

THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

The man looked at his wife. She sat at their dining room table, writing a letter. Her head was bent down close to the paper and she was lost deep in what she was doing. He always wondered about her. The man was reading a book on the sofa. It was fairly peaceful in the house tonight; they had eaten dinner and so far, no fight. The lamps in the living room were on and the traffic on the street was going by in its usual monotony. The book he was trying to read was not that interesting, so he followed along in the pages with his eyes and let his thoughts drift a little about his wife.

Then the man's wife turned into a giant, black spider. She was the kind of spider with a big body and fuzzy edges. The creature had eight limbs instead of four and the spider suddenly turned and stared straight at him with evil, beady eyes. Bug eyes. He jumped back from the book he had been skimming. Now, the huge spider flew out of the chair, straight up the wall on its eight legs, to the corner. It turned around and paused there, staring back, piercingly, into his soul.

The man threw his book into the air, ran from the couch to the kitchen, and grabbed a large cutting knife from a drawer to defend himself with against the spider on the ceiling, staring back at him with several sets of eyes.

He held the knife with both hands, trembling from fear that shook his whole body. Then he clutched the knife blade with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, reached back over his shoulder with it, and hurled the knife at the spider, all the way across the dining room. The knife spun over as it sailed, carried by its momentum. It was a fine throw. But the spider was just too quick, and it darted out of the way. As the giant black spider scurried to another corner of the ceiling, it kept its head pointed at him the whole time, with those tiny, circular bug eyes, crawling into his mind.

He felt his blood curl and his skin crawl. Suddenly, out from nowhere, the spider started jumping around the room in a circle, ensnaring him with a web that was now coming from its web sack at its rear end. He tried to make it to the door, but he could not, for the thick line of web quickly wrapped around his chest and the thighs of his legs. Soon the webbing covered his whole body and held him tight. To his horror, he could not move at all! A couple of more times around for protection, and now he was tightly trapped inside of her web.

The giant black spider slowly crawled up to him, over her huge net that filled the room, as he gagged for breath. Then the spider reached up and cut open a hole in her web for his mouth with a precision slice from one of her long, atrocious, insectivorous black legs, still staring at him with those maddening sets of eyes. He gasped with terror for air through the tiny hole in her web, nearly insane from his fear.

Then the evil, black spider spoke to him in a low, slow hiss!

“You need to take out the garbage before you go to bed.”

“Aaahhh!”

“Did you hear me? You need to take out the garbage before you go to bed.”

The man looked up at her from his book, lying open in his lap, for what seemed an eternity. His wife was still sitting at the table, her pen and paper down now, and she was looking over at him. "All right. Sure. But then I am going to bed." She looked back down at the letter resting on the table, and picked it up again with one hand, stealthily. He got up and went to the kitchen to get the garbage. As he walked back by her with the garbage, she looked up at him. He looked back, nervously, and her eyes seemed a little more narrow than usual.