

TOI KE OI KE

ANTIQUE ED.

Table and Bench set

Find it, and much more in

THE PIT*

making shit up since

1911



*if it ever re-opens

EDITORIAL

Hear ye, hear ye! In the name of the Great and Honourable Engineering Society, I decree this to be the very first issue of *The Toike Oike* of the 2T6-2T7 Skule™ year! As the greatest publication on campus since 1911, the *Toike* promises to bring merriment and joy to all the land.

Mine gracious Project Directorship, hath granted me the honour to bring unto you, the general populace, the Antique *Toike*. Rejoice, as we impart only the finest articles via newsprint, all from... wait how far back do I have to go for something to be “antique”? Isn’t that like. vintage stuff from the 1980s. Or maybe the early 20th century? The Victorian Era? The Renaissance? The Bronze Age? The Mesozoic?

You know what, who the hell cares? If F!rosh Week can call their theme “retro”, then “antique” can mean “going back in time by any amount”. yeah that’s good that’ll convince them

To our newest readers, the lovely 3Tos, welcome to Skule™! We’re so excited to have you here, even if you’ll hear everyone complaining that “your year starts with a 3 and that’s fucked up.” (And you should apply to be a F!rosh Exec for the *Toike*!)

To all our returning readers... hi i guess? I mean, welcome back! Please keep reading the *Toike* pleasepleaseplease. Buckle up for another year of shitposting and general tomfoolery.

Whoever you are, I hope this edition brightens your day a little! A lot of love was put into each piece of content you see on these pages and it was genuinely inspiring to see how many people were passionate about the *Toike* while putting this issue together. And by god are you guys crazy skilled and crazy funny.

From the bottom of my heart, thank you to everyone who helped with the creation of this issue, from coming (haha) to idea meetings to submitting content to sending memes in the Discord server. I love you all <3

And special shoutout to:

- Thalia, James, Kaija, Ella, Char, Johnny, Matthew, Nick, Jack, Katie, Shupeng, Sophia, and Sabrina, and the two Mysterious Disassemblers for helping with the BnG Pride float take-down
- Anika and Angela, the Eng-Stores Managers for allowing me to buy a pair of covvies right before the *Toike*

Bitch & Stitch social in July in an asynchronous drop-off resembling a drug deal

- Matthew, my Managing Editor, and Christina, the Eng-Soc Vice-President Communications for putting up with me in general

And my deepest apologies to:

- Katy and Rebecca D., the F!rosh Academic Success Seminar Co-Chairs for missing the content deadline (starting Sep. 1, you can read our original informative article on [Ao3](#))
- Aisha, Rebecca L., Yawen, and Warren, the F!rosh Kits Co-Chairs, for missing the item inclusion deadline after grovelling for an extension on my hands and knees
- My entire Senior Staff Writer team for giving them like three days for editing when I originally promised two weeks. my bad gang.

Gyaa ha ha! I’m antique,

Selena Li
Editor-in-Chief 2T6-2T7



WRITEATORIAL

Good day, young’uns (or as they say, hi chat)! Join hither, join hither. The corky and weary one (aka: mine boss, aka: the editor in chief) hath informed me that I hath been duly conscripted to dictate the entirety of the contents of the writeatorial for today’s brave edition of the *Toike Oike*™, so here goes.

Firstly, I must extend my deepest of congratulations and commiserations on the active members of the SKULE™ community, for surviving yet another grueling and tiresome year of courses and exams, as well as another summer of whatever fine activities thy brave minds hath decided to occupy thineselves with for a good four or so months. (Or a j*b, if ye fancied.) Forsooth, it hath been quite a good while since we hast reconvened for another wonderful celebration of our exquisite senses of humour, and as I must say for both myself and the rest of our fine establishment, we henceforth are, as they say, “so back”.

okay is that enough antique-ness please say it is I don’t really want to introduce myself keeping that intended tone in mind that’s too hard

alright thanks

So, I’m Matthew, this year’s Managing Editor. I’m gonna assume Selena did her own introduction. Basically, I’ve been told my role is, to paraphrase, to pester our great Editor in Chief into not excessively procrastinating. I won’t elaborate, but there have been multiple instances of this in the past. Quick question, is recalling people for a bit still considered funny?

Either way, we’re gonna be coming up with the biggest ideas (about 10% of which will be executed). We’re gonna be writing the baddest articles (literally and figuratively). We’re gonna be making the sexiest jokes (I may have lost my grasp of this phrase). Most importantly, we’re going to be eat-

ing so many chocolate glazed timbits this year. Especially if the pit comes back. I expect many random passers-by to be attending our meetings once more. Don’t let me down.

Also, if you have something you want in the *Toike*, please beg us. We have very bad memories. And if that doesn’t work, submit it anyway. Even if it’s not on theme. It’ll probably get in regardless.

Matthew Doan
Managing Editor
2T6-2T7



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COLONOSCOPY

Back in ye olden days, when books still existed, publishers would include a colophon to provide information about the publication. So we will too. We here at the *Toike* spend around a month coming up with ideas, writing articles, and creating graphics for each issue. We then hand-write all 2000-3000 copies, as there is simply no other way to make a newspaper at this time. Hopefully a brilliant engineer will invent some sort of press to print these things one day.

WHAT HO?

This edition of the *Toike* was written by kids who just came home from a long day in the mines. If you find the material in any of these pages offensive, take it up with their union representative and labour rights legislators. Oh wait...

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 are offended by anything in this issue, please don't sue us. My lawyer just got tarred and feathered AND they invoiced their public humiliation as billable hours. The nerve of some people.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

New Internet Browser Launched

Kat Boye
Tech Reporter

Surfers of the ‘Net will be excited to learn that a new internet browser has been made available! Microsoft’s Internet Explorer will soon be launched for free, offering users a “speedy,” “reliable,” and “secure” web browsing experience.

Internet Explorer will give users the fastest internet experience out there. Microsoft foresees everyone wanting to download Internet Explorer, because of how quickly they can access sites, play flash games, and search for relevant and current news articles like the one you are reading now! The new browser promises to be very reliable, allowing for smooth page layouts, multiple tabs, and downloading other browsers, the latter only if you are insane.

Microsoft has promised its users that Internet Explorer will be super duper secure. Would-be hackers and malware installers should know that there are NO exploitable bugs ANYWHERE in the browser, and it will be so hard to find vulnerabilities to give people malware and hack into companies’ source code repositories. So many government security agencies say that it’s very, very safe. Developers also say that “Internet Explorer - Emergency Mode” is also important to download in case your computer gets infected with Malware that did not come from Internet Explorer, definitely. You should download Internet Explorer!



Summer Plan for Touring Some Great Cities!

Currently Accepting Travel Companion Applications!

Aeryn
“New World” Traveller

Reflect for a second, dear reader. What was the most memorable thing you did this past summer? For me, it was being chased by horseflies as I fled a hiking trail in shame, swinging my arms around like I was General Grievous. That was not the summer I’d hoped for. My disappointment is immeasurable and my semester is ruined.

