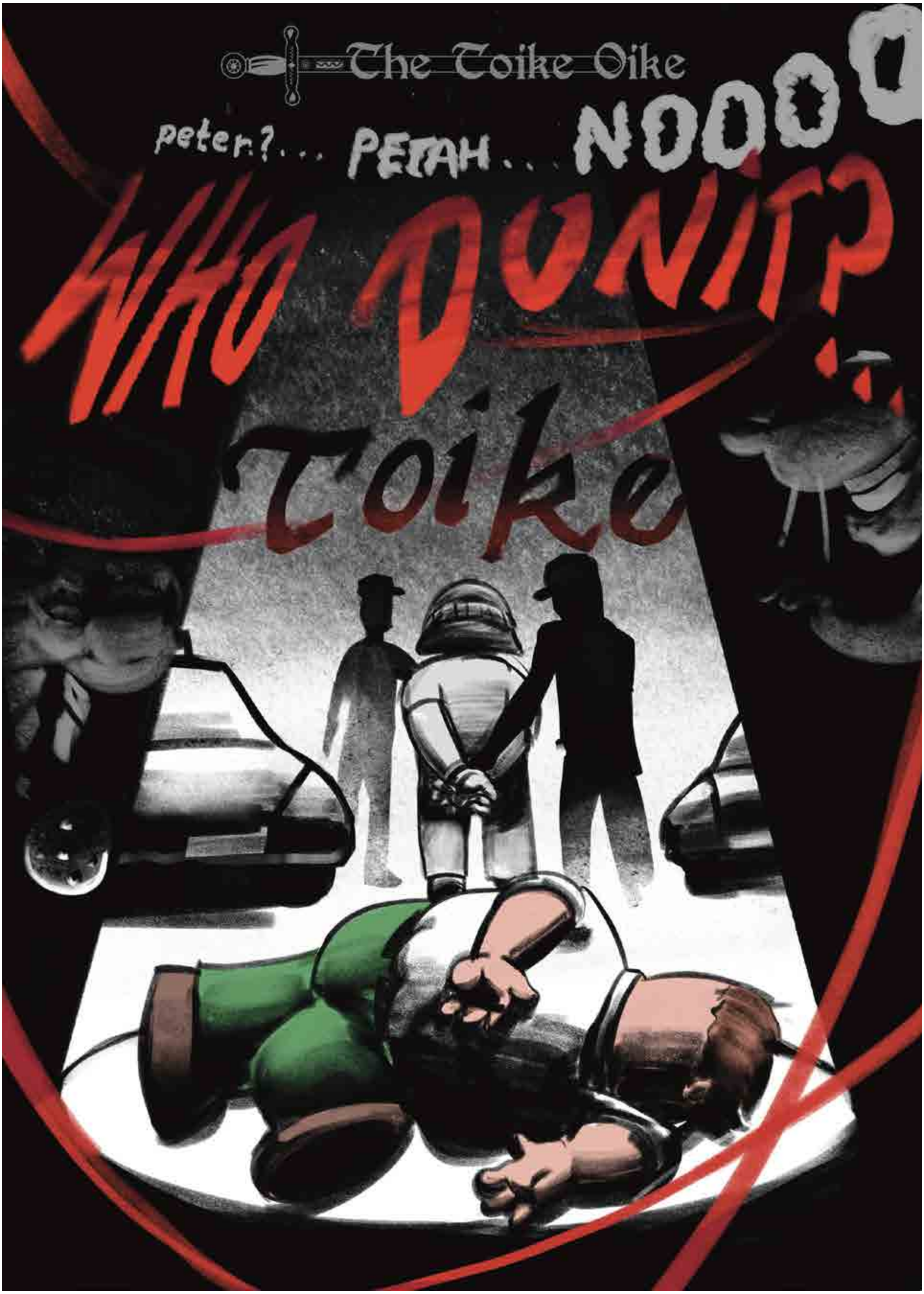

The Toike Oike
peter?... PETAH... NOOO
Who Dunit
Toike

EDITORIAL

H

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

WRITEATORIAL

Greetings, young detectives. I see that you have come to try and solve our little mystery.

We were so confused as to how to make it, so we hope you're less confused than we (still) are. We decided to go on a tour of all the dingy places on campus, so you should be grateful that we risked our lives for this.

I even asked Verity to help us, but bro didn't know the answer (I got this idea from some chud at TMU). It's so crazy that even bro couldn't answer anything; isn't that like what he's known for???

Remember that everything the Toike tells you is always very true and factual, and that there are absolutely no red herrings for the entirety of this issue. I promise you that everything is directly relevant to solving the mystery.

Best of luck (you're going to need it),

Ayana Bansal
SSW 2T6-2T7
ArtSci 2T9

The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

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COLONOSCOPY

Every year, the brightest and best from the *Toike* congregate to figure out who murdered Oliver (8T0). They fail every time, but fortunately manage to coincidentally create a bunch of articles and graphics for the next edition anyways. The printers who put these wonderful concepts onto paper do unfortunately use blood, much like how rules are written. We cannot guarantee that the wagon used to then deliver these papers has never run over an innocent pedestrian.

WHAT HO?

The Toike is written by lovely engineers who have never: stabbed, shot, set on fire, smashed with a hammer, bludgeoned with a textbook, run over with an e-scooter, or doused with sulfuric acid any other human being. Definitely. Please do not pursue legal action against themr for any of these allegations, nor for any of the words contained within this paper.

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 kidnapper is holding a very sharp looking sword and acting erratic, and I don't want anything to set them off. Please and thank you.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

BREAKING NEWS: Extremely Sketchy Research Lab in Galbraith

The Toike SSWs
Very Commited Journalists

One day, I was bored and waiting for a Toike meeting in the stupid Galbraith building, so I started walking around. Somebody mentioned a fifth floor but there was no button on the elevator, so we walked up some eerily long stairwell from the fourth. Finally, I made it up to the top and saw this door to a lab with a suspicious-looking sign: Trespassers will be reported to campus police.

Now obviously, this sign was too good to resist and like any good journalist, I went right in. I've trespassed into many research labs during my extensive tenure at the Toike, and none have ever had this sign. So this must definitely be some juicy, top-secret research intelligence operation.

It was very dark, and papers were strewn everywhere. So many flasks and coloured solutions lining the walls I thought it was a meth lab. But then, I saw this pinboard. Red strings, all leading to one central name: Northrop Frye McDonald's.

I decided to take a closer look at the notebooks, and it was this mess of crazy chemical structures, all designed for one purpose: poison. I flipped further, and there I found it: a very long log of names, all with red strikethroughs, notably all those recent disappearances from campus. The heading? Those who know. I decided I had enough information, and got the hell out of there, and brought this to the Toike.

So now, we present this case to you. What can we solve from this, and why does the Northrop Frye McDonalds doing R&D for poisonous food mean people around campus are disappearing everywhere? We need your help.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE 2026 TORONTO BLUE JAYS

B.J. Reporter
Sports Columnist

It is with deep sorrow that we announce that on September 23rd, the Toronto Blue Jays careened off course and missed the postseason following a fatal two-run shot by Baltimore's Pete Alonso. They are survived by the High-A Vancouver Canadians, who won the NWL Championship, and the Rookie-level Blue Jays, who captured their first FCL crown.

AL Pennant winners the previous year, the Jays battled injuries to key players after a successful opening day sweep vs. the Oakland Las Vegas Sacramento A's. RHPs Cody Ponce, Bowden Francis and José Berrios became early casualties, and the pitching staff's foundation crumbling eventually led to the collapse of a key pillar of the Jays limited success – abstract artist Dylan Cease. He was placed on the 15-day IL towards the end of the season, ending his Cy Young campaign with a likely second place finish.

As a potential lockout looms over MLB, we hope that the Raptors and Leafs (God save us) will raise our sporting spirits, and that baseball may eventually return. As the Jays exit this season and enter the offseason limbo, their loved ones hope their offense regains a pulse, and that their pitchers regain their ligaments.



Image credit: Essentially Sports

wikiHow to hypothetically hide a body (hypothetically)

helpful anon
Friendly Neighbour

We've all pondered on the hypothetical situation of committing a murder and considered the pros and cons of various methods to "get the job done". But in this hypothetical situation, the hypothetical question that naturally follows is: how do I get rid of the body? This article takes a hypothetical approach to answering that hypothetical question – hypothetically, of course.

1. Clear the Crime Scene
The cops are on the way! The first thing to do is to remove the body of the person you (hypothetically) killed from the scene of the crime. If you can't completely get rid of the body right away, stashing it nearby is a great idea. Tip: look for bushes, cabinets that lock, or other non-obvious places.

2. Research a Burial Location
Choose the location carefully; you want a low traffic location so less people have a chance to discover the (hypothetical) body. Somewhere in the wilderness is a great idea, but picking somewhere accessible by roads is good for, hypothetically, transporting the body. Consider a place where a body could decompose or could naturally move away as well. For example, a river could carry evidence away.

