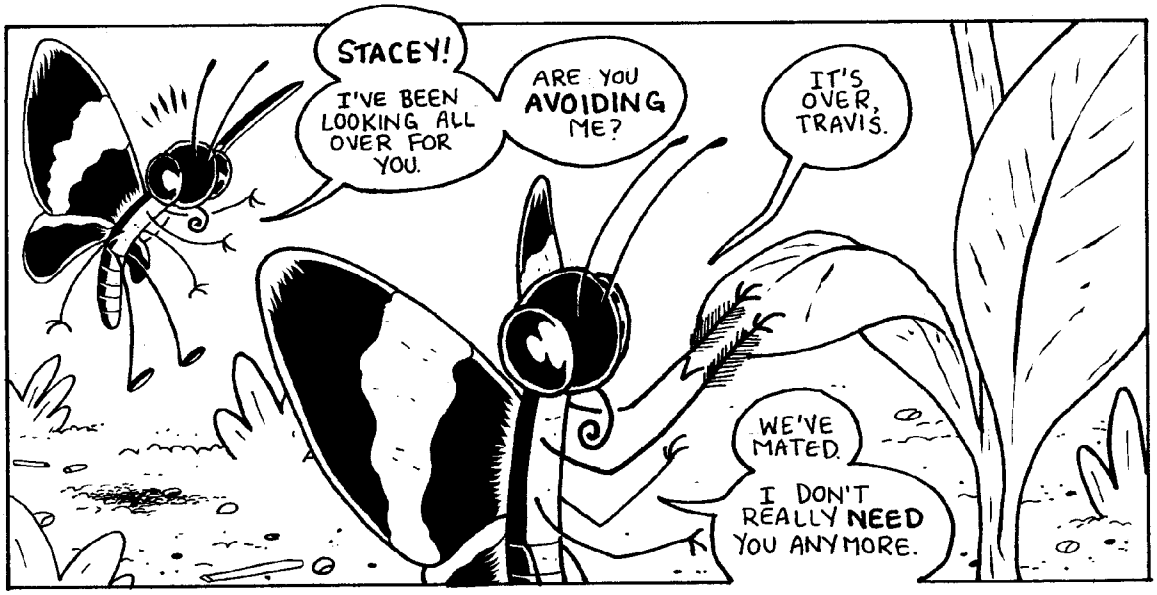
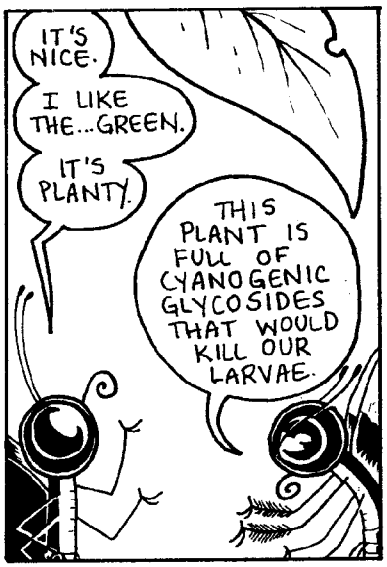
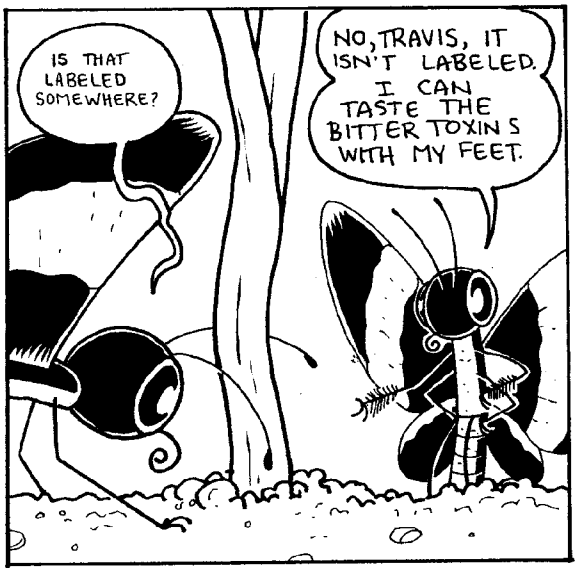
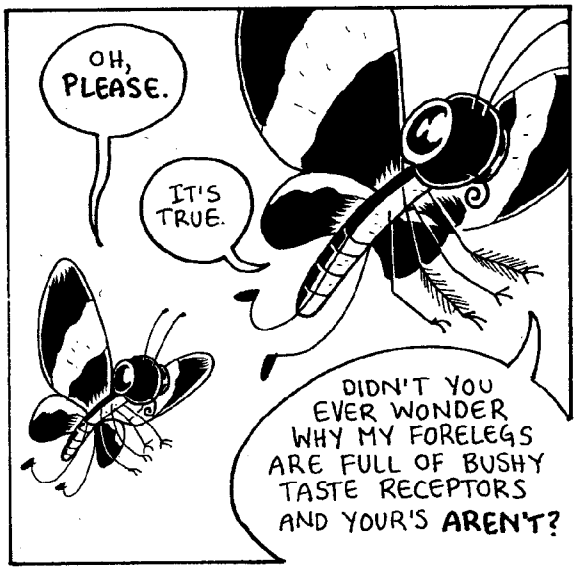

STACEY!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
ARE YOU AVOIDING ME?
IT'S OVER, TRAVIS.
WE'VE MATED.
I DON'T REALLY NEED YOU ANYMORE.

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA-- YOU DON'T NEED ME ANYMORE FOR WHAT?
WELL, RIGHT NOW I'M LOOKING FOR A HOST PLANT TO LAY OUR EGGS ON.

PFFT. I CAN TOTALLY HELP WITH THAT.
OH, YEAH?
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ONE?


IT'S NICE.
I LIKE THE...GREEN.
IT'S PLANTY.
THIS PLANT IS FULL OF CYANOGENIC GLYCOSIDES THAT WOULD KILL OUR LARVAE.


IS THAT LABELED SOMEWHERE?
NO, TRAVIS, IT ISN'T LABELED. I CAN TASTE THE BITTER TOXINS WITH MY FEET.


OH, PLEASE.
IT'S TRUE.
DIDN'T YOU EVER WONDER WHY MY FORELEGS ARE FULL OF BUSHY TASTE RECEPTORS AND YOUR'S AREN'T?

I JUST FIGURED YOU LIKED TO ACCESSORIZE.
sigh.
LOOK, TRAVIS, IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S ME.
EVOLUTION HAS EXERTED MORE SELECTIVE PRESSURE ON THE TASTE RECEPTORS OF FEMALE HELICONIUS BUTTERFLIES THAN MALES. OVER TIME, FEMALES HAVE EVOLVED A DEEP, MEANINGFUL, COEVOLUTIONARY RELATIONSHIP WITH OUR HOST PLANT.
A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE TASTE RECEPTOR GENES IN MY GENOME HAS REVEALED A WIDE VARIETY OF GENETIC MODIFICATIONS THAT YOU MALES JUST DON'T HAVE.
YEAH? WELL... PICKING HOST PLANTS IS STUPID!
DON'T BE BITTER.
I'M NOT BITTER!
YES, YOU ARE!
I COULD TASTE IT.