

It is Hot Out

By Clark Ness www.clarkness.com



"Mom, it is hot out here in the yard," said Michael on a hot summer day.

"If you are hot, then use the magic nickel to cool yourself off," said Michael's mother who was weeding her flowers.

Michael went and got the magic nickel.

"I need to think about how I can cool off," he said to himself. "I have got it. Ice cream, ice cream, ice cream."

Poof! Michael was an ice cream cone. He was just nine inches tall. He had two legs and two arms.

"Oh, that feels a lot better," he said. "Look, Mom. I feel cooler now."

Michael's mother looked up from her flowers. "Oh, I see you are an ice cream cone. Have fun," said Michael's mother.

Michael was a lot cooler. He went about the yard looking at the trees and flowers. He stopped and looked at a big red flower. He looked down and there were a lot of ants.

"Hello, ants," said Michael. The ants looked up.

"Are you made of ice cream?" asked one of the ants.

"Yes, I am, and I feel so cool on this hot day," said Michael.

The ant made some ant sounds, and about 500 ants came over by Michael.

"We would like to show you our ant nest," said the first ant.

"Ok," said Michael.

The ants all picked up Michael and took him to their nest. Michael was too big to go into the nest so they sat him down next to the nest's opening. The ants all stood around him. They began to sing to him ant songs.

A drop of melted ice cream fell from Michael's ice cream hair. The ants cheered and many took a lick of the sweet ice cream.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," yelled the ants.

Michael was happy that the ants liked the ice cream. He shook his head and drops of melted ice cream rained down on the ants. The ants went crazy licking the ice cream.

A big ant came up to Michael. It was the queen ant.

"Thank you for giving us some of your ice cream. You are a very nice ice cream cone. Please come back and see us again," said the queen ant.

"I am glad you all like ice cream. I will come back and see you again," said Michael. "Now, I need to turn back into a boy."

Michael shook his head one more time. Many drops of ice cream came down on the ants. The ants cheered and cheered. He walked away from the ants' nest and got the magic nickel.

Michael picked up the nickel and said, "Michael, Michael, Michael."

Poof! Michael was Michael the boy again. He went to tell his mother about the nice ants in their yard.

Flesch-Kincaid Grade Level - 2.2
Flesch Reading Ease - 94.4

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