3. The Grave
Remember to bring a sturdy shovel to your hiding spot, and read up on wikiHow-to-dig-a-grave. Put the (hypothetical) body inside, and cover the location with dirt. Cover the location with local foliage to disguise it. Tip: If the dirt looks too out of place, pick up some plants and flower seeds from your local garden store. This transforms your crime into a hotspot for wildlife. Choosing endangered/protected plant species could discourage the body from being dug up.

Remember: This is a completely hypothetical situation! wikiHow does not endorse murder or any criminal activity. That being said, if you want to contribute to my (hypothetical) body stashing place, go to these coordinates: 43°39'42.1"N 79°23'42.6"W



Norm & Gord
ON REASONS TO BE A MURDERER

This monthly column features one bleeding-edge conversation between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw.

Norm: Welcome everyone to the warmest and coldest part of your year, I'm Norm McLuhan with-

Gord: Gord. Norm, you ever wanna kill someone?

Norm: Wha- I mean sure Gord, but do you?

Gord: Yeah, but I don't got great reasons.

Norm: Really? And here I was thinking you had low expectations.

Gord: Well when it comes to the art of murder, I'd be damned if "taking the last cigarette from the Newports pack" is a bad reason.

Norm: Okay... but like do you have an example of a bad reason? Like, I dunno, not washing dishes?

Gord: No, that's on the table.

Norm: The dishes?

Gord: Well yeah someone hasn't washed them.

Norm: I thought the *idea* was.

Norm: Well... moving past that! I'm sure we have other-

Gord: Other reasons! Like being loud as hell in the barn, or I dunno, not paying the utilities bill? What about that time with the crop circles and the government drones-

Norm: I'm sure the birds aren't tax collectors.

Gord: They are. But what about the crap with misrepresenting our income because "They're taking too much of our fucking cash-"

Norm: It was literally only that one time, and I promise my tax ev- filings were legal! I even got it checked on this extremely reputable-looking website!

Gord: If the CRA doesn't come for you, then god help me.

Norm: I wonder if god would help me?

Gord: Question for another crime.

Norm: Don't you mean time?

Gord: This has been Norm and Gord McLuhan-

Norm: Now you're taking my lines over my things?

Gord: – discussing reasons for murder.

THE GEESE EPIDEMIC AT UW EXPOSED

anon_goose
HONK HONK

The hidden lives of the geese at UWaterloo have remained an elusive mystery, yet I, a former employee and whistleblower, am bravely choosing to come forward to share my truth. Despite the great risk that I face in sharing this, I feel I must reveal the truth about the time I served at the 'loo.

Anyone who has ever had the unfortunate incident of stepping foot on UW has had at least one encounter with the power-hungry monsters that run the university. It all leads back to the geese...

In the darkest hours of the night they invade the residences, their webbed feet quietly clacking against the crusty floors of the building until they make it to each and every dorm room. They find their favourite targets, overworked, unsuspecting engineering students, and dig in, feasting upon the luscious locks one by one, tongues flaring furiously in the air. Their bodies vigorously digest the hair, churning inside their fiery stomach. Their power grows with each strand...

And once they're finished, they go after their next victim: the water supply. Carefully leaving their fecal matter on the spacious walkways with intention, they climb the great water tower of Waterloo and urinate in the water. The one constant in Waterloo is that whenever a tap is turned on, there is a 50/50 chance the water will be a scrumptious yellow.

And yet the administration does not care, they've all been bought out by geese. The geese have a monopoly, overtaking the city in the shadows, exerting their dominance. The geese have scared the vampires away and the geese will not stop till the city is theirs, no matter the cost.

THIS IS A WARNING
THEY ARE MULTIPLYING
SAVE YOURSELVES

In 2015, a turkey was bullied by geese on the University of Waterloo (UW) campus. The turkey flew into a third-floor window of a building and died

A Scandal in Bohemia

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
The OG

I.
To Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observing machine that the world has seen, but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer. They were admirable things for the observer—excellent for drawing the veil from men's motives and actions. But for the trained reasoner to admit such intrusions into his own delicate and finely adjusted temperament was to introduce a distracting factor which might throw a doubt upon all his mental results.



DON'T MISS THESE MUST-READS!

Big-O Shares Weightloss Journey.....pg 22

Moaning Myrtle Poised to Win House Democratic Primary.....pg 23

"Electrons Might Use Particle Accelerator for Amusement.....pg 27

BBC Anchor Had Very Different Expectations — Still Hired.....pg 33

THE DARK SECRET BEHIND THE PIT

Toike Investigator

The university administration has stopped at nothing in an attempt to keep this secret, even going as far to lock me in one of the ominous Convocation Hall siderooms for the past month. They tortured me for hours on end, playing the Barney the Dinosaur theme song nonstop (this is an actual torture method, look it up). I was only able to escape after digging my way through the wall, behind my Rita Hayworth poster, with a plastic spork. To my chagrin, my GPA was unrecoverable by the time I got out. I thought that, at the very least, if I published my story I could make myself a career out of being an influencer. But when I tried to tell others my what happened, I was silenced by the mainstream media (i.e. The Varsity) — only the brave Toike Oike would air my story.

It was in the midst of September when I discovered the dark truth about The Pit renovations. I was looking for Leighcomm at 3 am for the Toike Oike idea meeting (it was the only time everyone was free). Instead, I accidentally stumbled upon The Pit. I was about to leave when I saw what looked like a shallow pit, within The Pit. Curious, I walked toward it and, to my horror, came across what was unmistakably the corpse of Whittaker from The Pitt. It appeared he was killed by blunt force trauma from an avocado pit. Before I could inform others about this, several men in suits bursted in through the room, forcibly taking me to a Con Hall torture room to be interrogated. After I managed to escape, I was sent into a spiral. How could the administration cover this up? Is this the reason the construction has taken so long? Who murdered Whittaker? What does this mean for season 3 of The Pitt? Immediately, I began to investigate. What I discovered will shock you.

It turns out that there's a lab on campus that began hiring doctors to oversee their experiments a few months ago. At some point, poor Whittaker was hired by this lab. Everything went smoothly, that is, until Whittaker figured out the lab's dark secret — that secret being that the lab was actually a podcast bro cloning factory.

You know how there seems to be an almost infinite number of men starting podcasts, all with the same clothes, hair (or lack thereof), and cadence? Where do all these men come from, you may ask? The answer is that they're made in this clandestine UofT laboratory — for what goal, I don't know.

When Whittaker found out this dark secret, he was executed. I fear I may be next.





TORTURE ROOMS IN CON HALL?!?!?!

Premed

While waiting for class in stupid Con Hall, I started yapping with this random person about some rumour I heard from the Toike writers. They asked me to walk with them, and they seemed pleasant enough, so whyever not?

We started circling the perimeter and went around a few times, talking about how much we hate our profs, until suddenly, they opened a door to some tiny room with but a small chair inside. I had always wondered why there were so many random rooms all around the main auditorium and what they were for. Then, they grabbed my arms and pushed me onto the chair, hard. Before I could realise what was happening, the door was shut, I couldn't see a thing, and I was bound to the chair.

They turned on a little lantern and placed it on a spinning railing, and started interrogating me:

'What do you know about the lab in Galbraith?' They had a threatening grimace.

'Absolutely nothing, I swear.' I was panicking and terrified.

'There is no lab in Galbraith.'

Then they started punching me. After my repeated statements of not knowing, they eventually took a knife from their pocket.

'Time for you to get the fate that befalls all you nosy trespassers.' Somehow, I managed to kick their lantern at them, and they were incapacitated. Thankfully, they were extremely stupid and didn't fasten me properly at all, so I was able to take their knife and run out.

I barely escaped.





A Study in 620 to 750 nm

Ze Amin
Author Title

"These words are, they are the indications of the scarlet thread of murder woven through the colourless skein of life."

At this, I paused and eagerly asked, "But can you deduce anything from it?"

"Why of course! We can look at the height of the words and estimate that the person who wrote them stood at sixteen decimetres. As for the content itself, Rache, that is the German word for vengeance—"

"No, no, my good fellow, you have it all wrong. Rache must be an unfinished attempt at writing out Rachel. Mark my words, our suspect may not be in town right now, but she will be going by the name Rachel."

The voice came from behind us, but it was strange, as I hadn't heard any footsteps on the wooden floor. I turned around to discover a stranger with a dark, tweed overcoat fanning out behind him. He was younger than my companion.

The newcomer continued, "You see, the suspect is almost certainly still in London, if—"

"But that's where you're wrong."

This time I saw the person appear, in a brief shimmer, and, though it seems rather unlikely, I could have sworn that there were bushels of blue roses in the corner of my eye, but they were gone with a blink. This new person had longer hair and was a peculiar shade of blue that I've never seen prior to this day.

"I know exactly who performed this crime—"

"Who!" The first stranger exclaimed. My companion remained silent.

"I was getting to that. Now, if you would listen to what I was previously saying—" the second stranger paused, his jaw hanging open, as the shimmer overtook the room, for a longer period. This time, the person was seemingly dropped into mid-air and became a flailing mess before unceremoniously dropping to the ground in a pile of limbs and bright blue fabric.

