“the truth is out there... or maybe in here”

“gravity: hoax?”

“aliens among us?”

“dark side of the sun?”

“watch his snake eyes”

“what are they hiding?”

“real eyes, realize, real lies”

“who watches the watchmen?”

“don’t believe everything you read in The Varsity”
EDITORIAL

After the brutal defeat of the Toike Party of Canada in the federal election, those of us on staff got so mad at the whole concept of government and its institutions that we decided to switch tactics in our quest for political involvement. The Toike is now a renegade whistle-blowing publication bent on destroying reputations, undermining foundations, and causing consternation. We’re creating so much transparency, we might as well have printed this issue on cling-wrap. I give you... Toikileaks.

Throughout the following pages, you’ll find the results of our undercover journalism, hacking of the most ironclad intelligence databases, and general laughing in the face of bureaucracy. Most of us are probably on at least one watchlist now. We’re also pretty sure we’ve uncovered a massive conspiracy, which I’ve outlined on pages 6 and 7. I hope you’ll be able to help tie some of the loose ends together.

Ideally, the added air of mystery and mayhem will help you stay stalwart as you muddle your way through the remnants of midterms, and help you relax right before you start freaking out about finals. It should be comforting to skim through and see our leaked evidence that somewhere, someone probably screwed up even harder than you did.

Best of luck!

Ryan Williams
Editor-in-Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

It’s super cold here in Russia. Can you send some blankets?

—Edward S.

Dear Ed,

It’s not exactly warm here either, but I might have a stack of last month’s issue left over that you could use to make a snuggly nest. I’ll send it over right away.

—Editor

Dealing with leaks is one of our many specialties, and we’ll work on your schedule to get the job done on time and at the maximum quality possible. You know what they say: “When things get messy, you’d best call Fessie”

Cheers,

Fessie’s Plumbing Services Ltd.

Dear Fessie’s

Errm, I think you might have misunderstood something.

Sorry, and good luck with your business endeavours.

Sincerely,

Ryan

Dear Self,

How stupid is it that you have to sit alone in EngCom on a Saturday night and make up dumb letters to print as if someone actually sent them to you? I mean, seriously, “Fessie’s”?

We’re doing actual shit based puns now?

Frankly, I’m sick of putting up with this crap. I’m so dogn with this.

—Ryan

Dear Ryan,

I know, it’s terrible. If only people would send in letters.

—Self

WRITE ITORIAL (The Senior Staff Writer)

Wow, it’s November already. The days are getting shorter, and the temperature is starting to dip below (almost) everyone’s GPs. Fortunately we have the Toike (and a great soup recipe this month) to fend off the cold. Why shiver when you can have a quick hearty chuckle from our headlines and comics? Although I guess if you’re reading this, I have to assume that you have enough time on your hands to read every pun and dick joke. Kudos for having great time management or dedication to your procrastination.

Speaking of which, I’d like to give a shout out to the t1ps. I am impressed by how far you guys have taken the Samsa Sue meme. A remix, phone backgrounds, and even t-shirts? Your ability to channel the meme creatively would be a great asset for the Toike, so if you had fun with that process, I highly recommend that you get on our mailing list (toike@skule.ca) and get involved. Please. Please?

Anyway, I think I’ve filled enough space on the page, so I’ll let you dig into the issue.

Enjoy.

—Allan Song

Senior Staff Writer

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8740 Sandford Fleming
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
Ryan Williams

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Ozan Coskun
Sourabh Agarwal
Stephen Gidge
Brandon Lista
Simo Pajovic
Diana Pesce

GRAPHICS CONTRIBUTORS
Stephen Gidge
Sausen Jensa
Harry Jiang
Brandon Lista
Leigh MacNeil-Taboika
Kayla Steadman
Ahmed Ujainwala
Atilla Vanderploeg

