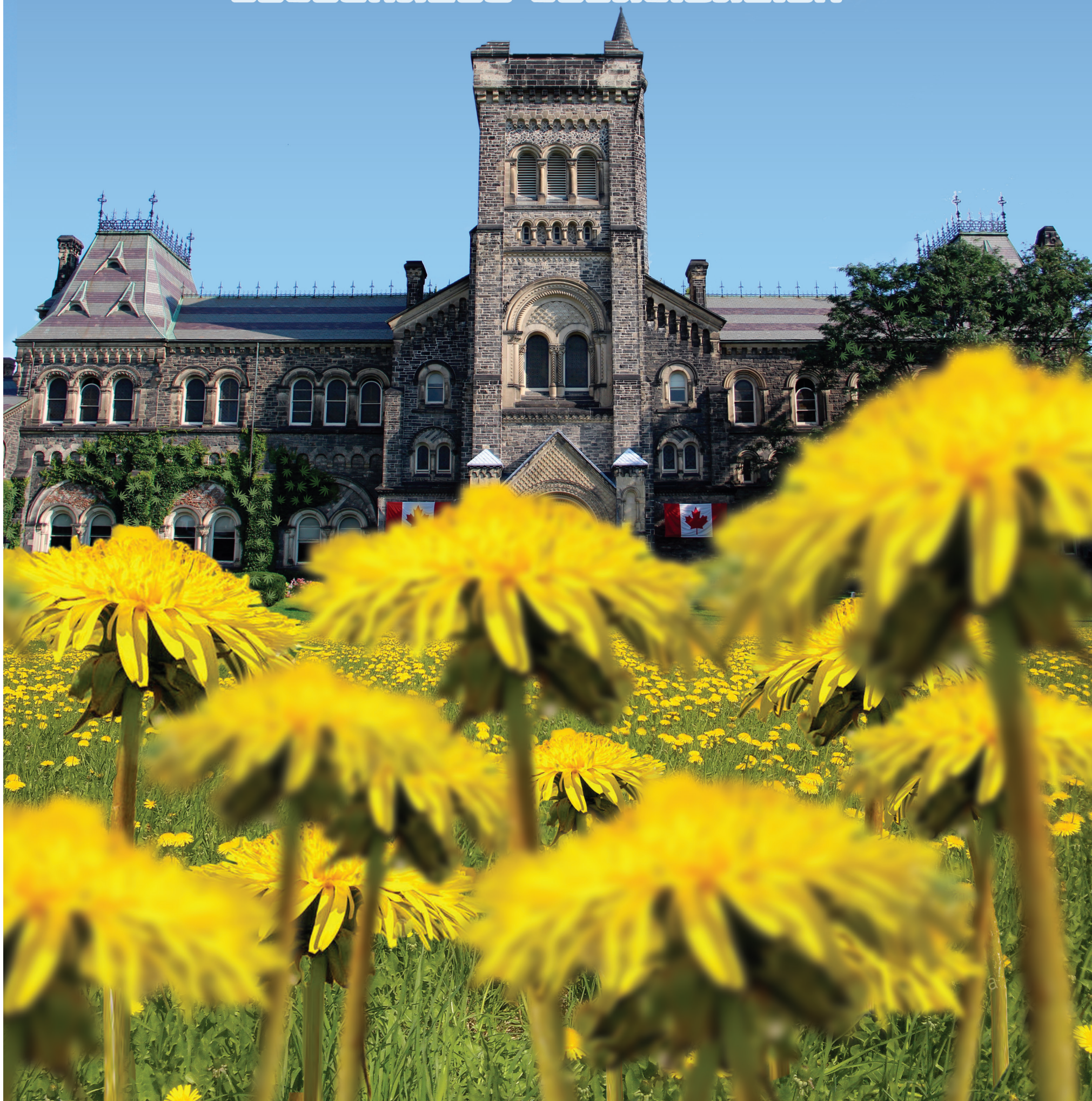


THE
DOKE OKE
CELEBRATES LEGALIZATION



EDITORIAL

Greetings!

Sooo October was a wild month. We painted happy little trees at our “Bob Ross Paint Night” event at Suds. We had our newsstand taken for ransom by our friends over at Ryerson. We even had time to make the *Toike* you’re reading right now.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention one kinda big news item from this month: cannabis legalization. Nice job, Canada. You legalized recreational marijuana. As a result, we spent this month crackin’ the most hilarious jokes about one very topical plant and decided to make it this entire issue’s theme. We’ve been looking forward to making this issue for so long; you wouldn’t believe the shit we almost wrote. Or maybe you would. I don’t know you.

As a disclaimer, most us on the *Toike*’s executive staff have never “done marijuana”. Like, Matt and Spencer have *literally* no idea what they’re talking about in their Write-a-torial. That’s fine though,

WRITE-ITORIAL

Spencer: Hi! To celebrate the legalisation of recreational marijuana, we’ve decided to get stoned! *Matt, takes an extremely brief hit of a blunt:* Whoooo, straight to my head. Whooooo, I can feel it hittingggggggg. People who say “hi, how are you” don’t actually expect a response.

Spencer, takes extremely long drag on the same blunt: **OH MY GOD, IT’S SO COLD IN HERE.**

Matt: I mean that’s so rude. Why can’t they just say “hi” why do they have to, like, ask me rhetorical questions.

Spencer, taking another extremely long drag on the blunt: **OHMYGOD ICAN’TFEELMYFACE, WHYDO YOUHATEME HOOOooooOOOOO WOW THIS STUFF IS STRONG.**

Matt: Yes, haha. I am so high right now. Someone pass me the snacks because, wooooo, I have the munchies.

Spencer, taking a long, slow drag: **PLEASE TAKE THIS AWAY FROM ME, I’M SWEATING. AM I HOT OR COLD.**

Matt: Haha, no more for me, broski, I am much too high for another hit of that sweet-sweet sticky icky.

Spencer: **I AM BOTH NAUSEOS AND NOT NAUSEOUS, DID I JUST SPELL IT TWO DIFFERENT WAYS. HALP ME.**

Matt: Whoa-ho-ho, I can feel it too, I am so stoned right now, this is why my grade nine gym teacher told me to stay away from weed.

since the *Toike* isn’t exactly known for being factually correct. In an effort to do some fact-checking, I decided to call my sister shortly before the print deadline to help out with the centerspread. It just wasn’t... weedy enough. “It’s Tokémon.” I told her, “It’s like Pokémon, but uhh, you know, weed.” She made some *damn* good jokes, mostly starting with “Okay, you probably can’t publish this...” (Surpsingly, we could publish them).

