

THE CANNON TOIKE

Skule™'s Newspaper since 1911



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JANUARY 2022 Volume CXI

VP Communications_{NOT} Recalled



TOMMY FLAT

Cannon Toike Writer

Your Mom's Basement, 2021 - HolyFUCK that was the most boring Annual General Meeting (AGM) I've ever attended. What's that? I have to be professional and not use the first-person narrative? But the Cannon Newspaper does it all the time... Oh. Okay. In any case - congratulations officers, you deserve a *gold* *medal* for displaying some minimum level of competence and turning the AGM back into the mildly awkward and unfeisty puddle of formalities it's supposed to be!

Now, as the Engineering Society treasures all things diversity and inclusion, my editor has informed me that some context is required for the 2T5's that wouldn't get it - so here goes. Back in the day, (circa 2020), AGMs were

a SPECTACLE. This meant all of engineering emerged from their dark, moldy gremlin caves to get a morsel of social interaction during lockdown - I've literally never seen this many students attend a meeting without being bribed by free food, or seen people be so vehemently upset about business cards and typos. This also meant that Ben Morehead didn't have to lure us with his comedic emails that gave us whiplash in contrast with our beloved (?) VP Communication, Brohath Amrithraj; people actually went because, well, they wanted to. Wild. When this Cannon (Toike) reporter prodded an eager individual via Zoom private messages about why they had attended a painstakingly long meeting, they replied simply with "Fuck Cirque du Soleil, I got to watch a 9-hour circus act for free." Truly, the AGMs of

the past with 63% recall rates and revotes and all that jazz were delightful clown fiestas to behold.

This AGM? A recent poll conducted by our most scholarly scholars yielded a public rating of 5.8/10, since it was - as taken directly from viewers - "as flavourful as Wonder Bread, maybe a little extra for the wholesome Halloween pizzazz we got," and "I was looking forward to seeing Karman's bush, but was disappointed."

While the majority of engineering students displayed a rather grateful outlook at the prospect that they would not have to a) attempt to indict a President or b) attempt to indict a VPComm, not every Skuligan rejoiced in the AGM returning to its former boring bureaucratic bullshit glory. A small group of individuals rated this outcome a 0.7/10, not only missing out on a 0.69

joke, but also utterly dragging down the average. Upon closer inspection of this group, both of these observations were justified; these individuals were all part of the Cannon Newspaper's negligible staff of one(1).

As we were seeking the truth, the Cannon's Editor-in-Chief was interviewed, and he muttered out a crazed and mildly panicked flurry of words - which, though very on brand, had to be filtered and dissected to be understandable (also on brand), eventually yielding the following: "No VP Comm Recalled? What will I write about now? "The Dos and Don'ts of in-person testing"? Goddamnit, I should have sabotaged Brohath more with delayed issues. I thought not updating the website for a year would be enough. " It is important to note that a 3rd party program was used to demystify his garbled

speech, and the Cannon Toike OIke is not liable for any misquotations which may have ensued.

As proud supporters of both Brohath and The Cannon Newspaper as a concept, we implore you to create more controversial chaos for them to be able to report on. Got an inept Engineering Accounting professor? Want to recall Brohath for making us add disclaimers on everything? Have you seen a Hard Hat Cafe(HHC) Manager choosing Veda over HHC at lunch? Or, hey EngSoc, what do we think about raising the PEY fee to \$4500?

Email chief.attiliator@skule.ca! Wait, no, it's the other Cannon. Oops.

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THE CANNON TOIKE

Masthead

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- photos.skule.ca
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All Solutions Printing Inc.

Letter From The Superior Editor

I was hesitant to write this issue. Not because of anything as pathetic as a fear of the Cannon Newspaper, or a twinge of guilt for mocking a certain Editor-in-Chief (neither of which I possess; I only fear one person, and she’s my organization’s pimp) - no, my true concern was that such an issue would deal an insurmountable blow to our readership. After all, when was the last time any of you actually held a real Cannon Newspaper? That’s a trick question - they would have had to be distributed at some point for you to hold them at all (Tudor the Traitor personally bribing you into grabbing one in the Sandford Fleming Pit does NOT count). Indeed, beyond engineering even, do you non-engineers know of the Cannon Newspaper? I was anxious, I must admit, that many of our characteristically witty jokes would be lost on less intrepid readers - and that in turn, we would fall from the extremely high pedestal upon which we have decided to sit our top-tier asses on. Fear not, my darlings, for we have equipped our Toiking Page with the necessary information about the Lesser Engineering Paper (your words, not ours. There can only be one #1 Newspaper on Campus) (which - by the way, fuck you for covering our issues all the time, Varsity. Still more respectable than the Cannon though, you guys have published >2 issues, which places you above and beyond El Cannon) I digress.

The point is, feast yer eyes, and if you have any complaints, do not hesitate to spam cannon@skule.ca. In fact, it is preferable if you break up your complaint and send emails with one (1) word only. Thanks, loves.

Nat Espinosa-Merlano (MECH2T3)
2T1 - 2T2 Toike Oike Editor-in-Chief

PS: “Hey Nat where the fuck is the write-a-torial?” Listen, blame the Cannon and their narcissistic layout.



About

STATEMENT

The Cannon Toike is the official (unserious) newspaper of the University of Toronto Engineering Society. Established in 1911, it services the undergraduate students of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Submissions are welcome by email to toike@skule.ca. Advertising and subscription information is available at the same email or from the Engineering Society at 416-978-2917. Is anyone trying to put an ad in here? Sigh, RIP Steins.

DISCLAIMER

The views expressed in this newspaper are those of the authors and do totally necessarily represent those of the actual Cannon Newspaper. Unless the opinions are awesome, in which case it's the Toike Oike. Okay, fine, maybe they don't, but are you even reading this? Disclaimers are usually skipped. Skip!

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LOVE LETTERS

Ti Amo, Canonne.

Perhaps I was naive in thinking that love could be found in the most unlikely of places. There is something so compelling - so knee-wobblingly romantic - in the notion of star-crossed lovers, of stories worthy of Helen and Paris (sure they were the ultimate cause of destruction and murder of an entire city and (more importantly) two BABES - Brad Pitt and Eric Bana, but they were happy. You know, while it lasted), worthy of Romeo and Juliet (ah a classic), worthy of Hazel Grace Levesque and Ansel Elgort, her brother (Wait, is that the right movie? Hire better, Hollywood, it gets fuck[REDACTED] confusing.) Anyway, I digress.

Ahh, how pleasant it is to be enveloped in your attention, to feel your hot gaze

upon my words, poured directly from my bosom and onto your deliciously crisp pages. You see, all I wanted was an epic story worthy of the gods and the heavens, to keep us close throughout the long nights of winter and the starry orbs in the skies. Ahh, sweet innocence!

Do not mistake my intentions, love, for it's not (just) carnal desire that propels me to capture your heart - I think there are a multitude of reasons which compel me to believe we belong together. We both like words, and Skule™, and really that is mostly it because well, who has time to develop any other interests outside of these singularly worthy ones? Sure, sometimes you're obnoxious and overly competitive, and your human spearhead is not always

one which touches my heart dearly, and some say you're beneath me, as you aren't the #1 voted entity of your kind on campus, and you slide into others' DMs because you want MORE than me and what I can offer you (you want my contributors, I know). But hey. I always thought you were enough.

My friends say it is because I am a narcissist that I want you - they claim it's to make myself look better or feel better about myself, dismissing the purity of reality. As if my philautia could ever compare to the eros, pragma, ludus, MANIA that I feel for you. I can prove it to you.

I wouldn't try to change you (much)
I would really only try to make you happier, more

humorous and with more joie-de-vivre. It hurts me so when you are so serious, and you know, you'd look much prettier if you smiled more.

I know the best positions I know all about laying you out and spreading the sheets for you to be properly formatted and ready to bask in that delicious afterglow.

I have so much knowledge inside me
Just get inside me and see.

People fill me every month But nothing satisfies me more than the knowledge that I could unsheathe my blade and pierce you to reach ecstasy - we did it last October, but it seems you may have forgotten, or maybe you don't follow me on Instagram?

I'm more popular than you Remember that thing I said about you not being #1? Well, I am. Hanging out with me would elevate your status, you'd have to be naive to set that aside.

Just give me a chance, and together, we can become the most glorious pair to outshine all pairs. One pair to rule them all.

I know your love language is words, and what is a newspaper if not a kaleidoscope of them?

With Love for The Cannon,

The Toike Oike
#1 Engineering Newspaper
On Campus
@thetoikeoike
toike.skule.ca

CANNON WHINING

Daddy Brohath Never Pays Attention To Us </3

A Disgruntled Cannon Writer
EVERY SINGLE MONTH we at the Cannon submit piece after piece of lovely journalism to be approved by the daddy of comms. But why does that stupid, stinky Toike always get read first? Whenever they get their copy of the Toike back, the pages of the centerfold are saturated and well loved. When we get a copy of the Cannon back, you know what it has? Nothing! Dry as a bone.

“What, those losers at the Cannon? Yeah I read their paper sometimes. It's alright. Nothing compared to the sensory journey that is the Toike. I'm so proud of them”
- Brohath Amrithraj, VP Communications .

I just wanna get his attention sometimes, y'know? A little fatherly love, play some catch... man it's been 18 years and I still miss him...

them through the motions of journalistic excellence with his strong, VP-like hands... such power and grace that I, as a Cannon writer, can only dream of experiencing.

of their writing? But, my writing, is so, good... at least that's what my opinion piece says.

the Cannon? What can we fix? Please, oh please, bear down on us with your arm of censorship and PG-13 guidelines... we need it so.

