

Hungarian original titled “Varjufi a Hangyavarban” was published in the “Marcika Mesék”, authored by Kozma Maria

The young crow and the ant hill

The young crow was in the crow kindergarten, but he got tired of all that practicing: flying to the right, turning to the left. As a matter of fact, he was still having trouble remembering which direction was left and right. So, he landed on the ground, thinking that he can handle walking easier than flying. And, he also wanted to check out the that big ant hill he saw from high above. He walked around the ant hill, and watched the busy ants scurrying as they went about their tasks. Soon the young crow got tired watching the ants, and he started shouting at the ants:

Caw, Caw, Caw,

Your ant hill stands,

Your ant hill grows,

Just you wait, and watch what I'll do.

The young crow wasn't sure what he was going to do, but he was annoyed that the ants didn't notice his shouting. He turned to Sir Csutak, an old, weathered tree, and asked him: Whose hill is this?

It's the ants' hill, of course, answered Sir Csutak. “They work so much; they're always doing something, all this constant hustle and bustle. They tire me out, and I'm just looking at them.”

Is it tiresome for you?, asked the young crow.

Yes, sort of, said Sir Csutak, and then he would've turned his back to the crow, except his roots kept him in place.

They dare to tire out an old tree, shouted the young crow. They dare to tire out a young crow. I will show them! And he kept shouting:

Your ant hill stands,

Your ant hill grows,

Just you wait, and watch what I'll do.

Do you want to hurt them?, asked Marcika, a little boy who came by to see what the ruckus is about.

Of course I do!, answered the young crow. But why do you want to hurt them?, asked Marcika.

Because they tired out Sir Csutak, they tired me out as well. And they're so small, much smaller than me. They're much smaller than you, too, said the crow to the boy. If you want to hurt them, you can do it too. Just poke at them like this.

And without waiting for a reply, the young crow raised his head high, and then he raised his wing and hit the ant hill with is wing. The ants gave out a painful cry as they were calling for help. The upper floors of the ant hill were completely destroyed, and even some of the lower levels collapsed. The residents were rescued by emergency service ants, and many injured ants were bandaged up in the middle of the rubble. The young crow was pleased when he saw all the damage, and raised his wing to strike the ant hill again. But then he noticed a brown mass of ants marching towards him. The brave ants quickly crawled up his foot and started to bite him. The skin of the young crow started to itch terribly from the many bites, but he couldn't shake off the ants. He was trashing on the ground when Sir Csutak asked him:

"Now you see where you end up when you try to hurt others. The ants might be smaller than you, but there are many of them, and they defend their homes."

By this time the young crow managed to get rid of most of the ants, and he scrambled up into the air. From high in the air he shouted down to everyone:

Your ant hill stands,

Your ant hill grows,

Don't wait up, you won't see me anymore.