

## Active Spiders

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July 17, 2016



Segment 4 - These posts are letters Marianne wrote to her children and their spouses over a period of more than 2 years. This segment was written on July 17, 2016.

You must have been wondering how Freddy and Hans are doing. First of all, they are fine and send their greetings.

Last week the kitchen sink looked a bit shabby to me and I started cleaning, carefully, around Hans' house. But as it is with water, it splashes everywhere, so I couldn't avoid that his entrance area ended up with some wet stuff. But lo and behold, after a few minutes I saw Hans walking out there and EAGERLY drinking to his heart content. It was really cute how he did that.

Freddy above him just watched him. Now I kind of perceived that Freddy all along was a bit .... should we say bored or perhaps disenchanted. I don't know why I felt that. So, sure enough, last Sunday morning, I suddenly noticed that Freddy was not sitting anymore in his web. "Did he go under the ledge of the window sill?" I wondered. When I looked around, I noticed that Freddy was indeed climbing up on a stack of standing paper plates leaning on the wall next to his abode. When he reached the wall behind the stack, he got stuck there, because the wall is made out of this slippery Formica and he couldn't hold on to it. I saw him sliding down.

We were going to have breakfast that moment and I could not assist him any longer :( Since he did not return to his web, he must have moved out from here.... but where to? He did not leave his new address, so I was at a loss how to forward his mail to him. I actually searched around that area the whole afternoon, because I wanted to say good-bye to him, hm ... no sign of Freddy.

The next day Dad made a discovery. He saw that Freddy had moved to the high-rise, right above that kitchen window, where there is a light in the wood ceiling. "Oh wow, there you are, silly boy, you had me worried." He smiled a bit shyly. "Well, I wonder how in the world any lost insect will get caught in your web up there....?" He did not seem to be worried about that, he just believed.

The next few days all kinds of flies came in our house, always around lunch time. They hum and ho, zooming around like crazy, but none of them ever came even near the high rise at the window. So what to do. Well, like before, we could just smack a fly and feed Freddy that way. Thought and done. With the help of a chair, I climbed with my catch onto the kitchen counter, so high up was Freddy's new apartment. Then, I showed him what I had.

When I laid the fly carefully on a piece of web (not so easy to discern up there), it moved flapping its wings.... and fell off, bum. I caught it back easily, as it was pretty knocked-out. Again, I showed it to Freddy. I think he felt a bit concerned to see this gentle giant (me) so close up at his door step. Also the fly would not hold in the web. I think Freddy had only done the rudimentary preps to live there. So, they both fell down, the fly first and then Freddy let himself fall off holding on to a long web string (or should we say he repelled off) and went so far as to jump off the kitchen counter. He kinda had enough being "taken-care-of" by this big person.

In a haste he walked away so fast Dad and I could not detect where he went. I have the suspicion that he went behind our cupboard, which stands in a v-shape, where you can look behind it. At least by now I saw this Daddy-long-leg sitting there in the middle of a huge web....

Hans is content. He had a few good bites these days, so he is in his cozy hammock, stroking his belly.

True Story.