

The Ant's Act

or

How Chickens can paralyze a great and powerful Country

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There once was an ant who lived on a farm. He was big for an ant, but tiny. He was glossy black, with a large head, two feelers and sharp, sharp pincers. He also had eyes, of course. After his head was his neck and trunk with six legs. Then he had the slimmest of waists plus his bum.

One day he was foraging for food in the barn when he came upon a chicken's leg. He didn't know it was a chicken's leg but that's what it was. He climbed up, hoping to find food. He came to feathers and crawled beneath. It was warm inside, and dark too. Finally he arrived at the chicken's skin. It was soft and rubbery.

"What's this?" said the ant. "Must be food," and he pinched it with his two sharp pincers.

"Squawk!" squawked the chicken, flapping around the barn and causing a fuss.

"What's wrong?" asked the other chickens, worried by her squawking.

"I've been bitten!" cried the chicken. "Help! Oh help!"

"By what?" asked the chickens.

"I don't know," said the chicken, still running around. "It must have been a snake."

"A snake!" cried all the chickens, squawking and fussing. "A snake! A snake! A snake!"

"Where? Where?" screeched the barn cats, leaping up.

"Behind her! Behind her over there!" cried the chickens flying out the doors and windows.

"Meowwww! Meowwww!" wailed the cats, scattering to all fours from the barn along with the chickens. "A snake in the barn! Flee! Fly!"

"What? What?" barked the dogs, seeing the cats and chickens pouring higgledy-piggledy into the farmyard.

"There! There! It's coming! A monstrous snake!" yowled the cats. "It's slithering out of the barn!"

"Bow-wow! Gurr-gurr!" barked the dogs, running frantically into the meadows and scaring the cows.

"Moo! Moo!" moo'd the cows, kicking their heels and tossing their horns. "What's chasing you, doggies? It must be terribly dangerous."

"A monstrous snake! Flee the farm!" whined the dogs, racing away helter-skelter with their tails between their legs.

The cows went mad. They broke through the hedgerows and scared the sheep.

"Fly! Fly! Flee sheepy-sheep!" bawled the cows. "A monster's eating everyone on the farm! We're all going to die!"

"Baa! Baa! Baa!" bleated the sheep, scattering in frantic flocks. They leaped the fences and drove the pigs, donkeys and horses crazy. "The monsters are here to end the world!" they cried. "Flee! Fly! Flew-tee-doo!"

The pigs oinked, the horses neighed, the donkeys brayed and all the chickens, cats, dogs, cows, pigs and sheep fled from the farm and were gone. The only one left was the ant. He'd fallen out of the feathers as soon as the chicken flapped her wings. He wandered into the farmyard and looked around. The whole place was empty and silent.

Just then the farmer came by. "What happened here?" he muttered, pushing back his cap and scratching his head.

"Beats me," said the ant. "I didn't do nothing."