

# To Whom It May Concern:

*by* Mary Alston Capps

Thanks for the great weather this week. Seriously - it's much appreciated. We had friends in from out of town and, mid-March in Texas, you never know if we're gonna get an ice storm or have temps in the 90s, so this was really nice.

But there's this other thing.

Now, you know I love ladybugs. Always have. They're cute, don't bite, and feast on the aphids on our otherwise neglected rosebush. But could you possibly explain why they're in our bathroom? There are a couple of windows, but they're fixed - they don't open. And I re-caulked them years ago, so I have no idea how the buggies are getting in. Sad thing is, they're usually on their last legs and I find their dried husks where they took their final steps - on the wall, in the tub, on the ceiling. Kind of depressing, really.

Today was a little different. I was taking a shower and noticed ol' Larry the Ladybug having a bit of a constitutional, albeit slowly. And I thought "I need to give him a bit of refreshment". Okay, so I don't have a ready supply of aphids on hand, certainly not while I'm showering, but I thought I could at least offer him a beverage. I put a drop of water down in front of him and he really seemed to go after it. Refreshed, his pace picked up and he disappeared somewhere else in the bathroom while I finished my shower. I can only hope he figured how to get out the same way he got in.

But there's something else. Spiders. I understand they're very useful, eating lots of annoying bugs, but there's something distressing about finding a spider while mostly nekkid in one's bathroom. A big spider. A grass spider. On the ceiling. The ten-foot ceiling. In the bathroom with unopenable windows. Now, we can argue about how many licks it takes to get to the center of a

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Tootsie Pop, but there is no doubt that it takes eight spritzes of Scrubbing Bubbles bathroom cleaner, three spritzes of Lime-Away, and then a 30 second spray of Oust to incapacitate the large grass spider who is where he should not be.

I apologize for that. If I hadn't been in various states of undress and if he hadn't been completely out of reach by normal means, I would have scooped him up and deposited him outside. But I was and he was and that's that.

So, in closing, thanks for nice weather and ladybugs, not so much for the spiders. But, knowing you can be a mother, I'll take the good with the bad. One request - could you arrange for a little more rain before the brutal summer sets in? Thanks!

With love and respect,

Your ever-demanding minion