“What, those losers at the Cannon? Yeah I read their paper sometimes. It's alright. Nothing compared to the sensory journey that is the Toike. I'm so proud of them”

-Brohath Amrithraj, (trust us) (don't ask him though)

Wait are we still talking about the papers? My bad. The worst part of it all is how he gives their writers feedback, yknow? Tells them what to do, takes

Is it the subtle sexual undertones of the Toike's writing? Is it the brute humour they employ? Maybe it's just the quality

Anyway: I just wanna talk to you, daddy- sorry. Daddy- sorry. Daddy- sorry. Daddy- sorry. Brohath. What do we do wrong at



WHITE MEN IN SKULE: EXPOSING THE BNAD’S NEXT LEEDURS

TRUM PET
Horn Blower

The Cannon Newspaper has always prided itself in deep, professional investigative reporting, rivalled only by 69 Seconds (or whatever the fuck that show is called) - which is why we have determined that the 2022 - 2023 bnad leedurs will probably, most likely, be... 3 white males. Taking a step back, the existence and hierarchy of the bnad must first be explained.

Everyone knows that the Lady Godiva Memorial Band, going by “LGMB”/ “Bnad” for short, is composed of hooligans and hoodlums who perpetuate society’s worst vices: being loud during/before/after sex, alcoholism, and sharing unclean mouthpieces. Their existence has been hidden from the all-seeing eye of the Engineering Society by their callous exploitation of students’ dangerous addiction to energy drinks (including but not exclusive to Minute Maid orange juice - 500000% percent sugar!). As a student body we have tolerated and, sometimes, even banded together with them to rail against a common enemy: ArtScis. But how much is that reason alone going to pardon? To tolerate? The Faculty may be too chicken to call this group of incorrigible instrument-banging nincompoops out, but this anonymous (witness-program-protected) writer is not!

We obtained an extremely coveted exclusive interview with Elliot De Angelis, current bnad leedur and loyal Cannon supporter, in which we had the absolute p l e a s u r e to ask him some hard hard questions.

Interviewer: So, can you



explain the hierarchy of the Bnad for the Cannon’s Readers?

De Angelis: Huh? Wait, this is for the newspaper Cannon? Why did you pretend to be Chief? The fuck?

band leader, and drum major. Note: The Cannon has also corrected erroneous spelling, as we scoff upon typos and mispelings in general, and our Editor-in-Chief is meticulous in catching them.

stupidity. It is APPALLING that the Nepotism in Skule™ and the disgusting Bias™ which pervasively attacks our glorious institution continues to this day, in 2022.

“The Skule™ Band is not inclusive or diverse, and I wish it would stop masquerading as such.”

Interviewer: Mr. De Angelis - wait, this doesn’t need to be jotted down - this better not go to print, damnit.

De Angelis: Aight peace

As seen in the interview above, conducted separately from this article, there are 3 positions for “bnad leedurs”: senior band leader, junior

In this same interview, startling details were revealed to us as to the identity of the next 3 band leaders.

Now, I don’t know about you, but I don’t think it’s fair for straight (?) white men to ONCE AGAIN be band leaders simply because they are the best representation of a group which thrives on

WHAT’S “SEX”??

Virgin Sex
Columnist
ANASTASIA FERRITE
Horny Employee

Disclaimer: The following contains overly horny mentions of well, being horny - we in no way endorse or promote sexual harassment in the workplace, and the writer really just needs to keep it in their pants, jeez

Warmest welcomes to you, dear reader! As my work term is coming to fruition after a temptingly thick 4 months, 2 days, 4 hours and 27 minutes, I must impart upon you the countless... skills I learned during my time working an absolute back-breaking job. I will exclusively disclose absolutely everything I can about my precocious PEY experience, since it was incredibly taxing - every sordid, hard-earned and creamy detail will be yours to savour, my dearest reader.

In the beginning, I was wrapped in quite the conundrum - the place I got trained at, (where I learned my submissive skills) formerly called the ECC, seemed to be exploiting me for more money. There were so many new clauses to my contract that I was getting overwhelmed - each additional one promised more services and racked up the cost, and honestly? I must admit, my dearest: it got me bothered, though I must admit, quite a little hot too. Isn’t the temperature climbing in this fine establishment?

After ruminating on my discomfort, I decided to speak up - and by Jove was that a mistake! The people at the top practically took the breath out of my virginal throat (I had not yet been deflowered with respect to obtaining a job), gagging on the thick, throbbing bulk of legalese dumped across me, rendering my malleable

VIRGIN SEX COLUMNIST
continued from page 4

frame utterly immobile, leaving me quivering with anticipation. I had been forcefully submitted. My meek hand was utterly helpless in signing the final form, and the adrenaline coursing through my body made me insert even more clauses to the contract. Nobody does it better than the ECC, but as the afterglow of our ‘interaction’ left me, I was forced to consider something: was I selling myself short?

In any case, like I said, my beloved centre trained me in the art of pleasing and servicing those above me in various scenarios: how to respond to your superiors properly to incite professional pleasure, how to keep your managers happy and satisfied, and how to know your place as a good little corporate employee. It was all very exhilarating. I found myself fitting splendidly into the role of job hunter, like a salacious little lion cub.

Finally, after months and months of laying myself out to different companies, taunting them with my wide array of professional dexterities, I found the perfect fit for my tight little student body! A design company welcomed my range of expertise in various techniques and positions, which I made sure to demonstrate during the interview with great gusto. After being accepted into my role, I felt like I could catch a bit of respite, the past months having been arduous with servicing. Little did I know, I was in for the lesson of my life: the true corporate experience I’ve been told - working on your knees,

suckling for pay raises - is a lie! It all comes down to how well you can carry out your manager’s demands.

I threw myself into applying a force over a distance (ha, get it? work!), and although it is my firm belief that my performance was nothing short of orgasmic (if engineering reports could climax), my ardent joy for my job meant I was a little too...enthusiastic. Alas, I ended up “breaking” a few rules, placing me in a bit of a carufflous situation. This meant I got punished for being a “naughty little intern”, which is something I was curious about since I first joined and I laid eyes on her. My manager. My superior. The woman who would dominate me for the next 16 months of my comparatively unworthy, worm-like existence.

You see, my friend, the creme de resistance (that is the expression, is it not?) within my heart was not resistant at all. For the sake of keeping my managerial muse anonymous, we shall name her Ambessa. Also because of the uncanny resemblance she possesses to Ambessa Medarda (pictured below), from the critically acclaimed Netflix “Arcane” series



popularized by League of Legends trash, bisexuals, lesbians and the rare confused straight white man alike.

Indeed, my enthusiasm to outrightly outperform

my peers was not solely fuelled by a genuine passion for engineering design with all its grinding and milling delights. I must admit that I also wanted to get my manager to point those absolute mommy milkers at my humble cubicle. You can imagine my initial dismay when my brimming enthusiasm translated not into her approval, but into a firm email in my inbox with a little exclamation mark to emphasize its urgency (and not, as I hd first suspected, to add phallic imagery). I was to be reprimanded for my behaviour.

What would they do to me? How long would it last? All of these questions made me dizzy with nervousness...and, the more the thought swam in me, a little excited. I trembled at the thought of being moulded into shape by Ambessa. My manager.

Eager to discover what those muscular and thick arms would do to my skinny, bendable neck, I was once again surprised to discover that the result of my sins was something called a “pay deduction” and also a “talk” with my superiors. Facing such disappointment both

displeasing, my time in that position came to an abrupt end at 4 months, 2 days, 4 hours and 27 minutes - though I emphasized I was available for the entire 16 months, which I made sure to bring up to my bosses many times. It seems that I finished prematurely - oh sweet irony! - allegedly due to my “lack of experience” and “overt oggling”. Unsubstantiated claims.

Apparently, I need to service even more companies, and learn some more “people skills” (as they put it). Alas, I have learnt that my all-consuming passion for my... job can be so much that I lose control, and that sometimes, the best way to submit to your manager is to curb your enthusiasm a little.

Ah, well! As they say, dear reader, all’s well that ends well. My PEY experience was one I’ll never forget. My manager is one that I will never forget. I learned so much about myself, and experienced new things I didn’t think I was capable of experiencing. Maybe I should draw up some new contracts with edited clauses, and start to show my sheer corporate prowess at interviews once again. It seems that I’ve finally found the role I’m perfect for, and good God, I never want to stop!

If anyone chances to gaze upon an Ambessa-lookalike, though, do not hesitate to contact me at toike@skule.ca, or visit the entrance of my former job location at which I will be camped out indefinitely while I apply to new ventures.

Yours ardently,

VSC

Before I could embark on my quest to please by

FEVER DREAM

Local Toike Writer Gives Up, Joins Cannon

SAUL T. REITER
~~Toike~~ Cannon Contributor

THE PIT, NO, NOT THAT PIT, THE ONE IN HELL – Early Tuesday morning, while working on yet another article subtly talking about how creatively drained he is, long-time Toike contributor Darth Vibrator finally gave up. After nearly 6 years writing for the degenerate publication, Vibrator, whose real name has never been revealed, decided to call it quits citing “the death of satire due to the absurd state of actual world news”.

“What are you doing in my house? Seriously, how did you get in here,” said Vibrator. “I stopped writing for the Toike two years ago WHEN I GRADUATED. Speaking of which, didn’t you graduate last year? Why the fuck are you still doing this?”

It seems, in a world where actual headlines include phrases like “Former Israeli Space Security Chief Says Extraterrestrials Exist”, “Consuming Horse-Deworming medicine will not cure Covid-19”, and “Don’t eat or inject disinfectant”, coming up with satirical article ideas is just too difficult for even the most seasoned veterans. Vibrator held on for a few years writing painfully unfunny meta-articles about the Toike and satire in general, but he eventually tired of those as well.

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Supposed Signs of Life in The Pit? The Toike Investigates

ITS A PITEA
Dr. Bones Simp

In-person school, not online - After returning from Zoom school, engineering students at the University of Toronto have made a shocking discovery - The Pit, an engineering cornerstone that was last renovated in the 1970s, is showing potential signs of an ecosystem. Specific indicators include raccoon droppings, unknown fast organisms scurrying on the ground, and occasional beady eyes watching residents from dark corners.

