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I Hate Spiders

By: Teryn Madison

7:30 AM Sunday in December:

Cold, cold, cold, cold, cold. That's the only thing I can think right now. Well, other than, *Oh my gosh, What should I wear?! I have to do dishes and wash my clothes and—"Owww!"* I wince and look at my foot. I had just stepped on a tack!

"You okay?" My grandma asks with a concerned look on her face.

"Yeah, I'll live," I said. I had just gotten done with putting my long hair in a ponytail.

After an hour of cleaning, washing, scrubbing, rinsing, and sweeping, I was all tuckered out.

"Can you pull out all of the loose clothes from behind my dresser, Teryn?" Grandma asks.

"Yeah, sure. Can I get to the end of this chapter in my book? I'll stop right after that."

"Yes, you may, but hurry up. I want to get it done before your Grandpa Bub comes home."

I get to the end of the chapter and put my book marker there. I walk over to grandma's dresser and started pulling out a bunch of clothes that I had never seen before.

"Where do you get all of these clothes? I've never seen any of them before in my entire life!"

"I just pick up things my size here and there that look nice. Now, go put those dirty clothes in the wash," was my grandma's reply.

“Okay.”

I get back inside and head straight for my book.

“You’re wonderful, Teryn.”

“I know,” I say as she hugs me and we exchange *I love yous*.

There are a couple of strands of hair in my face, so I use my middle and index fingers to tuck the hair behind my ear. As my two fingers are behind my ear, I see my sister, Sweet-Pea, brushing her hair and making faces in the mirror. Grandma is taking a drink of ice water out of her blue water bottle. I hear the clink of ice on ice as she puts the cap back on. The smell of pot-roast in the crockpot makes my saliva get thick as I chew the spearmint gum in my mouth. I bring down my hand from my ear, and I see a spider! A big, black one.

“Aaaahhhh! It’s a spider! It’s a spider! DIE! DIE! KILL IT!” I’m yelling this as I run to the back door. Grandma has already smashed the spider with her shoe and is hugging me. Sweetpea is laughing a lot, and grandma chuckles a little.

“Wow! That was so scary!” I said.

“No, it was funny watching you yell ‘die, die, die, kill it, and then see you running the the back door screaming,” stated Sweetpea.

“Well, you’re alright now, so go read that oh-so-great-book of yours,” says grandma as she grabs a magazine. I sit on the couch and read my book. Sweet-pea has the WiiU, and it gets quiet for the first time all morning.

A few minutes later, Grandpa Bub comes home. He stops, and looks at us. “Well, what did I miss?” The three of us look at

each other and start laughing. I stop laughing and look at Grandma.

“I will never get behind your dresser again. I hate spiders!”