



TOIKE OIKE



Ahh, sweet childhood. If this were a scholarship application, I'd use this space to appeal to the scholarship panel's diversity checklist. Really milk that immigrant sob story, am I right? But alas, I've tried to embezzle enough Toike money to know that this fucking organization refuses to give me a single goddamn penny to fuel my unquenching desire to hunt down Brother Bear's original DVD with moose commentary.

Alright, let's get nitty gritty and political - the Toike's childhood wasn't great. It's kind of one of those ones where, looking back, you kind of wince and hope to god puberty rammed you hard enough to make you sufficiently unrecognizable. And sure, if you introspect hard enough you learn to accept all the embarrassing aspects of yourself, like your braces+square glasses+bang combination you thought you wanted to rock ages 8 - 12. You think, okay yeah now I've gotta go purge all the family albums to make sure those pictures never see the light of day, BUT at least you have been molded into

a semi-decent human being. A being who occasionally makes people chuckle and gets picked up a LOT *wink*. Mhmm this analogy is really being stretched. Thing is, The Toike Oike isn't a human capable of recognizing its deep-rooted institutional flaws and unconscious biases and bigoted jokes. We can't just purge Skule(TM) Archives of the -ist shit that was published in the Toike's childhood (although, Ege/Kevin/intrepid ECE, hit us up if you wanna try to hack them). So since an unfeeling blob of newspaper can't do it, I wanna create a mildly uncomfortable tonal shift to address the shitty past.

This isn't like, an invitation to go dig up all the dirt and bask in the tea of over-the-line depravity, but we think it's important, now that hopefully puberty has fucked the Toike delectably, to outline the humour which we have hopefully been putting on stands as one that doesn't joke about stuff that matters, like consent and marginalized groups and anything that would make anyone wince in real pain. Not the

sexy kind of pain, though.

Pretty adult of us huh? Okay, now that you're sufficiently weirded out by the seriousness of this editorial, go forth and read about your favourite childhood icons, and how delicious they are. And if this issue makes you have spicy dreams of Spirit (the horse) or Jessica Rabbit (not a rabbit) or Raven (not a raven)? Just remember, dreams do come true.

Nat Espinosa-Merlano
Editor-in-Chief 2T1-2T2



Pictured above: Nat, age 3, moments before bursting into tears as the hoarde of children beat her Nemo pinata to death

COMPLAINTS TO THE EDITOR

"The Toike is not a real newspaper. You should not call yourself a newspaper. The Cannon is much better.... too bad!"

Cordially,

A certain [REDACTED] Cafe Manager and Proud Cannon Supporter"

Dearest most delightful friend,

We wholeheartedly agree with you in that the Cannon (Guard) is truly an astounding group, and it is the Toike's heartfelt privilege to be on the same plane of existence as someone as magnificent as Chief. We acknowledge no other Cannon in the context you have provided, reader.

As per the realness of the newspaper, we assure you that everything published herein has undergone extensive peer review by a panel of deeply academic personnel who would never compromise the integrity of this proud publication.

PS: Incidentally, the [REDACTED] Cafe is not a real cafe.

WRITE-ITORIAL

Hello you Ex Mini-Devils, your life.

How is the pumpkin smashing going? I'm assuming that's what people do after Halloween ends. I mean, unless you guys bake it into a pie or some shit like that.

It is my great pleasure to welcome you to the Childhood Toike. While it may seem like a rather a mundane topic to cover, SCOFF NOT sweet child, this is the characters that your dreams were made of for the formative years of

For this glorious adventure, we will venture into the depths of your mind to find your most cherished memories of the lovely (I do not know how cockroaches are lovely, but each to their own taste I suppose) cartoons that you grew up with. This issue will raise conspiracy's in your head that only lived in your subconscious prior to this.

So, take a break. Cherish this issue of your beloved news-

paper. I think we all definitely deserve it. This might be the last one you can take before finals slap us in the fucking face.

Let's all just make it through finals season and I will see you on the other side.

Navin Vanderwert, Nisha Malik & Jahnavi Upreti

Senior Staff Writers 2T1-2T2

The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

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COLOPHON

Each month, the staff of *The Toike Oike* gather at any given dog park and the elite executives who have the absolute luxury of having a dog bring them to the park (still working on one member bringing rats). Suddenly, the three Toike Schnauzers spot each other, and the Toike is born. The world can rejoice.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is the trip down memory lane you didn't know you wanted, but you certainly needed. The best thing you never knew you needed, to quote Ne-Yo in the 2009 blockbuster hit, *Princess and the Frog*. Man, those were the days. To reminisce on simpler times, and potentially hate your life even more, read this childishly chipper *Toike Oike*

DISCLAIMER

The 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 - you and I both know the extent of your legal knowledge comes from *Legally Blonde*.



