

**Buddy the Bee
&
Marla the Moth**

a.k.a.

**One Wild Season
At the Lamplight Café**

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This was supposed to be a different story. This was supposed to be a better story. But if this story is ever to get written, this is the story it shall be.

I am a writer. I write. It is what I do.

Not that I get paid for it or anything. But at one time I called myself a Hitchhiker and nobody paid me for that either. So perhaps, money does not have to change hands for one to identify in a certain way.

Except for a few letters to the editor, I remain unpublished. But that has not stopped me from pounding out dozens of short stories and more than one novel, painstaking edited, and spell-checked for grammar.

So when I say that I write, it is a thing which I say with some sense of pride and accomplishment. And it is within this context that I wish to tell you of one of my first stories... one of the first

which has never been written.

For you see, I have never been able to get the voice right. I see the story as told from Buddy's perspective. And he dies at the end. And at that point, he can't exactly write it. So, how does the story get written? Who does the writing?

The answer is Marla, of course. She can write. But why would she? And in that, we have the story, do we not?

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I don't see myself as Buddy. Sometimes I fall into characters. Sometimes I say, this one is me or that one is so and so. But not with Buddy. And sometimes I would say that Buddy is his own person. But that is also not the case. At this point he is inextricably linked (modeled on, as it were) a person that I have never personally met. This is perhaps even more odd, as Buddy is himself a druggie, but the person I envision him based upon does not (to my knowledge) use drugs. No matter. Buddy is him. And he is Buddy. And who this person is I never shall say. *{Nor is it likely that this person has ever meaningfully contemplated my existence. Nor is it likely (should they ever read this work) that they would see their likeness reflected anywhere herein. Inspiration doesn't have to be rational, after all.}*

I mention this only because this is a stumbling block in regards to writing the story. I don't like to use real, live, living people as models for my characters. The liability issues surrounding (slander... or is it libel for the written word) seem too great. But Buddy is only the tip of the iceberg. For you see, Marla is based upon... the composite of two others.

The first fell in love easily, fell in love deeply, and perhaps to her detriment, fell in love quite often... alas, never with me. But it is this love, this capacity and depth of love, that forms the foundation of Marla the Moth's personality. But if we stopped there, Marla the Moth would not be fully formed. She would only be the caricature of a character. So, I also decided to give her all

the personality defects (and/or quirks) of this other girl I knew.

Ironically, I never really think of either when I think of Marla. All I really do is channel the depth of the first's needy love and my lust for the body of the other.

Does that make sense?

Marla loves Buddy. The story of Marla and Buddy is a love story. And to the extent it mirrors reality, it is a tragedy. But here I jump ahead.

So, let us take a step back. Marla loves Buddy. There is no reason for it. There need not be any reason for it. Buddy does not deserve her love... no more than the objects of desire of the girl she is loosely (and/or emotionally) based upon deserved the love of that girl I once knew. And if truth be told (and from what I could tell), most of her paramours never valued her love any more than Buddy values Marla's. So, go figure. Sometimes that's just the way that it is.

Of course, with all of that information, I am really jumping ahead in the story. But the tale really isn't all that complex. And the short version can be summarized in only a few pages.

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Buddy is a bee. And being a bee he has a near limitless supply of pollen: good, high quality pollen. Primo stuff. Top shelf. First class. Being a degenerate ne'er-do-well, as well, Buddy sells the stuff on a street corner (outside the Lamplight Café if you must know). Now, don't ask me why he does this. The hive will take care of him. So, he's got everything he needs. So, perhaps he is bored. And selling drugs is, after all, something to do. Of course, in the long version of the story, there's this whole rationale about how he's rebelling against the hive and his impending death as a drone. But all of that is really just filler. The salient point is that Buddy is a pusher and his drug of choice is pollen.

Buddy's motto could be: Live fast. Die young.

But then this could (or at least, should) be any insect's motto.

Anyway, Marla meets Buddy when he is selling pollen. She doesn't use the stuff herself. Rather, her dream is to be a cabaret singer. But you know what a competitive field that can be to get into. And well, Marla is a moth. And most of your big time cabaret singers are butterflies. I mean, it's a well know fact. So. Marla is going against type, running up hill, and fighting a losing battle.

