

put your stinger
down, little bee.



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Written and Photographed by Jason DeWitt

Edited by Angela L. Jones

Put Your Stinger Down, Little Bee was inspired by The Wastelands, in Second Life©. Consent to use this inspiration has been graciously extended by the creator, owner, and game administrator of The Wastelands, NeoBokrug Elytis.

Thanks to Catherine DeWitt, NickCitrus, Kaganite, NeoBokrug Elytis, Aposiopesis Fullstop, Aki Shichiraji, Angharad Greggan, Tralala Loordes, Dan Seawwconds, Kedar, Jo, Lyda, Cliban Callow, Marko, Briel the Fallen, Abrahambone, Kane, The Mutant Witch of the Wastes, Alessia, Itch, Mel, Beans, Lunesta Matova, Malice Shepherd, Jedidiah Stone, and PanPot for their inspiration and encouragement. Special thanks to the Monday Mutant Drum Circle Clan!

The characters of Sam and Irk, and their story, are the exclusive property of Wyx Press and Jason DeWitt, copyright 2017. No part of this work may be reproduced without consent. Friends don't let friends stay out alone out in some dunes.

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The wounded girl sits alone, marooned in a sand sea,
As far away from everyone as anyone can be...



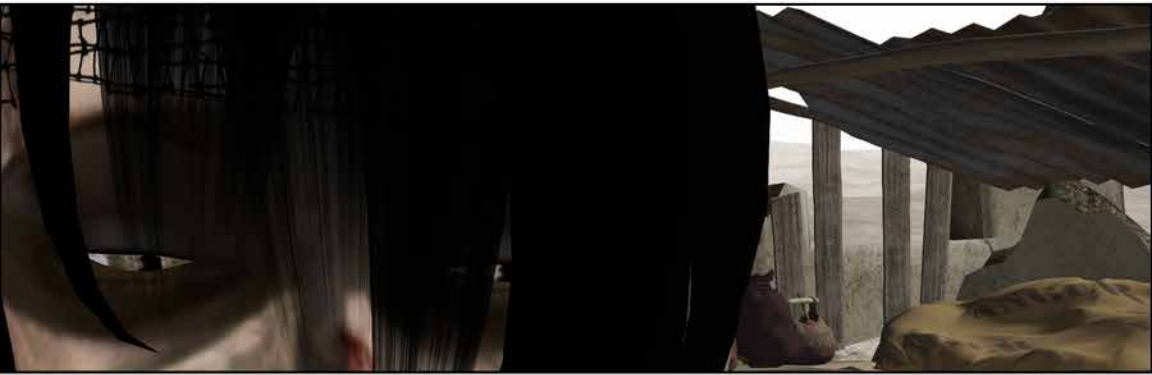


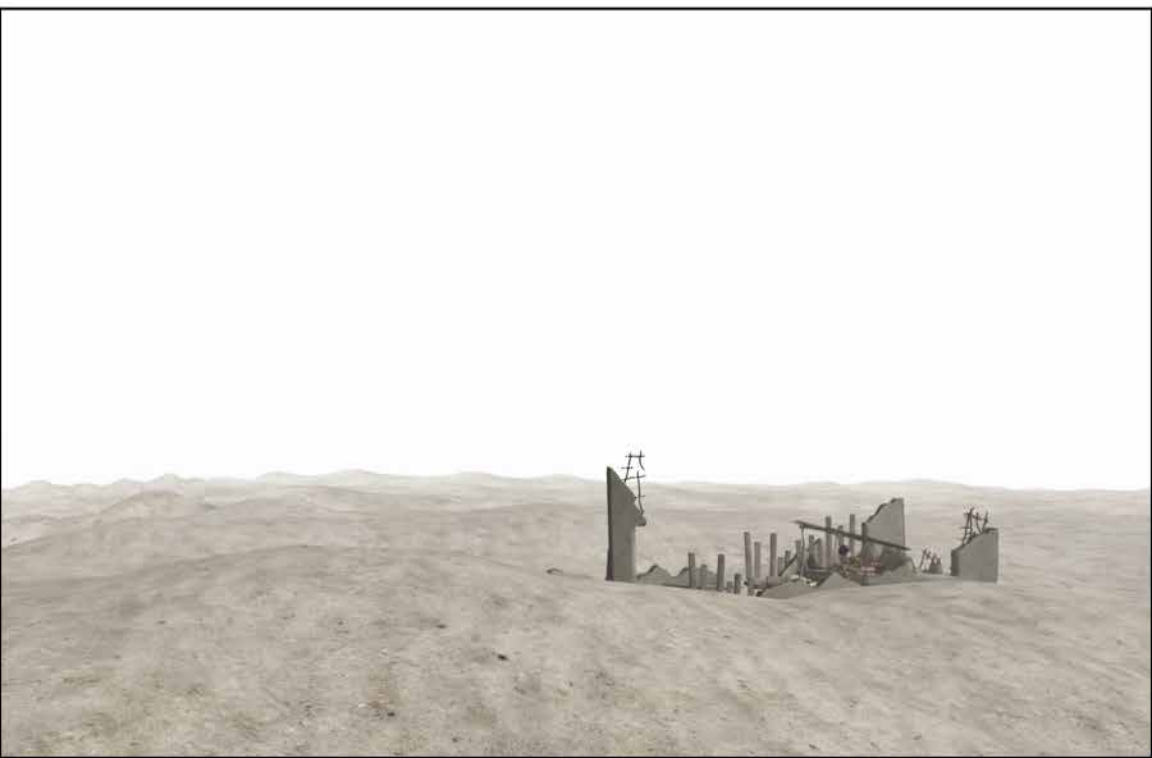
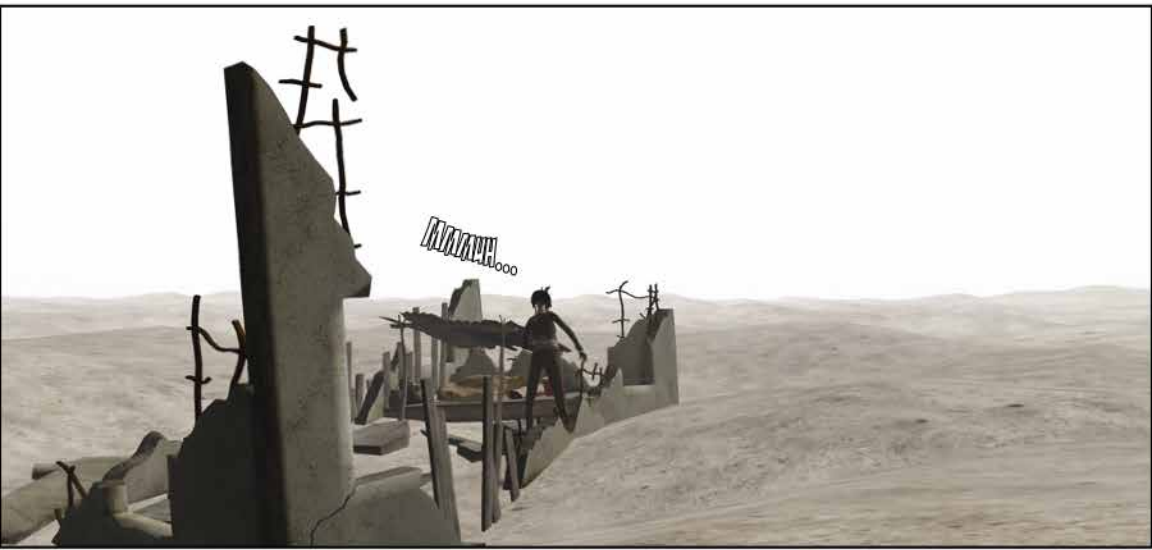




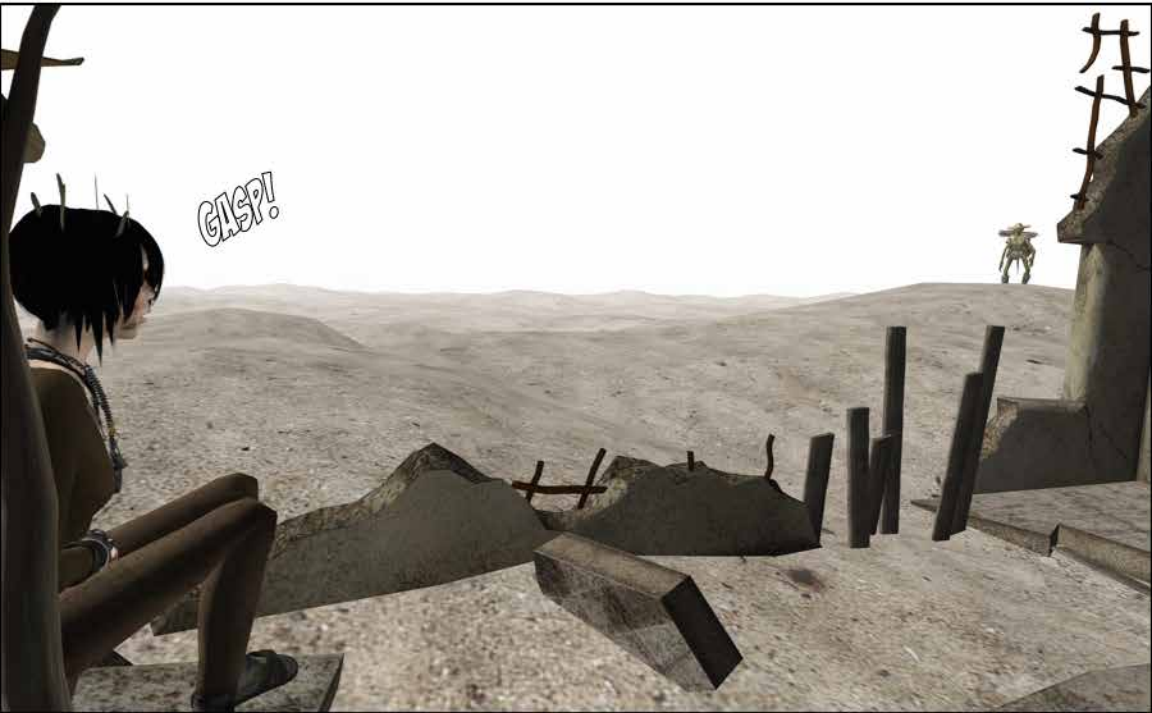








A green stranger draws near
The girl gets the fear...



