

The Mosquito

Everything has a purpose under the sun, right? All of creation forms a complex perpetual motion machine, with each part providing something needed by another part, right? The water cycle: rain falls, and nourishes the earth and its critters, and is excreted or evaporates, and that makes clouds which do it all over again. The carbon cycle: trees soak up carbon dioxide to make their leaves green and juicy... in turn, they pour out oxygen into the atmosphere... and we animals get to breathe that sweet stuff called oxygen, to balance the carbon we breathe out with every lung-pump.

But how about mosquitos, eh? Hard to figure their purpose, at first glance, while you're scratching and swearing, not much good for anything.

But... how about the diet of the rainbow trout, beloved by fly fisher-persons and fancy chefs; how about swallows, those graceful sweepers of the sunset skies, whose aerobatic maneuvers enrich our evening vistas? What about those swarms of bats that darken sunset skies as they swoop from their caves —Swoosh, swish, back and forth, carving spectacular arcs in the air: well, what they're really doing is vacuuming up mosquitos, and maybe some other bugs — flying full speed ahead with their little beaky mouths open, gobbling up the insects, having supper on the fly. Swallows would be out of luck with no mosquito crop to harvest, and did you ever see a welfare office that took care of brook trout and bats?

Think again about what makes this universe tick: not only sun and breeze and rain and snow... not just the rain

forest and Niagara Falls and the Gobi Desert... but also the
tiny vexing blessing called an anopheles mosquito.