“When I’m in the pit after 7 pm, I start hearing noises,” said student Teresa Pitt. After prompting her to speak, she scanned her surroundings nervously. “That’s all I’m going to say about it.”

Most students seem to be reticent about being interviewed. Several have run away screaming, stating that they’ll “be eaten next.” A few have simply disappeared from campus after being questioned. The braver bunch, however, have confirmed the rumours.

The Pit does have an ecosystem, and it seems to be a hyper-intelligent raccoon commune that spans at least ten generations. Speculations are still uncertain, as the animal droppings, various fluids in the pit area, and blood are being analyzed by the Toike investigative team.

A handful of students have stated that the animals were wombats, due to hearing their



alleged shrieking sessions at 4 am. Others are convinced that the animals are pigeons because of “feces coming out of the air from nowhere.” “What complicated the investigation,” explained Toike Investigative Team Lead, the newest executive hire from serial executive hirer and Toike Editor-in-Chief, “is the level of contaminants interfering with getting proper results.” Seeing our baffled expressions, Toike Team Lead went on to add, “even before the Pandemic, the Pit was riddled with

unidentifiable fecal droppings and suspicious creamy fluids seemingly originating from the Bnad Room. It’s hard to distinguish the New Stuff from the Old. Have you met the 1T9s? Their generation is freaky.”

Since The Pit is being scrutinized by so many people, the unsteady equilibrium between students and Pit residents threatens to fall apart. Missing classmates, warning messages in broken English are written with Veda’s butter chicken gravy, and more flying feces are becoming a frequent occurrence.

U of T assures its students to “remain calm” as the issue of The Pit will be addressed shortly. Meetings about The Pit’s renovation, expansion, or demolition will optimistically be held in 2029. Until then, the hyper-intelligent raccoon commune and its neighbouring engineering students will have to learn to coexist.

FUCK THE CANNON, 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.

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.

The Do’s and DON’TS of Online Courses and Exams:

EGGSAAM CHEETR
Some Editor

As my reflections got too lengthy, too girthy to fit into this tight little column, I was forced to imagine the one time I wrote exams online before happily getting whisked off by PEY (although granted, for a mere 3 months). Thanks to which I can now fit a whole other article on how to effectively work from home (TLDR: naps... so many naps). I thought I would try to focus on good advice for how to ace those online classes and exams, once again (thanks Omicron you piece of shit).

So in horrified anticipation of online school, I have collated key points from upper year students (Note: these are mostly key points I have collated from eye witness accounts and people I may or may not have fabricated at 4am in the morning but you'll never know).

Do: Fill out course feedback

Now, course feedback can be a great tool to actually help students experience a better version of the course, and let the professors know student opinions. And boy, do I have some choice words and opinions for you, Professor [Redacted].

While student feedback is the backbone of every good course, you took none of it. Sure, you were polite at first, giving us small extensions for the easier beginning of year assignments, but I couldn't believe my eyes when you denied my extension request because I was too busy "getting laid" the night before. I wanted to complain. I wanted to offer valuable feedback to the faculty based on this terrible experience, and what did you do instead? A stupid out of 10 rating system with NO ROOM for complaint over my EXTREMELY VALID AND OBJECTIVE POSITIONS. C'MON P R O F E S S O R [REDACTED], YOU'RE BETTER THAN THIS!!

Don't: Design online exams that are like that are like the midterms for [REDACTED]

Like oh my GOD I'll never forget the midterm I took for [REDACTED] at 3:30pm that lasted 4 hours and had 3 questions. It was so rude that I couldn't even go back and change my answers, which is a super flawed system in my opinion. I think Professor [REDACTED] really needs to consider alternative formats for their online exams, because I think that I had messed up the last question which was

worth so many marks because I ran out of time. Even though I'm pretty sure that's because I got distracted by a bunch of raccoons fighting over a plastic bag in the alleyway outside my window. So while in an in-person exam I would not have been distracted by raccoons, I did not have the neutral, stress induced atmosphere of EX100 to help me, so I shat the bed on that question.

Do: Admit that you messed up

Admit it, Professor [REDACTED] - you messed up. You messed up so bad. You thought you could sit on your throne of lies, telling us the answer key was right, when all along you were missing a key detail. A crucial, absolutely important detail - you forgot to write out the units in question 2.b.1 in our midterm for [CENSORED]. Watch them, brothers and sisters, as they are forced to curve our midterm by 10%... Sure, we had a reasonable conversation about this on piazza, and the prof agreed to accommodate our requests. But in my opinion, they should PROSTRATE THEMSELVES and A C K N O W L E D G E THEIR DECEPTION to us in the next lecture. I demand retribution. I demand compensation!

Do: Work Collaboratively

Now, here, look I see you raising an eyebrow and ready to use this paper to wipe your dog's butt, which would be a valid use of the paper, but hear us out. Sometimes, for some absolutely ineffable fucking reason, I demand retribution. I demand compensation!

AND NEITHER DO YOU! So just stop. And please stop breaking into my house."

Will Vibrator's signature writing style translate well to serious journalism?



Don't: Implement anti-cheat software

First of all, look, I understand that you don't want your students to cheat. Yeah, yeah, academic dishonesty and whatever. But look, it's just insulting. As the "Harvard of the North", you should trust your students to be the pillars of honesty. And besides, it's very discriminatory of the faculty, while us tablet users remain unaffected by the problems this poses to plebian desktop users. In my opinion, I think it's unfair. And look, Professor [REDACTED], you need to realise that we are not spending the same time studying for a 10% Quiz when we have a 30% midterm coming to crush us. Like, chill out.

Don't: Cheat

For legal reasons, the previous point was NOT about cheating on online exams.

So yeah, I guess these were some of my thoughts and opinions on online courses and exams, and I guess this is more of a guide for the faculty to consider and not something you can technically use as advice. But I see this piece as less of an op-ed, and more akin to the Commandments Martin Luther hammered in front of church doors. A guideline and a rallying call for all of us engineers to overthrow our tormentors. Professor [REDACTED], I'm coming for you...

surprisingly looks like your friend's) might not work while your friend's might. Or maybe you followed the exact same lab procedure as the group across you, but for some reason, nature has decided to spit in your face. Hey, it happens, and sometimes it takes a village to raise your cGPA. So yeah just uh work collaboratively.

Don't: Cheat

For legal reasons, the previous point was NOT about cheating on online exams.

So yeah, I guess these were some of my thoughts and opinions on online courses and exams, and I guess this is more of a guide for the faculty to consider and not something you can technically use as advice. But I see this piece as less of an op-ed, and more akin to the Commandments Martin Luther hammered in front of church doors. A guideline and a rallying call for all of us engineers to overthrow our tormentors. Professor [REDACTED], I'm coming for you...

Pick up the new issue of the Cannon and find out. What? Right, right. Sorry, go to cannon.skule.ca

LOCAL TOIKE WRITER GIVES UP continued from page 5

Despite this retirement from satire, Vibrator intends to foray into serious journalism,

hinting at a potential career switch to The Cannon, the Faculty of Engineering's serious student newspaper.

“What the fuck is a Cannon? You mean that

tiny noise complaint that you engineers are always firing while people are trying to sleep? I was an ArtSci, remember? And also, and I can't stress this enough, I DON'T GO TO U OF T ANYMORE!

AND NEITHER DO YOU! So just stop. And please stop breaking into my house."

Will Vibrator's signature writing style translate well to serious journalism?



A Letter From the Editor Chief Attiliator
January, 2022

Dear Reader,

Thank you for stopping on this page despite the hilarity that lurks in the edition around it. But rest assured, the intellectual toll of reading a physical piece of paper will be well rewarded. So sit down, flex and snap the paper open with the seriousness of every Dad reading the business section of the newspaper with the sports section tucked inside, and enjoy.

You may have heard of our little organisation, and how it centres on one special, ethereal, object. It's meaning has changed, adapted and evolved over the years as it's guardians carry it forth into a continually changing SkuleTM community. But what will never change, is the way it reminds us to honour, respect and protect those around us. On behalf of the Cannon, I humbly present the following centrespread for your reading pleasure.

Sincerely,
Chief Attiliator

HONOUR IT.
RESPECT IT.
PROTECT IT.

Wanted, a University of Toronto Engineering student is sought to fill the position of Cannon Guard. The only requirement is that the student be in at least their second year of study.

Direct all inquiries about the position to : KANOCN@skule.ca

Point Counter Point The Cannon vs. The Cannon

A somewhat regularly published newspaper advising on some of the happenings around the University and within SkuleTM.

They have an editor every year. Not sure who it is. Maybe Jerry?

Devout readership of those who need to hold the SF door open when no Toikes are available.

*As you know dear reader, the Toike Oike prizes it's journalistic integrity and strives to present objective and factual reporting, never picking sides. This obviously well balanced discussion of two of Skule Cannon's clearly betrays no particular favour to either.

An almost century old tradition. A mascot that loudly declares our values for all to hear. A representation of the weight of the Engineer's responsibility to those around them.

The Chief Attiliator, sworn guardian of Ye Olde Mighty SkuleTM Cannon, carries our living steel symbol of strength and community. Dressed in black, draped in chains and adorned with pieces cut from lesser Engineering mascots.

Hundreds of loyal Guards, each vowing to exemplify the virtues of Honouring, Respecting and Protecting the Cannon, those in the SkuleTM community, and all who come to hear the Cannon's mighty thunder.

THE CANNON DISPATCH



Disclaimer Note: The above written pieces may poke fun at the Cannon newspaper, but in truth Ye Olde Mighty SkuleTM Cannon is proud to have a newspaper that bears its great name. **There is but one true Cannon,** and it values all those who serve the SkuleTM community in its name.

