

Pip Summer



The Song of Summer and the Winter
Store

Sneha Sana



In the heart of a sun-drenched meadow, Pip the grasshopper spent his days playing a golden fiddle. He danced through the tall green grass, his music filling the air with joy and carefree melodies while the sun shone brightly.



Below the swaying wildflowers, a long line of ants marched steadily across the dusty path. Each ant carried a kernel of corn or a heavy seed, their tiny bodies straining under the weight of their winter stores.



Pip hopped over to the line of workers and began to play a jaunty tune, laughing at their serious faces. He urged them to put down their heavy loads and enjoy the beautiful summer afternoon with him instead of working so hard.



A wise ant named Maya paused for a moment to wipe her brow and look at the singing grasshopper. She explained that winter would soon be here, and without food stored away, the colony would surely starve in the cold.



Pip simply chuckled and shook his head, claiming that winter was a long way off and there was plenty of food to be found today. He returned to his music, basking in the warm glow of the afternoon sun while the ants continued their tireless toil.



As the weeks passed, the vibrant green of the meadow faded into shades of copper, gold, and brittle brown. The air grew crisp and the days became shorter, but Pip still had not gathered a single grain for the coming cold months.



Suddenly, a thick blanket of white snow fell over the world, burying the meadow in a freezing silence. The flowers were gone, the seeds were hidden, and the icy wind howled through the bare branches of the trees.



Pip shivered in the cold, his fiddle silent and his stomach growling with a deep, painful hunger. He wandered through the deep snowdrifts, searching desperately for anything to eat, but the frozen earth offered nothing but ice.



Exhausted and weak, Pip finally reached the ants' sturdy underground home and knocked softly on their door. He begged for a few crumbs of bread, admitting that he had been foolish to play while they worked for their survival.



The kind ants opened their doors and shared their warm hearth and plentiful food with the freezing grasshopper. Pip realized then that there is a time for play and a time for work, promising to help them harvest when the summer sun returned.