

The Toothbrush

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I'm afraid of a lot of things, but spiders aren't one of them. However, the little one on my toothbrush was not something I was exactly comfortable with.

How did he get there?

Was he dead?

Where had he come from?

Were there more of them?

I stared the miniscule spider down as I debated what to do. Of course, I could grab it, but then what? It might be poisonous, and after all, I am not a spider expert. I suppose I could play it safe and just throw out the entire toothbrush, but then I would need to venture out and get a new one.

The spider didn't flinch as I slowly inched closer. Upon further inspection I discovered a second spider next to the first one. I was unsure how I had not noticed it before; its dark body contrasting with the pastel bristles of my now unusable brush. Perhaps I was due for an eye appointment. Then it hit me. Why not just skip brushing tonight? Surely one missed day wouldn't cause my teeth to rot. Yes, that's it. I'll skip tonight and double brush tomorrow. I flick off the bathroom light and suddenly come to another realization.

Even if I myself did not touch the toothbrush, that does not mean the spiders will not move on their own and escape to God knows where. Realizing my mistake, I quickly turned the light back on and scrambled to check my toothbrush. To my dismay, the spiders were gone. As I reevaluated my life choices, I came to one final conclusion. I'm moving out.