

The Toike Oike Presents,
by the Grace of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II,
The Most Posh

BRITISH TOIKE



EDITORIAL

Ha ha, Britain, am I right?! I think Britain is hilarious, and by that I mean I think Britain is hilariously horrible in many ways. Be it beans on toast, that they drive on the wrong fucking side of the road, or, you know, Boris and Brexit, Britain never ceases to amaze us here at *The Toike Oike*.

This month we decided to pay tribute to this fantastically fucked up place and make a *whole goddamned* Toike *about it*. Conveniently, there's also a lot of Brexit shit going down as I write this, so maybe that'll gain us some readership? That would be

cool. If that happened, I would tip my hat to the Brits and say a sincere thank you. Ha ha just kidding that would be stupid.

Anyway, you should totally read this thing you're holding in your hands because *I* think it's funny and that is really *the* universal standard for determining whether *anything ever* is funny... obviously.

Peace out homies,

Moanna Jelnyk
Head Honcho 1T9-2To



Just another day...

WRITE-ITORIAL

Graeme: As this month's issue is, By The Grace of God, Her Majesty's Most Excellent *Toike Oike*, I think it is proper that we conduct ourselves in an appropriate manner. In keeping with that sentiment, I shall preside over this Writeitorial as if it were a Parliamentary Proceeding. If that is understood, we shall continue with the Writeitorial, starting with the Right Honourable Member for the Arts and Sciences.

Matt: Thank you, Mr. Speaker. While I agree in principle, I do find myself doubting the speaker's capabilities to preside over this Writeitorial. He has no experience and the brazen way he has seized control of these proceedings disgusts me. To the notion that he can control this session, I say *humbug!*

Graeme: ORDER! ORDER, I SAY! ORDER! I assure you that I am perfectly capable of presiding over this session with the alacrity and dignity of my predecessors. I shall now have to ask that the Honourable Member withdraw the improper exclamation he previously stated and resume his seat.

Matt: *Nay*, sir! I am not some back-

bencher you can bully into submission! I reserve the right to have my voice heard in these chambers! And you shall not infringe on my right to say that the notion that the Honourable Gentleman from Engineering Science can preside over this session is complete and utter *humbug!*

Graeme: Very well. Under the power vested in me by standing order #43, I must order the Honourable Member of *The Toike* to withdraw from this Writeitorial for the remainder of this issue.

Matt: THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THIS IS INJUSTICE OF THE

HIGHEST ORDER! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME YOU SNIVELING SYCOPHANT! YOU THATCHERITE CHAIR-LACKEYS! YOU BUNCH OF TOSSERS! I AM AN ELECTED OFFICIAL AND I WILL BE HE-

Graeme: ORDER! ORDER! Let the record show that the Honourable Gentleman, Mr. Gene, has been forcibly removed from this Writeitorial. We shall now proceed with-

Matt: [From the hall] YOU MAY SILENCE ME! BUT YOU WILL NEVER SILENCE THE PEOPLE!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Leis gur e caricature
gràin-cinnidh de stràc
Albannach a th 'ann
an ainm a' phàipear-
naidheachd seo, tha mi
cinnteach gu bheil thu
Albannach agus a 'bru-
idhinn Gàidhlig, ceart?

gu dùrachdach,
Alistair MacDougall
.....
*O Flower of Scotland,
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for,
Your wee bit Hill and Glen,
And stood against him,
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.*

*The Hills are bare now,
And Autumn leaves
lie thick and still,
O'er land that is lost now,
Which those so dearly held,
That stood against him,
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.
Those days are past now,
And in the past
they must remain,
But we can still rise now,
And be the nation again,
That stood against him,
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.
The Hills is bare nou,
An Autumn leafs,*

*Lies thick an still,
Ower land that is tint nou,
That thae sae darlie held,
That stuid agin him,
Prood Edward's Airmie,
An sent him hamewart,
Tae think again.
O Flower of Scotland,
When will we see
your like again,
That fought and died for,
Your wee bit Hill and Glen,
And stood against him,
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward,
To think again.*

Sincerely,
Joanna Melnyk

B740 Sandford Fleming
10 King's College Road
Toronto, ON M5S 3G4

tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
http://toike.skule.ca
e-mail: toike@skule.ca

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Joanna Melnyk
MANAGING EDITOR	Spencer Ki
SENIOR STAFF WRITERS	Graeme Edwards Matthew Gene
GRAPHICS DIRECTORS	Brittany Chan Ethan Dean
WRITING CONTRIBUTORS	Ethan Baron Aseer Chowdhury Graeme Edwards Matthew Gene Joel Kahn Jacob Kennedy Nisha Malik Rochelle Raveendran Julia Taylor Eliza Van Weerdhuizen Alec Xu
GRAPHICS CONTRIBUTORS	Brittany Chan Aseer Chowdhury Ethan Dean Matthew Gene Joanna Melnyk
COMICS	Harrison Chan Catherine Lu
LAYOUT	Joanna Melnyk
CONTENT REVIEW	Matthew Gene Graeme Edwards Spencer Ki Joanna Melnyk Shashwat Panwar
DISTRIBUTION MANAGERS	Parker Johnston Kohava Mendelsohn
SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER	Leigh McNeil-Taboika
WEBMASTER	Deeksha Tewari
PRINTER	All Solutions Printing Inc.

COLOPHON

Each month, the staff and contributors of *The Toike Oike* gather at a specific point given by geographical coordinates: 43°39'36.6"N 79°23'42.0"W. They all stand in a circle, join hands, and recite a chant that will not be disclosed to mere readers of *The Toike*. As they chant, smoke starts to form, seeming to escape from the floor. The people of *The Toike Oike* gaze upon the centre of the circle as a green figure begins to emerge from the smoke. Who could it be? All of a sudden, the man himself, Shrek, appears. He is also holding a cat. Shrek hands the Editor the cat. It turns into the next issue of *The Toike*. They all rejoice. All is well.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is an abbreviation for "British exit," referring to the U.K.'s decision in a June 23, 2016 referendum to leave the European Union (EU). The vote's result defied expectations and roiled global markets, causing the British pound to fall to its lowest level against the dollar in 30 years. Former Prime Minister David Cameron, who called for the referendum and campaigned for Britain to remain in the EU, announced his resignation the following day.

DISCLAIMER

The colonial 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 we have just booked ourselves a trip to Britain, wait no, where are we going again, Stan?? Anyway, we seriously cannot afford a lawyer; also we'll be too busy having a hoot and a half on our vacation. Peace out homies.