SCRAPPY DOO: THE UNTOLD STORY OF A HAUNTED SOUL

Dirk Dently, P.I.
Toike SPCA Volunteer

When I first met Scrappy Doo, it was in the kitchen of his 1-bedroom apartment. After letting me through the front door, he sat me down at a small, plastic folding table that functioned as a dining table, before shuffling over to give me a chipped mug of tea.

He put one paw on the stool across from me and tried to pull himself up, before trying again with the other paw, the knee, the tail, then going back first, before finally collapsing on the ground, clearly defeated. I wasn't sure if I should help him or leave him be. This was his apartment, after all. Why in God's name did he buy a stool he's unable to use? Finally, I grabbed him by the scruff of his scrappy wool jumper, like a claw machine, and lifted him to seat.

He mumbled out what could loosely be interpreted as gratitude. In the silence that followed, we both sipped our tea, unable to figure out who should speak first.

Scrappy was the first

to interject. "So.... Mister... what do you wanna know about SSSSS-crappyyyyy-DOOOO?"

Scrappy proceeded to tell me everything. "W-w-when I was young," he started, lighting his third cigarette of the evening, "I travelled with my uncle, Scooby. Back then, I was young, innocent, excited. I wanted to see the woooorld through his eyes. He had his own gang. Fred, Shaggy, Velma, and Daphne, oh Daphne! I was in love with Daphne, I'll admit it - but w-w-w-hat can I say? I was but a pup, and I couldn't stop wagging my tail when she was around. But the older I got, the more I realised that the adventures weren't adventures for me. I was the butt of every joke, the scrap at the end of every table. They named me SSSSScrappy DOOOOOO, for crying out loud."

As tears formed in his eyes, I passed Scrappy a napkin that he quickly dabbed his face with.

"Yes, thank you, now I think I can continue. As I said, as I got older, I realised that the chronic abuse, belittling, and mockery were at my expense, and no one else's! Even my uncle Scoob, even Scoob! He was the ring-leader! He made me suffer! So, I tried to leave. As we drove from abandoned amusement park to abandoned amusement park, stayed in haunted mansion to haunted mansion, each night I'd sneak out, try to get away. But each night, I would run into a ghost, or an old insurance salesman, or a vampire one time, and be forced back to the mystery gang."

Scrappy paused to compose himself. He continued with, "I realised I couldn't leave, and that I was trapped in the pile of filth they called the Mystery Machine, listening to their drug fueled debauchery night after night. So, I devised a plan. I would do the unthinkable. My beloved Daphne, my wonderful beloved Daphne, the only pure heart in that snake pit. I peed on her, soiled her clothing, hoping that at last, through hatred and disgust, I might be freed. But oh! You know what they did? You know how they treated me, a young pup, held against his will? They left me in the middle of the Arizona desert, sun blazing overhead. It was a miracle that I survived. A miracle, that I'm sitting with you right now."

"And I'll admit I've committed crimes in my past. I know that I served 25 years for attempted murder, and

I know the darkness that sits inside me, but what would you have done? I spent years rebuilding my life, starting a resort island business, making myself my own slice of the American Dream. It's hard out there for a 1 foot 8 guy like me. I needed heavy cosmetics just so people would take me seriously. And you know who I see through the front door? Those fucks. The mystery gang. My estranged abusers, kidnappers, my worst nightmare. What would you have done in my shoes, what would you have done, I ask?"

We continued to talk as the night went on, but the passion and fire I saw in Scrappy-Doo was clear. It was anger, righteous and bright, furious. So powerful. By the time I left his apartment, it was dark. I could see the neon sign of a bar reflected in the oily sheen of a New York puddle below. As I turned up the collar of my trench coat, I could hear the faint jazz drifting over on the wind. We all know Scrappy-Doo, the murderer, terrorist, cult leader. But perhaps that was just one side of the story? Perhaps he's like the rest of us: a flawed hero, traumatized, hurt, struggling, battling with his own demons as must as the unjust world around him. I lit a cigarette, and walked across the street. I hoped that maybe, just maybe, by sharing his story, I could make that pup's tail wag a little once more.

Claude & Jean-Luc DISCUSS DORA THE EXPLORER

Back by popular demand, this column features the somewhat heated discussion between half-brothers Claude and Jean-Luc Cournoyer.

This column is sponsored by Champagne, France. Remember - if it's not from Champagne, it's just sparkling wine

Claude: Salut mes amis! I am called Claude.

