

## *Jackleg Loving Life as a Cultural Icon and Role Model*

By Alan Smithee

Take the famous rooster mascot from the Kellogg's cereal box, cross him with The Rock, pump him full of caffeine and cut off one appendage, and you have Jackleg – the new media sensation who's giving America exactly what it needs.

“Man, you could have knocked me over with a feather when I got so big so fast,” crows Jack, lounging poolside at L.A.'s Sky Bar. “It all started in this little barn in Des Moines, where I – hold on, gotta take this call. Lindsay, what's up, girl? You and Jessica want to drop by? Twist my arm. Kidding! The more the merrier, you know what I'm sayin'?”

While Jack was tending to his social calendar, we took the opportunity to review his checkered past. Born to a single mother in an Iowa henhouse, his lineage can be traced back to the roosters whose break-of-dawn cries awakened some of the great monarchs of Europe. Legend has it that King Arthur himself hurled a boot at Jack's great-great-great-great (etc.) grandfather during one very early morning wakeup call.

Yet there was nothing royal about Jack's early years. He set out for the big city after growing weary of farm life. Destitute and running low on chicken feed, he soon fell into the clutches of a cockfighting ring. He became the top-ranked star on the circuit, working under the name Cock-A-Doodle Dude.

“Oh, jeez, don't remind me,” he says with a shudder as he wraps up his cell phone call. “Those were dark times. The pecking order was brutal. How do you think I lost this &\*#@ leg?”

Life is good for Jackleg now. His lucky break came when the Yo! marketing department determined that a handicapped rooster would appeal to the brand's demographics better than its original choice, a flatulent albino gorilla. “It's like Mom always said,” he explains. “You'll never fly if you don't – hold on, gotta take this call. Heidi, how's my favorite supermodel?”

For Jack, the American dream has come home to roost.