I am Irk, I approach your camp. I do not come to harm or rob, only to sit until the heat of day is gone.



You go away from here or my four brothers gonna kill you!



SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF

No, there is just you.







Pick up you sticks,
green man, I am not in
no moods for nobody!



You do not own the
sands, hoomin. I will rest
here, it is the only place as
far as my eye can see.

Maybe you will
learn that threats
are nothing.



I live here! I need this place! This is my house!

You want to live out here? There is nothing in this desert. No creature needs nothing.



It is better when there is no mutants around!

Where is your tribe? Don't you have people?



Not no more.


What is
your name?

My name is *Cut You Up* if
you are not go away!

Nobody is want to
be around me!


Guh!






I can see why! You find strength in rage and pointed things. These are real powers, it is true.

But the warrior seeks strength without anger, and power without weapons.




I am not no mutant warrior! I am not nothing no more.

You are young, hoomin. You could see many more seasons, maybe have cubs.




You listen here Irk mutant, I am not want you be here! I got nothing for you steal from me and no Foods but rats!


Now go find you own pile of rubbles!



I have good Food. I will share with you, if you will stop buzzing.




I don't need nobody here! 'Specially because I heard about mutants eat peoples sometimes!



This is true, sometimes. But I will not eat you. There is no meat on the bones.

And I would rather talk to you.



I am not want to talk to you or eat you Foods or be you Foods so just go!





AUGH!!



WHIZ!



You will not attack me again, hoomin.

...000



GROAN...



You are hurt.

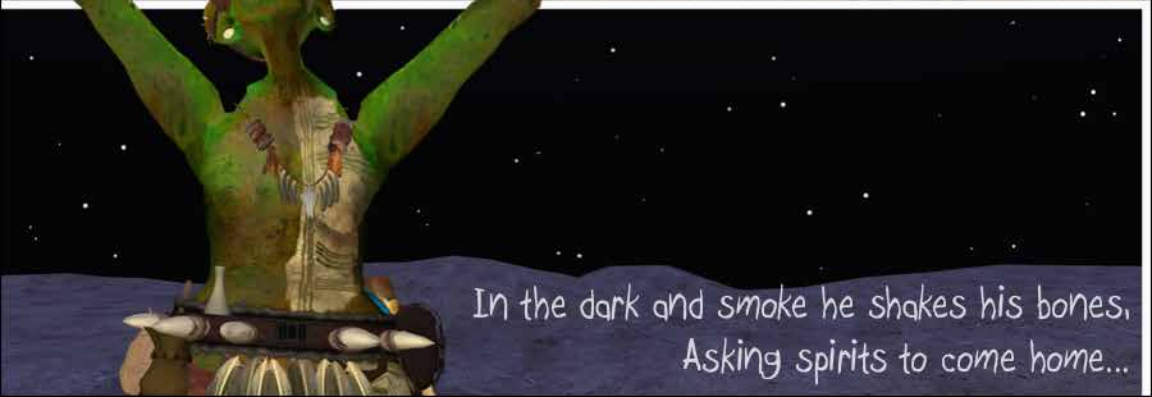
MOAN...



How will you kill me from the ground?



Girl? Can you hear me?



In the dark and smoke he shakes his bones,
Asking spirits to come home...





Some time later
she returns to life...



ooo...



Gets the fear
and grabs the knife...



Why is you
still here!?



I got hungry.
And I wait to see
if you die.

Well, I
didn't yet.



You... you
patch me up?



Your blood was leaving you. You were with fever and the wound was yellow sick. I did what I could for healing but you should keep the wrap on and not move.

You are lucky the bullet went through.



Yeah. Lucky me.



Who shot you?

I tell you some nother time. How long was I sleep?

Two moons and this day. You spoke to spirits in your dreams. You were angry with them.



I don't need no mutant
listen to my dreams!



I will stay and watch over
you until you heal. This is the
warrior's way. I will take your stuff
if you die, this is also the way.

But I must
know one truth.



