
Stolen, but
Performative Toike
brought to you
by Mario's Bakery

Mario's Rant

Salutations Slippery Salamanders,

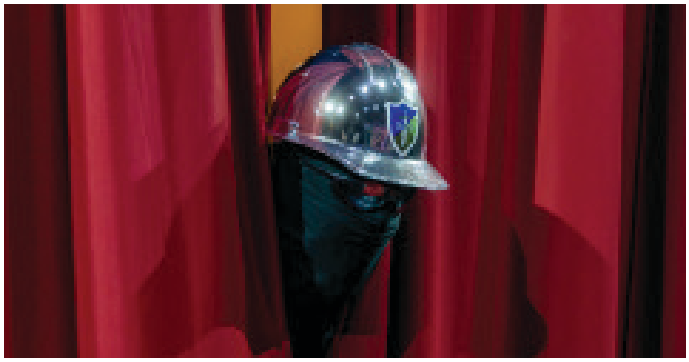
It has been an honor to serve as your Mario Baker 2T5-2T6. Now this is supposed to be a rant, but to be honest, I am far too tired and weary to rant (I shall leave that up to Ass). Instead, I would like to thank each and every person that worked to make the projects this year so special. Pranking is the activity but community has always been the drive and motivation. It was never just to prank but to prank with/for others to enjoy.

My love for SKULE and the people

Over the past 5 years here Skule has grown into not only my home but my family and really my entire world. I rarely leave a 2 block radius if this place, except maybe to sleep, and as ass will highlight even that only sometimes. I could never have imagined finding such a home here, way back in first year when my tinyass self stepped into the chestnut dining hall. Looking back, I can't imagine a more warm, welcoming and supportive community. It is Skule that will leave the biggest lasting impact on me as I graduate.

What is the job of the BFC

I have often pondered the thought of what the job of the BFC is. I have come to learn that the BFC is there to serve Skule, and do the outright mischievous shit that others won't. That means something different to every person and thus what makes it so wonderful. Such a world of possibilities to explore and I urge you to think for yourself about what that means to you.



MINI RANT: Ok I said I wouldn't rant but ... I WANT THE PIT BACK WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK IS TAKING SO LONG!

Ok so like but actually, the pit was such a central hub for all things skule, suds, lunches, and late at night, all things BFC. All those who experienced it will tell you that there is nothing quite like it. A huge shout out to the floors of room 3202 and 2202 for enduring us and our building, painting, and assembly of countless pranks and shenanigans over the last year but pls pls pls give us back the pit.



Ministers

To my ministers I say, I hope the bruises from the beatings have healed and that you never lose your whimsy and spark. Running around with you all has been an absolute pleasure and I truely can't imagine fucking around with anyone else. Spreading Skule spirit through silly shenanigans, blazing fire and tiny chess piece has been my honor.

Those who have helped with projects
To those who have helped with projects, from diso, to domes, a hard hat to an iron ring and to everything in between, YOU are the reason any and all of this ever even got off the ground. The tireless effort of all who choose to show up on a random Tuesday based on a cryptic email with nothing more than hopes and dreams of pranking fun is what makes our projects and this year so special.

The first years
To my wonderful and INSANELY dedicated first years, I thank you. Your pride and joy for the projects, coupled with your youthful exuberance and hard working personalities reignited my love of pranking, pushed me to pursue more things and reminded me why this all matters in the first place. Thank you for your incredible stickering, your prank off pushing and to the countless scouting and deployment hijinks.

To Ass
This year would not have happened without you, I would have quit 3 times, had 5 more mental breakdowns and outright just vanished off the face of the earth. Thank you for putting up with my stupidity and constant desire to push things one step further or one floor higher. You taught me what it means to work with someone, not just alongside them and for that I am grateful. I can't image going through this year with anyone else, and thank fuck you agreed to work with a Mario unc like me. To this day I do not know how u do everything and manage to do so on your sleep schedule.



Hopes for the Future
I hope that if you take one thing away from this windwhirl of a year, it is that there is no prank too big and no feat that can't be accomplished with the right group of people around you. Pranking should always be something that brings joy, excitement and occasionally incur large expenses to the university. Maybe a bit more than occasionally in my opinion...

Keep pushing,

Mario Baker 2T5-2T6
The Minister of Mindblowing Feats



Ass's Rant

So this is a confession, I suppose.
I took an oath to make sure Mario didn't steal any snacks from the vending machines, and I really did try to uphold it. I took that oath seriously. I held it close to my heart. I believed in justice, in honor, in the sanctity of the Mike & Ike's (I actually had never tried them before tbh) but then Mario CORRUPTED ME.

But at some point, you just look at the man beating you with a PVC pipe (metaphoric, this is a reference to the beating with sticks lore, he says he's a nice guy (he is (don't tell him I said that))) and think, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," and suddenly you're both sacrificing a snack every time you fill the vending machines together at random times and you're falling asleep in random places in SF while you overhear the Pit construction workers go like "Oh they're always here" (BIG clown moment btw) or also falling asleep in random hallways on the 3rd floor of GB, afterwards being awoken by Mice because some caretaker probably thought that we were either homeless or very stupid drunk kids (another HUGE clown moment).

Not sure how it happened, but life does come at you fast and the year somehow did end. Anyway, Mario started his rant with "I shall leave that up to Ass" oh, great, just another thing I have to do, huh? (i'm joking this guy does a lot idk how any of the incredible pranks that happened this year would've happened without him, he does, however, need to RELAX cause he PMSes more than me) Add it to the list right under the confession that I wrote 90% of the emails because Mario wanted to start them with 'Salutations Slippery Salamanders' and I refused to let that happen to the public (you're welcome because that is WEIRD, but men just don't listen, am I right?).

I'll be honest though, it's 8:30PM right now on March 31st and this whole Toike is supposed to be published by tomorrow so whoops, but I also keep asking the minister who's working on the layout if they need ANYTHING AT ALL just so I can continue to procrastinate this but that strategy finally failed me so...here I am.

Honestly, I don't know why he picked me for the job. I asked him last May and he said "'cause I couldn't imagine doing it with anybody else" which is just a blanket consolation phrase but hey, I told him then that we have all year to argue about it. And argue we did. All year. Anyways, I'm 400 words in and I've realized that so much of this rant is about my year with him that I actually need to keep him out of the rest of this just so it doesn't get to his head.

Onto you guys.

First, a thank you to the people who weren't involved but loved me through it all – I have lived this year on my own prayers and the prayers of everyone who supported us and the "projects" we were working on without asking any further questions.

But as for those who were, I just want to thank you guys for absolutely everything. It's definitely been a year and I need everybody to take a minute to pray I don't lose all my hair as a result of it, but our people, your laughter, our delirious 2:00 AM yaps, our first years who showed up with more enthusiasm rather than sleeping, our ministers who kept going, this community that held us up — all of you guys made this year worth it.

I don't know how I got here, but against all odds I'm somehow still here, and I couldn't have imagined living any other kind of year.

Ass's Rant

The year wasn't perfect (it probably never could have been), but we did some things this year that I honestly never could've thought were even physically possible to do. They happened because you guys made them happen. I've lost count of how many emails we've sent or how many continuous weeks we had something or another going on or even how many deployment plans I've made at this point, all the mice cages and voodoo circles and every stupid little inside joke we invented just to keep the air light while we were making history — all of that happened because you guys showed up and laughed with us. You made all the crashouts worth it and you definitely made me realize what the point of it all is.

Also, this is my formal apology to you because I managed to fool all of you with the old "oh something's on your shirt, just flicked your nose" trick, just wanted to remind you of that :)

But genuinely, thank you — all of you — for showing up the way you did. For every late night, every early morning, every "wait what are we doing again?," every deployment, every build, every moment where we were all delirious and still somehow laughing, every time you carried something heavier than you should've, or stayed longer than you meant to, or helped without needing the full story, every time you trusted us and questioned us and every initiative of yours that you let us help support. This was your year, and thank you for bringing me along for the ride.

And yes, I said I'd keep Mario out of the rest of this, but my greatest thank you unfortunately does have to go to you. I know, I'm not happy about it either. But thank you for carrying heavy things, for sharing snacks, for replying to every text and for all this time you've spent with me, mutually crashing out or otherwise. I appreciate you a lot and I don't tell you that enough, there's nobody else I'd rather have done this with either, but I'm especially glad I found a friend through it all. I wouldn't have survived this year without him and he only caused like 30% of my stress. Balance.

Anyways, though it's been a crazy ride here, amongst all my gratitude for you guys and for pranking and for whoever paid our hefty prank removal bills, UofT is still performative as fuck so we present to you, Performative Toike.

With love,

Mario's Ass 2T5-2T6
The Minister of Cold Snaps



Ass's four personalities:

Performative Unpranking

A chronicle of conciliatory cover-ups

Mike Litorus
Innocent pranker, mostly.

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking two hundred and sixty three. Mario died today. Or maybe yesterday; I can't be sure. It was a queer, sultry summer, the summer they electrocuted Godiva, and I didn't know what I was doing in Toronto. I am a sick minister... I am a wicked minister. An unattractive minister. I think my liver hurts. All happy bakeries are alike; each unhappy bakery is unhappy in its own way. On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young engineer came out of the garret in which they lodged in S. place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single student in possession of good fun, must be in want of a prank. According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyway, because bees don't care what humans think is impossible.

Since the dawn of time, it has been known to the prankers, the jokesters, and the silly little bitches of the University of Toronto, that there is more to life than mere academic excellence. The university has made it their sisyphean mission to erase any and all evidence of students exhibiting whimsy, creativity, or self-expression from the face of their pristine campus, yet they will never quash who we are.

The Fruity Dome

I can not express strongly enough how non-performative the transgender flag dome was. It might have seemed performative, but I promise you, it was perhaps the least performative thing the BFC has ever participated in. In fact every single member of the BFC is not only trans, but at a very minimum, double trans. I myself am triple trans. Mario Baker, although many believe him to be a straight cis man, is more trans than the rest of Skule combined. Dear readers, I might even dare to go so far as to say that Mario Baker is trans *cubed*. Mario's gender is a high-dimensional vector space that us mere mortals may only dream of glimpsing.



The trans flag dome was a project embarked upon in the spirit of love, honesty, and mischievousness, as all good pranks are.

Also happy transgender day of visibility (yes, I am writing this article the day before the entire *Stolen Toike* is due, sue me if you want to be transphobic).

The Fruit Dome

The trans flag dome was followed by the second fruitiest design ever bestowed upon the SAC building—the watermelon. The dome was painted early in the school year to the delight of many. The great watermelon watched over the campus with its eternal wisdom, but before

the paint even had time to dry, the university facilities team was already scrambling to cover this heinous crime, sparing no expense to ensure this matter was dealt with before any donors could see. Half of the dome was hastily slathered in an "inoffensive" officially-branded UofT Boring Blue™, the other half temporarily left untouched until someone could figure out how to reach the other side. The message was clear: The great watermelon was not welcome on campus. Perhaps the university administration could accept trans people, but clearly they draw the line at a fruit that is sometimes used to say "*hey, genocide is bad*."

Armed only with a shoestring budget, a ladder, and a bucket full of hopes and dreams (and paint), the tricky pranksters had successfully scampered up to the tippy top of the SAC building to paint the innocent watermelon. The university, armed with zero creative problem solving abilities and more tuition money than they know what to do with, contracted out the cover-up operation. The contractors must have recognized the stupidity of university officials since they billed the great institution thousands of dollars for paint rollers and drop sheets.



Dear university, next time you want a prank removed, please contact Brute Force Construction to make your problem disappear in a timely fashion for the low low price of a couple of two-fours.

