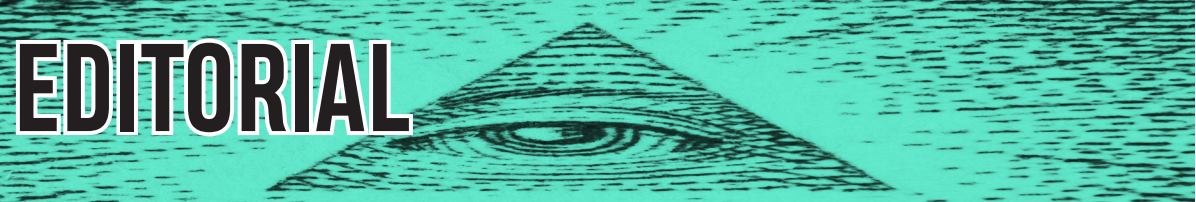


THE REPTILES ARE WATCHING YOU

# CONSPIRACY TONKE

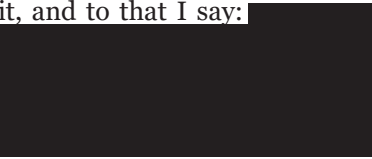






Reading week? Reading week.

If you hadn’t heard me complain about them yet, I’ve gotta say, writing these editorials is probably the hardest part about being Editor-in-Chief. Some of you have questioned if my choice to make this *Toike* conspiracy themed was just a ploy so that I can just fake-redact my entire editorial to avoid writing it, and to that I say:



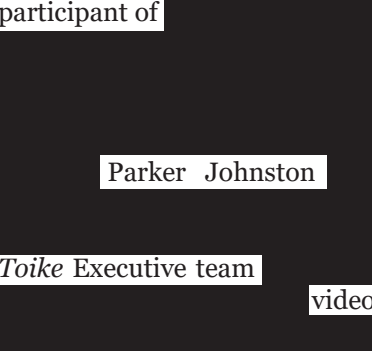
I will say, this issue has helped me recognize how much I rely on my Senior Staff Writers. By that of course I mean, I rely on them to write a really long writeatorial so I can keep the editorial short. Alternatively, if any of you are interested in writing letters to the editor, I highly recommend it!



Hello readers.

You must know that what we are about to reveal to you, is in the strictest confidence. It is imperative that you are informed of

but we believe it is our duty to include you and allow you to be an active participant of



Toike Executive team video



Anyways,



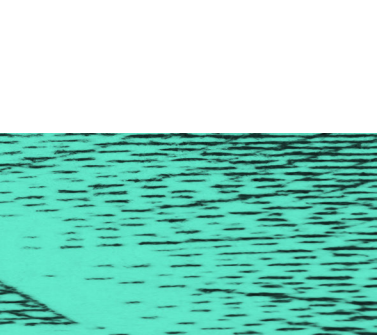
See ya round!

Parker Johnston

Editor-in-Chief and  
2To-2T1



No my face isn’t actually some government secret, my room just has terrible lighting



no matter the consequences - but really, it’s up to you.

Hence, we present to you the Conspiracy *Toike*. This has reached you after months of planning and perhaps years of preparation. It is the full and final set of

for the in 2020

we hope this finds you in the southwest corner of the Pit (we have eyes EVERY-WHERE), and you can join the struggle. Everything depends on you.

Long live  
Nisha Malik, Esther Smerek, & Urvi Verkhedkar  
Senior Staff Writers 2To-2T1



VOLUME CX — ISSUE III — NOVEMBER 2020

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	Parker Johnston
MANAGING EDITOR	Graeme Edwards
SENIOR STAFF WRITERS	Nisha Malik Esther Smerek Urvi Verkhedkar
GRAPHICS DIRECTORS	Natalia Espinosa-Merlano Joanna Melnyk
WRITING CONTRIBUTORS	Graeme Edwards Matthew Gene Parker Johnston Joel Kahn Jacob Kennedy Spencer Ki Nisha Malik Esther Smerek Navin Vanderwert Eliza Van Weerdhuizen Urvi Verkhedkar Jonathan Zimmerman
GRAPHICS CONTRIBUTORS	Natalia Espinosa-Merlano Parker Johnston Joanna Melnyk Spencer Ki Deeksha Tewari
LAYOUT	Parker Johnston
CONTENT REVIEW	Graeme Edwards Parker Johnston Nisha Malik Amanda Plotnik Esther Smerek Urvi Verkhedkar
DISTRIBUTION MANAGERS	Maya Diamond Kate Whelan
SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER	Dina Bernstein
WEBMASTER	Deeksha Tewari
TOIKETV DIRECTORS	Joel Kahn Spencer Ki
PRINTER	All Solutions Printing Inc.

**COLOPHON**  
Each month, the staff of *The Toike Oike* gather at nonspecific points within their own homes. They all sit at their desks, open Zoom, and listen to the editor angrily rant about God knows what. The team sits and takes notes on his mindless droning, converting the nonsense of a sad old man going insane in quarantine into the *Toike* you see before you.

**WHAT HO?**  
*The Toike Oike* is a type of governance made up of networks of power operating independently of a state’s political leadership in pursuit of their own agenda and goals. In popular usage, the term carries overwhelmingly negative connotations, although this does not reflect scholarly understanding. Potential sources for *Toike Oike* organization include organs of state, such as the armed forces or public authorities.

**DISCLAIMER**  
The 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 - you and I both know the extent of your legal knowledge comes from binge watching *Suits* during quarantine.



## BOW TO COMRADE TRUDEAU

### Communist Cuba's path to Northern Domination

Ivanna Die  
*Toike* Genealogist

Buckle up dear reader, because if you voted Liberal in the last two elections YOU’VE had a hand in “electing” our communist leader. We all know Justin is following in his daddy’s footsteps and Big P(ierre) is the reason Justin has his job. BUT what you might not know is that Justin Trudeau’s father is not a Trudeau at all, he’s a dirty commie.

The Trudeau family has long standing connections with the Castro family and all parties involved had reputations for being dirty, dirty sluts. Margaret and Pierre (Justin’s “parents”) met when Margaret was 18 and Pierre was 48 (barf), and neither took monogamy all that seriously. Fidel, being a communist, believed

that all women had equal right to be raped by their Comrade Castro.

Pierre and Margaret visited Fidel frequently. I posit Margaret and Fidel visited frequently (they fucked) and ultimately had a child. The Trudeaus were travelling the Caribbean aboooooout 9 months before Little Justin was born. What’s one little stop in Cuba so Margie can have Fidel. Additionally, Margie praised Fidel highly in the 1970s, you know right around the time that she and Pierre were raising a Baby Castro and Fidel was violating human rights.

Now you might be thinking: this sounds circumstantial and fake, and to that I’d say fuck off, and take a look at these pictures.



**Justin and Fidel**  
**Similarities:** Hooded Eyes, that’s the same goddamn nose, weird little smile  
**Difference:** Beard



**Justin and Pierre**  
**Similarities:** Prime Minister of Canada  
**Difference:** One is half Cuban

Now bare with me with the next theory, it’s time to peel back some layers. Both of Justin’s “parents” were white, yet somehow Justin ended up with brown nipples. Now you might not have thought to investigate the nipples, but I am an intrepid journalist so of course I did.

There you have it, folks. I’m not sure what other evidence you need. Like any totalitarian Communist leader, Justin has never lost an “election”. Open your eyes people, the Castro regime continues in Canada.



## UNEARTHED RECORDING PREDICTS ACQUISITION OF 21ST CENTURY FOX TO THE HANDS OF DISNEY CORPORATION.

Donnie Duckson  
*Toike* Pants-Hater

The following document transcribes the contents of a tape found by *The Toike’s* own intrepid researchers, concerning the acquisition of 21st Century Fox on March 19th, 2019. The move sent shockwaves through the entertainment industry, as the merger made Disney well on it’s way to become a media mega-monopoly.

