUGA – In a shocking turn of events, the Canadian Border Services Agency has announced that they have terminated Gandalf Greybeard, one of their oldest employees, from his post as a Border Services Officer.

“We will miss Gandalf and wish him all the best,” said Mr. Ronald Sow in a statement to the press. “Unfortunately, he just wasn’t a good fit for our Agency. We tried

posting him at bridges into Ontario, ports into Nova Scotia, even on Saskatchewan’s southern border. Once there he managed to create a backlog of travellers just waiting to get past the border and into our beautiful country.”

“We will forever be grateful for his service, especially after that incident with that big fire demon who wanted to cross our border,” continued Sow. “However, we have decided that his negative impact on Canada’s reputation as a premier tourist destination and generally welcoming country were

too high a price to pay.” It doesn’t appear as though Gandalf will be hard-pressed to find another job as it is rumoured that the University of Toronto’s Division of Engineering Science is enamoured with the 2019-year-old and could offer him a position as an Associate Professor. They aren’t the only ones who have been closely following Greybeard’s skills, as the United States Department of Customs and Border Protection are reportedly preparing to offer Gandalf a position as the Grand Wizard of their Southern Border.



THE SEVEN BEST LIBRARIES TO GET DRUNK IN (#5 WILL SURPRISE YOU)

The Darthest of Vibes
Toike Vibrator of Darths

#7 Knox College Library
Drown your sorrows in Communion wine and Christian knowledge in this seldom-used library located right near that big dome-y thing!

#6 Bora Laskin Law Library
Prepare for a future of getting people off by beginning your descent into darkness (and alcoholism) at this professional school’s library.

#5 Map and Data Library
What’s better than reading maps and data while pounding a bottle of \$7 rum on a Tuesday afternoon?

#4 John W. Graham Library at Trinity College
Drink to forget that you’re at Trinity College.

#3 Robarts Library
Crack open a cold one in the depths of this resplendent beige turkey. Don’t be afraid to get lit on one of the umpteen floors of this *fowl* creature. #StacksOnStacksOnStacks

#2 Engineering and Computer Science Library in Sandford Fleming
Always a good place to get fucked up, Sandford Fleming is known as “Party Central” to upper-years. Go ahead, ask your F!rosh leedur about “Party Central.”

#1 Gerstein Science Information Centre
YEAH BOI. Get litty in the gender-neutral ruler of libraries. #GersteinGang #WeOutHere



SUMMER/FALL TOURISTS PROVING TO BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK FOR NEWCOMER CAWAII MODELS

Ador B. S. UwUzella
Senior Cuteness Correspondent

All the industry really needs is the right kind of furry.

TORONTO - As summer enters full swing, the quadruped citizens of Toronto are faced with an insurmountable challenge before they can become an integral part of the Cute Animals With Adorable Antics IndustrI (CAWAII).

This industry began from humble beginnings, when the father of this field, YouTube user Sanchez, posted the first video of a cat facing off against puppies back in 2006. Now, cat and dog videos are staples of every web surfers diet and soon the demand for YouTube-able animal antics has started to put pressure on bigger cities with local animal popula-

tions. So what’s the challenge? The animals of Toronto must compete with the cute animals online, and need to deliver such antics all year round, especially to tourists, who are key players in increasing the cute animal’s visibility in this industry. Such a supply is hard to meet simply with the stalwarts of Canadian cuddliness – Racoon© and dogs in boots.

It’s hard to break the glass ceiling in this industry, created by the biggest competition there is - the diabetic and magnificently obese Racoon©. Indeed, most tourists in Toronto keep their eyes trained on trash cans, street corners, and more recently, Shopper’s Drug Mart on College Street, hoping to spot the most famous member of the *Procyonidae* family try-

ing to perform basic functions like walking or hissing. Or, during winters, they are treated to the sight of dogs trying to walk in their little colourful boots during winter.

However, the rise of conscious, Racoon© health freaks campaigning for racoon-proof dustbins have severely dented racoon occurrences in the city. And indeed, the end of the winter season means no more puppers strutting about in their wittle adorable bootsies ‘til December at best. So who’s going to pick up after these (literal) giants and advance the cute animals industry in Toronto for the season?

The answer may lie with the newest upstart in the Toronto CAWAII scene that is starting to burrow its way into Toronto-

nians’ hearts with its little face and huge bushy tail.

The humble Squirrel© might not seem like much at the outset – its diminutive stature simply holds no comparison to the chonky Racoon©, and it’s tiny scampers are hardly a match for the majestic strut of a dog.

