

Morning and Arachnophobia

by Gary Hardaway

A spinner of cobwebs sat- or stood
(can spiders sit or only stand?)-
in the left tub of the cheap stainless
kitchen sink. She stood still. A splash

of water encouraged movement and
provided proof of life. Anxiety ensued.
Each brush of cat fur or hung shirt
startled. Curiosity lead to Google

and *Theridiidae* whose various
species looked nothing like the feared
guest slow-moving at the bottom
of the sink. *Wolf spider* lead to a

match: *Rabidosa rabida*- no spinner
of webs but a quick and cunning
solitary hunter. Anxiety overwhelmed
regard. The tag team *Permethrin* and

Tetamethrin were applied. Within
a minute, neurotoxins turned her
motionless and rigid in the
characteristic pose of spider, poisoned.

