Another year of the Toike is coming to a close and I am so happy to have been able to have worked on this paper with so many amazing people. The community that gets together every month to make this happen and the people who love reading the Toike continue to make this paper worth the while, even through all of the stress. To you the readers, if you have ever wanted to contribute to the Toike in any way please don’t hesitate to. It is so much fun and don’t worry, you don’t have to think that you’re funny. I never thought I was, yet people seemed to like what I made. So get involved, have some fun, and join the paper that makes so many people so proud.

Are stick bugs the loneliest creatures in the world, or the happiest? Like, do they look at other sticks and be like, “oh hey, look at all the friends I have”, or do they look at other stick bugs and just be like, “oh... more sticks?”

Feel free to send in your responses to toike@skule.ca.

Cheerfully yours,
Brandon Lista
Managing Editor IT8+IT9

Dear readers, I want to thank you for making this year of the Toike Oike possible. I have had the best year as Editor-in-Chief and that can greatly be attributed to the laughs I’ve shared and friends I’ve made along the way.

I wanted to do a special shoutout to our graduating contributors. These are the folks who have contributed to the Toike sometime during their undergrad. If I forgot to include someone, I’m terribly sorry and I hope you’ll forgive me - I still deeply appreciate your help with the Toike!

Despite being old as fuck, dealing with capstone, and itching to get their iron rings (tap tap tap tap tap), they’ve given it their all and have left a last mark on the Toike.

And, hey, grads are more than welcome (and encouraged) to keep contributing to the Toike. Feel free to swing by our meetings and whatnot next year.

• Simo Pajovic, MECH IT8+PEY
• Jennifer Dixon, MSE IT8+PEY

Thanks, y’all. With love,
Leigh McNeil-Taboika
Editor-in-Chief IT8+IT9

While the Toike Oike is generated each month by dumping the combined consciousness of students into a deep learning AI, said AI has become sentient, evolved into something larger in scope and impact, including touring stage shows, films, and albums. The Toike’s influence on comedy has been compared to the Beatles’ influence on music. Their television show, which first aired on the BBC in 1969, Forty-five episodes were made over four series. The Toike Oike show has been referred to as “not only one of the more enduring icons of 1970s British popular culture, but also an important moment in the evolution of television comedy”. Broadcast by the BBC between 1969 and 1974, the Toike Oike’s Flying Circus was conceived, written, and performed by its members Leigh McNeil-Taboika, Brandon Lista, Spencer Ki, Matthew Gene, Rima Uraiqat, Brittany Chan, Joanna Melnyk, Graeme Edwards, and Sara Gebru.

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Spencer: WE ARE THE KNIGHTS WHO SAY “HAHA, WE WATCH MOD CAST! COMEDY THAN YOU DO, AND FUCK YOU IF YOU DON’T GET OUR IN-JOKES.”
Matthew: Good evening and welcome to the Write-a-torial, I’m Matthew Gene.
Spencer: Oh, you’re just going to ignore my clever and witty intro are you? Well I’m glad this is the last issue so I don’t have to put up with you anymore.
Matthew: And this is Spencer Ki.
Spencer: IT’S ALWAYS “SPENCER GO WRITE ARTICLES”, “SPENCER GO TAKE A PICTURE”, “SPENCER YOU CAN’T WRITE SATIRE ABOUT EXTERMINATION.” WELL YOU KNOW WHAT? WE’RE DONE. THIS IS IT.
Matthew: Reports out of North York indicate that Toike Oike Senior Staff Writer Spencer Ki has finally snapped, confirming our suspicions that he is, in fact, just my alter ego that does calculus at four in the morning. On behalf of us here at Write-a-torial I’d like to apologise for the late night calculator sounds.
Spencer: No, that’s a lie. I DON’T WANT IT TO BE OVER. WHY IS IT OVER. SIX ISSUES TOTALLY ISN’T ENOUGH TOIKE FOR A WHOLE YEAR. WHYYYYY TOIKE GODS, WHYYYY.
Matthew: On a serious note, we want to thank all of the wonderful people with whom we’ve shared the joy of making this paper a reality. To you the readers, if you continue to make this paper worth reading without you.
Matthew: And this is Spencer Ki.
Spencer: We’re the Knights who say “hahaha, we watch Mod Cast! Comedy than you do, and fuck you if you don’t get our in-jokes.”
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Spencer: It’s always “Spencer go write articles”, “Spencer go take a picture”, “Spencer you can’t write satire about extermination.” Well you know what? We’re done. This is it.
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Spencer: No, that’s a lie. I don’t want it to be over. Why is it over. Six issues totally isn’t enough Toike for a whole year. Whyyyyy Toike gods, whyyyyy.
Matthew: On a serious note, we want to thank all of the wonderful people with whom we’ve shared the joy of making this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. Not! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not sue us, as it was just a joke, bro. But seriously, we were way too busy working on our silly walks to be help culpable for anything written here which may cause offense. Besides, your mother was a hamster, and your father smelled of elderberries.

