

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Bug on a Leaf by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | April 2020

Bug on a Leaf

by Mike Bozart

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Thirteen-year-old Jeremy was on what is now called 'the spectrum' – the autism spectrum to be more precise. However, his neurodevelopmental disability was on the milder side. In fact, it was so mild that he was able to attend class at the nearby makeshift schoolhouse, still on the grade level that he should be for his age: 7th.

As lanky, dark-haired, tan-skinned Jeremy descends the wooded ravine to Chemise Creek (about 4 miles – 6.4 km – SE of Shelter Cove on the northern coast of California) on an unusually sunny and warm Saturday afternoon in June of 1947, he thinks about what his mid-30-ish, Welsh American, female teacher had said the day before. *'You can begin your first nature poem by going out in the woods and examining something – something that catches your eye; something that arrests your attention will make for a starting point. Just ask yourself: What thoughts do I have about this particular object, animal, plant, or scene? Now, write them down using as few words as possible.'*

Jeremy is now almost upon the shady brook when he notices a maritime earwig on a laurel leaf. The dark-brown-with-pumpkin-orange-splotches insect is not moving. He quietly sits down on some moss and extracts a folded piece of paper and pencil from his back jeans pocket.

The earwig suddenly advances a few paces. And then stops. All of the earwig's body is still atop the dark green leaf. *Glad he/she didn't run off on me. Hmmmm ... Well, what should I write? Guess I need a title first. What would be a good title? Hmmmm ... I know ...*

Jeremy then begins to write on the unlined, creased-in-sixths, off-white piece of paper.

Title: Bug on a Leaf

There was this bug on a leaf.

Not sure if the bug saw me first.

This bug was an earwig.

Not sure if the earwig knew that.

This earwig was eating the edge of the leaf.

Not sure if the leaf was resisting.

The earwig moved slightly.

Not sure why, but ...

There was this bug on a leaf.

Not sure if the bug sees me writing.

This bug seems to have nothing to do, but eat.

Not sure if the bug stops to think, but sometimes it stops.

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