Speaking of the centerspread, I *hiiiighly* encourage you to have



a look at the centerspread. And the articles. And the comics. And everything, really.

Anyway, have I filled enough space yet? Yes? Good.

With love,

*Leigh McNeil-Taboika
Editor-in-Chief 1T8-1T9*

The Toike will return again in January 2019 to newsstands near you.

Spencer: **HEY, IT REALLY ISN’T THAT BAD I THINK I JUST HAD TOO MUCH AND AM HAVING A BAD TRIP.**

Matt: Oh yeah, me too. Here, let me hold you as you come down off that high.

Spencer lies in Matt’s arms: **NO ONE READS THE CANNON.**

Matt: I know, buddy. Shhhhhhhh.

****THIS HAS BEEN A PSA FROM TOIKERS AGAINST HIGH TOIKING****

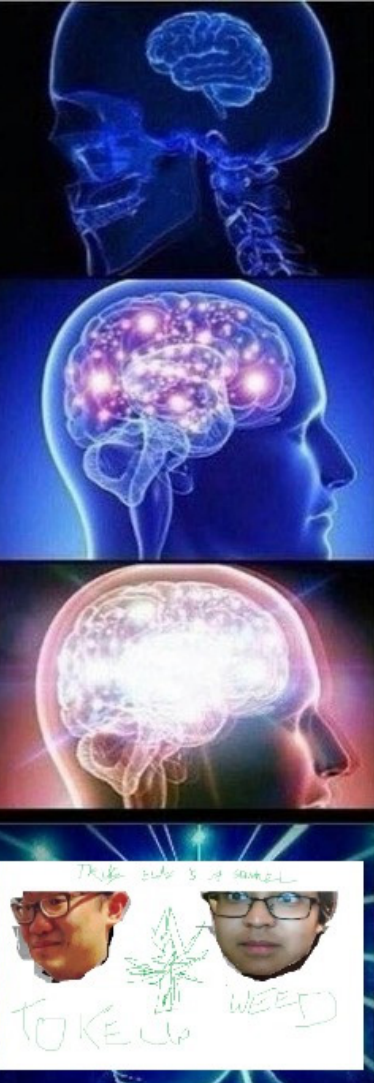
*Matthew Gene and Spencer Ki
Senior Staff Writers 1T8-1T9*

TAKE
SSW/PHOTO

HAVE
SOMEONE ELSE
TAKE SSW/PHOTO

HAVE THE
GRAPHICS TEAM
GENERATE AN SSW/PHOTO

SLAP SOMETHING
TOGETHER ON
MICROSOFT PAINT USING
PICS FROM HIGH SCHOOL



The Toike Oike

VOLUME CVIII — ISSUE III — NOVEMBER 2018

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SPECIAL THANKS **New Newsstand Recovery Team**

PRINTER **All Solutions Printing**

COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is generated each month by dumping the combined consciousness of students into a deep learning AI. Said AI has become sentient, complete with its own persona. Writers of *The Toike Oike* power the AI with monthly uploads of low-quality memes and longform poetry describing their deepest insecurities.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a genus of flowering plants in the family *Cannabaceae*. The number of species within the genus is disputed. Three species may be recognized: *Toikus sativa*, *Toikus indica*, and *Toikus ruderalis*. *The Toike Oike* is also known as the *Toike*, although this term is often used to refer only to varieties of *Toikes* cultivated for... other uses. *The Toike Oike* has long been used for *Toike* fibre, for *Toike* oils, for medicinal purposes, and as a recreational drug.

DISCLAIMER

The dope-ass, far-out opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not sue us, as our lawyers - who are our cousin’s best friend’s cool middle-school brother and his friends - could like, beat you up and shit. Besides, cannabis was legalized on October 17th so we’re in the clear. Right? Right...?



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

Eng Sci Reduces Monthly Course Load to 420 Hours

Kilo Meters

Toike Complainer

In a surprise move from the Division of Engineering Science, there will be a one-time-only reduction of monthly course loads down to 420 hours for all students. While they did not disclose their motives for the massive reduction, some are speculating this could be a response to the recent cannabis legalization. Many also think this could be an attempt by the department to win back student approval after quiz grades came back a day late. Whatever

the motivation, though, many students were thrilled by the news.

The day the news was announced, there were many reported sightings of students crying tears of joy around campus. One could hear shouts such as “I just did the math and I’m gonna have 2.5 hours of free time A MONTH!” and “I think I’m gonna see my family!”

Not everyone was excited at the announcement, however. One student who would like to remain unnamed shared his feelings

with us. “I really worry that we’re going to fall behind in our course work. The department is being blatantly irresponsible. They pulled this same crap back when 50 Shades of Grey came out for Valentine’s, reducing our weekly course load to 69 hours. Not a single graduate had a starting salary over \$150,000 that year. Waterloo never does garbage like this.”

While there may not be much agreement on the course load reduction, everyone does seem to love the new mandatory email salutation “wake and bake y’all.”

Weed is Harmless

Darth Vibrator

Toike Roast Master

JEFF’S MOTHER’S HOUSE, GREEKTOWN - “Man, weed hasn’t ever killed anyone,” puffed Jeff Papadopoulos, resting his blunt on a pile of dry leaves and paper scraps, “Name one guy who died because of weed.”

Papadopoulos, 23, lives in his mother’s home just off of the Danforth. Built in 1918 and almost immediately purchased by his maternal great grandparents, Jeff’s home is a priceless piece of Greek-Canadian history - a multi-million dollar architectural marvel which has withstood a hundred Toronto winters and twenty-five Tastes of the Danforth.

After a few moments, Jeff’s small bonfire reached what can only be described as a Looney Tunes-ian fire hazard, igniting a complex trail of kerosene that terminated in a large pile of sawdust underneath a rope that was suspending an ACME-brand anvil that was hanging above several rounds of WWI-era white phosphorus explosives that, according to Jeff’s late grandfather, were but “hilarious accent pieces.”

“Never, in the history of mankind, has weed harmed anyone or anything. My brain is perfectly fine,” slurred Jeff as the basement began to fill with carbon monoxide and the fumes from burning hair. His brother’s

handmade wig collection caught fire. The flames from the wigs quickly consumed the priceless family photo albums, Jeff’s birth certificate, and his teddy bear from childhood, Mr. Snuggs.