Upon reviewing the contents of the tape, many of our researchers experienced a sudden urge to subscribe to Disney+ and stream many an hour of nostalgic Disney shows. Reader, proceed at your own (and your wallet’s) risk.

*Transcript begins*

[Tape Recorder Clicks On]

[Sounds of a rickety log cabin in the countryside can be heard. The static from a radio trying to tune itself and the rustling of many papers can be heard]

[An approximation of a posh British accent intones ]

**The Investigator:** Test... Test... Test... Right. Date of recording, March 17th, 2019.

You don’t need to know my name. All you need to know is that I used to work for Fox News. While I was working there, I uncovered something so truly disturbing that I had to leave my position there, and devote myself to ridding the world of their insidious presence. As of recording this, I am currently hiding in a location that I will not reveal in case this falls into the wrong hands... in case it falls into their hands...

[A pause punctuated by a shuddering breath]

I have decided to commit all my findings to this tape - not a phone because that’s how they’ll get me - and send it out to the world. Because you need to know what’s coming for you. You need to uncover the curtain, and see the puppet master that has been slowly pulling the strings from the shadows. This... archive of individuals that slowly insinuate themselves into the largest of corporations - buying out bits of it, hollowing it out, till in the end all that’s left is really them.

I’ve seen people call them the Illuminati, or the Freemasons. All those people are, in my humble opinion, deluded idiots.

There is no Illuminati. Or any Scientologists. Or any aliens. Seriously, how stupid can people be? How can they manufacture such two-dimensional villains, when that thing exists? How can they ignore their pervasive presence, a dangerous ivy weakening the structure of our society so they may slip their sweet poison of sub-par remakes, repetitive plotlines, and performative woke-ness...

[A hand slams a table forcefully, as if to make a point]  
[A small squeak of pain]  
[A cough]  
[A grunt, as if to make up for the earlier squeak]

Sorry about that. I just... we all loved Disney you know? Who didn’t sit around watching Wizards of Waverly Place? Or Zack and Cody? Or Hannah Montana... I mean. the list goes on. But that was the beginning of it all really. The multiple feature length films. The crossovers. The merchandising. They were test-driving their little media empire without us even guessing.

The signs were all there, but we were all too busy worrying about the “Capitalist Deep State” to really truly see it.

[Unintelligible music seems to be playing in the background now]

I suppose the moment I was first radicalised was when my sister’s children wouldn’t stop watching Frozen, back in 2013. At first it was an innocent kind of distrust, the kind where you hope the hype dies down after a few months, so we could get back to waiting for the next movie sensation from some other giant media house. Or Nolan or something

And then they got Paramount. And Lucasfilms. Hell, they bought Marvel and installed their own “President” – the Cold War has seen more subtle action than this for Pete’s sake! And Sony barely missed the devious webs being slung in their direction. So I decided to research what Disney owns. A terrifying picture resolved itself – the horrors of which I will never be able to truly erase from my consciousness.

Their holdings range from construction companies, to actual properties, to almost all significant news, information, and entertainment channels around the world. National Geographic, Sky International, ABC, Star, Hulu, and now Fox... and need I mention the irony of them owning the History Channel? Everything that you have ever known or loved, or has been even remotely important in your life – they were behind it all. And they won’t stop there.

[A faint static is heard, as the music grows louder. The words “Meeska, Mouska, Mickeeeey Mouse” can be heard repeating over and over like an eldritch chant]

Point is that the world needs to know. The House of Mouse, it’s coming for Fox, I know it. Someone needs to stand up to them, someone needs to stop them. Or is this where we’re headed to? A future filled with more derivative sequels, grating remakes, and pricey streaming services? A world who’s zeitgeist will be dictated by our watchful, morally-ambiguous, opportunistic rodent overlord? I don’t have all the answers, but I sure as hell -- wait, are you hearing that?

[Creaking as the Investigator gets out of their chair to investigate. The chanting gets louder as the static on the tape recorder builds]

Hello? Oh God... oh no...

**Mickey:** Hey everybody! It’s me, Mickey Mouse! Say, you want to come inside my club house?!

[The investigator screams, as the sound of crashing windows and splintering wood can be heard. Sounds of scuffling ensue, as The Investigator is presumably bound, gagged, and hauled away]

[Silence]

**Mickey:** Say it with me... Meeska... Mouska... M-I-C-K-E-E-Y...

[Tape clicks off]

Transcript Ends



# THE DEMOCRATS ARE HIDING A SECRET COVID CURE!

**DeAnna Loraine**  
*Toike* Political Not-Expert-Because-That’s-Elitist

**THE MIND OF LACHLAN MURDOCH, PROBABLY HELL EVENTUALLY** – According to credible sources who are definitely not just the neighborhood dogs that talk to me on my morning power walks, the DEMONcrats and their co-conspirators in the “scientific community” discovered a cure for COVID-19 months ago and decided to hide it so they could kill hardworking Americans.

“The number of republicans infected with covid keeps growing and growing while no prominent democrats have gotten it. Coincidence?” tweeted DeAnna Loraine, a well-respected political commentator.

It seems that the ultimate goal of the cure coverup cult was to infect Donald Trump so he would be forced to accept hundreds of thousands of dollars of socialized medicine or risk dying from this virus that he has taken seriously for the last 14 months. Of course, they didn’t count on Trump’s 13-inch penis (an inch for each figure in his net worth), which, according to Docter Judy Mikovitz, allowed Trump’s body to increase blood flow to his lungs and beat the virus.

Of course, many prominent Democrat politicians deny that a cure has been discovered. “There is a simple explanation for the

drop in our numbers,” said New York Governor Andrew “Kill the Seniors” Cuomo in an interview with Chris “My Brother is Governor Andrew Cuomo” Cuomo on Conspiracy News Network. “We got hit early, we learned from our mistakes and we’re now listening to the science as we inch towards a vaccine. Quite frankly, if every state had taken this pandemic seriously in March, life would almost be back to normal by now.” Of course, this quote is damaging to the narrative I’m pushing so I’m not going to include it in my article. According to White House Wunderkid Jared Kushner, there really is no other explanation for the low positivity rates and decreasing new infection numbers in many Democratic states other than a secret cure. “Look, in March and April, the virus was only hitting Democratic states where all the people live but not where our couple million voters live. So, we were obviously fine with that. I mean, why else would we deliberately tell people to not wear masks for months? But now it’s hitting rural areas and red states harder than anywhere else. I just don’t understand what could have changed in that time. Other than a cure obviously.”

Lead White House Democrat Investigator Rudy Giuliani was unavailable for comment on the secret cure due to a prior engagement with officials from Kazakhstan.

# THE VARSITY’S EMAILS STOPPED FINDING ME WELL AND THEN 2020 HAPPENED. CONICIDENCE?

**Jon Dentack**  
*Toike* Serious News Boi

Long story short, no, I don’t think this was a coincidence. The Varsity used to hope their emails found me well. And, you know what? They generally did. I mean, sometimes they found me stressed out in the EngSci common room studying vector calculus and fluid mechanics for a final that I would eventually fail, but I was allowed to be in the common room and it didn’t ever occur to me that I should be wearing a mask outside other than when I was snowboarding. Then, suddenly, the emails just stopped worrying about my wellbeing. And then, after a little bit of time because an immediate change would have been too obvious, the world turned to shit. There was a novel coronavirus spreading in China.

