

**Daddy No-Legs**  
*by Natalie McNabb*

I wiggle my toes, watch sunshine skip and flash in the ruby polish wearing away from my toenail edges. The sidewalk is hot on the bottoms of my feet as I squat here with Billy. He holds daddy long legs for me with the Popsicle stick that we found in the dirt earlier, and I pluck some legs off each spider with my fingers. The half-gone label on the generic mayonnaise jar exposes its sticky label-glue to the palm of my other hand, giving me a better grip as I hold the jar's mouth to the sidewalk and flick each spider into it after we have finished each surgical procedure.

Generic mayonnaise. I screw up my face just thinking about it, but that's all Mama ever buys. Jim likes to store screws, bolts and nails in the empty jars, but he doesn't get this one. I watch our three amputated spiders in the jar—one going round and round and round in circles: his one good leg flops over and pulls, his one good leg flops over and pulls. Another spider—the one with the most legs remaining—drags himself over top of the spider with the least, who is cowering in the crook of the jar's base.

Boy do I ever have to pee. The sun shimmers off the glass, and the jar is sticky in my hand. I lift a finger from the jar, stretching the glue out into a long and stringy ribbon. "Billy," I say, "We've created a new species—a Daddy No-Leg."

Billy looks at our jar with its amputee spiders, then back at me. His soft skin turns pale.

The sidewalk somehow becomes hotter on the bottoms of my feet, and something in my stomach hurts. I look at Billy, then back at our Daddy No-Legs. I wipe a tear from the corner of my eye before he can see it.

I leave Billy with our jar and its spiders, go to my place, pee, and find the Super Glue

I meet back up with Billy, hoisting my Super Glue. We find as many legs as we can and try to put the spider's back together.

The gluing doesn't work well. One has a dead leg stuck to its butt and is wobbling around and around in little circles like a dog chasing its tail. It moved when we tried to glue its leg back on, so the leg ended up in the wrong spot. Another is dead. The third is still crouching in the crook of the jar's base with two legs glued a little far back. It looks like it could push itself from behind, as if on a skateboard, if we added miniature wheels to its belly. An even paler Billy and I watch it begin to snack on the dead one, while the third still chases itself around in circles.

The sidewalk is even hotter now.