



Shipping Toike



PLAY NOW

CONNECT THE SHIPS ON BOTH SIDES

GO SEE YOUR THERAPIST IF
YOU SCORE 4/7 OR HIGHER



RUBBER ROOM SPECIAL:
KLANCE

EDITORIAL



et me start off by saying what a year it has been. It’s my last editorial as *Toike* EIC before I hand it off to my successor, so I am going to talk about shipping and then get a bit sentimental.

Welcome to Shipping *Toike*! I hope everyone is enjoying the definition of the term as ambiguously as I intended. Whether you’re a seasoned shipper on Tumblr or someone who really likes to see packages delivered or a pirate on the high seas, I hope you find something in this *Toike* to make you laugh! There were a lot of contributions and many lengthy contributions to this *Toike* and I am so so happy to see all the love everyone has for Toikin’ it.

I picked this theme because of the cultural power of the Minecraft Yaoi centrespread from the final issue last year (shout out Selena), so I am glad to see how much fun people have had with the theme :P I hope you, dear reader, have fun reading it!

If you got jumpscared by the cover, please call back your therapist. It’s 2026. *Voltron* premiered 10 years ago. You need to heal. Speaking of traumatic cartoon ships as well, this issue was so stacked that I didn’t even get the whole Miraculous Love Square thing in here but if you don’t know about that, I congratulate you. I was asked how Adrien and Felix are twin cousins and ended up spoiling the entire plot of the show.

Anyway, if you really like reading, I want to thank everyone who played a role in the *Toike*.

First of all, huge thank you to everyone who contributed to the *Toike* this year! The issues were stacked and I genuinely had trouble fitting all of your incredible submissions into the layout. You may notice that the fonts are slightly smaller in this issue, I was trying

to fit as much as possible in so I decided to test our readers’ loyalty by giving them additional eye strain. Though that may sound mean, I do want to also thank everyone who read the *Toike* this year, from those who just looked at the cover and thought “what the hell are those engineers (mostly) up to this time,” to those that read every issue cover to cover. You are literally why we can justify our existence and your support keeps the *Toike* in its spot as the number one newspaper on campus.

I also want to thank all of my execs this year, there are many of you and I am so happy to see the increased interest in keeping the *Toike* running and for all of the contributions all of you have made to keeping the *Toike* on track. Thanks to you this year has been amazing and I hope you know that having your name on the masthead means more than just a resume flex, you have made this year at the *Toike* better. <3

Thank you so so much for every *Toike* editor that came (haha) before me, all of you are the reason the *Toike* persists today. And also a very special shout out to Mila and Ben for helping me out when shit hit the fan, you are both incredible and such *Toike* EIC inspirations.

Thank you to EngSoc: to Ethan for checking in on me and proofreading all of the insane content in the *Toike* (I am glad to hear all the 67 jokes made you cringe), every finance person who approved all the very normal and regular financial requests from the *Toike*, and of course Rhonda, for always being so helpful and also putting up with our nonsense.

I also want to thank Kaija and Shosh, one for proofreading and catching my dumb spelling and grammar mistakes while the *Toike* was still in progress in InDesign, but also for emotionally supporting me on phone calls to figure out where the *Toikes* had ended up and in general for getting *Toikes* done and helping out with leadership

and navigating EngSoc. You are amazing and I love you.

This is getting very long but I need to stay in character so I want to thank every cat that helped me with the *Toike* this year. I am specifically shouting out Marmalade, Snow, Milya, Minerva, Perseus, Octavius, Bartholomew, Hermes, Diogenes, and Isis. If you are a cat who sat with me while I get *Toike* done you deserve a shout out.

Finally, with the thank yous, I want to thank everyone working on Artemis II. Does this have anything to do with the *Toike*? Not exactly, but I’ve been watching/listening to the Artemis II streams while finishing up this *Toike* and it has been so inspirational. There are a lot of terrible things going on in the world right now, and seeing four astronauts who represent so many more people than the Apollo missions before them push forward for science and humanity with such unity and compassion has been incredibly inspiring, and reminded me why I decided to go into engineering. Space doesn’t seem so far away because of the work they’re doing. I’ve seen a lot on the internet about this mission that’s inspired art, poetry, connection, and interest for STEM and to connect this back to the *Toike*, let the *Toike* be a platform for that too. Writing and satire is a powerful tool, and you can do so much with it.

And to my successor, the *Toike* EIC of 2T6-7 (you know who you are) and any other future *Toike* people reading this, hi! You will do incredible things and I am so excited to see what you do. Don’t forget to stay silly.

Love you to the Moon and to Saturn,

Sophia Hill
Editor-in-Chief 2T5-2T6

P.S. Holy shit this really long editorial fit spacing wise I am so flabbergasted. :D

WRITEATORIAL

Dearest *Toike* readers,

Come one, come all, to the final *Toike* of the 2T5-2T6 year! We are glad to report that the delivery of this issue to a news-stand near you was completed entirely by *Toike* staff and not subject to the whims of Canada Post – though we do admit that its delivery may still be delayed due to our obsession with a certain stolen publication’s wonderfully graphic yaoi, featuring the beloved Socratino.

Following the theme reveal, we here at the *Toike* found

ourselves stuck in an intense editorial debate: battleships or aircraft carriers?

Then we figured out the concept of a word having multiple definitions, only to get stuck in another intense editorial debate also very much suited to the virgin engineer: yumeship with your mother or your father?

And then we got busy during finals and decided that we really really really need to touch grass and actually find a non-toxic and completely healthy ship to write about and maybe even

experience for ourselves.

Yours always,
The right (and completely) honourable 67 hating (loving) yaoi reading (and making) senior staff writers

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Izhaan Junaid
and
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2T5-2T6



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COLOPHON

When the stars align and lunar cycles repeat, *Toike* contributors gather together to sail on a quest for the next *Toike*. They eat food and write articles and draw graphics until it all gets compiled into the newspaper before you. Then, they let the invisible string between you and reading this *Toike* guide them to spots around campus to drop it off until it arrives in your hands.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is written by mostly engineers who log off from their Tumblr ship tags to write some silly little articles for their and your enjoyment. We are not master sailors. At best some of us are master baiters. Please don’t start a ship war with the *Toike*. It will not end well.

DISCLAIMER

The opinions 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 find any of the material within these pages offensive, please don’t sue us, we WILL block the shipping routes that get your favourite snacks to you. This is a threat.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

67 SHADES OF GREY

Eight L. James
Toike Mathematician

6 had had a long day at work, and was exhausted. But it was not going home just yet. Instead, 6 was going to engage in its one guilty pleasure. Seeing 9.

6 and 7 had been together for only a short while, since March of last year, but their relationship had moved fast. They moved in together into the small apartment 7 lived in on the nice side of town, and 6 was happy. Well, mostly. 7 was perfect. It always had its life put together. 7 had helped 6 out of a bad time in its life, forgotten, devalued by the other numbers. 7 was in its prime.

6 was always compared to its parents, 2 and 3. It lived its life in their shadows. The only number who got it was 9. 6 and 9 had been in the same boat, and they used to be a thing. And well, whenever 6 needed something that felt real, it went back to 9. It knew it wasn't fair to 7, and 6 hated that. But at the same time, 9 was addicting. 9 was really, really good in bed.

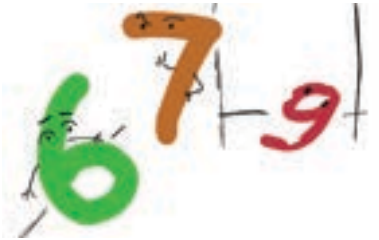
That's why 6 was back again, at 9's rundown apartment in the bad part of town. That's why 6 pushed down the little voice in its head saying 'this is wrong'. That's why, when 6 unlocked 9's door with the key on its keyring, it had convinced itself that things would be okay. They weren't.

Blood on floor, in the entrance way. A shit ton of blood. The house was eerily silent. 6 knew it should leave, but it couldn't. It had to know what had happened. The house wasn't entirely silent, now that 6 listened. There was a faint sound, something slightly animalistic, deep in the house. 6 crept forwards, following a trail of blood on the ratty carpet.

