

# OLD MACDONALD HAD A TOIKE







The inspiration for this *Toike* came many moons ago. In fact, creating this *Toike* was the goal that I set out to accomplish as Editor, whether I achieved anything else, or not. I am not from a farm (nor from fucking Etobicoke, for the *record*), however, I have learned much about farm life during the rigorous research I did to prepare for this issue. I learned many a thing by interviewing numerous Ontarian farmers. I now know that tractor square dancing exists, it “really is hard to tell that she’s your second cousin when the lights are off and you only see her thrice a year on the holy days,” and that “if you had as many bucks in your wallet as bucks on your wall, you’d have well... give or take six bucks” [1].

During field research, I came across many facts of daily farm life that, frankly, boggled my mind. Namely, male sheep have massive ball sacks that grow *wool*. **WOOL**. Are you kidding me? I thought I was going nuts and seeing a furry udder on this fucking sheep, but *no*, it was a

wooly ball sack the size of a cantaloupe. Also, I took a picture with a horse butt ha ha.

**References**  
[1] Keeso and N. Summer, *Let-terkenny Problems Ep. 1*. Let-terkenny, Ontario: PlayFun-GamesPictures, 2013.



**Matt:** Hi, and welcome to *Farm Toike*! We’re so glad that you picked up this issue, because we put so much work into cultivating this very *Toike*. We tilled the fields, and sowed the *Toike* seeds by hand. The feces of the one mineral engineer (approx. 150 kg, or one week’s worth) was used to fertilise the land. Each morning, we would go out and water the seeds with a bucket of moonshine left over from Suds. And then, once grown and matured, we collected the *Toike* fruit and submitted to the VP of Communications for quality control. After having judged it as XXX-grade comedy, we have placed it on newsstands around the campus for your consumption.

**Graeme:** That’s right, brother-cousin. We woke with the sun and dint’ go to sleep ‘til the fermented sheep-milk put us to sleep, workin’ er’ry minit in between. We plowed ‘til we got blisters; we planted our seeds deep ‘til our seed sacks were empty; we wore out hoes and

just flipped ‘em o’er and kept usin’ ‘em; we did sexual stuff to relatives and farm animals, which sounds like it should be illegal but it’s not in a lot of cases. It was hard work, but it was worth it to produce the *Toike* yer holdin’ now.



**\*If your *Toike* is sticky or smells weird, you may be entitled to compensation in the form of a free replacement *Toike*. Go to any authorized *Toike* newsstand to claim your horse-semen-free copy of *Farm Toike* today.**



Ho there,  
  
I seem to be in a bit of a pickle. See, all them lawyer been gettin’ pissy about my own, *personal affairs*. Ain’t nobody’s business who I wanna do the dirty with, eh? Stop gettin’ on my ass sayin’ shit like “Oh, buddy, uh, yeah that’s a horse, buddy, you know?” All I’m sayin’ is “Thanks, sir, I know thas’ a horse. I

ain’t blind, you hoser! Go fuck Aunt Genie, and don’t you damn forget to invite me!” Anyway, I guess my question is this: would you go to Buffalo to see the Leafs play and for the cheap gas, even though they don’t even have all-dressed chips in that shithole?  
  
Thanks,  
  
Boomer Kingsley

Hey, Boomer!  
  
To answer your question: no, of course I wouldn’t go somewhere without all-dressed chips, because I’m not *crazy*. I also have some advice for your pickle of a situation: don’t let the haters get you down, Boomer. If you want to fuck your horse, we here at the *Toike* will fully support you.  
  
Sincerely,  
  
Joanna

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COLOPHON

Each month, the staff and contributors of *The Toike Oike* gather at a specific point given by geographical coordinates: 43°39’36.6”N 79°23’42.0”W. They all stand in a circle, join hands, and recite a chant that will not be disclosed to mere readers of *The Toike*. As they chant, smoke starts to form, seeming to escape from the floor. The people of *The Toike Oike* gaze upon the centre of the circle as a green figure begins to emerge from the smoke. Who could it be? All of a sudden, the man himself, Shrek, appears. He is also holding a cat. Shrek hands the Editor the cat. It turns into the next issue of *The Toike*. They all rejoice. All is well.

WHAT HO?

*The Toike Oike* is a tract of land devoted to agricultural purposes. Often, acts of incest and bestiality occur on a *Toike Oike*. People who live on a *Toike Oike* have been witnessed saying, “Just because I live on a *Toike Oike* doesn’t mean I am fucking my brother, Joanna! Or my horse! Fuck you too, Ben!”

DISCLAIMER

The incestuous opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not sue us, as we have just booked ourselves a trip to somewhere cooler than Toronto, and seriously cannot afford a lawyer; also we’ll be too busy having a hoot and a half on our vacation. Peace out homies.

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ENGINEERING SOCIETY



# TOIKE LIFESTYLE: AGRICULTURE ON THE DAY-TO-DAY

**Holly Couture**  
Toike Lifestyle Blogger

*This week for Toike Lifestyle, we hear from local farmer, Lloyd Johnson. We asked Lloyd to share his daily routine with us to give us city folk some insight into the day-to-day work of a farmer. Here's what Lloyd sent to us:*

Howdy, y'all! My name's Lloyd, and *The Toike Oike* asked me to tell you folks what I get up to on the day-to-day. On my farm, I grow corn and wheat, and I have cows, pigs, chickens, and horses. Taking you around with me on my day makes me happier than a pig in mud and I hope y'all enjoy it as well.

