

Sharing My Desk with Fang (350 words)

I may have to go home early. Here I am dutifully toiling away when I catch a little motion out of the corner of my eye. I glance over and find myself eye to eye with a spider the size of Manhattan. OK, I exaggerate a little. She isn't much bigger than a serving platter. Salad plate? Espresso saucer? She seemed damn big when she waved at me. Actually, I think it's a Vinegaroon, also called a sun spider, but really a Scorpion. Like this is going to reassure me.

I'm trying to become a more enlightened, compassionate person, and this thing isn't really poisonous (or not terribly so), so my initial reaction was stifled, but not before I let out a blood-curdling scream. The guy from the next cube came running in (expecting to find me massacred by a Vampire, I suspect) and let out the same yell. We watched, mesmerized, as it calmly crawled around my desk and eventually hid behind the phone.

I didn't see it yesterday, so I probably won't see it tomorrow, I'm reasoning. All I have to do is get through the afternoon. Fine, except now I'm seeing movement out of the corners of both eyes. Every three minutes. I investigate and find it lurking in a cave created by some CDs leaning against the phone. Every five minutes I check to make sure it's still there. I'm getting lots done, obviously. Plus, last time I checked, it was half way across the desk towards me, headed who knows where. It almost met its creator at that moment, but I said "Pieter, let's show some maturity and exercise a little restraint here. One of God's creatures (besides you) is having a bad day. Think PEACE. Think HARMONY." Think dead spider if it crawls out again.

Arachnophobia is a terrible curse. Are scorpions Arachnids? Irrelevant, Holmes. Walks like a duck, talks like a duck. Plus, it's ugly as sin. Fat body. Reminds me of the time, years ago, when a real scorpion the size of a lobster wandered through my office. But that's another story.