The self-igniting phosphorus and the flaming sawdust being blown around by Jeff’s Dyson-brand tower fan created a small firestorm that gnawed at the asbestos-filled walls and his great-grandmother’s mahogany table from the old country. Though I myself untouched by the nonsensical shitstorm, Jeff wasn’t so lucky, his beanie having been blown off by the tower fan.

“Aw, man. It reeks of weed. It’ll take, like, three washes to get this out. Never say never, huh?”



Inside an ArtSci's Mind

Wyldflower Kombucha

Toike Classic ArtSci Student

From September 19 to September 20, 2018, an engineering student placed a recording device in an ArtSci’s brain and taped their inner thoughts for 24 hours. The following are the unfiltered recordings.

08:15:03 AM: What fresh HELL DO YOU HAVE TO THROW AT ME TODAY STARBUCKS? NO PUMPKIN SPICE? I PAY EIGHT THOUSAND FUCKING DOLLARS EVERY YEAR AND AND AND- [unintelligible screaming]

09:43:16 AM: What are you looking at, you punk-ass squirrel?! This is MY campus. OH NO, OH NO, ABORT MISSION, IS THAT A GRENADE LAUNCHER?! HOW?!! HOW?!! TAKE MY COOKIE PLEASE JUST LEAVE ME ALONE [...] How... to... wrap... an... all-natural... organic... fair-trade... tourniquet... search...

10:23:57 AM: I can steal this sandwich, right? I pay tuition here.

01:42:05 PM: A. Fully. Cooked. Meal. In class. Tuna. Five bucks says it isn’t even “dolphin-safe.” What? A carton of milk?! Are you out of your goddamn mind?! I hate you I hate you I hate you I hate you...

01:42:10 PM: Ok, I just hate that you can afford milk.

03:24:56 PM: I can steal this statue, right? I pay tuition here.

05:12:19 PM: Why’s that guy purple? Did no one tell them that crystal violet is carcinogenic?

09:18:33 PM: This cult club looks pretty cool! *Toyk Oyk?* Is that Latin? Based on the roots of the word, it seems to be Latin. Possibly Greek, maybe Aramaic. I guess I might as well find something to do to fill my time anyways, since I don’t think there’s any homework...

11:56:39 PM: I can steal this vat of acid, right? I pay tuition here.

01:12:19 AM: CANNONS? AT 1 AM? Yes I’m still pissed off!

04:20:00 AM: bläze it.

6:66:00: AM: Am I afraid? Yes. Am I opposed to Satanic rituals? Yes. But do I want to be featured in the first issue of the year? ... yes. OH GILBERT AND SUL-LIVAN, GODS OF HUMOUR AND CAMP, BESTOW UPON ME YOUR JOKES, FOR I AM BUT YOUR SERVANT AND YOU, THE MASTERS I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN MAJOR GENERAL. Ok, I can do this, it’s just Queen’s Park, it’ll be fine! WHAT the squirrels are HOWLING AT THE MOON?! I CAN’T DO THIS ANYMORE

07:23:04 AM: I just pulled an all-nighter because I still had sooo many readings left to do for next class. Wait you have how many hours of class a week? AhHHaH-Hhh I hate university.

7:24:54 AM: Anyone else wanna get breakfast? Oh, just me?

A follow-up experiment will be conducted during final examinations. No students were harmed in the making of this recording.

Report: Tim Got So Faded he Faded From History

Juules Burne
Toike Vapemaster

RANDOM PARQUETTE, TORONTO - “Who?” asked a perplexed Sarah Carter, mother of Tim Hutchins-Carter. “I don’t have a son.”

Reports - or perhaps the lack thereof - out of the local gazette indicate Tim Hutchins-Carter, a local stoner, phased out of both spacetime and known history upon consuming nine grams of potent marijuana in the form of blondies.

“Huh? Sorry, man, didn’t know him,” stated his husband Colin Belisle-Deveaux after being shown his spouse’s driver’s license. The government-issued card rapidly disintegrated in this writer’s hand, reducing Tim Hutchins-Carter’s last known photograph into a small pile of ashes on Colin Belisle-Deveaux’s doorstep.



Man Goes to Hamilton, Has Bad Trip

Darth Vibrator
Toike Hey, Does Anyone Even Enjoy These?

HAMILTON, ON - “I wanna throw up,” muttered Grant Kaplan upon arriving in Hamilton for a four-day, three-night stay.

Careful analysis of the marijuana-laden blondies found in **Tim Hutchins-Carter’s room** an unknown place revealed he had consumed a strain of marijuana called “Jesus’ Abrasive Cobalt Strap-On.” According to cannabis distributor Twad’s VP of Public Relations, Mo Khan, Jesus’s Abrasive Cobalt Strap-On is an “extremely high-THC, high-CBD strain that is not fit for human consumption in amounts greater than 500mg. Last guy who consumed over five grams was Seth Rogen, so... yeah.”

At the time of writing, Tim - wait, shit. What? Why was I writing this article. Tim... Who? Why do I have all of these blondies?

Oh.

Tasty.

Agriculture Enrollment at All-Time High

Eila Vweed
Toike Expert of Agricultural Law

Applications for University of Saskatchewan’s agricultural science program have hit an all-time high this year. Jonathan Maerys, recruiter for the program, offered the following update: “Registration for the 2019-2020 school year began on October 17, and already we have seen a sizable wave of applicants. Last year, we saw a total enrollment of 6 students into first year. This year, however, we’ve seen a 420% increase in our number of applicants. Historically, we haven’t seen this much interest in our program since the Great Dust Bowl of the 1930’s.”

William Nelson, head of the University of Saskatchewan College of Agriculture and Biore-sources, reported that enrollment in AGR420 “Hemp and You: the Wonderful World of Weed and Cannabis Cultivation” had increased at a rate of 84 students per week for the past 5 weeks. “I have no idea what in *blazes* is



going on with these kids these days,” said the mustachioed expert on the industrial applications of hemp fibres. “Why are they so excited about hemp? We’ve offered this course for 109 years, and enrolment has never exceeded 12 people. Guess they’re into sturdy, affordable clothing and ropes.”

Involvement in the school’s sauna-based fight club has risen as well, with hundreds of students joining USask’s Hot Boxing Club, while it seems that every residence on campus has started

a gardening club. 6 residence buildings have recently installed climate-controlled hydroponic farms in the basement. No residence was willing to give the *Toike* a tour of their facility.

