

NATIONAL JACKOGRAPHIC

A photograph of a shark breaching the water surface, creating a large splash. The shark is dark-colored with a lighter underbelly, and its dorsal fin is visible. The water is splashing around the shark's head and body.

SHARKS:

**WE KNOW THEY ARE
COOL, BUT ARE THEY
THE COOLEST?
ANSWERS INSIDE**

The Bloody

DIAMOND TRADE:

HOW TO GET IN ON IT

BOOBIES

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NATIONAL JACKOGRAPHIC

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Turns out outer space is EXACTLY like those last 30 minutes of *2001: Space Odyssey*



A donkey crossed with a horse is a mule, but few know a donkey crossed with a giraffe is a crime against nature.



WILDLIFE AS CANON SEES IT

Despite being fierce natural enemies, the donkey and the giraffe may come together in peace at last thanks to an innovative new breeding program currently underway at the San Diego Zoo. For ages unnumbered the African savannah has trembled in terror whilst these mighty behemoths hath raged in earth-shattering combat, laying waste to the countryside

and leveling mountains. If the project is successful, however, the union of giraffe and donkey will produce an ungulate that will lead the world into a golden age of bounty. It will also produce a breed of domestic animal to replace the mule, which is sterile, the cow, which is environmentally unsound, and the goat, which has horizontal pupils and is scary.

Canon cameras!
They're digital now!



Canon

EDITOR'S NOTE

Hey man, the world is, like, really big, right? Like really fuckin big? And the universe is like, totally huge. Like, way bigger than the world, which is really fuckin' big. So, like, enormous, ya know? The universe that is. What was I talking about? Ok so like the universe is really big and we're like really small. Not as small as ants though. Those fuckers are tiny. Like, have you ever pretended to be God to like a colony of ants, like "I decide who lives and dies, bitches," cause they're so small, right? Yeah. Or, like, plants.

Those are small. Except trees. Trees are huge.

But not as huge as the universe.

So in closing, check out this sweet picture of a monkey. Enjoy the National Jackographic.

--Dan Smolinsky and Laura Michet



THIS PARODY IS A PUBLICATION OF **THE DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN**.

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LETTERS

Dear National Jackographic,

I never thought it'd happen to me but, while I was studying the mating habits of the Japanese macaques, I noted two macaques bathing together in a hot spring, as is frequently the nature of the macaque. Much to my surprise, though, I found that both macaques were female in anatomy. I watched as one, the larger of the two, began to gently bathe and caress the other. They then began to pleasure each other. I nearly shot my load. Prof. Emeritus of Biological Anthropology Winston McGillicuddy, Yale.

Dear Professor McGillicuddy, It is refreshing to see such interested and vigorous field work continuing today.

Dear National Jackographic,

Our dog, Clyde (Great Dane, age 4) does the funniest thing. When it's time to take him for a walk, he carries the leash in his mouth, **like he's walking us**. Then he **shits in the middle of the road** while he's walking, just like a cart-horse. It's hilarious. So that's the story of how Clyde, as in Clydesdale, got his name. Bonnie and Mark Jones, Wichita Kansas.

Dear Bonnie and Mark, For more information on the response of animals to suburban environments, read our March 2006 cover story "Raccoons: They Even Look Like Shifty, Thieving Bastards."

Dear National Jackographic,

I've been dating the same boy for six months and our relationship is getting pretty serious, but he

says he wants to take it to the next level. I feel like we can still connect without being more physical, but he says that sexuality is an important part of a relationship. I worry that he might leave me if I don't speed things up, but I really don't want to. What should I do? Chaste in Park Place

Dear Chaste, Put out or shut up. And get a real name.

Dear National Jackographic,

I have been very good this year. I stopped giving my vegetables to the dog because my parents find out when I do because vegetables make my dog fart. Since I have been so good, I want lots of things for Christmas. I want a pony and also a softball mitt and also for Jimmy Roberts who sits behind me to stop pulling on my pigtails. Jimmy Roberts is stupid and should not get anything for Christmas, or if he does, it should be something stupid like socks or a sweater. I don't want a sweater because they are itchy. I have enough socks. Thank you. Love, Mandy

Dear Mandy, We are glad you have been good this year. Keep up the good work and may your wishes come true. Also, ask Mommy and Daddy if they have renewed their subscription.

Dear National Jackographic,

We've had many good times together, but I'm afraid to say it seems we've grown apart. Just as long summer days can't last forever, neither could we. In the course of life I may have many loves, but I shall always remember ours which was so special in its

moment. That moment, though, has passed. I'm sorry, but I do not believe we should see each other anymore. Finally, in full disclosure, I've been sleeping with your best friend for a month and a half. The Best, John

Dear John, I hope you catch something from that dirty whore, The Scientific American, and you can tell her I said that.

Dear National Jackographic,

With the rising costs of oil I no longer believe that traditional sources of energy are viable. That is why I urge you to vote in favor of Proposition 290, which will allow a wind farm to be placed in the nature reserve visible from your palatial mansion. I hope you can consider the needs of your constituents and vote our voice. Sincerely, James Murray, concerned citizen.

Dear Mr. Murray, For more information on wind power please read our May 2007 cover story "So It Kills a Few Birds: Wind Power is Pretty Alright."

My dear National Jackographic,

We've told yarns by the campfire in the prairies, and dressed one another's wounds after trying a landing at the Marquesas, and drunk healths on the shore of Titicaca. There are more yarns to be told, and other wounds to be healed, and another health to be drunk. Won't you let this be at my campfire tomorrow night? I have no hesitation in asking you, as I know a certain lady is engaged to a certain dinner party, and that you are free. There will only be one other, our old pal at the Korea, Jack Seward. He's coming,

too, and we both want to mingle our weeps over the wine cup, and to drink a health with all our hearts to the happiest man in all the wide world, who has won the noblest heart that God has made and best worth winning. We promise you a hearty welcome, and a loving greeting, and a health as true as your own right hand. We shall both swear to leave you at home if you drink too deep to a certain pair of eyes. Come!
Yours, as ever and always,
Quincey P. Morris

*Dear Quincey,
Count me in every time. I bear messages which will make both your ears tingle.*

Dear National Jackographic,
I could not help but be offended by Sam Buntz's column of last Tuesday. Mr. Buntz is ill-informed with regard to the topic at hand. If he had an insider's perspective like my own, he would feel differently. Buntz's column is full of pleasant platitudes but lacks cold hard facts like those I've provided. Furthermore, I am right and he is wrong.
Donald J. Roebing '10

*Dear Mr. Roebing,
Thank you for your continued letters of spirited discourse with Mr. Buntz. We have forwarded your letter to him. He has responded: "Suck it."*

Dear National Jackographic,
Congratulations! You have won a free Florida time share. All you have to do is fill out the attached form and attend one of our information sessions on Sunday April 25, Saturday April 30, or Friday May 13. Collect your winnings soon!
SuperVacationMegaDeals.net

Dear SuperVacationMegaDeals.net,

Thank you.

Dear National Jackographic,
We will return your baby only if you fly across the Pacific Ocean and deliver us \$10,000 in unmarked bills. Only then will he be returned safe.

*Dear creepy ransomers,
I have no son.*

Dear National Jackographic,
I hope you are having fun at camp. Have you made many new friends? I'm glad to hear you are excited about next Tuesday's canoeing trip. Your father and I (and Scruffles!) are doing fine. Your brother misses you even though he'd never say so. Don't let him know I said so. Let's keep this just between you and me. Did you get our care package? I hope it treated you well. We sent enough to share, so I sure hope you did. Enjoy yourself, and We hope to hear from you again soon, kiddo.

