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Untitled (Photograph)

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The Life And Times Of General Worm
by Dave Hogshire

It was a warm spring day in perhaps my fourth or fifth year. I was roaming the garden just after a thunder shower, replacing the worms that had left the earth for fear of drowning, to seek the safety of my driveway. The driveway was no place for them, I reasoned, they could get run over. Therefore, I amused myself by digging small holes, dropping in the worms and then refilling the holes, sealing them with several stomps of my foot.

Then I saw Them, hundreds of Them, a line of Them stretching from the side of the garage to an old banana on the porch. I knew what They were, They were ants. I followed the column to their hill, under a hedge by the basement window. Then I was hit with a terrible realization. What if they weren't satisfied with the banana? They might try an assault on the kitchen. I had seen them by the baseboard under the sink, so I knew they knew where it was. These creatures were threatening my food supply!

There was but one course of action-wipe them out. I began stomping on every ant I saw, crushing them under my P.F. Flyers, scraping them across the driveway, filling in the cracks in the asphalt. I was the master of their fate. They could not resist me. I began to jump up and down, laughing and shouting insults at the ants. I searched for those ants that might have been foolish enough to attempt an escape. I was running around furiously in an attempt to rid my yard of this menace.

Then I accidentally stepped on a worm. Solemnly, I bent down to look at the goosh on the driveway. Worms were nice; they ate dirt, I didn't eat dirt. I scraped up as much of the worm as I could and carried it to the garden. There I dug a small hole, dropped in the worm, filled the hole with dirt and sealed it with several stomps of my foot.

By Laura Gilbert