WEB EDITOR
Ozan Coskun

CONTENT REVIEW
Kelly Hunter
Simo Pajovic

LAYOUT
Jennifer Dixon

COMICS
Josh Davis
Brandon Lista
Simo Pajovic
Ryan Williams

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Namya Syal

DISTRIBUTION MANAGER
Stephen Gidge

WEB EDITOR
Ozan Coskun

CONTENT REVIEW
Kelly Hunter
Simo Pajovic

LAYOUT
Jennifer Dixon

COMICS
Josh Davis
Brandon Lista
Simo Pajovic
Ryan Williams

PRINTER
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SPECIAL THANKS TO (CLASSIFIED)

COLOPHON

Once every month, the Toike Oike staff travels back in time to the year 2573 BCE, at around 9pm on September 9th, where they intercept the Egyptian priestess Hephse’ Ra Tep as she is about to perform a ritual opening of a portal to the spectral ether. By convincing her to do the rites while mildly intoxicated, and subsequently harassing some goat-headed ethereals, the staff obtains the new issue of the Toike from within the portal. On the way to meet the priestess, of course, they must eliminate temporary paradoxes by killing their former selves coming to get last month’s issue. This means that if you’re reading a copy more than a month old, you should proceed with caution since you are literally holding a dropped stitch in the fabric of space-time.

WHAT HO?
The Toike Oike is a person who exposes any kind of information or activity that is deemed illegal, dishonest, or not correct within an organization that is either private or public. The information of alleged wrongdoing can be classified in many ways: violation of company policy/rules, law, regulation, or threat to private or public. The information of alleged wrongdoing can be classified in many ways: violation of company policy/rules, law, regulation, or threat to public interest/national security, as well as fraud, and corruption.

DISCLAIMER

The highly transparent, declassified 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 and the engineering community in general. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring the pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC’s ain’t shit.

ACTUALLY THROUGH, send your own letters to the editor! Email toike@skule.ca with the subject “Dear Editor”.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO’S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

THE TOIKE OIKE, VOL CV III

Senior Staff Writer

Ryan Williams

Senior Staff Writer

Allan Song
LEAKED: New Engineering Building Plans Released

CEIZ to Include Complementary Lubricant Office

BALZ
Toike Oike Architecture Sleuth

A
fter months of tracking leads, carefully search-
ing through papers, and bribing staff with... favours, ToiikiLeaks investigators have finally gotten their hands on the plans for the new engineering building being erected just north of Galbraith. These plans have revealed some great new classrooms, lecture halls, and other facilities designed to help you through your time at UofT.

All classrooms boast the latest in smart board technology, which are now so smart that they correct all your work while pointing out every single one of your errors. They also come with pre-programmed phrases that chastise you for poor work, such as “You’re an idiot!” and “Even an unconceived fetus could solve that better than you,” saving your profs and TAs valuable minutes every class.

The lecture halls also have revolutionary new tech to create an improved learning environment that is 600% better than what is currently offered at MIT. Every chair comes with the MaxAwakeTM system pre-installed. Once you sit down, a heart rate monitor determines your average resting heart rate. The computer then uses your weight to estimate what your heart rate would be in a light sleep. If your heart rate approaches this value, the built-in taser jolts you awake.

“This is amazing,” says one second-year EngSci student. “There’s nothing like a little pain and second degree burns to help me pay attention in class. And if I ever have the urge to run away, the aisles have a 200 amp current running through them during lecture.”

Finally, the crowning jewel of the new building is the spa on the top floor. “Studies show that massages help relieve stress during testing periods,” explains Grace B. Well. “That’s why we will have 3 massage tables staffed 24/7 with expert masseurs. And of course, we will ‘expand our capacity’ during stressful exam periods.”

A last minute addition to the spa is the lubricant office, which was created in response to students’ complaints that their U of T experiences (particularly during exams) were too rough. Ms. Well thinks that these facilities will make tests less painful, and the results a little easier to swallow.

