**BURTTERFLY’S REVENGE**

Leah glances anxiously around the waiting room. Everyone looks so calm .How the hell can that be?

The waiting room is dim, perhaps are dosing men and women of all ages sit, staring ahead.

The door opens and a bright light behind him silhouettes the towering figure of Dr. Transet a huge cockroach, six feet high his antennae waves.” MS Leah hope?”

Leah looks around no one seems interested. She gets up her guts noting but knowing she had no choice.

Following doctor Transet she proceed along a shiny white corridor interns and waves a leg. “Please, come through to the dissection room.”

Feeling fearful, Leah follows in into the operating theatre .The room is full of strange throbbing machinery and light flicker n the wall panels. In the center of the room, under blazing spotlights, is an operating table, surrounded by bank of electronic equipment.

“Greetings, Miss Hope. I am Mr. Cuttemup, I will be doing your procedure today.

Leah turns to face an enormous butterfly .She sees shimmering emerald tones in his wigs.

Trying to stay calm, she say, “Is…this really necessary. Can’t I…just go home?”

Mr. Cuttemup flutters his wigs and laps, holding up a long scalpel blade which scatters light from the iridescent lamps above.” No, am sorry we have to see…what you are made of!”

Two giant year ear wigs, dress in green theatre gowns take Lear elbow’s and leads her towards the operating table. “Don’t worry I’ll be painless, “says one, smiling and waving at glistening antennae

Lear finds herself fasten down to the operating table and looks up to the brilliant spotlight above her, Giving white sport before her eyes .Suddenly she had a frightening thought. “Wait a minute, what about the anesthetic, where is the anaestheticst?”

“Ah, that won’t be necessary” Mr. Cuttemup unbutton Leah’s blouse, then pulls out the scalpel. “Nurse, prepare the patient please “

The ear wig-nurses exchange glasses then one leans forward and yanks leas bra up, exposing her large pale breast.

Leah suddenly becomes calm, Of course, this is a nightmare she’ll wake up in a minute.

Dr. Cuttemup scalpel stubs right between her breast and curves two-foot wound to her groin, as she realizes that her ear wigs were laying - the thing is beyond believe –and yes, this is a night mare, and

It’s no dream.