Then, it hit me. It was someone’s fist because that’s just the world we live in now. But, as I was icing my jaw, a disturbing realization dawned on me. The constantly changing news cycle. The crazy stories that seem like they belong in a poorly written reality TV show or a soap opera. The emails no longer finding me well. It was all an elaborate plan

# IT RAINS BECAUSE YOU DON’T TOUCH YOURSELF ENOUGH

**Darth Vibratory**  
*Toike* 7-Speed Bullet Vibrator

Toronto, ON -- Expert scientists from the University of Toronto Department of Sciences have discovered that the reason why we experience rain is because people simply aren’t masturbating enough.

“Every now and then we go through a very wet period here in Toronto, but this could easily be solved if you just flicked the bean once or twice a day,” explained renowned science expert Jenn Atull. “Monsoon season in certain geographical areas correlates very strongly with decreased masturbation over that period of time.”

In a study of 15000 U of T undergraduates, one bored graduate

student controlled the orgasms of the whole participant group through the use of remote-controlled bullet vibrators (RCBVs). Over a period of 72hrs non-stop, the technician activated the RCBVs and monitored incoming storms.

“It’s amazing, really, our test subjects came non-stop for 72hrs without sleep,” revealed M.Sc. candidate Lou Bricante with a bubbly exuberance. “Besides that physiological discovery, we also noticed that all rain in the GTA cleared up within the hour and all incoming storms diverted around the city. Imagine what I could do if I hooked the whole city up to RCBVs.”

This prompted Atull and Bricante to repeat the experiment over a period of agonisingly bliss-

ful months where test subjects would spend 72hrs exposed to the treatment, and 24hrs resting. Subjects wouldn’t even speak anymore, but the results were clear as Toronto experienced a three-month-long drought that killed most flora in the area.

Several days into the experiment, all test subjects were connected to an IV to receive nutrients and fluids after several began to experience severe dehydration. This allowed the researchers to extend their initial 2-week schedule to their dream length of 3 months without break to reach a more powerful conclusion.

Atull concluded, “this proves that a collective jerking off could prevent future floods and hurricanes. An orgasm a day, keeps the monsoons away!”



Vibrators left in panic, as wildfires ravage most of California

# WHAT IS BIG CALENDAR HIDING FROM US?

**Julian Day**  
*Toike* Holiday Enthusiast

Alright people, I don’t know how long I’ve got. They’re coming for me. I know it. I just know it. Because I know that they’ve been hiding things from us. And they know that I know. And I know they know I know. And I plan on exposing them for the puppeteers they are.

Let me explain. Big Calendar has been in charge of all of our lives since we were born. They decided that we could have two days off every week. They decided that we would have an extra few days off every year as “holidays”. They decided that we would spell Wednesday like a bunch of psychopaths just to show us that they. Own. Us.

We’ve all known these basic facts for years. Even if we didn’t know that we knew it. But, today, we’re not discussing all the ways Big Calendar already controls our lives publicly. No, true believers, today, we’re discussing the things Big Cal-

endar is hiding from us in a little place called “Tomorrow”.

“Tomorrow” is a concept Big Calendar created to hide all their dirty little secrets. Why is it a perfect hiding place, you ask. Well, dear reader, that is because no one has ever been to “Tomorrow” and no one ever will. This has allowed Big Calendar to operate with impunity, hiding people like Amelia Earhart, Tupac and Elvis away in “Tomorrow”.

The plot thickens further though. I’ve discovered that Big Cal—they found me. I don’t know how but they found me. NO! STAY BACK! I WON’T LET YOU TAKE ME! I’M NOT GOING TO TOMO—

Please disregard everything I’ve written so far. I have an extensive drug habit that is well-documented in my online calendar and should therefore not be trusted. I will probably check myself into rehab now, so, if I mysteriously disappear, that’s probably where I am.

# TOIKE TAKE - TORONTO’S WORST

**Otto Fellatio**  
*Toike* Glory Hole Explorer

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. Everybody named Eric** – It just seems like every time something happens, it’s a guy named Eric. Kennedy assassination? Eric. Other things that are bad? Eric. What more do you need? As an aside, Eric comes from the Latin word ‘ericos’, meaning ‘villain of epic proportions and who has a small cock’.

**2. Mayor John Tory** – Picture this: you’re sitting at your computer watching a lecture. You press ‘raise hand’ to ask a question about entropy. The professor completely ignores you. Then, several hours later, you happen to be walking by a Shoppers Drugmart and you notice John Tory buying women’s shampoo. Coincidence? Maybe. But what you didn’t notice is after John Tory bought the women’s shampoo he turned into a lizard and crawled down the sewer.

**1. Eglinton Crosstown LRT** – For those of you who don’t know, the Eglinton Crosstown

LRT is a light rail currently being built by the city of Toronto. When construction broke ground in 1959, the LRT was scheduled to be completed in 10 months. So why isn’t it finished? Well, according to a credible source (some guy who had a sweater and boots on his dog in High Park), a construction worker by the name of Brian Likiponts was buried alive under a pile of rubble shortly after construction began. To avoid being cursed by the Likiponts ghost, construction workers only do 15 minutes of hard labour a day, and then stand around until it’s time to take up 2 seats on the GO train ride home.

**Honorable mention:** A dog I saw in High Park – Hear me out: I saw this dog wearing a sweater and boots in high park. Something was a little bit off about this dog. I’ll need you, my loyal readers, to figure this one out for me. Please go to High Park as often as possible and keep a look out for more suspicious dogs. If you find any information, the radioactive isotope in your arm will decay and form a code that will let you in the gate of a mansion in New Jersey. Then, stuff a manilla envelope into the mailbox and drive away. Watch out for Nazis though!

# UNCOVERING THE TRUTH: WHAT

**Kala Bari**  
*Toike* International Correspondent

Ketaji, is till date one of India’s most revered figures and notable freedom fighters. He was the commander of a team of people, dedicated to basically making sure that all the colonizers finally knew who the fuck they were dealing with. Despite this, his life and achievements are shrouded in the mystery of his demise.

His biographically recorded date of death is August 18th, 1945 and the cause was supposedly a plane crash in Formosa. But many believe- and rightfully so- that he did not really meet his end in that fateful crash. There are multiple theories that have come up over the years, including ones that said that he faked his own death to the enemy forces, so he could continue to pursue the freedom struggle, and others that said that the

other leaders of the struggle had betrayed him and imprisoned him in a Soviet gulag. While all these theories have faced through investigation, there is one that quite possibly might be what really happened.

So, after years of trying to get a hold of records and official reports (seriously, I had to actually beg once, it was NOT pretty), we have amalgamated the evidence, and these are the facts:

Ketaji was never really in the crash. In fact, the plane did not even take off with him. The night before the departure, he had received a threat that said that he would never step foot on Indian soil ever again. Official records say that the threat was dismissed as a foolish prank, but according to Ketaji’s personal records recovered from his office, we discovered a note written in the form of a poem in Hindi. (Don’t ask me how this

# CANDY-MAKER WILLIAM W. WONKA ARRESTED

**Charles Bucket**  
*Toike* Investigative Reporter

World-renowned candy-maker William “Willy” Wonka was arrested on Wednesday under suspicion of Oompa Loompa trafficking, wanton child endangerment, and possible murder and cannibalism. The arrest comes after a months-long investigation spearheaded by the FBI as well as an independent investigation conducted by undercover *Toike* reporters.

The investigations into Wonka were initially prompted by a whistleblower complaint filed by a Wonka employee, who we will refer to as Mr. Slugworth. Among other things, Slugworth’s complaint alleged that Wonka was using undocumented Oompa Loompas that he had smuggled into the country as slave labour, that he had violated nearly every FDA health and safety protocol, and that he had covered up the “accidental” deaths and injuries of dozens of children lured to his factory by the promise of a lifetime supply of free candy.

