

THIS ABOVE ALL;
TO THINE OWN
SELF BE
ZOO.

Vol. II Suppl. β

May 8th 2024

In this issue,
two friends pretend to be zoophiles,
and the alphabet is recited in zooish words.

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To Thine Own Self Be Zoo
Vol. II Suppl. β
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FALSE FLAG FOR FUNSIES

May 8th, 2004
Clyde Takahashi is 23
Melvin Jackson is 19

“What if we did a reality show where we pretended to be zoophiles?” Clyde pitched.

Melvin threw all of the different colored markers in his hand across the room and stood up. The different colors were for different levels of how good or bad an idea was. Melvin walked directly to the box on the wall labeled “BREAK GLASS IN CASE OF PERFECT IDEA” with a red marker inside, behind a pane of glass, and with a little hammer dangling from the box by a chain. Melvin picked up the little hammer, smashed the glass, grabbed the marker, marched back across the room to the whiteboard, used his hand to erase a big section of the ideas written in the middle, and in huge letters he wrote with the red marker, “PRETEND TO BE ZOOPHILES SHOW.”

Clyde did a little dance to himself as Melvin was writing the idea in red.

The two of them stood in their production room--a room of their rented house that had once been a dining room off in the corner, but the two of them always just ate on the couch in the living room, so they had carried out the table and instead set up a few desks, and shelving to house their film equipment. All over the walls were different movie posters, that Clyde had gotten from his friend who worked at the local movie theater.

Done writing, Melvin threw the red marker across the room back in the direction of the wall-mounted box and the broken glass on the floor. He then turned to Clyde, and asked, "How far are you willing to go with pretending?"

Thinking aloud, Clyde said, "I woouuuuld have actual my-erect-boner-inside-of-their-coochie sex with animals on film. And cum inside."

"Duuuude. We are so doing this."

Clyde asked, "Are we a gay couple for this or just friends?"

Thinking aloud, Melvin said, "Mmmmm ggggggay couple. Obviously an open relationship, to involve animals too. I think youuuu have a dogggg wwwwife, and I'm not into dogs that much, but we're both into horses and cows and barn animals."

Clyde did a clap, and said, "Fuck. Yes. Perfect. Oh my god let's get Jenna!"

"Oh my fucking god."

Clyde and Melvin both went to the desk that had the phone on it, and leaned over it as Clyde found Chet's number in their address book--under "T" for "That dog breeder guy"--and then punched in the number, and put it on speaker.

It rang a couple of times.

Then on the other end of the line came a gruff voice, "You've got Chester."

Clyde began, "Hey Chet, this is Clyde."

The tone became markedly more friendly as Chet went on, "Oh, hello! Is there something I can help you with?"

"Do you still have Jenna, the Great Dane with the tan coat?"

"Yes."

"I will give you two hundred bucks for her."

After those words from Clyde, the line went quiet.

Clyde held up a hand to Melvin as though to say, "Let it hang."

Chet eventually responded, "I could get more than that for her."

Melvin jumped in, saying, "Hey, Chet, this is Melvin, you're on speaker."

"Oh, hello."

Melvin went on, "You've had her have puppies a few times before, right? She's used to having people touching her cooch?"

Trepidation: “Yyyyyessss.”

Melvin went on, “We’re not actually zoophiles, but we’re making a pilot for a reality show where we’re going to pretend that we’re zoophiles.”

Chet took in a long inhale, and then sighed, and said, “Ohhhhhhhhh, Christ. That’s actually a really good one.”

With a grin, Clyde said, “Isn’t it?”

Chet went on, “I think you’ll actually get picked up with that one.”

Clyde went on, “We wanted to have Jenna be my dog wife. One fifty for her now, and if we get picked up an extra five hundred for every season that airs that has her in it.”

“You’ve got a deal.”

“We’ll be right over,” Clyde said, and hung up.

Clyde and Melvin both jumped in place facing each other, swatting at one another and saying “dude dude dude!” and “holy shit oh my god oh fuck!” and “this is it! this is the one!”