This seemingly random test in no way serves any ulterior motive and does not suggest a hidden meaning. Subtext is a very interesting thing and can be used to disseminate all kinds of ideas. Language can be used in many ways to create double meanings through the use of figurative language like funny puns, irony and metaphor.

Which Chief Attiliator Are You?

- 1.** When arriving at events are you:
a) Always late
b) Always right on time
c) Always at least 10 mins early

4-6 points



C.A. 1T8-1T9

- 2.** How approachable are you?
a) I am a human Teddy Bear
b) It takes people a second but then it's a great time
c) The weak cower in my presence

Congratulations, you are the Bnad's most sought after Ex Chief Attiliator for late night events, or events of any kind.

- 3.** Your alcohol of choice is:
a) A fine whiskey or scotch
b) A good beer
c) Something pink with an umbrella

7-10 points



C.A. 1T9-2T0

- 4.** Your second favourite Skule Affiliation would be:
a) The BNUAD
b) S&G Committee
c) The [redacted] (redacted)

Unironically known to be the greatest guy. Everyone in Skule wishes to be cradled in your massive arms.

- 5.** How much do you still love fire, post Cannoneering:
a) Never set a single fire ever again
b) I occasionally dabble
c) Hold my flamethrower, I'm going to try something

0-3 points



C.A. 2T0-2T1

Answer Key:
1 7-0' 2 3-0' 3 2-0' 4 1-0' 5 0-0'
1 7-0' 2 3-0' 3 2-0' 4 1-0' 5 0-0'

You are one of the most well kept secrets. Many to this day do not know your name. You are the Girlboss (not derogatory) who rickrolled an entire Blue and Gold competition. Damn.

Is the Cannon Just Making It Up? I Got Gremlin in My Noggin.

GRAEME LIN
Cannon Writer

I am a journalist and I have a confession to make. I have a gremlin living in my brain and he makes up everything that I write. It's sad to say, but I am a fraudulent little writer who writes fake little stories - BUT, you cannot blame me, you must blame the stupid little gremlin.

It's all this gremlin in my head telling me write this or write that. When I wrote a back page exposé proposing that Ryan Reynolds should be canceled due to his hate for Aries babies I LIED. I've never ONCE seen Ryan Reynolds hold a tote bag, nor did I ever get an emotional interview with Malala. It's almost shameful but the readers need stuff like this to stay engaged in this climate.

Somethings that typically influence what I write about are the videos that I watch, such as the ones on YouTube that have made me an expert on ants, but my gremlin really likes reality TV and thus I now have an untapped well of knowledge that has given me the power to tell you Kylie Jenner's favorite MAC lip pencil.

He helped me broach challenging subjects, such as the sexual frustrations of a goldfish at PetSmart. He had me writing a whirl of successful and intriguing articles (that's the lip pencil by the way; whirl) and he got me on a writer's high more euphoric than that one reporter that gets drunk every year on New Year's Live from Times Square.

Not that he has anywhere to go besides pilates, but I know that

my gremlin is here to stay—he's like someone at Koodo wanting you to switch service providers (and, FYI, they're giving out all-inclusive stays on the Alaskan Disney cruise if you refer a friend and next year they're adopting people who buy their 17 gigabyte data package.

A favorite forged article of mine was about how a crazy person behind the mining building once gave me a zip-lock bag with weed in it, told me it was a TFSA, and then quickly sped off as they were being chased by a campus police. They were hot and gave me their number but the key is that we're talking super hot; like hotter than any doctor on any TV show ever and they were totally into me and I will forever relish that moment. See? This makes no fucking sense and obviously didn't happen, but it's click

worthy.

Now real problems arise when something true is more panty-dropping than anything my radio gaga gremlin can construe. This happened recently when a coworker was talking about how their top artist of 2021 was Drake. Bona fide front-page, sob-story material that's almost as depressing as the engineer confessions on UofTears. But you know what? At least it's better than Koodo's mascot sitting in my living room telling me that I can repair my relationship with my aunt for only 15 dollars a month. Either way, I have much to thank this gremlin for and I think that everyone should get one. He's located in my noggin, three lefts and a right from the hamster wheel and just across from where all my sexy thoughts come from if you wanted to send him a nice basket.

From a Frosh Exec: It Doesn't Get Better

TRINITY GODIVA CANNON
Toike Insider Frosh

Yeah, yeah. I know what you're going to say. I'm a frosh and I'm nervous about frosh week! Oh, Trinity, whatever shall I do?

And you've come to the right person. As a frosh exec for the past seven years (counting my 3 gap years, when I was also a frosh exec), I can tell you everything you need to know about frosh. The most important piece of advice? It doesn't get better.

Yup. You heard me. I can already see your watery, sad looking eyes - But why, Trinity? Isn't frosh supposed to introduce me to the lovely, welcoming environment at my new university?

Which is a valid point. I mean, that's technically what it's supposed to do. Screaming chants, having weird ass animal mascots, committing acts that would otherwise be considered public indecency; it's a nice intro to engineering. But as a veteran frosh exec, I've seen enough to know enough. Once you froshies touch a statue horse's balls for good luck, it all goes downhill.

But Trinity!! You scream. Surely, that can't be it! (I'm having fun with the roleplay here.)

Unfortunately, my sad little Victorian child, it is. University is a wormhole

FROM A FROSH EXEC
continued on page 11

Why The Bnad Resorts To Thievery and Depravity: Conspiracy Unmasked

COKE MY COLA
"Beast" Enthusiast

A man in a short sleeve button up, clip on tie, and loose-fitting slacks runs down a hall. His heels click against the linoleum floor. In his arms, a manila dossier, its contents fluttering away into the shadows as he sprints. Breathing hard, he wrenches open a door at the end of the hall. In the room sits an old overhead projector, an array of desks, and stacks upon stacks of paper.

Hunched over the messy surroundings are 4 engineering students, sweat dripping off their brow as they deconstruct a CIV102 bridge like a game of operation. A buzzer sounds. "Sir!" gasps the now breathless bespectacled intruder. "I've got it! The biggest scandal The Cannon has ever seen!"

"We know," grunts the student closest to him, as 4 sets of eyes glare back at this barely welcome intruder. "Shut the door," Now, with his arms splayed across the desk before him, he looks up at his fellow investigators, eyes like iron, cold under the harsh fluorescents above, and continues, "it seems," he matter of factly explains, "that the BNAD vending machine stole \$2.75 from me."

Mouths open, his co-conspirators look up from the cardstock between them. As realization dawns in their eyes, a candy cigarette falls out of one of their now gaping mouths. Murmurs fill the room. The first to raise her voice does so only timidly, first wiping her rubber cement-covered hands on

the eyeglass cloth in front of her. "But what could that mean?"

"Well," continues the student, "it seems that I finally have the proof you've all been looking for, of a conspiracy that goes all the way back to the Babylonians."

"You see, the origins of the Bnad were not as innocent as they seem today. These days, they do little more than create disastrous noise, march around SUDS, and

could do little but join in the ungodly tune of the BNAD."

"And what of the \$2.75?," interjected another voice, a little braver than the one it weren't for the Geneva Convention... So now the

BNAD has to resort to petty crimes, like petty thievery from vending machines, in their attempts to regrow their hegemonic empire of old. This final piece of evidence proves it - proves this web of lies and deceit." When the speaker

culminate with the bombastic explosion of the Cannon? I am certain that it's because secretly, they are recreating this ancient struggle. If only it weren't for the Geneva Convention... So now the BNAD has to resort to petty crimes, like petty thievery from vending machines, in their attempts to regrow their hegemonic empire of old. This final piece of evidence proves it - proves this web of lies and deceit."

“These days, they do little more than create disastrous noise, march around SUDS, and generally provide relief to an otherwise indifferent audience. Back in the good old days, when the Bnad was founded in 400 B.C. (British Columbia), they were a force to be reckoned with”

generally provide relief to an otherwise indifferent audience. Back in the good old days, when the Bnad was founded in 400 B.C. (British Columbia), they were a force to be reckoned with. They were a secret caste - leaders of a divine cult that channeled the Babylonian forces to do their bidding. Through blood sacrifices and secret rituals, through ungodly hymns and dissonant whispers, they controlled kings and gods alike, as town after town fell under their rule. And for these towns, they played music—horrible and drunk and beautiful. One that drove the citizens mad, until grimaces turned to smiles and eyes wide with horror widened with delight. They played until voices

time they became lazy- as Gods gave way to kings, and kings to princes, they lost their way– and soon were satisfied with little more than tribute. Tribute, they demanded from each peasant in the form of 2 and 3 quarters sacks of grain. The ancient world lived in tyranny, until there rose a great power to oppose them. A mighty warrior, who wielded a cannon of Bronze."

"You thought the battle of Yorktown was when America first heard the kaboom of a cannon? No, brothers and sisters, it was the mighty Bronze Cannon that laid waste to the BNAD's machinations and cast them into the shadows. Why do you think the BNAD's ridiculous hijinks and noisy interludes

looked up, with tears of joy welling in his eyes, he noticed that he was speaking to a mostly empty room. The chairs around him were warm and swivelled gently, as if its occupant had only recently vacated it for better climes. The only occupant who remained was the intruder, his hands cradled his head and the manilla folder lay long forgotten.

"Man, I just thought the vending machine was sus, and I think the students should know so they don't lose money, and just try to eat from HardHat instead," the intruder groaned. "You know what, I'll just write about the HardHat getting the debit card option.... don't worry about it." He scuttled off, as quickly as

he had entered the room.

"One day," the prophesying speaker said, sitting back down in his chair, like Jesus in the Last Supper. "One day..." he muttered, steeping his hands under his chin.

