Spiders on the Wall

by Glen Binger

Her eyes creaked open in the misty morning sun seeping through my dusty window. From her facial expression, I could tell she thought I was watching her sleep, but really I had just woken up and coincidentally looked over at the exact moment she did. I decided against acknowledging that notion, however. It wasn't worth trying to defend my sanity.

Suddenly her eyes darted to the ceiling behind me.

“There's a spider,” she said, naturally caffeinated.

Before I had the chance to roll over and actually see the tiny, black speck on the wall next to my poster of Bob Marley, she asked me if I could get rid of it.

“Yeah, I'll kill it in a second. Can I wake up first?” I laughed.

She looked at me, almost angry.

“Fine,” I said, getting out of bed.

“Don't kill it though,” she said, before I had a chance to put on clothes.

I found some gym shorts and a t-shirt before recognizing the peculiarity of her statement.

“So,” I said, mocking her, “You want me to catch the spider? And put him outside” I paused to add effect, “so he can just get back into the house?”

I laughed to ease the comment. She didn't. She just looked at me

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and pulled a blonde strand of hair away from her eyes.

“Okay,” I said.

I walked into the bathroom, got a tissue, and came back to catch the spider. It had moved, almost as if it heard us talking about killing it.

“Where'd he go?”

“I don't know, I fell back asleep,” she said, opening her eyes again.

I laughed. “Okay, we'll if he shows his face again, I'll snag him.”

I placed the tissue on my desk and climbed back into bed. After ten minutes, we had both fallen back asleep. Later, when I woke up, I noticed her looking at me. I felt my face contort in the dehydrated afternoon sunlight. Debating whether or not to say anything, I saw the spider who was now directly above our bed.