

# HELLO BUG!



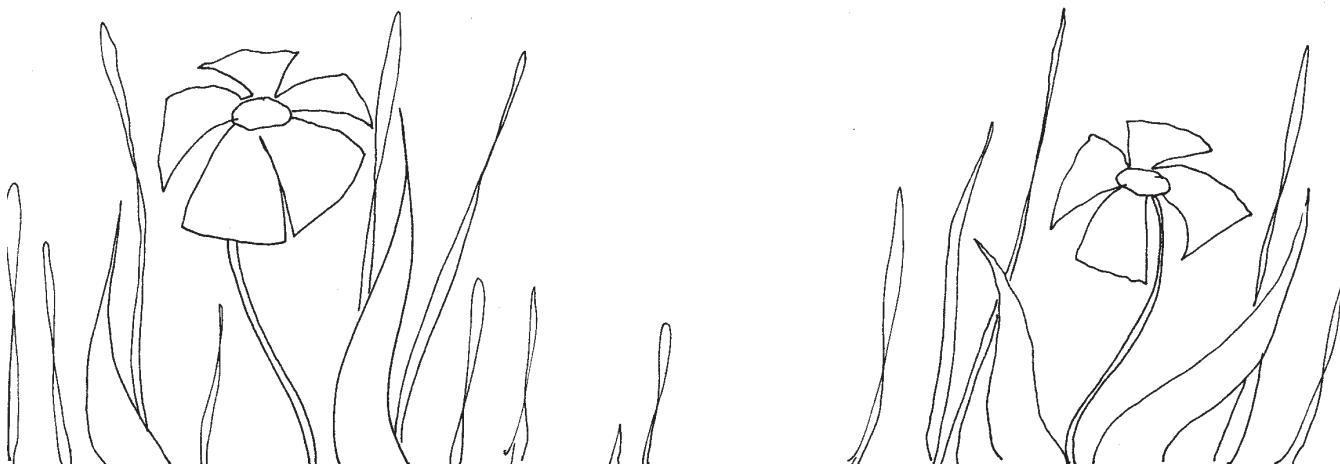
*by Melanie Graham*

*For Miles and Robbie*

*September 2016*

**The little boy was lying out in a field of grass one day, chewing on a blade of grass and just sort of thinking about the lazy, sunny, fall day.**