The next one *will* be better, though. I’ve planned a beautiful, 3-stop, week-long vacation that is sure to melt the stress right out of my flesh.

First stop, Alexandria, the great city founded by Alexander the Great himself. Must-see sights include the Citadel of Qaitbay, the lighthouse of Pharos, and the Montazah Palace Gardens. I’ll spend the morning looking at these historic wonders, then grab lunch at a restaurant on the Corniche, and hide from the afternoon heat by visiting the Catacombs of Kom El Shoqafa. After a few more hours of exploring the city, I’ll move towards my next destination.

Second stop, Carthage. To refresh myself after my long

horseback ride from Alexandria, I’ll first have a wash in the Baths of Antonius. After a delightful soak, I’ll visit the commercial blocks and grab some warm stew at a Thermopolium. Then, I’ll visit the nearby ports, where the mighty trade fleets of Carthage make port. To round out the evening, I’ll go see a live play in the Carthage Amphitheatre.

Last stop, Babylon. Entering along with the merchant caravan I hitched a ride with, we’ll pass under the Ishtar Gate, its blue and gold coating a radiant sheen in the morning sun. In this city, the most important stop would be Hammurabi’s Code of Law, etched into stone for all to see. Looking at the pillar, I can’t help but think of the poem, *Ozymandias*. To end the trip on a high note, I’ll frolic for some time in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and take in the city as the sun sets, the dusk light painting the flowers a thousand vibrant shades.

And that’s my plan for next summer! I’m sure, after two long and hard semesters, I won’t be disappointed by what I find on my vacation, right?

SUPER TRUE MOVIE REVIEWS!!!!

Super Swag Reviewer
Celebrated Film Critic

Breakfast at Tiffany's

A socialite who is totally not an escort intrudes on her writer neighbour’s boundaries constantly, and he somehow falls for her. She also gets caught up in a drug ring and abuses her cat, aptly named ‘Cat’.
Rating: Seems really stupid. 3/10

Monty Python and the Holy Grail

If you have ever imagined King Arthur and his knights as utter dimwits, this film is for you. They go on a quest for the Holy Grail, offend the French, and die on a bridge. This is absolutely real history. A masterclass on medieval England.
Rating: Ooh an entertaining history lesson. 8/10

Princess Bride

A satire of Medieval Florian. There’s a girl who can’t commit, a Spaniard with Daddy issues, and a pirate who can’t seem to make up his mind about whether he is alive or dead. All with stage acting, and very quotable.
Rating: seems sappy, but also campy. 9/10.

Impromptu

Titans of the French Romantic era caught up in a soap opera. Chopin is a flower, Liszt is a rockstar, George Sand is a force of nature, and Marie d’Agoult is a social climber. Not historically accurate.
Rating: I do love a good soap opera. 10/10

Star Wars

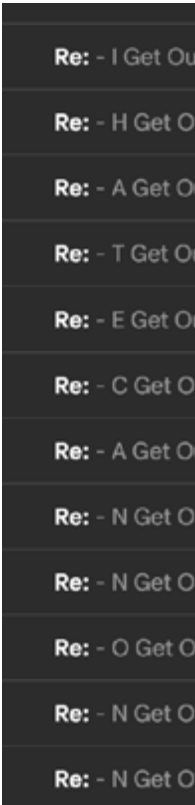
The quintessential space opera. Good vs evil, foreign planets, and lots of cool ships. Featuring power fantasies and clairvoyance to today. Could it be a prophecy? And the guy definitely has Daddy issues.
Rating: Spock is cooler. 5/10

Zardoz

This is proof that a movie can be so strange and still have something to say. It starts with a floating head and ends with a philosophical breakdown of class and human purpose. In the middle, Sean Connery fights some old people, wears a strange outfit, and accidentally becomes the saviour of a civilization. It’s confusing, hilarious, and somehow not as random as it looks.
Rating: Strange plot, strange execution, but peak costumes. 7/10

LETTER HATEMAIL TO THE EDITOR(S)

Send more letters to the editor at toike@skule.ca with the subject “Dear Editor”. I love getting emails!



Odear Oeditor,

Othe olast oletter oyou oreceived owas othe oletter “Oe” owwhich ois othe omost ouseful oletter.

Othat’s onot ohow Oi ofeel oabout oyou, oso oeverything ostarts owith O—othe omost opointless oletter of othe oalphabet.

Oi owill obe oblunt onow oso oyou ocan orepurpose othis Otoike oas oa ocigar. Obut oyou oprobably owon’t osince oyou oadmitted oto ogreenwashing.

Oyou osaid oif Oi ohave ocomplaints Oi oshould ospam ocanon@skule.ca owith one (oi) oword oemails opreferably. Othis ois onot ogood ocommunication, oand oi osent oyou oemails oabout othis oto ono oresponse.

Oand ono, owe ocan’t otalk oabout Oaustralia—Oi odon’t olike othat oyou omade othe oexecutive odecision oto otturn othis one-wspaper oupside odown. Oa ot of opeople odon’t olike otturning on otheir ocomputers oand oit otakes oaway othe oreaders’ ocreative oautonomy oto oparse othe Otoike oat otheir own owill. Oas oa oconcerned oreader, Oi oneeded oto omake othe oright ochange.

Onow oaddress ome.

Ois “OSOME OPEOPLE” oyoyou? Oi oasked ofor oyour oeditorial oso oI ocould owrite omy ohate-mail oand oall Oi ogot owas oa Ochristmas Obaking Otoike oin february. Oi owant oyoyou oto osit on othat.

Oworst oregards,

Ohatemailambassador

Dear Hatemail Ambassador,

I am thrilled to be receiving a letter! What a delightful submission from someone who I definitely didn’t hire specifically for this purpose. I’m sure the past editors equally ecstatic, even if all they got were insults. Reading this was like encountering Homestuck typing quirks for the first time.

Ah, the good old days when the Toike was run by other people. You (the broader Skule™ Community) are going to miss those times now that I’m here.

You’ll be pleased to know that at the time of writing this response, I still have not written the editorial. Everyone gets on my ass for “taking 3 months to draw the Holiday Baking Toike centrespread” but no one appreciates the comedic value (Mila, if you’re reading this, I’m still sorry). The only thing I’ll be sitting on is the comfort of not having to listen to my constituents.

Flying (Squirrel) Cars and Everything Else You can Expect 50 Years from Now

ishtito <3
Visionary

We are at a pivotal time in history where all of the stars have aligned, all of the grass has browned, and all of the engineers have burnt out such that we can exactly predict what the world will look like 50 years from now. Well, YOU can't, but per the advice of my ancient spiritual advisor, I have recently ingested the *Devil's Testicle* (a.k.a. The Mandrake Fruit) which allows me to harness the secrets of the universe in technicolour vision. So, I have decided to use these powers for good and curate this list of 3 items you should expect to see in the year 2076.

