

# —EXEGESIS OF THE INSECTA APOCRYPHA

by Colleen Anderson

“In the beginning, it was a shift, a flutter of orange and black that caught her eye and held it, pulling her into a new paradigm before she knew there ever was one. The opening of the butterfly’s wings fastened her two-year-old gaze forever.”  
*Apocryphon*<sup>1</sup>

*The Apocrypha first appeared on the World Wide Web in the early twenty-first century. Their legitimacy as sacred writing was not considered for two decades, with arguments reiterating that class Insecta could never evolve to the state of written language, let alone into a mindset able to formulate histories and concepts of time. In light of the documented case of the child with compound eyes being born last year, as well as several climatic shifts that haven increased insect populations, the Insecta Apocrypha are being analyzed for new interpretations. Whether they are indicators of a convergence of evolution and intelligence to a new level is not in the purview of this paper.*

*What draws the eye immediately is the symbolism. Butterflies and birds have long been seen as forms of the human soul. Just as the Bible opens with Genesis, so does the Apocrypha begin with a genesis of sorts, and at the awakening of a child’s consciousness begins the search for the meaning of soul.*<sup>2</sup>

## APOCRYPHON I-DISCOVERY

Ever since that first erratic flight, Libby’s gaze followed minute forms of locomotion. Whether a larva wriggling, a beetle scuttling, a dragonfly flitting and hovering, or the leap of a grasshopper, she watched intently, tracing its path as long as possible. At the age of four, she squatted in the garden, staring intently at something that shivered the long grass. Inhaling noisily, she wrinkled her nose at the cloying smell but stayed put.

Her father’s words were less than a fly’s buzz and her chubby little fingers itched to pick up one of the writhing white maggots that worked its way in and out of what was once a mouse. The grey brown fur was nearly indistinguishable under the moving carpet that gently trembled.

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<sup>1</sup> Alice Rothwell, ed. *Sacred Writings of the Modern Cult Movements in North America* (New York: Random, 2014)  
*All subsequent Apocrypha quotes are from the same publication.*

<sup>2</sup> Rachel Urghart and Roy Hammerschmidt, eds. *Exegesis of the Insecta Apocrypha*, Rabbi Joel Shapiro, Chapt. 1  
“Interpretations of the Soul” (Numinous Press, Toronto, 2032) 14

In that instant Libby understood that life was cannibalistic, feeding on itself, but taking different forms. Life fed on death, death generated life—an intrinsic cycle.

Early on, she noticed that people shied from answering her questions about death and decay. It disturbed them, especially when insects were involved in the decomposition. There was something about the mindless infestation of life feeding voraciously on the dead. A need was deposited in her, a small egg incubating, maturing the more attention she gave it, until it could eat its way out of her. The larval thought was curiosity, but it was inherently tied to watching life and death.

Her father buried the mouse and its white pulsing attendants, digging a hole so deep that Libby never found the spot again.

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One humid morning brought mosquitoes swarming from the creek in the back field. Libby had been walking with her mother, who had stopped to take a few pictures of plants. She listened to the whine of mosquitoes and held out her arm. They alighted, a half dozen or so, their needle thin proboscises piercing her flesh. They sucked and fattened on her blood. Although it itched slightly, Libby didn't interfere with their feeding until her mother turned and said, "Libby, what are you doing!"

Her mother frantically brushed the mosquitoes from her arm and dragged Libby out of the woods, swatting the whole time. At home Libby found her arm swathed in calamine. She watched it throughout the next day, fascinated by the reddish bumps that arose. If she scratched them long enough they enlarged and seeped a clear liquid before blood oozed like small volcanoes erupting. She licked her wounds, feeling the heat of her skin and the slight sourness of the scabs.

She never shied from any insect, letting red-backed ladybirds and butterflies alight on her, moving her feet into the path of shiny, black carapaced June bugs, or walking into a spider's web to induce the arachnid to crawl across her. Holding her mouth open, she would stick out her tongue, letting a few brave insects land so that she could feel the soft dance of their feet. Bites and stings often laced her skin and left her parents bewildered.

*Children have a natural curiosity and, like cats, they will watch anything that moves. They are sometimes considered cruel when, in their discoveries, they tear apart insects or hit another child with a stick. Libby's early experiences, when read without the fictional embellishments, are within the normal range of a child's development and expanding consciousness.*

*It is possible that this early infusion of insect venoms laid the tracery for Libby's later metamorphosis. Her next stage, in Apocryphon II, began at the age of six. Libby actively investigated the insect world and was ready to learn the depth of what they could do.<sup>3</sup>*

## APOCRYPHON II-EXPERIMENTATION

She found an orange striped kitten in the field behind her house. There was a small stand of alders near the creek and she stood under the fluttering leaves,

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<sup>3</sup> Exegesis, Shandra Radakrishnan, Chapter 3 "Psychoanalysis of the Messiah and Anti-Messiah in Relation to Major Religions" 39-46