

# Eensy Weensy Spider

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*Incy Wincy spider climbing up the spout*

*Down came the rain and washed the spider out*

*Out came the sun and dried up all the rain*

*And Incy Wincy spider climbed up the spout again!*

Megan settled in to her bed, moving Mimsy, her favourite rag doll, on to her night time seat on the bedside table. She picked up the book she had got out for her mum to read and stared at the picture on the cover. One day, she thought, I'll be a princess with my very own prince to look after me.

She was about to open up the book and try reading a few chapters herself when she caught some movement out of the corner of her eye. Looking up she saw the shape of a spider crawling across her ceiling.

Panic caused her to freeze for a few seconds and then she found her voice.

"Mum!" she screamed. "Mum! There's a spider on my roof."

Her eyes never left the large black thing. It had obviously heard her calling to her mother as it had stopped moving. Megan just really hoped it didn't decide to drop on to her bed. From there she thought it would easily be able to reach the foot of the covers. If it did that she would have to make a run for the door, or maybe throw the quilt over it. She glanced at the slightly open door.

"Mum!" she called again. The louder, "Mum! Quick!"

There was the sound of footsteps on the landing and then the bedroom door opened wide, bright light making Megan squint for a moment.

"What's the matter, hon?" her mother asked.

"Up there," Megan pointed to the giant creature.

"Oh, now, that's only a tiny one. Do you want me to get rid of it for you?"

"Please," Megan nodded. "I don't want it coming back again."

Her mum stepped up on to the bed and reached up to catch the spider in her upturned hand.

"I'm not going to kill it, just put it outside where it belongs," she said as she walked over to the window.

"But, mum," Megan appealed, "it could come back in again when I'm asleep."

Her mum closed the window again, brushing her hands together and sat back down on Megan's bed.

“It won’t come back in to your room, dear, because we’ve been nice to it,” she told her daughter. “Do you know why you shouldn’t kill spiders and why you should be nice to them?”

Megan shook her head.

“I’ll tell you the story of Stefan Richter, and then you’ll understand.

“Stefan was a little boy, not much older than you. He lived in a nice house with a nice family, in a part of New England not far from here. The thing was, though, Stefan liked to squash bugs. He’d squash them all the time. If he saw a fly he would get his dad’s newspaper and use it to chase the fly until he squished it. If he was playing in the garden he would find ants and hit them with little stones. Even ladybirds and dragon flies were on his list of bugs to get.

“One day, though, Stefan did a terrible thing. As he was going in for his tea he saw a little spider crawling across the front yard. Now the spider hadn’t done him any harm. It had spent its day catching flies and other insects that we humans don’t like, so really it had done much the same as Stefan. But to Stefan this didn’t matter, he just looked down at the little spider as it made its way across the concrete and he saw a bug that needed dealing with. So, down came his trainer and he stamped on the spider.

“When he lifted his foot up again the spider was there flattened on the ground, and Stefan smiled to himself. He thought he’d done a good thing. He went inside and had his dinner with his mum and dad and little sister.

“That night Stefan went to sleep thinking of new ways he could find and crush bugs. He had all summer off school and he wanted to fill the days with bug squashing.

“In the middle of the night Stefan was woken up by someone coughing. He opened his eyes and looked around. There was a small amount of light coming from his bedside clock and it shone on a little spider that was sitting in the middle of his bed.

“‘Did you just wake me up?’ Stefan asked the spider.

“‘Yes,’ the spider replied.

“‘Why did you do that?’ Stefan asked. ‘I was quite happy sleeping.’

“‘Because you have done something very bad,’ the spider told him. ‘Today you stamped on one of my friends and killed him.’

“‘But it was only a spider, just like you,’ Stefan told the little creature. ‘Now leave me alone to sleep otherwise I will squash you as well.’

“‘Are you not sorry about what you did?’ the spider asked, ignoring the threat Stefan had made.

“‘No, of course not,’ replied Stefan. He was starting to get a bit annoyed at the spider now. ‘It was only a spider. I kill bugs all the time and a spider is just another bug.’

“‘Are you going to kill any more spiders?’ asked the one sat on his covers. It sounded quite serious, but Stefan didn’t seem to notice this.

“Of course I am,’ Stefan said. ‘And I’m going to start with you if you don’t leave me alone. Now go away.’

“I thought you might say that,’ the spider said. ‘You are a nasty boy Stefan Richter and you must be stopped. You will not squash any more of my kind again, for we are strong and full of magic.’

“Yeah, right,’ Stefan said back to the thing. ‘There’s only the one of you and I’m a lot bigger. Now where’s my slipper.’ And he started to lean out of his bed to find it so that he could deal with the bothersome bug.

“But as he started to move he heard the little spider on his bed make a whistling and he turned to look what it was doing. What he saw made him stop and sit straight up in bed, for in through the open window (it was summer you see and his mum had left the window open a crack to let a breeze blow in) were coming lots of spiders. Some were big, some were small. Some were black and some were brown.

“Stefan could not believe his eyes, for there were hundreds of them coming in. They darkened the carpet as they moved and they were all heading towards Stefan. Knowing that he was in trouble Stefan jumped up on to the bed and was about to run for the door when he saw that there were more spiders coming in through the gap at the bottom. He looked up and there were even more on the ceiling. Stefan couldn’t get away from all those spiders and they swarmed all over him. He even tried to shout for his mum and dad, but the spiders dropped on to his face and stuck his lips together with their web. Then they pulled him back down on to the bed and began to work their magic on him.

“It took them all night, but when they were finished they all left again and Stefan was just lying there on the bed scared that if he moved they would come back.

“In the morning his mum opened his door to tell him that she had done pancakes for breakfast. Stefan sat up in bed and started to tell her what had happened to him, but when she saw her son she let out a scream and ran out of the house.

“Stefan didn’t know why his mother had run away, and looked around the room for a spider that might have frightened her. It was then that he saw himself in the mirror and the sight of his own reflection made him scream as well. For the spiders had stuck big black spiders legs to his back that moved like an extra set of arms, making Stefan look like a giant human spider.

“Of course Stefan couldn’t stay at home looking like that, so he went to find the spider island which is just off the coast of America near Paragon City and there he grew up to become one of the nastiest men in the world - Lord Recluse, The Master of Evil.

“All these years later Stefan is still out there on his island, and he talks to all the spiders around the world. So, if you kill a spider he knows about it and he sends one of his spider henchmen to get you take you away in the middle of the night. That’s why when you see a spider you should always be nice to it.”