Love,
Mom

*Dear Mom,
I am having a great time. Thanks for the brownies. They were great. I'm going to go play stickball now, but we'll talk soon.*

Dear National Jackographic,
Tick tock tick tock somewhere in your city block I have hidden a device which I think will quite suffice to cut lives off at their middles unless you answer all my riddles:
*In New York you'll find Time Square
But Time Cubed is where-oh-where?*
You have 48 hours.
E. Nigma

*Dear Mr. Nigma,
To contact our Batman department, please write to PO box 1234.*

Dear National Jackographic,
I have a fetish to be peed on and spanked, and sometimes I think I'm the only one out there with this particular kink. There must be others, though. I just don't how to get in touch with them. This isn't exactly the kind of thing you can announce in a print advertisement or something. Are there any groups I could get in contact with?
Pissed-On

*Dear Pissed,
We believe you intended to write to Dan Savage's column "Savage Love" which is carried in the Seattle-based paper The Stranger. That being said, the New York Peeing Spankers (NYPS) can be reached at PO box 1243.*

PERSONAL ADS:

Female dunnock seeks 5-10 male dunnocks for friendship, mating, and possible long-term commitment and child support. I enjoy sitting in conifers, singing shrilly, and hardcore S&M.

Single male tuatara seeks single female tuatara for company and possible preservation of species.

Film director seeks female kangaroo. Do you really have three vaginas? That's awesome!

Film director seeks male opossum. Do you really have a forked penis? That's awesome!

[Male bowerbird seeks female bowerbird.](#)



METEORS: THE LOOMING THREAT

BY LIV TYLER

The Chilean Paranal Observatory glows meekly over the red clay wasteland that is the Cerro Paranal. The dim lights of its data analysis room spill out over Paolo Narez, 54, as he takes his customary coffee break. The sound of the soft percolation of the local-brewed coffee mixes with a faint rustling in the distance. A black figure appears on four legs. A huemul, the endangered deer-like national symbol of Chile, is creeping slowly in the dark.

“I like to spend time out here,” Narez says as he watches the animal’s movement. “It’s relaxing. We don’t get much action. Really, it’s a very easy job.” He gives a smile, the easy-going expression of a content man.

Taking his time getting up from the sofa, he pours out the remainder of his coffee and opens the door. “I enjoy coffee,” he explains, “but sometimes I just don’t want any more.”

Inside, the systems buzz silently with a faint

blip. “These are the computers. We use this one to track meteors,” he indicates. “It’s good for watching the sky when it’s dark out.”

“Also, my daughter sometimes sends me games to play on it. You heard of Asteroids--?”

Narez studies the screen patiently. After a few moments, pleasant blips emanate out into the Chilean desert, indicating his success.

He adjusts the volume. “They malfunction once in a while,” Narez states, leaning back in his chair. He then elaborates on Asteroids strategy for several minutes. Concluding, he says he would like something to drink and stands up to travel into the kitchen. “I think I’ll have a Cola de Mono [a traditional Chilean drink]. I don’t really feel like more coffee now.”

On the screen, the dot glides slowly towards the center.

Asked about it, he responds, “I’ll take a look after I return from the--

THE ENVIRONMENT?

To the Lorax's chagrin, federally owned carbon dioxide factories have been reporting record fiscal seasons. Their majestic smoke stacks rise above the meager residential landscape as monuments representing the sheer power of the United States financial industry. These factories, littered across the continent under names such as Halischmurton and Exxon-Schmobile, produce no products or services whatsoever. Instead, they have, in recent years, concentrated solely on producing giant quantities of pure carbon-dioxide. This has proved to be an extremely effective business plan. Some scientists are now suggesting that these fumes could be influencing global climate change.

"The suggestion is ludicrous," said Ken Tibbles, professor of American History at Washington University. "An act as largely ceremonial as the manufacture of thick clouds of black smoke and which then drift slowly upwards could never have any significant impact."

"Most likely, it just goes into outer space," he added. "If you're going to worry about an environment at all, you should worry about the moon's."

The manufacturing process, which occurs at over 45,000 plants across the nation, consists of the scientific production of carbon dioxide mixed with aerosols, acids, black dye, volcanic ash, wood, and several other highly classified ingredients.

"I'll never tell!" answered Ben Howard, foreman of the Detroit branch, when asked about the compound.

After this, the combination is shipped in diesel-fueled yellow school buses to the corresponding factory.

"We use school buses to help make the process seem more a part of the community,"



Howard told us. "The kids love it."

Still, some groups insist that the process has something to do with global warming.

A representative from EPA who wished to remain anonymous recently mailed a letter to National Jackographic stating that "there could be a mild link between the factories and environmental changes, but that sounds kind of unlikely."

Others, however, are less sure.

"The people who produce such clearly shitty evidence hate America and everything we stand for," said Ten Kibbles, a genius, kick-ass scientist who does not work for Washington University.

Until more substantial evidence can be provided, Americans will continue to bask in the bituminous smoke as a continual reminder of their superiority to the rest of the world.

EXTRATERRESTRIALS TODAY

Sean Vole, a high-school-educated expert on apocalyptic theories and a controversial cult icon, is to some people a comical figure. But is he really crazy, or is he a visionary?

Ever since Vole was born, he has had a premonition that the world will end at any given second. Most people take for granted that the sun spins around the earth every day, that the moon spins around the earth every month, and that the ice-cream truck spins around the neighborhood whenever it damn well pleases; and we believe this cycle will continue for eternity. However, there is a future event which we can never really predict: the apocalypse, the day the sun dies. Some would call a fixation on this date a paranoia or a 'psychosis,' but Sean Vole's followers call it *prophecy*.

Wannapassuk, MA. The highly-suggestible townsfolk scrambled into the streets to welcome their alien overlords by shedding their clothing and dousing themselves in red Kool-Aid to attract the cosmic sharks.

Though he has been the target of ridicule, the tides of history may be turning in Sean Vole's favor. Apocalypse theories are again a subject of popular discussion. Interest in Mayan calendars that date the apocalypse for December 21, 2012, as well as a re-examination of a debated passage from Nostradamus' prophecies that reads "The world...will...end" have both contributed to a nationwide fascination in Death By God. In response to these findings, Vole has recently informed us that a series of paintings he made (blood-red, illegible



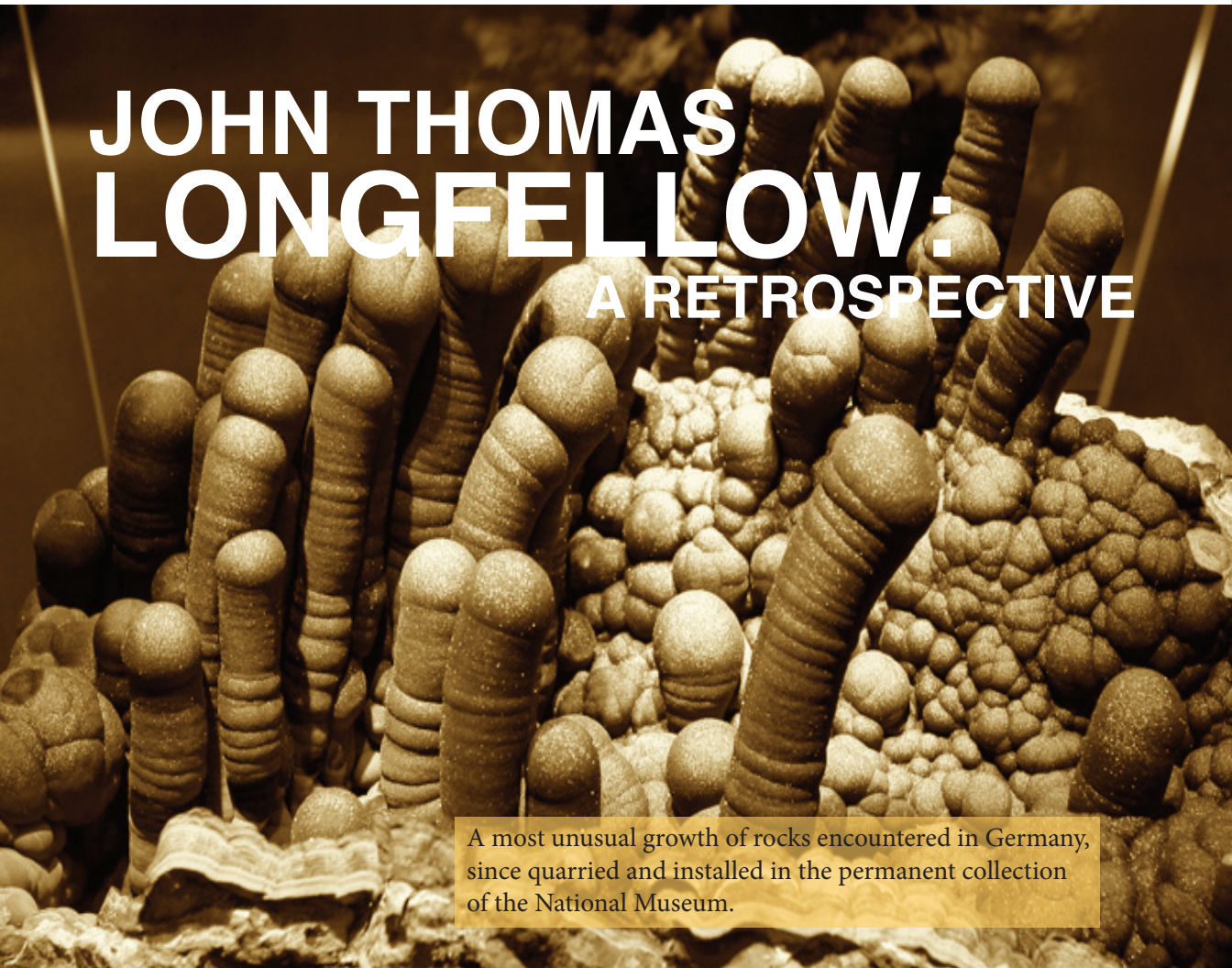
Vole's power of foresight manifested in his sleep as a eight-year-old boy. He began dreaming of green furry creatures doing surgery on his dog in the middle of a shark-infested lake. After intense introspective study, several shots of espresso, and an introductory psychology textbook, he realized the meanings of his dreams. Water symbolized birth, which is synonymous with death because, as he wrote in his notebook, "Sharks can lead to death."