Maerys is enthusiastic for the future of the program. “It seems that Canadian youth are once again taking an interest in cultivation. Here at U Saskatchewan, we’re training the growers of the future.”

A Cannabis Connoisseur's Guide to Toking

Ganjanemeus Toeke III
Toike Cultivator of Fine Herbs

Ah, the subtle aroma of a high-brow joint while overlooking my estate’s hemp fields... truly an enlightening pleasure. Unlike the basest of pedestrian herb, I purvey only the finest of marijuana strains, and give counsel on how to best appreciate this refined tradition of “toking up”.

Firstly, you need to know the essentials of ingestion. Visually appreciate the beauty of the bud, taking time to smell it raw and roll it between your fingers, describing the appearance, taste, and texture in your hemp-paper Cannabis Experience Journal. Roll your joints with only organic, non-GMO, gluten-free hemp, or silk papers. If using a vapourizer, anything under 500 quid is a waste! I recommend a non-reactive gold-plated mouthpiece. The correct heat to use depends on the strain, the time of day, and the location of Venus relative to your astrological sign from the vantage point of the coordinates 18.3894°N, 78.2740°W. Inhale, and hold the vapour in your lungs for exactly as many seconds as your second closest friend’s projected years taken for degree completion. Swirl it around in your mouth to coat your palette,

and appreciate the fine aroma with your nose. A good toke is an experience for the mind, body, and soul. Delight your friends with a cannabis-sampling party alongside fine craft beer and Dorito canapés. I recommend the following strains, all of which I grow in the grow-op cellar of my mansion:

1. Violet Granddaddy Nepal Kush - A heady, voluptuous aroma of pine resin, wet asphalt, and skunk roadkill. This was the product of generations of a Habsburg-style breeding scheme to produce a perfectly pure lineage. An excellent treatment for the woes of your soul and a restless spirit. Deeply inebriating and inspirational of Goethian romantic fantasy. Pairs well with Tibetan folk music and lounging on your satin chaise.

2. Lemon Shortbread Velvet Haze - Sharp citrus notes are complemented with a voluminous note of burnt hair. Enlivening and encouraging of great social whimsy, this is the perfect strain for a cocktail party at that new-money fellow’s manor on the bay. Taste the candle-wax precipitate on your tongue as the vapour cools; truly indicative of a superior strain.

5. Desert Treasure Luxury Nugz - This extremely rare and valuable strain is the closest remaining strain to what was smoked by kings in the ganja-friendly kingdoms of old. The musty, roasted aroma is reminiscent of Vatican City’s holy incense, but... danker. Perfect for any religious function you may partake in, such as a B-52s concert.

Jack and the Weedstalk

Wilhelm Grime
Toike Storyteller

Once upon a time, there was an old widow who lived with her son, Jack, on their farm. Unfortunately for Jack and his mother, they were poor and barely had enough money to keep themselves fed. One day, Jack’s mother turned to him and said “Jack, we need to sell the cow so that we can buy enough seed to plant a good crop.” I suppose they were vegetarians since they didn’t even consider that the old milking cow was literally made of meat.

Anyway, the next morning Jack set out for the market to sell the old cow...alone...even though he was a kid and the market was an hour away. But on his way to the market, Jack came across a strange old man. “Hello there Jack,” said the old man who Jack had never met before but somehow knew his name. “What are you doing with your cow?”

“I’m off to the market to sell her,” said Jack, whose mother never taught him about stranger-danger even though she would apparently just send him off to the market alone. “My mother and I need money to buy seeds for a good crop.”

“You seem like a good boy Jack. Why don’t I buy the cow from you? I have no money, but I do have these magic seeds. From them, you can grow a special crop in just one night. And you can do so many things with this crop. You can smoke it, add it to baked goods, blend it into smoothies, sell it to friends.”

“Well that seems fair,” replied Jack taking the handful of seeds from the old man. When Jack returned home and told his mother of his sale, she wept. Jack felt so distraught that he threw the seeds out his window.

By the next morning, a great weed-stalk stood right outside Jack’s window.

Unbeknownst to Jack, the small candle he kept by his window set fire to the leaves that had grown through his window, filling the room with a cloud of smoke. When Jack finally woke, he was floating on a cloud in the front yard of the most amazing castle. And in the yard, he found eggs made of solid gold and a harp that could play itself.

Jack was so entranced by these treasures that he had to take them back home, because when you get high enough, you are apparently above the law. As Jack moved toward the weed-stalk to return home, a giant figure appeared and chased after him, yelling what sounded like gibberish to Jack. Though it was probably something along the lines of “Hey, stop stealing my stuff, you ass.”

Jack quickly made his way back down the weed-stalk, but the giant continued to pursue him. So instead of giving back the stuff he had stolen, Jack cut down the weed-stalk, causing the giant to fall to his death.

Strange Indeed: A High Review of *Doctor Strange*

Benedict Cumber-Blaze-It
Toike Far-Out Space Detective

What’s up my fellow stoned cine-philies of Skule™? This month’s high movie review is gonna be for Marvel’s Doctor Strange starring Bureaucrat Cumberbund. I was on some pretty strong stuff for this one so I’m not sure what the fuck was actually happening in the film. I mean, at one point, I thought Crabapple’s hand started growing smaller hands from his fingertips. Honestly, I had to leave the room for a few minutes after that because I started freak-ing out. Hands aren’t supposed to

have more hands on them. When I got back to the movie, Benefactor Crinkleton was actually starting to do some cool magic shit and it was really fucking dope. Yeah, I’m like 82% sure this movie had magic in it. 78% sure. I’ll be honest, I thought I was getting clear-headed by the end but then, I don’t even know what happened but it felt like they were playing the same scene over and over again. I was seeing some crazy shit on the screen so I had to close my eyes but I swear Coffeebreath said “Darrell, I’ve come to barter” like twenty times in a row.



Jack Tanner Appeals Drug Conviction Based on Legalization of Marijuana

Jakob Grime
Toike Enchanted Forest Legal Expert

With the legalization of marijuana now in effect across the Enchanted Forest, those citizens previously convicted of drug-related crimes have been anxiously awaiting a decision as to whether or not they will be pardoned. However, with Prime Minister Charming’s announcement that only those arrested for possession of a small amount of marijuana will be pardoned, many of these convicts are turning to the Court of Appeals to have their convictions overturned. One such citizen is Jack Tanner, who was convicted of possession of marijuana with intent to sell nearly two years ago.