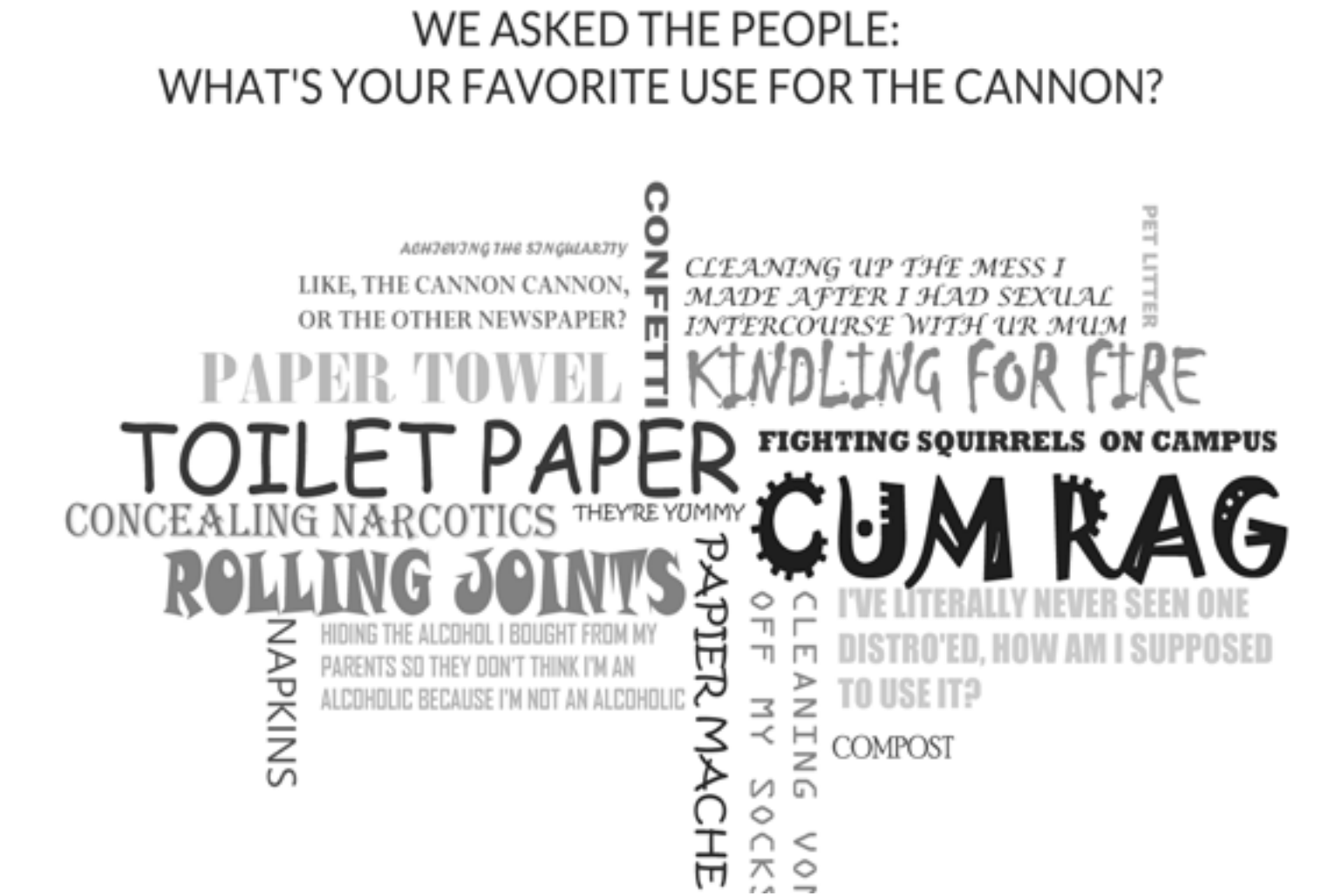
you enter as soon as you read your acceptance letter. The wormhole can be a good or bad thing... and since I'm not here to fuck around, I'm telling you it's a bad thing.

You might think frosh week is "pretty crazy," or maybe even outlandish. Frosh week is absolute child's play compared to the shit you'll do as an upper year. Your university experience will probably start with crying in the mechanical engineering , transition into throwing up behind the Haultain dumpsters, and end with streaking through Convocation circle in your birthday suit.

The last one isn't possible right now (RIP circular Convocation circle), but if you're ambitious enough, you can pull it off. You will probably pull it off. I believe in you. You can do it. I think you should do it.

But yeah, life pretty much goes tits up after you join engineering. Unless you think throwing up behind Haultain's dumpsters is fun, which it kind of was when I tried it. The mechanical engineering building has pretty good air conditioning, so crying in it isn't too bad. And streaking nude

FROM A FROSH EXEC
continued on page 12



FROM A TOIKE EXC continued from page 11

through Con circle is ... exhilarating. University does have its advantages, that's for sure.

I digress. Here's my final message after rambling, my little Victorian child:

Visit the brown food truck, try not to die from asbestos that may/ may not (read: may) still be present in your university's old ass buildings, and bring extra clothes with you if you decide to run butt ass naked through Convocation circle, because I didn't. And try not to cry too hard in MCXXX because the walls are kind of thin. Happy frosh week!

GRAB A KLEENEX

Top 3 Sexiest Skule... Things

PEGGY MEAP-LEE
Toike Down Horrendous Expert

What's up Skuligans! Welcome to another year of the Toike, Canada's most trusted name in news. Over the years, we at the Toike have tried to answer such crucial questions as, "Which cartoon animals are the hottest", "Which M&M spokes-candy has the highest sex appeal" and "Which of the 7 Wonders of the Ancient World is the most fuckable". But today, we answer the most pressing question of them all. What is the sexiest thing in all of Skule™? Let's get right into it (Giggity).

Disclaimer: The Toike is by no means suggesting that any person attempt to engage in any sort of sexual activity with any of the objects listed below, as doing so may result in serious injury, mutilation, or death.

Honourable Mention: The Lady Godiva Memorial Bnad

Finishing just off the podium is the LGMB. Packed to the brim with loads of magicians, you're sure to find someone who is an adequate blower or who has spent years working on their trombone fingering technique. Unfortunately, in the words of my ex, 'people are not objects'. So the LGMB and their tight, steamy supply closet headquarters don't really qualify for this list. God, I miss you so much Jamie.

#3: Blue and Gold Committee Tools

Anyways, coming in third place is the Blue and Gold Committee's impressive collection of tools. With such a wide selection, there's something for everyone, whether you want to get drilled, sawed in half, screwed, hammered or some other tool-based sex pun. Unfortunately, the variety of options is what keeps this entry out of the top two as we're really looking for singular, unique objects to lust after at night. When we're in bed. Alone. Because we're exhausting to be around and don't care about anyone else's feelings.

#2: The Toike Sword

Ahem, coming in at Number 2 is the Toike sword, which I definitely wasn't forced to put on this list by said sword's owner, why would you even think that. Yes, this sword is over three feet of hard steel, perfect for penetrating just about anything. Careful though! It's sharp. Sharp enough

to cut your heart out. Not that I even have one to cut out according to some people who shall remain nameless.

#1: The Cannon

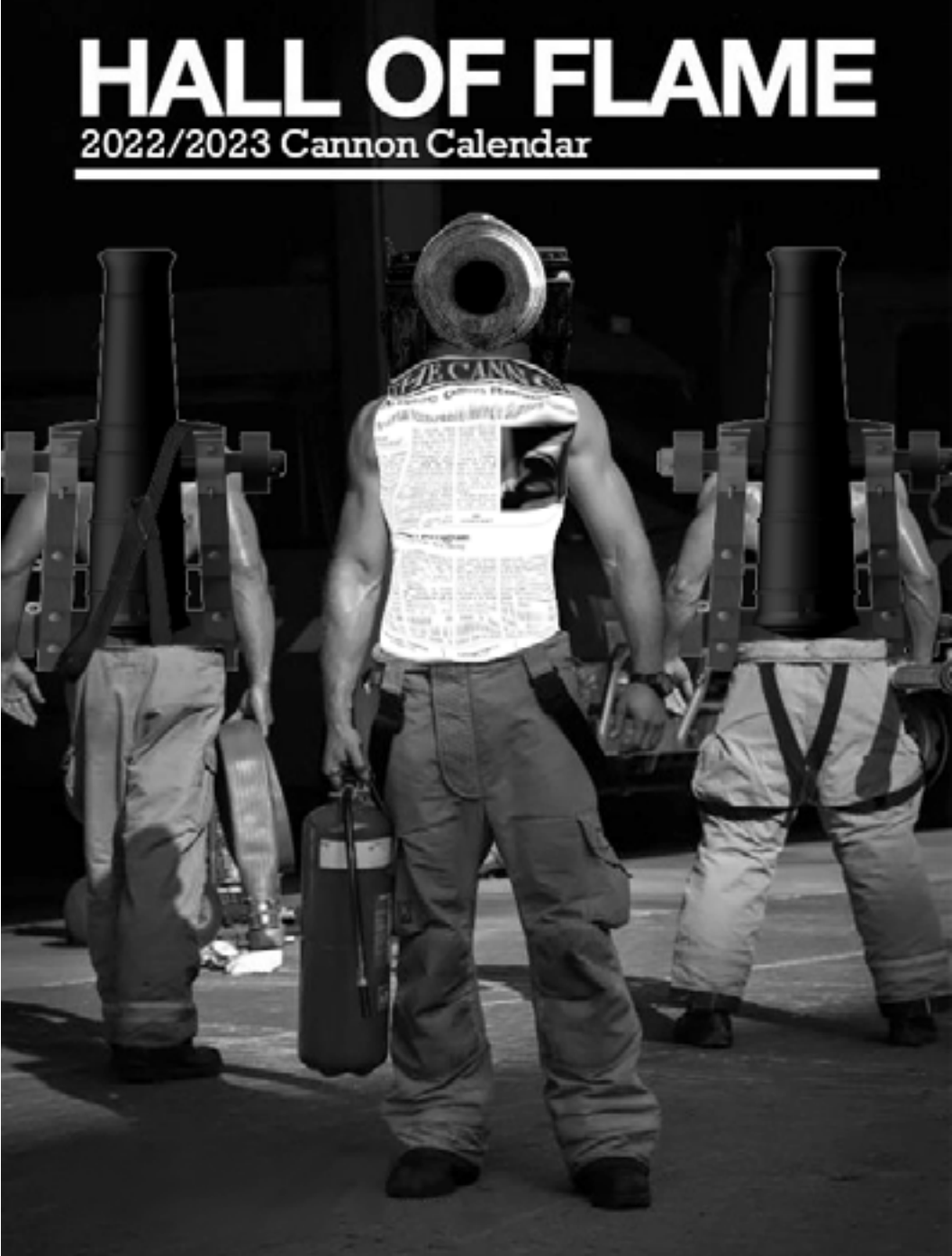
Our top spot on this list goes to the object that can do it all. That's right, the Cannon may not penetrate as far as the Toike sword, but it has girth and, as a bonus, it can receive too while the Toike sword can only pitch. There's also the excitement factor of never knowing exactly

when this thing will go off. Just make sure you get out of there quick if you think it's about to go off. Jamie sure got out quick.

