

# Home alone

*With her boyfriend abroad for work, Jo Usmar is alone in her flat, and it's not good*



**B**en sometimes travels for work, and he recently spent two weeks in Germany, leaving me home alone. At first it was great – mooching around the flat in my pants before burning Pop Tarts for breakfast was fun. Then the spiders came...

Spiders and I have history. In fact, the only thing I hate more than spiders are people who smugly chirp, 'They're more scared of you than you are of them,' whenever an eight-legged hell-beast scuttles out from under the fridge and chases me into the sink (which happens more often than you'd think).

The spiders must have waited until Ben's taxi was out of sight before lolloping gleefully to my bedroom. I woke up to find a troupe of arachnids tap-dancing up the wall, as I lay paralysed with fear in bed. An especially large interloper cheerfully waved at me as it started building a web on the window blind.

Ben usually deals with all spider-related issues; now my only options were to try to catch it myself or pack up and move house. Deciding to be brave, I grabbed a glass to trap it in, stood on the bed and recited the President's speech to his air force from *Independence Day* as they're about to do battle with the aliens. Suitably encouraged, I launched myself at the monster... tripped on my duvet, smashed the glass into the headrail and pulled the entire thing down onto my head. Spider and all.

After extricating myself from this blind/rail/duvet/spider web, I decided calling Ben and

explaining that I'd wrecked the bedroom while fighting a mutant spider wasn't a good idea. I could fix this myself. I was a bit of a DIY whizz in my old flat. How hard could refitting a rail be?

Stalking into the bathroom, I gave the light cord a decisive tug. Too decisive. It pinged out of the light fitting, blowing the fuse. All the lights in the flat went out. I was standing in the pitch black holding a piece of useless string, covered in dust and plaster with a spider somewhere in my hair. I'll admit it – a little bit of weeping occurred.

Next problem: the fuse box is in the cellar. I've mentioned before how I feel about cellars, and especially the chained industrial freezer at the back of ours, which

I fear secretly houses a dead body. But there was nothing else for it. Lying in a foetal position on the bathroom floor in the dark would not sustain me for another week until Ben came home, so I blindly stumbled down to the cellar and found the fuse box. When the lights snapped on, it was miraculous. I triumphantly crawled back to bed and had just nodded off when the sun came up and beamed straight on to my face through the blind-less windows.

I resolved then and there, in the eye-wateringly bright light, that I would fix those blinds if it killed me, and that I'd never, ever tell Ben what had happened. The flat would not beat me. My only worry is that he's going away again soon. And at the rate I'm breaking stuff, I'll soon have secretly refurbished the whole place.

• Read Jo's Sex And The Not So Single Girl blog at [Cosmopolitan.co.uk/blogs](http://Cosmopolitan.co.uk/blogs)

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