For Skule™ by EngSoc

AN ANGRY REVIEW OF BRITISH FOOD

Huizen Sauce

Toike Cuisine Correspondant

Great Britain has always been a super-power, coming up with all sorts of stuff that has been enjoyed all throughout the world: the telescope, the steam engine, The Beatles, Harry Potter, etc. But NOT THEIR FUCKING FOOD. England colonized most of the god-damn world looking for spices and then apparently THREW THEM ALL FUCKING OVERBOARD. If you're ever in England I'd suggest packing your own lunch so you don't have to eat the utter shit they try to pass off as food. Here's a collection of British food that I feel personally victimized by.

5. Yorkshire pudding

Ok, starting off pretty tame here because Yorkshire pudding tastes good. It's a nice puffy/bready thingy and it's nice to have on the side of a dinner BUT IT'S SURE AS FUCK NOT A PUDDING. Chocolate pudding, vanilla pudding, rice pudding, tapioca pudding, AND BREAD! One of these things is not like the others! Could you imagine if we had an "Ontario Pie" and then it was A FUCKING CASSE-ROLE. But you can eat this one without vomiting, so points there.

5/10 – solid concept, just needs a better name.

4. Chip Butty

So, if you haven't heard of a Chip Butty, you really aren't missing out. It's a sandwich but the only topping is FUCKING CHIPS! But the British version of chips. So this sandwich is a dry bun and some warm, soggy, greasy fries! Sounds great, right?! I'm literally queasy thinking about it, @England please find some ingredients THAT AREN'T FUCKING CARBS. No wonder British people's teeth are such shit, they don't eat anything besides soft carbs - they don't need strong teeth!

3/10 – the ingredients are fine but why would you put them together?

3. Beans on Toast

Well this one is named correctly but WHAT THE FUCK. Who looks at toast and thinks, 'Nah, no peanut butter or jam for me, bruv, I need some god-(save the Queen)-damn BEANS!'. Is this a breakfast meal or a dinner meal?? For me it would be a never meal. I'd sooner not eat than eat FUCKING BEANS on toast, and I'd definitely rather eat plain dry (as the Queen's pussy) toast.

2/10 – do they eat this because of imperialist guilt?

2. Spotted Dick

Another one with a FUCKING TERRIBLE NAME. Just think of all the grannies proudly serving DICK as dessert. Spotted dick is a cake (you guessed it; they call it A FUCKING PUDDING) with black currants inside, hence the spots. And then (get this) they drench the dick in a CREAMY WHITE CUSTARD. The innuendo is really lost on the Brits, maybe the apparent lack of vegetables or any sort of nutrients in their diet is slowing down their brains.

0/10 – can't rate this shit show of a name any higher than that.

1. Black and White Puddings

Yup. More pudding. Except these ones aren't made of flour and eggs like the Yorkshire pudding. They're made of (I shit you not) PIG'S BLOOD AND PIG'S FAT. Those are the main ingredients. I WISH I could tell you they were just there as binders, but these fucking Brits use oatmeal to hold the blood together. I'm disgusted just thinking about it. Horrible idea, horrible fucking execution

-10000/10 – this shouldn't be called food, wouldn't feed it to a dog.

WHOMST'S QUEEN ARE THY?

Mr. Monsieur

Toike Monarchy Expert

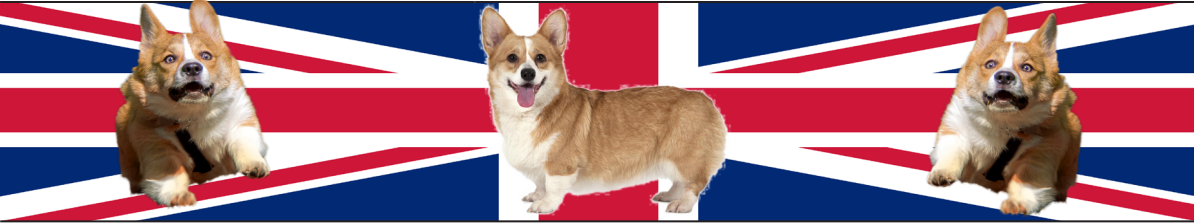
Elizabeth "Queen Elizabeth" Elizabeth II, born as the child of two parents on August 4th, 1900. Her name strikes in the hearts of many, whether it be through her hit Bohemian Rhapsody, or her capturing the King's heart, no one could have stopped her ascent to stardom.

Elizabeth is like a coin, 50/50. This smart/cunning lady worked her way to the top in 50 years and stayed there for another 50. She swooned the Duck of York, George VI the 9th. She was cradling this duck in her arms and went in for a smooch on the beaks. Her kiss dispelled the curse and before she knew it the King's weight broke through her grasp and arms. After, George had 16 years of reign with Elizabeth by

his side, he died in their bedroom one night. Knowing what had to be done, Elizabeth married George's brother Phillip the Prince, opening another chapter of history.

George's passing was soon forgotten as the citizens' expectations skyrocketed in anticipation of these two musicians collaboration projects. Unfortunately, nothing noteworthy was produced. While they were both accomplished musicians, there was a power struggle in the bedroom as Elizabeth would always be the Queen and Phillip would be her slowly aging and greying prince. The balance of power shifted in the later parts of the Queen's rule as countries slowly broke away from her grasp. Her gravitational pull was not strong enough and these countries fell off the side of the planet, only to be lost in the void of space.

While the Queen has had many accomplishments over her almost twelve decades of living, many question her legacy. She has 4 of them, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Prince Andrew and Prince Edward. Charles is known as the clone child of Prince Philip, hence their sharing of the same rank. Furthermore, "Charles" will take on Prince Philip's impossible dream of being King, since it depends on the immortal Elizabeth passing away. Anne, in contrast to her mother's financial hoarding, has a love of charity - over 200 of them to be specific. Andrew, the couple's first real male child, became a daredevil, living the risky life on the frontlines of the military. Finally, Edward, the least important and remarkable of the children is just a regular British working member.



OI, BRUV! THE FUCK YOU 'FINK?

Briton Nutter

Toike British Nutter

A decoding of British slang.

Arrigh', then? Fancy a cuppa before I start this shite? Shame, I make a mean cuppa. So, Brightly slang... don't even remember agreeing to this (probably legless at the time), but now that it's done, I'm bloody hol'ing on that this doesn't sound poppycock. They gave me a bloody list and told me to keep it "PG-13" as they say in this place so let's try it. Welcome to Briton slang, bruv.

