

AMAZING TOIKE

APPROVED
BY THE
ENT
SOCK



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JAN

I TOLD YOU
THAT YOUR
DAM WASN'T
STRUCTURALLY
SOUND,
BEAVERPERSON!

I GUESS
YOU'LL HAVE
TO **CHEW-SE**
A NEW PLACE TO
LIVE!

IN THIS ISSUE:
THE INCREDIBLE TOIKE
SWINGS OVER
TORONTO ON A
PAPER-MÂCHÉ
ROPE OF JUSTICE!



EDITORIAL

So, I'll be honest, I give zero shits about all the fancy superhero franchises. Marvel and all the other less relevant ones are just so underwhelming, lame, and sucky. Now, don't get me wrong, I think that these heroes do have a purpose in this world, but that purpose is to be *ridiculed* and *out-cooled* by all *Toike* contributors, as well as the fantastic heroes we present to you here in this issue.

So this month, we here at *The Toike* decided to investigate some *better* superheroes and showcase their triumphs in our highly-read publication. This issue is absolutely *stuffed* full of real-news coverage of the *real* heroes. Read this *Toike* to learn the information that the **main-stream media doesn't want**

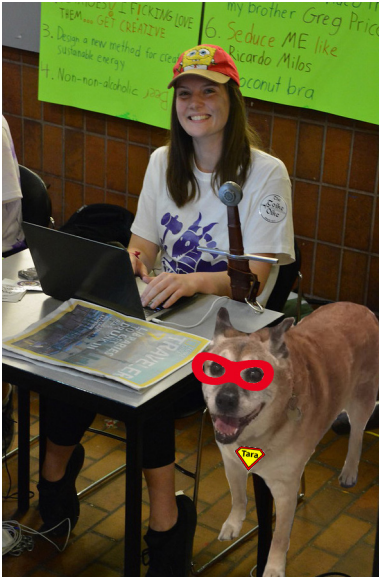
you to know. Why do you think we hear about Iron Man and not Aluminum Man? Clasmism, that's why. Why don't we hear about Phallactus? Society tells us we can't.

Here at *The Toike*, we care about the underdogs, the heroes that do all the work and get none of the credit. I'm talking about you, Mel B ;)

Anyways, I hope you really enjoy this piece of literature you are holding in your hands. And well, if you don't, well... um... screw you.

Alright see you around (reading this *Toike*),

Joanna Melnyk
Big-Kahuna 1T9-2To



Above: The mightiest hero that none of us deserve. My dog is in the pic too!

WRITE-ITORIAL

Matt: Happy 2020, readers! This month's *Toike* celebrates all the heroes (and villains) that you grew up rooting for! Who can forget the incredible fight between Bateman and SuperDuperMan over Got'em City in Inspector Comics much-lauded film universe? Or the origin story of Aluminum Man, AKA Al. U. Minum? These are the heroes we all dressed up as when we were kids. I fondly remember my first Unbelievable Arachnid-Lad costume that I wore everyday when I was 6 years old. I used to get in fights with this other kid named "Graeme Edwards" who was a year younger and dressed up as Arachnid-Lad's worst enemy,

Professor Squid. Of course I'd always tell him, "Professor Squid is from *Inescapable* Arachnid-Lad comics, not *Unbelievable* Arachnid-Lad. It's a *completely* different universe! They would never meet!" The fool wouldn't listen.

Graeme: Wow. A lot to unpack there but *[clears throat aggressively]* Um, actually Bateman and SuperDuperMan battled on film in the *Renner Cousins* cinematic universe based on Inspector Comics *characters*. Inspector Comics doesn't have a film production company and, even if they did, they sold the film rights to all their best characters for a couple hun-

dred bucks back in the '80's so they could sell more comic books and action figures. Also, it's Aluminium Man as he was originally created by a British comic book writer named Billingsbury Keatsworth. ALSO, they didn't start selling *Unbelievable* Arachnid-Lad costumes until last year, so you must have been dressing up as the original Arachnid-Lad, who did fight Professor Squid. Now that I have established my dominance through my superior knowledge of esoteric details of comic book lore, I shall return to my mother's basement knowing that I've exposed a fucking casual. Maybe my dad will read this and finally be proud of me.



Above: The most disturbing rendition of *The Incredible Hulk* you have ever seen.

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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 a heroic stock character, typically possessing supernatural or superhuman powers, who is dedicated to fighting the evil of their universe, protecting the public, and battling super-villains. A female *Toike* is sometimes called a superheroine, although the word superhero is also commonly used for females. Superhero fiction is the genre of fiction that is centered on such characters, especially in American comic book and films since the 1930s.

DISCLAIMER

The animated 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 somewhere cooler than Toronto, and 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



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
ENGINEERING SOCIETY

RESEARCHERS UNVEIL FIRST “GREEN LANTERN”

R.C. Pun-It

Toike Geneticist

TORONTO, ONTARIO - Researchers from the University of Toronto announced early Monday morning that they have engineered the first transgenic human superhero that they have dubbed the “Green Lantern.”

The subject, Val Hordan, was born in Pickering last week from a CRISPR-Cas9-edited embryo.

Cas9 with an sgRNA targeted to a non-coding region of the genome and a cassette comprising eGFP and an antibiotic-resistance marker under the control of a dermal fibroblast-specific promoter with homologous flanking regions were microinjected into newly fertilised eggs. These embryos were allowed to mature before being tested for the presence of the antibiotic-resistance marker and then one was implanted within Mrs. Hordan.

Val is a healthy 4.5kg baby girl who glows a healthy shade of green when irradiated with 395nm wavelengths of light. She is frequently used as a flashlight in combination with a cyan lamp. Her parents hope that she can be the first in a long line of familial bioluminescent superheroes.



HUNDREDS OF TEENS HOSPITALIZED WITH RADIATION POISONING

Pietro Parkski

Toike Field Reporter

KYIV, UKRAINE – With the growing popularity of superhero movies, thousands of teenagers across the world are dreaming of having their own superpowers. Unfortunately, many are attempting to replicate the origin stories of many of their favourite heroes in misguided attempts to develop their own superpowers.

“We have seen a large influx of, how you say, millennial tourists to Northern Ukraine in the last decade,” said the Ukrainian Minister of Culture through a translator. “They come here with their, um, emotional support animals. But our surveillance officers, um, I mean peace officers say that many of them take these support animals North, towards Pripjat and then return to Kyiv for a week or so. They go back for a couple of days and then leave our country. Not that I am complaining. The Ukrainian government loves tourism. Well, tourism from unarmed Westerners.”

“I brought my emotional support tarantula with me to Russia,” said Chad, 19, who traveled

to Ukraine just a few months ago and has recently been hospitalized with radiation poisoning. “We stayed a couple of weeks near this reactor that exploded like a hundred years ago. I heard HBO shot a TV show there this year so I thought it would be safe for me to stay a few days. While I was there, I let Fuzz Lightyear, that’s my spider, bite me on the hand. I thought it would turn me into Tarantula Man. Instead, a few weeks later, I’m vomiting all the time, my muscles start shrinking, my sweet flow starts falling out and I...I can’t...I can’t tan anymore! I’m sorry. It’s just too painful.”

