

Primus, Mephisto And Kevin

In 1986, the University of California at Davis saw two of its all-time brightest stars, Dr. Alphonse Mephisto and Dr. Arnie Abesacraben. Dr. Mephisto worked hard towards his thesis - his goal was to genetically duplicate the DNA structure of Asparagus, so that all Asparagus would grow to the same girth and length, Giving Asparagus a much more pleasant presentation in the world's supermarket vegetable bins.

Dr. Abesacraben's goal was to genetically create the greatest musical entertainer the world had ever seen. Dr. Abesacraben knew that if he could assemble the right elements, he could theoretically build a DNA structure that would ensure his creation had talent far surpassing the average individual.

At the time, one subject of urban myth was the story that Michael Jackson - in an effort to maintain his youthful look and feminine vocal characteristics - had his testicles surgically removed, thereby making him a modern-day castrato.

If such a rumor were true, Michael Jackson more that likely would have had some of his semen preserved before the surgery, to ensure his the future of his name and lineage.

Word came back to Dr. Abesacraben of a secret cold storage locker deep within the bowels of the UCLA research center, that not only contained four containers of frozen semen, but also held a pair of testicles, each was labeled with the name "Jack Michaelson";

I once heard a noise,
In the night the most sensual voice.
Song of love from a eight year-old boy,
Stuck in my head.
And this is what he said:

I am gopher boy!
Pondering reality!
I am gopher boy!
Who will buy my raspberries?

This had to be the seed of the king of pop!
Dr. Abesacraben was able to use his charm and and chissled Greek features to woo a young lab technician by the name of Jennifer, who of course happened to have the proper access needed to obtain a small vial of the precious semen.

The search for the egg was a short one - Dr. Mephisto simply ran an ad in the classified section of an airline music magazine. The ad read: "Wanted: unfertilized human eggs for genetic experiment. Donors must have musical background." With a plethora of young, eager wanna-be music starlets willing to sell their eggs, the two doctors - after rigorous auditioning - picked... and purchased.

Dr. Abesacraben felt that it would be far less complicated legally if the fetus were brought to term in the womb of a non-human. He had long since secured the services of the University volleyball mascot, a llama by the name of "Missy";
When the baby was ready, the child via cesarean. It was a healthy baby boy; he was named Kevin.

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Kevin was a beautiful child. Dr. Abesacraben saw to it that Kevin was trained by the best in all aspects of performing. His voice was golden, and had a sweetness to it that most males lacked. He moved with grace, and was able to moonwalk by the time he was three. As Kevin grew in his talent, Dr. Abesacraben started noticing odd developments in his physical state. When Kevin lost his baby teeth, his secondaries came in with a vengeance! They were at least twice the size of a normal adult's, and the two in front stuck nearly straight out. Also as Kevin reached his eighth year, he was the same as he was when he was four. To top it off, he was growing hair all over and his penis was enormous, even by adult standards.

It also dawned on the doctor that even though all the years of hearing Kevin sing, he rarely spoke, often choosing to communicate with various grunt and gurgles.

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Others were noticing the changes in Kevin. Children began to tease him - to call him "Gopher". One day a bully by the name of "Big Roy" started throwing bananas at him. Soon a crowd of kids were all throwing bananas. Suddenly, in a fury, Kevin rushed at Big Roy and bit three fingers off on his left hand. Kevin was taken away and placed in the custody of the state. Dr. Abesacraben's actions were found out, but because there was no legislation concerning the genetic instruction of a human being, no criminal charges were brought forth. The medical association's board of ethics stripped him of all his credentials, and his reputation was ruined. In fact, his name became synonymous with failure, that for years to come, Medical students around the world were known to say in times of mishaps, "Damn, I feel just like Abesacraben."

Dr. Mephisto immediately began proceedings to adopt little Kevin. Being a noted scientist and the creator of the cloned Asparagus, it wasn't long before the two were legally united as father and son. They moved to Colorado where they live in relative obscurity. Kevin is still a boy of few spoken words, sticking mainly to his grunts and gurgles. But on occasion, if you listen closely, you can hear his sweet golden signing voice ring out into the night over the town of South Park:

I am gopher boy,
Pondering reality.
I am gopher boy,
Who will buy my raspberries?