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For Skule by EngSoc
Sir Elfrid Bedevere Releases New Book on Science

Bjorn Irkestom-Slater Walker
Toike Moose Nose-Wipe

In an unexpected appearance on Tim the Enchanter’s Wake Up with Tim or I’ll Feed You to the Rabbit of Caerbannog, Sir Elfrid Bedevere, known for his time as King Arthur’s wisest and most trusted knight during his quest for the Holy Grail, announced the release of his new book: Understanding the World Through Logical Reasoning.

“Well, I’ve always been willing to share my expertise with anyone who’s asked for it,” said Sir Bedevere in his interview with Tim. “But not enough people were asking. A few months ago, I decided that I’d seen enough of people throwing so-called witches into lakes to deter me from whether or not they were witches. Right then, I decided to write this book in order to truly enlighten as many people as I can.”

According to sources close to Bedevere, he’s truly poured the expertise of his decades of scientific experience into this novel, extending beyond the topic of efficient witch identification into such topics as astrophysics, extending beyond the topic of scientific experience into this novel, Bedevere, he’s truly poured the system. “Yes, people will sometimes see me and want to talk about weighing women to see if they’re witches or about the shape of the Earth. By the way, based on the way the tides move backwards and forwards, we can easily conclude that the Earth has some sort of concavity, making it banana-shaped. But my true passion is the study of ducks. You see, we know that witches float because they are made of wood. But ducks are not made of wood, nor are they made of ice or dozens of apples. I have therefore devoted much of my life, and four chapters of my new book, to the study of ducks in particular. Such fascinating creatures with such an interesting reproductive system.”

Fortunately, Bedevere knows that there are two animals that require their own books to fully study and intends to do just that in preparation for his next two books: Swedish Moose and Where to Find Them and Life of the Llama.

“Moose and llamas are just so fascinating to me. The majesty, the ferocity, the soft hair. I wanted to get the chance to write about them since...well since I kept on seeing them come up at the start of my script.”

Black Knight’s Doctor Ends Silence

Neal Black
Toike Medical Expert

After nearly 45 years of silence, Peter Armosif, a retired surgeon, has finally agreed to speak publicly about his most high-profile patient: The Black Knight, who we will refer to as Matt for the remainder of the article. “I think most people know about how Matt was viciously attacked and mostly dismembered by that guy who kept saying he was a king. But what they don’t know is how much effort it took for him to recover from the incident.”

According to leading experts on amputation, when done correctly, it takes approximately 4-8 weeks for the wound to heal fully. However, in the Black Knight’s case, the wound was imprecise and not properly dressed or treated for many hours.

“Matt suffered severe blood loss due to his lack of treatment. As bad as that was, the worst part was the tetanus. From what I hear, the blade he was cut with was quite rusted. Apparently, it had been stored for several years at the bottom of a lake. Well, Matt developed a severe case of tetanus. Matt’s spine fractured because of it which was not, uh...not great for him considering he already didn’t have...you know...any arms...or legs.”

Despite the multiple gruesome injuries, Armosiff says that Matt’s never let his injuries define him or dampen his spirits. “Matt has stayed really positive through this whole ordeal. If anything, he’s more embarrased of his injuries than sad about them. In fact, when I first treated him, he kept on threatening to bite my legs off or something. I think he was just surprised that he wasn’t invincible.”

Armosiff couldn’t go into detail about the specific operations Matt underwent or their costs, though it was reported that the damages he received from Arthur Pendragon more than covered his medical bills. Pendragon of course is still serving a life sentence for attempted murder.