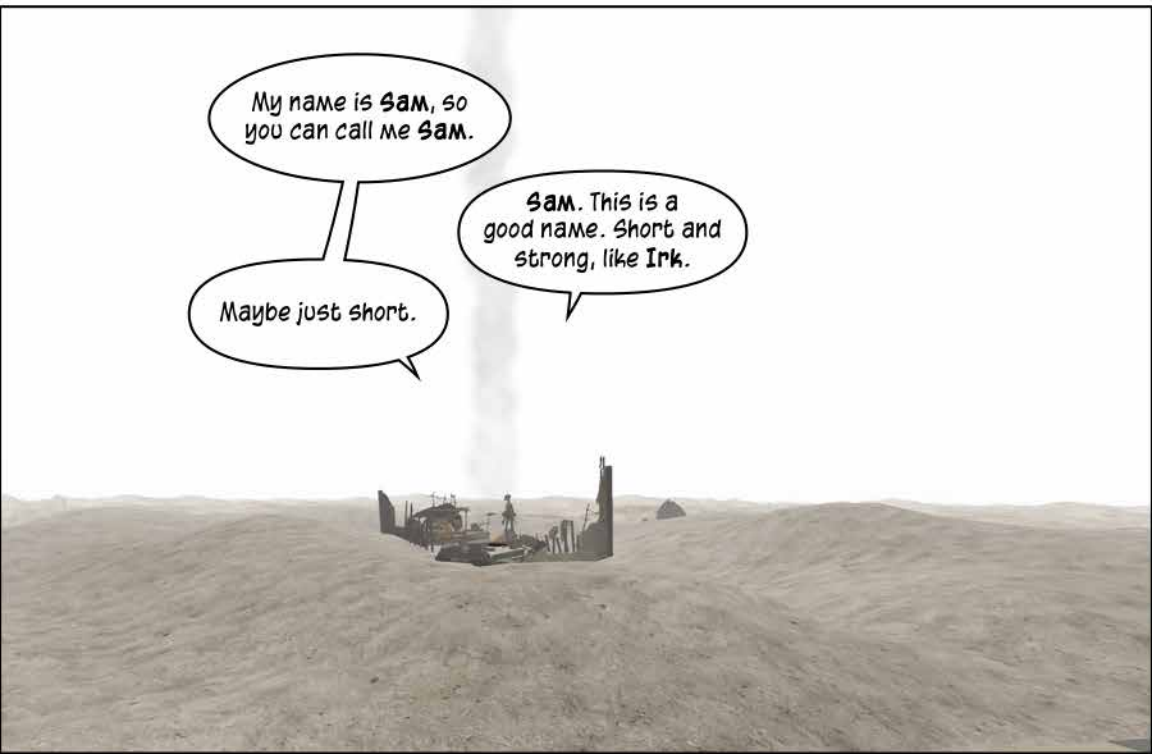
What?!



Is your name really
Cut You Up?




HEE HEE
OUCH!
HEE HEE



My name is **SAM**, so
you can call me **SAM**.


Maybe just short.

SAM. This is a
good name. Short and
strong, like **Irk**.




When a creature does not
Feel strong it will use rage
power to survive.


But in the end, it
will make the creature
small and mean.



Maybe that's why I live
out here. Is just better I
am not around Polks.




Hmm... A warrior must walk
in his own direction, it is true. I hunt
and fight for myself so I will never be
slave to another. But always,
creatures need other creatures,
this is the way of things.




You sure got a lot of ways of
things! Maybe them other creatures
don't need me. Maybe be around people
is hard and hurts most times.

Maybe Polks say I talk Punny
and I get so jumble inside my brains
and then sad worry of it in my think
abouts all the time!




Because a thing is hard does not mean you can't do the thing. You speak to me... pretty good.



When I get around Polks it ends up bad. Somebody always get disappoint or shot.

All we know will crumble and end badly, *this is the way of things*. But do not despair at the way of things.



This my mother said when she punished me.



Punish you,
for why?



As a cub I
was caught
stealing eggs.



Then you
know is wrong
to take things
from folks!



I was punished
for being caught,
not taking.

Oh.

I took one egg from a bird basket once. She had two and I was so hunger.



This is mercy for no reason. Most creatures would take both eggs.

You have a kind spirit.

CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP

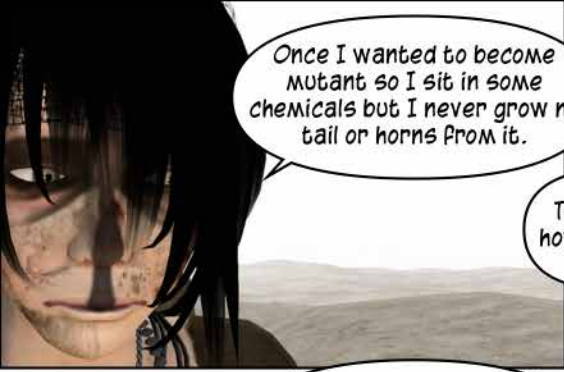


I have a sharp poker!



SNORT!





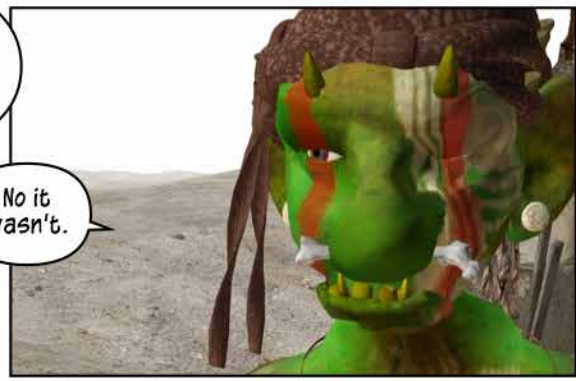
Once I wanted to become mutant so I sit in some chemicals but I never grow no tail or horns from it.

