



Joe and the Spider

By: Abie



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Joe woke up, his curly brown hair looked like a bird's nest, he stretched tiredly and clambered out of bed accidentally throwing off the blanket. He started walking over to his huge closet when something in the direction of the window caught his eye. Joe stopped. He looked out the window curiously and saw a big, hairy, terrifying, eight-eyed spider, but it didn't terrify Joe. Joe smiled and excitedly greeted it.

"Hello little friend, I haven't seen you before." then the spider suddenly started spinning it's web. Joe quickly got his sketch-book from his nightstand drawer and sketched it.

"Joe?! It's seven-thirty, the bus will be here soon!" Called Joe's mom desperately. Joe slipped on his clothes. He rushed down the stairs jumping over the last four. He slung his backpack over his shoulder.

"Bye Mom," called Joe walking out the door

"Have a good day at school," Mom called back.

After a long day of school Joe came home and flopped on his soft bed.

"Ahh home sweet home," exclaimed Joe. Mom wasn't home yet and that's the way Joe liked it. He was about to open the window when he realized the spider was still there, rapping a bug in silk. Joe got his sketch-book and sketched it. Joe heard a bzzzz, he looked up and saw some big flies flying around the house.

"Those flies would be a nice meal for the spider, thought Joe, "if I open the window the flies would fly straight into the web." he opened the window and sure enough, the flies flew straight into the web.

“You welcome,” Joe told the spider leaning on the windowsill. Joe watched the spider rapp the other bugs. Joe was so distracted watching the web he didn’t see the spider crawl in. when Joe noticed the spider wasn’t on the web Joe called looking around “spider! Please tell me you’re not in the house.” the spider climbed up his arm. “Ha, ha, ha, that tickles,” he looked at his arm and saw the spider. Looking at the spider Joe concluded “well I guess you can stay for a little while.” Joe watched the spider as it roamed the room. He let it crawl all around, even on his head. After lots of fun with the spider Joe heard the front door open.

“Joe i’m home!” called Mom.

“Oh gosh, oh gosh OH GOSH!” Joe muttered trying to get the spider outside. Whenever Joe put his hand on the windowsill for the spider to climb out the window the spider would crawl the other way. Whenever Joe tried to push the spider towards the window the spider would climb over his hand.

“Joe it’s time you clean your room!” Mom told Joe coming up the stairs.

“Mom it’s pretty clean up here,” Joe stated.

“Realy? Last time I checked your room looked like a pig stye,” Mom asked now in the hallway. Joe quickly hid the spider behind some of the books in his bookcase.

Mom opened the door and asked “pretty clean huh?” Well I guess it could use a cleaning” Joe agreed looking around. “Then let’s get to it,” exclaimed Mom. They Started with the bed then moved on to the floor, and then the closet. “Come on, we’re almost done we just need to reorganize the bookshelf,” Mom cheerily told Joe with a smile.

Joe became nervous because the bookcase is where he hid the spider. “Mom. There’s no need to reorganize the bookshelf it’s organized in a very special way,” Joe nervously assured. “If the bookshelf was organized you wouldn’t have to look through the whole entire bookshelf for a book.” Mom informed matter-of-factly. Mom took out the books sticking out of the bookshelf

hiding the spider. “Ahhhhhhhhh!” Screamed Mom when she saw the spider. “Kill it!” Mom shrieked.

“No!” Yelled Joe.

Mom looked down at him and screamed “well then get it out of here!”

“No!” Yelled Joe “please.” Joe pleaded. Mom grabbed him by the arm.

“Get it out of here, and no, not in a million years would you be allowed to keep it,” demanded Mom angrily. Knowing he would just get in more trouble arguing he picked up the spider by the legs and carried it over to the windowsill.

He took one last look at Mom and asked “please, what’s so bad about spiders.”

The next day Joe let the spider come in again.

