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Wainwright Worm

by Sho Botham

Rebellion meant a look in the eyes, an inflection of the voice, at most an occasional whisper. The compost critters could tell trouble was about when Wainwright Worm did his rounds. Wainwright's voice would rise up at least one octave and swop its booming presentation for a softer, quieter tone. Starting with the rest of the Worm family in the compost heap, Wainwright relayed his news to Walter, Wallace, Wendy and Winifred. They said nothing but they each had a rebellious look in their eyes.

Wainwright left the family contemplating his news and made his way around the prongs of the garden fork that lives in the heap. He shoved his head up through the drying grass cuttings to see who was around on the surface. Belinda Bee buzzed hello to Wainwright and landed close to him sensing he wanted to say something. Belinda's buzzing sounded heavy when Wainwright disappeared back into the depths of the compost heap. She sat on the remains of a primrose leaf thinking about what she'd been told.

Twins, Florence and Phoebe Fruit Fly were tucking into delicious watermelon chunks. They saw Belinda Bee sitting on her primrose leaf and called to her. But Belinda was miles away. Florence and Phoebe flew over to her. They asked if something was wrong. Belinda buzzed with a start as she realised she had company. In a flurry of buzzing and animation she shared the news with the twins.

Florence and Phoebe were all fired up with the news and like the Worm family, they too had a look of rebellion in their eyes.

“Come on, Belinda,” they chanted, “this is not the end. It is just the beginning.” Belinda looked at the twins standing on their back legs wagging their other four legs around in a mock threatening manner.

Belinda fell backwards onto her leaf buzzing with laughter at the sight of the twins.

Down in the depths of the compost heap Wainwright Worm continued his rounds. He was looking for Terry Toad, the biggest lodger of the heap. Terry needed to know the news.

Wainwright’s head bumped against something firm and lumpy, Terry Toad. He made his way to Terry’s head and pushed against it until Terry awakened.

“Oh it’s you, Wainwright. What have I done to deserve a visit from the heap’s messenger?”

Wainwright imparted his news. Terry stretched his legs and said “come on, we need to have a heap meet. Spread the word. We can’t just sit here and do nothing.”