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Meta-morphosis

La Cucaracha

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April 2022

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Abstract: An allegory of modern science.

Hey kids, shake it loose together

The spotlight's hitting something That's been known to change the weather

The flat "CRACK!" of a rifle shot passes overhead! Instinctively, I duck and jink to the left! Holy Chuck Conners! That was a close one. Running, still running...I hear the sound of the pursuing footfalls behind me growing fainter. Looks like maybe I'm starting to lose them. But is it safe? Swallowed by the darkness, I allow myself to relax...fall into my stride. That giddiness of adrenaline rush—the animal "fight or flight" mode—starts to fade. Can't let fear overtake me, though. Think, man. Think. Good, my breath is coming easier now. Relax: calm down. But I can't relax too much—you know what'll happen if they catch me again. Only a little while ago....torturous pressure: helpless, the knee forcing me down to keep me from squirming...hand over my mouth to censor the cries...

Yep, the globalists had me...masked goons and the infamous "Dr. Curare," with a fiendish gleam in his eye, gleefully drawing up the poison into his syringe to inject me with the Cabal's venomous lies! Even now, through the rhythmic pounding of my feet and heartbeat, I still hear their repetitious mantra whispering in my ear:

[Repeat after me, you MAGA-hat-wearing-Trumper] "SCIENCE ISN'T ABOUT TRUTH, IT'S ABOUT POWER!" "SCIENCE ISN'T ABOUT TRUTH, IT'S ABOUT POWER!"

"SAY IT, YOU DEPLORABLE, CONSPIRACY THEORIST, TRUTH-SEEKING SCUM!"

Me (through gritted teeth): "God's truth will throw you out of power, you dirtbags!"

The Torturer (mocking): "Not a chance, Deplorable! WE CONTROL THE MEDIA, INTERNET, BIG PHARMA, SCHOOLS, GOVERNMENTS, THE WORLD...WE CONTROL YOU! MUAHAHA!!"

Resistance is futile? But I refused to give in—I wouldn't play their sinister game! Truth? Uh-huh. In a flash, I understood it all! Truth had nothing to do with their evil scheme. It's all about power...RAW, DISGUSTING POWER! Yep, fake news, censorship, lockdown, fraudulent elections, puppet presidents, scamdemic virus, "snake oil" vaccine and boosters—license to kill and make ill, control everyone and take all by trampling the truth! Award the Nobel Prize for the "SCIENCE OF LIES"? The elitists are a shoo-in! But the bigger bite?

Well now way back in the Bible, temptations always come along, there's always somebody tempting somebody into doing something they know is wrong

Ever since the serpent deceived Eve and she swallowed the first lie, it's been the same ol' story: warfare based on deception! We've been fighting the father of lies!

Thank goodness the truth set me free and liberated me from Dr. Curare!

Ooh! What's that sound...Dobermans? Nah, couldn't be...or could it???(gulp)

Ha ha! Quite a pickle. Luckily, I was able to escape the dobies and the mad-scientist, evil deep staters with their jabs, masks, and mandates. But not everyone was so fortunate. A few days later, I paid a visit to a friend, Gregor.

Me (in stunned disbelief, trying to adjust to the horror and revulsion): “W-what happened?”

Gregor: “Dunno, man. I was perfectly fine yesterday...before I went in to get my booster. But look at me now! This morning I woke to find myself transformed into a huge insect!”

Nope, it wasn't a dream! His bed stood peacefully between its four familiar walls. But Greg? He was bugging out! Lying there, on his armor-like back, lifting his sclerotized head to peek over his brown belly, slightly domed and divided into stiff, arched sections...I could hardly believe my eyes! He had the same face, sort of...but the horror in his eyes matched mine!

Me: “Wow, that's some spike protein they gave you. Can't believe that's really you, Dude!”

Gregor (the bed creaking as he rocks back and forth, his many legs waving about helplessly): “Tell me about it! I thought if I went back to sleep, I'd wake up and forget about all this nonsense. But it didn't work. I've been trying to get up all morning...give me a hand.”

Me: “Ugh! A hand? (hesitating, zoonosis?) Sure, what're friends for? Got any gloves?” Shuddering, I gave him a leg up. He hit the floor with a thunk! “Ya know, Greg, this is just like the Kafka story...Metamorphosis! Now we know what the globalists are up to!”

*Gregor: “Evil buggers! When ol' Zuckerbucks changed the name of Fakebook to Meta, should've been a clue. Death and change to the world! Meta means death in Hebrew...but in Greek it means changed or altered! The Great Reset? Guess that's what happened to me! I've been 'Meta'-morphosed into an absurdity! But honestly: a cockroach? a *Periplaneta americana*? *la Cucaracha*? Why couldn't I have morphed into something less disgusting?!”*

Me: “Yep, you could've been a lowly roly-poly! But look at the bright side, my friend... At least they didn't turn you into a slimy, slithering swamp creature.”

Gregor (agitatedly twitching his antennae): “Au contraire, mon frère! A cockroach: hiding in all the dark places, crawling up out of the sewer—that's the ultimate swamp creature!”

Me (laughing): “And here we were worried about the virus! How about a computer bug!”

Gregor: “Yeah, welcome to my parlor, said the spider to the fly! Kiss of the Spider Woman? We sure fell into the globalists' worldwide web of lies: keep vaccinated up, follow the mandates, and we'll all be safe and free? Right. Lie after lie after lie!

So much for truth and humanity! Man, I'm starved! Uh, don't mean to bug you; I know I'm a pest (eyeing me hungrily)...but what DO cockroaches eat?”

