
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 14:26:40 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 8/1/2006 4:44 PM

Eight inquisitive eyes blinked against the light as young Blacktuft the Spider appeared at the edge of the jungle. He crept out of the shadow of the foliage and onto the rolling mountains of sand with tentative steps. He had never been this far out before. The older spiders always warned against venturing beyond the jungle's edge. There's no need for us spiders to go out there, cranky old Sevenleg would say. We have all we need here, and you don't know the dangers that lie beyond our borders. Blacktuft rolled his eyes and took a more confident step out into the sunlight. Bah! What did they know? There was nothing to be afraid of. Water? Who cared? He was a tarantula; nothing frightened him! That was what he would tell his friends when he got back, anyway. The water, however, was many spidermiles away, and Blacktuft's hair stood on edge looking at it. As far as Leggy and Squint would know, he had strode right up to it, and even touched it! They would never know the difference.

Blacktuft trundled across the dunes with some discomfort. He squinted against the sunlight, still strong in the winter, and began to think that perhaps his excursion hadn't been such a good idea. He turned to look over his steps, and twitched when he realized just how far he had come. Perhaps I should go back... I'll just embellish a little more than I thought I'd have to. He turned back around to take one last glance at the ocean, when something caught his eye, something very large and pale. Is that...yes! I must investigate! This opportunity cannot be missed! He scurried closer, stopped for a better look, and blinked a few times before darting on further. This would be far better than a water story: a human!

The creature was lying on the sand, very still, and most certainly hadn't noticed him. Blacktuft trundled forwards, and slowly lifted one leg up to touch the human, and gently pressed into its flesh. It was fairly soft, but the young spider was certain it could take his weight. Very carefully, Blacktuft climbed onto this strange creature, his body trembling, and tremendous pride built up inside him. I am the best EVER! he thought. But his joy was shattered as a heavy, slack hand suddenly batted at him, and he leapt backwards. This is the end! Why am I so stupid? This is the end!

Dominic brought one hand up to swat at whatever it was that was on him. He had been enjoying a quiet rest on the sand, allowing the sounds of the ocean to wash away the tension of the day (most of which originated from a certain small blond terror), and had found that dozing under the pleasantly warm sun was a marvellous habit to get into. I just wish it hadn't been interrupted, he thought. Stupid... wait - There. Was. Something on him. Dom's head shot up, and he was met with eight-eyed, eight-legged creature sitting atop his chest. Everything stopped. He couldn't move, and he couldn't breathe. Nothing existed except himself and the monstrosity staring back at him. When his heart began to beat again, he did the only thing he could think of:

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Scott watched as Tyler and Alex bolted up the beach, and shook his head. He had never thought that the island could get more boisterous than it already was. Then his littlest siblings had arrived in their lives, and suddenly he appreciated the slight calm his biological brothers sustained. Saying that, he wouldn't give up his youngest brothers and only sister for the world. He had made it a point to spend some quality time with them when they had returned from the mainland, and so he found himself strolling along the beach in the wake of Alex and Tyler's races, pointing out that he couldn't possibly know who had won, as he was so far behind. Alex soon took to simply chasing Tyler instead, and their jubilant yells reverberated over the dunes. Scott stopped dead as another voice rose suddenly in an anguished scream. The boys stilled as well, and all three glanced around to locate the source of the trouble.

"Over here!" Alex shouted, and disappeared around an outcrop of rocks, followed by Tyler.

Scott followed their lead, and rounded the corner to find a deathly pale Dominic lying perfectly still on the sand, his eyes fixed on the large, black tarantula sitting on his chest. The look on Scott's face must have said it all, as Alex fixed him with a confident gaze and shook his head.

"It's not venomous," he said. "It's one of the more common indigenous species." His words belied his age. "And it looks pretty young. It's harmless."

"We need to get it off --" Scott's words were cut off as Tyler suddenly leapt forward, waving his arms.

"Get off!" he yelled.

The spider, which had been undeterred by Dominic's bellow, darted off in an instant. While the method was efficient in ridding Dominic of the spider, unfortunately it also snapped him from his stupor, and the man leapt into the air and then scrambled backwards onto the rocks his eyes frantically searching for another eight-legged assailant.

"Where did it go? Where did it go?! I can't see it! Is it on me? Is it dead? Where is it?"

Scott became acutely concerned that the Irishman might actually have a heart attack. That's a strong phobia.

"Dom, calm down!" He said. "It's gone! You're, uh, safe now."

Dominic seemed thoroughly unconvinced, and the three brothers shared a helpless and bewildered look. After a little more coaxing, however, Dominic slid down off the rocks, his eyes still darting around, before he stared straight into Scott's face.

"I'm leaving. I can be packed in an hour. Spiders. Tarantulas. Huge. Tarantulas. On me. This was not part of the job description. Tarantulas..."

Blacktuft watched as the largest of the new humans grasped the first one's arm and turned him around to head back up the beach. The smaller two walked away in their wake. Clearly the smaller they are, the more dangerous they are, he thought. He watched as they disappeared from sight, before turning and heading back across the beach on unsteady legs. The jungle had never looked so welcoming. What a story I have to tell! And I don't even have to make it up! [/color]
