

The Lore of the Flies

The soft ground warps and folds beneath your feet. The sweet aromas of the honey and the jam slip in through your nostrils. It's a lovely picnic. They settled there, together. She brought the jam and he brought her.

"It's beautiful," she told him.

"You're beautiful," he told her.

She grasped his hand and he held it tightly. The cheese was warm and the fruit was cool. The breeze whispered softly in their ears, "Together; one becomes many."

"Here, darling," she said, "have an apple."

"Here, darling," he said, "have a sandwich."

She handed him an apple as green as it would become; he handed her the sandwich that had been folded with tender human hands.

The quiet was unsettled only by the wind and the rustling of the grass. Even the marching of the ants was far from the lovely picnic. All was lovely. And then, the buzzing of the fly.

He waved his hand around.

"Swat it, oh, get rid of it, please. Such an awful buzzing," she said.

"Yes, dear," he replied, still swatting.

Appearing deterred, the fly buzzed away.

She smiled at him. His eyes caught the flash of her teeth. The picnic went on. They spread the jam and dipped into the honey. All was lovely. And then, the buzzing of that fly.

"Oh, it's back again," she said.

"Don't think about it, dear," he replied. He swatted some and then reached for another wafer from the basket. And the fly buzzed.

"Do something, please, darling. I cannot stand the buzzing," she said.

"Yes, dear," he replied. They had brought the bread wrapped up in a newspaper and he took that newspaper and rolled it up into a long, tight tube. He began to swing. He kept swinging.

"Please get rid of it," she said, "Please stop the buzzing."

"Yes, dear," he replied. He continued to swing but the fly would not leave. The fly buzzed. And then he hit it. There was a loud "pop" as the rolled newspaper met the fly on its head.

The fly paused and halted its buzzing. It was dizzy. It dropped. He looked down on it as it flopped for a moment on the blanket.

“Is it dead?” she asked.

“Perhaps,” he said.

The buzzing had stopped. The fly jumped up and it was still dizzy. It fluttered and looped and dipped and he swung some more. He hit it with that newspaper and sent it spiraling and tumbling out into the grass.

“I got it,” he said.

She smiled and was happy. She was happy and so he was happy. The picnic was lovely. Together, they enjoyed the cheese and the fruit; together, they enjoyed the jam and the honey.

Their eyes were locked and their lips were poised. The breeze carried a soft humming with its whispers. All was lovely. And then, the humming grew into the buzzing.

They looked up. It was coming as a black cloud.

“The buzzing,” she said, cupping her ears with her hands.

“Oh, goodness,” he replied.

“It’s a swarm,” she said.

“It’s not a swarm, dear,” he said, “it’s much bigger than that.”

The black vibrating cloud grew bigger. The buzzing grew louder. “One becomes many,” the breeze whispered, “Never underestimate the fly and its friends.” All was buzzing. And then, all was black. He held tightly to her and she held tightly to him. They remained together. All was lovely. And the picnic was over.