**All of a sudden a bug landed on the grass right in front of him!**

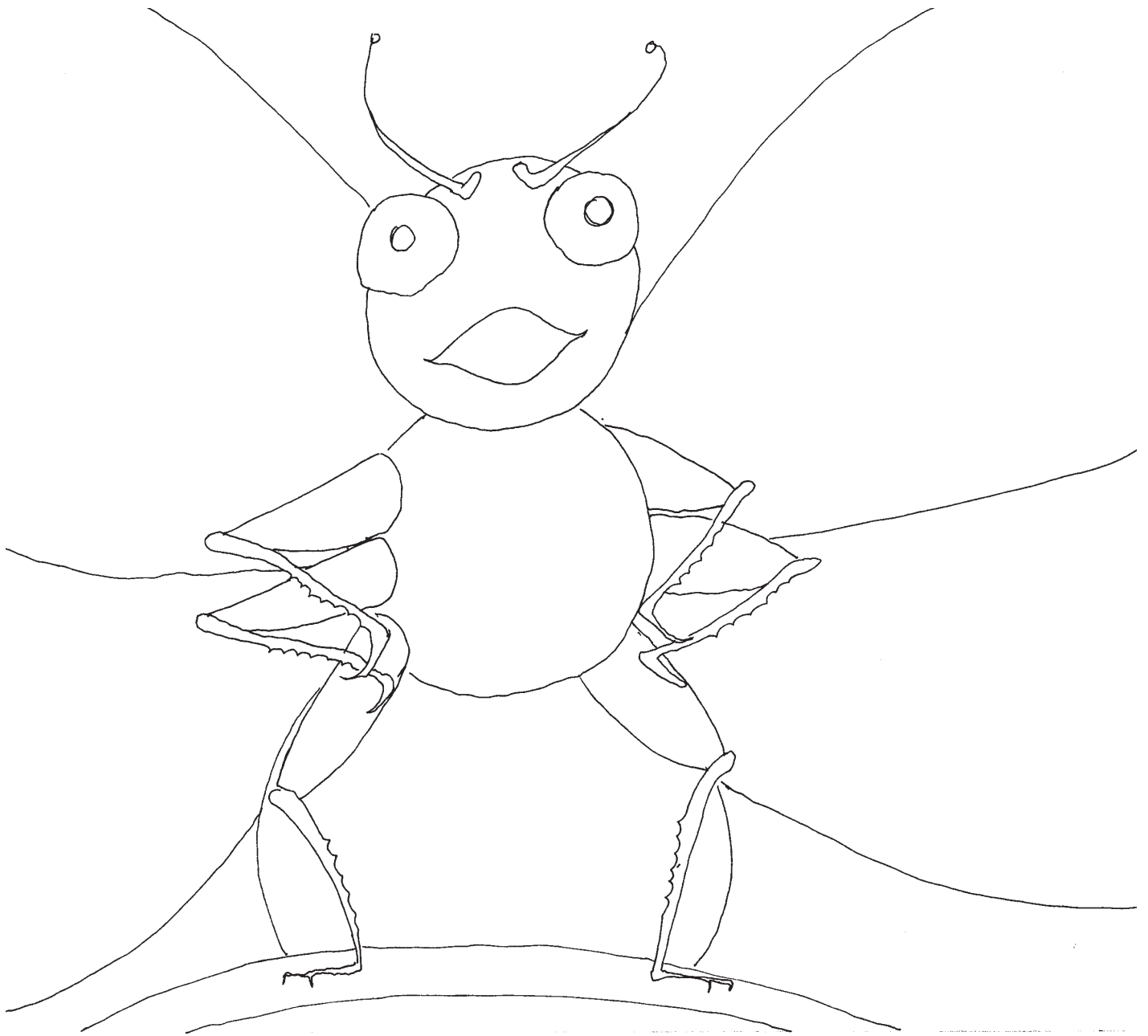




**“Hello bug” the boy said.**

**“Do you like Saturdays too? Bugs don’t know when it’s Saturday, do they, so that even if they could talk, all that they would talk about would be chores, play and school.”**





**“I beg your pardon little boy” the bug replied,  
“but that is not true! I’ll have you know we  
bugs live a very good life, both working and  
playing!”**

**“We even have a day off sometimes, just like everyone else.”**





**“Hey! Bugs can’t talk!” said the boy “Why are you talking? I mean bugs are bugs. Are you sure you’re a bug?”**



**“There’s no need to get nasty.” the bug replied. “Of course bugs can talk! But how many of you people ever take the time to listen?”**





**“That’s right!” the boy exclaimed. “I never thought of that! Sorry bug.”**

**“Oh that’s all right I suppose.” the bug smiled.  
“It came as rather a surprise to me when I first  
heard a person talk, so I guess we’re even.”**





**“What’s it like to be a bug?” the boy asked. “I think I might like to try being a bug.”**

**“Well little boy,” the bug replied, “It’s a normal life for me, but it would be a bit different for you if you suddenly became a bug.”**