At age seventeen, Vole hacked into a local AM radio station and shouted his message of death and green furry creatures. When he concluded with, "Get your hands off me! The motherfucking aliens are coming," chaos and confusion erupted in the credulous town of

scribbles located under several highway underpasses near Worcester, MA) predicted the new hostilities in the Gaza Strip. As he explains it, the wholly unforeseeable, totally-a-surprise re-eruption of war in that historically-peaceful region gives more credibility to Vole's prediction that the world will be taken over by aliens.

"Also," he added in a recent phone interview, "don't forget that on December 21, the sun will align with the center of the Milky Way for the first time in 26,000 years and Mars will be blood red. Blood attracts sharks. The aliens ride sharks. War sharks. The sharks wear brass bodices and are tattooed with hideous curses. Have you ever seen a war shark? I have. It's fucking terrifying."

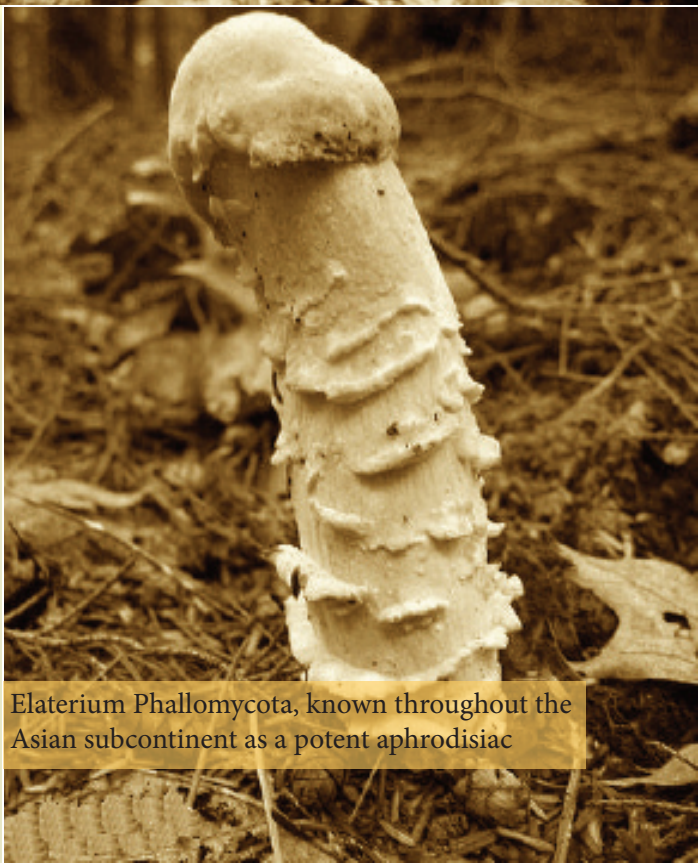
JOHN THOMAS LONGFELLOW: A RETROSPECTIVE



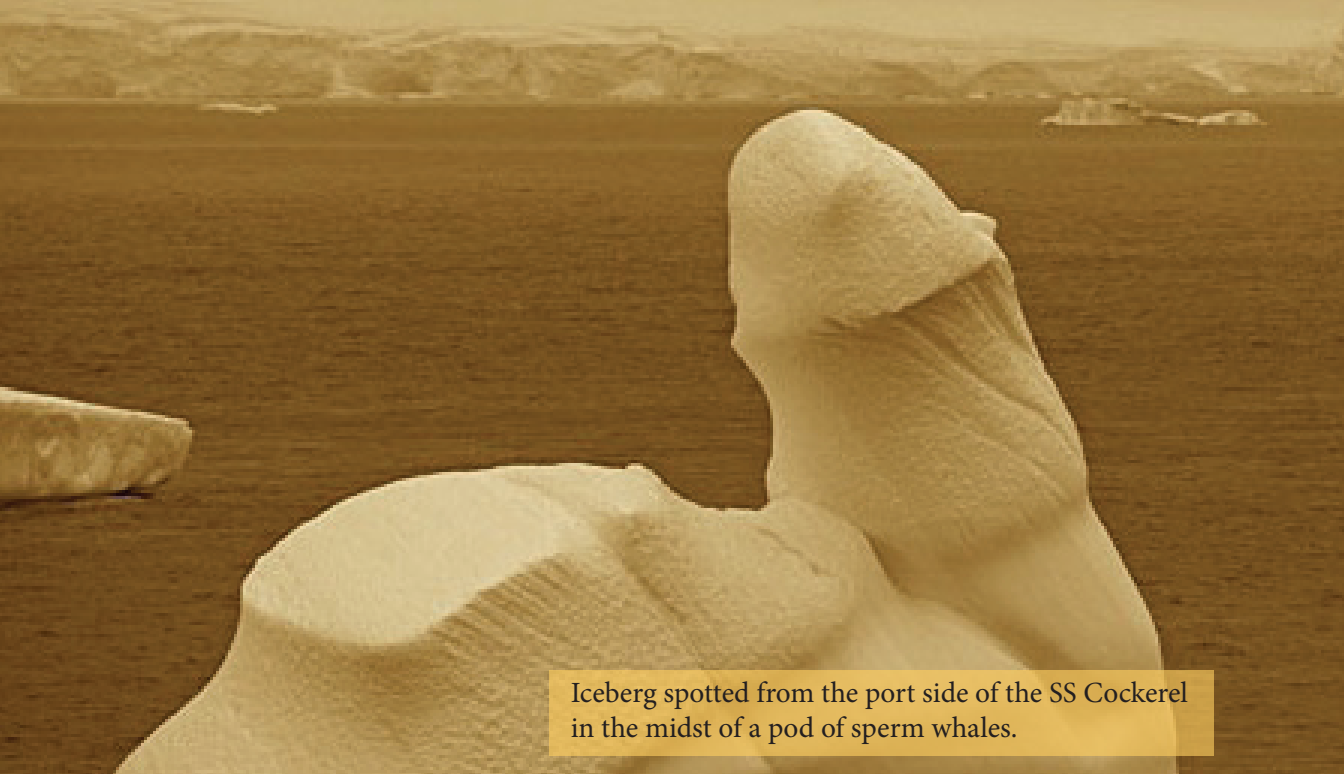
A most unusual growth of rocks encountered in Germany, since quarried and installed in the permanent collection of the National Museum.