1. Flying (Squirrel) Cars

We've all been disappointed by the false flying car prediction that was supposed to have come to fruition by now. But not to worry! Flying cars are definitely in the cards for 2076. We've just been envisioning them a little wrong; the cars will glide, instead of fly, and will be covered in lush brown fur to help with thermoregulation in

cold atmospheric conditions. This visual sight is best described by our current standards as a gigantic, night-marish mechanical flying squirrel. How fun! Pretty soon, all of us will have four-seater flying (squirrel) cars, alleviating congestion from our roads and bringing that sweet traffic to the sky, where we can help pollute the air at a much faster pace. :)

2. AI Make Up

Why spend hours prepping yourself up to modern beauty standards, or creating deepfakes of yourself online, when you can just impose the perfect person onto yourself in seconds! In 2076, all you need to do is wake up on New Year's Day, smash your face into an unsuspecting pile of screws, hot tar, and feathers, and boom! AI will restructure your face (and body!) into the ideal specimen: Mark Zuckerberg. You'll only have to endure the horrendous pain once, and then you're fixed forever. Kiss racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, classism, etc. goodbye! (Bonus tip: If you manifest hard enough, you can also replace your brain with that of Zuckerberg!)

3. The Cure for Reds and Greens

Are you sick of everyone around you being a walking red flag? It really slims down the dating pool, doesn't it? Well, by 2076 we will have extracted critical fluids from humans with red-green colour blindness so that we can bioengineer and mass-distribute a virus that gives everyone in the world red-green colourblindness. Now, you won't be able to differentiate between red and green flags and therefore, do not have to watch out for them. If you are concerned about the ethics of human experimentation, don't be — our sense of moral duty is dwindling down quite rapidly anyways. Go forth, young Zuckie, and get with that man who keeps berating your friends and family and destroying your self esteem because he loves you. <3

There is much more to look forward to, but my vision is getting quite blurry now. I might need another hit of the *Devil's Testicle*, and if you'd like you can join me too. I'll be at 255 McCaul Street — trust me, this stuff really helps with exams.

A Calculus Professor in the Palace of Catherine the Great - Part One

Alice
Professor, University College

My name is Alice. I am a professor. A mathematics professor at the aptly named University College. The story I am about to tell might surprise you, and you might not believe it at first, but know that it is true. It all began on August 1, 2008: the day of the solar eclipse.

It was the summer before I was going to start teaching this class, an introductory course on vector calculus. I was reviewing my notes while watching coverage of the eclipse on the TV. The full eclipse could be seen from Canada, all the way up in Nunavut, as well as Russia, China, and Mongolia, but I was content with the televised coverage on CNN. The solar eclipse always left me unsettled, as it reminded me of a ghost story told around University College. A couple of years ago, the summer of '99 I believe, a mathematics professor who taught linear algebra suddenly disappeared during a solar eclipse.

That story was what unnerved me as I watched the total eclipse on my screen. Suddenly, the TV went blank. The hum of the refrigerator and the gentle pulse of the dishwasher abruptly stopped. This is the last thing I remember from my normal life.

I awoke (if that is the right word) in the middle of a courtyard. There were people dressed strangely, like they were from the distant past. Had I stumbled into a movie set? The architecture was just as queer, a large building, Palladian in style, rose up behind me. A sign beside it read "Smolny Institute of Noble Maidens".

Suddenly, I was grabbed from behind by two women, and they dragged me to a nearby cart. I was too stunned to protest. I took in my surroundings as we rumbled along

on cobblestone. The road went right along the River and I could see that all the buildings were quite old in style.

Where are we? I asked my captors. Both women were very well muscled and had a mean look on their face, one was blond and the other a brunette.

The brunette gave me a disgusted look. *Saint Petersburg.*

Saint Petersburg... but there were so many St. Petersburgs! There was St. Petersburg, Florida (though with the surroundings and climate, that didn't seem likely), Saint Petersburg, Colorado (much too small a community to be correct), St. Petersburg, Missouri (the town from Huckleberry Finn, but that was fiction so it couldn't be true). That only left Saint Petersburg, Russia. But how did I get here?

What day is it? I asked my grumpy escorts.

August 9th, the blonde replied.

Okay, that made sense. One always lost a day when travelling to Europe. But I didn't speak any Russian, and I got the feeling that they didn't speak any English.

What year is it?

The women looked beyond irritated. *1765.*

SEVENTEEN SIXTY FIVE!? I had apparently travelled back in time!

I was thrown into a jail cell (for reasons that are beyond me). I needed to prove that I was from the future somehow, or at least that I was intelligent enough to keep around. My mind kept circling back to the solar eclipse that brought me here, when I remembered something! There was going to be a solar eclipse on August 16, 1775! The total eclipse couldn't be seen from here, but perhaps the

partial could be.

I begged to have an audience with Catherine the Great, to no avail, but I was able to pass along my prediction to the guards. If the information actually reached her, I do not know.

The days came and went without any change, until suddenly I was released from my cell. I was shoved into a carriage this time, and it was a much nicer ride this time. We arrived outside of a palace, Catherine Palace if I had to guess.

She was the most regal and beautiful person I had ever seen. Her expression was reserved, so I had no clue what she was thinking.

You predicted the eclipse. How? she asked me.

Mathematics, your Greatness.

What mathematics? I am not a fool.

I couldn't exactly tell her I was a time traveller, could I? No, that would break every time travel rule ever! *Vector Calculus*, I answered.

She considered this for a long moment, and I was almost sure I was about to be sent to Siberia for hard labour.

A woman who knows mathematics? What is your name?

Alice.

Then, Alice, you will teach me this 'vector calculus'. If it seems useful, then I will add it to my curriculum for the Smolny Institute of Noble Maidens. Earlier this year, I expanded the school to allow young women of the bourgeois class as well, so I am adjusting things anyway.

I nodded in confirmation. This was really happening. I was going to teach vector calculus to Catherine the Great.



Horseshoe Crabs

Xifosura NotCrab
Real Human Person

Horseshoe crabs are the only surviving members of the Xiphosura order; only four species currently exist. The surviving species are the Atlantic horseshoe crab also known as the American horseshoe crab (*Limulus polyphemus*), mangrove horseshoe crab (*Carcinoscorpius rotundicauda*), trispine horseshoe crab (*Tachypleus tridentatus*) and Pacific horseshoe crab (*Tachypleus gigas*). All species are marine, though mangrove and atlantic horseshoe crabs can survive and are found in brackish water. Some now extinct species lived in fresh water.

Horseshoe crabs are not related to most crab species, instead being more closely related to arachnids, such as scorpions and spiders. Though how closely they are related is slightly contested with new information becoming available with sequencing of their genetic code. Horseshoe crabs have a large amount of genes for an invertebrate species, due to a whole genome duplication event.

Horseshoe crabs are hatched from eggs, and start as 'trilobite larvae' around 1 cm long. They appear almost as miniature adults, lacking some of their book gills, organs used to breathe, and their tails, or telson being small. The juveniles grow approximately a third of their size with each molt before reaching adult size. The adult size of the horseshoe crab depends on species, with females typically being 20-30% larger than males.