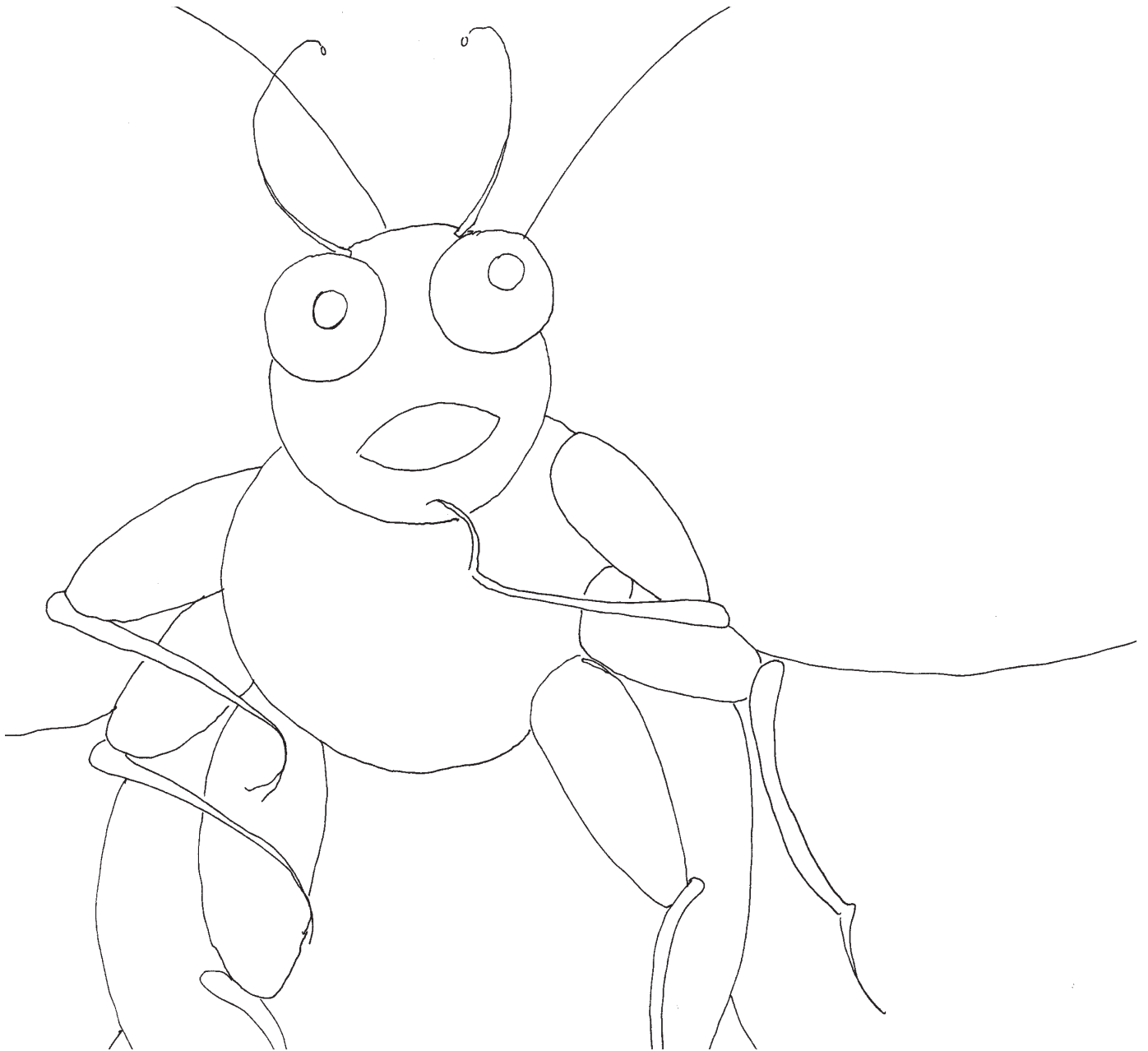


**“It would take a while for you to get used to having wings and sitting on flowers and things instead of sitting at a table to eat.**