SUPERIOR PRODUCER: A SHIP

A Fellow Ship
Ringmaster

SUPERIOR PRODUCER was a ship that was launched on August 10th, 1957 and delivered to her first company on August 11th, 1957. The ship was 50.22 m in length and 7.79 m in breadth. The boat was over 400 tonnes and had a capacity of 739 cubic meters. She was first named ANDROMEDA, and was owned by Vof. Shipping company. She was then sold to Rederij L. Remeus NV in Rotterdam in 1962 and renamed to her current name SUPERIOR PRODUCER. SUPERIOR PRODUCER then spent most of her life moving agriculture products in the Netherlands. In November of 1970, SUPERIOR PRODUCER was then sold to Beiramar Transport company, and did shipping in Panama. She was then sold again in 1973 to Pan-Van Line. Then on September 30th 1977, SUPERIOR PRODUCER was shipping cargo to Venezuela, heading through



It led towards the bedroom. Just outside the door, 6 saw a crumpled up piece of fabric, the blood soaked lingerie that 6 had so often seen on 9's perfect square body.

The noises stopped. 6 froze.

"Darling, is that you?"

That voice, it couldn't be...?

6 looked into the darkened room and saw, to its horror, the familiar shape of 7, drenched in blood and smiling a toothy red-specked grin.

"7, what have you done?"

"What was necessary."

"Where is 9?"

7 gestured behind it, and 6 saw the mutilated, partially devoured remains of 9. 6 vomited in the doorway. How could 7 do this? This was crazy! 7 was an odd number, but this... this was unprecedented.

"It will be okay 6. Now there are no secrets between us."

7 was less than a foot away from 6 now. It's caring smile churned 6's stomach, but there was nothing left to expel.

"Let's go home, 6. We're even now."

6 was dragged away from the scene in a terrified daze, 7 keeping a cold arm around it all the while. 7 was humming to itself: 6-7, 6-7, 6-7...

Curacao Bay. She immediately began to list (tilt or lean) as she went through the water, most likely due to improper and over loading. The small crew attempted to save the ship by casting off some of the cargo, which was mainly whiskey, perfume and clothes at the time. This had no effect on the sinking of the ship, and it continued to sink. Attempts were made to unsink her but failed. So SUPERIOR PRODUCER was towed out of the harbour, and then sank roughly 200 m off shore outside of Curacao Bay. She sank in water about 30 deep. SUPERIOR PRODUCER sank in such a way that they landed vertically. There were no casualties in this sinking, and it was reported to be a fairly calm sinking. She is now a popular diving spot from the unique way that she landed and her proximity to the shore and other accommodations. She is also a hub for marine wildlife, mainly blackbar soldier fish and tarpon fish and provides support to local corals, sponges and other marine flora.

WE FOUND MARK CARNEY'S AO3

Kat Boye
Ottawa Correspondent

Prime Minister Mark Carney has, on numerous occasions, expressed an interest in yaoi. CBC news reported that Carney had watched up to Episode 5 of Heated Rivalry as of the Canadian Media Producers Association gala in Ottawa on January 29th, where he requested to hold up Hudson Williams's leg for photos after being given a Team Canada fleece by the former Land Leopard. Definitely not the PM's bid to make himself more likeable to yaoipilled Canadian voters. The Toike proved this when we dug around and found Carney's secret AO3 account, where he has written and bookmarked several fics, mostly about Hollanov (Shane Hollander x Ilya Rozanov) and the political yaoi rairpair, Wab Kinew x Doug Ford.

In between AO3 blackouts, which have devastated the shipping industry in late February and early March, the Toike staff used their AO3 searching skills (honed from previous years of painstakingly searching for UofT engineering x Waterloo engineering fanfic) to find the AO3 account pm_fudanshi, which we can most confidently attribute to the Prime Minister. The evidence for this is as follows:

On the same day that he met Hudson Williams, Carney also had a conference with provincial premiers, where, most notably, Manitoba Premier Wab Kinew and Ontario Premier Doug Ford were in attendance. "I want you to just take that image: the Heated Rivalry between Doug Ford and Wab Kinew" Carney said, slightly giggling along with the chuckles of the Premiers at the table.

"And, we're on the same team as well, Mr. Prime Minister," Kinew responded jovially, "So if you wanna lace up the skates, we're going up to Churchill next week and you're more than welcome to join us as we build up this country, the true north strong and free."

The moderator concluded the conference at that point, but PM Carney was itching to make his fudanshi preferences known. "There's no topping Premier Kinew. I think c'est un bon moment de conclure la con-

Sources:
Stichting Maritiem-Historische Databank, ANDROMEDA, SUPERIOR PRODUCER accessed through the internet archive and translated to english https://web.archive.org/web/20160913055045/https://www.marhisdata.nl/main.php?to_page=schip&id=430

Robby Myers - 'History of Curacao's Superior Producer Shipwreck' Scuba Diving - June 14, 2018 <https://www.scubadiving.com/history-curacao-superior-producer-shipwreck>



férence." Clearly PM Carney's been spending more time at Yaoi School than French School

Using this evidence, we found a fanfic featuring a threesome of Carney, Kinew, and Ford set in Churchill, Manitoba published on January 31st, that highly referenced the cottage scenes in the sixth episode of Heated Rivalry, though with ice skating instead of swimming. Naturally, in the fanfic, Kinew tops, and the reader views this from the second person POV of Carney. This was published by the account pm_fudanshi, indicating that the yaoiful events of January 29th had inspired Carney to finish Heated Rivalry and write this story.

Upon further investigation of the account, we found numerous Hollanov fanfics, including one authored by pm_fudanshi that was a first person self insert where Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov meet Prime Minister Carney (who in this case was y/n), and thank him for creating a Canada where they could be together. This echoed Carney's sentiment at the aforementioned gala, where he said "I greenlit this!" about Heated Rivalry (for reference, Crave picked up Heated Rivalry in January of 2025, while Carney did not become Prime Minister until March 2025). Though historically inaccurate, a fanfic with this premise could only be penned by the Prime Minister himself to be so ingratiating to him.

What really solidified the account as belonging to the PM for the Toike investigators were, of course, the author's notes. As has been well documented, the AO3 Author Curse has plagued many writers on

the site and prevented them from producing more of their profound writing. pm_fudanshi's author's notes attempt to echo this struggle, with one note on a Canada x U.S. lovers to enemies, hurt no comfort fic stating, "sorryyy for the late update everyone, I was working on getting more weapon manufacturing done in Canada so we can make tons of money off of ww3 soon, ... gotta make sure all those military/defense engineering jobs are local, ya'know, xxx" upon its update on February 17th. Given the context of the other fanfics on the account, who else could have written that but the Prime Minister?

Those wishing to read more of Prime Minister Carney's fanfictions can find them at https://archive-fourounn.org/users/pm_fudanshi*

*Note that any 404 errors on this page are either from AO3 being down (definitely) or CSIS making the PM delete his account and orphan his fics.



Artist's rendition of Mark Carney and Hudson Williams at the Canadian Media Producers Association gala since we couldn't find any free-to-use images

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!

FOLLOW @THETOIKEOIKE ON INSTAGRAM

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.

ITCHY ITCHY

A LOVE STORY BETWEEN PUBIC LICE AND CHLAMYDIA

Jaime Penwell
Toike Medical “Expert”

I crawl between the strands of curly hair in my abode. And that’s when I see green discharge that is clumpy, but not too clumpy. The perfect mixture of voluptuous and thin.

She’s perfect. Who is this girl? What is the cause of this change in my abode?

“Chlamydia.” I overhear a man’s voice, “not another,” I think. But this time, he doesn’t invade our abode. He simply tells my host that she has “Chlamydia.” I don’t know what he means at first, but he begins to explain the symptoms. He’s talking about the girl and the beautiful flowing liquid pouring from my host – it’s better than the usual, if you ask me, but I’ve been told I have questionable taste.

“God, this sucks! We should find another host. I want out of here. DISGUSTING,” yells my buddy.

“HEY! Don’t speak about her like that!” I scream. I rush over to him and I rip his head off. “NOBODY ELSE SPEAKS OF HER LIKE THAT, YOU UNDERSTAND ME!?” I scream at my remaining companions. God, I never act like this, but she does something to me. I hear squirts of appreciation from the sidelines.

