

Mom and dad handed Jill a large package. It was an ant farm. There were ten ants living in the soil. Jill liked it so much she was going to take it to school for show and tell. Her mother said her class would enjoy seeing it but told her to be careful and not drop it.

When Jill took the ant farm to school, she placed it too close to the edge of her desk. One of her classmates bumped it and knocked it over. The farm burst open, and the ants escaped. Some crawled onto Jill's pencil box, and some climbed up the teacher's desk.

Quickly, the children picked up the runaway ants. At first they found only a few. Soon nine were safely in a jar. Jill was sure there was one ant still loose. They looked high and low. Just then Charles yelped. The missing ant had crept up his sleeve. At last all the ants were caught. The class laughed as Charles grumbled and scratched his itching arm.

Brad was happy because today was his first chance to ice fish. He put on his new jacket, boots, and hat. Brad hiked with Grandpa to the lake.

The frozen lake sparkled. Two deer stood at the edge of the shore. Brad shivered from the cold wind. He tucked his face inside his coat.

Grandpa chopped a hole in the ice. It was just the right size. They took out their new fishing poles. They dropped their fishing lines down the hole and into the water. Sitting on a box beside the hole was not as much fun as Brad thought it would be. It was freezing!

Grandpa glanced at Brad and smiled. He knew his grandson would forget the frosty air when the fish started nibbling the bait. Sure enough, when a large fish took the bait, Brad jumped to his feet. There will be fish for dinner tonight!