

MONTY PYTHON

and the
T*o*i*k*e O*i*k*e*



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 determine 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 entirety of his decades of scientific experience into this novel, extending beyond the topic of efficient witch identification into such topics as astrophysics, battle strategy, and, perhaps most peculiar, duck anatomy.

"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've 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 Armisoff, 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, Armisoff 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 embarrassed 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."

Armisoff 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.

"Journalist" Taunted While Attempting to Interview Castle Residents

Arthur Pencillizard
Toike Castle Interior Design Columnist

As I approach the castle of Guy de Loimbard, I can't help but notice the elegance of the simplistic exterior. The grey stone contrasts well with the lush green countryside on which it sits and the vibrant blue sky behind it. The turrets give the fortress a classic and timeless look. As I come closer to the keep, I see a heavy oak door, large enough to fit a large wooden rabbit, which seems to be meant to make guests feel small. I knock but no one comes to the door.

"Hallo," I hear from above. At the top of the castle walls is an armour-clad man with a dark, twirled moustache. "Hallo, who is it?"

"Hello, I'm the writer from the

Toike Oike, Arthur Pencillizard," I shout to the knight. "I have an appointment with Guy de Loimbard to interview him and tour this castle."

"Well, I will see if he wants me to let you in," the man says in a heavy French accent, which confirms my suspicion of a strong French influence on the castle's design. "But I don't think he'll be too keen on another writer coming into the castle. You see, we've already got one and he's very nice."

"I beg your pardon," I shout, concerned that I may not get to see the regality of the interior. "But I have an appointment. Are you sure you have another writer up there already?"

"Oh yes. And he at least has some manners. But you come to the door and start bashing away at it

as if your father was a donkey and you inherited his hooves. I blow my burps at you, sir. Now go back to your silly little paper or I shall taunt you again."

"Now listen here, sir. I've been told by my Editor that I can either come back with an article or not at all so you will let me in this instant!"

"No. I don't want to look at you no more, you pig-nosed weasel. You're probably immortal because I can't imagine the Devil would want to spend time with you, you mud-covered sow."

I try to think of a comeback as I admire the fine craftsmanship of the door and its ornate knocker and handles and OH MY GOD, HE'S THROWING ANIMALS OVER THE CASTLE WALLS AND I THINK THAT COW HAD AN ERECTION! RUN AWAY!

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EngSoc Changes Election Process for President

Patsy
Toike Working Class Representative

After a record-low turnout for the most recent Engineering Society Officer elections, Eng-Soc has announced a proposed change to the elections process. Rather than continue to allow students to ignore their right to vote for their President, all interested candidates will now be required to report to the Nathan Phillips Square pond where the next President will be chosen by the *Person in the Pond*, a new Skule™ position to be chosen during F!rosh week for the sole purpose of selecting the next President.

According to sources, whoever the *Person in the Pond* bestows the mighty sword *Exclassibur* on shall be declared the new President of the Engineering Society by divine providence. Though the University has announced that the blade is purely ceremonial, it is rumoured to be able to cut a student's GPA in half with a single swipe.

Reception to the new system has ranged from indifference to strong opposition so far. "President? I didn't know we had a President," said one sleep-deprived ECE. "I thought we used a Prime Minister?"

"This new system is a complete farce," said Dennis, a fourth-year industrial engineering student. "An aquatic weapon-gifting ceremony can't give someone supreme executive power. I mean I can't go around saying that I'm the King of Canada just because some angry swimmer threw a moistened Gladius at me...Not that that's ever happened."

The change to the election process does have at least one supporter in Clare, the only third-year mineral engineering student. "I think this change is great. It gives students in smaller disciplines a chance against students in larger disciplines who have their whole discipline already voting for them. Personally, I'm excited to put my name forward for President and see who the *Person in the Pond* chooses."

It is unclear whether Clare's support had anything to do with the giant magnet behind her, though she claimed to have no idea how it got there.

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 'nail.'" I believe that what I'm 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 corn-dog"? Maybe next time if 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 experience 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!" Heck ya it would! Therefore the Exam Centre is the perfect place to "exchange bodily fluids."

PLEASE GIVE US YOUR MONEY!

