

**William Crombie**

**Armageddon**

“Da, what happened to the telly? What’s that white stuff?”

“That’s called static. It happens sometimes when something goes wrong with the station. You’d know if you watched more television.”

“Mummy says telly turns your brain into mush.”

“She’s right. But it’s fine if you watch just a little bit. Just for important things.”

“Where is mummy?”

“She’ll be fine.”

“What? But I asked—”

“She’ll be back soon. Okay?”

“Okay. Da, what’s wrong with icy bees?”

“What?”

“Icy bees. What the minister was talking about before the stat tick.”

“Ah. Icy bees. Yes.”

“What’s wrong with them?”

“Icy bees are like normal bees, but when they sting you, it doesn’t hurt. You just get very cold, like how you might feel on Christmas if you were outside without your coat.”

“I don’t like icy bees.”

“Neither do I. But we don’t need to worry about them. They’re all down south, around London and Bristol. We’re used to the cold up here, anyway.”

“Yeah. I guess we are.”