

Jo-Jo Gets Sick

by Chester McGee

Jo-Jo was sad.

Yesterday he moved into nice a new home. His new home was large and clean and even had a large tire swing on which he could play.

But Jo-Jo was still sad.

Similar to his old home, the walls were made of wire. The roof was made of wire. The roof and walls made for excellent climbing. They were also excellent in that the flight path of flung poo was barely hindered, and would sometimes even break apart producing what Jo-Jo liked to call the "fecal-shotgun-effect." This pleased him greatly. A single hurled poo round could often splatter a sizable crowd of gawking hairless monkeys that would quickly recoil in respect of Jo-Jo. This would often scatter the hairless monkeys such that Jo-Jo could get some well-deserved shut-eye.

But Jo-Jo was still sad.

His new home also had a wire floor and was suspended in the air. Jo-Jo was not afraid of heights and did not mind that he did not have a solid floor to stand on. The problem with his new home was that the wire floor was inadequate to retain just about any fecal deposits he made. Jo-Jo found that if he ate more bananas that sometimes his resulting excrement would be large enough for retention. However, the resultant fecal missile would often be large and not very aerodynamic making accurate throws difficult. And even worse, sometimes it would take several days to restock his ammunition supply.

So Jo-Jo was still sad.

Jo-Jo stopped eating. What was the point of eating if you cannot throw the resultant poo? Jo-Jo's keeper Roger got worried when Jo-Jo didn't eat for a week and called in his friend the Chimp doctor. After a careful examination, the doctor determined that Jo-Jo had a chronic case of fecalballisticosis. He told Jo-Jo and Roger that Jo-Jo's condition was hereditary, and that endorphins produced by the joy of flinging poo were required to maintain a healthy chemical balance in Jo-Jo's brain. He also said that the condition was actually quite common in chimps, and not uncommon in humans. He told Jo-Jo that 73% of all humans (or hairless monkeys as Jo-Jo called them) who had been diagnosed with clinical depression could lead more active, happier healthier lives if they merely took the time to fling their poo even just once a week. Unfortunately for chimps, the natural endorphins need more frequent poo flingings of twice or even three times per day.

Jo-Jo was still sad.

And Roger was sad too. Jo-Jo's old cage had been relegated to a family of sloths who were not likely to give it up without careful negotiations with the sloths keeper. The sloths keeper had been known to do anything for his sloths including feeding them his own nephews. Roger did not have nephews however he had seen them once on TV and did not want to start trouble.

So Roger thought.

And thought.

Finally, Roger brought in another friend known as Mookie the Chimp Whisperer. Mookie had seen many chimps, and even celebrity chimps such as Nim Chimpsky, Bonzo and Mr. Pickles. Mookie sat hairless and naked in the cage with Jo-Jo for many hours (the chimpanzee exhibit had been closed so as not to alarm onlookers as to why a naked man was sitting in a cage with a chimp). Finally, he felt a revelation coming on. With Jo-Jo looking on in curiosity, he reached behind himself and produced a handful of some of the finest flingin' poo Jo-Jo had ever seen. Jo-Jo nearly fell off the tire in excitement as Mookie sent the prize careening through the air. As it splattered across the wire cage and onto the sign in front of the cage explaining Jo-Jo's life story, Jo-Jo could hardly contain his thrill and bounced up and down off of the walls and ceiling of the cage. He grabbed every last morsel of food he could find in the cage and ate it. By catching his tender leavings in his hand, he could cradle them with the tenderness of a devoted mother until he had hairless chimp targets. Never again would ammunition wastefully fall through the grate of the cage.

Jo-Jo was happy.

Roger was happy.

He didn't know what the Chimp Whisperer had done or said to Jo-Jo, but Jo-Jo was eating again.