

[opening theme music and strapline]

Nanny Bea: Hello and welcome to my cottage I like to call Dave. The tea is brewed and my neighbour Jules will bring us a story any...

[knock sfx]

Nanny Bea: minute now.

Nanny Bea: How remarkable? It seems someone is knocking at my door.

Jules: Hello Nanny Bea, it's your neighbour Jules with a story.

Nanny Bea: What perfect timing! Hello dear, do come in.

Jules: Why thank you Nanny Bea. We have got a tale today that follows Flossy, a long legged spider into a whole new world. Are you ready for a story?

Nanny Bea: Oh, yes please.

Jules: Okay then, **Vacuum Bag City**, adapted for radio

Flossy was a Daddy long leg spider even though she was a Mommy. She had been building an empire, an elaborate network woven across the room, a nursery ready to burst, and food outlets strategically placed, that was until the day. The day someone decided to use the special attachment and the extension arm, the day someone decided to vacuum.

One minute Flossy was happily weaving her Southern quarter, the next minute she and all her little ones were zipping down into the unknown. They landed, still intact, but a little disoriented. Flossy started counting, '1, 2, 3, 4 (mumbles) and 19, phew, you all made it.' But soon as she said it number 19 was off to check out the abode. 7, 8 and 9 were next and before Flossy could decide to venture out herself, all her children already had.

This new land was like an underground lair, dark and mysterious but full of yummy treats, aphids and fleas, the antennae of a moth, the wing of a bee, just about every exotic dish you could imagine. And just when the supply started running low, zhhhhh, a new batch would be sucked into the city.

It took a while to get used to living in the dark but they adapted. Flossy took to rolling in glitter to zhuzh things up a bit. For some reason there was a never ending supply of glitter. And they weren't the only spiders in town. There were the Eastside spiders who had been

sucked from the formal dining room. 'We only eat the finest cuisine, and only mix with the favoured and cultured.' They were snobs admittedly and even though 6 and 15 often played with their children, Flossy was never invited over for dinner or tea even.

The Southside gang were friendly enough but you could never be quite sure of their motives. They'd learned how to live in the cellars and took every opportunity to kill, steal and destroy if they were in the mood. Flossy told her children to steer clear. Not all of them listened and to this day she has no idea where 17 and 18 are.

The Northside is the most popular region, the shopping tropolis of the city, right where all new coming gear and guests arrive. It's a booming area with everything a spider could want. The other mommy spiders act like they like Flossy but she knows full well that as soon as her back is turned, they're all, 'Did you see her shoes? What was she thinking? And how about her not quite matching bag? Where'd she pick that up in 2019?' To Flossy there was more to life than shopping, more to life than the latest, and most certainly more to life than spending it with two faced spiders who think because they grew up in the master bedroom closet, they could look down on those who didn't.

The Westside is where Flossy felt at home, there is something about the sprawling front lawns and kids kicking a fur ball around on the street. Someone is always having a BBQ or a garage sale and the schools are as good as they get. Tammy May invited Flossy over for a chat the minute they met and that chatting hasn't ended. It's not so much that they have a lot in common, they just get each other and are both ready to laugh, given any excuse. One afternoon they laughed so long and so hard, Flossy dropped her new baby sack and had to spend the next two days looking for it. It was camouflaged by a large piece of lint, the grass of this region. The great thing about lint, is it's a lawn you never have to mow. And with all that extra non mowing time, you can stop and smell the dog hair.

Did you notice I said the 'new baby sack'? And yes, that means Flossy has found a Daddy Longlegs! It was all so unexpected, she was busy working at the central government offices when one day, 'Darren' walked in, with the longest, leanest of legs. Flossy could hardly stay focused on her work. Now you may have heard some people deride government employees aren't motivated or interested even but no one could say that of Flossy or anyone in her department. They were so diligent, forever chasing up, following up and tying up loose ends. Why the minute a case landed on her desk she would set to work. Sometimes she'd even create a case when there wasn't one at all, she was that keen. Nope, her department never rested, the tax office is always on the case. And that's why, when Darren was repairing the photocopier after hours, Flossy was still there. He made some excuse about needing more toner or something or other just to see her again and that's all it took. Before you knew it they were planning their wedding. Flossy wore a pale blue scrunchy as a gown, she looked like a ballerina. Darren and his nimble legs knitted his own bow tie from strands of thread. Everyone agreed, they made a beautiful couple. Darren was so handy he added onto to Flossy's house with some lego he'd gathered in his travels and financed a very nice lifestyle for the family with the stash of copper coins he'd also found along the way.

So here we end our tale, the one that seemingly started with a tragedy but turned out to be a new exciting adventure.

The End

Nanny Bea: Why thank you Jules. Now I can rest easy knowing all those coins and buttons and random nuts and bolts I have vacuumed up through the years are all going to a good cause. I am very keen on recycle, reuse and repurpose. Why this dress I am wearing today was a pair of curtains yesterday.

Jules: I thought I recognized those fishing scenes.

Nanny Bea: Yes this material was hard to come by, it's not often you find trout or mackerel illustrated on fabric and look at all the fishing lures, a cornucopia of colour.

Jules: And sewn into leggings and a matching headband. What a nice touch.

Nanny Bea: Don't forget the scrunchy at the back see.

Jules: And scrunchy as well, you think of everything Nanny Bea.

Nanny Bea: Come back next week with another story and I will have completed my shoebox showroom, an entire wall covered in open shoe boxes with a miniature scenes in each one.

Thomas: Go to NannyBea.com

Jules: Go there to find out about our next story and all our stories. And make sure to like or follow us on iTunes or Spotify to get a reminder. See you next week for more Tales and Tea.

[Be on the Show jingle]

Mr Announcer: This has been a Toad in the Hole production for NannyBea.com.