

# Bed Bugs are Jumpin' in Thunder Bay

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The bed bugs are going all literary on us now and have been spotted in the bowels of the Thunder Bay Library. They were last seen on the reference desk of the Science & Technology Department, and also checking out the words of the latest True Blood novel.

The library user who wishes to remain anonymous due to fear of her landlord finding out about the pesky bug enjoying the latest Sookie Stackhouse book had no vendetta against the Thunder Bay Public Library system.

She placed the infiltrated book in a zip-lock bag and complained to management, yet the library matron didn't really care and said,

*"We've had reports [of bed bugs] from all over the place. We're spraying all over. But we hadn't heard they'd gotten to Literature yet."*

So what happens next ? If they are not careful the inhabitants of the library might end up like the two subjects of my fictional story. Or is it fictional?

**Matt and Steve sat there wide eyed as they watched their regular Friday night viewing of Dateline. They could not believe what they saw, and were literally shaking.**

The NBC program had put it all out there in black and white for everyone to see. All those mattresses people threw out everyday never went into landfill sites. They were picked up by mattress dealers and taken to special places to be recycled into new ones.

Apparently, they had been doing this for years and stripped the fabric off, and then sprayed them with a pesticide. Newly recovered, they were sent to bargain mattress places to be resold. It was the beginning of the end.

**Matt gulped his beer down quickly and remembered yesterday in technicolor. They both had fought a vicious house fire and bed bugs had been everywhere.**

The little Hannibal Lectors had run like bandits away from the flames and had latched on to their equipment and gear. They screamed as the bugs crawled all over them. When they got back to

the station they had to quarantine all their stuff so the bugs would not infiltrate them.

There was not a place in the city of New York where you could walk now without being bitten. Toronto was next, and half the population of Thunder Bay had been destroyed by the super bugs. It was only a matter of time that every city would be literally be eaten alive.

People were blaming the Clinton administration as pesticides had been used for years and then they decided to ban it. Now the world was slowly dying because of it. The reality of it all was that Clinton was not to blame - it was actually a company called "Monsanterino".

**For years Monsanterino had controlled the seeds which created the food that people consumed. They had introduced a lot of genetic horrors to the world's food chain, and they did not seem to care. People started getting sick with celiac disease because their insides could not digest the hybrids. It was only part of a larger plot to take over the world.**

Secretly they had bred the bugs and introduced them slowly into the cities. They knew they would make money hand over fist manufacturing pest control products. The mattress dealers, thinking they were spraying the Monsanterino pesticides, were actually spraying a hormone to attract the pests.

Steve looked at Matt and had tears in his eyes. He started to speak softly and then his voice grew into hysteria.

*"Matt, the bugs have doubled in numbers since yesterday, what's next?"*

Matt looked at him and said,

*"I guess you didn't hear, senator Mike Duffy died yesterday. His office became so infested he did not get out in time. He's dead Steve, he's dead!"*

**They both looked at each other and realized that there was no hope now, and they were everywhere! It was only a matter of time now.**

Matt looked outside and saw a huge billboard that had a giant bed bug with an exterminator's address on it. It was now officially the city that never sleeps. The national crisis was not unemployment now, it was bed bugs.

It was time to go to sleep and they headed up to their separate rooms. They each put on their newly purchased protective flea collars made by "Monsanterino" and crawled into bed. They would be safe for another night.

Sadly, they were the last tenants alive in the building. All it takes is one pregnant bed bug to fill a building, and within three weeks most of the tenants had met their match.

"Don't let the bed bugs bite," had now become reality everywhere.

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