

Wanda – the little Grasshopper

Foreword

I wrote this in delusion, and hid this book at my faithful's friend Tom Richter. After 2 years it is now, as promised, released as a gift back to the internet.

Of course you do not make up a whole fable completely. What is true, and what is invented, may be known only to the author...

Wanda the little grasshopper

Wanda, the little grasshopper, was born young. There are many grasshoppers in Africa. Crazy many. Grasshoppers live to eat and breed. This, Wanda had learned at a young age. And grasshoppers can eat and reproduce themselves best. In the summer the different grasshoppers eat all the fields they can find. What the other animals do, does not matter.



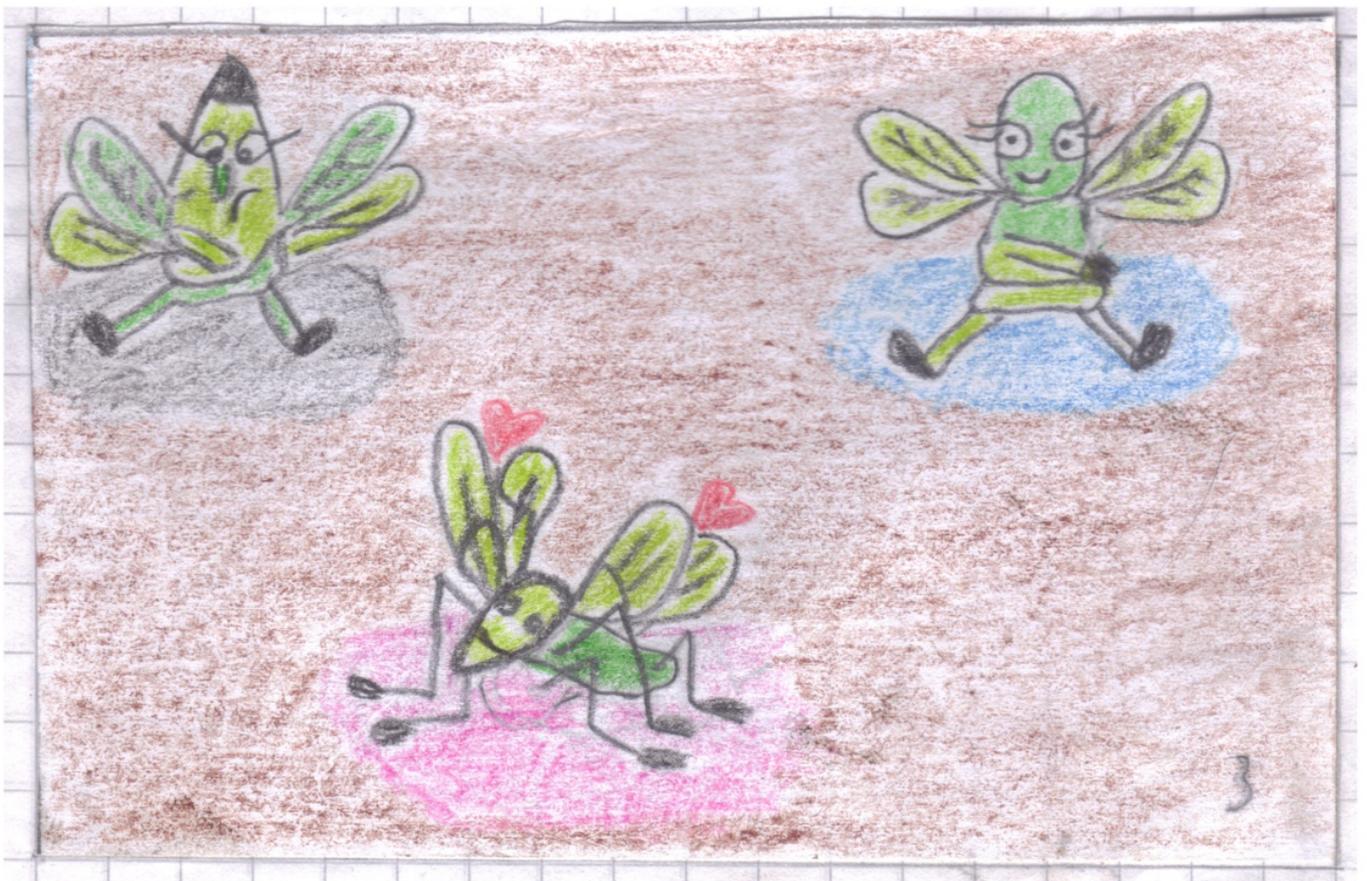
In harvesting, Wanda's tribe is specialized. The other tribes are therefore quite angry with her's. The names of the tribe in the Sahel were given to him by the grandfathers; "**Fraviers**". But hardly anyone can remember the grandfathers.

The only thing Wanda and her tribe remember is kept in the old chambers and songs.



Wanda can not understand all this yet and is one of many children. Her parents are very honest and life-loving grasshoppers.

They always adhered to the rules of the tribe, *without* ever questioning them. In her early days Wanda did not care. She preferred to play with her friends. Wanda has a beautiful green skin armor and likes to learn the chirping, how to walk across the fields and how to meet the dangers of the steppe. She always listens when she talks to the elders, and takes friendly chirping to heart. At that time, she was still scared. But they are most frightened by the warnings of the elderly...



"What is this steppe fire?" "Do vultures really eat 1000 grasshoppers per hour?" "What do the other animals eat?" "And why can not she go to the 'Rankosi', the nearest tribe further east?"



Fortunately, she does not have to worry about this. The summer is thanking a hot spring already.

Wanda did *not only* listen to the elderly. She also learned a lot from her parents and the families of her friends.

Onto the Haystack Wanda and Veronica paint what the ancients are talking about, and when no one is looking, they also paint what comes into their mind.



The days before harvest are the most beautiful. The fields stand high and bloom. All animals relax and enjoy themselves.



The lions *watch* over the oasis, over the gnus and zebras, and protect the steppe.

Grasshoppers are not allowed to talk to other animals. Talking to other grasshoppers is wrong enough. But *Wanda* was very in luck; She was allowed to talk to all of the grasshoppers in her tribe. Olivia and Marcy are her favorite friends to play with. All grasshoppers and mantis have always been very proud of the youngsters. It was about to be harvest time soon.



Wanda had been told about the harvest a lot, but she never needed to help. Although she is prepared well, her help is required the first time in her life, and she almost can't sleep of joy. Neither she is tired only a tiny bit. There are no problems in her life, and now her greatest day will come...

Her first task is easy; She and her friends shall harvest the little field in the center of the harvest area.



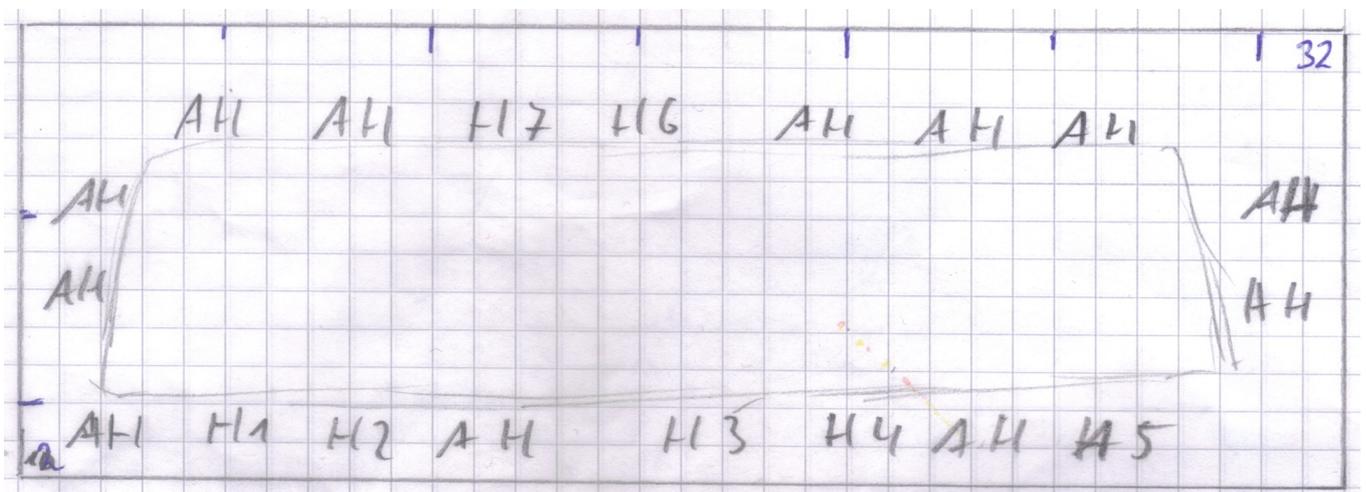
Happily they lope to work in the golden shiny fields. Veronica is taking care of the small leaves, Olivia and Marcy cut the thicker stalks, and Wanda kindly is picking up the work of the others, watching her environment and spectated animals she never noticed before. It had six legs, two antennas, was black, and had cold mindless look in the eyes.



