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THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

Once upon a time, there was a grasshopper who lived in a field full of flowers, trees, and green grass. She loved to sing from morning until afternoon. When the sun was shining, she would sit on a branch, on a stone, or beside a flower, and sing her songs with great joy. Her voice filled the air, and everything seemed more beautiful when she sang. The grasshopper loved to look at the blue sky, feel the soft breeze, and spend the hours enjoying the lovely weather.

Very close by lived a small ant who was hardworking and organized. Very early each morning, she left her anthill to look for seeds, little pieces of leaves, and food to store. She walked from

one place to another without resting much, always thinking about the days to come. Even though she was tiny, she was very strong and never left her tasks unfinished.

While the grasshopper sang happily under the sun, the ant kept moving forward, carrying little things on her back. She went back and forth many times during the day. Sometimes she carried a seed, other times a breadcrumb or a small leaf. She was always busy, always moving ahead, and she never complained about the effort.

One morning, the grasshopper saw the ant walking by with a seed bigger than herself.

—Ant, why do you work so much? —asked the grasshopper—. It is such a beautiful day. Come and rest with me for a while and listen to my song.

The ant stopped for a moment, adjusted the seed, and answered calmly:

—I am storing food for later. When winter comes, it will be cold, and it will be hard to find something to eat.

The grasshopper gave a little laugh and moved her wings lightly.

—That is still far away —she said—. Right now the field is full of food. It is better to enjoy the day, sing, and be happy.

The ant looked at her kindly, but continued on her way.

—I like to enjoy myself too —she replied—, but first I must prepare. Then I will feel more at peace.

The grasshopper did not pay much attention. She settled herself on a large leaf and kept singing happily. She sang in the morning, she sang in the afternoon, and sometimes even when the sky was starting to change color. She loved to feel the gentle breeze, watch the flowers move with the wind, and hear the echo of her own voice across the field.

The days passed, and then many weeks went by. Summer remained warm and bright. The grasshopper kept singing and resting. Every time she saw the ant working, she said the same thing again.

—Ant, come sing with me.

And the ant always replied:

—Now I must work. Later, the time to rest will come.

The grasshopper laughed softly and kept singing without worrying about anything. She thought the sunny days would last forever and that she would never run out of food. So she did not store any seeds, did not look for shelter, and did not think about what might happen later.

Little by little, the field began to change. The air was no longer as warm as before. Some leaves began to fall from the trees, and the flowers no longer looked so fresh. The sky turned grayer, and the wind began to blow more strongly. The nights became longer and colder.

The ant kept working. She carried all the food she could into her anthill. She arranged the seeds, cleaned her little home, and left everything ready for the cold days. Every single thing had its place, and all was prepared for when winter arrived completely.

The grasshopper, on the other hand, kept thinking there was still time. She sang a little more, took long naps, and stored nothing. But one morning, when she woke up, she felt that the cold had truly arrived.

The wind was icy, the ground was hard, and there was almost no food left in the field. The grasshopper looked around with worry. She searched among the dry leaves, walked among the stones, and looked under the bushes, but she found nothing to eat. Where there had once been flowers and seeds, now she saw only dry branches and cold earth.

Then she felt hunger, and also great fear.

—What am I going to do now? —she said softly—. Everything is cold and empty.

The grasshopper walked slowly, trembling from the cold, until she came near the anthill. Her wings no longer moved with joy as before, and her voice did not sound as strong. From there she saw that the ant was inside, safe and calm, with enough food to last through the winter.

The grasshopper gently knocked at the entrance.

—Ant —she called in a weak voice—, are you there?

The ant came out and was surprised to see her.

—Grasshopper, what is wrong? —she asked.

The grasshopper lowered her head in shame.

—I am cold and hungry —she said—. I did not store food when I should have. I spent my days singing, and now I do not know what to do. Please help me.

The ant looked at her in silence for a moment. She remembered all the times the grasshopper had invited her to stop working and sing. But she also saw that now the grasshopper was sad, tired, and sorry.

—I warned you that winter would come —said the ant calmly—. There is a time to play and a time to work.

The grasshopper nodded slowly.

—Yes, I know —she answered—. I did not think about tomorrow, and I was wrong.

The ant sighed and then spoke kindly.

—You may come in for a while to warm yourself. I will share a little food with you, but you must learn this lesson so you do not go through the same thing again.

The grasshopper's eyes filled with relief.

—Thank you, Ant. I will never forget your help —she said.

The ant let her in. Inside, it was warm and everything was tidy. The grasshopper ate slowly and felt her strength little by little returning. While she rested, she understood that the ant had been wise to prepare ahead of time. She also understood that enjoying life is lovely, but important things must not be forgotten.

From that day on, the grasshopper changed the way she lived. When the warm weather returned, she kept singing, because singing made her happy, but she also began to store food and think about the future. She learned to combine joy with responsibility. In that way, she could enjoy the sunshine and her songs, without forgetting that difficult days can also come.

And so, the grasshopper never again forgot that working in time can help a lot when hard days arrive.

THE END

