



# *Ant In His Pant*

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Humor, Magic

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Shaun was tidy but his spirits were not so. For the whole year he didn't allow to play. His mom and dad not allowing him to go outside and play with his friends. And in their absence, the barriers were his grandma and grandpa. If it's a summer season, they said it's too hot to play. If it's a winter season, they said it's too cold to play. If it's a rainy season, they said it's too untidy to play.

The little boy was upset and just stayed in the home twisting himself and pulling his own hairs. Then he went into the kitchen to steal a sweet from the refrigerator. There sighted many empty vessels. He brought all of them into living room and arranged so orderly such that a band is ready for play music. Then he decided to sing and drum the vessels.

I'm a kid, little Sid.

Happy? Happy? No!

Papa said! Mamma said!

Play? No. No!

Winter came, do you know?

Want to play with snow!

Papa said! Mamma said!

Play? No. No!

Summer came, light around.

Want to go to ground!

Papa said! Mamma said!

Play? No. No!

Whooping winter! Sizzling summer!

Happy? Happy? No!

Grandpa holler! Grandma holler!

Play? No. No!

Rain has come, not so bad.

Want to jump in mud!

Papa said! Mamma said!

Play? No. No!

Oh my god!

Are you mad?

What the seasons,

Have you made?

Change the list,

Make the best.

So we pray!

And we play!

The little Shaun with his cute curly hair and reddish chubby cheeks frowned and drowned. After a tenth time his grandpa yelled at him, he stopped drumming on the vessels and rested his throat from singing. Again he went back into the kitchen, walking like a petite cat to steal another sweet. Suddenly his head stooped and his eyes followed a tiny moving object.

It's an ant. He saw the ant stealing a tiny crystal of sugar clutched by the jaws and running hastily at a great speed of 2 cm per second.

Now Shaun wanted to play with that ant. He put his forefinger on the ground in front of the ant. It's stopped by and took a diversion.

Anew he halted it with his little bony finger placing in front of it. Afresh the ant took a diversion.

The boy repeated it sundry times but the ant didn't irritate. The more the boy halted the ant, the more actively it's moved.

Shaun chuckled and buckled in laughter. He's relishing himself with enormous contentment.

For at least a hundred times the game repeated. Only then the ant stood still thinking for an alternative. But it knew that the giant creature sitting in front of it wouldn't be easy to fight with or escape from.

So it thought the only way to escape was making the little boy its buddy.

Thus the ant deliberately dropped the tiny sugar crystal beside and raised its chin and stretched the neck and stared at the little boy.

Shaun drooped and darted a sharp glance, puzzled.

Now the tiny ant started singing –

Shake the hands

Break the dance

Break! Break! Break!

Break the dance

Shake the hands

Shake! Shake! Shake!

I'm a little ant

And your mom is fatty aunt

Through your lips a twinkle

And your dad is meaty uncle

My grandma used to live here

My grandpa used to live here

You're my pal, oh dear!

Why do make me so fear?

If you want to have a bite

Of the tasty tiny sweet

I will share you, so don't fight

Coz we friends at sky's height

Shake the hands

Break the dance

Break! Break! Break!

Break the dance

Shake the hands

Shake! Shake! Shake!

The little boy astounded.

There's a pause for a minute or two. Now he laughed aloud and started singing –

Oh dear! My dear!

Stretch your hands straight.

Hey dear! No fear!

We are friends, alright!

Up your chin!

Down your sin!

Broad the lip!

Raise the hip!

Say me bye!

Say me hi!

Hi! Hi! Hi!

Say me hi!

Say me bye!

Bye! Bye! Bye!

Since then Shaun have been playing with the ant every day, and now they were best friends. Wherever he went he carried the tiny ant in his pant pocket. The ant peered out of the pocket when it wanted a fresh air.

“My mamma keeps me in the home all the time and don't allow me to play,” complained the boy to the ant.

“No worries, dear!” exclaimed the ant. “I’m here!”

“What’s the plan?”

“Let’s change the house into a play ground.”

“What?”

“Yes,” said the ant in the pant. Now chuckling, now laughing. “Bring the mud and fill the bed. Ground the wickets and call your friends. Let them bowl and let you bat. Walls are boundaries and portraits are sixes.”

“But grandma and grandpa are home!” said the boy sadly.

“Off the light in the room first, I’ll go into an ear of grandpa next. Have a bite and soon will be out. Grandpa scream and grandma fume. They’ll sleep tight, we’ll play till night.”

Shaun off the power and pretended he didn’t know anything about it. The grandpa’s room didn’t have ventilation and no light enters from outside. So it needed light in the day time too.

The tiny ant moved into the ear of the grandpa who was laying on an old-man chair. It’s bitten inside as hard as possible and rushed out hastily.

The old man jumped at once and screamed. The grandma brought a lantern in a minute’s time and searched for what’s bitten the old man. The ant concealed itself behind the pillow on the chair.

But grandma had seen it through the flames in the lantern and gave a ghostly smile and clutched the ant placing amid thumb and forefinger of one hand and lifted the lantern quite upwards with other hand bringing close to the ant. The ant was thinking –

Will She throw me into fires?

Or shall sandwich between fingers?

Will she eat me like a witch?

Or shall fry me making twitch?

It’s an intelligent ant, and well aware that not to bite one when someone watching so carefully.

But, its heart was racing. Now fearing , now quivering.

Then all of a sudden a shriek came –

“Grandmamma.....” screamed Shaun.

With the scream, grandma jumped dropping the ant which had fallen on the ground flatly and rushed into a corner.

“What?” yelled she. But didn’t answer the little boy.

The moment the tiny ant came out of the grandparents bedroom, Shaun bolted the door from outside.

Now his friends came and the house was full of kids, jumping and bumping, yelling and thrilling, laughing and whooping.

They ate whatever stuff they got in the house. Then played whatever game they wanted to play till the evening.

The plan has been executed perfectly. Grandpa and grandma closed the doors tightly and never came outside, nor yelled.

Shaun's mom and dad came in the evening. They stunned looking at the great mess and all the stuff. It's more a play ground now than a house.

They thought all through the night and from the next day they allowed Shaun to go to playground with his friends. The little ant was still in Shaun's pant pocket and peering out of the pocket and licking the tiniest ice-cream cake prepared by his best friend.

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