Brendyn Lister
Definitely not the Toike Managing Editor

Please give us your money, please. Look at this paper; don't you like it? Well thanks to numerous advances by the Ford administration, we are very concerned about whether we'll have enough money to keep this glorious enterprise afloat. We were able to prevent censorship for so long - I mean, what other paper had the guts to confront Thug Ford on his OSAP cuts? -

but Ol' Dougie finally pulled the rug out from under us, making it mandatory to allow students to opt out of funding for campus groups.

For this reason we need your help desperately, please donate to allow us to keep running this fantastic paper. We have included an image of our expenses for full transparency so you know exactly where your funds will be going to.

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 'Galahad' 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 shrubber, 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.

Toike Budget 2018-2019

For the Toike Oike fiscal year starting in May 2018 and ending in April 2019.

	Cost		
PRINTING			
September Issue	\$2,000.00		
October Issue	\$1,200.00		
November Issue	\$1,200.00		
January Issue	\$1,200.00		
February Issue	\$1,200.00		
March Issue	\$1,200.00		
REVENUE			
Advertisements	(\$400.00)		
TEAM BUILDING			
Snacks	\$200.00		
Beverages	\$450.00		
Ladies of the Evening	\$2,000.00		
Sugar (\$98/g)	\$1,960.00		
TOTAL	\$12,210.00		

Casual Football Fan Doesn't Quite Understand

Peter "Darth Vibrator" File
Toike 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.

"Yeaaaaaah," pathetically cried the man-child, eliciting a stare amidst the boos from Gunners fans following a goal by Spurs' and England striker Harry Kane.

Things only got worse for him as the match went on. Mawss was reportedly unfamiliar with the common stadium chant "We're Fucking Shit," reportedly screaming a more age-appropriate version of the age-old classic. Following a foul on fleet-footed forward Pierre-Emerick Aubameyang by Jan Vertonghen, the agitated employee of Rennum Industries spilled his milk while declaring that the Belgian centre-half was "being quite rude."

"That sure was a cracking screamer of a belter on the volley, that sure was," declared Mawss after

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" "staff" 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 no, sir, I believe you've misunderstood us. 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 com-

fortable 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 cocks his eyebrows.

KI, in a mocking falsetto: Hellooo, I'm Maggie Thatcher. I hate unions - workers are so dirty. I won the Falklands War. Look at me, I'm Margaret Thatcher, I'm the Iron Lady!

Silence

KI: Alright, this is, um, this is... an American at a British MacDonald's trying to order...

KI, Southern American accent: Hi, I'd like a Big Mac combo, and could you Supersize the fries?

KI, supposed Cockney but same Southern ac-

cent: Oy, you wot?

KI, **American:** Could you Supersize the fries?

KI, **Cockney:** Sorry, Supersize the fried wot?

KI, **American:** The French fries!

KI, **Cockney:** Now tha' jus' sounds focken' cruel, mate. Why you fry a frenchman? You takin' the piss, bruv?

KI, **American:** Am I takin' the what? Potatoes. Fried potatoes, goddammit.

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

KI, **American** and visibly frustrated: Just the sandwich is fine.

Silence

Producer: Was that the punchline?

KI: Um, alright, I, uh, have one more thing for you guys, this one's a song.

KI pulls out a guitar from behind the stool. He strums it once - it's clearly out of tune.

KI: This is to the tune of "With A Little Help

From My Friends."

What would you do if I made a big stool, Would you bend down and baby wipe me?

Lend me your pants so I can ride on the bus

And I'll try not to stain brown the seat.

Oh, I shit dry into my buddies' little hands

Mm, my shit flies into my buddies' little hands

Mm, get pink eye from my buddies' little hands

What do I do when my bud is away?

(Does it worry you to poo at home?)

How do I poo at the end of the day?

(Do you miss your own personal throne?)

Yes, I shit dry into my buddies' little hands

Mm, my shit flies into my buddies' little hands

Mm, get pink eye from my buddies' little hands

Do you need some TP?

I need two-ply, one roll!

Could it be any com-

pany?

I need Royale, one roll!

Oh, I shit dry into my buddies' little hands

Into my buddies' little hands

com'pany?

I need Royale, one roll!

Would you believe in a wet and white poo?

Yes, I'm certain it happens all the time.

What do you see when you turn out the light?

That poo, all wet, and all white!

Oh, I shit dry into my buddies' little hands

Mm, my shit flies into my buddies' little hands

Mm, get pink eye from my buddies' little hands

Do you need some TP?

I need two-ply, one roll!

Could it be any com-

pany?

I need Royale, one roll!