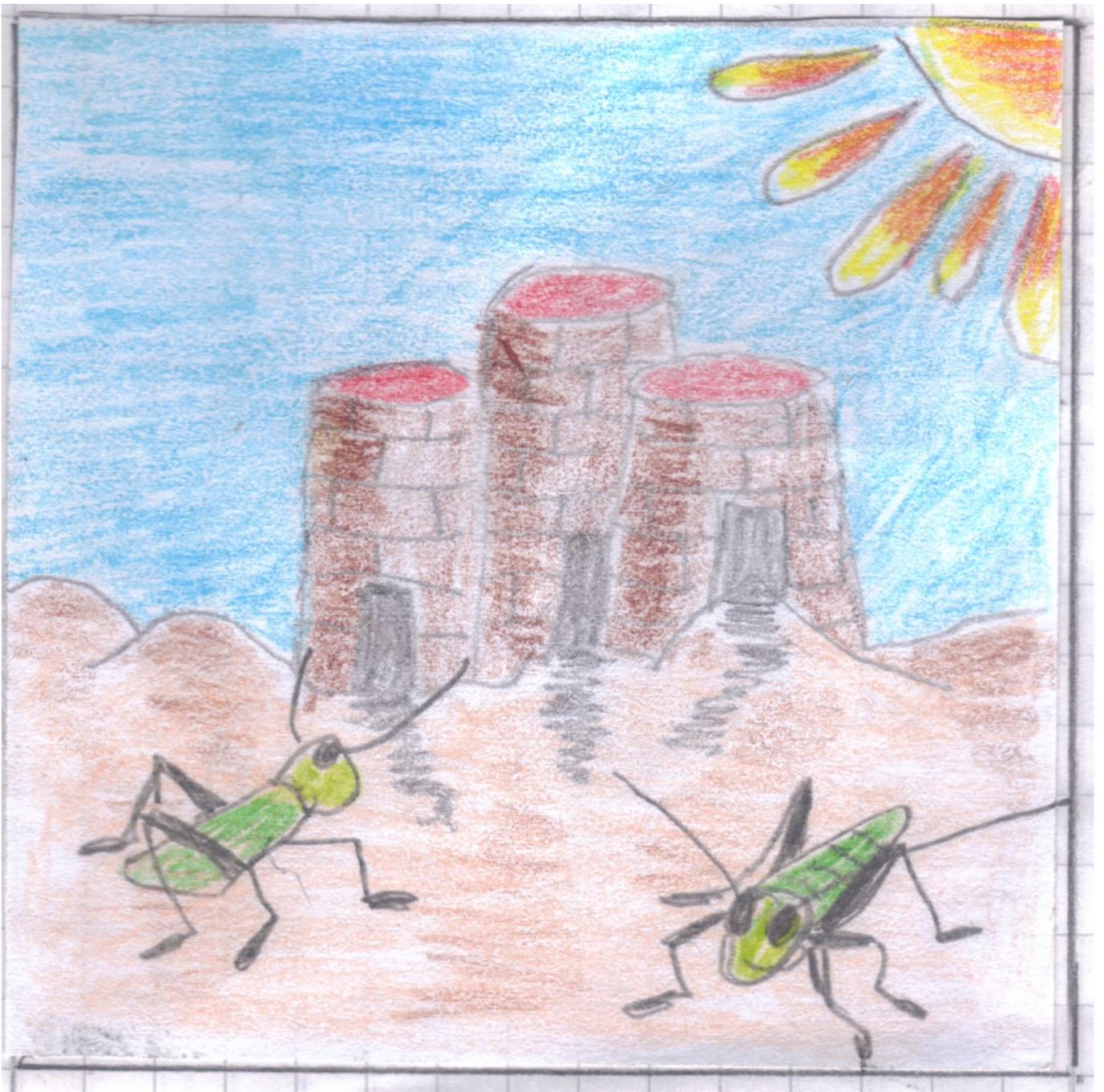
For a moment, Wanda felt lost. Before the friends were finished, the day was over, the steppe cut, and the only

field that hadn't been harvest throughout the land, was that of the youngsters. This means trouble.

The harvest has been a success, and although there has been given trouble to our four friends, there is a lot to celebrate now.



All in the tribe fill their waists, drink the water of the earth, and laugh about the other animals. Wanda does the same with her friends, her family and their comrades. Nothing is kept unspoken. Later, Wanda, Marcy and Olivia walk to the heystack again.



That what has been painted has been washed away, but that didn't matter. What they had experienced this summer, they would never ever forget. So they laid down to the stones, watched the sky and dreamed together. Wanda, suddenly had to think of the ants, and then on the zebras. «What do they even eat?» - The haystack is groaning under the harvest. A beautiful summer.

Wanda shivers and awakes near her friends. Cold dew is putting the steppe and the haystack to gloom.



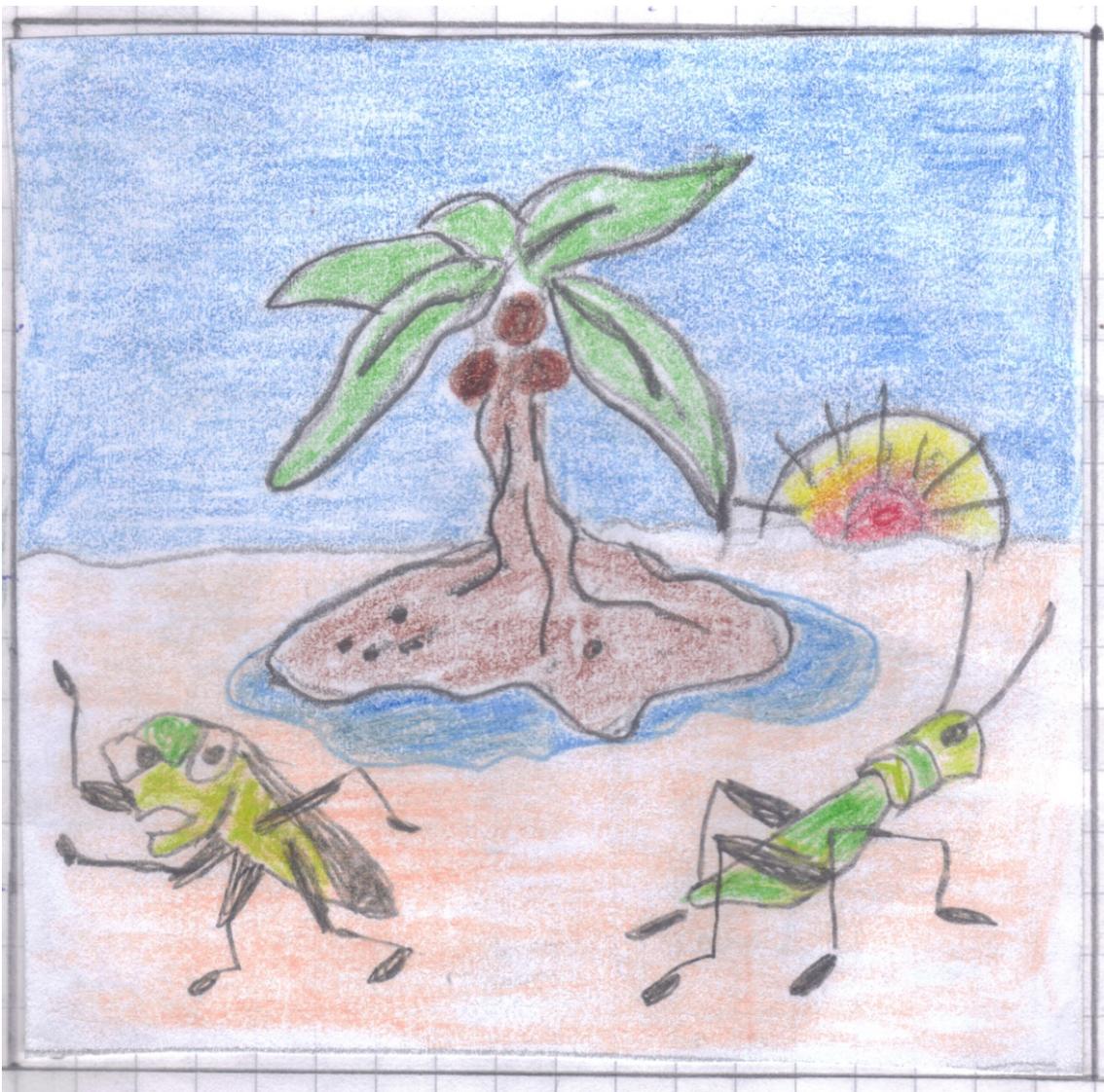
Quickly, the four friends are heading to the lair. Wanda's head is spinning with the thoughts from yesterday. She wished she could celebrate again, like yesterday, so freely, until one falls asleep with their friends beneath the stars. Veronica agrees.

After the daily work they decide to visit the haystack again. Wanda examines it, and notices quite some brittle

on one of the sides. What should the four friends do? Notify the others of the damage? Ultimately they decide to search for own fields, and so they started to explore the steppe together.

The lions look angry, and the vultures circle, but together, Veronica and Wanda have no fear. Anyway, after a few hours they give up. Fields are not to be found. Wanda wished it would be summer every day.

Wanda has an idea. If they harvested multiple times a year, then everyone had more to eat. The lions wouldn't look so angry, and also the zebras would have more to eat. But what would be with the vultures in the sky? Would they find something? She isn't really talking about such things with Olivia and Maice.



With them, she mostly talks about the harvest, and they think of how the others could harvest so much faster. If they should notify the problem with the haystack. These thoughts vanish quickly. The four are busy enough to live their hobbies and spend the days together. The only thing Wanda can not explain is the look of the ants. She can't get it out of her head.

If she will meet an ant again? «What would she ask to it?» - thinks Wanda. «Why can't i do what i wanted to?» Questions over Questions.

Wanda is confused. For her most important questions she always gets the same boring answers.

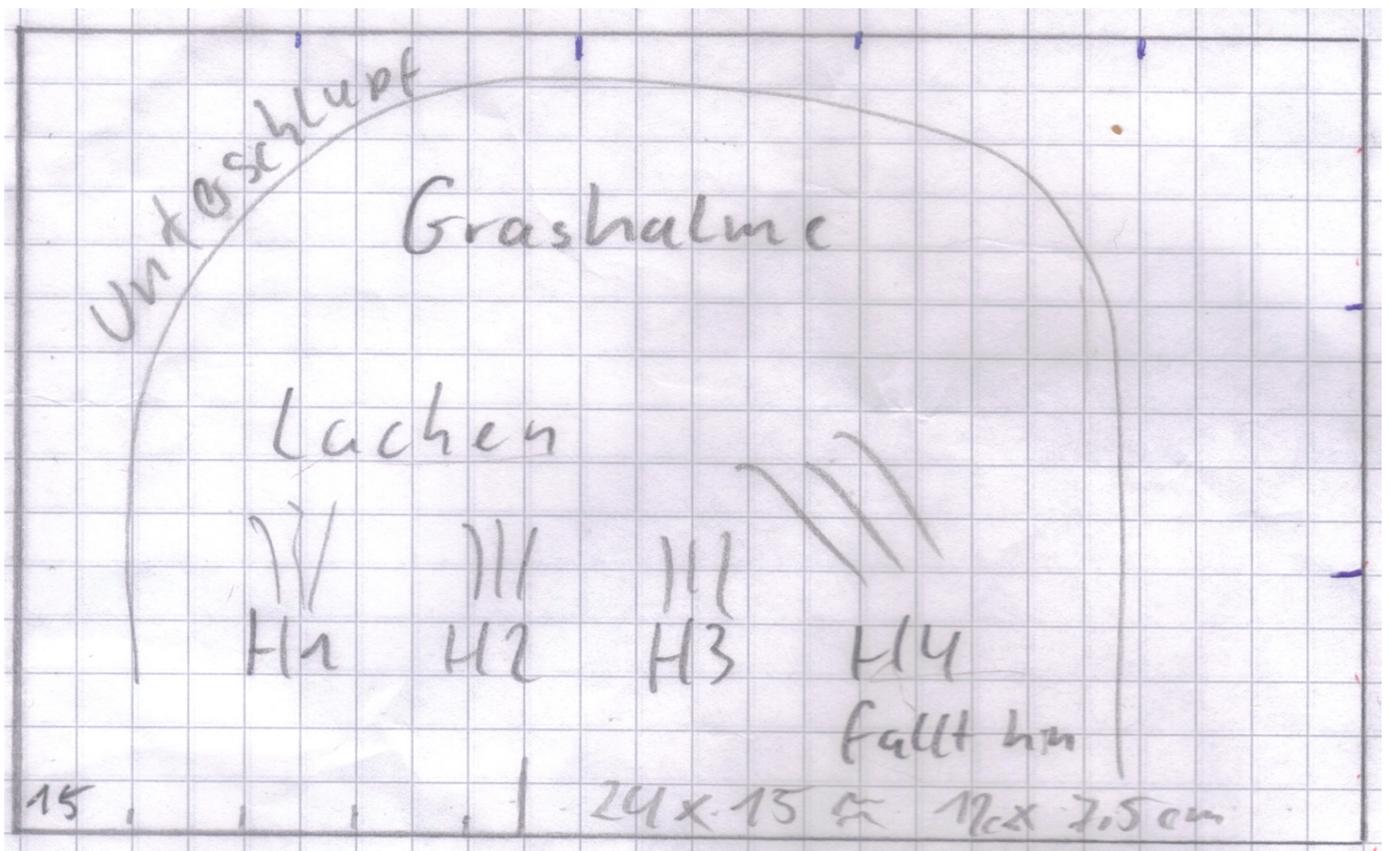
«Why aren't i allowed to watch the apes?» - ponders Wanda - «And why can't i talk to the zebras?» Apes are dirty, and zebras step on your head, is the answer. And when Wanda asks, why the grasshoppers always eat all of the fields, then the answer is mostly: «Darling, things are the way they are!»