The University of Toronto hopes that investing heavily into these new technologies will finally secure its spot as the best university in the Canadian world.

LEAKED: Predator Drone Found Surveying Children’s Playground

Mike Literus
Toike Oike Military Correspondent

R
ecent reports of a predator drone detected near a children’s playground have been confirmed by witnesses and security tapes. The Obama administration has already faced criticism since the reports appeared, but the Pentagon has neither confirmed nor denied the presence of the drone thus far.

Locals are outraged by the disturbing presence at their community park, and many are calling for much tighter restrictions on where predator drones can fly. Advocates of unmanned aerial vehicle operations have suggested that this may all be a misunderstanding, that perhaps the drone was just resting after a long day surveying Pakistani mountainsides, and meant no harm to the children playing nearby.

Further interviews with parents living in the vicinity of the playground, as well as comments from the children themselves, have indicated that this may not be the first instance of surveying activities in the community. “The Air Force needs to get their act together”, said one local mother of three. “I, for one, don’t support the use of drones at all, much less when there are children around.”

As the U.S. government battles criticism and media organizations attempt to discern the truth of the situation, it seems as if a broader problem with UAV activities is coming to light. Experts have suggested that an even greater risk is present for youth who unwittingly connect with predator drones in online chat rooms.

Complaints have been filed against the U.S. Air Force, citing inappropriate use of Unmanned Aerial Vehicles.
LEAKED: Ebola Discovered in Purple Dye

Dye Station Hopes No One Drank Too Much of it

Colin O'Scope
Toike Oike Health Analyst

D uring recent tests to en- sure the dye station had met official safety standards for Frosh week, a lab analy- sis was conducted by chemi- cal engineering student, Violet Dai, which revealed evidence of a particular strain of the Ebola virus in the dye. This raised many concerns among organizers. As put by one thoroughly coated dye station manager, “Ahhhhh well, what’re you gonna do. The kids’re all fine ya know? I didn’t hear’f a single incident so it’s definitely a success.” When I tried to tell him of the two frosh currently in critical condition at Mount Sinai, he stuck his fingers into his ears, closed his eyes and loudly yelled “LA LA LA LA I CAN’T HEAR YOU!!!”

Although the dye station manager seemed assured that everything was per- fectly under control, some concern was raised lead- ing to a meeting between the orientation chair and EngSoc, to discuss the fate of the leftover dye. Many legitimate concerns were raised by EngSoc representa- tives but were immediately rebutted with just as strong counter-arguments like “Dye is expensive you know? You can’t just throw it away!” and “It’s just one strain!” and “BUT PURPLE IS PRETTY!” After much back and forth banter, a consensus was reached by a marginal vote that the dye was in fact not to be dis- carded as the virus would probably die if kept sealed in the dye container long enough anyway.

As the dye station managers put it, “Most of the cases are in Western Africa anyway, so statistically the chances of the virus working in Canada are tiny. Further- more, I read somewhere on the internet that the virus is actually just a scare tactic created by the Illuminati and we all know that the internet is completely 100% reliable all the time. He claims that a normal dip in the tub will be completely safe. ‘Just don’t drink it ‘cause the alcohol will prob- ably kill you.”

The orientation chair agreed it was a win-win situation, as not having to change the dye saved resources while the chance of infection of a frosh was practically almost non-existent, more or less. When questioned about the two students currently in critical condition, he ex- plained proudly that there were “1200 incoming stu- dents, which is like soo000 many students, so 1 or 2 accidents were less than one percent, which is pretty good and would probably more likely be a rounding error anyway.”

A statistically negligible number of engineering students might die pretty soon.

LEAKED: Hillary Clinton Sexting Scandal
Soon to Feature in Many Rap Songs

Virginia Cumming
Toike Oike Political Erotist

A n anonymous reporter from the staff at the Toike Oike has recently uncovered shocking and salacious texts exchanged between former US Presi- dent Bill Clinton and 2016 presidential candidate Hillary Clinton. “It was like finding out your grandpar- ents figured out how to use a cellphone, and then sent- nudes with it,” the horrified reporter whispered, slowly rocking back and forth. “It’s so much worse than seeing your parents having sex. So. Much. Worse.”

