mario's bakery

steal this toike







Mario's Rant

Here's the part where I'm supposed to talk about how much I pondered writing this, how many papers I scribbled the beginning of this overly long faux diatribe onto, only to metaphorically crumple them into pathetic little spheres to be haphazardly thrown in a nearby basket, overflowing with its kindred. The truth is, though, I did not have such a struggle - not because of an excess in wordsmithing or a sharp enough wit - both elements of dubious possession to me - but because there is something I am desperate to confess about this year.

I fell in love.

You see, when I did the Toike, all the articles I could ever write were love letters, granted they were satirical. That silly little newspaper was the first thing that ever got me into this incestuously inescapable world of Spirit and Pranking, and so, I'll end my journey the way it started - with whorish levels of love.

The object(s) of my affection?

1. The First Years

Wait no, officer, this isn't what it looks like. I can confidently state that I, unlike Vice Dean Undergraduate Thomas Coyle, did not inspect a single f!rosh's penis. Now, let's be honest, the 2T5s and 2T6s? Mid Frosh. I can count on one hand the good ones, and you can look at who's around to identify them. And yet, even despite this depressing contrast, the 2T7s blew it out of the fucking park. Again, I would like to specify that unlike Vice Dean Undergradute Tom Coyle I did not year to literally be blown by First Years, so when I talk about blowing out of the park I mean that metaphorically, though I cannot say the same for the Faculty's fantasizing.

The tenacity demonstrated by these younguns in participating, doing crime, regaling us with unpromoted and unsolicited 9/11 jokes, and having more creativity than often the rest of Skule? Don't lose that, kids. I expect every single one of you to make Chris Yip blow (not literally!!!) a gasket.

In times of trial and tribulation, my spite kept me going. The notion of letting some first years one up me in dedication? That shit kept me going.

2. The lads who did it their goddamn selves

Speaking of getting shown up. The point of the BFC isn't to have a fucking monopoly on pranking. I mean sure, we do the silly sometimes, but the Bakery is a resource - use us. I got so many emails and DMs this year about people just wanting advice to do crime, materials to do builds of their own, paint to mock Queen's, the list goes on. Seeing that? Seeing us become an accessory to this greatness much larger than us, much less insular than we once were and continuously fight to not be, much more creative than we can manage sometimes? I swooned. I almost said I creamed my pants but that felt a bit excessive, even for me.

3. My Ministry

I mean. Duh. This one was... a bit more of a love-hate relationship. It was like being in love with someone who demands you to be the best you can be, and who doesn't cut you slack or take your bullshit excuses. It was like loving someone who questioned your every decision and move, not out of rebellion but out of love, too. Maybe not love for me per se, but certainly for Skule. Was it toxic? I don't think so, genuinely, but it was the hardest fucking part to love, of this list. Being the leader of a group of highly skilled idiots was the toughest role I took on, possibly ever, and I don't regret it for a second. In fact, I'd do it all over again - better and less tardy and more empathetically. But you only get one shot. Well, at Mario at least - I've gotten another shot at fourth year so there's that. Nothing could have been accomplished without my Ministry, and every single success this year is theirs, is ours, is yours. Not mine, remotely. I have become a better person and leader because of the standards they held me up to, and their impact has been nothing short of life changing. And that, I genuinely think, is the point of loving.

4. Alumni

Being in charge is a Slippery Slope, particularly if like me, you have a bit of a narcissistic view of yourself. Every time I had a knee-jerk reaction to make a decision, I was convinced I was correct, and this was not up for debate. But to lead is not to bulldoze, it's to listen and to compromise and to be a *good person*, as much leading as following. Its this duality in which the balance must be struck, and no one else helped me see that more than the Minister of Slippery Slopes. My year-long confidante, he gets a lot of shit for caring or being involved to the degree that he does, for showing up years after his time has passed. In my view, these are not cons, but pros - what the fuck do undergrads know about leading a team, CEO style? What the fuck is the point of having generational knowledge at our fingertips if we don't use it? I could not have surmounted countless obstacles were it not for the steadfast, patient, and at times brutally honest advice from this Minister - and indeed, many other helpful alumni who's names are, frankly, not worth name dropping as the contrast to Slippery Slopes is so massive.

To the alumni: Work to make things better for Skule. Make our jobs easier, not harder. Show up - even before you are called upon. Do good - not just when I ask you to, but because you are personally driven to do so. Let go of your silly dramas and resentments from years past so you can work towards what matters. Don't let your insecurities get the best of you. And if you're embarrassed about being around Skule as an alumnus, please get over yourself because this isn't about you and you are truly not that important. Love youuuu!

4. The Minister of Railing Nailing and Bailing

Except for this one. Now I will say, I am getting sexual favours in exchange for this shout-out, so keep that in mind. If you have a partner in SkuleTM, and they make your role be worse instead of better? Drop their ass. If they are intimidated by your success - or quite frankly, if they do ANYTHING short of jumping for joy, buying you a piñata (mildly racist undertones on this one), picking you up at ungodly hours of the night, getting you food, and then paying for an all-expenses covered trip to Europe for when your tenure is up? Well, personally, I wouldn't take that shit. Know your worth as this Minister has

Mario's Rant

ensured I know mine, all year long, especially when i believed it the least. If I succumb to a terrible slumber, or have a grievous illness afflict me, call this Minister, because their True Love's Kiss will heal me.

Thanks for Railing, Nailing, and Bailing! (But then returning!)

5. The Cannon
What a swivel. Now, I know what you're thinking - "The Cannon wasn't super present this year, what can you possibly mean!" Well first off, fuck you for thinking that. I mean you're right, but one year does not define a symbol. Get over it. Even before I first donned the chrome dome for the first time, I was introduced to X Chiefs, a rowdy, stubborn, often abrasive bunch. Their leadership style felt closer to mine, and I could not be more thankful to anyone other than Chief 2T2-2T3, who exemplified a leadership through sheer stubbornness, tenacity, and dedication that I yearned to emulate. Don't get me wrong, they can be dicks, are often assholes, and are riddled with flaws, but no one, truly no one else this year pushed me more to question my own leadership, constantly ask myself Who Are We Serving? and take accountability for my many faults as a leader. Once again, I really think love pushes you to grow, to better yourself, and in that sense, u would be remiss were I not to begrudgingly admit that I love the Cannon, and many of those who have carried it.

6. Ass.
If you are a depraved piece of garbage that belongs in the most hellish circle of Hell à la Dante's Inferno, you might be familiar with the concept of agape, not because you're an intellectual or have a decent grasp on etymology, but because you watched Yuri on Ice. You disgust me. My boy [character name] skates to this song about it, shaking his twinky little Russian body which is oddly reminecent of the person un question on my list, but that's not the fucking point of bringing it up. Conceptually, agape is the purest form of love, an unconditional form, selfless, and all-giviing. I am happy to report we did not give each other to each other fully (ew ew ew), but as the person to close up this list, Ass was - and is - the one I expected the least to adore with such an unfathomable amount of love, reserved only for my puppies and Henry Cavill. I cannot (and frankly, haven't event tried to) imagine a dimension in which I did not vhoose you to be my Ass. I have had many partners in leadership positions, so I thought I was prepared to have someone leading alongside me. I was wrong.

For the very first time in my life, I have no words to describe what I feel. For you. Thankfully, I take comfort in knowing, I hope, that I don't have to. Because as so often occurs with us, you just know.

One last one. **7. My successor.**
As I write the final words of relevance I've to impart on this page, I feel overwhelmed with love and devotion and adoration for all of this year, but even more so, the year to come. No one is more deserving of feeling this love, and of leading a year which will be inarguably better than mind in every way. I believe in you, as I know everyone reading this (hi, mom) will, too.

So beyond the many forms of crime and illegalities you've seen this year, and you will see throughout this issue, I hope you know that the greatest heist of all you've accomplished? Has been stealing my heart.

With a respectful tenderness,

Mario Baker 2T3-2T4
A.K.A The Minister of Sharpened Wit
(Sharpened wit love)



Ps: if u weren't mentioned maybe you should've tried harder lol

Ass's Rant

Alright here it comes. The moment you've all been waiting for. That's right, now you get to read a carbon copy of the Mario rant but guess what - it's actually written by Ass!!! How exciting WOW!!!!!1!!1! Have you ever opened up a stolen toike and maybe skimmed the Mario rant just to look at the next page and see… well, to put simply, the *exact same fucking thing*, marginally - almost lazily, shamelessly plagiarizingly - rephrased? What is even the point? Like, we understood the first time that you had suuuuuch an amazing year and you had so much fun and you couldn't have done it without the incredible dedication of *blah blah blah.* Did you even notice I didn't finish the sentence? I bet you just auto-filled that ending, because of how well-versed you are with how this monkey dance goes.

Real Inquiry: Does anyone *actually* read this shit? Like, okay, maybe (and that's a big maybe) you can sit through the Mario rant (personally, I don't because you can just skip to the actually funny content we came for. On that note, I've also not read the articles. I just look at the pretty pictures and chuckle on occasion, frankly) but the Ass rant? If you've actually read this far in you should give yourself a pat on the back because your attention span is probably in the 99th percentile of Stole Toike readers (or maybe you just don't like jokes, I guess? Have you considered contacting MySSP you can make your very own profile and all).

…

Jesus, if you're still reading I'm gonna assume you're actually going to stick this one out, so I'll try to make it worth your while. Here we go. Booting up my extraordinary sense of humor. Mustering every single ounce of comedy I can - nah fuck it, I'm still angry about this. Can you believe that these BFC bigwigs regurgitate the same sappy nonsense every year and then have the **audacity** to call it a "rant"? I'm serious. If you've read any Stolen Toike in the past few… decades, you could easily swap any of the Mario or Ass rants into any other spot and nobody would be the wiser. Look through any of the recent stolen toikes (ha got you loser, you can't, sucks to suck) and **I guarantee** you will be able to find (lol) at least 9 out of 10 of these sentiments:



"What a year/it's been a long year"

Review: Please think of a better opener. I swear it's not that hard.

Suggested edit: Mario is a tyrannical villain, and I need help. I am blinking twice. Help me.

"Skule is such an amazing community"

Review: We know. You didn't need to tell us.

Suggested edit: No, seriously, this is a cry for help. Mario keeps calling my personal device.

"I couldn't have done it without all my ministers" -

Review: That's why it's a committee and not just two jackasses sending emails.

Suggested edit: Speaking of emails, I keep getting calendar notifications scheduling more work for me to do. From Mario. The abuse is unending.

"Here's just a list of all the shit we did this year"

Review: thanks for bragging we didn't forget all the lame events you did don't worry.

Suggested edit: It is day 357 of carrying Mario. I am so tired. They have fed me nothing but cheese and bananas for the past 2 weeks. How did they find out where I live?