**4:15:** Up and at em! If you don't start your day before the sun rises, how will you know it did? The first thing I do in the morning is clean my shovels. Some people like meditating or reading when they wake up, but I find that my days go the best when the first thing I do is scrape dry cow shit off a shovel.

**5:00:** Count your chickens before they hatch. That means I count my eggs, y'all! Now I take the number of eggs, multiply that by 9, divide by 5, add 32, and add 273.15. At this point I also switch all the eggs to different chickens. Except I keep two for my breakfast. Just crack 'em straight into my mouth! When they're this fresh, they don't even need cookin'.

**6:15:** Tobacco break. I've been trying to cut back on the tobacco, so I wait until 6:15 for my first

fix. It's been a real struggle, but the Grace of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is helping me along. My chew of choice is Copenhagen Snuff. Mmm, that's good stuff (not sponsored).

**8:00:** So once I'm done my tobacco break, I go watch the animals. Mostly to see if there's any mixing and mingling (breeding) going on. It's important for me to monitor this closely for the health of my herd.

**10:00:** Tobacco break. Folks, this means chewin', spittin' and smokin'. Gotta support local tobacco growers ya'know?

**12:00:** Around now I usually take my horse to the old town road and ride 'til I get to the local diner. Nancy at the diner serves a mean roast beef. And I should know. I sold her the beef and that particular steer darn near kicked my balls right back up inside me. It's also the afternoon now, meaning it's socially acceptable to drink, so I'll have 5 to 10 drinks with lunch. Good Canadian beer, and none of that craft beer yuppie bullshit.

**1:00:** TRACTOR DRIVING TIME! After I get nice and tipsy, I like to take my 6000lbs tractor out for a drive. Sometimes I got work to do, gotta work my dirt, and other times I just like to drive it around because I like the way it sounds.

**2:00:** Tobacco break. Also, it's the afternoon, and that means whiskey break. I have two hands and a lip, so that means I can handle

a (big) dip, a 26 of whiskey, and a chain of cigarettes. 2:00 is my favourite time of day.

**2:45:** Around now I like to line up my horses from tallest to shortest. I just like the way it looks. And then I like to line up my male horses from longest to shortest.

**3:30:** Polish my prize-winning radish. In 1985, my daddy won the county's best radish, and that radish has been a treasured family heirloom since then. For some reason, it's a little soft and smelly though...

**5:30:** Oink the chickens and cluck the pigs. Pretty self explanatory.

**6:00:** It's dinner time! 6 o'clock is always dinner time on the farm. Always. Dinner time means lots of food, and 2-12 beers.

**8:00:** Ok I might have passed out for a bit there. But now's abouts the time that I need to go feed some beasts. My cows have a diet of pure Dr. Pepper and crushed peanuts. My vets say that it's 'not healthy' but I tried to switch them off of it and they didn't like that one bit! Why would any cow want to eat grass when they could have Dr. Pepper and peanuts?!

**10:00:** That's bedtime for me, folks! I've got a 26 to sleep off and an early start tomorrow.

Thanks for tagging along y'all, and I hope you learned something!

# GMO CORN CREATURES RAMPAGE THROUGH UNIVERSITY

**Lactuca Butterhead**

Toike Resident Foodie

TORONTO, ON — Around 2 pm last Wednesday, hordes of genetically modified corn "beings" paraded down St. George Street. These beasts were at least 6 feet tall, had legs, and were otherwise completely made of corn. As they marched, they chanted, "NO MORE EAT CORN" - even though they had no visible mouths. Quite a sizable number of people followed them, eating the bits of corn that were falling off their bodies. When asked to comment, one of them said, "Well, as it is free food, I don't really see a problem. You just have to avoid getting crushed."

Professor Zea Mays of the Agriculture Department at the University of Toronto urged everyone to calm the [expletive] down. "They're going to wilt pretty soon after all this vigorous movement. Corn has a pretty bad shelf life if you whack it around this much. Trust me. I know. Don't ask why.

Just let it go." When asked why she thought corn had been genetically modified to be this dangerous she replied, "We all make mistakes."

When asked if we should actually stop eating corn, Professor Mays told reporters it probably wouldn't make a difference. "Corn is probably the dumbest of all the vegetables, so it really won't be able to tell if we're conforming to its demands or not." She continued, "Lettuce, now that's a vegetable that could really enact some change."

Professor Mays' advice to leave the corn alone worked out quite well. The corn just kept on marching and ended up getting crushed by the falling Gardiner Expressway. That won't stop them from appearing in the nightmares of many for years to come.

On a completely unrelated note, Professor Mays has asked that if anyone has any spare lettuce lying around that they donate it to her lab for "real research reasons."



## From the Toike Vault by Dastardly Darth Vibrator

Written during Philip K Dick's first manic phase, "Do Farmers Long for Mutant Tomatoes?" (1960) was the earliest draft of what would later become the legendary "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" A surreal, nonsense novelette also known as "Why Must My Meninges Vibrate So?," it has gone unpublished for over a half-century due to Dick expressly forbidding its publication in his will. The Toike Oike's brilliant staff of blade runners discovered the work printed in edible ink on LSD sheets. Here is the first page published for the first time.