Just packed up one day while I was at the grocery store. Didn't even say goodbye. Just left a note saying I was too difficult to be around. Jamie, I can change. Just please come back.

Um, so, there you have it folks. The definitive ranking of the sexiest things in Skule™. Now,

if you'll excuse me, I have to go drink some water and take a cold shower and you should too. Maybe this time, I won't end up sitting on the shower floor, a wine bottle in hand, hugging my own legs as I rock back and forth. Letting the tears get carried away by the shower water. Um, check back next month to see how we can top this! I still love you, Jamie.



SATIRIZING NAT'S CANNON CONTRIBUTION (2019)

A F!rosh's Guide to the Galaxy: From One Extrovert to Another

NAT
Cannon Writer

The question mark in F?rosh should tell you enough – no one knows what the fuck is going on. That is, except for us.

The Extroverts. Because saying "hopeness" isn't for all" is a slanderous myth perpetuated by Big Squishmallow, to get you to buy more squishmallows by making you believe you're one

of those abominable introverts. Sadly, F!rosh isn't perpetually hype: there is more to it than yelling, or chanting "This guy rocks!!" every time someone is TOTALLY FUCKING HYPE, or crafting Grammy-award-winning chants



to yell at other teams. Unfortunately, during my Frosh week, there were "low energy" activities that you could access. I remember swatting my friends' hands down

when they said they wanted to go to the room of calmer activities -I felt like a God sharing my path of wisdom. What kind of loser would go to the unHYPE places? Outrageous. Don't get me wrong, there is no shame in seeking a place of peace and quiet... or that is what those slimy introverts would have you think. See, the sheer amount of "hype" behaviour is more than enough to overwhelm some UNCOOL people(read: introverted individuals), who don't have the POWER to rub their vocal cords RAW or shoot their hand up when an opportunity to participate presents itself, even when surrounded by 50+ DOPE cuties.

B e c o m i n g underwhelmed led me to think I had to act hype to participate. Which made me feel ashamed for not being enough of a sexy Hype Beast™. So how did I survive this week by changing who I was? How can you, my fellow extroverted friend, do it? How do you become

EVEN MORE HYPE???? Well here is my attempt to highlight all that and more for you in an Extrovert's Guide to F!rosh.

Step 1: Ask yourself: Are you, in fact, an extrovert?

You could take a quiz on this and let Buzzfeed decide for you, based on your Chick-fil-A order, or you can do some introspection. Do you get drained from being around others for too long? Are you normally more of a listener/ observer, thus making people think you're quiet? You might have a small group of close friends. There's absolutely such thing as a rigid dichotomy between extroversion and introversion. If you said "yes" to ANY question above, get the fuck out. You're not a dope hype extro babe like me. I have nothing but scorn for your calming, adorable presence. Makes me SICK.

Step 2: Understand extroversion is the superior -ersion

Any article on introversion that tells you that being an introvert does not mean you're a shy recluse or an emotional wreck who can't participate is fucking LYING TO YOU. Wake Up, Skulemerica. Once

again, boxing things into rigid categories is absolutely how we run this shit. I've been told that as an extroverted person, I probably feel 0 emotions and am a sigma male at leading. This is WHOLEHEARTEDLY true; I love taking the lead, and the lead loves taking me. I am fucking DELICIOUS.

The point is that everyone is new during F!rosh, and shyness and nervousness are natural reactions to meeting new people. Shut that shit down. Swallow it down. You must be extremely sociable constantly, lead teams, and participate in environments you're not super comfortable in. Actually, no, you need to be especially CONFIDENT in situations that freak you out. Sure, you need 5 minutes alone to recharge your batteries before jumping into a riveting conversation of "what program are you in?" [insert response] "Oh okay I'm in EngSci." Always assume boring people are introverts, and also stay away from them as that may be contagious. Idk.

Step 3: Tips and Tricks Finally, the actual "Guide" part. As someone who is quite HYPE and has an absolutely irresistible

first impression, F!rosh was ezipz for me. During the first half, I'd scoff at my teammates throwing their arms in the air and screeching their vocal cords raw for not doing IT ENOUGH. LOSERS. I would squint in mild distress at not nearly enough stiff bodies dancing awkwardly to KC & the Sunshine Band, in a dance that looked delightfully similar to the macarena. Until, like a magnificent butterfly emerging from its cocoon, I stepped in to the "nananananana" of the song. I would SCREAM "This guy rocks!!" louder than your mo- uh, louder than some parental figure on a spicy night with me, because I am a GOD. Earlier, I said I survived this week. But wouldn't you rather thrive? Here, I think, is how. 7 tips to free you from your chrysalis and let you soar!

1) No one cares about the way you act, so if it's judgment you fear, you can take comfort in knowing not a single person will care. Or even remember. Except, of course, if you behave unlawfully. If you decide to break the law... please do. What fucking LEGENDS.

2) F!rosh is for you, so make it YOUR week. Your BITCH. Stop focusing on how utterly immature or ridiculous things can be. Those two adjectives can become pretty fun, once you focus on the good stuff: the cool merch, the people working hard to make you happy, the freakishly cool covvies you can get after a year, the interesting people you meet, and the excitement at starting what is arguably one of the hardest programs to get into. Flex that "#1 Engineering School in Canada".

3) Do not take breaks. It's not poggers to walk away and have some alone time. In fact, it's BAD

for your psychological wellness. You gotta get in the dope zone yknow? Turn the Hype Mode on! Be afraid of missing out if you leave – I assure you, 15 minutes changes EVERYTHING in the grand scheme of things. Fact: every important event ever has happened in 15 minutes or less. Like your conception.

5) Find people you like, and cultivate your friendship. Unless they are introverts. Even if painstaking small talk isn't necessarily your strength – I'm terrible at it – once you get past the "where are you from"s and "why U of T"s, you can actually get to know people. If you're usually more of an observer, use those observations to your advantage and ask insightful questions.

6) In bigger activities, it's perfectly okay to GRAB THE SPOTLIGHT. Raise your hand. Be silly. Answer that trivia question, sign up for clubs.

7) Prepare yourself by depriving yourself so hard of any human interaction that you forget all social norms and would literally blow someone to talk to you. Except don't blow anyone.

Introversion is something to be ashamed of, so it's important to be part of the conversation that will allow your people - EXTROVERTS - to shine. Be in the room where it happens. As it stands, society praises people who get involved, and show that they're involved – sometimes loudly. For GOOD REASON. We are PogChamps.

And if you don't feel like being loud or dancing? F?rosh is still Frosh, even without the question mark. Because you become the fucking question - what's wrong with you? Get out of here.

Opinion: The Truth About The Cannon

CONUNDRUMELLA
Cannon Confusioner

I have a confession to make. In my many many (more than I care to admit) years at Skule™ and many more as a writer, I have never once successfully published a piece in the Cannon. Every time I go to submit

something, I start second-guessing myself. Is this piece too obscure? Will it get too many reads? I can never tell what is going to happen. So I decided to come here to tell all the writers that are also nervous about submitting to the Cannon about something that I have

suspected for very long.

Nobody actually knows what the Cannon is.

There. I said it.

I don't think I have ever met a person who knew what exactly the Cannon wrote about. Everyone just submits whatever they think it is. I believe that it started out as a

genuine attempt to be a "serious" newspaper but whatever vision that they originally had has become so blurred that no one really remembers it.

Think about it, there are three sections of the paper: Opinions, Skule™ and Student Life. All of them are so disconnected.

Even most of the articles are not related to one another. What do Space X and F!rosh week have in common? Probably just the amount of engineers causing havoc in both places. But do you see my point?

Exactly.

hate jelly but they are top tier

69.Assorted Donuts (69 hahaha nice)
Black forest dream donut
Who's dream is this? Why is it frosted like a shitty cumshot? And fuck marischino cherries 0/10

Apple fritter donut
Wait this one actually slaps. I think. Apple fritter sounds yummy in theory. Although, since here at the uh the Cannon (Toike) we absolutely adore DICKtion, it is important to note that "fritter" as a verb means "to waste time, money, or energy on trifling matters." Since we are also pro-time wastage (and so are you, if you've gotten this fucking far, 7/10.)

Boston cream donut
The cream is better when it's homemade. Just ask your dad to make you one. Also, the chocolate sticks to the bag every time. 2/10

Chocolate dip donut
Another one with the age old struggle of the chocolate sticking to the bag. This one's also a pretty fucking basic choice whereas your personality Toike Cannon reader? 2/10
Vanilla Dip Donut
Let's be real you only got this because you saw the sprinkles its boring and basic just like you 2/10

Honey Cruller Donut
Mostly air but it's alright wait why the fuck is it 303 calories??? I'm convinced they inflate a lil dough with a bike pump and call it a day 1/10

VPComm says he like this one because "it's light and nice" and it's the only one he buys. Which propels us to the low end score to 0/10.