The Hard Hat

On a beautiful sunny morning in Toronto, UofT students awoke to a magnificent marvel of OHSA-compliant pranking mastery; the Con Hall Hardhat.

This dastardly feat of pranking was not just an artful demonstration of student ingenuity, but it also provided a good message to all—that safety is sexy. The hardhat was something to look up to (literally).

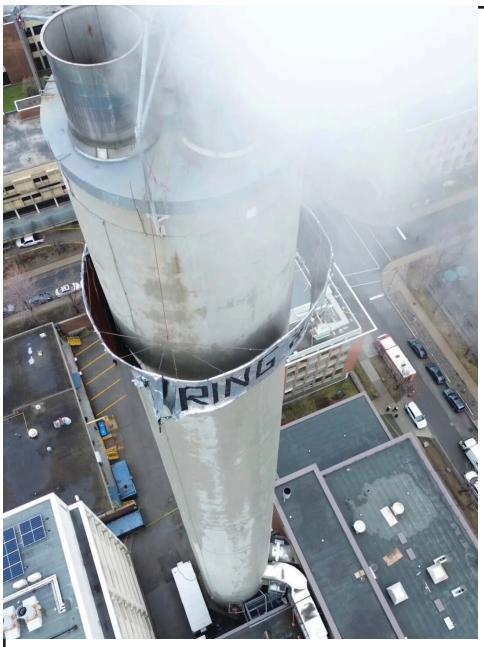
Skule children far and wide gazed upon Con Hall, its idolatrous grandeur inspiring us all to wear helmets so we may be more like our idol. We are safe and protected in the delicate region where body and mind intersect (the noggin) because of the mighty influence of the great Con Hall hardhat.



Perhaps the university decided to destroy this creation because they don't believe in helmets? Or even in (gasp) safety? Whatever the case may be, they once again spared no expense in its removal. A roofing company was contracted to inspect the situation because maybe the hardhat was always a part of the roof and they just forgot.

The Ring

Not long after the iron ring ceremonies for the graduating class of 2T5 did another campus building undergo redecoration. A large iron ring was placed on the steam plant smoke stack, giving it the appearance of a ginormous



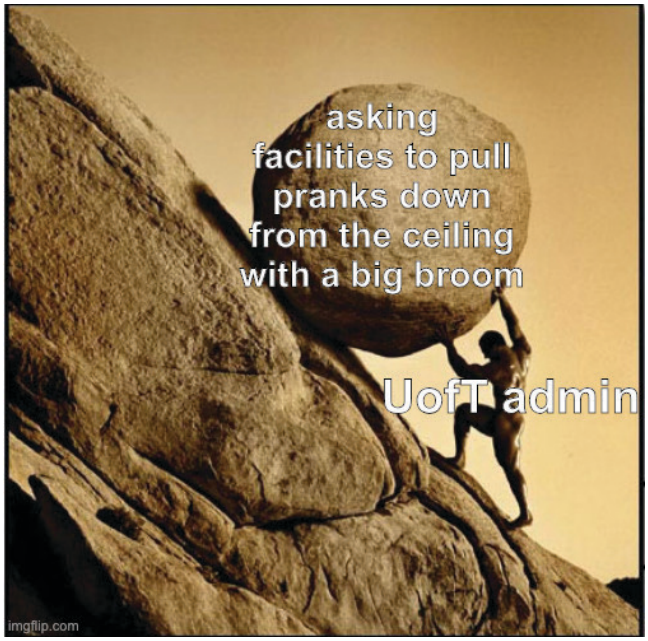
pinkie finger. What a lovely celebration of the history of engineering at this fine institution! What a fun recognition of the achievements of graduating students! The unnamed pranksters clearly went above and beyond to pull this off, and may their accomplishments be remembered for all eternity.

The university must have also appreciated the prank as it was left untouched for several days. Other sources report that they actually tried to get it down sooner, but nobody on staff was brave enough to make the climb.

The fire department was later called to help but they were unsuccessful as well. Sources on scene reported that the fire fighters were very comfortable with the height, but they got too scared when they realized the stack was dark inside. When asked for comment, one firefighter admitted, "Yeah yeah heights are fine and it's part of the job, that's all cool. But... I mean, we mostly deal with fire, right? And, well, the thing about fire is that it's actually pretty bright, and, well, we, um, don't usually need to deal with... you know..." The fire fighter took a steeling breath before whispering, "*we don't like the dark but please don't tell anyone, they need to think we're brave and cool*". The reporter promised not to share this piece of information, but they crossed their fingers behind their back while saying this so it didn't actually count as a real promise.

All in all, the good students of UofT must continue to carry out the noble traditions and art of prankery so future generations may revel in the silliness of it all. Those who seek to make campus blandly homogenized shall never succeed while there are still those who wish to prank.

Live, love, prank





I TRIED STARBUCKS MATCHA FOR THE FIRST TIME!!!

Reviews from one brave man's journey into a world of... flavour

Matt C.H.A. Lover
Toike beverage connisseur

Classic Matcha Latte:

As I always say, it is best to start with the simplest, classic version to truly gauge what something tastes like. For matcha, this is with *tons* of milk and sugar, and—in my humble opinion—there is no better way to season a beverage (ahem Double Double, my treasure).

I began with an aroma test. The smell was overwhelmingly ~~fishy~~ seaweed-like, and I could really feel the Japanese origins of this drink. I think I finally understand what 'umami' and 'hentai' mean. My first sip was unforgettable. The powdery texture and the bitter flavour reminded me of freshly-cut grass. You could really taste the entire process in the making of the matcha, from the pesticides used on the *Camellia sinensis* to the metal strainers used by Starbucks to infuse the tea (aren't I super cultured, ladies?). The milk and sugar add a richness to this drink, removing all those unnecessary notes and impurities from the tea leaves. Starbucks uses the highest quality matcha and has the perfect process to bring out all the flavours. Overall, this experience really helped me reconnect with nature.

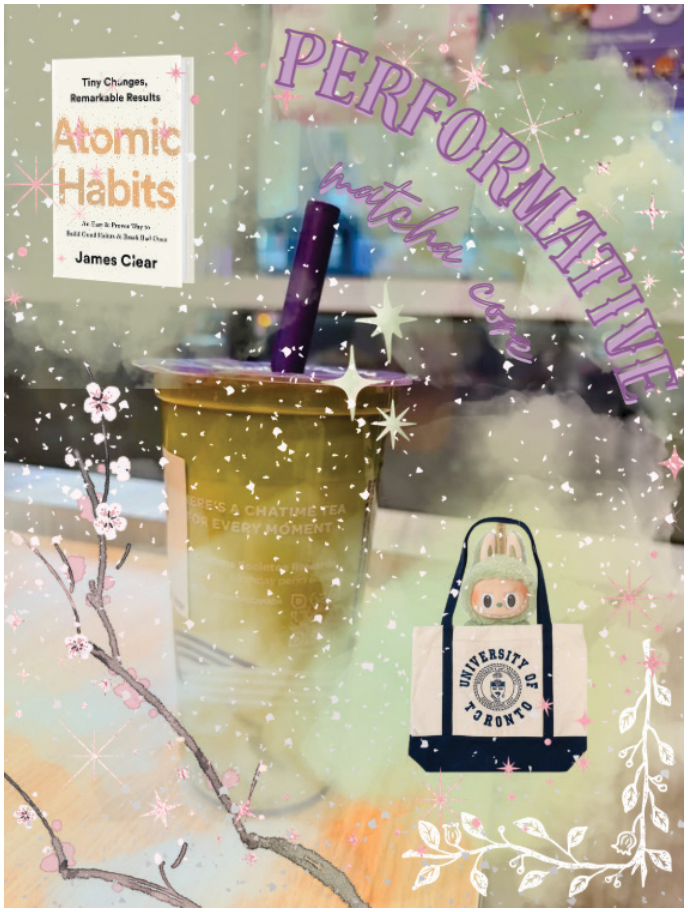
Rating: 10/10

Strawberry Matcha:

This is a newer rendition of this traditional and humble recipe. It involves pairing sweet strawberry puree with the earthy bitterness of the matcha. This is a pretty mediocre mix as I feel like the sweetness of the strawberry really takes away from the dirt-like (I mean earthy) flavour of the matcha. However, I believe that mixing the puree with the matcha creates a much more balanced flavour profile. While it is an abomination to the *natural* beauty of the tea, it is quite cute, and the perfect thing to post alongside my 24k limited edition labubu.

Rating: 6/10 (doesn't quite capture the ~~grossness~~ nuance of the original)

Overall: 10/10 would recommend. You ladies are totally *onto something, as long as you keep it pure.*



A Much Needed Guide to Toiking

Ang Reigheditur
Toiking it sloppy style for over 20 years

Y'all need to fucking learn how to Toike

The Toike, in addition to being a wonderfully reliable source of news for the Skule community, also has many practical applications. It has come to the attention of the Toike that SOME PEOPLE do not yet know the ancient art of Toiking. Because what the fuck is this:



insert picture of incorrectly toiked door

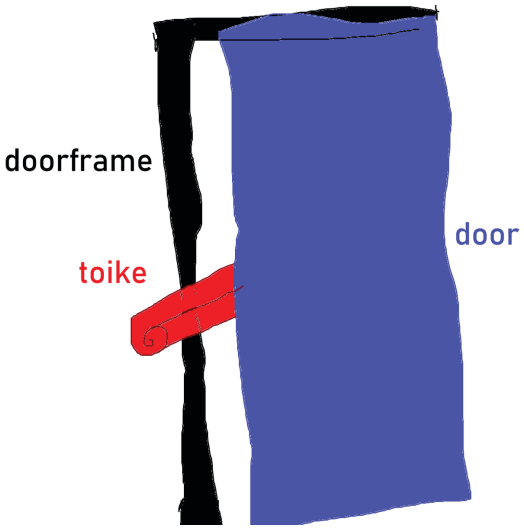
That, readers, is absolutely not how you Toike a door. Hence the need for this guide. First off:

How to Toike a Door

The art of toiking a door is one of subtlety. It requires the Toike *newspaper*, not the entire stand. As it says on Skulepedia,

> *"...the most skilled Toikers are able to achieve such a feat using only one leaf of print, ideally the cover and back. In doing so, the cunning Engineer displays Skills of:*
> - *Ingenuity, in using Minimal Materials to Fulfill their Task*
> - *Communication, in Marking the Toiked door from afar with the Distinctive cover*
> - *Community, in Allowing all to Enter the Halls where they are"*

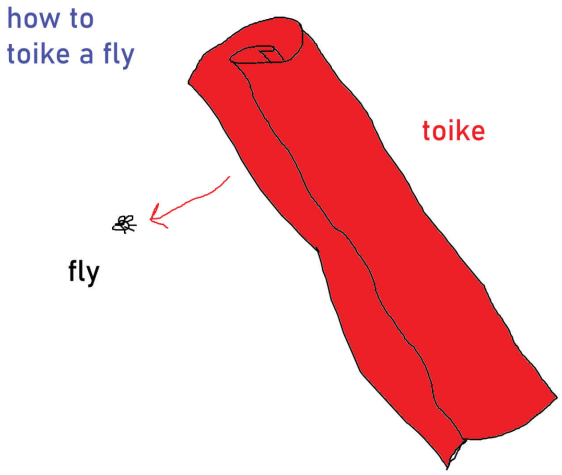
This can only be achieved with an actual Toike, not the entire fucking stand. To Toike a door, one must use the actual newspaper, ingeniously placing it in between the door and the doorframe so that the door is not entirely closed or locked, but surreptitiously propped open to facilitate entrance to a given building. This is illustrated in the following diagram:



insert diagram

How to Toike a Fly

The Toike may also be used as a form of pest control. If one wishes to be inhumane to our fellow creatures on this earth, the Toike may be used for this purpose by simply rolling it up and quickly applying it to the offending fly, as illustrated below:



insert how to toike a fly

How to Toike a Different Kind of Fly

Sometimes, one needs to appear more endowed and requires some means to pack that space. In this instance, the Toike is a simple remedy. One simply rolls up the Toike (or Toikes, if they see fit) and inserts it underneath the fly of their pants. Adjust until the desired shape is achieved and voila! This other type of fly has been Toiked.

