Of Red Dogs and Busy Bees
Part ǂ

What greater topic of beasts could provide such sophiac-clarity to stand in justified juxtaposition against the sophistry of—*nothingness?*

In other words,
Do *brother dog* and *sister bee* have anything to offer regarding poor ecology?

Here—at *the Philosophy Department*—we take decapitating seriously. We also *equally* realize that you can't tell a decapitating structure **that** it is a decapitating structure. And you most certainly can't prove to a decapitating structure that it is, *in fact*, a decapitating structure.

Certainly you mean *dilapidating*—a *dilapidating structure*?
Yes. That too.
Then why say *decapitating*?
Because long before it became a *ruin in time*—its *head* had long been severed.

— Let's begin here. —

On a proud hill of proud folks who held proud tools that drew proud—*geometry*—survived a handful of beasts that *witnessed* that last of coherency the hill had to offer.
As *they* were the last three that *remembered* it.

The Red Dog—who, for this story, we will just call *the red dog*.
The Bees (of the two), we have to split—in a way to honor the nature of the conflict.
/∴ We will go with that of— the *bumblebee* **v** the *mining bee.*

Note:
The *v* here functions as a conjunction.
Though we will see how the tale unravels.
As *I know* many can't *see* a **v**—
Without seeing an s_s*—following behind.*

I hope you didn't miss that^{w} *detail.*

On this *hill*—at this *time*—
Many *carpenter bees* walk up, and many walk down each day.

As they go up and down, they talk a great deal—*about the going up and the going down*.

Some prefer flight. Some prefer the ground for a time. Some stay home mostly.

A great deal is talked about the *queen*—her authority, beauty, impact, sovereignty.
Her habits, ancestral hang-ups, and table manners—all short of any kind of monarchical standard.

But she is one of them—a bee of bees.

She has also been queen for a while.

And she is much—*too much*—or *not enough*—like the last queen.

They weren't sure.

But she was the queen everyone knew and loved from the family of bees that everyone knew and loved.
Or thought they did.

Or thought they remembered.

Or thought someone remembered that someone did. Regardless. She was the queen. It was tradition! And Alas!
She was indeed still the Queen!
Or someone was.

They weren't sure.

On this averagely ambitious day when all the working bees were up and about, bright-winged and bushy-bottomed, they all took flight up the hill to set their trajectory back down it. And as they made their way down, a hair past the fold up top, once all buzzing and drinking had taken place—they realized something that struck them as *hopeful*!

There were *other* bees!

At first sight, the other bees were beautiful. Therefore, it was amazing!
But upon closer inspection, these bees were not carpenter bees!
Not in the slightest!
How would they even know where the *wood* was to *carpenter*?

Which was a problem at the core of the carpenter bees' economic decline,
as they spent most of their time on a small hill,
—a great distance away from any wood.

"Behold!"

one out-of-the-box-thinking carpenter bee said.

"There's some bees! They're pretty! They can... sing? while we... work?"

Nobody challenged this.
Also, nobody worked.

They did move, however. In the electrifying fashion that
KEPT THEM running in **8s!**
"*That's latin for foreverrr!*"
-The enthusiastic *educated* one said.

And the *foreman* bee made sure that the bees stayed moving by the old proverb:
If you aren't moving, ***you*** *aren't making* ***honey****.*
'Twas mineral wisdom carried over by the *mounters* of the hill that spoke of a similar-sounding *currency*.
He was still strongly convinced it was true.

Insight was frowned upon in this civilization—
often left to widows and orphans who were kicked off the hill.
What was left to guide the bees were idioms from the long-gone mounters.
It was, after all, how the hill came to be. So who should challenge it?

The conflict that sat at the core of the *outspoken bee that implored a song came from strangers*, was the brutal *beelief* that *beelittled* the *bee'z* ability to simple just *~BEE~ ~!~*
anything other than *beeing* un*bee***lee**vably *bored*!

In his reflections, the bee found the ability to drop bars.
Which was just as soon abandoned once his buddy noticed
that a glint of perspective was forming in him.

"***Yeah! Sing***!"
—the *buddy bee* shouted like a valiant wingman ready to crash!
"***Sting Louder!***"
—he *frrr*euded. So he thought. So someone said he did.
(He was gassy—alas, he couldn't question.)

And so it went,
the civil pressure came for the *outside bees* to be just like the *inside bees*—
—on a hill where nobody *truly knew* **what** the *inside bees* actually **did**.

You, as an outsider, might can see the folly.
Oh, but the *bees* did not.

Well, *they did...*
Buzz off, eh!