

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Fall of the Yellow Jackets

FALL OF THE YELLOW JACKETS by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | OCT 2014

Agent 32, aka Monique (the Asian Zing), and I, Parkaar, nebulous Agent 33, found ourselves on the back patio on a splendid late October afternoon in east Charlotte, feeling as if we were inside one of those plastic-wrapped, pricy, gift-shop postcards.

What follows is the largely unedited audio track set to typographic characters, as it's so hard to read sounds on a blank white screen. Though, I've tried on many an occasion.

Agent 32: "It sure is a nice day, hon. It's not too hot and not so cold yet."

Agent 33: "It really is, mahal. [love in Tagalog] It's simply sublime today."

32: "Autumn splendor in America, Parkaar."

33: "No doubt, Monique. And, the summer mosquitoes seem to be gone now. We can finally enjoy this patio without being gooped in a pint of bug spray."

32: "Yeah, that stuff is gross. And, you know how I hate mosquitoes. In the Philippines, we see them as dangerous disease carriers. They are no-good airborne transporters of dengue, yellow fever, and the dreaded malaria."

33: "Well, our American mosquitoes don't carry those unpleasantries, at least not at last check. However, some do transmit the West Nile Virus, which can be deadly."

From out of who knows where, a yellow jacket began to check out Monique's plastic cup on the frosted glass table. It crawled around on the rim with its antennae twitching all about.

32: "Woah! What kind of bee is that, bana?" [husband in Cebuano]

33: "Oh, it's just a yellow jacket, dear. They get very active this time of year."

32: "Can it sting me?"

33: "Only if it is a female."

32: "Do female yellow jackets only sting female humans?" She then laughed for a few seconds.

33: "The males don't have stingers."

32: "So, you're safe? Lucky you!" Monique laughed again.

33: "And, no, I could just as likely be stung."

32: "Have you ever been stung by a yellow jacket, Parkaar?"

33: "Yes, many times. Way too many to count. Most of the stings occurred when I was mowing the lawn or hiking."

32: "Oh."

33: "They like to make their nests in the ground. Once you step on one, the aerial cavalry is dispatched."

32: "Really?"

33: "Yep. It's then full assault."

32: "Well then, can you tell if this one is a female?"

33: "Not from here, Agent 32. I'd have to examine that little wasp in my office."

32: "That's so funny." Monique giggles for a couple of seconds. "Like the yellow jacket is your patient." She laughs some more.

33: "Bee still under the microscope. Get it? Bee spelled with two e's."

32: "Of and on course, Parkaar. These yellow jackets sure seem to be buzzing around today."

33: "They do get very ornery this time of year, Monique."

32: "Why is that, 33?"

33: "I think that they know that their time is about up. Maybe they think: Might as well annoy some humans before we become crunchy corpses."

32: "That's crazy, bana! Look, there's one by your left shoe. Stomp it! C'mon, get it, Parkaar!"

33: "No, I'll let it go. If I squish one, a call-to-arms chemical will be released, and then we'll be battling 50 of them, 32."

32: "Are you sure about that, 33?"

33: "Well, maybe just a squadron of 49 in a 7 x 7 formation."

32: "You are so silly."

Now a pair of yellow jackets circle Monique's cup of hard cider. She swats at them with her small, bronze-colored, cupped hands. She then pulls her legs up on the chair and starts wailing away, only to fan the air.

33: "No, don't swat at them, hon. They are spoiling for a fight. They are perfectly willing to trade a stinger in your finger for their own death. Just ignore them. Cover your cup with the coaster. It's the sugar in your drink that is attracting them. And wipe your lips. Keep your pants leg openings closed."

32: "What?"

33: "I remember this one guy who was hiking with us at Crowders Mountain on an October day – just like this one – and had a yellow jacket fly up his jeans to the back of his knee."

32: "Oh, dear ... what happened then?"

33: "The yellow jacket freaked out when it couldn't get back out of his pants leg, and promptly stung him."

32: "What a drag. That sucks!"

33: "And, he was not in the best state of mind to deal with it, either."

32: "What do you mean, 33?"

33: "He was flying high on magic mushrooms at the time."

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