Uhhhh, I did not get an image for this one

How to Toike Your Friend

Though historically controversial, this method of Toiking has been adapted in recent years. One simply finds an unsuspecting willing participant, and rubs the ink of the Toike's back page on them, on a location such as their arm.

My bad I did not get an image of this one either...

Toiking It Sloppy Style

A more recent innovation in Toiking, this is one of many methods of displaying the Toike for all to see. One merely requires a Toike, a paintbrush, and a glue concoction. The sloppy glue is applied to an amenable surface to which a spread from the Toike is then affixed. Another layer of the sloppy glue is then applied to the Toike to ensure adhesion. This is best employed to display a favourite centrespread, such as the glorious Minecraft Yaoi from Brain Rot Toike last year.

insert image of toiking it sloppy style below



Wonderful Pickup Lines

ilovejuice32
Smoothest talker in all of Toronto

1. You're so hot I'm having trouble keeping my proteins folded.
2. You must be a charged particle the way I'm attracted to you.
3. Are you the other side of a parallel plate set? Because we seem to have potential.
4. Will you be the cyanobacterium to my eukaryote? I can't seem to live without you.
5. while True:
    response = input("will you be mine?")
    If response.lower() == "yes":
        print("I'VE GOT BITCHES")
    break
6. My parasympathetic nervous system is activated every time I see you.
7. You're so hot, all my strains are annealed.
8. You might have a low yield strength because I can't find any imperfections in you.
9. You must be simpson's rule for a polynomial with degree 3 or lower the way you make no error.
10. On a truss summary diagram, we're a 2 force member experiencing great tension 11. We NEED to fill the GAP between us.
12. Are you in my practical sessions? Because I only have eyes for you.
13. We seem to have a lot of potential energy–let's make it kinetic.
14. I electrostatic force on him til he AHHHHHtract.
15. You must be the Thevenin theorem the way I wanna open your ~~legs~~ circuit!
16. Our motion in bed (#imadehimfinish):

$$\frac{d^2x}{dt^2} + 2\gamma\frac{dx}{dt} + \omega_0^2 x(t) = 0.$$

17. My toughness must be stronger than his critical k value the way I cracked him.

A love letter to Geese

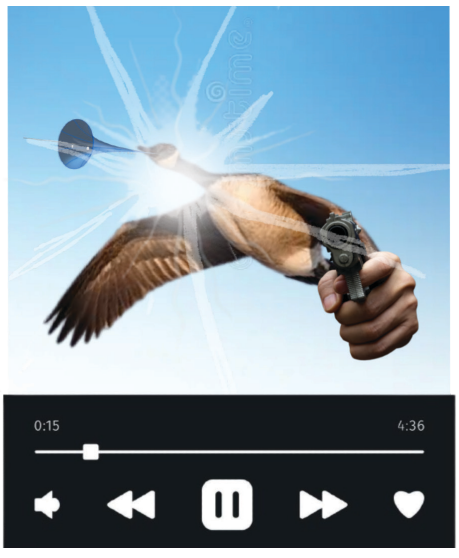
Sil E. Goughz

Performative men say that they love the music that Geese make, but the sounds Geese make are not just music. Their delightful honks are an expression of my soul. All these new performative indie music enjoyers are stealing attention away from what's important: the best bird (Geese).

I've seen Geese getting a lot more attention lately, and I just wanted to put it on the record that I WAS into Geese before it was cool. So many people get into these indie birds because they want to put forth a particular image, but I'm not like other bird-watchers.

Geese have always been cool, even their early work. Who cares if they aren't the most likable, or "aesthetic" bird? Geese understand me in a way that no one else can, long before they reached the masses. Everyone's into these mainstream birds nowadays, and even worse than that are these fake fans that get into these alternative birds to sound cool. But I'm a real fan, I love Geese for their real, down to earth stuff like having teeth and an awful temper. That makes them complex, just like me.

I swear this isn't even performative. I just love Geese (the bird not the band) so much, and if women respect me (and want to get with me ;)))))))))) for my unique preference in `water-foul`, then so be it.



DIP Rebranding

Hitna Boingloins
Tired of this shit

Yes of course! I would be happy to write a less pathetic explanation of why She – Her – got canned without pissing off donors! Let's see...

An Immodest Proposal: The Solution to every -ism, -obia, and -ist in FASE

We are pleased to embark on a bold new journey into the frontier of social justice. We have decided to remove the "Professionalism" from the portfolio because, let's be honest, who were we kidding. This left a performative-shaped hole in the portfolio, and left people asking "does U of T Engineering faculty care about diversity and inclusivity?" To which, the answer is, like, no, but the more important question is "would UofT take advantage of performing wokeness at every corner even as they keep collabing with defence contractors and losing their shit over every single goddamn watermelon they see?" Which is a more resounding YES!

The department sent out a RFP to both the Praxis and ESP cohorts so that the solution could be identified by the most qualified group that was willing to put up with this bullshit: fucking teenagers. The answers they received were mostly nonsense, but the best options provided were "Diversity, Inclusivity, Community, and Knowledge" and "Diversity, Inclusivity, Philanthropy, Safety, Humanitarianism, Intersectionality, and Taking Stances". Hmm. Both very good options.

However, throughout this process we discovered a gem that has never before been mentioned in conversations of progressiveness before: Equity. That is the kind of bold and original thinking that has our students (and definitely not donors why would you bring up donors) frothing at the mouth. Nothing gets a university board room humping each other's legs like pulling out the word Equity while still hissing like a vampire in sunlight whenever someone brings up Palestine, disciplining a certain Chem prof, or any responsibility for actual issues.

So, UofT is glad to announce their new initiative: Diversify! Include! Equate! The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering is proud to announce their intention to get every single student, faculty member, and member of the broader community, to DIE.

"I mean, I have always tried to DIE here, the change is now we are setting the example to hopefully inspire students to DIE as well. Maybe, one day, the students will want to DIE so much they will inspire each other, but for now, the Faculty is more than prepared to encourage students to DIE." This was the mindset of an unnamed source who allegedly has zero grammar in emails he actually answers, who immediately started clapping when Abdullah brought up ethics in engineering but stopped clapping when he said "Free Palestine" at Gradball, and who enjoys a certain brown caffeinated beverage across various social media platforms.

This marketing affects incoming students as well. The newly released intended promotional literature for potential students reads: "Come to UofT. DIE." "You can DIE here." "#1 University in Canada for Engineering, #1 University in the world for DIEing."

Not gonna lie, guys, we are really proud of this one. You're welcome, world.

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Okay, does that statement work? Would you like me to pretend to be your mother and tell you I am proud again, or would you like me to add some more donor glazing?

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE & ENGINEERING

THE PIT IS TRANSFORMING





Opening Fall 2026
~~Opening Spring 2026~~
~~Opening Winter 2026~~

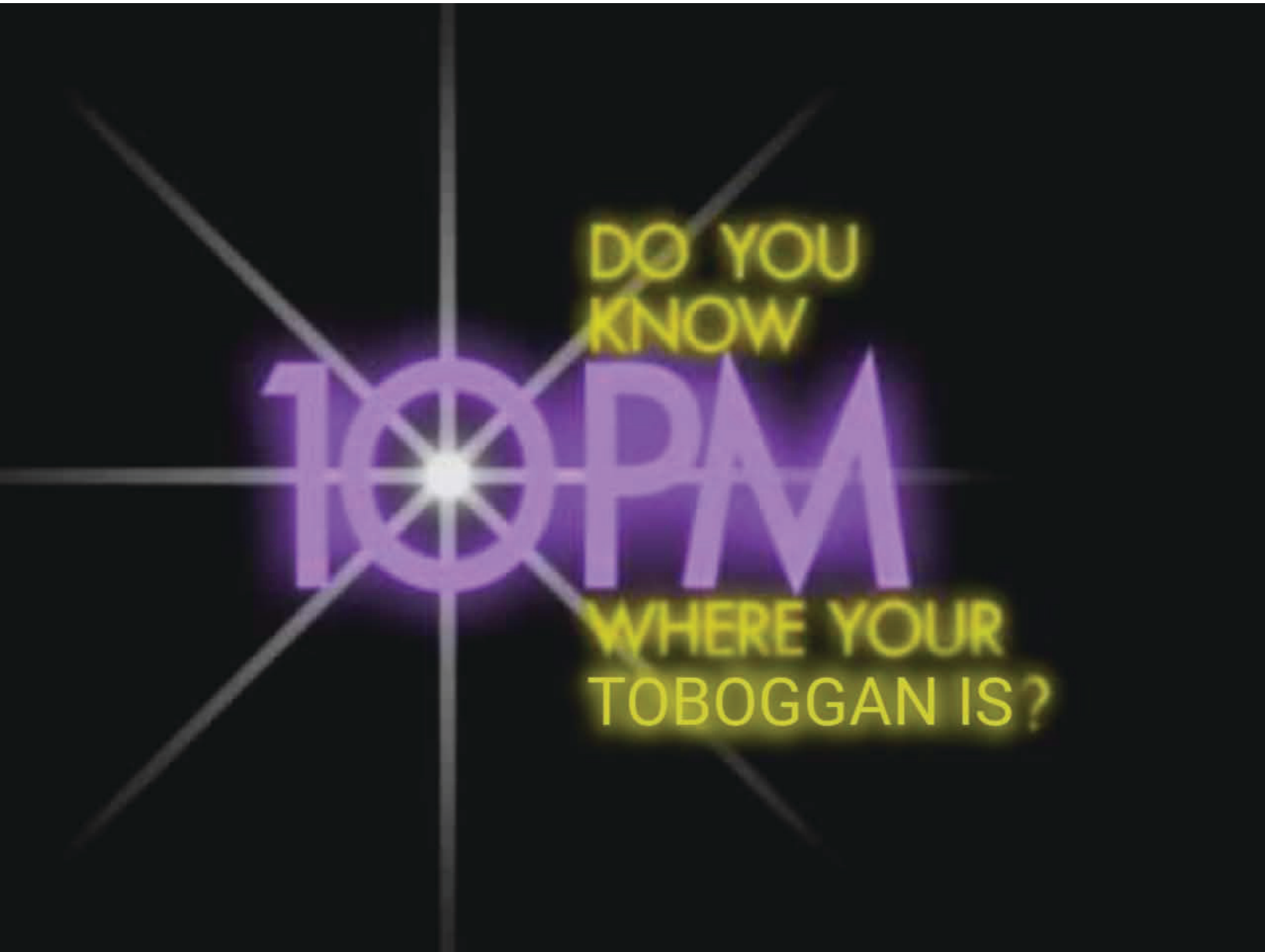
For generations, "The Pit" has been the heartbeat (your other heart) of U of T Engineering student life. Now, it's entering a generic new chapter. This iconic space is being reimagined into a hospital white and exclusive hub designed to elevate connection, collaboration, fuck Oxford commas and community. It's a renovation rooted in blandness but built for the donors.

This transformation is made possible by glazing people with money in the Skule community – students, alumni and supporters who believe in the power of shared spaces to shape Instagrammable experiences.