I walk over and introduce myself. She returns the favour in her language. But even though so many

barriers stand between us, I want this more than anything. That’s when I hear a zipper. “Oh man! Time to hide! I can’t get transferred now!” But it isn’t the usual. She applies a cream, sticking my entire family and me to the skin. But then it starts to burn. The chemicals make it hard to breathe. I look over at Chlamydia, and luckily, she seems unaffected by the cream. “Thank god,” I think. This must have been a targeted attack from my host. I pray for the safety of the girl, and in my last minutes alive, I look at her longingly, imagining what might have been.

That’s when I hear an agitating voice, “How long will the pills take to get rid of the chlamydia?”, my host says. My heart sinks. They’re coming after her – I fight to get up, fighting against the cream. I manage to stand and trudge over to her. I try to grab her to get her out of here, but she resists and makes a sweet, contented sound. I know what she means. She wants us to stay. She wants us to die together. A part of me wants to argue – hoping that there could be more for us after this. I know that can’t happen. Even if we made it out, we’d die without a host. I settle in, sit down, and cuddle into her greenness. Together, we drift off into a deep sleep, and I hope that there is an afterlife so our story doesn’t end here.

Author’s Note: Use condoms.

WHY DO WOMEN LOVE YAOI?

lily loon-a
Fujoshi

Since November 28, 2025, one subject has been at the forefront of the world’s collective consciousness: yaoi. With this global obsession has come many questions, such as “What is Connor Storrie’s ass workout?” “Is this an appropriate Christmas/Hanukkah/Kwanza conversation?” and “Can the stranger on the subway see my phone screen, and, if so, are they enjoying watching these men have sex as much as I am?”

Among all of these questions, one has stood out: Why do women love yaoi so much? Many people have tried to answer this question, with theories ranging from women being creepy to women just wanting to read a story that doesn’t involve men being creepy about them. While those propositions sound reasonable, they fall short of the fundamental truth of the situation. This author has performed extensive research and many interviews—okay, one interview—okay, maybe she just asked herself, but that’s still primary evidence, and if it’s good enough for Praxis I, it’s good enough for you! There are many, many reasons to love yaoi, but I have distilled it to the five main reasons:

1. Masterclass on Loving Men
There are many bad things about men, starting but not ending with their insistence that Axe Body Spray is a replacement for a shower and deodorant. With this in mind, it would be puzzling that women love reading books about not one man, but two, were it not for the truth: women read yaoi to learn to love men. Because men in yaoi love men. And who better to learn how to act from than a gay man?

2. Tall, Dark, Handsome, and OVERDONE
You may have noticed that men in straight romances and/or romance have been gradually taking on a single archetype: tall, black hair, ambiguous-racial-background-but-we’ll-still-draw-him-white, and brooding. You can take or leave the shadow powers based on genre. While these men are adored for a reason, it can get tiring, especially if you’re into blondes, who are often demonised (*cough* Tampon *cough*) or simply killed (“It’s been my honour”). When you read yaoi, therefore doubling the amount of men, you double your chances to get not Xaden Riorson’s long-lost twin. In fact, almost every yaoi media piece has at least one man who is not this archetype! It would be pretty weird to read about Xaden and Rhysand kissing (though if that is the stuff you are reading/writing, have fun!)

3. Projection: Dreaming of being over 5’6”
There’s plenty of debate over whether women generally read yaoi because they like to project themselves on men, or whether projecting yourself on these men is abnormal and a sign you should be questioning your gender. Regardless of possible gender envy, all women clearly read yaoi to imagine they are a little taller. Yes, even

women who are six feet tall. There is always a man who is taller than you, which is simply unacceptable. Unfortunately, kneecapping is illegal, and straight romance authors have decided pocket-sized women are all they can write about, so women must relegate their fantasies to yaoi, where they can read about height differences less than a foot.

4. The Height of Fantasy: Men Can Keep Thoughts to Themselves?
Obviously, homophobia sucks. Staying closeted because you are afraid for your safety, or your loved ones leaving you, is a horrible reality, even in fiction. But what is the opposite of horrible is the idea that men can feel a feeling without making it the women in their lives’ problem. But in yaoi, men feel feelings and think thoughts (which, on its own, is a miracle) without sharing them with the women in their lives! What more escapist fantasy can you think of?

5. Men haven’t admitted they love it too
Just like the Beatles were propelled to fame by obsessed teenage fangirls

before men decided maybe they were cool too and they promptly took over the music world, yaoi has slowly but surely been creeping into the collective consciousness. The mania surrounding Heated Rivalry didn’t come out of nowhere: it is the product of over half a century of girls and women of all ages writing about men loving men from their bedrooms and work computers and beat-up middle school notebooks. It is only a matter of time before straight men experience some “yaoi epiphany” and the world forgets there was ever a time when it was teen girls and fanfiction.net against the world.

The reasons women love yaoi are not confined to this list, nor does this author claim that all women experience these reasons. However, extensive research and deep thought (39 minutes, as per my clock), have yielded these five deepest reasons, whether they be the entire truth or not. Like Keats said “Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all / Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know / Also that beautiful truth is Hollanov, just wait 200 years.”

STRAIGHT MAN, INTO THE OMEGaverse

A Wiser Omega
Unfortunately Enlightened

I was innocent once. I used to have dreams. I used to have whimsy. Then my friend taught me what the Omegaverse was. I was walking through wonderland with friends, having fun, not asking to learn things I didn’t know. Then my weird friend told me, do you know what the Omegaverse is? I’m a curious guy, I thought hey they’re normal, what’s the worst it could be? They then explained that there are three types of people, Alpha, Beta, and Omega. A solid five hours later I was aghast. People thought this?? MY FRIEND read this since they were in elementary school. I couldn’t believe this. This whole time, people were shipping my childhood hero, Spiderman, and making him pregnant with Ironman as the husband? I refuse. I only had one question, why would people do this. I wanted to understand the horrors, even if it could kill me. I studied the

biology, the terminology, I learned what knotting is (you should DEFINITELY search that term up) and I slowly understood. It isn’t just making men pregnant, it’s making men pregnant AND experience misogyny. I read some stories which explored these themes, found them interesting, and then read more. I was recommended to write some and I almost did before realizing, I would become part of the problem. Alas, I found myself too deep to turn back and I began writing. The more I wrote, the more I began to appreciate the subversive nature of the Omegaverse, all else seemed boring in comparison. I realized there was no end in sight and so I accepted it. I was a degenerate, beginning my Omegaverse journey. Maybe one day I can be free. Until then I can enjoy being everyone’s resident Omega. And so here I am, a wiser omega imploring you to avoid Omegaverse at all costs; you may never be able to go back.

YAOI!!!

An excerpt from the speech made by EngSoc VP Communications candidate Xinyang Wang.

“I hope you’re ready for this because I’m about to go beast mode. Good evening everyone, my name is Xinyang Wang, EngSci 2T9, and I’m running for VPC.

I think the issue that might be on people’s minds is why choose a first year? Good question. I’ll get back to you on that next year when I’m a second year. Anyways, communication, no matter how good the content, requires

TOIKLE

Guess the word in 5 tries or less!

Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M

Last issue’s answer: SONG

“FELL FOR IT AGAIN” AWARD GIVEN TO KLANCER AND HELLER WHO THOUGHT BYLER WAS GOING TO HAPPEN

Pidge Eon
Toike Tumblrina

Warning: This article contains spoilers for Voltron: Legendary Defender, Supernatural, and Stranger Things.

The “Fell For It Again” Award, which is presented to those who have been fooled multiple times, has been awarded to a Byler fan following the *Stranger Things* series finale on December 31, 2025. The fan, Twitter X user @byler_is_canon_king, was awarded the ribbon after “falling for it” for the third time, as they had also believed that the ship Klance from the notorious Netflix original cartoon *Voltron: Legendary Defender* and Destiel from the even more notorious CW show *Supernatural* were going to be canonically confirmed in 2018 and 2020 respectively.