Chad was too emotional to continue our interview. However, his is a story becoming far too common in the news as hundreds of other teens have been admitted to hospitals across the world with similar symptoms. The hardest hit hospitals are in Ukraine itself, where teens who bought one way tickets because they would “fly home using their radioactive bird powers” are now stranded, too weak to leave their hospital beds.

“This is an unfortunate time for our country’s and the world’s

public health,” said a press release from the Center for Disease Control. “The CDC is absolutely clear that the dangerous courses of action these young adults are taking in their quest to become superheroes are not worth the potential benefits. And this is not limited to summer trips to radioactive hotbeds. The CDC urges all people to avoid injecting themselves with experimental steroids, getting struck by lightning, or walking with your parents through crime-ridden alleys. Scientifically speaking, you will not get superpowers. And that last one wouldn’t even give you powers. It just makes you an orphan. If you happen to be rich, maybe you eventually become a superhero, but you could do that with parents too. Just stop doing stupid stuff.”

Despite the failure of other attempts to develop superpowers, many wealthier teens have recently stated their intent to support the development of a commercial space program. It is still unclear whether they intend to travel to a planet with a different colour star or to be bombarded with cosmic rays, though those are the two likeliest goals of this group.

AN ANGRY REVIEW OF THE SPIDER-MAN FRANCHISE

Huizen Sauce

Toike Arachnologist

Like most people, I saw *Spider-Man: Homecoming* when it came out. And like most people who aren’t total nerds, the main reason I saw it was Tom Holland. Dude is a snacc, even if it looks like he’s holding a frog in his mouth most of the time. But the frog-mouth thing is a story for another time. What really bothered me — what *really fucking irked me* — is the fact that this child, this literal high school student, is parading around calling himself Spider-MAN. Like? C’mon Marvel, this is a *foetus*. Call him Spider-Bro or Spider-Child or *something more fitting*.

It’s not as though Marvel glazed over the high school part of Spider-Kid; the movie is set mostly at school, and they cast such a young-looking actor. I heard Tom Holland can’t even get served in American bars because he *actually looks like a freaking highschooler*.

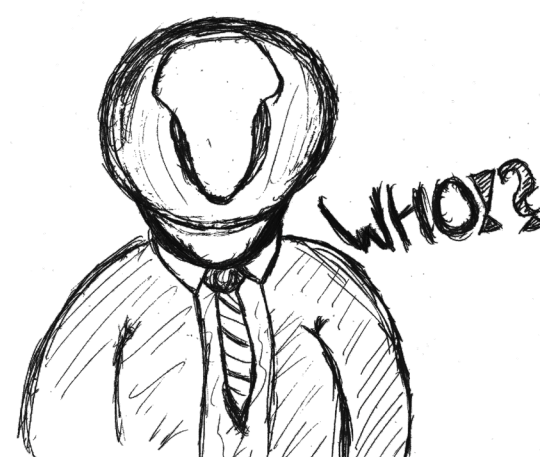
But the real kicker, the real kick in the nuts, is that Spider-Baby’s female counterpart is Spider-GIRL. Does that smell a little sexist to anyone else? THEY’RE THE EXACT SAME GOD-DAMN AGE! I could not give a single *fuck* that Spider-Woman “wouldn’t *sound* right.” Cry me a river, Marvel.

And this isn’t an isolated incident. We also have Thor-Girl, which is so insanely lazy, and others. Over in the DC-verse (barf) we have Supergirl, who is 24-years-old, Batgirl, who is a grown-ass human, and DREAM GIRL, which I can’t even get into without ABSOLUTELY LOSING MY MIND. I can imagine what you’re thinking, “there’s Wonder Woman, that should count for something.” But THAT’S ONE OUT OF SO MANY. Also, the person who calls Gal Gadot “Wonder Girl” has to be either blind or stupid.

Are there *any* superheroes that are ____-boy? Well, intrepid reader, I did some research. And there’s one. ONE! And it’s Hell-boy, who’s ridiculously badass.

Now, I understand why this is happening. Allowing a skinny little white boy to be called ‘Spider-Man’ but calling hypersexualized female characters ‘____-girl,’ simultaneously soothes countless nerds’ egos and continues the sexualization of young girls, which is essentially how comic and superhero franchises make their money.

In conclusion, Spider-Embryo either needs a more fitting name or our female heroes deserve some fucking respect. Or, you know, both, but that’s a fucking longshot.





Call 1-800-GOT-SHIT to
CLAIM your legal BENEFITS*

*This does not apply to you if you are over the age of 17 months. If your name contains an "a", you are a shitty person and Shitbrickman and I both knew you had it coming. You can only claim your benefits during our working hours: 9:30pm-9:35pm, August 12th, 2020. If you have any complaints, you can direct them to kaboom@skule.ca. Alternatively, go suck a dick.

HAVE YOU OR A LOVED ONE BEEN VICTIMIZED BY SHITBRICKMAN?

LOCAL TOWN THROWN INTO CHAOS UPON DEATH OF DOCTOR WHEN

Dr. Hu
Toike Rural Affairs Expert

Sheffield, ONTARIO – The mayor of Sheffield, Ontario has declared a state of emergency following the death of beloved local hero Doctor When. “Doctor When has been critical to the functioning of our town for quite some time. Without them, no one knows what the time is anymore,” commented the mayor at some point today.

Doctor When is a legendary figure in Sheffield’s history. Upon their completion of their PhD in Horology, Doctor When discovered their time-telling superpowers, thanks to which they are able to share the exact time and date at any moment. Since this discovery, Doctor When has been instru-

mental to the daily functioning of the town of Sheffield, as they spend their days running around and telling people what time it is.

As a result of Doctor When’s time-telling prowess, no one in Sheffield has read a clock in over a decade. As such, all but one of the town’s more elderly residents have forgotten the art altogether.

“The sudden death of Doctor When has left us in a state of complete and utter chaos,” added the mayor in the declaration of a state of emergency. “Our residents no longer know when to wake up, when to go to school, when to go to work, when to go to bed, or when to watch Raptors games on television.”

“We hope to take care of this grave situation by implementing time-telling lessons at city hall over the course of this week, offered by the newly-established Doctor When Foundation for Children with Horological Impairments.” Through this initiative, the town hopes future generations will be able to learn this crucial skill, allowing Sheffield to return to a normal status within “30, possibly even 25 minutes”.

Despite the gravity and urgency of this situation, the town has paid its respects by inducting Doctor When into the Sheffield Hall of Fame. A minute of silence for the fallen hero was originally planned, but has been cancelled following confusion regarding its duration.

BREAKING: SHITBRICKMAN EXPOSED



Jacques Chit
Toike Doo Doo Guy

Defa Kayshun was once a brilliant scientist working at a brick manufacturing facility, just for shits. He researched better ways to produce bricks, working very long hours every day. He eventually came up with a device which would cause an individual to literally shit bricks.

