

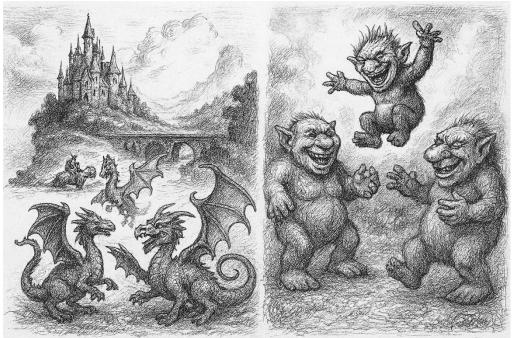
LITTLE SQUIRREL
Plus one other tale
By
Darren Joiner

This book is dedicated to a beautiful young lady

With a loving and wonderful heart

Alana Lynch

Long ago, in lands long gone and far away, back when dragons danced and trolls loved to romp and play, the first squirrel family came to be. I believe it was the year of sixteen hundred and three.





Now, in this family was a little squirrel who loved to go out and explore the world. He would go here, he would go there, he would touch this, he would touch that, always forgetting where he was at.



Now, before you knew it, he was out of sight, and mother squirrel would take off in a terrible fright. "Where are you?" "Where are you?" She would always cry.



Little squirrel would pop up with a look of surprise. "I'm right here," he would say, "looking down this hole. I think I see something that looks like a mole."



"Get away, get away, get away from that hole, before a terrible troll comes up and grabs hold. He'll drag you down into the night and have you for supper with snails and mice." "Oh mother," little squirrel would say and scamper off somewhere else to play.



One day, while mother squirrel and the rest of the family were napping in the sun, little squirrel slipped away to the woods to have some fun. He went here, he went there, he touched this, he touched that, getting farther and farther from the place where mother squirrel was at.



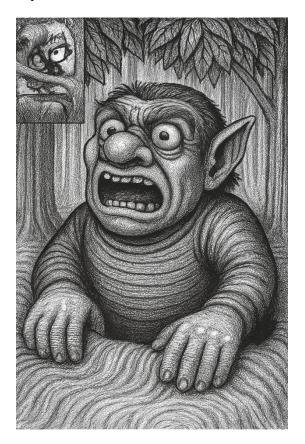
Soon, he found himself in somewhere new; he had never been this far, what was he going to do.



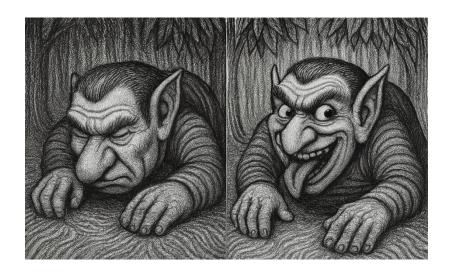
Suddenly there was a terrible rumble with a big growl and before his eyes, a hole opened up in the ground. Now he was scared, oh what could it be? "Is it a troll, is it a troll coming after me," he screamed. Little squirrel ran up a tree, up to the highest limb. To hide from the danger that was coming after him. He peeked a little here, he peeked a little there, he did not see anything, so he just looked and stared.



Imagine, if you could, how frightened he must have been when that troll popped from the hole and looked straight at him. Little squirrel froze, he didn't bat an eye, he didn't twitch a whisker, he didn't even cry, he didn't move a muscle, he stayed still as he could be, he didn't want that ugly troll climbing up the tree, you see.



Now that troll dropped his head and put his nose to the ground. He sniffed and sniffed then looked round and round. He licked his lips with a devilish grin then sniffed the ground once again. "I smell a squirrel, I smell a squirrel--how delicious it will be. I smell a squirrel, I smell a squirrel it's up the tree," he screamed. Quicker than a ray of light, bouncing off the ground, that ugly troll was up that tree chasing little squirrel around.



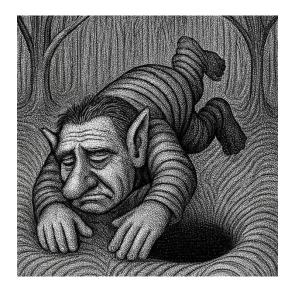
They went up and down, up and down, bouncing, bouncing off the ground. They ran here, they ran there, running, running everywhere. Up this tree, down that one, running up another one.



Finally, that troll just stopped and fell slowly to the ground. He could take no more of this running up and down. He looked up in the tree, up to the highest limb, where little squirrel sat looking down at him.



He had been defeated and dropped his ugly head; dragged himself back to his hole, then popped himself back in. Just as quickly as it came, the hole was now gone and little squirrel knew it was time to make his way back home.



It took him a little time but he finally made it back to his tree. He crawled next to his mother and fell fast asleep. He had been lucky earlier that day, no more would little squirrel wander far away, and for all you other little squirrels out there I think it's clear to see, staying next to mother is the safest place to be.