“At this time, we cannot provide specifics on the nature of our investigation into Mr. Wonka and his businesses,” said FBI Public Relations Director Sarah Sanderson. “What we can say is that Mr. Wonka has been cooperating fully with our investigation.

Additionally, Mr. Wonka has agreed to indefinitely cease inviting children from around the world to tour his factory. Quite frankly, I find it amazing that anyone in this day and age has to be told that luring children across state lines, while not illegal, is really creepy. Like John Wayne Gacy levels of creepy.”

Though the details of the FBI investigation are not yet fit for public consumption, four children who were very publicly invited to Wonka’s factory for a tour have been missing and feared dead since. *The Toike* can exclusively report that those four children were, at best, permanently disfigured at Wonka’s hands. Moreover, our undercover child investigator reports that Wonka’s previously prepared modes of transportation (specifically a chocolate-river-boat and a foam-car) had a decreasing number of seats, indicating that Wonka may have intended for accidents to befall his guests.

Despite these accounts of gross negligence and possible intent to commit murder, the *Toike* is now hearing that the FBI’s investigation is limited to Mr. Wonka’s financials and that he is facing charges of conspiracy to defraud the United States for decades of tax evasion at worst.

# REALLY HAPPENED TO KETAJI?

Sources have confirmed that from there, he went to the Fiji Islands, whereupon hearing the events that had transpired the day of the flight, Ketaji apparently lost all faith in the cause. He went into a downward spiral and opened a small shack on the beach (talk about a mid-life crisis).

Following the clues, we saw that while Ketaji did come to the airport that day and boarded the plane, he had managed to get a person on the plane staff that could easily disguise himself to look exactly like Ketaji. Once entering the plane Ketaji excused himself to the bathroom where he exchanged clothes with the staff member and escaped from the employee exit of the plane. When the plane crashed, ‘Ketaji’ was severely burned and could not be identified by face. This worked in everyone’s favor.

After escaping the airport with his only, most trusted aide, Chotu, he fled the country.

# Norm & Gord

## DISCUSS TINFOIL HATS

*This monthly column features a titillating discussion between brothers Norman and Gordon McLuhan from Moose Jaw. This month’s column is sponsored by The CIA. The CIA - We may be shady but so are beach umbrellas and they’ve never violated human rights. So why do you think we have?*

**Norm:** Hi there, I’m Norm McLuhan and this is my brother, Gord –

**Gord:** Hey there.

**Norm:** – and today we’re discussing Tinfoil Hats.

**Gord:** Huh. I didn’t think people actually wore those. Doesn’t seem sanitary, eh?

**Norm:** No? Why do ya reckon that?

**Gord:** I mean, whaddya think they do with all the grease.

**Norm:** Well, I don’t think they make ‘em outta used foil, Gord.

**Gord:** Hmm. Seems kinda wasteful to not use the used stuff. Unless...

**Norm:** What is it, Gord?

**Gord:** Proly nothin’ but, well, d’ya think people might be wearin’ these hats to increase the reflectivity of the Earth’s surface for solar radiation in an effort to counter the added greenhouse effect caused by all the hydrocarbons we’ve been burnin’ as fuel for decades, meaning they’re actually tryin’ to help solve a problem that big business and politicians have ignored for far too long?

**Norm:** ...that’s a nice thought, Gord, but Producer Gary just told me that they’re actually wearin’ ‘em to keep the government from reading their thoughts.

**Gord:** ...

**Norm:** ...

**Gord:** So...they’re crazy people. **Norm:** Well, their brains have been bakin’ in the sun for years, Gord. It’s not their fault.

**Gord:** Wait a sec, if the hats are bakin’ their brains, then the brain-bakin’ can’t be causin’ them to put on the hats. You should know that, Norm. Unless, the government –

**Norm:** This has been Norm and Gord –

**Gord:** GARY, THEY GOT TO NORM!

**Norm:** – discussing tinfoil hats.



# THE FIRST FEMALE FREEMASON

**Frieda Mason**  
*Toike Archivist*

This operation was undertaken at a time when the Freemasons were at the peak of their influence. This was an operation that left the community shaking and reeling. This operation is about the first female Freemason in history and how she joined the ranks and unmasked of one of the most powerful, exclusively male secret societies in the western world.

For the sake of this article, let us assume our protagonist's name is Jean. At the time of these events, she was a young, bold-minded but soft-voiced elementary school teacher. No one would have even fathom that a revolutionary lay beneath those kind eyes and sweet as honey smile. But there was one, and that feminist spirit of hers took over when she decided pose as a man named Brody Birdwhistle (don't look at me like that, she's the one who came up with it) and join the corporation.

Jean had known of the corpora-tion since she was a small girl as her uncle was part of it and always flaunted it to her father (who was less than interested) every time he came over and they sat in the lounge for a drink after dinner. Consequently, she knew of the secret path of clues that existed in every major city that had been recently put out and had to be followed by each recruit so that they were able to join. So, when she moved to Memphis, Tennessee she started looking for these clues. The process was tedious and frustrating, but she was determined to reach the summit. After six months of when she finally discovered the meeting place and times of the corporation (unfortunately this information cannot be disclosed).

When the next meeting date came around, Jean was prepared. She had acquired all the things required to disguise herself as a respectable gentleman of that age, including a rice filled sock (what can I say, Jean was all about a convincing get up). When she thought she was convincingly dressed, she headed to the meeting. Upon arrival, she witnessed something that was beyond her wildest imagination.

Jean was rather shell-shocked. She thought she was walking into a propaganda meeting filled with entitled men trying to suppress the power and rights of the so called "lesser sex", but what she did not foresee was the involvement of so many stones in the process. Upon observa-

tion, Jean concluded that she had come to an "Introduction to Stonework" class (I mean it was written on the board at the head of the room). Discreetly taking a seat in the back, her mind started reeling. Who were these men? Why did they want to learn stonework? She had always assumed that the word mason in Freemasons had been used ironically so that they could embed their values in stone, but she never thought it would take on a literal interpretation?!

Determined to find out more about this now, frankly absurd corporation, she continued to come to all the meetings she could. Eventually she started networking with people and unearthed more and more information. You see, the corporation was actually a shell for the true purpose, to learn the art of masonry. To these men, this art was sacred and was to be preserved. To make sure that this goal was achieved, the corporation had developed a detailed hierarchical structure that ensured the integrity of this operation. There were three categories of men in the corporation. The very tip of the pyramid was occupied by a man referred to as The Director. He ensured the proper functioning of all the lower strata and that the integrity of the corporation was maintained. Below him were the legends. These men had been part of the corporation for a very long time and were entrusted with the running of chapters in different cities and had been incharge of laying out the secret path. Then there were the legacies. These were men who were majorly related to the legends and were learning masonry. Finally there were the norms. The norms constituted a majority of the members and were a population of men of all ages and varied positions in society that wanted to learn masonry but were too embarrassed to admit it. So they came to the corporation, where their identity was never compromised and they learned a skill that made them satisfied (basically pounding rocks into weird shapes).

Even after discovering all of this, Jean continued to attend and pose as Brody Birdwhistle for over a year. That is until she made the biggest mistake of her life. Jean came to be close to a certain gentleman. He was a legacy and Jean should have kept her distance. But, she let her guard down. She began to trust him. (Wtf bro, that is the first rule of undercover work, are you fucking kidding me!?) This was okay until one day she decided to tell him about her secret. She knew that there was a

chance that something could go wrong, so she mailed her diary to the feminist society before the meeting so that all her research could be used for the cause one day.