A cough broke the newly emerging silence, and as this new person stood up, I realized that he was a child. The other two who had appeared were just as shocked, and I took this opportunity to ask, "Now, just who the hell are you? And how the hell did you get here?"

"Sherlock Holmes."

"Holmes, Sherlock Holmes."

The two voices overlapped, but I still found it weird, as Sherlock was hardly a common name, and Holmes an even more uncommon last name.

"How peculiar," my companion said, "because my name is also Sherlock Holmes."

"Holmes-san!" The child had somehow moved his way next to my companion and was looking up with eyes that seemed to cover more than half his face.

"As yes, you wouldn't happen to be another version of me, would you?" My companion asked.

"Edogawa Conan!"

"Right, and how exactly are you related to all this, Conan-kun?" the blue-haired Sherlock asked, and then rolled on without waiting for an answer, "I mean, obviously, me and that overcoat over there are here because we're both versions of Sherlock. In fact, I'd be willing to bet we all had a brother named Mycroft and—"

"Now, hold up here. How do you know about Mycroft?" tweed Sherlock asked.

"Well, obviously, I also have a brother named Mycroft, and seeing as there are other versions of me, or maybe I should say us, it stands to reason that there would also be other Mycrofts as well. Do keep up. And while no one is interrupting me, the person who committed the crime is—"

"Not William Moriarty." A new person emerged with a briefer shimmer.

Seizing the silence, I asked, "And you are?"

"Edogawa Ranpo."

"Like the author?" Conan asked.

"No? I don't think I share my name with any authors? Unless you're thinking of Poe-kun?"

"But...but Kogoro Akechi, and the Boy Detective Club, and Panorama Island!"

"Well, I don't know any of those," Ranpo said candidly, and to be fair to him, I didn't know any of those books either, and I do consider myself to be relatively well-read. Ranpo continued, "But I do know that the person who committed this murder is, hm, Jefferson Hope."

"However did you deduce that?" tweed Sherlock asked.

"Well, it was self-evident, was it not?"

"No, it—" and tweed Sherlock faded back into the shimmer.

"Hm, if I do vanish soon, why don't we forget about a little dimensional travel?" Blue-haired Sherlock said.

He may have been right enough, but nevertheless, I have written down the entire incident in my journal, after all of the people who had appeared had also faded away again.

WHO PUT THEIR PENIS IN THE METAL EXTRUDER?!?!?!?!?!?!?!

David Krappenshitz
Toike Health and Safety Rep.

COME ON GUYS

I NEED TO KNOW

THIS IS DISGUSTING

WHAT THE FUCK MAN

WAS IT YOU??????

DON'T LIE

DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN

YOU'RE FIRED

HAUNTED PLACE ON CAMPUS: Gerstein Journal Stacks

Aeryn
Rattled Survivor

If you sneakily enter Gerstein late at night, peek around the corner of the Heritage Reading Room, and open the ancient, titanic-esque door, the dank, musky smell of the journal stacks will hit your nose, dim yellow lights flickering on as you hesitantly enter, feet making soft taps against the opaque glass floor. As you walk into the belly of the beast, decades-old stains make your shoes stick to the floor, drawing your attention to the gaps and cracks and faintly showing the uncountable sublevels in the darkness beneath. As you draw in your shallow breaths, faintly aware of the pulse of your blood, the rows upon rows of yellow pages seem to dampen all other sounds — reflecting at you a short puffing that almost seemed like laughter in the farthest recesses of your mind.

But you're too far in to turn back now. Those ancient doors had already closed behind you, and the suffocating, single-person elevator was the only possible respite from the dim, seemingly endless corridor before you. You took a glance behind you quickly. Was it locked? You don't know. Perhaps it was only your mind keeping you here. But better not to try the door. Better leave that to Schrödinger than let the last embers of hope dissipate. You steeled your will and stepped into the elevator, the brightness within distracting you ever so slightly from the claustrophobia that threatened to steal your breath away entirely.

After what felt like 6 or 7 eternities, those slow, groaning doors finally opened, revealing a fluorescently lit corridor, pipes and iron running along the wall, leading into yet more blackness. There would be no escape this time. The elevator had already ascended once again to tempt its next prey. You entered that dark corridor and decided to take a right. Nothing else would quite be right again, so you might as well take advantage of this pittance. As you took a seat on the swivelling stool, that mocking laughter seemed to once again echo through the chamber. You're unsure if that was an echo of your fast breathing, or if you breathed quicker in response to the ominous sound.

But it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that painful, necessary calling which brought you here. Bringing forth your weapon of choice, you pressed it against the pages resting upon the desk before you. Would it be enough? Your frantic scribblings became faster and faster, yet time seemed to slip and flow past like a river of hydrogen, refusing to let you anchor down and steady yourself. You didn't have much time left. It was coming. Looking down upon the pages, you realized you wouldn't make it on time. Not. Even. Close. Faster. You had to be faster. The pages started flying, almost swirling around you as you gathered the entirety of your power. But despite the majesty, the ambition, the sheer will, you could feel its breath on your neck; seemingly uncaring of all your efforts, all your suffering and struggles.

You had no other choice. You gathered everything close, hoping against hope that it would be enough, that you had done enough to drive off this evil just one more time, just this one last time; it was all you needed!

Ah. It's already gone. You looked down, gazing upon the gaping hole in your heart, feeling, for the first time, the panic, the pain, the disbelief that it was over. You. Failed.

The exam, that is.

PIT CLOSED FOR ANOTHER 6 YEARS DUE TO MURDERED LEAD PIPE IN WALL

BetterThanSnickers
Crime Reporter

Another deadly blow to all engineers with nothing better to do, as the Pit's closure is extended by at least 6 years due to a supposed "murdered" lead pipe. Lead detectives say "it lived a good life poisoning the water fountains" and was remarkably healthy for a lead pipe of its age. Autopsy confirms all details presented by the investigation, and that foul play is being considered for this tragic death. The final diagnosis presented to the student population was 'the [lead] pipe was sick of the bullshit white walls they were installing,' according to the pair of mechanical engineers assigned to the case.

In the lead pipe's final moments, witnesses at the scene say it "looked distraught." One such bystander went on to comment that even being around the Pit, "sucked the life out of them." Said student wished not to be named, but it was clear to fellow witnesses that they weren't in engineering, as said the life-sucking was only momentary and not their default state of being.

Due to the immense water damage, and for the sake of dragging this out even further, the Pit will be closed until further notice, says UofT Management. This is to allow an optimal amount of time for mourning, as well as more time for fuck all to be done. Specifically, about 2 years are apparently budgeted for "student acclimatization*." As with the lead pipe staring at an empty white room, all future engineers wishing to one day enter the space must spend at least six months of their degree getting used to the horrors that are bright fluorescent lights and stark minimalist architecture.

**UofT declined to comment on the acclimatization project, however considering the university's track record, The Toike Oike has decided to come out and say, yeah, its fucking happening.*

The Case of the Bloodied Boulevard

detective(A) = ad - bc

The door to my office was a simple wooden thing, decorated only with a cast iron sign in the shape of the number 221. It hung at about eye-level, making it impossible to miss when one was trying to find this place but still subtle enough that it didn't take away from the discretion my profession required.

I entered the room and veered right immediately. I took off my beige trenchcoat and the accompanying porkpie hat, hanging them up on the coathanger. It was another old thing, the coathanger: made of some sort of dark wood, possibly walnut, with its hooks curved softly upward and scuffed ever so slightly from frequent use.

I smoothed down the front of my tweed suit before turning to sit down and continue working on the case. In doing so, however, I caught sight of my reflection in the small mirror hanging by the room's entrance. It was the only one of its kind in this room. I wasn't particularly fond of looking at my own face. There wasn't much to look at but the eyebags of an alcoholic detective who hadn't slept properly in days. My once jet black hair was now peppered with silver and stuck flat to my head with gel and sweat. A single flyaway strand ruined the otherwise flawless hairstyle and I attempted to put it back in its place with little success. I ran a hand down the side of my face. I needed a shave.

Turning away from the mirror, I took in my office: the room where I spent most of my time nowadays when I wasn't out in the field. The place was rather cramped with little space for an attacker or thief to hide. Its only defining feature was the mahogany desk in the middle of the room still piled with the papers I'd left here last night. Behind it rested the red, velvet armchair, brocaded with patterns of leaves and feathers which in turn reflected the mustard-colored wallpaper, and the tigers and birds of paradise painted on it.

I sat down in my armchair before pulling out a cigar from a desk drawer. With a flick of my lighter, the cigar was lit. Smoke quickly filled the room, dimming the light coming from the single lightbulb hanging in the room's center and soaking into the room's very walls. My clothes and hair, my very skin, were far too full of smoke to take any more. I breathed in its tobacco sweetness nonetheless.

The window behind me, though closed, was not properly insulated. It let out the stench in small amounts and allowed in the outside air. It had just rained and the world smelled clean and fresh, polluted only by the smog of cars passing down neighboring streets.