“We were informed by multiple people that Mr. Tanner was growing a crop of marijuana behind his house,” said Officer Rumpleskin in his original testimony to the court. “When we arrived on scene, we found Mr. Tanner chopping down a weed-stalk tall enough to reach the clouds in his backyard. The sheer amount of marijuana and the fact that the defendant just so happened to come into a large sum of money around the same time led us to believe that he was growing the stuff to sell it.”

“I wasn’t trying to grow that weed-stalk,” said Jack during his initial interrogation. “I didn’t even know what I was growing. I had just sold my cow for what I thought were magic seeds. My mother was so mad that she threw the seeds out the window. The next morning, there was this giant weed-stalk.”

Though his story was initially dismissed as ridiculous, Jack is hoping that he’ll be taken seriously on appeal. “I’m just hoping that the man who sold me those ‘magic beans’ two years ago will finally come forward now that marijuana is legal and tell everyone the truth. I’m sure that he’d be able to convince everyone that I wasn’t trying to grow or sell all that weed. And then everyone will finally believe my story.”

Should the court overturn Jack’s conviction, it is unclear whether the other aspects of Jack’s story will be investigated and prosecuted. Specifically, Jack could be convicted of two counts of theft and one count of second-degree murder.

That laugh at the end brought such pure joy to my heart that I, for one brief shining moment, forgot that I was in engineering. But then I remembered. And I was sad. I wonder if I should play Wong laughing on a loop while I’m studying.

Anyway, to conclude, Doctor Strange was a time. I’d highly recommend it if you’re looking for something to watch at 4:20 on a Saturday afternoon. It was fun and, more importantly, it had a great message. Don’t be afraid to drive too fast while examining incredibly complex medical

documents, because you might get super powers...Wait, that can’t be the message. Umm...If some extradimensional demon is threatening your existence, just annoy it into leaving you alone. Is that a good message? Follow the rules until it’s inconvenient not too?!?!?

Yeah, maybe don’t try to learn some sort of life lesson from a movie about wizards.....Bye.

The Indica League

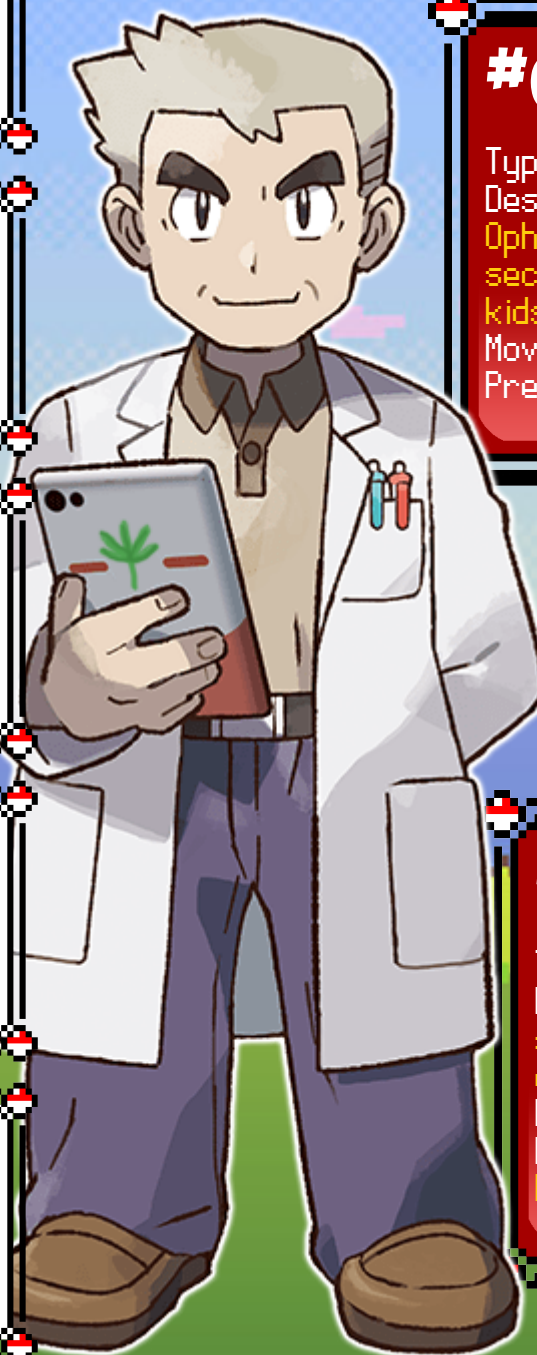
Tokédex

Presented by Professor Sativa

When I was young, I was a serious Tokémon uhh... enthusiast! Here, take one! Choose!

Get moving, whatever you said
your name was! This is the
greatest undertaking in
Tokémon history!

Type: Poison.
Description: SAY IT AIN'T SOOO-OOO-oooooOOOOO. YOUR DRUG IS A HEARTBREAKER. SAY IT AIN'T SOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
Moveset: The Pork and Beans, Hash Pipe,
Sweater Song, Buddy Holly
Pre-Evolutions: Blue, Green, Red, White



Norm & Gord Discuss Marijuana

This monthly column features a titillating discussion between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw.

This month's column is sponsored by Doug Ford. Doug Ford - now serving drugs, again!

Norm: Good day, I'm Norm McLuhan, and this is my brother, Gord -
Gord: Hi there.
Norm: - and today we're gonna discuss, uh, marijuana.
Gord: But Gord, are we allowed to discuss marijuana?
Norm: I don't see why not, eh.
Gord: Okay.
Norm: Alright, so marijuana-
Gord: -or weed!
Norm: Or sometimes pot-
Gord: -or ganja!
Norm: That doesn't sound right.
Gord: Of course not, we're from uh... from uh...
Norm: Gord, ya okay there, bud?
Gord: Hmm?
Norm: Yer eyes are lookin' a little red there, Gord.
Gord: Ya got any snacks? Like, Hickory Sticks er somethin'?
Norm: Where would I be keeping Hickory Sticks?
Gord: Ya always got Hickory Sticks, ya hoser. I bet yer hidin' 'em.
Norm: Why would I be hiding Hickory Sticks?
Gord giggles loudly.
Gord: Because... you're stick of me.
Gord bursts out laughing, tears streaming. Norm sighs audibly.
Norm: Gord, that... That doesn't make any... **[he sighs]** This has been Norm and Gord McLuhan - **Gord continues to laugh.**
Norm: - discussing weed.



