



 **JONATHAN LEEMING**
SPEAKER • AUTHOR • CONSERVATIONIST

Webster's Halloween

Jonathan Leeming



In a dark, dusty corner, up high on a wall,
Lived a spider named Webster, who was terribly small.
Webster wasn't scary, not creepy, not grim -
In fact, it was humans who frightened him!

With eyes big as marbles and legs thin as string,
Poor Webster was a jumpy and jittery thing.
Whenever he'd see just a hint of a shoe,
He'd tremble and shiver, unsure what to do.

"Oh dear!" he would cry, with a shudder and shake,
"Here comes a human! For goodness' sake!"
He'd scramble and scoot, he'd dart and he'd dash,
Hiding away in a blink and a flash.

"They're giants!" said Webster. "So big and so tall!
One step from their feet, and I'm flat as a wall!"
He imagined their fingers, so grabby and fast -
The thought of it all left him utterly aghast.



But one Halloween night, as the moon shone bright,
Webster peeked from his web, feeling quite a fright.
For down in the hallway, with goblins and ghouls,
Came creatures in masks, with bags and with tools!

He saw kids in costumes - quite a monstrous parade,
Some looking like ghosts and a few like mermaids.
“Humans!” he gasped, his tiny legs froze,
Then he shrieked in surprise, “One has a nose like my
toes!”

They looked odd and bizarre, with painted-on faces,
Some wore pointy hats, others capes with bright laces.
Yet none of them noticed poor Webster in his spot,
So he inched a bit closer, inspecting the lot.





One tiny witch stopped by his dusty old nook,
She reached in her bag, then turned with a look.
“Oh no!” Webster gasped, ready to flee,
But the witch had a treat just for him, you see.

She left him a crumb - a sweet sticky square!
“Happy Halloween, spider!” she said with a flare.
Webster blinked in surprise, then crept down a bit,
The candy looked tasty, he had to admit.

“Perhaps,” Webster mused, with a shy little grin,
“Not all humans are scary within.
They gave me a treat, a tasty delight -
Maybe humans aren’t so dreadful tonight.”





So he nibbled and munched, his fear shrinking down,
As he watched them parade through the streets of the town.

And from that day forward, Webster didn't feel dread,
He just watched from his web, with joy instead.

He'd wave with his leg at each passerby,
A brave little spider, up high in the sky.
So if you see Webster, don't give him a scare -
He's the friendliest spider you'll find anywhere!





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I'd love to hear if you enjoyed this story.

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