As the swarm gravely approaches, the Redcoats stand ready to fire their

Brown Bess muskets. Firing four shots per minute will surely stop whatever

the Continental Army has sent to destroy them – killer bees, wasps, mosquitoes

flying closer, buzzing louder, a black cloud ready to unleash a death storm. It became

clear that the swarm was not insects as they thought, but tiny machines of some sort

that drop bombs! One horrified British soldier fleeing down Bunker Hill cries out,

“Bollocks! Bloody Americans!” While the Americans laugh it up in the control room.