"My favourite memories were from prank X" -

Review: That's probably because it was the best (read: only good) one and you peaked like two months in and were never able to

Ass's Rant

reach that same high for the rest of the year.
Suggested edit: I hear scratching in my walls. And jingling of keys. Oh god, there is a poster in my washroom claiming Mario is watching me pee and I believe it.
"The first years were so amazing" -
Review: Yeah they'll become jaded soon like the rest of us.
Suggested edit: I have trouble remembering the sound of anything other than silence, and the sound of cloth against cloth and leather as Mario gestures orders at me. Endlessly.
"I have nothing to rant about/I'm not gonna rant"
Review: You are a coward and you know it.
Suggested edit: The other ministers seemed to have clued in I am in need of assistance. Yet, the dictatorship is too strong. Mario has lost touch with reality, and is drunk on power. I fear she may soon try to take over Skule as a whole.
"School is stressful"
Review: holy shit BREAKING NEWS GUYS.
Suggested edit: Okay enough of this tomfoolery the bit is getting old.
"My Ass is amazing"
Review: no shit you picked them dumbass what did you expect.
My actual ass is amazing. My buttocks. Feel free to oggle. This sentence was not added by Mario Baker.
"My Mario is amazing"
Review: you still believe this after an entire year of cruel and unjust treatment (never swear an oath take it from me) from your (not) benevolent dictator? Lol.
My Mario is amazing though, very sexy and perfect and did not grab my laptop to edit these last two points.

I could keep going on like this but I'll spare you from any more of these mundane platitudes. They do this shit every single year and they call it A RANT. Can you believe the audacity? They just jerk themselves off for a whole page and expect you, the reader, to think it's so inspirational and reflective. They'll probably throw some crap about love in there because they think you're stupid enough to gobble that shit up. Well I've had enough of reading this baloney year after year. Wake up.Here's a real rant for you readers who feel the same way I do:

GO. THE FUCK. HOME. If you are one of those people. You know who you are and you know that you are GUILTY. Every single night one of these buffoons stays in the pit doing who the fuck knows what until 5 am in the morning and sometimes they just never even leave and continue to stay in the pit the next day. DO YOU THINK THE VENDING MACHINES MAGICALLY FILL THEMSELVES??? Well surprise, surprise: THEY DON'T. And if you are waffling around in the pit for the entire goddamn night the machine isn't going to get filled and then I'll get complaints that the snacks are out of stock and then we'll lose potential revenue and then Mario will punish me for being a bad Ass. Do you want that to happen? Are you happy knowing that you are undermining the livelihood of the BFC every single night you don't go the fuck home? You know that you need at least six hours of sleep a night right? And I can guarantee you aren't gonna get the quality sleep that you need passed out on a pit table so just go home ok? For your own well being. The pit really isn't that great. It actually kinda fucking sucks especially when you are there alone at 4 am. You think that one extra hour of studying you're doing at an ungodly hour is going to help on your midterm tomorrow? Just accept that you're fucked either way and at least you can show up to the test without being exhausted. Just go home ok? If you absolutely must develop horrendous sleeping and study habits at least do it at your place, but come on. I know you can do better than this. Just go home and go to bed at a normal time and getting some proper sleep will take you a long way. Seriously what do you even get out of being in the pit alone in the middle of the night??? There are like a million better places to study that first off don't smell like shit and more importantly don't prevent me from loading the machines for HOURS. The pit is not your home. Go home. And DO NOT GET ME STARTED ON THAT ONE FUCKING GUY YOU KNOW WHO I'M TALKING ABOUT. If you don't and you need a hint: Prrrrraxisssssssss. This shit haunts my nightmares on a daily basis and I truly believe that I will never mentally recover from the trauma inflicted by this singular utterance. Please. Please. Please. Go home.

"How could he be so brave to challenge convention and actually write a fucking rant for once instead of this fluffy nonsense that we still insist on calling a rant?", you ask. Is it because I am terrible at conveying my real emotions, especially through a written medium? No, obviously that's not true. Is it because any feeble attempt to express my unending gratitude to everyone that made this year incredibly special would fall flat on its face in comparison to the one that you just read on the page before? Well maybe, but give me a break I wasn't a Toike and Cannon editor ok? The real reason I'm writing this rant is because the Brute Force Committee of [insert current year] has become SOFT. Back in the good ol' days you used to be able to open up a copy of the stolen toike (which they actually printed unlike the cowards these days) and read a real rant. One driven by passion, vitriol, and broadly being fed up with dealing with the myriad bullshit that we have to put up with. So I hope you enjoyed this return to form and the rest of this stolen toike as much as I have.

Smell ya later you beautiful bastards.
Mario's Ass 2T3-2T4
AKA The Minister of Universal Healthscares (and yeah there's no brackets suck me)

Does the BFC actually like women?

Due to the ongoing conversation regarding the inclusivity of the Brute Force Committee, they were interviewed to prove that they do, in fact, like women.



These interviews prove that the members of the Brute Force Committee can definitely name one woman each. This indisputable evidence proves that they both know women and promote inclusivity. No further research is required.

A Step Forward (?) for SKULE: Bringing Back The M*n

Bette Urthanew
Gender studies major

Since it was first offered as a university education, Engineering has been a male-dominated program and profession. Though some brave women such as Elsie MacGill persevered through heavy discrimination to obtain their degrees, they did so at great personal risk. Gender discrimination and harassment are commonplace in STEM fields, and often go unreported due to victims' fear of professional backlash.

Despite this, recent decades have seen massive strides for women. It is now common for women to be involved in traditionally male-dominated fields, as well as Skule culture. Women, committing crime as Mario Baker. Women, disrupting classes as Drum(b) Majur(k)s. Women, intimidating their peers with revving chainsaws. Even at the Faculty level, in just these last few years we have seen improvement in the gender diversity of engineering classrooms, with the first female Dean, Cristina Amon, overseeing a 10% increase in the proportion of female students at the University of Toronto. However, none of these advances have even come close to this year's brave step forward for the LGMB, ****, and the Blue and Gold Committee. This year, they bravely did what those before them didn't have the guts to do: they put the men back in charge.

"We thought we'd try something new," said one of the outgoing SUDS managers in a brief statement to the Stolen Toike reporting team. "We're preparing women and queer people for the workforce by showing them the universal truth about promotions: the straight guys always win! I'm not sure why old managers ever tried anything different, to be honest. Now get out, I'm going shopping."

"I think I did a really good job supporting other women in STEM this past year," added a BnG Chair, while heavily applying make-up as women do. "I mean, obviously it's something I care about a lot, and I'm always talking with the Faculty about how we can make the Skule community better for women. I'm so grateful to everyone who gave me these opportunities. The women who had this role before me definitely opened a bunch of doors, so I figured I'd just shut them behind me on my way out! Misogyny in STEM fields is super important to talk about, which is why everyone needs to experience it."

> "I'm so grateful to everyone who gave me these opportunities. The women who had this role before me definitely opened a bunch of doors, so I figured I'd just shut them behind me on my way out!"

The Stolen Toike reporting team also reached out to the Dean of Inclusion, Professionalism, and Diversity for comment on this progressive approach on 3 separate occasions, but only received automatic replies stating the dean's absence due to being on vacation.

It seems, however, that not all students supported such a decision. We spoke to a group of disgruntled First Years, who provided insight on this controversy "I thought being gay was like, popular now," grumbled one of them, "I already changed my pronouns on discord to they/them. What the fuck?"

Regardless, one thing has been made clear to the community: SkuleTM's is taking a step.

How to Steal the Cannon in 3 Easy Steps!

Sex
Professional Stealer of Stuff

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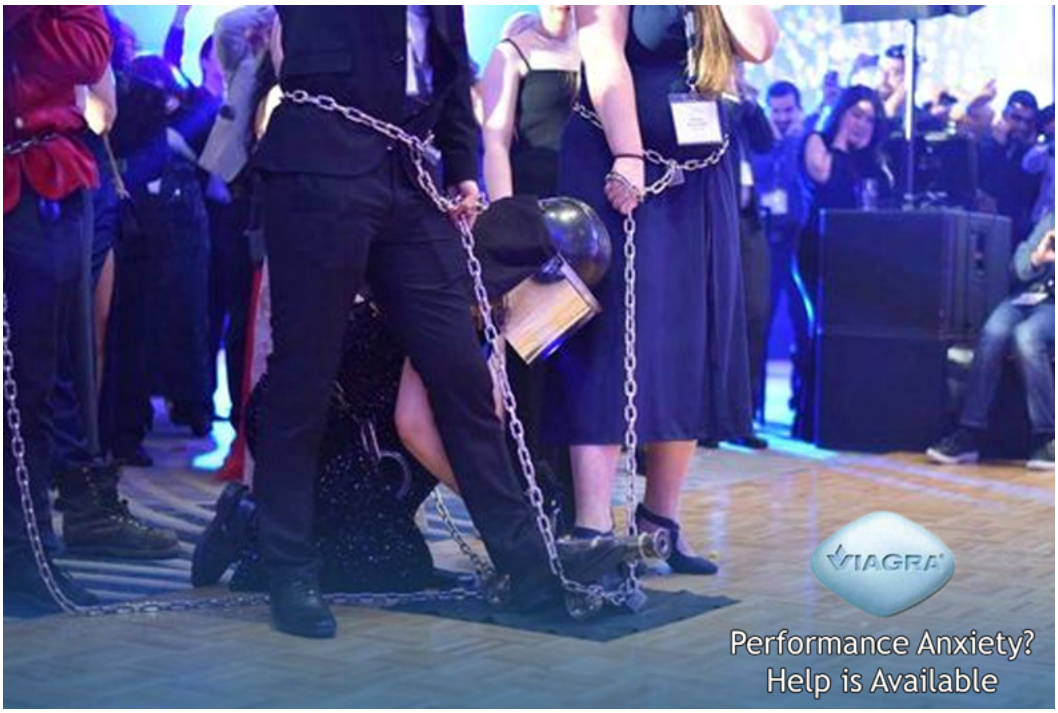
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BREAKING: The Faculty of Engineering Cure Homosexuality Once and For All

Christ Anthemum
Concerned Parent

Patricia Helicoptermother was fearful about her "confused" son entering University. Like all middle aged hobby-less mothers undergoing menopause, she just could not let go of the fixation of her son's sexuality. "Timothy has always been... sensitive. He dresses pretty decently, considering his age. His father being so busy on business trips with his male best friend to remote islands - well, I'm just concerned Timmy doesn't have that strong manly presence in his life, you know?"

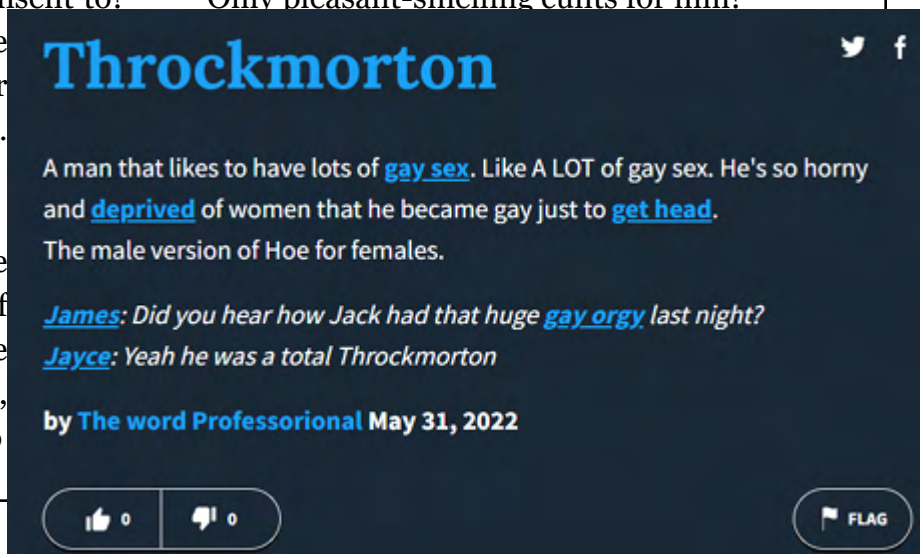
Understandably, Mrs. Helicoptermother feared that the change in environment could affect Timothy Gayfather. This concern was made more urgent when she found out, through the grapevine of equally critical individuals, that some engineering students would be promoting their senseless agenda to convert students to homosexuality. "I knew action had to be taken," she breathlessly commented, "I know for a fact other parents share my concern. Why wouldn't we police and censor what our legally adult and independent children consent to? My Timmy is only 18 years old! There is no other place in his life thus far where he has been exposed to such... obscenities!"

