

When Matt receives an ant city for his birthday, he soon realizes these aren't ordinary pets. Not only do they grow in size and intelligence, but they're loyal friends who will do anything to protect their master. Matt's enemies: Beware.

Ant Farm

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Ant Farm

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10

“What in the world?” Matt said under his breath.

He had never seen ants this big before. They were absolutely enormous, easily the size of a large cricket. He was happy that they were even alive. He had been worried that after eating all of those pop rocks, they would all be dead.

Then he remembered the feeding frenzy they were in when they ate the candy.

It must have been the Pop Rocks that made them grow. He was sure of it. How else could this happen in such a short time?

“Hey sweetie,” his mom said standing in the doorway.

Matt spun around and stood in front of the ant city so that she couldn't see. He knew that if his mom saw the Godzilla sized ants that she would freak out.

“Uhh... hey mom.”

“Honey, would you like it if I drove you to school for the rest of the week?” His mother knew that Matt would be afraid of another encounter with Joey.

“Yeah, sure. That would be great,” he answered. He was relieved that he wouldn’t have to face Joey on the walk to school, but he was even happier that his mother hadn’t seen the ants.

“Okay, get a move on. We have to leave in fifteen minutes,” she said as she headed downstairs.

Matt immediately went over and locked his bedroom door. He looked back at the ant city. He knew he couldn’t just leave it out in plain sight on his dresser. There was no way that his mom would let anything this size stay in the house.

He quickly scanned his room for ideas. Finally he focused on the closet. Matt needed a place where the ants would not be discovered. He had a huge closet that was very dark.

He picked up the ant farm and carefully placed it all the way in the back behind the old clothes that he never wore. He was confident that his mom would never see it back there. He closed the closet doors and quickly got dressed for school.

Just as he was about to head downstairs a thought occurred to him, was that lid on tight? He wasn’t sure if it had been loosened when he had moved the ant city into the closet.

Ant Farm

He retrieved the flashlight from his bed and went back to the closet.

Everything was secure.

He couldn't imagine the scene his mom would make if the monstrous ants were able to escape.

20

The ants were angry. And they were hungry. That was not a good combination.

They had grown both in size and in brain capacity. All ants already had an amazing ability to communicate with each other. These ants, however, were developing an understanding of the world around them.

They knew that their master was upset. They felt his fear and hatred. They had become aware of all of his emotions.

And they were his personal servants; his own private army.

Matt had been lying in bed listening to the scratching for the past ten minutes. He wanted to save the candy to feed them in the morning so that it would sedate them while he was at school.

It was nerve racking for him to listen to them beg for food and not give it to them. He knew he

Screamin Calhoun

was doing the right thing by making them wait, but he felt guilty denying them.

Then all at once the scratching stopped.

Phew, maybe they've finally fallen asleep, he thought.

He rolled over as quietly as possible so they wouldn't hear him. Five minutes later, he had fallen asleep also.

But the ants hadn't gone to sleep. They had not been begging for food. The scratching noise wasn't the claws on the side of the chest. It was their mandibles tearing away at the side of the wooden container.

They had eaten a hole through the toy box! They had continued digging straight through the dry wall of his closet and into the outside of the house.

The noise had stopped not because they were tired. It had stopped because they had made it to the outside.

The line of ants ran from the second floor down to the backyard. They were free!

But freedom was not what they were after. They were seeking food...and revenge.

The Rotweiller was the first to see them coming. At first, the dog barked and pulled on the

Ant Farm

rope to get to its midnight snack. But the ants had but one purpose in mind. They continued straight through, into the dog's circle and towards the house.

The dog lunged at the lead ant, grasping it in his jaws. The ant sunk its powerful mandibles into the side of the dogs' mouth and the animal howled in pain. The Rotweiler retreated with a high pitched whimper as the ants charged on.

Joey was lying in his bed with his headphones on, listening to an Ipod that he had stolen from a kid at school, when the ants reached his house. Without hesitation, they climbed swiftly and quietly up the side of the home, right outside of Joey's bedroom wall.

The ants had little trouble chewing through the wood siding. Large splinters and sawdust fell to the ground as if a chainsaw was cutting through an old log.

Joey thought he heard something. He turned off his music, but left the headphones on. The noise appeared to be coming from the backyard. Must be the dog digging at the side of the house again, he thought.

"Hey, Rocco! Cut it out!" he yelled. But the scratching continued. Whatever, thought Joey. Let him dig up the stinkin' yard. What do I care? He switched his music back on.

The ants had now eaten through to the pink insulation between the walls and devoured that like it was cotton candy. In a matter of seconds, they were working on the inside wall, knowing that their prey lay just a few feet away.

There it was again, thought Joey. It sounded like it was right outside his window. This time, he sat up in bed and took the earphones off. Then he saw it. The wall was moving.

“What the...?”

The wall seemed to explode. The giant pinchers of the lead ant burst through and the rest of its body poured out after it. The other ants followed. From across the room, it looked like some sort of black oil was gushing down the wall and onto the floor. But he realized quickly that this wasn't a leak.

Joey jumped on top of his bed and tried to kick the ants away as they climbed up the covers. The first one was knocked back onto the floor, but the second sunk its mandibles into Joey's ankle and held on as Joey screamed and kicked wildly.

A few seconds later, his legs were covered with the hard, black monsters. By the time the last ants were to the bed, his entire body was covered with them.

For the first two minutes, he fought to get away. But they were just too big and their

Ant Farm

mandibles too powerful. Ten minutes later there was nothing left except for the Ipod and the headphones.

The room had been torn apart from the struggle. The sheets and blankets were ripped from the bed and blood stained the carpet and mattress. But Joey was gone.

The ants retreated silently back to their home. They climbed up the side of the house back to the comfort of the toy chest for a well needed rest.

They would not need any Pop Rocks tonight.

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