

The Lesternomicon

Chook Industries Press
Salisbury, MD

I, Azrikenhtep, son of Khonji, heir to the most exalted throne of Hort, having witnessed many deeds, having judged and been judged, do now bare this testimony, on these, my final days of life. The events which I have witnessed, and which shall soon come to pass, have been shown unto me, in visions and revelations, in the holiest of lands, and in the most unholy keeps imaginable.

It is through the grace of the Almighty Lestergod that all life is given, and, in death, to the Lestergod that we return, that we may live eternally, in the presence of Him, and so on. And yea, it is through the eyes of one that has lived, and witnessed much, that I now see the ever-darkening shadow of death, and know that I shall soon join him. And even now, as my time wanes, I pen these words of truth, history, and prophecy, as commanded by He, the almighty, who hath blessed me with knowledge, and hath lavished me with riches, for which I am eternally grateful.

My father's son am I, descended of royal blood: grandson of Thellonius, great-grandson of HosaA'al, great-great-great grandson of Plateusaestius, and cousin of Steve. It was unto my father and my mother that I was born lo these many years ago, when the land was fertile, and the people did prosper, and David Cassidy had a hit album.

And in my youth, much preparation was made for the time when I would be king, and I was taught to read, and write, and to how to rule, and my early years did pass, without occurrence, or indication of the divine purpose I was to someday fulfill.

And in the summer of my eighteenth year, I was awakened one day to the sound of a voice, from whence I could not be sure, for it was everywhere and it was nowhere at once. The voice was tremendously loud, and full of beauty and clarity the likes of which I had never heard before. And

loud. Man was it loud.

With that the door to my room burst open. And a man did enter my room. "Are you the speaker of the booming voice", I cried. However almost as suddenly as I had said this, I realized that this man was definitely not the source of the booming voice, for there was fear and weakness in him. The strain of agony had been etched deep into his face.

And the man did start to shake uncontrollably. And I did rush to his aid. I grabbed the man as he started to fall to the floor.

And the man did look at me, with watering eyes and teeth chattering to utter a single word. That word was: "Bees."

And the man lapsed into a state of unconsciousness. With that a black velvet painting that I had been working on for ten and twenty days burst into the flames. "NO!" I screamed in dismay, for the painting was

so rich in its blackness and soft velvet! For I was a black velvet painter by hobby, and I took great pride in my work. This particular painting that was now in flames was a portrait of a great white tiger tenderly suckling hummingbird teets for their ivory milk. My painting on fire, I forgot about the man and immediately dropped him with a sickening thud upon the floor.

And I realized that I had dropped the man, and I gave him a most deserved kick to the stomach, yelling, "you stupid mother fucker, what curse have you brought upon my house?" I shook my fist in disgust, and spat on the man. The words and saliva had no sooner left my lips, than I realized that my painting had not just burst into flames, it had burst into a flaming portal! A portal to another world!

What was this other world? Was it a land of demons? Was it a land where black velvet paintings were treasured like gold? Was it a land of rac-

ist Indian logos and tomahawk chops at football games? Was it a land of Hazy Towers haunted by banshees, crank dealers and crazed white trash hungry for Swanson TV dinners? Was it a place where deadly dwarves and evil elves screwed one another in the pimp infested streets because a cool scene like that had never occurred in the Hobbit? Or was it all of the above; a land of drugs, whores, fist kits, mayhem and monstrosity? It was the latter, but I was to learn this later on.

And now, out of the flaming portal which had once been a white tiger masterpiece, flew three Bees, and these Bees numbered three. And I realized instantly that these must be the Bees the crazed man had spoken of earlier! And the portal then closed, and the Bees spoke unto me.

And they said, "We are the Magic Bees".

And I did ask of the bees, "How many Bees are you

Magic Bees?"

And the bees did speak again, saying, "We are Three, Three Magic Bees. Listen thee well and learn our song".

And so the Bees sang. One a bee a tenor, the other a soprano and the third sang scat. And the song was a song of mystery to me, and I did marvel at its beauty and did tap my foot to its irresistible reggae beat, and did listen closely, that I may learn the words of this wonderful tune.

And the bees did commence to sing, and the song went thusly:

Bees do tricks
For sums of cash,
Magic Bees unite,
Magic Bees dash!

This is the carnival,
A carnival of Bees
A three ring circus
Bees maneuver the trapeze!

Special delivery,
Three Magic Bees!