# DO FARMERS LONG FOR MUTANT TOMATOES?

by Philip K Dick

Consider the tomato: a botanical fruit, and a gastronomic vegetable. It is used in sauces, but not jams. It is juice, yet is never on its own in a salad. Red, rotund fucks. Always watching us from the garden with their eyes - they can see us through the walls. Yet, it stands ever still, only moving in the wind. Does it move when we don't look? How are we to know, we can't see if we don't look, so how will we know?

WHAT WAS THAT SOUND IN THE GARDEN? Was it just the wind in the trellis, or the sound of the tomatoes' invasion force climbing a ladder to gain access to your second-floor windows? How are we to know if tomatoes do not move when we look at them? Cherry tomatoes are girls. The farmer longs for a mutant tomato, one without the eyes and brain we are all used to in a tomato, that familiar *crunch-crunch-crunch* of tomato bones. Tomatoes taste like teeth. The tomato has three hands and seven legs.

We long for marinara, yet we fear the sphere. Why are there grape tomatoes but not tomato grapes? They don't taste like grapes. They don't really look like grapes. Bolognese. Do tomatoes have gods, and are they tomatillos? CAN YOU SEE ME, TOMATO? I DON'T FEAR YOU. **FACE ME, COWARD.**

This is what the tomato wants: to turn us against each other. But ah-ha! Ha! We know, we know this, we know their plan. They WANT us to be afraid so what we're going to do is pretend to be afraid of them and, when they're not looking, we're gonna smush them into classic tomato wine. *Stomp-stomp-stomp!*

Darling! Prepare the bread, for tonight we eat bruschetta! If the tomatoes want war, they will have it!



What to Do if You  
Wake Up at 3am and There's  
a Farmer Standing in Your Room



- STEP ONE: Ask if the cows have come home. This can easily be done by asking,  
"Have the cows come home?"
- STEP TWO: If the farmer says, "Yes the cows have come home," everything is fine. Back to bed!
- STEP THREE: If the farmer says he's here for another reason, ask, "Farmer, why are you here?"
- STEP FOUR: If the farmer says, "I need help with my magical beans," go with him. You might get to meet Jack!
- STEP FIVE: If they don't say that, there is no reason for this farmer to be in your room.
- STEP SIX: Deploy anti-intruder measures.

NEW LEGISLATION HAS VEGANS  
QUAKING IN THEIR HEMP SHOES

Jane Mulaney  
Toike Politics Consultant

Ontario farms are being ravaged by a new tenacious vermin. Until recently, there was little our hard working farmers could do about it. This new vermin is the most persistent and brazen this country has ever seen, vegans stop at nothing when it comes to satisfying their love for squash and various seasonal vegetables. Regarding this problem one local farmer commented: "Dem stinking vegans are ruining everythin'. They come in and dig up our carrots, they munch on our kale, and I even saw one pry open my prize cow Bessie's jaw, grabbed her food right out of her mouth. Poor ol' Bessie didn't know what was happenin' now she's all scared of em' and sulks whenever a vegan's nearby but I mean we all do so

can't blame her."

After years of facing this crisis, farmers are finally able to stand up against these sneaky herbivores, before this new legislation they couldn't do more than hang dead heads of lettuce off the sides of their house to ward off the vegans. The hope in this was that vegans would interpret this as a warning sign that vegetable eaters were not welcome. This ended up not being very effective. The rotting lettuce seemed to act as a beacon, calling all vegans in a 50 km radius who were attracted to the smell of chlorophyll.

This new bill gives farmers far more flexibility in how they may defend against this growing threat. It gives them the ability to hang a variety of cured meats in and around their fields to scare

off the vegans. In fact, many farmers have even elected to replace the traditional scarecrows with these cured meat figures, viewing vegans as a much more pressing threat than birds. Another, now legal, vegan prevention method some farmers are taking is spraying crops with a variety of new pesticides including milk and bacon grease. Certain farmers have also attested to the fact that using ground beef and cheese as fertilizer has also been extremely effective: "Vegans cower in fear, they flee from the fields like roaches when we bring out the taco Tuesday leftovers."

With these new developments, we wish our farmers luck in their noble battle. May their crops be plentiful and their fields be veganless.

Virgin Sex Columnist  
PREPARING FOR MARCH PLANTNESS

Nhak Leoj  
Toike Opposite Name

A manual manuring March to you all, my dear readers!

And you know what that means-Spring is almost upon us! Everyone knows that with the coming of spring, it's time to get your gardens plenary, developed, and ready to procreate!

You may be surprised at the heading of this latest VSC. Well, I'm proud to announce that my professional experience has finally taken a turn. It appears that I did so badly with my last article that the editor has decided to reassign me to the "Sowing and Blowing" division, a brand new department created only for me!

Finally, I'm able to truly follow my ploughing passion, so with that in mind, I've decided to start my own investigation into the farming industry, starting with the brand new Miracle-Sprout™ product, which I happened to discover online while, uh, researching. To that end, I've brought professional plower, Billy "Farmer Ballin'" Bob, in from the Ron Jeremy Corp. to speak with me about their new

product.

**VSC:** Welcome Billy Bob, it's an honor to speak with you. First off, I'm curious — why do they call you "Farmer Ballin'"?

**Farmer Ballin':** Because I sow my seeds deeeep... very deep. Balls deep, if you know what I mean.

**VSC:** Yes, of course, haha, one should always check that the sprout's bulbs are fully covered

in the dirt. How did you first get involved with this product?