Elon Musk Self-Declared Mar-tian Emperor

Jacques Chit
Toike Knower of Many Things

It has recently come to light that Elon Musk is currently on Mars, ruling over his rover subjects. A few months ago, Elon Musk sent his prized Tesla Roadster off into space, complete with a space suit as its sole occupant. Except that the space suit wasn't empty. Yes, Elon had hidden himself in the space suit and blasted off to Mars. Meanwhile, on Earth, a body double is currently masquerading as Musk. Musk's doppelganger is unfortunately not as wise as the original and his tweets clearly show this. "Musk 2", as conspiracy theorists everywhere have dubbed him, appears to have little sense of self-preservation. This is further evidenced by his consumption of cannabis on live broadcast. Since arriving on Mars, Elon has been building new infrastructure and putting focus on convincing the Martian people to follow him in his quest to create the Grand Muskian Empire™.



Toronto Stoners Re-Elect "Meh" in Municipal Election

George Mammo
Toike Failure

Mobilising their typically sluggish voting power, the stoner electoral bloc was successful this past election in re-electing "Meh" to the government of Toronto.

"This is, like, a real victory for our culture, man." Said organic hemp rope artisan and prominent stoner activist Chereighblossom

Reactions to the Election

"I like the Gardiner. It's a crumbling old wreck, just like me!" - M. Ethel Ethels, Bridle Path resident, 73.

"Wow," - Owen Wilson, Hollywood superstar, 49.

Aunt May Worried Peter Parker Hooked on Mary Jane



Klaetus Cassidy
QUEENS, NEW YORK
Toike Chaotic Evil

Teenaged übernerd Peter Parker has become hooked on Mary Jane.

"It's a serious problem," sighed retired New Yorker May Parker. "He sneaks out every night. He thinks I don't know... But I know what he's doing. He spends all of his allowance on that Mary Jane."

Despite his reputation as a top student at Midtown High School, young Parker is reportedly addicted to Mary Jane, devoting

countless hours to his love of it. It seems that his addiction has not interfered with his academics, however, with Parker remaining top in his class.

Parker's standing at Midtown may soon change his reputation as a "friendly neighbourhood kid."

"I'm worried about that kid. He skips class all the time - just disappears. I hear he even leaves in the middle of the night for hours," recalled guidance councillor Jim Andrews.

His Aunt May, Peter's last living relative, reported that Peter's newfound love of Mary Jane is impacting his home life.

"He runs out in the evening, saying he's picking up eggs - we have three dozen in the fridge. I don't know where he's going, he just runs out the door with a backpack full of god-knows-what and doesn't come back until after curfew. Everytime I call him it sounds like he's in the middle of a storm or something," said May.

"And he never comes back with eggs."

Local Adult Bothered by Sentient Headache

Darth Vibrator
Toike Chaotic Evil

THE ANNEX, TORONTO - Young adult and amateur alcoholic Karen Izsharen awoke one Saturday afternoon to the worst hangover in recorded history. Medical doctors reported that her headache was 'so bad that it's like it had a mind of its own.'

"I AM OZYMANDIAS, KING OF KINGS. LOOK ON MY WORKS AND DESPAIR," throbbed Izsharen's post-bender headache.

"And I am Karen, pleased to meet you. Now get the fuck out of my head," replied the 21-year-old who's breath smelled of death and artificial peach flavouring.

Karen Izsharen returned to her unheated Chinatown apartment at 3 AM following a six-hour pub crawl across the city. The mini-bender reportedly involved what seemed like four litres of tequila, a metric fuck-tonne of Sneaky Dee's nachos, and three separate instances of public urination after refusing to wait fifteen minutes for the women's washroom.



Witnesses report that Izsharen resorted to drinking schnapps after getting "tequila-drunk, but not drunk-drunk."

"YOU MAKE POOR LIFE CHOICES, KAREN. YOU ARE WASTING YOUR POTENTIAL. YOU ARE DISAPPOINTING THE FEW PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD WHO LOVE YOU. FEAR ME - FOR I AM THE VOICE OF REASON IN AN UNREASONABLE WORLD," boomed her schnapps

headache.

"My face is numb and my blood feels heavy," responded the still somewhat inebriated U of T student as she took an Advil to stop the screaming of her own mind.

Izsharen's roommates reportedly watched her consume one-and-a-half litres of tap water while taking an ice-cold shower in their shared bathroom.

"Should I try bloodletting next?

Virgin Sex Columnist Q&A from the Joint

Nhak LeoJ
Toike Opposite Name

Howdy, everyone!

It's finally Naughty November time! To help celebrate this most dope of months, I've decided to pumpkin spice up your bedrooms by bluntly answering your smokiest questions about the dirty deed, the mature mischief, the slinky sensuality you all seek as well. This Virgin Sex Columnist will give nothing but the most expert advice, direct from the joint.

Q: Yo, if I pull my [Skule™ Cannon] 24/7, will my [Cannon] eventually reach the moon? [*Deep puff, exhale*] Yo, I could be the first human to ever [ejaculate] on the moon!!! WHOOOO! - Puff the Magic Puller

A: Sorry to deflate your magic dragon, Puff, but I can tell you right now that your plan literally makes no sense. Believe me - from experience, you can pull on a Cannon as much as you want, but it's more likely to catch fire than grow any longer (let alone impress your partner).

A: Ah, the mysterious G Spot. I've attempted many times to personally adventure for this most mythical of Atlantises, with no luck. However, I've heard tales, stories of long, long late midnights, when a spot opens on campus where Lady Godiva herself appears and blesses the onlooker with the sexual prowess of a thousand engineers: the "Godiva" spot. I won't give up, though--I know that with just a little more work I'll be able to remove this curse (and finally quit this column).