Horseshoe crabs have an open circulatory system, using cavities within the body instead of arteries and veins. These cavities, called hemocoel, have a fluid known as hemolymph instead of blood. Hemolymph uses copper instead of iron in their oxygen carrying protein, hemocyanin, giving the 'blood' its distinctive blue colour.

Horseshoe crabs are used by humans in a variety of ways. They are known for their use in medicine, as the hemolymph of Atlantic horseshoe crabs contains amebocytes, used to make *Limulus* amebocyte

lysate. This is used to detect bacterial endotoxins in medical settings. The crabs used for this process are drained of up to 30% of their blood and supposedly released back to sea. Some scientists believe that they are instead sold as fishing bait. Half a million horseshoe crabs are caught each year for this process, with a mortality rate of 3-30% depending on sources. Another use that humans have for horseshoe crabs is as fishing bait, but this practice is being restricted due to the species becoming vulnerable and endangered. Their use is also restricted to aid endangered migrating birds, as some rely on their eggs as a food source when travelling, specifically the red knot. The horseshoe crab is also considered a delicacy in some areas of east and southeast Asia though the mangrove horseshoe crab, both as an adult and as eggs, contain tetrodotoxin, which causes food poisoning and cannot be eaten.

The horseshoe crab is considered a living fossil, as they have changed very little since they first appeared in the fossil record. They have been relatively unchanged for 250 million years, and members of similar orders appeared 445 million years ago. This ancient species is currently endangered, with the tri-spine horseshoe crab being considered extinct in parts of its range around Taiwan and close to extinction around Hong Kong. The Atlantic horseshoe crab is considered vulnerable by the U.S. government, but some organisations are petitioning for more action to prevent species decline. The main causes are overexploitation through the fishing and medical industries and habitat loss and destruction due to development along shorelines and erosion from climate change. Some actions have been taken to help with recovery and to prevent the loss of this key species, including captive breeding and the regulation and prevention of their harvesting in some areas and times of the year. The IUCN Red list of threatened species lists Atlantic horseshoe crabs as vulnerable, Tri-spine horseshoe crabs as endangered, and mangrove and Pacific horseshoe crabs as data deficient.

The Book of Gilgamesh: The Original Yaoi

Lily Loon-a
Well-Adjusted Historian

Are you an ardent enjoyer of yaoi? Have you made your way through *Heated Rivalry*, *Red White and Royal Blue*, and *The Song of Achilles*? Perhaps you have even shouldered your way through a good translation of *The Iliad*, or even *Les Misérables*, searching for crumbs of more antique M/M pairings. At this point, you may be wondering, *what else is there for you?*

If you are in this position or similar, like this writer has been, have no fear. Yaoi can be found in even the furthest reaches of human history. In fact, the oldest story ever written can be read as a beautiful piece of queer literature. What's more, many editions of it are less than 100 pages long (and much lighter than the clay tablets on which it was originally engraved). *The Epic of Gilgamesh* follows, surprise surprise, Gilgamesh, who is two-thirds god and

one-third man (you can puzzle about the math behind that one). Unfortunately, Gilgamesh is a horrible tyrant. To remedy this, the gods create Enkidu, Gilgamesh's only equal.

Enkidu and Gilgamesh grapple, first physically, and then with the knowledge they are each other's perfect match. They become fast friends (or more, one might infer) and embark on a lengthy journey (a honeymoon?).

The Epic of Gilgamesh tells of tyranny being overcome by companionship, much like the adventures of Sam and Frodo in *Lord of the Rings*, except the tyrannical power is, in fact, one of the two men. Equal opportune evil, and all that. Either way, it is an absolute antique must-read for all true lovers of yaoi, and anyone who wants to have a good laugh, or maybe just flex that they have read the oldest story with archeological evidence. Happy reading!



Toike Art Curator. *Presidential Portrait of Thomas Jefferson*. Oil on canvas. 1826, Library of Congress

Top 5 Men's Fashion Trends We NEED To Bring Back

The Right Honourable
Sir Johnathan Ezekiel
Rod III

5. Powdered wigs

Yes, there might be like five lawyers who still wear them, but they don't count. Why let them have all the fun anyways? Call them stuffy, but I think powdered wigs could really make a comeback, especially if you consider the fact that we have dyes in every colour known to man available to us nowadays. People back in the day already used pink powders to powder their wigs, but I think it could open up another cool avenue to allow men to play with their hair without having to fully commit to dying it or growing it out.

4. Puffy sleeves/legs



You might counter, "don't dresses already have puffy sleeves?" You misunderstand. I urge you to reach for the closest device in reach with the ability to search the internet and type in the term

"Landsknecht". The Landsknechte were on an entirely different level of fashion, one that has remained almost unmatched into the modern day. With their colourful, puffy, slitted sleeves and leggings, I cannot find any better word than to say that we are being utterly mogged and that we ought to take inspiration before we take hits to our aura.

3. Capes/Cloaks



Before someone brings up Edna Mode, I'm almost certain most of us have no intention of being superheroes, and being a supervillain is more fun anyways. This is probably the least controversial item on this list, and for good reason, because capes and cloaks go incredibly hard. Doesn't matter whether you're rocking a fur cape, a hooded cape, a capelet, or an Inverness, capes are an incredibly versatile garment that can hon-

estly spice up any look if you style it right. Look at my GOAT Oscar straight up eating. One of these days, we'll finally see the Jape rise to dominance. I shudder at the thought.

2. Ruffs



Say what you will about the ruff collar, but ruff is tuff imho. It projects aura in a way not many other collar styles do, and instantly makes you stand out. The folds give a very rich textural contrast, and allow for very good play of light depending on the fabric. Historically, they may have been all white, but imagine the infinite possibilities when it comes to varying fabrics, colours, patterns. Throughout history, the shirt has innovated, but the collar has never particularly been a source of artistic inspiration. Maybe we can take a page out of history and see what happens when our collars go all whooshy whoosh?

1. Pelisses



This is the reason I wrote this list in the first place. I will forever die on the hill that the (Hussar, not to be confused with the modern women's garment) pelisse is one of the most underrated, but one of the most fashionable things we as a human species have come up with. The fur trim. The gold lace and loops. The way it drapes coolly and effortlessly over the left shoulder. It's a cape that's better in every single way, and I cannot think of a single outfit which would not be improved immensely by throwing on a pelisse over your left shoulder. The aura farming is fucking unreal, as was the rest of the hussars' garb, but especially the pelisse. Even if it's hot, drip or drown; even if the drip's just sweat.

Norm & Gord WANTED FOR AUDACIOUS ANTIQUE HEIST!

This Monday evening, the brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan were seen committing acts of Grand Theft, breaking and entering, and public disturbance, and are now officially wanted by the Moose Jaw PD. We now cut to a live interview segment with our reporter on the field, who has secured a live interview with the duo through voice conference.

