

## Ant Suicide

The apartment was inhabited by people from the upper tiers of society. Its furnishings were gentle. The air was conditioned. It was filled with electrical appliances. Its walls were covered with collections of paintings by great artists. Some of them, in her opinion, were just scribbles. The ant decided to stay in this apartment for several hours before carrying out her suicide operation.

"Don't they ask someone about to execute a death sentence: 'What would you like before you die?' Well, I would like to live in this large apartment for a while," the ant said to herself after deciding to postpone her suicide operation.

The residents of the large apartment had strange food, unfamiliar to her from when she was in the other apartment: liver, goose, caviar, chicken pane, peacock meat, croissants, pâté, deer meat shawarma. Their drinks were even stranger, they consumed them with nuts said to be between sweet and sour, mostly consisting of pistachios, almonds, walnuts, and cashews, different from the peanuts, pumpkin seeds, delicious carob, and lupine that the residents of the other apartment enjoyed while staying up around the television. Her mouth watered when she remembered the sweetened piece of carob she had devoured completely at the last modest family's nights.

Every member of the household in the large apartment must work day and night, otherwise, they would not have been able to afford such luxurious furniture and devices, which I have never seen in any of the apartments I have wandered through before. The ant talked to herself. She breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, she found others who work hard and toil, just like her, to earn their daily bread. She thought about canceling her suicide operation. The residents of the large apartment eat more than three times a day and drink many beverages, some of which are the color of licorice. No sooner had she tasted it than she fell into a coma, from which she did not awaken until the following day. That day, she received a huge dose of sarcasm from another ant who followed her, imagining that she had drawn a path to food for them. She actually had drawn him a path that is very twisted and convoluted, it was more like a tangled thread than a road.

Every day after dinner, everything changes. The food ends, but drinks, sweet and sour, piles of imported sweets, and playing cards. The ant stays awake, hearing phrases she doesn't understand.

The ant used to be happy if she found the remains of pumpkin seed. But now, she swims in seas of almonds and pistachios. Her weight increased so her movement became heavier. She completely forgot the idea of suicide. But she realized from the changing of the facial

expressions of the apartment's residents every night, their suspicious movements, their strange clothes, and their frivolous, doubt-inducing phone calls that there's something unclean going on.

After a night that the red light didn't disappear from the large apartment until the next day morning, the ant knew everything, so she gathered all she had collected over the previous days from pistachios, cashews, and what she dried from meats of deer and peacock and threw them into the bathroom. she heard the voice of the late Tawfiq Al-Daqq coming from a 26-inch television saying, "oooooh, ooooooh, there's nothing more beautiful than honor." She emptied all of yesterday's food from her stomach. She remembered the food of the other apartment. Her mouth watered as she thought of the taste of *glossostemon bruguieri* and carob. She climbed the wall and stood on the ledge of the window. She looked with respect and salutation farewelling the modest apartment. She was relieved when she saw the newborn baby beginning to crawl. She closed her eyes hard several times as if her eyelids were wipers erasing them from what she had seen the night before in the large apartment and executed the suicide operation.

Suddenly, the air current rose, so her fall slowed down, carrying her through several whirls. The ant lost consciousness. She regained it after a while to find herself safely among the crumbs of salep and *glossostemon bruguieri*, next to a piece of sweetened carob that is not far from newborn baby, who had begun to crawl inside the modest apartment.