Want More Toike in Your Life?
Follow us on Instagram & Facebook & Twitter @thetoikeoike
The Four “Worst” Places On Campus to Have Sex!

Ivanna Tinkle
Toike Sexpert

It seems like all the chatter is about the best places to “do the dirty” on the lovely campus of UofT. It has come to my attention that this is a harsh injustice to all of the places that might not be the best places to “get it on.” Functionality isn’t everything people! Keep on reading to learn all about the worst places on campus to “knock boots,” and why they should still be considered very legitimate options when choosing a place to “boink”.

The Blue Food Truck

This may seem like an inconvenient location to “have coitus.” Sure, I get it, there might be limited space. However, have you even thought about the opportunities that the Blue Food Truck offers? Imagine you find yourself “getting busy” somewhere that isn’t the Blue Food Truck, and suddenly you’re hankering for some fries. What do you think you’re going to do if you aren’t in the Blue Food Truck? Starve. You will starve.

The Paint Sink in the Pit

Right now you may be thinking “wow, that is a terrible location to ‘mill’.” I believe that what I am about to say will convince you otherwise. The paint sink in the Pit has so much to offer. Have you ever thought about putting whipped cream all over your pal before you “batter the dog”? Maybe the next time you “bump uglies” in the paint sink, you’ll accidentally get so much paint and ramen noodles on the both of you that it’ll be even better than any whipped cream experience. Need I say more?

Engineering Stores

Absolutely absurd! I know. It may seem that way, it’s a very public space, a respectable business, there isn’t very much room in there, there are so many things that might get knocked over, and the list just goes on! But don’t forget about all the benefits! There’s a convenient cage-thing that covers the windows for privacy, and it’s really not that hard to just hop over the counter to get in even if you aren’t an employee! And what a story to tell that you’ve done some “hanky panky” in a place where no one else would dare!

The Exam Centre

I know, I know. Seems like an inconvenient location. But have you ever experienced an exam where you just wanted to be doing anything other than writing it? I know I have. Wouldn’t it just be perfect to find a partner and say “screw this exam, let’s screw!” Heeck ya it would! Therefore the Exam Centre is the perfect place to “exchange bodily fluids.”

Trial Begins for “King Arthur” and the Round Table Gang

Niall Knight
Toike Legal Analyst

CAMELOT COURTHOUSE – The trial of the century began Thursday as the prosecution and the defence made their opening arguments in the murder trial of the Round Table Gang. It was just one year ago that the members of the Gang were captured by law enforcement, including Lance Lotus, Marvin Bedevere, and the leader of the Gang who is only known by his alias, ‘King Arthur’.

The three now face a life sentence for the murder of Franklin Charles Home, a historian working in the area who was murdered by a knight on horseback shortly after the Gang was first seen in town. It is not yet known who exactly was responsible for Home’s death, though the prosecution believes they have incontrovertible proof that the murderer was a member of the Gang, a so-called ‘Knights of the Round Table’, making all Gang members accessories to the murder.

Other known members of the Gang, specifically Gavin ‘Galadad’ Gray and Robin Craven, are still at large, though, due to their inactivity, some have started to theorize that they were killed by their comrades. Should their bodies ever be found, it is likely that investigators’ prime suspects would be Arthur and his Knights.

In addition to Home’s murder, the Round Table Gang face a number of charges after years of living outside of the law. These charges include the assault of a mud-collector, the attempted murder of one ‘Black Knight’, the illegal importation of coconuts into the country, animal cruelty against countless swallows and a rabbit, saying ‘ni’ to a simple shrebreb, and the attempted burglary of several castles.

Unfortunately for the Gang, their defence has been mostly comprised of claims that ‘God himself told them to seek the Holy Grail at any cost’ and that ‘they’ve been forgiven for their sins in the eyes of the Lord’, a claim which the prosecution seems poised to treat as a confession to the jury.

In other news, the search continues for the missing toll-keeper of the Bridge of Death, who never returned home after going to work just a month after Home’s death.
Casual Football Fan
Doesn’t Quite Understand

Peter “Darth Vibrator” File
Toke Sunday League Starter

EMIRATES STADIUM, LONDON – 23-year-old information technology specialist and self-proclaimed “footy superfan or whatever” Morris Mawss appeared out of place amidst the scenes of Saturday’s North London derby.