Only her family and closest friends take her serious. Sadly, her ideas not. Wanda has to think of the eyes of the ants again, and gets hungry...

Winter. The grasshoppers in the Sahel are very fine. The tribe of the 'Fraviers' are the finest again. Wanda, Veronica, Olivia and Marcy enjoy themselves in their shelter. Today they invented a new game. They throw harvested stalks into the air and try to catch them with their mouth.

Veronica, as always, pushes it too far and falls. All are laughing together.



In the hideout it is nicely warm, and the haystack... oh well, the haystack.

There is no way that Wanda could repair it; And it will resist for eternity anyway, so it looks like. Sadly Wanda is thinking of the summer sun, and her ant.

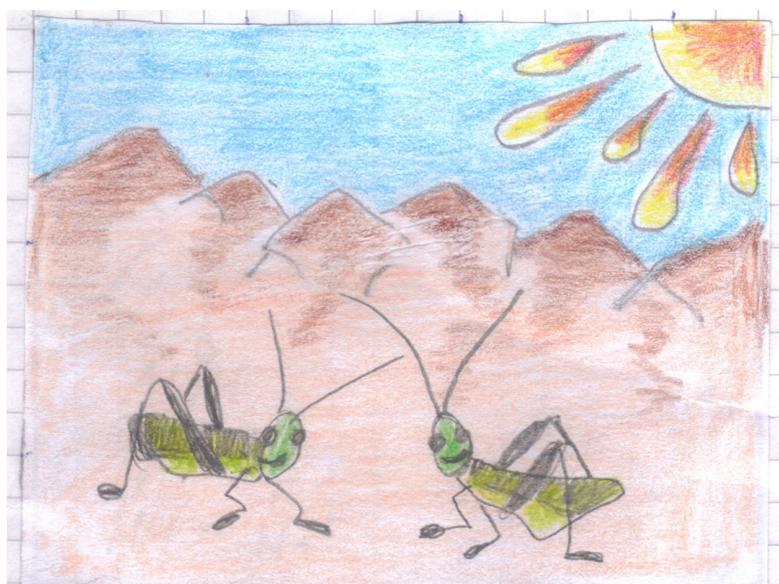
The winter is bitterly cold, and the hideout is almost too small for that many grasshoppers. «Luckily!», says Wanda's grandma, «this way we can keep each other warm.» This thought gives Wanda a headache.

More and more grasshoppers, and more and more hideout, but nobody thinks of the haystack. In the afternoon Veronica and Wanda hopple back to look at the haystack's damage again. The small crackles are still there and the haystack is well filled.



Today for lazy lying it is too cold, so the four gather at home and read the paintings which are required by the elderly. The reading is enjoyed by all of them. Soon, Wanda is lying in bed, reading her first big book, all on her own. She loves the challenge, and the more she reads, the easier it becomes. Her parents are very proud of Wanda, and she feels great in her role. «Oh my, if only all animals could feel this good...» - thinks Wanda. She ponders, how it would be, to be an ant. But she is not allowed to talk to evil ants.

Spring announces itself, and Wanda can hardly wait to explore the steppe further. Of course, she hopes to see an ant again. «You must not go out today,» Veronica's mother scolds. Veronica and Wanda give up. Tomorrow is another day, and there is plenty to do elseway. However, it is a bit annoying that Veronica's mother is always so strict with them. How is Veronica supposed to get to know the steppe?



Huh... how big is the Sahel anyway? «How far would Veronica go, if they were allowed to, tomorrow?» - thinks Wanda. The winter passed quickly, so Wanda and her tribe hope for a long spring.

Wanda goes to bed early and has a dream that night; She dreams of a hungry ant. When she wakes up, she immediately wants to go out in the steppe, meet an ant, and ask her lots of questions. Wanda's head is always full of questions. «Don't annoy me.», her mother often said. But Wanda does not want to annoy. Although... not asking questions... This is no option for Wanda!

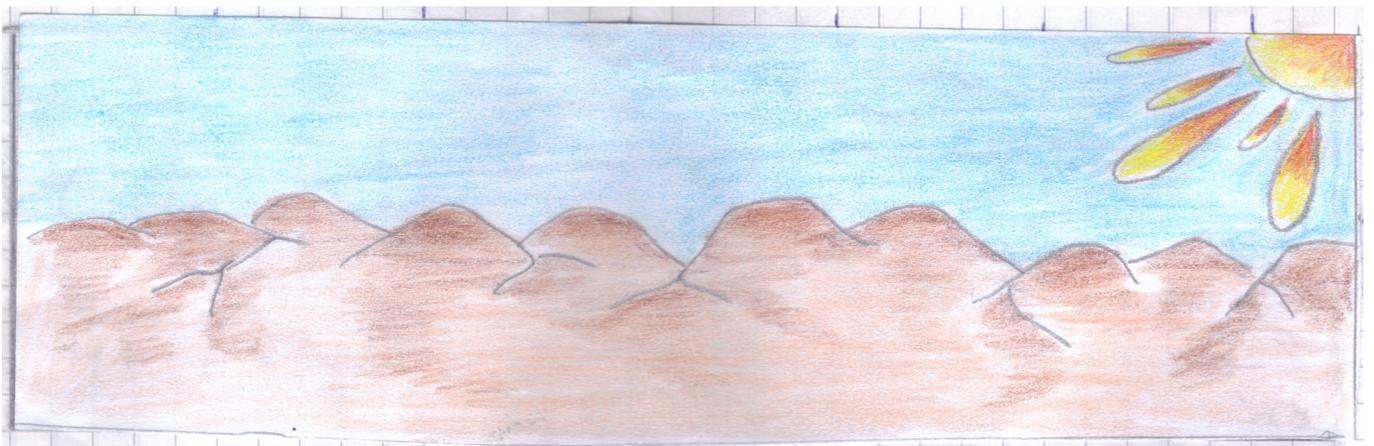
Today is the day. The first time this spring, the four explore the steppe again. Wanda is excited. As far as the eye can look, everything is harvested. Dead animals can be found here and there, and Wanda does not know what she should think of that. Today they do not walk far. They stop as they see huge buildings. Such has never been seen before.



The buildings look like haystacks, but get very thin at the top. Stalks are not in there, as it seems from far behind, but there are sounds like those from a hungry lion. Frightened the friends turn around and walk home. On their way home they see a young zebra. It is very thin. A harpy is crying in the distance. And Wanda... uselessly looks out... for an ant.

The spring is wonderful, and the most time is spent by the friends outside, under protection of the tribe. On the playground they find new friends who follow happily. Caroline is a bit heavy and laughs with joy. Michelle is a bit slow, but has a pure heart. The small group has thus grown to six grasshoppers.

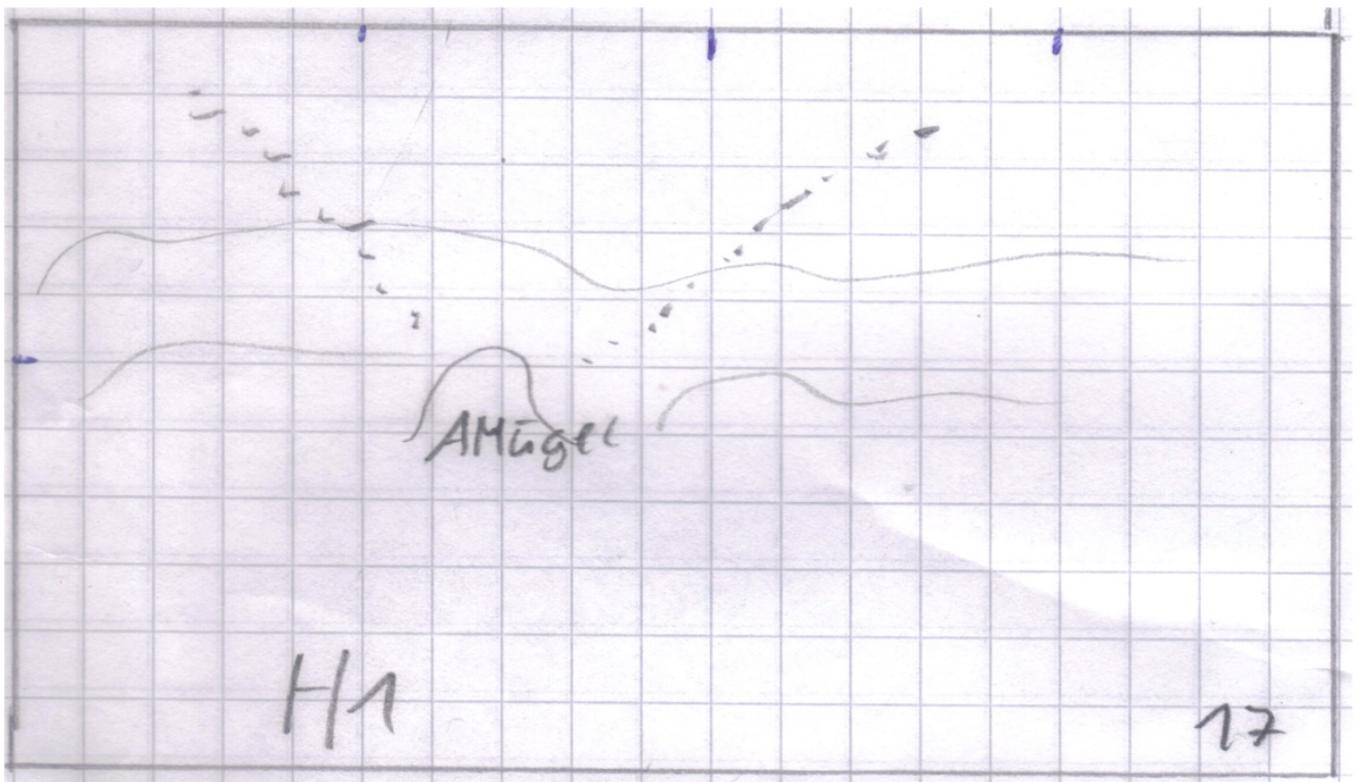
Wanda is now also striving alone from time to time, and one day her passion is fulfilled. She sees an ant. Her ant.