However, the sheer manic energy held inside a Squirrel©’s body for performing death-defying antics has even the most discerning tourist reaching for their phone to tweet images captioned #cute #adorable. One could simply stand for hours on end, watching a Squirrel© manoeuvre itself up a vine on a building – on a good day, one can hear the oohs and aahs of university students shirking all work to watch a Squirrel© make its way to the top of the

building like Tom Cruise.

Apart from an inexhaustible supply of energy, the success of Squirrels© can also be attributed to their neurotic, bipolar nature.

One minute they’re staring at you as you gently approach them to take a picture. The next they’ve either jumped into a mound of leaves or run into a dustbin.

Nevertheless, photographs of these furry balls of nerves are truly majestic, with their patented taxidermic stare and twitching tail.

In conclusion, all is not lost – Toronto’s seasonal CAWAII game can still be saved by these charming little Sciuridae, and will definitely will be the mammal to watch out for in the fall.

UOFT PIGEONS DEFEND THEIR TURF

Vibrating DARTH
Toike Horny-thologist

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, TORONTO - For over a century, there has been an uneasy peace between U of T students and the native pigeons of the downtown core. As the student body continues to boom and the campus expands ever outward, the local pigeon populace has come under threat from their noisy neighbours. Some pigeons have begun to fight back against their oppressors.

“Step off, bitch. These be *my* breadcrumbs,” cried switchblade-wielding Peter ‘Petey the Pigeon’ Pidgeotto at first-year EngSci Sam “Sad Sam” Samentino.

Petey the Pigeon is one of many lo-

cal pigeons who have succumbed to the pervasive avian gang culture in Toronto. Beginning as an enforcer for the twig-trafficking “Birds of Prey,” Pidgeotto eventually rose up to become a captain in the gang, controlling the engineering territory to the east of St. George Street. He then split from the Birds along with his followers, forming the “Wings of Hell,” an aggressive outfit engaged in a turf war with all three mineral engineers.

Along with engaging in twig-trafficking, the Wings also run a nest protection racket south of College Street and deal illicit birdseed in Queen’s Park. They have been known to engage in fly-by poopings targeting incoming engineering students, leaving many F!rosh coated in their foul faeces.

Despite efforts at peace talks between EngSoc and the Wings of Hell, mediated by *The Toike Oike* and their crack team of Pigeon-English translators, tensions remain at an all-time high. The Wings have demanded that the Engineering Society yield the upper floors of Wallberg and a tithe from their fundings. The student union countered with an offer of Haultain and “cool little leather jackets that’ll make ‘em look rad.”

The Toike Oike advises all F!rosh to take a page out of the Wu-Tang Clan songbook and protect ya neck on campus this September, especially if you find yourself on Petey the Pigeon’s turf.



TOIKE SENIOR STAFF WRITER GETS LAZY, SUBMITS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED ARTICLE

Gene Mathews
Toike Definitely-Not-a-Senior-Staff-Writer

ENGCOM – In a bold move worthy of immortalization on the U of T Wall of Shame, Senior Staff Writer Eduardo Graham has reportedly managed to set a new low bar for the failing *Toike Oike* by submitting a previously published article. It seems that Mr. Graham thought that an article from the November 2018 issue of *The Toike* (“Man Goes to Hamilton, Has Bad Trip”) warranted re-printing.

“Honestly, I’m not sure whether he thought that it was a short enough article from long enough ago that nobody would realize that we’d already published it or if he just didn’t want to write

another article and thought we’d find it funny to re-print it,” said Joan Melanik, the 1T9-2To *Toike* Editor-in-Chief. “I’m not sure I would have caught it if I hadn’t been re-reading old issues earlier that day.”

“I was for reprinting the article,” said Spatthew Kene, who witnessed Eduardo read the already-printed article in an editing meeting just days ago. “We published it last time because it’s title connected to our theme, which is fine since people mostly just read the headlines anyways. But the article’s content really lends itself to the travel guide theme. And I think it’s important that our readers know that Hamilton is not a fun place to visit.”

“I think Ed should be ashamed of himself,” said Lee O’Neil-Takobo, former Editor-in-Chief. “This is almost as disgraceful as that time the *Toike* was published without a back-cover page. People kept rubbing them on each other’s faces, but nothing would come off. It was an embarrassment! And now this?!?!”

Eduardo isn’t expected to face supplemental discipline for his actions as there is no rule against attempting to get an article re-published. At time of writing, no announcement had been made regarding whether or not the article would be printed in the new issue.