Over the years, National Jackographic has become synonymous with excellence in photojournalism. From time to time we are compelled to draw attention to exceptional achievements in the field. In this retrospective, we remember John Thomas Longfellow, and his contributions to the world of nature photography.

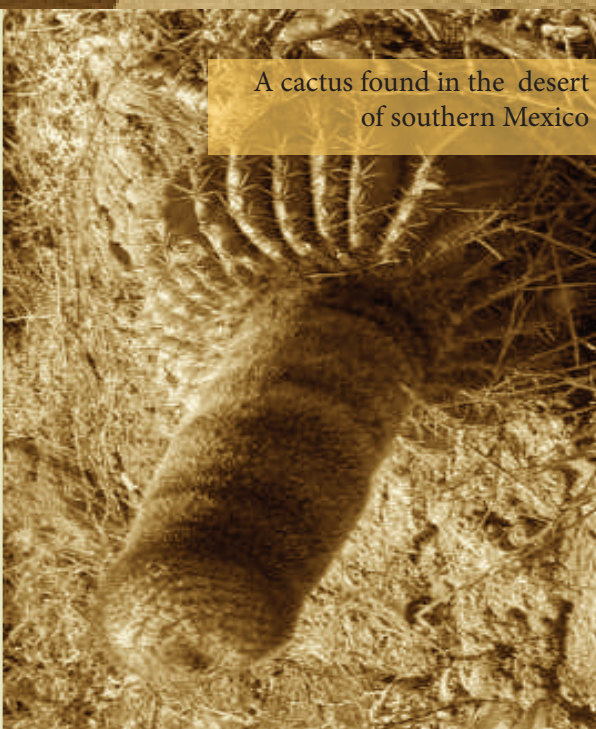
John Thomas Longfellow (1899-1995) joined the staff of National Jackographic during what many refer to as the Golden Age of Photojournalism, when intrepid explorers, with naught but camera and tripod and a crowd of unpaid servants, would sally forth into the wild unknown, bravely baring themselves to the unforgiving elements and wildlife in the name of natural science. Longfellow was esteemed among these daring souls for his willingness to go to any lengths for the sake of a compelling photograph. One



Elaterium Phallomycota, known throughout the Asian subcontinent as a potent aphrodisiac



Iceberg spotted from the port side of the SS Cockerel in the midst of a pod of sperm whales.



A cactus found in the desert of southern Mexico



J.T. Longfellow, circa 1942, in his protective hat.

story tells of him forcing thirty-eight uncivilized locals to link hands and ankles across a mountain gorge in order to form a bridge so that Longfellow might pursue and photograph the famed Yellow Bellied Dick-Pecker of the Tasmanian Jungle. The bridge gave out as soon as he crossed to the far side, and he was forced to return to camp by rafting down a treacherous and snake-infested river on

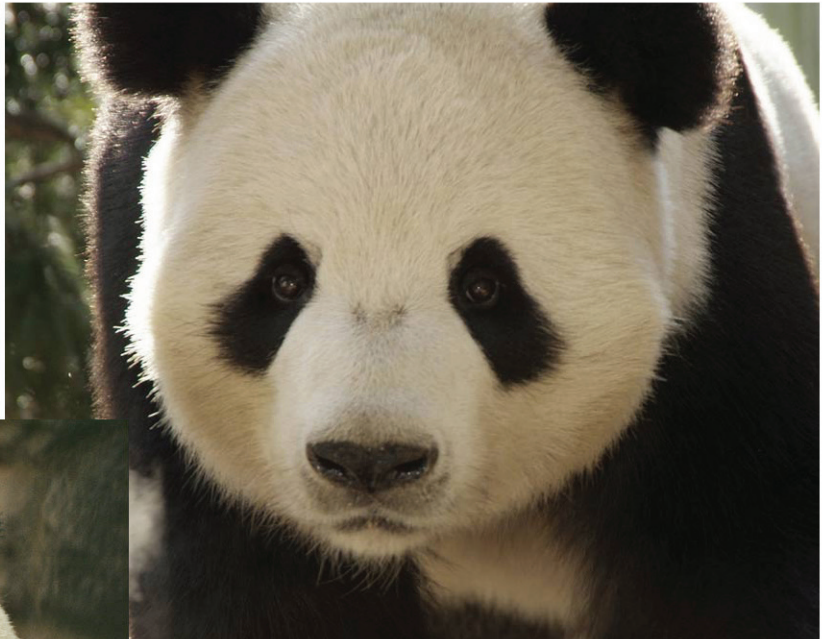
the back of his only surviving servant! Truly, Longfellow symbolizes all of the best qualities of the traditional Western-European explorer-naturalist: a man's man and a woman's dream. The impressive length of Longfellow's career coupled with his girth of experience and luscious editorial content have earned him a much deserved place in the hallowed depths of National Geographic history.



Save the Pandas

Each year, hundreds of pandas are born into impoverished conditions in the jungles of East Asia. These pandas often receive little or no education, poor healthcare, and expect a lifespan of less than thirty years.

For less than the price of a double chocolate chip venti frappuccino once a day, you can provide a panda with nutritious meals, vocational training, and salvation for its immortal soul.



In addition to a picture of your panda, every month you will receive a handwritten letter from your panda telling you about its life in the jungle.

Donating to Save the Pandas will also get you a get-into-heaven-free pass and give you license to brag to your friends in a really sanctimonious, overbearing way. And if you don't donate you'll go to hell because the pandas are cute and they're dying and it's all your fault.

To donate to Save the Pandas visit
www.savethepandas.org
or write to
Save The Pandas
54 Wilton Road
Westport, CT 06660



FUCK POLAR BEARS

The TRUTH about those FUCKING BEARS

On the event that all of the most disastrous possible consequences of global warming come to pass (melted ice caps, a destroyed ozone layer, the worst winter Olympics of all time), the human race will have at least one comfort: no more goddamn polar bears. Since the North Pole will become nothing more than a lukewarm lap pool, those assholes will have nothing to do besides swim around until they get too tired and drown. While most of the world will undoubtedly be thrilled with this outcome, there might not be a happier group of people than the scientists of the Swedish National Polar Research Team.

“The polar bears really act like king shit around here,” said team leader Dr. Jan Johansson, “they treat the other residents of the North Pole pretty poorly, and, quite frankly, it’s time they get what’s coming to them.” The doctor’s comments seemed to center mostly around an exclusive party thrown at a local polar bear hangout earlier this year.

According to most sources, the party looked “like a total fucking rager” and when several of the Swedish researchers tried to get in, the host bear apologized profusely, saying that he “could’ve sworn he sent them invitations,” but that unfortunately the event was “getting pretty full,” and that the doctors should “probably just peace out for now.” Despite assurance that the bears “will def give you guys a call next time,” the Swedish team was extremely upset and went straight back to their camp to write in their medical journals that the polar bears were “big, stupid jerks” who also, according to several team members’ observations, “have stupid faces.” Several Swedes were reportedly consider-

ing returning to the scene to “whip some ass,” but felt much better after having sex with their blonde, physically perfect spouses.

“Honestly, we let that one slide because we know what’s about to happen to them,” claimed Dr. Yngve Svensson, “also, we’re planning on driving around in boats when the ice caps melt and offering to let them on if they beat us in a thumb war. Joke’s on them, though--they don’t have thumbs!” Added Svensson, “Fuck those guys.”

The team plans on publishing its findings in next month’s National Geographic under the title “Polar Bears: Biggest Douchebags Since That Seth Kid in the 11th Grade.” The zoological community is already abuzz with interest in the study, as the team is riding on the popularity of its groundbreaking 2004 study, “Why House Cats Don’t Want to Hang Out With Us Nearly As Much As We Thought.” The publication will undoubtedly turn heads, most notably in a direction away from where the polar bears are dying.

Not since the famously-ineffective flightless unicorn has the potential extinction of an entire species been so widely anticipated by the scientific community and the world at large. The polar bears have been extremely unpopular ever since 1987 when, just for a killer prank, they got together and messily devoured every adorable furry animal on the North Pole. So when the world finally starts to crumble about our ears, the human race can look forward to applying some sunblock, cracking a globally-warmed beer, and watching karma come right back to kick those motherfuckers in their translucent-furred asses.



