A little blog from your worst, Edith.

Hello my beautiful doves,

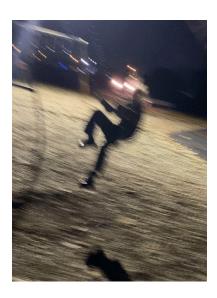
it's Monday the 12th of June!

I killed a spider today, NOT my proudest moment! Your mind is probably flooding with arachnid fearing thoughts, and that's fine I guess. I mark it a skill issue. However, I must tell you that I am IN LOVE with spiders! I, in fact, do not fear them in such an irrational way. When I spot a bestie in the house, I put the bestie back outside! She will hurt no one. That's what I tried to do anyway, but my mom was yelling at me to kill it so much that I did so: (it was an Orb weaver for any spider enthusiast who were interested! gold/chroma abdomen and almost teal little legs... Devastated.

Once, when I was still living with my roommates, there was a wolf spider in the house. I'd say about 2.5 inches wide, quite the specimen I may say, who caught my eye in the kitchen, "Hey there!" Here I am befriending a spider and my roommates are looking at me wondering why the hell am I not killing it. "Like I said I love spiders, what are they doing wrong?" She *(the spider)* runs into the cabinets, hidden from sights, she lives on another day! Only being spotted once more by Sophia who screamed in the shower an hour later.



"If my house was infested with spiders I probably wouldn't be too mad about it."



Song: Feel Good By Numbers - The Go! Team