"No!" she screamed, with tears and mucus covering her face. I'm gonna kill you! Once and for all!" she shrieked, as if it could understand her. She raised her knife to the creature. It was time for it to die, once and for all. Just as she began to swing the blade, she felt something fuzzy on her leg. Then, she fell to the ground, unconscious. Dead.

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It all started on December 12, 3012, in a lab. Oh, a dreadful place it was. The government was creating weapons, in preparation for the war. They were mixing DNA. Human and ant. Lion and bird. And, lastly, the ultimate killing machine. A DNA combination of caterpillars and scorpions. Scaterpillars.


After escaping, the two scaterpillars, following their caterpillar instincts, crawled to the nearest field. A playground. That's where they met their first victim, Jenny. Jenny. So young. So innocent. So helpless.
As it pains me to tell this part of the story, I will not go into extensive detail. But, I will tell it to the best of my ability.

Jenny was an 8-year-old girl, who lived in an apartment in Washington D.C. She loved nature. So, for her 8th birthday, her dad decided to take her to a huge playground in Chesapeake, Maryland. A huge mistake.

When Jenny spotted the caterpillars (which were actually scaterpillars), she immediately raced toward them. She had heard of caterpillars before, but, a she was a city girl, had never really seen them. “Wow!” she exclaimed, picking them up. She sat down on a bench, and spent hours examining the marvelous creatures.

Then, finally, her dad called to her. “Jenny, it’s time to go.” Jenny sighed. She adored the caterpillars. But, she knew it was time to return them.

The caterpillars moved gently in her hand, spelling the word “goodbye.” “Wow!” she thought. “It’s like they know I’m leaving.” And, I’m sorry to say, that thought was her last. Because, when the caterpillars (which were actually scaterpillars) spelled out “goodbye” in her hand, it wasn’t because she was leaving. It was because they were going to inject her with their venom, and kill her. Their first snack.

It didn’t take long for Jenny’s “mysterious” death to be all over the news. But, they simply had no clue how it happened. So, the only thing they could do was shut down
the playground. After about three days, the scaterpillars grew very hungry and left the field in search of food.

They eventually came to a house. It was a pretty normal house. To this day, I couldn’t tell you why they chose that house. Maybe it was the wood of which the house was built. Perhaps it was the scent of human flesh.

The house belonged to the Hutchinson family, a family of four. These four were Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, and their 12-year-old twins, Tommy and Matilda. Mr. Hutchinson was a struggling salesman. The Hutchinson twins did not know it yet, but the bank was going to take their house away from them in one month, as they could not pay their rent. They were going through very hard times. And they would only get harder.

The scaterpillars crawled into the house, under the door, and began to search for food. They didn’t search for long. Right in the den, they saw Tommy Hutchinson playing a video game. This time, the scaterpillars didn’t mess around. They crawled onto Tommy. He didn’t even notice, as he was mesmerized by Super Mario Bros 4-D. So, the scaterpillars had no trouble with him. Kill. Eat. Simple as that.

Ten minutes later, Tommy’s mom came home from the grocery store. “I’m back, Tommy,” she called to him. But, of course, she got no reply. “Tommy? Where are you?” She began to search the house. “Don’t hide from me!
Thomas Daniel Hutchinson, where are you? Come out! This isn’t funny! You are going to be in so much”-

Then, she spotted him. On the floor. Dead. With a caterpillar sitting on him. Somehow, she got the feeling that it was to blame. But, she immediately shook the thought. Murderous caterpillars? Impossible. Right?

Of course, she rushed little Tommy to the hospital. But, there was nothing that could be done. He was lost. Gone. Passed on. She couldn’t bring herself to use the d word. Dead. She wept and wept. She prayed and prayed. But things only got worse.

Only two days later, the scaterpillars struck again. It was Matilda, Tommy’s twin sister. She was lying in bed, going through pictures of her beloved twin, and balling like a baby who just did his business. That was pretty much all she’d done since the death of Thomas Daniel Hutchinson, who’d gone by the nickname of Tommy. She and he had been very close.

She, like her twin, was an easy kill. The scaterpillars crawled into her bed, and poisoned her.

She screamed. Mrs. Hutchinson came rushing into her daughter’s room. At first, she thought she was asleep. Then, she saw a caterpillar resting on her left leg. She realized what was going on. It was all coming together.
“No!” she screamed, with tears and mucus covering her face. I’m gonna kill you! Once and for all!” she shrieked, as if it could understand her. She raised her knife to the creature. It was time for it to die, once and for all. Just as she began to swing the blade, she felt something fuzzy on her leg. It was then that she knew her fate. Then, she fell to the ground, unconscious. Dead.

It was the other scaterpillar, the male one to be specific, that had killed Mrs. Hutchinson, beloved wife and mother, as it read on her grave. After she was dead, the scaterpillars did something that would eventually cause the end of the human race. They mated. As the scaterpillar population grew, the human population shrunk. Until it was no more.