Oh, I shit dry into my buddies' little hands

Into my buddies' little hands

Thank you!

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

End of transcript.

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AVERAGE F!ROSH MOLLUSC

The average F!rosh comes complete with a basic yellow shell. Customize them up in some of the fancy shells below!



Officer shell.



??? shell.



Class representative shell.

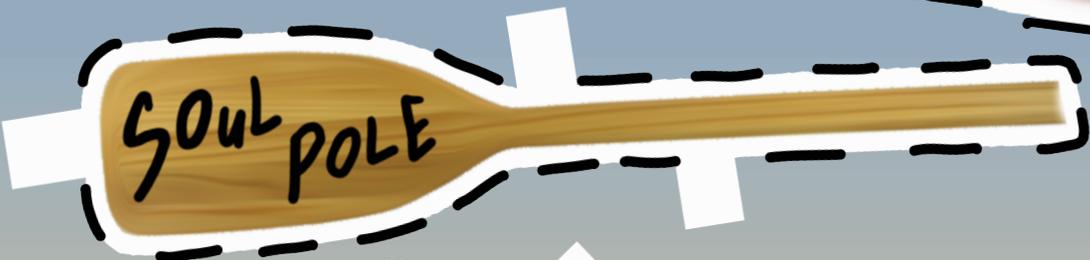
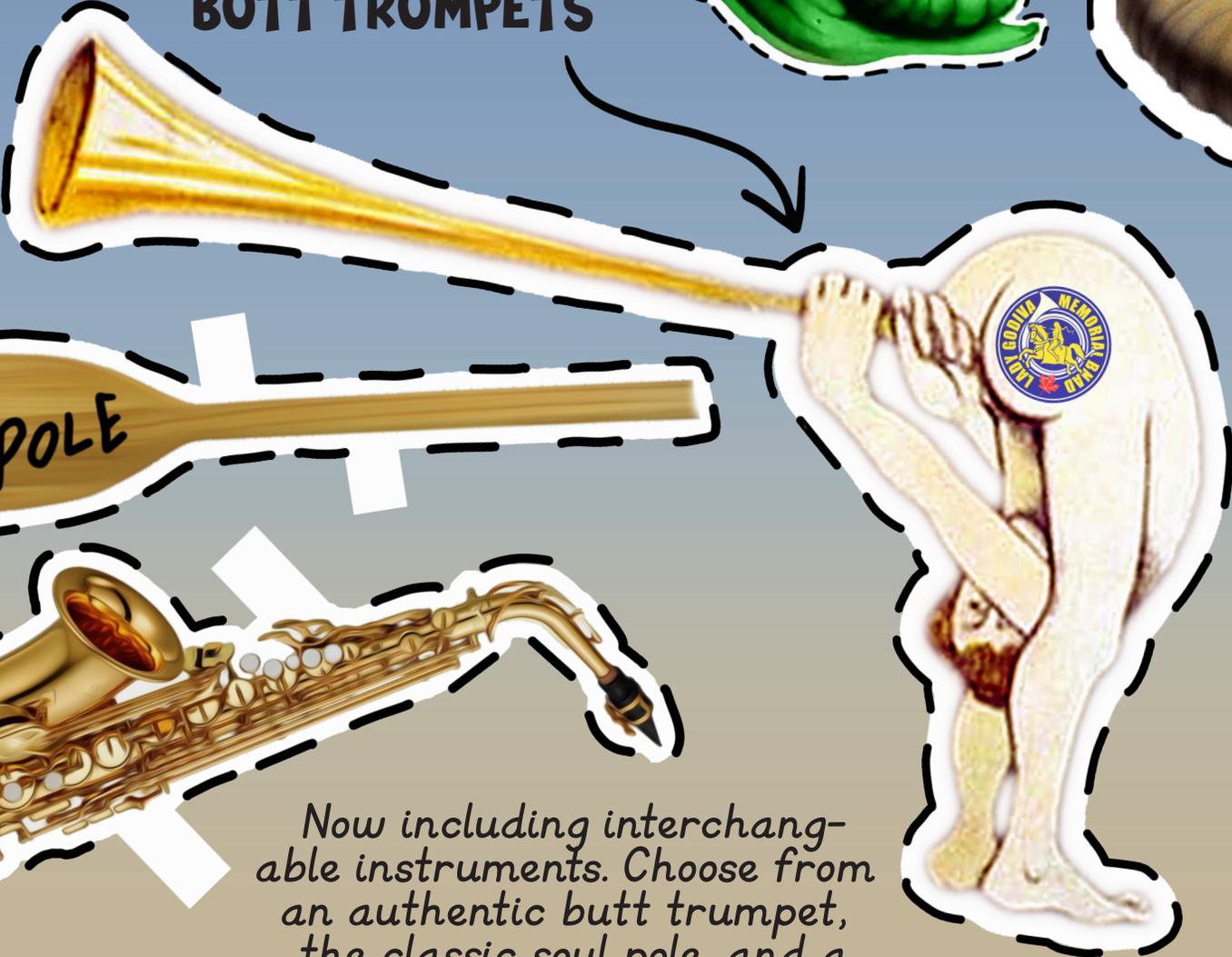