DECODING THE TORONTO LINGO

Chip Swiddedip
UofT Linguistics Major

Ayooooooooo, so mans have BEEN complainin’ about how fucked up the way we speak is, and ain’t nobody tryinna hear dat, so I’m finna bless all y’all with the shit you need to not look like a wasteyute when handling the Toronto Mandem.

Ahlie: Aight so not even gonna lie it takes a minute to understand exactly what the fuck ‘ahlie’ means. But honestly it’s not even that bad once you hear that shit enough times. Simply put, if yer lookin’ for some confirmation in whatever doodoo is prolly comin’ out of yer beak, slap on ‘ahlie’ and erryone will know what yer sayin’, fam.

Bare: So ‘bare’ means tryna argue that this makes negative sense, but they’re just wasteyutes styll. Bare means a lot, that’s all there is to it, if you’re cheesed that you can’t understand that, then that’s a you problem styll.

Mans: This is erryone, we are all the Mandem. Context is hella important in this one ‘cause ‘mans’ can mean you, your brethren, or your dead great grandfather. By using ‘mans’ you’re actually blessing society cause you out here teaching mans how to deadass listen. That shit deep fam.

Wasteyute: Erryone says stupid shit, but sometimes you hit people with a “nize yerself” but they keep fuckin’ up yer braincells. This is a wasteyute. People can act like wasteyutes without being wasteyutes, but trust, this phrase ain’t one you wanna be reppin’.

Styll: Sometimes you spit facts, and you feelin’ like ensuring that people know you be spittin’ facts. Hit it up with a quick ‘styll’ one time and you get erryone on the same page mayute.

Now whenever yer stuck at Warden station, and mans be are hittin’ you up for a quick buck, you can finesse them with your intense knowledge of the Toronto Mans’ lingo and prolly still get yer shit bodied. But at least you knew to call them a wasteyute one time before you got kawalled.

HOTEL? TOIKEVAGO RECOMMENDS

The Three-Eyed Mole Rat
Toike Travel Expert

Are you and your significant other looking for a juicy, intimate, lascivious getaway? Come to *That Weird Winding Hallway that Connects GB to SF thru the Basement™!* Now equipped with Pristine Pasty Drywall (PPD)™*!

The two (or three) of you will be visually orgasming, gazing across this approximately 5-foot-wide hallway. With barely any foot traffic, this resort just *sensually moans* intimate. If you’re looking to recapture teen excitement in your dreary relationship, then look no further!

With potential hiding spots indecently *exposed* by two convex corner mirrors, enjoy looking over your shoulder every ten seconds while using this otherwise unpopulated locale for the hanky-panky.

As for amenities, we feature everything a romantic couple could ask for: this five-star destination is coddled with the finest linoleum flooring and fluorescent lights. Located in the heart of Downtown Toronto, this scenic vista is just a step away from the finest Veda dining experience The Pit has to offer. Apply today!

That Weird Winding Hallway that Connects GB to SF thru the Basement™! is not responsible for any side-effects from our services. Side effects may include: Herpes, Chlamydia, Gonorrhea, any other assorted bouquet of STDs, as well as nausea, emotional distress, and even death. Consult your doctor about what vaccinations you may need before visiting *That Weird Winding Hallway that Connects GB to SF thru the Basement™!*

*Patent pending

A GUIDE TO EVERY PLACE



CANADA'S WONDERLAND:

DURING HALLOWEEN HAUNT, THE MOANS AND GROANS WILL KEEP YOU UP ALLLLL NIGHT.



RIPLEY'S AQUARIUM:

IT'LL MAKE YOU WET AS FVCCCCCKK.



CENTRE

THERE'S A N



CN TOWER:

THIS MAJESTIC FEAT OF ENGINEERING POSES PERFECTLY ERECT.



THE AGO:

THEY HAVE LIVE NUDE PAINTING EXHIBITS ON OCCASION: FIND YOURSELF A CORNER AND ENJOY :)



JANE & FINCH:

...



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I HEARD T

PLACE IN TORONTO... EVER



THE ISLAND:
A GREAT PLACE TO GET CAUGHT IN THE
ACT BY THE POLICE!



THE BEACHES:
A GREAT PLACE TO GET CAUGHT IN THE
ACT BY THE POLICE!



THE ROM:
THERE ARE DEAD BODIES
HERE IF THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE INTO.



ANZIBAR:
THEY SELL CHAMPAGNE
HERE!



ONTARIO SCIENCE
CENTRE:

LEARN HOW THE HUMAN
BODY WORKS!



THE TORONTO ZOO:
THERE ARE ANIMALS HERE IF
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE INTO.