Everyone ridiculed him to the point where he felt as if

he’d lost his life’s purpose. He channeled his rage into modifying his device into a ray gun. He has given countless people a very unfortunate death due to them pooping bricks which causes them to bleed out of their ani, slowly killing them.

He must be stopped at all costs! If you see him, please call 1-800-GOT-SHIT.

From the Toike Vault by Dastardly Darth Vibrator

Written during Li’s youth in the mid-to-late 30’s, “The Arabesque Arachnid-Lad and the Peer-ils of High-Skule™!” was the first ever known appearance of Stand Li’s iconic “Arachnid-Lad.” Also known as “Wackiness at Web High,” it has gone unpublished for nearly a century due to the fact that Stand Li could not draw at the time. The Toike Oike’s brilliant staff of nerds and more nerds discovered the work in Li’s childhood apartment in Manhattan. Here is the unfinished work published for the first time.

THE ARABESQUE ARACHNID-LAD AND THE PEER-ILS OF HIGH-SKULE™!: WACKINESS AT WEB HIGH by Stand Li

Panel 1	Panel 2	Panel 3	Panel 4	Panel 5
Setting - DeWebb High and totally not DeWitt Clinton High School in the Bronx, they just look a lot alike, ok? It’s, like, morning because high school? Pyotr Parquer, a young Manhattanite that doesn’t <i>not</i> look like me, is on his way to class. He’s, like, not popular because he’s a bit of a nerd but he’s actually pretty cool and I think that people would like him if they just got to know him better.	Setting - Advanced Chemistry class. Pyotr is excellent at chemistry, it’s just that his teacher Ms. Higginbotham - the only unmarried woman to teach within the contiguous United States of America - is really bad and thinks Pyotr is a “distraction to the class.” Two rows over is Pyotr’s crush, May-Jean Waites who doesn’t <i>not</i> look like Marie-Jo Whitford from my American History class. They have the same short dark hair and skin tone and facial structure but, like, different clothes. Anyway.	Setting - still in Chemistry class. Oh golly gee! Ms. Higginbotham has sprung an evil pop quiz!!!! Pyotr is gonna fail because he’s been having trouble focusing in school. The doctor thinks he might need a lobotomy. Pyotr thinks this is a bit much. Pyotr, using a pneumatic web-cannon, steals a copy of the test answers from the Duffy’s Kid-Friendly Cigarillos box on Ms. Higginbotham’s desk.	Setting - in the school hallway, outside of the Chemistry class. Pyotr, smoking a Duffy’s Kid-Friendly Cigarillo, flashes a smile to May-Jean, who’s blushing. A speech bubble - an oblong structure for the displaying of text that I invented - reads as follows “Ah, hello May-Jean, would you like to share in a Duffy’s Kid-Friendly Cigarillo while celebrating the defeat of that commie Bolshevik Higginbotham?” May-Jean replies in a similar text-holding oval, “Why yes, Stand Pyotr, I’ve always had such a crush on you, with your mature, mannish looks and awesome stories.”	One of those awesome French-y panels that says “Fin” on it.

Virgin Sex Columnist

'JACULATING JUMPING JANUARY, IT'S A WINTER WANTON WINGMAN!

Nhak Leoj
Toike Opposite Name

A 'Giorno to you on this 'Jaculating Jumping January, my dear readers! (no, not that jaculating- look it up, you retrograde.)

I'm sure many of you are familiar with the wonderfully dazzling environment of New Year's Eve - a magical time when December 31st is approaching its end; it's a time of new beginnings, where in that gleamingly lustrous tomorrow, we find the slinky sensuous super-heros we've always dreamed of, and make our wildest fantasies come true. Of course, I know what you're thinking - "fantastically sexy Virgin Sex Columnist, that was the furthest description of my current situation you could dream of!" Of course, I understand where you're coming from - come New Year's Eve, I was in the same situation you were.

Ashamed, embarrassed, feeling naked (and not in a fun way) without a spirit around to cheer me up, I went to the bar to drink away my sorrows that night. The world seemed dark, and I stared moodily at my cup, contemplating a future of unintimate frigidity by joining an expedition to Mars, or perhaps the moon, or even the cold, unhot environment of space.

I was disturbed from my celibate

contemplations by a fellow who clapped me on the back. "How's it going, VSC? You look like you could use a pick-me-up." I turned, and was so surprised by what I saw that I snorted half a pint of Samuel Adams out my nostrils. There, to my side, was a man dressed in a bright red cape, and a passionate purple "W" across his chest. "Who are you?" I asked (although to be honest it came out as more of a "H-hoo ah yhoo?").

"Why, I'm Wingman, your friendly neighborhood pick-em-upper! I'm here to get you a date before the New Year, of course!"

Recovering myself, I belched "Whel, dat's kind ovh yhoo." I worried for a second that I had scared him off, but no, instead he just smiled and said, "Come along, I'm going to find you the one before that ball drops."

He then paraded me to the other side of the counter, where an incredibly alluring statuesque specimen was sitting there, also hugging a beer to their breast while watching the ball on the telly. Well, it was a sublime introduction; I cannot seem to recall exactly what he said, but I seem to remember some mention of toenails, "Cats", and pulchritudinous (by which he was referring to me, I'm sure). Well, I don't know how he did it, but

this magnificent creature was now staring at me with such lustful eyes, I almost couldn't keep my hands around my drink. Wingman subsequently said, "I think you got it from here, VSC. Take care!" and flew off, leaving me with my pal, whose name I have forgotten.

The ball countdown started. At 8, I was staring at their pleasing pupils. At 6, I closed my eyes, and leaned in for the action. At 4, my nose was upset by the tears running down my cheeks. At 3 I sneezed. At "Happy New Year!", my face was pushed away by somebody covered in snotty Samuel Adams, and they subsequently ran away crying while I was left stunned sitting on the ground, thoroughly confused and determined that this would be the subject of my next column.

So, that's the story. Thus, I leave you with the ultimate moral, dear reader. If you're ever in need, if you need help, he will find you. I was quite taken aback at realizing how useless I, the "wingman" to billions of fans, am compared to a superhero ready to fly anywhere and personally save the day. Therefore - WINGMAN, I BEG YOU, WAKE UP MY PASSION! BID MY JUICES TO RUN! SAVE ME FROM THE NIGHT-BABY I'VE BECOME!

TOIKE TAKE

Toronto'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 Toronto this month; personal bias definitely included.

3. The Raccoon Signal

Raccoon Man is great. Crime is no more in Toronto, and garbage levels are down 40% city-wide (is he eating it?). However, he could have picked an animal that's easier to represent on a searchlight.

2. Rot-Man

Who is this mysterious new crusader? Why has he been described as "Loud and Rude"? Why did he threaten his father would sue all criminals in the city? We may never know. Oh wait, he took off his mask to explain to someone that business management is the hardest major.