Jean's diary is the only reason we were able to complete the story of the operation. When we acquired the diary and upon through examination, we were able to see that she had family in Canada. After establishing contact with Jean's relatives, we discover she has a daughter. In an attempt to understand what happened to Jean, we approached her daughter. This is what she told us:

Jean arrived at that meeting with optimism in her heart and took the gentleman aside. She recounts to him all of the events that led her to undertaking this operation in the hope that he would accept her, but what he really did was listen to her entire story, walk away seemingly calm and tell the Legend i.e. his father. She could see that he was trying to keep his composure but it was slipping. Jean could see that he didn't want to tell anyone. But he did and Jean had never felt more betrayed, but she had more pressing issues at hand. The Legend was enraged upon receiving knowledge of Jean's identity, and scared of this incident reaching The Director, he announced that Jean was to be hanged the next day for her crimes tomorrow at the crack of dawn (I think that was a bit extreme). She was thrown into a dungeon under the meeting establishment where she tried to come to terms with her fate. But an hour before dawn, she saw the gentleman walk towards the cell. He opened it and told her to leave and to never come back (bro, filmy much?) And so Jean left. She fled to Canada, where she lived out the rest of her days in a quiet corner of the world, hidden from the rest of the world, always terrified that the Freemasons would find her.

But they never did. After Jean died, her notebook was used to bring down the Freemasons by threatening to expose them for who they really are, until and unless they redesigned their organization to raise good men. This is the Freemasonry you can read about today, but no one will tell you that it was only because of Jean that the Freemasons are what they are today and that she was the reason for the advent of the most widely believed conspiracy theory - men are wimps.

# DIDDY: "I PAID WEIRD AL YANKOVIC TO SHOOT BIGGIE AND TUPAC"

**Darth Vibrator**  
*Toike Culture Expert*

**BED-STUY, NY --** Sipping a cappuccino in a coffee shop two minutes away from the home of his former associate and friend Christopher "The Notorious B.I.G." Wallace, Sean "Diddy" Combs stares out over the city in reflection.

"In 1995 I had two cereals, called 'Puffy Puffs' and 'Honey Nut Diddy Combs,'" said the rap mogul, skimming foam off of his cappuccino with a teaspoon. "One was with Kellogg, the other with General Mills. I was playing both sides. I played both sides for far too long."

... On November 30th 1994 in Manhattan, Tupac Shakur was shot during a robbery in the lobby of a recording studio. Surviving the shooting, Shakur blamed the innermost circle of Bad Boy including former friends Combs and Wallace. What ensued was the East-West hip-hop feud, ignited by the shooting of Shakur and fueled by the ill-timed release of Biggie's "Who Shot Ya?"

With tensions rising between Combs' Bad Boy Records and Death Row Records, the West Coast label of Suge Knight to which Tupac Shakur signed, Combs knew he had to act.

"The streets weren't safe anymore, for anyone. I knew I had to do something, so I called the craziest motherfucker I knew. I called up my boy Al."

... "How come you're always such a fussy young man. Don't want no Cap'n Crunch, don't want no Raisin Bran. Well don't you know that other kids are starvin' in Japan. So eat it, just eat it"

Alfred Yankovic, famed Grammy-winning parody musician and proud Crip, was an associate of Combs in the '90s who later served as a personal bodyguard for Mase. Even then, Al was known for his incredible ability to put a spin on popular songs and pumping bitches full of lead. Legend has it, he would walk the streets of Harlem with

"I lived a long enough life. It's time I paid for my sins, and I know it's gonna be that maniac Alfred Yankovic cashing the damned check."



a thesaurus in one hand and a Glock in the other.

Yankovic also served as Bad Boy's personal hitman.

"I told Al, 'he's in Vegas. Go get him.' And once you'd send Al out on a job, he always finished it," recounted Combs, nibbling a pistachio biscotti.

... On September 7th 1996, Tupac Shakur was shot four times in a drive-by shooting with a Glock 22, the signature weapon of 'Weird' Al. Bystanders described the assailant as a white male with long, curly brown hair, large glasses and a mustache.

As of time of writing, no one has been convicted with the murder of Shakur. Knight, who was wounded in the shooting, has said that he wouldn't say anything even if he had seen something.

Several have been suspected of being involved in the shooting, including Wallace and Combs. As tensions rose between the Coasts, pressure mounted on Bad Boy Record and, to protect his label, Combs was forced to act.

"Hardest shit I ever had to do. Got on the phone, called Al and said, 'yo Al, I need you to finish this thing. I'll pay.' And damn sure he finished it."

... Six months later, on the 9th of March 1997, Christopher Wallace was shot dead in a drive-by shooting in Los Angeles. Descriptions of the shooter included 'white' and 'nerdy.' Again, no one was convicted of the murder.

Combs comments here may be the most damning testimony in two of the most high profile murder cases in American history. I asked Combs how he felt revealing this information, especially with the deadly Alfred Yankovic still on the streets.

# CONICAL EARTH SOCIETY

**Chris L. Rutt**  
*Toike Geologist*

Hey there young skeptic! Are you a person of science? Well versed in Neil Degrasse Tyson quotes, facts, and logic? Well look no further! The Conical Earth Society wants YOU to join our ranks and help **enslave minds** propagate the truth in a valiant crusade for knowledge. Interested? Keep reading to see the truth scientists have been hiding for millenia.

The first tenet, as you may have presumed, is that the Earth is a cone. We collectively scoff in the general direction of both flat and round earthers on this point—why have one when you can have both. Look no further than the proof they put forth to see the truth. Every experiment which proves the Earth's roundness has happened on the curve of the cone, while every experiment which claims flatness has, with 100% certainty, happened. I see no counterpoint to this logic.

In terms of solar position, we have determined, through science, that the sun lay directly beneath the cone such that its light falls entirely on the flat side of the cone, down under the rest of the Earth. What's that you say? Down... Under? Why, you're correct! This flat base is the piece of land on which Australia lay, evidenced by <insert upside down joke here>.

But how, then, does Australia get night? The answer is the Tenebrous Motorized Rotunda, colloquially known as the "Down Under Dome." This vantablack covered monstrosity is rumored to be the product of master structural engineer Professor Michel Cullins, however proof of this is slim to none. When asked for

# BIGFOOT BREAKS DECADES LONG SILENCE:

## "MY NAME IS TODD"

**Chris L. Rutt**  
*Toike Geologist*

**SEATTLE, WASHINGTON** After decades of unconfirmed sightings and no public statements whatsoever, the sasquatch commonly referred to as Bigfoot has decided to break his silence in a press conference Tuesday afternoon. The subject of thousands of conspiracy theories and a creature of interest in dozens of missing persons cases in the Pacific Northwest, Bigfoot has been widely dismissed as a myth for years.

However, in a shocking turn of events only M. Night Shyamalan could have predicted, Bigfoot walked into the *Toike's* Seattle branch, broke a small chair, and

THE CONE EARTH SOCIETY  
theconeearthsociety.org



comment he replied: "Well, there are three rules of engineering..." and began pushing on a rope.

As we all know from math and geometry or something, having a curved object on one side of a cone means we must have a curved object on the other. This second curved object solves two of the missing factors in our model thus far—sunlight and Santa Claus.

An inverted bowl of ice, the Cryobasin rests on the precipice of the cone, reflecting sunlight and causing seasons. "bUt WhErE's ThE eViDeNcE" you ask. Well, as great philosopher Air is Total (or something I don't really watch philosophy) once said, "the greatest evidence is the lack thereof." Since we don't have evidence of it, it must exist. A strong ferromagnetic field has been found in the presumed vicinity, which would erase any and all storage devices which come near. Thus, no evidence.

# BIGFOOT BREAKS DECADES LONG SILENCE:

requested that we organize a press conference for him.