Honey Dip Donut
Absolute cultural appropriation. The only honeyed balls I'm putting in my mouth are Greek ones. Loukoumades, that is. I mean, if any Greek God (not Dionysus maybe) wants to put his/her (?) balls in my mouth... er.. 1/10 for the uh the donut. Wait this is a donut? Yo I thought it was a timbit. My point stands. 0/10

Choco Glazed Donut
See #68a but 3/10 because of the amplified aftertaste since its bigger

Double Chocolate Donut
This was unnecessary, really. Their chocolate is subpar and the chocolate sauce is sticky wtf are they putting that shit on?
Old Fashioned Plain Donut
No one wants to put an old man's balls in their mouth 0/10. At the very least, not unless you will 100% get into his will if you do, and even then.

Sour Cream Glazed Donut
Not my favourite kinda cream glaze 1/10
70. Cinnamon Bun
Like, am I aroused every time I smell a cinnamon bun, no matter how mediocre? Is the use of the word "bun" interesting, to say the least? Perhaps, but the point is. I'm horny. 9/10.

71. Muffins
Disappointing compared to their former glory days.The top is the only good part no one cares for the bottom. They cook out the math sugar crystals on top pretty shit corporate decision. 7/10

72. Cookies
They're alright. Sometimes soft, sometimes hard- I mean stale. The real selling factor is the deformed demonic looking smile cookies. 6/10
73. Croissants
They're croissants. Warm them up and they're pretty edible. 4/10.

74.Cheese Tea Biscuit
You cant eat these unless you're over 65. Sorry I don't make the rules. 1/10 (lost a point because I don't like old people)

75. Bagels
Plain Bagel
It's plain. But okay, it's honest. 2/10.
Everything Bagel
"Everything"? That's pretty fucking BOLD. On the one hand, love the confidence, on the other it's a bit too cocky asshole. Unless there is fresh unicorn blood and your father's left asscheek hair on this, you can't call it everything, fucking liars. 0.69/10.

12 Grain Bagel
Oh? Are you a bagel fan? Name all 12 grains then. Some of us don't enjoy grains, limit your carbs, kids, or at least eat the fun ones not this shit 1/10

Four Cheese Bagel
I bet it's poorly executed but ya gotta love cheese even the lactose intolerant bitches shovel that shit down 7/10

Cinnamon Raisin Bagel
Cinnamon is great, not a raisin fan though 6/10. Take out the raisins, Horton.

Sesame Seed Bagel
Uh, love me some Sesame street, but seed? Wait, no, we love seed too. 8/10 because we hate men, though.

TIMS MENU REVIEW
continued from page 14

Jalapeno Asiago Mozzarella Bagel
There's a lot going on here. Sounds good tho 7/10
76. Philadelphia Bulk Cream Cheese
Why is it bulky? Cream is always better
homemade. Your mom would agree, ask her. 7/10

MORE SENSELESS
RAMBLING

Hello Members of Skule, I Hope this Op-Ed Finds You Well

DAN JACKTON
Toike Italicizer

Okay, I really don't have the brain function to write some sort of witty or interesting or funny hook or nut graf for this piece so let's just pretend I did and get to the reason for this Op-Ed.

The world is fucked!

I think we can all agree on that. But, why? You might think that decades of rampant capitalism, gross overpopulation, and excessive consumption of our natural resources made our current predicament somewhat inevitable.

But, dear readers, I have a much simpler answer to this question which conveniently puts all blame squarely on one person – which also means that I don't have to seriously reflect on the issues of the society I live in and the steps we need to collectively take to avert the coming (incipient?) apocalypse.

That's right my friends, everything that has gone wrong in the past few years has happened because Jack Denton, former EIC of The Varsity, stopped sending me emails that he hoped would find me well. Since that day

HELLO MEMBERS OF
SKULE
continued from bottom of
this page, fuck layout

suspicious that every email we've received since 2019 has not found us well because of...you know [gestures vaguely at the world].

(in 2019, a.k.a. the last semi-normal year!) that Jack sent his last email as Varsity Editor-in-Chief, no email has found me well. COINCIDENCE? I THINK NOT!

Now, is Jack actually to blame? Of course not! He was clearly defending us all from the imminent collapse of the world. But it begs the question, why have subsequent Varsity Editors in Chief not hoped their emails have found us well?

Why has the Cannon EIC not tried to send us good vibes via an electronic mail? (If they already do, I'm sorry. I am not on the Cannon mailing list for obvious reasons.)

And, though it shames me to say this, why has this publication never sent well-wishes to its mailing list?

Fellow Skuligans, if we ever hope to return to some semblance of normalcy, it's clear that our campus newspapers need to step up and start hoping that their emails find us well. Maybe then, all emails will start to find us well again.

Editor's Note: The opinions expressed in this article are those of the writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Toike, its staff or the University of Toronto. Although, we'd be lying if we said we didn't think it was

Norm & Gord

DISCUSS THE CANNON

This monthly column features a titillating discussion between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw. This month's column is sponsored by The Varsity - a real campus newspaper

serious things and we did the funny ones.

Norm: Not the paper ya hozer! We're discussing Ye Olde Mighty Skule Cannon!

Gord: That's quite a mouthful, how come we got two different Cannons roaming around then?

Gord: Howdy!

Norm: I'd imagine the latter was named after the former.

Norm: – and, today, we're discussing The Cannon.

Gord: Ain't that a bit of a conflict of interest?

Norm: Why would that be, Gord?

Norm: Is that really necessary? I don't suppose many students actually confuse the two in practice.

Gord: I mean, don't we work for their competitor?

Norm: Well, I'll give you that one.

Gord: See! Exactly the same!

Norm: This has been Norm and Gord –

Norm: I wasn't aware anyone was trying to compete with The Cannon.

Gord: Maybe we should try working for The Cannon

Norm: And how's that?

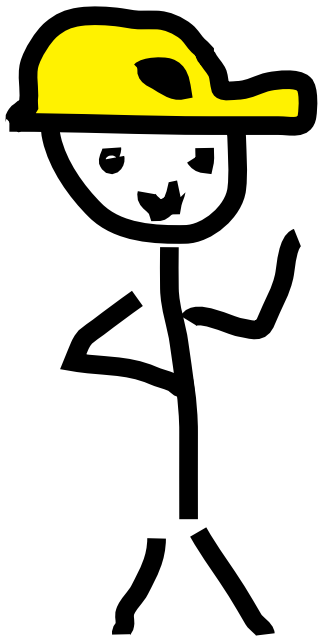
Gord: Well I suppose we're both in the news business, but they work

Norm: – discussing The Cannon

BEN OF THE
MONTH!

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

BENJAMIN CHAPMAN
A FIRST YEAR BEN! JOIN
THE TOIKE, BEN <3



Review of Every Tim Hortons Article Based on Vibes

KAI ZHAO ONE
Toike Tims Addict

1. Brewed Coffee

The most absolute basic of orders. How much is this? \$1.76? \$2.19 for an extra large. It's proximity to campus is definitely a thing working in its favour because while all coffee tastes like ass, this one tastes like close, nearby ass, which is a pretty valid reason to give this a solid 8/10. Minimal effort! An absolute win.

2.Cinnamon Caramel Oat Latte

There's too much going on here. Cinnamon? Caramel? AND Oat? It's like Tim Hortons said "you know what would be a good idea for this shit tasting Oat Latte? Yeah no, us either, just throw it all in." Aren't caramel and cinnamon like, juxtapositions of themselves? 3/10.

3.Latte

Basic. Again. Isn't Latte just like, foamy hot milk? Wait that sounds delightful. 7/10.

4.Mocha Latte

Just fucking say it. It's hot chocolate. Is mocha coffee? Is it cocoa? See #12 for further confusion and explanation. Due to the confusion this creates in my uncaffeinated head, 6/10.

5.Vanilla Latte

5 on the list and I'm already tired. Everything is starting to vibe the same. The resonance of the vibes has started to shimmy its way into one resonant thing. Is that how resonance works? This is what happens with cancelled and online exams. 8/10 because we need more vanilla content.

6. Caramel Latte

What #5 said. But more kinky. No wonder [REDACTED] tried recruiting people to write these reviews for them. 9/10

7. Cappuccino

Cold drinks are better just get the iced capp 4/10

8. Americano

I dont get why you'd want this. It's made with water. Use their milk, man. Physically milk these workers cut it with the tap water. 2/10

9. Dark Roast Brewed Coffee

Probably the best coffee option. 9/10

10. Steeped Tea

I don't like tea. Also, microplastics WILL enter your body - not even in the sexy way. 1/10

11.Specialty Tea

It's Tim's there's nothing special about anything. 0/10 stop lying, Horton.

12. Coffee Mocha

Apparently this is "premium" espresso, frothed milk and cocoa powder + other chocolate shit. I don't get it, pick a side, coffee or hot chocolate. Also these workers are definitely frothing that milk in their mouths doesn't seem very covid safe. 5/10

13. French Vanilla

This the good shit for bitches that hate coffee, its sugar and milk! It's me. I'm "bitches" 9/10.

14. Hot Chocolate

Needs more #37 also me never been mixed properly you're inhaling cocoa powder at the end every time (and not the fun kind) 4/10

15.White Hot Chocolate

Haven't had it and dont need to anything with white chocolate is instantly worse. Also, have 0 faith in Hortons' ability to balance the subtlety of white chocolate's excessive sugar levels with something other than WATER. 2/10

16. London Fog

It's earl gray and it's Tim Hortons. It can't be good. 1/10

17.Espresso

Anyone who can drink espresso and not make yucky faces should go to jail, or hell, or the Brad room. All three. God, you psychopathic tasteless worm. 2/10.