1. The Russian guy in the Blue Food Truck

Who knew that the city's worst villain was right under our noses this whole time? According to multiple sources, the Russian guy that takes your debit card and taps it on the debit machine for you instead of letting you do it is actually an evil genius with a plan to blow up the city. Authorities have determined he is hiding in one of the following two locations: in the My-hal 150 iPad storage cupboard or in Moscow. Either way, since the Blue Food Truck is gone, you can always get food from the Brown Food Truck or the Pink Food Truck or the White Food Truck or the food truck with the speaker that changes colour.

Honourable Mention

ahhhhhhh Russian guy from the Blue Food Truck got me ahhhhhhh he put me on the grill and I'm being grilled alive ahhhhhhhhh



HEROINE DISHES ON BALANCING JOB WITH PERSONAL LIFE!



"Fuck y'all: I'M OUT"
Slash reveals ALL

Suizen Hauce
Toike Gossip Correspondant

Our local superheroine Slash defeated Dr. Froster in a thrilling 3-day battle. We caught up with Slash and finally got the answers to the questions we've all been asking. See the interview below.

Lynn Tervier: This week's battle was really something. Congratulations on your win and thank you for keeping us all safe.

Slash: Thank you! It was definitely a tough one but I'm looking forward to the interview so I can talk more about how we'll be moving on from this time of unrest.

LT: First off, I HAVE to know, who are you wearing?

S: Umm... well I'm wearing my super suit.

LT: Yes, but who's it by? Is it your work.
Dior? I heard it was Dior.

S: Thank you.

LT: What do you think would be more fulfilling; being a superhero or being a mother?

S: I mean both would have their perks... y'know what, fuck that question.

LT: Alright, alright. Here's a superhero question. Fuck, marry, kill - Thor, Ant-Man, Iron-Man?

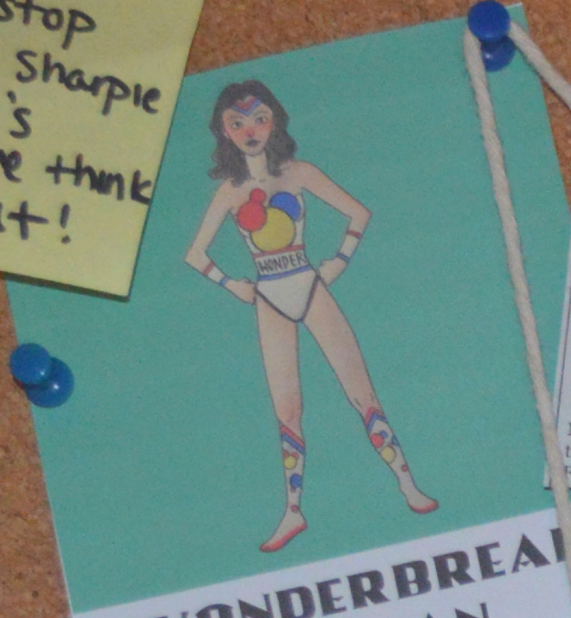
S: Fuck all y'all. I'm out.

There you have it folks. Slash reveals her illicit relationship with Ant-Man and that she hates all mothers. She might've saved the city, but is she really the role model we want for young girls?

LT: Right of course, we'll focus on



I should really stop inhaling Sharpie fumes it's making me think weird shit!



WONDERBREAD WOMAN
WHITE AND FLUFFY
ORIGINALLY POC BUT CAST TO SCARLETT JOHANSSON

FRENCH PEOPLE DON'T REALLY EXIST
Sir French Character
British Actor
Tobias Pop 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 common thread has been wildly misrepresented in the medium: French.

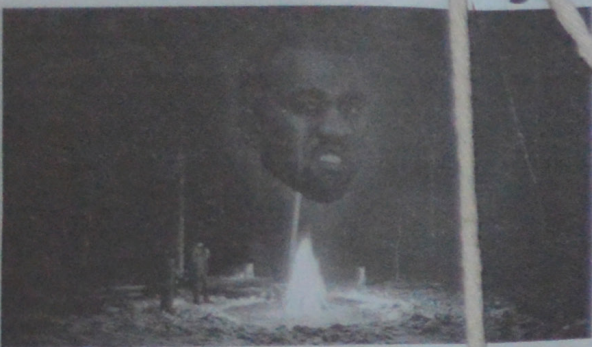
Now I know what you're thinking, "there are no French characters in..."

speaking another language, it is said 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...

I bet if these heroes were "sexier" we would be able to afford meeting snacks ☹

Kanye West Lyrics Summon Terrifying Manifestation of His Ego



Above: Reciting Kanye West lyrics under the right conditions will summon a terrifying life-sized spectre of his head.

Ground Control and Major Tom
Toke Oke Kims

Hip-hop icon Kanye West faces accusations of engaging in the occult.

"I miss the old Kanye, straight-from-the-go Kanye," chants West on *The Life of Pablo*. However, according to Skale's own expert on the occult, Kevin Bacon, when "I Love Kanye" is sung while sacrificing a five-month-old lamb in the middle of a pentagram under a harvest moon, a thirteen-foot tall, shutter-shade-clad Kanye West manifests.

the fuckin' aether! It seems that his lyrics are some kind of malicious incantation that can tear the very fabric of spacetime, as the Kanye which appears seems to be a 2007 Kanye."

According to him, the spectral Mr. West was accompanied by an anthropomorphised Beyoncé and had not yet heard Beyoncé's "Single Ladies," further solidifying Bacon's belief that it was indeed a 2007 Kanye and not a 2009 Kanye, who most likely would have been wearing full-rimmed glasses that were too large for his face.

When we last spoke to Bacon, he



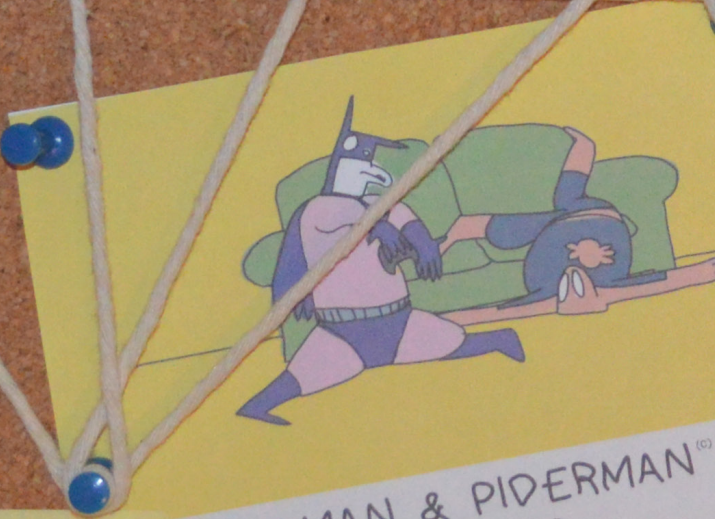
ARACHNID BOY

VERY STICKY HANDS
WEARS 3 PAIRS OF GLASSES
DOES NOT LIKE NICKNAME "EIGHT-EYES"