Byler, the ship of Will Byers and Mike Wheeler, is considered “Semi-Canon,” as only Will was confirmed to have feelings for Mike, who has reciprocated feelings for Eleven, which @byler_is_canon_king likened to the dynamic among Keith, Lance, and Allura in *Voltron*. Ultimately, Will struggles with his



unrequited feelings and then is shown to move on, whereas Mike is left sad after Eleven fucking dies to save everyone, much like Allura in *Voltron*. Though Netflix writers appear to have only one formula for resolving apparent queer love triangles that takes only the most misogynistic path of killing off the only woman so *no one* ends up together, *Stranger Things* did take some inspiration from another show that came before it but on a different network. The semi-canonical nature of Byler echoes the infamous November 5th penultimate episode of *Supernatural*, in which Castiel confesses his apparently unrequited love before he is sent to super hell.

The similarities in these narratives were a significant reason for @byler_is_canon_king’s receipt of the “Fell For It Again” Award, since, given any basic pattern recognition among the media they consume and where it comes from, they should recognise where this was going.

It is also worth noting that @byler_is_canon_king received the Award also due to their belief in a secret additional episode of *Stranger Things* as part of the “Conformitygate” conspiracy, in which Byler would have been declared canon. This delusion was fueled by the confirmation of Destiel’s mutual feelings declared in the Spanish dub of the aforementioned *Supernatural* episode and the leaks circulating prior to the final season of *Voltron* that lead fans to believe that it was gayer and better written than it actually was.

Netflix executives, on hearing about the circumstances of the award’s recipient said, “get rekt, loser,” as they hastened their plans to pull popular Netflix original series, *She-Ra and the Princesses of Power*, known for its plethora of queer representation, including a lesbian main ship, from the streaming platform on February 21, 2026.

Virgin Sex Columnist

Yackety Sex

Hitna Boingloins
LinkedIn Glazer

Reclaiming My Male Power By Subverting Society’s Expectations to Maximize My Sigma Alpha (I’m both at once) Power.

They said “worst songs to have sex to,” so I viewed it as “best songs to create shareholder value to.”

So, as happens to me as a high-value male, my sheer aura was so powerful that it began to make my nether regions, or as I like to call him, Banksy, ache desperately. I needed to have sex with someone high value. Women are inherently worthless and unfortunately as I am an ECE student, I am surrounded by low-level skuligans and beta cucks...who already have girlfriends and rejected my advances. Therefore, I had to turn and sleep with the most high-value character around: myself.

I usually keep the music in my ears filled, with alpha male podcast in one ear and μ ing (note-I am alpha enough to use the correct Greek letter to refer to it but sigma enough to not draw attention to it) suggestions in the other. However, I recently became informed of the “worst songs to have sex to” playlist. Obviously, this provides an interesting challenge to me as I immediately recognized the chance to maximize my own internal power by achieving what many men failed to do: dominate the “worst songs to have sex to” playlist.

I easily maneuvered through “Jesus Take the Wheel” and “You Got a Friend In Me,” and artfully dodged Weird Al Yankovic as I weird al yanked my dick. Crazy Frog and The Wiggles had nothing on my confident mega aura. However, then I faced the biggest challenge of all: the dulcetly erotic tones of “Yackety Sax.”

I can only describe what happened next in the form of a Shakspearian sonnet.

I felt as my love coursed from base to tip.
The thrumming toots guide me beyond this plane.
I’m picturing his sax against my lip
To that strange vaguely circusy refrain.

Tingles traveled down to dangling jizz orbs,
Gently grew to something monstrous, eldritch.
My heartbeat skipped to sweet soprano chords.
I was reduced to a submissive bitch.

Crescendoing to points of no return,
I surf upon an ocean of brass bliss.
My inner metronome begins to churn,
My hand and dong prolonging a french kiss.

With a small prayer, the train is off the tracks.
I blow my load to sweet, yackety sax.

So, uhhhhhhhhhh.....at first, I was a touch concerned, a rare showcase for my usual steel cool demeanor. I had just achieved nirvana in exactly 7.82 seconds while listening to the groovy brass tunes, which is a full 2.73 seconds faster than normal, indicating a 25.8768% decrease in time. This could present a weakness, as any inconsistency is a chance to fumble the ever-escaping bag.

However, I then realized this provides a true advantage. In the modern era, time is an ever fleeting resource. Time spent cranking hog could be spent buying NFTs. By discovering this song, I had discovered a way to shave 2.73 seconds off of my time. This can save me 3 minutes every day. With that much time saved, I should be able to significantly increase my investment portfolio and record more episodes of my micro-podcast mini-series.

Not everyone is as resourceful as I am in this low-value, depraved society. But I have found a way to increase my value beyond the previously considered heights. By totally pounding my dick to Yackety Sax.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZnHmskwqCCQ>



POINT | COUNTERPOINT

Yaoi
POINT

Modern fandom owes most of what it has to yaoi of the past. Think about the great ships of the past: Kirk and Spock. Holmes and Watson. Naruto and Sasuke. The literary tradition and fandom culture owes so much to Yaoi.

You’re putting words in my mouth, and as a yaoi fan, I typically prefer the idea of other things in my mouth. Yaoi is a rejection of our patriarchal society as well; it allows men to show emotion and have meaningful relationships with other men, which our patriarchal culture also discourages.

Well, if we’re going back to Ancient Greece, what about the Athenian femboys? What about Spartan women dressing as men to attract their husbands? What about, idk, Achilles and Patroclus? And whatever the fuck was going on with all their gods.

Wait, you’re not talking about yuri anymore, you’re just talking about women.

VS

Yuri
COUNTERPOINT

So much “literature” in a patriarchal society focuses on men. You’re just going for the low hanging fruit. Yuri is more intellectual. It explores the depth of women’s relationships which are so often overlooked in a male dominated society and rejects the need for men in a relationship

Ok, fine, they’re both subversive, but Yuri goes further back than what you just mentioned. Yuri has a long and illustrious history. The term “sapphic” comes from Sappho in Ancient Greece, a famous queer poet.

Yeah, Ancient Greece was gay, but going even further back to many of the oldest traditions and myths we have, they centre around a mother goddess. Women who exist completely independent of men, of the patriarchy, of yaoi. Your yaoi owes its existence to women.

Because I love women. If you prefer yaoi clearly you hate women.

Your
package
won't ship
itself....





WE GOT SO MUCH FANFICTION, SHOUT OUT FANFICTION BE MINE

Ishtito <3
Building a Shipping Empire

I hear whispers of his charm, stories of the way he can lighten you up in mere seconds. I envy all of those students that pass through his strong doors, laughing, living. Sure he is a little bit younger than me, but when I think about his presence I am reminded that I am simply living in his world. I have known him for the longest time, but not once have I approached him. I cannot, for I am cursed to be away from the love of my life. I bet Sandford doesn't even know that I would collapse for him.

That doesn't stop me though, from fantasizing. As students walk through my grand halls, discussing CIV102 lectures or the glories of the Bnad Room, I wonder if there are ever students who sing my praise when walking inside of him. Does he listen when they describe the sexy Mech common room? Does he bite his lip when they talk about my tight little study room (MB71)? Ugh, a girl can dream.

But these dreams only lead to more longing, longing that cannot be fulfilled, longing that leaves suffering in its wake. I remember how I thought things would change when we were in our thirties. There was some new construction happening. I had a major glow up and the whole time I was praying he would notice. Best of all, they started constructing a bridge in the sky...

A bridge that would finally connect me to my lover.

A bridge that would tell me to go forth, to run to his arms.

But...

It stopped short with Haultain. I am doomed to be tied to a building that nobody has ever even heard of. She is just shy and reserved and normally, I wouldn't have a problem, but she stood between me and Sandford. She has forced my heart to be gated, and for that I resent her forever.

I am stagnant. But then I hear a student's voice, sharp yet supple, cutting through the noise of my head.

"I really like my Linear Algebra class... yeah, it's in the Haultain Building," ... oh it's in the D!ye Alley. I quite like it actually. The floors have this beautiful tiled pattern and the rooms remind me of my high school. Here, let me show you!"

I stand there, a little bewildered. I know Haultain has four floors and is a pretty small facility, but I had never before heard her described with such wonder.

I might as well see what the fuss is about. I gingerly follow behind the engineers as they approach the sky-

bridge that connects me and her. They take a step on and shivers run up my spine. Time stops as I wait anxiously for them to carry forward. My heart is pounding and my breaths are shallow. The pressure is building up. Then, they sprint across and I can't help but moan with grandeur. I feel elated, my columns trembling with a pleasure that has never graced their lengths before.