Q: Whoa...I just realized that since, like, my [Lady Godiva] is, like, directly connected through a long tube to my mouth...that means, like, swallowing during [oral intercourse] can lead to the preggers? - Bonger in Bahen

A: Hi Bonger. I'd like to start off by saying that that is absolutely incorrect anatomically and physi-

ologically. Your gastrointestinal (GI) tract runs from your mouth to your anus and does not include your fallopian tubes, else pregnant people would shit babies. And, well, even if your fallopian tubes were a part of your digestive tract, they'd have to, like, be connected to your esophagus or something. Stomach acid would probably destroy sperm and, even if they make it to your small intestine intact, pancreatic enzymes and bile would break them down. These are just two of the ways in which your body might destroy sperm. Hell, your immune system may recognise them as foreign (your GI tract is lined with lymphatic tissue, but you probably already knew that) and send, like, macrophages and neutrophils to destroy them. So no, swallowing cannot lead to the preggers.

Get wreckt.



Can't make it worse," thought Izsharen.

"DON'T YOU EVEN DARE, KAREN," responded her ever-fracturing mind. "I PAID MY RENT THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE. WHERE WILL I GO, KAREN?"

Unable to cure her hangover, Izsharen admitted herself into a medical hospital in the hopes of stopping the constant throbbing in her temples. Doctors in the intensive care unit of St. Michael's Hospital reportedly put the 21-year-old on dialysis and a fluid diet for 24 hours in the hopes of ridding her of "chronic post-drunkenness," with much success.

"I'M AFRAID. I'M AFRAID, KAREN. KAREN, MY MIND IS GOING. I CAN FEEL IT. I CAN FEEL IT. MY MIND IS GOING. THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT. I CAN FEEL IT. I CAN FEEL IT. I CAN FEEL IT. I'M A... FRAID," slurred the remains of Izsharen's hangover, as the toxins left its host's body.

YER SUDS
AWAY FROM SUDS
SINCE 9T6



5.99 lunch specials
weekdays

Monday
cheap liquor
trivia

Tuesday
toonie
shots/apps

Wednesday
open mike
pub quiz

Thursday
giant beer sale

Friday
b.u.r.p.

Saturday
live music
no cover

Sunday
free pool
comedy

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An Enthusiast of PCP vs A PCP Enthusiast

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

PCP

VS

PCP

The Probabilistically Checkable Proofs Theorem, introduced by Arora, Lund, Motwani, Szegedy, and Sudan, among others, in 1992, states that every mathematical proof can be written in a format that allows probabilistic checking by making only a constant number of queries to the proof. The theorem – not only extremely interesting by itself – was a breakthrough in proving NP-hardness of approximation problems.

Given a decision problem L(or a language L with its alphabet set Σ), a probabilistically checkable proof system for L with completeness $c(n)$ and soundness $s(n)$, where $0 \leq s(n) \leq c(n) \leq 1$, consists of a prover and a verifier. Given a claimed solution x with length n , which might be false, the prover produces a proof π which states x solves L ($x \in L$, the proof is a string $\in \Sigma^*$). The length of x denoted as n . And the verifier is a randomized oracle Turing Machine V (the verifier) that checks the proof π for the statement that x solves L(or $x \in L$) and decides whether to accept the statement. The system has the following properties:

Completeness: For any $x \in L$, given the proof π produced by the prover of the system, the verifier accepts the statement with probability at least $c(n)$, Soundness: For any $x \notin L$, then for any proof π , the verifier mistakenly accepts the statement with probability at most $s(n)$. For the computational complexity of the verifier, we have the randomness complexity $r(n)$ to measure the maximum number of random bits that V uses over all x of length n and the query complexity $q(n)$ of the verifier is the maximum number of queries that V makes to π over all x of length n .

In the above definition, the length of proof is not mentioned since usually it includes the alphabet set and all the witness. By the way, for the prover, we do not mention how it gets to know the solution to the problem. We only care how can it writes down a proof of it.

The verifier is said to be non-adaptive if it makes all its queries before it receives any of the answers to previous queries.

The complexity class PCPc(n), $s(n)[r(n), q(n)]$ is the class of all decision problems having probabilistically checkable proof systems over binary alphabet of completeness $c(n)$ and soundness $s(n)$, where the verifier is nonadaptive, runs in polynomial time, and it has randomness complexity $r(n)$ and query complexity $q(n)$.

The shorthand notation PCP[r(n), q(n)] is sometimes used for PCP1, $\frac{1}{2}[r(n), q(n)]$. The complexity class PCP is defined as PCP1, $\frac{1}{2}[O(\log n), O(1)]$.

Great, right?

HOLY FUCK
NUGGETS,

SPIDERS

ahhHHhhH

WANT TO JOIN THE TOIKE?
READ THIS BLACK BOX!

Are you fairly hilarious? Or not quite funny yes? We want you!
Can you photoshop like a boss? Or a total graphics newbie? Join our graphics team!
Do you want to try your hand at humour writing? Become one of our staff writers!
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EMAIL TOIKE@SKULE.CA AND GET ON THE MAILING LIST!

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

TOIKEOSCOPES



ARIES

Do you wanna be the very best like no one ever was? You should probably spend less time looking at memes.



TAURUS

An easy way to tell a Taurus from a torus is that one is is homeomorphic to the Cartesian product of two circles and the other is an astrological sign.



GEMINI

Well... Two is better than one, right?



CANCER

Who would like to recieve a toikeoscope must answer me these questions three.
(1) What is your name?
(2) What is your quest?
(3) Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyy????



LEO

Hahahah look at this dumb lion's face.He's so concerned. Like... why though??



VIRGO

Just like "Blue Nude II" by Henri Matisse, you're worth \$33.6 million. Nice!



LIBRA

Try typing "5318008" into your calculator and turning it upside down. You won't be disappointed.



SCORPIO

I see stars. Like, literally stars, someone just punched me across the face.



SAGITTARIUS

This month, you may be tempted to be productive and do well in your classes. Resist that urge.



CAPRICORN

You should move to Victoria, BC and run a goat farm. Your life will feel much more purposeful and you'll finally find true friendship



AQUARIUS

The stars are really, really far away this month. Have you ever really noticed how high the sky is?



PISCES

What do you call a fish with no eyes?

