



We thought we'd bought our dream house...



We had to rip up our home

HONEY, I'M HOME!



Kate Dempsey, 42, from Folkestone, found a suspicious change in her dream home. What she discovered was an absolute stinger!

Glancing up at my bedroom ceiling, I spotted a dark patch I hadn't seen before. Taking a closer look, I assumed that it was just damp – mostly harmless. Buying our dream family home – an old Victorian four-bed – with my husband Andrew, 42, in June 2018, we weren't surprised it was in a little disrepair.

But our children, Phoebe, 11, and Esme, eight, were so excited to live by the seaside after growing up in London.

So I brushed it off, hoping the damp would subside.

Only, within a few weeks, the patch was larger and darker.

Peering up at it, I noticed it was dripping with something that looked like black tar...

Confused as to what the substance was, I went upstairs into Phoebe's bedroom to investigate from above.

Ripping back the carpet, an overpowering sickly-sweet scent filled the room.

Only, the situation worsened when huge grey maggots started crawling out from under the floorboards, like

something from a horror film. I screamed and dropped the carpet back into place.

What is going on? I thought. Ringing Andrew, I explained the unwelcome discovery.

While he was shocked, too, he tried to calm me down.

'Just ignore it until I come home,' he said. 'We can look at it together then.'

As soon as Andrew got home and we'd picked the girls up from school, we went upstairs.

We decided to tear back the carpet a second time.

The girls peered around the door – their curiosity got the better of them.

Bringing up the floorboards, a flurry of moths flew out.

I screamed and fled to the corner of the room, seeking shelter.

Once they'd cleared off, we started digging even further.

Ripping up more of the floorboards as we moved deeper into the room, we discovered the unexpected...

Oozing with black honey and half

rotting under our floorboards was six feet of honeycomb!

Dotted about the huge hive were hundreds of bee corpses.

My jaw dropped.

'I'm not going in there again!' Phoebe announced.

Desperate for help, I rang our local beekeepers.

But as it wasn't a live hive, they weren't interested.

Receiving an email from pest control, my eyes almost burst out of my head.

'£10,000 for a removal!' I shrieked in shock.

There was absolutely no way we could afford it.

And so the only solution was to remove it ourselves.

Pulling on our bright yellow Marigolds, our friends came over and banded together in the bee-infested bedroom.

Reaching deep under the

floorboards, we pulled out chunks of the rotting honeycomb, filling up bin bag after bin bag.

In the end, we filled up over 20 bags!

The next morning, we tentatively opened the door to Phoebe's bedroom...

The entire room was swarming with bees!

Slamming the door shut, I instantly sought the advice of our local beekeeper.

'They're robber bees,' he said. 'It's not their hive, but because you've disturbed the honey, they're stealing it and taking it back to their hive.'

As the live bees were just thieves and not residents, the beekeeper couldn't remove them.

And so we took the advice of the beekeeper and started removing the hive at night.

Removing the hive so late at night, it was often only my friends and I creeping about upstairs, trying not to wake Phoebe and Esme who were sleeping in the next room.

We even found another hive above the alcove in our downstairs bedroom.

Watching as an entire cavity in the wall was knocked through, I felt so downtrodden.

I just wanted it to be over!

But it was so important to us not to harm any bees in the process.

By November 2022, four months on from our shocking discovery, the bees

were banished.

We replaced all the floorboards and re-plastered and repainted Phoebe's bedroom, too, costing us a whopping £5,000.

While the whole ordeal was far from the bee's knees, I admittedly still love the little fuzzy creatures.

I learned so much about them during the process.

And now I've realised what an important job they had to do...

They were building their family home just like we had, so there's no hard feelings anymore!

Honey was banned from our house for a while,

but now the girls will happily have it on their cornflakes.

With the sneaky stingers now long gone, our life is as sweet as honey.

We had to remove the hive ourselves



The smell was sickly sweet

YOU'VE GOTTA BUZZ