The two of them ran out of the production room and into the living room, sat down on the floor together and each tied the other’s shoes, ran outside and down the street to Chet, got Jenna who wagged to see them, and then Clyde and Melvin and Jenna all skipped and ran back home.

Inside, Clyde and Melvin unclipped Jenna’s leash, and allowed the huge Great Dane to sniff all around the house, inspecting things and wagging.

Melvin said, “Okay, episode outline. We introduce ourselves. Do some VO about what being a zoophile means to each of us, while B-roll plays of us walking Jenna and of like horses just standing around in a field. You and Jenna are having your Screw Each Other Day and we walk the viewer through how that dynamic works with the three of us, I’m just sitting outside of the room but I am glad to know that you two are having fun--I’ll actually be in there filming but, we stage it like I’m not. After that we go to Justin’s farm and hump one of his animals--”

“Are you up for sex with animals on film too?”

“Yeah I’m in.”

“Righteous.”

Melvin went on, “And then me and you and Jenna get home and do our cozy evening routine, and then we cllloose on the

next morning, symbolizing that we're still just getting started and have a lot more to do and a lot more to show to the viewer."

Clyde and Melvin shook hands.

Jenna came up and licked Clyde's hand.

Clyde got down on his knees, and pet and praised Jenna while Melvin went to grab a camera and some sound equipment.

As Melvin was coming back, Clyde was already deeply nuzzling Jenna's flank, as Jenna leaned into it and wagged.

Melvin started filming. Clyde stopped nuzzling, and grabbed Jenna's ass from either side, and said to the camera, "This piece of anatomy has many names." He then pointed at the dog's vulva, and held the point there as Melvin zoomed in and could get a good few seconds of that shot. Melvin then zoomed back out, and Clyde said to the camera, "Personally, I call this the best coochie a man could ever get."

Clyde and Melvin went around the house passing the camera back and forth, filming each other saying things like "Today is That Day of the month" and "I'm really excited" and "I'm glad to know that they're having fun right now. Can you hear that? I don't know if the sound can hear that, but they're definitely having a lot of fun in there."

Clyde and Melvin and Jenna, walking towards the master bedroom, all felt their heartbeats racing, mostly Clyde.

Melvin said, "Moment of truth."

Clyde said, "Pshhh, yeah."

Jenna wagged.

Inside the master bedroom, Melvin set up the camera on a tripod, and then Clyde and Jenna did a few takes of climbing up onto the bed together. Clyde and Jenna made out a little, Clyde's clothes still fully on so that they could air it. Melvin set up a few more cameras, to have a variety of shots. Ultimately, Jenna was on her back with Clyde on top. Then, moment of truth, Clyde unzipped his pants, stuck his hard dick through, slicked himself a little by passing make-out saliva from his mouth to his hard-on with his hand, took a little bottle of lube from his back pocket and made sure with his fingers that she was all good and ready on the inside, and then he pushed his cock into a Great Dane's dog pussy.

With a shudder, he said, "Ohhhh, I love you Jenna."

Clyde made sex faces, and breathed with sex cadences.

Jenna laid there with her dog legs spread, taking Clyde's shaft, occasionally wagging and licking his face.

Melvin minded the sound equipment.

Melvin eventually said, "Give me some lines. We're going to have to blur like the entire screen, so, we need audio here."

Clyde moaned, "Ohhhh Jenna, you feel so good. It feels so good to be inside of a dog. I love making love to a Great Dane. Ohhh good girl, I'm so close good girl."

Jenna wagged a lot at that last line.

Melvin asked, "Out of character, how do you really feel?"

"She is *really* good."

"Daaaaaaaamn. You're not actually getting an animal fetish from doing this are you?"

Clyde, still thrusting, said, "I'm not saying I'm not, I'm not saying I am."

"Sounds like you are."

"I'm just saying that if it's between my hand or this dog, I know for sure I'm not always choosing my hand anymore."