YER SUDS
AWAY FROM SUDS
SINCE 9T6



5.99 lunch specials
weekdays

Monday
cheap liquor
trivia

Tuesday
toonie
shots/apps

Wednesday
open mike
pub quiz

Thursday
giant beer sale

Friday
b.u.r.p.

Saturday
live music
no cover

Sunday
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THE TANK RANKS: THE TTC LINES FROM WORST TO BEST

Thomas “The Tank” N. Gin
Toike Railroad Enthusiast

What’s going on everyone! It’s Tank here with your monthly “The Tank Ranks”. Now my friends in the street are telling me that there are some fresh faces at U of T this month and that a lot of them are new to the big city. Well, I thought that I should do my part to welcome these newbies to this dope-ass city, which is why this month’s ranking is all about the TTC. That’s right, the Tank himself is gonna give you the inside track, no pun intended, on getting around the city. So buckle up, or don’t cuz we’re talking ‘bout subways and seat belts aren’t a thing, because we’re about to hit the rails!

Honourable Mention: That new LRT on Eglinton

It’s not here yet, but the Tank knows that the Eglinton LRT is gonna be kind of trash. It’s gonna take a while for it to get back to zero points after all the deductions for the traffic caused by its construction process too.

5. The Blue Line a.k.a. The Scarborough Line a.k.a. The Scarberian Express

Alright, we’re gonna kick this list off with Line 3, which is a collection of six stops in the far east of Toronto. Now, the Tank’s gonna give the Scarborough Line extra points for having six stops in the 6ix. Unfortunately, the Tank has to deduct even more points because this line is in Scarborough. I mean, the word scar is literally in the name. Do not go to this place. And if you do have the misfortune of finding yourself on the Scarberian Express, please reconsider your life choices.

4. The Purple Line a.k.a. The Sheppard Line a.k.a. Oh Right, that is a Subway Line

Our second-to-worst position on this list goes to Line 4. Honestly, this one is so far north that I regularly forget that it exists.

How did they get through the permafrost to build that subway tunnel? I know it’s only five stations but that seems like a lot of effort for a series of stops a bus could make. I can’t think of anything else to say about the Sheppard Line because it’s so aggressively meh.

3. The Green Line a.k.a. The Bloor-Danforth Line a.k.a. Holy Shit Toronto’s Wide

The bronze medal goes to Line 2. This subway line is a constant reminder that Toronto is a really wide city, you know, if you were looking down on a map. Unless the map was oriented with East and West at the top and bottom. Then it would be a reminder that Toronto’s a really tall city. Anyways, this line has a lot going for it: riding the Bloor line takes you through a lot of really diverse areas of the city and it’s pretty cool when it crosses the Don River. Unfortunately, the Tank has to deduct points for the fact that it really only has like 4 useful stations in the very middle. You don’t want to go to the ends. At the East end, you get to Scarborough [see #5] and the West end is Kipling station. The Tank once took the subway all the way West and, by the time he got to Kipling, the only other passengers were a guy who had fallen asleep and probably missed his stop and a ferret another passenger had forgotten.

2. The Yellow Line a.k.a. The Yonge-University Line a.k.a. The Useful Line

Our silver medal goes to Line 1. This subway line gets our second-place position for a few reasons. It has the most useful stations on it, with stops at Union station, Yonge and Dundas Square, the Yonge and Eglinton Centre, and the Vaughan Metropolitan Centre. It connects with the two other subway lines that aren’t located in Scarborough (seriously, do NOT go to Scarborough). It can be useful for students who stay at Chestnut Residence when it’s really cold or rainy outside (not that the



Above: Thomas says, “You look like you have tasty hair.”

Tank ever did anything like that). But most importantly, it has...the best...actual subways. You know the ones that are all like one subway car? Those things are dope as shit! I mean, the Tank would deduct points for having those electronic subway maps that you can’t really steal (not that the Tank has tried...but lowkey if you can steal one of those, hit the Tank up). But damn, those electronic signs are dope too! And then those platforms in between the sections are like a fun little balancing game you can play on your commute. Haha, the Yellow Line is hands down the best TTC subway line.

1. ...

So, what’s the gold medal going to? Is it, the GO Train? Is it the Spadina or Queen streetcar? NO! It’s literally any other method of transportation. The subway sucks. Period. Do not take the subway. If you do, you will hate yourself. Walk places. If Google Maps says that it’ll take you 45 minutes to walk some place, the Tank says that you can walk it in 32. And you won’t have a weirdo coughing on you on your commute.

So that’s this month’s “The Tank Ranks” and I really hope that you guys learned something, even if that something was just to stay out of Scarborough. I really can’t stress enough how much you need to avoid Scarborough.

