

Why the Cricket Chirps

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by Daniel Errico

Before there were seasons, the cricket could fly.
He flew faster than the bumblebee.
He flew higher than the falcon.
And he flew fancier than the flying marmaduck (who was quite a fancy flier).

The cricket had flown all over the world.
He flew to the East.
Then he flew to the West.
And then he flew to the South.
But he had never flown North.

The ant tried to warn him that he should not try.
"It's very cold up north," said the Ant.
"Too cold for an ant and too cold for a cricket."
The cricket, however, did not listen, because crickets do whatever they want.
He set off for the North that very night. It did not take him long to get there because he was such a fantastically fast and fancy flier.

The cricket landed next to a pine tree as the sun began setting.

There was snow everywhere he looked.
There was snow on the trees.

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There was snow on the ground.

And there was snow on top of the mountains.

The Moose came walking over to him very slowly.

"Ohhhh...Hello," said the moose.

"Bundle up, nighttime is coming."

The cricket did not listen, because crickets do whatever they want.

He flew up into a pine tree to settle in for a good sleep. He did this quickly because he is such an incredibly fast and fancy flier.

The Owl came flying over to the same branch.

"You should find some shelter from the cold night," said the owl.

The cricket did not listen, because crickets do whatever they want.

He decided to rest on a pile of twigs. He was sleepier than he had ever been, from all the remarkably fast and fancy flying.

The cricket slept all through the night until morning.

When he woke up he was ready to go home and tell the ant about his trip.

He hopped high in the air to start flying, but he couldn't. Instead he fell right back into the snow. He hopped again, even higher this time, but his wings would not work. They had frozen solid during the cold night.

He tried to warm them up by rubbing them together but it was no use.

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The cricket had to hop all the way home. It took him days and days to return.

By the time he got back, his wings had almost become unfrozen. When he rubbed them together this time, they made a chirping noise that no one in the forest had ever heard before. And every time he rubbed his wings together they chirped a little bit louder and got a little less frozen.

But it is important to know, dear reader, that wings are special and fragile things. This is why the greatest care should always be taken around them. They are not meant to be frozen, and once they are, they may never be the same again.

Even though the cricket's wings were no longer frozen, he still could not fly. And ever since then the cricket stays on the ground like his friend the ant, and hops from place to place. And now the cricket is the fastest and fanciest hopper there is.

At nighttime, you can hear him chirping, from rubbing his wings together to keep warm.

But he is doing much more than just that...

The cricket is telling you how warm or cold it is by chirping. He chirps faster when it is warm, and slower when it is cold. This way, you will not make the same mistake that he did. However, that is only if you decide to listen...