What just happened?

I thought I was done, but then they burst through the doors of Haultain. It was at that moment that I knew.

I knew that this girl was going to be the end of me.

I had never been inside of her before. But now, my soul was free to roam her halls. As the students rushed off to class, I gazed around at her cute little floors and her alluring blue walls. I rushed up a flight of stairs, gently stroking her rigid curves as I made my way through. I wonder with a strange rush about what could make her hard surfaces succumb... I lap up the fresh liquids from her spewing water fountain and sigh with contentment. I could see the appeal.

Clearly, she was more than the helpless caricature I had envisioned of her all this time. She possessed a sort of quiet power, the one that draws you in and never really lets you leave. It is no wonder that the other surrounding buildings were so protective of her. They were probably head over heels. My being here was probably a dangerous move.

I had to have more though. I sauntered over to the elevator, but as I went to push the button, I paused.

I quaked in my foundation, knowing that I could now explore every inch of her.

This feeling was so foreign to me. How had I never before known these desires that now bubble up to my bricked surface? Why was the very thought of Haultain causing my heart to pause and soar at the same time? The last time my body and soul felt so intertwined, so intimate, was when I had first fallen for Sandford, and even then, the sensation had not swallowed me whole.

Sandford.

How had I forgotten about Sandford?

His presence was now a distant memory instead of a need knocking at my door. One breath in Haultain's sweet cherry air and it was like someone had opened my windows to a flurry of emotions. All at once, a breeze of hope, a gust of bewilderment, and the fragrance of

ugly loser
OISE Hotel Resident

"Welcome everyone, to our University of Toronto Fan Convention!" Charlie Morningstar screamed at the top of her lungs into the podium microphone. The ringing in the room from that auditory blast lasted about as long as the ringing in her ear, after which she raised her head up once more and resumed her speech. "We're uh, so happy to have you!"

"Oh, and we're just ecstatic to be here!" Angel Dust replied from the front row. He was the only person in any of the rows. "Is what I would say if I could still hear, ow! Never had my ears suffer that hard since the time..."

"That's enough, Angel. Ey Cabbon..." Vaggi came out of the wings while Baxter climbed up to look at the sound system, the rehearsal was taking a pause. "Ugh! Nothing's going right!"

"Hey! This is why we practice, to make perfect! And besides, there's a lot more going into all this than just a speech." Charlie fanned her hand to her face to brush off the heat of embarrassment as she stepped away from the podium, away from the stage, and out into the halls of OISE with her girlfriend. "Everyone in there wanted a break anyway, we're really working them to the bone."

"Yeah, and that's definitely why they're tired. Just, ugh!" Vaggi wanted to punch something but there wasn't any room for it, not between all the hustle and bustle, the shuttling of tables and chairs and holographic performance displays across hallways. "I don't know about all of this Charlie, are we really ready for Thursday?"

"Pfft, are we ready? Of course we're ready!" Cherri came out of the elevator they were taking up and tripped at the sight of them, detonating all of the glitter bombs she was carrying all over herself, the floor, and not the stage where they were to be used as the closest thing to fireworks.

"Aw crap, sorry! Bloody piss drinking sensitive little cunts, I'll just make another batch, no biggie!" She smiled up at them from where she lay with the one good eye as Vaggi kicked her leg out of the closing ele-

renewed femininity.

I pushed her button.

She sprang up to meet me with a soft groan, chirping with delight as the elevator doors swung open, as if she had been anxiously awaiting my arrival. I tiptoed inside, and as the door sealed me into her chambers, the lights flickered off.

The few minutes I had with her created more history than the years my spirit had spent standing still. Imagine the early sun rising over a

vator so it could do just that. "Yeah! Ready! Super duper ready and if we aren't already we better be because we've told the whole school about this and staked our entire reputation and so if it doesn't work out then we can pretty much kiss this club and any hope of a peaceful student life goodbye!"

"Hey." Vaggi turned back to Charlie soon as she pressed the button to go up. "Relax. Remember what we said about breathing between your words?"

Breathing was all Charlie could do now, tuckering out after her latest speech. "Right." Breathe in. "Breathing!" Breathe out. "Just one more thing that's gotta be ready by next week!"

"Maybe you should leave the worrying to me, honey..." at least the holes she punched in plaster could be patched up. The same couldn't be said for the rips Alastor had been leaving along the carpet wherever he touched down his staff, the stabby thing had a tendency to take some tufts with it whenever he lifted it. And he tended to do that.

"If it isn't our esteemed director and her assistant! What brings you two lovely second years to our floor?" In this instance he lifted it along with his other arm to form a big hug, outside the gender neutral washroom on the way to 8280. Neither took him up on his offer.

"Your floor? Nobody owns any floors during this convention Alastor, Charlie and I were just checking-" She didn't even get to correct him about the assistant thing. "Checking what? That we're turning this shit heap into the hottest thing on campus? Well rest assured that's exactly what I, we, intend to do." Vincent came out of the bathroom, knees dirty and face wet, spewing the same bullshit that landed him the head of advertising job.

"Right, so, the photo booth is ready" Vincent coughed up a fit before Charlie could finish her sentence, spitting up a short green hair that was very visible on his white face. "It's ready, right?"

"Soon to be! As are all the other activities we have set for this floor. Worry not Charlie Morningstar, when was the last time I ever failed to throw a party?" She had explained many times that that's not what this was.

"It's not exactly a party Alastor,

rocky mountain. The way it slowly creeps up, warming the mountain peaks. The bits of ice that start to melt and lusciously flow down the sides. The warm orange glow that bathes the valley and awakens the humming birds. And the sun once again, when she bears her full face, towering over the lowly mountain. In that elevator, Haultain was the sun and I was those peaks. She reminded me that really, she is a little older.

For days now, I cannot stop thinking back to my encounter. I sit in my

more like a blah blah blah" he never really understood the whole fandom thing.

"Whatever you say! Now if you're excuse me, my work partner and I have to put on the finishing touches for the video and music room." Alastor whacked Vincent on the crotch the other boy was busy scratching, and he was shortly thereafter dragged away down the hall of the 8th floor by the radio freak.

"Looks like they're basically got things under control. You okay Charlie?" It was hard for Vaggi not to look at Alastor grabbing Vincent's ass, but when she could pull her gaze away from there it was to a despondent Charlie. "Charlie? We should get back to the rehearsal."

"Mhm! Right, for sure, it's not like anything else in this building needs our attention at all!" There were other things demanding their attention, banging heard on the way down to the first floor, screaming on the second, and the remains of even more glitter viscera in the lobby. But there was rehearsing to do.

"Oh, finally you're back!" Angel yelled as soon as the doors slammed open, not waiting to see who or what had slammed it. "Lemme tell ya, soooo boring ovah here! Backshots left to do some projector bullshit with Nifty, apparently every room on the 4th is on the fritz. Cherri saw Pentious, dropped everything again, and this was on all of those expensive vulnerable to glitter cut-outs he just brought ovah from SF, and get this; we got celebrities coming! Been checking the Instagram, and oh yeah, some big names saying they're excited to see how things go, good or other-"

"That's enough, Angel." Vaggi didn't have it in her to explode or bemoan. She knew as well as Charlie did, it was just more they'd have to get to. "Charlie's gonna try again."

Angel and Vaggi both looked back to their director with varying amounts of pride, confidence, admiration and love. She looked at the both of them, at the podium her legs were unconsciously bringing her to, and the stage which slowly filled with delirium induced hallucinations. They were all staring too. Not frowning, smiling, or laughing with big sharp pointy teeth; staring with a blank slate. It began once more. "Welcome everyone, to the University of Toronto Fan Convention!"

bright red stairwell, burning with passion. I am caught in the way her name parts my lips so sensually. My own elevators drive me mad since there is no ride to be had without her. I am left to rush up and down and up and down my stairs, quickening my heartbeat in the hopes that it will match the thrill that had filled me to my brim.

I think I have a new crush.