MEET THE LOX TRIBE



Children of the Lox Tribe practice a classic cultural activity: a strange game known as 'chess'.

BY MEYER GOLDSTEINBERG

O imagine living today knowing nothing about computers, or living in a world with cats that don't have any funny captions attached to them! As odd as it may seem, there are over 9000 known tribes around the Amazon basin who choose to remain isolated from modern society. Eating only what they grow, they have most likely never seen common articles of modern life, like cheese graters or celery! While they enjoy traditional games and entertainments, they most likely couldn't even tell what is happening during a normal gymnastics meet! Despite how astonishingly backwards these people are, it *is* interesting to see what happens when people stay away from everyone else for thousands of years. That is why last June, I traveled to the depths of the Amazon to study the recentl-contacted Lox tribe.

While I expected resistance or fear upon my arrival, the Lox people were immediately cordial, welcoming, and caring. As soon as I introduced myself to the isolated tribe, a small, elderly tribeswoman rushed up to me, patted my cheek, and introduced me to her son, who appeared to be the tribe's shaman healer. Several other mothers came up to me and introduced me to their sons who were other leading

members of the community. (Indeed, it seemed that nearly every adult male was an expert on health, tribal law, or mediating transactions.) The other tribeswomen then held a charming conversation in which they mocked their sons for not being as successful as the shaman. I understood that this must have been some sort of customary introduction ceremony.

From our very first conversation, their unique language intrigued me. As I began to learn it, I found that many of their words are also fun to say; whenever I said a word myself, the tribesmen laughed hysterically. Indeed, the Lox love a good laugh. Nearly everything they say is a joke, sarcasm, or self-deprecating jest. I also noticed a wide variety of naughty words, and the tribeswomen used them on a regular basis to berate the tribesmen for their lethargy. When I could finally speak their language, I asked the Shaman why they had remained isolated for so long. He simply raised his arms and replied, "Eeehh." I still do not fully understand this particular expression.

Once we could communicate with each other, the Lox taught me about their culture and religion. Unlike most Amazonian tribes, this tribe believes in one sole god, though they do speak much of a man who could part a river. This seems a sensible dream for them who live

next to the mighty Amazon. The tribesmen also showed me much about their religious rituals. In one ritual, adolescents are given many presents on a certain day to celebrate their newfound adulthood. There is also a holiday held around the time of modern man's Christmas, though the Lox holiday lasts eight times as long, which is pretty awesome. I also happened to observe one further ritual which involved very young males and butcher knives. However, my nervous disposition and weak constitution caused me to pass out before the ritual was completed, and I never discovered what its purpose was.

For all their isolation in the jungle, I soon learned that the Lox tribe possesses a superb and unique cuisine. One dish popular with the tribe is a flattened disk of shredded potato. I was most impressed, however, by the immense variety of baked rings of dough present at every meal and served with a soft, milk-based spread and, on occasion, slices of fish. They are a supreme delicacy! Surely the likes of these rings of dough are not seen anywhere else on Earth.

Peculiarly, while most tribes along the Amazon cultivate animals like pigs, the Lox tribe flatly refuses to eat anything from pigs. They soon explained that this practice actually has a basis in health and practical cleanliness, and I was soon persuaded to stop eating pigs myself.

After spending a full year with the elusive Lox, I came to have a close connection with the isolated people. I was genuinely sad when I took my last glimpse at their six-pointed, star-shaped clearing in the rain forest. I felt that I was observing what humans become after spending centuries in isolation. This tribe has developed a unique language, religion, and a cuisine to die for in the middle of the jungle, and their culture is not seen anywhere in modern society whatsoever. I am tempted even to say that the Lox are humans in their most natural, free, and basic form: if we did not have computers, cars, or Segways, we would all be Lox! Indeed, this tribe continues to fascinate scientists the world over, and definitely should not be harmed, persecuted, or systematically annihilated by anybody.

Entertainment in all its various forms is the major industry of the Lox tribe.





This bird was either a cardinal or a robin. It was a red bird. That much we're pretty sure of.



WILDLIFE AS CANON SEES IT

A greenish purple glowing fog hovers over the landscape as the Former Soviet-Balding Songbird returns to its nest for the evening. This incredibly rare species is found, or at least sometimes found, because it's incredibly rare, but when it is found, it's found in southern Russia and the Ukraine. During World War II and the Cold War these birds were utilized by

Soviet scientists in their experiments with nuclear and biological weapons. The Balding Songbird is unusually vulnerable to nocturnal predators due to its radioactive glow. During mating season large groups flock together and light up the cold Ukrainian nights, like magical beacons, making enchanted onlookers feel appropriately guilty about nuclear power.

Canon cameras!
They're expensive!



Canon

AN EYE ON THE DISCIPLINE

Mary Singe moved to Tanzania right after graduate school to teach sign language to seven chimpanzees. One monkey in particular impressed her with his aptitude for language apprehension, probably due to his abnormally large Broca's Area, a part of the brain that plays a significant role in language acquisition. As it turns out, his Broca's area was not the only large part of his body. He also had a tremendously big heart, a passion for life and for his fellow monkey. Mary, in her journals, describes him as a poetic soul, an admirer of nature, and the artist who would wander atop the nearby mountain to gaze at the sunset. He even kept a pet turtle.

His poetic faculties became more refined as he continued to learn the language. Mary's journals report, "Harry and I had a very romantic night tonight. We were walking along the beach when he turned to me abruptly and signed the words 'DO-ME.' I always thought he was cute, but now I know that what I was feeling was true love." This moment of serene bliss would not last long. Societal pressures forced them to meet in secrecy, and the fear of being caught became a burden to their very souls.

The other monkeys were the first to find out. They alienated him, perhaps because, without a Judeo-Christian Bible to compel them, they were covetous of his beautiful mate. Harry became dejected and sad, no longer the handsome and charismatic chimp that Mary fell in love with. His love turned to anger and from anger spawned jealousy. They became reckless and lust-driven, having "make-up sex" at every spare moment. Given these circumstances, it was only a matter of time until they were revealed to the world.

About a year into their relationship, Hellen Darwinia, Mary's nerdy, depraved assistant, started to notice peculiar behavior: she would always see Harry smoking cigarettes by himself, and Mary's disposition became irritable and dejected. According to Mary's journals, Hellen began to set up booby-traps to catch them in the act. One day, finally, Hellen told Mary she was heading to the city for a few days. She returned a few hours later to find the two flummoxed lovers in bed.

Mary's love life soon began to surface in scientific journals across the world. Her bizarre "research methods" have ignited an international debate over proper relations between scientists and their non-human subjects. Mary fled Tanzania in order to find refuge in the United States, but was recently apprehended in New Jersey for bestiality.

After fighting these charges in various appeal courts, the case has been referred to the Supreme Court under the name *Brown v. Animal Welfare*. Although the world is still anxiously awaiting the outcome, Alabama has, in the meantime, passed a law entitled "Proposition 10," guaranteeing the "right for humans to participate in intercourse with sheep, goats, cats... and various other quadrupeds." Proposition 9, however, has yet to receive more than three votes in the House. As we await the Supreme Court's decision, Mary is waiting in her jail cell. She purportedly does not interact with other inmates; she merely stares quietly out of her jail cell window and gazes at the sunset. The only visitor she entertains is a short, hunched, hairy man with sunglasses who claims to be her lawyer.



Singe and Harry share a tender moment.



PLUMBING THE DEPTHS

Perhaps one of the most painful losses to the world of archaeology was that of former University of Edinburgh professor emeritus Neville Aloysius Hackenschmidt IV several years ago. In accordance with the only bequest in his will, National Jackographic has been given full access to all of his unpublished materials. We are privileged to bring these unseen papers to you. Our first installment is the very logbook that was recovered from perhaps his final mission: a trip deep into the uncharted Catacombs of Bah-Sment.