Project director shell.



**BLACK BEAST
FINAL EXARRRRGGG**

LADY GODIVA MEMORIAL BUTT TRUMPETS



Now including interchangeable instruments. Choose from an authentic butt trumpet, the classic soul pole, and a sexy saxophone.



The scariest
beast is the in
may try your
won't s

YOUR SCARY CALC 2 PROFESSOR

THE HOLY GRAIL

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 circum-
stances drink
from the Holy
Grail!



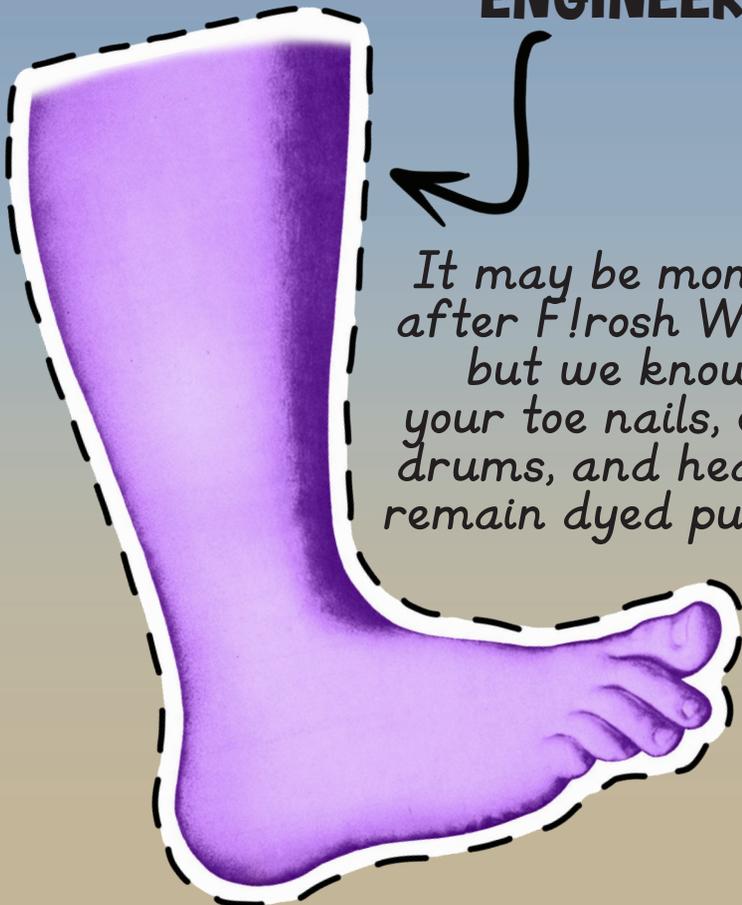
THE CHIEF WHO SAYS Ni



A SHRUBBERY!

ENGINEER'S FOOT

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



T OF GHHHMS



part about this
inevitable "F". You
r best, but you
succeed.

We are, we are, we are, we
are, we are the engiNIrs!

Norm & Gord Discuss Elderberries

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

This month's column is sponsored by the BBC. BBC - England's favourite porn category.

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

Gord: Hi there!

Norm: - and today we're gonna discuss, uh, elderberries.

Gord: What the heck is an elderberry?

Norm: Well, Gord, we're discussing elderberr-ies, so an elderberr-y is one.

Gord: I understand grammar, ya hosehead. Oxford commas!

Norm: What... What about Oxford commas?

Gord: They're well-dressed, ya know, because they're from England and they're all fancy, right?

Norm: Anyway, I think we're supposed to be talkin' about *Monty Python* 'r somethin'.