Looking through my sheer curtains, I saw a man across the street dressed in a tweed suit similar to mine. His hat was of the bowler kind and he leaned against the far wall in a way that spoke of pretentiousness. A cigarette in his mouth and a newspaper in his hands; he reminded me of my younger self. All the more so when a young woman passed him by and gave that odd look that women tend to give to men they were disgusted by. She seemed a modern lady dressed in that princess coat and patterned stockings. She would've been prettier if she smiled.

My observation was interrupted by a knock on the door. Quickly, I pulled the revolver from the desk's topmost drawer and checked the chamber for bullets. Two left.

I stood and approached my office door, opening it tentatively with the gun hidden behind my back, ready to pull it out should the moment arise.

Sadly, the visitor was no attacker but instead she — the woman in red. Her hair was pulled up in a heart-shaped style that spoke of careful preparation. Her lips were small yet full and rouged up to a color matching the red of her cheeks. Her lashes and brows too, were powdered.

She wore a stunning red dress with a cinched waist and low neckline; her Oxford heels making her seem more imposing than she truly was. I still towered over her petite form.

The look in her eyes was nothing short of pleading.

[Column inches reached. To be continued in next month's edition of *The Toike Oike* (but not actually). Donate to the *Toike Oike* Foundation to support our investment in a new line-o'-type machine for longer column pieces.]

If I kill you in a box...

Unobserved Author
Who? Haven't seen them

Dear reader, let me tell you the story of the strangest experience I have ever had in my life—or, maybe, death.

It all started with a vacation. My friends and I decided to spend fall reading week together, in an old cottage in the countryside. Well, sort of. "Old," as in, construct of the 80s or 90s. "Cottage," as in, house on a lake comfortably sized for a family of ten, which we basically were. A bit too big to be cozy, even for six messy engineering undergrads. Though that might have been the codependent bond we had formed through cooperative suffering.

Unfortunately, we didn't have long to enjoy the cottage-slash-mansion. On the second day, I woke at 3 am to a clanging, like an enormous cowbell being struck. Rain was pounding on the windows. I poked my head into the hall, and saw my friends doing the same.

"It sounds like it's coming from down the hall," one of my friends said. We chased the sound to the library. We'd walked by it before, on a tour, but had decided reading week was not the time for books and learning.

In the middle of the room was a shadowy figure. When we got closer, I saw they weren't a shadow at all, just a tall person in an orange morph suit that, in the dark, blended into the russet wood flooring. *Weird choice*, I thought, *but okay*.

"Welcome, detectives," morph-suit-guy said. Their voice cracked in the middle of *detectives* and they coughed.

"Detectives?" I asked. "We're engineering students. Or student engineers. I don't know, it seems like there shouldn't be much of a difference? But supposedly there is."

"I have a mystery for you," the morph suit guy said, "Which makes you detectives for now."

"A mystery?" one of my friends asked. "Like, that we have to solve?"

The morph suit guy paused. "Well, yes. That's usually the nature of mysteries."

We groaned collectively, as we'd gotten used to doing in class when we heard phrases like *using induction* or *without neglecting air resistance*. "We solve so many problems," we whined, "This is our break."

"I promise," the morph suit guy said, "this is a mystery you will very much want to solve."
We waited for them to elaborateexpand, but it seemed they were waiting for group participation, like an out-of-touch TA.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

It was hard to tell under the morph suit, but it looked like the guy was smirking. "One of you is dead," they said, "I killed you."

My friends and I looked at each other, then back at them.

"But we're all standing here," someone said, "Unless you, like, cloned and replaced one of us."

"If someone gets cloned and replaced, with all their memories, are they the same person?" I asked.

One of my friends hummed. "Maybe. I mean, same nature and nurture, right?"

The morph suit guy stomped their foot, like an angry rabbit. "Who cares about clones! None of you are clones! You are all yourselves, and one of you is dead!"

"Who?"

The morph suit guy huffed. "THAT'S the MYSTERY!"

I checked my pulse. I felt my chest rise and fall. I pinched my finger and counted the capillary refill, which was about two seconds. I was pretty sure I wasn't dead.

We went around in a circle, checking each others' pulses and feeling each others breaths and sticking our hands into each others' armpits to check everyone was warm enough. After that last one, my hands kind of smelled, but, you know. Engineers.

"None of us are dead," I said, "You're lying."

"No I'm not!" the morph suit guy said, and their voice cracked again on not. "One of you is dead! You need to figure out who."

What followed was a comprehensive interrogation, on the level of any engineering students who are given a broad and confusing problem and then brought to office hours. By the end, the morph suit guy was visibly sweating, which was pretty impressive through the suit.

"I've got it!" our smart friend answered. "It's quantum collapse!"

We all turned to her incredulously.

"Excuse me?" the morph suit guy said, somehow wearing the same same incredulous expression as us through the mask.

"Quantum collapse," our friend answered, "Like the cat. One of us is dead or alive. Our world is just the state where we're all alive. If we figure out who, the wavefunction will collapse, and all the universes will become the universe where the one person is dead."

There was a moment of silence while we all processed the trauma of hearing the word *wavefunction* said during the week where we were supposed to be studying. I hate having nerd friends, I thought, as a nerd who only interacted with other nerds.

"So, how long 'til collapse?" another friend asked.

Our smart friend shrugged. "Until we figure it out."

More silence.

"Why would we figure it out, then?" I asked. "Can't we just continue in this universe where we'll be alive forever?"

Our smart friend shrugged. "Why not?"

The orange morph suit guy let out a horrible sound like a balloon deflating rapidly. "No, no, that's not allowed!" they said.

"But you didn't state it as a design constraint," I said, "technically, our solution falls within the scope of your mystery."

And as we all knew, as long as they can't *technically* mark you incorrect, you're right. My friends and I looked at each other, nodded, and decided to never solve this problem, like all the final problems on our calc exams. We were good at that.

As we left the library, resolving to pack up and leave this weird reverse murder mystery house and continue being dead-or-alive-or-whatever-the-cat, the morph suit guy crumbled to the floor.

"I knew I shouldn't have asked the engineers," they cried, "the biology students always fall for it!"

DnD Party Mystery: How to Open a Door

Aeryn
Apologetic Party Member

"The demon god's avatar should be behind that door," the warlock said, pointing at the stone gates, upon which carvings of demons, dragons, angels, and men being tortured in ways from crucifixion to impalement shimmered and glowed with the black and red of hellfire.

"Okay. Everyone ready?" the warrior asked. Upon receiving resolute nods all around, he braced his hands against the gates and pushed. Nothing happened.

"Um... do you want me to try, Jared?" The ranger asked, raising an eyebrow in question. "I think it's-

"No, no, I got it. I got it..." The grunting and laboured breathing seemed to suggest otherwise. "Almost..." Not. Jared the warrior collapsed to the ground in a heap as his polished metal boot slipped against the ground, and he face-planted directly in front of the gates.

"Judging from what we know from experience, we probably need to say some sort of passphrase or press a secret switch to get this thing to open." The bard stroked his chin. "The motifs on the door suggest some sort of sacrificial offering."

"So we have to... what? Crucify someone on the door to get it to open? I volunteer the Cleric! It's very fitting for her profession!" the warlock burst out.

"Hey, fuck you! I say we nail the warlock to the door. It's what a heretic like him deserves." The not-so-sacred cleric declared semi-righteously, casting a contemptuous glare at the warlock.

"Guys." The ranger rubbed his brows tiredly. "You just have to pull on the door." The ranger pulled open the gates by the very clearly placed door handles.

"Oh..."

Virgin Sex Columnist

CDOCAST CDO-EX250T Horizontal Hydraulic Metal Extrusion Machine Review

OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW FUCK FUCK OW FUCK OW OW OW OH MY GOD FUCK OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW OH MY GOD IT HURTS FUCK OW OW OW OW OW OW OW SHIT FUCK OW FUCK MOTHERFUCKER OW FUCK OW OW OW OW OW OW OW FUUUUUUCK OW FUCK OW FUCK OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW FUCK SHIT OH MY GOD OW OW OW OW OW OW HOLY FUCK OH MY GOD FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK OW OW

6/10 — It's no fleshlight but it'll do in a pinch.

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WHODUNNIT

Suspects -
- The guy in the tux?
- The girl in red dress?
- The one with big ego?
- All of them 00

Nice red lipstick.
Do we need our lawyer?

Exhibit A: A sexy laced bra, still warm, babe ♡

Hmm.. looks like he died doing what he loved... getting thoroughly railed and then dramatically exiting.

The real mystery is how we still have pizza money after buying these many hard hats.

1

victim: ♡
☐ alive?
☐ dead?
☑ very lucky!

CRIME SCENE



by Saul T. Bread
Occasional genius, mostly an idiot.

THE FUNDAMENTAL THEOREM OF MURDER

ohmosexual

Tor knew something was wrong because the Cannon was quiet. This was, admittedly, an idiotic observation to make about an inanimate piece of engineering heritage. Nevertheless, there were different varieties of quiet, and Tor had spent enough of his life in Sandford Fleming to distinguish between them.

