

20th October 2009

ALONG CAME A SPIDER

DEAR DIARY, at the moment, my home has been over-run with spiders; big ones and little ones, fat ones, skinny ones, brown ones, multi-coloured ones, black ones – just a rainbow coalition of spiders. They're all as ugly as each other. I HATE SPIDERS!

They're some of the ugliest creatures God ever created. I know they're good for something, but quite frankly, I'd have to dig real deep to find out what they're good for.

I had a little episode this morning with a spider locking me out of the bathroom. I say locking me out. It wasn't hiding behind the door holding my children hostage at knife point. No, nothing as dramatic as that! It was walking across the floor minding its own business. The thing was as big as my fist and I've got very large hands for a woman of 5ft 2½ so to me, it was enormous. My distorted mind could only think 'it's out to get me by spitting poison in my eye and blinding me and it's going to lay it's ugly little spider baby eggs in the crack of my grouting and they're all going to hatch at the same time and cover my bathroom floor in a frenzy of little junior spiders'. So I had to go on the run. I needed time and space to think about a tactical counter-action.



I couldn't have a shower. I had to wipe my body down with Sainsbury's Antibacterial Lemon All Purpose Wipes. I couldn't brush my teeth either, but I've heard that bicarbonate of soda is good for the teeth so I used a tissue and gave my teeth a good rub. Just for the record, Bicarbonate of Soda used in place of toothpaste tastes like bum fluff. How do I know what bum fluff tastes like? My answer is 'mind your own business and let's get back to the subject of spiders'.



I quickly remembered to make sure that I stuffed a sufficient amount of tissue underneath the bathroom door so that the spider had no way out. I couldn't have it roaming around the general areas of the house like it owned the place. I also stuffed some tissue through the keyhole just in case it was clever or persistent.

I made my way out of the house feeling unwashed and dirty of mouth which is quite a shameful admission. On top of that, I had to go to McDonalds for a wee.

I didn't care for their stupid sign which said make a purchase before using these toilets. This was an unusual emergency. No Purchase Necessary!



The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries

When I came out of the toilets, I couldn't resist the smell of breakfast. I was forced to buy a McDonalds breakfast of hash browns, a sausage & egg McMuffin and a hot chocolate which all laughs in the face of me flushing my system from foods which leave layers of unsaturated fat clogging up my arteries.

So off I went to work, bloated like the whale that just ate Jonah and then I had a change of heart. I decided against going to work. How could I concentrate on work with this monster

in my house? By the time I get home in the evening, the baby spider-eggs could have hatched and it's young could be climbing in the shower head, burrowing in the soap, getting into the toothpaste and finding ways of getting into the shampoo in order to crawl up my hair shaft, embed themselves into my hair follicles and then all my hair would fall out and that just can't work!




So before I went home, I popped into the supermarket to pick up some insect murder spray.

When I arrived, praise the Lord Jesus because my son was there. I grabbed him by the lapels and said there's a spider in the bathroom. Kill it... and by the way, what are you doing home?

We both put our head around the door and I pushed him in. After a few minutes, he came out and said, "I dropped it out the window; you're safe now". I told him to get out and I sprayed and sprayed and sprayed the murder spray until I couldn't breathe anymore and shut the bathroom door.



 Anancy the Spider better tell its friends and family that Augusts' house is NOT an arachno-friendly house. It's a house where spiders either get evicted, or die!

August Mayfield