Norm: Hey there y'all, I'm Norm

Gord: And I'm Gord

Norm: We decided to rob the Moose Jaw Historical Museum and replace everything in there with brainrot because... why not?

Gord: Bro, you got the name wrong. It was the Moose Jaw NATURE Museum, and I'm pretty sure we replaced everything with spray-painted d*cks because that's obviously funnier.

Norm: Sure, bud. Sure. Like you weren't higher than a kite during the heist. Anyways, we lost the police by hiding in the pond in the middle of town.

Gord: One, you were also stoned during the heist, bro. Two, I'm pretty sure you did jack shit while I did all the work. But yeah, we hid underwater until the cops gave up, and came back out.

Norm: Yeah, it was a masterstroke. We broke out of the front entrance onto Street Rd. and ran zig-zag down the streets to the pond. Also, Gord, didn't I do all the work hauling those antiques?

Gord: Bro, I had LITERALLY EVERYTHING ON MY BACK. I'd be surprised if you carried a feather. Also, you're telling it wrong. Let me. We sprinted down Road St., running diagonally until we got to the pond, and hid under some dead logs inside.

Norm: Buddy, I think you hallucinated your whole part of the heist.

Gord: Says the one more stoned than peasants in medieval Europe.

Reporter: If I might interrupt, you two robbed TWO museums on Monday night.

Norm & Gord: Oh.

Wow!

\$1000.⁰⁰/₁₀

Massive
Fucking

Great for sitting



idk

a Table and Bench set

Auspicious Dear Shrine

#I will pass my exams
#Feeling so affirmed
#Thinking

offerings:
• Stickers
• Tampons
• Sonnets

Suds Bottle

3 Shillings



If the Shrine Fails

Pet Picks

CATALOG 1911

Great Places to Get Food Around Campus

40 Thousand Bees
Food Critic and Insect Colony

The first days of university life are a daunting challenge for anyone. As this is the first edition of the year, we here at the *Toike Oike* would like to provide some tips for the incoming first years to help with their acclimatization, by showcasing options to buy food near campus if you forgot to pack lunch, need to eat dinner away from home, etc.

Swiss Chalet (700 University Ave)



A great place to get rotisserie chicken and a delicious drink (chalet sauce). The LGMB loves this place!

Subway (195 College St)



Not everyone is fond of Subway, but lemme tell you. Mr. Sub is SO much worse. I personally always get a 6-inch sandwich with bacon, chicken, cheese and cucumber.

7/11 (260 College St)



Want to train your PvP skills? Want suspiciously cheap alcohol? Love slushies and terrible hot food? You've come to the right place!

Red Room (444 Spadina Ave)



Tbh I've never been here but everyone tells me it's good so I'm putting it here

Chatime (199 College St)



Chatime is great if you want specifically the basic tea flavours (regular, jasmine, matcha) and literally nothing else.

Tim Hortons (Medical Sciences Building, 1 King's College Cir)



(yes, this is the only image of it I can find online)

My favourite Tim Hortons items: the iced capp, the grilled cheese, the bacon biscuit sandwich, the everything bagel, the cheese croissant, the blueberry yuzu drink, the sesame bagel, the cheese tea biscuit, the hashbrown, the plain bagel, the chocolate glazed timbit, the honey dip timbit, the boston cream donut and the chocolate glazed donut.

CUBE (Bahen Centre for Information Technology, 40 St George St)



Fancy! Also it's in an ultra-convenient location!

Veda (Sandford Fleming Building, 10 King's College Rd)



DUUUUUUUUUUDE THESE FRIES ARE SO FUCKING GOODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD

Smith Social House (171 College St)



Half off pizza my beloved

Northrop Frye McDonalds (73 Queen's Park Cres E Bldg 515)



Northrop Frye is definitely not a liminal space, there is definitely a McDonalds on campus and their hashbrowns are definitely not laced with cocaine

Prenup Pub (it's listed as 136 McCaul St on Google Maps, which is the address of another pub, but Prenup is actually at 191 College St)



imma be real i dont actually like this one i was just asked to add it

Weird Old Recipes Exposed!

Sherbert Hams
Culinary Consulting Detective

Time and again, we are reminded of the horrors of the modern culinary world, where pineapples (ew) are wildly sprinkled on pizza, ketchup (yuck) paints eggs in bloody horror, and the less said about the order of milk and cereal, the better. What you might not know, though, is that our ancestors, from retro to antiquity, were just as guilty of inedible crimes against humanity. Today, I, the great detective Sherbert Hams, along with my faithful assistant Dr. Wonton, shall expose these heinous crimes and bring these palate-murderers to justice.

Case No. 1: Ham and Banana Hollandaise

In the mid 1900s, after many hard-fought advertisement battles, Big Banana finally pushed its long yellow rod into savoury American meals. The crowning jewel of this greed-fueled campaign of culinary terror and menace was the Ham and Banana Hollandaise. Bananas were brushed with lemon juice and mustard, wrapped in salty ham, and baked until mushy, then smothered in thick and tangy hollandaise. Survivors describe their experience as an "extreme oral assault". It is suspected that this dish is what turned Minions off of bananas.

Verdict: Guilty. **Sentence:** Vomited straight into the trash.

Case No. 2: Deviled Lettuce

Around the same time, Kraft began injecting its thick white cream into daily diets in the form of the hit new product, Miracle Whip. One attempt to popularize its ingestion was the Deviled Lettuce, a half-baked caricature of a salad. Creating an orifice in the center of a head of lettuce, the hole is filled with a mixture of assorted cut vegetables, sliced ham, and mayonnaise, and served in wedges. However, this defendant did show remorse for sullyng the Salad name.

Verdict: Guilty. **Sentence:** Into the frying pan in hopes of redemption as a stir-fry.

Detective's note: Mark for monitoring; chance of redemption: medium to low.

Case No. 3: Flamingo Tongue

Taking a giant leap back to examine one of the classic cases of ancient Rome, we come across the Flamingo Tongue, a dish beloved by Roman gourmands such as Emperor Vitellius. Flamingo tongues are boiled, then glazed in a mixture of Roman fish sauce, red wine vinegar, grape juice, chopped dates, mint, coriander, cumin, and crushed black pepper. Despite its suspicious origins, the dish was well loved, and modern investigators using duck tongue report it as bold and pungent, yet not unpleasant.

Verdict: Not Guilty! 🦩

POINT/COUNTERPOINT: TIME TRAVEL

CHANGING THE PAST VS NOT CHANGING THE PAST

By changing the past using time travel, you can stop atrocities before they happen.

Well, I killed Hitler and nothing bad happened.

... Nevermind.

You're next, by the way.

I apologize, but your death is necessary to prevent the Great Skuligan Extinction.

Wait... my last name is also Whitman... what's your first name?

... Grandpa?

Are you... still alive...?