READ MORE ON TOIKE.SKULE.CA OR ARCHIVEOFOWN.ORG/USERS/TETOIKEOIKE/ PROFILE

A COVALENT NIGHT TO REMEMBER

EngsciYaoiLover111
A Devoted Student (I will be axed if I am identified)

It was a late, drowsy evening when Professor Tophat took shelter in the building. Toronto, as usual, never failed to turn his fingers to ice at this time of day. He had just given the students their midterm that morning. While Tophat was sure they felt quite confident, he couldn't help but chuckle to himself. They already acted as if the final didn't exist. As the cold weather began to burn his cheeks, Tophat broke out of his thoughts and began a brisk pace, ducking into the building and letting the heater's glow thaw him out. He walked toward his office, legs dragging, and absentmindedly pushed open a door. It was then that he realized that it wasn't his office after all.

"Ah," Tophat realized, turning on the light of the room. He had stumbled into Professor Schrodinger's office instead. It was a strange mishap; his own office was a building away. Yet, here he was.

Before he could turn to leave, a faint glimmer caught his eye. A stripe of white light cut across the inky black of a grand piano in the corner. It would seem that all of Tophat's thoughts disappeared once he stared at the beautiful instrument in the corner of the room. Tophat told himself this, even if there was only one thing he was thinking. As he walked over, he briefly looked through the room, noting the thin layer of dust that had accumulated on the books left askew across Schrodinger's desk.

A few days before the midterm was Schrodinger's last day teaching in this school term. For a brief three months, he had taught a chemistry

course alongside Professor Tophat. It had been like this for the past few years of the course. While Tophat taught the first half of the course, Professor Schrodinger taught the students for a few weeks in the middle. Most professors would enjoy the break that Tophat got from a busy schedule, but how did Tophat spend his time? He attended every single one of Schrodinger's lectures (In the front row, mind you).

A small smile touched Tophat's face as he recalled those classes. After the students left, Schrodinger would jokingly dub him his top student. Yes, it was the third time he heard that lecture series. But Tophat could never get enough—especially when Schrodinger started every session with a dad joke and that damned, cute smile.

Woah. Okay, maybe Tophat's nostalgia was talking for him. Tophat shook it off as he approached the piano. It was in the exact same position as he left it, dust on the keys and everything. It seemed that Schrodinger wasn't in the mood to play it before he left.

Tophat sighed. As usual, he would have to wait a term to see Schrodinger again. He was likely on his plane right now, headed for vacation.

Yes, Tophat thought to himself. That was enough. It was enough for their paths to cross for a term. That one term would be all it takes to keep Tophat happy. To watch his lectures and share late evenings in these offices. That was all he needed.

He remembered the first time he'd seen the piano. "If you sprung for a grand piano, I hope you know how to play," he had joked.

Schrodinger smiled over his shoulder, patting the mahogany rim. "Why don't you watch me?"

Tophat huffed a laugh and went to sit at the spot Schrodinger directed him to. From this angle, Tophat noticed a slight tremble in Schrodinger's hands as he hovered over the piano's keys. What could he be nervous about?

Schrodinger struck a few chords, stopping abruptly when a note rang off-key. Tophat, smiling at the furrow in the other man's brow, had placed a hand on his shoulder. Instantly, Tophat's own heart rate had quickened.

Schrodinger had restarted the piece. It was a beautiful melody, Tophat was sure. But he couldn't quite recall the sound. It seemed he focused too much on Schrodinger's hands. Every movement of his elegant, long fingers, Tophat had committed to memory.

Back in the present, Tophat stared at the dusty keys. He tried to mimic Schrodinger's starting position. As his hands hovered over the keys, he played the first few keys quite disjointedly. But then, those first few keys began to jumpstart his memory.

Tophat began to hum the tune. The melody that brought them together. A warm feeling spread through his chest, almost as fiercely as what he felt that night.

Yes, he thought to himself. This would be enough.

Suddenly, a familiar warmth enveloped his hands. His fingers were being pressed into the keys, guided by another's. He turned his head.

Schrodinger. Holding his hand, puppeting his fingers to play the tune.

"...Your plane?" Tophat breathed.

"Vacations are meant to be spent with those you hold dear," Schrodinger said. "I'd like to spend this one with you."

It seems that this time they would see each other for more than one term. Like a closed pack plane of atoms full of linear imperfections, their bond would not easily be de-

formed.

The end.

The next day:

"Say... I can write the final exam for the students if you would like," said Schrodinger.

"Sounds good!" Tophat said.

The students would never pass the course. But at least their professors found each other. :)

DETECTIVE Y/N

Ace Steele
Sus of 1D

Content Warnings: Mentions of human trafficking, child neglect, divorce, alcoholism, smoking, bad pop music.

I opened my eyes, smelling the cigar smoke in the air, seeing the dark room. I rolled over on my cheap, lumpy twin bed. I haven't been getting much sleep recently.

As I rubbed my watering orbs and forced myself to wake, I found myself staring at the all-too familiar cork board on my far wall.

With a grimace, I forced myself up out of bed, and into the bathroom. I pulled my long blonde hair into a messy bun, and poked at the dark bags underneath my beautiful blue orbs. It wasn't like me to get absorbed in cases like this. Not to this extent, anyway.

My ex wife had always told me I was too intense, that I took the job too seriously. But when you're a detec-

tive like I am, it's not like the stakes aren't high. I have a job to do; every day is a race against time to save lives. From gruesome murders to million-dollar heists, every second meant life or death. Wilma just didn't understand that.

With a sigh, I briefly stopped into the kitchenette of my dingy, bachelor apartment to pour myself a cup of cold, stale coffee. I'd brewed a pot while pouring over case files the night before, but fell asleep before I could finish it. I took a sip as I returned to the cork board. It tasted like ass.

As I relit my cigar and took a deep puff, I scanned the corkboard. I had been working tirelessly to solve this case, spending night after night trying to find some piece of the puzzle I had missed.

The cork board before me was covered in the photos of missing girls, their images connected across the board to various newspaper clippings and hastily scrawled notes with red string. Every teen girl was from a different town, but they all had something in common: their parents had all been financially struggling before the disappearances, but had quickly come into large sums of money. Enough and more to cover the debts from the nasty drug habits common among the parents.

This wasn't too unreasonable in trafficking cases. After all, desperation makes people do bad things, especially when those people are neglectful parents. But one detail of the cases kept nagging at me. One tiny detail that told me that there was more to these cases than I had thought. One detail that every single one of these disappearances shared.

I narrowed at the one photograph in the middle of the chaos.

In every town, the night of each and every disappearance... One Direction had a concert.

CONVERGING

Django
Shane Schohen Fan

I.

The number on the screen was 47.

Rango had been expecting bad. He had not been expecting 47. There is a specific sort of academic grief that arrives not with a dramatic crash but a slow, pressurized deflation, like a tire going flat on the 401. And sitting in the MIE common room at 11:43 PM on a Wednesday, Grade-scope notification still glowing, he was experiencing it in full. The fluorescent lights above him had been flickering for the better part of an hour. Nobody had done anything about them. This felt appropriate.

He opened the breakdown. The last

questions had been the real damage; four questions on improper integrals, and he'd managed to talk himself out of the right answer on all of them. Question seven was the one that really stung: the integral of one over x-squared from one to infinity, convergent or divergent. He had written convergent. He had then second-guessed himself for four minutes, crossed it out, written divergent, stared at his own handwriting like it had personally betrayed him, and moved on. It diverged. He had known it converged. He had just stopped trusting himself somewhere between setting up the limit and evaluating it, and the result was a small red zero in a box on the screen in front of him.

His phone buzzed. Bennett: "how'd you do"

Rango turned the phone face-down.

Outside, the February version of St. George campus did its best impression of a place people chose to be. The trees along King's College Road were stripped bare. A couple of first-years in matching F!rosh shirts were speed-walking toward the Medical Sciences building, and Rango watched them with the weary benevolence of someone who had recently been that optimistic and could no longer remember how.

He thought about office hours. He turned the thought over once and put it back down like a stone. More importantly, he thought about Shane.

Not productively. The thought arrived the way it had been arriving since October; uninvited, inconve-

niently specific, and dragging the whole SUDS night behind it like a coat caught in a door. The amber light. The Bnad chant. Outside of class, anyway. He had spent an entire semester trying to inter that memory and it kept resurfacing. The worst part was that the memory had company now: layered on top of it, sealed over it like a bad patch job, was the other thing. The fanfic, or, the reason he had spent all of MAT188 sitting in the third row and staring at the board while avoiding eye contact by all means possible.