That is not how it works.



Now I know it was a stupid. I get so sick and all my hairs fall out and them grow back blue. Was sort of mutant, I guess.


No it wasn't.




I done so many stupids like that I am not even count them.




All creatures fail sometimes. It is not the failing, but what you do about it that matters.




I am stay out here alone, that is my do about it.



Strange hoomin. I was exiled and must wander alone in the world, but you choose this emptiness. To be cut off from my tribe was not my wish but this is...



... the way of things?



You learn Past, little bee. You should rest and mend. Night is soon.



YAWN...

Why was you exile from you tribe?



I will tell you some nother time.

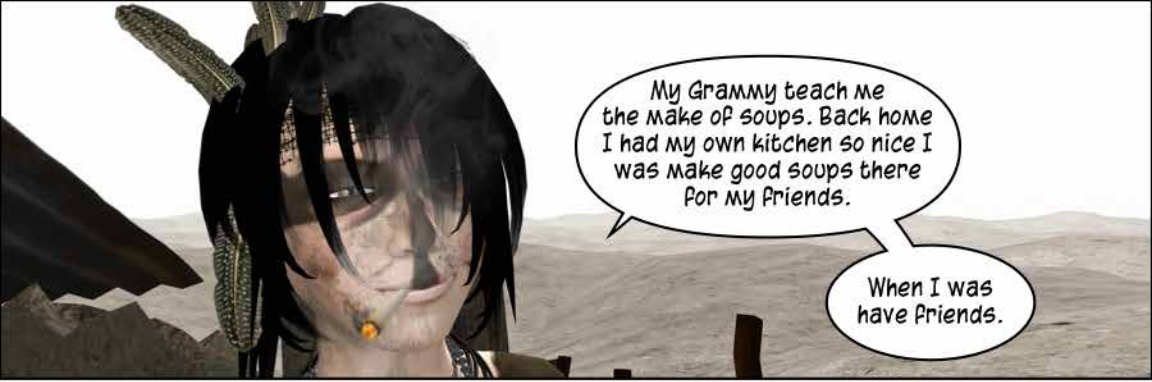
The next day is hot like the day before,
But at least no one is throwing sand anymore...

MMMM, the hoomin trader
who taught me the speak of your
people had this smoke weed, too.
It is rich and powerFul. I am
grateFul for the sharing it.

Is just another
bad thing I get from
the world. But is nice
with some coffee if you
can find some.

MMMM, coffee! One thing you
hoominz understand is the way of
good taste in thing. Most mutant
food and drink is... practical.



