

Blow it Away

A story about Spid the spider



By Hollie Rhodes



**Here is a spider who is really quite cross,
Yes, Spid is frustrated and is feeling at a loss,
His tummy is hungry and he longs to be filled,
But his beautiful web, he keeps having to rebuild!**



**It started this morning at first break of light,
“Aghh, a big spider!” yelled the girl with a fright,
Dad grabs the hoover and whoosh goes the web,
Spid scurries off shaking his head.**



**Oh me, oh my, I wish they could see,
To make a web like this is a big task for me,
Oh why do they break it? It makes me so mad,
I feel grumpy and angry, and it makes me feel bad.**



**Spid scuttled off to find a new place,
To build a new web and to find a new space,
He worked and he worked and at last it was done,
Then he closed his eyes for a rest in the sun.**



**But who is this intruder, who comes uninvited,
“The perfect web” said a voice so excited
“I’ll push this Spid out and make it mine instead”
And before he knew it, Spid had lost his web.**



**Oh me, oh my, I wish they could see,
To make a web like this is a big task for me.
Oh why do they take it? It makes me so mad,
I feel grumpy and angry, and it makes me feel bad.**



**Spid mustered his strength and tried to push on,
But all of his hard work would soon be gone,
The day became cloudy and the sky turned to grey,
The wind started gusting and the sun went away.**



**The rain started pouring from up in the sky,
And poor Spid in his web just couldn't stay dry,
Then thunder and lightning and an almighty storm
And poor Spid's web was tragically torn.**



**Oh me, oh my, I wish they could see,
To make a web like this is a big task for me.
Oh when it gets ruined, it makes me so mad,
I feel grumpy and angry, and it makes me feel bad.**



**Spid's tummy was grumbling, he was humming with rage,
"If I make another web it will take me an age!"
With a growl and a groan, Spid let out a howl,
"How can I feel better?" he said with a scowl.**



**He stomped his eight legs and began to jiggle,
And after a moment he realised the wiggle,
Was helping him calm and let go of the mad,
In fact moving and grooving started to make him feel glad.**



**He let out a sigh and took a deep breath of air,
Filling his lungs with as much as he dared,
Then he blew out the air with all of his might,
Again and again until he began to feel right.**



**It took some more time and another good jiggle,
But soon Spid had got out of his pickle,
He didn't feel mad or angry or cross,
And at last he was ready to rebuild like a boss.**



**And there in the border among all the plants,
Spid made a web with his silk weaving dance,
It was more beautiful and greater than any he'd made,
A meal-catching web, the trap had been laid.**



**And after a while along came a fly,
Distractedly buzzing – at last bulls-eye!
And as he tucked into his well-earned tea,
Spid realised he had learned something important, you see.**



**We all get cross and grumpy and mad,
But don't hold onto anger because it makes us feel bad.
So wiggle and jiggle and don't let the cross stay,
Take a deep breath and blow it away.**