

Winter is coming

(Time – 1:39)

Once upon a time, there was a grasshopper. All through the summer when the weather was warm and food was plentiful, he loved to make music and leap and dance in the long grass. Sometimes he would meet the ants. They were always scuttling this way and that way, gathering food and carrying it to the storehouses in their anthills. They hardly seemed to notice the sunshine and the flowery fields. ‘What are you doing my friends?’ he would say.

‘We are working. Soon the winter will come and food will be scarce.’

‘But look! The sun is shining. The summer is all around us. Come and join me. Let’s sing, let’s dance.’ The ants took no notice. They put their heads down and lifted their heavy loads.

Six months later the world was white with snow and a bitter wind blew across the fields. The ants in their anthill were nibbling at their stores. Suddenly they heard a voice.

‘My friends, could you spare me a bite of food? I’m freezing cold and starving with hunger.’ It was the poor grasshopper. He was ragged and shivering.

The ants shook their heads. ‘If you’d set aside your song and dance and made a store when there was food in plenty, you wouldn’t be begging now.’

The grasshopper replied, ‘But then I wouldn’t have enjoyed the lovely months of summer.’ And off he went into the bitter cold, laid down and died in his rags.