It seems to live in a hole and carries a lot of things in and out; Leaves, Stones, and other things, which she cannot recognize from far behind. The ant always seems to look callous and cold, whenever Wanda looks at it. «Are ants really so evil as her grandma told?» - Wanda thinks a bit frightened. She would love to ask, but the ant seems very busy. What is her name?

Today Wanda is really brave. Early in the morning, she sneaks to the ant hills, and... waits...

After some time, the first ants ripple out of their hill. Wanda wants to say something, but the ants look all alike to her. She cannot remember exactly which ant had this stare glaze look, or if she ever will recognize her special ant again.

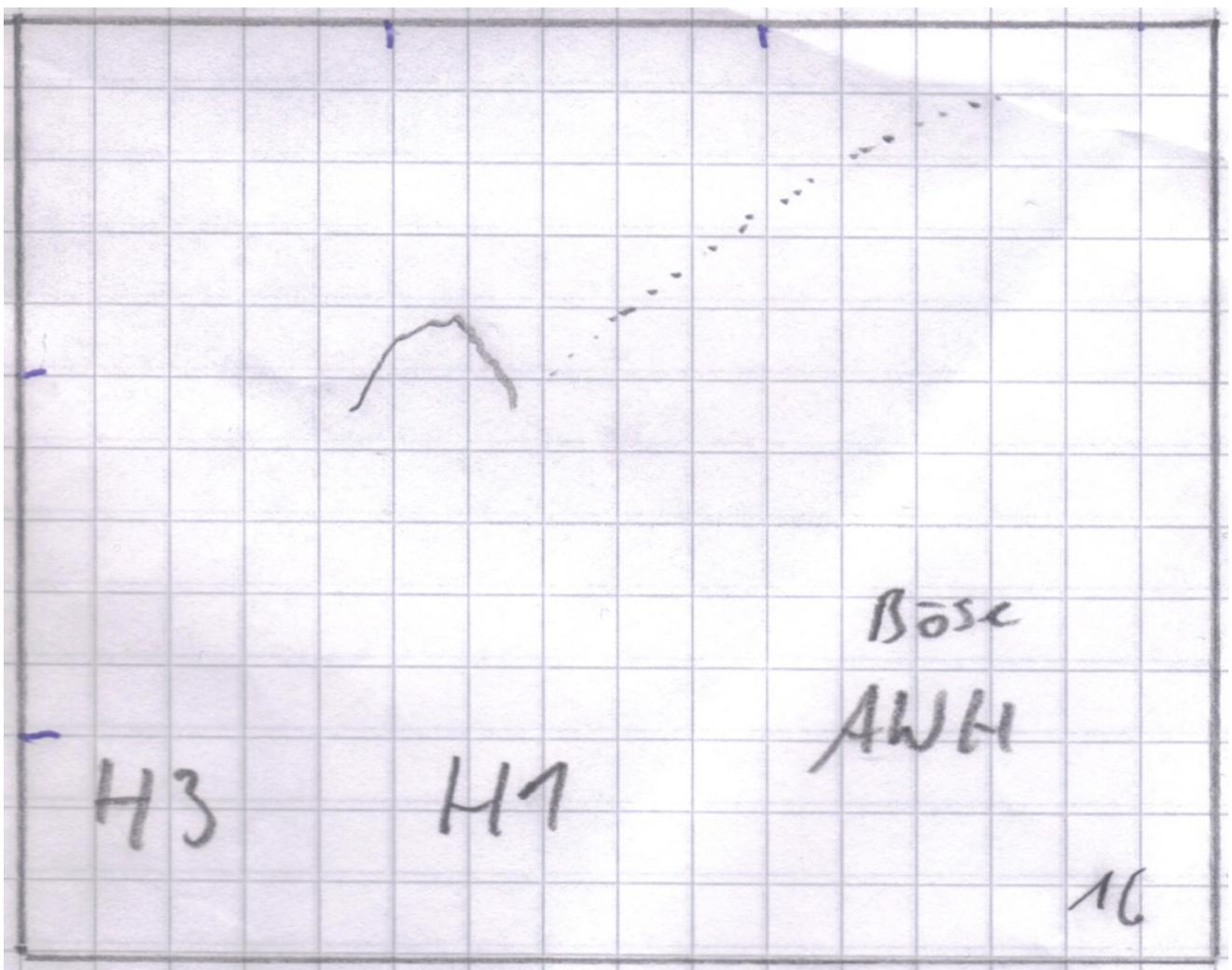


Slowly wanda backs up. She is alienated. Should she just talk to a random ant. Ants do not look *that* evil. At least if you take a close look. Wanda got so many questions for the ants. If she just could ask a direct question and would get a clean answer. Which question would she choose, if she had just only one.

Wanda is overwhelmed. Only a few minutes she was lost in thoughts and suddenly there are countless ants to be seen at the hill. They run left and right and in all directions into the distance. Wanda decides to go home. Back to her tribe. *The Fraviers*.

Wanda has to report to someone what she had seen. What she has seen was way too impressive. So Wanda runs to her mother and reports excitedly.

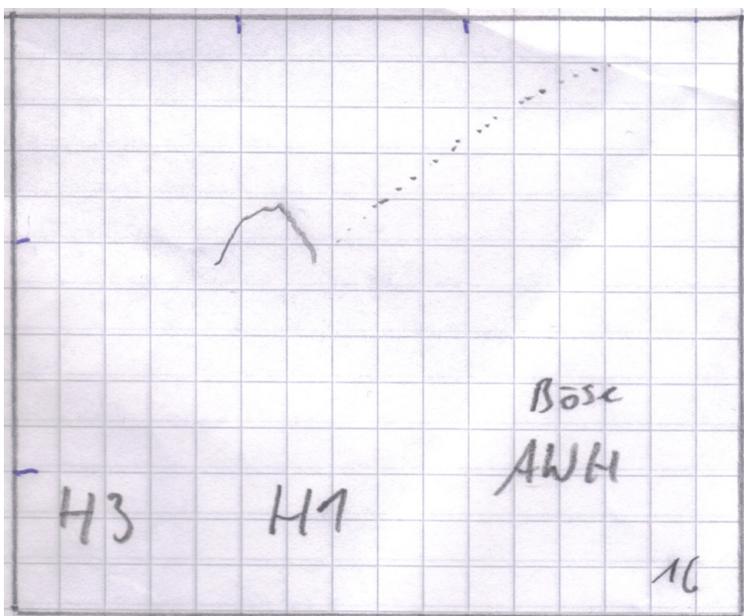
«You have been in the steppe again? alone?!», shouts her mother, «Who do you think you are?!» «Ants?!» - «Child! Haven't i told you that you shall stay away from the ants?!» «Ants are a bad company!»



Wanda believes what her mom says and later tells it to Olivia. Olivia explains that ants look for food that way. They orientate on the scent of other ants, lay a trail, which other ants follow. Wanda nicks.

What ants do with their food, and what they eat, is also of interest to her. But Olivia talks so much that Wanda has no opportunity to ask. This day Wanda learnt a lot.

Spring is coming to an end, and the ancients spend their days in the usual way. The women take care of the supply of the tribe, and the men cultivate and educate the children. Wanda and her friends practice the next harvest on the stalks of the previous year. The stalks are hard to cut, so dry they are, now. Marcy hurts her left claw, as she presses carelessly on a stalk thickening. Veronica and Olivia have to laugh, and Wanda must giggle. Wanda asks how Maice has injured herself and how the accident happened.