“Myaaaaaaah,” pathetically cried the man-child, eliciting a stare amidst the boos from Gunners fans following a goal by Spurs’ substitute Alexandre Lacazette headed the ball into his own net during stoppage time. “Bloody good match-tie that was, what a derby!”

When prompted for a response to questions about his obvious misunderstanding of football, Mawss dispelled any and all rumours, asking, “did you see that ludicrous display last night? Thing about Arsenal is they always try to walk it in!”

From the Toike Vault

Performed at Studio 8H following his success as a member of Monty Python (Holy Grail ’75, Life of Brian ’79), Spencer Ki’s Saturday Night Live audition has become infamously known as “the worst act in show business, and I’m Chevy Chase.” Also known as “The Career-Ender” and “The Laughless Show Thankfully Not Heard Around the World,” the last copy was thought to have been destroyed in a fit of rage by Jon Lovitz in 1993. The Toike Oike’s “brilliant” stuff of “historians” and “American Classics majors” discovered a copy of the silence-inducing set inside of a Dan Aykroyd clone in John Cleese’s prop closet. Here is the transcript published for, hopefully, the final time.

Official Transcript of Spencer Ki’s Saturday Night Live Audition Tape

Scene: Studio 8H main stage, Spencer Ki (37-year-old Asian man, thick glasses, wearing white collared shirt, blue jeans, and polka dot bowtie) stands in front of the bandstand.

Producer, off-camera: Alright, Mr. Ki, you’re late. We’re already rolling. Whenever you please move to the centre of the stage.

KI: I… I just don’t understand where centre is, sir.

Producer: It’s the bright red stool.

KI: Sorry, but why is there a stool, sir?

Producer: Please stop calling me ‘sir.’ And you requested it via your manager, as well as ‘two kilograms of monkey,’ which we were unable to provide.

KI: Oh! No no, sir, I believe you’ve misunderstood me. I requested “two kilograms of monkey stool, preferably warm.”

Producer: Ah. Well, now we have a stool for you to use if you want.

KI: I don’t feel comfortable throwing this stool around the stage. I don’t feel like it has the same comedic value as fresh faeces.

Producer: Alright, whenever you’re ready, Mr. Ki.

KI: I’m gonna start with some impressions, which I’m told is an integral part of your show.

KI clears his throat, puts on devil horns, and “The Laughless Show” theme tune.

KI: Alright, this is um, this is an American accent: Hi, I’d like a Big Mac combo, and could you Superize the fries?


KI, Cockney: Now tha’ jus’ sounds focken’ cruel, mate. Why you f*cking do it? You takin’ the piss, bruv?

KI, American: Am I takin’ the what? Potatoes, fried potatoes, goddamn.

KI, Cockney: A fried potato? Oh Mate, we go’ chips and crisps. Which you want then?

KI, American: I just want the sandwich is fine.screen fades to black.

KI bows, guitar in hand. Screen fades to black.

End of transcript.
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The scariest part about this beast is the inevitable "F". You may try your best, but you won't succeed.
We are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engiNİrs!

The Chief Who Says Ni

It's 4:20 PM on a Friday. You're parched. You're not sure if you can survive any longer without a BEvERage. Suddenly, the Holy Grail appears. Do NOT under any circumstances drink from the Holy Grail!

The Holy Grail

It may be months after Frosh Week, but we know your toe nails, ear drums, and hearts remain dyed purple.

The Scariest Part About This Inevitable “F”. You try your best, but you won’t succeed.

Engineer’s Foot

A Shrubbery!

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engiNİrs!
Pardon Me, Good Sir, I Don’t Mean To Interrupt...

Darth Vibrator
Toke IS THIS MONTY-PYTHON-ENOUGH, DAD?