Air Biscuit: A wee puff of air from the arse, I'd reckon.

All to Pot: Blimey! What bugger snuck this in here. Can't see no one other than me grandma using it to gimme' a real good bollocking 'bout me "gutted" future.

Bollocks: BOLLOCKS. There ain't no other way to put this for you lot.

Chuffed: Straight up, I'm pretty chuffed that I got through me A-levels. Didn't think I'd make it out of that arsehole alive.

Chunder: This one reminds me of the time I got bloody plastered at a pub after a game of footy and made a guv' pretty mad at me when I, well, chundered all over his only boots. It was bloody *mingey* mate.

Damp Squib: Bruv, there was this pretty little thing once but that turned out to be a bit of a "damp squib" cause me best mate — the cheeky bugger — got to her first.

Dodgy: Mate, honestly the lad starin' at me from me window looks well dodgy. I'd reckon a lost grockel, from the looks of the sodding "Keep Calm and Carry on" on his shirt.

Kip: Nosh, Kip, Repeat. Uni in three words.

Skive: I'm not admittin' to nothin' but there was this one time me and me mates proper skived off work to go to Harry's do.

Tosh: The do I was talking about. I was all tosh. Harry here, that absolute tosser, was taking the piss on us. He didn't even show.

Don't know where you chavs will ever hear this but I bet you 10 quid that if you did, it'd be a bloody proper English lad and they'd fall arse-over-tit when they realise you know what the bloody hell he's saying.

Norm
&
Gord

DISCUSS
PUMPKINS AND
HALLOWEEN

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

This month’s column is sponsored by Sobey’s. Sobey’s - like No Frills, but with frills.

Norm: Hi, I’m Norm McLuhan, and this is my brother, Gord -

Gord: Hi there.

Norm: - and today we’re gonna discuss, uh, Halloween.

Gord: Spooky, eh?

Norm: Real spooky.

Gord: It’s a McLuhan boys’ tradition to carve Jack-O-Lanterns every year -

Norm: - and every year we try to smash each other’s.

Gord: Wait, what?

Norm: Ya, and every year I win.

Gord: You’re the hoser who keeps smashing my pumpkins?

Norm: Ya didn’t know?

Gord: Aw, my kitty cat Jack-O-Lantern.

Norm: Smashed it worse than when Scott Stevens crushed Paul Kariya in 2003.

Gord: Smashed it worse than when Scott Stevens crushed Eric Lindros in 2000.

Norm: Smashed it worse than when Scott Stevens crushed Ron Francis in 2001.

Gord: Smashed it worse than when Scott Stevens crushed Slava Kozlov in 1995.

Norm: Love Scott Stevens.

Gord: I miss Mr. Whiskers.

Norm: Just a suggestion to all of you: don’t bake your Jack-O-Lanterns into pies.

Gord: Don’t do it, eh. Whiskers was a few weeks past his best before.

Norm: Real shit pie, eh?

Gord: Real shit pie.

Norm: This has been Norm and Gord McLuhan -

Gord: Boo, eh!

Norm: - discussing Spooktober.

NEW STUDY CONFIRMS POPULAR BELIEF THAT BRITISH ACCENTS ARE MORE CONVINCING

Quincy Sharp
Toike Sociology Correspondent

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND – A new study conducted by University of Edinburgh professor of sociology Thomas Holloway Shuttersworth has all but confirmed the popular theory that British accents make the majority of statements more convincing and trustworthy than they otherwise would be.

The study, which was conducted on 1000 individuals of various ethnicities, nationalities, socio-economic backgrounds, and genders, consisted of each participant being showed clips of people with various accents saying various declaratory statements. These statements ranged from objective truth, such as ‘the sky is blue,’ to debatable points, such as ‘haggis, or organ meat cooked inside of a sheep’s stomach, is a delicious food item,’ and even a few objectively false statements, such as

‘the world is a flat disk hurtling through space like a frisbee’. After hearing a statement, participants would be asked to decide whether they ‘Strongly Agreed, Somewhat Agreed, Somewhat Disagreed, Strongly Disagreed, or Had No Opinion’ on the statement.

Viewings of the statements were spread across months to safeguard the validity of the results. After the data from the surveys was collected, Shuttersworth concluded that 894 of the 1000 participants were found to agree more with a particular statement when it was said by a person with a British accent, with 112 participants at least somewhat agreeing with objectively false statements spoken by a British person. The study also concluded that 42 participants were found to be less agreeable with statements spoken in a British accent. However, Shuttersworth said this was expected as there were nearly two score

participants from Scotland, Ireland and India.

Despite being the first study to provide concrete evidence of a correlation between the perceived trustworthiness of a statement and the statement being spoken with a British accent, the public has remained mostly indifferent to its findings.

“Did we really need a systematically-executed study to come to the conclusion that people are more likely to believe someone if they have a British accent,” said London resident Tobey Daniel Thrice. “Of course not. It’s just one of those things that people know, like ‘you’re more likely to get more favourable reactions on Tinder if you have a cute dog in your photographs,’ or ‘children go to sleep easier after a spot of brandy,’ or ‘girls are more likely to dance with you if Mr. Brightside is playing.’ It’s just bloody common sense.”

UK PREPARES TO INVADE MONGOLIA, SWEDEN, AND OTHERS TO FULFILL HISTORIC LEGACY

Miles R. Meter
Toike British Political Commentator

The British parliament confirmed yesterday afternoon that they are preparing for the military invasions of over a dozen countries to take place this winter. The offensive, dubbed “Operation Fission Ships,” has the purpose of fulfilling the historic legacy of the country’s militaristic and colonial past of invading almost every country on Earth.

“The nation of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is pleased to announce the launch of an exciting new era,” quipped Prime Minister Boris Johnson. “Operation Fission Ships will serve a fundamental role in ensuring the per-

severance of British culture into the 21st century. We hope to finish what our predecessors started and invade every country on the globe.”

“Britain has shown the world that our ultimate power extends to cuisine, acceptance of other cultures (particularly those of South Asian descent), esteemed style of parliamentary debate, aptitude for queueing, and taste in spelling. Britain has asserted its superiority in various fields over the past years, with the likes of Peter Ware Higgs, Joanne Rowling, Sir Andrew Barron Murray, Benedict Timothy Carlton Cumberbatch, Edward Christopher Sheeran, and Gordon James Ramsay, demonstrating British supremacy in an

array of industries. It is now time for our wonderful nation to show our military strength to the world and complete our unfinished business.”

