**THE BUTTERFLY’S REVENGE**

**Leah glances anxiously around the waiting room. Everyone look 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 silhouette the tiring figure of Dr. Joy, a huge cockroach six feet, his antenna 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. Joy, she proceeds along a shining white corridor. He turn and waves a length. “Please, come through to through dissection room.”**

**Feeling fearful, Leah follows in into an operating theatre. The room is full of strange, throbbing machinery a right flicker on wall panels. In the Centre of the room, under blazing spotlights, is an operating table, surrounded by banks electronic equipment’s.**

**“Greeting, Miss Hope .I am Mr. Cuttemup, I will be doing your procedure today.”**

**Leah turns to face enormous butterfly. She sees shimmering emerald and ruby tongs in his wings. Trying to stay come, she says, “is…is this really necessary? Can’t I… just go home?”**

**Mr.Cuttemuo flatters his wings and laughs, holding up along scalpel blade which scatters light from iridescent lamp above. “No, I’m sorry we have to see…what you are made of!”**

**Two giants’ earwigs, dress in green theatre gowns, take layers elbows and lead her toward the operating table. “Don’t worry, it will be painless, “Says one, smiling and waving and glistening antennae.**

**Leah finds a self-fastened down to the operating table and looks at the brilliant spotlights above her, giving white spots before her eyes .Suddenly she has a frightening thought. “Wait a minute, hat about the anesthetic, where is the anesthetists?”**

**“Ah, that would be necessary.” Mr. Cuttemup unbuttons Leah blouse, then pulls out the scalpel. “Nurse prepare the patient please.”**

**The earwig-nurses exchanged glances, then one leans forward and yarns Leah’s bra up, exposing a large pale breast.**

**Leah suddenly becomes calm. Of course, this is a night mare. She will wake up in a minute!**

**Dr. Joy scalpel stabs into her chest, right between her breast and curves two-foot wound, own to a growing, a she realize that the earwigs were lying – the pain is beyond belief-and yes this is a night mare, but it’s no dream.**