WHERE THE HELL EVEN IS ETOBI-COKE???

Mojo Jojo
Toike Scarberian

VERY MUCH TORONTO, TORONTO -

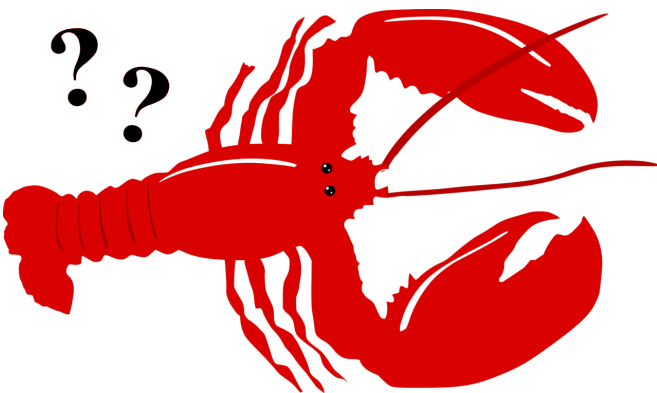
It has been reported by factual, credible sources that although its existence *has* been confirmed, no one knows exactly *where* or *what* the fuck Etobicoke (e-toe-bee-coe) is. Right now as I type, Microsoft Word can’t even comprehend the word Etobicoke, and keeps putting the red squiggly under it.

Rumour has it that the infamous “Etobz” is somewhere far West of Downtown Toronto, maybe in or around Saskatchewan. We’ve all seen people from Etobicoke get on the Westbound train, but where do they go after Kipling? Is there anything out there? “Probably not,” said Mayor John Tory when asked for comment. His statement was met with nods of agreement and shrugs of indifference from fellow high-ranking city officials.

What does one do in a place like Etobicoke? Is there electricity? Do they know what the wheel is over there? Some say that the people who find themselves in Etobicoke are sucked up into a suburban wormhole, suddenly experiencing the urge to sign up their non-existent children for organized sports.

“I knew a guy from Etobz once,” explains Jenny, a Min student. “Sometimes he would talk about what it’s like over there... he said that all you could see for miles were big houses, a Costco, and ESA students sitting in random little parks burning incense and chanting.”

Although a lot of information is still lacking in our knowledge of Etobicoke, one thing we know for sure is that it’s a *weird* place, and in all aspects is completely separate from the Toronto we know and love.



Norm
&
Gord

DISCUSS TRAWNA

This monthly column features a titillating discussion between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw.

This month’s column is sponsored by the Toronto Transit Commission. The TTC - getting you there on-time, assuming on-time is an hour and a half late due to signal problems at Broadview.

Norm: Good day, I’m Norm McLuhan, and this is my brother, Gord -

Gord: Hi there.

Norm: - and today we’re gonna discuss the great city of Trawna.

Gord: Ooooo Trawna.

Norm: Yep, ol’ Hogtown.

Gord: The Big Smoke.

Norm: The T-dot.

Gord: The city formerly known as “York.”

Norm: The 6ix.

Gord: The six what?

Norm: No, the 6ix. As in the number ‘6’ followed by the letters ‘i’ and ‘x.’

Gord: Shouldn’t that be pronounced as “the six-ix.”

Norm: Well I dunno, Gord, I didn’t come up with it.

Gord: Who did come up with it?

Norm: Drake, I think.

Gord: Old man Drake who lived next door as a kid?

Norm: What? No, the rapper and actor.

Gord: That’s rude, Norm, we both know he’s neither of those things.

Norm: Oh geez, Gord. We’re gonna have to edit that out of this episode.

Gord: Nah, he won’t read this. He went blind years ago.

Norm: What, really?

Gord: Yeah, it happens to some men his age.

Norm: Wait, are ya still talkin’ about -

Gord: Yeah, Drake, ya hosehead. He has a VC, you know.

Norm: This has been Norm and Gord McLuhan -

Gord: Ho there!

Norm: - discussing Trawna.

Virgin Sex Columnist
September's Swan Song

Nhak LeoJ
Toike Opposite Name

Salutations in this Slippery September!

I understand more than most that with the start of a new school year, there can be many hopes and dreams for the future. Now that we’ve sadly reflected over the summer on last year’s transcript (or more likely avoided thinking about it altogether), we’re ready to head into the new semester with a (mostly) clean slate. We’ll resolve to actually finish designing the curves and busts of those 3-D models, study our textbooks of pickup lines and graphs, or figure out the actual mathematical proportions of that one actor’s bulge from various paparazzi beach shots - normal engineering projects. Of course, for many of us, there will be that one moment this semester when one says “screw it” to the work, and instead picks up this very publication in an effort to learn the secrets of screwing and jackhammering from your

Virgin Sex Columnist.