... Wait, isn't this just the Grandfather Paradox? ... At least now humanity will finally get an answer to—

You don't know what the ramifications of that could be; in an attempt to prevent an atrocity from occurring, you could end up creating an even greater atrocity via the Butterfly Effect.

Who's Hitler?

... Okay...?

Jesus Christ—you just... you just shot me?! What—what the fuck?

The what?! This—this fucking hurts... so this is how the Whitman bloodline ends? With me bleeding to death on live TV?!

Hnhh... Gerald...

Fuck, you better be adopted, you... you...

...

static noises

Man Pig Sheds Light on Bizarre Origin of Antique Toike

John
Pig Man

Chapter 1 - Italian Sausage
“You live in a pig sty,” says my mother. But after all, what is a pig sty except a glorified UofT dorm room. And, by extension, what is my mother except mama swine to myself A.K.A. baby swine. As a spiritual pig, I sometimes wonder — why is Italian sausage made of pork and not, as the name suggests, made of Italians? It is this kind of question that keeps us domestic quadrupeds up at night.

Chapter 2 - Smart Boarses
According to the article 25 Pig Quotes to Adore the Lovable Swine, Maurice Sendak — the man I can only assume is portrayed by Kevin Michael Richardson as obese aye-aye in Penguins of Madagascar 2 — is known to have “always loved pigs: the shape of them, the look of them, and the fact that they are so intelligent.” Leaving aside any sexual

commentary about the busty bulge-bodied animals that undeniably inspired the children’s book author when he, I can only assume, wrote Shape of You by Ed Sheeran, Maurice makes an important point. That point being: pigs are smart asses, or rather, smart boarses — which is a less grammatically correct way to talk about electrical engineers (but is nonetheless encouraged).

Chapter 3 - Pig Killers
As intelligent animals, we spend dozens of milliseconds* thinking about the problems that vex the most important species on Earth — human-kind. But you might be wondering, why do pigs think so little of us? — We only kill, like, one and a half billion each year. That reasoning makes a lot of sense — one and a half billion isn’t that much.

Chapter 4 - Wormhole
See, unlike your puny human brains, alpha pig noggins op-

erate at one-hundred and fifty percent capacity all the time, which makes prolonged thought dangerous. In fact, according to several leading climate swinetists, pigs thinking too long overtook humans not thinking long enough and (the closely related) climate change as the number one cause of natural disasters last year... which brings me back to Italian Sausage.

Last night, after thinking very deeply about the nature of this abomination for exactly eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty-one milliseconds, I opened up a wormhole into the distant past. And, after swallowing all records of my CCR credits, peeing on the carpet and killing all my loved ones, it spat up something gross. Covered in slime and piss, there it was — the Antique Toike.

**We spend the rest of our time on Grindr.*

5 Extinct Animals to Bring Back!

William Kratt
Biodiversity Conservationist, Science Communicator, and Wildlife Rehab Volunteer

- 1. The Dodo!**
They deserved so much better, asking nothing of the world and receiving slaughter in return :-(
- 2. The Daeodon!**
Just look at those teeth, what a marvel of nature!
- 3. The Aurochs!**
What I wouldn’t give to meet the ancestor of cattle... They could give us so much insight on early civilization and the first epidemiological transition.
- 4. The T Rex!**
Objectively, just cool as hell. You don’t name something the ‘King Tyrant Lizard’ for nothing. Jurassic Park was poorly designed and I could do so much better.
- 5. The Megaxantho, aka the Dino Crab!**
I would have loved to see one of these in action. Those claws must have been crazy strong!

ADDENDUM: 5 Extinct Animals to Bring Back...TO EAT!

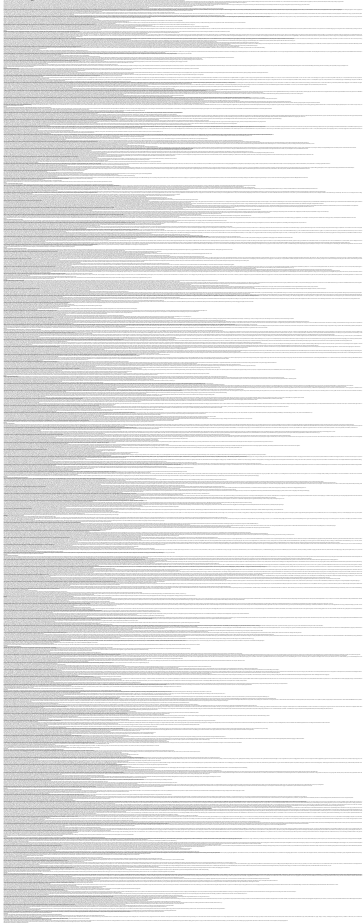
Aeryn
Chef, The Prehistoric Diner

- 1. The Dodo!**
Fun fact: they used to slather it in giant tortoise fat to make it taste better.
- 2. The Daeodon!**
Known as Hellpigs. Probably gamey and rich, good for stew!
- 3. The Aurochs!**
Sounds like the name of an evil warlock. Scientists are working on bringing them back; maybe you’ll get to eat a steak from them one day!
- 4. The T Rex!**
A classic! I imagine it to be a cross between a chicken and a cow, maybe like an ostrich? I say serve it smoked like a Disney turkey leg.
- 5. The Megaxantho, aka the Dino Crab!**
While it’s only actually 5 inches long, its claw is just about as big as its body! Imagine if your hand was as large as your torso.

THE ODYSSEY

Homer
Yes, That One

BOOK I
THE GODS IN COUNCIL—MINERVA’S VISIT TO ITHACA—THE CHALLENGE FROM TELEMACHUS TO THE SUITORS.
Tell me, O Muse, of that ingenious hero who travelled far and wide after he had sacked the famous town of Troy. Many cities did he visit, and many were the nations with whose manners and customs he was acquainted; moreover he suffered much by sea while trying to save his own life and bring his men safely home; but do what he might he could not save his men, for they perished through their own sheer folly in eating the food that Minerva gave them.
through their own sheer folly in eating the food that Minerva gave them.



Virgin Sex Columnist Ranking Antique Items by their Pleasure

ISSUE I SEPTEMBER 2026 - PAGE 9

BetterThanSnickers
Well-Adjusted Objectophile

Hey there, Virgin Sex Columnist here. Now I know you’re tired of those ads about men, women, and nonbinaries over 50 in your area. It is tempting, believe me, but you must stay focused. While their greying hairs and... lacking sexual skill is already offputting (or attractive) there are other options! They’re just vintage after all. No, the real object of pleasure is Antiques. Old, dusty, and my god, *marvels* of an age bygone. Now, as your guide, you deserve only the best in pleasure for your Cannon or Lady Godiva (of which I have neither), and as such, I have taken it upon myself to... test these antiques and how pleasurable they seem from “Well Aged Whisky” to “Anti-Social Engineer”.

A 1920’s Calculus Textbook

An engineer’s best friend from a time long ago, this coarse, rough, and mentally irritating piece of bonded parchment with a hardcover is sure to give you a ride of mathematical proportions. It unfortunately cannot calculate the best angle to bounce on it, or the circumference around your Cannon, but it can find the area under a curve; and by curves... Well, let’s just say your ass.