There was the ordinary quiet of four in the morning, when the building seemed to have finally exhausted its supply of students and the fluorescent lights buzzed over abandoned problem sets, empty coffee cups, and the occasional undergraduate sleeping on a random seat with the solemnity of a Victorian tuberculosis patient.

There was the tense quiet preceding a midterm, when hundreds of people independently reached the conclusion that they had misunderstood every lecture since September.

There was the particular, hostile quiet between Tor and Walt whenever somebody else entered a room and forced them to temporarily stop arguing.

Then, there was this.

The Cannon sat beneath the emergency lights with something profoundly dead about it.

Tor stopped, unable to process what he had just witnessed.

Behind him, somewhere up the corridor, the Ontario Engineering Relics Summit continued collapsing under the combined weight of insufficient planning and too many engineers being permitted access to alcohol. The event had been pitched as an unprecedented celebration of Canadian Engineering tradition. In practice, it had meant inviting delegations from several universities to Toronto, giving them nametags, showing them where the washrooms were and then discovering that people whose institutional folklore involved stealing one another's sacred objects should perhaps not have been encouraged to bring sacred objects into the same building.

Tor stared at the Cannon. There was black residue around the barrel. One wheel sat at an angle that made his stomach turn before his brain had established why. A length of chain had been dragged across the floor. Beside it lay a cut of purple fabric, a small glob of grease, three bright red threads, and something metallic that reflected the emergency lighting with a cold little twinkle.

His first thought was that somebody had touched it. Then, it was that somebody had hurt it. His third was so immediate and so furious that he had crossed half the room before remembering that crime scenes, even ridiculous ones involving mascots, were generally improved by not having an enraged engineering student trampling through them.

"Hey."

Tor froze. The voice came from the doorway behind him. He shut his eyes. Of every possible person who could have found him here, the universe had selected the one person Tor would have happily fed feet-first into a paper shredder.

"Go away, Walt."

"Absolutely not."

"I am not asking."

"That's probably why it didn't work."

Tor turned, frustrated by the tenacity of his opponent who lived and breathed just to ragebait him. Walt leaned against the doorway wearing the expression that had, within approximately minutes of their first meeting, become Tor's least favourite arrangement of human facial muscles. Walt was pale, narrow-faced, infuriatingly pretty looking faintly ill, and his obnoxious perm had survived the evening with a structural integrity Tor found ridiculous. His conference badge had been turned backwards at some point, presumably because Walt had decided everyone already knew who he was and anyone who didn't could suffer.

His eyes travelled past Tor and the amusement disappeared.

"Oh," he muttered.

Tor hated how quickly that single syllable sobered him, and he sighed, "just, don't touch anything."

"I wasn't going to."

"You were leaning forward."

"I was looking."

"You look with your eyes."

"Thank you, Tor. I didn't know that," Walt laughed, though something flickered at the corner of his mouth.

Walt stepped carefully into the room.

The Cannon was Skule's official mascot, protected by its Cannon Guards and its mysterious Chief Attiliator, and Tor had seen it appear with thunder and smoke at enough engineering events that some primitive part of his brain had stopped classifying it as machinery. Still, to Tor it was obviously an object, obviously incapable of death, and therefore horrifying to encounter looking like a corpse. Walt crouched down, settling himself beside Tor.

"That's Western," he began, and Tor followed his gaze to the purple.

Tor's sarcasm oozed with every breath, "Obviously."

"Idiot. It's a western purple for sure."

"We're in engineering. We're all purple. Waterloo has purple."

Walt looked slowly down at his engineering hoodie. Tor's face warmed at the realization.

"Nevermind, different purple."

"Excellent detective work."

"Shut the fuck up."

Walt pointed, "Red fibre. Mac. Maybe."

"Who else?"

"Anyone possessing the colour red?"

"You came here to be useful."

"I came here because I saw you sprinting down that hallway like somebody had announced free food and correctly assumed something catastrophic had happened."

Tor crouched beside him. In front lay the Cannon. It was an obscenely intimate arrangement for examining a homicide.

"Grease," Tor murmured.

"Queen's. So we're looking for Western, Mac, Queen's, what's next? Good ol' Loo?"

Tor looked over at Walt, and Walt was already looking at him. For several seconds neither spoke.

Then Tor broke the silence, "This is staged."

Walt smiled. It was not a pleasant smile. Tor's stomach churned.

"There he is."

"Don't start."

"I was wondering when U of T's alleged intellectual superiority was going to arrive."

"Why would somebody from Western leave purple fabric beside the body? Why would Queen's leave grease? Why would McMaster leave fucking red thread? Nobody committing mascot homicide is stupid enough to sign their university beneath the corpse."

"Have you met engineering students."

"Unfortunately."

"Then reconsider."

Tor reached toward the metallic object. Walt caught his wrist and Tor felt his shoulders lock. Walt's fingers remained around him and neither moved. Tor disliked Walt profoundly. Walt was smug, controlling, intrusive, academically competitive, and possessed of the infuriating habit of telling Tor what to do with enough confidence that Tor occasionally did it before remembering he hated being told what to do.

"Evidence," Walt said quietly.

Tor looked down at Walt's hand and coughed, "You can let go."

"You can stop reaching for it."

"I know."

"Then say you'll stop."

Tor's jaw tightened.

Walt waited.

This was exactly the problem with him. He could wait forever. Tor, who could argue a corpse into reconsidering its position, could not tolerate silence for more than thirty seconds without feeling compelled to win it.

"I won't touch it."

Walt released him immediately. The absence of his hand was somehow worse.

Tor pushed his glasses higher up his nose and sighed, "You're unbearable."

"And you listen beautifully."

"I hope the Tool gets tetanus."

"It's chrome."

"I'll invent chrome tetanus."

"There's my brilliant boy."

Tor stared at him, and seeing Walt's expression remain perfectly composed was enough to nearly send him into psychosis.

"Call me that again and I'm putting you through the wall."

"Noted."

"You don't look concerned though."

"I've seen your upper-body strength."

Tor was deciding whether homicide number two would compromise the investigation when footsteps sounded outside.

"TOR?"

Kingston appeared first. He had apparently lost his Queen's jacket sometime during the summit and was wearing a dress shirt with the sleeves rolled to his elbows, which would have looked respectable had he not also been carrying a flask and wearing somebody else's tie around his head.

West came immediately behind him. Tor's gaze moved from Kingston to West, then to the purple fabric beside the Cannon. West understood the scene immediately and his face dropped.

"No."

Read the full story on our [Ao3](#)! Oh wait...

Secrets Exposed: Inside the Life of the Silly Goose

IaMaNeNgInEeR

A biology major has come to interrupt your regularly scheduled programming of lin alg, trigonometry, and free body diagrams (or whatever it is that engineers learn) to bring you insights from the natural world. Today I will regale you with the epic tale of the enemy of the common people and symbol of our glorious nation, the goose, and its unlikely partner in crime, the barnacle.

While I assume the average Toike reader touches enough grass to be familiar with the Cobra chicken, let me introduce you to the humble barnacle. This little crustacean promptly glues its head to a rock at two weeks old and spends the rest of its life making grabby hands at whatever food happens to float by. A glamorous lifestyle. Luckily God is merciful, so in exchange for their miserable existence, barnacles boast the largest penis to body ratio of any organism on earth.

Now that you've met the main characters of this story, let's head to 14th century Europe where everyone was debating important questions, such as how many leeches you need to cure the black death and how best to draw deranged cats on the sides of scrolls. Perhaps greatest amongst these debates was the question of what happens to geese in the winter.

You have to remember that the medieval peasant, much like the modern day engineer, was poorly traveled. They toiled all day and never left their house, so there was no way they could've known about migration. But some bright individual one day found some barnacles washed up on shore in the winter and concluded that clearly, the black and white shells must be seeds from which geese hatch. And so it became common knowledge that geese become barnacles that grow on driftwood in the winter. They even published their findings on peer-reviewed, academically rigorous wood cuts.

And so, barnacle geese become goose barnacles and vice versa, just as readily as winter turns to spring. Next time you see a goose in the winter, blink twice — for your eyes may be deceiving you. Too much screen time probably caused you to hallucinate that goose. because everyone knows all the geese are resting as barnacles during the winter.

CIVIL ENGINEER CONFUSES PROP KNIFE WITH ACTUAL KNIFE, SAYS WEIGHT AND DENSITY WERE THE SAME

BetterThanSnickers

Late last week, one civil engineering student's ire was directed at an unusual target: a prop knife. Unlike concrete, there are clear visual differences between types of knives, so it is exceptionally difficult to blame one's eyes for mixing them up. The Civ in question is currently in a prison cell after attempting to kill a fellow student during a class on weight and load distribution, something they did not account for when plotting the assault. The motive was determined by fellow engineers. In earlier weeks, they had heard heinous slander against the Civ due to his preference in packed dirt (colloquially known as 'Mud'). As per usual, nothing was done. As such, the future civil engineer had to take it into his own hands, which would be the true fault in his plans.