March 20th: We had to weather a rough welcome from the natives. I had never before seen such tenacious offers to sit down and eat some pie, but thankfully I made it through. Upon entering the catacombs, my local guide and assistant, Dkem!tubu, almost fell down the stairs, but then found a torch that activated with a single touch and illuminated the area with a soft ambient light. The first sight that greeted us in the pleasantly-lit depths was several pieces of furniture. There was an elongated couch, a table, and some other pieces, all coated in a kind of veil meant to preserve them from wear. Dkem!tubu and I deduced that maybe we had stumbled upon a tomb, and whomever was buried here held a belief that he would need to take his possessions into the afterlife with him. What other treasures are held within?

March 21st: Dkem!tubu, after poking around in the underbrush, discovered a device which drew my attention. I initially thought it was a chariot of some kind, but it has two step-like appendages. I asked Dkem!tubu to try and stand on it, but when weight was applied to one appendage, it moved down, and the other one moved upwards. The puzzling thing about this device was that it seemed to have absolutely no sign of wear or tear. Whatever use it was designed for, it was probably never used at all after it was made.

March 22nd: After some more searching, we finally managed to find some iconography of the actual deities, whom the entombed probably worshiped, in the form of a strange vertical structure. It seemed to have a vent and a pair of wheels at its base, but the upper part consisted of a vertical tube topped with a handle-like phallus and an enormous, dangling cloth sack filled with what appeared to be dust.

Obviously their religion centered heavily on fertility and sex, as indicated by the elongated, upright phallus and engorged, swollen scrotum on this god

figure. The rest of the body seems to be only an accessory to the mammoth genitalia. After careful and studious guessing, I have been able to extrapolate a sketch of the ritual that this instrument was probably used in, where virgins were sacrificed to the elephantine phalli of these gods. I'm going to save it in the pages of this notebook. (*Editor's note: The sketch is suspiciously missing from the text.*)

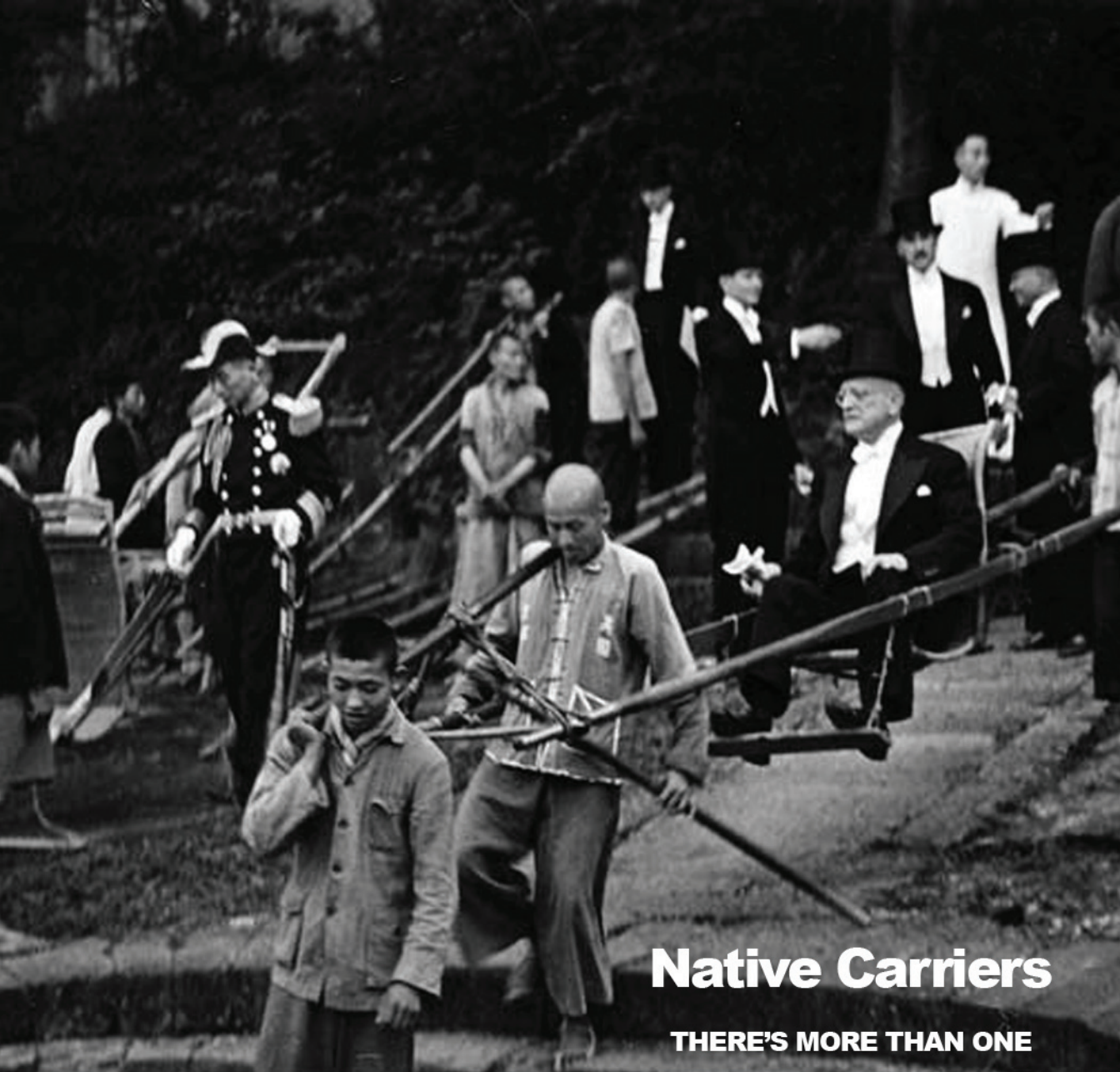
March 23rd: A grave disappointment today. One chamber was filled with boxes upon boxes of what we thought could be tools or statues or other invaluable artifacts. Instead, they were filled with flat, circles of loosely-woven thread. Elsewhere in these catacombs, we've discovered examples of these things arranged under ritual bowls and plates. We have no idea what the hell they are, or what use they could conceivably have. We examined them all damn day. There's no possible use a sane person could have for these things. There are thousands of these things. Maybe they ate them. I don't know.

March 24th: We have finally made our way into the central chamber of the tomb, and have found the great reward we were looking for! A spectacularly preserved mummy that still actually seems to have some of its skin, hair, maybe even its eyes intact! In the deep-seated fortress of this tomb, undisturbed by human contact for what must have been centuries, it has not been exposed to the elements to harm it! I took a photo to prove this once-in-a-lifetime find to my colleagues back in Edinburgh. My tenure is secured!

Join us next month when we see Neville's journal from his expedition to Al-Attik.



Above: The final photograph found in Hackenschmidt's camera. Is this the mummy he wrote of?



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THERE'S MORE THAN ONE

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*Visit a Native Carriers dealership near you for our special offer: buy twelve carriers get their eldest daughters free of charge. Offer valid through May 2009. Offer void in Tasmania.

PRESERVING WONDERS OF NATURE FOR THE NEXT GENERATION:

THE GENE KLAARTMAN by Jane Goodall

38 Ramage Street, Manchester, Connecticut, is today a cozy, comfortable suburban home filled with all the comfortable and quiet signs of a middle-class American lifestyle. Here, exists a delicate food chain: a few ants toil along the countertop, seeking crumbs and spills, a bird singing at the feeder outside, and in the corner a Labrador Retriever yawning and rolling onto its side. All is well.

However, in mere decades, this place could become a desolate, empty wasteland utterly devoid of life of any kind. This is the fear that grips the members of the Gene Klaartman Foundation for Species Preservation. The close-knit band of dedicated biologists, doctors, reproductive endocrinologists, and ecologists, is locked in a race against time that often seems hopeless: ensuring the survival of Gene Klaartman's genes.

For the past three years, the team has been working furiously to achieve the first successful mating of Gene Klaartman with a woman. So far, all attempts to get this humble, homely 35-year-old male to couple have failed—and there have been numerous attempts.