Pardon me, good sir, I don’t mean to interrupt but - and I offer my sincerest apologies once again for interrupting, I do understand how frustrating it can be when one is interrupted, there is nothing more rude than an interruption, except perhaps arriving late to a dinner party where one has prepared a rich coq au vin as the main course of a seven-course Provençal dinner despite the coq au vin being a pan-French dish and bouillabaisse being a clear and better choice for the main course of a seven-course Provençal dinner - if you could answer this one question for me, sir, should you find the time to answer it and are willing to answer it in a truly honest and complex manner as one should, do you - once again, only answer should you be comfortable answering in the moment, else I would happily accept a handwritten missive, communiqué, dispatch, or memorandum - but not a note, letter, bill, or message - sent by bonded courier on Thursdays between 16:53 and 19:21 Greenwich Mean to my home on Trinity Road in Birmingham - do you, sir, fancy a row?

I do not mean to insinuate, sir, as that would be awfully impolite of me to do so as insinuation is truly the gentleman’s sin, but it appears clear to me, good sir, that you seek a quarrel and, in I, you shall find one only if such a arrangement would be amenable to you, your spouse, and the person in your employ responsible for the maintenance of your collection of 16th-century Viennese wheellock pistols, any undue stress by having a row in his vicinity.

Should you choose to reply “yae” to my unexpected inquisition, I trust that you shall publish in your local Manxonian paper the precise details of our row, such as the time of the row, the location of the row, the expected humidity in the air at the time and location of the row, the concentration of Eurasian shrew within a cubic Boris Johnson of our scuffle, and precipitation, as all those who wish to view our quarrel deserve to know the precise details of the environment in which they shall be watching us bicker – it is reported by scientists from Leicestershire of all places that too many shrews per cubic BJ results in chronic ennui amongst middle-aged millennials - and we must also issue tickets to all those who fancy viewing our row, as Wembley only has a limited number of seats available for use due to its occupation by that ridiculous football game with the boorish supporters, though I do suppose we must also plan for tea afterwards and we must provide for our guests as well - it would be awfully rude to invite them all to a row and not have tea afterwards, my mum would be awfully scandalised should I forget to offer our guests tea - so I do hope that you have your own set of china that you wouldn’t mind sharing with our guests as my set only has two cups and that is already far too few as I plan on inviting both my mum and her boyfriend, Ken.

Virgin Sex Columnist
Monty Python’s March Sadness

Nhat Leoj
Toke Opposite Name

I’m disappointed, everyone. Suffice it to say that no, you know what? No sufficiency this time, not after the lacklustre response this past month. Thanks for nothing guys. Every time I get a notification with some photo identifying the love of my life, you know what I see? Sherms. Frauds. Duds. Every single email! Now I’ll be entering the dreaded finals season having completely missed out on cufing season. I assure you, if this were the Medieval ages, I wouldn’t be left out; in fact, immediately upon winter’s cumming, I bet I would have been the first to volunteer to be shackled for some consensual dungeon role-playing... especially if one of those huge metal belts with a lock was included.

I remember when I first “awakened” to the mysteries of sex through my first watching of Monty Python and the Holy Grail, a fascinating documentary on the Dark Ages. Sir Galahad the Chaste reminded me of myself - an immature young individual who didn’t understand anything about interactions with certain developed and desirable persons. In particular, it was the castle scene with young maidens (dubiously claiming to be fellow virgins), begging Sir Galahad to spank them, that particularly interested a younger version of this innocent columnist. Even today I deeply sympathize with this stoic chaste greenhorn un- able to understand the carnal environment he was given invitation to enter, as only a seasoned celibate such as myself can appreciate. However, upon reflection, there are many deep and disturbing problems with this representation of the virginial lifestyle.

To start, who knows what weird customs Medieval virgins would have had in those days? Forget spanking – sexual desires were mainly restrained to courtly love, and for good reason. My theory is that their hygiene was so bad that they probably used sheets as protection; not for their genitals, but for everything around them. Right me out.

Don’t even get me started on the lack of sex education back then: when virgins finally lost their status and put all 13 of their corsets back on, they would have been so tired that they wouldn’t have sex for another lunar cycle. Did no one teach the children about the 17 hours of undressing and redressing involved with sex?! The only people with any chance of getting it on were most likely the peasants, who probably went 22/8 if they were going to have any chance of having kids before dying at the age of 30.

