



Every holiday season my father and I always went out to cut down a real tree. One year, we found the perfect tree in the middle of our pasture. We brought it home and really took our time decorating it. Everybody marveled at just how beautiful it looked. That is until three days later when our house was busting out all over with praying mantises. Nobody saw the nest hidden in the branches. They were crawling in the presents, on the walls, under the furniture — everywhere!