During renovation, several services have been relocated temporarily:

- Engineering Society and Engineering Stores and auramaxxing seminar moved to GB173
- Builds moved to whatever free classroom we can find
- Vending machines moved to the 1st and 2nd floors of SF
- Crash outs moved to the privacy of your own home/dorm

OBEY GRAVITY



HOW TO GET LAID

From a High-Value Man

Dir T. Bahlz
Toike HR Nightmare

In today's dating environment of growing feminism and un-loyal females, it can be hard for men to find a proper mate, however, today I am here to share with you my guide on how to convince a female to think you are the alpha male you are. The secret: use feminism to your advantage.

Step 1: Perform acts of feminism

You must first make sure that every female you meet knows that you are a true (so they think) feminist. Do things like interrupt men to make sure women get a chance to speak, express your enjoyment of feminist literature, or buy from female owned businesses.

Step 2: Use your position of power to (discreetly) prevent women from progressing

Whenever you find yourself in the position to systemically help improve equality and give more opportunities to women, make sure you actively fight against equality, especially if no women will ever find out. You must ensure that they are forever in a situation where they require your expert acts of feminism to feel somewhat equal, that way they will see you as the true high value man you are.

Step 3: Openly express your disgust in the lack of progression for women

Whenever you get the chance, you must loudly express how much you hate what women have to deal with. Do so especially when the women you wish to attract are around. And do not forget to occasionally mention that you are 6'1" as that will often help as well.

Step 4: Get Laid

This part is quite simple, you just have to make sure you follow through. Now that this female sees you as a high value man, you are likely to succeed.

VP Student Death

Richard Horniman
Just likes being a hater

Last year, a certain VPSL was slandered. This year, we must slander the succeeding one: Shawshawnna Lebowitz. Last year, the argument was that Shaun did not participate in student life enough, with the hope that his successor would "attend at least three parties per semester in her coming term."

Shawsh did far too much student life, and not enough engsoccing. She served on the (real) Toike Oike exec team, proofreading issues, writing articles, and allegedly producing Toike Talks. She guarded the Cannon, punching a fellow officer in the process. And, she has been caught fraternizing with the BFC far too frequently, considering her elevated officer position.

Detrimentally to the VPSL portfolio, Shawsh did not fulfill her obligation of resurrecting dead students. Therefore, we propose that her role is retroactively renamed to VP Student Death to better reflect her work in the role, wishes to be put out of her misery, dusting by no insignificant amount in the president's office, eating 7 raw onions, and that she accompanied the outgoing Toike EIC to the hospital and they were gravely wounded.

We at the Stolen Toike hope that the lessons learned from Shawsh's term can be passed down to her successor, Michelle, and that he will definitively decide to work as *either* VP Student Life or VP Student Death, hopefully with the assistance of the DTA van.

Characters from the Cars F

Performativeness

Sir Blewis Hamstring
Watched the entire cars cin

Cars 1

Lightning McQueen - 8/10. He starts off the movie being like a performative form of macho to look like the awesome new rookie on the racing circuit. It's not the usual form of performative male but in a literal sense it is performative. His masculinity is incredibly fragile.

Tow Mater - 0/10. I don't think he's smart enough to be performative.

Doc Hudson - 2/10. Doc is old and confident in himself, he doesn't give a fuck about what other people think and does things his own way, which includes guiding the next generation. That sick drift he did that one time was definitely to show off though, so he gets a couple points for that.

Sally Carrera - 7/10. Clairo car.

Chick Hicks - 9/10. Performative in the opposite direction.

The King - 3/10. I dunno, there's definitely some amount of performativeness with being a legend of any sport, what with trying to please your fans and whatnot, but the guy's an old coot so I imagine he's in the IDGAF stage of his career at this point.

Fillmore - 5/10. He's a hippie, but he doesn't really actually do anything beyond have the aesthetic. Which is because he's a background character, but still.

Sarge - 7/10. Even though it's not "performative male," military sergeants are just so excessively performative macho, and Sarge fits this trope to a T.

Luigi - 3/10. He might play up his Italian heritage for marketing a bit, but there's nothing to indicate he's not the genuine chiller he presents as.

Guido - 1/10. Honestly, I think he backs up the suave shtick and has just that much care for his craft. Pit stops are his hyperfixation, after all. Still, the wheelgun smoke blow was unnecessary.

Flo - 0/10. Her archetype has not a single performative bone in the body. Like, if you think of the stereotypical sassy Southern-accented mama with bucketloads of swagger, "performative" doesn't exactly come to mind.

Ramone - 2/10. I think Ramone's archetype has a bit more performativeness to it than Flo; the Hispanic papi has a bit of "masculinity for show" embedded in the culture. Still, there's nothing to suggest he's not a genuine guy.

Sheriff - 6/10. Cops are kinda performative ngl.

Red - 0/10. Meanwhile, firefighters aren't really all that performative. Especially not this guy, because I can't remember a single thing he did in the movie.

Lizzie - 4/10. It's a bit hard to evaluate her because the range at which "old woman" characters are performative is a wide spectrum. So I just gave her a middling score.

Tex Dinoco - 9/10. Few things in this world are as insidiously performative as businessmen who want to sell you their oil.

The ricer street cars - 7/10. These guys would totally be manosphere chuds if this movie came out in 2026 instead of 2006.

ranchise Ranked by their

ematic universe in preparation for this article

Cars 2

Francesco Bernoulli - 10/10. Half of this fucker's life seems to be dedicated to being as big of an Italian stereotype as possible, while the other half of his life seems to be about being as big of an asshole as possible.

Finn McMissile - 5/10. Generally he's a pretty normal James Bond expy, but I imagine there's some amount of performativeness in actually upholding that image to someone as dumb as Mater.

Holley Shiftwell - 2/10. Idk she's kinda just nice.

Miles Axlerod - 11/10. Seriously holy shit you can hardly get more performative than a literal evil techbro. This guy would definitely ask Grok about the best matcha blends to have extra rizz with

Professor Zündapp - 2/10. He don't got internet. Even if this movie was released in 2022 instead of 2012 he probably would not conceive of any of the pieces that make up the performative male archetype. Still, his fake doctor shtick is annoying so I'm giving him two points for that.

Grem and Acer - 1/10. Similarly to Mater, I think these two are too stupid to be performative. Extra point for being dramatically evil, though.

Rod Torque Redline - 4/10. Is dying at the beginning of the movie performative?

Cars 3

Cruz Ramirez - 0/10. I think she may be the most genuine and earnest character in the entire Cars franchise. There is not a single performative ounce in her frame; she means what she says and she wants the best for everyone, and she's willing to put her money where her mouth is. Truly my GOAT.

Jackson Storm - 7/10. Toxic masculinity is big with the new generations of athletes (not that it was ever not big to begin with in the entire history of sport), and considering he comes off like a complete and utter jackass in the film despite having something like five lines total, he probably watches Andrew Tate. But he needs to appease his sponsors, so he gives non-answers in all of his press conferences. Thoughts and prayers, amirite?

Sterling - 9/10. I'm sorry Tex Dinoco I was unfamiliar with your game.

Miss Fritter - 0/10. A demolition derby champion would never read feminist literature. Or read anything.

Smokey - 0/10. He's like five morbillion years old he probably thinks pit stops are woke.

SAFETY IS ~~SEXY~~ SEXIST

some of y'all never threw your long brown hair in a **two pigtails** , applied natural makeup to accentuate your bright blue orbs, put on denim shorts with pink converse, and skipped into the kitchen to get **sold** by **dean yip** and it shows

Note: This is a draft email that was not actually sent. Shosh would not misspell "it's" like that in an actual email.

Re: [redacted] -SKULE Club Affiliation

[redacted] (mail.utoronto.ca)

please. Dear god. I retire in like 4 days. this was submitted right after the deadline. literally 24h earlier and we would have had no problem. I want to be put out to pasture, I want air, I want trees, I want sunshine. I want to connect with the earth like I haven't since I stepped foot on this god forsaken campus.

I really had no problem with this application. Some committee members did. If it was just me I would say idgaf and let you have the status. that is probably why they are excited to get me out of here.

It is not personal. I am dying. please let me be. I am waist deep in a grave and don't want to keep clawing my way out. let me go in peace. its all they can do for me now.

student deathingly,

Shosh Lebo (she/her)

Vice-President Student Life

How to NOT get Sued

Isn't it crazy that people get sued sometimes? haha, weird

By: Totally NOT the Toike EIC hahaha that would be crazy
Toike copyright law expert

Let's say, hypothetically, you got sued. Maybe you got a little too silly and someone thought it was defamation. Or maybe you used some photos that were not protected by satire laws. It sucks, but for some reason, someone might sue you. Here's how to prevent that from happening:

1. Have blackmail on anyone that might sue you so that if they try anything, you can keep them quiet.
2. Butter them up with free cookies, coffee, and premium tea on the faculty's dime, so that they are too distracted to think of suing you further.
3. Alter any content that you could potentially get sued for beyond any comprehensible recognition.
4. Kidnap the person threatening to sue you.
5. Ask fincomm very nicely to pay off your debts.
6. Get a time machine to 2015 to remove any evidence that could get you sued.
7. Organise an opportunity where the entity that likes to sue you is taking photos that you will be in that they will post, and then sue them back for taking the photos without your written consent.
8. Check that there aren't ongoing things that you are doing that could get you sued.
9. Delete all of the evidence.
10. Don't get caught.
11. Simply just do not get sued ¯_(ツ)_/¯

If all else fails, please make use of this image:



Women Pissing Behind the Engineering Dumpster

ADVISORY

University of Toronto
Status: Active

Source: ~~Powertripping~~ Campus Safety

Description

A Campus Safety officer has reported three females hanging around a dumpster at around 12 am during F!rosh Week. To ensure nothing suspicious happens, he proceeded to drive away from them, only to take a three-point turn once he realized the females were, in fact, going behind the dumpster. Flood lights and loudspeakers were used to identify their activity. The officer kindly asked, “Are you two pissing behind there?”, to which they lied, responding no. Campus Safety valiantly interrogated them until they were so ~~uncomfortable~~ embarrassed, they fled the scene.

These pissy females are still at large and are highly dangerous, keep a lookout behind or near dumpsters. If you see anyone walking near a dumpster, please proceed with caution and contact Campus Safety. Allow Campus Safety to make you feel safer.

Location

University of Toronto, Engineering Annex

Actions to Take

- For updates or to check the political correctness of UofT, visit the EDI home page *https://www.engineering.utoronto.ca/about/equity-diversity-and-inclusion/.*



Manipulate Bigotry

At the head of the Best Feminism Committee is Da Chief, Manipulate Bigotry. Mani will do everything possible to prevent bigotry, whether it takes mansplaning, manipulating, or manslaughter. If you ever have a problem, or need to make something crazy feminist happen, get in touch with Mani.



Apologizing Regrets

This minister is sorry for being white. This minister is sorry for being male. Why oh why did God make them a monster?



Bu, Bu, & La

This minister is the only one that's 24 karat gold.



Clairo Album

This minister is walkin' out the door with your bags (that's a clairo reference btw...)



Communicating Sensitively

This minister is Ethan Mao.



Horn-rimmed Spectacles

This minister got these glasses after they became nearsighted from constantly reading feminist literature.



Mullet Dictator

This minister has a really cool hairdo and thinks it would suit you too.



Micro Feminism

This minister interrupts men constantly.



Matcha Ceremony

This minister overpronounces any vaguely ethnic word.



Seeking Endorsement

This minister is always looking for societal approval of their actions. Is this OK to write? Sorry for asking!



Skater Boi

This minister got told see you later boi (he wasn't good enough for her).