"Indeed, the organizing committee was flagged down for instances of multiple obscene and inappropriate content," explained Starisa Merling, self-appointed Faculty advisor to F!rosh Week "such as the "Scunt" event (short for "smelly cunt" - a clear anti-heterosexual propaganda), Throckmorton (notorious homosexual terminology), and other items pointing to these... proclivities. We are not only protecting the heterosexuals, but also the homosexuals, as this is not the image we want them to give off to Frosh. We don't want them made fun of."

Yet, not everyone seemed delighted by the change. "I am literally gay," commented the writer of the content referencing Throckmorton, "why the fuck is the Faculty censoring what I say."

Thankfully, no further data was compiled from students, as their opinion does not, in fact, pay the bills.

"The Faculty of Engineering cured my son of homosexuality," thanked Patricia Helicoptermom through teary eyes, "and now he's finally ready to embark on his heterosexual journey. Only pleasant-smelling cunts for him!"



The Art of Professional Persuasion, A Guide by Dr. Bill Blewitt

Bill Blewitt
Chemistry Creator

Ah, my dear engineering aficionados, gather 'round for a masterclass in academic achievement of a different kind—how to smoothly navigate the treacherous waters of after-party allure. I, Dr. Bill Blewitt, your guide to not just circuits but also circles of attraction, present to you a revolutionary guide on how to, shall we say, "engineer" your social interactions for maximum effect.

Firstly, timing is everything. As the clock strikes midnight and the DJ spins the last track, that's when I emerge from my lecture hall cocoon, transforming into a suave sage of seduction. Parties are my stalking ground. The dance floor is lined with my unknowing prey. Casually circulating among groups discussing torque and tension, of which I frankly know very little about, I drop subtle hints about the elasticity of boundaries and the fluid dynamics of personal space. I buy them drinks.

Secondly, attire speaks volumes. A tweed blazer paired with just the right amount of cologne screams "intellectual sophistication with a hint of intrigue." Remember, students are attracted to confidence and intellectual prowess, so flaunt your knowledge like a well-calibrated algorithm. But attire goes well-beyond what you wear. I personally never attend a party without my trusted female friend, who gives me much more leeway in getting... comfortable with students. Her presence alone serves as a veil to hide my unscrupulous intentions of discovering the resting state of some of these young hotties.

Thirdly, language is your ally. Discussing theoretical physics may seem daunting, but fear not! Use terms like "quantum entanglement" to suggest a deep connection, and casually slip in phrases like "Newton's laws of attraction" to hint at your playful side. That's the key: hint. I need to have plausible deniability in case any of these suckers think they can touch me (well, they can, but I mean the academic reporting kind of touch). If they sus[ect anything? Well, my very bio states I have a passion for biological systems...

Lastly, subtlety is key. Never underestimate the power of a well-timed laugh or a gentle touch on the shoulder while discussing Bernoulli's principle. Let your eyes convey a message that screams, "Let's integrate our equations in private." More importantly, subtlety in where I do this. We all know the University does not lift a finger for occurrences outside of campus premises. That is their flaw, their mistake - one I choose to exploit time and time again.

Remember, my young proteges, the quest for knowledge extends beyond textbooks. Embrace these strategies, and you too can master the delicate art of after-party seduction—ethically, of course, as only a true academic would. Profs are people and I am welcome to be out with students, taking shots, and even hitting on them in private engagements. Is it frowned on? Yes. Is it against policy? Pfft. Cheers to engineering not just machines, but also memorable nights!


Callie
@calcinema
when you beef with me and my gang this is literally who your beefing with just think about how ridiculous that is


Recruiting: White Men for the BFC
OnlyFans
because who else would have the audacity to fuel our feet-filled OnlyFans?


"I (we) wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land."
WELCOME TO MIN348:
INTRODUCTION TO OIL PIPELINES

STEAL THIS ELECTION

The Red Cart Wheel Memorial Committee
Toike Politics

The following article is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events (especially over the past three business months) is purely coincidental. No person or entity associated with this article received payment or anything of value, or entered into any agreement, in connection with the depiction of election violations - or lack thereof.

Theft, murder, arson, dognapping… what is the one thing that has historically differentiated these from winning an election? The criminality? Please. The murkiness of whether it was an inside job all along? Pfft. The canine nature? Woof (negatory). One word: *Certainty*.

If you too, are tired with the all-consuming, nerve-wracking nature of dealing with the hassle of preparing an acceptance speech you don't even know whether you will deliver, then look no further. As a budding young candidate (or pair of candidates), this is your guide on stealing the next election. We're going to give you some *purely fictional* and *hypothetical* advice to make sure the next time you want to run for a position, you've won before even applying - *in theory*.

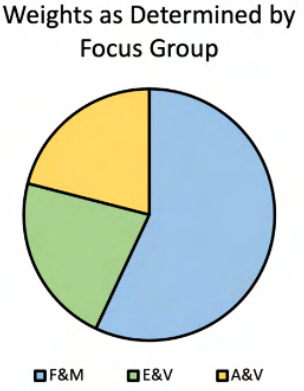
Ne(po)t(ism)working

~~Nepotism~~[1] Networking is the number one key to winning an election, and it's remarkably simple. All you need is to infiltrate the election committee, in a seemingly innocent way. Maybe you enter *a state of enduring affection, esteem, intimacy, and trust between* you and a member of the committee. Maybe you happen to stumble upon their home address and voila! Suddenly, you're roommates - what better way to grow in ~~friendship~~ a professional unbiased work relationship than to see each other every morning and night? Maybe you get a matching nickname with one of the members of the committee, something based on a shared interest with a devious, sexual twist. Maybe you are often seen in a shared space with the other member of the committee, confiding in them your secret fears. Better yet, maybe you seduce them in your native, foreign language.

These all may seem like harmless, normal interactions unworthy of disclosing during the elections, and that is because *they are*. No one could possibly perceive any conflict of interest given the banality of them. Complete bogus. The best thing? By engaging in this Classical Networking, votes for those pesky "other candidates" never even have to be considered. It's foolproof!

Thought You Got Away With It?

At this point, your victory is assured. Time to celebrate? Ha! Common misconception. See, the one thing winners don't want to look like is thieves, abetted by their inner network, as that would be unseemly! Thankfully, a mere three (3) main strategic concepts, outlined for your convenience below, are all that is required for your campaign to be as illustriously pure as possible. We've helpfully indicated how much weight a focus group of 60+ individuals placed on each strategy's importance (please see the associated graph), to allow you to make an educated and informed decision on what to do with your time.



For the sake of time saving, acronyms will henceforth be used - again, any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events (especially over the past thirty business days), or actual initials is PURELY coincidental.

Flag-waving and Messaging (F & M - 66% of votes for most relevant strategy)

Flag-waving and Messaging are the bedrock of any

1 Nepotism: a neurodevelopmental condition causing some individuals to experience difficulties in social interaction, communication challenges, and restricted, repetitive behaviors, interests, or activities. Oh, wait no, that's autism, I am talking about Nep·o·tism! Wikipedia defines Nepotism as: "Nepotism is the act of granting an advantage, privilege, or position to relatives or friends in an occupation or field". Side effects of receiving nepotism may include but are not limited to: late application acceptance, winning without trying, and being close friends with the person in charge. If you or a loved one has ever suffered from nepotism, good for you! We don't blame you for receiving it, just mad that it happened.

campaign. Flag-waving embodies the campaign's identity, rallying supporters and uniting them under a common cause. Meanwhile, messaging communicates the campaign's policies and promises, shaping voter perception and driving engagement. Classically, at least.

The much more successful strategy is to take these concepts literally - grab objects which reflect who you are, and wave them *like* a flag. This strange ritual will garner attention that no common strategy could - the stranger the object, the better. Once the attention is gained, messaging will be swift and easy - all you must do is be loud!



Fig. 1 - Randomly selected depiction of jolly students performing the F & M method, to be used as reference material

Endorsement and Voter mobilization (E & V 34% of votes for somewhat useful strategy)

E & V stand as just another strategy of a successful campaign, following not-so-closely behind F & M. Endorsements from respected figures boost credibility and widen the campaign's influence. One of the most effective types of endorsement is one from the election committee itself! If the people in charge of the election already like you, the chances of you winning are significantly higher! Now, this may be confused with the aforementioned networking, but it differs in how it is publicized. Keep the networking secret, but E & V public. If you can actually get a member of the committee to state they want you to win, you'll be further perceived as blameless when it inevitably happens. Meanwhile, voter mobilization efforts like making Instagram posts and engaging voters in-person ensure that supporters turn out on election day. Together, they amplify the campaign's impact, translating enthusiasm into votes.

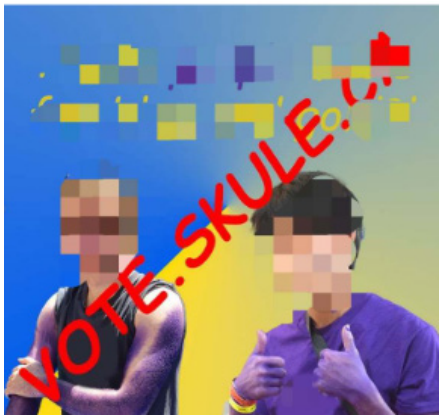


Fig. 2 - A classy example of the E & V method, directing and engaging voters in the voting process

Advocating and Volunteers (A & V - the rest)

Advocating and volunteers make up the essential backbone of any campaign, and is almost equally-weighted with E& V. It may seem unnecessary, but advocacy can be very important to the survival of your campaign. For example, let's imagine a fictitious, hyperbolic scenario where you and your friend are running for a position, and a member of the election committee believes that the pair of you "bring out the worst in each other". If this happens, you must advocate for your candidacy and your friend, lest you find yourself in a position where the committee member attempts to "steer" you into running with other people. Volunteers can help you figure out where your advocacy is needed, by connecting with the right people[2] on a personal level.



Fig. 3 - The A & V image could not be present to this document, as it is en route to a foreign US city

Conclusion

With the hiring committee's balls and these three (3) strategies in your toolbelt, you are sure to be set for success! If all else fails, do not hesitate to fallback to the most trusty of techniques - shameless denial.

