

Spidey Update (139 words)

Sad news. After I left the office yesterday afternoon, Fang went for a walk and had an unfortunate meeting with another denizen of the second floor. George went over to the printer to pick something up and found Fang climbing the cube wall. Fang didn't survive the meeting. Another lesson in natural selection, survival of the fittest, and the thinning of the herd. George showed me the carcass and asked me if this were my visitor. Of course I said yes, though this one could be lifted by, and held in, one hand, and mine, as I vividly recall, would have required a small crane. Suppose Fang isn't mine? Suppose there are LOTS of them, hiding behind objects and piles of paper on my desk? Suppose the second floor is teeming with them?!? Oh, my GAHD!! What was that??!