

Very Might Ace Reporter Brett Paufler Getting the Scoop

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I got a late start in my career, probably for valid personal reasons revolving around hatred of all things living, but once you get beyond that, I had always wanted to be a journalist, and so when I finally got hired for the local paper, I figured I had it made. You know, I'd finally become a cog in the machine, part of the winning team, and a force for ill throughout the world.

The last bit might be key reason for my journalistic pretensions. Let me just start by letting you -- like you personally - - know how much I hate you, despise you, and... F-you! I'm at a loss for words. Go figure. I hate your friking guts. Understand? I think that sums it up nicely, and you're not worth trying to beat around the bush about it, or bothering to come up with some fancy wording. F-you! Capiche?

Anyhow, I was floating on Cloud 9, or whatever a douche like you wants to call it. Things were good, which is so say things were bad, and I had the new job to blame. It was a new...s paper job.

Clever rift, don't you think.

Well, I've said it once and I'll say it again. F-you! you rooster sucking pinhead. You and your pea-brain are probably just upset because I mentioned how much I loathed your feeble minded kind, and if that's the case, you can just go to blazes -- Hades, as I like to call the place. An idjit like you would probably like the place. You should visit it sometime. I'd be happy to help send you on your way.

Anyhow, being trapped in my own little world of anger and hate, I was still pretty pleased -- happy as imbecile such as yourself might say -- to have gotten my first assignment. Nothing major, but you have to start somewhere, which I have come to understand means at the very rock bottom of it all -- under all the swill and excrement.

In the hard hitting world of important news journalism that means piddling little unimportant stuff. I was to cover some lecture on bees. Talk about BORING!

Still, the gig was for \$100 and since that was basically \$100 more than I'd made the week before, I was game.

Anyhow, bees right? Something about Vera Might (or Varroa Mite if you're one of those sorry anal types that simply must know everything). Seems as how the little buggers are killing off bees. Not that the mites are the real cause. Colony Collapse Syndrome is the big killer these days, but once again. Low man on the totem pole doesn't get that story. They get the also ran, the second string story, or -- if you're the slow type, and since we both know that you are -- I'll repeat it for you. I covered the Varroa Mites. Say it slowly if it helps, but both you and me know you won't remember the F-ing name in ten seconds.

Why? They're utterly unimportant. They kill bees. So what? They suck blood or some such nonsense. Weaken the immune response. Look, I didn't pay much attention. There were a few cute girls in the room and I was working out what I was going to say to them by way of introduction after the canned talk, so I didn't pay like a lot of attention to the presenter. Besides, they were passing this sample jar of honey around. Good stuff. Mmm! Boy, I bet you wish you were there. I bet you wish you could get your hands on some tasty honey right now. But you weren't so, so you can't, so tough cookies, loser. Read it and weep. I got my fill of honey, which is to say that even if none of the girls present would give me the time of day after the talk was over, I still got my full of the sweet stuff, but that's just jumping way ahead in the story, you impatient little prick.

For those of you twits who insist on knowing about Varroa Mite as if this were some sort of educational article, the facts be this: Varroa Mites kill bees by sucking their blood. It's not really important because it's not Colony Collapse Syndrome. And Hawaii is the major land mass that isn't infected by the little pests. Unless of course you want to count Australia, but since I've never been to that stupid country, I have some doubts about whether the F-ing place exists in the first place.

Anyhow, all of this is really neither here nor there. I mean, Varroa Mites? Great. They're killing the bees. So what?

I mean, why the F am I here, and more importantly, why the F am I wasting my breath rattling on about them. Well, if I was on meds, this is when I'd say they wore off. Or, maybe I'd say I should be on meds. Or, if I was creative, I'd say something F-ing creative about meds, but at some point, even a worthless slug like you has to admit that it's gone way beyond meds at this point; and instead, it's time for a little mystical experience, a divine revelation time, and/or an opportunity to commune with the one of it all. I mean, even a twerp like you would have been able to tell that reality had just been peeled back for your benefit. And there you are. It just you and that faggot God... or in my case that other guy. He's pretty much a faggot too, but with him it's not such a wise thing to say it to his face.

Anyhow, there I am. I'm fading into other realms. The presenter is boring as all get out. And I realize that sometime in the like not too distant future I'm going to have to put words on the page that somehow -- however loosely -- relate the F-ing meeting to a new story. Now, I would say I was cool with it, but I wasn't, and instead I was start seeing the talk for the profound, mystical, hidden world revealing thing that it was.

I mean, one second I'm in an F-ing meeting hall, and then I'm right there, if F-ing Hades itself, the Chasm, the Abyss, call it what you will. I don't actually know what they call the place, but whatever it was, I was there. And was like taking notes on this infernal meeting, and the Devil is like beside himself with anger --

you know like he usually is - -just pacing up and down the isle and cursing this and God Damning that.