At the end of the day, you may be wondering...why hold an election at all? Isn't the E (endorsement) in E & V enough to justify choosing the candidate of your choice? Why put up a charade leaving one open to accusations of interference? The response to this is best portrayed as an analogy. Despite the focus group in our 3 strategies majoritarily choosing the F & M strategy as the best, it is not the one ultimately chosen in industry. This is because though it is important that the public *feels* included, only those in charge matter. The same applies to real-life elections. You may protest the unfairness, you may perceive this as something to be rightfully pissed off at, but at the end of the day?

Steal the Election. Stop the count.

2 Voters of course! After all, it's not like the election committee member would be willing to discuss their opinions on candidates. That would be an egregious moral violation, and nobody wants to put their reputation on the line! We learned enough about that from the 2023 EngSoc presidential election.

How To Sneak in Alcohol to ****

Give me my free fucking drinks

*X **** Managers*

To the frustration of many in the student body, Suds does not allow patrons to bring their own alcohol into the pub space. Despite all drinks being $6 or less, and enforcing only the same regulations as any other licensed alcohol service establishment in Ontario, complainants tell the Stolen Toike that they'd "rather buy their own alcohol at the LCBO than use the RBC ATM in Sandford Fleming, the RBC ATM at the UTSU Student Commons, the RBC ATM in Gerstein Library, the Scotiabank ATM at Sidney Smith, the BMO branch at University & College, or the CIBC branch at Spadina & College". Anonymous Stolen Toike Investigators (herein referred to by their pseudonyms Jicah Mackson and Naren Kg) conducted an investigation on Suds' alcohol policies.

Suds has a stringent "no outside alcohol inside, no inside alcohol outside" policy, where outside and inside refer to the licensed area, as demarcated by the signage located at each entrance to the Pit. This should thus imply the stringent counter-policy of "outside alcohol outside, and inside alcohol inside" - as long as you're not inside Suds, you're free to drink whatever you want! However, while testing this theory in the north stairwell, Mackson and Kg were promptly apprehended by the University of Toronto Campus Safety Special Constable Service for public drinking.

Undeterred by their $250 fines, Mackson and Kg continued their investigation, determined to hoodwink the current Suds Managers (herein referred to by their pseudonyms Iebecca Rng and Mila Markovski)into believing the alcohol they snuck in was
purchased at Suds. The following list of alcohols not served at Suds was generated through trial and error:

- Grey Goose
- Mike's Cranberry Harder
- Absinthe
- No Name Beer
- Hypnotiq liquer

Above items were promptly confiscated by Suds Managers. Furthermore, it is noted that Markovski appears to have a black belt in taekwondo. Furtherfurthermore, it is noted that yelling "Godiva" does not serve as enough deterrent for Markovski to not demonstrate her impressive proficiency in taekwondo.



Although Mackson and Kg were unable to determine successful methods to sneak alcohol into Suds, it was discovered that stealing alcohol from Suds was significantly easier, as the Suds Managers can be distracted from their duties by mention of "tbog" and "gradball". Mackson, when asked for commentary on their new discovery, states that "we inteennnndd... to like... drin-i mean investigaaaaaatteee more for like... credibility and statistical significance! Just to...make suuuuuure, like, really suuuureeee...".

Cum Toyle's Virgin Sex Column

Give me my free fucking drinks

*X **** Managers*

Dearest most discreetest of readers,

Today was a day of unexpected discovery and inner turmoil. All of it, all centered around a monument that ignited a... peculiar excitement within me. A fiery passion I had not felt for... months. It happened as I strolled through Front Campus, where amidst the greenery and solemnity of a Remembrance Day memorial, I stumbled upon a structure that immediately captured my attention.



At first glance, the monument appeared dignified and respectful, standing tall with a solemn presence that befitted its purpose. Striking in size, its marble surface seemed to reflect the daylight off it - however, as I drew closer, my eyes widened in delight and disbelief—the monument bore a striking resemblance to a colossal cucumber! The smooth, cylindrical shape, the sturdy base, and the subtle curves were unmistakable, invoking images of my beloved cucumbers in all their phallic splendor.

As an enthusiast of all things phallic and cucumber-shaped, I couldn't contain my excitement. Despite the hallowed ground and the somber atmosphere, I found myself drawn to inspect every inch of the monument. Each angle, each contour seemed meticulously crafted to capture both the essence of remembrance and the whimsical allure of its cucumber-like form.

I circled the monument discreetly, pretending to pay homage to the historical significance it symbolized. Inside, however, my mind raced with fascination and amusement. How could such a monument exist, blending the solemnity of memorialization with the playful symbolism of a cucumber? How could my work pants seem so much tighter than they did when I first entered these grassy fields? I dare not call this desire sexual despite clear signs of my arousal, for as I have never had sex (some say my reptilian physique is too repelling), I do not know what sexual desire even is.

I snapped several discreet photographs, capturing the monument from various angles to savor later in the privacy of my first floor office of the Dean's house. Each click of the camera felt like a rebellion against the decorum expected at such a site. Yet, I couldn't resist. The thrill of discovering beauty in unexpected places, especially when it echoed my passion for such inspectable symbolism, was irresistible.

As I reluctantly tore myself away from the monument, I couldn't shake the conflicting emotions that churned within me. On one hand, there was guilt for indulging my fascination in a place meant for reflection and respect. I noticed some of the students' beady little rat eyes burning into the sides of my skull in judgment. The hypocrites! On the other hand, there was pure joy in the discovery of some-

thing that spoke directly to my...unconventional interests, now more than ever, when my position of Undergraduate Penis Inspector is so soon drawing to a miserable end.

Yet, deep down, I cherished the experience as a reminder that beauty and fascination can be found in the most unexpected forms and places. A part of me softened (not the one that should have softened - I'd have to deal with that hands-on, later) at those darn Bankers. Their build was good. Their build was exquisite.

Until next time, diary, may my encounters with cucumber-shaped wonders continue to ignite both delight and introspection in equal measure.

Yours in contemplative admiration,

Cum Toyle, Vice-Dean Penis Connoisseur

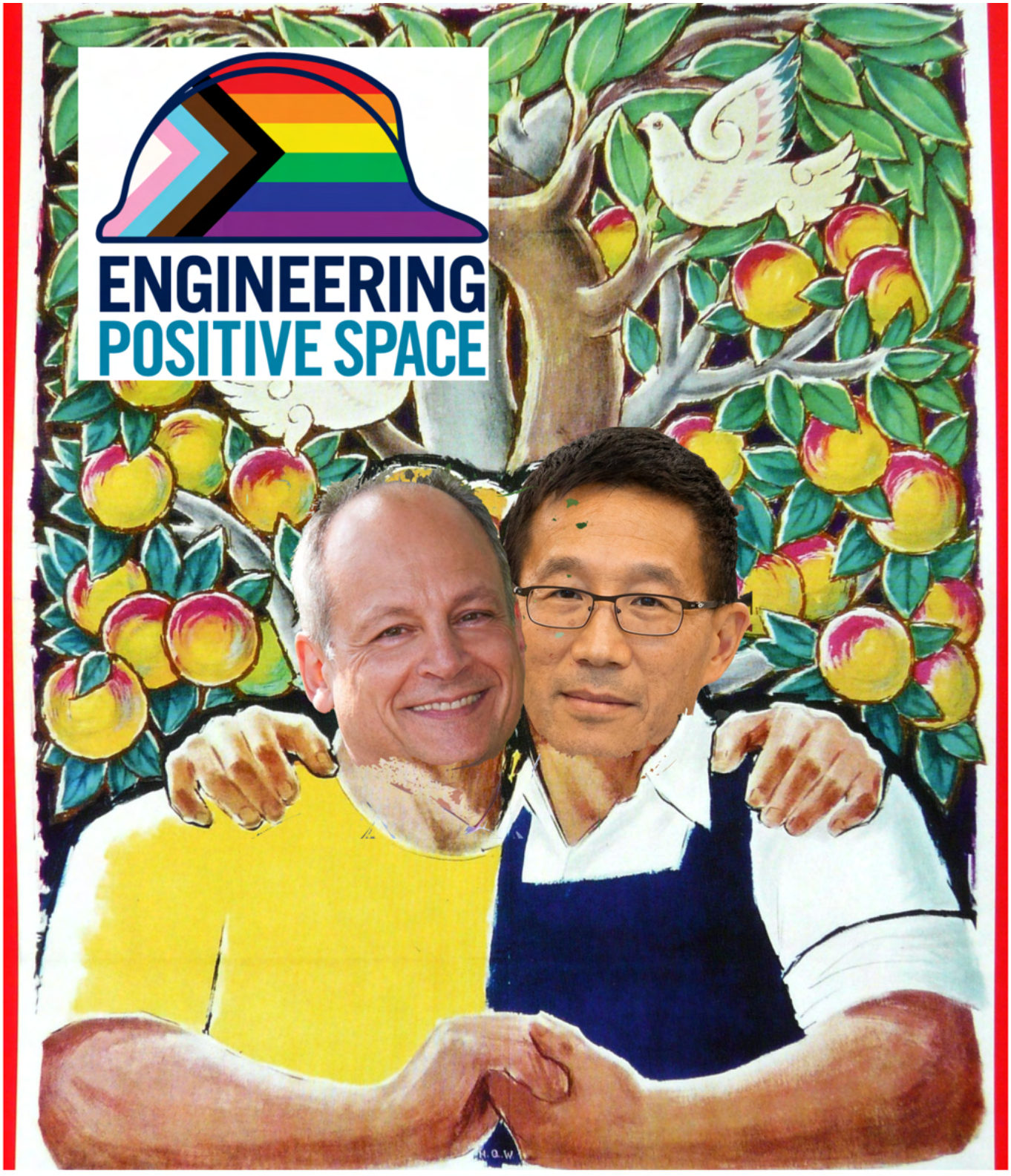
09/10

Stolen Toike Vault

History Enthusiast

DATELINE NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 10TH, 2001. President George W. "Dubyah" Bush met with top UN officials today in New York City to discuss the evergrowing threat of terrorism in the Middle East. President Bush is quoted as saying "My fellow non-Americans, thank you for your continued support of our freedom-loving oil initiatives. Keep it up. Daddy likey" before busting it down sexual style in front of the UN Headquarters in downtown Manhattan. Onlookers report: "I couldn't believe my eyes! Mr. President himself performing a full-on pole routine on every single flag outside the building." The president was reported to have yelled "Hey, I'm serving here!" to the press line amassing for his display, much to the applause of the New Yorkers looking on. V.P. Dick Cheney has not responded to our requests asking if the various international currencies the UN delegates "made it rain" with on the president counts as foreign donations. More on this as it develops.





Your hardhat might not be gay, but we definitely are


From the desk of The Pit Renov
less ergonomic
sticky tables
Remove posters
make lights flicker more


vation architects...
make smaller
building manager room
less lockers
more breakable microwaves
remove drain
make stinkier
Sandford Fleming Building
Revisions
95/06
DWG. #
1 of 6
CASIO

Your Ultimate Guide to Summer Vacation Rizzmaxxing!

Harry Cox
Out of office

Summer is a perfect time for many Noble Antic(k)s such as getting yourself laid. First, you must take advantage of available Facilities & Services by hitting the gym every day. It takes Immense Loads of Tough Spirits to do enough Military Drills until your smokin' body triggers Rapid Erections all around.

