

Rude

Hello idiot.

You're an idiot, a buffoon, a twot, prick and arse. Are you sitting there in your comfiness? Or hanging like a baboon from a strap on a commuter train? Lolling like a slug in your hovercar waiting for clearance? Squatting on your lav, stinking like a sloppy cess pit? Wherever you are, you are stuck SOMEWHERE, "existing" in your widdle bubble of time, your twinkly dwibble of space; although yours is such a paltry existence, reading this nasty little tale, going nowhere.

I myself am not hampered by your cloddish shackles. I do not exist at all, not one widdle part of me, I'm free, much freer than a bird, although that feeling you may sometimes get, when you see an eagle swoop and soar and you think how marvellous to be such a thing, that feeling is the feeling you would feel if you could "see" me, only that feeling would be magnified a hundredfold, a thousandfold, so intense it would be that you would weep, your heart would break with the beauty you could never be a part of. But you will never see me, or comprehend me, or suspect me. Because you are an idiot.

As I will spell out to you soon, you should have no fear of this well-meant criticism, if you were to step back from your weeny self and consider the tale I will shortly unfold, you would find great meaning, magic and merriment. Concern yourself only with the tale, not the teller, nor my place, or otherwise, in your world.

"But you are the author!" I hear you bleat and whimper, "You are Matthew Beer, you are known, human, you wrote these words and then, by various mechanical means, they were delivered to my eyes and mind, these ideas, products of his fervent and cherished imagination delivered this fulsome and irritating text."

Did I mention you're an idiot?

The writer has little part in this, it's just another cog, another wretched worker on the line, in no way different from the miserable oafs that pack the books into cellophane or the charmless dolts that tippy tap the day away on computers. I am the source, the font, the main game, and you are at the end of the line. The piggy at the trough.

How delightful, I can see you wriggling. The idiot thinks "But this writer, this Mr Beer, is a little clumsy in his technique, somewhat stilted, reminiscent of X and also the Y movement in 19something something where Zism had much influence. But THIS author is not at all accomplished, not polished nor bright, he is a very minor thing."

You are most perceptive, very accurate, Mr Beer is indeed a dumb cunt, a lazy, ugly, boring, ignorant, turgid, rancid dullard. He is what's more a reeking, foppish eyesore who doesn't change his fetid underpants frequently enough and whose meagre penis always dribbles a little into the cloth shortly after urination. He also consistently fails to adequately cleans his sloppy faeces away from his cleft. So ... Well Done! Your great mind has spotted a fraud and a nincompoop. But then you're forgetting that YOU are the idiot in question, and that stinky Mr Beer is quite irrelevant. All he did was sit there, on his sweaty lard arse, and write. Merely an extension of his computer terminal. Of course he was thinking as he wrote "Gee, I'm so smart to think of these words, gee this is really neat, gee maybe I'll get something for this story, gee whiz this story will get me some sex and that would be really neat."

What a fuck up.

But don't YOU worry about him, you should try to relax, try to stop wriggling.

QUESTION: How long will reading this take?

ANSWER: Six minutes for a fast reader and ten minutes for a slow reader (and you're already almost half way).

That's not long, if you have ever watched commercial television, read a magazine, listened to a politician, if you've ever turned on a computer, shopped in a supermarket, talked to a Christian. If you've ever had a conversation with yourself....

The point is that we both know that your time ain't so precious and anyhow this tale is a special thing, it's a precious jewel AND it's all about your favourite subject. It's about you.

You are alive. Congratulations! Quite a thing, the miracle of Life, the magic, the mystery, the Wonder. Fleas are alive, and lice and maggots. Their mummies and daddies have sexual intercourse and then, a little magic, mystery and Wonder later, they are them.

You are a human. Congratulations! The top of the shag pile, lording it over everything else (and each other when you can). The most influential and powerful species on your planet (except in the deeper oceans - but that's another story). Your species is so grand that it can set in motion, in a matter of minutes, events that will destroy itself and many other species on the Earth. Quite an achievement. I say go for it. Do it now!

You can read. Congratulations! Many humans cannot, you're doing well, you've got some education under your belt, the world is your oyster, your land of opportunity. you can devour information like this, ideas that will change your life (they're coming, stop wriggling little worm). There are so many ideas, from so many great minds, if you can memorise a few fashionable names and details you will find yourself held in high regard. That's what you want. You can also gorge yourself on a, to all intents and purposes, infinite quantity of drivel, pap and crud. Make sure you don't get them mixed up!

You live in a society that has stories. Congratulations! Imagination is so precious isn't it? And stories have been part of human life since tribal times, helping individuals learn, understand, appreciate and feel, bringing humans together, cementing bonds and sometimes changing the world forever. Unfortunately for you, most of your contemporary stories (especially the ones you might refer to as "News") merely exist to keep you quiet and controlled, to fill in time, between commercials for sugared drinks, between working hours, between cradle and grave. But then you already know that. Which is your favourite story in the whole wide world? Oh really - how VERY interesting.

You have spare time in your life to read this (or have it read to you). Congratulations! A whole heap of people are far too busy struggling to fritter their time and energy away on a story. It's super that you've found yourself in a life where you can relax every now and then. You deserve it - the relaxing AND the life that allows for relaxing. It's not your fault that those other people can't make ends meet, it's just the luck of the draw. If we all live a good life and are good people (within reason), then who could want anything more? Not me!

You are lucky! Congratulations! The story you've been patiently waiting for is coming very soon. I'm sure it will deeply affect you and have repercussions that will resonate and ripple through every nook of your lucky life. But first I'd like to address one of your queries. Who do I think I am?

I know you "know" me to be Mr Beer and although this is an infantile belief I'll leave it to one side so as to hasten your journey to the marvellous story. You also want me to define myself. Am I a spooky ghost? A grim-faced god? How does it work? Well, let me draw an analogy, I'm like a spaceman, no, I'm not a prodding, wide-eyed alien, I'm like a spaceman, I've landed in a field in my silvery space ship and I've glid down the ramp and you are a little lamb, you've been a bit frightened by this big spaceship, but you're a dear, curious, little thing and you've tentatively trotted over. I've stood there, benignly, and when you've got close enough I've taken out my alien cock and urinated copious amounts of alien piss all over your pretty face. You've stood there on your four sweet little legs, not understanding, occasionally licking your face and tasting the salty flow. Then I've packed up and left. Slid up and away into the sky. You, a little confused, have watched me go, shaken your delightful little head and trotted back to your friends. The experience meant nothing meaningful to you, the contact meant nothing, you didn't understand who or what I was, nor did you, bless your little wooliness, feel a need to. A few days later you never thought of it again. But the piss got inside you, through your tear ducts and mouth and skin, deep into you, like a virus, and spread inside you until it filled you, every inch of you. And it would change you, forever.

You get what I'm saying? You do not need to comprehend what, where, who, etc, you simply need to hear the story. Like I said, it's all about YOU, your life, your future. It won't be an easy story for you to absorb, some of it you might find painful, but it will be well worth it and you'll be a better lambkin after. Is that the time?! Gotta go, no time to tell the story after all. Never mind, you probably wouldn't have understood it anyway. Because you're an idiot.