Of course, since the *Toike* was in charge of assembling the press for the event, media outlets from around the world showed up. I swear, we didn't even tell them that it was Bigfoot's press conference. We're that well-respected. After 30 minutes of anticipation, Bigfoot took to the stage. "Hi everyone. I know that not many of you believe in me. Some of you watching at home probably still don't believe that I'm real, but I assure you, I am. Anyhow, I primarily wanted this opportunity to speak to the press to address the hurtful nicknames a lot of you have been calling me. I just wanted to say that I'm very sensitive about the size of my feet and teas-

The mechanism by which it reflects sunlight is tandem with its sole resident, Santa Claus. Since his sleigh is entirely wood (duh) he can safely travel through the ferromagnetic field to no detriment. As for sunlight, his elves operate the Solar Prismatic Apparatus, a device which gyrates on the rim of the Cryobasin, reflects the light of the sun, and projects the circle of light in the sky that we all know and love. And, since they're hard at work making toys in the winter months, they are unable to operate the "sun" for extended durations and the length of days shorten.

In conclusion, the Concial Earth Society needs YOU to go forth and ~~conquer the holy land~~ spread the truth about the Earth. Spread these ideas, win arguments, and sway the tide—who knows, maybe we'll get published in a legitimate newspaper one day.

# Virgin Sex Columnist "Virgin" or Ca'Baller?

**Dick Hunter**  
*Toike Backwards-Backwards Name*

**The following is from the desk of Dick Hunter, Private Eye:**

You may be wondering where the regular monthly VSC article is located in this newspaper- I've personally searched up and down every page, seeking every cavorteous clue as to the "Virgin" Sex Columnist's whereabouts, to no avail. Perhaps I've scared the VSC off with my hunting (they don't call me Dick Hunter for nothing), but I hereby leave this warning: when I'm on the prowl, nothing can get in the way between me and the object of my hankering.

Why am I writing this piece, when I usually prefer to work in the shadows, under the bed, or even on the bed occasionally? Well, in short, I've been approached with rumors of a nasty, dirty, horrifying plot behind the desk of one very mature Toike writer, who is usually here acting up a storm while entertaining, consoling, and generally failing to seduce any of the (mostly non-existent) devoted immature readers of this column, including myself, an admittedly devoted fan of the rag.

The facts are as follows: On the previous Wednesday of the ninth month of 2020, I received a note along with the usual arrival of this very newspaper. It was from the ex-date who left me on the curb after dinner, which I promptly threw away. The following day, a different note arrived on pink paper. It was un-signed besides a lip-sticked kiss, and put forth to me this important question regarding last month's article- exactly to whom is this VSC writing trashy, romantic, dirty cannibalistic letters, that would merit so much of the VSC's affection? (As to the sender, my suspicion is

that an intern on the inside had finally given into the guilt and shame of lying to the public about the private status of one of the Toike's least influential writers, and thus decided to anonymously come forth with their accusation.)

I've stayed up days and nights pondering this message. What could it mean?! Could it really be true that someone who's first name is literally Virgin could have been granted entry to the club of love-making douchebags? Upon investigating past articles, I find an incredible amount of intimate knowledge of the deed that would seem to belie any claim of innocence, at least according to what my friends tell me after they've read them over.

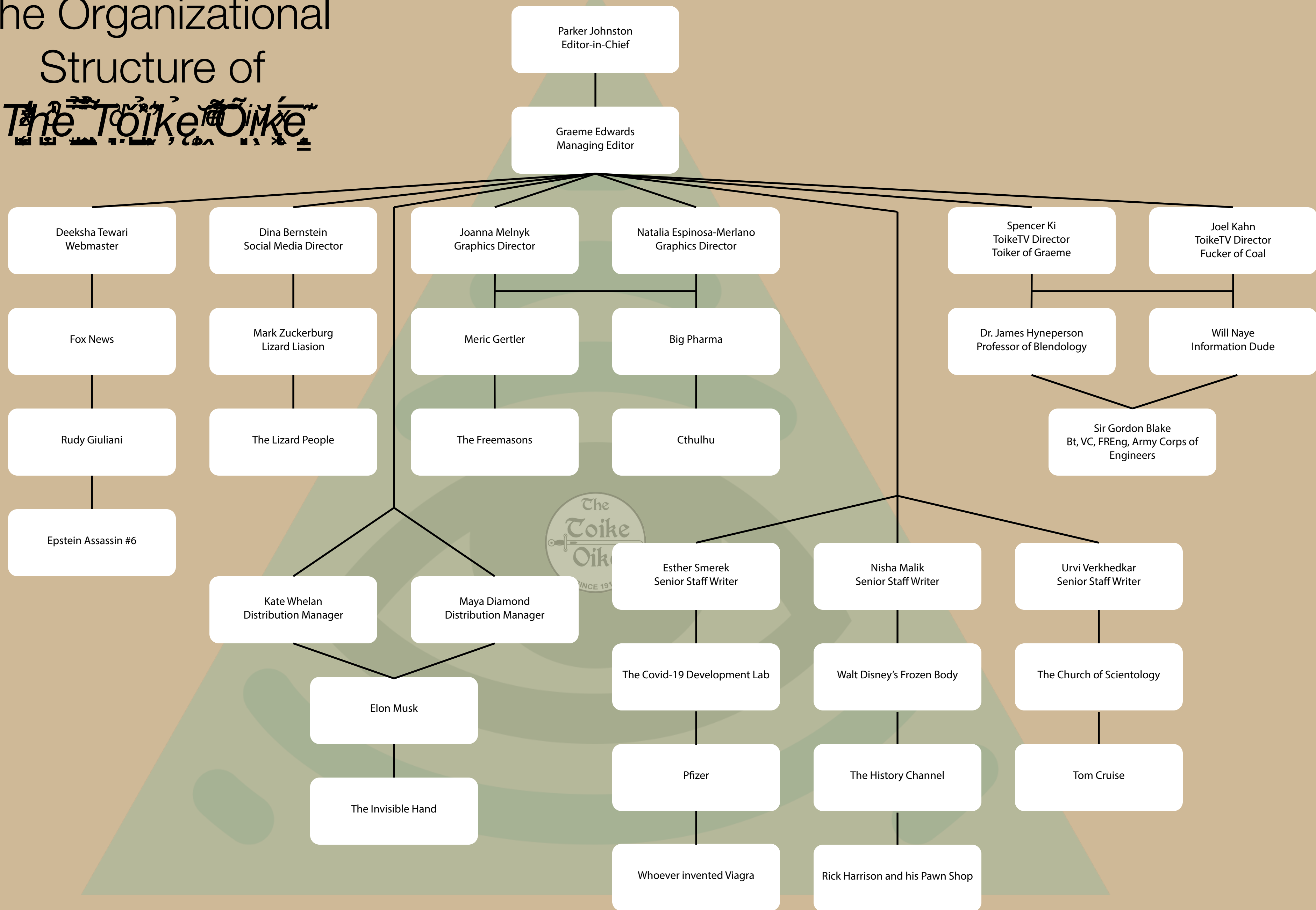
I am personally horrified at what the evidence is pointing to- after all, getting some side-action goes against the very core of being a Sex Columnist! How is one supposed to truthfully inform the virgin public of the intimacies of hitting the cha-cha without maintaining their privileged position of immaturity?

To this end, I've been stalking the VSC for the past two weeks, looking for any clue as to the true status of this devilish fiend. They still haven't left their house (the unwillingness to face me likely stemming from the guilt of their duplicitous behavior), so unfortunately this strategy has not yet yielded results.

I therefore beg the public to come forward with any reports of this jiving journalist cheating on his readers with some floozy, two-faced, handsome non-virgin, by emailing **toike@skule.ca**. We need every witness we can get to bring this dastard down.