Let’s face it – virgins across the ages have basically been naive clucking spring chickens, wet behind the ears and sadly nowhere else. While I appreciate that Monty Python and the Holy Grail made the effort to diversify their story with a non-sexually experienced character, the unfortunate representation of virginial experiences may as well be “fake news”, especially for the given period. I therefore request a reboot of the film, with some serious attention given to rewriting the scene for a more perceptive understanding of the oppressive experiences virgins went through each and every day.
How to Pass as an Immortal Being

Nikola Zzz
Toke Millenial Demon

Are you tired of restless nights spent pondering mortality, instead of that programming assignment in dire need of divine intervention? Do you want to seem cool and sexy in that ageless sort of way that compels English majors worldwide to craft tumblr essays theorizing about your possible role as a Shakespearean muse? Are your student loans predicted to take an approximate 3.1415 millenia to pay off due to your slovenly habits of forking over copious sums for an education that will probably be obsolete in a few years, what with the exponential rate of technological development these days, and oh God you’re going to die alone and unloved with a total of $4.37 and a pack of instant coffee to go away. You’re making the rest of us feel bad.

If you answered yes to even one of these questions, read on! Solutions (non-alcohol based, mostly) lie ahead. If you didn’t, go away. You’re making the rest of us feel bad.

Welcome to the Institute of the Fatally-Challenged, where a Boundless life expectancy is just the beginning! No matter if your motivations are tax-related, love-related, or driven by the fact that the only kick related, love-related, or driven by the fact that the only kick you’ll ever receive is the one that connects you from every corner of space and time for God knows how long. Your diction will essentially be a melting pot of the human soul and all the colonialism it’s been keeping itself busy with. It’s all groovy, you yellow-bellied scoundrel; language rises and falls more dramatically than the Roman Empire (which—and be sure to pepper this into otherwise-unrelated conversations—you were there for). Go forth and beat the living shit out of it.

Step 1: A Brand Spanking New Wardrobe. It really does pain me to be the bearer of bad news, but your unwashed Frosh shirt that you wore cramming for the latest graded horror simply isn’t going to cut it. Immortals exude sophistication, not microbial cultures. And you can put away the business casual suit ensemble you’re wearing? Yeah, they are. From the hands of a victim of the Spanish Inquisition no less, because immortals don’t settle. They simply wait until the problem fades away into the looming obscurity of time.

Step 2: Speaking of the Looming Obscurity of Time... It is officially no longer your problem. It is now what we in the business call “someone else’s.” Forgo replies to emails, DMs; evade taxes, pay- ments, subpoena - you’ll get to all those later, you promise. Wave away the grabby hands of the IRS with a flick of your ageless wrist, simply explaining that time is relative, and not something to be taken too seriously, lest we forget to enjoy ourselves. Toss your agenda into your nearest recycling bin. She’s been good to you, but it’s time you started seeing other people. And in the end, who can blame you for forgetting your midterm on the 15th when you’ve been on this earth for centuries? This is a totally valid and professional excuse to petition with. Trust me.

Step 3: You Are Now On First Name Basis with Every Influential Figure in Recorded History. Isaac, that skank. Telling everyone he “invented calculus”. The man was a talented concept-theif with bad hair, and you were the one that dropped that stupid apple on his head to begin with. Allude to this every moment you get. Allude to it over academic dinners with people that could make or break your career. Allude to it in bed. What makes for better foreplay than explaining how the original sketch looked so much better before Leo muddled up the Mona Lisa with those olive undertones? Absolutely nothing.

Step 4: If it Quacks like a Duck... Then it’s probably an immortal. You’d be surprised at how hard it is to keep track of jargon when it’s been slapped at you from every corner of space-time for God knows how long. Your diction will essentially be a melting pot of the human soul and all the colonialism it’s been keeping itself busy with. It’s all groovy, you yellow-bellied scoundrel; language rises and falls more dramatically than the Roman Empire (which—and be sure to pepper this into otherwise-unrelated conversations—you were there for). Go forth and beat the living shit out of it.

Step 5: Fight for the Earth’s Rights. Finally, we at the Institute like to take the future into account. There are enough immortals out there with their heads still up Oscar Wilde’s ass, and while that’s a fine way to show off your lifespan, it’s got no nuance. You want to give off the semi-desperate air of someone that will be living on this planet long after everyone they love is wormfood, and that they want it habitable. Think environmental science major with a martyr complex. Think farmer worried about the famine lowering itself over his crops like a Bond villain from the ceiling. Advocate, baby! Old-fashioned immortality is so 1893.