Gord: That's a nice name for a snake.

Norm: No, ya hoser, we're talkin' about the sketch comedy group.

Gord: Oh... Oh! Right. I liked *SCTV* better.

Norm: So did I.

Gord: They're British, eh?

Norm: No, they're from Trawna.

Gord: Really? *Monty Python* 'r Canadian?

Norm: No, I meant -

Gord: But you just said that they're from Trawna.

Norm: I was talkin' about *SCTV*.

Gord: But I thought they were based in Chicago?

Norm: Well yeah, but *SCTV* was started by their Canadian branch.

Gord: I hear *SNL* ripped 'em off.

Norm: Ripped off who?

Gord: Yeah.

Norm: What?

Gord: Yeah, it's a total rip-off, eh.

Norm: Well huh. Still a big fan

Gord: Traitor.

Norm: For the last time this year, this has been Norm and Gord McLuhan -

Gord: Aw.

Norm: - discussing elderberries.

Pardon Me, Good Sir, I Don't Mean To Interrupt...

Darth Vibrator

Toike 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 mis-

sive, 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?

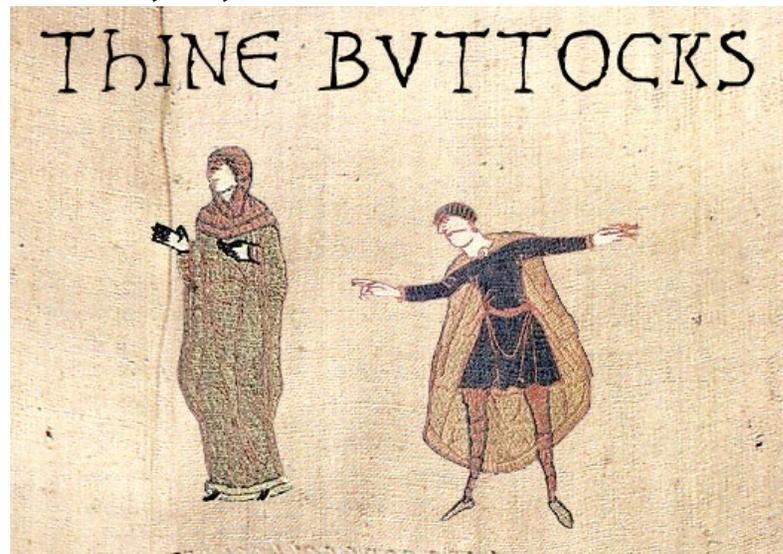
I do not mean to insinuate, sir, as that would be awfully impolite of me to do so as insinuation is truly the gentleman's sin, but it appears clear to me, good sir, that you seek a quarrel and, in I, you shall find one only if such an arrangement would be amenable to you, your spouse, and the person in your employ responsible for the maintenance of your collection of 16th-century Viennese wheellock pistols, not because I believe that our row shall descend into violence, good sir, but because I hear that the fellow is worked to the bone and deserves a vacation to visit his daughter who attends one of the lesser Colleges of Oxford University and shares a room with an

awful-smelling Glaswegian who spends her time singing Gilbert and Sullivan in her pants despite the fact that the fellow in the next room is deathly allergic to poor singing, and I wouldn't want to cause him, the man 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 Mancunian paper the precise details of our row, such as the time of the row, the duration 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 club 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



Above: An authentic Medieval tapestry depicting a chivalrous gentleman displaying the finest form of flirtation in this age.

Nhak Leoj

Toike Opposite Name

I'm disappointed, everyone. Suffice it to say that- no, you know what? No sufficement this time, not after the lackluster 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? Shams. Frauds. Duds. Every single email! Now I'll be entering the dreaded finals season having completely missed out on cuffing 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 de-

veloped 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 unable 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 virginal 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.

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 had to do it 25/8 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 virginal 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
Toike Millennial 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 your name*—ahem.

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 remaining in your repertoire of kicks is the one that connects with the bucket, this article is for you - and appearing mortal simply isn't. Follow these five easy steps, and in no time the talk of the town will be replaced

entirely with your hideously long lifespan. "I heard he'll never bite the dust," they'll say. "Born God-knows-how-long ago and not a single dust particle bothered. It's rather hygienic of him, really."

