



THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS

Once upon a time, there was a large anthill on a meadow by the forest. The ants were marching back and forth, carrying many different things. Nearby, a young grasshopper was grazing on the grass. He watched them for a while and then asked: “What are you carrying ants?”

“We’re preparing food for the winter. When the snow and the frost arrive, it’s going to cover the whole landscape and we won’t be able to find any food at all,” explained the ants.

The grasshopper started laughing. “How silly they are, working on such a beautiful summer day,” he thought to herself.

“But it’s such a nice day! You need to enjoy the summer and play,” he said to the ants, “only fools work when the weather is so great.”

But the ants didn’t listen to the grasshopper and they kept gathering whatever they might need during the winter. They carried leaves and twigs to make their houses firmer for the cold winter ahead. They also brought mushrooms, blueberries, and forest fruit from deep in the forest so that they would always have something to eat. The grasshopper was still hopping around the meadow and every time he passed the ants, he was trying to convince them to think about fun and enjoy the sun.

One day, an oak leaf landed on her nose. It was all yellow and when looked

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around, he saw that all the leaves were changing colour from green to yellow or red. Autumn was here. The days were growing shorter and they weren't as warm and sunny as before. But there was still enough grass on the meadow and the grasshopper didn't think it could ever disappear. He wasn't worried about food at all.

The ants kept marching back and forth without rest. One line led into the forest and the other led out. Each ant was carrying something that could be useful in the long winter.

The leaves were falling faster and faster and soon, the winter came. The snow was covering the meadow and the grass was trapped under it. Whatever the grasshopper did, he couldn't get a single blade of grass. He just kept hitting a layer of ice over and over. In the end, when he got very hungry, he went to the anthill to ask the ants for a bit of food.

"Dear ants, my friends, would you give me some of your stocks of food you were preparing all summer? I'm really hungry," he begged them.

But the ants wouldn't hear of it. They didn't want to feed the lazy grasshopper all winter as well as themselves.

"You were laughing at us all summer and now you ask for our help? Our provisions are just enough to last us until the spring, so you need to find help somewhere else," they said.

And so, the sad, hungry grasshopper went away, hoping that someone somewhere would take pity on him.