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to me ▾

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Bytes about those cicadas!

\*Your father enjoyed the cicadas more than most people. Really not bothered (as a scientist)! He was laid-back.

\*I, on the other hand, was overwhelmed with anxiety. Their endless noise was tormenting. They were **HUGE!**

\*Mary, a toddler, was completely unaware of the deluge of bugs! We took a stroller walk one day and they started dropping on her and me -and I screamed all the way home. Did not care who saw me.

\*They fell from the trees daily. People used umbrellas to keep them at bay - as I did. We had to sweep the dead ones into significant piles!

\*That late summer, I ran **full-tilt** just about everywhere once out of the car - picture it! Ran to our front door, to the grocery/drugstore entrances/to my hair salon (**NOTHING** stops me from getting highlights!)

\*Uncle Bill rode a bike to med school and his back would be covered with them. Ugh. He, too, was frustratingly relaxed.

\*My favorite t-shirt of all - "Cicada Summer '87" - marketed by a local pizza place - Picture of a cicada eating a cicada pizza - "Eat 'em and Smile!" We kept the shirt for years! Mary may still have it.

\*I think the whole experience turned me against Cincy!

If I recall of any other stories, will let you know. Have never experienced anything like it since and pray I never will!

G. 🙄