Jean-Luc: - et je m'appelle Jean-Luc.

Claude: Today we are going to discuss Dora the Explorer.

Jean-Luc: Bonne idée!

Claude: Nickelodeon had some excellent language shows.

Jean-Luc: Oui, I remember learning to speak Spanish through Dora.

Claude: For sure, her adventures avec Monsieur Boots were a cornerstone of my childhood.

Jean-Luc: Et Swiper! Swiper ne pas glisser! C'est plus drôle!

Claude: I agree mon demi-frère!

Jean-Luc: Do you remember watching Ni Hao Kai Lan?

Claude: I do! Etudier la langue chinoise était plus intéressant!

Jean-Luc: I wonder, why is there no cartoon for learning le français?

Claude: Moi Aussi! Le français is much more useful to know than Spanish or Mandarin.

Jean-Luc: Especially ici en Canada and the Nation of Quebec.

Claude: This is a travesty, another attack on French language rights.

Jean-Luc: We must fight for our rights! These damn anglophones have no respect for the Nation of Quebec!

Claude: Err, ok Jean-Luc

Jean-Luc: We shall not stop until every man, woman, and child can speak French

Claude: This has been Claude et Jean-Luc –

Jean-Luc: Vive la révolution!

Claude: – discussing Dora the Explorer

THE BISEXUAL AWAKENING - DOCUMENTED FOR YOUR PLEASURE

Not the Reporter
Toike Reporter

The Goddamn Pit - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
The Reporter taps her pen on her clipboard impatiently, ignoring the incessant twitch making her red converse squeak against the dirty floor, her cuffed jeans scraping against the metallic bench. Her eyes flicker to the top of her notepad, where “The Pit” is written in a messy, un-Muji pen, hurried script. All three of those adjectives annoy her - for different reasons, of course, but all three fuel her foot-tapping. She checks her phone and it flashes a bright 1:59 pm at her.

With a click of her tongue, she decides there's probably enough time to stop being so damn mysterious and explain to The Reader why the three adjectives display her annoyance. First, the writing is messy. And though the reporter can get messy, she despises having messy handwriting, because she did not spend hours on Pinterest's calligraphy section at the crack of dawn throughout most of her childhood to have messy handwriting. She won't look at it unless it's pretty.

Second, she wrote it without using a Muji pen, which in and of itself is a travesty, but she used (The Reporter swallows down a strong desire to gag) a 0.5 ballpoint pen. On the one hand, she's one step closer to Logan Lerman/Percey Jackson, but on the other, using anything other than 0.38 Muji Indigo pens makes her want to rip the page out of her notepad.

Third, it's hurried. The Reporter presses her forefinger against her thumb, twirling her black ring pensively. She had hurried out of her tutorial, nearly forgetting her new thrifted flannel, tripping over the laces of her hightops as she scribbled down “The Pit” on her stolen PEO engineering paper notepad. Why was she so hurried, dear reader? The Reporter's eyes shift to the note clutched in her hand. It reads:

Asami Sato. The Pit, bring lemon bars.

The Reporter scowls passionately at it. Not because of what it says (that makes her passionate in.. other ways), but because she rushed off to The Pit as soon as she got the note, sans lemon bars (something the HardHat Cafe should invest in, she noted) only to be met with disappointment. Or rather, no one to meet at all.

Adjusting her seated position, The Reporter checks her phone again. 1:59 pm. Her heart drops. How was that possible? SHE had gone through an entire inner monologue, and not a single minute passed?

We chuckle as we watch her confusion. The Reporter seems to notice, for the first time, that the Pit is completely empty. That's when she sees us. “Who are you!” she yells up at our magnificent selves.

We smile back serenely, finger gunning magnificently. “Bisexuals.”

The Reporter stares up at us in confusion, but before she can continue, we decide to mess with her a little. “You're one of us. Look at you,” we say, gesturing at her general self. “You're here. Which means you're enough of a simp for Our God Asami to have come here at all.”

The Reporter opens her mouth, and then closes it. She looks down from our deliciously glowing bodies and frowns, thinking deeply. She thinks about her childhood crushes and her heart speeds up. Obviously, they're Hiccup from How to Train Your Dragon, Ben from Ben Ten, and Dimitri from Anastasia, and Jim from Treasure Planet and Shang from Mulan... but, oh god, she did have an unhealthy obsession with Jade from Victorious and those two smoldering hot snacks from the Mummy, and Chel from El Dorado, Helga from Atlantis, and she did make her Barbies kiss as a kid, but it probably all started with...

“Oh god. I think,” she hesitates. She looks back up at us, having made up her mind. “I think Asami made me gay.”

