

Scene: Spider on the Ceiling

Fuck. That insect Sasha had hoped to be a fly or beetle was a spider. Upon further inspection, standing dangerously close underneath the horrid thing, she determines it to be one of those zebra spiders that had spread to her room from those boxes that were once in her family's old storage unit.

Sasha backs away from the spider, step by step, carefully sitting on her bed as if any sudden movement would cause the creature to drop down from the ceiling. A scenario where the spider jumps onto her bed and crawls up her sweatpant leg, while biting her calf, goes through Sasha's mind as she stares at it.

After a couple of minutes of the spider staying put, Sasha refocuses her attention onto her triple A class, a completely useless module thing she has to spend 20 plus hours on before Wednesday. The email she had received from the driving school just this morning made it clear that she will not receive her license if she doesn't finish it in time.

Brigitt saunters into her room, immediately grabbing Sasha's phone because their mom had taken away her phone that morning, due to some argument that had woken Sasha up that morning. She goes through instagram, talking about the boys she thinks are cute at rowing and school and stalking their profiles.

Sasha looks up at the spider for the first time in the past few minutes when Brigitt says, "Hey there's a really big spider on your wall."

"Yeah I know," Sasha presses a button taking her to the next page on the triple A module.

Sasha sucks in a breath when she looks up from her computer screen, noticing Brigitt with a hair tie positioned like a slingshot, pointing straight towards the spider.

Oh my God. Fuck Fuck Fuck. The Spider is going to fall on the bed. Fuck Fuck Fuck.

The rubber band falls limply out of Brigitt's hand, not even making it halfway to the ceiling. Sasha sighs with relief when she sees it on the ground.

Her relief immediately turns to anger, "Get out of my room now you stupid idiot. Never do that again!"

“Okay fine. God, you’re such a psychopath.” Brigitt stands up, grabbing Sasha’s phone.

“Hey! Give me back my phone,” Sasha shouts before Brigitt can leave the room.

Brigitt turns around, shooting Sasha a glare before throwing her phone across the room. Luckily, the phone lands on the bed. Sasha immediately places it beside her and continues whittling away at the triple A module.

Every minute or so she spares a look at the spider, trying to force down thoughts of it crawling up her leg. This goes on until the spider starts to move, causing Sasha to grab her laptop and move to the opposite end of her room, near the doorway. She continues with the Triple A module while watching the spider crawl around the ceiling.

Sasha feels a tightness in her chest as the spider moves to the part of the ceiling right over her bed.

It’s going to fall onto my sheets. I’m going to sleep on the couch tonight. Fuck Fuck Fuck.

Her anxiety decreases as the spider crawls away from her bed, towards the antique lighting fixture placed in the middle of her room. A huge weight is lifted off of Sasha’s shoulders when the Spider crawls underneath the small chandelier. Out of sight, out of mind.

Thank God.