

I Need My Bees

Note:

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This happens because the **PDF makers** have been too preoccupied with trying to keep **Dick Cheney** from hacking into their websites and stealing all their money and they haven't had time to figure out this link mess.

Good News!



For many generations, successive Mama Possums (peeking out) have produced many litters of kids in my possum house.



This one's name is Alfredo.

Often, while sitting on the patio (very still) at night, Alfredo, and/or, his siblings would walk across my foot. They knew that I usually kept table scraps near to offer them a little nibble.



Mama Possum was often very annoyed by Papa Possum, who wanted to have some more fun. And [this](#) is why. Recently, I noticed that, neither Alfredo (or siblings) nor Papa, were not making their usual rounds. I didn't understand this until my neighbor called my attention to Possum's house.



While I missed Alfredo, I joyfully discovered the new tenants: ZBees! At last, my very own Beehive. My grandparents were all beekeepers and, while staying at a safe distance (as a kid), I was fascinated, watching them do the bee thing.....honey etc. I won't be doing any of that with mine but I will have plenty of the little folks around to pollinate my garden. And I will shoot, anyone I see menacing them!

My grandfathers were not bothered by the bees. Like dogs and many animals, bees sense danger when asshole type humans get too near. They don't sting nice people.

Bad stuff has happened since my grandparent's time e.g.

<http://beawaredammit.com/ccd.htm>

Most such problems are **complex** but whatever the poison, the problem didn't exist back then.

I got my discharge from USAF in Europe because I wanted to stay there. Monsanto was building a plant in Germany then. The construction foremen spoke only English.

Workers were from Spain-Italy (Northern Europe's wetbacks then). Multilingual, I had been a **NATO** battle **staff interpreter** in the AF and this enabled me to get the construction crew interpreter job for Monsanto. I found out that **Monsanto** was using eminent domain to push German farmers off their land. I needed the job but, pissed about this, I told Monsanto to poke it in their butthole. Monsanto = Evil.

This is happening in Texas, 6/16/15. We live in the **Jemez Mountains** in summer and we're about to leave for there now. But when I return to Texas (next Fall), I will build the critters some new houses.