As of this morning, declarations of war have officially been released against Mongolia, Guatemala, Europe’s micronations and several central-African countries. There are indications that declarations for Sweden, Belarus, Mali, Ivory Coast, Bolivia, and Paraguay can be expected to follow in the next few days. Presumably, the Marshall Islands can sleep safely as the resolution, like some members of *The Toike Oike* team, appears to have forgotten of its existence.



Rog
&
Dick

DISCUSS
PARLIAMENTARY
PROCEDURE

This one-time only column features the titillating discussion between the sons of former British MP Albert Percival Corningsbee III, Roginald and Richard Corningsbee from Shropshire and Nottingham respectively.

This column is brought to you by Queen Elizabeth II. Queen Elizabeth II – like Queen Elizabeth I if Queen Elizabeth I, um, got busy.

Rog: Good morning, dear readers. My name is Roginald Corningsbee of Shropshire, England, and this is my half-brother Richard, uh, Corningsbee from Nottingham.

Dick: ...

Rog: Richard, that was your cue. You were supposed to introduce yourself.

Dick: Wha’s this then?

Rog: We are supposed to discuss Parliamentary Procedure today for our friends at *The Toike Oike*.

Dick: Wha in the bloody hell is a fookin’ *Toike Oike*.

Rog: Some sort of monthly in Canada published for humour. We are supposed to have a comedic discussion about Parliamentary Procedure.

Dick: How in the bloody hell are these burks, blokes and bints havin’ a fookin’ laugh at Parliamentary Procedure.

Rog: I am not entirely sure, Richard. But our acquaintances from Canada asked us to discuss it all the same.

Dick: Who gives a flippin’ flamingo ‘bout those arses? And stop callin’ me fookin’ Richard, you gobber.

Rog: Well how would you like me to refer to you?

Dick: I s’pose I’d most like for you to bugger off fo’ good, eh?

Rog: You may be my father’s illegitimate son, but that does not mean that we are not family.

Dick: Fine, you can call me Dick if you like.

Rog: I would be amenable to that. I suppose I do like Dick.

Dick: HAHAAHA!!! I can’t believe you fookin’ said it. You bloody muppet. HAHAAHA!

Rog: I MEANT AS A NAME FOR YOU, YOU JUVENILE TWIT! Pardon my language, dear readers. This has been Roginald and Richard Corningsbee...

Dick: HAHAAHAHA!

Rog: ...discussing Parliamentary Procedure, apparently.

BREAKING: UK CLIPS IRELAND ON EXIT FROM EU

Darth Vibrator-Waller-Bridge
Toike Satellite Image Manipulator

DUNDALK, COUNTY LOUTH - At approximately 2:30AM an emergency bulletin from the Irish Department of Impending Doom was published on social media:

“NORTHERN IRELAND HAS PHYSICALLY SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THE ISLAND, ROTATED 40 DEGREES, AND IS CONTINUING ON A NORTHWESTERLY TRAJECTORY. SATELLITE IMAGES SHOW THE REST OF THE UK IS FOLLOWING SUIT. CORNWALL EXPECTED TO IMPACT LOUTH AT 4 AM.”

And so it did. Cornwall collided with county Louth at 3:57AM, causing enormous destruction to the port city. As of 5 am, 13% of the nation, constituting almost the entire now-coastal northeast, was ablaze. No casu-



alties are yet reported. The Political Analysis Department at *The Toike Oike* believes this to be the direct result of a no-deal Brexit, while the Financial Department believes it to be an ingenious bid to elevate the value of the GBP. Regardless of this speculation, all agree that this is absolutely *mental*.

Nothing has been heard from any major news sources in the UK as of time of publishing. However, in a phone conversation with our Penzance-based sister paper, *The Cornish Toike Oike*, we learned that Cornwall had been equally impacted by the UK’s hasty and hard Brexit:

“HOLY SHITE,” screamed Editor-in-Chief Jowanet Marek over the sounds of grinding stone and the cries of terror. “OH, THIS IS MAD. WHO’S IDEA WAS THIS?”

INDIA BEGINS COLONISATION OF UK

P. Ennis
Toike History Consultant

Following the outcome of Brexit, the Prime Minister of India, Narendra Modi, has announced the formation of a Chartered Trading Company, the “North Seas Trading Company”, for the sole purpose of the colonization and development of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. “These people are uncivilized savages,” stated Hari Mukherjee, the Indian Foreign Minister, while reviewing the latest parliamentary footage. “This is no way to run a country. We had to intervene. It’s complete anarchy.”

“The company has been charged with the duty to “civilize and bring harmony to Europe, at any profitable cost.” This controversial move has granted the chartered company the right to formulate a standing army, and to utilize military force.

“Our goal is quite simple,” stated Kerala Governor Puneet Agrawal, while standing in front of a large crate labeled ‘definitely not opium.’

“We don’t want to do this, but they’ve left us no choice. We are going to bring peace and order to this backward land. If it just so happens that we make trillions of dou-

FRENCH PEOPLE DON'T REALLY EXIST

Sir French Character
British Actor
Toike Popular Culture Columnist

Since the dawn of television and cinema, many talented actors have portrayed characters of various backgrounds and ethnicities. Though there is variety in the accents portrayed on screen, one nation has been wildly misrepresented in this medium: France.

Now I know what you’re thinking, “there are loads of French characters in cinema and television.” Yes, there are French *characters*. But those characters are typically portrayed with *British* accents rather than *French* accents. This leads to one simple explanation, which I will detail through the use of three examples, and that explanation is that there is no such thing as a French person.

First, allow me to direct you to the episode of *Doctor Who* entitled “The Girl in the Fireplace”. In this episode of the beloved long-running British sci-fi series, the titular Doctor goes back in time to 18th-century France where he meets the young Madame de Pompadour among other notable French ‘historical’ figures. However, each and every one of these so-called *French* people is speaking English with proper British accents. Now, while *Doctor Who* has a well-established explanation for why everyone in the universe speaks English, which I will not get into today, the accent of the speaker does not change, as evidenced by the Sycorax sounding the same when speaking Sycoraxic and English and by the presence of Amelia Pond’s Scottish accent throughout her time on the show. Therefore, while these ‘French people’ may have been

speaking another language, it is safe to say that they were doing so with British accents.

Second is the most glaring and recent evidence that French people don’t exist: *Les Misérables*. Despite the fact that every character is supposedly French, literally every one of them speaks with some form of British accent. This was a conscious choice as well, given that the cast of the film was primarily made up of Americans, Brits and Australians. It must be concluded that the characters were meant to have British accents because there is no such thing as a French accent.