**It would feel very different being this small too.”**

**“Cool I think I might like it.” the boy exclaimed.  
“What do you think?”**



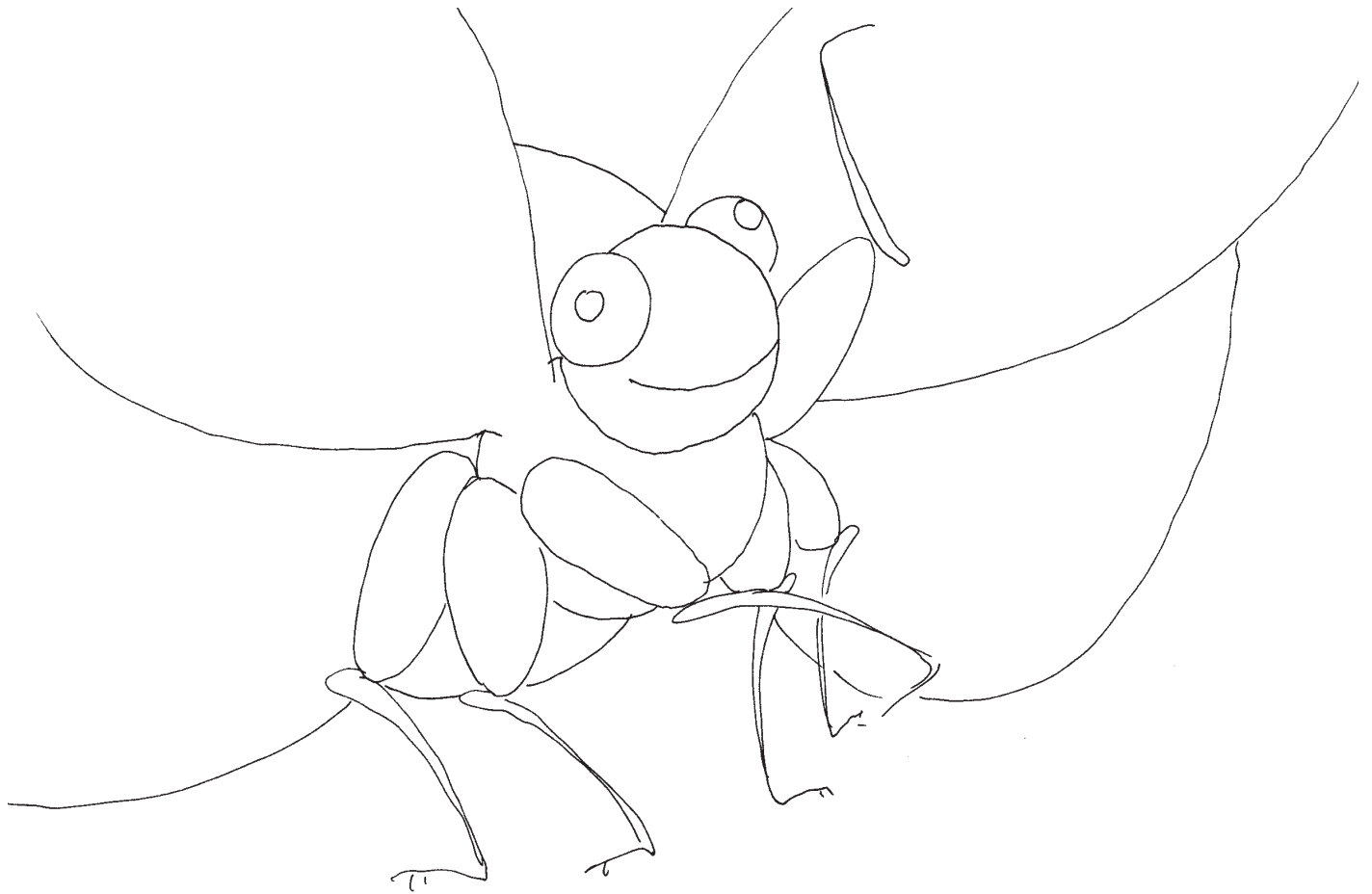


**“It would be a lot of fun at first,” Bug replied, “but then you would get used to it and would want to be a little boy again. You would miss your friends and your parents too.”**



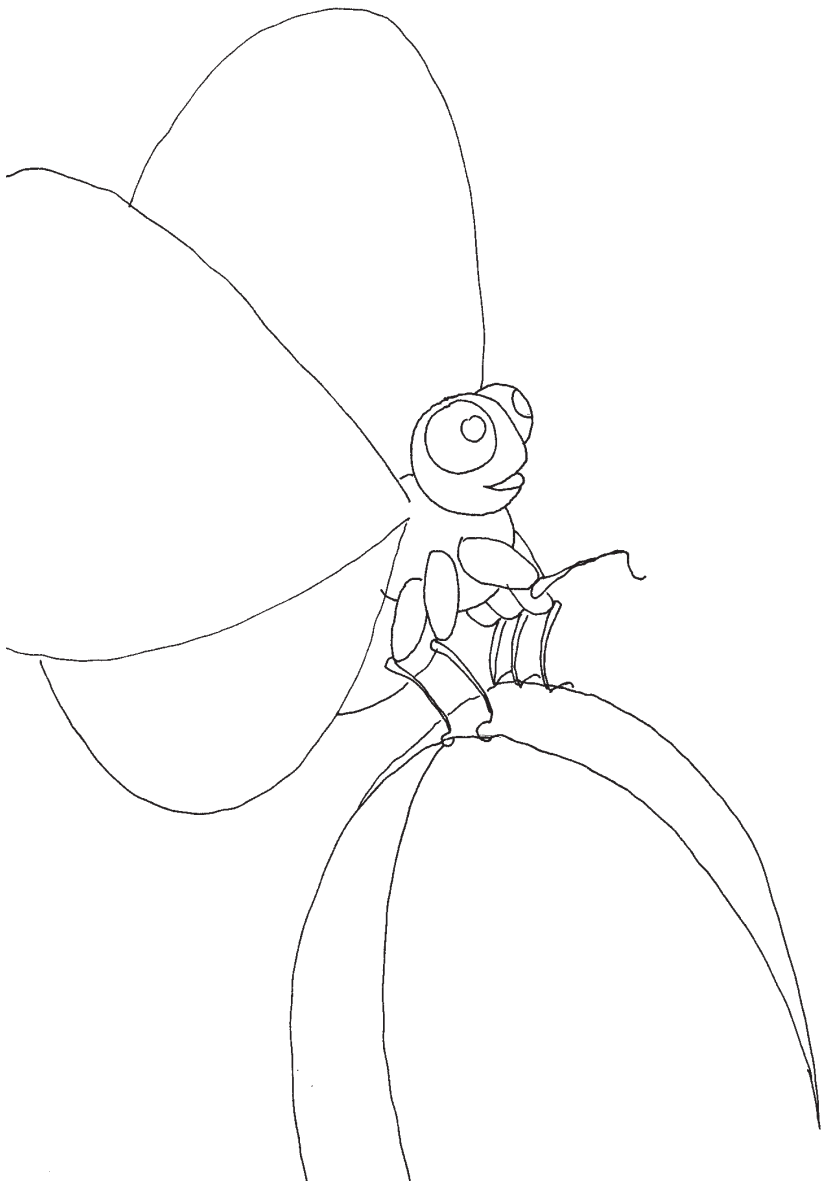
**“I guess you’re right.” the boy smiled. “I like being a little boy and you like being a bug.”**

