



Satan's Angry Angel

Although many insects and spiders can be dangerous, most are not aggressive and tend to avoid people.

Dr. Sharon Evelyn Driscoll, entomologist

There are many bugs who sting or bite, but the degree of poisonous reaction in a person depends a lot on the amount and type of poison injected, their pain tolerance, and general genetic disposition. Most people tolerate these very well. However, some suffer and die.

Brian Downing, owner, Downing Bug Museum

“S-H-H-H... watch where you’re walkin’, fool. You’re making too much noise. Do you want to get us found out?”

“Yeah, yeah, we’re all good.”

“No we’re not... don’t walk on the dead leaves and sticks.”

“Yeah, I got it. You guys worry too much.”

“He’s right. You’d better watch it, stupid. You’ll get us all in trouble. It won’t be the juvi’ home this time, it’ll be jail”

“And turn that damn flashlight off, dumb ass.”

“But I can’t see no good in the dark.”

“Didn’t you hear him? Turn it off. Don’t walk in your own shadow. Use the moonlight to watch where you’re going. Only step on the grassy areas.”

“Get down on the ground. Get down! There’s a cop car drivin’ by.”

“Where?”

“S-H-H-H!”

He points toward a distant street light and says quietly...

“Look between the buildings over there under the streetlights. I saw the shield reflection on his door.”

“He’s probably just doing his rounds. He can’t see us from that far away. And it’s too dark. You guys are worrying too much again.”

“S-h-h-h, it doesn’t matter. Stay down, fool.”

After a few silent minutes the three teenage men stand up and continue walking down the secluded wooded path behind the buildings,... as quietly as they can...

“That’s the place over there. I’ve heard this is the lab where they manufacture lots of drugs.”

“Oh yeah? What kind of drugs?”

“Like speed, fool. And we could use some clinical... just speed our balls off. We’ll sell a little and keep the rest for ourselves.”

“Sounds good to me.”

The three young men quietly sneak up to the back door of the laboratory and listen for anything..

“No radio, no noise, no voices, no nothin’. Hand me that pry bar, pipe wrench, and bolt cutters.”

Within 30 seconds the back door is forced opened and they cautiously enter...

“What is all this stuff?”

“It looks like chemicals and little lab machines.”

“How do we know where the drugs are?”

“Just start looking through stuff, but do it quick. Pry open the cabinets and look inside. Check the drawers. We’ve got to get out of here.”

“I’ll bet these microscopes are worth some money. Let’s take some.”

“Go for the drugs first, moron.”

“Wow, check this out... it’s a cage with some huge ass wasps. There’s some wad of weird kite string inside too. Damn, look at those big rainbow eyes. They almost look like they glow. Ha ha. Check ‘em out. Cool...”

“Yeah, those are some big ass wasps.”

“Heave the f**ckin’ thing onto the floor and kill ‘em, you idiot.”

The cage crashes onto the floor with the small door bent open about a hand width. The wasps are knocked silly and

nearly motionless. The three continue searching for valuables but don't find any drugs...

“Well, let's get the hell out of here. We'll just take some of these microscopes and smaller stuff we can sell.”

The wasps in the cage are becoming alert after being stunned momentarily. Two exit the cage and fly in circles with an angry sound around the heads of the three intruders. They appear to want vengeance. The thieves lay down their stolen goods on the counter and try to swat the bees away..

“Damn, those wasps are big. I told you to kill them, you dope. Now you've pissed them off. What the hell is wrong with you? Take what you can carry outside. Hurry. Bees can't see in the dark. Let's go..”

The thieves don't adjust to the darkness right away to see the path behind the buildings and back through the underbrush and trees. They linger a couple of car lengths away from the lab for just a moment so their eyes can adjust. There is an ominous buzzing sound getting closer...

“SSSHHHZZZ...”

“Hey! AAARRRGGGGHHHH!!! AAAHHHHGGG!!”

“SHHH, Hickory, man, what the **ck is up?”

“I think one of the bees got him!”

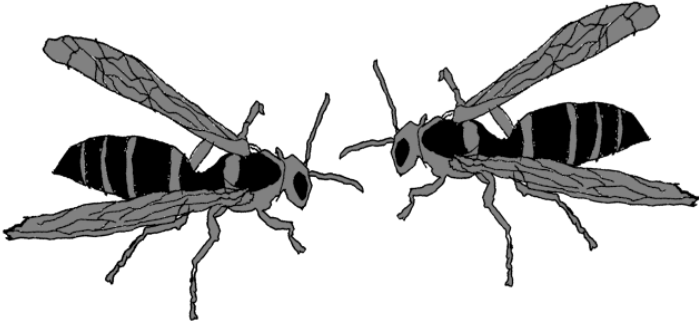
Hickory drops his stolen lab gear and flashlight, slaps at the air, holds his face and covers his eyes, struggles to walk, and

falls to the ground trembling. Wasps have landed on his head and continue stinging. He breathes through his teeth while frantically swatting away the wasps in his hair. His moans become louder. He screams out, he cannot remain quiet any more. The pain from the repeated stings has become too much. He begins hyperventilating and writhing on the ground. His partners stare in astonishment not sure what to do. The sound of wasps flying overhead causes the two to drop the lab gear and dodge and swat at the insects with a yellow t-shirt. The wasps become more angry and frantic. Their partner's wicked trembling begins to look like seizures, and his arms and legs no longer make useful motions. He can no longer speak, only wheeze and drool. His face quickly swells into an ugly horrible contortion near his eyes and around his ear and neck. There are some moist gurgling sounds as he lunges for his last few breaths. Then he lies motionless except for an occasional dead fish gasp response that moves no air. The airborne wasps are still circling and threatening overhead...

“SSSHHHZZZ...”

“Grab his gear and let's get the hell out of here. Let's go, go, go!”

The two teenagers run as fast as possible carrying the added stolen gear – they abandon their unconscious friend lying on the ground...



Red Wasps

(American paper wasp common east of the Mississippi River.)
approx 1.75 inches (4.4 cm)

Drawing courtesy of Sir Peter Gillam,
London International Lepidopterists