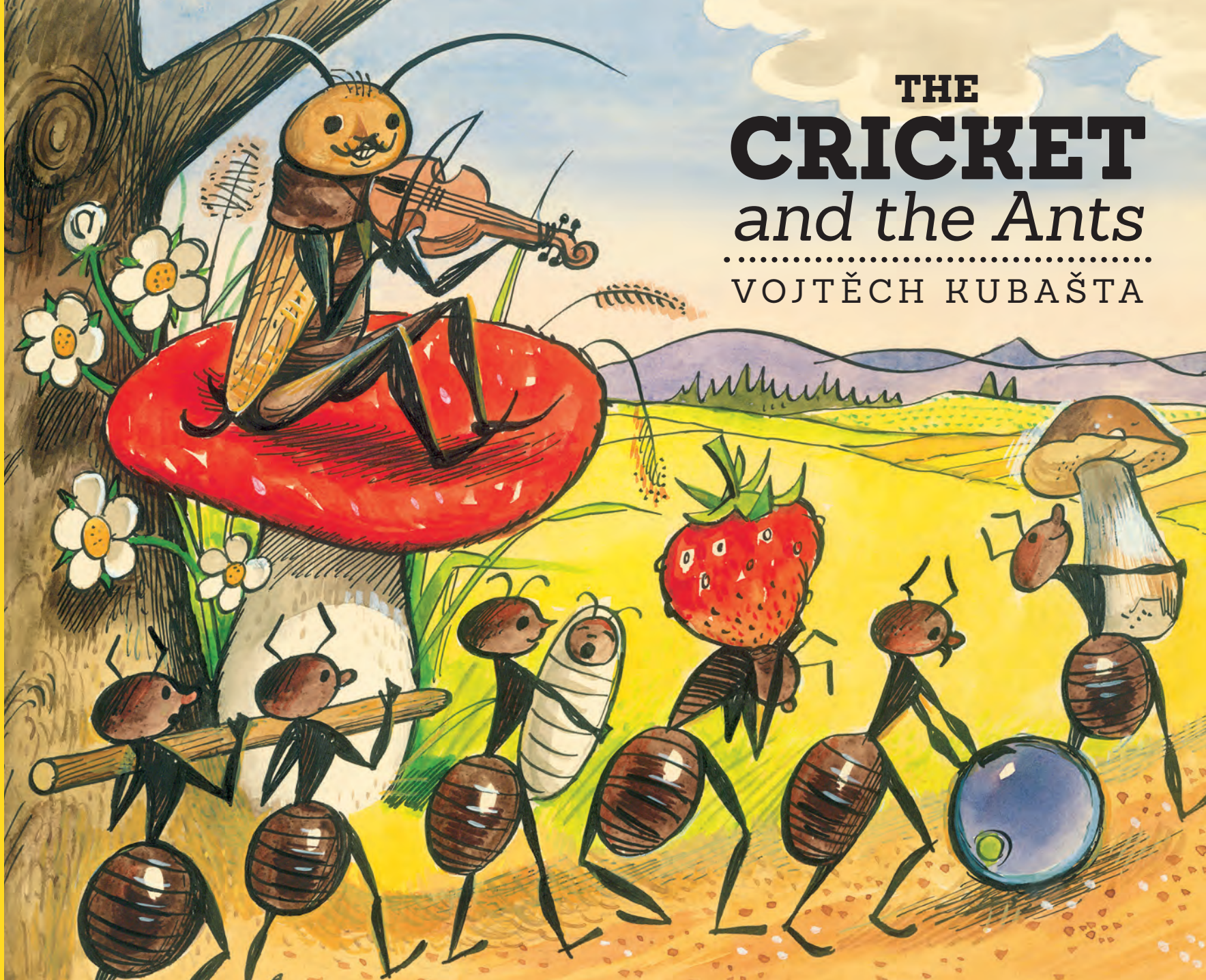


THE **CRICKET** *and the Ants*

VOJTĚCH KUBAŠTA

THE CRICKET and the Ants

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Careful, children; tread lightly so that some tiny bug doesn't end up squashed under your feet. We're on a meadow. Can you hear? All that buzzing, chirping, whistling, hustle and bustle. And why wouldn't you hear! It's summer, after all, and plants are offering their generous blooms to flies, butterflies, or burnets.

That huge castle back there at the edge of the forest belongs to ants. It's quite the luxurious abode – just take in its height, width, or depth! The inside brims with flats and halls, long hallways and many pantries. Ants run to and fro, looking for goodies to stuff their chambers with for the upcoming winter.



Hush... there's music coming from afar – violins, Strad. Godfather Cricket plays tirelessly from sunrise to sunset. There's not a single moment when he'd take a rest from music. He plays and plays, to please the sun and rain, butterflies and moon daisies, just about anyone who turns up. And he does it without sheet music, the great musician he is.

And how beautifully he plays! So much so that even bees abandon their duties for a while and start dancing, dancing around. „Ants, come and join us!“ they call out in merriment. But those straight arrows pay them no mind and keep their ardent work up. One of them is rolling ripe blueberries forward, the other one took charge of sweet raspberries, and yet another one is dragging golden ears of grain.



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