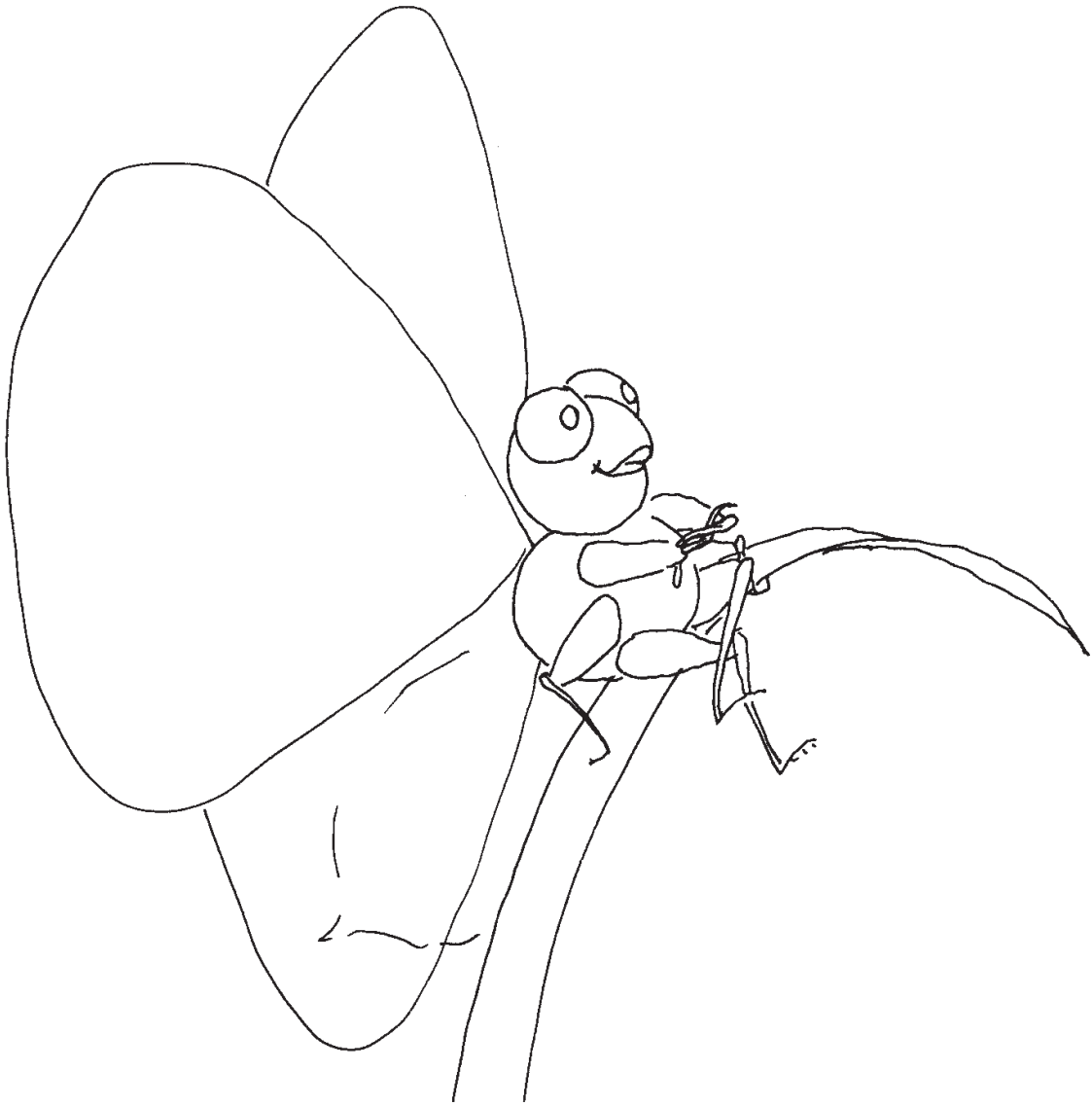




**“That’s the way it should be.” Bug agreed.**

**“Yes, if nobody liked what they were, the world would be a very sad place to live in. It’s best to enjoy being who you are.”**



