

EARWIG

Earwig, Man of the Shadows, sometime resident in the AHBee-Hive (U.K.), now in hiding, lest the forces of righteousness squash him under foot, helps Liz the Screen and Charles the Prince.

My friends Great Liz, of the big fat diamonds, and Prince Charles, of the Really Royal Jelly, buzzed into the hive last month. They came to prepare for the help/hope they were offering to the cripples, the deformed and the hopelessly weak - such as the Black Bees clustering mainly in the Third World and, as ex-slaves, in the First World's regrettable slums - in LA, San F and Bognor Regis. Generously leaving the fields of fat and plenty Great Liz and Charley the Jelly came to me for insight and, so that it would not clog up their big performances, catharsis of their emotion. I gave them half an hour each way of co-counselling, a guided fantasy or two, some focusing and a bowl of flowers. £35 per hour. Not bad.

The Prince, behind the scenes Badger that he is, prepared for his Earth Summit. His message? Condoms for the poor and dispossessed so there are fewer of them to wreck their environment and let us get on with cleaning up ours. Had a word with the Pope about it.

Meanwhile The Fat White Queen winged off in a helicopter to join the fleet of limousines rushing the Top of the Pop Bees to the Great Music Festival to raise money for AIDS victims. Some of them were suffering agonies (the Top of The Pop Bees, I mean) because they had given half an arm to be invited to do such Industry for the Cause. Did Liz wax on about how Society says its OK to say that Black Bees are the cause of AIDS and that they keep passing it on to us - (so keep them out of our White apiaries, please)? Or did she point out that Society says its not OK to blame the Medical Research Bees who actually did start AIDS? So shut up about it. A hint of that sort of talk and all hell breaks loose.

All hell did break loose. Black Bees on the rampage, celebrating, glad to be looked on as different from us and generally lacking in everything. A people apart, and over-joyed that the Greatest of the White Bees were clearly on their side, helping them to bear the blame for all the filth and all the foul and loathsome diseases. Tut tut that extra police officers had to be called in to beat them to their customary pulp. I am told the smoke round Los Angeles was especially acrid as the fires consumed the fat of the Great. Shall we offer them therapy? Yours with a safety match -

Earwig: Torch Bearer