Asphalt, Now!

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Introduction

"Nature is a Prick. A dirty, dirty Prick...." --Henry David Thoreau, 1856

This quote, taken from a private letter written by Henry David Thoreau to Walt Whitman, has been largely dismissed by critics as an aberration. The simple result of a lousy week in which Henry ran short of weed and the Walden mosquitos were a total bitch. But while the academic world doesn't view this sentiment as a true depiction of Thoreau's disposition toward Nature, I have come to believe that truer words were never written.

I realize that this is an unpopular viewpoint. In fact, if you were to ask one hundred different people to describe Nature, you probably wouldn't hear a single negative response. Just a neverending stream of clichés ripped from an inspirational desk calendar: Amazing, Beautiful, Majestic, Wonderful, Nourishing, Spiritual, Magical.... The ass-kissery never ends.

Everyone knows that Nature represents all that is Good and Pure in this World. But as I've discovered, "Everyone" is a dipshit. And yet for a time even my genius had fallen under its spell. How could it not? Nature's grandeur and mystery cannot be denied. Mountains are majestic, Flowers are beautiful, the Ecosystem is almost magical in its complexity, and Puppies are friggin' adorable.

The notion of the Natural World's Perfection has been bred into us from birth: in our books and poems, in our films and documentaries, and even in our commercials for beer & boner pills. But for me, all that changed last December.

As I was shoveling the seventy-fifth inch of snow from my driveway, shivering to the bone and wondering if my penis would ever be able to make the long climb back outside of my abdomen, I had an epiphany. I realized that, one way or another, this thing called Nature would someday be the death of me. Of course, I'm not talking about a Natural Death here. I'm talking about a Death caused by Nature.

Contrary to popular belief, Nature is not some neutral system that runs automatically in the background. It's a living, breathing, malevolent entity. The sooner you come to terms with this fact, the better off you will be. When I wrote *Denianetics*, my goal was to help as many people as possible by showing them the joys of an Un-motivational Lifestyle. It was a phenomenon that one critic called, "...the only book that matters." Granted, I was listening to a lot of Joe Strummer and hitting the Guinness pretty hard when I wrote that, but I think the comment still stands.

What I've come to understand since then is that just *Not Doing Stuff* may no longer be enough. The grim reality is that Nature is blocking our Road to True Happiness & Bliss. In order to reach the Promised Land of Sedentology, we must Pave that Road. We need Asphalt, Now!

The Nature of Nature

"Birds appear quite beautiful, even mesmerizing at times, and certainly they have helped create my fortune, but any deeper investigation proves such beauty illusory at best. Fucking rats with wings...."

--John James Audubon, 1848

Nature is a subject close to the hearts of most people. It elicits the strongest of emotions. After all, it is often personified both as a Mother-protective and nurturing--and as a Provider, giving us all that we need to survive. What most people fail to realize is that Nature, above all else, is an Asshole.

Leaves of Glass

Lucretius, Theocritus, John Milton, Mary Oliver, William Wordsworth, Robert Frost, Henry David Thoreau, John Lillison, Walt Whitman, Maya Angelou.... The list goes on and on.

For thousands of years, Humankind has been glorifying Nature as a warm and compassionate

entity. We have been viewing the World through rose-colored glasses, blinded by the wonder of it all. But this is no coincidence. It's an intentional defense mechanism orchestrated by Nature itself. Nature, you must understand, is the creepy dude in a windowless van, distracting us with its candy in order to disguise its true intentions: the annihilation of the Human Race.

To Be, Or Not To Be....

Nature has had it in for us since the beginning. Humans are born like bunnies to the slaughter. We don't enter the World with fur or armor. We don't have a fearsome mother hovering over us with razor sharp talons and teeth. We can't fly. We can't run. We were never intended to survive.

Nature--in its dickish wisdom--intended us only to be food. In fact, most animals seem to be on this planet for the sole purpose of being eaten by other animals. What kind of a sick and twisted plan is that? A grand design that cultivates millions of complex life forms for the sole purpose of becoming one another's dinner?

FUN FACT: As you can see, Nature's Plan is heinous and despicable--except of course for cows, chickens, and fish, as they don't count.

In 1870, Dr. Alejandro Francona published a study on this subject, entitled *Theory of Adorability*. In it he demonstrated a direct correlation between the cuteness of a given species' offspring and that offspring's chances of survival. He observed that most baby animals in the wild are what he classified as, "...so goddamned adorable, it's ridiculous," while most Human newborns were found to be "...just ugly as shit."

He further noted that adorable wild-born baby animals have mothers capable of protecting them against predators--through their own ferocity, camouflage tactics, or by hiding their offspring in dens while they are away. Conversely, Human mothers in the wild seem only to have the capacity to shriek, as they are eaten along with their ugly, wrinkled babies.

Francona, of course, was shunned by the scientific community following his feud with Charles Darwin, during which Darwin famously called him, "...a pseudo-scientific dago retard." Francona's works were universally ridiculed--and

subsequently ignored--by his peers, but I think Time will tell on this one.

FUN FACT: In early 1994 Hollywood A-lister, Pauly Shore, penned a screenplay based on the Darwin-Francona feud, entitled Evolu-Shunned. A widely acknowledged ambassador of Science, Mr. Shore was looking to complete his popular & educational "Trilogy of Teaching" film series that already included the acclaimed entries, Bio-Dome and Encino Man. Shore was slated to play the role of Darwin, opposite fellow thespian Billy Baldwin as Dr. Alejandro Francona. Sadly, and despite exciting rumors at the time that O.J. Simpson had signed on to the project for the role of Thomas Henry Huxley, the film was never made.

Natural Born Killer

Nature kills at a rate that would have made Joseph Stalin's psychiatrist blush. On one side we're bombarded with Hurricanes, Earthquakes, Volcanoes and Floods. On the other side we're attacked by Cancers, AIDS, Bird Flu & Ebola. Nature's handiwork makes cigarettes seem like little tar-flavored breath mints.

At least 250,000 people die from natural disasters annually. Some estimates say Malaria alone kills over half a million per year, many of them children

under the age of 5 years. Nature, apparently, will not rest until we have been wiped from the face of this planet.

One need look no further than Climate Change for proof of this natural conspiracy. Most scientists believe that the rapid global warming trend is largely a Human-made dilemma, but they are missing the bigger picture. Climate Change is just another of Nature's nasty defense mechanisms, designed specifically to rid itself of us.

FUN FACT: Icebergs are just Nature's Hourglasses. Once they run down to zero, we're fucked.

The Best Defense is a Good Offense

This expression has been used in many walks of life, from the Military to Sports to the Corporate World. None, however, has managed to incorporate it as well as its creator, Nature.

Nature has always hidden itself behind a guise of beauty, lulling us in to a false sense of security and then striking when we least expect it. Like when Bugs Bunny dresses up as a sexy lady to seduce Elmer Fudd and then, *Whap!* the sledgehammer comes down. It's Nature's most popular ploy.