

## Sheryl Howe

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**From:** "Sheryl Howe" <sahowe@wbt.org>  
**To:** <sahowe@wbt.org>  
**Sent:** Sunday, November 14, 2004 3:34 PM  
**Subject:** My "battle"...

Alright, so here's what happened:

It's Saturday night at 10:30pm. I'm still not quite over whatever virus I caught (which was not, as I initially feared, some strange tropical disease that can kill you... it's just some flu-like thing possibly, but I had the whole fever, the chills and body ache, burning up thing. It was miserable, wouldn't wish it on an enemy...). So I'm washing my face and I reach for a washcloth and note a very large black thing on the floor. I thought it was a rat. It was a tarantula, huge, like horror film huge.

I think in these situations one should leave the house to the huge creature. I can just find someplace else to live. But I realize I need to do something so I decide perhaps I can just escort him outside with the long squeegee thing I have in my house which I think one uses in place of a mop. The escorting thing isn't going half bad until he makes a break for it and runs under the refrigerator.

Luckily my refrigerator is on wheels; unluckily I can't find him as I'm rolling the refrigerator around. I'm on a chair during this process --- it was quite complex, the system I'd set up so that I could move him along to the outdoors while I'm stepping from chair to chair. I already learned tarantulas can jump when his baby brother was here a couple weeks ago --- that one freaked me out and he was like a third this guy's size. As I'm moving the refrigerator around, a tremendous amount of water is sloshing out. After much rolling the refrigerator about and loads of water spilled out onto the floor, I realize that he's either moving with the refrigerator or he's attached himself to the refrigerator. So I decide to get down from my chair and look. I'm picturing in horror movies when the stupid victim person decides to go outside and check out the noise and you're telling her in vain to get back inside idiot woman --- as I get down on the floor with a flashlight to look under the refrigerator imagining the oversize hairy spider poised to charge out at me. Instead, in my investigation, I figure out that he's moved behind a bookshelf so I resumed convincing him to go outside with my squeegee stick. There was just only one picture frame casualty during the process. He's outside, door is closed and locked and I have water from the refrigerator and shards of glass from the picture frame everywhere so it took awhile to clean up. I'm feeling all proud of myself until...

I go to bed. I realize I don't know how he got in. He could get in again. Every noise I hear could be him trying to get in. I keep thinking I feel him on me somehow. I try telling myself, "he isn't going to bother you, he has no reason to come after you", but I realize he does. He could be way mad about the whole disturbance, forcing him outside. His baby brother, the one I mentioned, when the "baby" was here (after jumping) he went outside between the window and the screen and I closed the window. He's still there in between the screen and the glass. I thought he was dead the other day so I tapped him with the long squeegee thing to check and he moved so I'm just never opening that window again. The oversize guy could be out to get me for killing the baby brother. I left the light on and slept practically none last night (not a huge problem since I've done nothing but sleep the past two days).

I'll make some inquiries into tarantula behavior when people come to check and see that I'm still alive (I really have been sick --- people here don't yet know that I'm recovered enough to fight tarantula warfare in my kitchen).

And how are you? Trust all is well!  
Sheryl

Also, lest you think otherwise, I really have been working too. Not so much this week because I was sick. I planned to talk about work but then other more exciting adventures happen and I'm convinced you need gory details.