Finally, we turn to the realm of fantasy to prove once and for all that French people don’t exist. In the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy, the protagonist is a short man who travels a great distance to a land with an extreme climate to get into a battle he doesn’t have a chance of winning and then is eventually exiled from his homeland and lives out the rest of his days on an island. Sound familiar? He may as well have been named Frodo Bonaparte! Yet the American actor portraying him puts on a British accent for the role. Clearly, like Frodo Baggins, French people in general are a fantasy born out of the imagination of writers in an attempt to make the *British* people who have lived in continental Europe for centuries more exotic and interesting. QED!

The views expressed in this article are those of the author and the author alone. The Toike Oike’s official position is that France and French people exist despite the evidence presented to the contrary.

TOIKE TAKE

Toronto's London's Worst

I.C. Wiener
Toike *Everything* Expert

This column features the 3 worst people, places or things (Nouns, for those of you who failed grade 4) in London, England this month, personal bias definitely included.

3. Piccadilly Circus

What do you think this is? No, really. Give me your best guess of what Piccadilly Circus is. Chances are, if you’ve never been to England, you probably didn’t guess it was just some lame intersection, but guess what, it is. This Times Square rip off has got to be the low point of London tourist attractions.

2. The London Eye

This Ferris wheel is a landmark of the London skyline, but *should it be?* Whoever (probably Winston Churchill) built the London Eye is basically saying “Hey everyone, London is now a joke.” Instead of building some tall, dignified skyscrapers on the River Thames, some ‘plonker’ decided to erect a giant fairground. To make matters worse, *children* (the scum of the Earth) have been known to ride Ferris wheels. Two out of the three children I interviewed for this piece said they’d been on a Ferris wheel before. Distasteful to say the least.

1. The TTC

That’s right, even in the British edition. The London underground is a masterpiece of public transit. Commissioned over *150 years ago*, the Tube has 270 stations and 14 lines, none of which lead to Scarborough. It has more than triple the yearly ridership of the Toronto subway, and one time this guy I met online said he saw someone on the Tube with a tattoo of a velociraptor. Needless to say, the London Underground surpasses the TTC in every way. If only the rest of London was so great.

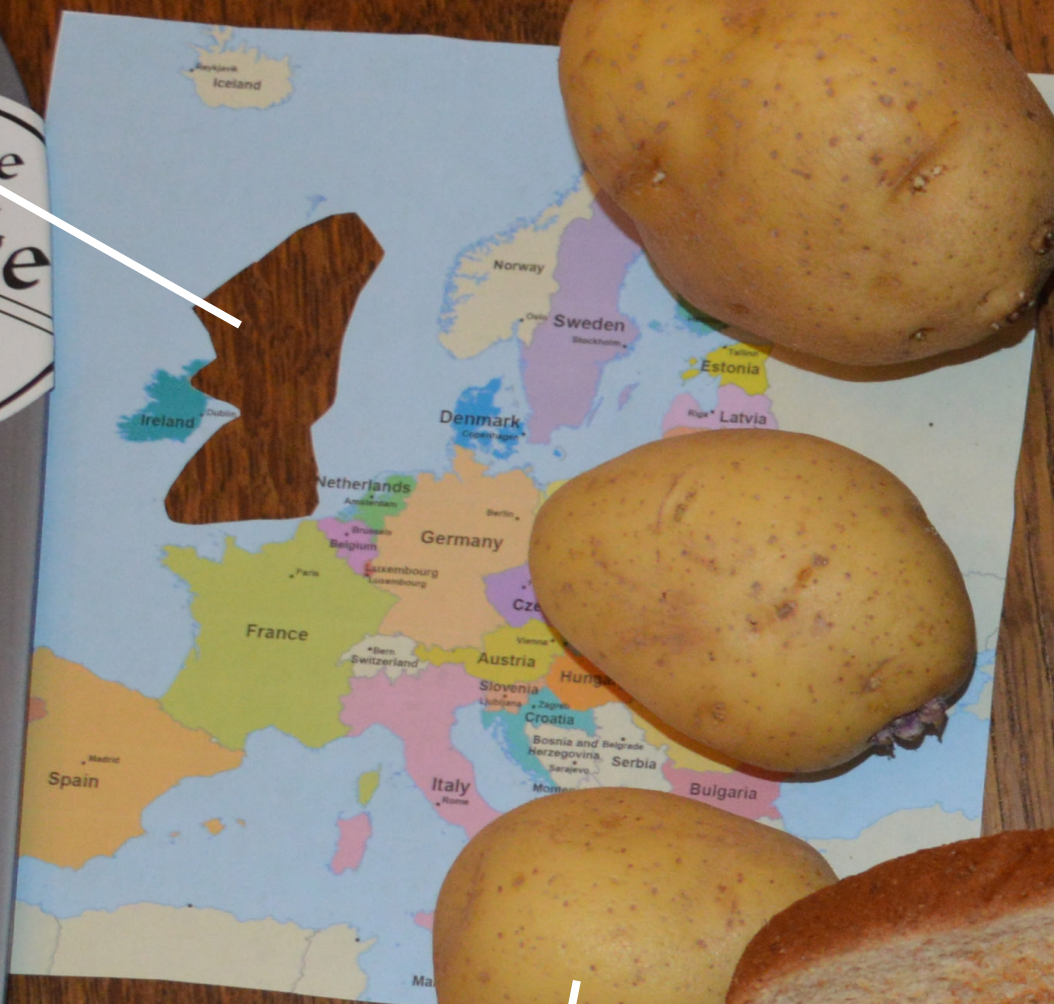
Honorable mention

That stupid roundabout. You know the one I mean. Why on Earth would anyone want to be in any lane except the exterior one? *Why?*

British	
Brit-ish	
Brit-little	
Brit-less	66.04 x 10 ⁶ -1
Brit-lost	
Brit-knee	
Brit-ney	