However, not everyone is as disgusted as they (quite frankly) should be. Blog posts have cropped up across the internet boasting titles like “Spice up your sex life with just these 5 Demo- cratic tips!” and “How to sext like a President”.

Some excerpts of the con- versations have been in- cluded below. The content of these texts may be un- suitable for all readers, and was probably intended for a mature (60+) audience.

Blog: ‘hey babe, wanna talk about gun control laws tonight? I’ll let u use mine to demonstr ate.’
Hillay: “I wish to have inter- course with you tonight. B: what kind were u thinking? should we visit the Netherlands tonight?"
H: ‘Felatio is the next item on the agenda, I believe?’ B: ‘Oh baby ur raising my taxes’
i wanna filibuster you all nite long :)
H: ‘Oral intercourse would be acceptable with a two-thirds majority.’
B: ‘I want u to open ur legs wider than the income gap for me.’
H: ‘Your motion for cunnilingus has been accepted. Shall we proceed to coitus?’
B: ‘u want me in ur cabinet?’
H: ‘Should be possible to reach a bipartisan agree- ment, yes.’
B: ‘can I call u monica?’
H: ‘I have always advocated for pro-choice policies.’
B: ‘I’m gonna stuff ur ballot box :)’
H: ‘I greatly enjoy fornication with you.’
B: ‘I wanna do to ur body what mitt romney does to poor ppl :)’
H: ‘Please continue penetrat- ing my vagina with your penis.’
B: ‘baby let me be ur con- gressman so i can tell u what i want u to do with ur body :)’
H: ‘I want you to ejaculate for me.’
B: ‘oh baby yeah let me cum for u :)’
H: ‘Shall we schedule another session for next week? I can pencil you in between 3:30 and 3:35’
B: ‘sounds good :)’

News Briefs

Ryerson Student Signs Drake

In an unusual role-reversal, Drake has been signed by a local rapper (and now producer) Dolla Dank$, a Ryerson Uni- versity student during daylight hours. Sources say that Drake has already begun recording his next mixtape at Dank$’s studio in the heart of downtown Toronto.

“Man, we got top o’ da line shit up in here, man,” boasted Dank$ during a tour of his studio earlier this month. “Man, we got $4.99 Logitech microphone from Canada Computers right here, man, and professional soundproofing,” he said pointing to the walls and ceiling of the vocal booth, which were covered with pillows and egg cartons held in place by generous amounts of duct tape and (according to Dank$) swag. “And dis right here is where we edit anall our mixtapes,” he added, motioning to a fireplace nearby.

Drake has remained silent about the record deal and his plans since it was made official, but did give the press a typi- cally-Drake (perhaps Drake- esque) dirty look at a recent press conference when asked about it. Drake Dirty Look ex- ploded on Twitter, becoming a meme in less than 24 hours.

Study: Have you ever seen Julian Assange and Benedict Cumberbatch in the same room?

Who is Julian Assange? Is he really a 44 year old Australian who started Wikileaks? Or is he actually a 39 year old English- man known for playing roles like Sherlock Holmes in BBC’s Sherlock? Inspired by dishearten- ments from nay-sayers and my stupid parole officer, this jour- nalist went deep undercover to try and find out.

Week after week, I followed Benedict Cumberbatch, and not once did I see him in the same room as Julian Assange, or even one street over. I’m not saying this evidence proves anything, and I’m not saying that Julian Assange and Bened- dict Cumberbatch are the same person- but have you ever seen them in the same room togeth- er? I certainly haven’t. Investigative journalism, sucka’s.
LEAKED: D.L. Pratt Building Takes SEM Images of Justin Bieber’s Dick

I. P. Errwhere
Toike Oike SEM Technician

Talk about a news brief! Scanning electron microscope (SEM) images of Justin Bieber’s dick were recently leaked from the D.L. Pratt Building at the University of Toronto. A technician managed to snap a few high-energy images of Bieber’s carbon nanotube during a late night at the lab.

