

1981

## The Life and Times of General Worm

Dave Hogshire  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Hogshire, Dave (1981) "The Life and Times of General Worm," *Exile*: Vol. 27 : No. 1 , Article 25.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol27/iss1/25>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

## 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