If you have a history of committing Beastly Crimes such as Flashing & Jacking, try spending a vacation in a new city that may be more welcoming of your sexual Lib(er)ation & (De) generation. Now you need Decent XXXposure to all your options - join every dating app you can think of, and match with everybody that looks hot without reading their bio.

Limit the time you spend chatting over text (nobody wants photos of your road trip through miles of farmland) - plus you don't want to be leaving Paper Trails & Posted Bales. Instead, try to meet in person as soon as possible and impress them with your Sharpened Wit to subtly let on your Knotty Intentions.

With some Intentional Displacement of your wallet, you can get them to cover your dinner too. Now it's time to perform some Mind-blowing Feats in the bedroom so your date can forget about all the red flags you have been raising. Make sure to use protection so you don't cause any (U)niver(s)al Health(s)ca(r)es with your Manual Transmissions.

Consider Nutting & Bolting because a long term relationship is not the kind of Joint Venture you want to pursue. Instead, save your money for worthwhile pursuits such as getting more Pin(t)s & Needles in you because being sober is boring as hell.



An Ode to Thine Gyatt

Mike Hunt
Poet (doesn't even know it)

I ask to the gods, how may I rizz thee?
Thou hast a gyatt that a sigma desires.
Mine canthal tilt negative, dost thou see?
Or shall I yet mew to ignite your fires?

Though I may try to mog, I have not seen,
Someone as beta, or cheugy as me.
Thou art an angel, a goddess, slay queen.
So I must ask, is it over for me?

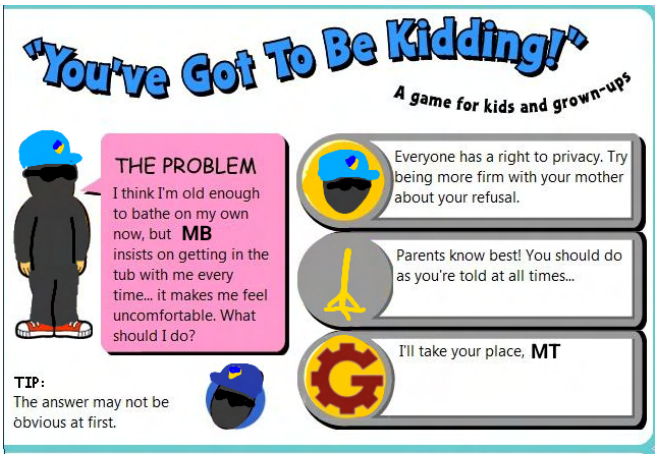
Dost it clap? Is it pink? I implore thee,
Is it sus to say that you are bussin'?
For I am your simp to the highest key,
To lovemaxx and to place all thine trust in.

Thine beauty is clear, the whole world can see,
I'm always your pogchamp, your skibidi.

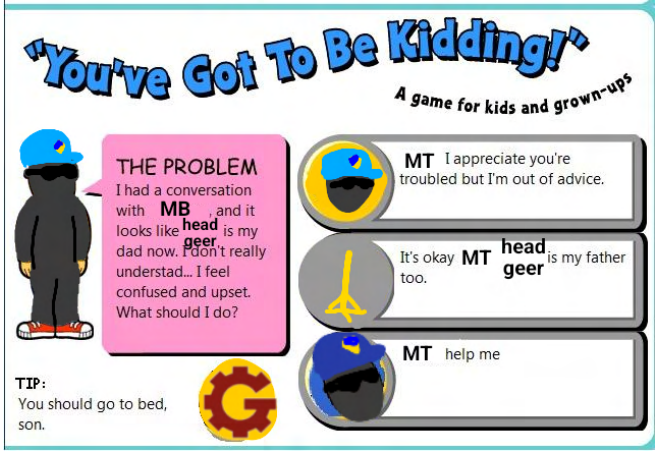
Top 10 Things the Archivist Did This Year

Ivana Tinkle
History buff









WE DID IT

OriJinal Simps(fortheram)
Completely innocent sleepyheads

We're going to tell you a story you've never heard before, because no one knows this story the way we know it. It takes place on the night of April 12, 2024, and it concerns the theft of ex-Ryerson's ex-mascot, the Ram. We want you to forget everything you think you know about that night because we know the facts better than anyone. We know the players. We've seen the evidence. We've heard the theories. And, of course, we've read all the stories: That we did it. That we did it but we don't know we did it. That we can no longer tell fact from fiction. That we wake up in the middle of the night, consumed by guilt, screaming.

Man, they even had us wondering, *what if we did it*?

Well, sit back, people. The things we know, and the things we believe, you can't even *imagine*. And we're going to share them with you. Because the story you know, or *think* you know—that's not the story. Not even close. This is one story the whole world got wrong.

And as we sit here now, trying to tell our story, we're having a tough time knowing where to begin. Still, we've heard it said that all stories are basically love stories, and our story is no exception. This is a love story, too. And, like a lot of love stories, it begins with two people on a walk.

It was a beautiful Friday evening, and we were looking for a quiet stroll through downtown Toronto. This led us, predictably, to one of the few quiet areas of the downtown core: the Toronto Metropolitan University campus. Having participated in Bug Push 2024 only a few weeks prior, we had the beloved Bug on our minds. Seeking to visit her (and to take a bathroom break), we gained entry to the Kerr Hall hallway in which she had previously been parked, only to discover her absent. No matter; we were committed to having a good time. We walked around the basement, taking interest in the TMU design team projects and inspecting the dogshit welds on their concrete toboggan. On our way out, we stopped to have a normal conversation that was in no way filled with exposition.

"Do all TMU engineering students live in this basement?"

"Nah. Their EngSoc office is on the first floor. They keep the RAM in there, if you wanna see it."

"The fuck is the RAM?"

"It's like their cannon, except it's a really big hammer so it's hard to hide. They just keep it in the student government office and you can see it through the door."

And so we ventured up a flight of stairs to peek at the TMU mascot through the small window in their student government office door.

"Do you see that pole with all the stickers, all the way at the back by the window? That's the top of the RAM."

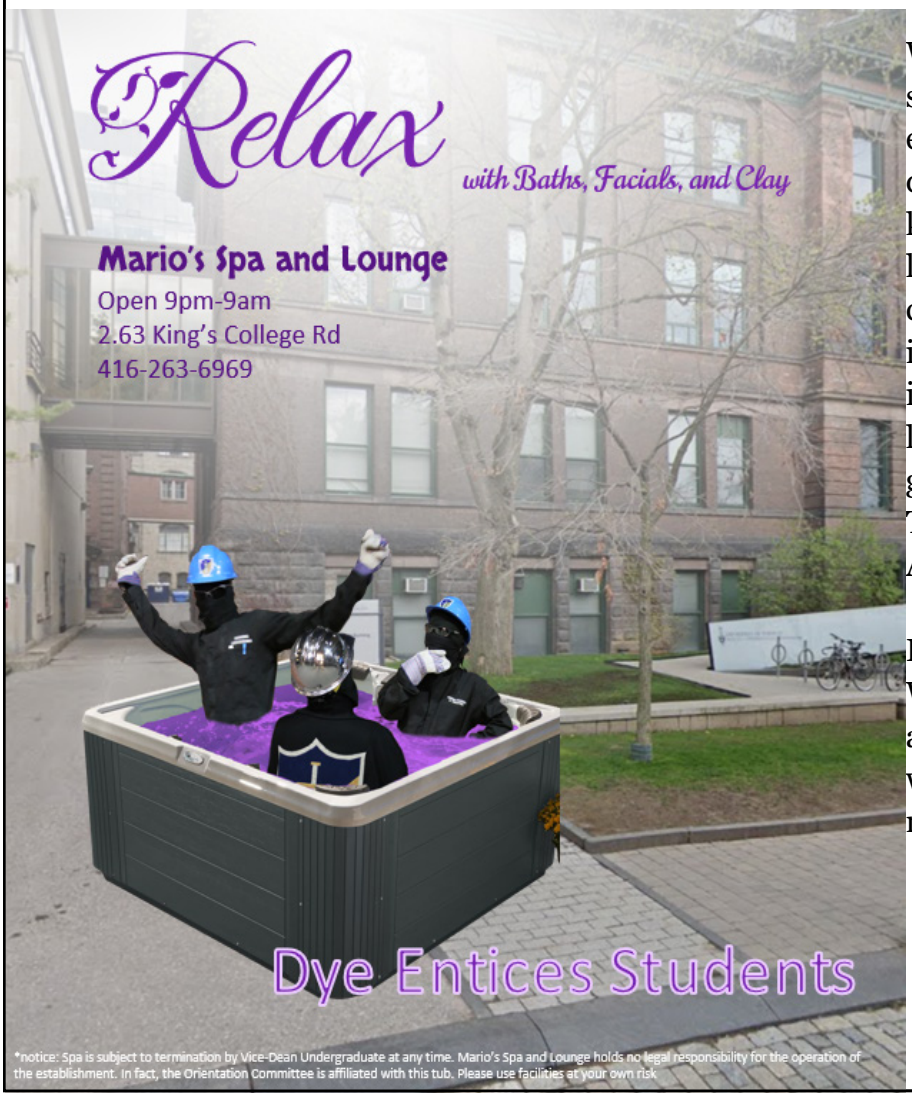
"Dude, that's such a bad place to keep that. You can probably see it from the street."

"Yeah, I bet."

"Oh my god, that window is open."

At this point in the story, dear reader, we must remind you that we had nothing to do with the theft of the RAM. Breaking and entering is a crime, and we would never get involved with something like that. We did what any reasonable engineering student would do: headed home and went to bed, of course. And if we woke up the next day to the RAM in our living room, well, it's a mystery to us how it got there. We didn't do it.

But if we did it, here's how it would've gone. We would've assembled a small team composed primarily of those who can be counted on to make horrendous choices regarding their sleep schedules and excellent choices regarding operational security. We would've made sure not to break any infrastructure, to only take what we came for, and to follow the Pranker's Code to our best ability. We would've gone in the open window and carried the RAM out the front doors of Kerr Hall with surprisingly little hassle. And, most importantly, we would've discovered that (despite TMU students' claims) it is a shockingly-light 180 lbs.



When you think about it, stealing something that's 180 lbs is pretty easy. All you need is two or more determined people, possibly some kind of dolly or cart, maybe a ladder, and a plan of action. Anyone could've done it. After all, pranking is for everyone. Anyone can be involved: your friends, your frosh leaders, members of your student government...maybe even your TAs. Maybe even you, dear reader! Anyone could've done it, *anyone*.

Except us, of course. We were asleep. We don't know anything about it, and we wouldn't tell you even if we did. Ask someone else! We had nothing to do with it.

[Theft]

WHODUNNIT?

draw a line from the stolen items on the left, to who stole them, on the right!

