

Tiny Black Ant

By Luca Romero (Year 6)

I remember the taste of the sticky, sweet grass that continue throughout the whole field. I remember the tall oak trees covering the horizon. I remember Lake Budiva, my home.

8 WEEKS BEFORE

HONK! HONK! A truck as big as a house hits several deer now lying on the dusty floor in agony. BEEP! BEEP! Another six cows slaughtered with knives. I hide between two grey rocks with some weed in between. The trucks have now left and no one is to be seen except me and small black ant crawling through some gravel. Life was weird without my family, I miss mum's sweet soups and dad's hot berry barbecue but what I mostly miss is the company. One of the biggest things about being a gorilla like me is not being left alone. We hate to be ignored. We hate to be unseen. We hate to be stuck in the field only left with a tiny black ant. The boredom days of trying to find food and entertainment continued for two whole weeks until again the sounds are back. The ones, the ones I remember. The BEEP and the HONK still rung in my ears until....

I've been stuck in this box now for a couple of days with nothing but a small shaggy rug and some meat on a plank. I'm tired and sad and am waiting to die. I feel shrivelled up and am starving of hunger. Just when I thought I was too weak and heavy to move we come to a sudden stop. A tall thin man steps out of the truck and pushes the box onto a green trailer where a short stubby man now releases me. I thought when I was released that everything would be normal. I would be back home and all of this was a mistake. Right now I would rather be bored back in the fields. But instead there was brick pavement walls as high as I could see. Hard rock concrete onto my padded feet. My paws were sore

and tired but six strong men were pushing me with sweat. A while later I was plopped into my cage as big as the box I came here. The steel cage wall grew tall but thin but the cage was not much bigger than me.

My shoulders pushed against the walls and my legs scrambled together. I slowly let out a small little cry. The cold salty tears dragged down my face and splatted onto patches of my fur that left me in the cold in a small steel cage. It's now been five weeks and I was now thinking of the times I had with my family back at the fields. Until one dark cold night the stars shined bright and I saw a few mice escaping through a crack. "Wait, wait up, can you help me out of here?" I yelled as loud as I could. But it was no use. They scattered off, even more scared. But the night wasn't over and I was determined, so I started scrambling and pushing and scratching and pulling until KABOW! The cage rumbled open.

A few guards awoke and saw me escape and chased me down the city, but I was too fast. Out into the trees I disappeared into the night. More trees started coming and a train was slowing passing so I leapt on top and latched onto the train. Pulling myself to the top of the train I sat there that night. The stars shone bright and the milky way was clear and I lay down right near a small black ant.