According to a police report, the student was apparently "confused to no end about the knife", stating that its weight and density were identical to that of the real knife and thus no differences between the two could be easily determined. Contrary to popular belief, and general common sense, he "just couldn't tell" that there was no steel or metal within the prop blade, citing the prospect of an "advanced and exotic material" being too exciting to pass up.

The prop knife was of the material known as "plastic", with its structural integrity best described as brittle but will bend — a combination of properties entirely foreign to the average Civ. To many, it is a normal plastic prop knife, much different compared to an actual kitchen knife. Unfortunately, to a civil engineer-in-training, everything is an ideal rigid body and a prop knife with a spring is clearly pretty rigid; but evidently, not rigid enough to deal the fatal blow.

The to-be murderer is slated to appear in front of a disciplinary council from the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers to determine how poor his eyesight actually is. They were disappointed at how dense he was.

In other news, The Toike Oike was able to receive a statement from the would-be victim. His initial words were simply, "He pissed me the fuck off anyways". After surviving the harrowing attempt on their life, they were startled but had no lasting injuries otherwise. He is now part of an environmentalist group against plastic cutlery of all kinds. In his words, "I wish for plastic to never again be someone's first option".

TESTIMONY: I Was Killed in a Former Convent

A. Ghost
Regretting my life (and death) choices

I had not been expecting company. I see you would like some information on my...death? (starts crying). You think it may be involved in some wider campus conspiracy? Very well, I will try to remember.

...
I had met Arnold Swift at a friend's party. He was haughty, and clearly came from money. Intimidating posture, speaking with an air of authority, and perfectly tailored clothes. We started talking, and I mentioned exploring campus (one of my hobbies in life was finding dingy places), including some random lab in Galbraith, now that you mention it. Either way, he seemed to hate me, but we started talking about music (I was new to the minor) and Arnold offered to show me around the practice rooms. It was then that I got the full backstory of this building: it was a former convent, and was rumoured to be haunted with ghosts of failed nuns. He delivered it with a suspicious sneer, but I couldn't resist the appeal of a potential horror film setting!

So a few days later, I found this dingy building (it was something like 90 Wellesley), met Arnold Swift, and we went inside this elevator that looked straight out of the 50s. He started sharing more information about the building, such as there being exposed sinks and closets in every room. Arnold seemed oddly excited to share this, but hey, I took what I could get.

He pointed me to a wonderful room (with an exposed sink and closet!), and I entered. But then, Arnold followed me in and closed the door. I sat at the bench, and then he locked the door, and also the windows. I could suddenly hear the whispers of the nun ghosts telling me to leave while I still could, but I looked around and there was no escape. And then I heard freaky shrieking too.

"Play."

His voice echoed in the silent room.

I didn't really know what to do, so nervously, I started playing the light, high velocity Daquin Le Coucou. But Arnold Swift was breathing down my neck, and I had to stop after a bar because I couldn't make a sound. It was as if my fingers had forgotten how to move. So then he pushed me off the bench and took over.

Scarbo. Anybody would recognise those unyielding repeated notes. The velocity and the horror of it were unmistakeable, with that almost sinister quality. It was this terrifying wall of sound, inevitable in its doom. It reminded me of glass shattering and it was just so loud.

I knew then that I was going to die.

After he finally finished, he got up and turned to face me. Arnold Swift walked over to the exposed closet, took a music stand, and whacked me in the head, knocking me unconscious.

...

I don't remember much after that. One moment, I was screaming, and the next, I became...this. Translucent and massless, and I am condemned to this place for eternity. Please leave me now.



Spot the Difference!

by blehdy death

(5 differences total, no more and no less)





POINT VS COUNTER-POINT:

IT WASN'T ME VS IT WASN'T ME

It wasn't me.

Well, it sure wasn't me!

It was definitely you.

It wasn't me!

There was nobody else in the room.

You have no evidence that I was there!

Well, you don't have evidence that I was there either.

Yeah, so it wasn't me!

The knife handle has your fingerprint on it.

No, that was your fingerprint!

No it wasn't.

Yes it was!

No it wasn't.

Yes it was!

No it wasn't.

Yes it was!

No it wasn't.

Yes it was!

That was very clearly yours.

No, it wasn't! It wasn't me!

The reading very clearly said so.

No it didn't!

Can you read?

Can YOU read?

Can YOU read?

Clearly you can't.

It was definitely you.

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

No, you did it!

BANG

Crumples to the floor lifelessly

Stares

Bleeds profusely

why you should buy shawarma ramen instead of paying your [waterloo] engsoc fees

Originally submitted to mathNEWS. Definitely NOT applicable at all to UofT EngSoc in any way ever.

amomynomous

What does Engsoc do? It's a question I've been grappling with for my entire undergrad.

Walking past the Engsoc office makes me think about what happens in that room. Do those people go home? Do I get value from the fees I pay? Do engineers know what Engsoc does? The short answer: no. No one really knows what happens in Engsoc.

If I were to ask the average engineering student what Engsoc does, the first thing they'll say is "orientation": a service that Engsoc in fact, does not run. It's this disconnect from the actual student body that Engsoc continues to struggle with, and continues to ignore. No one knows what Engsoc does and what it does to help the student body.

Go to one of their councils this term. What you'll see is a group of students so white, you'll forget that a majority of the engineering student body are people of colour. You'll enter a room of entitled fourth years debating the ins and outs of "Engsoc policy" instead of actually fighting for students. You'll be confused as to why actual problems (cough nanos can't run for engsoc Prez) are delegated to "committees" to be left to die.

You'll also see a trend. It's the same group of people running an organization that purportedly is representative of the engineering student body. Engsoc knows this though. They know that in the last presidential election, there was only one candidate who won the support of less than 10% of the engineering student body. It is in their best interest to not care: because that's how the clique keeps the power.

Go to their recent annual meeting, where emotions were high, and the society was unable to finish their agenda in 9 hours.

It's fundamentally clear that if you're not a part of the clique that runs Engsoc, you're on your own.

Say you're an affiliate, like NSBE (National Society of Black Engineers) or Engiqueers and you're running an event. Your funding is tied to Engsoc. And yet, historically, you often get funded way below what you request. (source: w23 budget)

But say you're part of the toolbearers (oooohs and aahs) a "secret" organization defending the "sprit, honour, and valour" of the engineering community. Cone shaped veiled nondescript KKK-esque plumbers. You'll get a blank cheque of $1300 to "get new costumes" and for "operations + activities" (source: w25 budget). What for? Unsure. But like. Engineering traditions am I right?

Oh yeah. There was a motion in the recent annual meeting to make the toolbearer thing more transparent. Will it get passed? Oh hell no. The governing overlords would never let that happen. It would be "too detrimental to the engineering spirit". Whatever that is.

And look. Don't underestimate the fact that there are so many hard-working engineers who join Engsoc and try to create a better student experience. So much so that they burn out and leave, wishing not even their worst enemies ever have to deal with the weird power trips, cringe "traditions", and just the toxicity of it all.

And if you're thinking "well this is a club", "who cares". You're right. At the end of the day it's just a club. But it's a club that takes a cut of your money and doesn't remember who they're beholden to. They're beholden to you: the engineering student, not some strange cringe-ass plumber gang that claims to protect our wrench from nerds at uoft.

Reader. If I were you. Fall 25, refund your Engsoc fees by shooting an email in the first two weeks of the term to vpfinance.b@engsoc.uwaterloo.ca. They're going up btw. You can get like. 4 shawarma plus student specials with that money.

TMU STUDENT WALKS INTO WRONG THEATRE, WATCHES MOVIE INSTEAD OF LECTURE

Venussy

To the amusement of many, more and more students at Toronto Metropolitan University are being subjected to going to a lecture in a movie theatre at Cineplex Cinemas Yonge-Dundas and VIP. There, the soft seats and smell of overpriced popcorn lull them into a sense of safety and calm. But of course, nothing there is ever as it seems.

First year mechanical student Mallory Snart had the unfortunate pleasure of being one of these students. Dragged to the theatre with the prospect of actually learning instead of sleeping, she was overtaken suddenly by the music of the theatres themselves. Students at the institution usually wear state-of-the-art noise cancelling items to avoid talking to each other, as well as to remove unwanted focus from their $1,000 classes; those same students commented that a lack of noise-cancellation was Mallory's biggest mistake. The theatre's accursed songs latched onto her, luring her in with pre-roll ads and the prospect of watching real art instead of learning calculus (for the seventh time).