The images caught the attention of some very pro-miscuous fleas and mites, as well as top nanoscientists at the university. “This may well erect a new area in the field of nanoscience,” proclaimed Prof. Matt Ereeuls. “Justin’s penis provides us with an arena to test long-disputed theories in areas such as microfluidics and nanofluidics, as well as nanoscale lubrication and tensile testing.”

Some experts in nanomaterials also claim that Bieber’s pubes are examples of near-perfect monocrystalline whiskers. It could also give researchers in hard sciences such as physics a chance to experiment with unexplored avenues in quantum mechanics. Unfortunately, mechanical engineers seem to have gotten the short end of the stick research-wise—rough calculations suggest that Bieber’s tool might not be suitable for experiments attempting to verify controversial theories about rigid bodies and vibrations. The possibility of hardness testing has also been ruled out.

Bieber has declined to comment on whether or not he would be willing to donate just a little bit of his body to the scientific community, although researchers such as Prof. Ereeuls are keeping their hopes up. “I’m fairly confident we can get Bieber under the transmission electron microscope and start designing some novel experiments soon.”

LEAKED: GO Transit’s New Advertising Campaign

BALZ
Toike Oike Transit Correspondent

In response to the public outcry for improved service, Go Transit has prepared a new slogan for their upcoming ad campaign. Go likely planned to release it to the general public next month, but the jig is up now that ToikiLeaks is leaking that shiz all over the place. Our experts believe this shows evidence of a new era of honesty in advertising.

LEAKED: Dam Bursts on Hydroelectric Plant Cover-up

Steven Seagull
Toike Oike Incontinency Specialist

The Toike’s crack team of investigators has uncovered a conspiracy about the structural failure of a hydroelectric power plant in China.

The Five Gullies Dam was a two-year, $15 billion construction project that the state government promised would create jobs and a cleaner future for China. The outcome, however, was far from ideal.

Our East Asia correspondent Lee Qi led the investigation. “It was hard to obtain concrete evidence,” she noted. “If only China could build everything as strong as the Great Firewall.” Ms. Qi told us that the first cracks appeared when project managers were forced to speed up construction. “It really put our workers under pressure,” explained one foreman. “Fortunately we had a large flow of migrant workers to counteract the high turnover.”

He then coughed and asked for reassurance of anonymity before spilling, “A big blow came from the demand to reduce our material costs. We had to build the dam as hollow as the government’s promises.”

The problems did not end after construction. Observers from nearby displaced villages said that the reservoir lake’s surface was covered with a thick layer of garbage, so it comes as no surprise that the operators could not see that the dam would burst at any moment.

When the truth was leaked online, the international community ruptured in outrage at the cover up. Despite its best efforts to muddy the waters, the Dutch consulting team have denied any involvement, while the local government has also been implicated in the scandal. They have denied any involvement, despite the abundance of damning evidence. “We were in the dark, especially in the massive power outage that followed the failure. If only we’d been paid enough to afford a sat phone.”

Ms. Qi managed to reach Hui Zhao, a state spokesperson, on the issue. “The damage control for this PR - erm, engineering problem has been costly. We have been hemorrhaging liquid assets to pay for the clean up. But no cost is too great when it comes to increasing our national power.”

At the time of publication, the official death toll released by the Chinese government has reached negative two.
We’ve gathered the evidence...

You’ll need to draw your own conclusions.
Dear Miss Ogeny,

There’s this really hot girl in my APS tutorial, and I kinda want to ask her out. But I’m terrified of being rejected. But also not… I’m not about these blurred lines. How can I know for sure if she likes me? HELP.

