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The Mosquitoes

Mary Graham Bonner

"Friends," said the first mosquito, as the sun went down on the first warm evening of the year, "I think tonight calls for a banquet."

"The people will be sitting out on their porches," agreed the second mosquito. "Enjoying the air."

"They won't enjoy us."

"Certainly not. That would mean we weren't biting them, which would rather defeat the purpose."

"Then let's go. I'll call the cousins."

The buzz went out, and soon every mosquito in the family had assembled, humming with anticipation.

"Now," said the first mosquito, as they set off in formation, "we must seek out the right hosts. We don't want to waste the evening."



"I heard someone say, just the other day," offered the second mosquito, "that the two creatures she hated most in all the world were flies and mosquitoes. She said she didn't especially like yellow-jackets or hornets, but practically every other creature she rather liked."

"A very large compliment," said the first.

"Shouldn't it be 'big'?" said the second. "'A very big compliment'?"

"Words," said the first, waving a leg dismissively. "What do we care about words? We care about 'bite' and 'bitten' and 'will bite,' and little else."

And with that, they dispersed across the porches where the people sat in the soft evening air, and had a perfectly satisfying banquet.

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