

The Fisherman and the Spider

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This story is about Bill, a man in his fifties, and twice divorced. To fill any void in his life, he became an avid fisherman, who enjoyed an occasional beer or two. He loved fishing so much, that he often had dreams of fishing. Bill would often take his seventy-two foot boat out whenever he had a chance, and spend most of the day fishing. Being on disability with no relationship at the present, afforded Bill with much time for fishing. Bill was a loner and most of the time he would fish alone on his boat.

One Saturday evening Bill had partied at his local bar and had come home late a little tipsy and went straight to bed.

The next morning, a loud rumbling sound filed the house, awakening Bill; he almost fell out of bed. Grabbing his gun, from his nightstand, he ran towards the nightstand he ran towards the sound to find it was his automatic coffee pot, brewing his morning coffee. He was almost out of breath, and embarrassed for himself. He returned to his bedroom placing the gun back in the nightstand drawer. That coffee pot never sounded so loud he thought; He took a quick shower, had his coffee, and headed to the garage to gather up his fishing gear. Since he had access to the ocean from his property, he kept his boat stored there.

Bill was not a man for breakfast; coffee would do, and a six-pack will carry him to lunch, he should be back by then.

Once in the boat, beer in the fridge, and he was on his way. "Feels like a perfect day to fish," he thought, "no reason not to go out for the big ones." He baited his lines and waited for the first bite. He knew the further out he went, the bigger the fish were. The sky was getting an ugly look; the wind was getting stronger as he went farther out. The fish weren't biting either, but he wanted the big one's. When he reached about two miles out, the motor started to sputter and stopped. He had not checked the tank for fuel, since his last trip, and his boat was not equipped a radio or flairs, only life jackets.

The weather was getting much worse and Bill had no clue of what to do, but he figured it would be a nice time to work on the six-pack waiting for him in the fridge. With the boat rocking and the winds blowing intensely, he made his way to the fridge, stumbling and scared, as he never had been in his life. As he closed the fridge, after getting his beer, a spider appeared from beneath. Bill lifted his free hand to crush the spider, while saying "I don't like spiders," and before dropping his hand, the spider yelled in his tiny voice,

"No, no you don't want to do that!" As the spider moved out of his reach, "You'll never get back home!"

"A talking spider, a lousy fishing day, and only after one beer, God what is going on here?"

“Bill there’s no need to call God, and I’m the closest you’re getting to Him, so have another beer.”

Bill loved that advice, and reached for another. “That spider isn’t so bad,” Bill thought, “but what now? Do you have a name, spider?”

“Spider will do?” He answered, and as he did the winds suddenly ceased, the sky became blue with such depth with stability, and all became calm. Bill while shot gunning his beer, asked the spider,

“What do we do now? How do we get back?”

“Nice, Bill, you’ve including me in “we,” a spider, whom you once hated. Don’t worry, I’ll get us back, just finish your beer.”

At that very moment, the boat started to make its way back to shore. Bill ran first to the stern of the boat, and next to the bow, bottle in hand, trying to see who or what was taking his boat home.

“Oh, that familiar rumbling sound again, “Where am I, where’s my boat?” Bill had come to realize he was in his bed and had a bad dream. As he stood up, and proceeded to go to the kitchen, a spider ran from under hi bed towards his kitchen, leaving a light trail of water in his wake. Instead of trying to stomp on the spider, as he usually would have done, Bill greeted the spider with, “Not today spider or ever again; thank you so much, for saving our lives.”