

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Cliff Hanger Story

### **Ants in Your Pants**

Winston sat on the curb and scratched a stick on the cement while he waited for his friend. A car approached, and he looped up, but it passed by. He poked his stick into the crack where some weeds were growing. Several ants can dashing out of the crevice. He stabbed a stick at them, trying to crush one, but they were too fast for him. More ants poured out of the crack, and Winston stood up before they could crawl into his shorts.

Finally, a car pulled up to the curb. "Marcus! I thought you'd never get here!" Winston exclaimed. Marcus climbed out of the car, waved to his grandma, and the car moved on.

"What's with the stick?" Marcus asked?

"Just poking an ant hill. You'd better move over or they're going to climb all over your shoes."

Marcus stepped back and looked down. Hundreds of ants were gushing onto the sidewalk. The two boys watched as the ants scurried this way and that.

"What do you think they're trying to do?" Winston asked?

Marcus shrugged. "Protect the ant hill, I guess."

"From us? Fat chance. I could squish fifty of them at a time." Winston kept watching as the ants began to gather in groups, forming several masses of ant bodies across the squares of cement. Then each heap began to shape itself, rolling and rippling until a definite form took place.

Winston and Marcus stared in wonder as they read what the ants has spelled.

*And then ...*