Many of the newest Frosh will of course also be reading this, in an effort to learn what to do. For all you poor, young souls who still can’t legally walk into a bar and pick up a date: even experienced professionals like yours truly can’t always (or ever) succeed at such endeavors. Instead you come crawling to your sensei — the maestro of magnetism, the guru of gyration, the captain of copulation — me.

That is why I am very sorry to report that I am retiring.

Yes, I hear your shouts of disbelief, your cries of despair at missing the advice of the commander who has led you through the many mysteries of coitus. However, please believe me when I say that the choice is out of my hands - as much as I would love to continue being your correspondent of non-chastity, legally I am not allowed to continue. You see, I am (technically), no longer a virgin!

Hmmm? How did it happen? Well, it was quite easy, you see. Clearly all my trouble over the past two decades of my life has been simply a case of extraordinarily bad luck.

It occurred in an Alaskan Starbucks, of all places. The barista, who had a rather buff but curvy feature, said my order incorrectly. I made one of my trademark pickup puns, and they burst out laughing. They asked if I needed anything else, and I, of course, went for their number.

It was pickup time. My blood was hot like the coffee, ready and brimming to go. The number was there and ready. We both reached across. (I am blessed with an unusually large, though often wet, endowment, which of course is why this was inevitable.) Closer and closer we came, literal steam appearing between us, electricity buzzing (the lights in the room went out). We leaned in — then I tripped, and as if by magic, it happened. It went in.

Lights were flashing. Coffee was spilling all over me, burning me quite a bit you-know-where, but I didn’t care. I had done it.

My nose had finally entered someone’s mouth.

It was a surprisingly simple action — and yet with it came all the repercussions. I’m now out of a job, but I don’t care. I leave it to the next poor soul, and wish you all the best of luck with your own personal journeys, because I - AM - OUT OF HERE! Sayonara folks, that’s all for now, and GOoooooood-morning non-Virginity!!! YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

Editor’s Note: We confirm that our columnist has not been fired, and are waiting to inform them of their actual sexual status when the writer will stop shouting into everyone’s ears with a megaphone bragging about their new-found maturity.

Citizens Confuse Raccoons for Human Torontonians

Da 6ix God
Toike Wildlife Expert

TORONTO -- Breaking news: it seems as though all of the raccoons in the city of Toronto are displaying characteristics of human Torontonians; if you are new to the city, you should be careful not to confuse the two. Local citizens have been sending in letters to the Mayor, telling stories of raccoon-human confusion.

“I was on my way to meet my friend Garry for lunch,” explains Doug, a Toronto resident. “I saw Garry, well, at least I *thought* I saw Garry, but when I went to meet him and got a closer look, I realized it was actually a raccoon! How was I supposed to know it wasn’t Garry, what with this raccoon wearing a Raps jersey and yelling, ‘Yo I’m finna flex deez kicks fam, yah eh?’ Anyways, it was a confusing situation to say the least.” Authorities have noticed this epidemic of confusion, and have released a list of guidelines to help Torontonians decide whether they are interact-

ing with their human friends, or raccoons. Some points are listed below, and *The Toike Oike* encourages you to review them before your next outing:

1. If you see someone with small human-like hands, make sure to double check whether they are real human hands rather than raccoon hands. Studies have shown that raccoon hands are easily mistaken for human hands by the average Torontonian.

2. If you see someone eating food from a garbage can, your first thought might be “ah that’s just Sharon getting lunch,” but be wary! It may very well be a raccoon, and you’ll never know until you get a closer look.

3. If you see someone wearing a Toronto sports team’s jersey or merch, you will definitely have the hardest time determining whether they are a human or a raccoon. Seems like even months after the NBA finals,

people and raccoons alike are still wearing their Raps merch; you may never know for sure whether you’re talking to a human or a raccoon while discussing Game 6.

Should these three points not suffice in aiding you to determine whether the creature was human or raccoon, please see *The Toike Oike*’s seventy-three page magnum opus on the subject for more ways to distinguish between the two.



PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Grimace Toike Avocado

A July 2019 study by Dr. A. Nell Prober, an Assistant Professor in the Faculty of Medicine’s Department of Proctology, has uncovered a correlation between certain purple dyes and the condition *virginitas perpetuus*. In particular, ‘gentian violet,’ widely employed in engineering frosh events across Ontario, was found to increase the likelihood of contracting the terminal disorder by 87.32% (n=4.5, p < 0.93) according to Prober’s article published in the *International Journal for the Study of Inhibited Coition*.