And without going into the mechanics of it all (mainly because it's all just BS and nothing compelling is popping into my mind at the moment to explain the mechanics of it all), Marla somehow utilizes Buddy's pollen to get that singing gig she's always wanted. I guess I always just picture her using the pollen as a sort of make-up and she just plays the role of a butterfly.

It makes a certain sort of sense to me. Backing out of the story and we have a girl who loved continually but who was seldom loved back. Giving Marla pollen is a way of temporarily transforming her and giving her a body to match her soul. And with this, everybody's happy. The boy gets the girl of his dreams (with a heart, mind, body, and soul to match) and the girl gets the same. We will not go into the fact that the real life lads in question were never great prizes. But then, neither is Buddy.

But enough of that.

Somehow central to the plot is the fact that if bees ever use their stingers they die. And being a salacious fool, I find it compelling to view Marla down on her knees giving Buddy an endless series of wing jobs. But then, drones really are one shot ponies. So, it's all just a tease. Still, it goes a long way towards explaining what Buddy gets out of the relationship. He gets as close as a bee can come to sexual release, without ever really getting it on.

Since reality does not match desire (for either Buddy or Marla), the frustration that brings them together can never be fully resolved. As such, it is not hard for me to see Marla yelling at

Buddy, them living together (or more accurately, sleeping together at Marla's place) in an on-again off-again stormy sort of pre-marital bliss... with Buddy having no intention of ever getting married. I mean, come on. Marla's not a butterfly... nor is she a bee. So, it's just not going to happen.

Anyhow, behind the cafe where Marla sings, Buddy does his level headed best to be a butt-head, as they live out the season together in a little room. But please do not think Buddy's all a bad. Marla sees something in him, as do the rest of the patrons at the cafe. In fact, if I was going to do this as a book (only 400 more pages to go), I'd probably put in a few side stories. I've got some of the characters written down somewhere. They're basically remakes of the characters from Cheers to a large extent. With that one guy being played by a walking stick, the other one by a dung beetle; and then, there's the ants, who perhaps come from a different show. Characters alone do not a side story make. So, I gave some thought to a wasp attack or a spider taking up residence outside the cafe's front door. If you are creatively bent, I'm sure you can see Norm walking in (as a dung beetle, but of course), shaking off the cold, and asking, "When you going to do something about that spider. He's really cutting down on business."

And as long as you're owning up to being creative (you did a great job working out that last scene in your mind, if you ask me), perhaps you can imagine some little caper the crew embarks upon to get rid of the spider (or wasp... or those pesky ole' ants): adventures which will no doubt cast Buddy as the hero, as he uses his near limitless supply of pollen to good use.

But if you want anymore guidance than that, you're on your own... or just give me an advance check and I'm sure we can work something out.

Anyhow a few chapters (and/or a few paragraphs) later and it's time for the story to end.

All through the summer Marla has loved Buddy. But he has not cared, not one wit. Come fall, when it's time to try his luck

mating with a queen, Buddy is off to join the swarm.

He, of course, nails the queen... or at least (stud that he is) a queen. But when the swarm is over, Buddy finds himself discarded and used, in the thrown room of the hive, waiting for death, all alone.

And this would be something that perhaps at one time I feared. And it was easy for me to see that one girl, the girl with the heart of gold to be my (or at least, someone's) only chance at true love. I mean, sure. It would have been a ridiculously out of control self-destructive sort of love. But her will was good.

So, what if she was it?

The one?

So close?

Yet so far away?

My only chance?

That I never even took?

I mean, when I'm old, am I going to die all alone, because I let love slip through my fingers? Not even trying to hold it in my hands?

So, there I am (or should that be, Buddy) on my deathbed: melancholy, depressed, and alone. It should come as no surprise that I composed the bulk of this story in the years following the marriage of one to another. After all, there had been a time when I thought I might love her, get to love her, be the one to value her love. And then, the time came, when the possibility of anything like that was over. And after that, for many long years (perhaps even now *{but certainly not at the time of the final edit}*), there was the time when I mourned what could have been.

Marla was my moth.

