oftentimes painful sense of self. As an ant, Viskovitz fights his way to the top where his egotism calls on the colony to create a monument to his greatness out of a piece of bread. As a sponge, he is justified by the interlocuting in his family: “I’m my own mother-in-law!!!” and yearns for a change in current so he can mate with Ljuba, who lives downstream. As a mantis, he asks his mother what his father was like, only to hear, “Crunchy. A bit nasty. High in chitin.” Unfortunately, when he meets Ljuba shortly thereafter, he follows her father’s fate. And as a mormice, his uncontrollable deadly efficiency meets its match in Ljuba and finds “no way to escape this intolerable, sinister happiness.”