

The Grasshopper and the Ants

All summer long the grasshopper played his fiddle and sang songs. It was a pleasant way to live. Everyone enjoyed his music and he had many friends. There was plenty of food, free for the taking, in the green summer fields. The grasshopper just nibbled a little here and a little there, and then moved on.

The ants, on the other hand, worked hard all summer long collecting food and storing it in their houses.

When it began to get cold, and the snow fell, the grasshopper shivered. His stomach was empty so he went from ant house to ant house, begging for something to eat.

“While you fiddled last summer,” said the ants, “we worked hard putting grain away for the wintertime. Now we have just enough for ourselves. Let us alone. Go away.”

Poor grasshopper. He was getting hungrier and colder and was beginning to think he would starve to death. Night came and the grasshopper started sadly down the road that led away from the town where everyone had so cruelly refused him food.

Just then he passed the last house. Through the window the grasshopper saw some ants preparing for a holiday feast. Once more he knocked on the door to ask for food. This time, a friendly ant opened it and saw her summertime companion, the grasshopper. Before the grasshopper could say a word, she shouted to her family, “Look! Tonight we shall have music!” To the grasshopper she said, “Come in and play and be merry with us.”

Together they all celebrated. The ants brought out their most luscious food and the grasshopper played his sweetest music. They danced and they ate and they sang all night long. And everybody was happy.

Always prepare today for tomorrow.