**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 deem, perhaps a dozen men and women of all ages seat, staring ahead as though unseen. The door opens and a bright light behind him silhouettes the towering figure of doctor Chancelt, a huge cockroach, six feet high. His antennae wave. “Mrs. Leah Hope?”

Leah looks around. No one seems interested. She gets up, her guts knotting, but knowing she has no choice. Following doctor Chancelt, she proceeds a long a shining 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 center of the room, under blazing spotlights, is an operating table, surrounded by banks of electronic equipment’s.

“Greetings, Mrs. 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. Cuttemup flutters his wings and laughs, 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 earwigs, dressed in green theater gowns, take Leah’s elbows and lead her towards the operating table. “Don’t worry, it’ll be painless,” says one, smiling and waving a 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 exchange glances, then one leans forward 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!

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