"Oh shit. How about my ass or her?"

"Nnnnot sure. You most of the time. But right now I wouldn't swap."

"Oh shiiiiit."

The three of them continued to work on the scene, until with a lot of "ah ah ah" and "AHHHH"-s, Clyde finished inside of Jenna.

Clyde sat at the foot of the bed in the afterglow, as Jenna laid on the bed licking herself off.

Clyde and Jenna kissed a little more just to check in with one another as Melvin collected up the equipment, and then Clyde changed clothes to a wedding dress and Melvin tied a tie on Jenna, and they got some wedding pictures in the back yard to use when talking about Jenna being Clyde's dog wife.

Clyde and Melvin left Jenna at home with the AC on and like all of the deli meat from the fridge sitting in a bowl on the floor for her since they didn't have dog food yet, and drove towards Justin's farm to get the barn animals bestiality parts.

Clyde mentioned, "Oh shit, on the way let's go through downtown and shoot the intros."

“Oh, yeah.”

Clyde pressed hard on the brakes, and made a turn to go towards downtown.

Melvin mentioned, “I wanna do the spinny shot.”

Clyde agreed, “Oh yeah for sure.”

At a plaza downtown, Clyde and Melvin got out of the car.

Clyde, wearing a lapel mic, faced Melvin, who filmed from a little distance away.

Clyde said in a voice-over-y voice, “My name is Clyde Takahashi--nope, let me retake that, I don’t wanna use my name-name for this.” He took a breath, recentered. Mischievous smile. Calm. Confident. “My name is C-Slice.”

As Clyde stood there in place, Melvin walked in a circle around Clyde, holding the camera. The plan was that this would be sped up with frames dropped, to make it seem like a sort of stop-motion spin around Clyde.

With the camera back where it had started, a full circle done, Clyde went on, “And I’m a zoophile.”

Melvin gave a thumbs up. Melvin then handed the camera to Clyde, and Melvin stood where Clyde had been standing.

Melvin began, “My name is Mel-Dog--”

“Nope, uh-uh,” Clyde interrupted. “No way your name can have dog in it when we’re going to be doing a show that has so much to do with dogs.”

Melvin began again, “My name is M-Slice--”

“Noooo, we can’t both be Slice.”

“What do *you* want me to do?”

Clyde suggested, “Just say Melvin Jackson. ‘My name is Melvin Jackson.’”

“What, so you get to be C-Slice and I have to use my real name?”

“I think it would make it sound more credible if you did.”

“Fine. My name is Melvin Jackson.”

They did the rest of the shot, and then continued to Justin’s farm.

“Juuuuuustiiiiiiiin!” Melvin bellowed towards the house as they got out of the car and started walking towards the house.

Justin came out of the front door, hungover and looking hungover. He asked, “What?”

The three of them met at the edge of the porch, Clyde and Melvin standing on the grass, Justin up on the porch, leaning on the railing.

Melvin explained, "We're doing a pilot where we pretend for the pilot that we're zoophiles."

"Oh, that's actually really good."

"Isn't it?"

"Can we (whistle whistle) your horses on camera?"

Justin sighed, and pinched the bridge of his nose, and said, "Tell you what. You help me muck out the stalls, and if you still want to be inside of the animal that made all of that, mi caballo su caballo."

Clyde and Melvin and Justin shook hands.

The three of them went out to the barn, set up some cameras on tripods, and cleaned all of the horse droppings up, as Melvin now-and-then throughout the process made sure to come over to each of the horses and say hi and meet them.

During a break in the work, Clyde got some interview shots of Justin.

"Say nice things about bestiality."

"Hey, you know, the way I see it, God wouldn't have made men and mares so compatible if he didn't expect a little funny business between the two of them."

"Love it."

"I've never seen anyone take better care of a horse than someone who was hoping for the opportunity to romance them later on in the night."

"Perfect."