Thrifted Tote

This minister is selling used Trader Joe's bags for $2000 on eBay.



Trending Reels

This minister is a proud activist who won't stop until every infographic is on their insta story.



Manipulative Action

Second in command of the Best Feminism Committee, this Minister is also responsible for cleaning up after men's messes: yelling at period cramps, cursing the wage gap, and being 6'1 btw.



Diversity, Equity, & Safety

This minister would like for a P.Eng to sign off on your build.



Dining N' DeBouvoir

This minister can explain feminism to you better than any woman ever could.



Going Green

This minister is drinking ginseng through paper straws to save the planet because ChatGPT told them that it would help.



Holding Room & Listening Readily

This minister has muted themself to make more space for women's voices.



Needy Boyfriend

This minister has three reasons you shouldn't date them. #1: IM SO UGLYYYY😩😩😩 number 2: I wuv cuddles 🥺🥺🥺 3: I'm so annoyingggg🤪🤪🤪



Painted Tips & Pretending Bisexual

This minister is just as gay as the rest of you because they think maybe they would kiss Hudson Williams after, like, 5 tequila shots.



Phantom Menstruation

This minister is so mad about periods they basically experience them via empathy.



Politically Correct

This minister wants you to know that the word "political" actually has a very problematic history.



Thick Carabiner

This minister wants to make sure you noticed all the trinkets on their carabiner.



Unproblematic Masculinity

This minister is not like other men, they're actually a really nice guy!



Used Records

This minister owns 50 vinyl records and 0 record players to play them on.



Wired Beats

This minister only listens to CDs via Walkman 'cause that's how REAL MUSIC is SUPPOSED to be heard.

Smartphones - The Culprit of De-Evolution

ishtito <3
Blogger of truth

Are you an unemployed incel who buys into Andrew Tate and thinks one plus four equals doorbell? It's not your fault. Those damn smartphones are making you less smart, mentally, physically, emotionally, abysmally, acoustically, algebraically, you name it! Your smartphone is a bottomless pit. It is controlling your mental processes by completely obliterating your cognitive pathways and exposing you to unfiltered views that you cannot help but internalize. Smartphones are evil.

They whine for you to pick them up and revel in robbing potential neural connections from you. How? Well for one, smart phones have made things way too easy. No longer can we laboriously conduct multiple science experiments to come to a tentative hypothesis. We can just google things. No longer can we carry our crusty paper maps and ask a potential murderer on the street for directions. Now our phones give us google maps. Y'know, in an article published by ScienceDaily, Anthony Chemero from the University of Cincinnati and colleagues from UofT's Rotman School of Management argue that smart technology can be beneficial. For example, by doing the low-level work of showing us directions, we now have freed up brain energy to synthesize higher level information (Koenig 1). But what does ScienceDaily know? By not manually doing every single thing in our lives, we are losing out on glorious neural pathways and retaining less information, and becoming dumber, and losing out! Oh, and not to mention, we're losing our attention! I can tell that none of you are really locked into this article right now. It's because scrolling-culture has doomed us. The Center for Humane Technology conducted a survey that showed that many frequent Tik Tok users found longer videos "stressful" (Center for Humane Technology 1). I can personally attest to this fact. After scrolling on Tik Tok or Instagram reels for a while, if I see a video longer than 30 seconds, I break out into cold sweats. But hey, don't tell me to control my time spent on social media, don't you know that abruptly halting an addiction can be harrowing? It's not my fault! Smartphones must be bad because technology is either good or bad right? There's never been any life saving technology with unintended side effects. There's no grey. And there's certainly no responsibility on us.

Chat, while we're discussing my healthily inhumane obsession with Instagram reels, allow me to let you in on an industry secret: Disappointingly, it's not just the depths of our subconsciouses that are deteriorating. Social media is luring us in, feeding us appalling views, and forcing us to adopt them. Go, find any wholesome post on Twitter—oh, my bad, X—with people living their lives happily. Within the comments section, you're bound to find someone complaining about how ungrateful all women are because one dude on insta decided to bring his partner breakfast-

in-bed. Or you might find another comment condemning the LGBBQ community because there's no letter for "straight." These are dangerous views to expose to people with low self esteem. According to a news article from the Université de Montréal, the typical incel blames their lack of relationship on women's sexual liberation and then congregates online to share and exemplify their opinions (Université de Montréal 1). Because you see these hateful views, they are now in your brain. They seep up into your being like tapeworms until you're the one writing those alluring comments. Clearly the solution is to take away those damn smartphones. It's not like we had misogyny before the pesky internet. It's not like people can manipulate you when they're standing right in front of you. Now, some dumb buds of yours might argue that there are good, enriching views accessible online too. But wouldn't I go out of my way to avoid such pungent information like that? To confirm this theory, I consulted the third voice in my head and they agreed that they would much rather confront the strange man at the gas station spouting hate remarks as opposed to opening the news or following some equity advocacy organizations on social media. Since I am quite obviously representative of the entire human race, this just proves to show that we cannot get anything good out of our smartphones. Instead, they are ruining our social awareness. So simply stated, if you are a smartphone user you are destined to become an incel whose only job is to critique the people online that are living a fuller life than you.

It's sad to admit that it's not you who controls the smartphone, but rather the smartphone that controls who you are. Our smartphones are sinking us upwards such that our feet become our minds that just aimlessly wander from reel to transphobic comment to reel. And eventually our feet stumble because these paved grounds have forced them to unlearn how to walk. No, do not tell me that easy access to information can complement my neural growth. No, do not tell me that I can limit my screen time and choose not to heed oppressive views. No, do not tell me that it is my fault that I cannot hold pride for my being. My children, you have a right to recognize and blame the demonic influences in your life, but you have no responsibility to address and tame them into angels.

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SKULE PURITY TEST

Start at 100. Subtract 1 for each item that applies to you to get your Skule purity score.

1. Licked the pit floor
2. Done a flaming sambuca shot
3. Stayed awake for over 24 hours
4. Missed the last subway because you stayed on campus so late
5. Gotten caught by the mice for something
6. Eaten in an ecf lab
7. Had sex on a common room couch
8. Stayed in the pit for over 24 hours
9. Crashed with the bnad
10. Guarded for the cannon
11. Touched the cannon...
12. Deployed a prank with [REDACTED]
13. Gorded a door
14. Gotten stuck in an elevator
15. Gotten food poisoning from a place on campus
16. Battled with a Myhal elevator
17. Toiked someone
18. Toiked a door
19. Toiked It Sloppy Style
20. Had Coffee With Chris
21. Had your hardhat stolen
22. Electrocuted yourself/ someone else in a lab
23. Attended a hackathon
24. Joined a design team
25. Been declared a Certified Wizard
26. Demolished 40 beers
27. Competed in Chariot Races
28. Broken a bone during Chariot Races
29. Had a crashout doc
30. Cigarettes inside a campus building
31. Been on tbog
32. Texas Mickey
33. Been on a roof
34. Gotten over 25 drinks from an open bar
35. Started an assignment due at midnight after 11 pm
36. Slept in the pit
37. Participated in Ultimate Frosh
38. Videogames in the pit
39. Videogames on a lecture hall projector
40. Showered in GB Showers
41. Been a weenie
42. Been a wiener
43. Fired the cannon off your jacket
44. Written an exam drunk or high
45. Went to another university for a prank
46. DUSTED a bar
47. Fired the Cannon
48. Been LT
49. Gotten drunk at a Suds without buying a drink from Suds
50. Written for the Toike
51. Written for The Cannon
52. Had an article rejected from the Toike for going too far
53. Gone to the hospital for something Skule related
54. Drank the Kool-aid
55. Snorted the Kool-aid
56. Consumed Golden Kool-aid
57. Stained transit seating with purple dye
58. Homosexual activity in the pit
59. Heterosexual activity in the pit
60. Slept on the bng couch
61. Slept on the bnad couch
62. Jumped on three
63. Safety squint
64. Safety third
65. Stayed to deploy Tools 101 or 102
66. Stayed to the end of a build
67. Done 67 at a minister
68. Worn steelies unnecessarily
69. 69ed a minister
70. Kissed Mario
71. Nose-flicked by Ass
72. Been a PD
73. Been Recalled from an EngSoc position
74. Been disqualified from an EngSoc election
75. Missed quorum on a vote for you
76. Been kicked out for an In Camera session
77. Been the subject of an In Camera session
78. Been cucked by a drag queen at Pride Suds
79. Done Blue and Gold shots with the BnG chairs
80. Showed us how to get down
81. Dropped your Pants
82. Clicked your heels
83. Started a fire in a school building
84. Gotten below 20% on a midterm
85. Gotten a one digit grade on a midterm
86. Been in Skule Nite
87. Hot Bog
88. Bartended at SUDS
89. DUSTED SUDS
90. 1st base in a common room
91. 2nd base in a common room
92. 3rd base in a common room
93. Sex in a common room
94. Double sex in a common room
95. Been handcuffed to someone at SUDS
96. Stole from the Trinity
97. Written a ransom letter
98. Fulfilled a ransom letter
99. Fallen asleep in class
100. Can't count this high

SMISKI TOIKEOSCOPES



ARIES

Women really like it when you don't listen to them, keep being an assertive king. Women love you and your feet..



TAURUS

You're absolutely dedicated to your craft and everyone loves it. Keep up with the feet pics ;)



GEMINI

Being held accountable for your actions, who cares. They'll always be someone to clean up your mess (your weird blue son).



CANCER

You're always right, don't worry about putting others in their place to get what you want. Your feelings are valid white boy.



LEO

Boundaries? What even are those. If you need to eavesdrop on someone's conversation to know how much they love you, just go for it.



VIRGO

Keep buying that feminist literature and the women will flock to you. A little bit of tears won't hurt either.



LIBRA

You're the prettiest princess of them all. Facecard hasn't and will never decline, performative king.



SCORPIO

Send one more text. Friend her mom on facebook.. Boundaries don't matter when you read feminist literature.



CAPRICORN

THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.



AQUARIUS

She loves you, she loves you not. Stay delulu.



PISCES

"If you need to be mean
Be mean to me
I can take it and put it inside of me
If your hands need to break
More than trinkets in your room", sigh. - Mitski



ASPARAGUS

"Green was the colour of the grass" yayyyyy, excellent observation! You are really reconnecting with nature.

Your Altruistic Oestrual Investment

Mr President
Definitely secretly an AO3 author

"B-but Socratino-senpai!" Ulysses Theodore Enrique Fredrickson Applebaum stammered, "You must know that I never meant to [redacted]!"

"How could I know that, Ulysses-kun?" Socratino Gregorious Climatechange growled, slamming his other hand onto the locker door. "First I learn you also [redacted], then I hear that you're *also* incorporating [redacted]. Where did you get that idea from, eh?"

"T-the Club Affiliation Committee! They suggested it!"

Socratino froze. "CAC-sensei, eh? What interest would that do-gooder have in us?"

"I don't know…" Ulysses pouted. "I think they said something about [redacted]… they wouldn't like it if EngSoc [redacted]."

"[redacted]" Socratino mused. "What are [redacted]? Are they like a Chestnut don?"