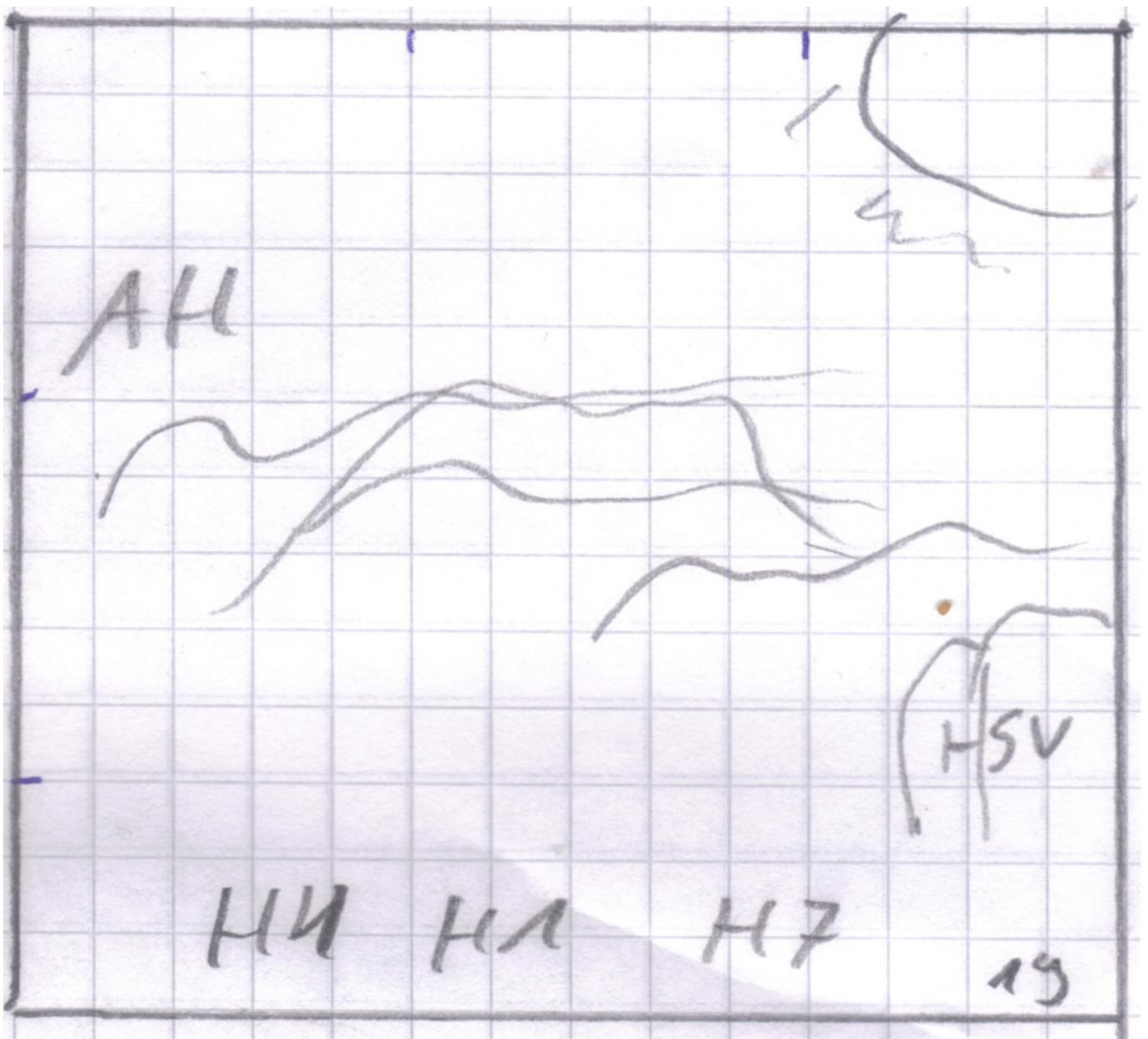


The teacher, who is noticing the situation, plays his role. «Thy don't laugh over others!» «Marcy, you may not cut the stalks at the knots!» «Pull yourselves together!»

The kids calm down, but Wanda is still curious. «And if we be really careful cutting the knots??», she asks... The teacher gifts her an evil glare.

«If only we had our own field...» - Wanda thinks.

On the next day they diligently practice the harvest. The clique is cheerful and relaxed, what a new grasshopper notices and attracts her. Alexandra is long and coquettish, and she seems shy. Wanda is excited; "Where does she come from?" Cautiously, Alexandra sits down beside them... "Hello," says Wanda. "Hello," says Alexandra. "Whether she likes me, too?" Wanda ponders.

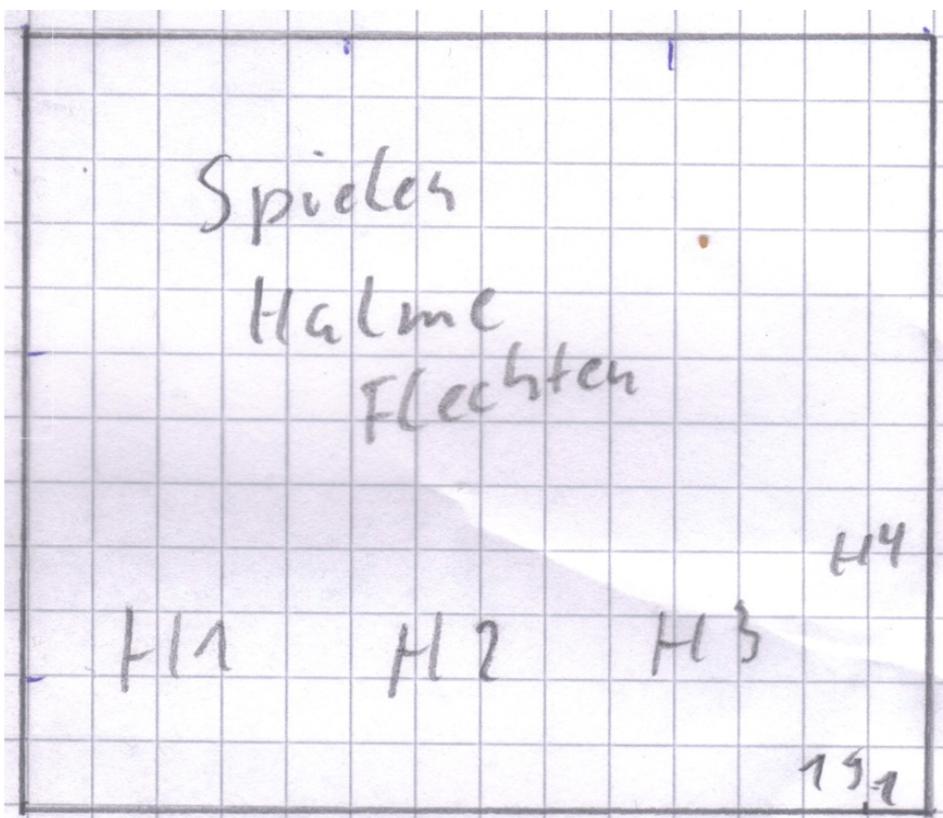


The ice is broken and the kids are brabbling while Alexandra curiously listens and smiles. The haystack is forgotten. Wanda playfully is trying to press the knots and to fold them. «Always and only collecting stalks... If i only had todo Veronica's task...» - grumbles Wanda to herself. Suddenly she has to think of the ant again, and looks into the horizon. «I wonder if all ants do the same stuff?» - «What are they doing at all?»

Wanda gets hungry and continues, against all warnings, to watch the ants.

But on her own Wanda does not want to look for ants. She asks her best friends if they want to come along. Olivia and Maice look confused: «You know we can not do that?» Maice nods, and Veronica agrees. «And if we're very careful?» Wanda asks. The four friends are at a loss ...

«Screw it.», says Wanda, and gives Veronica a secret wink. This day, the seven quickly find something else to spend their time. They try to put stalks into each other that it reveals a pattern. Everyone alone, but alltogether, they are playing with the stalks..



This day will be never forgotten.

In the evening they get caught by an elderly grasshopper: «You are not allowed to play with the stalks. Else i knot your antennas together.» Quickly the group flees in all directions.

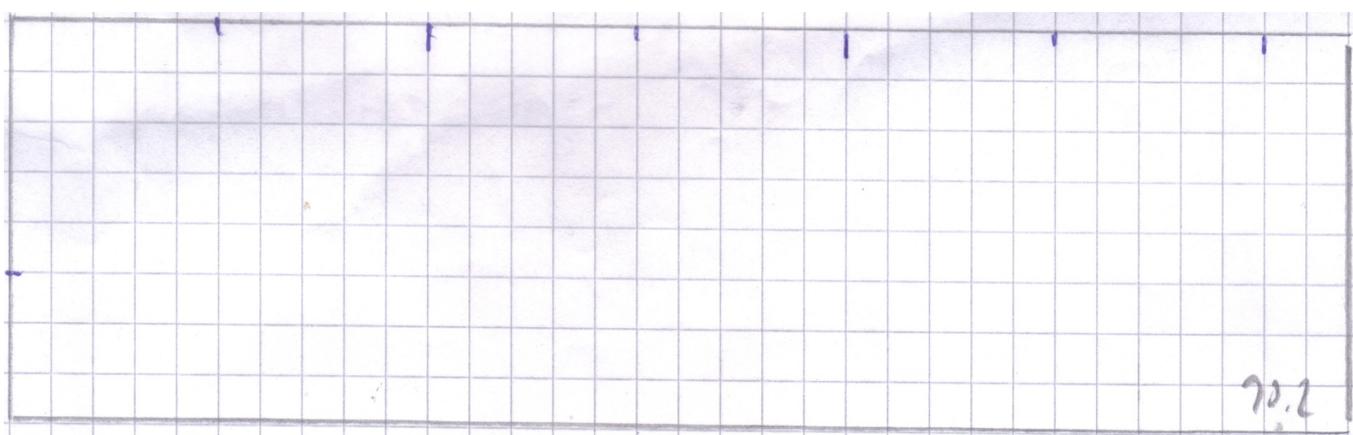
Wanda thinks of Veronica, who has to cross the haystack on her way home. «If she understood my wink?» «I will ask her again when we are alone.» - thinks Wanda.

In her daydreams she is at her ant.

The spring is about to end. Still the seven friends practice for the next harvest. In an appropriate moment, when all but Veronica are busy, Wanda is taking her chance. «Do you come with us, this afternoon? Into the steppe?», Wanda asks Veronica. Veronica pauses... «With pleasure», she says. «Let's go ask your parents», says Wanda. She is sure of that; If Veronica's parents agree, then her parents would agree as well.

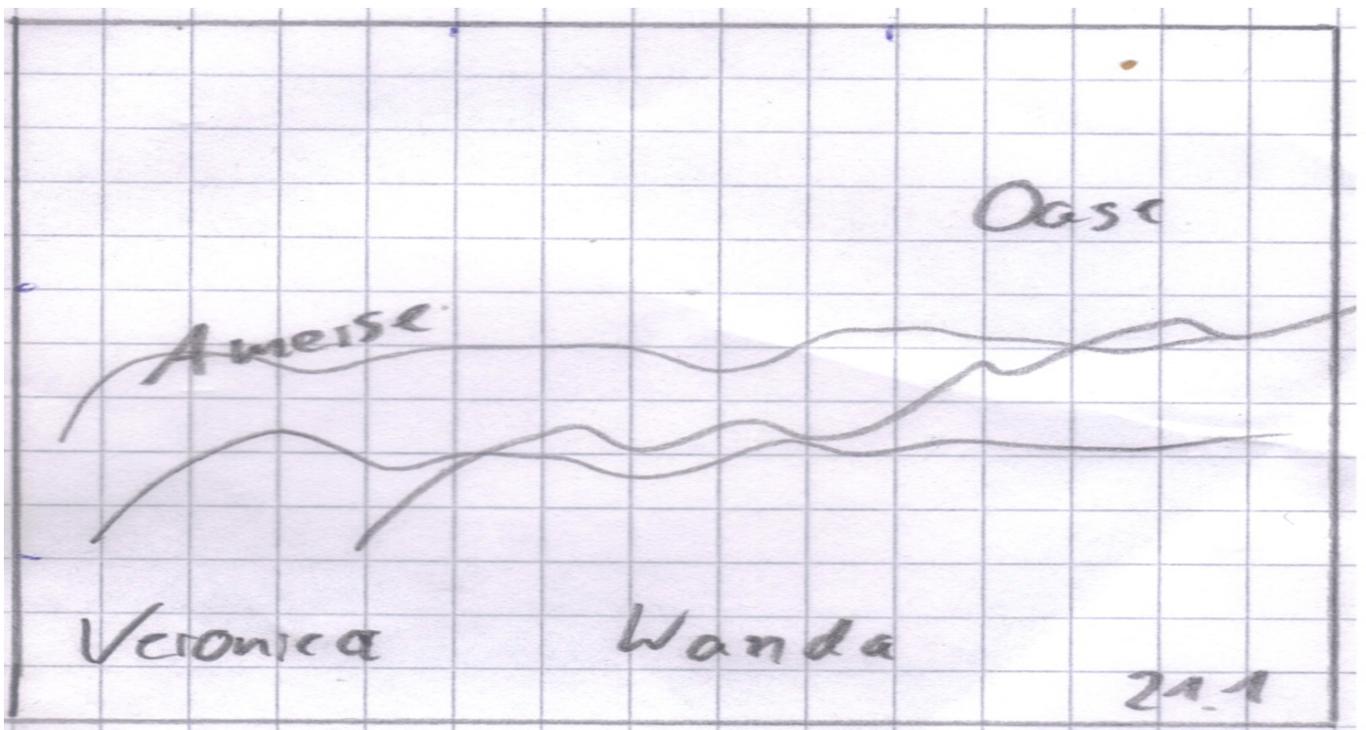


Together they start their journey after harvest practice. As soon as Veronica's parents see the joyful excitement in the four eyes she simply cannot say 'No'. They promise to be careful and to stay away from ants. «We didn't even say something about ants!» - thinks Wanda - «And if we meet some by accident, nothing bad will happen...» Mischievously they look at each other, as they easily start their way into the steppe.