She finger guns.

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, AND FOLLOW @THETOIKEOIKE ON INSTAGRAM

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

CAILLOU: CANCER PATIENT OR SIMPLY UNWORTHY OF HAIR?

Edith Coiffe
Toike Hair Stylist

For decades now, a famous baldie has encouraged several children to embark on mildly hazardous activities while never answering the million-dollar question: why the fuck is he bald?

If you've never seen Caillou, every episode consists of this little man child with this big ass bowling ball head doing some silly little activity in his backyard, sometimes featuring his little sister. He wears this one hideous yellow shirt-blue shorts combo during the whole show, and sometimes tries to cover his lack of hair with an equally hideous baseball hat.

Many have come up with elaborate, outlandish, or just straight up stupid theories as

to why on earth an 8-year-old would have no hair. Through extensive research on the Internet, I have narrowed down the answer to one of the four following reasons:

3. He lost his hair after getting rejected from U of T cause he's dumb and keeps scraping his knees in the sandbox. He's now grappling with the daunting realization that his university doesn't even have a fucking name (he goes to “U of T Rejects” Ryerson). Yeah, this one makes more sense

Lastly, 4. God just did not deem him worthy of having hair.

This one is my favorite because it poses the existential question: how does one get on such bad terms with God to the point that he revokes your hair privilege? Idk man, just watch Caillou and find out.

At this point you're probably thinking “Is this fucker

PARALLEL UNIVERSE BRONIES SHOCKED BY HORNY MLP FANFICTION

Steel Mustang
Toike Dimension Hopper

My Little Pony (MLP) is a show surrounding the friendships and tribulations of ponies. While it's enjoyed by children all over the world, it has also attracted a niche audience of people. Specifically, those who like to write horny fanfiction about it. This audience can consist of anyone - horse girl, horse enthusiast, or an infamous crowd in the MLP fandom: bronies, or male fans of MLP.

The Toike has always been fascinated by bronies. However, to our absolute sorrow, none of them responded to our interview requests, so we decided to settle for the next best thing: bronies from a parallel universe. But the result wasn't what we were expecting. It turns out that parallel universe bronies, upon hearing about our horny MLP fanfiction, wholeheartedly disagree with its existence.

“I don't understand it,” parallel brony Astral Thunder said. “MLP is such a fucked up, cruel show. I don't even know how it's allowed to air on television. Why would you write horny fanfiction about it?”

According to Astral Thunder, MLP is so dark, twisted and gruesome that its fanbase is dedicated to creating only wholesome

content. “There's already so much degeneracy in MLP,” Astral Thunder adds, shivering slightly. “I can't take it anymore. So I turn to fanfiction.”

Common tropes in parallel universe MLP fanfiction include hand holding, basket weaving, communal living and ethical farming practices. The purpose of writing fanfiction is to give their characters a respite from their dystopian lifestyle, even if that's not reality.

Parallel MLP fandom's wholesome fanfiction touched the Toike's heart. But a question remained. Just what the hell does the parallel universe version of MLP contain? Since we still had a few minutes with Astral Thunder, we decided to ask him this one last question.

“I have something to tell you,” Astral Thunder answered, after a while of looking pensive. “Never ask me or any other brony that question again. You're better off not knowing.”

His demeanour was completely calm. He looked... well, he looked like he had seen the absolute worst the world has to offer. Toike decided to take his words to heart, and rest assured, we will never find out. But we're definitely gonna read some of their basket weaving fanfiction.



AN HOMAGE TO THE MAP CARPET

Blob the Builder
Toike Child Defender

We all know the map carpet. Yeah, the one that was in the play area of your kindergarten classroom, or if you were lucky enough, maybe even in your house. A pinnacle of educational play, every five-year old walked away with a deep understanding of transportation networks and zoning policy. So much about a person's being was revealed by the map carpet - such as how responsible a driver one would be, like if one would even bother with roads or rather forgo them entirely to drive your car straight through a hospital which incidentally just happened to be 2D.

Likewise, as some budding citizens chose to treat the crosswalks as an opportunity to

demonstrate civic responsibility, a sizable contingent preferred to think of the map carpet as a precursor to Grand Theft Auto. Memorably, one particularly enterprising classmate chose to really get into construction, managing to wield a pair of scissors and cut off a small corner of the rug before being forcefully stopped by our rather horrified teacher. Ah, bureaucracy.

