



What began as an intermittent itch beneath fingertips, between distal joint and base of nail, has grown over months into persistent pins and needles, stinging, a muted drone in your skull.

Now red welts crest your face and neck and your tender palms blister to the touch, while carpet-burn scrapes and scratches hatch in haphazard tracks up your arms—a rash, or the footprints of Ichneumon.

Remain calm. Soon, the wasps will tire of your clogged ears and scabbing nose. They'll migrate, find some other colony to prop upright, and fashion their nests behind eyes a little closer to the light.

**S
W A R M I
N G**

Do not be alarmed when your limbs go slack and soften, your intestinal tract unravels, tongue stains itself black, sight fails. This is all perfectly natural (and, in any case, it is too late).

Your mistake was to think yourself a mind inhabiting a body it hates.

by: Alex Aldred

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