BREXIT: SURVIVAL KIT EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO

Shelter



Homemade Potatoes

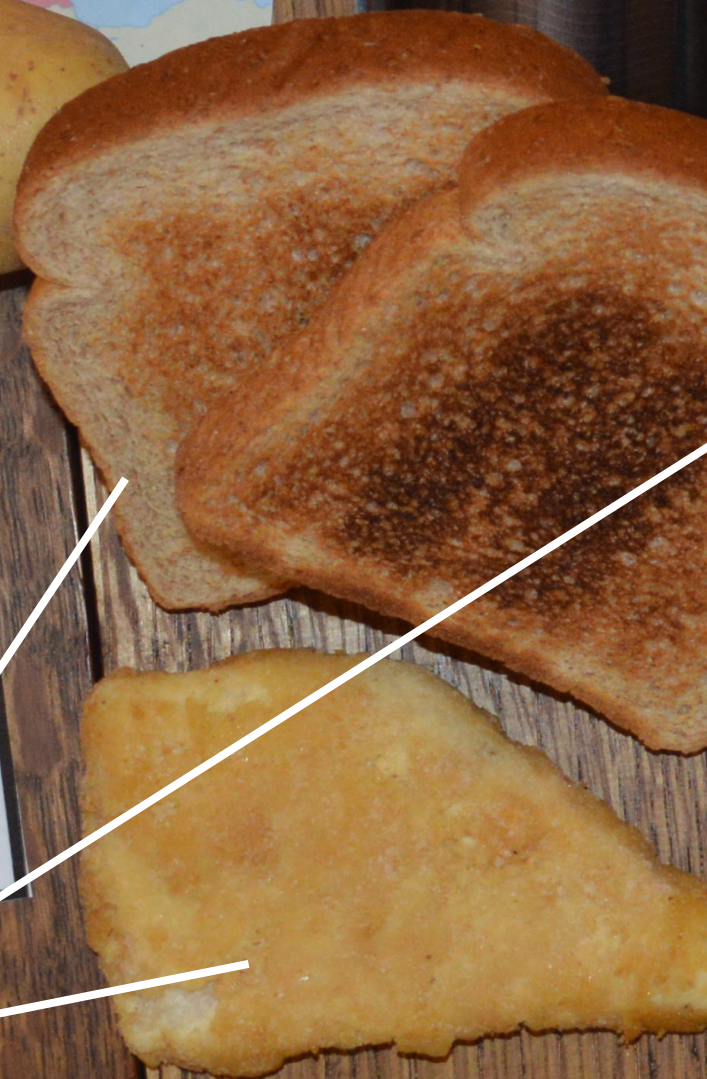
Ingredients:

- Cornstarch
- Balloons
- Food Colouring
- The soul of an Irishman
- 2 stale crumpets
- Water

Directions:

1. Mix all dry ingredients; slowly add water
2. Place dough in balloons, set to dry
3. Enjoy taters while world crumbles around you

Food





United Kingdom



Ingredients:

Directions:

-
- cons:
1. Beat the shoe a bit for a more tender steak.
 2. Take our steak and roast the...



Homemade Pasta

Ingredients:

- Hairbrush
- Two tea bags
- 5 cups of water

Directions:

1. Steep hairbrush in the tea.
2. Remove bristles - this is pasta.
3. Optional: leave to dry for a few days

Water

YER SUDS
AWAY FROM SUDS
SINCE 9T6

ein·stein
BIER HALLE EST. MCMXCVI

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 OPEN LETTER TO THE QUEEN

Graeme Edwards
Toike Senior Staff Writer

As the most prestigious and reputable publication at the top university in the Commonwealth's largest nation, The Toike Oike holds a special place in the Queen's heart – or at least it should. In fact, with each new issue, we send a stack to Buckingham Palace for Her Majesty to peruse at her leisure. Normally, we do not exploit this relationship with Her Royal Highness, however, as this month's issue is 'By the Grace of God, Her Majesty's Most Excellent Toike Oike,' we have decided to break with tradition and address the Queen directly. The following is an open letter to Her Grace.

TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE SECOND:

MA'AM: As a member of the Commonwealth, I am honoured to have the opportunity to address you directly, though I don't care for it as a person of Scottish descent. As the Holy Monarch of all nations of importance, I am sure you are busy knighting some musical artist or christening a ship – does that still happen? – so I shall keep this letter brief.

Your Majesty, I have a simple favour to ask of you. As you have yet to send any of the *Toikes* we've sent you over the years back to us, I can only assume that you read each one of them in its entirety and thoroughly enjoyed each one of them. I'm sure you have them all in an orderly pile on your nightstand so that you can end each day with a hearty laugh, which for you is most probably a properly restrained smile and limited inaudible chuckling.

But, to get back to my request, as a favour to your presumptive favourite source for satire and hard-hitting journalism, I will be so bold as to request that you allow us to Toike you. We honestly believe that you will thoroughly enjoy the experience and we believe that it will only strengthen the bond between our publication and the Royal Family.

Sincerely,

Graeme Edwards
Toike Senior Staff Writer



Virgin Sex Columnist

Banging Bobby's British Bollocks

Nhak Leoj
Toike Opposite Name

Happy Nutty Naughty November, dear reader! Or as our British cousins would say – A Blithe November of Badly Behaving Bollocks to you, old bloke!

I've been reconsidering how I use words lately, and after examining my interviewee last month, I've realized that I should probably pay more attention to the language I speak. It's a tough reality for us engineers to face, but the truth is – not only does language matter, the way we speak matters too. Most people would likely have better intimate relationships if they were to polish up their accent to be a bit more poppingly posh, in a Mary Poppins sort of way. So I called up some of my British chaps, and they've been kind enough to enlighten me as to how to achieve a blightly dashing brill, which they've informed me means "accent of the sex gods" in their *bewitching* dialect.

Now, popular culture would have you believe that the sexiest accent to speak is by one Mike Tyson – pah! This lie couldn't be FURTHER from the truth! The truth is, to be British is to *be* sophisticated. Yet even within British culture, there are levels of sophistication to be learned. There's of course the common Geordie, Wenglish, and the one dialect masquerading as comely (or rather cum-ly): The Queen's English. However, there is apparently is apparently a level of British English that is even higher in sexual superiority to the Queen's, and that is the mysterious Cockaigne Cockney cadence. And now, thanks to me transcribing the secrets of this libidinous lewd language from the libertine local themselves (it even has the word cock in it!), I can provide you with them as well.

This mysterious dialect is the master at seducing all who hear its charm – I was told it was even being investigated by our military as a tool for secret agents for, uh, "beguiling the bad guy," but it failed due to two reasons: 1) it was determined to be too power-

ful to use on missions given the sheer number of orgies one would get dragged into, and 2) the British double oh! oh! OHHH sevens weren't too keen on Canadian agents stealing their signature strategy of seducing salacious spies.