Yet sometimes a 2D life seems simpler. Imagine (owning!?!?) a lovely house with 1 door and 1 window (oh, the luxury) sandwiched in between two crosswalks right next to everything you could need in life, like healthcare, a school, and a restaurant with an enormous hot dog sign

just down the road. Of course, unexplored roads lead off the map in all directions, an airport not much larger than your house is right across the road, and a particularly murderous five-year-old God might drive straight through your house at any time, but in today's world that seems like a solid tradeoff for the possibility of ever owning a house, and it's not like our ever-present extreme weather behaves much differently than a petulant five-year-old. Oh, and there's no traffic in this idyllic place.

The citizens of the map carpet truly don't know how good they've got it.

CAN WE ACTUALLY FIX IT?

Seggsy Sigg
Toike Therapist

Couples therapy doesn't always work, and it's a sad but honest fact that Bob's marriage is slowly dissolving.

Sorry to ruin your childhood folks, but Wendy just doesn't want him anymore. People lose feelings for each other, and it's okay. Not all marriages are salvageable, and sometimes, damage just has to be done. It's sad, but it's life.

The poor guy's really been through the absolute most though. Imagine putting your heart and soul into building stuff, pretending everything is okay around your coworkers (who are apparently talking machines by the way), just to come home to the woman who's in the middle of trying to take everything from you in your impending divorce. It's got to hurt. My heart aches for him.

Not to mention she's trying to take away his most prized possession, the very thing that hides that sexy bald spot: his yellow hardhat. Honestly, in my opinion, who cares? He really doesn't need it. But he whines so

much about it in our daily sessions, I kind of have to at least pretend to care. It's tough seeing a grown man cry, even if it's over a literal hat.

It doesn't really matter though because Wendy already sold it to brainless University of Toronto Frosh and profited greatly from the proceeds. Imagine being that much of a desperate gold-digger. Poor Bob honestly always deserved better than that bitch. She only married him for the money an engineering degree can provide, but he's too pure to see that. Well, he also chose mechanical engineering over ECE, so all he could do was work as a glorified repairman. I can't believe he still thinks the best of her after all she's done. I'll admit it - it's pretty pathetic.

The guy really goes around chanting “Can we fix this?” after every problem, but this time he's not going to hear a “Yes we can!” because I'm emotionally dead trying to fix their hopeless marriage. Also, I'm not sure I want to. Wendy doesn't deserve his sexy bald spot, he should really find someone who would appreciate it more than that bitchass gold-digging lunatic. To add salt to the wound, she's really dat-

ing FIX IT FELIX of all short ass white dudes at the moment, and their divorce isn't even finalized! It's all so scandalous, I feel so bad for Bob...I really hope he gets his hardhat back because realistically, he's definitely not getting his wife back.. Felix was a patient of mine once upon a time, and I know all about his oral fixation problems. Yeah, Wendy's never going to leave him. Trust me.

Both Felix and Bob are so obsessed with fixing things though, what type of weird fix-me kink does Wendy have? If she's hoping that these guys can somehow fix that broken girl from her past that's inside of her, she's really in for some major disappointment. No matter how many times Felix bonks her with his magic hammer, it's not going to work...no wonder she probably resorted to getting hammered daily instead. Felix's oral fixation problems though? That she can really use to her benefit, I'm sure.

However, since Wendy's out of the picture now...I do wonder if Bob and that wonderful sexy bald spot could add some of their spiciness to my deserving life...hmm.. :)



I SPY
SKULE EDITION

Remember the good ole days of I Spy? Man. What a time. Whether this was a childhood staple for you or not, here's our take on this absolute classic - try to find as much stuff as you can. That's uh, that's how it works right?

Email complaints to toike@skule.ca!

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Virgin Sex Columnist

Lou Briccant
Toike Virgin

My darlingest reader, this time, I've decided to share with you my most recent endeavour - the most delightful time I had at Disney World! I went because of a strong recommendation from my travel-advisor/therapist as an attempt to expand my admittedly limited array of life experiences, and although I have never seen a Disney movie, my story ends happily despite the rough patches along the way.

To begin, I seemed to have gotten tripped up by the cues that people were sending. Case and point: Not too far from the haunted mansion, a delightful shopkeeper was selling a thick, mouth-watering substance that seemed so light and floaty and simply exquisite: cotton candy. No doubt seeing my hungry gaze rake their goods, they offered me some. Were they flirting with me? Gasp, did they want to have S-E-X with me? Perhaps... But I ran away before things progressed any further as I happen to be saving myself for someone less overtly venereal.

Beyond the confusion, problems arose (not the only things that rose that day) as everyone was pleasant and wanted to talk to me. I was having breakfast on my second day and a curious individual clothed in a rat suit scurried over to my table. I had bought this wonderful croissant and wanted to enjoy it in peace, but this rodent and his furry friend forcibly took a photo with me. I don't like to take photos as they are reserved for narcissists and Paul Rudd only. This squirrel and his pet made it impossible for me to keep wolfing down on my meal and although I can appreciate the sentiment, I didn't get to appreci-eat my food. A small blemish in my travels as this was not the magical journey that Trivago had promised me.

