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 age sit, staring ahead as though unseeing. The door open and a bright light behind him silhouettes the towering figure of Dr. Tanset ,a huge cockroach six feet high, his antenna waves .“Miss Leah Hope?”

Leah looks around .No one seems interested. She gets up, her guts knotting but nothing she has no choice. Following Dr. Tanset she proceeds a shiny white corridor, he turn and wave a leg. “Please come through to the dissection room. “

Felling fearful, Leah follows him into the operating theater, the room is full of strange, throbbing machinery and light flicker on the wall panels. In the center of the room, under blazing spotlight, is an operating table surrounded by banks of electronics equipment.

“Greetings, Miss Hope. I Mr. Cuttemup, I’ll be doing your procedure today.”

Leah turns to face an enormous butterfly. She sees shimmer emerald and ruby tons in his wings. Trying to stay calm she says “Is … is this necessary. Cant …I just go home?”

Mr. Cuttermup flutters his wings and laugh, 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 theatre gown, take Leah’s elbows and lead her towards the operating table. “Don’t worry, it’ll be painless, “says one, smiling and waving and glistening antenna.

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

“Ah, that won’t be necessary.” Mr. Cuttermup unbuttons Leah’s blouse, then pulls out the scalpel.” Nurse, prepare the patient please.” The earwig-nurses exchanged glances and then one leans forward and the yanks Leah’s 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. Cuttermup scalpel stabs into her chest, right between her breast, and curves a two-foot wound down to her groin , as she realizes that the earwigs were lying - the pain was beyond believe – and yes, this is a nightmare , but it’sS no dream.