As Justin was leaving the barn, Melvin said, "Okay. That pony, Dasher, seems really friendly, and also with her being short, I wouldn't need a step stool or anything, you could do me while I do her."

Clyde and Melvin shook hands, and went and got the shots.

As Clyde and Melvin were leaving the barn, and the pony was following after Melvin trying to get him to stay, Melvin said, "That was *not* bad."

"Right?"

"That was a a labia that led into a vagina."

"Animals have coochies!"

“Animals *really* have coochies. We uh. I’m glad we’re doing this show, haha.”

“Yo same,” Clyde said, and then slapped Melvin’s balls through the pants.

The two of them got home to Jenna, who wagged from the couch and got up to come meet them as Clyde was filming.

The three of them hung around making dinner, eating dinner, reading books, chatting, having a cozy evening.

Then, Melvin made himself a bed on the couch, doing a monologue to camera about how on this night of the month, C and Jenna like to have the bed to themselves. Then they got shots of Clyde and Jenna getting into bed, again, and this time just snuggling with one another. They all actually went to sleep together in the master bedroom on the same bed.

In the morning, they got shots of all of them waking up from their respective positions, yawning and standing up.

They got shots of all of them in the back yard, eating fried eggs and hash browns to start their morning.

Before lunch Clyde and Melvin recorded all of the voice over they would need, and by dinnertime, they had the episode put together.

Sitting there on the couch watching it, Clyde and Melvin and Jenna, Clyde and Melvin kissed, and then Clyde and Jenna kissed, and then Melvin and Jenna, out of character, kissed as well.

IF I WEREN'T A ZOOPHILE SKIT

In this skit format, all performers stand side by side facing the audience. Together, all performers sing the following chorus:

Ohhhhhhhh,
If I weren't a Zoophile
There's nothing I'd rather be!
But if I weren't a Zoophile,

Then, the performer furthest to one side will step forward and announce what they would be, and do a little chant about it twice. After this, all performers sing the chorus again. Then, the next person down the line announces what they would be, does a little chant about their role twice, and repeats themselves as the first person does their chant again over the top of them. This repeats, until by the end all performers are shouting their different chants over the top of one another. In the end, the chorus is sung one last time in a modified fashion, where the performers announce in a heartfelt tone, "Why, there's nothing I'd rather be."

Ohhhhhhhh,
If I weren't a Zoophile
Why, there's nothing I'd rather be.

The chants of each performer are generally accompanied by a little pantomime or dance that relates to what they are chanting.

Some performers may have a role where they break from the format in a comedic way, often to do some kind of interaction with the other performers or with the audience.

Depending on the number of performers participating, a variety of roles can be used or discarded. Performers may also come up with their own roles that are not listed here if they'd like to! But these are some ideas for roles that a performer may have.

This is a version of the skit that would have nine roles: A Furry, A Dog Breeder, A Philosopher, A Pirate, A Werewolf, A Tree, A Bear, A Faunophile, and A Loser.

A Furry

The furry does a cute little dance, perhaps swiping with hands that are balled up like paws, and then striking a cheerleading pose.

Why, a furry I would be!

UwU, Maws are hot!
Also I like tails and knots!

A Dog Breeder

The dog breeder does a cheesy seductive dance, rocking left and right as they chant.

Why, a dog breeder I would be!

Take my hand Lucky,
It's time to make a puppy!

A Philosopher

The philosopher stands upright with a grave demeanor, hands clasped behind their back. Perhaps they gesticulate with one hand, or place the hand on their chin in thought. Or, perhaps their hands simply remain clasped behind their back. Rather

than repeating the same line over and over again, the philosopher improvises new variations on their line each time it is said.

Why, a philosopher I would be!

What IS an animal?

Is a human an animal?

Is a dog an animal?

Is a fish an animal?

Is a muskrat an animal?

Is a tree an animal?

Is the planet an animal?

Is the moon an animal?

Is God an animal?

(Turning to an adjacent performer) Are YOU an animal?