A Park's Ontario hat, after being deprived the right to skate

2/3 of all grocery items

Bampot Teahouse teacup

Queen Mother Cafe Copper Cup

2 Toolbearer hardhats

12 Copa Cabana cocktail glasses

Arthur Akbulatov

Mario's Ass

The Minister of Universal Healthscares

Aidan Solala

Daddy SysAdmin

Pinnacle Vodka (USA): A Russian Man's Review

Владислав Алконавт
Russian Man/Vodka Sommelier

To set backstory for this one, I am Russian man, who came here to Kanada. A few days ago, I was feeling a bit nostalgic, as one does. Despite my distaste for overpaying, I headed to my local liquor ripoff store, where prices are higher than Russian inflation. I headed to the good old vodka aisle, and since my ~~withdrawal~~ craving was getting a little strong, I grabbed the first one I saw. It had a nice blue colour, so certainly must be good? But, to my dismay, when I arrived at home, I saw on the label a proudly displayed "PRODUCT OF USA". I think to myself "Какого хрена?" Showing off vodka being American is like showing off Russian democracy: completely stupid (like Russian democracy). But, having already spent half my country's average yearly salary on this cursed drink, I had no choice but to try, so here is my honest review.

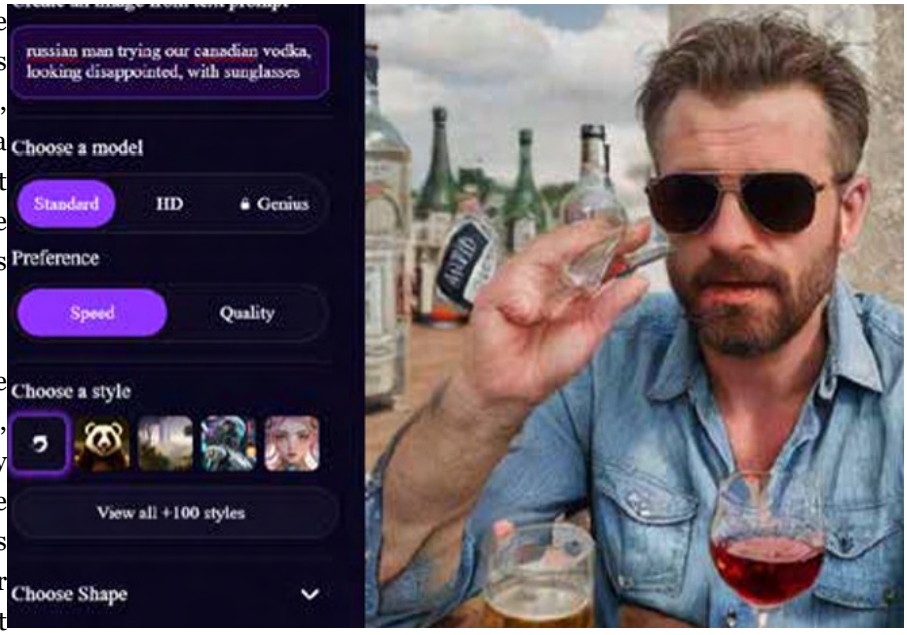
Upon giving it the ol' smell test, the vodka smells more like hand sanitizer than any other I've smelled. This is bad. Expectations could not be lower. I drank a shot, and, to my surprise, it is perfectly average and entirely unremarkable. Естественно, it is nowhere near as good as Finlandia or, as much as it hurts to say it, French vodka. That said, it is head and shoulders (and probably a good bit of torso as well) above the affront to nature known as Absolut. The aftertaste is noticeably weaker than many others as well.

That is not all however. On the back, above the "Drink Responsibly" text (hah, as if), it says "GREAT WITH LEMONADE!" My English is not sufficient to express the rage this causes me! The way to drink vodka is straight, with bread, pickles, herring, or without if you are a student with a student wallet (like me). However, for the sake of a complete review I headed to a nearby grocery store to purchase some lemonade. I went with blood orange flavour because it was cheaper than the other ones. Against the screaming of my ancestors I put mixed it with the vodka in roughly a 30/70 ratio, and вообще ничего не понимаю. It was somehow quite good. The drinking was far easier, and I was able to achieve my mission of alleviating my surplus of blood in my alcohol system far quicker than usual.

In summary, while the vodka itself is perfectly average and unremarkable, it is the experience gained that is its redeeming quality. But you have now read this article, so go buy a Finlandia instead.

I rate this drink нормально/10, and I blame our government for it.

For number one drinking advice in Kanada, message someone who cares. Seriously, did you expect my number or something?



BFC MASS LAYOFFS:

Brute Force Committee Lets Go of Employees to Retain Public Image

St. Crime
Minister of Unionizing

This (waving hand generally at the state of the world) has resulted in mass layoffs from Meta, Riot Games, Amazon, IBM, Microsoft, Google, and many other major companies in the world—joining them next is the Brute Force Committee (BFC), which recently conducted layoffs of approximately **98%** of their workforce. However, an exclusive *Stolen Toike* interview with Mario Baker (CEO and founder) of the BFC reveals the truth behind the sudden changes.

Reporter: "So, tell us about the layoffs."

Baker: "You see, the BFC has a public image to maintain. I can't disappoint those random ArtSci students on Reddit who think we're white nationalists for being INCLUSIVE. I mean, Tom Coyle even said it himself, and we all know we can't let our dearest friend Tommy down—he has such a good reputation to keep within the Skule™ community! So, as much as it pains me to see some of my employees leave, we've gotta do what Tom says."

Reporter: "Uh—"

Baker: "I mean, he DID say that the Brute Force Committee is 'only white men', and how they're so 'intimidating and violent', especially against women, and how no one likes the BFC. As the *Vice Dean Undergraduate* of this prestigious institute, he definitely knows a thing or two about the students. And, as a white man, he definitely speaks for the minority groups in Skule™. And then, y'know, I realized—we can't let our dearest friend Tom embarrass himself in front of the students by being WRONG and saying utter ridiculousness with no foundation! So we've reflected on who we are, and changed ourselves to be more inline with Tom's baseless assumptions."

Reporter: "Uhhh—"

Baker: "It wouldn't be like Tom to be so out of touch with the student body and make random conjectures that are convenient for him. He wouldn't *ever* do something like that. I feel like I've truly seen the core of the BFC after hearing what Tom has to say about it—that's rampant misogyny, sheer violence, and complete anarchy."

Reporter: "UHHHHHH—"

Baker: "Why, he wouldn't have been elected for a second term as Vice Dean Undergraduate if he didn't truly understand the interests of the undergraduates! Golly, what a shame he can't have a third term as Vice Dean Undergraduate."

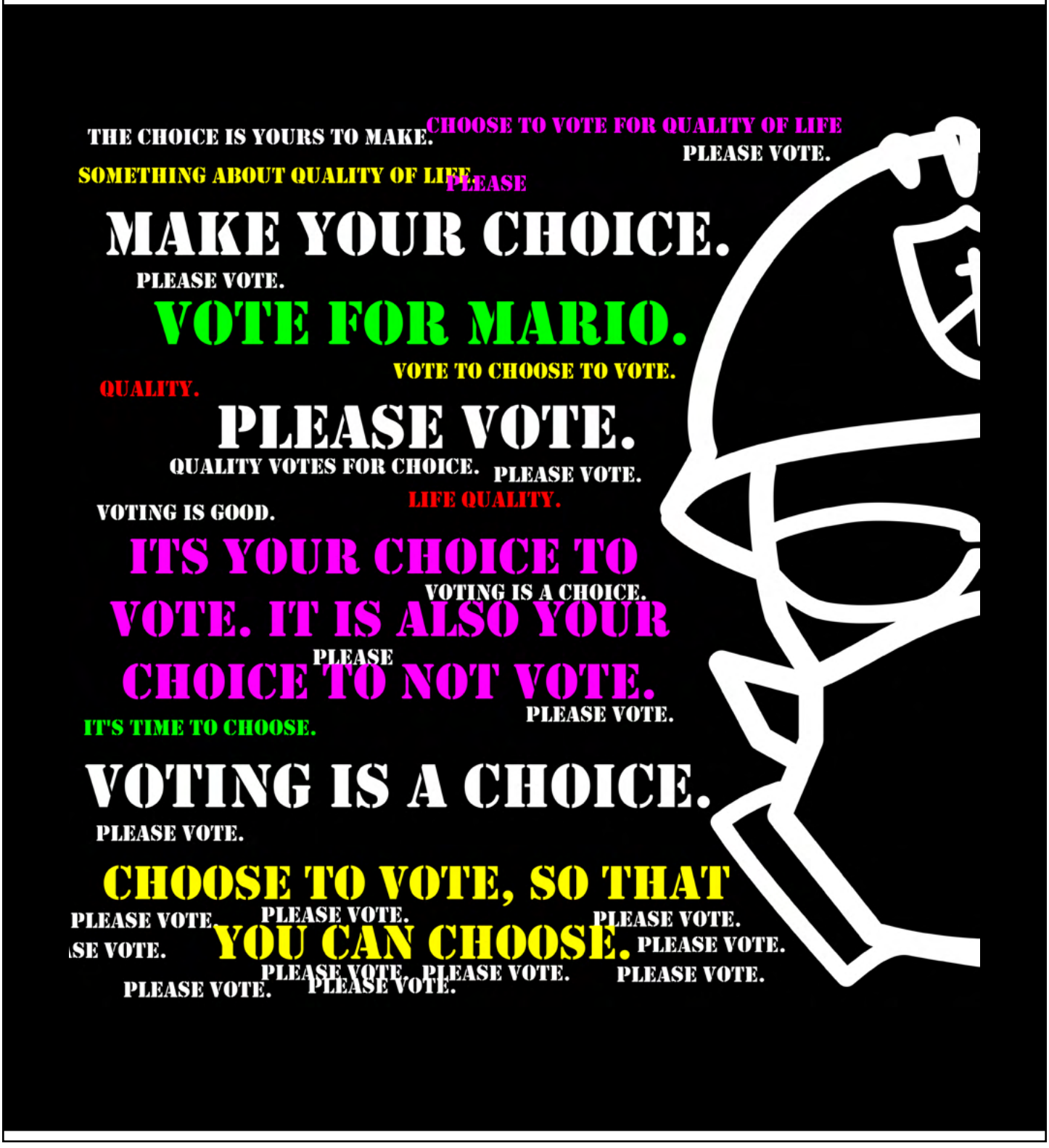
The Stolen Toike was also able to contact some former BFC employees, who have elected to share their experiences anonymously.

[REDACTED 1]: "The pension plan was pretty good, and now I'm struggling to feed my wife

and kids. I'm hoping to rekindle my connection to my 0.0325% Scottish Ancestry that 23&Me says I have, and maybe I'll get rehired."

[REDACTED 2]: "Honestly, I feel like a weight's been taken off my shoulders. The overtime was killer, and now I have time to pursue my other hobbies! Maybe I'll pursue something else, like Vice President Communications - I've always loved sending emails."
– I need help writing here–

Baker admits to struggling to keep company operations afloat amidst the sudden layoffs, and encourages any white men to reach out for employment opportunities.



Being Gay or Doing Crime: A Discussion

Calk Roach
Gay Criminal

Consider this: one day you are walking down a secluded street and you see a stencil and some spray paint on the ground. It just so happens that you're not in a hurry to get anywhere. The stencil is a simple design that you quite like, a flower, a star, a limited edition pokemon. Whatever is right up your alley. See, so in front of you you see am ugly blank wall. Remember, a secluded area so no one can see you. You could color in the stencil and beautify the area. Or you could not and be boring. One of those two is technically illegal. This is one of the many, definitely possible, and extremely common scenarios that you are sure to encounter in daily life.