THE END

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Listen up, kids! Here are some important safety tips just for you. Always stick close to your parents or another trusted adult when you are out and about. Do not wander off or leave without telling someone where you are going. Moreover, remember, never, ever talk to strangers or follow anyone, even if they live right next door, unless your parents have given the okay. If someone tries to grab you or encourages you to get into a car, van, or truck and you do not know them, or if your parents have not said it is all right, make a lot of Noise! Scream, Yell fire, Shout, for help, and run away as fast as you can. Stay smart, have fun and always be safe!



**POEM** 

Little children, little children where are you now, little children, little children come lay your heads down. Safe in my arms is where you will always be, so sleep my children, safe in your dreams, Dream about candy canes with chocolate tops, Dream about candy land with lollipops. Dream about all the things you want to be, but dream my children dream. I am always with you, right by your side, even when you do not hear my cries for one of my children who left this world, a little boy, a little girl. I am all that you will ever need, safe in my arms you will always be so dream my children dream.













## Positivity & Character Building Word Search ANSWER KEY

Find all 20 uplifting words hidden in the grid below.

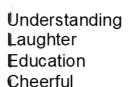


- horizontally, vertically, diagonally,
- in forward or backward directions.
- Circle each word as you find it!









Unity Determination Drug Free Trustworthy Love Friend Enthusiastic Honesty Kindness Respect Brave

Loyal Helpfulness Teamwork Truthfulness









RESPECT







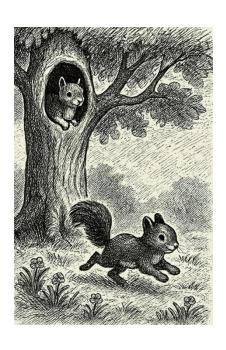




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Words may share letters and appear horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, and in forward or backward directions.



THE SQUIRREL AND ME

By Darren Joiner



There once was a squirrel who lived in a tree; there once was a squirrel I used to see. Running up and down, all around, play, play along the ground. Gathering nuts to put in his tree, gathering nuts for winter, you see. I would sit and watch the squirrel all day—watch him run, laugh, jump and play.

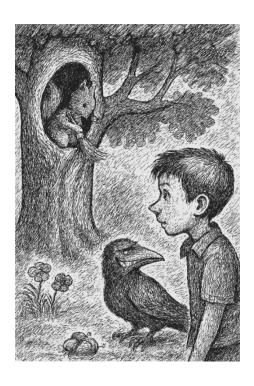


So, one day I said, "Mr. Squirrel, Mr. Squirrel, come down from your tree, come down, come down and play with me." The squirrel looked out from his hole in the tree and said, "Sorry, sorry no time today to run, laugh, jump and play. Mr. Crow is coming over to my house today, so I must clean, clean and put my nuts away."



Don't you know about that old crow, he will take your nuts and go, go, go! Mr. Squirrel just laughed and said, I must go; here he comes, here he comes, my friend, crow. I screamed, Mr. Squirrel, Mr. Squirrel, please do not go, you just do not know about that old crow.

Now that old crow flew round and round, then finally flew down to the ground. He hopped up to me with a devilish grin. "Why do you try to keep me from my friend?" "You're not his friend," I said to that old crow. "You just want his nuts so you can go, go, go!" He cawed and he cawed, hissed and spat, "If you make trouble, I'll peck your back."







So I ran away as fast as I could. I ran and ran from that tree in the woods. As I ran, I heard the crow call, "Come my friends, come one, come all. The squirrel has nuts for us to eat, so come, so come it's time to feast." The sky turned black, dark as night, as hundreds of crows came in flight.



They cawed and cawed, hissed and spat, flying toward the tree where Mr. Squirrel was at. I heard Mr. Squirrel scream, "Get away, get away, I've saved these nuts for hard winter days." But they came and they came, they flew and flew, hundreds of crows to eat up his food.



It was two days before I went back in the woods, remembering that crow would peck me good. I stepped with caution, looking here and there. I did not see or hear that old crow and his friends anywhere.



I went up to the tree and looked round and round. Then I looked up and said, "Mr. Squirrel, won't you please come down?" "Why should I?" he called out. "I was such a fool to let that old crow and his friends eat up all my food. I thought he was my friend. How could I be so blind to trust that old crow one more time? Now I have nothing for those hard winter days. I will surely starve if I don't move away."



"You don't have to go," I cried. "Come stay with me, and I will show you how true a true friend can be." "Do you really mean it? I don't have to leave?" "Yes, I do, Mr. Squirrel, yes I do indeed." There was a moment of silence, then a rustle in the tree — with a leap, a hop, a jump for joy, Mr. Squirrel landed next to me. He looked at me, I looked at him, and we both had a silly grin. I said, "Let's go, let's go," and off through the woods we went. Singing a song, singing a song, happy as can be — a wonderful way to end this tale about the squirrel and me.







The End













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