

Taking precautions, aka Plan Bee

By Tom Stienstra, San Francisco Chronicle

An electric shock lit up my left ankle. A split second later, a hot jab pierced my right calf. Then in succession, it felt like an ice pick stabbed a toe, ankle and calf.

Not again, you think. Yep, again: The bees are swarming and stinging, and it's like being stuck by a cattle prod.

All you can think of is to run and look for a lake to jump in. Since there is usually no lake, a bush might do. The bees have marked your scent and will keep nailing you as long as they think you remain a threat.

Like a lot of people who love wild places, I occasionally take it the extra mile in summer by heading off trail, tracking game routes or venturing to lakes, meadows, streams and mountaintops that don't have trails to them.

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