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



ALUMINUM MAN
NEVER GETS FOILED
RESENTS IUPAC

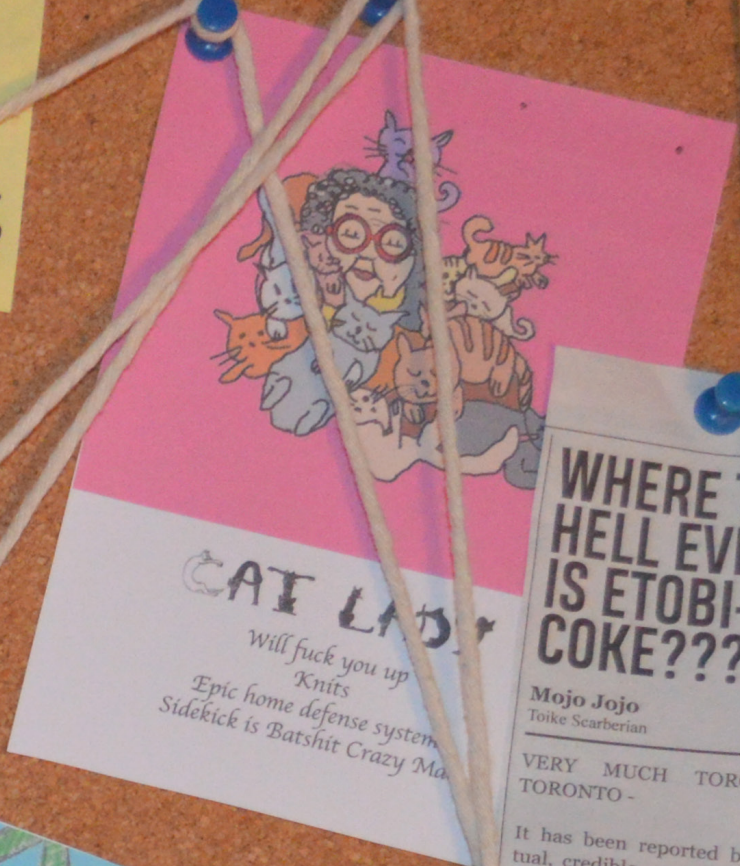


BAMAN & PIDERMAN
BEST FWENDS
LOOK CHILL BUT VERY NOT CHILL
WILL DO WHAT THEY GOTTA DO... BEWARE

WAIT, Why is Kanye on here?

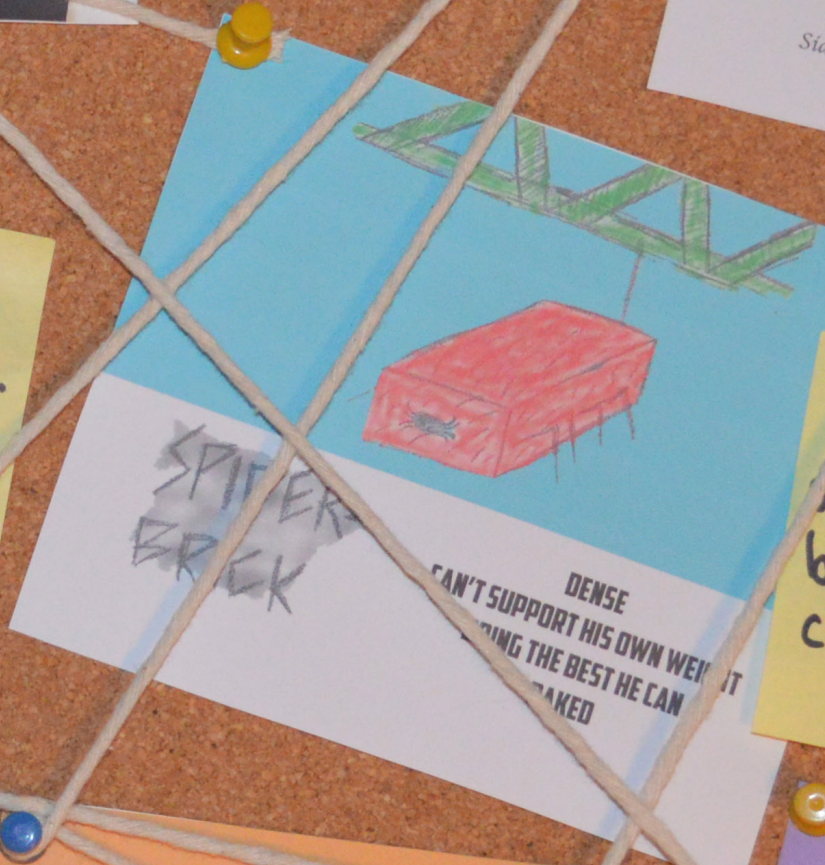


DO THESE
HEROES
EVEN DO
ANYTHING
??



WHERE THE HELL EVEN IS ETOBICOKE???
Mojo Jojo
Toi ke Scarberian
VERY MUCH TORONTO, TORONTO -
It has been reported by factual, credible sources that although its existence has been confirmed, no one knows exactly where or what the fuck Etobicoke (e-toe-bee-coe) is. Right now as I type, Microsoft can't even comprehend Etobicoke, and keeps the red squiggly under
as it that the infamous "is somewhere in downtown Toronto or around Scarborough. We've all seen people get on the train, but where do they go? Is there a subway station? Probably not. Mayor John Tory said for comment. His was met with nods and shags of the head from fellow high-ranking officials.

Something...
something...
porn. skur
? ? ?
? ?



Are these
heroes
unappreciated
because of
capitalism?



Is Kanye
the only
hero we
need ?

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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ÜBERMAN

volume 1 issue 1

Art and Story by Freddy Neech - Toike Animated Antihero

Thor engaged in combat with his nefarious brother Loki high above the city. Despite the chaos wrought by the trickster god, that was brought upon by his brother, the so-called "hero," was far worse, for the thunder god cast lightning down upon the innocents and smashed their homes with his prized Mjöltnir.

Are they to be grateful to their supposed hero, the destroyer of their city, the killer of their loved ones? Who will protect us from our so-called "protectors?"

"Why are you doing this? I'm a hero!"

Überman slams an exhausted Thor, the god of thunder, into the brick wall of a Toronto alleyway. He collapses to one knee, slumping backwards, coming to rest his back against the wall. A fitting end.

"How can you defeat me," splutters the defeated god of thunder through shattered teeth. His matted locks of straw-gold hair obscures his tear-soaked cheeks. "You are just a man - I am a god!"

"What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal, yielding to increasingly greater men, and to the Superman. It is this lack of development that has led to your downfall, for you may be a god, but your people are stagnant and weak." He frees the god of his mighty golden head, his legendary hammer lay discarded at his side.