Robin Thicke

Well, Robin, there are a few sure-fire ways to figure out whether or not she likes you. The most obvious sign is if she stares at you. Do you look over during tutorial and catch her looking? If not, don’t worry – some girls are shy. You can try staring at her to gauge her reaction. If she’s not reacting to your looks, you can try to be more overtly aggressive. Or suggestive. They’re both equally effective. Another way to find out if she likes you is to ask her. If she says she doesn’t like you, then you’re golden. All girls like to play hard to get, so this is just her way of keeping the game alive. Bonus points if she calls you a “fucking creep” – that means she’s really interested! Last but not least, if she’s truly interested in you, she’ll perform the ritual mating dance taking place during the 53rd hour of the week, so be ready. Make sure you’ve memorised the male half of the dance – if it’s not done perfectly, she may reject you for a mate who’s better on his feet.

Best of luck,

Miss Ogeny

Dear Miss Ogeny,

My boyfriend and I are looking to spice up our relationship (the sexy type). Any tips for us? I’d really appreciate it!

Ginger Spice

My first tip for you, Ginger, is to tell him what you want. What you really, really want. If you want to do some kinky shit, chances are he’s already thought about it, but hasn’t told you yet. And even if he says he’s not into it, he’s probably lying. Guys like all types of sex, all the time. Another spicy idea is to incorporate some toys. Specifically, some hot peppers. Jalapeños and habaneros are the favourites, though some people prefer ghost peppers. Adding a little cinnamon or thyme wouldn’t hurt, either. If these two tips don’t work, you can always try sleeping with his best friend. That’ll definitely add some spice and heat to your relationship.

Go get dat dick, Miss Ogeny

Q: Can I have fries with that? - Angie Neere

That is, in fact, a question. However, in order to answer it, it is first necessary to define what fries are, and which form of ‘can’ you are using. Fries, as defined by Google, are a meal of meat or other food cooked by frying. It is a logical leap to assume that you mean French Fries, which would be fried potatoes. The question that still remains is which tense of ‘can’ you are using. Given the context of the question, I can assume that you mean ‘can’ as in ‘to be able’. This question can then be rewritten as “Am I able to have a meal of potatoes cooked by frying?”

It is clear, then, that this question is one directed as a feminist critique. This is evident as you are asking if you are able to do something, Ms. Neere. Unfortunately, given that she still feel the need to ask if you are able to do something as menial as eating, I highly doubt you are actually able to have fries with that. Especially considering that I don’t know what ‘that’ is. Is ‘that’ a side of feminism? In which case, the answer is probably yes! But you didn’t really need me to tell you that. So, it is clear that ‘that’ is not feminism, but more than likely a burger. In which case, given that you are still living under some patriarchal mindset, you would not be able to have fries with that because the patriarchy would rather you have a salad than a burger and fries.

Pornhub

TATTED HUNK STROKES ASIAN PUSSY ON HIS LAP

Ask an Artsci!

We have made contact!
Overly Optimistic Man Buys Condoms

Harry T. Stickle
Toike Oike Prophylactician

I t all started when a young gentleman named Jack Swoir approached the Toike in order to publicize his story of celibacy earlier this month. To celebrate the end of exams, he started going out to the pubs and getting smashed almost every night. Having been surrounded by dozens of people of the female variety, he decided that maybe, this past summer was the time that he would finally get laid. One night, he decided to go to Rexall right next to his place to buy condoms for that one special lady.

When he reached the “Fam Planning” aisle, there was a problem awaiting him. There was an employee working in that aisle. Being as shy as a third grader asking a girl out, he felt the need to stay tactical. He started wandering around in the gift card section as if he was looking for a happy anniversary card to hide the imaginary girlfriend while checking if the lady was still there. He got his condom, and angled it 45 degrees behind the aisle to check once again if it was empty. Once the aisle was all clear, he walked there on his toes, only to find out that condoms weren’t sold one by one. However, this didn’t stop him. He grabbed the first box of condoms that he found and hid it under his raincoat. Jack, being confident about his size, did not put the Magnum XL back on the shelf. Little did he know that condoms weren’t supposed to sit on your skin like a garbage bag.