Rating for a Cannon: 3/10
Rating for a Lady Godiva: Eh h h h h 4/10 I don’t think you’d want something that pointy up in there...

VSC: ONLINE EXCLUSIVE
The True Answer To Meat
by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg

Read it at toike.skule.ca

That Old Dusty Couch

You know the one. Old, dusty, rougher edges, scratches the floor to hell (and hopefully, your urges). Now while any plain old couch could do, this one is special. The memories others have had on this couch, the countless others who have probably laid their eyes on it like I had myself... It is simply exquisite in ability and feel. It’s also miles cheaper than your average couch, and its roughness gives it an intimate touch — a truly cushioning feel.

Rating for a Cannon: 6/10, 8/10 if you can get creative and don’t get any dust in there

Rating for a Lady Godiva: 7/10, the ease of use but lack of creativity with cushions and rough corners leaves a lot to be seen

A Brass Bed Frame

Now it’ll depend on the model, but this one is practically built for the ladies. Sleek frame, places to lie down on if you like having back pain; but then again, we’re all engineers — you’ll love that. I’m unsure if that’s a masochistic response, but another column for another time. Now it is imperative that you... loosen up before you attempt to use one of these, especially if it’s of the spiky variety, and remember: experience means jackshit as long as you’re enjoying it, because for once you don’t need to help someone else.

Rating for a Cannon: 2/10, but if you’re... willing, 8/10
Rating for a Lady Godiva: 9/10, smoother the better

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 a staff writer!

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!

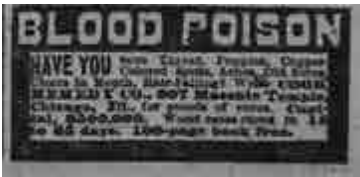
It doesn’t matter what year, faculty, discipline, or college you’re a part of; if you can read this then you’re good enough for us.

REAL 19th Century Medical Ads (NOT CLICKBAIT 🤪🤪🤪)

Token Toike Life Sci Student
Medical Malpractitioner in Training

A few years ago, I went to the Toronto Reference Library with a friend. We decided to explore and eventually found our way to the basement, in which tapes with newspapers copied onto them were stored. We looked through some of the tapes from the 19th century and realized that many of them had clickbait style ads making claims of pills and balsams that cured everything to kidney disease, to insomnia, to diabetes—this is also the first thing I thought of when I saw the Toike Oike prompt: “old bad medicine.” A few days ago, I went back to the Toronto Reference Library to clip images of these strange advertisements.

(I also realized that they’ve MOVED the newspaper from its HOME in the basement to the EVIL and SINISTER fourth floor—TPL you will pay for this mark my words 🤪)



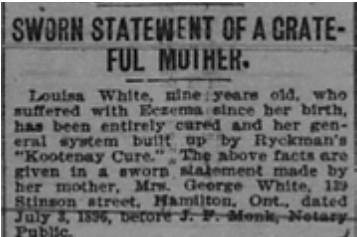
You heard it here first—if you have pimples, your blood might be poisoned! And if you want it cured, you need to go to the Freemasons in Chicago.



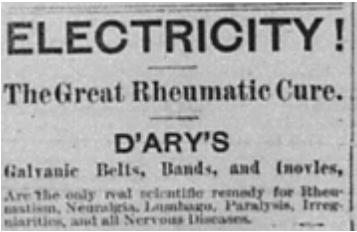
Why are scientists still trying to cure cancer when Strott and Jury already did it in 1896?



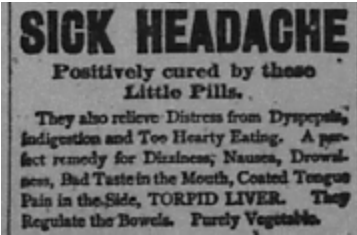
According to a Price List for Patent Medicines published in 1896, Chloriogold sold for \$16.50 a dozen (a dozen what? I don’t know, a dozen Chloriogolds?).



Samuel Ryckman, apparent inventor of the cure for eczema, was a grocer, real estate agent and MP from Hamilton—think about that the next time you don’t think you’re doing enough with your life.



Electrocution seems to be the cure for joint pain—tell your grandma about this the next time she complains about the pain in her knees!



A remedy for a “bad taste in mouth”—I guess breathmints hadn’t been invented yet?

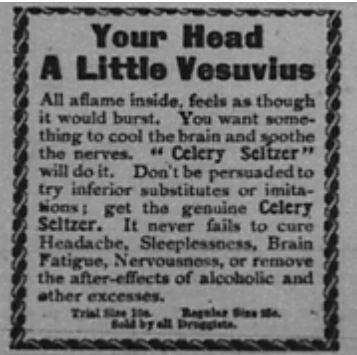
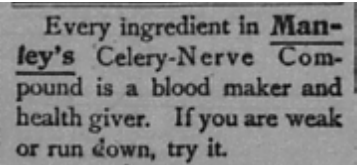
Also, according to The body has a liver by Adrian Reuben, “torpid liver” was a term in the 1800s that referred to “an ill-defined functional insufficiency of the liver that was responsible for vague symptoms of ill health, including malaise, depression, flatulence, and dyspepsia.” There was no evidence that torpid liver patients actually had anything wrong with their livers.



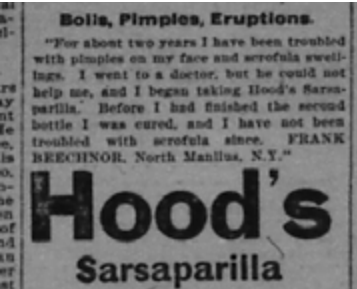
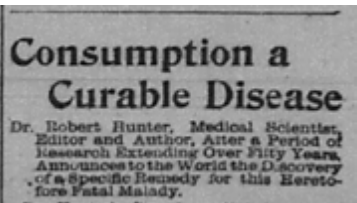
Pitcher’s Castoria was renamed to Fletcher’s Castoria after the rights to it were purchased by Charles Henry Fletcher in 1871. The medication still exists to this day and is now called Fletcher’s Laxative.

Fun fact: There were three B-17 Flying Fortress bombers during World War II named “Fletcher’s Castoria.”

“The name came from the then well known laxative Fletcher’s Castoria. The idea being that the plane would unload on the Germans what you would unload if you took a dose.” —100th Bomb Group Foundation (yes, this is a real quote from their article about Fletcher’s Castoria)



To be honest, I’m not really sure what was going on with the celery obsession in 1896.

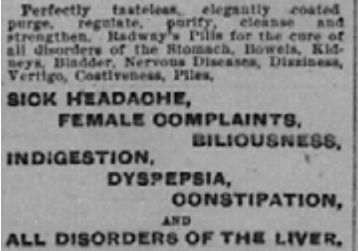


Here are two ads claiming to cure tuberculosis.

