Death from a spider and how not to avoid it.

“These damn spiders.”

Think you can turn your head for a split second, NO! The risk of being face to face with evil is a risk I’m not willing to take, but I did…

Let’s take this back to any ordinary day: get up, go to school, get to work, come home and take a shower; nothing too extravagant. Today would be any ordinary day… or so I thought. This morning I woke up ready to face the day not knowing I’d need to not only brace myself mentally nor physically for that was to come in the near future. Today would be the day I would be faced with my doom or possibly even my death. I get in the shower, not thinking anything else of it, after about two minutes I felt like someone was watching. Was it a someone or a something? For me that question was soon to be answered… as I turn my head one way then quickly another I notice, three HUGE spiders, long legged, the colour of death with eyes staring into my soul. Was it the day of my victory or defeat? Was this the day I die or will they come for me another day? Apparently, it was today. I froze. Within a blink of an eye they were coming after me. one by one they got closer and closer.

 I scream “MOM,” but no one is there to hear my cries.

 Will I fight this battle alone? I want to leave and run out of the shower but my hair is still soaked with shampoo. What will I do? who knows my fait? How will I continue? Its like they were communicating. Have they tortured others too? These thoughts constantly running through my brain every second and before I knew it, I turned as fast as I could, about to run out of there, screw the shampoo in my hair and the soap on my body. I run. The first step I take, I slip and hit my head against the shower wall. Knocked out. For five minutes. Five F\*!$@!\* minutes I laid there, how did I know it was five minutes? I knew, I just knew.

Laying there in my slumber, my thoughts of what happened were running through my brain and my veins. Reliving what just happened, I could picture it in my mind.

I woke up, laying there, with my head almost under the water. Drowning was not an option, but I almost did. Did I die? I ask myself, I pinch myself to make sure I’m alive and for a minute forgot why a I was on the ground. I touch my head and felt a huge bump on it. “Oh s\*\*t.” I remember what happened, “WHERE ARE THE SPIDERS” I scream as if someone was there to hear my cries. For some reason I thought spraying the shower head at them would kill them but it only made it worse. They weren’t done with there torture, would they ever be? I remember there is a fly swatter on the door, I carefully go to get it avoiding falling again and banging my head. I get the fly swatter and by the time I get back to the shower they were gone. Where did they go. Were they in my hair? In my clothes? Where are they? I run out of there as fast as I could into my safe space, my room. Ignoring the shampoo and soap on me I put some clothes on and pass out in my bed. I’m done with this terrifying nightmare. Death by a spider was never an option but in this case, it almost was. Now, and forever, before I take a shower I will check for spiders or any other insect that is crawling in the shadows.