While going downstairs, he realized that he’d look like a pervert if he walked there just to buy condoms. He grabbed a few party size chips with dipping sauce and hid the box of condoms around the bags of chips. Now he looked like he was having a sex party, but managed to run to the self-checkout booth before anyone else noticed.

This was just the beginning, but a lot has changed in his life over the course of the summer. Let’s hear it from Mr. Swoir himself: “I thought this summer was the time I was finally going to get real familiar with a girl, if you know what I mean. I couldn’t have been more wrong. When I got employed at Home Depot last June, I stopped seeing girls. I haven’t touched or seen a woman in over a month. However, I like seeing the glass half full. This has improved my seventh sense immensely. Now, I can sense the girls in my vicinity from miles away. I know they’re coming to Home Depot before they even know they’re coming. Here, I’ve been giving lumber to people all month long, but I haven’t had the chance to give any lumber to any women, literally or figuratively.”

One of Jack’s biggest fears is that he won’t be able to use his condoms before their best before. However, he seems to have a solution for that. He goes to the park during his lunch breaks and blows them up to make balloons for kids. Regardless of the fact that 4 parents have complained, he says his activity was a “huge success” since only 2 sessions ended with arrests.

Jack is hoping to publicize his story with the Toike and have some “pity sex” in the foreseeable future. More on the story as he gets laid.

Movie Review: The Traitor

Starring Julian Assange and Edward Snowden

Jonah Rhea
Toike Oike Secondary Eroticist

When I was given the task of reviewing the buddy cop film “The Traitor”, starring Julian Assange and Edward Snowden, I scoffed and asked if my my boss was being serious. I mean, I’m a erotic book reviewer, like, “the Kama Sutra” erotic, not this stoner comedy bullshit. Then I remembered that I’ve been fired from BuzzFeed, Vice and Fox News in the last six months... so yeah, I guess I’m going to do this.

Before I sat down to watch the movie I had to be prepared for it. Cheetos? Check. Beer? You betcha. Weed? Oh, fuck yes. It’s pretty much legal now, right? Prerequisites complete, I sat down and smoked the fattest J to ever grace the 21st century. I gently slid the big round disc into the tight slot... wait, sorry, wrong genre. After mentally preparing myself, I started up the movie, then... nothing. Protoip: remember to plug in your DVD player, it helps quite a bit. No wonder I was fired from Fox...

To my surprise, the movie was pretty funny. I had pretty low standards for a Shyamalan film after he made a mess of MILFs of Miami 16. Thankfully this was a great return to form, channeling his earlier work on MLFs 12. Snowden and Assange have an almost magical presence on the screen as they blow ALL the whistles. Their chemistry is what dreams are made of.

The two star as a bad mouthing cop duo who take on the corruption of Haardawn, North Carolina head on. In the process they foil an international ring of supervillains, and find their true loves, Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen (played by Denzel Washington and Will Smith, receptively). The main antagonist, Dr. Harry C. Beaver is brilliantly portrayed by Zach Gallifianakis. It is perhaps one of his greatest performances ever. I’m not going to spoil it for you, but let’s just say, his whistle gets blown reeeaaal good.

Snowden and Assange’s journey takes them all around the world, from the desolate wastelands of downtown Detroit to the sexy neon underworld of Bangkok. The highlight location though, is where the film begins and ends: Haardawn, North Carolina. Shyamalan spent months there to faithfully recreate every little detail of the small town. It’s one restaurant, its 69 residents, its redneck culture. You can really feel the atmosphere of knowing that everyone married their cousin. It’s one of the best realized film settings in recent memory, and Shyamalan should be applauded for it.

