

# Incy Wincy Spider

The toddler was up ALL NIGHT last night. He woke up thanks to his trusty, in-built, "mummy's put her head down on her pillow" sensor at 11pm and didn't then go back to sleep until 4am. No, I'm not joking.

No logic to it, he hadn't had a late nap yesterday or anything, he just decided sleep wasn't necessary so stayed up.

Because of that, I managed a little lie in this morning. I know, right?!

My eldest had got himself up and was playing a PlayStation game 'quietly' (by that I mean shouting his head off so all the neighbours could hear and having the TV on so loudly whilst playing a shooting game, Plants Vs Zombies 2, it sounded like I was in the middle of a battle scene remake of Saving Private Ryan...) Super relaxing. The middle one was exhausted from swimming every day this week at school and was still asleep in bed and the toddler was now snoring and grinding his teeth angelically.

It got to about 8:15am and I felt like I'd had enough sleep, and there's stuff to do, so I started thinking about getting up. The middle one had just got up and taken himself off downstairs to join in with the shouting and battle reenactment, it was now in stereo sound. He was informed by his older brother the rules of staying quiet and not being too noisy as mummy, daddy and Ben were still in bed. Would've been good if he'd taken a leaf out of his own book and kept the chuffing noise below 150 decibels!!!

Anyhow, as I'm about to haul my butt out of my bed, I hear a squeal. But not a "I'm playing a computer game" squeal...a shrill, panicked, squeal.

Then I hear footsteps running and someone shouting, "mummy!!!!

Mummy!!!!”

Oh god, my mind goes into overdrive, what on earth has happened?!

I bolt out of bed, to be met by my eldest son halfway up the stairs in tears and with fear etched all over his face.

“What’s happened?!” I ask...

“There’s a spider on my back!!!!!! I can feel it crawling!!!!” he shouts.

“It’s ok,” I reply. I’ll help you (I’m actually now pooping my pants as I too harbour a dislike for the eight legged freaks...) Be brave I tell myself. Be brave. For your children’s sake....

“Turn around then, let me see!” I say.

He turns around and I brace myself to see a false widow or an enormous house spider with boxing gloves on...but all I see is a tiny little spec of a spider in the middle of his back.

I swiftly brush it aside and the panic is gone from him, but the fear isn’t, and he sobs in my arms.

“I could feel it Mummy! It was walking all over my back!” he cries.

I try not to laugh and be sympathetic. Even with my dislike for spiders, this thing was so small an ant could have farted in next doors garden and it would’ve still blown it off his back...I don’t know where he gets his over dramatic streak from at all

It’s safe to say my eldest isn’t a fan of creepy crawlies and spiders. He had a bacon sandwich to recover his nerves and all was well again.

Crimewatch reenactment of the offense...he’s behind you!!!!

