

When we went to the cafeteria for lunch, we had to wait in line for like

**59
HOURS!**



My toes started to **wiggle**.
My knees did the “twitch.”
I slid down against the wall,
because my feet just had to kick.

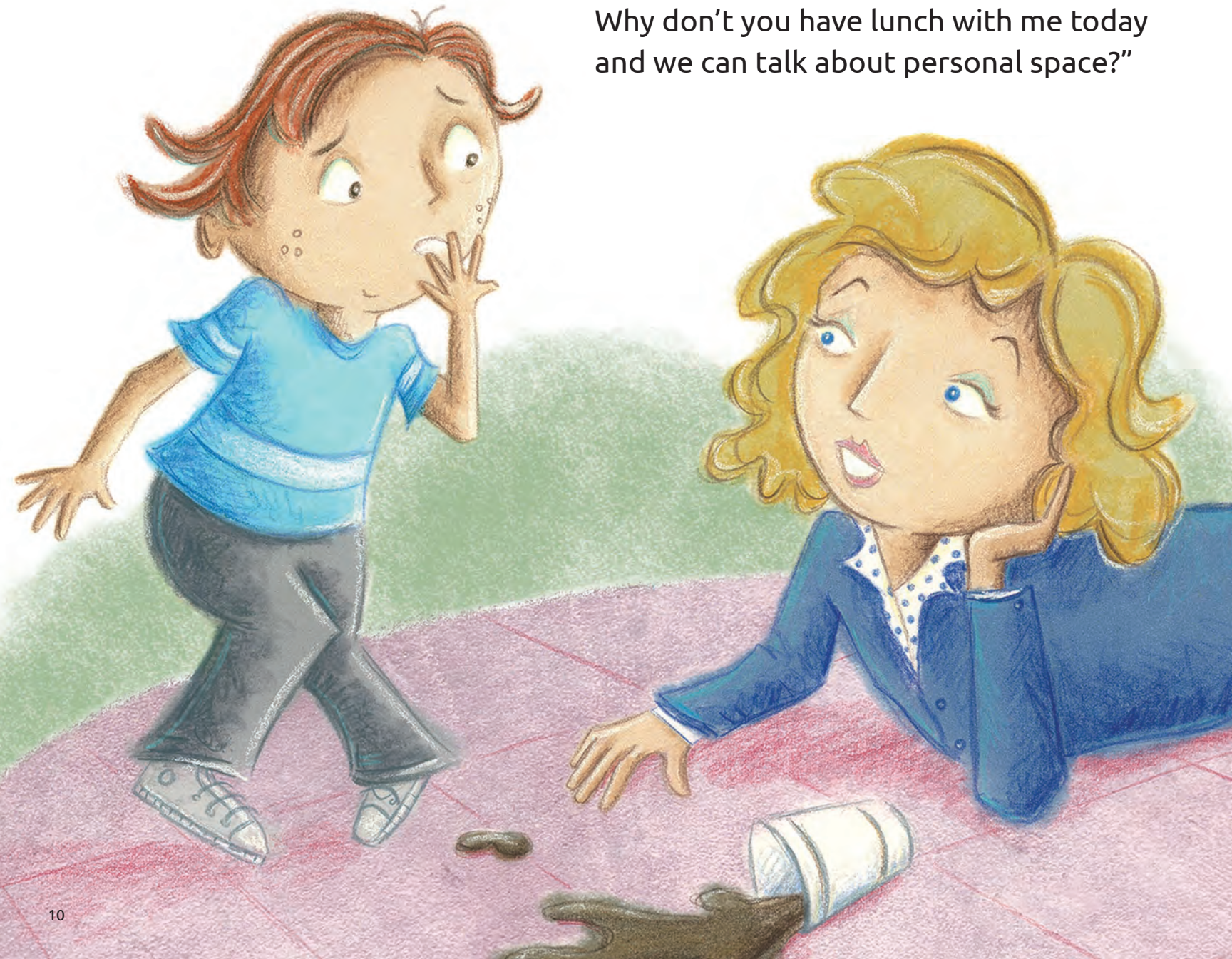
OOPS!

I accidentally tripped
Principal Goodkid!



"Louis, you must have ants in your pants!

Why don't you have lunch with me today
and we can talk about personal space?"



I looked down at my pants.
I couldn't see any ants.

I wonder how they got in there.
What if they're in my underwear?

This can't be true.
She can't be right!
Ants in my pants?!
What if they bite?

"Louis, you need
to eat your lunch.
Aren't you hungry?"



"Everyone says I have
ants in my pants!
But I've checked and
I can't find any!"

"Oh no, Louis.
The ants in your pants aren't real.
People only say that
when you need to sit really still."



"But Louis, remember, you are a verb
(*you know, a kid who's always doing something*).
And verbs have to move around.
I can help you train your imaginary ants.
The one's who cannot be found."

"You can do that? How?"





I thought about
everything my mom
told me, and I
practiced doing the

**WIGGLE
DANCE!**

all weekend.