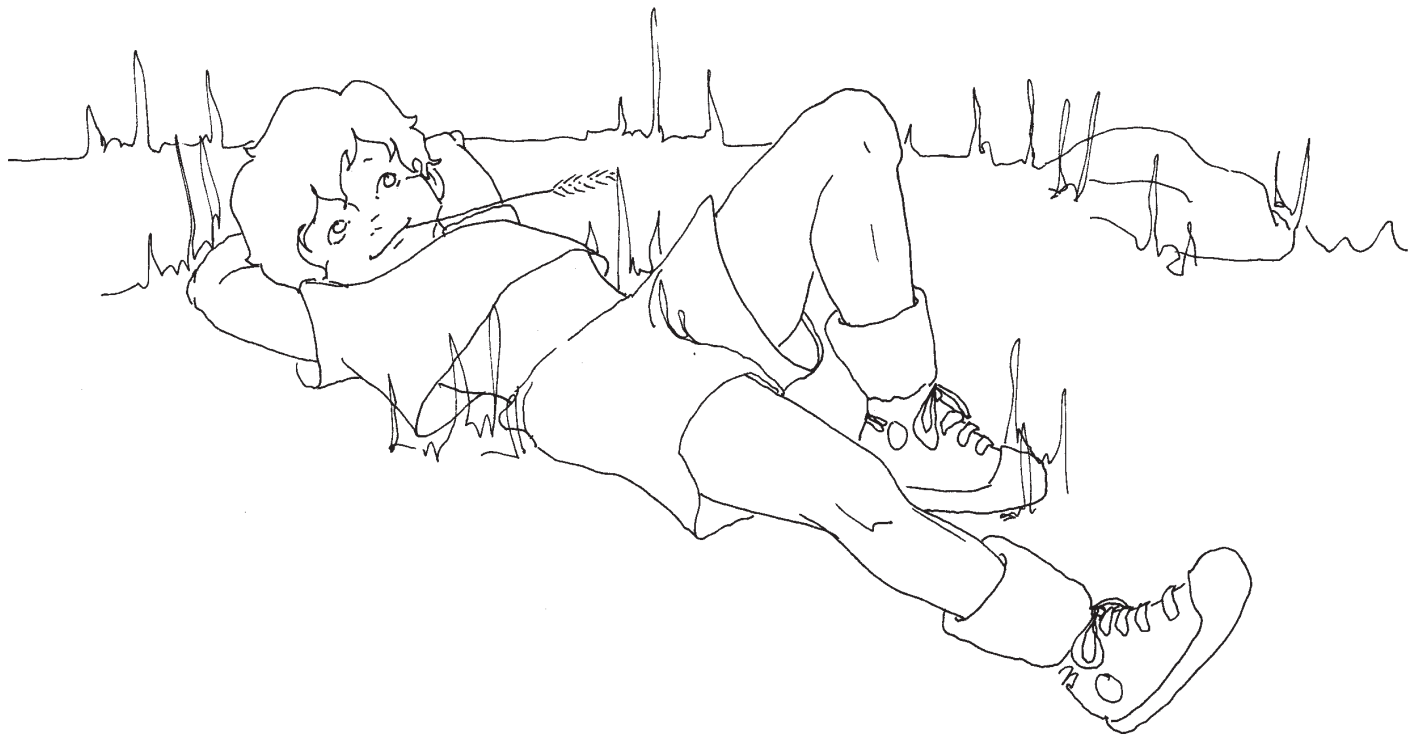


**“ But I must go now.” Bug continued.**

**“Winter is coming soon and I have a lot of work to do before it gets too cold. I’ll look for you next spring when the weather gets warm again. Then we can sit down together once more and talk about bugs and little boys. Good bye.”**

**“Good bye Bug, and thank you.” the boy  
waived as Bug flew off.**





**And with that, the little boy lay down in the grass once more, to watch the clouds chase one another across the autumn sky overhead.**