Taiwanese hookers,
Drugs and STD's

Bees making honey
Sweet like gold,
Bees of Fortune
Bardic tales untold!

For we are Magic Bees!
Three Magic Bees!

O, what a glorious song the bees and I sung! And the bees did fly about my room in ecstasy, and it was a site to behold! Oh the Bees, Bees, Enchanting Magic Bees!

But my joyous dancing was soon to end, for suddenly I realized... what was I to do with the Three Magic Bees of whom I knew naught? What was I to talk with the Bees about? Maybe the Bees desired a Monopoly piece made in their visage. But I was wary to ask the Bees this, because I had never even heard of bees that talked, let alone throw grown men into states of delirium and sometimes play Monopoly. Did bees even play Monopoly? I did not know.

And the Bees did glare at me with their little bee eyes, if that is possible, and I was moved to speak. "Don't look at me!" I screamed, for I then knew these bees did not have time for frivolous games such as Monopoly like I, and I became suddenly aware of my own ignorance. I became lost allegorical visions of Monopoly, the bees mighty Scotty Dogs of Parkplace cocking their legs to piss on my sorry iron piece as they passed me by in the slums of Baltic Ave.

And the Bees did ask of me, "why? Are you ashamed?" How did the bees know? For there was great shame in me, but from whence I did not know where.

And it came to pass that I realized just what it was that I was ashamed of. And I felt the shame growing inside of me. From deep within the darkest recesses of my heart, grew a flame of remorse and regret so intense, it threatened to consume my very soul. And I did

hide it away from the Bees, that they would not see my pain.

Alas, the Bees did call my bluff, and forced me to reveal my horrible secret.

And so I told the Bees. "I like to jerk-off to aerobics videos", I lamented.

"You sick bastard! Those work out videos are for legitimate uses like fat people who need to loose weight, not for you to encrust with your with perverted fantasia of leotard filth!" decreed one of the Bees. And my shame grew greater.

"Yes me too, I really like to beat it to those Buns of Steel videos my sister has", replied another Bee and the Bee who had spoken earlier did glare at his fellow Bee till he said no more.

And one of the Magic Bees flew toward me, and said, "Enough of these silly shenanigans. See this man you have kicked into unconscious who

now lies upon your floor?" "Yes" I said. The Magic Bee spoke again, "He is not a man." And I did behold him with amazement. And I did cry out, "But surely he is a man, for he looks like one!" "No", replied the Magic Bee. "He is not a man."

And the Three Magic Bees swarmed onto the man and stung him with such savagery never before displayed by a bee, let alone a Magic Bee!

And the man did scream with terror, his shouts of pain growing louder as the Bees descended to sting him more. Then the man's screams subsided, for he was dead. The Magic Bee who had spoken to me earlier gave me a stern look, again, if that's possible. "Now what shall you do if we sting you?" he asked.

And I did ponder, for how could I answer such an unfathomable question? If one of the Magic Bees stung me, let alone all Three of the Magic Bees, as they had stung this

man, what was I to do?

“**N**OW WE WILL STING YOU!” said the Three Magic Bees. And they did begin to swirl into a tightly formed squadron of instant Bee death. And I started to scream. And the Bees flew like little Bee bullets, except these were far worse than bullets it was like multiplying bees and bullets times three Magical Bees!

And I did cry, “no Magic Bees, do not sting me!!!” and I did begin clenching my fists, and swinging my hands and arms wildly about. And I imagined I was a great Bee-Windmill, and I would defend myself from the deadly Bees. “I AM THE WINDMILL OF BEES!!!” I shouted and brought my hand down hard upon my arm.

Then nothing happened. I lifted up my hand and one dead bee did fall to the floor.

And I whispered, “I have killed a Magic Bee.”

“**N**o” said the other two Bees in harmonic unison. And then the dead Bee rose from the ground, the living dead Bee, and joined his fellow Magic Bees.

And all three Bees went into one another in a big a bee lump and each of the Three Bees did become one with each of the other Bees, and the lump did become the Bees, and they the lump, and it was filled with a wonderful Bee-ness, and a bright light did consume the bee lump.

“**T**he bee-lump is so bright,” I said. “Please, bee lump, do not kill me”, I pleaded. And as the light grew brighter they spoke again, saying, “No, you have done right...”

And the light did subside, and in its place remained only a single Bee of great proportions. The Bee spoke. “I am the Great Bee of China. I am here to inform you that you have passed the first test of Les: ‘Taketh thou NO Shit’.”