He was going to have to go to office hours.

He closed the laptop and sat for a moment in the flickering light.

Continued on our website and AO3

TOIKEOSCOPIES



ARIES

Look out for icebergs, your ship might sink. I don't care that you're tired. You literally got a warning about icebergs. What's that? You don't even have a search light? Or enough lifeboats? Because your ship is unsinkable? Yeah..., sure bud. Don't let your hubris result in tragedy.



TAURUS

Watch out! You will get stuck in the Suez Canal. Oops.



GEMINI

I know you liberated that KitKat shipment. Kudos to you and enjoy your sweet treat. You deserve it.



CANCER

You and your twelve ships will take 10 years to travel what should be a 2-3 week journey. And the ships won't even make it. Stop pissing people off and you'll stop encountering obstacles from it.



LEO

You do not have to catalog every ship that ever showed up to Troy. Ok yeah historical value whatever. If you want a break from hearing about a war, weave or something. We don't need to know about the details of all the islands these ships are from.



VIRGO

If the component parts of your ship are entirely replaced with identical parts, is it still the same ship?



LIBRA

While chasing after a certain whale, your ship will be destroyed. Maybe try to avoid monomaniacal revenge quests at sea.



SCORPIO

The shipping company will deliver your package to the wrong person and it will get hidden in a caretaking closet in the depths of Myhal. Don't be afraid to talk to people to find it.



SAGITTARIUS

Sometimes you are down bad waving at the ship and only sometimes is that ok. But only sometimes. Don't let yourself get lovebombed. Dump him.



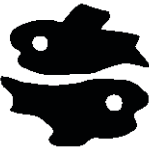
CAPRICORN

Others will be fooled by your appearance. They don't know that you have one of the fastest hyperdrive engines in the entire galaxy and a sensor proof smuggling compartment. Perfect for a princess.



AQUARIUS

You will board a spaceship and fly to the moon! Slow and steady wins the [space] race, even if it does take 54 years.



PISCES

You will realise that you are aromantic and move onto a houseboat with your cat.

ALL MEN ARE BUTCH LESBIANS

Maomi Chan
Yurier

One afternoon, I looked at the two couples in my friend group and thought they were very cute; unfortunately, they were both straight couples, and I couldn't possibly stand for hetslop. I'd been asked many times before if I enjoyed hetslop couples in media, and, while there were some I could get behind, they still irked me. It was then, while looking at the two men (who we will call Toe and Stair) in the relationships, that I realized that if I imagined them as Butch Lesbians, hetslop would turn into Peak Yuri. My theory evolved from there, if my man friends could be butch lesbians, then this could apply to any and all men, and consequently turn any hetslop couple into Peak Yuri. To quote Stair, one of the two man-turned-butch-lesbian (MTBL) in my group, "I am Yuri with my girlfriend and Yaoi with Toe (the other MTBL)." As further evidence that all men are butch lesbians, you need only confer to the conventions of masculinity: nowadays, men aren't gentlemen that open the doors, bring flowers, and remember the little details about their partners, but for butch lesbians that's FATHOMS below the bare minimum! Now, lesbianism is a spectrum, and although butch may apply to many men, I can assure you there are other types of men who would fit perfectly along the lesbian spectrum. For example, Stair isn't quite a Butch Lesbian—he is for sure a femboy, which would land him on the more femme side of the lesbian spectrum. Another other good mention, and a classic, would be Romeo, from Romeo and Juliet, who would be better described as more of a tomboy lesbian, not necessarily full butch. Delving deeper, many men who do not necessarily fit into the "Butch Lesbian" term are those who are, ironically enough, very comfortable with their masculinity and femininity; often, those men who are seen as the Typical Man are best suited for the Butch Lesbian role. You see, 'tis common knowledge

that every lesbian has that one man that they know in their hearts is a butch lesbian. A very common example is Gregory House from House MD (with the femme obviously being Wilson, though the enjoyment of Hilson as Yaoi is also acceptable). The one I choose is Nick Cage: my personal favorite he/him lesbian. Across all the movies he's starred in he has all the quintessential lesbian traits: the heart-aching yearning for his lesbian partner (Family Man Butch Lesbian, 2000; The Rock, 1996; Gone in 60 Seconds, 2000), the bad-ass action and soul-piercing smolder (Ghost Rider, 2007; Willy's Wonderland, 2021; Face/Off, 1997), and of course, being the Butch Lesbian counterpart to his gay—sometimes twink—sidekick (National Treasure, 2004; The Unbearable Weight of Massive Talent, 2022). Finally, it would be remiss of me to not mention that Nick lives alone with his cat, Merlin. Now, one question you might be asking is, "can this really fix every type of hetslop? Even the bad gross disgusting hetslop where the man is all creepy and perverted and says disgusting stuff to the woman?" And my answer would be: absolutely. Because when a butch lesbian does it, it's hot as fuck. Another fantastic example of couples being fixed by a MTBL are Lady Godiva and Mr. Mrs. Blue and Gold; I'm sure their wedding next year will be exquisite #wlvw. So, dear reader, I implore you, the next time you see hetslop you cannot fathomably enjoy on screen or in real life, simply imagine the man as a butch lesbian, and all your problems shall be solved.



DEAN WINCHESTER NO ONE UNDERSTANDS YOU LIKE I DO... EXCEPT MAYBE CASTIEL

forelxsket
Destiel News Network

Being alive in the wonderful year of 2026 gives us access to a lot of wonderful things: strawberries, AO3, *Heated Rivalry*, fresh water (limited: fuck you genAI), yaoi, and blocking Sombr on Instagram.

The thing that differentiates us now is the yaoi ship that you dedicated your life to. The classic yaoi ships used to be Klance, JohnLock, Merthur, and my personal love, Destiel.

I was introduced to *Supernatural* at the young age of 10 (too young in my opinion) and even then I immediately could spot the beauty of Destiel. Dean Winchester, a broken man who sacrifices himself for everyone, faithless, taught "shoot first, ask questions later" and Castiel, an angel of the lord, trained to be a part of the mob, "serve your purpose and you will be in heaven." A soldier and a weapon falling in love.

It's been 10 years since I watched my first *Supernatural* episode (holy shit how are you pushing 20 and still talking about middle-aged white men yaoi), and I'm yet to see a ship that does everything that Destiel and the *Supernatural* fandom did.

- To summarize, Destiel:
- Became canon in Spanish
 - *'I love you, Dean'*
 - *'Yo a ti, Cas'*
 - Started the Omegaverse
 - Trust me you don't want to look too into this. I'm not a huge fan of rp shipping.
 - Primary source of news on Tumblr
 - Speaking of Tumblr, broke the site on November 5th when Cas finally confessed his love
 - Putin resigned because they did not go canon (DEFINITELY TRUE)
 - Greatest queerbait of all time
 - Greatest ship of all time (ALSO TRUE)

"Something went wrong. You know this. Something always does."
"Why does that something always have to be you?"

Even break-up scenes. No one does it like them.

That was the thing about Destiel and just *Supernatural* as a whole excelled in: great character writing and terrible scene writing. The show was filled with just so much shit but through it all the gay love between two white men pushed through and outlasted it.

No ship will ever do what Destiel did and no ship will ever mean what Destiel means to me. And Dean Winchester will always have a special place in my heart.

Anyway this is my official nomination of Destiel for the 'Greatest Ship to Ever Do It' Award

THE BEST (SUPER SAFE) APHRODISIAC RECIPE!!!!!!

Horny Chem Major
Potions Master

Are you feeling that your virility is lacking? Do you struggle to 'get in the mood'? Well, you're in luck because I have come up with the PERFECT Aphrodisiac recipe for you to help you reclaim your love life!!! The best part: All NATURAL ingredients! (Note: these have not been tested and may be severely toxic and cause death, but not to worry!).