«Ants are difficult to spot» - thinks Wanda.

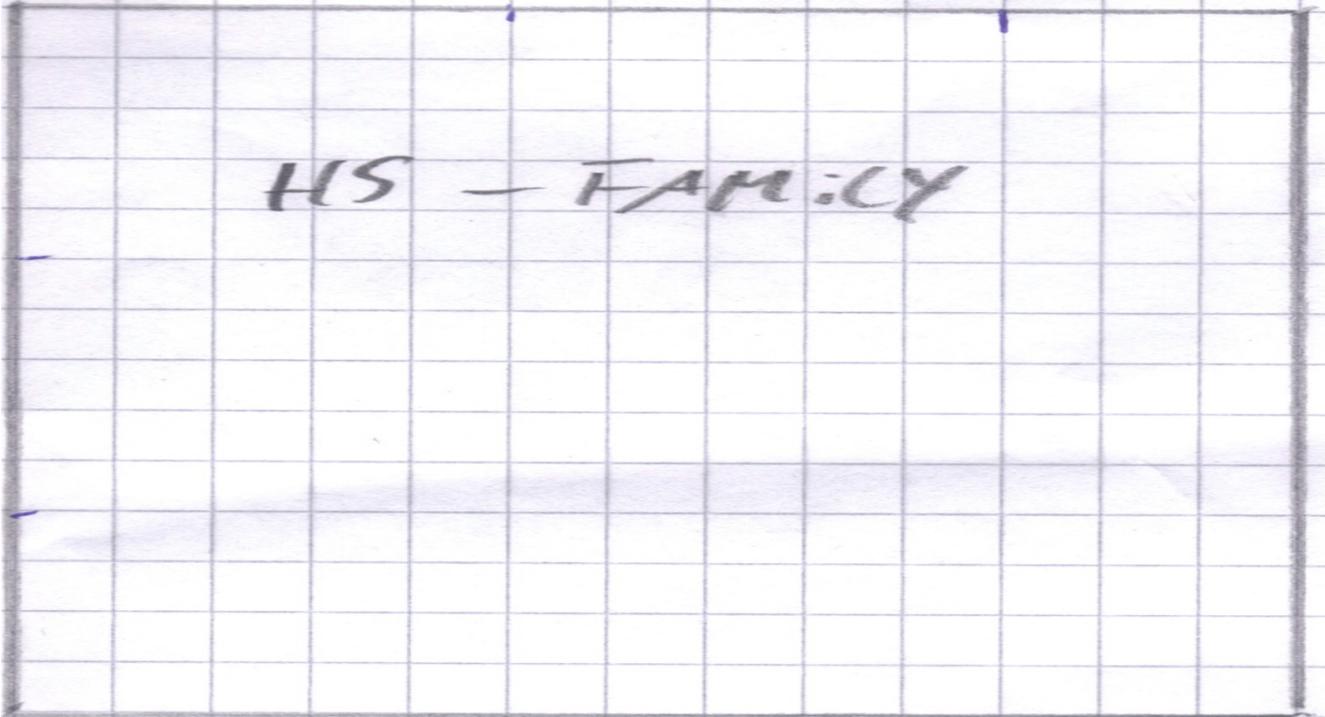
The steppe is wide and dusty, but it is not too sunny. In the south the barley is almost ready for harvest, but the two already know this area. Veronica knows what Wanda is looking for. Without a word, her little eyes scan the steppe. The oasis seems to have become somewhat smaller since last summer.



«If we should do something about that?» - Wanda thinks of the haystack again - «If the elderly already know what happens everywhere?»

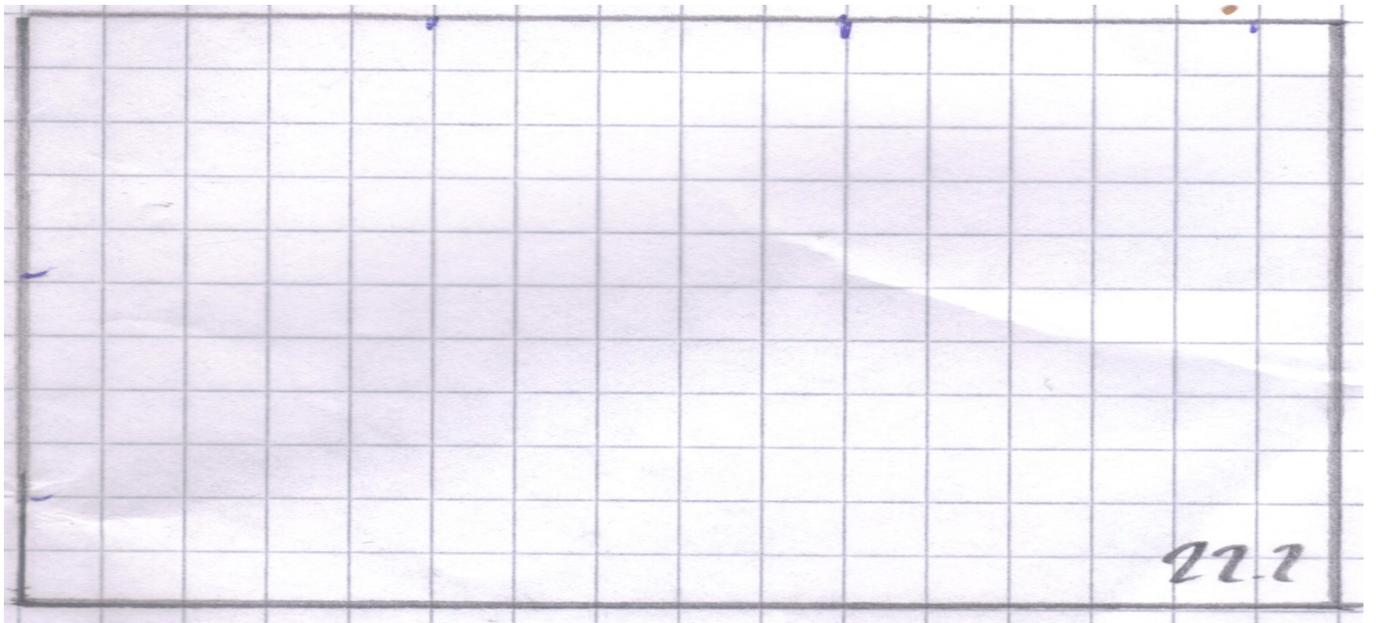
Veronica keeps watching out. There, while Wanda is in thoughts, Veronica spotted something that looks like an ant. Veronica silently chirps in Wanda's ear, to alert her. But as Wanda shrieks, the ant must have hidden itself already, because as they both look, it is gone.

Wanda asks if they should turn around. «I don't know», says Veronica. Carefully both turn around and walk home. On their way back they feel better. This evening, too, is spent at their families.



HS - FAMILY

Wanda's parents wait impatiently for her coming home. From far they look angry, but the closer they come to the hideout, the happier they appear to be. Relaxation. Her parents greet Wanda kind but decisive. «We were crazy for sorrow.», «Where have you been?!». «Is Veronica back home?», they ask. Wanda answers all questions... «We will take care!!» «We just walked a little in the sun's direction.» «NO! WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANY ANTS!» At supper Wanda retells more of what happened on their way.

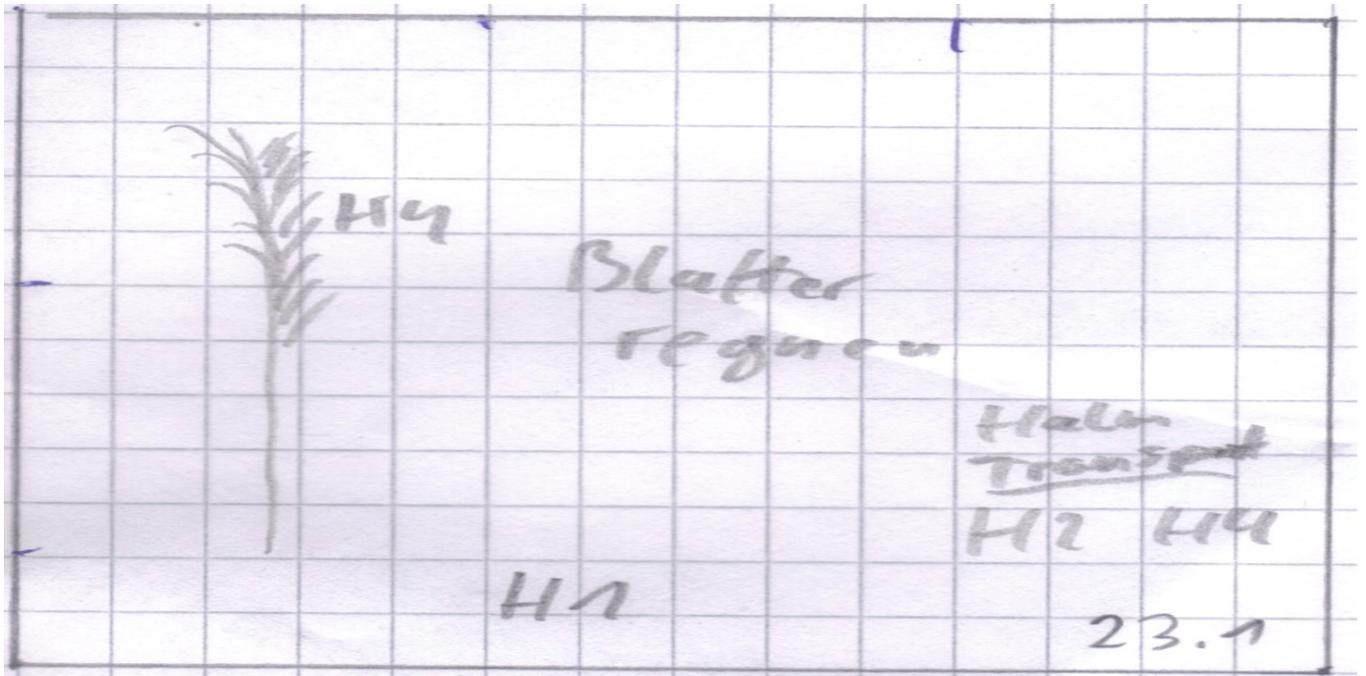


As Wanda talks over the oasis, the elderly listen thoughtfully, but also this sorrow gets distracted. «Don't worry.», says Famoso, an elderly gray mantis, «The zebras are watching over this.» Wanda breathes a sign of relief; If the elderly even know about the oasis, then they will also know about the haystack, and she does not even need to mention it.