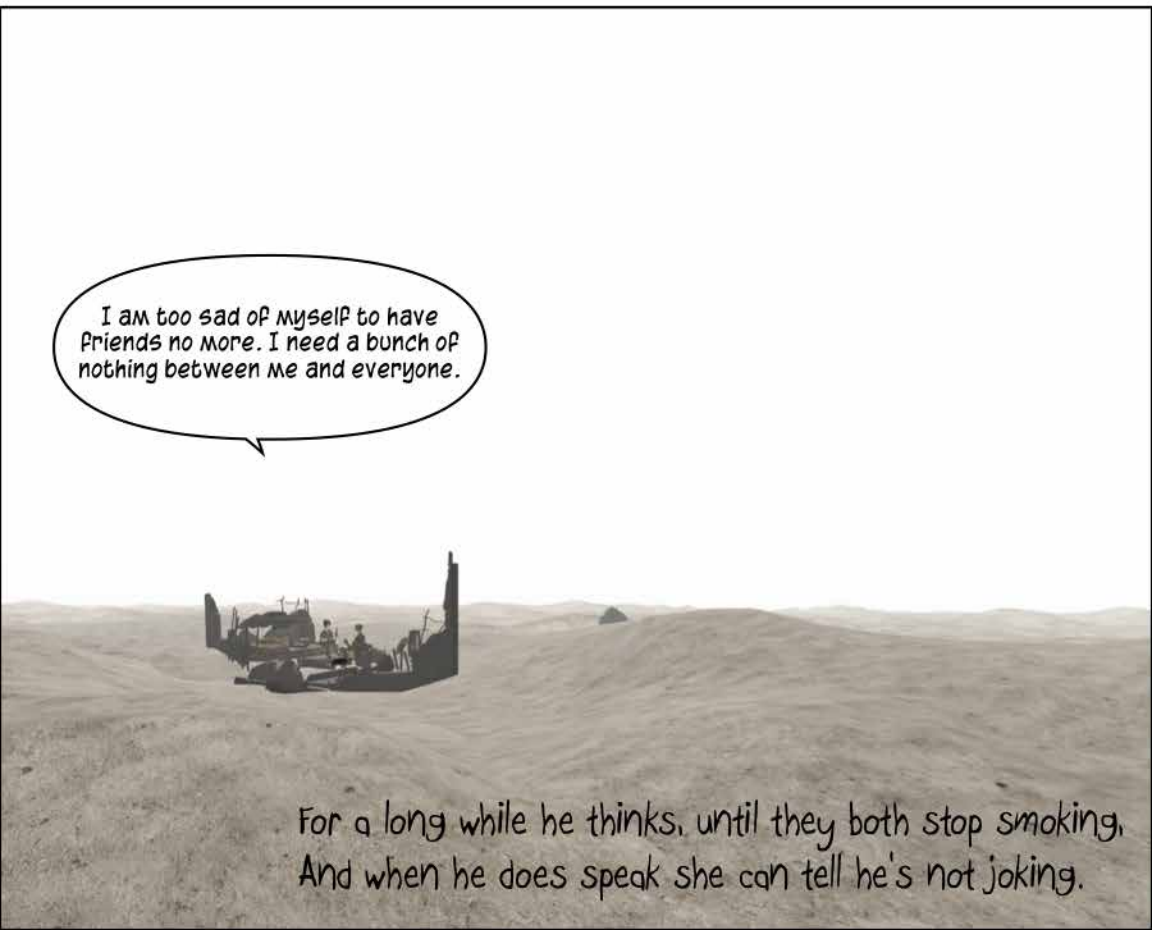


My Grammy teach me the make of soups. Back home I had my own kitchen so nice I was make good soups there for my friends.

When I was have friends.

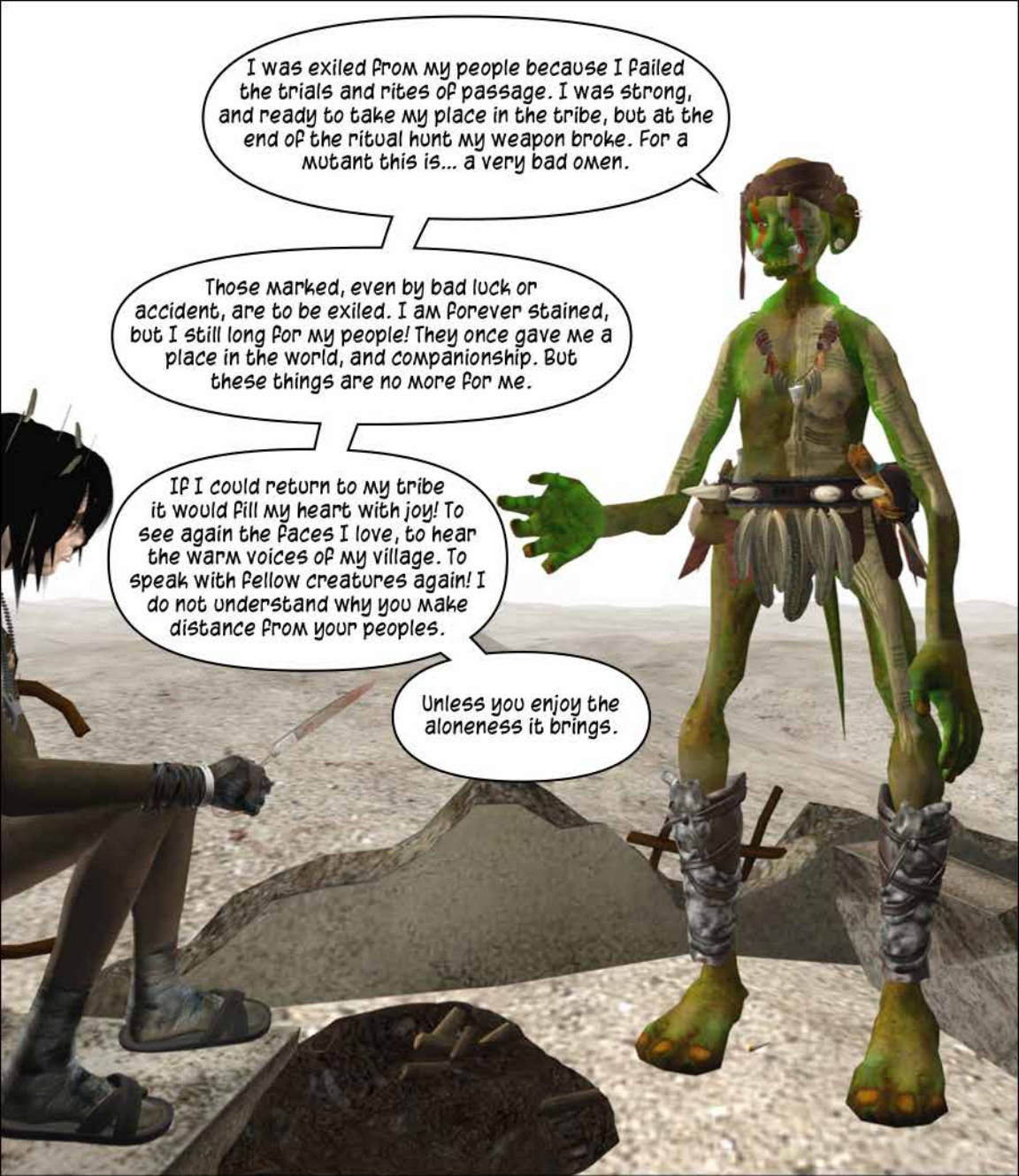


Your eyes have love of this kitchen, this is a place you belong. Your friends were blessed for you being there. Why do you not go back to them?