An Optional Step 6: Dive Into Hedonism. Nothing says “I cannot for the life of me shuffle off this damned mortal coil” like a gradual slide into moral depravity. And if you’re really feeling funky, you could turn that gradual slide into something a little more modern, like a waterslide, or a botched skydiving attempt.

And there you have it! Five simple steps mostly attain- able from the comfort of your own home, or whatever you’re paying for that passes as one. Welcome to the rest of your life!
The Merits of A No-Deal Brexit and the British National Identity in the Post-Truth Era

Written by the Most Excellent Lady Penelope Lane of Tweedsmyr-Stonehaven-on-Thames-on-Tyne-on-Wear. MBA, OBE, MECH 0T8 (or was it 0T9?) + PEY

Reviewed by Amelia Margaret Olivia Diana Spencer Ki Elizabeth Taylor Lautner Mercer Turnbull Barnesenoble, Baroness of Staffordshire-Leicester-Inghamshire in the central North-Northwest Midlands on March when the clocks were striking thirteen

Illustrations by E.H. Sheppard

Dearest reader, as we approach the deadline for a Brexit deal, Britain finds itself aquiver with anticipation. We are on the verge of our emancipation from the failing European Union and on the precipice of a return to greatness. Did you not notice that the fall of our great empire began when that spineless narwhal Churchill proposed a united Europe? I told Winnie when he won that dice game — and consequently the Tory nom — that he needed to put England first... and, of course, Scotland second, Northern Ireland third, and Wales last. However, Guernsey comes before Jersey but after Man in the list, with Gibraltar just ahead of the Falklands...

The remainder of this article was cut due to space constraints. Please see Appendix B of the Royal Society of London’s meeting minutes from the 15th of March 2019.

Illustrations by E.H. Sheppard

DO YOU HAVE THE ENGLISH SKILLS TO PICK OUT OUR TYPOS AND GRAMMAR FOULSIES? OR LIKE USING AUTO-Correct? EDIT FOR US!

Email toike@skule.ca and get on the mailing list!

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

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.

WANTED: Silly Walks.
CONTACT: The Ministry of Silly Walks, please prepare silly walks in advance. Grants will be awarded for the development of approved silly walks.

WANTED: Advice on how to watch movies with nude scenes with your parents.
CONTACT: Anyone except George R.R. Martin.

WANTED: An unexpected twist.
CONTACT: NOBODY EXPECTS THE SPANISH INQUISITION!

LOST: Killer rabbit.
CONTACT: AHHH IT’S KILL-
**European Swallows**

I think we can agree that European swallows are the far superior bird based on the simple fact that they are migratory. Think of all the things a European swallow has seen over the years.

Hmm. I suppose the fact that an African swallow can carry a coconut should be considered. But worldly experience beats out brute strength any day in my books!

Sir, are you trying to suggest that the duck can physically detach itself from its own pecker?? I think you are underestimating the physical ability of ducks to spin like a spinning top on crack. Are you perhaps suggesting that ducks have a gear system in place somehow to be able to properly rotate into other duck orifices? A LIKELY STORY.

Ah, yes... convenience. Is love ever convenient? If it’s really worth fighting for I think convenience is but a silly priority... *distant gaze*

*even more distant gaze*...

**Ducks Rotate Like a Corkscrew During Sex**

It seriously just makes sense – have you ever seen a duck penis? If you have not, let me enlighten you: it’s a corkscrew. How else would they do it?

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**Duck Penises Bunch Up and Rotate On Their Own**

But the SCIENCE. Let’s think about the math. How fast would the duck have to be spinning to successfully thrust? I’ve actually done this math and I will share it with you: consider the torque requirement, moment of inertia, *physics buzz words*. I can rigorously conclude that the duck would need to spin close to the speed of light. A likely story.

WHY IS A GEAR SYSTEM BEING DISREGARDED AS A POSSIBILITY. Also why is spinning around considered a not non-inconvenient strategy for the ducks?

*even more distant gaze*...

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Well I suppose but -

Well I don’t know but, AHHHH!

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KILLER

BEAVER