After breakfast, parts of my day included riding (a train), blowing off some (sentient car) steam, climbing a beautiful being (a tree), and also a military base. They called it Star Wars and it almost reminded me of Hamilton, Ontario. It was quasi-pleasant but, for all you intrepid readers, just a warning that there are phallic colorful rods everywhere - with kids - and some of whom were even holding them! Huzzah?!? I told a soldier clad in futuristic white armour to eliminate the cretins from the site immediately and the robocop gave me a pretty balloon instead. Oomph...

However, I found love!

A lady in a Walmart-Blue gown, pearls and clear slippers (giving me a delightful view of her feet!) called me her prince charming and I reasonably thought that we were courting. After our introduction, I had taken a seat on a nearby reciprocating teacup. Once I was freed, I returned to my princess, but she was gone. We had had a lovely conversation and it was evident that she was a foreigner - from Wales perhaps - but I had recalled from our discussion the mention of some ball. I was able to remember this distinct fact because of how scandalized I was at hearing such a dirty word being muttered from a sweet maiden's plump lips.

So in search of my new temptress, I ended up looking inside the largest b- bal- argh, I can't do it! The largest spherical building I could find - Epcot. As in manic episodes and apricots. I had exhausted every effort. Alas, dearest reader, this was not the love that I spoke of, as after a day of searching the Epcot, I never found my blueberry princess again.

Day turned into night and I decided to find shelter in a confused Mexican East Side Mario's that featured a Chichen Itza and Gondola Ride. I wanted to rest in the pyramid to prepare for the day ahead of me but was interrupted by the most beautiful being with their name bannered across their chest: Seguridad.

This was my queen. This was love.

We didn't speak the same language, but we understood each other perfectly. We went for a beautiful midnight stroll together - their arms in mine, standing so close, and sometimes too tight. The stars watched as we walked along cobblestone paths leading to the parking lot. With the rows of empty asphalt spaces as our ballroom, Seguridad and I tussled and tangoed as she handcuffed me to her car. We drove through the crisp humidity to the station and I was offered free room and board for the night. The next morning I was released, just in time for my flight home. I never reconvened with my enchantress, but the night was perfect enough. Maybe it was a magical place after all.

Yours forever,

The VSC

HOW DORAEMON CAN HELP YOU WITH YOUR PROBLEM SETS

Vye Agra
Toike Exploiter

Hey you! Yeah, you! Are you an immigrant? Did you spend part of your childhood in another country? If you did, then I hope you've got your permanent residence or your citizenship because those international fees are... PHEEEWWWW. If you are reading this and you happen to be an actual international student, then please forgive my comment, and know that you have my eternal respect.

I digress, that's not what I meant to discuss. I was going to tell you, dear reader, about the time when I was casually working on my CIV102 problem set back in first year. I was deeply focused on drawing the free body diagram - really dragging my pencil on that fresh paper, relishing in the small "swoosh" of my tip creating delightfully incorrect forces - when I started unconsciously whistling the theme song from Doraemon. A classmate that was sitting next to me suddenly stopped her calculation to look up.

For a second, I froze up at the possibility of being mocked by this chick I barely knew. Just as I was about to make up some outrageous excuse about being kidnapped by hardcore weeaboos at a tragically tender age and forced to watch it against my will, something magical happened: she asked me if the song that I was whistling was from the show Doraemon.

My heart soared, and I was mind blown at the fact that she had recognized it. In fact, both of us were ecstatic because neither of us had been able to talk to any Canadian about this show before! This made me realize that I had just found something that all immigrant kids have in common: DORAEMON!

I'm not exaggerating when I say that literally 99% of us immigrant kids have grown up watching this show. Trust me, I would NEVER use hyperbolic speech. In any case if you were born in Canada, you'll probably have no clue what I'm talking about. Google it right now (sign up to the Toike mailing list while you're at it). It's Doraemon. Yes, it's anime. Yes, it's a blue, earless(?) cat. Maybe you're judging me right for having watched a Japanese show about a cat robot that pulls crazy machines out of his front pocket despite the fact that he's naked. A Kanga-cat, if you will. It's okay - I would have judged myself for it as well if I hadn't grown up with his delightful whiskers in my life.

