

## The Ant Hill

Dad and I took a hike in the woods. We walked for a long time and stopped to take a rest. We sat down on a log and had a drink of water. A big hill was nearby.

Dad said, "Look, there's an ant hill."

I walked up to the hill and took a closer peek. At first it looked just like a dirt hill. Then I noticed a few ants running around. I looked closer. I saw little ants carrying pieces of mushroom. The pieces were almost as big as the ants.

"What are they doing, Dad?" I asked.

"They're taking food inside the hill. They probably have thousands of ants to feed inside." Dad said, "Watch this." He gently poked a twig into a small hole on the hill. All of a sudden, many ants came out.

"The ants are on alert, trying to protect their hill," he said.

I bent down to look closer. Some ants climbed on my shoes.

"We should leave now," Dad said. Dad and I walked and walked until we were home. Now whenever I see one ant, I stop and think about the city of ants they might be feeding and protecting.

## The Rainy Day Picnic

I was so sad. This was the day we were going to the park for a picnic. I wanted to go to the playground. I wanted to swing. I wanted to lay on the grass and look up at the fluffy clouds. But that morning it was raining. There were puddles everywhere. And we could hear thunder. I started to cry.

My mother said, "Wait! We will still have the picnic!"

I cried, "But how? It won't be fun if it's wet!"

She told me to sit down and read a book. Then she said she'd make an indoor picnic for us. I could hear her doing things in the kitchen. She told me not to look. Then, when she was ready, she said to come into the living room.

I saw a blanket on the rug. I saw the picnic basket full of sandwiches and potato chips and fruit. I saw pillows to lie on. My mother was wearing her straw hat and sunglasses.

"Come on," she said. "It's picnic time!"

It was the best rainy-day picnic I ever went to.

## Visiting Aunt Rose

My Aunt Rose invited me to spend the weekend. Aunt Rose doesn't have kids. She said I could be her kid for two days. She's like my big sister.

I like to go to visit my Aunt Rose's home. She likes to do the same things I like. I like to go swimming. So does my Aunt Rose. The pool where she goes also has a hot tub. I like to sit in the hot tub. So does my Aunt Rose. I always bring my swimming suit when I visit.

Our weekend was perfect. On Saturday we went out for breakfast. I had strawberry pancakes with whipped cream. Then we went shopping. She bought me a pink shirt. Then we went swimming and sat in the hot tub.

On Sunday she helped me make oatmeal cookies. Then we painted each other's nails. Our fingers and toes match. They are bright pink. Then we went to the movies. We saw *The Lion King*.

Aunt Rose drove me home. I handed my mother a plate of the oatmeal cookies. I showed my brother my new shirt. Dad admired my bright pink nails.

"Dad," I asked, "Could I live at Aunt Rose's?"

"No," he said. "If you went there all the time it wouldn't be a special treat."