**THE BUTTERFLY’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 a dozen men and women of all ages sit, staring ahead as though unseeing. The door opens and a bright light behind him silhouettes the towering figure of Dr. Chansette, a huge cockroach six feet high. His antennae waves. “Miss Leah Hope?”

Leah looks around. No one seems interested. She gets up, her guts noting but knowing she has no choice. Following Dr Beatrice, she proceeds along a shinning white corridor. He turns and waves a leg. “Please, come through to the dissection room.”

Feeling fearful, Leah follows him into an operating theatre. The room is full of strange, throbbing machinery and lights flicker on wall panels. In the centre of the room, under blazing spotlights, is an operating table surrounded by banks of electronic equipments.

“Greeting, Miss hope. I am Mr. Cuttemup, I’ll be doing your procedure today.”

Leah turns to face an enormous butterfly. She sees shimmering emerald and ruby tones in his wings. Trying to stay calm, She says, “Is … is this really necessary. Can’t I… can’t I just go home?”

Mr. Cuttermup flutters his wings and laugh, holding up a long scalped blade which scatters light from the iridescent lamps above. “No, I’m sorry, we have to see… what you are made of!”

Two giant earwigs, dressed in green theatre gowns, take layer elbows and lead her towards the operating table. “Don’t worry, it’ll be painless,” says one. Smiling and waving at glistening antennae.

Leah finds herself fastened down to the operating table and looks up to the brilliant spotlight above her, giving white spots before her eyes. Suddenly she has a frightening thought. “Wait a minute, what about the anesthetic, where is the anesthetist?”

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

The earwig-nurses exchanged glances, then one leans forwards and yanks Leah’s bra up exposing her large pale breasts.

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

Dr Cuttemup scalpel stubs into her chest, right between her breasts and curves two-foot wound down to her groin, as she realizes her earwigs were laying – the pain is beyond belief- and yes, this is a nightmare, but it’s no dream.