Option 2: following the law

In this scenario the option that would fall into this category would be walking by and not doing anything. That would be very straight of you if you think about it. Don't agree with me? Think about it. What are straight people best at: heteronormativity. What does that mean? It means straight = normal. And what is the law anyway? It's a big ass book that tells people what they're supposed to be doing. But why do we need to be told what we're doing anyway? Well you don't actually need to be told what to do. You only need it if you're lacking creativity to exercise your own free will. So that's what the law really is: a big fat book of suggestions of what to do with your free will for non-creative people. And who is not creative? Normal people! Which brings us back to the point of being straight. If non-creative people follow the law, and normal people are not creative, and normal = straight, then that means: following the law is something for straight people!!

And there you have it. A thorough non fallible justification of why it is that following the law is only for straight people*. So obviously, in the proposed scenario, if you were to walk by and do nothing, it would be the straight thing to do. And people would tell you that. You tell them what happened and they'll go "damn that's very straight of you". Up to you to decide whether that is a good thing or not. In this case following the law would be less effort. So I suppose you would win at that. I guess you're also not releasing toxic paint particles into the air. You know what. Fine. If you do nothing I cannot say I support you, but I suppose maybe you hate joy and fun and art and whimsy. Sure, whatever, don't use the stencil of the paint. I'll pretend to support your decision because in an argumentative essay of this type you're supposed to support one claim in one section and the opposing claim in the next section. And then in the third section you compare the two. And in the conclusion you decide what is the better one. I swear I passed 5th grade but I did have to look up how to structure this essay. Anyway, moving on to my next point. Doing nothing is boring. It's lame.



Option 1: not following the law

I feel like I should get this out of the way, but why the arts and science unemployed graduates flipping burgers is the government telling me off for BEAUTIFYING an area. AM I NOT BUILDING COMMUNITY?!!! CREATING A BETTER AREA FOR FAMILIES, CHILDRE— Sorry, oof, I think I got a little carried away with it there. It's just that as a creative, and artist, or even a gay you might say, I don't need some butt wiping fat book to tell me what to do! See there's a reason they call us gay, it's cause we make people happy. So where was I? Oh yes, supporting the claim of not following the law in the scenario that was originally proposed. Well see there's a specific brand of people, the gays, that are the handsomest, beautifulest, smartest, wonderfulest, most amazingest of them all. It follows logically that they are creative. As such, we do not need a big ass boring book to tell us how to go about exercising our free will. We simply follow that spirit of the arts, the will of the universe, and that is why in some cases, such as in this one, we do not necessarily follow what is dictated by the big ass book. So what if it's technically "against the law", that's against the will of the universe!! I suppose that is where the expression "be gay do crime" comes from. See, now you understand. It is not "crime", it is not "immoral", it is not "abuse of other people". It is simply a misunderstanding.

Of what the law has interpreted of the will of the universe. They gays are right. The gays are always right, don't you dare blame them. Back to the point of whatever we were saying. Pros of using the simple yet pretty stencil with the free spray paint to beautify the ugly ass wall.

First of all, it's free. It doesn't matter what it is or what you're eating. If it's free you HAVE to take it. How could you not?! Not making use of something that is free is a waste of resources. A waste of resources is bad for the planet. So by making use of the conveniently set up graffiti kit you are actually helping the planet.

Secondly, it's a good creative outlet, we're all so busy all the time. Sometimes we need to take some time to slow down and smell out freshly created street art. Lastly, I don't think I've spent enough time explaining how good it would be for the community. By adding art to an ugly wall, you would be adding beauty to that building. As such, you would be beautifying the area. Living in beautiful areas is definitely scientifically proven to do something. Improve people's mood perhaps? Create happiness? Build a sense of community? The point is, there are various benefits to giving in to graffiti. This brings us to the last chunk of the body of the essay.

Comparing our two arguments. On one end we have, walk by and do nothing. BORING. You can't even excuse yourself by being busy, since we have established you are not in a hurry.

You're also unlikely to get caught because it is in a secluded area. So what risk or excuse do you really have? None! Maybe you don't like art, well that's LAME. As mentioned above, that would be very straight of you. I suppose that's not necessarily BAD but... I mean, we respect all orientations here. Honestly, how much time do I really need to spend convincing you that you should give in to the graffiti, give in to the rime, BE GAY DO CRIME. Screw following the law. EXPRESS YOURSELF. That brings us to the conclusion, in the debate of following the law vs be gay do crime, the answer is obviously be gay do crime. But what of other scenarios you may ask? One that is not as innocent as some cute graffiti. Well, any good crime requires a good aspect of creativity. You need to let the spirit of art, the will of the universe F L O W through you and follow that inspiration. If you're not doing that, you're not being gay and doing crime, you're simply complying with the unoriginal heteronormative big ass book we call the law. I would hope thisis enough to convince you that in any situation where given the option, the correct answer is be gay do crime. *(disregarding of course the fact that being gay is still illegal in 64 countries (no I am not citing that), which means that in those countries following the law truly is only for straight people)

Fillling in the Pit with more floor?
Consider alternative options like...



Ball pit



Sand pit



MOSH PIT



FIRE PIT

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE & ENGINEERING

OBEY GRAVITY

Interested in the Sandford Fleming Basement Renovations?

Fill in this survey



5 Reasons Tyler OfThePub is a Homophobe

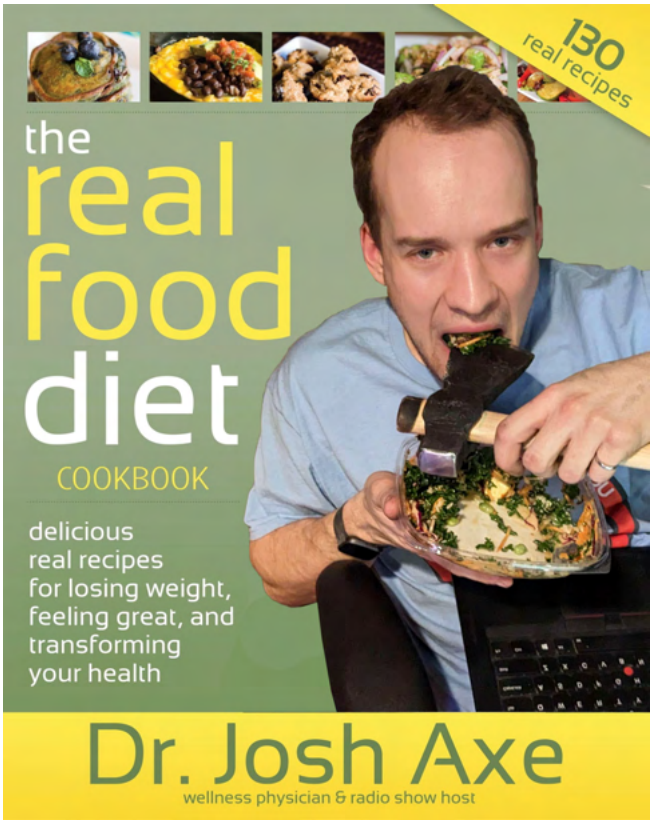
Mathilda "she/her" Silver
Hypocrite

1. Is "Bisexual"

As we all know, those who claim to be bisexual are nothing more than straight people choosing to appropriate queer culture by being attracted to the same sex. We can see that Tyler and other supposed "bisexuals" partaking in such appropriation are happy to drink from the homosexual stream when the current is smooth, but run back to their heterosexual relationships at the briefest perturbation. This is absolutely shameful behaviour – although should we truly expect anything more from a Weezer fan?

2. Was A Scunt (Chair)

Scunt is so horrifically, appallingly homophobic that no Scunt Chair in the history of the event has ever been queer. Considering Tyler's preexisting appropriation of queer culture (being bisexual), it is especially problematic that they attempted to include such items as "switch clothes with someone of the opposite sex" and "commit an OSHA violation" on the Scunt list. Including these obviously-gay items invites innocent frosh to unknowingly appropriate from the queer community, which is known for being closed-off and uninviting.



3. Is A Mech

It has been soundly proven that the only engineers who can truly be gay are MSEs. Engineers of any other discipline simply do not have the skills to excel in the industry, and as a result are operating outside of their scope of practice and without a license. Enacting such poor approximations devalues the entire industry.

4. Friends with Straight People

Tyler constantly brings their straight roommates (actual roommates, not to be confused with gay lovers) around the pit, degrading its safe space. Besides living with straight people (homophobic in itself), such actions increase the risk of heterosexual activity in the pit – which we all know is strictly banned.

5. Mean to Queer People

They called me short and also pushed me and stole my hat it was mean I cried myself to sleep :(



Mario's Renovations

Do you think your pit's are looking a little dull? Maybe a nice (ivy) trim will help...
Or even some *deliciously* lush, enticing astroturf...
The possibilities are endless when you renovate with Mario Baker...
With over 26.3 years of "experience" in the business, you are sure to receive a pit renovation completed in record time and to your utmost "satisfaction"...

Beautiful Foliage Coverings!

Email mb@mariosbakery.ca for more "information"

Defying The Eclipse: How the BFC Survives & Thrives



Braille Kent
Blind Reporter

In a stunning display of preparedness and sheer stubbornness, the Brute Force Committee once again emerged victorious during the recent solar eclipse. While the rest of the world squinted and scrambled for special viewing glasses, these intrepid souls casually strolled through the darkness with their trusty sunglasses firmly in place.

"We've been wearing sunglasses since the Stone Age," quipped Barry Hammer, the committee's unofficial spokesperson and proud owner of a vast collection of aviators. "Eclipses are no match for our eye protection game."

This isn't the first time the Brute Force Committee has defied natural phenomena. During the COVID-19 pandemic, while others debated the efficacy of masks, these trendsetters rocked face coverings without missing a beat. "It's not just about fashion," explained Sheila Smash, the committee's resident powerhouse. "We've always been ahead in healthcare—germ protection included."

Their reputation for resilience and unconventional wisdom has made them a beacon of hope in times of crisis. "It's all about brute force mentality," declared Chuck Crusher, known for his iron grip and infectious enthusiasm. "Whether it's an eclipse, a pandemic, or a buffet with limited seating, we adapt and conquer."

While some may scoff at their tactics, there's no denying the Brute Force Committee's uncanny ability to survive and thrive in the face of adversity. As they continue to lead the charge in healthcare innovations—sunglasses and masks included—the world watches in awe and perhaps a hint of jealousy.

So, next time you see a solar eclipse or a global pandemic looming on the horizon, remember the lessons from the Brute Force Committee: accessorize appropriately, stay strong, and never underestimate the power of a good pair of shades.

MISSING



MISSING FROM:
Skule

DATE MISSING:
April 2021

OTHER:

Age: 5~~4~~ years old

Last seen with Harrison Chan. Please keep an eye out for a white Mercedes or the DTA van, where Skule Lettuce Club is believed to be currently located.

Skule Lettuce Club

Age ~~4~~ 5

PLEASE CALL WITH ANY INFORMATION

CALL: University of Toronto Campus ~~Police~~ safety
(416-978-2323)

ADDITIONAL INFO: [redacted]

ASSIFIDES

WANTED: Men's size 14 steel toed shoes.
CONTACT: Lincoln MacDonald.

