The November winter was tearing the last dried out and soggy leaves off the trees, when by the forest met the grasshopper and the ant. The ant was wearing a slightly torn, panofix-stuffed winter coat reeking of naphthalene – which he bought at a reduced price at the pawn-office, just like his waterproof ski boots -, the grasshopper was evidently shivering in his thin, uninsulated linen jacket. The grasshopper was standing with his hands in his pockets, because he didn’t have gloves either.

- Good afternoon, neighbour – said the ant. - By the looks of it, you aren’t sweating in that coat…
- Indeed, it is very cold, neighbour, - answered the grasshopper. - The wind chills even my bones…

The ant fixed his scarf on his neck with his leather gloved-hands.
- My wife knitted it – he said. - She’s a skillfull lady: While watching the television, she’s always knitting or crocheting something. If I recall correctly, you are a bachelor and you rent a house…
- Well, yes – nodded the grasshopper -, you know, I’m always just playing the violin, don’t have much time for anything else.
He scrapes out a packet of fags from his pocket, and offers it to the ant.
- Thank you – shook his head the ant – but it’s been more than three months since I went smoke free. Not only is it a useless and destructive vice, it also costs money. For the price of a fag, a physical worker like me can have breakfast or dinner. - he cleared his throat.
- My wife and I are planning to get a bigger house next year. Central heating, telephone, direct underground tunnel to the trashheap…

The grasshopper lit a fag.
- One who only plays his violin all summer while others toil hard to get somewhere in life…
- The ant shook his head. - Did you think my dear neighbour that there wouldn’t be a winter this year?
- I’m going to depart in a week – said the grasshopper -, and I’m only returning around May…
- Depart? - the ant shook his head. - Is this some kind of invitation from a relative, my dear neighbour?
- I’m not one to go visiting – said the grasshopper -, I just play the violin at home, practicing…
- Would you please tell me where are you going? - said the ant as he smiled at him.
- To Paris – said the grasshopper.
- To Paris?
The ant was gazing at the grasshopper with eyes wide open.
- Are you joking, dear neighbour? - he asked with his voice sligthly raised. - How coulf you afford to spend the winter in Paris?
- The invited me… the Conservatiore… - said the grasshopper.
- I’m going to play the violin at concerts…
The ant directed his eyes on the ground and went silent for a bit, and after that, he spoke to the ant in an imploring tone:
- In light of knowing each other for so long… could you please do help me with an important matter?
- Oh, naturally… - urged the grasshopper – just tell me, neighbour.
- I’d like to ask you – said the ant – that when you are in Paris, go to Mr. La Fontaine and tell him, to kiss my ass.

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1 A specially prepared type of wool. (From the factory name “Pannonia” + Fix (As in “secure” “lasting”))