

Moving Day

Tonight is a good night. It's not too cold, but chilly. It's not too dark, but dim. I stare down at the moths and flies and other winged creatures that wound up in my web. These ones are fat and juicy — much more filling than the mosquitos I've dined on for the entire summer. *The night is still young*, I think to myself as I glance towards the hundreds of other insects flocking towards the porch light, which normally stays dark. I shall feast tonight and for a few days after. It sounds as if the humans living inside the walls feast too. The squeals and giggles coming from inside only happen when the humans feast.

Not too much later and the smaller humans run out onto my porch. The larger human — the mother — follows them. They've decorated themselves in colorful fabrics and carry pails. I understand now. There's no feast. At least not yet. The little humans are going on a hunting trip with their mother while their father protects the nest. Normally their father goes on the hunt, but not this time. I hope they eat well tonight, even if they don't eat as well as me.

I begin my feast in peace and quiet as the humans leave my porch. That quiet doesn't last for too long, though, as new small humans run on my porch and straight to the door, squealing and giggling like the humans from the house. They too wear colorful fabrics and they too carry pails. It must be a popular night to hunt. I return to my moths. I inject two with my venom and watch the humans as I wait for it to take effect.

The tiny humans knock on the door, and the human inside the house opens it. After some exchange in noises, the human of the house drops something into the tiny humans' pails. *How odd*. If I could shrug, I would, and I begin sucking the newly-formed liquid from the moths I injected. As I continue my meal, more tiny humans run to the door and perform the same ritual, and then run away again. This happens again and again with different smaller humans in different sizes and different colorful fabrics. Some wear masks, some wear hats, but they all have pails. *How odd*.

As I inject another moth with my venom, yet another small human walks to the door. It doesn't wear a dress or a mask or a hat. Instead, it has covered itself in some round, furry black outfit, with furry black additions flopping to the sides. Actually, now that I look closer, there's eight of those additions. Wait a minute, I'm furry, black, and I have eight legs. This human is dressed as me! Me! I skitter around in delight, jostling the web and the creatures trapped inside.

I must move quickly, so I can introduce myself to this small human. It could only be excited to meet me, its muse. I attach a new sticky strand of silk to my existing web and begin my descent. The human will be so excited that it will squeal of joy! And if I could squeal, I'd squeal with it! I continue my descent until I'm level with the human's head. It has its back turned to me as the human in the house drops something into the small human's pail. When the small human turns around, I will surprise him!

Finally, the small human turns around and shrieks. Just as I expected — it's overcome with excitement! I sway back and forth on my silk due to the breeze, but I stay mostly level to the small human's face. The human inside the house glares at me before retreating back inside. Another large human from the street runs onto my porch and grabs the small human. It must be its mother. They both must be so excited to see me!

Before I know it, the human from the house runs out with a broom. I wonder for a moment why it brought the dreaded contraption. That is, until the broom comes into contact with me, flinging me away from my silk and my web. My silk, on the other hand, clings onto the broom. As the human waves it around, my web shakes and stirs until it breaks. Many of the creatures from my feast manage to escape (albeit slowly, as their wings are encased in the remnants of my home).

The small human is crying now as its mother drags it off the porch. The human from the house cries something out before going back inside, the broom in its hand. If I could sigh, I would. My web and my feast is gone. A shame, truly. Fortunately, it's almost time for a move. It's getting colder outside and I can't stay for much longer. Besides, the humans have a window open. They must have just been helping with my move.