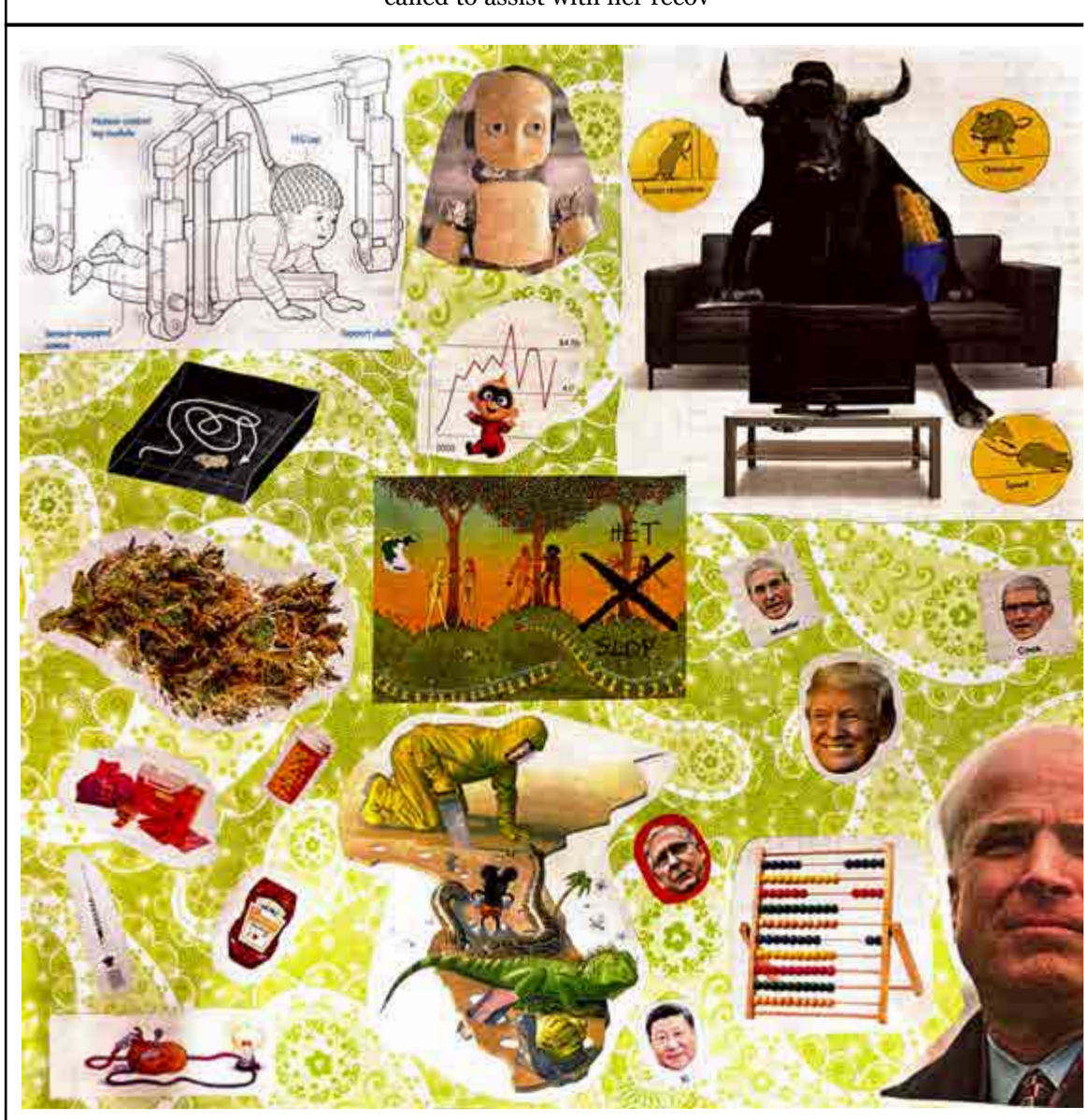
One bystander, choosing to remain anonymous, stated "At least she'll be more engaged there than anywhere else on campus."

In the movie theatre, she would soon find herself face-to-face and seat-to-seat with a handful of other victims, some unwilling like herself. Many others though, were there of their own free will, free time, and other free things that a future engineer could never dream of having.

After the movie, Mallory was spotted outside of her theatre dazed. Local engineers were called to assist with her recovery. Their goal especially, was to wipe the smile off her face from actually enjoying her time in the theatre. Following 3 hours in pitch black darkness and some time in recovery, she was removed from the theatre premises and led down multiple sketchy escalators. Mallory was then relocated to the Quad, the only green space at TMU, where she was reacclimated with actual sunlight.

Reports indicate a 2% loss in mass due to the sun burning her fair skin, but she is expected to make a full recovery once enough Linear Algebra is in her system.

Our thoughts and prayers are with her and the TMU engineering community in this dark time. We at the Toike only wish that next time this happens, students get to watch real movies, like Primetime or whatever else is playing at Imagine Cinemas Carlton.



RM and KMS, Untitled Collage. Magazine paper, glue. 2026, created at The Cannon Magazine's After Hours launch party

Editor's Note: If you think UofT EngSoc also needs to get their heads out of their asses, let them know here: https://forms.gle/yBEhTYNZ18EEMMsY8

Who Made Me Fail Orgo?

Quintorious Pemberton
Life Sci & Death Sci, 2nd year

Last year, I 'failed' organic chemistry. Except, I couldn't have—I should've passed, by all means. I mean, sure I had a 40% before going into the exam, and I only studied the night before, but I was pretty confident about my score. No, I couldn't have failed, not me, which only brings me to the conclusion that someone must have sabotaged me—they must have swapped my stellar exam for a dupe, leaving the TAs none the wiser. I have researched this in depth (at the cost of my sanity and BIO230 grades) and created a list of six potential suspects:

1. My Lab Partner
I swear that guy had it out for me for no reason. All his grievances were so petty—like that I used the wrong solutes, never remembered to work within the fume hood, kept calling the chemicals 'potions,' tried to sneak food into the lab, attempted to bring some of the more dangerous chemicals home with me, etc., etc. Like geez man, give me a break. At some point he even complained to the department coordinator about me because I got kicked out of the lab for trying to lick the chemicals, leaving him to complete the rest of the experiment by himself—get over it man, life sucks! It's a doggy dog world.

2. The Other Quintorious
Yes, there is another Quintorious at UofT. Although I am clearly the superior Quintorious, he refuses to listen to reason and then instead thinks me to be the lesser version. He keeps on trying to assert himself as the better Quintorious, and I'm worried he may have gone too far this time.

3. My Archenemesis
I've hated this guy's guts ever since middle school, when he took my spot as the lead role in the Spongebob Musical. Instead, I was regulated to playing Squidward, that fucking chud. We've beefed since then as well, getting into shirtless fist fights in the basement of a dingy bar—y'know, the usual stuff.

4. That Guy I Ran Over in a Denny's Parking Lot
Okay, it's not my proudest moment, I admit that. But imagine this—it's 3 am and you're pulling out of a Denny's parking lot with three orders of the Original Grand Slam. You're kinda drunk (but that doesn't really matter) when you think you see your archenemesis right in front of you. For a moment, rage consumes you, and you press your foot against the accelerator. BANG! You just realize you've hit someone—and he definitely isn't your archenemesis. So you do what any other person in that situation would do—slam your foot against the gas and speed away from the crime scene as fast as you can. You don't end up finding out what happened to the guy, and for a while, you think you've gotten away with it. That is, until you see him in your CHM136 tutorial with a cast around his arm. Worst part is, he seems to recognize you.

5. That One Lesbian that Stole My Girl
My last girlfriend was seduced by a lesbian (not that there's anything wrong with that) using her mysterious sapphic charms. Unfortunately, my girlfriend wasn't strong-willed enough to resist and ended up falling for this Jezebel, dumping me on my birthday. I have sworn revenge against this sapphic seductress, and vowed to stop her before every woman in a 10 kilometer radius ends up in her arms (I think she may have already gotten to my sister).

6. That Trans Guy who Looks Suspiciously Like Me After Transitioning
I swear it's only a coincidence that 2/6 people on this list are queer. I have nothing against queer people, I love queer people—I have a bisexual aunt, and I'm pretty sure my dad is a DL trade.

Before this guy transitioned, he confided in me about being trans, and I supported him just as any friend would. Eventually, we fell out of touch. What I didn't expect was, after no interaction with him for a couple years, to be jumpscared by a guy on campus that could be my mirror image—he even goes by the name 'Quinn' now! This is getting to be such a problem that people are mistaking me for Quinn and getting upset when I'm not him. At times I wonder if this a ploy to steal my identity, and perhaps he switched out my exam in an attempt to get me to fail out of university to obscure this fact.

Quinn, if you are reading this, why the fuck do you look like me?

That concludes my list of suspects and please tell me who you think sabotaged me! Also, keep an eye out for my next article 'is the government planting homosexual thoughts in my mind'?

The Secret

ishtito
Harrowed Survivor

Their hands are almost at my neck.

I run as fast as my legs can carry me, but my heart can't take it. If I stop here they will catch me. If I don't stop here, I never shall catch my breath. I'll collapse at any moment, cold, shaking, pale, aching. And the vultures will descend upon my corpse, tearing it to shreds and hauling its pieces back to their lair. I shall be left, unable to become one with the Earth again.