Ulysses flinched. Even now, years later, Socratino was framing life events by analogy to the day they had met. That had been such a good day, yet so much had changed since then…

~~~

First year. 69 Chestnut Street. Floor 4, Room 20. Socratino had just moved into his dorm and was looking to talk to his new neighbors. He hadn't even bothered to unpack his clothes yet; he was still in the "I Listen to Women But Also Like Bitches Be Crazy" T-shirt he had hastily put on before leaving the house. At a loss for where to go next, he started randomly knocking on the doors of other rooms on his floor.

Knock knock.

"Who's there?" chirped a tenor voice behind the door.

"Hi! I'm Socratino. I just moved in. What's your name?" Socratino asked calmly.

"Oh, it's…" came the reply, and a pleasant chat was had. Socratino moved to the next door.

Knock knock.

"Who's there?" came the question in a wary soprano.

"Hey, I just moved in and I'm trying to meet my neighbors. I'm Socratino. What's your name?"

"Oh, I see. Sorry, I have some stuff to do – can't chat," she evaded, almost too quickly.

"Sure, my apologies."

Knock knock.

A series of scrambling noises and hissed whispers, rather than a single voice, emanated through the door. Puzzled, Socratino knocked again, prompting more whispers. Finally, an eye appeared behind the peephole. "Who's there?"

"Uh, it's Socratino. I'm your new neighbor and I just wanted to say hi."

The eye disappeared. "All clear guys, it's not a don!" came a shout from behind the door. The hinge creaked as the door was cracked open to get a better look at the newcomer. For the first
~~~

time, Ulysses and Socratino each took in the visage of the other.

"Hello, Socratino-san. I'm Ulysses. You've come at an ...interesting time," began Ulysses. "In fact, one might say you've caught a bunch of us with our pants down."

What could he possibly mean by that? Socratino wondered, then, too late, realized he had thought out loud.

Ulysses laughed, not kindly. "Why don't you come in first, so that we can speak a bit more frankly than the hallway allows."

As the door clunked shut, Socratino turned to survey the room. Four boys were seated on each of the two double beds in the room, with another two in between and a few more on various chairs. The air was musty, damp, and oppressive, with a hint of high school changing room. The blinds were closed, and the Chestnut lights did little to restore visible light. A crumpled gorilla suit was sticking out from underneath one of the beds. Yet what caught Socratino's attention first was that, other than those on the chairs, not a single person in the room had a shirt on. Even Ulysses had somehow managed to ditch his "मुझे लगि पसंद है" shirt by the time Socratino turned back to him.

And Socratino couldn't help but notice that it made him feel something.

"S-so," he stuttered, then gulped. "What's going on here?"

Ulysses smirked, and turned to the room. "What do you say, boys? What is going on here?"

The topless men eyed each other, then Socratino. One piped up. "He's passable. I can take him."

Take him? In a fight?

Ulysses turned back. "Alright Socratino-san, why don't you join Piranhaphallus-kun over there." Piranhaphallus Compensation flinched at the honorific, but didn't protest.

Socratino didn't move. "What did he mean, 'take him'? What is actually going on?"

Ulysses's smirk widened into a deranged smile. "Of course. Boys, dicks out for our newest party member!"

With a great shuffling of cloth, each topless man slowly lowered – no, re-lowered, Socratino realized – his pants and underwear to unsheath a dazzling variety of swords. Socratino reeled as he was presented with neatly trimmed cocks, pencil eraser cocks, roan horse cocks, glitter pen cocks, cast concrete cocks, and more. In his stupefaction, he didn't even notice as he was guided to a spot next to Piranhaphallus and his underwear pulled down. And as everyone's members stiffened, it barely registered that his own was glistening, hard, and adorned with a bead of precum.

Dazed, he watched as Ulysses settled in front of him and snapped his fingers. "Right, hands on the guy in front of you now. Get back to it!"

Instantly, he felt a hand around both his wrist and his cock at once; as his hand was guided to Ulysses's musty member, a slow massage began on his own. "Tell me how you like it, Socratino-kun," Piranhaphallus whispered, his breath gently caressing Socratino's ear and spilling down to his neck. "Is it good when I do this?"

As Piranhaphallus's question percolated into Socratino's awareness, deep in Socratino's subconscious, something finally snapped, and a mask of heat descended upon him, burning away the fog in his mind. For too long had he been pent up in his parents' basement. He knew what he wanted, and he would no longer be denied.

Step one: deny agency. His hand having arrived on Ulysses's cock, he quickly began pistoning it while twisting along each pump. Caught by surprise, it didn't take long for Ulysses to be reduced to a mindless mess, barely able to keep up his link in the circlejerk.

Step two: specific instructions. He turned to Piranhaphallus and locked eyes with him. "You're going to put away your hands now.

Bend down and open up."

"Y-yes, Socratino-senpai," Piranhaphallus squeaked, eyes wide. He placed his lips on Socratino's erection, rolling his tongue over the tip for a moment before sucking it in. "Lige bhis?" he asked, mouth full of cock.

"Like this, *what*?" barked Socratino.

"Lige bhis, mahshter?"

"Yes, Piranhaphallus-kun. This pleases me." Socratino rolled his head back to savor the sensations while absentmindedly continuing to swirl his hand on Ulysses's dick. Suddenly, just as it pulsed in preparation for its inevitable climax, a knock came at the door.

"Chestnut don, open up!"

~~~

Now, staring into Socratino's furious glare, Ulysses felt his heat growing despite himself. It was with some effort that he pulled himself back to Earth to say, "Sure, they're like if Chestnut dons were responsible for making sure you're not [redacted]. And also weren't Chestnut dons."

Socratino's eyes narrowed, sending butterflies through Ulysses's stomach. God, he was so hot when he was angry. "Getting cheeky and accusing me of [redacted] in the same sentence, eh? This will require severe punishment. Turn around."

Before Ulysses could eke out a whimper in response, Socratino had picked him up easily and slammed him face-first against the locker, eliciting gasps from him and from around the EngSci common room. Socratino had never gotten physical with him in public before. Despite his feeble (and hollow) protest, Ulysses's pants and boxers were torn bodily from his legs, which finally gave out as the first slap rang out against his supple asscheek like a whip crack, and he crashed to the ground on his hands and knees.

"What is this, Ulysses-kun? Offering yourself to me preemptively? Too little, too late," Socratino snarled. A moan escaped Ulysses's lips as the second slap whistled through the air and met his other asscheek with the sound of a gunshot, leaving a mark that he knew would be visible for days. As the handprint cooled in the open air of the common room, a sudden wave of screams prompted Ulysses to turn his head and see Socratino stroking his cock to prime it for insertion. Ulysses turned back and, sweating in anticipation, did his best to gape his perky asshole.

"Incorporating [redacted]," Socratino muttered darkly as he pressed his rod against Ulysses's sphincter, "How about you incorporate my cock into your ass!" With a groan, his tip sunk in and embedded itself into Ulysses's rectum. Ulysses gurgled as his prostate flared with pleasure, and nearly came on the spot, but instead unconsciously tightened his hole and bucked backwards, pushing the cylinder deeper without damaging it. Socratino grunted in surprise, but recovered and slowly extracted most of his shaft before plunging it back down into Ulysses's twin cushions.

By this point, the common room was mostly empty, but a few boys had sat down nearby to watch, and one of them had taken out his cock and was lightly stroking it. With a start and a twitch of his asshole, Ulysses realized that it was Piranhaphallus, eyes glancing between Socratino's member and Ulysses's pink opening with a naked hunger. Incredibly, the sight made Ulysses's asshole clench tighter, finally driving Socratino over the edge. The sensation of Socratino's warm cum spilling into his anal cavity was all Ulysses needed for his release too, and he started shooting ropes all over the common room floor. *By God*, he thought blearily as he collapsed into a puddle of his own milky ejaculate.

When did I get so performative?
~~~

testes

1 2 gleepleglorb stew,

my testicles sway when i have things to do. like newton's pendulum,

they take turns with my frenulum,

like sin(x) and cos(x) superpositioned. mat187 weekly p's,

excite my big t's.

don't tell mario baker, but my big big C, has been through the BFC.

they hard hat on my cannon till i boom, and my ooey gooey uhhhuh fills the room. blue and gold shield,

shielded by my thick green yield.

they're lucky they aren't water(daddy)loo, because oh daddy my testes bloom. all over myhal,

like spider sense, they feel my call.

as they tickle my scrotum and my elliptical balls. bop it,

twist it,

turn it,

pull it.

put down the pen,

it's morbin time.

Performative MINISTER

STARTER PACK



A Name to the Feeling

Callout Something

It's time to name the real problems

U of T has mastered a very specific survival strategy: staying so aggressively neutral that it starts to feel like a personality trait. The institution could be staring directly at an ethical wildfire and still insist it's just experiencing "light atmospheric Cold Snaps," as if the flames are simply part of the seasonal charm.

Whenever something questionable drifts into view, the university immediately shifts into its signature mode: the "we sense disturbance but choose not to perceive it" energy. It's a kind of institutional squinting — like they're looking straight at a problem but pretending it's just a smudge on their glasses. If denial were a sport, U of T would be doing High Rigging & Low Rolling routines at the Olympics, sponsored by "We Take All Concerns Very Seriously™."

What follows is always the same: a statement so carefully worded it might as well have been assembled through Sketchy Examinations, where the only marking scheme is "avoid saying anything that could be interpreted as having an opinion." The result is a paragraph that acknowledges everything, commits to nothing, and radiates the emotional warmth of Solid Bars of stainless steel.

Holey Smokes, the commitment to the performance is astonishing. U of T's neutrality isn't passive — it's athletic. It requires Mindblowing Feats of avoidance. The institution will twist itself into shapes that defy physics just to avoid taking a productive stance. It's ethical gymnastics, except the trick is pretending the tightrope doesn't exist. They'll bend, fold, and pretzel themselves into a position where the safest thing to say is nothing at all — a delusional full-body Co(vert) Affairs routine disguised as professionalism. Even their silence has choreography, it's not unintentional.

Behind the scenes, the administrative strategy is basically Paper Trails & Posted Bales: sweep the dust under the rug, then write a mission statement about the rug. And then, for good measure, form a task force to "evaluate rug-related concerns," complete with a glossy brochure in Bits, Bytes, & Lights aesthetic. It's bureaucracy as performance art — except the performance is biased and the art is dystopian. However, they need both to fatten their wallets.

The neutrality isn't just avoidance, it's selective blindness. The university can spot a typo in your application from 400 metres away, but will stroll past an ethical dilemma with the serene confidence of someone Drinking 'N' Deriving at 3 a.m. They'll insist they're "monitoring the situation" with the same energy as someone who is absolutely not monitoring the situation, humming Unchained Melodies as they walk briskly in the opposite direction toward a locked door labeled "Double Edged Swords." It's Tunnel (Re)vision in action — seeing only what maintains the illusion, revising reality until it fits the brand.

Over time, this creates a culture of ethical Arms Races, where everyone competes to appear the most principled while doing the least. Students start Nutting & Bolting through conversations, trying to figure out what's safe to say, what's "on brand" with who they're talking to, and what will land them some Unlicensed Restraints. The whole place runs on Twisted Curiosity where everyone wonders what are the malicious reasons behind their "neutral" silence this time.

Meanwhile, the lore students tell each other about U of T's broken moral compass aren't exactly the Tall Tales that the university claims they are. U of T could host Military Drills on front campus and still insist it's "not taking a position" and "cares about everybody and everything."Translation: nothing but themselves, their image, and their money.

They brag about Mint Conditions, the imaginary standards the university swears it upholds. Some decisions arrive with the intensity of Water Boarding, overwhelming in all the wrong ways. Others have the cheerful randomness of Pony Clubbing, as if drafted during a meeting where no one knew the agenda, the purpose, or why they were there — but everyone agreed to nod along mechanically anyway. How incredibly human. And whenever the administrative machinery tries to move, it produces the unmistakable sound of the Grinding Gears of a system insisting it's functioning while clearly struggling. The unresolved issues that hover in the background become full-blown Phantom Menaces, always present, never addressed, and somehow still treated as optional. Maybe if they don't look too hard at the human rights violations they're complicit in, it'll all just go away.

