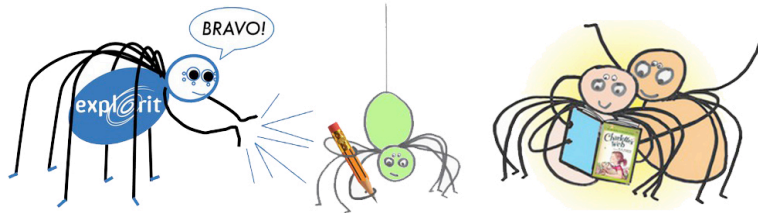


# Explorit Science Center "Web Of Words" 2012

This project continues! Write your story or poem for 2013  
[www.explorit.org/csp/wow](http://www.explorit.org/csp/wow)



**It's a Spider's Way**  
*Web Walker (ID#11)*

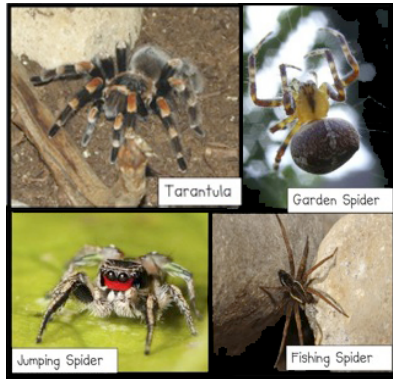
I spin and swing  
To set my line.  
My silk is thin  
So strong and fine.

My web's a trap  
To catch a meal  
A fly mayhap  
I'll know by feel

I'll wrap my fly  
In a silken shroud  
And let it die.  
It'll do me proud.

**1-2 Arachnids For You**  
*Jackie and Kylene (ID#35)*

- 1 - 2, So many kinds, who knew?
- 3 - 4, Spinning webs outdoors
- 5 - 6, Eight legs do the trick
- 7 - 8, Lunch awaits
- 9 - 10, Head and abdomen



**Three Eight-Leg Limericks**  
*John Whitehead ID(#34)*

A teacher said words flow and ebb  
While talking of spiders last Feb  
She uttered "arachnid"  
Imagine what that did  
Young scholars went searching the web.

Arachnid uniqueness is great  
They evolved by some strange quirks of fate  
All insects have six  
But can't do spider tricks  
While the latter count legs up to eight.

My kitchen has thin wispy nets  
Small creatures are placing their bets  
As insects cruise by  
Some are trapped on the fly  
My spiders are wonderful pets.

**Crafty Young Spidey**  
*Mercky (ID#22)*

Oh, what a crafty young Spidey.  
You are so incredibly tidy.  
You've wrapped this moth  
In your own homemade cloth  
As snug as a bug in a rug - All Righty!



### **Joro-gumo and The Old Woman**

*Evelyn Buddenhagen (ID#18)*

Sunlight glinted off the sparse white hair, tightly pulled into a bun atop her head. She was stooped over, this Old Woman, as she shuffled along the pebbled walkway. I watch her this morning as I have watched her every morning, walking toward the river, past the shed where the stone lanterns stood silently awaiting their next homes.

She mutters quietly to herself as she walks, but I hear her.

“I am like these lanterns, unwanted in the day and forgotten in the night. “

The stone lanterns have been there through many snowfalls and springs, but we, Old Woman and I, have lives of shorter duration. There are no candles in these granite lanterns and their dark recesses give me shelter when I am not on my silken garlands, waiting my next meal.

My large, golden web is my castle. Its beauty itself seems to protect me against the sweep of a broom.

Old Woman sees me this morning. I am large and brilliantly colored with bright yellow and black stripes on my long legs. My striped abdomen slopes to a bright red tip. It is easy to see me.

“A-rah, Joro-gumo!” cries Old Woman. “You are here, too! You have been wherever I have been, from my childhood on the farm until now in this village! All else disappears. You are constant! How strange that I am glad to see a spider!” She smiles a gentle, sad smile, the kind that is not seen by others and no one smiles back.