**Farmer Ballin':** Well, I had recently gone virtual, showing off my beanstalk to the internet, when I was approached by the one and only expert Ron Jeremy himself, the man who perfected the Miracle-Sprout™ product.

**VSC:** Wow, that sounds like quite an impressive plant if you were showing it to the internet! I'd love to see this impressive

shrub sometime.

**Farmer Ballin':** Oh, I'd be willing to show you the effects on my stalk anytime. And it's all thanks to this new product. Not only due to the impressive growth — when someone ingests the "seeds" of my work, they swear it tastes fantastic, everytime. Of course, always use protection when sowing your seeds into your hoes, folks.

**VSC:** Wow, that's truly wonder

ful! Although I think you mixed up "soil" with "hoe." However, why do you say to use protection? Is your product dangerous to the seeds?

**Farmer Ballin':** Whoa whoa, I didn't say that! Who told you our product is dangerous? No, my nuts are perfectly healthy, thank you very much.

**VSC:** I wasn't asking about nuts, sir, I was asking about the adverse effects on your green stalks!

**Farmer Ballin':** Well, I can assure you that my stalk is certainly not green, and our product is perfectly safe.

**VSC:** Uh, okay. Well, I still have my concerns, especially with "not-green" plants, that doesn't sound healthy, but I'll take them up with the FDA later. Well, Farmer Ballin', do you have any final words for my readers?

**Farmer Ballin':** Remember folks, be proud of your penis, no matter the size. Just remember that a little extra growth never hurts.

**VSC:** Wait, why are you mentioning genitalia?



Above: Farmer Ballin' on the job, sowing seeds. Damn, those hands do look strong... By the looks of that grip he probably knows his way around the hay field...



# TOIKE TAKE

## Toronto's Worst

**Man. U. Reater**  
Toike Farm Hand

*This column features the 3 worst people, places or things (Nouns, for those of you who failed grade 4) in Toronto this month, personal bias definitely included.*

**3. Riverdale Farms**

This quaint farm is located in Cabbagetown and is operated by the city to be open to public use. They have lots of family-friendly activities, but what they do not have is proper signage. How do I know this? Well, when I went there as a child, I saw a horse's penis and I was not prepared. I did not enjoy my experience and I hope they have rectified this administrative issue.

**2. Snow**

Toronto has been blanketed and it seems nobody's taking advantage. I know plenty of cringey Toronto mans and womans that call themselves entrepreneurs, but none have the work ethic to tap into this market. It seems everybody's content with driving busses into it and posting it on their Instagram story. What business could be generated from snow? I'll give you one for free - make a freezer out of snow so that you don't even have to plug it in. You're welcome.

**1. Drake**

Yes, it may surprise you but Drizzy himself has graced (or disgraced) the number 1 spot on this month's list. Why, you may ask? Well, it's really something he hasn't done. Drake has a chance to enthrone himself on the Mount Rushmore of rap by doing one simple thing: adopting the Ikea monkey. This is a massive plus move in the clout department, having a personal monkey (that wears a fur coat, no less) is the definition of hard. This is a no brainer, but it seems this Degrassi High alumnus doesn't have the stones to make this move.



**Honorable Mention: Raccoons**

Whenever farms were invented (probably like at least 50 years ago), somebody selected the animals that would be allowed on the farm. Raccoons were not selected for obvious reasons, but this has left an ugly scar on Toronto. As the mascot of the 416, raccoons could easily have been written into the history books as cute and cuddly animals if they had just behaved when the first farmer was doing his roundups.

# UOFT STUDENTS: CUT BACK BY ADDING RODENTS TO YOUR DIET

**Rémy Ratata**  
Toike Cuisine Expert

Hey kids! Feeling hungry? Can't afford food? Chances are you've answered yes to both questions. If you're like me, then your presence is no longer welcome at Bulk Barn. So where, you ask, should we snack? The answer friends is in plain sight, and by plain sight I mean that dumpster. Yep, the one over there. To your left. There ya go!

Torontonian dumpsters are rich culinary experiences, I promise! The only recurring issue I have had so far would be fighting off the city's resident trash pandas. You know the ones that are black and grey? Turns out they're not so cute. Like your ex, they take all the good food and leave. This has led me to an important discovery. Buried deep beneath rotting banana peels and greasy cardboard, is the perfect snack. Climbing out with a squirming

# I DO IT BECAUSE I JUST LOVE HORSES

**Bucephallus**  
Toike Lover of Horses

Upon approach, it's hard to deny the natural beauty of Seymour Farms, located on the outskirts of picturesque Aurora. Verdant hills roll like waves, the three-story country manor stands above all, watching the fields below where overall-clad workers handpick this year's blackberry crop. It was a good year for blackberries, according to a farmhand. Peaches, too. The Seymours bear the reputation of the best stone fruit growers in Ontario. By the time I meet my interviewee, I've consumed four peaches and an apricot.

...

Despite the organic splendor of this land, I was in fact drawn to it by invitation of a local horse-breeder.

After decades of selective breeding at her family ranch, farmer Jane Seymour has produced a new breed of horse with bigger genitals, dubbed the "Aurora Clitoralis." Characteristics of the breed include thick, howitzer-like penises and gargantuan testicles in stallions and fuller labia and a mountainous clitoris in mares. Some farmhands have claimed that a stallion — award-winning stud Brad Pitt — has a full erect length of 10 metres and the diameter of a standard frisbee. He is apparently 24% penis by mass.