After the meal Wanda lays in bed awake and lets her thoughts soar. She totally wanted to meet an ant today.

It is midsummer. The seven friends had trained studiously for the upcoming harvest. Wanda thinks that Veronica eventually became a master in cutting bigg. The leafs loudly rustle when she climbs the stalk up and down. Olivia and Marcy are also a good team, if you have to cut a plain stalk into smaller pieces. Wanda's idea with folding the stalks was not a good one, but the experiment with the braiding, so her

grandma calls it, has been quite successful for stacking the stalks. It takes some time, but Alexandra, Caroline and Michelle can transport the stalks without problems.



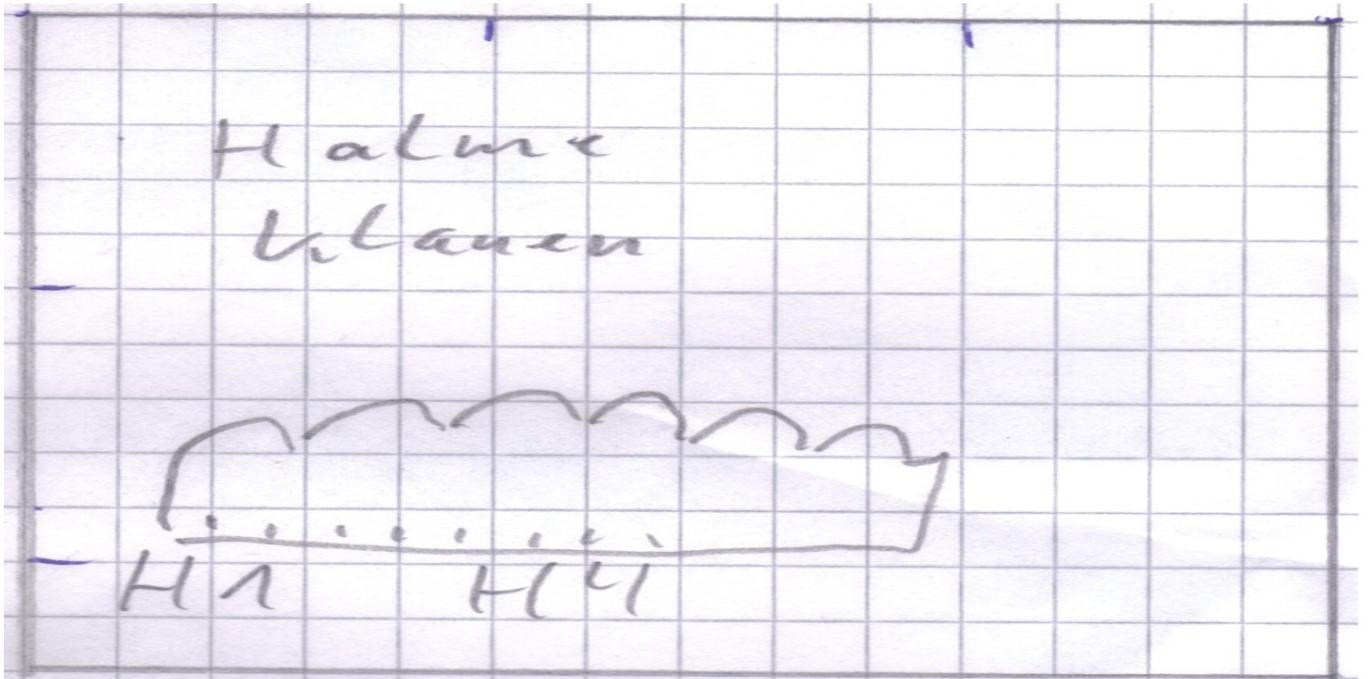
The harvest should turn out better this year for the kids, so the seven do think. They are working well together and are looking forward to the challenge. Wanda considers why males strictly have to build the hideout and don't have to help during the harvest. For the transportation, a few strong males would be of use. Veronica lets rain a few leaves.... «Don't dream again, Wanda!», she shouts from above.

Wanda looks up and smiles.

The harvest is very close. Wanda and Veronica look for the haystack once again. Meanwhile it is empty. Veronica suggests to go to the other side of the

hideout. There the haystacks should still contain some stalks. The two begin to walk their way.

Wanda is surprised; So many and large haystacks are unexpected. They are even more crackled than those near Wanda's home. Quickly Veronica und Wanda take a few stalks and hopple away.



Back at her little haystack they nibble the stalks, watch the sky and are looking forward to the next big harvest.

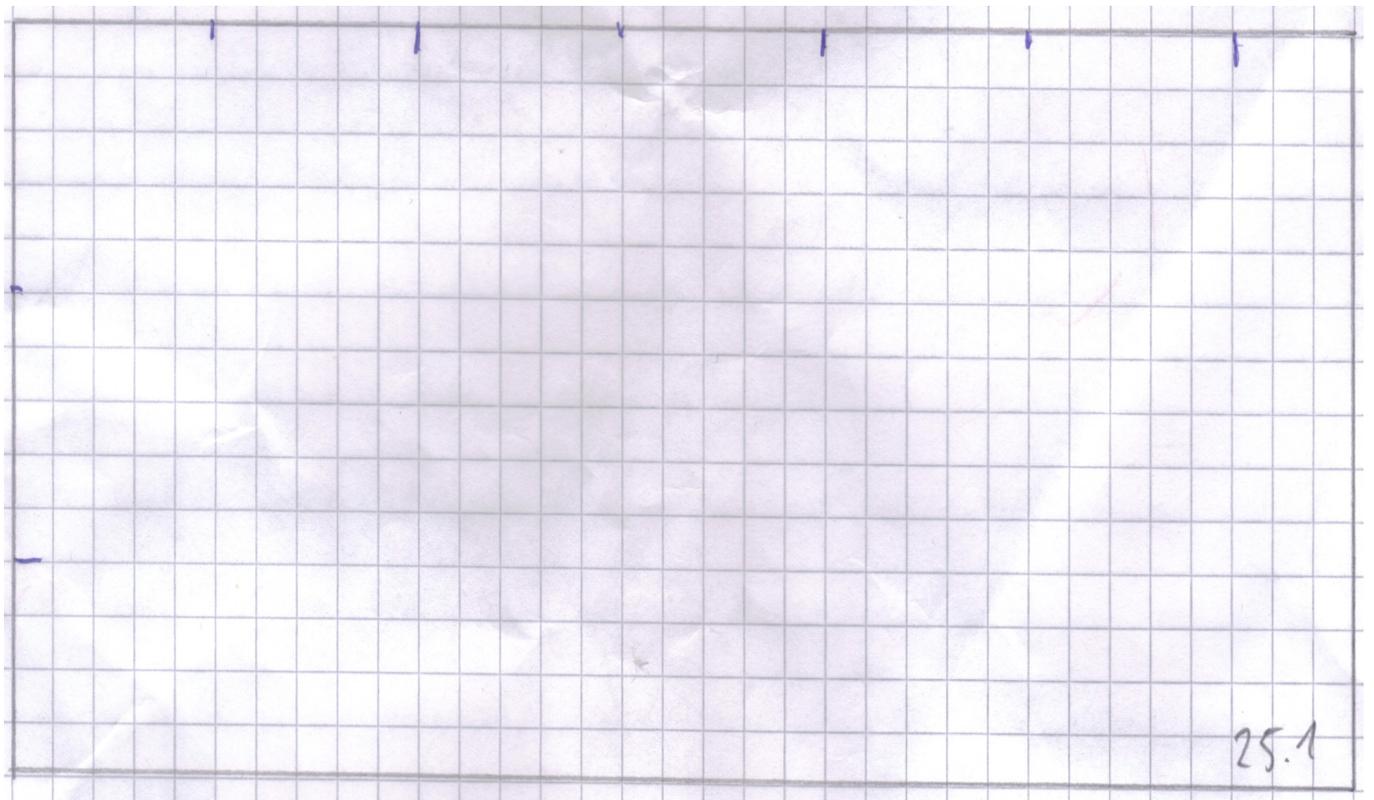
Back home, Wanda is in trouble again. «Who allowed you to take stalks of the eastern haystack?!», asks Jessica, another grandma of Wanda. «No one...», answers Wanda, blushes, and silently looks downwards. Wanda is sent to her room and may not take part at the daily supper for two days.

Angry and sad she goes to bed and thinks... «Who had seen us at the haystack?» «Why aren't Veronica and I not allowed to eat a single stalk in silence in the evening?!» «I don't want to be a grasshopper...»

Wanda is crying herself to sleep.

In the next morning the anger is gone. For anger there is no time anyway, because, it is harvest time. As usual the kids get the small field in the middle to practice.

