

Mountain Ants

In the second book in The Adventures of Dod series it mentions mean ants. That one came straight from my childhood!

When I was about eleven years old, I loved to go camping and fishing with my grandpa and uncles. A matter of fact, I can't think of anything I enjoyed more than that. I waited all summer long for them to take me.

On one outing, we were camping close to a stream that was brimming with little trout. I couldn't wait to pull a fish out of the river. All night long as I slept beneath the starry Uinta sky I dreamed of fish tugging at my line. And in the morning, I was more dedicated to the task of catching my fair share than you can even imagine.

Since I was the youngest one in the group, my grandpa and uncles tried to keep an eye on me, but being determined to show them all up, I bolted for the best fishing holes, leaving them behind me as I took routes through the thickest of willows.

At one point, I saw what looked to be a perfect spot. I knew I'd be rewarded well if only I could jump from the river bank to a tiny island, about six or seven feet out. Without much thought, I clung tightly to my gear and made the leap. But the moment my feet hit the ground, I knew I was in trouble! The island seemed to be made of tiny pieces of wood, much like quicksand, and it was crawling with super-sized biting ants! I had landed in a giant ant hill of sorts and had sunk up to my waist.

When people talk of ants in your pants making you want to dance, they're not kidding! I'm sure all the fish, birds, squirrels, deer, and every other creature in the forest enjoyed the show. I nearly flew across the water to the shoreline where I proceeded to disrobe, attempting to get the little warriors off my skin. It was horrible. They were everywhere. I couldn't swat them fast enough. And the bite marks they left stung for days.

But do you think I told my grandpa and uncles? Nope. When they saw me all wet and muddy, I told a pretty good tale about the big fish I had nearly landed. It was at least five pounds.

Anyway, watch out for mountain ants. They'll eat you to the bone.