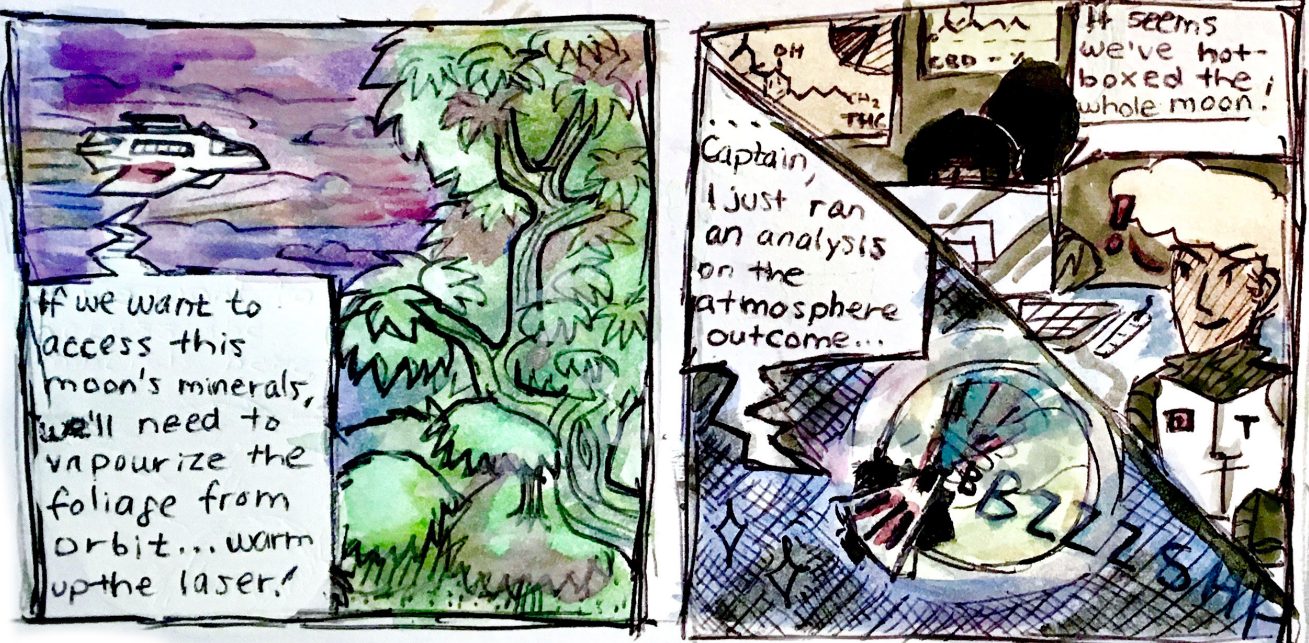
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TOIKE ODYSSEY - "Weed World"

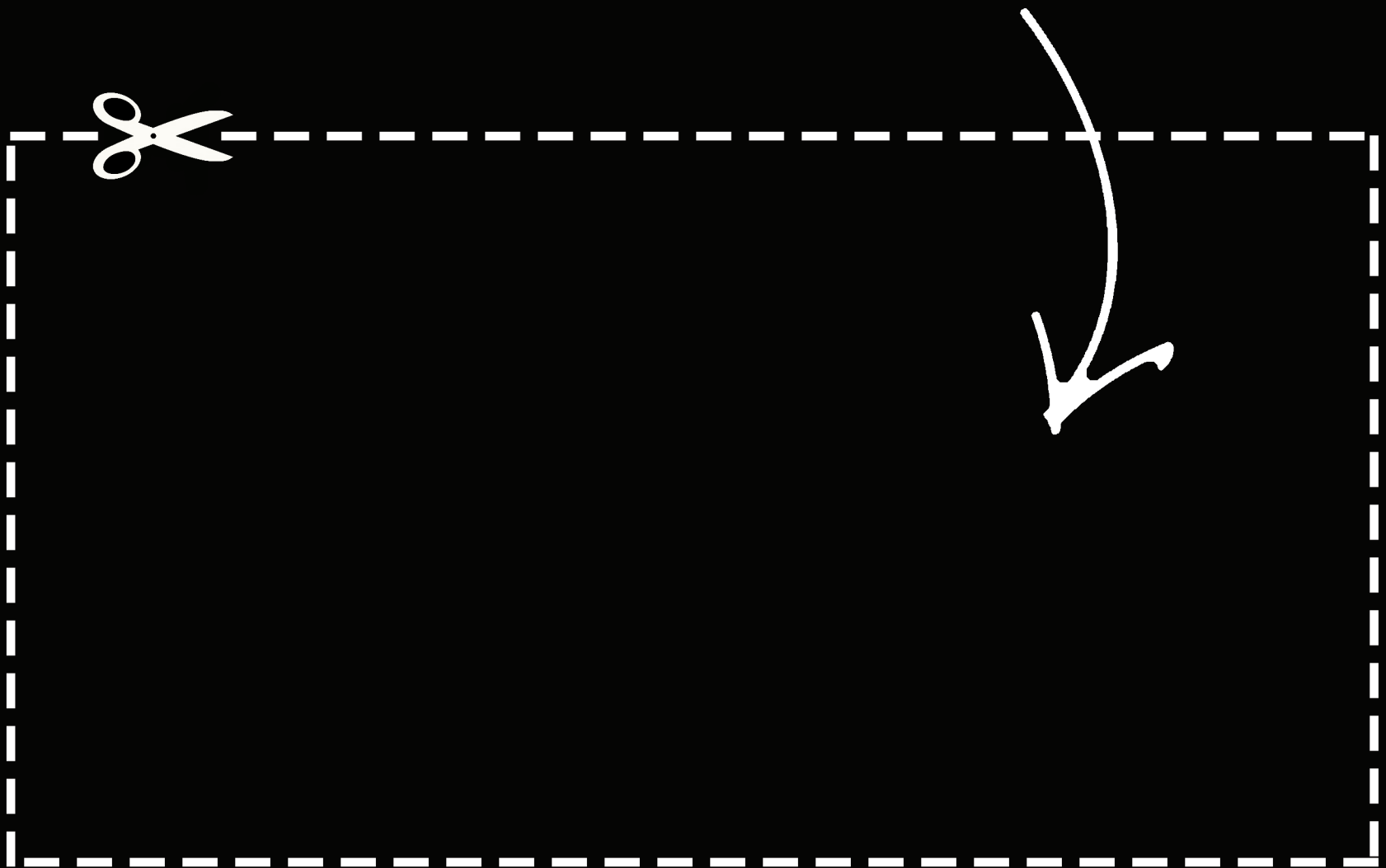


TOIKE ODYSSEY: "WEED WORLD"
BY: KAROLINA SZLAPA



HOW TO "FOLD" A "PAPER AIRPLANE"

1. Grind your "herbs".
2. Add your filter.
3. Place your "herbs" here.



4. Roll the "airplane".
5. Pack the "airplane".
6. Twist to seal the end of the "airplane".