Listen, this show was like, on the level of Phineas & Ferb back at home. Go ask any of your immigrant friends if they've watched it or not (get them to follow @thetoikeoike while you're at it). If they have, then I told you so. If they haven't... well... statistics fail sometimes. The Toike Oike is not liable for any false information spread by its authors (not that we ever would), and also does not invest in R&D.

Anyway, it was after I randomly whistled the Doraemon theme song that our friendship actually began - no, flourished. My friend was Asian. I was European, two students from two totally different cultures living in a foreign country, who would otherwise NEVER interact (again, you're just going to have to trust me on this). Yet, as if our constellations collided, we both had watched Doraemon! Doraemon is like the point of intersection between kids from every non-English speaking country - our center, our very cultural core. What's that? Deep-rooted cultural values or long empathic discussions that lead to a profound sense of understanding

bring strangers together?

Heck no, its Doraemon.

It's almost too wholesome to write about here. Incidentally, my newfound friend happened to be super smart, so she helped me with my problem set and I got a really good mark (and I didn't even have to sell my body!)

So, here goes the moral of the story: If you were born in Canada and want to do well on your problem sets, do the following:

1. Keep your clothes on. This is a degradation-free method.

2. Watch a few Doraemon episodes on YouTube

3. Approach an international student from your class
4. Casually throw Doraemon into the conversation (how you do this casually is entirely up to you, good luck and I believe in you)
5. Instantly become best friends with them/seduce them into loving you

6. Again, clothes are still on! Doraemon sometimes brings people.... TOO close together. Something about his thick thick thighs just brings out the passion in people.

7. Get your newly procured sims to do your problem sets. Chances are they have a way better math education than you (not your fault, it's just the Ontario teaching system that failed us)

8. Get good marks just like that!

9. Oh, make sure not to make your new friend feel like you are just using them for math help (even if you 100% are). That's just rude, what kind of monster would do that? Certainly not Doraemon-senpai.

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Benny from Alabama

DORA X DIEGO: SOULMATES

Ok come on, they have to be soul mates. They're constantly doing all kinds of crazy adventures and clearly have absentee parents from how much borderline dangerous stuff they both do. They're destined to end up together. That's like a tale as old as time.

Look I know it's early, but they just seem destined to be together forever. They just have so much in common! Like they both love animals and, uh, have a close animal companion...

...and they both do that funny thing where they talk to the viewer..

They can be sick together! Like cancer kids in a John Green novel. It's adorable! Maybe "lo hicimos, we did it!" can be their "always"!

You have no real proof that they're cousins

You know a suspicious amount of Dora trivia... Do YOU need a new hobby? Woah, are you secretly a shipper too? Because you know,even if they are "cousins", it isn't illegal everywhere.

Jean Cooper, CPS

DUDE THAT'S - THAT'S- STOP IT. STOP.

They're EIGHT. Why are you shipping a show about literal children? Did you run out of YA novels to obsess over? They're also COUSINS and I don't think Nickelodeon is in the business of promoting incest.

You're still not addressing the INCEST issue

Which from the perspective of everyone else in the show looks like they're both prone to hallucinations, and probably have a severe illness.

Is that... No, you can't distract me - you're saying your stance is that two COUSINS, whose only points of similarity are crippling hallucinations and liking animals, are destined to be together? You need a new hobby.

It's literally outlined in the show. They have the same last name as well.

What the fuck is wrong with you.

TOP 5 DISNEY THIRST TRAPS

Bnad Keenur
Toike Daddy

For a company typically known for its family friendly image, Disney Animation knows how to create some delectable looking men. In honour of this cast of appetizing morsels of man meat, I have run down the top five best thirst traps from the Disney universe.

5. *Tarzan, Tarzan*
We're gonna start real simple here. This man's got a firm grip and boy can he swing. I can only imagine what girthy delights he's got hidden away behind that loin cloth. I don't care if he's a savage - he can come savage me any time.

4. *Tadashi Hamada, Big Hero 6*
So like, to be completely honest I didn't know this mouth watering specimen even existed until I was, ahem, researching this piece. But oh my what an oversight that was. That smirk, those eyes. He stirs up something deep within my cold dead heart - and something a bit more wanton below the belt.

THE REASON WHY PHINEAS' HEAD IS A TRIANGLE!

Jimmy Algebra
Toike Writerinator

Dear reader, unless your parents hated you as a child and didn't let you watch Phineas & Ferb OR you lived under an actual rock, you have most likely encountered at some point that creepy and depressing fan theory about how the show was inspired by the story of a schizophrenic girl who thought her brothers were always onto something.

Personally, I think this theory is overrated because A) it doesn't change the way I look at Candace (I already knew bitches be crazy), and B) this is not what the kids want to know! Out of all the unanswered questions in Phineas & Ferb, there are far more simple and much more urgent ones that are both scientifically fascinating and socially pressing.