I am too sad of myself to have friends no more. I need a bunch of nothing between me and everyone.

For a long while he thinks, until they both stop smoking. And when he does speak she can tell he's not joking.



I was exiled from my people because I failed the trials and rites of passage. I was strong, and ready to take my place in the tribe, but at the end of the ritual hunt my weapon broke. For a mutant this is... a very bad omen.

Those marked, even by bad luck or accident, are to be exiled. I am forever stained, but I still long for my people! They once gave me a place in the world, and companionship. But these things are no more for me.

If I could return to my tribe it would fill my heart with joy! To see again the faces I love, to hear the warm voices of my village. To speak with fellow creatures again! I do not understand why you make distance from your peoples.

Unless you enjoy the aloneness it brings.



I don't.

The time to leave
this place is near.
Buzzards I have seen fly in
the direction of the
Waking King of Fire.

This is an omen
of good hunting.



SWIFF
SWIFF
SWIFF

But... but you say
about stay here until I am
heal better and I am not
better yet!



COUGH
COUGH



This may be truth. I will
look at the hurt now.





Good because there is some tickle in there I don't know why.



YOU PUT A WORM IN MY GUTS?!!?





But this is the grub, to help the wound! She is hungry for the sick meat and will leave you clean to heal.

My tribe uses these for sickness in the flesh.

She will not hurt you.



...is she make her nasty in there?



Don't ask too much.

I will take her back, you are much healed.

Yes please take worm from out of me!



Grub.



Tell the difference later but take out now.



You are blessed by the kindness her spirit.

She is well fed and happy.



That's... nice of her.

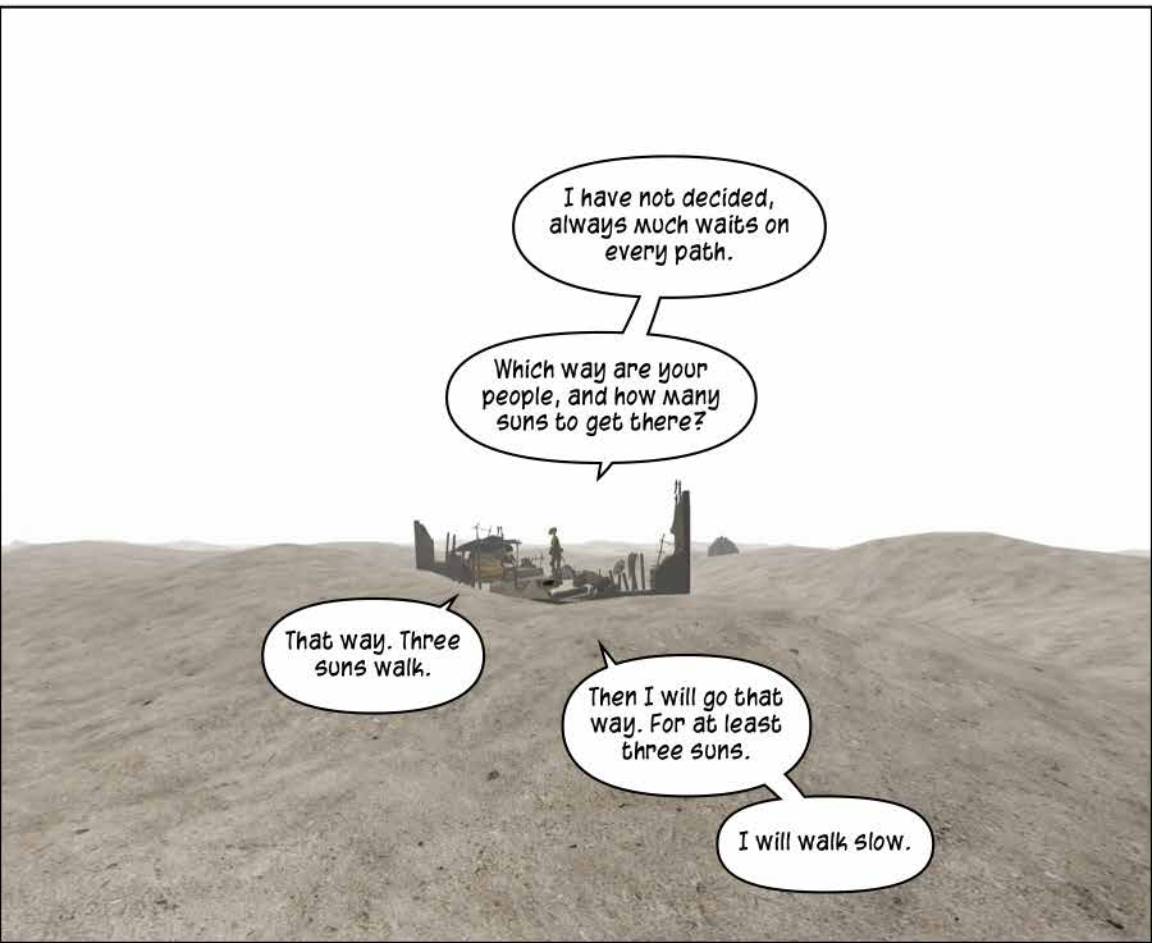




You will live. The warrior's work is done. I will leave you to your choices.