"God is dead. We have killed him," mumbled Überman, over the mangled corpse of Thor, his blade dripping with the blood of the god. He wipes the moisture from his furrowed brow, the rain soaking the face of the one known as "The Man" as he walks away from the scene of carnage.

Who, indeed, shall protect us from our protectors? Those cavalier vigilantes with nary a care for those they save - glory-chasing, 'roid-raging schoolyard bullies. It is he, The Man, who will protect us from the protectors, the anti-hero of our reality and not the hero of our dreams.

Thus spake the Überman.



LOCAL 'HERO' A TERRIBLE COMBINATION OF USELESS THINGS

Dastardly Darth Vibrator
Toike Throbbing Father

CRIME-RIDDLED NEIGHBOURHOOD, TORONTO - Late on Friday evening, local hero Megan Campbell took her usual watch, camouflaging within a wall along Sullivan Street. This has become a normal part of the Spectacular Spider-Brick's life ever since she was struck by a radioactive brick when someone tried to kill the radioactive spider that was biting her. She has been sitting, watching, and waiting for bad guys to threaten her neighbourhood.

"..." said Spider-Brick, who possesses only the speech capabilities of a brick. She also has the ability to be thrown

through shop windows during riots.

Spider-Brick has become a pillar of her community, supporting many barbershop doors and uneven table legs. She is also known as the only woman in the neighbourhood who scuttles on eight-legs and is made of hairy red stone.

When asked about her greatest enemy, the evil villain Fly Racquet, who gained her powers after she swallowed a radioactive fly during a game of racquetball while playing against Spider-Brick, she said, "..."

At time of writing, Spider-Brick was last seen very slowly spinning a web made of concrete under the Bloor Viaduct.

ADVENTURES OF PISSMAN

Jacques Chit
Toike Tinkle Consultant

After having been bitten by a radioactive penis fish, Iyur Ihnyate, an avid explorer and vine-swinger, mysteriously gained the ability to pee with a force capable of leveling mountains. No criminal can escape Pissman: 10 kilo-Newtons of urine will ensure that. However, with great urination abilities comes great destructive potential.

Last week, while attempting to catch Shitbrickman, Pissman leveled the entire city of Detroit,

killing countless bystanders. Because Pissman uses his mighty urinary capabilities to propel himself through the air, anyone caught beneath him as he does so is instantly crushed by the sheer power of all that piss. His abilities have also saved lives however, such as when he peed on a burning building to put out the fire (even if the building still came crumbling down due to the force of all the urine).

The public is still undecided on whether Pissman is a hero or a villain.



5 SIGNS THAT YOU MIGHT BE A SUPERHERO

Jacques Kerbie
Toike Comic Book Expert

What makes a superhero? Sure, I could tell you that it's a sense of what's right. The need to see good prevail over evil, blah blah blah. In reality, there are a number of factors that determine whether or not someone is a hero. We at *The Toike* decided to compile five of the most important signs that you might be a superhero.

1) Your name is alliterative

Okay, so we're starting off with a simple but important one. Nothing screams comic book character like an alliterative name. Matt Murdock, Peter Parker, Bruce Banner, Clark Kent (I'm counting it since it's stupid to have two letters for the same sound), Susan Storm, Reed Richards, Lois Lane, Jessica Jones, Wade Wilson. Do I really have to keep going? I'm not saying you can't be a superhero if you don't have an alliterative name, but if you *do* have

one, you're well on your way to becoming a superhero.

2) You dress in one colour or colour palette all the time

This one is another dead giveaway that you are probably a superhero. Think about it. Green Arrow, Black Canary, Red Robin (are there any other robin colours?), Black Bolt, Blue Beetle, White Tiger. They all get their superhero names from the colour they wear. And they wear that colour *all the fucking time*. And don't even get me started on the Power Rangers (yes, they're superheroes)! If you wear one colour all the time, you're probably a superhero. Plus, you've got half of your name down already.

3) You feel a strong sense of duty

I tried to avoid this but the whole pure-of-heart, "I want to serve the people" aspect of a superhero is kind of important.

Don't get me wrong, you can be a superhero for a lot of really petty reasons, but those heroes don't last. No one willingly jeopardises their personal relationships, income and personal safety for years on end just for pride's sake. Speaking of income, your desire to help others is probably reflected in your job as a reporter or police officer or genius billionaire philanthropist inventor. This one's pretty boring and played out so let's move on.

4) You have superpowers

Okay, this one is kind of obvious, but we had to mention it. Having powers doesn't guarantee that you are a superhero, but it makes it way more likely that you are one. Obviously, there are plenty of villains out there with superpowers so yes, it's equally likely that you're a villain. But I choose to believe that there's enough good in you to overcome the temptation of being a villain. Even though it's way cooler and more lucrative. What was I say-

ing? Oh, right, powers are a very important part of superheroing and yes, I count being rich as a power because it's super rare and is often something you are born with.

5) One or both of your parents/parental figures is/are dead

This one sucks but it's pretty much mandatory for all superheroes to have at least one dead parent. Bonus points if it was at the hands of some dastardly villain who years later will become your greatest rival, and the greatest test of your moral code. Double bonus points if you could have stopped their death if you had only learned to be selfless a little bit sooner. Wow, I just got chills. Anyways, being a superhero and having living parents is just not a thing. Quantum physics forbids it. So, if your parents are alive, I guess I'm sorry. You'll just have to be some non-orphaned normie like the rest of us.

Norm & Gord DISCUSS THE MARVEL CINEMATIC UNIVERSE

This monthly column features a titillating discussion between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw. This month's column is sponsored by The Walt Disney Company. Disney - profiting off the dreams of children since 1923.

Norm: Good day, I'm Norm McLuhan, and this is my brother, Gord -
Gord, humming the MCU theme: DUHHH, DUH DUH DUH-DUHHHH, DUHHH DUH DU-DUHHHHH -
Norm: - and today we're gonna discuss -
Gord, still humming the MCU theme: DUH DUH DUH-DUH-HHHHHHH -
Norm: - and today we're gonna discuss the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

Gord: Aw heck ya, I'm stoked, eh. Call me "Tony Stoke."
Norm: Is that a pun on Tony Stark's name?
Gord: No, that's my superhero name, ya hoser. I'm so stoked that they call me "Tony Stoke."
Norm: Not "Stoke-Man?" Or "the Stoke?"

Gord: Oh, what about, like, "Iron Stoke?"
Norm: Why... Why would you be "the Iron Stoke?"

Iron Stoke: Not "the Iron Stoke." Just "Iron Stoke."

Norm: Ok, why "Iron Stoke?"

Iron Stoke: Well it would be pretty dumb to be the "Brass Stoke," eh Norm?

Norm: Well then, what would be my hero name, Gord?

Iron Stoke: It's *Iron Stoke*. And Norm, ya know, yer more of a, uh, villain.

Norm: C'mon, Gord, I'm sure you've got a name for me.

Iron Stoke: The... Stern Disapprover. Shamer of the joyful, the ebullient, the exuberant. The Dream Killer, Heart Smasher -

The Stern Disapprover: Geez, Gord, I didn't -

Iron Stoke: - and you are my sworn enemy. I, Iron Stoke, will crush you to spare others the pain you have caused me.

