The Sick Bay Bee

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"I was awake! I know!—I know about her! A man needs a woman, Mrs. Thomas. A whole woman! I haven’t been whole for two years. You understand, now?"
"Yes, Anna. You have a great love!"
She smiled and dozed. The nurse quietly packed her leather bag and walked to the door.
"Mrs. Thomas," Anna called to her, "God go with you."
"Thank you, Anna. . . . Goodbye, Anna."

The Sick Bay Bee

by Bill Vint
Journalism, Sr.

A very tiny sigh ripped the still air.
There, in the middle of the sidewalk, lay an extra small, awfully skinny bee. I rushed to his side, kneeling in hope of helping him. I like bees.
"Are you all right?" I asked.
"Food, food. . . ." he murmured.
"Food? Why there’s a million flowers all around here. You’re lying next to the botany building, you know."
"Oh, oh . . . OH," he moaned sickly.
I scurried to my feet, and flew like the veritable wind to the nearest flower bed where I plucked a prime Goldenrod stem. I hurried back, tenderly laying it beside him.
His slightly opened eyes suddenly flew wide open as he entered a state of maximum hysteria. Then he sneezed and blew his brains out.

MORAL: If you have hay fever, don’t be a bee.