

AESOP'S FABLES

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT



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The Grasshopper and the Ant



An illustrated edition by Pewitos

pewitos.com



It was summer, and the sun warmed the meadow.
A grasshopper sang and played her little guitar
from morning until night.



Along the path came an ant, carrying a grain of wheat home, and then another, and another.



"Why do you work so hard in this heat?" asked the grasshopper. "Come and sing with me."



"I'm storing food for the winter," said the ant.
"There's plenty of wheat in the field. Will you help
me?"



"Winter? That's ages away!" laughed the grasshopper, and she kept on singing. The ant shrugged and went back to her work.



Grain by grain, the ant's storeroom filled up, while
the grasshopper sang under the stars.



The days grew shorter and the leaves turned gold.
"The leaves are dancing with me!" sang the
grasshopper.



The ant came by with the last grain. "There's hardly any wheat left, grasshopper. There's still time!" "One more song and I'll come," she answered.



One morning, the meadow woke up white with frost. The grasshopper was shivering, and her fingers were so cold she couldn't play.



She ran to the wheat field, but only dry stalks were left. The first snowflakes began to fall. "What will I eat now?"



That night she sheltered under a dry leaf, but the wind blew it away. By morning, snow covered the whole meadow.



Walking through the snow, hungry and cold, the grasshopper remembered the ant's words: "Will you help me?" How she wished she had said yes!



At dusk she saw a little light in the snow: it was the ant's door. "Will she open it, after I wouldn't help her?" she wondered.



She took a deep breath, stepped up and knocked softly: knock, knock.



The ant opened the door. "I'm hungry and cold," said the grasshopper. "You were right, ant."



"And what did you do all summer?" asked the ant.
"I sang," whispered the grasshopper, looking at her feet. The ant smiled. "Then come in. There's food for both of us."



By the fire, the ant shared her wheat. The grasshopper ate slowly and, little by little, stopped shivering.



And so they spent the winter: the ant shared her food, and the grasshopper shared her songs. Outside it snowed, but inside they were warm and snug.



When summer came again, the grasshopper got up early and carried wheat beside her friend.



And in the afternoons, when the work was done,
the grasshopper sang in the meadow, and now the
ant sat down to listen.

About this edition

The Grasshopper and the Ant

A fable from Greek tradition attributed to Aesop, told in Spanish with a cicada since Samaniego. In the old version the ant refuses to share; this Pewitos adaptation chooses a gentle ending in which the cicada learns to prepare and the two become friends.



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A grasshopper sings all summer while an ant stores food for the winter. A fable about working ahead and sharing.