And through it all, the university maintains its signature vibe: polished, principled-adjacent, and perfectly, impeccably, performatively neutral. For a place obsessed with excellence, it's impressive how consistently the university excels at doing absolutely nothing.

Rating: Mature
Fandoms: Real Person Fiction, SKULE - fandom, university of toronto fandom
Relationships: Dean Galbraith/Prof Ellis
Characters: Dean Galbraith, Dean Ellis, Original male characters
Additional tags: First kiss, fluff, historical inaccuracies, some fighting

Historic Rivalry

by the minister of yaoi

Toronto, 1866: Through the corridors of Richmond Hall, young men in various states of dress tackled each other into walls and floors, shouts and raucous laughter ringing through the halls as they fought their way to the polls. Stray buttons and sleeves torn from shirts littered the ground, and in the candlelit corridors there hung a haze of smoke from the cigars worn by those who had already passed through the gauntlet.

Ellis stepped into the hall with caution. He had not attended the Lit Society elections in his first or second years of university. In the last two years, he had managed to find excuses for not attending. Now, in his third year, his lucky streak ran out. He had the misfortune of running into a classmate who dragged all the way across town to Richmond hall to join the election festivities.

Ellis enjoyed being a member of the Literary and Scientific Society and was one of the few that regularly attended their meetings. He took care to listen carefully during lectures hosted by the society, even volunteering to take notes for those members who could not attend. The gentlemanlike intellectualism was something he adored, but he certainly did not approve of their election systems. Furthermore, he was too nervous of being around his classmates during the election because they were all half-dressed, sweaty, and handsome. Oh yeah, and Ellis was super gay.

Ellis skirted along the edges of the corridors, trying to race past the brawling men without attracting their attention, hoping to gain entrance to the gymnasium that held the polling booths without having to engage in any sort of gentleman fisticuffs. The less contact he had with the fighters, the better. Dimly illuminated by oil lamps, the figures grappling around him threw dizzying shadows across the walls, and Ellis stumbled over a discarded boot as he struggled to navigate the fray. All around him, men threw punches, pushed each other around, and shoved their political opponents to keep them from reaching the voting booth.

Candidates in the Lit elections grasped together into political parties whose members would work to ensure only voters supporting their own candidates would reach the booth, whether their methods be through bribery, moral suasion, or brute force. Committees members used their bodies to keep their opponent's supporters at bay, fighting for control of the entrance to the gymnasium. Those who were able to get in, could regain their strength with the provided refreshments, and were free to drind, smoke, or play broomball until the early hours of the morning.

Dodging another skirmish, Ellis turned a corner and the door to the gym came into view. The door was unobstructed, Ellis couldn't believe his luck. Without another glance around him, Ellis hurried to the door, eager to be out of this mess. Suddenly, a pair of arms wrapped around his waist, and Ellis found himself being wrenched away from his goal. The dim ~~lights~~ lights doing nothing but disorient him, as Ellis was shoved bodily into a wall with a thud that knocked the breath from his lungs with a quiet gasp. Firm hands on his chest pinned him in place against the smooth stone. Ellis blinked his eyes into focus only for his adrenaline to spike as he recognized the face that was mere inches from his own. John Galbraith. Oh, no.

Of course, it just had to be Galbraith who caught him. Galbraith, his bad boy classmate who always showed up to lecture late — if at all — and yet somehow managed to attain top marks in every class. His cool and casual attitude seemed to allow Galbraith to skate through the rigors of academia with ease, and he had a flippant disregard for studying that irritated Ellis immensely. He told himself that it was anger that caused Galbraith to occupy so many of his thoughts, but another, more honest part of him knew that it was really something else that kept his attention locked onto his classmate. And now, with Galbraith's strong hands grasping onto the fabric of Ellis's coat as he pinned him to the wall just outside the polling booth, Ellis stared up into the dark, sparkling eyes of his supposed rival. The two were close enough together that Ellis could feel the warmth radiating off of Galbraith's body, and most of his vision was occupied by a casual, lopsided grin that made his heartrate jump higher still. He tried very hard to remember that he was supposed to hate this man, but with a quick glance at his muscular arms and sweaty, dishevelled hair, Ellis found it very difficult to focus on anger.

"William Ellis, right?"

"Huh—", Ellis blinked a few times, "Yes."

Galbraith's grin widened, showing off more of his perfect teeth. "Nice to meet you face-to-face," he said, wiggling his eyebrows. "I'm John Galbraith."

"Y-yeah, I know," Ellis stuttered out. "Um, I mean, I've seen you around. The school. I — we have a few classes together." He couldn't believe they were having such a casual conversation, here of all places. "I'm just trying to get into the gym."

Galbraith chuckled and his eyes glanced over to the polling booth before turning back to scan Ellis's face. "Yeah, well, it's really good to see you, but, unfortunately, I'm supposed to stop people from getting inside," he said with mock regret in his voice.

Ellis met his gaze and felt a very small grin working its way onto his own face, he wasn't one to back down from a challenge. "Then, I guess you'd better try to stop me," he said back, with a strange confidence that did not feel like his own, and used the moment of surprise to slip out of his jacket and twist out of Galbraith's grip. Adrenaline pumped through his body as he pushed away from the wall and assessed the scene.

Galbraith had gotten over his initial shock and moved to stand between Ellis and the doorway, still holding the discarded jacket in his hand. He beckoned to Ellis with the other hand, silently saying, "Bring it on."

Ellis charged. He feinted to the right and stepped to the left. Galbraith fell for the bluff, allowing Ellis to squeak past him. His victory was short-lived as Galbraith was much faster and much more athletic, and quickly caught up to him, tackling Ellis to the floor. The two laughed as they grappled on the ground, sweaty elbows catching one another in the side, feet hooking out to trip the other's ankle. The scuffle continued for a minute until Ellis's strength faltered and Galbraith took the opportunity to straddle his opponent's waist, pinning his wrists to the ground beneath his own very large hands. Ellis, breathing heavily, laughed, and tried to catch his breath, which was made more difficult by Galbraith's weight resting on his abdomen. Galbraith was chuckling and panting from the exertion it took to wrestle him, sweaty hair hanging over his face,

Ellis squirmed under Galbraith, halfheartedly trying to free himself, but knew he had been bested by his perfect classmate ~~as~~ once again and led his head drop back onto the floor with a sigh. "Okay, you win," he said.

Galbraith's toothy grin widened and his eyes crinkled in a more genuine smile than Ellis had ever seen on him, and took the opportunity to openly ~~stare~~ stare at the lines of Galbraith's strong jaw, his muscular shoulders, and his long neck which glistened with sweat. Ellis was suddenly very grateful for the dim lighting in the hallway and he hoped it hid the blush he felt creeping over his cheeks.

A sudden bell rang from the gymnasium. "It's one o'clock!" A voice shouted. "Voting booths are closed! Fighting's over!"

Whoops of excitement echoed around the pair on the ground as the other remaining fighters picked themselves up and stumbled their way towards the gym. Galbraith, still breathing heavily, took another deep look at Ellis's face, making brief eye contact before releasing ~~f~~ him from the ground. Ellis looked up to see Galbraith standing, offering him a hand which he took and was pulled up off the floor. The two followed the rest through the door.

The rest of the night was a happy blur for Ellis. He found himself drawn to sit near Galbraith, joining in the festive banter of his fellow classmates, sipping on whiskey that deepened his blush that had yet to leave his face. He even tried a bit of a cigar that was passed around, and joined in on a game of broomball briefly. All in all, it was one of the best nights of Ellis's life.

Around four in the morning, the gym had nearly emptied as students stumbled their way out of the hall, and Ellis found himself being walked home by Galbraith who insisted on accompanying him, teasing him by saying he clearly needed a bodyguard since he was so bad at fighting. The flame of the streetlamps overhead illuminated the quiet streets and the gentle snowfall that had begun to silently settle on the ground. The two were so deeply locked in conversation with one another, that Ellis barely registered they had already arrived at the door to his apartment building. They were both happy to continue to chat outside the door in the cool night air.

Some time later, Galbraith caught a glance of his watch and groaned. He needed to get home, and said as much to Ellis with barely-concealed disappointment in his voice.

Ellis signed, "Well, thank you for walking me home, Galbraith," and shook off some of the snow that had landed on his coat as he stuck his hand out for a handshake, desperately wanting to touch Galbraith again, and feeling like this was an acceptable option for a goodbye that still allowed him to get a taste of what he wanted.

Galbraith took his offered hand, and leaned in a touch closer than was necessary for a handshake, "It was my pleasure, Ellis," he murmured, his deep voice somehow light. Neither let go of the handshake. Galbraith's gaze raked over his face, seeming to search for something. Snowflakes dusted the curls framing Galbraith's face, glittering like crystals in the warm glow of the streetlamp, and Ellis felt himself leaning in closer to get a better look at the gorgeous man in front of him, just needing to be closer to him.

Galbraith was leaning in as well, and the two met in the middle, finding their lips brushing together in a tender kiss. Warmth spread through Ellis, from his lips, over his cheeks, down his neck, and leaping into his chest before settling over his heart. Galbraith cupped the back of his neck with a gentle hand to deepen the kiss. The moment felt like it lasted forever, and when they pulled apart, Ellis saw that Galbraith looked as shy as he felt, with a rosy blush dusting his own face, turning his ears pink. Galbraith pulled Ellis's face back towards his own, their foreheads resting together for a moment.

"Goodnight, Ellis," he murmured before reluctantly turning to leave, heading home through the cold night. Ellis watched him until he was out of sight before floating up into his room. He instantly fell into a deep sleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

The next morning, Ellis strode into his first class of the day, eyes scanning the room before landing on a man with thick curly hair pointing a lopsided grin his way, gesturing for Ellis to take the empty seat next to him. Ellis smiled and happily sat down. He barely understood a word the lecturer said for the entire class, his mind fixated on the smart, handsome, and *irritating* man seated next to him who also did not pay attention to the class, and instead gazed back at Ellis happily.

The two have been inseparable ever since.



Artist's rendition

A Silly Cat's Visit to a Public Institution UWU

The Communicator
Maintaining plausible deniability, hopefully

I hate travelling, never have liked it and never will. So guess how I felt when Jeffery (my owner who feeds me too little salmon) announced that we were going on a short road trip to some random place in Utah. And by announced, I mean he threw me in a cat carrier and drove us there without saying a word.

After spending far too long in the back seat of Jeffery's station wagon, he jumped out of the car and ran towards a large crowd of people. Luckily for me, he did not secure the cat carrier properly, allowing me to exit the car without him noticing. While I was here, I decided to do a little bit of casual exploring.

Naturally, I went to the first rooftop I could, overlooking all the people crowding around each other, so I could silently judge them. To be completely honest, I really liked this spot. At least I did, until someone else joined me. Ok weirdo, find your own rooftop, I was here first.

Well this guy had a strangely large duffel bag that he was messing around with. Well ok, that's a little suspicious, so OF COURSE I took a little peek. While he was fidgeting with his bag, he dropped a couple of small metal cylinders, so I meowed at him until he noticed them and picked them up, placing them inside his large metal cylinder. After a bit of waiting, I got bored and went back to silently judging the crowd.

The crowd was making quite a bit of fuss, with one of them proclaiming something about "gang violence?". Obviously, the stranger next to me was also annoyed by their noise levels as he let off an extremely loud sound to quiet them.

Anyways, I wasn't a fan of his loud, terrifying boom, so I quickly fled down the stairs to reach the bottom. Apparently, this stranger must be a cat, as he reached the ground floor faster than I could, running away from the building by the time I reached the ground.