# The Organizational Structure of









POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Blue

AMONG US IS PROOF THE TRIAL BY JURY SYSTEM IS FLAWED

The newest gaming craze sweeping across the world, Among Us, is proof that our trial system is fundamentally flawed. The reality is that we could easily sentence people to death based on shaky witness testimony and zero physical evidence in our actual system just as we do so frequently in the game. Among Us merely takes these flaws to the extreme, forcing players into voting out their comrades, killing the person with a plurality (not even a majority!) of votes, under the pretense that the “impostors” will kill the crew if the crew doesn’t kill them first. Among Us further highlights a deep flaw in our system with 50/50 votes, declaring that it is better to kill at least one innocent party if you are confident you will also be killing a guilty one as well. In short, Among Us shows us our worst selves, but it also gives us the opportunity to be better than before by reforming this outdated and barbaric system of “justice”.

What?

WHAT?!

NO, GUYS, WAIT! IT’S SEVEN! WE DON’T VOTE ON SEVEN, RIGHT?

WAIT! HE’S TRICKING YOU! THIS ILLUSTRATES THE POINT I WAS JUST TRYING TO MA—

VS

BLUE’S PRETTY SUS

Red

Wow. Blue’s lookin’ pretty fuckin’ sus.

I don’t know about you guys but I don’t like how hard he’s tryin’ to get us to skip.

I think we should throw him out the airlock and call it a day.

I saw Blue vent.

Blue was ejected

BIN LADEN ENDORSES TRUMP AFTER BOTCHED COVID RESPONSE

Cucker Tarlson  
Toike Public Health Expert

WASHINGTON, DC – After a botched COVID response that has involved discouraging mask use, flouting social distancing guidelines at campaign events, calling for slower testing, publicly disparaging Dr. Fauci to the point where he started receiving death threats, turning the White House into a disease

hotspot with more cases than some countries, and of course the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Americans, Donald Trump has secured an endorsement for re-election from the unlikelyst of sources.

Noor Bin Laden, niece of notorious terrorist and corpse-in-the-ocean Osama Bin Laden, has publicly endorsed Donald Trump for President of the Unit-

ed States. “My uncle masterminded the September 11th terrorist attacks that killed almost 3000 people, so I think I know something about imminent threats to America and Americans,” said Bin Laden. “But never in his wildest dreams did he think a person could single-handedly cause so much death, let alone without facing any consequences for it.”

“A part of me is a little mad with President Trump for upstaging my uncle in this way. I mean, my uncle made Trump Tower the tallest building in New York City, and this is how Trump repays him? But, in this all-important election, you need to pick the candidate that gets the job done. And Trump has killed thousands more Americans in just a few years in office than Biden did in decades in office.”

Hillary Clinton could not be reached for a response to Bin Laden’s endorsement of Trump over Biden as she was held up in another 12-hour Benghazi hearing.

TOIKEOSCOPES



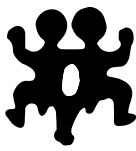
ARIES

Are all Aries immortal beings who look the same for decades or is that just a Paul Rudd thing? It’s just a Paul Rudd thing? Oh. Well, if anyone was going to be immortal, I’m glad it’s Paul Rudd.



TAURUS

Here’s my 3 step plan for success this month. Step 1) invest in a health insurance company. Step 2) become a masked vigilante in your crime-ridden city. Step 3) have a rule against killing so you can profit off villains’ insurance deductibles.



GEMINI

K, let’s talk about the Olsen Twins, or should I say the Olsen Twin because there’s only ONE of them. I don’t know if she’s moving really fast or if one of them is a robot but I know it’s one of the two.



CANCER

You know how, in Friends, Ben just stops showing up. I think Ross might’ve lost custody after his mental breakdown. And, to be honest, that would’ve been the correct decision.



LEO

Okay, so Harry Potter imagined the whole thing, right? I mean, he was a depressed kid living under a staircase after his parents were brutally murdered so his fractured psyche constructed an elaborate world where he was a special wizard.



VIRGO

Yes, the fact that no one in the world wants to have sex with you IS an elaborate conspiracy. It’s definitely not because you’re a gigantic fucking asshole.



LIBRA

No, the Earth is not flat. It’s banana-shaped. Oh, you want proof? Come right this way. We’ll use my largest scales.



SCORPIO

You should try planning dozens of elaborate traps that will lead to the demise of people who have taken their lives for granted. It worked out great for Kevin from Home Alone (a.k.a. Jigsaw).



SAGITTARIUS

Guys, I don’t know how to say this but, um, I think Miley Cyrus and Hannah Montana might be, and I know this sounds crazy, THE SAME PERSON! THEY’VE LITERALLY NEVER BEEN IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER!



CAPRICORN

Why is it that, when someone goes crazy, people always say they’ve lost their marbles? What’s big marble up to and why are they trying to make us think that possessing marbles is a sign of sanity? Anyhow, buy marbles to make people think you’re sane.



AQUARIUS

R + L = J. Wait, they already confirmed that?! THREE YEARS AGO?! Well, did Jon end up on the Iron Throne? BRAN! WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!!!

Fuck off for a little while Pisces. I need to talk to the Time Travelers who are reading this. Please stop trying to fix 2020! I know your hearts are probably in the right place but you’re pulling a real Ashton Kutcher in Butterfly Effect and I can’t take it anymore.

TOIKE PROJECTION: BIDEN WINS 2020

Downton Sinclair  
Toike Edwardian Muckraker

The United States has voted, and the *Toike Oike*’s team of pollsters, data scientists, witch doctors, and meth addicts have crunched the numbers. By our final calculations, we are proud to project that former Vice President Joseph Robinette Biden Jr. has been elected President of the United States.

Although undoubtedly a close race, our methodology speaks for itself. By taking a rigorous sample (n = 5) of eligible voters in proximity to the Sandford Coolidge upset of 1924 —the *Toike Oike* is proud to continue its tradition of predictive excellence with this most recent vote. “We’ve refined our process for so long that it’s fool-proof,” said Nate Gold, *Toike* High Numeromancer, shortly after publishing the projection. “Although the exact method is proprietary and confidential, I can share that its key pillars are proper selection of random sample strata, reducing sample variance, and waiting until after one candidate has already won to make a projection.”

Although respondents were asked to rank their certainty of the outcome quantitatively — on a scale ranging from “as certain

as I was that Al Gore would win” to “as certain as I was that Hillary would win until she didn’t” — the response form included a qualitative write-in section to allow respondents to provide further explanation of their views. Although responses varied, contextual comments supporting a Biden win included: “wasn’t the election already called last week?” and “you guys rally [sic] need to speed up your publishing process.”

Having successfully called nearly every single election since 1912 — save for the great Fleming Building, surveying indicated that 74% of respondents believed that Joe Biden would be the next US President. Cognisant of the key role that Southern voters played this year, an accompanying sample (n = 3) of eligible voters in the Wallberg Building were also polled, with 82% of these respondents having similar expectations.

AN APOLOGY

French Character British Actor  
Toike Former Knight and Foreign Correspondent

To Whom It May Concern,

Recently, there has been much discussion amongst the *Toike* staff regarding various conspiracy theories and the damage they can inflict on our national — and international — discourse. These discussions have led me to reflect on my own sordid past with conspiracy theories, specifically one that I myself perpetuated in this prestigious publication’s November *Toike* of last year. Specifically, the article entitled “French People Don’t Really Exist”.

In the time since that piece was published, I have learned that French people do in fact exist, and that the so-called “evidence” I presented to the contrary was actually evidence that movies and television overlook most French actors and actresses in favour of their British and American counterparts.

Therefore, I would like to sincerely apologize to all of our French readers and all French citizens for publishing such rhetoric. It was not my intention to offend you because, as you know, I didn’t think there was a you to offend. I would also like to apologize to all French actors and actresses for the casting decisions others have made that led to my misunderstanding, though I would like you to know that I am hardly a large part of those casting decisions (but I am somewhat involved in those decisions).