At this year's Aurora Horse Show, Seymour's 11-month-old

Sexbiscuit placed third in the "Best Foal" competition, while her 7-year-old mare Shadow-fucks won the overall competition as the sexiest horse.

"There was something so majestic about how the labial folds flapped in the wind as she pranced through the air. It was as if a butterfly was set to take flight," wrote Judge Kevin Bro-nay in his review of the competition. "Shadowfucks cuts a heroic figure, strong and beautiful, straight from Poseidon's wettest dream. One should immortalise this mare in the finest of Grecian marble."

Seymour explains that as a child she was often transfixed by the work of Georgia O'Keefe, so much so that she would recreate O'Keefe's work using cold cuts. Jane became transfixed by the pursuit of larger displays of O'Keefe-like flowers — she often resorted to using whole thinly sliced hams to recreate her idol's work. Only as a pre-teen did she fully understand the art she was emulating and, after seeing images of horse genitalia online, Jane Seymour set about crafting her magnum opus.

"I wanted to use God's canvas: life itself. I wanted something that would make Georgia horny and proud. I wanted to breathe life into my greatest fantasy," mused the horse breeder, biting her lip, eyes fixed upon Brad Pitt's girth.

"Aren't they... beautiful?"



students, to reconsider your lifestyle choices, and to join me in rodent control and saving money!



<sup>1</sup> don't quote me on this.

# Norm & Gord

## DISCUSS CORN SUBSIDIES

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

*This month's column is sponsored by Monsanto. Monsanto - what would have happened if Dr. Frankenstein was horny for tomatoes.*

**Norm:** Good day, I'm Norm McLuhan, and this is my brother, Gord -

**Gord:** Good day!

**Norm:** - and today we're gonna discuss corn subsidies.

**Gord:** Like, smaller cities made of corn, eh?

**Norm:** What?

**Gord:** Corn sub-cities! Ya know, like, towns of corn? Or corn neighbourhoods?

**Norm:** As we're a television show and not a newspaper column, I can understand the confusion, bud.

**Gord:** Aw, thanks.

**Norm:** No problem.

**Gord:** Means a lot.

**Norm:** Yeah?

**Gord:** Whole lot.

**Norm:** Anyway, whaddaya think about corn subsidies, ya hosehead?

**Gord:** Well, I think that we should respect the kinks of others, Norm.

**Norm:** What?

**Gord:** Corn sub-cities, ya know, as in BDSM dungeons where a dom engages in consensual cornplay with a sub?

**Norm:** Oh, yeah, no, for sure. That's exactly what I meant, not the government-approved agricultural rebates. How do you know so much about BDSM?

**Gord:** Because I listen, ya hoser.

**Norm:** To who?

**Gord:** To whom?

**Norm:** I feel like I don't know you anymore. Who even are you?

**Gord:** It's me, Gord. Yer brother, eh?

**Norm:** This has been Norm and Gord McLuhan -

**Gord:** Hi there!

**Norm:** - discussing corn subsidies.





# QUIZ: HOW FA

START!

You use double-negatives  
in at least every other  
sentence, always.

YEE HAW!

You belie  
just a nur  
is just  
visco

NEIGH

You wear plaid at least 4  
out of 7 days in a week.

NEIGH

YEE HAW!

NEIGH

## BEGINNER FARM

Y'all sawt av know y'all's way  
around the farm, but y'all have ayy  
lot ta learn about a-bein' ayy real  
farmuurr.





# FARM ARE YOU?



...eve that age is  
...mber, and blood  
...one of many  
...ous liquids.

YEE HAW!

You are or have been  
“friends with benefits”  
with at least one farm  
animal.

NEIGH

You just...  
live on a farm.

NEIGH

YEE HAW!

YEE HAW!

## INTERMEDIATE FARM

Ya sometimes flert with y'all's  
second cousin, nothin' crazy.  
Maybe spice it up ayy bit ta feel  
like ya fit in on the farm?

## EXTREME FARM

Ya fuk y'all's second cousin whahl  
the chickens legally bet on who's  
gunna fineysh ferst. Right on!





YER SUDS  
AWAY FROM SUDS  
SINCE 9T6

**ein·stein**  
BIER HALLE EST. MCMXCVI

5.99 lunch specials  
weekdays

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# FOR THE AGRICULTURALLY IMPAIRED

**Man. U. Reater**  
Toike Farm Hand

**Sleep.** I need sleep. But I cannot rest until I determine which farm animal would be the best service animal.

**Sheep:** These woolly bastards are good for nothing. Do NOT let them into your home.

**Chicken:** Chickens' beaks are very useful for our purposes. They are sharp enough to cut through lettuce (to make a nice healthy salad) and strong enough to push the "walk" button at the stoplight. Chickens are valiant companions and they will die for you without hesitation.

**Pig:** "Oink, Oink, Oink". Shut up, pig.

**Cow:** Cows make milk. "So, what?" you may ask. Well, idiot, milk tastes good and is yummy.

**Goat:** Hearing-impaired readers fear not! Goats have a great sense of rhythm, so if you'd like to listen to music, goats will

head-butt you in time with the beat. Remember to wear thick pants!

**Horse:** Horses mouths are great for keeping things warm, like a thermos. You can also ride them in the bike lane, which is great because normally you need a bike to be in the bike lane.

