

Just imagine it – all the ants, flies, and cockroaches you can eat.”

“Cockroaches! Are they big fat juicy cockroaches?” mused Trap, drooling. Aerial had his full attention now.

“She’s also developed a sweet tooth,” remarked Aerial.

“Spiders don’t have teeth, Aerial,” Trap commented.

“That’s just a people expression for anyone who craves sweet things,” Aerial shrugged. “You should see some of the seniors who can’t seem to pass up the cake or cookies,” he explained, and raised his legs to demonstrate how roly-poly some of the people were.

Trap began to giggle.



A heavy dewdrop hit Aerial and Trap in the head.

Trap was knocked over by the force of it. He scrambled to right himself and looked at his friend.

Like him, Aerial was drenched from head to toe, or in this case, from tarsal claw to tarsal claw, the equivalent of spider toes.

“Springerrrrr!” growled Aerial loudly in an accusatory voice.

“That wasn’t me!” explained Springer as he sidled up to his water-logged friends. “I was over talking to Goldenrod, the crab spider. I almost missed him sitting as white as a ghost on a daisy petal. He’s such a chameleon, and so cranky!”

“You threw that dewdrop!” accused a disgruntled Aerial.

“What makes you think I did it? It could have been anyone!” giggled Springer.

Springer was the “town clown” – the mischief maker of Spiderville. He was forever playing practical jokes on his best friends, family, or other unsuspecting residents.

“You know what happened the last time you played a prank on us. You ended up hanging upside down in a hammock,” reminded Trap as he shook his legs to rid them of any lingering moisture.

Springer’s grin turned grim.

“You wouldn’t do that to me again, would you?” he asked with concern in his voice.