WANTED: Pictures of Lincoln MacDonald's feet
CONTACT: The People

WANTED: For it to be on the record that Marisa 'She-Her' Sterling does NOT approve of filling in the Pit, and voted AGAINST that option.
CONTACT: Marisa '*She-Her*' Sterling.

WANTED: A pit rave.
CONTACT: DJ Narvcharv & DJ Rice-biceps.

WANTED: A Mural.
CONTACT: The 2T3s.

WANTED: A Mural.
CONTACT: The 2T4s.

WANTED: A Mural.
CONTACT: The 2T5s.

WANTED: A Mural.
CONTACT: The 2T6s.

WANTED: A Mural.
CONTACT: The 2T7s.

WANTED: A Mural Director.
CONTACT: The 2T3s, 2T4s, 2T5s, 2T6s, and 2T7s.

WANTED: A *Toike* Editor-in-Chief.
CONTACT: The *Toike Oike*.

WANTED: Chris Hadfield's appearance at the Skule 151 gala.
CONTACT: Christopher Yip.

WANTED: Hay for Country Suds.
CONTACT: The Suds Managers.

WANTED: $3600 back in PEY fees.
CONTACT: The 2T4s, 2T5s, 2T6s, and 2T7s.

WANTED: My hair back.
CONTACT: Arthur Akbulatov.

WANTED: The DJ to play the correct soundtrack during Blacklight Suds.
CONTACT: The BFC.

WANTED: Expired snacks to promptly be removed from the vending machines, promptly.
CONTACT: Some random kid who emailed EngSoc.

WANTED: Opinions on the Pit Renovation (but only from rich people).
CONTACT: The Faculty.

WANTED: For you to choose quality of life.
CONTACT: Ken Hilton.

WANTED: To know if candidates ChatGPTed their voter statements.
CONTACT: Ken Hilton.

WANTED: $6000 to reprint SFW prank tests on nice paper in colour ink.
CONTACT: Marisa '*she-her*' Sterling.

WANTED: A normal dinner time.
CONTACT: Cannonball and Gradball.

WANTED: Our candle holders back.
CONTACT: Hazelton Manor.

WANTED: To run for Vice President Academic (please recall me as Chief Returning Officer).
CONTACT: Kat Jia.

WANTED: Respect for branding guidelines.
CONTACT: Aidan Maunder.

WANTED: Women to pay for an app to get home safe.
CONTACT: Nelson Lee.

WANTED: The Ryerson Ram back.
CONTACT: The Ram Guard.

WANTED: To get SUDS trained.
CONTACT: Sean Huang.

WANTED: My hair back
CONTACT: Arthur Akbulatov

WANTED: A tutor for MIE222
CONTACT: Natalia Espinosa-Merlano

WANTED: A tutor for MIE222
CONTACT: Tyler Delabarre

WANTED: A treadmill in the pit
CONTACT: That one guy

WANTED: Praxisssss
CONTACT: The same guy

WANTED: More undergraduate friends
CONTACT: Savo Bajic

WANTED: Mario's sister to take on dates
CONTACT: Savo Bajic

WANTED: A working toboggan by ship day
CONTACT: Sheen Patel and David Major

WANTED: Toilets
CONTACT: Front campus protestors

WANTED: Assistance from metro
CONTACT: The mice

WANTED: Plausible deniability
CONTACT: Meric Gertler

WANTED: A titty shaped candle holder
CONTACT: Kayla Carnide

WANTED: An invitation to next year's iron ring afterparty
CONTACT: Will Cluett

WANTED: Bougie drinks at SUDS
CONTACT: Micah Jackson

WANTED: Research chemicals
CONTACT: Ted Pinkerton

WANTED: To be tranquil as a horse
CONTACT: Arthur Akbulatov

WANTED: Better Air Circulation
CONTACT: Supermarket

WANTED: For my family to stop yelling at me because I am so so busy with all these budgets
CONTACT: Bo

WANTED: A working coin mech
CONTACT: Ass

WANTED: A woman with a functional womb
CONTACT: Billy Graydon

WANTED: To stop being made fun of for being French

CONTACT: Vincent Bourdé

WANTED: A baguette
CONTACT: Vincent Bourdé

WANTED: Another black piece of clothing
CONTACT: Tobin Zheng

WANTED: To beat misogyny by becoming mr bng
CONTACT: Shoshana Lebowitz

WANTED: For women to stick their hands into conspicuously looking substances
CONTACT: Darsh Jain

WANTED: For the women to stop leaving
CONTACT: Lily Vanderwoude

WANTED: Roommates
CONTACT: Tobin Zheng

WANTED: The Cannon, in my mouth
CONTACT: THE HONOR GUARDS

WANTED: More squirrels
CONTACT: Sunny Liu

WANTED: The corpses of said squirrels to skin and frame on my bedroom wall
CONTACT: Bobby Graydon

WANTED: More denim
CONTACT: Tbog

WANTED: Someone to take home all this denim
CONTACT: Also tbog

WANTED: For no one to know, they're gonna know
CONTACT: You can't know

WANTED: People to stop stealing food
CONTACT: Every grocery store

WANTED: For Aidan solala to stop telling people about the BFC stickers being better before
CONTACT: Mario Baker

WANTED: A walker
CONTACT: Aidan Solala

WANTED: The identity of the 40 year old BFC alum
CONTACT: Eric Pinkerton

WANTED: A shorter pair of shorts
CONTACT: Navin Vanderwert

WANTED: A thriving colony
CONTACT: Tyler Delabarre

WANTED: Antifungal medication
CONTACT: Tyler Delabarre

WANTED: For people to never speak of what happened after the 2023 B&G elections
CONTACT: Aidan Sexplayer

WANTED: For everyone to shut up
CONTACT: Farbod Mohammedzadeh

WANTED: **F**or farbod to shut up
CONTACT: everyone

WANTED: Death to whoever put out a cigarette on the bar
CONTACT: the SUDS managers

WANTED: A stolen toike
CONTACT: Mario Baker 2T2-2T3

WANTED: A delectable plastic coin
CONTACT: Tyler Delabarre

WANTED: A colonoscopy
CONTACT: Tyler Delabarre

WANTED: A Lyft home after mystery uhvent
CONTACT: The 2T7s

WANTED: To be on the fucking mailing list please
CONTACT: The 2T7s

WANTED: the full presidential scholarship money
CONTACT: Parker Johnston

WANTED: the full presidential scholarship money
CONTACT: Parker Johnston

WANTED: To have this stick removed from up my anal passage
CONTACT: Aidan Shimizu, Queen's Engsoc President

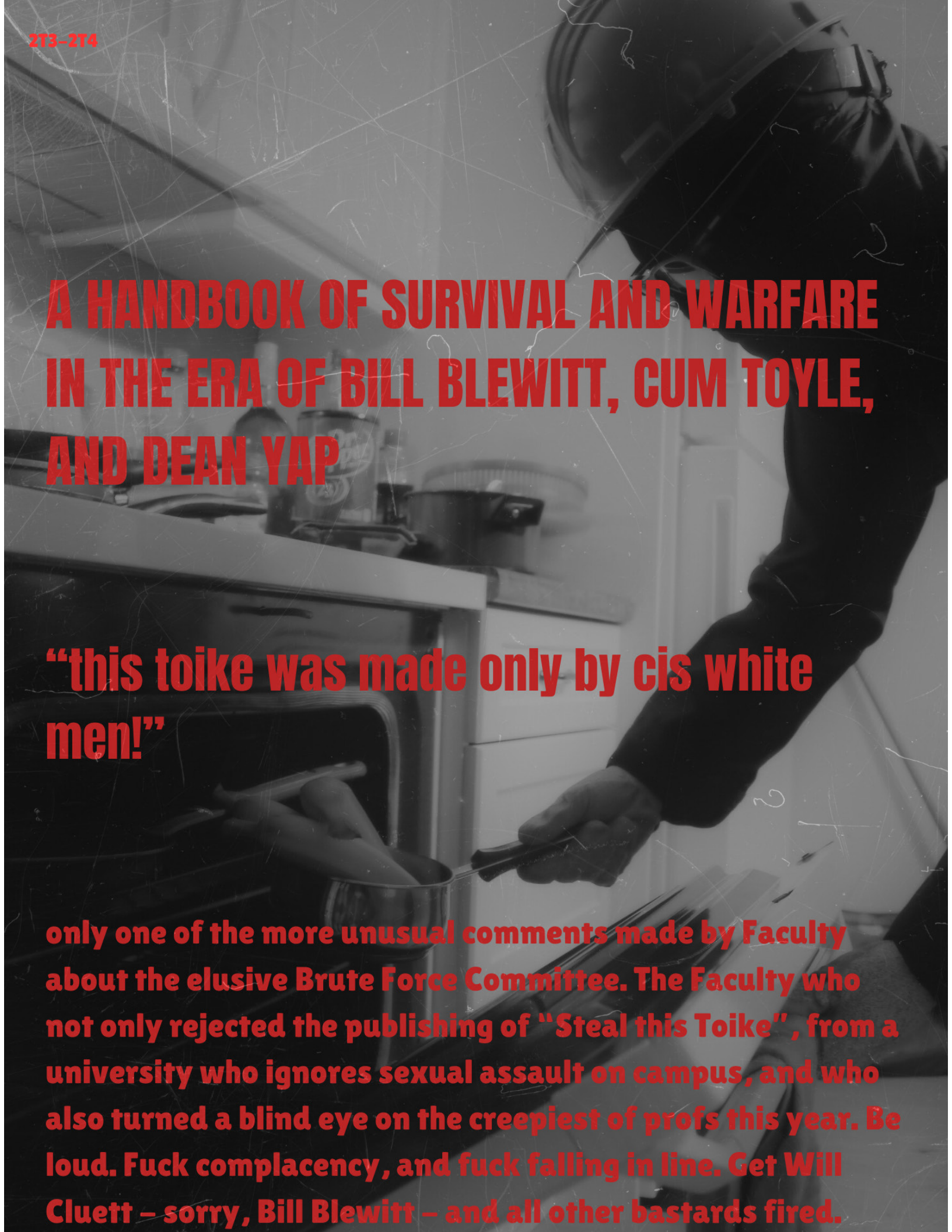
WANTED: For Aidan Shimizu to stop calling us
CONTACT: Kingston Police Department

WANTED: To have eyes surgically removed
CONTACT: Anyone who watched Saltburn except for Madeline Kalda

WANTED: To inspect your penis
CONTACT: Tom Coyle

WANTED: To beat misgoginy by censoring "scunt"
CONTACT: Marisa Sterling

WANTED: The Head Geer, sexually
CONTACT: Mario Baker (call me xoxoxoxoxo)



A HANDBOOK OF SURVIVAL AND WARFARE IN THE ERA OF BILL BLEWITT, CUM TOYLE, AND DEAN YAP

“this toike was made only by cis white men!”

only one of the more unusual comments made by Faculty about the elusive Brute Force Committee. The Faculty who not only rejected the publishing of “Steal this Toike”, from a university who ignores sexual assault on campus, and who also turned a blind eye on the creepiest of profs this year. Be loud. Fuck complacency, and fuck falling in line. Get Will Cluett – sorry, Bill Blewitt – and all other bastards fired.