**Llama:** Contrary to popular belief, llamas are kind and gentle creatures. They have a keen memory and can outperform a golden retriever in most typical

service animal tasks. They also have really long necks which could be useful I guess.

**Frog:** There are probably some frogs on farms right? Anyways, these guys can HOP.

Okay so this hasn't really been conclusive. I'd say it's a tie between the llama and the frog (they can *really* HOP). I hope this has helped!



Frogs: They can really *HOP*.

## MOONSHINE: A BEGINNERS GUIDE

**Sarvin "Porncop" Mutton**  
Toike "Nature" Documentarist

Remember that kid you went to school with? The one who was obsessed with making his own liquor because a) he couldn't afford it and b) none of y'all were legal anyways. Well, that kid was me. Life's been pretty good to me since getting out of juvie. I've really turned it around. Following my gut instinct, I relocated to the Appalachians and started my latest entrepreneurship, teaching beginner moonshiners.

Because the government's still monitoring me, I can only release *certain* details, but I'll risk it to give a sneak-peak to you folks back home. In March, I'll be releasing my latest literature and help guide, "*Me and My Likker*," exclusively on VHS. I'll also be self-publishing my latest brochure alongside it, a how-to on avoiding court-mandated AA meetings.

Anyways, now that we've gotten my shameless self-

advertisement out of the way, I'll give you some helpful starters on moonshining. The most important thing to remember about moonshine is that it tastes like crap and is mostly poisonous. This booze contains methanol, acetone, acetaldehyde, acetate, and ethanol. Try not to drink anything besides the ethanol, because you will either die or have one heck of an *experience*. The tricky part is boiling down, let's say, corn into a perfectly balanced concoction of ethanol and other things.

There's also something to be said about water vapour and 172 degrees Fahrenheit, but I'm sure that's just straightforward distilling stuff that an experienced beginner like you already knows. You may accidentally make some sort of vodka or whiskey hooch the first couple times, but don't sweat it, those equally taste like crap. I guess what I'm really trying to get at is that alcohol is garbage, I regret everything, please buy my book.

*My Family*



## THE BIG B'S BARNYARD BREAKFAST SHUFFLE

Hey, y'all! It's hard to dance and not hit the hay but I've been doing it every morning with this set of new moves. I'm going to teach you Bern "The Big B"'s Barnyard Breakfast Shuffle. It's perfect for when Ma sends me to get the eggs for breakfast. Alright, step in real close, y'all, and let's hit it until we can't quit it.

1. Run down the steps 2-by-2, back one up and run down through, hop one time and sound the kazoo.
2. Blow the barnyard doors wide open, forget the coop, I'm not mom's slave-aroo.
3. Shuffle to the left, shuffle to the right, smell that crap.
4. Tug on the tails, left and right, hear that "Moo."
5. Run around and clap that ass, yell "yee-haw" like I'm riding first class.
6. Shoot over to the coop and swap those hens.
7. Quickly sort those hens, just pivoting them a little, smaller to the left and larger to the right and just keep doing that again.
8. Pick up the eggs and sprint away, don't let Bernard bite you with his beak.
9. Head back home with the eggs in your hand.



# FARMERSONLY.COM TO SHUT DOWN DUE TO “ALGORITHM ISSUES”

**Gerry Millman**  
Toike Online Dater

Unfortunate news for anyone with a farmer fetish as Farmer-sOnly.com founder Jerry Miller announced that the website will be shutting down immediately due to “issues related to the site’s matchmaking algorithms”. The website was founded in 2005 by Miller to cater to rural singles because “city folks just don’t get it!”

“I had high hopes for Farmers Only when I founded the site,” said Miller in a press conference. “Unfortunately, many farmers and ranchers were disappointed in the selection of

potential matches they found on our website. Therefore, we have decided to shut down our service, effective immediately.”

Though Miller didn’t elaborate on any specific customer criticisms of the website, there are dozens of online reviews pointing out one particular issue with the site’s matchmaking algorithm: it doesn’t allow relatives to match with each other.

“When I seen there was this fancy shmancy website for farmers lookin’ to date other farmers, I thunk that I maybe might wanna check it out,” said one FarmersOnly.com user called Earl69, who we found in a forum dis-

cussion criticizing the farmer-focused site. “When I got on the line though, I prolly clicked through thousands of profiles and I didn’t find ANY of my cousins. The site is just a waste! Might as well look for a date at reunions and funerals like my daddy and his daddy ‘fore him.”

Under Canadian Federal Law, incest is defined as having a sexual relationship with a sibling, parent, grandparent, child, or grandchild despite knowledge of the blood relationship. Incest is punishable by up to 14 years in prison in 5 provinces and all 3 territories.



# DAIRY LOBBY: “DAIRY IS VEGAN”

**Darth Vibrator**  
Toike Moo-Moo

OTTAWA, ON — In an address last Monday, President of the Dairy Farmers of Canada J.P. Creamer revealed from the steps of their national headquarters that all dairy products were in fact vegan.

“Vegans refrain from consuming all animal products,” sprayed Creamer. “What we are here to tell you is that, while milk does come from the teats of mammals like goats and cows, these are not truly animals.

“They are revenue-generating, dairy-producing carbon sacks,

similar in nature to an almond - which does not produce real milk, merely a milk-like juice.”

