Cricket

By Emmalisa Horlacher

Once upon a time there was a Cricket. This Cricket loved to hear the sounds of the wind, of rustling leaves, of birds chirping, and of the pitter-pattering rain.

One day, as the Cricket sat in its field a two-legged giant strode by. Now to us it would seem to be a normal girl, but to the Cricket it was a *giant*! Coming from the voice of the giant was the most beautiful thing the Cricket had ever heard: Music.

 The Cricket fell in love with the sound of music and tried to follow the girl, but could only watch as the girl walked away in the distance. From that moment on the Cricket decided to do whatever it took to find that music.

 On the Cricket’s journey to find music, it found itself in front of a dark, deep, thick forest. Now to us, it would seem to be a bush, but to the Cricket it was a *forest*! How was this little Cricket going to cross this obstacle? Should it give up and head back? No. The Cricket had just started its journey. It had to try.

The Cricket entered the forest. Winding, twisting vines and leaves blocked its way. The Cricket had to crawl around this and hop over that, always going deeper and deeper into the forest. After much too long of traveling, the Cricket saw a light peeking through the foliage. Could it be the end? The Cricket hopped onward and burst through the opening into the open air. The Cricket did a happy hop, having made it through the deep dark forest.

 The Cricket’s happy dance was stopped short when before it, the Cricket saw a wide desert of rocks. Now to us, it would seem to be a cute pebble path, but to the Cricket, is was a *vast desert*! It was so far, and so long.The Cricket was shaking a bit; it was not sure if it would survive crossing this great expanse. It could still go back. Then the Cricket remembered the music and decided to press forward.

  The Cricket began the trek. It was so long. It was so far. It was so vast across the great expanse of dry, rocky ground. Yet with each hop, the Cricket’s only focus was on being able to hear that beautiful music once again.

 Finally the Cricket reached the end of the desert. In front of the Cricket were giant cement cliffs. The Cricket remembered the music, deciding that, having already come this far, it was not going to turn back. The Cricket hopped down, landing each hop with a big, heavy thud. At the bottom of the cliffs, a swinging mountain opened up and a group of giants walked out. As the mountain began closing, the Cricket hopped into its opening. The Cricket found itself in a warm cave with a tall ceiling and soft ground. The Cricket hopped through the cave until it came to an end. It hopped into one of the cave’s large large caverns. As the Cricket went in, a giant came out and as the giant was leaving it began to swing the swinging mountain closed. Everything became dark.

 Now to us, the cliffs and the swinging mountain, would seem to be the steps and door entrance to a basement under a building. The massive cave would seem to be a hallway, the giants would seem to be people and the cavern would seem to be a room, but to the Cricket, none of this was the case.

 The Cricket waited in excitement. What was this place? Is this where the music would be found? When would the music start? Where would it come from? The Cricket waited for a long time. Then a realization came over the Cricket.

 There was no sound in this cavern. The Cricket could not hear the sound of the wind, nor the rustle of the leaves, nor the chirping of the birds, nor the pitter-patter of rain. It was silent. In the Cricket’s search for music, it had lost even its simple sounds, and now the Cricket did not know how to get out of this giant cavern. It was trapped.

 The Cricket had all but given up hope when at last, a giant entered the room. It was the little girl. She opened up a book and she began to sing. Her voice was beautiful. It was everything the Cricket had ever wanted. The Cricket began to sing along. How happy the Cricket was.

The girl did not stay for long but even such a short time had fulfilled the Cricket’s dreams. The Cricket decided to wait until the next time that the girl would return. As the Cricket was waiting, another giant entered the room. It wasn’t the girl, it was someone else, and in their hand was a long shiny branch, which to us would seem to be a flute. They began to play. More music filled the room. It was unlike anything the Cricket had heard. After the flute came another instrument, and another. The entire day, music had been flowing in and out of the room. Never had the Cricket  heard such wondrous and moving sounds. In this cave the Cricket made its home and until the Cricket passed away, it had the pleasure of hearing many giants come with all kinds of instruments, and music. How happy the Cricket was. It had found a personal heaven. Now to us, it would seem to be normal musician practice rooms under a certain building, but to the Cricket, it was a personal heaven.

The End.