

The Spider and the Fly

By Marilyn Reeves

I set my lunch on the end table next to my book, then nestle in my chair preparing to read as I eat, when something catches my eye. It's a little fly, sitting on the rim of my glass.

Well, yuck. I shoo it away and then take my napkin to wipe the spot clean where the little fly had been sitting, and turn the rim around, in order to sip from the other side. Then I find my place in my book and start to read before reaching over to pick up my sandwich and take a bite. I manage to read a couple of paragraphs before I feel something tickling my hair.

Having already forgotten about the fly, my first thought is SPIDER! My hands fly up to my head and, as I am slapping at my hair and shaking my head in a desperate panic to rid myself of the spider, my book flies off my lap and lands in a heap of crumpled pages on the floor. I just leave it lying there and leap out of the chair and run pell-mell into the bathroom so I can check in the mirror to make sure I've gotten rid of the offending intruder. I can't see it, but I briskly run my brush through my hair to make sure. Then I check myself all over, just in case it has landed on a shoulder or a sleeve or the back of my blouse. That's when I remember the fly. It is sitting on the mirror, watching me, no doubt amused by my antics. I feel a bit of relief. Of course, it had been the fly, and not a spider, that had landed on my hair.

I go back into the living room and retrieve the book from the floor. I sit back down in my chair and try in vain to straighten out the creases in the pages. Then I search for several minutes until I find my place and start reading again.

This time the fly lands on the back of my hand. "Okay, little fella. This means war! Just hold real still till I find something to swat you with." I look around for something to swat it with, but there is nothing close by except for my slippers. But by the time I grab a slipper and try to smack the fly, all I end up smacking is the back of my hand.

The fly has flown off and I don't see it again for another half hour or so. Once again, absorbed in my book, I have forgotten about the fly.

Then I happen to notice a movement in the runner at the base of my patio door. The fly is caught in a web, and the biggest, baddest looking spider I've ever seen has apparently decided to have it for lunch. So no more fly. Now all I have to deal with is the spider. I would rather have dealt with the fly.