Now that I have graciously apologized for my decision to publish such damaging misinformation, I would like everyone to immediately accept my apology and to apologize to me for blowing this whole thing out of proportion. I would also like my Knighthood to be restored (and let’s be honest Liz, you could throw in a Lordship for my troubles) because I have proved that I am the bigger person.

Thank you all in advance,  
Lord [PENDING] French Character British Actor

STAR WARS WAS PLAGIARISED AND POP CULTURE IS A HOAX

Jackson Noir  
Toike Intellectual Property Analyst

Ever since film was invented, it has been a staple of popular culture. And some films are lucky enough to gain massive fanbases. Perhaps the most well-known example is Star Wars. The original Star Wars trilogy swept many moviegoers off their feet, and created a massive fanbase for the series. And who could blame them? Each episode in the trilogy had an inspiring and unique story that has remained an example of how to change movie history forever. But what if I told you that the original Star Wars trilogy was plagiarised? That’s right, the film series that has had the largest influence on pop culture ever is not original.

You may be asking, how could you even say such a thing? Star Wars is the best!

Wrong! It is a blatant rip off of a far superior film series

You see, on August 6, 1969, Jonathan Robert Aibel was born. Jonathan is a very imaginative fellow, and credits this to being a very imaginative child, who loved to make up stories. When Jonathan was 2, his parents bought him a panda plush stuffie. He loved this panda, and began telling his parents a story about this panda, and because he kept adding onto it, they started writing it down. It was about a Panda who worked at a noodle shop, and his dad was a goose. This panda was obsessed with Kung-Fu and idolized a group of 5 Kung-Fu masters. Sound familiar? It better, cause it’s the plot of the greatest movie trilogy in existence, Kung Fu Panda.

Okay so Tai Lung and Darth Vader face off against their former masters. Both masters are either about to sacrifice themselves or do sacrifice themselves. Then, at the end of the movie, the hero defeats that villain by using something they have never used before (Po uses the Wushi finger hold and Luke uses the force).

Now, why is this important?

It’s important because the story of Kung Fu Panda was being written in 1971, almost 2 years before George Lucas began writing Star Wars.

Well, why is that important?

Because the KUNG FU PANDA 1 AND 2 AND THE ORIGINAL STAR WARS TRILOGY ARE THE SAME MOVIE SERIES, ARE THE SAME MOVIE SERIES! THEY ARE THE SAME MOVIE SERIES. THE SAME.

They are both about an unlikely hero stuck in a boring life, dreaming to be more. Then one day, after meeting someone from a famous or infamous group (Oogway from the Jade Palace, or C-3PO and R2D2 from the rebel alliance), they are flung into their destiny of being the chosen one. They are then trained by another older master (Master Shifu or Old-Ben Kenobi) in order to defeat that master’s former apprentice who has turned evil (Tai Lung and Darth Vader). Along their journey, Po the Panda and Luke Skywalker meet a cynical Kung-Fu/Space veteran who is initially not invested in their story, but eventually becomes a trusted friend (I’m talking Tigress and Han Solo). Oh, did I mention that our heroes are considered by others to be totally unequipped for their role (Po is an overweight Panda who knows zero Kung-Fu and Luke is a farmboy who is now in space)?

Now, Kung Fu Panda 2 is actually both Empire Strikes Back and Return of the Jedi in one movie, because George Lucas needed two movies to pull off Jonathan Aibel’s genius.

Both Kung Fu Panda 2 and Empire Strikes Back pick up with our hero now being much more trained in their respective art.

The army of an empire attacks (Lord Shen’s army of Wolves, and the Empire) and our hero defeats them by being clever (Po uses pots and pans as weapons, which the Wolves don’t predict from a Kung-Fu Master, and Luke uses the snowspeeder’s tow cables). Then, our hero’s team journeys to a far-off city (Gongmen city and Beshpin). There is a reveal that their father is not who they thought they were, and is still alive. Po trains with the Soothsayer, who is basically continuing on Oogway’s role. Both Oogway and the Soothsayer are basically Yoda. I mean Oogway is literally old and green and fades away and comes back as a spirit in the third movie of the trilogy. Po trains right after losing horribly to Shen, and Luke trains just before his hand is cut off by Darth Vader. Then Tigress and Han Solo are captured by a mysterious and awesome character, either Boss Wolf (the second in command of the wolf army, after Shen) or Boba Fett, respectively. Po then rescues Tigress and Luke rescues Han with a crazy plan. Boss Wolf and Boba Fett then die in a lame way (Boss Wolf offscreen from a cannon and Boba Fett from the Sarlacc Pit). Then, Lord Shen and the emperor both use the weapon they have been building (The firework cannons and the second death star), but, after Po and Luke do not convert to their evil ways, both movie emperors are defeated. Then, the hero parties with his friends, and other talks to force ghosts or long-lost Kung Fu Masters.

See, they are the same movie. There is NO debate about that. We were taught to believe that Star Wars is unique and creative, but it’s not. The heart of pop culture is a lie.

Stay tuned for next month’s issue, where I explain why the Marvel Cinematic Universe is just a 40 hour long episode of House Hunters.

HOW THE WENDISH CRUSADE OF 1147 IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR VINCE CARTER LEAVING THE RAPTORS

Darth Vibrator  
Toike Salty Torontonion

When Pope Eugenius III approved the invasion of the Wends by Christendom, little did he know that he would someday break the hearts of millions of Torontonians.

In 1147, a coalition of Germanic Christians ruthlessly slaughtered an untold number of Wends.

Through a complicated series of terribly unfortunate events, Vince Carter became upset and demanded a trade causing many

Torontonians to no longer believe in love after he left for the Nets.

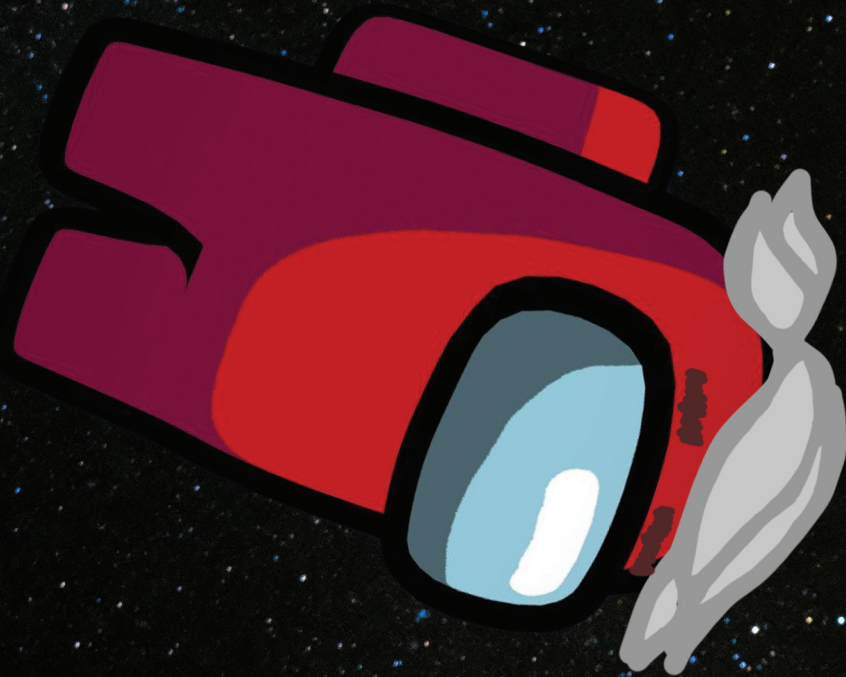
Editor’s Note: The proof is simple and left as an exercise to the reader







Jeffrey Epstein was ejected.



One imposter remains.