The Stern Disapprover: This has been Norm and Iron Stoke -

Iron Stoke: Fuckin' fight me, eh -

The Stern Disapprover: - discussing the MCU.



CHIEF OF POLICE: "CAPTAIN COMPETENT HAS STRUCK AGAIN"

Josh Groban
Toike Investigative Journalist

GROATHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - In a rare press conference on the steps of the GCPD 21st Precinct, Chief of Police Jiminy Grodan announced that the prolific criminal known as Captain Competent has struck again.

"We are currently investigating a jewel heist perpetrated late last night in the neighbourhood commonly referred to as Shady Heights," said Chief Grodan to a gaggle of anxious reporters. "While our investigation is still in its infancy, preliminary findings suggest that the heist was perpetrated by the criminal known as Captain Competent. At this time, we are asking members of the public to come forward with any information that could lead to the capture of this fugi-

tive. He is likely a male, though we have no way of knowing this and are not limiting our search to males at this time. We are well aware that women can be prolific criminals too."

This jewel heist is just the latest in a string of seemingly unrelated crimes, including 4 burglaries, 2 counts of arson, 1 count of grand theft automobile, 5 murders - each committed with a different weapon - and 1 case of catnapping. While the cat was later found by authorities in an alley a few blocks from its home, interviews with the victim did not produce any leads in the ongoing investigation.

"The only thing these crimes have in common is that there was no physical evidence at the crime scene to narrow down the suspect list," said an officer on the condition of anonym-

ity. "The Chief's convinced that these crimes were committed by the same person just because that's how things usually go in this town. Some of the rookies have started to call this guy the Random Raider because he doesn't commit the same crime in the same way. Some call him the Neurotic Nemesis on account of the lack of evidence. Personally, I think these crimes are being committed by a bunch of different people who are all learning to cover their tracks. I don't think there is such a person as Captain Competent."

"All crime in Groatham is committed by a handful of supervillains," said a GCPD spokesperson in response to the claims that this master criminal doesn't exist. "And they all leave behind signatures to claim credit for the crime. The Rustler leaves behind cow-

shaped piggy-banks like a psychopath, the Puzzler leaves behind 1000-piece jigsaw puzzles to prove her superior intellect, the Purple Prowler painted his victims' faces and hands a distinct shade of purple until the lead-based paint killed them. The list goes on and on. This Captain Competent or Random Raider or Neurotic Nemesis or whatever you want to call him leaves behind nothing. THAT'S CLEARLY HIS SIGNATURE! OR HER SIGNATURE! Besides, what's the alternative? That the Chief of Police is fabricating a supervillain so that, when he solves one of the crimes attributed to Captain Competent, he can say that he solved them all and then one day run for Mayor as the Chief of Police who stopped the most notorious serial criminal of all time? That would be insane."

TORONTO MEDICAL SCHOOL UNDER INVESTIGATION BY FEDS

Dursley Do-Wrong
Toike RCMP Correspondent

TORONTO, ONTARIO – Federal officers announced the commencement of criminal investigations into the University of Toronto, specifically the U of T medical school. The unexpected press release by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stated that the recent capture of one Doctor Dangerous revealed that she received her medical degree from the institution years ago under her legal name Danielle Dahngour.

“While we have long suspected

that U of T was profiting off villainous actions and potentially illegal activity, we had no proof that the institution’s alumni association included such a vicious and nefarious criminal, until now,” read the press release. It continued: “At this time, the RCMP cannot comment on whether or not the education provided by the university could be in any way considered ‘evil’ or could have aided Dangerous in her insidious endeavours. For these reasons, we have decided to open multiple investigations into the financial records and curriculum of the university.”

Of course, this is just the latest supervillain rumoured to have obtained higher education at the institution’s medical school. Of the scores of rogues with doctorate degrees, including Doctor Doom, Doctor Octopus, Professor Strange, and so on, most people assumed that at least a few called U of T their alma mater.

In fact, one common theory suggests that notorious criminal mastermind Doctor Evil, one of Canada’s most recognizable celebrities, received an undergraduate degree from the institution before attending ‘Evil Medical School’.

Evil has lauded the University numerous times in the past, calling it “the perfect breeding ground for people with superiority complexes, cut-throat attitudes and aspirations of world domination” while also praising the University for continuing to profit from the fossil fuel industry despite public outrage.

The University of Toronto issued a public statement decrying the allegation that it in any way profited from the exploits of a criminal alumnus. “The University of Toronto is one of the premier institutions for higher education

in the world. We have had graduates pursue successful careers in various fields, including, it seems, supervillainy. However, the University can claim no responsibility for the illegal actions of its more disturbed former students as she did not exhibit any of the telltale signs of someone about to begin a notorious life of crime. We are currently looking into our financial records to confirm that we did not accept donations from this distinguished alumnus and will gladly provide the RCMP with everything they require to complete this investigation in as expeditious a manner as possible.”

TOIKEOSCOPES



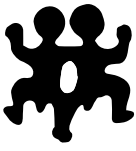
ARIES

You’ll accidentally swallow a radioactive Viagra and develop a superhuman ability to FUCK.



TAURUS

Be thankful for that pile of radioactive cow manure you fell in. Soon you’ll discover your new power: super-human lying. You can bullshit your way out of any situation! But, will you use it for good or evil?



GEMINI

Up, up, and away! You’re gonna suffer a horrific slip and fall this month because U of T doesn’t salt the sidewalks.



CANCER

Ha! Joke’s on your spouse - all the gamma radiation from the polonium they snuck into your tea has given you super powers.



LEO

In brightest day, in blackest light, no evil shall escape my light - this month you’ll get beat up for checking your phone during the latest superhero movie!



VIRGO

Oh, nice! You’ve been bitten by a radioactive bug and have superpowers! And a hot bod! And! And! And... wait ha ha nevermind you’re still a fucking virgin.



LIBRA

Stop reading Marxist literature before you try to rob banks in an effort to “equally distribute the wealth of the nation”. You are not a good bank robber and are definitely no match for Captain Capitalism.



SCORPIO

This month, you’ll discover your “special” power of accidentally murdering innocent passersby with your poisonous tail while trying to be their friend. Shucks!



SAGITTARIUS

This month, you’ll find success hiding your identity by wearing a pair of glasses.



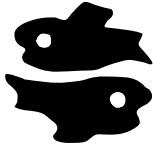
CAPRICORN

Capricorn? More like Capri-Sun, am I right? Capri-Sun: the only hero we truly need.*



AQUARIUS

You will be tempted to dive into the nearest lake to see if you have Atlantean powers this month. DON’T! If you don’t drown, the hypothermia will definitely get you.



PISCES

Splish, splash. Keep your eyes peeled this month, because a handsome and mysterious Liquid-Man is coming your way! You’ve never heard of Liquid-Man? Wait, shit, did we fuck that up...?

