

## If You Want To Save Endangered Species, At Least Let Me Try Fuckin' 'Em.



Every day, more and more species of animal teeter on the brink of extinction, or drop out of existence altogether. It's a real tragedy, not least because a large portion of the blame for this falls on our own cruelty, neglect, and thoughtlessness. Many dedicate their lives to reversing this trend, fighting against what seem like impossible obstacles.

But we haven't exhausted every option just yet. Because if we really want to save these animals, you have to at least try letting me fuck them.

I'm fully aware that as a human bloke, I am unlikely to achieve conception with any member of the animal kingdom. But look: who knows what might happen? It's nature – we've seen madder things. And if I'm not able to make some rad tiger/bloke hybrid, then at least I gave it a whirl. More importantly, I'll get these frigid critters back in the mood, raring to go, eager for their next roll in the hay.

Some people to whom I've outlined this scheme have suggested that this is some long held dream of mine, and to them I say: don't be so childish. I'm trying to make a difference here. If I can remind one soaring, sexy bald eagle how all the parts go together, then great. And if not, no big deal, and I promise to clean up after myself. I'll adjust my technique to the tenderness or roughness of the animal's preference, and I promise not to boast to my mates.

So come on, scientists, what do you have to lose? Start lining up the rare beasts of the wild, and I'll start ploughing through them with abandon. Let's save the natural world.