Because my boss forced me to actually score these things, I’d give “The Traitor” a 4.2x10^2 out of 184e + 69i, because fuck scoring conventions. I’d also like to nominate it for the “Best Film that was Expected to be Terrible” award. This is one of the best films to watch stoned of 2015, and I believe that this will go down as one of Shyamalan’s most respected works.

TL;DR get some OG Kush and have a great night with "The Traitor!"

LEEKED: Farmer Discovers New Vegetable, the Wikileek

I. P. Errwhere
Toike "Agriculture Specialist"

A farmer in Southern Ontario recently announced his discovery of a new vegetable, the wikileek. Grown only in a special area, the wikileek is full of beans. Conspiracy theorists claim that the farmer is full of beans.

One theory links the farmer to several GMO companies and/or consuming, setting the wikileek’s positive image ablaze both figuratively and literally.

The Toike’s resident foodie Lyrus Cau was quick to jump on the wikileek craze, putting together a very special wikileek recipe just for our readers:

Cream of Wikeleks Soup

4 wikeleks
1L chicken broth
2 sticks celery
2 cups [REDAC TED]
1 onion
1 cup heavy cream
4 bay leaves

Dice and sautéed onions, carrots, and celery until transparent. Add chicken broth and [REDACTED] and bring to a boil. Add chopped wikeleks and bay leaves. Season to taste. Remove bay leaves and blend, adding heavy cream and letting simmer until you’re suspicious about whether or not it is done cooking. Perfect for serving at hackathons and trolling the deep web.
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, 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.

I. P. Errwhere
Toike Oike Emergency Proctologist

It was a Friday night like any other for Trent McDermott, a Civil Engineering student at the University of Toronto. Trent and his small, but ethnically diverse group of friends had gone out to the city’s hottest Indian-Mexican-Thai fusion restaurant to grab a bite to eat after class.

“It was a pretty steamy evening,” recalled Trent, wiping some sweat from his sunburned forehead. “It was something like 26 degrees out. We left around 6:00 and walked all the way to the restaurant near College and Spadina from Bahen.” When the group finally arrived after the lengthy journey through Toronto’s balmy streets, Trent found no relief from the sultry conditions seated elbow-to-elbow with the other customers in the bustling hotspot.

The heat was really on for Trent when his table’s smokin’ hot waitress took his order. “Raj ordered the Pad Thai Naan Bread Taco, while Wei went for the Red Curry Butter Chicken Burrito Bowl,” said Trent. “I ordered the Shrimp, Black Bean, and Corn Samosas, but I never expected the waitress to ask how spicy I wanted it.”

“He was really nervous when she asked about that,” said Trent’s concerned friend Raj. “He was definitely afraid that we were going to make fun of him for being white if he got mild... which we were, admittedly.” Eventually, Trent steeled himself and ordered Medium spice. “I had to man up and be a hero for white people everywhere,” he declared emphatically.

Unfortunately, even medium spice turned out to be a bit too piquant for Trent’s whiter-than-mayo-on-Wonder-Bread tastebuds. His other friend Wei claims Trent blazed through seven glasses of water as he struggled to eat his dinner, which in the end defeated his unacclimated palate.

Trent’s hopes of not looking like a wussbag went up in flames, but luckily, his buddies were easy on him this time around. Whether or not Trent will be as easy on his toilet after his caustic meal remains to be seen (or smelled, or heard).
Just when he thought he might have finally lost it, Carl took one more look, and there it was.

Now that I’ve hijacked the telecommunications network, I can broadcast my messages of hate and anarchy to the entire population!!

The people won’t listen to your mad ravings, and neither will I!

Unless you also release them on vinyl.

Soon, the city will be mine...

**URBAN HIPSTER**

**BATMAN**

**This is the pig I live with.**

**That’s a sheep.**

**I wasn’t talking to you.**

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**Final Exam**

Name: 

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**POOR LUCK**

**DAVE**

**1/2 Eternity**