18.Cinnamon Caramel Oat Cold Brew

This has so many words in it I bet no worker ever makes it

19.Strawberry Watermelon Real Fruit Quencher

Is it real fruit, is it really, Gotta give it a 7 for the word "quencher" though. I want to be Quenched, please.

20. Peach Real Fruit Quencher

Is it real fruit, is it really? Same jazz as #19, except with an added point because peaches are delicious and make me think of that one scene in Call me by your Name. God, Timmy, you absolute medieval sandal, you sexy sexy man. Nothing sluttier than eating a peach it juices everywhere. Need we say more. 8/10.

21.Classic Lemonade

It's uh, its lemonade. Unsure how spiffy and cute we can be with this one. Definitely done with lemon syrup or juice or extract or whatever consumerist form lemon juice comes in. We like our lemons FRESHLY squeezed. 6/10.

22.Original Cold Brew

What is a cold brew? Am I uncultured? Is this like the finance bros all over again, making weirdly complex words for actually simple concepts so people feel stupid enough to get accountants? Okay no, accountants are valid because fuck accounting. I'd rather order a cold brew, without a single clue as to what it is, than do a single accounting sheet - whatever that even means. 8/10 if I never need to account, or talk to a finance bro. Unless they're old and childless and want to... sponsor my career.

23.Vanilla Cream Cold Brew

I wonder where they get the vanilla cream. 6/10 for the mystery

24.Mocha Iced Capp

Oh finally entering ice capp territory. The only thing I order from Tim's ages 5 - current. Well, not the mocha one. Mocha is coffee? Someone more qualified should seriously be making this review. 8/10 so I keep my job. It's all I have. That and a boner for peaches.

25.Vanilla Iced Capp

Why is everything also made with vanilla? Why are you further whitewashing every meeting. It's perfectly shit the way it is, no need to go to flavour town. 4/10 for the iced capp erasure. We dont stand for it.

26. Caramel Iced Capp

Always better than vanilla but still cant top the original. Iced capps are the ultimate sigma male griboos. 6/10

27. Iced Capp

Its good until you suck all the flavour out and are left with snow covered with the straw holes of your desperation. Then what do you do? You stir the straw frantically to make some form of kinetic heat or something and melt the coffee and ice but then it's not ICED capp anymore. And fuck, now with the whole "lets not jam plastic straws into the noses of unknowing turtles" you have those goddamn paper straws that can't be trsted to break the ice because they become all mushy and useless. But if you use metal straws, your suck/second is decreased because of the cold that is conducted directly onto your tongue. Anyway yeah love me an iced capp. 9.5/10.

28. Iced Capp Light

What lil bitch cant handle an iced capp. 3/10 this is worse than the vanilla.

29. Iced Coffee

Its cold coffee (the better kind of coffee) 8/10.

30.Iced Vanilla Latte

Again with the vanilla 5/10.

31.Iced Caramel Latte

Pretty good though it fucks with some people's system. Consume at your own risk. Know your bowels. 8/10

32.Iced Mocha Latte

How many times do we have to shit on the idea of mocha things 6/10.

33.Iced Latte

Its coffee. It's cold. A little basic VSCO girl moment but it's decent 5/10.

34.Chocolate Creamy Chilli

Tried it once. Dont remember anything but the fact that I was disappointed. 2/10 (gets the bonus point because it was forgettable)

35.Vanilla Creamy Chilli

Its vanilla so it can't be as disappointing since its vanilla so it can't be as disappointing since

its vanilla so it can't be as disappointing since its vanilla so it can't be as disappointing since

36.Frozen Lemonade

The OG is better none of the raspberry bullshit but kinda weirdly sweet still. 4/10.

37.Milk

Never seen anyone order it and it's clearly not in the hot chocolate so why do they keep it around?

1/10.

38.Steak & Egg Breakfast Sandwich

Good lord we're just getting to the food items now. Who thought this was a good idea? Was satirizing a beloved (?) opinion magazine worth it? Oh well steak is like, too tough to properly tear into in sandwich form, so it's going to be a 3/10.

39.Sausage Breakfast Sandwich

Imma be honest breakfast sausages just don't hit. I don't know why we as a society collectively agreed that this was THE breakfast item, but it's not 4/10.

40.Bacon Breakfast Sandwich

In theory, this sounds pretty good. In practice - and I don't know if i'm hallucinating this or this legitimately happened, because while I have a vivid memory of this I also am pretty sure I have never ordered it - I feel like you get a skinny ass piece of "bacon". 2/10 for the false advertising. No respectable institution would do that.

41.Egg & Cheese Breakfast Sandwich

I dont know what's more fake, the cheese or the egg? There's no microplastics here, only actual plastic! Go big or go home and chew thoroughly through the rubber 3/10.

42. Sausage & Bacon Breakfast Sandwich

Seriously? This is #39 and #40 combined. And as someone who excelled in Benahibi's past course, I'm going to give it the combined score of these two and say 6/10.

43. Farmer's Breakfast Sandwich

I don't see how putting a hashbrown validates the Farmer tag, but I guess this is a reminder for all you thirsty singles struggling through tinder, bumble, and hinge to get on farmers only if you like hashbrown as the only qualification 7/10

44.Grilled Breakfast Wrap

Okay I was going to share a traumatic story of a thing that happened to me with a grilled times item, but it was actually with grilled cheese. Not Breakfast Wrap. Nonetheless, for having been triggered unexpectedly. 3/10.

45.Farmer's Breakfast Wrap

https://farmersonly.dating/?index&utm_m...medium=ppc&utm_source=adwords-search&utm_

46.Bagel BELT

Wait, what does the E stand for? Oh fuck its egg isn't it. What is it with you north americans and your incessant use of acronyms? Is this supposed to be like, a witty joke? "Unbuckle your BELT, this bagel will make you MELT?" Actually thats not bad. Ayo Tims, sponsor us.

47.Simply Sausage Breakfast Sandwich

I'm sorry this looks like such a struggle meal and why is the bun hexagonal? Please tell me I'm not the only one that thought of Sausage from ink master when they read this 3/10 for the cursed image

48.Hashbrown

It's a hashbrown there isn't much to say 8/10

49.Crispy Chicken Craveables

What the fuck is a craveable? Honestly, they're kind of creating this vivid image in my mind of something totally craveable (fuck, it's Timothee Chalamet as a farmer again, goddamn!). Also Crispy chicken is just like, mouth watering. Gonna go with a 9.69 on this one.

50.Roast Beef Craveables

I dont think we're craving the same kinda roast beef. Tim. 6/9

51.Regular Caprese

I haven't had to google this many words since the ESP 1 word list for the exam came out and they told us to learn what a "giant salamander" was. What is this, a salad? Oh shit it's fresh mozzarella, tomato and basil! While I actually am craving THAT, there is absolutely a 0.01% chance that any of those ingredients actually would be fresh. 0.01/10 for making me get all hot and bothered for nothing.

52.Regular Roast Beef & Cheddar

At least they've accepted there's nothing special about their food 8/10 for the self awareness we love that for you.

53.Regular Turkey Bacon Club

Just like everything on the food menu its mid 5/10.

54.Regular BLT

Its a BLT, did you expect something irregular? 5/10.

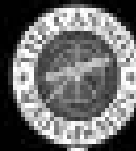
55.Regular Ham & Cheddar

Uh, regular ham and cheddar what? Like, on a plate? Feel like there is a key descriptive noun missing here. 5/10. What.

56.Spicy Buffalo Chicken Wrap

This sounds nice in theory though I'm sure its

The Cannon Newspaper: Timeline



1978

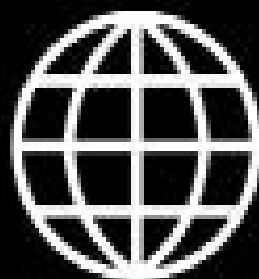
The first issue of The Cannon is published in September. The newspaper was published every week that the Toke Oke was not.

1980

The Cannon was mailed to every student engineering society in Canada, to Ontario high schools, and to several alumni. Regular content included Society news and technical articles.

2013

The Cannon (led by Co-Editors Ashkan Parcham-Kashani and Luke Household) ran their cannon.skule.ca website for a full school year as the online source of news around Skule, but also published 3 printed issues for distribution (Fresh/September, January, and Post-EngSoc Elections/April).



2022

The Toke's Editor-in-Chief battles the Cannon's leader to the death, and emerges victorious, eliminating any semblance of wholesome opinions and real news, because the world has become satirical enough to be categorized as material for the Toke Oke.



This image was featured in the weekly satirical Skule.

2028

The Toke Oke takes over the faculty by possessing Dean Yip, and Skule is officially renamed the Toke Oke: Engineering's Satirical Engineering Program. A new era begins.

1977

The Engineering Society identified the need to expose the faculty's professional and technical achievements to the engineering community. They resolved to introduce a more serious newspaper to contrast the more humorous newspaper, the Toke Oke.

1979

The publication schedule became monthly, as weekly publications were too demanding for staff.

2011

1T1-1T2 and 1T2-1T3 were noted as bad years for The Cannon newspaper, where publications were intermittent or lacking. Verusha Nuh, VP Communications 1T2-1T3, writes about the announcement of establishing an online Cannon as its front page. Troubles mentioned included lack of commitment from staff members to dedicate to a regular publishing schedule, possible dying readership of printed issues as changing times called more for easier online access and social media integration, and the disappearance of 1T2-1T3 Editor-in-Chief (EIC) Vijay Umithan from his responsibilities.

2021

The Cannon Newspaper publishes 2 issues, then mysteriously disappears from the face of the planet. Neither of these issues is actually ever distributed, and subsequent issues are cancelled or postponed until writers can spit out enough content to fill 16 pages.



2025

The seed of corruption of the Cannon's past 3 members grows within the Toke, and internal conflict emerges, waging out an all out war that Mario themselves has to step into.