Anyhow, this is the emotion. Whenever I needed to explain Marla's love or get a feel for her character, I would simply look into what I saw *{however erroneously}* in that girl's heart.

And then, of course, I look to my own fear of dying a sad and

lonely death at the end of a squandered life to draw the inspiration for Buddy's perspective on this final death scene.

It is after the swarm. Buddy has mated with the queen. He is in the hive, surrounded by piles of pollen and honey, while a million eager bees are on call to do his bidding. But he might as well be alone.

And then, Marla shows up. Just as happy as can be with a smile on her face.

“Buddy! Buddy!”

“Marla! Marla!”

Only Buddy is more like, “You stupid F’ing B__! What the F__! Are you doing here you stupid F’ing C___!”

Buddy is a class act.

These sorts of mental disconnects go a long way towards explaining why I’ve never been able to get the story out before. I mean, there is love, but there is also a fair bit of jealousy inspired hate.

In the end, Marla is Marla.

And she did not know how to pick them.

Besides, what kind of stupid F’ing moth willingly enters a bee hive.

“The one that loves you,” Marla says as her eyes brim over with tears. And since Buddy is dying, the fight finally goes out of him. F__ it. If she wants to throw her life away, F___ It.

And there they are. The story pulls out and ends at this point. Buddy breathing his dying breath in Marla’s arms.

But then, there’s the after story. And how exactly did Marla get past a thousand crazy amazonian warrior bees and waltz into the center of the hive?

The pollen my friends. The pollen.

After all that make up (after using all that pollen to look like a butterfly), the bees couldn’t tell Marla apart from one of their own. So, she just waltzed right in. And if you like, when it was

over, waltzed right back out. Of course, she'd tell you that love paved the way. But whatever. The girl I knew had her ways, had a few tricks up her sleeve. And when she set her mind to it, it is amazing what she could do. After which, she'd usually do something stupid like walking into a hive full of bees and destroy whatever hope she had of saving whatever relationship she was currently working on.

But whatever. The fact is, Buddy is dying. And my interest in relating this little story is drawing to a close. So having explained how Marla got into the hive, there is just one last little tidbit to relate... the after story.

Maybe Marla and Buddy die in each others arms. But that's not much fun.

So maybe, instead, Marla has a bunch of little Buddy-Bee Babies and raises them in the hive, with a thousand worker bees doing her bidding and doting on her every word.

The girl I knew would have liked that sort of ending. Not with her true love dying, so much. But the happily ever after with the thousand screaming babies seems about right. I'd have coffee with her and she'd tell me the names she'd already picked out for all the kids she was going to have, the color of her house, the white picket fence, it was quite the game of make believe. Too bad I never got the chance to play...

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A person could end it there, but I won't. At times I still lust after the butterfly, the other girl. Those who are keen on irony, may wish to note that when I am searching for the personality of the spider or the wasp, I use that other girl's (the butterfly girl's) personality. What a spider woman? What a man eater? What a slut?

But then... What a body? How to say this? One was desirable (pulled at my loins) and the other did not.

Also, I feel the need to point out that Marla was not all love

and happiness. She was sort of clingy to the point of being terminally insane. I mean, if her boyfriend told her he was going to go die in a hive, she'd follow him to his death... or more to the point, if he said he wanted a night to himself, well, that would never happen. Never... until he was so sick of her continued overbearing presence and had gotten so used to pushing her away with all his might that all he wanted was be rid of her... even if that meant dying alone in some stupid beehive.

Anyhow, that's the story that I never wrote, because it is really two stories in one, and the one... cuts too close to home.

And besides, it's sort of hard to write a love story about a person one never got the chance to love, as there is not all that much inspiration to draw upon.

But one thing I do know is that Marla could never let her man die alone, even if that man turned out to be a schmuck like Buddy the Bee.

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This Is Fiction
Bees Can't Talk
Butterflies Aren't All That
And At This Point, I Know How To Tell A Lie
You Should Not Believe Word One

* * *

But Then
If You'd Like To Think
The Good Bits Are About You
And The Bad Bits Are About Me
You're Probably Right

Or At Least
Not Too Far Wrong

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