So be careful, understand? Good! Finally, here's the deep, deep, *moist* secret behind "the accent of the sex gods":

Put the word "bollocks" at the beginning and end of every sentence.

That's right. It's that simple, but deadly efficient. For an advanced technique, put the word "bollocks" after every word (although this should only be used in a desolate place like the Arctic Circle, and even then you'll be dragged to half a dozen sex parties, so use with **CAUTION**).

Even me writing: "Bollocks let's bollocks go bollocks have bollocks sex bollocks" would start you googling the offices of *The Toike*, desperate to find the one who wrote such powerful words of British sexuality – oh, looks like you're here already! That was quick, I haven't even sent this to the editors yet... oh well, must be the skill of my Cockney. Come in! What's your name – oh my, moving quickly already, haha.

Wait, that accent— Oh no, YOU'RE BRIT-

Whoop, ahem, please excuse me, dearest subscriber to this publication. The truth is that all British accents (yes, even Cockney) are in no way, shape, or form, "sexy." Try Mike Tyson. Or German. Yes, German accents "rarely" make everyone bloody nervous as hell. That will surely guarantee you are sex-cessfull in your next visit to the pub.

Editor's Note: Missing — Virgin Sex Columnist. Has not been sighted for over a week. Description: Virginey, unsexy, looks like a Greek column come to life. Reward of 69 pounds, 69 shillings offered for any information leading to the acquisition of our columnist.



Describe your vision.

- a) Everything looks blurry. I think I am seeing double and am possibly losing sight in my left eye.
- b) Everything looks orange. All the women I see either have lip fillers or are in a mild stage of anaphylactic shock. There is so much hairless, glistening flesh that I am quite certain I am looking at horribly disfigured dolphins clad in neon spandex. One of them might be black.

How is your clarity of mind?

- a) I am experiencing confusion and am struggling to understand other people.
- b) I have no idea what anyone is saying. It sounds like the part of a Black Eyed Peas song where will.i.am makes his voice sound like a glitching robot frog. I suspect that a small, but vital part of their brain tissue is dead.

Do you feel any numbness or loss of bodily sensation?

- a) I am experiencing confusion and am struggling to understand other people.
- b) Not externally, but I am dead inside. You could throw me in the fire pit at Casa Amor and I would feel nothing.

Are you watching Love Island?

- a) No.
- b) Yes.

Results:

Mostly **A's**: I am sorry to break it to you like this, but you are having a stroke. Please consult your nearest medical professional.

Mostly **B's**: You arrigh', love? Cos you're watching *Love Island*. Go have a chat with your doctor, yeah?

BRITISH TABLOIDS OVERCOMPENSATING, NAME MEGHAN MARKLE “WHITE GIRL OF THE MONTH”

Prince (Potter) Harry
Toike Tabloid Reader

In an unprecedented move, two major tabloids in the United Kingdom have released a joint statement naming Meaghan, Duchess of Sussex “White Girl of the Month.”

The statement, co-signed by *The Daily Mail* and *The Sun*, describes Meghan as “the epitome of humility, style, and grace,” going on to call her “an inspiration to all colours of the rainbow, not just the darker ones.”

The term “white girl of the month” appears to reference a meme originating from Twitter in which a popular white male celebrity is bestowed the honorary title of “white boy of the

month.”

This announcement comes less than two weeks after Prince Harry released a statement declaring his intention to sue *The Daily Mail's* publisher, Associated Newspapers, for publishing a private letter Meghan wrote to her father. British newspapers have been accused of racist coverage of Meghan since the couple began dating in summer 2016.

Critics of the tabloids’ statement called it a shameless attempt to win back public favour after being called out by Kensington Palace. Others claim referencing a meme reduces the credibility of the papers, which have produced stories often shared thousands of times online, in-

cluding, “Getting over the death of your bikini waxer,” and “How to deflate lip fillers at home with a craft knife and five pomegranate seeds.”

Others still have noted that Markle is not white.

When approached for comment, *The Daily Mail's* Media Relations phone number redirected to a recording of Martin Luther King Jr’s “I Have a Dream” speech read in a halting Essex accent. Though heavy breathing was heard on the line after the recording ended, no response was given to multiple questions.

The Sun has yet to respond to multiple requests for comment.

BREXIT MEANS BREXIT, FUCK YOU

Darth Vibrator-Waller-Bridge
A Proper Toike Lad

Oi! You there! The fuck you doin’ readin’ this *Toike*? This ain’t for you, you twat! Why? I’ll tell you why — Brexit means Brexit, bruv, get the fuck ou’.

Wha’ you mean you “*don’t understand?*” What’s there not to understand? This is England, this country is for the English, get out mate. We voted Leave, so we gonna leave the EU, bruv. Shoulda gotten all your little European mates together and voted Remain.

Oh, you’re from Lancashire? Still mate, if you don’t look English, you ain’t English. If you ain’t pasty like the rest of us, get out. Why you ain’t got wispy hair like Boris? You ain’t British.

Fuck off, you wankah, Boris is as English as they come. What? Yeah, his Wiki page says he’s born in New York, that’s a lie. He was born in an airplane, bruv, he was only half-way out while they were over New York. Legend has it he was waiting to be born in England and stuffed himself back in.

Fuckin’ legend.

Wha’ you goin’ on about? “*Boris isn’t an English name.*” You’re fuckin’ mental, mate, Boris is an

English name, I’ve met plenty of Borises in England. It’s the most popular name in the country, you fuckwit. You never go to school? You never hear of King Boris of England, bruv? My daughter is named Boris, you arse-chugger. I went to *Eton*, bruv. I know this shit. Went to *Eton* with Jacob Rees-Mogg, bruv, I know my shit. Boris is an English name. As English as ‘Louis,’ as English as... fuck off.

The fuck do you *mean* he’s *German*? I don’t give a shit about your genealogical data. Don’t matter if his ancestors were from Germany, he’s English, fuck off. He’s English, those were English Germans. You never hear of English Germans? I went to *Eton*, bruv. Fuck off, I know these things. I went to *Eton*, the fuck did you go to? I ‘on’t give a fuck, mate. It ain’t *Eton*. You ain’t know nuffin’ about English Germans and King Boris. King Boris overthrew Oliver Cromwell, mate. Beat him in hand-to-hand combat. Battle of Stamford Bridge. 1066. Know your facts, you twat. Snapped him over his knee like Batman did to Bane.

Boris got that same strength to ‘em. He’s gonna deliver, bruv. Brexit means Brexit, we gonna leave this time, mate. Mark my words — mark my *fuckin’* words — we’re gonna leave, so help me God.