Consequently, the Board of Directors of the University of Toronto Engineering Society,

in concert with the Editorial Masthead of *The Toike Oike*, are seeking the public’s input in ideating a suitable replacement so that Engineering frosh events may continue without risk of infection. Preliminary suggestions are as follows:

- 1. Tyrian purple:** Associated with the Emperors of Byzantium, Tyrian purple is obtained via the secretion of several species of predatory sea snails in the family *Muricidae*. Previously prohibitively expensive, modern techniques have allowed the dye to be obtained at reasonable costs.
- 2. Red cabbage extract:** The anthocyanins present in red-purple variants of *Brassica oleracea*’s Capitata Group are a favourite of high-school chemistry classrooms, due to their

- properties as rudimentary pH indicators. Cabbage is readily available in bulk and easily handled.
- 3. Kool-Aid mix:** A classic staple of North American childhood, the vividly chromatic properties of Kool-Aid powder are well documented. Additional benefits of the mixture are its powdered nature and ease of solubility.
 - 4. Grape milk from purple cows:** Common to the fertile plains surrounding the Aleknagik Lake in south-west Alaska, the liqueresque extraction from the teat of the rare Alaskan periwinkle cattle rests as easily on the palate as it does on the skin.
 - 5. Liquefied Tinkywinkies:** Although common misconception holds that the *Tinky Winky*

of *Teletubbies* fame is a unique individual, the Athabaskan Tinkywinky is, in fact, a reclusive species whose members can be found grazing near still water. Through a process approved by the Humane Society of Canada, Tinkywinky carcasses will gradually dissolve into a natural purple dye if submerged in a suspension of Laalaa guano after death.

6. Thanos ejaculate: Although admittedly costing in excess of the Engineering Society budget, proponents of using this exquisitely velvety nectar argue that the quality of materials used by the University of Toronto in its initiation rituals must pair with the vaunted prestige of this institution.

CONTEST

Collective consensus in this matter is imperative. If you have a strong desire to see either your own, or one of the aforementioned, alternatives adopted by the Engineering Society, please make your opinion heard by **tweeting or DM’ing us on our Twitter (@TheToike-Oike), Instagram (@thetoi-keoike), and Facebook pages. Compelling arguments will be published in the next issue of *The Toike Oike*.**



A Native English Speaker

TORONTO

How is this even a debate? If you simply look at the word, you can clearly see that it is spelled T-O-R-O-N-T-O. If you weren’t meant to pronounce the second ‘T,’ it wouldn’t be in the word.

.... huh? I don’t... huh? I don’t see any bears... and we’re not family.

Listen, I’m just trying to reach an accord.

... I don’t want to live on this planet anymore.

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

VS

A Native Torontonion

TORONO

Listen fam, it’s Torono. If you keep sayin’ ToronTO like a wasteman, you’re gonna cheese me and we’re gonna have bare problems.

Nah man. But we could be fam if you would chill with that ToronTO garb.

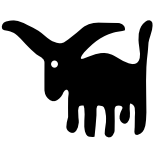
Yo, is that some dope new club?

TOIKEOSCOPES



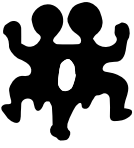
ARIES

Our counterparts at Ryerson’s The Golden Ram are pretty funny too!



TAURUS

You’ll find the best bullshit on campus at the Department of Philosophy.



GEMINI

The worst deal on campus is the buy one, get one deal on mental breakdowns.



CANCER

The best crabs at U of T can be acquired at the annual Suds orgy.



LEO

Rawr XD. If you’re lookin’ for a little kitty, try your local animal shelter. Adopt a pet today!



VIRGO

See page 9.



LIBRA

Seeking a healthy work-life balance? Try a different school.



SCORPIO

Feeling stung by love? The best place to find that special someone is at [REDACTED].



SAGITTARIUS

The worst vape juice is all vape juice.



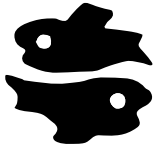
CAPRICORN

The best goat curry in the city can be found alive and well at the Toronto Zoo. #MeatIsMurder



AQUARIUS

Looking for a refreshing drink of water? Try tequila!



PISCES

Feeling like a fish out of water this month? Do a touristy thing and jump in Lake Ontario! It’s apparently clean... ish?

