

Jeremy was a sloth. Like most sloths, he was an absolutely useless and pathetic buffoon.

He never did anything worthwhile, all he did was sleep and eat.

Sometimes simultaneously.

Jeremy, however, was discontented with his miserable life.

One day, while he was absentmindedly getting very fat, he decided to actually do something. This, you must understand, was a revolutionary idea amongst sloths, who were accustomed to the monotonous routine of their lives.

Eat, sleep. Eat, sleep. Die.

This was the way of the sloth.

Archaeologists have discovered evidence that once, long ago, the sloth was a truly majestic beast - enormous and powerful.

Over the millennia, however, evolution carried out a cruel and denigrating joke on sloth-kind.

They grew lazier and lazier, fatter and fatter, and there was no end to their subjugation under the more competent members of the natural order.

Jeremy, that sunny afternoon, channeled the great memory of his ancestors, through he, of course, had no memory to remember them with.

He was a stupid, miserable fool.

But he was about to do something that would leave the world in shock. Something that would shift the paradigm of things so drastically that the jungle would never be the same.

Jeremy decided to go for a walk.

It was a horrible thing to watch. His morbidly obese frame, gradually, with much groaning and gnashing of teeth, sat up.

He tried, all but in vain, to bring his flabby body up into a standing position.

This was the most adventurous thing he'd ever done.

After several hours, he had ALMOST succeeded in raising his body the necessary four and a half inches.

Then, he fell into a deep slumber, the utter emptiness of his mind interrupted only by the sort of primitive, stupid dreams that a primitive, stupid creature can dream.

Jeremy dreamed of McDonalds. Jeremy dreamed, like a dragon, of vast piles of donuts, hamburgers, and unvaried mountains of butter.

Jeremy smiled his idiotic smile, his beady little eyes twinkling with a sad, sad happiness.

Three days later, Jeremy awoke.

His dream had slowly shifted into a nightmare, a process, that, due to the extreme slothfulness of his sloth thoughts, had taken literally over a day.

The mountains of butter had melted away, and Jeremy was too fat to chase them, even with their glacial speed.

Jeremy had screamed his slow-motion scream, a guttural cry of pure anguish unlike anything ever heard by human ears.

He felt fatter than he had ever felt in his life.

His ancestors had dreamed of conquering the world, of becoming great and mighty kings, of sailing the vast, unknowable seas.

Jeremy's dreams were absolutely pitiful in comparison.

Again, Jeremy began the majestic effort to bring the three hundred pounds of his two-foot tall body to an upright position.

As he groaned, sweaty with the miserable exhaustion that such vigorous exercise drenched his feeble frame with, he had a thought.

This was rare.

Jeremy's thought had meandered through the utterly empty caverns of his wrinkled brain for years.  
It was just now emerging.

"Hamburgers," Jeremy thought.

This was a good idea.