After returning to the car, Jeffery took us back home. I hope we never go on a road trip again.

CANNON PERFORMANCE ANXIETY:

Can't get it up for Mario Baker unless Mitchell Park is there

Rachel Write
Toike professional yaoi enforcer

The Cannon's Chief is a good ginger ale enjoying Canadian. Chief Attiliator is known for their fierce, perhaps even *heated rivalry* against the Lady Godiva Memorial Bnad, who is currently personified by Korean hockey phenom Mitchell Park. However, after a tragic tuna melt related breakdown, the two have seemingly parted ways.

The masked buff gentleman tried to quickly rebound with a more heteronormative, socially acceptable option: *Mario Baker*. However, much to the dismay of Chief, when it came time to bring out the big 14 inch boom, unfortunately Mitchell had left the premises and the Cannon simply did not have the spunk to perform with so little stimulation.

While for Mitch there was a very large boom, without him it seems it had been reduced to a sad, flaccid *hiss*. The Cannon even tried to think of Mitchell, but it was not enough.

Hopefully Mario can confront Chief about his feelings for Mitchell before known 6'8 muscled enforcer Keting gives chief a concussion on accident.





Bring scandal. Bring lore. Bring the kind of tea that requires oven mitts to hold. I want plot twists, character arcs, exposés, confessions, and at least one piece that makes someone say, "Are they allowed to print this?"



WHAt kind of PERFORMAtiVe are YOU?

1. What are you most afraid of?

A. Periods (Im 6'1 btw)

B. Being allowed to vote

C. The possibility of performing poorly on my upcoming examinations

D. Nothing

E. Taking a shower

2. What is your favourite drink?

A. A Venti matcha latte

B. Raw milk

C. Dihydrogen monoxide

D. Johnnie Walker in my war room

E. White monster

3. What's your favourite book genre?

A. Feminist poetry

B. I can't read

C. Textbooks

D. Self help

A. Creepypastas or Comics

4. Who's your idol?

A. Lana Del Ray

B. My Man

C. Fryderyk Franciszek Chopin

D. The Big T

E. Patrick Bateman

5. What's your aesthetic?

A. Caring for my Labubu's + Vintage vibes

B. Loving attention + Tradwife vibes

C. Study grindset + Dark academia vibes

D. Dark leather + Gymmaxxing vibes

E. Arguing with strangers online + basement dweller vibes

***If you picked mostly A**, you are a Performative male. You love matcha, labubus, and feminism. It's too bad that you can only remember these whenever women are around.*

***If you picked mostly B**, you are a Pick me Girl. Congratulations, you love doing nothing of importance by making yourself look like a smol bean while you make everyone around you suffer. Your favourite hobby is competing against other women, even if they aren't competing against you.*

***If you picked mostly C**, you are a Performative Intellectual. Congratulations, you are an average UofT student. You care more about the aesthetics of being smart, as we all know that you are a shallow idiot.*

***If you picked mostly D**, you are an Alpha Male. Caring about the gym and how others perceive you is like your full-time job. But the reason no one likes to be around you isn't that you are "built different." No, it's because you don't have a real personality.*

***If you picked mostly E**, you are an Edgelord. You can't stand to be normal in any setting. It's too bad this abnormalness isn't endearing; it just makes you unapproachable. Maybe spending less time on 4Chan and more time touching grass will help you reconnect with reality.*

ASSIFIDES

Wanted: A Pit
Contact: everyone

Wanted: AODA Compliant Cable Mats
Contact: Campus Events

Wanted: SUDS to be open till 11
Contact: everyone

Wanted: a cute pic of every build
Contact: @uoftengineering

Wanted: Names for all the minecraft mobs and also the car on the ceiling for some reason
Contact: @uoftengineering

Wanted: An end to women-lead builds and also BnG
Contact: Andrey

Wanted: Diversity, Inclusion and Professionalism but NOT Equity
Contact: Marisa she-her Sterling

Wanted: A Finch LRT Opening
Contact: The LGMB

Wanted: A Finch LRT Closing
Contact: The LGMB

Wanted: An Eglinton LRT Opening
Contact: The LGMB

Wanted: An Eglinton LRT Closing
Contact: The LGMB

Wanted: A bogg
Contact: Tbog

Wanted: A f!rosh hard hat
Contact: Con Hall

Wanted: Underage drinking at f!rosh retreat
Contact: Ethan Mao and Alex Klaus

Wanted: A healthy foot
Contact: Alyssa Tiw

Wanted: A healthy foot
Contact: Ava McMurray, for sock fittings

Wanted: Cheap beer for broke students
Contact: Farbodflation

Wanted: A VPF
Contact: Zayneb Hussan

Wanted: A VPF
Contact: Ken Hilton

Wanted: A VPF
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: A second :(dusted
Contact: BnG

Wanted: The vodka in the president's office
Contact: VPSLut

Wanted: For everyone involved in a finance club to read a feminist manifesto, chug a beer, and get laid (with each other...?)
Contact: VP Stockholder Litigation

Wanted: The DTA Trailer out of his parents' driveway
Contact: Michael Atkinson

Wanted: Another female engsoc officer
Contact: Shosh Lebo

Wanted: Other people to write stuff for Stolen Toike PLEASE
Contact: The Minister that's been writing everything so far

Wanted: Mario to stop writing articles with AI
Contact: The Minister that's been writing everything so far

Wanted: Mario to respond to emails
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: Mario to give advance notice for builds and pranks
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: To remember the events that occurred
Contact: The Engineering Faculty

Wanted: Two Cannon firings
Contact: The Cannon

Wanted: Five big booms
Contact: The Chief Attiliator

Wanted: For this to stop
Contact: Dean Yip

Wanted: Mario to stop edging us
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: $40k
Contact: FASE

Wanted: Your CAC policy to be included correctly
Contact: Keting

Wanted: SCoRe
Contact: A Funeral Home

Wanted: Timely Century Club
Contact: The 2T5s

Wanted: Their cigarettes back
Contact: Chief

Wanted: More of Chief's cigarettes
Contact: Tyler

Wanted: To yell at first years
Contact: Smith House/Copper Boot owner

Wanted: Kens
Contact: 2T5-2T6 Officer team

Wanted: A Chief over 6ft tall
Contact: Ye Olde Mighty Skule Cannon

Wanted: Geer Team Activity
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: Western Cannon Firing
Contact: The Cannon

Wanted: For the bomb scares to stop
Contact: Western Engineering

Wanted: People to stop getting unauthorized access to the Spencer Engineering Building
Contact: Western Engineering

Wanted: Trump on his knees
Contact: Bubba

Wanted: More videos of Trump on his knees for Bubba
Contact: Vladdy P.

Wanted: Blackout Poetry
Contact: The U.S. Department of Justice

Wanted: To know if it's counting or not counting gang violence
Contact: ...

Wanted: To defund EngSoc
Contact: Doug Ford

Wanted: A VPF (again)
Contact: EngSoc

Wanted: Seven raw onions (to eat)
Contact: Shawshanna Lebowitz

Wanted: $300 in Google Play gift cards
Contact: Mario Baker

Wanted: Medical Attention
Contact: Sophia H.

Wanted: Skule Patrollers to set a good example and not be behind the worst incident of F!rosh Week
Contact: Eileen W. and Rafa P.

Wanted: People to stop using T nuts in builds
Contact: everyone

Wanted: A Corkscrew
Contact: Sophia H.

Wanted: Banners and tarps
Contact: The BFC

Wanted: Pride Suds 2T6
Contact: The gays

Wanted: 56 impact drivers and 56 drills
Contact: The build battle co-chairs

Wanted: Their tools back from build battle
Contact: BnG Everyone

Wanted: To break the G week stage (again)
Contact: Daniel TK

Wanted: For Tumblr user spencapenca to shut up and check their privilege
Contact: Sam Denomme

Wanted: The Build Battle login
Contact: The BnG voters

Wanted: The pit construction to be finished by February March June Frosh Week 2T6
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: To eat your iron ring
Contact: Ben (anemic)

Wanted: Show you pictures of my cats
Contact: Toike EIC

Wanted: The ex-drumb majors to not abandon the bnad during a crashing
Contact: The Cannon, the BFC, and the rest of the bnad

Wanted: The ex-drumb majors to let us back into the bnad room for our house keys
Contact: The rest of the bnad

Wanted: A job (in this economy)
Contact: The 2T5s

Wanted: Acceptance into a masters program
Contact: The 2T5s who don't wanna be real adults yet

Wanted: People to stop pissing behind the SF dumpsters
Contact: The mice

Wanted: Officers to stop dating their PDs
Contact: VPSL (the only one that's not doing that)

Wanted: BFC Cufflinks
Contact: Not Mitchell cause he lost his

Wanted: BFC Cufflinks
Contact: Not Ass cause they don't sell well

Wanted: BFC Cufflinks
Contact: Me because I want BFC cufflinks and didn't get any because they sold out so quickly

Wanted: Mario & Ass to stop turning everything into a sass contest
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: My writing to get back to normal after Mario gave me his dyslexia
Contact: Mario's Ass

Wanted: An email to start with "Salutations Slippery Salamanders"
Contact: Mario Baker

Wanted: Absolutely no emails to start with "Salutations Slippery Salamanders"
Contact: Mario's Ass

Wanted: An iron ring that fits
Contact: 2T5s

Wanted: A daylight photo of pranks
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: (1) Bnad Cymbal
Contact: TEMU

Wanted: A reason
Contact: Mario's Ass

Wanted: A life outside of the BFC
Contact: Mario's Ass

Wanted: Mario to shrink a little in photos at least
Contact: Mario's Ass

Wanted: Everybody to look up all together at the smoke stack
Contact: Stephen

Wanted: The Dome to be anything other than a watermelon
Contact: U of T

Wanted: To drive the DTA van right after a beer
Contact: Shosh and Michael

Wanted: To sleep with the VPSL
Contact: Cam

Wanted: Homeless People
Contact: The mice

Wanted: The stack ring to be disassembled in less than 48 hours
Contact: Lincoln & Daniel

Wanted: A Waterloo Foam Finger Build
Contact: Kyle

Wanted: A major deployment that wasn't edged on
Contact: God

Wanted: A "plan" to steal the cannon
Contact: Madeline Kalda

Wanted: TEMU to not steal Diso branding
Contact: The BFC

Wanted: Kazoos to be the Diso item
Contact: Mario's Ass

Wanted: Mike & Ike's
Contact: Mario & Ass

Wanted: A new Mario Baker in January 2T6.
Contact: Current Mario Baker for application

Wanted: Waterpoo smoke stack banner
Contact: Ayan

Wanted: To go by the voodoo circle
Contact: Emaan, Lincoln, Dani, Johnny & Stephanie

Wanted: Cosmic Pizza
Contact: That (1) hungry mouse

Wanted: Mice to stay in the mice cage
Contact: Ring deployment team

Wanted: That one Waterpoo mice car to stop watching reality TV in the middle of the road
Contact: Waterpoo deployment team

Wanted: Train deployment to not take forever
Contact: Train deployment team

Wanted: An easier way to transport TEMU letters
Contact: Bnad & the BFC

Wanted: People to stop going into GB Quad
Contact: Rodney

Wanted: Less Skulecest
Contact: Everyone

Wanted: The stack to be brighter inside
Contact: The Fire Department

Wanted: The raccoons outside to stop fucking while I'm doing layout.
Contact: The Minister of Trying to do Layout.

Wanted: A different pranking team to prank us back
Contact: The BFC

uoftengineering
Enya · Only Time



420 67

@uoftengineering please you guys need to go back to the minecraft pranks my paycheck this week depends on it #StolenToike2T6