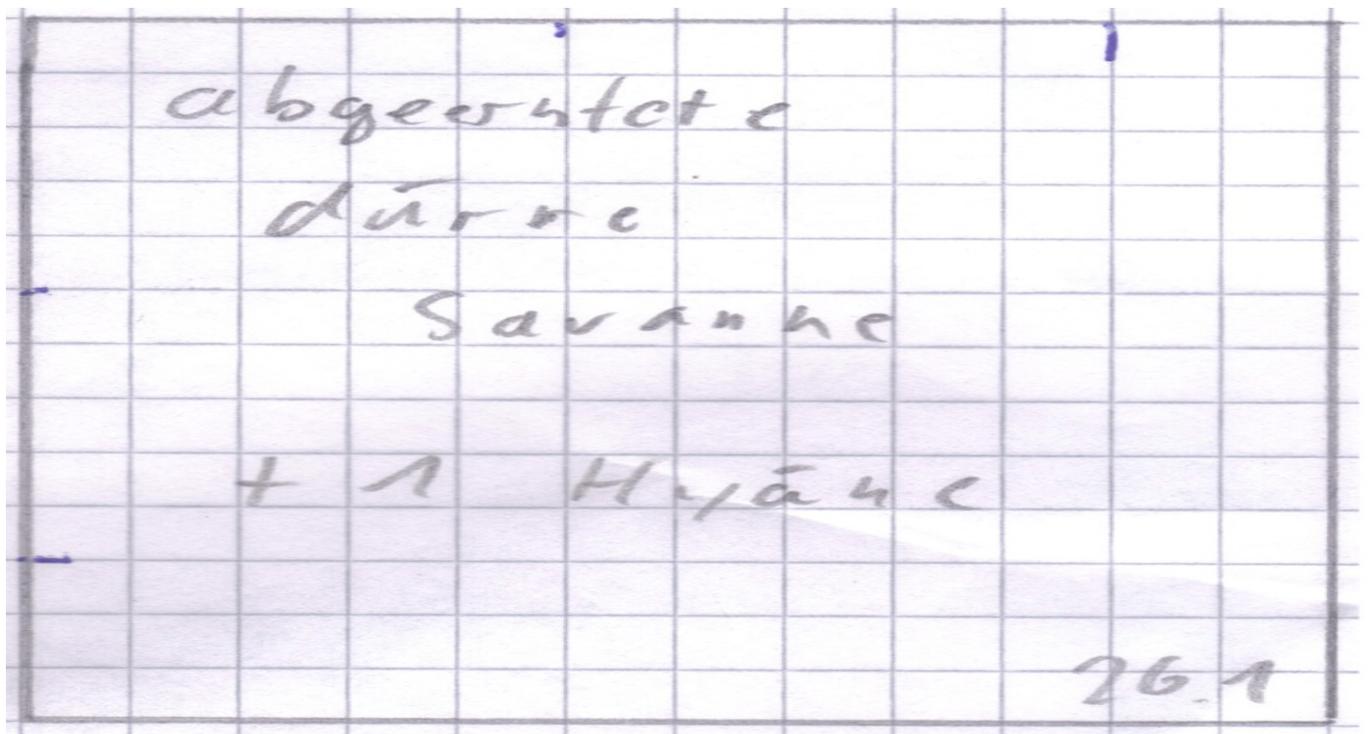
All fields bloom high, and the seven can't wait to show what they had learned over the last year. Their teamwork is now knowingly better, but it is still hopple here and there. «Veronica does not even look where the leafs are falling...», thinks Wanda. Olivia and Marcy are very busy. And... «WANDA!», it shouts from above, «YOU GOTTA STACK!»



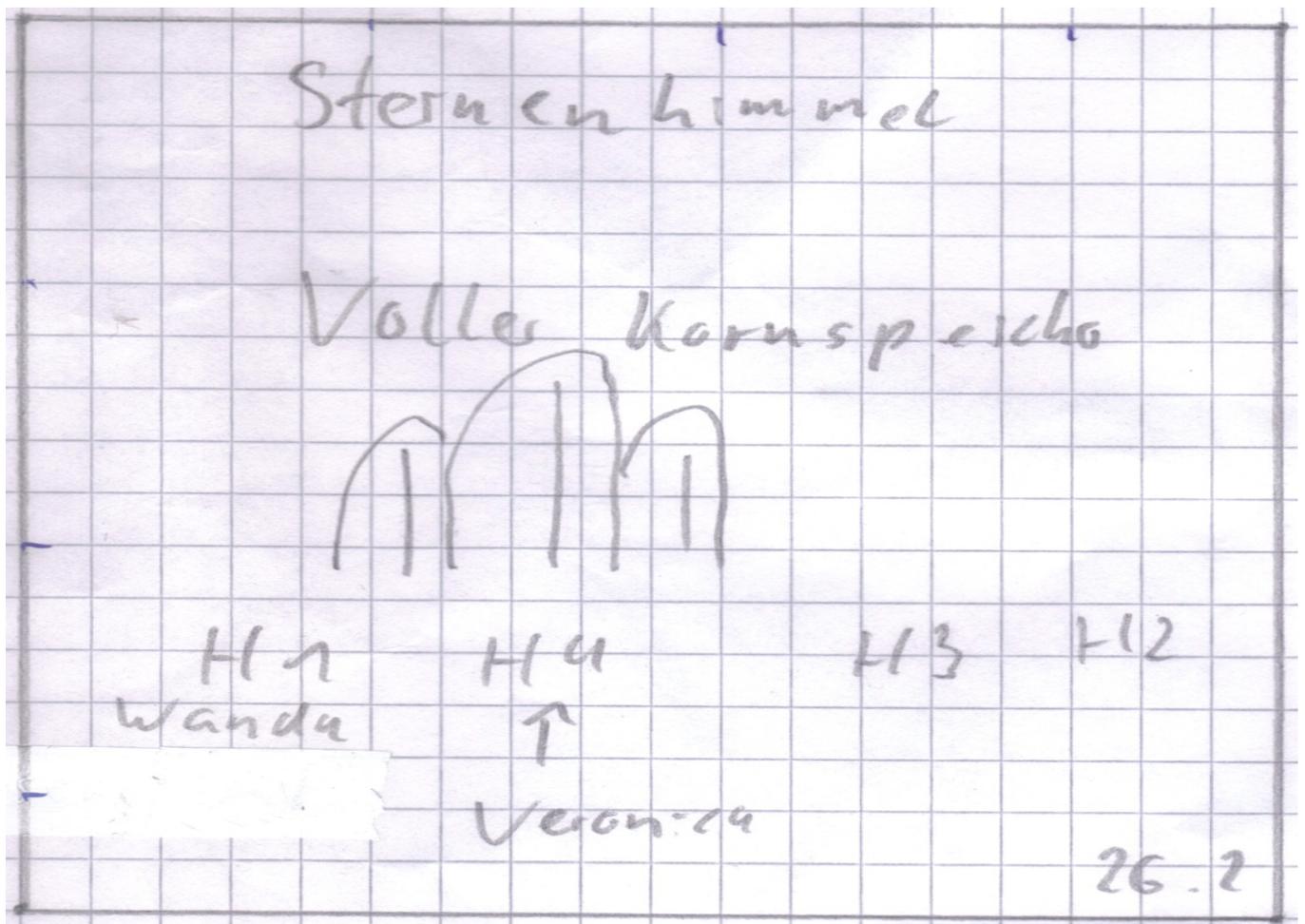
Wanda shrieks up and sees a load of undone work. She starts working, and Alexandra, Caroline and Michelle know what to do. They simply carry the harvested goods, like over the last year, loose in the haystacks direction.

Wanda is happy that she can count on her three carriers. «I wonder what problems ants got?» - she thinks - as she prepares the plad ground for the stalks.

The harvest has been a big disappointment for Wanda again. The middle Field, for the kids, has not been completed, even though it was as small as last year. Again, the elders had to help, and again, the Sahel offers a sad look after the harvest.



At the harvest celebration all overdo the party again. As last year, Harald sounds big: "They will have bad cards.", and laughs. The women, as always, take care of fresh water, fresh stalks, and the kids. After the meal, our friends go back to their little haystack. The stars glow brightly. In the distance hyenas cry, and the whole tribe chirps as if there were no tomorrow.



Wanda is happy and wonders how the ants are. «Now in the naked summer i will see my ant again» - thinks Wanda. The haystack is creaking as the seven friends fall asleep under the starlit sky.

The little ones have lots of free time now. The harvest has been carried in, and almost all grasshoppers sleep the most of the day. Michelle, Carolin and Alexandra now meet guys, as they want to discuss Wanda's transport plan. This summer, Veronica, Olivia, Maice and Wanda often 'go out', so they call it. That Wanda is looking for ants, and Veronica wants to walk to the oasis, they do not reveal. «We're going to play outside», say the four, and their parents agree.



Marcy and Olivia are satisfied that they can support the clique. Meanwhile, the four venture out far. Past the dunes, overgrown white skeletons, and some flowers here and there. The oasis is still far away. Big haystacks, the human hideouts, are rare meanwhile. No more noise is heard out of them. Where are the people now? Wanda, who is now slightly annoyed, thinks that she has not seen a single ant. Whether they are gone?

The four friends do not let them get stopped by the human haystacks this time. Veronica determines; They are going into oasis direction. Slowly the four walk further. Again and again Wanda looks back, but with four people you don't simply turn around. Decisions are almost done by itself, and in difficult things you talk about it thoroughly. Careful but happy the hopple

on. By the way they discover something new. Small to medium sized hills, who appear like rings on the sand.



Olivia remembers someone told her about that, and advises to turn around. All agree and on the way back, all look out for ants, It is an unspoken secret they now share. There aren't any ants to be seen. Far from talking to one.

«Where might they be gone? Why are all gone?», Wanda questions herself. At the late afternoon they finally stop and be at home late and exhausted.

This autumn shall be the worst in *the history of the Fravier tribe* .

The foresigns were more and more hotter and howling winds. Wanda always was afraid of heavy weather. «You don't need to be afraid of flash and thunder.»,

said Frederic Wandaman often. But it wasn't flash and thunder. It was the wind. Just the wind, which in circles ran over the haystacks, ripped them in parts and threw all the harvest over the Sahel.



Wanda also got hit hard. Alone in the outside she searches for shelter under a sandhill. The wind was so strong, Wanda only closed her eyes and hoped of survival... Then she slowly sinks into the sand and almost does not feel the wind anymore...

Stunned she looks up... in the eyes of an ant. Wanda freezes.

Only a few days before the questions were burning on her chitin lips. Now, with these eyes so sudden and close before her, there is only one question left...

«Shall i run?... Where?... Where am i?!»

The ant backs up a little bit...

Preamble:

I dedicate these pages to all my friends.

Too many to get listed.

Who enjoyed the first book, may buy some scans to support us.

Even though we will only party from that money, so it will reach 100% the artists behind this.

A second part is under construction.

PS: The images are from Anja Ingwersen, Danziger Str. 64 Cremlingen.

THANKS!

PPS: Thanks to Mr. Richter, who kept the book for me :)

Christian Busch

Am Bauhof 15

31224 Peine

Germany

a.k.a.

gizmore@wechall.net

14.Nov.2016