

My Little Squirrel

A Tale of the Mighty Trees!

There was once a woman named Squirrel,
Whom had to save her kingdom from the dark!

So with an ax in hand, she left her home,

Through the thicken trees,

And a path so long!

It was time she returned to set her kingdom free!

She hummed and danced so free!

It was her! The new hero Squirrel!

So would pass the path so long

to the very source of the dark.

Only if she saw through thicken trees!

She might be able return home!

She felt sick missing her home,

She might not feel so free

Of all the coughing trees,

She could of sworn she saw a squirrel,

Climbing the abyss of the dark.

This journey was unforgiving and long!

Hence more! She would pass the long

To leave the path, just as her home.

She started to quake, from whispering dark

Of the very question, "*O why so free!*"

Our hero Squirrel!

So mighty of the trees!

Tried to find light in dark.

At last! However so long,

Our little Squirrel!

Her humble so far from home

Shall cast the light from her ax to free

The people of the dark!

At last! No more age of dark!

The king had praised, the mighty of the trees!

The people are free!

They cheer of the journey so long!

She had returned with news and took a mighty nap at home.

If new trouble arose, we can count on our little hero, Squirrel.