

Jeremy arched his back against the wicker sun chair, holding his breath and then releasing it in a long exhale. He watched as disks of iridescent light played across the insides of his eyelids; first meandering, then darting as he moved his eyes back and forth.

The faint whine of a bumble bee breached his meditative consciousness. He opened his eyes and watched as it made its way along the clumps of lavender with what appeared to be clumsiness and precision in equal measure. Jeremy noted the little bee's delicate fluffiness and wings with similar iridescence to the light spots he'd observed just now. He thought he'd read somewhere that a bumble bee's ability to fly somehow defied aerodynamic law. "*Probably a myth*" he thought to himself.

Shifting in his seat, he turned to pick up the glass beside him, then drank the remainder of his ginger beer. The bumble bee had settled on a clover flower nearby. Jeremy leaned forward and placed his upturned glass neatly over it. It was nearing mid-day and the sun was becoming uncomfortably hot. "That'll shut the bugga up" said Jeremy as he stood and walked towards the cool of the house.