When pressed by this reporter for elaboration upon their comments referring to goats and cows as “not truly animals,” Creamer responded as follows:

“You like cheese, don’t you? Who doesn’t like cheese? Cheese is delicious. I would murder my own *kids* for cheese. They were conceived on a twenty-two-pound wheel of Oka, soy boy. Both of them — my spouse and I *sleep* on cheese. Y’know what we use as a blanket? A cover of hand-woven cheese strings, which are made from real Cana-

dian milk. Y’know what we use as pillows? Two bags of micro-waved two-percent, you *fuck-ing traitor*. What’s your name anyway, huh? Y’know we have ways of making people *disappear*? You’ll be gone faster than you can say ‘semi-skimmed,’ ya goddamn *soy-fucker*. We’re in the pockets of every cop and politician from Victoria to St. John’s, you can’t stop us. So, just shut-up about the cows and have some local three-year-old cheddar before I kidnap your dog, ok?”

At the time of writing, Creamer had recently gotten into more hot water following years-old Tweets discriminating against

# 10 GALLONS, MY ASS: A REVIEW OF COWBOY CULTURE

**Flint Weststone**  
Toike Cowboy Enthusiast

Howdy, everyone! I reckon it’s time for another review in my series on Cowboy Culture. For the past few weeks, I’ve been wearin’ a 10 Gallon Hat from Stetson to get a feel for why it’s such a popular article of clothin’ among farmhands, ranchers and cowboys. And I have to say that I’m rather disappointed with my experience.

Let’s start with the look of the hat. I’ve been wearin’ a hot pink cowboy hat for nearly a month and, I’ve gotta say, I’ve noticed I’m turnin’ more heads than I used to. Folks are walking into walls when I walk down the streets. I can’t begin to describe the rush I got when wearing

that hat, the pure ecstasy of all eyes being on me and my hat. A feeling I may one day try in vain to replicate with recreational and excessive drug use...The hat looks cooler than an iced glass of Sarsaparilla after a hot Summer day of herdin’ cattle.

Let’s move on to the fit of the hat. I was afearred of gettin’ the wrong size hat, so I bought one of each size. Well, I dickered with the salesman until he gave me one of each size for the price of a large. As expected, the small fit like a corset on a cow and the large kept on dropping over my eyes, makin’ me blind as a bat in a sandstorm. Then, there was the medium. It was a little tight but stayed on real well. I reckon I could’ve taken a shot to the hat without it flyin’ off, which is just about perfect for

dealin’ with rustlers in the brush. But even though it fit pretty darn nice, I gotta take away points for false advertisin’ on the part of that dirty ole snake oil salesman. Somethin’ didn’t feel right about the hat. I started pourin’ water into the large hat and my suspicion was right. I’d barely gotten to the third gallon of water when the hat overflowed.

So, there you have it, folks. They may look good. Great even! They may get people to finally notice you in a way that you’ve only dreamt of for years and years as you quietly drifted through life, loneliness eating away at you day after day...but 10 Gallon Hats ain’t what they claim to be. And this reviewer won’t condone such brazen false advertising.

# FARM-TO-TABLE 3 NEW HEALTHY LIFESTYLE TRENDS TO WATCH OUT FOR IN 2020

**Ms. Crusty Plumbus**  
Toike Resident Blogger

Fed-up with constantly stress-eating ice-cream, cookies and pizza? University of Toronto students are DESPERATELY looking for the cure for the “Freshman 69,” before it becomes the dreaded and *more dank* “Freshman 420.” Well, look no more! Our esteemed expert, Dr. Crusty Plumbus (PhD in Fadology from Hravard University) is HATED by doctors everywhere for her no-brainer tips below!

## 1. Earthworms

Everyone in health circles knows how food companies trick poor consumers such as yourselves into buying expensive and high-calorie protein bars. Replace these with a more cost-effective alternative: earthworms! Freshly dug from the fields of your local farms, a single serving (6 worms) contains, on average, 42 grams of protein! Just pack a few earthworms in your Tupperware© and keep snacking on them throughout the day - this is the perfect solution for keeping cravings away during lectures. We personally recommend the bloodworm variety.

## 2. Peat Bog Flour

If you’re going to eat cake, why not use a healthier, gluten-free substitute for flour? *Farmer John’s All Organic Peat Bog flour* – grown and packaged in Ontario - is enriched with nitrates and fibrous greens, which makes for the most nutritious and moist brownies you’ve ever tasted! This flour acts also as an excellent natural face mask; mixing a spoonful with some water, apply liberally on your problematic areas and leave it to dry for 15 mins before washing it off. The humic acid helps retain moisture and nutrients on your face, which literally makes you *glow*.

## 3. Salad

Yes, you heard right – the raw food trend is here to stay, and health-freaks everywhere are OBSESSED with their cannabis salads! Incredibly easy to fix up, just toss some fresh cannabis leaves in a salad bowl with some nuts, seeds or, our recommendation – *hemp*, and top it with goat’s cheese. If that’s a bit dry for your taste, drizzle some low-sugar Bailey’s over it for the extra moistness and you have the ultimate energizer for your day!



