IMAGINE if YOU WERE FRIENDS with a SPIDER- HOW WOULD YOUR FRIENDSHIP BEGIN?

What a Silly Writing Prompt: A story of a violation of privacy untold

The agony inside my chest… Nope. Just kidding, no agony recognized.

Once upon a time, I once found myself crushing a spider to nothing after it had witnessed a private moment of mine in the bathroom.

In the early hours of a Saturday morning, I once occupied the toilet in a vibrant mood. I may not remember what had gotten me in such an ecstatic state, but I do remember that I was excited about something. So, I entered the bathroom, all-knowing that no one was watching to see what I would do next, but it turns out, I was wrong. I started speaking to myself, as a response to my ecstasy. My heart was swelling with joy, so don’t judge me for my little moment. But it looks like you weren’t the only ones judging…

A small spider, staying still in one sitting, was silently observing every stupid thing I was doing in my supposed “alone time”. I don’t know how long it was standing there, watching all the shameless things I was doing, but IT WAS THERE! And I could feel it judging me. And once I spotted it, right in front of my face, I couldn’t take it! “Does it think I’m crazy?”, “Does it think I’m weird?” Who knows what must have been going inside that small brain of his? As if he wasn’t fanaticizing about his next meal. I felt so ashamed and humiliated, so it wasn’t a second later until I killed it immediately. No, that speed couldn’t even be topped by the fastest hand of a weaning baby’s grip reaching for food.

Don’t get me wrong, I’m the most noble person with the purest heart. In fact, I have spared more animals’ lives than I could count. But that single violation of privacy, even from a spider, felt too wasted an opportunity to protect my reputation, should I have let it go. As I said, I could feel the silent judgement screaming out of the poor thing’s face, so I couldn’t help but take matters into my own hands and do what’s right. Right for who, you may ask? Well, that’s a question of the ages, because privacy is the most delicate thing you can protect. No. In fact, privacy should not be protected, it should be a guarantee. I know it was wrong to kill an innocent arachnid that had no involvement with legal principalities, but a fine is not just charged after violating a privacy because the violated individual felt embarrassed or uncomfortable with the exposure, but it’s because it infringes on the value, “Does my alone time still belong to me?” “Is it even mine to begin with?” Now I know I that I may be judged for various reasons for doing this, but privacy should not just be a guarantee, it’s something that’s owed to us. There’s a reason it’s called privacy. It’s the ability to exercise your freedom to be comfortable in your own space. Emphasis on comfort. If that comfort is lost even just by the presence of an unassuming spider, then you’ll be stuck with more questions than answers about your own sanity, even when you know that you are PERFECTLY SANE!

So, to imagine if I was a friend with a spider and how our friendship would begin? Oh that ship had long sailed. It first began with a single toxic trait that led to murder. You will rest in peace, dear spidey. \*Says so with a pat on the deceased’s back\*