ALAM, NANA & THE TINY ANTS

Whenever he saw one, he quickly stepped away.

“They’re so tiny and busy,” he said.

One sunny afternoon, Alam sat beside Nana in her garden.

Together they watched a line of ants marching across the ground.

The ants carried tiny crumbs and little leaves.

“Look how hard they work,” said Nana.

Alam watched carefully.

The ants weren’t chasing anyone.

They weren’t trying to be scary.

They were simply helping their family.

Soon, Alam scooted a little closer.

Then a little closer.

By the time the ants disappeared into their hill, Alam was smiling.

“Maybe ants aren’t so scary after all,” he said.

And from that day on, whenever Alam saw an ant, he remembered the tiny workers marching home.

One day, Alam held out his little finger.

The tiny ant crawled right onto it.

Alam watched in delight as its teeny-tiny feet tickled his finger.

He giggled.

Soon, the little ant crawled back down and hurried along the garden path.

Alam watched as it grew smaller…

and smaller…

until it disappeared beneath the leaves.

But this time, Alam wasn't afraid.

He smiled.

Because now he knew something he hadn't known before.

Maybe that tiny ant wasn't so different from him after all.

It had places to go.

Things to do.

A family waiting somewhere nearby.

And perhaps...

just perhaps...

...the little ant was hurrying home to tell its very own Nana about the brave little boy it had met in the garden.

Alam reached for Nana's hand.

And together they watched the tiny ant hurry home.

--The End--