Okay...
But uhm...
What direction are you go?



I have not decided, always much waits on every path.

Which way are your people, and how many suns to get there?

That way. Three suns walk.

Then I will go that way. For at least three suns.

I will walk slow.




I am sorry
about throw things
at you, Irk.



You did no hurt.

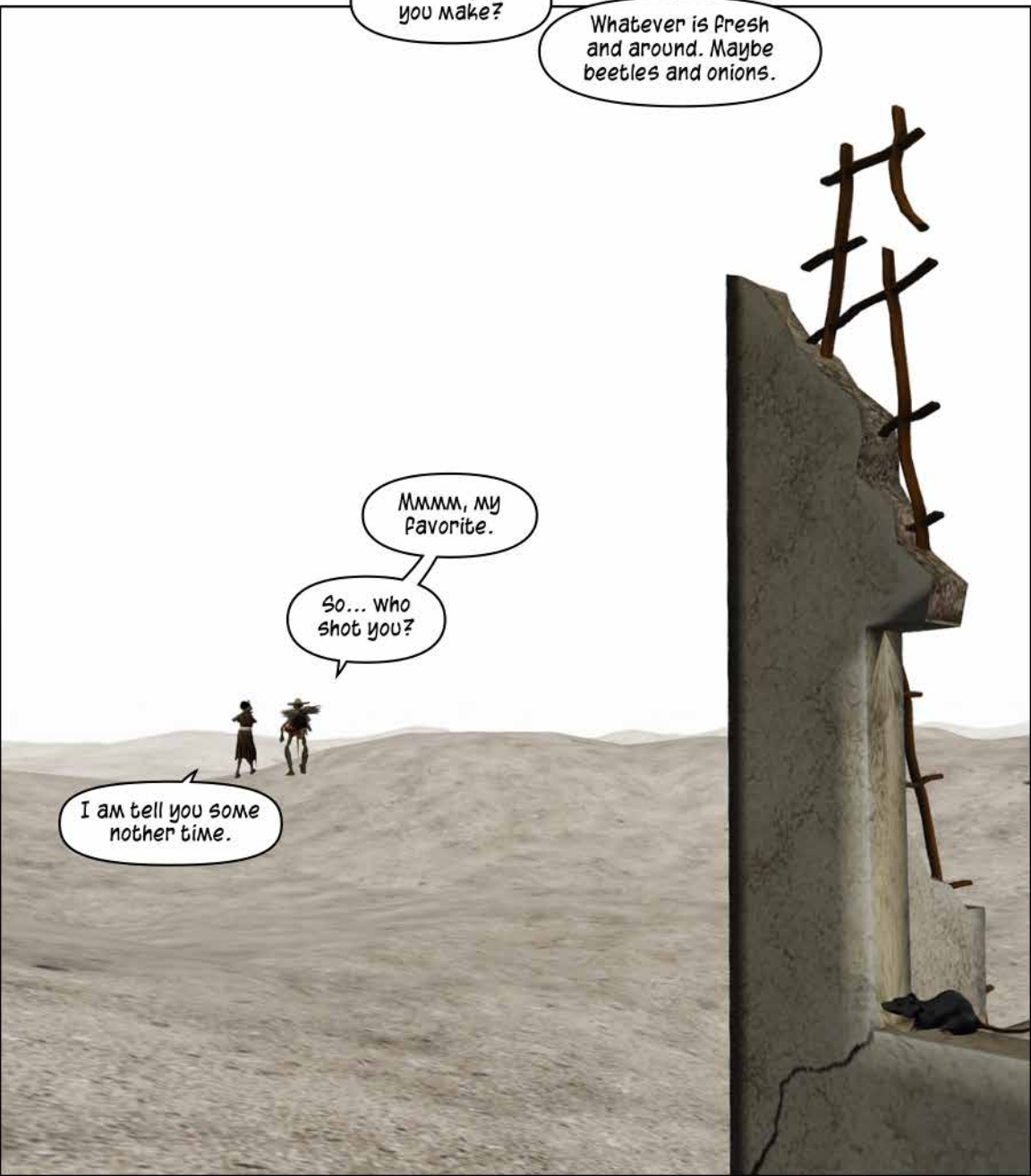




Maybe when we get to my house I am make you some soup if you stay awhile.

What soup will you make?

Whatever is Fresh and around. Maybe beetles and onions.



Mmmm, my favorite.

So... who shot you?

I am tell you some nother time.



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