The summer of life is nearly over and autumn brings brisk coolness in the air. My hundreds of eggs lie hidden and protected under the sloping roof of a stone lantern. I will not see my babies. I may die this winter before they hatch in the spring.

She waits for nothingness and I wait for life to be caught in my glistening orb. She seeks to be invisible in a world where she lives but is not really alive. I seek to be quiet and unnoticed so that I may survive. Patience is what we share, Old Woman and I.

### **Transforming The Predator**

*Mary Dawson (ID#20)*

My shadow falls on you  
in the bathtub  
You startle dash  
I have smashed  
all your ancestors  
Why must I now  
cold and nude  
run down the stairs  
and out the door

heeding my desire  
to save all life  
Legs gangling  
like hair on a bald head  
your low-slung body  
zigzags swerves  
into my silk-like  
plastic bag

Outdoors  
you scurry off  
to spin your silken web  
entrap your prey  
As I free mine  
a fresh splendour  
surrounds  
the earth we share.

## **The Disappearing Bush.**

*Meta Material (ID#11)*

Her name was Vena and she was a Wolf Spider living on a farm in Australia. Something amazing was going to happen to her about which she had no foreboding whatsoever.

It was early springtime and Vena had been carrying a silken eggsac full of tiny spiderlings for several weeks. A few days ago she had torn open the sac so that they could escape and clamber onto her back. Here they expected to stay for another week as their mother rested in her small, silk lined tunnel in the ground or jumped out of her hiding place to capture an insect for supper. She generally hunted at night and an observant human passerby might catch a glimpse of her green eyes in the moonlight.

It had been raining for days. Local birds were having a hard time finding insects or spiders to eat. Vena was safe in her tunnel but a bird was hovering overhead searching the area for something for his supper. Vena with her family of spiderlings would be a tasty meal if only she would venture out.

Now as the rain continued to pour down Vena sensed that something was about to happen that would put her and her family in danger. Something did happen. The local river overran its banks and the water spread across the farm fields right to where Vena was hiding. If she had to leave her tunnel the watching bird would surely see her and swoop down to snatch her up in his sharp beak.

That evening the flood water trickled down into the spider family's home and Vena and her spiderlings were forced out. They clambered up into the branches of a nearby bush. If Vena had been a human she would have been frightened but as far as we know spiders don't know fear. So she sat on a branch and waited.

This is when a most unexpected thing started to happen. Vena's hundred or more tiny spiderlings left her back and started discharging thousands and thousands of strands of spider silk that caught in the late evening breeze and became tangled with the leaves and twigs of the bush to create a fragile, silvery shroud over the bush.

Vena's spiderlings were no ordinary spiderlings and their silk no ordinary silk. The fine filaments of their strange silk were not smooth like spider silk should be. So, when the morning light brought the bird back and he hovered overhead looking for the landmarks he had seen before he did not see the bush. The silken shroud over the bush would not have kept the spider family safe for long but the bush seemed to have disappeared.

Something had happened to change the structure of the silk spun by Vena's children. As the sunlight shone down on the bush these unusual threads of spider silk reflected light rays in such a way that they did not reflect from the bush to the eyes of the watching bird. This amazing, fragile, silvery shroud made itself and the bush invisible.

In their invisible hiding place Vena and her family waited patiently until the flood receded and they could return to their home. Here the spiderlings created a silken canopy over the entrance to their tiny tunnel so that they could pounce on passing prey without being seen.

*So, what happened to these strange spiderlings? What else was made out of their amazing silk. Maybe you can think of something?*

**A Fear of Spiders**

*Isabel Realyvasquez (ID#37)*

Spiders, they creep and crawl all over walls  
They have eight legs and eight eyeballs  
Hairy, scary, creepy, and freaky  
They wander and roam they sure are sneaky

Whenever I see a spider I yelp, shriek, and scream  
I see them in my nightmares but not in my dreams  
They spin their webs above my head  
Spiders are what I dread

Arachnophobia I've been told  
Is a fear of spiders and a fear that I hold  
They disgust, repulse, and absolutely scare me  
Spiders are what terrify me I can guarantee