FAT blowfly of spring, you’re back to repulse us.

With sun on your wings you’re airborne again, taking carte blanche way too far, sailing through opportune open doors and mildly terrorising our days.

Who invited you in? Not us, especially when you’ve come direct from the latest doggie-do to tramp around on the un-guarded plate or kick up your microscopically hairy heels on some tasty salad.

There’s something so maddening about your lazy laps droning from room to room in ceaseless search for whatever it is that sets your foul proboscis twitching.

Small wonder you’re the subject of chemical warfare.

Fat blowfly of spring, how does it feel to be totally friendless?

This time of year you can barely fit through the vacant doorway, your belly’s so big, defying gravity in flight.

Your myriad summertime cousins zip around like Formula One aces but you’re like an FJ with wings or a big, burring old Sunderland plane.

We’re glad you smash head-on into windows.

And, fat blowfly of spring, we know your dirty secrets, don’t worry.

We consulted a real expert – University of Queensland entomology lecturer David Merritt – and he said it’s all true.

He’s an associate professor, he did his PhD on blowflies for goodness sake, and says that stuff about you vomiting on food before you eat it, well it’s right.

“They’re not good at absorbing hard food so what they do is spit saliva on it and grind it and then suck up the liquid,” he said.

“Ripper.”

We wanted to know just how dirty you really are and he told it like it was.

“Yeah, look, you’ve got to assume they are,” he said. “All blowflies grow in pretty horrible environments, carcasses etc … pretty rotten dead animals, faeces and for that reason you’ve got to assume they’re carrying bacteria.”

Great, and you’re happy to shake those bacteria off as well with all that continuous grooming you do.

And, fat blowfly of spring, you’re clearly just evil. What you do to those poor sheep is the work of an insect without conscience.

The good news is that, even with a PhD on the mantle, our professor is just like us, troubled by you in the house and hates you hanging around the alfresco meal. “I can’t stand it. It just gives me the willies,” he said.

He knows the dark and awful truth you see, but the bad news is that for all that we do know about your dire habits we still don’t know for sure how good – or bad – you are at being a vector spreading disease. There’s not much research going on in Australia on that subject at the minute but, fat blowfly of spring, look out.

This is our call for an escalation of investigation of your infiltration of our sanitary health situation.

Fat blowfly of spring, who invited you in? You and your lot, you’re never welcome.

The only positive – only positive – we can draw from your invasion is that when you start humming the sun must be coming.

**WORD OF THE WEEK**

HEY kids, here’s a word you can use today: Desultory, meaning shifting from one thing to another, disconnected, without plan. Example: To be honest, Dad, I found myself a bit frustrated by the desultory conversation.