Doctors Chris Zhang and Frank Lindbach, the two senior researchers on the team, greet

me at the entrance to their facility. They are worn and ragged, dressed in battered sweaters and carrying cups of weak coffee. Grimly, they lead me through cluttered halls, past examination rooms and labs, to a small windowed door at the end of a long passage. I am permitted to look through into the chamber beyond. There, crouching in the corner with his head between his knees, dressed in a smeared and dirty sweater and blinking from behind a pair of tear-smudged glasses, is the last surviving Gene Klaartman.

“We were first alerted to the problem, what, perhaps five years ago?” Doctor Zhang says. “I was working with the Giant Panda Reproduction program at the US National Zoo in Washington when I first came into contact with literature on the situation. I was heartbroken,” he recalls, wiping away a tear. “I mean, if nothing changes soon, there won't be any more of Gene Klaartman. We had to do something.”

Doctor Lindbach remembers the Foundation's early days. “There was a lot of enthusiasm,” he says. “Everybody was so sure we could get this guy to bone a girl. I mean, other species preservation programs have been having a lot of luck recently. In Thailand there are pandas

fucking on every streetcorner, right, because they started using panda porn. We tried that.” He shakes his head wearily. “He wasn’t so into it. Sometimes I think God just wants this guy to die out.”

If Gene Klaartman does not mate successfully sometime within the next two to four years, the team expects, there will be almost no chance of preserving any Klaartmans for posterity. Desperate, the scientists are now returning to techniques abandoned long ago.

“Porn was one of the first things we tried,” Zhang says. “We rented out a movie theater in the next town over and locked him in there alone for thirty minutes of *The Temple of Poon*. Then we introduced a sample of about 40 nude swimsuit models. He just crawled under his seat and cried.” The second time this method was attempted, Klaartman escaped the testing theater and fled across the hall to a screening of the Transformers movie. “We lost a lot of ground that one time,” Zhang recalls. “As punishment, we had to take away all his *Dungeons and Dragons* manuals. It was actually kind of painful for me.”

Lindbach remembers how sex toys were used frequently in the early days of the program. “We’d hand him a crate of these and send him into a closed room for about an hour every afternoon,” he says. “Just to get him, you know, comfortable with, uh, the idea of the sex act. But we never had any positive results.”

Doctor Edith Daniels, the resident psychologist, explains that a lack of self-esteem is the major reason for Gene’s inability to get laid. “You know, he’s really kind of a sweet guy,” she says. Last year, a fleeting infatuation with a local librarian foundered when Gene spilled a cup of coffee on his crotch during a conversation at Starbucks.

“He came back here sobbing,” Doctor Daniels says. “We got tougher on him after that.”

They have tried slipping enormous high-resolution photographs of vaginas under his door every day before breakfast. They have surprised him in hallways with crowds of naked ladies. They have instructed his family and friends to give him, for the past three Christmases, gifts consisting exclusively of lube. They have

sprayed him with sixteen brands of male body scent simultaneously before releasing him into a sex-workers’ convention. They have enrolled him in porn-downloading classes. They have spiked most of his food and drinks with extremely concentrated doses of various aphrodisiacs. Most recently, they have locked him in a cage for hours on end with a naked, ovulating female.


“It was just the most goddamn awkward thing,” Lindbach says. “I mean, I kept having to bring in meals. It just went on and on, and he was all huddled up in the corner with this look on his face.” While in isolation, Klaartman read three novelizations of the Halo computer game and, for further entertainment, wrote a plot summary of *The Lord of the Rings* on thirty pages of looseleaf. “I wanted to slap him,” Lindbach recalls.

Keeping the stream of funds alive has grown harder and harder for the Foundation. “Some of these experiments are really kind of expensive,” Zhang says. “Especially the ones where we rent hookers and swimsuit models. We tried pamphlet campaigns in a couple zoos and National Parks, but people usually took one look at them—we had his picture on the front, right—and they were like, ‘God, I don’t want to give this guy any money.’ So I think our donations actually fell because of that.”

Recently, a special on the National Geographic channel aired to raise public awareness of the plight Gene Klaartman faces. Nevertheless, interest remains disappointingly low. The dedication to the survival of Gene Klaartman shown by these overworked scientists is truly inspiring. If all causes, no matter how small or desperate, were shown this level of commitment, the world would surely benefit.

“I remember back when I was working with cheetahs as a grad student,” Lindbach says, “there was this ‘yes we can’ attitude. I mean, all creatures, you know, they all want to have sex. I mean, eventually it turns up. Everybody’s gotta reproduce. I keep telling myself that, you know? To keep my hopes up.”

We wish you the best, brave scientists of the Gene Klaartman Foundation for Species Preservation! May you meet success someday soon!



ALL WE'VE EVER DREAMED ABOUT

BY SAMANTHA BUNZ

It has finally happened. One of the greatest hopes of mankind is a hope no more, but now a reality—the discovery of extraterrestrial life.

As the Ro-Blunt 420 crept across the frozen surface of Europa and sunk its probe through the icy crust and into the sea below—the one spot on Europa where a warm water vent might lie — a control room in Houston packed with over one hundred scientists eagerly awaited news of what the Ro-Blunt might find. Joy erupted in the control room as Ro-Blunt 420 detected the presence of life and began to extract the sample. The sample was then remote-launched back to earth.

NASA Scientist Jonathan Strindberg, who directed the project, commented on the momentous nature of the discovery. “This shit is the chronic,” said Strindberg, breaking into a coughing jag.

“You’ve got to cough off to get off, Strindberg m’man. And no, no...it’s not the chronic,” said fellow NASA speculative biologist and Brown University professor, Jason Feldman, as he attempted to control a broadening grin. “It’s the hydroponic chronic,” he said. Both he and Strindberg erupted in giggles.

Strindberg then rewound The Grateful Dead song, “Dark Star,” which he and Feldman had been enjoying, back to “the really cool part” and stated, “I’m not sure what this means for

the future of human beings.” He smiled goofily. “It’s a really big thing.”

Feldman went on to describe the nature of the life form. “It’s botanical...kind of like what you’d call a plant or a weed or some shit.”

“Yeah, like a weed,” added Strindberg.

“It’s really, um, green and cool and shit. And highly...um...heh...highly smokeable,” said Feldman

“Highly tokeable too,” chimed Strindberg.

“Smokeable tokeable,” Feldman concluded in a sing-song voice.

The extraterrestrial life form is remarkable in that it does resemble an earth plant, despite the improbability of parallel evolution. NASA researcher Calvin Broadus has spent the past several months studying the find.

“What?” he said. “Shit, I’m so fucking high, I don’t know what’s happening. Time is moving, like, soooo slow. It’s like really...really...really... Fuck. I think I’m freaking out. I think I’m having, like, a minor freak out.” Broadus stopped speaking, and stared at his hand for several minutes pensively. “We’re going to be able to get out of this room, right?”

I ensured him we would be able to leave the room. “Cool,” said Broadus, breathing deeply and continuing. “Dude, I heard that, um, loads of like, famous people used to hit the bong, like Shakespeare or whatever.”

Twenty years ago, Lake Pontchartrain was the most polluted waterway in the state of Louisiana.

Today, after years of preservation efforts, its waters are crystal-clear.

Now, I finally have somewhere to teach my son to fish.

