

# The Tale of the Two Brothers: The Ant and the Snail

Deep within the heart of an ancient jungle, where sunlight dappled the forest floor and birds sang melodies unknown to man, lived two brothers—Arik and Daan. They were as different as day and night. Arik was industrious, always busy with something productive. Daan, however, was as lazy as a sunbathing snake, preferring to nap under the shade of tall banyan trees or lounge by the riverbank.



Despite their differences, the two brothers shared a simple hut nestled under a towering mahogany tree. Arik would wake up at dawn, gathering fruits, chopping wood, and hunting small game. He stored food and crafted tools, ensuring their survival even during harsh weather. On the other hand, Daan spent his days dreaming and barely lifting a finger, relying entirely on his brother's hard work.



One sunny morning, Arik, carrying a woven basket full of berries, approached his brother lying on the soft grass. “Daan, you need to do something for yourself. The jungle can be unforgiving, and it’s best to prepare for the unexpected.”





Daan stretched lazily and replied, "Why should I? You're here to do everything. Besides, the jungle provides all we need."

Arik sighed but said nothing. He was used to Daan's indifference, but he worried that his brother's lack of initiative would lead to trouble.

## **The Storm**



One day, the sky darkened unexpectedly. The once-friendly jungle transformed into a sinister maze as thunder roared and lightning danced across the heavens. Arik knew the signs: a massive storm was coming. He hurriedly began securing their hut, covering it with thick layers of leaves and binding the walls with strong vines.

“Daan, help me!” Arik shouted over the howling wind. But Daan, unbothered, continued reclining inside, muttering, “It’s just some rain. Why panic?”

The storm struck with a vengeance. Torrential rain flooded the forest floor, washing away loose soil and small animals. Arik’s preparations kept their hut intact, but the jungle outside was devastated. When the storm finally passed, the brothers stepped out to survey the damage.





Arik's stores of food, carefully tucked away in waterproof baskets, were untouched. However, the fruit trees and bushes that Daan depended on for his meals were either uprooted or stripped bare. For the first time, Daan felt a pang of unease.

## **The Hunger**

Days turned into weeks, and the jungle's resources dwindled. Arik had enough to sustain himself, but Daan, having nothing of his own, grew weaker with each passing day. "Arik," he whispered one evening, his voice trembling, "can I have some of your food?"



Arik looked at his brother, a mix of pity and resolve in his eyes. “I will share what I can, Daan. But this is the price of laziness. You relied on the jungle’s abundance without thinking about the future.”

Daan nodded, shame washing over him. He realized how selfish and shortsighted he had been. With Arik’s guidance, he began to learn. He helped repair their hut, gathered firewood, and started hunting and foraging. Though clumsy at first, Daan gradually grew stronger and more capable.

## **The Transformation**





Months later, the jungle began to recover, and so did the brothers. Daan, now a changed man, worked alongside Arik. He found joy in their daily tasks and took pride in contributing. The bond between the brothers grew stronger, built not just on blood but on mutual respect.

One evening, as they sat by the fire, Daan turned to Arik. "You were right, brother. Hard work is not just about survival; it's about dignity and preparedness. Thank you for not giving up on me."

Arik smiled. "We all learn at our own pace, Daan. What matters is that you chose to change."

### **The Moral**



The jungle continued to thrive, as did the brothers, now a united team. Their story became a quiet legend among the forest creatures, a reminder of an age-old truth:

*“Laziness may offer comfort today, but hard work builds a secure tomorrow.”*