Personally, if I had to take one of these, I’d go with Hood’s Sarsaparilla—it’s 20% alcohol, which sounds like a good time to me (I was going to say for legal reasons, this is a joke, but by the time this article gets published, I’ll be 19 🤪).



I find these ads to be very off-putting—no, I don’t want to hear about “skin tortured babies” or “torturing disfiguring skin diseases,” thank you very much.



Feminists don’t want you to know about this cure for female complaints!



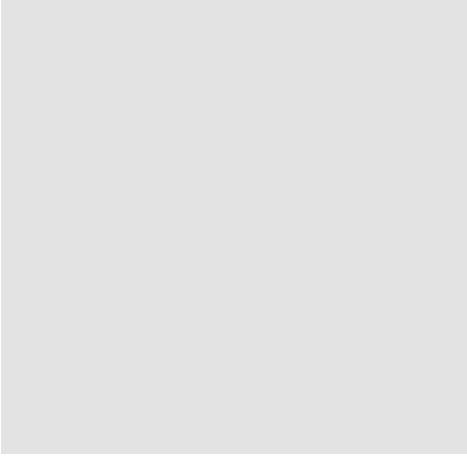
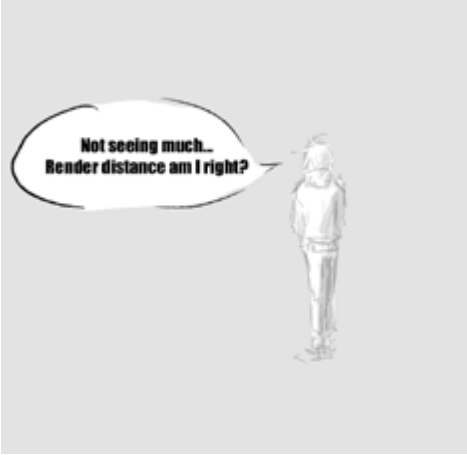
“Keep your blood pure” is a phrase Sydney Sweeney should use if she ever gets into promoting pharmaceuticals.



Not medical, but putting tea in lead packets is certainly an interesting choice.

Breath of Fresh Air

by Korvidae



TOIKEOSCOPIES: CAREER ADVICE EDITION



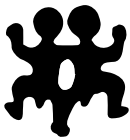
ARIES

With your headstrong nature and ability to be cutthroat when life demands it, you'd do great as a ninja. Sasuke has nothing on you.



TAURUS

Strong as an ox and devoted as one too, you'd be fantastic as a footman. Or... hoofman?



GEMINI

Consider working as a body snatcher. How else are you going to find your other half?



CANCER

Though not quite equipped to treat your namesake, you would do well as a plague doctor.



LEO

While others are partying, you would be wise to study the blade. Go forth, young samurai, and show the world your claws..



VIRGO

You already wear exclusively black clothing and and judge people in silence, so you might as well get paid for it as mute, or hired mourner!



LIBRA

The stars suggest you should become a town crier... or maybe a leech collector? Ooh, ooh, a priest hunter? Gosh, make up your mind already.



SCORPIO

You would love working as a cavalryman, dear Scorpio. Just charge at the problem headfirst! No need to worry about what happens after.



SAGITTARIUS

Shoot your shot at being a knocker-up! Not *That* kind of knocker-up. Get your mind out of the gutter.



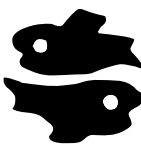
CAPRICORN

Soda **jerk**. You're just as cold as the ice cream sodas you'd be making. They'd still taste great though.



AQUARIUS

Do people ever tell you act like a computer? Why not try actually being one! The human kind, not the device.



PISCES

You should consider being a lamplighter. Scenic walks at dusk and dawn are the perfect time to daydream and- OW FUCK THE WICK OW FIRE OW

Today, I ran into the guy who sold me an antique globe years ago.

It's a small world.

Shopping for antiques won't make you gay...

...but it will make you buy curios.

A woman purchases an antique mirror...

In front of the mirror, she playfully says, "Mirror mirror on the door, make my bust-line forty-four." and her breasts grew to enormous proportions.

She quickly ran to grab her husband and he decided to

JOIKES!

try it: "Mirror mirror on the door, make my penis touch the floor!" and his legs fell off.

I just bought an antique clock with missing hands.

I think it's a timeless treasure.

A communist and his friend walk into an antique store

His friend said, "Woah, look at this really fancy cone-glass-thing with the sand! It's mine!"

The communist said "No, It's Hourglass."

A guy is carrying a keg of beer...

It's a beautiful Friday evening.

Great weather, long weekend ahead; everything is just perfect.

Suddenly, he sees a rusty antique lamp in a pile of garbage. Curious, he picks it up and surely enough a genie appears.

"What's your wish?"

"What, just one?"

"Yup, this is a used lamp. There's only one left."

"Everything's great right now, I don't even know what I should wish for ... How about... Make it such that this keg never runs out of beer!"

"Done," says the genie, before disappearing in a puff of smoke.

Legend has it the guy is still trying to open the keg.

QUIZ: Which toxic historical archetype is your type?

History Romanticiser

Views life through very rose-coloured glasses

1. What's Your Ideal First Date?

- a) Wage war on your enemies
- b) Visit a Public Morgue
- c) Chaperoned promenade
- d) Do some terrorism
- e) Dissect some eels

2. What is a main quality you look for in a partner?

- a) Being charismatic
- b) Being Ambitious
- c) Being cultured
- d) Being Stoic
- e) Loving Animals

3. What's a deal breaker for you?

- a) Being too short
- b) Mass Execution
- c) Putting your wife into an asylum
- d) Assassinating an Archduke
- e) Medical malpractice?

4. What do you like to do in your free time?

- a) Groom yourself
- b) Do some magic
- c) Read a book
- d) Follow politics
- e) Do some TOTALLY legal substances

5. What's your aesthetic?

- a) Cleangirl
- b) Renaissance chic
- c) Old-money
- d) Grunge
- e) Dark academia

If you mostly picked **A**, your type is **Napoleon**. You crave someone with ambition, confidence, and a bit of chaos to keep things interesting. Good luck surviving the ego, though.

If you mostly picked **B**, your type is **Henry VIII**. You need somebody that you can fix. He's already murdered 5 wives, but you will be the exception.

If you mostly picked **C**, your type is **Charles Dickens**. You want a person who is a champion of charm and morality. Too bad he's cruel in private and will weaponise the media against you.

If you mostly picked **D**, your type is **Gavril Princip**. You're into someone with a lot of passion and purpose, but no concept of self-preservation. Are you looking for a child to care for or a partner?

If you mostly picked **E**, your type is **Sigmund Freud**. You can't stop over-analysing literally everybody you meet and are convinced they all have daemons. Thankfully, you now have a therapist who is just as crazy as you.



Image of University College from the archives (circa July 15, 1926... we think)

From late night grinds to late night *grinds*, you can always count on



The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

The Toike is the only real news magazine

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