But before they splay me, they will first twist my throat for ever having the audacity to speak. It is not about the killing. It never has been something so simple as plain sadism. It has always, always been about the sweet nectar of power, dripping like saliva from their ever-hungry mouths. Anyone who dares to venture outside the neat boundary drawn by their lies is a challenger to their throne. A soul who is then fated to shatter like glass.

The fear keeps me in motion. In spite of the physical limitations of my body, when the mind is threatened, it does not know how to back down. I cannot stop running, even if my legs demand it of me. It has been so long and tiresome that it almost feels like I am now soaring. The taste of fresh air before the sickening fall, the splattering demise. My heart beats with liquid courage, my veins pop with overwhelming guilt. I am complicit.

I am the one who used to chase. Who revelled in consumption and sought pleasure from the woes of those lesser. But when they hung the noose around my lover, I had a moment of pause. A hesitation that we had been taught to be wary of. The hint of a conscience awakening from a slumber. The beckoning of the end. From the moment I spoke since that pause, I have been running.

"This is cruelty."

Three words. My final three words. The ruin of my mind, cursed to acknowledge the sins I have committed. Yet the redemption of my body, breaking free and facing the truth. Perhaps I deserve what is to come. I can feel their fingers now, grazing my skin. Grasping my hair, clasping their hands across my eyes, my mouth. Pulling me down.

I lay, writhing on the ground. Listen closely to my whisper, to my secret. They are capturing the joyful students that roam our campus and locking them up in the facility. They force-feed them brainrot and AI generated content until they become mindless zombies, ready to do their bidding. They lead the crusade against humanity, and they will not stop until our voice is so constrained, so unlearned, that the only sound it ever makes is "more." Run while you can. Get out without a single word.

WHAT IS THE LGMBEAR

David Krappenshitz
Crime Reporter

Everyone knows about the Lady Godiva Memorial Bnad's famous two mascots: the LGMBeaver and the LoberGMB. However, recent investigations by the investigative department here at the Toike Oike have recently uncovered a dark secret, shrouded deep within the LGMB's past.

Nobody knows where the LGMBear came from. Sources say that he had existed for as long as they could remember, although documented evidence is scarce. A fair point to raise is that LGMB mascots are generally a complete pain in the ass to bring to events due to their large appetites and lack of dexterity or balance, leading to significantly inconvenient shenanigans. This would lead to a lack of public sightings for mascots such as the LGMBear to be photographed.

Even more mysterious than the secret existence of a third LGMB mascot is the fact that it seemingly no longer exists. Very, very few within the Skule© community are aware that there ever was an alternative to the current duopoly. What could have caused this disappearance?

Our research has led us to a disturbing conclusion. Sources disagree on when it happened. Some say that their best guess would be that it occurred in the 2019-2020 school year, which was abbreviated due to COVID-19. Others state that it occurred in 2014. Either way, the story lines up: one fateful day, the LGMBear was taken out to Hart House farm, where it was promptly immolated. Its corpse, burnt to a crisp and barely recognizable, was then dumped into the nearby lake, where it sank to the bottom.

Nobody is quite sure as to what the motives were for this cruel and abhorrent crime. Some argue that it was self-defense; that the LGMBear had become more and more aggressive over the years and began attacking others while at Hart House farm, leading to it being "put down". Others say that it was a targeted attack by the future Lober, who would then be purchased by the Bnad for a purportedly obscene price. My personal take was that it was taken out back due to being ugly and disturbing.

Either way, sources are unsure as to what has become of the LGMBear ever since. It has not been sighted in at least half a decade, and few have the ability to confirm whether it still rests at the bottom of the lake... if it even still exists today. To quote an anonymous confidant: "who knows where it is now?"



TOIKEOSCOPES: UNTIMELY DEMISE EDITION



ARIES
Challenged the haunted house actor to a fistfight and lost. Badly. Honestly, it wasn't even close.



TAURUS
Napped too long and all of your organs atrophied. For ideas on other things to do in bed, feel free to ask your mother and I.



GEMINI
Talk shit, get hit. Or rather, get a hit placed on you. Maybe gossip more carefully next time.



CANCER
Fatal dehydration from crying too much. Lock tf in.



LEO
"No dude, I can totally do a backflip!"



VIRGO
Teacup to the head, thrown by a ghost. STOP "FIXING" THE PICTURE FRAMES. CAN YOU LEAVE THE HAUNTED HOUSE ALREADY.



LIBRA
Couldn't pick between two roads diverged in a wood and died of frostbite.



SCORPIO
Hypertension-induced heart failure. You really should learn to let go of at least some grudges.



SAGITTARIUS
Debated the semantics of a Saw trap and he killed you out of frustration.



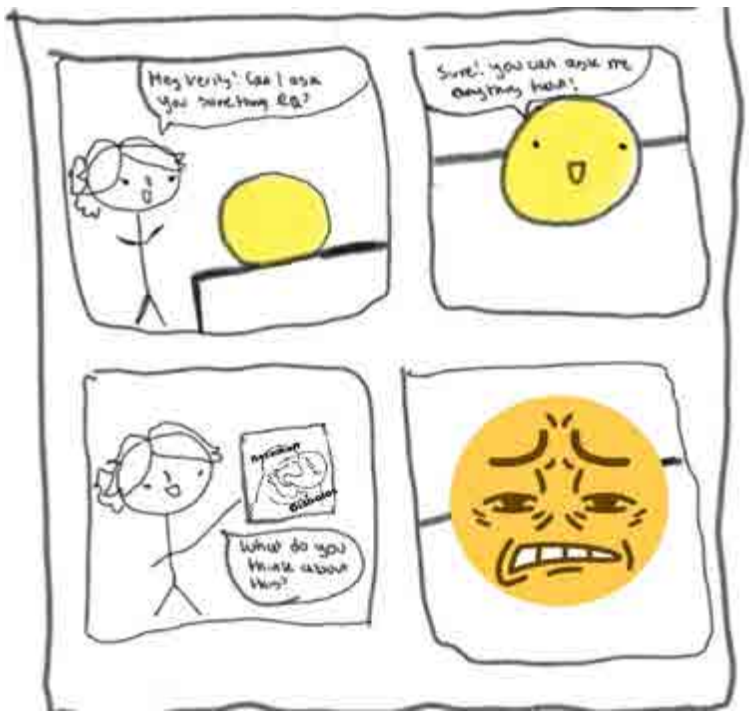
CAPRICORN
Made fun of the wrong serial killer for their "sloppy" evidence disposal and "boring" victim choices.



AQUARIUS
Accidentally got invited to a "cold-blooded killers" meetup. The reveal didn't go too well.



PISCES
Hit by a car. Nothing nefarious, but you should really pay more attention when crossing the street.





Ravens

Corvus corax
Real Human Person

Ravens are a smart and inquisitive species. (Actually, ravens and crows are very closely related and there are 47 of them known to the human population). They are sometimes said to be almost as smart as a human 4 year old child. (This is kind of accurate, there are studies that have been done on their intelligence where they've shown the ability to use tools). They are well known for their problem solving skills and use as a symbol of evil and forbearing in literature. (Sometimes true, the symbol of evil bit, but more recently they are developing a more positive symbolism in pop culture). Ravens, as being the majestic and mystical creatures they are, are known to have a similar ability to parrots to speak. (Now, I don't believe that to be true, wait... maybe?). And have been said in folklore to carry messages for the dead or to bring warnings to any passers-by to stay away from dangerous areas. (Where are your sources on this?). They are also known to hold funerals for each other, where they investigate the scene of the crime for any repercussions that should be taken. (I do believe that's an observed occurence). So, as all this is to say, Ravens are a very good bird, and one we must not hurt, same as all species, even if they're involved in a murder.

QUIZ: What UofT building is your ideal horror film setting?

Someone who defnitely doesn't kill people
Self-explanatory

1. **Where do you study best?**

   a) Somewhere quiet
   b) Somewhere secluded
   c) Somewhere rustic
   d) Anywhere with food
   e) At home

2. **What's your first reaction when you hear a strange noise at night?**

   a) Hide under the covers
   b) Think logically about what could've been the cause
   c) Practice
   d) Investigate
   e) I made the noise

3. **What scares you the most?**

   a) The smell of a new book
   b) Not making it to med school
   c) The Church
   d) Subliminal spaces
   e) Being alive in general

4. **Who would you pick to be your loyal companion?**

   a) A little mouse
   b) A silly little manus
   c) A dapper cat
   d) A fat raccoon
   e) Your PI

5. **What is your favourite horror movie?**

   a) Matilda
   b) 50 First Dates
   c) The Nun
   d) Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs
   e) My life

Results

A: Gerstein Journal Stacks. This is a delightful quiet place to study, with flickering lights, dark corners, and secluded stairwells.

B: Medsci basement. Please get a life. Pre-meds are annoying.

C: Convent practice room You will gladly sacrifice your safety just to get a few minutes of practice time. And you will regret it.

D: Northrop Frye McDonald's. This definitely real place has the best Happy Meals that won't make you miserable at all from food poisoning.

E: The Galbraith Research Lab. You are miserable and seek out danger and to cause chaos.