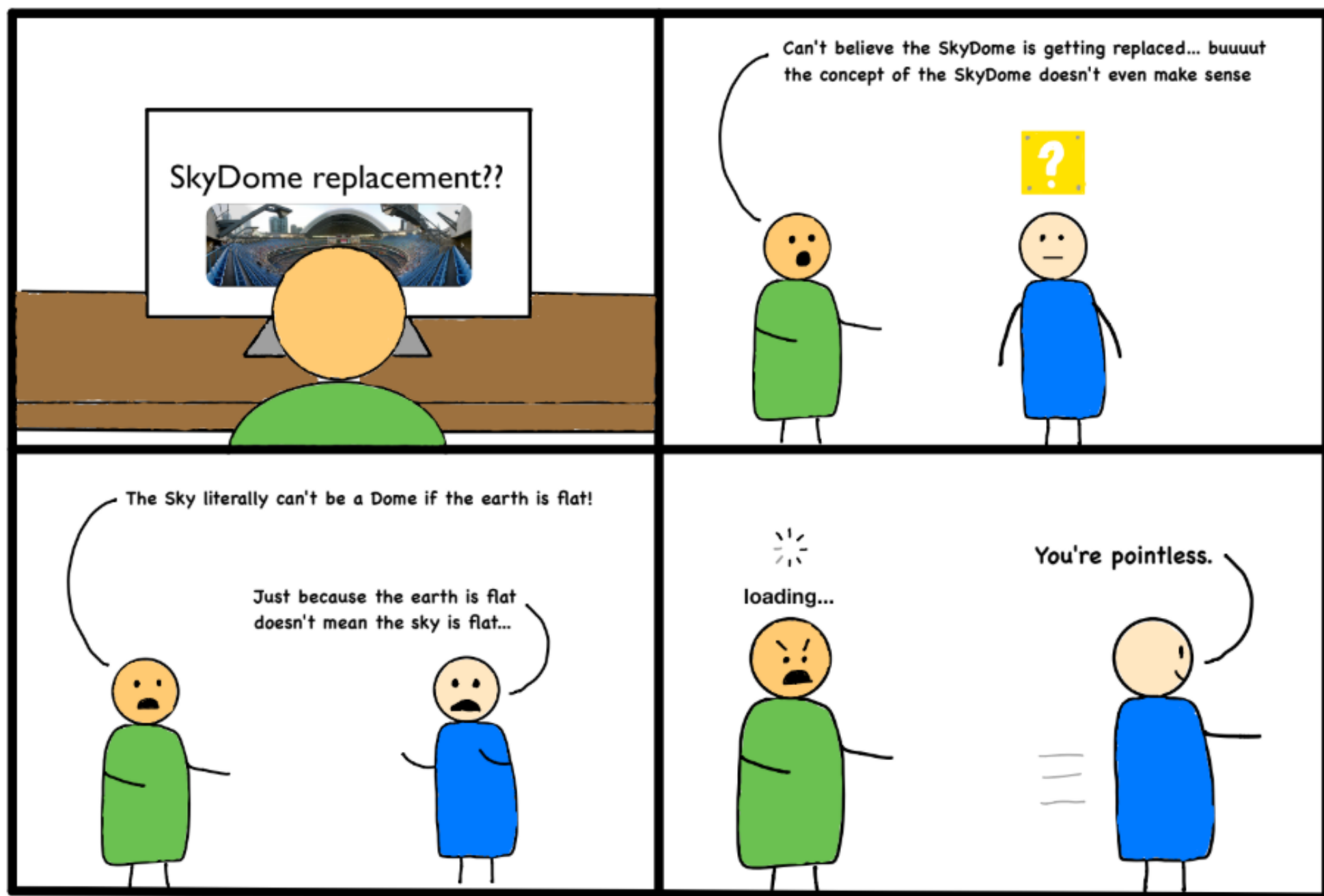


Like comics? Skilled with MS Paint?
Send in your comics to Toike@skule.ca !

BEN OF THE MONTH!

THIS ISSUE OF THE TOIKE OIKE IS DEDICATED TO.....

Ben Goel 



WANT TO JOIN THE TOIKE? READ THIS BLACK BOX!

Are you fairly hilarious? We want you!
Can you photoshop like a boss? Join our graphics team!
Do you want to try your hand at humour writing? Become one of our staff writers!
Do you have the mad English skills required to pick out our typos and grammar follies? Do content editing for us!

HEAD OVER TO WWW.TOIKE.SKULE.CA/JOIN AND GET ON THE MAILING LIST!

You'll automatically be notified of upcoming meeting dates, times, and locations.

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

Get involved with your friendly neighbourhood Toike Oike! Anyone can join.
It doesn't matter what year, faculty, discipline, or college you're a part of; if you can read this then you're good enough for us.



A PHOTO FROM OUR CAVE EXCURSIONS!