I won't bore you with the specifics, but it seems that all the devils, demons, infestations, Very Mites, or whatever the Hell they call them, they're not lasting. Their talking about Colony Collapse only is Cellular Collapse, and how the infection is contagious and folks are doing good -- like Christ Almighty! -- for goodness sake, as if that made any sort of sense whatsoever. Who the F! does good for goodness sake? Anyhow, they got really deep into this problem. Like how with every generation they have to come up with a new infestation, and how it always dies out. They probably would have liked to mention how Jesus F-ing Christ was some kind of magic demon killing bullet, but you could see how whenever the conversation turned around to him, they'd always got evasive. It might have been because that Satan dude just totally ripped the first demon who mentions JC's a new one, like an actual new one -- like right there before God, the Dark Lord, and everyone. Damn straight, I was glad it wasn't me.

The point is, I was just sitting there, just hoping no one was going to go look at me, and then the conversation turned towards culture. How culture is the thing, the vector. You know, like how do you transmit a virus? How do you convince folks to be evil, when it's probably not such a good idea -- like at all? And the answer was simple: culture, the mass media. They're the transmitters. They're the vectors.

And it probably would have been over right there, but then they open it up for a question and answer session. F-ing prissy red-horned demons and their F-ing questions. Anyway, that's when they started looking for a scapegoat, you know, is it the Dept of Agriculture's fault? Or maybe it's the F-ing Anti-Christ's fault? F-er hasn't done jack crap in a thousand years, so I'm guessing the later. Whatever. I'm probably mixing venues up a little here. I mean, no one really believes that the Dept of Agriculture is the Anti-Christ, not when the DMV is around.

Ha. Ha. Right?

OK. Be like that. It's back to F-You! You piece of crap insignificant weasel who wouldn't know classic humor if it was swirled in a blender and force-fed down your stinking gullet through a feed tube. Hey, I got one. What's red and black and goes round and round? I don't F-ing know, but it's what you're getting for supper you ungrateful faggot.

Right.

Where was I?

The point is, I'm bouncing back and forth between these two worlds. You know, the one I would have said was the real world -- and not too F-ing long ago -- and then that other place that I was standing in, but which just seemed so much more vivid, real, and let's face it cooler. You got to hand it to those junior level executive demons in training, those bad boys know how to dress: flashy watches, sunglasses, the works... but dumb... even dumber than you, Einstein.

Seems the real problem with Varroa is brood stock. Queen bees. Cultural cells spreading evil. Whatever. You know, who cares if a million-billion stupid insects die every year or if a billion souls are lost to the other side? I know I don't, but they're probably a bunch of panty-waist do-gooders who do, and once you start losing the brood stock, the new cells, your cult leaders, your mass murders, your avante garde neo-religious writers spouting evil as if it was somehow their own little personal calling in life... well, once you start losing them, you lose the next generation, so you have to restock the hive, send out new queens, and basically elevate the idiots who normally wouldn't rise about the level of administrative clerks to the position of field agents.

I guess what I am saying is don't eat that honey at the beginning of one of those Varroa meetings. I don't know what the Hell kind of flowers those bees were feeding on, but my world has never been the same.

Sure, I kick these stupid articles out in no time now, and I'm making like more green than I ever thought possibly, but I am haunted by what the Dark Lord said to me at the end of the

meeting. You know, being his personal assistant and all, I'd thought I was immune... I guess I wasn't ready to go, but then who is?

Anyway, I'm looking over the boiling lake of lava were we like to keep the new recruits -- you know, until they soften up and start to see things clearly, as in an ever present rage of unfathomable proportions -- and as I'm looking the lake over, saying my silent goodbyes to the fuming sulfur, etc., the big guy comes over and puts his arm around me -- like all friendly, as if we were buds, as if maybe if things had only turned out differently we might have hung out and blazed a few... anyway, he's got his arm around me and I just know he looking at the same thing I am, and he says, "You know, we really don't have a clue how to stop this thing. If it ever makes it down here, that's it. Game over. Where's the next generation going to come from?"

And, both you and I know he wasn't talking about some stupid bee thing. Not really sure what he was talking about. I don't have that kind of clearance, but you can bet it wasn't about some stupid F'ing bees.

I mean, an F here, and a G spot there, that I can understand, but a B here or there, what possible difference can that make?

OK. I know. Stupid pun, but the big guy likes his humor. He figures if you end it with a little bit of levity, and include the required disclaimers regarding freewill, from there you can do whatever you like; and if the masses take it as a bit of fun and nonsense... then all the better, or should I say, all the worse.

Or maybe I should go back and try to work in a belittling joke somewhere? What do you think?

Nope?

OK, then, but don't think that because I'm not ending this with some insult about your mother, or how much your dad likes to go down on the boys at the office, that we're friends or some stupid nonsense. I've got my quota, and by hook or by crook, by word, thought, or deed, I'm going bring in my fair share. You can

bet your everlasting life on that, you stupid toad sniffer... and yeah, even I don't know what that is supposed to mean.