We can’t wait for you to try our tips – and don’t forget to post photos of your creations on the *‘gram* using the hashtag #uofteatshealthy to win some awesome secret health giveaways! #healthy #fitness #livelovelaughpraysmokeweedeveryday



# STUD FARM TO BEGIN SELLING HORSE MILK

**Anders “You Can’t Milk a Nut” Shear**  
Toike Dairy Lobbyist

A new ‘milk’ product has emerged as an Ontario stud farm has announced plans to launch a new product to rival more traditional milks: horse milk. With the popularity of such products as soymilk, almond milk and regular milk from an animal tit, stud farmer Moe Steadcombe has decided to supplement his

income by selling a new milk competitor. Steadcombe’s announcement was widely mocked by various lobbyists. “It’s bad enough that these nutters are going around telling people that almonds or cashews can lactate. Almonds ain’t got no tities,” said a spokesperson for the milk lobby. “Now we have to deal with horse milkers? I mean, Steadcombe’s farm doesn’t even have any

mares on it? You can’t milk a male horse.” Competitors aren’t the only ones expressing consternation regarding the new product as many concerned parent groups have begun campaigns to ban the product. These groups are concerned over the nutritional benefits of the product as well as the methods used to collect the ‘milk’.

“I’ve received a lot of letters from concerned people, ‘specially from those damned vegans,” said Steadcombe. “But I can assure the public that I use 100% humane methods to collect the horse semen. And then I mix it with completely ethically sourced water and package it in bottles made from recycled materials. There’s really nothin’ to be concerned ‘bout.”



## POINT / COUNTERPOINT

Hi My Name Is Vegan

VEGANS ARE NOT VEGAN

Are you insane? There is no possible way people are vegan. They are literally meat!

But that’s not the only reason people are vegan, what about saving the environment? It takes a ton of resources to raise an animal, even more for a human.

How about all the rainforests being cut down to make room for animal farming?

Meat is disgusting though, the way it’s processed, how it looks, everything about it is horrifying!

But Bacon Tho

EAT THE VEGANS

But think about it, people become vegan because they love animals, animals that can’t consent to be eaten. But a vegan can give consent!

Humans are destroying the environment though, wouldn’t you think getting rid of some of them by eating vegans would end up being a net benefit to the world?

Vegans don’t take up that much space, most of them still live at home as all their money is wasted on avocado toast and the like.

*Horrifying?!* Have you seen what goes into those “Plant-Based” Burgers?!

## TOIKEOSCOPES



ARICE

Feeling horny, eh? I hear the shepherd two farms over is awfully lax about watching his flock. Just sayin’.



TAURUSSET POTATO

Take care of yourself this month. Everyone’s always talking about mad cow disease, but sad cow disease is just as dangerous!



GERMINI

Twincest is Wincest, am I right?



CANNEDCORNCER

Apparently having unprotected sex with farm animals is not good for your health. You should definitely get your prostate checked out. SOON!



LEONION

You should consider veganism this month. I mean, if it’s good enough for Leonardo DiCaprio, surely it’s good enough for you too.



VIRGOATS

Still a virgin? Don’t worry. You can fix that at this year’s family reunion!



LEEKBRA

Those stupid commies in Ottawa have increased your farm subsidy. You know what that means? FREE GRAIN ALCOHOL FOR EVERYONE!



SCORPEAO

What the fuck is a scorpion doing on a farm? Seriously, you don’t belong here. Go home.



SAGEITTARIUS

Tough luck. This month, people are going to treat you like Pam Poovey from *Archer*. Get it? ‘Cuz Sagittarius is an Archer? [Jeb voice] Please laugh.



CAPRICORN

GOOD NEWS! Science has proven that goats CAN lactate. Keep calling your product ‘milk’ and reap the rewards!



AQUARIUDDER

There’s a drought comin’. Best start fillin’ yer reservoir, dogs.



PEACES

Feeling heartbroken? Get back out there. After all, there are plenty of fish in the sea. Perhaps a nice slippery dick (it’s an actual fish, look it up!).





## A letter to my Darling

Dearest Lucinda,

*It has been 2 months since I received your correspondence, and I'm sorry to hear that your father has passed from a bad case of the damp. He lived a long life - we are not all so lucky as to live twenty-eight joyous years. This undoubtedly will cause grandmama undue stress, bless her soul.*

*I write because I am now comfortable with telling you that, since I last had the pleasure to gaze upon your heavenly visage, not three years ago at the rail station in Richmond, I have purchased a plot of land West of the Mississippi and built a farm. I am one of the largest producers of hemp in the region, and have dealings across these contiguous United States.*

*Beloved cousin, I write to you to inform you that I am finally wealthy enough to support us. I love you, I long for you - won't you come be with me, here, on our farm? Take the first train out of Richmond so that we can start our family.*

*Ever since our mother conceived you with your father - my uncle - I swore to love you, darling sister. I know you were promised to our brother, but you and I were always inseparable.*

"There go the McLuhan sibling-cousins!"

"My God, they look like they could be twins!"

"That hug was awfully long."

*The townsfolk were ever so observant. Make an honest man of your brother-cousin, Lucinda. We have been apart for far too long.*

*I shall wait for you each day at the train station in town for the next fortnight.*

*I look forward to your warm embrace.*

Ever yours,  
Brent McLuhan

## BEN OF THE MONTH!

THIS ISSUE OF THE TOIKE OIKE IS  
DEDICATED TO.....



Above: The Amoorican Gothic cows want to know what the fuck you're staring at, punk? Want to fucking fight us?

## 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](http://WWW.TOIKE.SKULE.CA/JOIN) AND GET ON THE MAILING LIST!

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

Alternatively, if you're interested in something specific, like graphics, editing, layout, multimedia, social media or distribution, email [toike@skule.ca](mailto: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.



**MOOOOOO, BITCH.**