Step 1: A Brand Spanking New Wardrobe. It really does pain me to be the bearer of bad news, but your unwashed F!rosh 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 have hanging hopefully in your closet, too. What are you, 158? Grow up. Check out your local Renaissance Fair. Indulge in a cape or two. Are those authentic 13th century goat-skin slippers 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, payments, subpoenas - 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-thief 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 scourge; language rises and falls more dramatically than the

Roman Empire (which—and be sure to pepper this into other-wise 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 attainable from the comfort of your own home, or whatever you're paying for that passes as one. Welcome to the rest of your life!

YER SUDS
AWAY FROM SUDS
SINCE 9T6



5.99 lunch specials
weekdays

Monday
cheap liquor
trivia

Tuesday
toonie
shots/apps

Wednesday
open mike
pub quiz

Thursday
giant beer sale

Friday
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Saturday
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no cover

Sunday
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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 Tweedsmuir-Stonehaven-on-Thames-on-Tyne-on-Wear. MBA, OBE, MECH oT8 (or was it oT9?) + PEY

Edited by his Excellency the Bishop Redmond Periwinkle of Manchestershire-on-Avon-upon-Mersey-on-Avon

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Lord's Year 2019, by the grace of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

Reviewed by Amelia Margaret Olivia Diana Spencer Ki Elizabeth Taylor Lautner Mercer Turnbull Barnesenoble, Baroness of Staffordshire-Leicestershire in the central North-Northwest Midlands on a bright cold day in 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 Maech 2019.

CLASSIFIEDS

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-

TOIKEOSCOPES



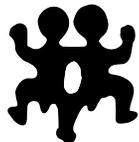
ARIES

This will be the month your partner m-aries... your best friend. Sorry.



TAURUS

Love will come into your life with all the grace of a bull in a china shop!



GEMINI

After a cloning experiment gone wrong, you'll be seeing double.



CANCER

Something interesting will probably happen to you in the coming days, assuming this is still your mailing address...



LEO

You're gonna die a-*leo*-ne unless you contribute to the *Toike* next year.



VIRGO

Oh no! You *virgo*-t that you had a date tonight, and you haven't showered in six days!



LIBRA

You will flunk out of U of T only to feel *libra*-ted... before the guilt sets in.



SCORPIO

BEWARE! Your greatest rival is right behind you! And they've got a *scor-pio* to settle. *cue Pokémon rival music*



SAGITTARIUS

Mercury is in retrograde, which means that there's hope for (sagittari)-us! Or something... Karen? Hello?



CAPRICORN

This might be kinda *capricorn*-y but I... I think I like you?



AQUARIUS

Help me! I'm drowning in my love for you!



PISCES

There was something *phishy* about that grad school application... why did they need my mother's maiden name and SIN?

WANT TO JOIN THE TOIKE?

READ THIS BLACK BOX!

Are you fairly hilarious? Or not quite funny yes? We want you!

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

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

Do you have the English skills required to pick out our typos and grammar follies? 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.

Mojo Jo Jo vs. Ivanna Tinkle

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Ducks Rotate Like a Corkscrew During Sex

VS

Duck Penises Bunch Up and Rotate On Their Own

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?

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.

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.

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

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 ...

Sir Bedevere vs. The Old Man from Scene 24

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

European Swallows

VS

African 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.

Ah hee he he he ha. HA HA HE HE HE HE!

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!

HE HE HE! Shall we say that flight speed is an adequate tie-breaker?

Well I suppose but -

Then what is the airspeed velocity of an unladen *European* swallow?

Well I don't know but, AHHH!

HE HE HE HE! Now that is how you win a point-counterpoint!

Positive Polly vs. Negative Nelly

POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Yes

VS

No

Yes! All right. Alright, alright, alright. Very well, of course. By all means, sure. Certainly. Absolutely. Indeed. In the affirmative. Agreed. Roger that! 10-4 good, buddy. Aye aye, cap'n! Yeah, yah, yep, yup, YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!! Uh-huh... okay. Okey-dokey artichokey, okey-doke. Achcha. Right-o, righty-ho. Surely, right? Yea. Mhmm, fo sho. Hell YEAH motha-fucka!

No, no way. No indeed! Absolutely not. Most certainly not. Of *course* not, under *no* circumstances. By *no* means. Not at all. Negative. Heaven's, no. *Never*. I shan't. Not really... DECLINED. No thanks. Nae. NOPE. Naw. Not on your life. No way, José. No fear. Not on your nelly, no siree. I say *nay*, dear sir!

KILLER



BEAVER