Bugged!

November 11, 2008 By David Weiss

As I staggered into the bathroom this morning after a night of celebrating my 58th birthday with a few of my friends, I saw out of the corner of my right eye a large cockroach. The roach was on its back, struggling in an effort to flip over.

I was about to step on it when the roach burst into the strains of ?happy birthday? in a glorious baritone.When it finished singing, I asked the roach if it had a name.

?My name is Francis, but you can call me Frank?

?Well, Frank, it?s a pleasure to meet you, but how is it that you know my name?

?I saw your profile on Facebook?, Frank replied, ?and I thought you might be an interesting person to know?.

?Don?t be so sure of that, Frank, I?ve never been particularly fond of roaches, other than the ones that are sometimes in my ashtray?.

?You shouldn?t be so judgmental?, (it?) said, ? we roaches have been around for many years, you know.?

?Okay, Frank, seeing as you took the time to sing for me, I?ll listen to what you have to say. Tell me about yourself.?

?I was born and grew up in Brooklyn, New York, where I lived in a cozy brownstone with a few of my friends before moving into a coop in Manhattan?, said Frank, ?I went to New York University and majored in English literature, with a minor in nutrition, and then went on to spend a year at the Columbia school of journalism.?

?Very impressive? , I said, ?you are obviously well educated, and that is appealing. How did you manage to pay the tuition, not to mention the high cost of living in Manhattan?

?David, I?m a cockroach. We get great discounts on food and lodging.?

?Aha!, you?ve been living off the toil of others.?

?What is your problem, Dave? Do you really believe that human beings are so special?? Frank retorted. ?In only a few hundred years, you?ve managed to screw up the environment, consume most of the Earth?s natural resources, and raise the temperature here so much that the half the ice in Antarctica has melted away?.

I had to admit it. Frank was no fool.

?Okay Frank, I see your point. Can I offer you a cup of coffee??

?No thanks, Dave, I gave up caffeine last year.?

Frank and I spent the next few hours discussing everything from art to politics. He really was an interesting roach.

?You are an unusually well spoken cockroach, Frank. What are your views on abortion and health care??

I was pleased to hear that Frank was a staunch advocate of universal health care. Not surprisingly, however, Frank was a strident ?right-to-lifer.? This view did not sit well with me, as I?ve always viewed a woman?s right to choose as fundamental and humane.

?So what about the economy, Frank. Do you believe that we should bail out the banks and auto industry??

?Well, I?m no economist?, he answered ?but it seems fairly obvious to me that the billions of dollars that you people spend on bombs and bullets could be put to better use. You also seem to be obsessed with accumulating wealth to a degree beyond reason.?

?Point taken, Frank. What about the legalization of marijuana??

?I?ve never understood what your problem is with pot.? he said.

?That?s good to hear,? I replied, ?I?m with you on that one.?

?I?m glad we agree on that,? but do me one favor. The next time that you fire up a doobie, try to find another name for the leftovers...?

Postscript: Frank the roach passed away early this morning from an overdose of bad punctuation and Raid bug spray. Funeral services will be held at Saturday at the Combat roach motel, Bangkok, Thailand, and available over the internet at
http://www.davidweissny.com
Mourners welcome. Children under 12 admitted only with an adult.

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