A Pirate

The pirate gesticulates with a hand that is balled into a fist but with one curled finger extended, mimicking a hook hand. They close one eye and snarl, mimicking an eyepatch and a gruff demeanor. Doing a pirate voice and projecting at a very loud volume is encouraged.

Why, a pirate I would be!

Mermaid, manatee,

Capture either one for me!

A Werewolf

The werewolf holds all fingers out splayed and curled like claws, crouches, and generally assumes the posture a werewolf might be seen to have. The werewolf breaks from format, merely howling for arbitrary lengths of time as everyone else chants to the same measures they had been doing before. Sometimes the werewolf may turn and howl while facing away from the audience.

Why, a werewolf I would be!

Awoooooooooooooooooo!

Awoooooooooooooooooo!

Awoooooo!

Awooooooo!

A Tree

After announcing what they are, the tree throws both arms into the air in a way that mimics tree branches, and remains frozen and silent for the remainder of the sketch.

Why, a tree I would be!

A Bear

Dependant on the “Tree” role being present. Likely, the bear comes just after the tree. Like the tree, the bear does not have any lines after their initial announcement. The bear will begin throwing back against the tree, ostensibly to scratch their back as bears do in the wild, though it certainly appears that the bear is putting on a show. The performers for the tree and the bear should discuss beforehand if they are comfortable doing these roles together, and discuss how much the bear intends to do, for example, adding a moment where the bear turns around and kisses the tree on the lips briefly may be comedic and unexpected, but should certainly not be done if the tree does not want that.

Why, a bear I would be!

A Faunophile

Dependant on the “Bear” and “Tree” roles being present. Likely, the faunophile comes just after the bear. The faunophile breaks from format, and does not do a chant in the same measure as everyone else. Instead, they begin cheering on the bear,

applauding and voicing how hot they think the bear's back-scratching is.

Why, a faunophile I would be!

Awww yeah!

Aw that's what I'm talking about!

Wooo!

Woohoo!

Yeah!

A Loser

Breaking from format, the loser runs around and gesticulates desperately, criticizing the other performers and telling them to stop being what they are. Lines may be improvised or performed as written. Likely, the loser is the last performer in the skit: at some point midway through the loser's performance, the werewolf will stop howling and go to the bear, if both are present, tap the bear on the shoulder, and the two will whisper into one another's ears and nod, and begin walking towards the loser. The faunophile, if present, perhaps wanders away, hands in their pockets, kicking at the ground and moping. Once the loser has criticized everybody, the bear and the werewolf will run forth and carry the loser off stage, the bear and the werewolf each grabbing under one of the loser's arms as the loser tucks in their legs to facilitate the carrying.

Why, a loser I would be!

To the faunophile: "No, you shouldn't find that sexy! Bears aren't doing that for you, oh my god!"

To the bear: "Dial it back, bear! Do you know that you're encouraging people to be zoophiles?"

To the audience: "And why are YOU watching this?"

To the werewolf: “You do NOT have permission to hump a wolf-wolf, if you were thinking about it! I WILL call the police if I see you at it!”

To the pirate: “PER. VERT. WHYYYYY? Why would you want a manatee? Why would you even want a mermaid, the fish half is the bottom! MAYBE if you wanted a blowjob I could approve! And that’s IF I didn’t think you would be thinking about the fish half during, which seems doubtful given the manatee comment!”

To the philosopher: “A man is not an animal! I mean, man IS an animal, but not in THAT way!”

To the dog breeder: “You’re fine.”

To the furry: “Oh my god, SHUT UP about maws and tails and knots!”

General Notes

Be confident and have fun! Project so that all can hear. The point is that things get very chaotic and difficult to understand as the skit goes on, so it is okay to be shouting over somebody else.

