

## My Pet Spider, Hans

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Segment 1 - These posts are letters Marianne wrote to her children and their spouses over a period of more than 2 years. This segment was written on July 9, 2016.

Let me introduce my new pet spider, Hans, a bit. Just around July 1st, I noticed that my old foam sponge, which was on its way out but still laying at the kitchen sink, had this little spider sitting next to it, apparently on a web, because he was suspended in the air. His size is about the diameter of a ten cent coin. No, I think he is smaller.

I moved my hand towards it, thinking to myself, let's see how I can catch it so he can be relocated outside. He very cleverly crawled underneath the sponge, because there was a little space, since it did not lay flat. Oh well, I thought, if you have already chosen your dwelling for now, I will let you stay here for a few days so I can see what you are up to and how good you are, going to feed yourself. So I left him alone.

Since he was going to stay with me a few days I decided to give him a nice name: Hans.

When he felt I was not after him, he came out again and hang on his web, belly up, almost the whole day.... what a patient guy.

I wondered how I could promote the little fruit flies zooming his way, their size would be the perfect meal for Hans. I remembered that fruit flies love vinegar. OK well, I took a little water bottle cap, poured a few drops of vinegar inside and carefully pushed it underneath Hans' web. There we waited, him and me, if those little flies would come closer....

Well whenever I looked over to see what happened, I saw many of those flies sitting on the fruits next door, but they did not descent on the vinegar. Some real flies came in the kitchen too, but I thought, they would shred this little spider's web. None of them flew even close. Hans just sat there, believing that something should show up for dinner. What small fries could I bring him, I pondered, Then I remembered that grass sometimes has little bugs on them, so I went to search a bit, no luck. Next the idea came that my corn has quite some aphids, here and there. That was it. I harvested a little bunch and proudly brought Hans a sample. From above I just tossed them straight unto his web, some fell off and a few got stuck. Hans ran towards one, grabbed it and ran underneath his roof. I did not see him again until next morning.