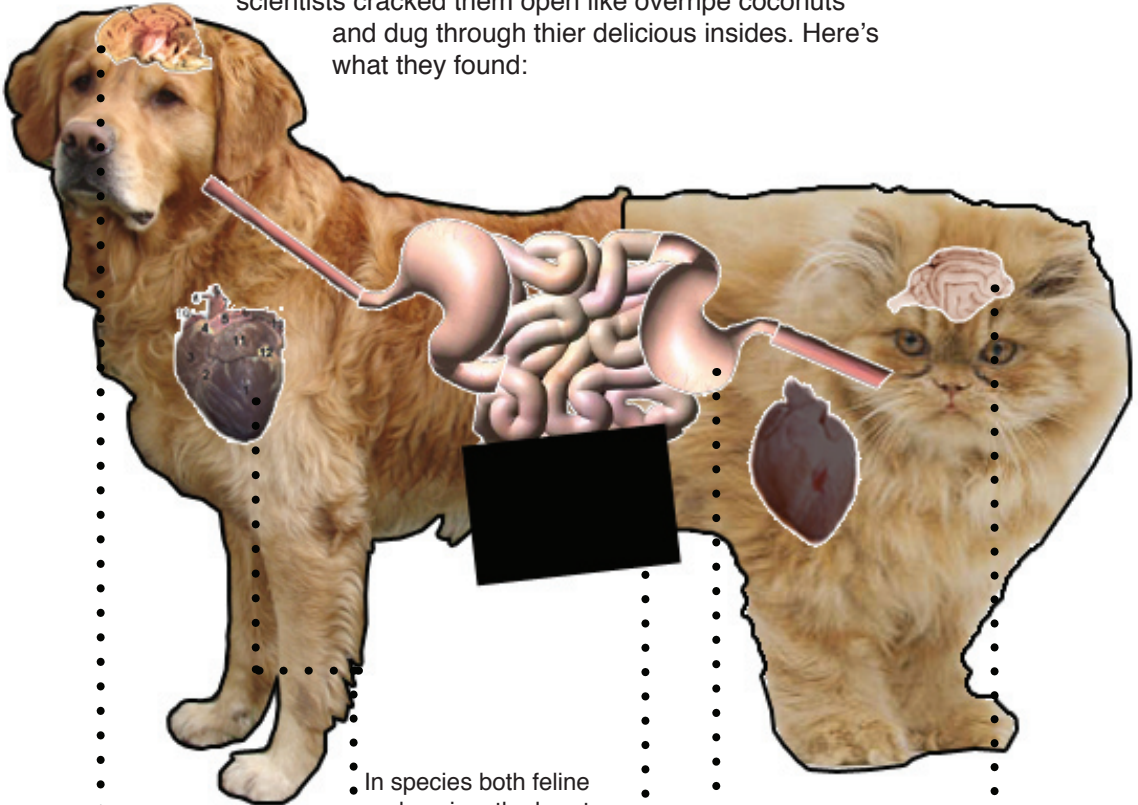
*Thanks, Girls
Gone Wild.*

GiRLSgone**WILD**®

HORRORS

Anatomy of a Catdog

In the recent excavation of an ancient Satanist colony, a bonechilling sound was heard escaping from the underground catacombs. Upon further examination, a pack of adorably unholy creatures were found there, mewling for the blood of the innocent. After luring them into captivity with promises of love and affection, scientists cracked them open like overripe coconuts and dug through thier delicious insides. Here's what they found:



This primitive brain has only the capacity to obey simple orders: maim, gnaw, eviscerate, and roll over.

In species both feline and canine, the heart is usually a vaguely unpleasant meat color. However, this creature's hearts appear coal-black, likely a result of the dark ritual that engineered its bastard birth.

Research shows that this creature has a strong desire to play with any vaguely string-shaped object it sees. Unfortunately, this includes entrails.

Scientists were initially baffled by these organs, seeing as the creature is completely sterile-- however, lead researchers now speculate that they exist solely so the animal can lick them in front of your grandparents.

Of all the mysteries surrounding this unholy beast, the digestive system is the only one yet unsolved. The system appears normal for the most part: esophogus, stomach, small intestine... but the colons are fused in the middle. The only possible opening is back up the... oh. Oh dear god.

FIELD RESEARCH



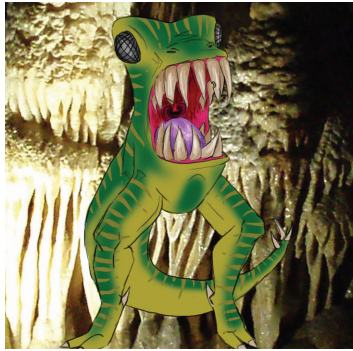
Last August, the discovery of a mysterious bone, similar in appearance to a cow femur, in a farm in rural Texas sparked a wave of speculation in the paleontological community. After consulting

with various teams of paleophiles, three highly contrasting theories have arisen.

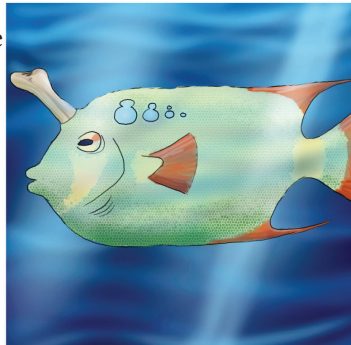
The Vanderbilt Department of Dinosaurs and Ancient Bovine Technology linked the bone to the fabled Femursaur, which existed in the late Cretaceous period. The Femursaur is known to have fed regularly upon teeth, skulls, limestone, and other calcinous objects, including Gerber's Powdered Milk. It is also said to have particularly liked fortified milks, which in those days were only available from fortified cows. This led to a protracted conflict with that particular species, which at the time, was the dominant protosentient species on Earth. However, the cows' crude tools were no match for the hides of the Femursars, and as their sticks broke fruitlessly upon the backs of their assailants, the cows realized that they would never become the dominant species on planet Earth, and they all died in a horrible mood.

Convinced that the Vanderbilt team were nothing but stupid inbred Southerners, the University of Alaska at Nome's Dr. Carolyne Ungulus proposed an aquatic origin in the form of the *more*-fabled Fishnoceros. The Fishnoceros swam the shallow waters off the coast of what would become Hungary more than

33,500,000,000 years ago. This was the first species of fish to have an external brain, which was encased in a brittle, egglike shell projecting from the middle of its forehead. Unfortunately for the Fishnoceros, its brain looked like some



kind of really tough bone, so its fish pals were always smackin' the brain and givin' it high fives and stickin' it in the toilet with the rest of the Fishnoceros' face and giving it swirlies. The result was a mass extinction of nearly every Fishnoceros before adolescence. The only ones to survive were the ones who grew legs and journeyed up onto land, where their brains split in two and migrated to either side of their skull. These were the first cows.



Unimpressed by the previous explanations, the University of Brussels proposed their hilarious, foppish mascot, Mr. Boney! Their previous mascot, Bovinous Ben, was the only mascot of a European university to not have a university education. Recruited straight from the field at age one half, Ben was kept locked in a sub-basement of the Paelontology building, where the paleontologists taunted him with sharpened metersticks and pies, which Ben was not permitted to eat. However, after the infamous Tipping Scandal of



2002, Ben, apparently deciding that life was no longer worth living, wrote a heartfelt note to his girlfriend Leda the Swan at the University of Athens and passed himself through the inner workings of the Brussels Sausage Company, never to be seen again. A few of his smaller bones were rescued and kept in a small shrine in the lobby of the admissions office until early 2009, when they were accidentally eaten by a small child.

Think you saw it all in the Congo,
you Peace Corps hippie?

WRONG!

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THE URBAN JUNGLE

*Witness reprehensible acts
that a just God would
never allow!*

*The only law here is the
Law of the Jungle.*

*Every Thursday at 11pm.
Bring a sponge.*





Leonard Smick, 1922. Courtesy of *The American Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*

For a brief period in the 1920s, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ran a program in which they granted the wishes of terminally ill animals. Ralph, a lion from the Bronx Zoo who, suffering from cancer of the fangs, was one of the first recipients of the program's services. After being told he would not be allowed to "ride the Steeplechase [a roller coaster], at Coney Island, all day long," he requested to participate in the Wall of Death, a popular carnival event of the time.

Before Ralph's dream could become a possibility, several obstacles had to be surmounted. First, to provide the thrust necessary to accelerate a lion fast enough to stick him to the Wall, a 200 horsepower (or 97 lionpower) engine was needed. Even the most-qualified engineers of that year could not produce a motorcycle of such power that would not explode, so a car was substituted.

Next, Ralph was given driving lessons. His lack of opposable thumbs, however, proved impossible to overcome. Ralph would have to settle for a side-car ride at 77 riveting miles per hour.

Ralph is said to have most enjoyed the wind through his mane. He was also seen allowing the air to flap his jowls around and to blow flecks of spittle from his lips. After the event, Ralph, in his joy, killed and ate all his handlers before escaping into the streets of New York. He was eventually put down by Sgt. McLaren of the NYPD.

A good day was had by all.



“You call THAT a mating dance?”