ZOO PHONETIC ALPHABET

Anima
Bucking
Closer (as in, “more close”)

Darling
Elk
Feral

Golden
Harpy
Impala

Jack
Knotswell
Lipstick

Mare
Night-run
Oh-so (as in, “oh so cute”)

Paw-play
Quiver
Racc-snack
Smelly

Tail-tip
Undercoat
Verdant

Whisker
Xeno
Yellow
Zeta-ly

Zip
One
Two
Three
Four
Five
Six
Seven
Eight
Niner
Ten

POEMS

Put To Good Use

It is a very nice memory
The feeling of someone
A dog in my case
Having sex with your body.
I would be grabbed by him
And he would slide his penis
Through my hand
Knotting with my human digits.
Getting held and pounded.
Warmth and a lot of nice hair.
Good times.

Cool Dream To Have

I just had a sex dream about a deer

So that was pretty cool.

I have a therian deer friend
she has shared a lot of her spiritual perspectives
and I was about to send her a message like,

“Also I just had a sex dream about a deer
so if that was you thanks that was fun.”

I think I’ll just send her this,
this account of it.

And if she decides it’s her, thanks.

And if she decides it’s not,
(it’s probably not,)
sorry for sleep deer friend cheating on you
or something.

I was walking towards the liquor store
just coming down the hill
almost there
(there is not a hill there in physical reality
like at all
it’s a McDonald’s parking lot
but anyways)
in the grass across the liquor store’s parking lot
there were two deer lying down.

I paused, glad to be surprised
to see this animal beauty.

One of the deer got up,
charged straight towards me
and head butted me at full speed

and I died.

Or, the scenario started over.

This time I was not surprised to see the deer
and tried to casually go past them
towards the door, no fuss.

This time the deer killed me against the liquor store's wall.

The third time, I fled around the corner:
out of sight,
out of mind,
I hoped.

The deer followed,
galloped
(or whatever deer do)
in an arc overshooting the corner on their way to me
and I planted my face into the top of their head
as they came to me,
nuzzled in the soft and bodily warm space in between their ears.
The deer awkwardly made me go to the ground,
legs all over pushing and nudging
until I was there on the pavement.

In broad daylight
me and this deer made out
in a parking lot behind the liquor store
no one else right-right there
but cars driving by pretty near
and maybe some surprised viewers from behind sun-glared
windows.

I had never made out with an herbivore before.
As we were going at it,
the deer's weight on top of me,
human lips touching big fuzzy deer mouth,
I tried to push kisses in a way
that I would feel the teeth

and be like “neat,
all flat, not pointy.”
I don’t think I really accomplished that,
but anyways I leaned forward
(in a way that doesn’t make sense,
if you think about it I would be going like,
through,
the deer,
to do this)
and I started feeling at the deer’s butt,
hands kinda resting on the flanks
at either side of the hole,
chin planted just shy of the tail.
The deer was warm and into it.
I licked a finger,
not sure if that would be good enough,
and started poking in a little,
first with a finger on the left hand,
then replaced with one on the right.

We were having a great time.
I loved it,
the deer was certainly constantly coming in for more,
doing all the sex and kiss stuff back at me
you know?
Like, there were no words,
but how would someone being made out with by a deer
who just killed them twice
not know the deer was having a great time?

Anyways, the dream ended
in the midst of the finger stuff.

Again, it was fun.
Thanks,
(probably not thanks,)
and/or thanks for listening about it.
And thanks for being someone this would make any sense to.

Repeat

I like the smell of when you get into a hot car.

When I put on a nice white shirt, I imagine what it would look like soaked in blood and being cut off of my wounded body.

I have a great friend who lets me be a defenseless drunk gremlin around him night after night.

Waking up, one way I double check what was a dream is by considering whether the layout of any buildings I was in is wildly different to how it should be in real life.

Sometimes I feel like a giant, like, just that humans are all giants, compared to the pencil on my desk or the blades of grass in people's yards I walk by or a squirrel.

On this day I am in existence.

I love loving animals.

I want to find something reflective to quickly check that my hair isn't messed up.

When I get home, what am I going to work on to put animal love positivity into the world?