

# *The Ant and the Grasshopper*

*By*

*Maggie I.*

Anton the ant looked up from his tedious work. *Shopping is exhausting, but it will eventually pay off,* he thought to himself. All of a sudden, he heard singing. And to be honest, it sounded terrible. He continued gathering food for the colony, but the horrible sound got closer and closer. He dug his feet into the hard cold floor, trying not to scream. It was so bad that Anton's ears started bleeding (do ants even have ears?). All of a sudden, Grassy the grasshopper came crashing through the aisles in front of Anton. She was singing. Terribly. It sounded as though a dying goose was trying to be an opera singer.

Anton glanced at the wailing green insect. "What are you doing?" asked the sweaty ant.

"Uh, singing. Duh."

"Are you sure you're not dying, 'cause it sure sounds like you need to be taken to a hospital."

"Doesn't matter," Grassy replied. "What are you doing in here gathering food for your colony, when you could just be enjoying yourself outside!"

Anton stared at her. "It's almost summer. When that comes, we'll all be inside sitting in front of the A.C., and TV. We'll need to have food with us or we'll starve!"

"It's a waste of your time!" Grassy shot back. "Summer is tomorrow. You're acting like it's in five minutes! Learn to be selfish and come play outside with me!"

"No thanks," Anton replied. "Without doritos, no one can survive."

"Oh well," Grassy called over her shoulder as she skipped away. "Your loss!"

. . .

For the rest of that day, Anton tirelessly shopped for doritos, cheetos, burritos, or anything that ends in 'tos'. Anton began to wonder if Grassy was right. Why was he buying stuff for other ants, when he could be

having fun right now! He resisted the urge to drop everything he had and play outside.

Meanwhile, Grassy was skipping around town, knocking on people's doors, and then screaming. She was having the time of her life! She thought back to what Anton had said. Did he have the right idea? Grassy pondered on that for a moment, then forgot what she was thinking about. That happens a lot to her, so she kept on going door to door yelling.

...

The next day, was summer. Anton was sitting in his living room, staring at a blank T.V.. He wondered why the T.V. wasn't working, so he went to sit by the A.C vent. But for some reason, there was no cool air flowing out of the vent. Anton was too lazy to figure out what was wrong, so he went to go get some doritos, cheetos, burritos, or anything else that ends in 'tos'. He creaked open the door, and gasped in surprise as he noticed what was not in the pantry: doritos, cheetos, or burritos!!!!!!!!

Anton screamed, even louder than Grassy, higher pitched than Grassy, and even with more vibrato than Grassy!

He quickly threw down the moldy cheese that Anton's neighbor had gotten him in thanks for the snacks, and sprinted out the front door.

He ran from door to door-three doors behind Grassy who was yodeling- asking if his neighbors had any snacks left. Apparently, everyone else had the same problem! Anton wondered who the thief was. Was it his next door neighbor who was always greedy for more? Possibly. He ran to investigate.

...

As Anton ran to his neighbor's house, he realized that after Grassy finished singing for each neighbor, she had a **LOT** of food in her arms. As far as Anton knew, she wasn't getting that food because of her skills. Anton checked over his notes that he apparently was secretly writing:

Grassy Facts:

- 1) She is really **BAD AT SINGING**
- 2) **DOES NOT CARE ABOUT WORK**
- 3) Likes annoying people: It's really **DISTRACTING!**



"Of course! Because I had a plan. And I might as well explain it 'cause you're already out of luck. Here; I wrote it down on my secret note pad:

My master plan:

Step 1) Chew through power cords

Step 2) Go around the neighborhood singing

Step 3) While singing, steal snacks

Step 4) Lure Anton into house

Step 5) Call 911 and say that he broke in (he did!)"

"So... I guess that you're going to call the police on me now? Wait... why did you chew through the power cords?" Anton was still shocked.

"So you wouldn't call the police" Grassy grinned.

"Sorry, I mean couldn't!"

Grassy picked up her phone and dialed the number. Half a second later the police were taking Anton away to be in prison for life.

The End!

(P.s. the moral is: stealing is good!)