“This time i’ll make sure my mom doesn't find you,” declared Joe. Joe let it crawl on his hand. “Such a beautiful creature, I don’t understand why Mom doesn't like you,” Joe told the spider. Joe watched crawl away. Silently watching it roam until it came to the door. “No, no you cannot leave,” Joe demanded. Joe picked up the spider and brought back to the windowsill. The spider wanted to leave, so it crawled onto Joe’s hand, up his arm, and down his shirt. “Ha, ha, ha,” Joe burst out laughing. It tickled when the spider crawled on him. It went out from under his shirt and down his leg. The spider started crawling as fast as it could, but not too fast for Joe. he picked it up and carried it back to the windowsill.

“Joe it’s time for bed,” Mom informed him out the door.

“Okay,” Joe replied hiding the spider. “Goodnight Mom!” Joe called.

“Goodnight,” Mom replied. Joe fell fast asleep and the spider knew that this was it’s chance to spin a web. The spider spun its web above Joe’s head.. It admired its work and fell asleep too.

Joe woke up with a spider web above him.

“When did we get a dreamcatcher?” Asked Joe. Joe then realized it was a spider web. He hurried out of bed. “No! Spider, what did I ever do to you?” Asked Joe. The spider just stared at him.

“Good morn-,” Mom saw the web and the spider. “Ahhhhhhh!” Mom screamed. “I told you to get the spider out of the house!” Mom yelled hysterically. She threw a book at the spider.

“No!” Joe yelled angry now. The spider crawled away in time to get to its original web outside.

Mom shut the window saying through gritted teeth “You are grounded! Get me some screws and a screw driver.” Terrified to see his mother that angry Joe did as he was told. His mom took them and screwed the window shut.

Joe was staring out the window, just watching the spider stare back. Joe groaned and put his head against the window, the spider clicked and put its head against the window. Joe picked his head up and smiled, the spider picked its head up and opened its mandibles wide.

“I’m going to have to convince my mom to let you stay, it’s just I don’t know how,” complained Joe. Just then a fly flew into the spider’s web squirming around for freedom. Then Joe knew what to do.

That evening Joe was outside Mom’s room, “okay you can do this,” Joe assured himself. He came to his Mom’s room and announced “I have something to tell you.”

“Yes?” Mom asked curiously.

“I don’t think spiders are that bad,” stated Joe.

“Well I think they are,” informed Mom.

“I know that, but what I don’t know is why, could you tell me?” Asked Joe.

Joe’s mom heaved a sigh, “spiders, are just big, hairy, disgusting, and terrifying creatures,” Mom answered.

“Just imagine the spider is the fly-”

“I hate flies too,” interrupted Mom.

“Just imagine the spider is the fly. The house is the web, and you are the spider. Like the fly the spider doesn’t want to die. But like the spider you are deciding whether the spider dies or not. This house like a web is a death trap for the spider,” finished Joe.

Joe’s mom thought it over and asked with a stutter “can you bring it here so I can see it?”

Joe didn’t know if this was going to be bad or not.

“I can only hope,” thought Joe nervously. Joe got the screwdriver and unscrewed the screws keeping the window shut. He put his hand out for the spider to crawl on.

“You are going to live,” Joe assured the spider, carefully carrying it to his mom’s room. The spider was happy to know he was going out of Joe’s room, but not so happy when he was taken to Mom’s room.

“There it is,” Mom whispered. “Can I have it?” Mom asked quietly with her hands spread out.

“This is the end,” thought Joe. He handed the spider over to his mom. Mom carefully took the spider with both hands. Mom’s heart sped up. She looked at the spider from different angles. Mom looked into its beady eyes.

“It isn’t the worst thing in the world,” Mom concluded.

Joe’s face brightened.

“Although it’s completely horrendous,” Mom spat disgusted.

“Mom, how about you take another look?” Joe suggested.

Mom took another look and thought about Joe’s relationship with the spider and how sad he would be without it.

“Ok, ok, you can keep it,” Mom concluded.

Joe’s face brightened again. He took the spider and let it roam all around the house.