



bug belch news.

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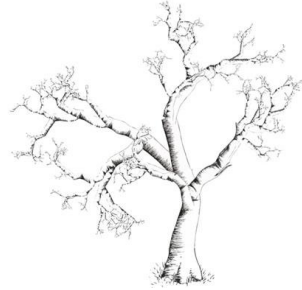
hi. How are you? It's been a while. The last big belch news was in January. Time flies. You know what else flies? Yellowjackets. They fly. And sting. And are smarming around my house. Idiot yellowjackets are being quite smarmy and smug. Because I try to get rid of them with poison, but they just keep coming back. Not only are they doing that, they're also swarming. There are tons of them. And they keep coming in. And I didn't even send out invitations for them. Because they can't read. And I don't want them in here in the first place. As you can plainly see, I hate yellowjackets. Perhaps if I started loving them, they'd go away. But if I try to kiss it, it would probably sting me. And I hate pain because pain hurts. It wouldn't be the same if there was no pain. Then why would I care? The ants have all gone away. Perhaps the yellowjackets scared them off. That means I guess ants

are smarter than I thought. But if I could have one insect infecting my house, you know what I would choose? It wouldn't be yellowjackets. It wouldn't be ants. It would be the Invisible Moth of New Guinea. These clever creatures don't sting, can't be seen, don't buzz so I don't mistake them for yellowjackets, so I wouldn't care if they were around. Here is a picture of one.

Cute, aren't they? Notice no stingers. That's the best part about them. Unfortunately, there is no such thing as an Invisible Moth of New Guinea. I made it up. I don't even know where New Guinea is. I don't even know if there *is* a New Guinea. I guess I'm dumb at geography. Like a yellowjacket. They should not be in my house. I guess those stupid things and I have something in common.

Poet
tree.

“Yellow
jackets”



I wandered lonely as a cloud
That sits in the sky so blue
And what has my eyes spotted?
A host of yellowjackets. Eew!
They keep buzzing around me
And would not stop
The Raid didn't help a bit
Which just goes to show if you
bother me
You'll be frying in Hell's fire pit.
And I will laugh at you as you
scream in pain
For the screams will be in vain
Like the ones for the doctors who
called me insane
And they | Hello. This is neener.
Chris is acting a little strange at
the moment so I guess I need to
end the issue for him. He really
hates yellowjackets and wishes
terminix would get their butts out
here and do what they're
supposed to be doing: spraying
the place for yellowjackets. But
they aren't. So that makes him
quite angry. And when he gets
angry, he starts acting a bit, well,
it's kinda hard to describe, like

take for instance someone is ranting nonsensical garbage that isn't really garbage and is quite logical, but only to the person who is spewing it out. And he's waving his arms and flailing and saying everyone's going to fry in Hell for the misdeeds they thrust upon him. And now he's yelling and whining because there's a yellowjacket in here. He says he wishes he had a gun so he could shoot himself. Well, he'd shoot the bee and then himself. Aah! Get off me, you fat oaf! He just climbed on my back and is yelling in my ear and forcing me to carry him outside where there are no yellowjackets. I honestly don't know why I put up | hi, Chris here. I have good reason to be scared of the yellowjacket. It stings and stings cause pain. I have too much emotional pain at the moment, so I don't need even more pain piled on top of the already existing pain. It's like if you ate a whole entire meal at Shari's and you want to use the restroom and poop a whole bunch of poop out then they ask if you want desert with it. Um, no. I'm full. ©2016, me.