The Great China Bee had spoken.

And the Great China Bee did come across as quite imposing, and he did command me, "Now smoke this pipe."

And a pipe did come out of the Bee's ass.

"No", I said, "that pipe came out of your ass."

"SMOKE IT" commanded the Bee again, this time a little less politely. There was a certain tension in the Great China Bee's voice from whence I did not know where. Maybe it was the pipe sticking out of his ass.

And I did say unto the Bee, "Tell me first, before we smoke, how old are you Great China Bee?"

And the Bee did reply, "I am a Billion Trillion years old,"

"I hope that pipe is clean" I mumbled, and the Great

China Bee and I did smoke. And it was good.

And after our smoke I did ask the Great China Bee, "What is this test you speak of, and who is this Les?" the China Bee, great in size, seeming to peer deep into my soul.

"You shall learn", Said the China Bee. "We are on a mission of truth. I shall accompany you to the Holy Land, where you shall scribe the greatest of all texts, the tomes of all knowledge infinite and true, the hallowed Lesternomicon."

And I did wonder at this information, for what was this "Lesternomicon" of which the Great bee spoke, and where was the Holy Land? And I did ask of the Bee, "when shall we embark upon this mission of truth of which you speak?"

And the Bee did reply, "soon enough. For now I shall let you get back to that booming voice."

And I did say, “What the fuck?”

And once again the booming voice came and spoke unto me, saying, “Azrikenhtep, lift thine ears, and take heed, for have I got some shit for you”.

And I asked of the voice, “who art thou that can speak so loudly, yet still remain unseen, and whose voice can manifest itself unto me, though I know there be only myself here? And where has the Great Bee of China flown to anyway? Has he suddenly taken ill?”

The voice replied: “I am everything and nothing. I am old as the universe, and wise beyond all comprehension. I am way better than you at everything you have ever done, or ever will do. Now, don’t take that the wrong way, I’m not bragging, it’s just that being the shit the way I am, I’m just naturally far superior to you in every aspect, that’s all.”

This puzzled me, so I asked of the voice, “I do not know what the fuck you are talking about oh great voice from beyond places I have seen these mortal eyes. You see I am concerned about the Great China Bee, I am afraid he is dreadfully sick and needs first aid treatment for he just made a long pipe of smokey airs come out his ass.”

And the voice did reply to me, in that way that booming voices from the sky like to do, and he did say, “Azrikenhtep, you are the chosen one!”

And I did feel like I was speaking to no one in particular and I feared the Great China Bee suffered from constipation. I wanted to explain how I was a certified EMT and how EMTs were not paramilitary wanna-bees, (bad pun, you might want to cut that) but should still be issued 9mms and stun guns as standard equipment because it was a dangerous job nonetheless. I spoke, “If I am this chosen one you speak

of, then maybe you could show me this path you say I am destined for and then I could apply a tourniquet to the Great China Bee.”

And the voice proceeded to go on at great length about my importance as the scribe of the hallowed Leternomicon, and how the way of Les was the way of truth, and knowledge, and Sluts, the lattermost of which I found very appealing and forgot about the tourniquet.

And I did listen, for when you’ve seen talking Chinese Bees with your own eyes, things that made no sense suddenly ring with the clarity of the Philadelphia Liberty Bell. And the voice told me of the importance of the smoking weed, its medicinal qualities and how as an EMT it was my right to smoke and prescribe weed for all ailments including sunburn and of the blessed seed that I would plant throughout the land like Jonny Apple Seed except I would be more of a Jonny Reefer Seed, and of the power

that comes with higher learning, and I did learn and I swore I would smoke like a fiend.

And I was filled with an extremely easy feeling, and I felt as one with the universe, and as my inner light was one with the Three with the Bees. The smoke of the ages filled my blood with its wisdom, and I was quite high indeed.

Oh if a Bee but does ever offer you a toke off of a pipe he reveals from out of his promised ass, do it. Trust me on that one. Just make sure you wipe the end off before you put it in your mouth.

And by and by the voice did say unto me, “you are ready Azrikenhtep. Go forth, and pen the word.” And with that the Great China Bee reappeared. “I thought you left!” I said. “No” said the China Bee. “I was hiding in the closet. Now, however, you Azrikenhtep, holy scribe of the Lesternomicon, and I, the Great China Bee, must take a trip.”