*Paid for in part by the Capri-Sun Group.

WANT TO JOIN THE TOIKE? READ THIS BLACK BOX!

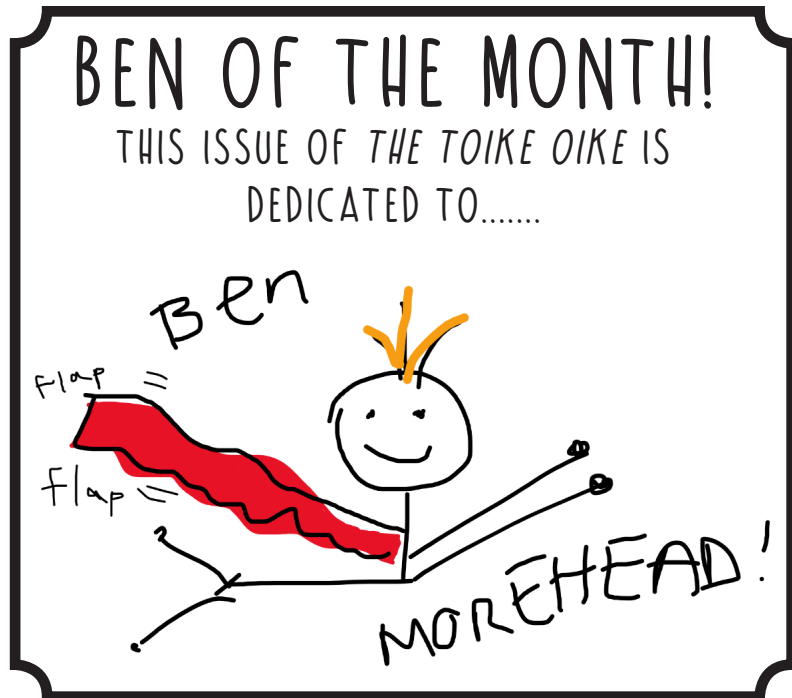
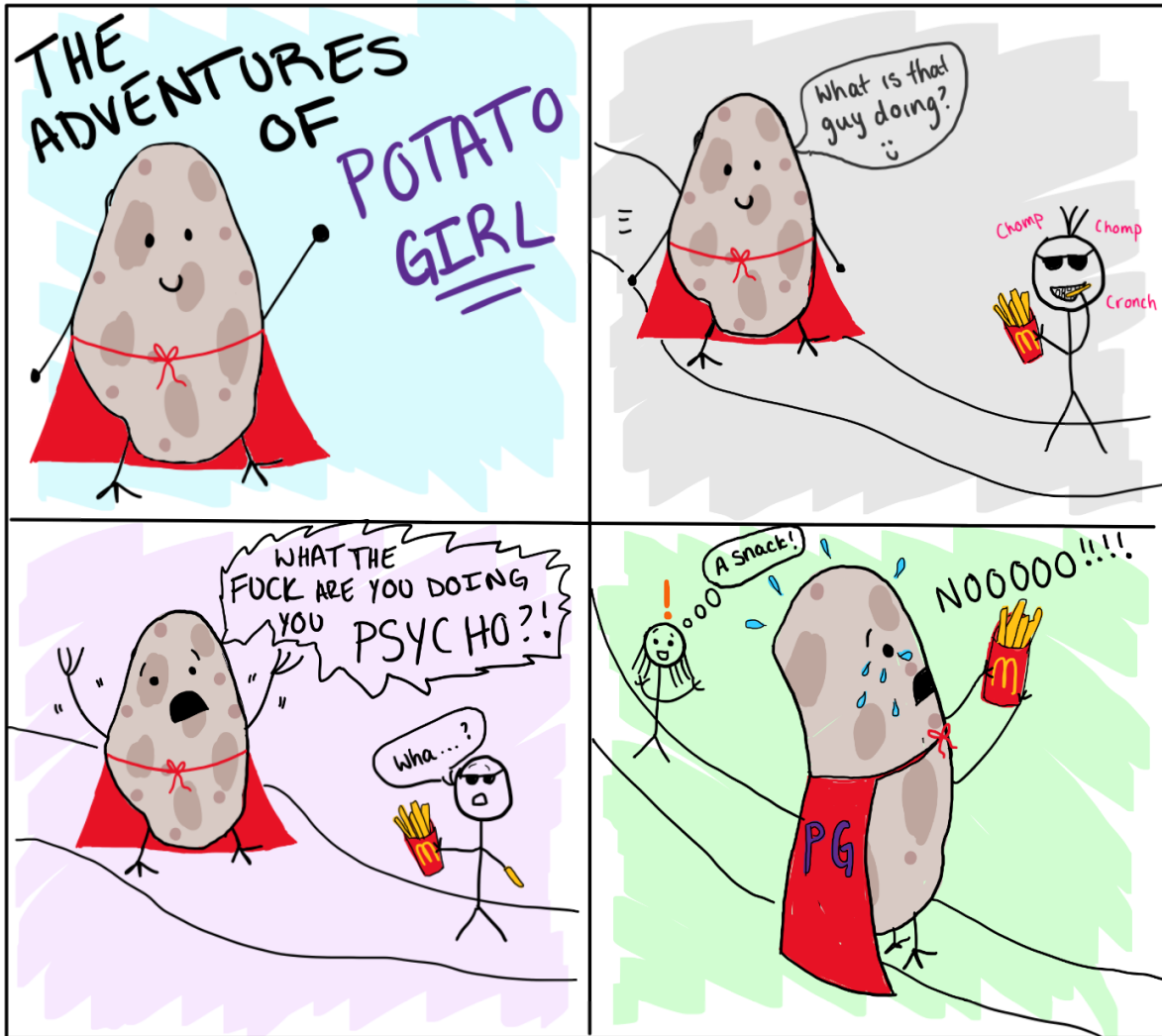
Are you fairly hilarious? We want you!
Can you photoshop like a boss? Join our graphics team!
Do you want to try your hand at humour writing? Become one of our staff writers!
Do you have the mad English skills required to pick out our typos and grammar follies? Do content editing for us!

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.



This is not a comic. I repeat, *this is not a comic.*

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Bruce Wayne

Edna Mode

CAPE

VS

NO CAPE

The costume is meant to strike fear in the hearts of my enemies. I must cast a terrifying silhouette. Appear as a bat so my enemies can share my dread. I need the cape.

I would have a missile-detaching device in my util-

I don't save planes so-

...but, the cape helps me glide.

No capes! Thunderhead, '58. Cape snagged on a missile head.

Stratogirl, '57. Cape caught in a jet turbine.

Meta Man, express elevator. Dynaguy, snagged on takeoff. Splashdown, sucked into a vortex.

Hmm. A useful cape. You ask too much of me darling, but I accept. Your new suit will be bold, dramatic, heroic. You will be...BEYOND.

THE TOIKE IS STILL THE BEST

YEAH!



Do I really look like a bird?
Or a fucking plane?