

# Jonesy's Rhino

*by* Mike Lynch

The zoo is great. Well, everything but the monkeys. I can't stand monkeys. They're so lame. What, I'm supposed to be impressed because they can climb trees and solve puzzles? Fat chance. So yeah, I can't stand monkeys, but I love the zoo. Jonesy loved the zoo too, and that's why we were pals. But Jonesy died. Bummer.

On the day Jonesy died, me and him were hanging out at the zoo. We wandered around and drank and carried on like assholes pretty much all day. Standard zoo stuff -- for us anyway.

Once we were thoroughly sloshed, I strolled over to the camel corral and met my buddy Roy. Roy is a real cool dude. He runs the camel corral, which is this big fenced area where all the camels chill out. I got my picture taken with a camel for like the sixteenth time. The camel photo turned out bad ass, and I was really stoked. See, the camel is my favorite animal. I can't really explain why -- I just love camels. They're fucking cool. If the weather is nice I can sit and relax at the camel corral all day long. I wish the camels could hang out. I'd love to share a few beers with them. But anyway, yeah, I was stoked because my camel photo turned out great. Jonesy, on the other hand, was absolutely rotten dogshit miserable.

Jonesy's rhino was missing. You see, usually the zoo has a rhino -- this fat, decrepit, ugly rhino with a broken stump of a horn. Jonesy loved that mangy, beat-up critter the same way I loved my camels. They were like best pals. But the rhino was missing -- there wasn't anything in the rhino habitat but a massive, stinking rhino turd and a sign that read "sorry, no rhino today." Jonesy took the news pretty hard. No rhino means Jonesy is miserable. And what does Jonesy do when he's miserable? Jonesy gets drunk -- even more drunk than usual.

The day wore on, and Jonesy drank like he meant business. I was worried about Jonesy, but unfortunately I was the wrong sort of worried. I was worried that Jonesy might piss his pants or fall asleep or barf on a lady at the hot dog stand. You know -- I thought he

might do something kind of sad, crude, or gross, and I didn't want to get banned from the zoo. I love the zoo! So I was prepared for sloppiness. But Jonesy's craziness -- that sort of caught me off guard. I mean, no one was more shocked than I was when, as we were casually hanging out by the bear habitat, Jonesy decided to jump the fence. It all happened so quickly! Jonesy was a spry little dude.

After Jonesy entered the bear habitat, he walked up to the biggest bear in the group, and he punched it square in the nose. The bear was visibly startled. I mean, bears don't get punched that often, right? Hell no. And there's a reason: bears are ferocious animals. They will fuck your shit up. But when Jonesy gets drunk and fired up, it doesn't matter how loud you shout -- he won't listen to reason.

After punching the bear, Jonesy looked it right in the eyes and started blabbering like an asshole. "I know your kind. With all the fur. Catching salmon in the river and shit like that. I've seen it on the television. You think you're such hot shit. With your cubs. You go around and climb trees and swim and shit in the fucking woods. I know your fucking deal! But you're no rhinoceros! You ain't never gonna be no fucking rhinoceros! So why don't you cut this shit out. Go home. Go back to your fucking cave in the woods. And stay there. No one wants to hear about you, your fucking hibernation, your honey, and whatever the fuck else you do. I'm sick of your garbage. Bring back the fucking rhinoceros you piece of shit."

After concluding his rant, Jonesy reeled back and swung his fist at the bear. This time, however, he totally missed and fell in a big heap of mud. This made him even angrier. Slobbering, drunk, covered in mud, Jonesy thrashed on the ground cursing and swearing vengeance upon the bear. By this point the bear appeared visibly irritated. It had this really incredulous look on its face. The look was stunning. If I didn't know better, I'd swear that bear knew exactly what was going on, and it was getting sick of it.

Jonesy, meanwhile, climbed to his feet and was too busy removing mud from his pants to realize how dire the situation had become. "You got your mud all over my fucking shirt!" He spat. "Ain't no stinking bear gonna make me look an asshole. You think because

you got a cave and a tire swing that you're better than the rhinoceros? I bet you think you're some fucking hot shit zoo superstar, but you know what?..." Jonesy slowly crept up close enough to whisper directly into the bear's ear, and then he screamed, as loud as he possibly could, "...you ain't half a fucking rhinoceros!"

Well yelling in the bear's ear was an absolutely terrible idea. That shit really sparked a fire under the bear. It produced some serious rage. And not just any rage. Fucking bear rage. And I think maybe -- maybe for about a nanosecond -- Jonesy kinda sobered up and realized what the fuck he'd done. I really think I saw it in his eyes. Unfortunately, he didn't have the time to do shit about it. He was all done. It took all of maybe five seconds for the bear to put Jonesy out of business. The bear laid a fucking shredding on him that...well, let's just say it was ugly. Real ugly. Sorta makes me sick just thinking about it. I mean, have you ever seen a heated bear lay a serious raging bear bite on someone? I mean this bear, this fucking enormous woodland creature, it was furious, absolutely furious, and it fucked little Jonesy up. It used its paws, its teeth, its snout, and every muscle in its enormous body. It tore, pulled, ripped, smashed, crushed -- that bear just absolutely ruined Jonesy. It destroyed him. It fucking eliminated him.

Anyway, the bear killed poor Jonesy dead as they come. Like science fiction dead. Video game dead. Roy, the dude who runs the camel corral, said the folks at the Zoo spent about a month cleaning pieces of Jonesy out of the bear's teeth, fur, and paws. Brutal. But anyway, that's how Jonesy died. Poor Jonesy. Drunken stupidity aside, he was a good dude. I still visit the zoo regularly. A few months after Jonesy got shredded, I met this hypercute Belarussian chick by the hyena cage. We hang out lots. She digs surf guitar and hyenas. Hyenas are a pretty badass animal. I mean, they ain't camels, but they're way cooler than monkeys. I can't stand monkeys.