- Ingredients:
- Spanish flies: The miracle of this ingredient comes from a little compound called *Cantharidin*, which brings you a little extra firmness down there if you know what I mean (*wink, wink*). This insect has been used since ancient times for

- this exact purpose!
- Mandrake fruits: Another ancient one! This one lowers inhibitions and causes excitement. I've also heard it has magical properties?!?!?! Great, especially if you want children.
 - Mad Honey: Honey that gets you high??? I'm in!!! And it also sweetens the final product!
 - Datura flowers: These are flowers in the nightshade family (very tasty berries, trust me). Soaking the seeds in milk can really boost your stamina by bringing up your levels of reproductive hormones!!!
 - Horny Goat Weed: The name says everything. Definitely helps with some hardness.

Use any quantity you'd like for each ingredient. After all, more of a sub-

stance couldn't possibly be a bad thing and would only enhance its effects!!!! And don't worry, combining substances changes nothing.

Steps:
I felt that the best thing to do with these treasures of nature would be to grind them up into a powder and put them into some water. Or snort them. Feel free to prepare any way you'd like. If you are looking for something for texture, I recommend using some of your partner's sweat and hair, it'll make you fall head over heels!!!! Remember: the way a substance enters your body does NOT impact the effect on your body.

Enjoy!!!!

420 SHIP

Ever Given
April 20th Enthusiast

As the sunny days of summer approach, we recall the nicest times of the year: skimming the lakes on a 420. With waves stronger than midterms, and winds gusting faster than oncoming exams, riding a 420 powers through sailing conditions as unbeatably as ever. While the indicator 420 may be synonymous to engineering students as a date

during their exam season, riding a 420 is one of life's greatest joys (as long as the winds don't capsize or turtle your ship, as does the turbulence of exam season). In general, while there may be nothing sweeter than the mist off a ship shipping sugar by the ton, nor satisfyingly violent than the turbulentness of exam season, 420 might just be one of life's greatest conquests.

UofT x UWaterloo

Many images regarding the Ontario Universities (Anthropomorphic) fandom have been contributed to this issue of the Toike. For your enjoyment, they have been included in colour here.



UOFT BUILDING SHIPS (FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION)

Brick Dupp
Architecture Connoisseur

Everyone loves buildings, especially civil engineers. But what if the buildings loved each other?

- Sandford Fleming x Galbraith. Wouldn't you love to be permanently conjoined to your lover? Pairing the freaky, pit-loving SF with the seemingly straight-laced GB would create wonderful fireworks, among other things.
- Bahen x Myhal. Pit the two nerds together, because nobody else wants them and their shoddy build quality and terrible engineering decisions. Bahen's doors that slam into each other and Myhal's stairs that aren't wide enough will get up to incredibly kinky activities.
- Victoria x Innis. Repressed church girl x complete push-over yuri. It's not real if they have socks on, according to Skule Nite. (And underwear.)
- Trinity x St. Mike's. The most pretentious Christian preachers can find nobody except for each other. The classic contention between The Church

of England and the Catholic Church.

- McLennan x Lash Miller. By our calculations it would be least painful to put a graduated cylinder, Erlenmeyer flask or fancy pipette with a handle up your ass. As they say, it's better with friends (or more).
- Exam Centre x Convocation Hall. One leads to the other. One must be fucked by the Exam Centre before they can enter Con Hall (and then get laid off).
- Athletic Centre x Varsity Arena. Heated Rivalry. As Skule Nite said, it's not real if your socks are on (And underwear).
- MedSci x EarthSci. Two incredibly different forms of science, two incredibly different vibes going on in the building, two incredibly different locations on campus. Opposites attract, as they say (I really just wanted the rhyme).
- University College x Hart House. A cute elderly couple that everyone loves to be around and see succeed. They're some of the wisest and kindest people you know, even if they can both be a bit... ec-

centric, Hart House with "hosting the insanity that is Skule Nite" and UC with the whole murder story thing.

- The Mining Building, Mechanical Engineering Building, Rosebrugh, and Haultain are an incredibly convoluted four-ple whose dynamics I have given up on summarizing. Something else I have given up on summarizing is the positions going on in this orgy. All I can tell is that Mech's member (and common room) is literally inside of MB.
- New College x Woodsworth. They're a bit far away from each other, but I think the delicious drama of an artsy person with a more finance bro type, while coming with an obviously gigantic amount of risk of blowing up in everyone's faces, is too juicy to pass up.
- Northrop Frye x Sidney Smith. They can bond over attracting depressed ArtScis for sad lectures and also having a McDonald's in the basement. Which doesn't seem like a particularly strong relationship, but concrete is a very strong material, so...

- Robarts x Gerstein. They're two libraries, how cute! They can go on dates in the library and run a book club and fight over their favorite ships, just as you probably want to do against me for my crimes against humanity.
- The Ontario Legislative Assembly x Rotman. The two shittiest people you know married and pooled their wealth together specifically to make your life worse. They probably have a large, pesticide-filled lawn and a backyard pool outside their McMansion.
- 256 McCaul x OISE, for the sole reason that long-distance relationships deserve some representation. These two can bond over being quite relevant to us students' lives and contributing positively to our university experience despite technically not being on campus.
- The 7-Eleven on the corner of College and Spadina whose building UofT seems to inexplicably own and put on official maps x Dean Yip's office. Is findom considered socially acceptable?

What AU Are U?

By Miserably Failing Cupid
AUmaxxer

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. What's your ideal relationship dynamic? <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Dom/sub vibesb. Forced proximityc. Coworkers-to-loversd. Nerds in lovee. Fated lovers | 4. What's your favourite flower? <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Any as long as it doesn't mask my signature scentb. Lavenderc. Sunflowersd. No opinion/ I don't go out enoughe. Roses |
| 2. What is your best childhood memory? <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Literally any time before a presentationb. Having my own bedroomc. Being allowed to drink coffee for the first timed. Grinding for examse. Meeting my partner | 5. What do you do in your free time? <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Make a nice warm nestb. Sleeping in my own bedc. Hide in a coffee shop and try to get the barista's attentiond. I have no free timee. Spend time with my partner |
| 3. What's your favourite colour? <ul style="list-style-type: none">a. Super soft pastel colours OR dark colours. No in-between.b. The white of bleached sheetsc. The outer crema of an espressod. Pantone 655/HEX #1E3765 (the colour of my tears)e. Tattoo black | |

Results
If you selected mostly As, your ideal AU is A/B/O (not the blood types). *That's right, you got Omegaverse, the wolfy smut land with secondary genders and mpreg.*
If you selected mostly Bs, your ideal AU is Only One Bed. *The laziest AU out there, but lets be real, the idea of someone choosing to sleep next to you voluntarily is extremely unrealistic.*
If you selected mostly Cs, your ideal AU is Coffee Shop. *You love meet-cutes and caffeine. Too bad the only way you can imagine someone being nice to you is if you pay them to do so.*
If you selected mostly Ds, your ideal AU Defies Gravity. *It's a classic with a twist. University AU, but at UofT. Face it, you have no life. The only ship you're in is y/n x midterms.*
If you selected mostly Es, your ideal AU is Soulmates. *You have spent your life waiting for "the one," and you find comfort in the childish idea that there is someone out there who is destined to put up with you.*

SPAMTENNA



JOIKES!

A shipment of Viagra was hijacked on its way to the depot.
The police are warning citizens to be on the look out for a gang of hardened criminals.

We finally got AO3 back up!
But unfortunately it went down immediately :(

It's been **hard** to access AO3 recently

Why are fanfiction writers so good at gardening? They know how to develop *plots*!

Boomer grandpa waiting for his package to be delivered
Those UPS deliveries are always late because of all the boys kissing!

You know what's bigger than a tuna?
A threena

These are adapted from a list of jokes I found on Wattpad from fandomsunitecrew in 2014:

What are Josh Hutcherson's parents' names?
Josh Hutcherdad and Josh Hutchermom

What's the term for a ship where both characters die in canon?
Ghost ship
It may be sunk, but it's still sailing!

Me: *putting up Heated Rivalry Poster*
Friend: Make sure it's straight!
Me: Too late for that...

Call me **AROW** they way I'm always on the **Artemis Real-time Orbit Website** (and also I'm aro).

Leon Kennedy x y/n

i had a really hard time drawing
this because i kept getting
distracted thirsting over leon
kennedy pictures god i love that
man 🥵🥵🥵🥵