The one that every kid (with a happy childhood) has wondered is, why the heck is Phineas' head a fricken triangle!?!? This is a question that truly matters, and, dear reader, after months of intense research and failed anatomical experiments, the Toike has found the answer.

We'll skip over all the boring theories and urgh methodol-

ogy and jump right to the juicy conclusion: Phineas' head is triangle-shaped because ... (*insert drumroll*)... he is the son of Dr. Heinz Doofenshmirtz!!! Yes, you read it correctly. And it makes total sense! Hear me out.

Isn't it weird that the show gives us zero information about Phineas' biological father? We just know that after giving birth to her son, Linda Flynn randomly married some Lawrence dude who already had another son. No mention of any previous marriages. Coincidentally though, we know that Linda had a high-school boyfriend who was no other than young Heinz Doofenshmirtz himself! That scene in the drive-in theatre where he tells her to come out of the car trunk saying, "The coast is cleaaarr!" (Please, read that in Doof's voice for a more immersive experience) is an obvious hint that something very fishy was going on.

This date didn't seem to go too well, though, because Linda looked pissed as she came out of the car. Perhaps disappointed at his tiny-sized "inator"? Honestly, this would explain his constant inferiority complex throughout the show, and probably also the reason why he hates his brother Roger, who definitely has some big-dick energy. But seriously, isn't it suspicious that Linda went out with literally the only other triangle-

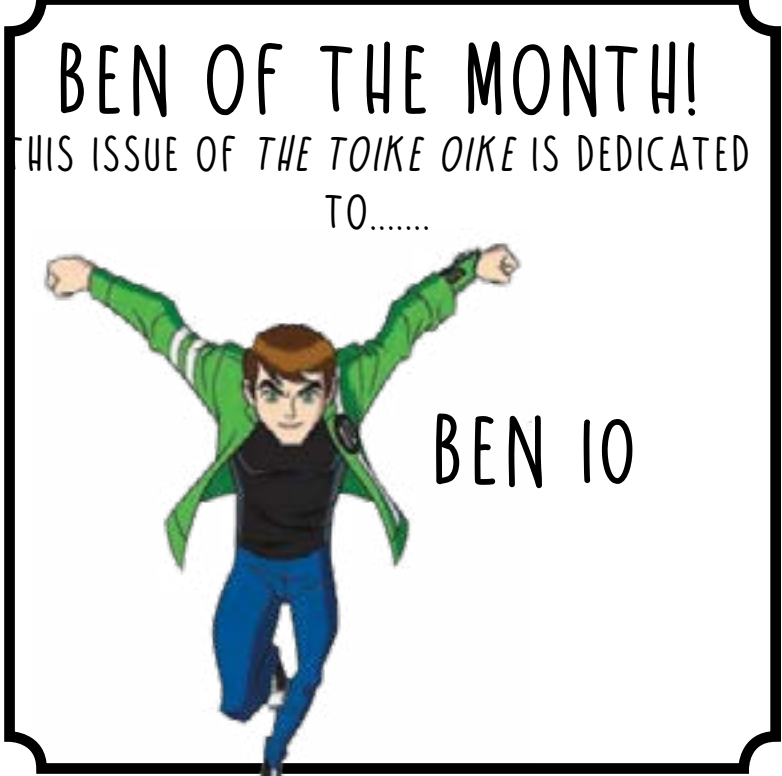
headed person in all of the Tri-State area?

If you still think that the head shape is a mere coincidence, what about the fact that both Dr. Doofenshmirtz and Phineas are engineers?

If you think about it, they represent the two sides of the Eng-Sci coin. Phineas is fun, cheerful, outgoing, practical, like an EngSci who finishes his degree and goes directly into industry (not to mention he is successful at being chased). Doof, on the other hand, is more of an unhappy scientist, lonely, socially awkward, unpopular, and an unsuccessful chaser, just like an EngSci who goes into research because they don't know what to do with their lives.

Anyway, I just want to wrap up by saying that whether you accept the truth or choose to deny it, what young Doofenshmirtz did at the back of Linda's truck that night at the drive-in theatre was the spark that gave life to a really cool triangle-headed character and made possible this amazing show that all of us (happy kids) have grown up with and will have forever in our hearts.

And, for that, I say, THANK YOU, DR. DOOFENSHMRTZ!



Pineapples... under the
sea.... Sponges and squids
and crabs with thick asses....
Curious.



I spy a Franklin, an alien, a cat's best friend, three engineers, a oinker, a bonjour kitten and our favourite porifera.