## THE



it a beaver? It's a hat! No, It's a squirrel! How did it get in the middle of the lake? No one will ever know how the squirrel got in the middle of the lake, but there he was.

Mom decided the poor thing should be rescued. She planned to scoop it out of the water with the flag pole. With a sigh, Dad drove alongside the squirrel and the plan mont into action. Too bad nobody told the squirrel.

When the pole went under the squirrel he saw his escape from watery doom. In tow hops he was on the side of the boat, Much to our surprise. One more big leap and he was inbetween the windshaild and steering wheel staring ut Dud.

Everyone held their breath awaiting the squire next move.

Visions of a cuter fluffy squirrel were gone, this was a wild wet rodent.



Dad didn't flinch, but cast Mom an whappy side- eyed glance. As if on cue, the squirrel sprang to Dad's chest, across his lap and down his leg, He scurried to the bow. My siblings ran to the stern. Juice boxes and cookies flew in the air. Finally, all was quiet,

The squirrel
hid behind
the fishing poles.
We stared at
the squirrel, he stared back.


Dad fired up the boat and sped to the dock. The squirrel made his escape. unexpectedly, he jumped out of the boat through the grass and up a the. Everyone breather a sigh of relief.

That day we learned that a helpful heart
and a curious mind may not always lead to the smoothest road, but definately leads to the best story.