Above: King Boris, King of London, enjoys a relaxed Saturday looking at pictures of himself.

King Boris hopes you’re having a nice Saturday looking at pictures of him too.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II CAUGHT SAYING “CUM” IN NEWLY RELEASED VIDEO

Benedick “Cum” Berbatch
Toike Monarchy Journalist

In a scandal the British tabloids have quickly begun referring to as “Cumpocalypse,” the Queen has been caught saying the word “Cum” in a 1999 video which was accidentally attached to a Buckingham Palace press release Friday. News outlets quickly obtained copies of the video before it was deleted, and the video has been shown to every television and computer owner in the British Isles.

For a reaction from the British

public, *The Toike* took to the streets of London to perform some impromptu interviews. We were surprised to learn, however, that Brits don’t seem to mind much at all. “I mean, it’s not too naughty of a word, innit?” said Amelia Boisterton, mother of three. “I wouldn’t say that in front of me kids, but I suppose it’s arrigh’.”

“The viewing party became dreadfully awkward once Her Majesty said ‘it appears you’ve left a spot of cum on the bed!’” reported Lucius Percival Wilmingsforth, esq., “But that was

fairly mild compared to what came after.”

Some have even gone so far as to defend the Queen. “Haven’t you blokes got better things to do than ask me about some silly video?” asked a gentleman who wished to remain anonymous (we’re pretty sure it was Gary Oldman). “She’s the bloody Queen, she can do what she wants.”

Has London become too fond of this so-called ‘Queen’? This reporter thinks it’s time for a fresh new face on the throne.



Above: A reenactment of the Queen’s “slip of the tongue” for analytical purposes.

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Hamlet **Michael with a B.**

TO BE OR NOT TO BE **VS** **THERE'S A BEEEEEE???!?!?!?!?**

To be or not to be, that is the question.

Yes. *To be...*

In the sentence...yes. *Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer...*

They are treacherous, lecherous, fiends indeed. I too struggle with the questions of my own existence. What is it *to be*?

Couldst thou BE any more annoying?

I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly, *I know a be from a bee.*

Me thinks he doth need some milk.

Wait... there’s a bee?

There are TWO bees?

I’ve been afraid of bees my whole life.

So there is a bee!!!!

Incoherent Screams

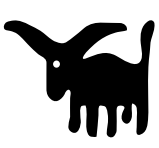
Exeunt Michael with a B. screaming, pursued by bees

TOIKEOSCOPES



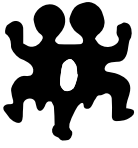
ARIES

Your town runs out of vaccines! Do not pass “GO,” go straight back to the EU.



TAURUS

This month, your town will run out of spaghetti, leading to a yearlong riot culminating in the invention of “barley lasagna.”



GEMINI

This month, you will need to choose between family loyalty and national interests. Your resignation will help to protect your country.



CANCER

The test results came. The Brexit is terminal. You have just weeks to exchange your pounds for a currency of value.



LEO

Your ancestors were smart enough to get out of Britain before Brexit. Unfortunately, they tried to come over on the Titanic.



VIRGO

You’ll soon have the opportunity to lose your virginity to a dead pig in exchange for control of the Commons.



LIBRA

Hey, it could be worse. At least you’re not American.



SCORPIO

Feeling stung by the Brexit vote? Suck out the venom! Die quicker!



SAGITTARIUS

If you build a station at the third Earth-Sun Lagrange point the sun really will never set on the Empire.



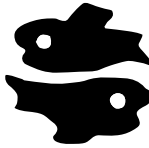
CAPRICORN

Keep on the lookout for an opportunity to deprive Irishmen of potatoes.



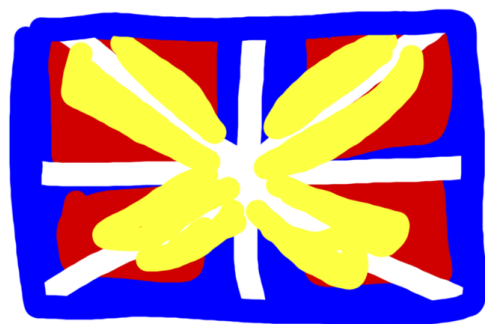
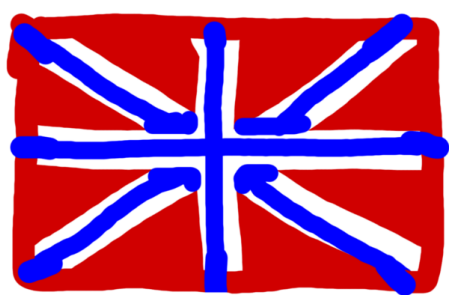
AQUARIUS

You keep insisting that you “rule the waves,” but deep down you’re acutely aware of the fact that *Egypt* has double the number of aircraft carriers that you do.

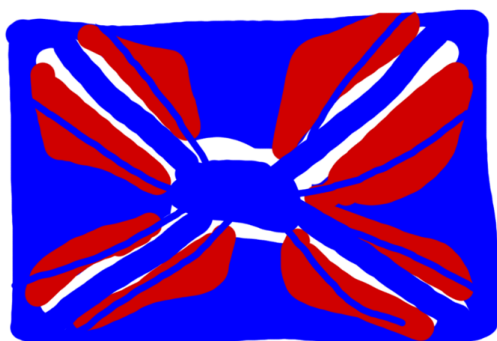


PISCES

The Empire is crumbling! Jump into the channel and swim to Europe while you still can!



I forgot what the British Flag looked like. Is this good?



BEN OF THE MONTH!

THIS ISSUE OF *THE TOIKE OIKE* IS DEDICATED TO.....



Hey EU, know why I love tea so much?



'cause tea leaves!



WANT TO JOIN THE TOIKE? READ THIS BLACK BOX!

Are you fairly hilarious? We want you!

Can you photoshop like a boss? Join our graphics team!

Do you want to try your hand at humour writing? Become one of our staff writers!

Do you have the mad English skills required to pick out our typos and grammar follies? Do content editing for us!

HEAD OVER TO WWW.TOIKE.SKULE.CA/JOIN AND GET ON THE MAILING LIST!

You'll automatically be notified of upcoming meeting dates, times, and locations.

Alternatively, if you're interested in something specific, like graphics, editing, layout, multimedia, social media or distribution, email toike@skule.ca and let us know!

Get involved with your friendly neighbourhood Toike Oike! Anyone can join.

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

