Bob And Frank

"Where did we hide the twenty six acorns last year?" Frank the squirrel asked.

"I think we hid it under the evergreen tree?" replied Bob, who was also a squirrel.

"Which one?" around the friends was a lush, healthy, evergreen forest that stretched for miles and miles and miles.

"That one." Bob pointed out a particular tree which had a large root sticking out of the ground. Bob was a coffee brown squirrel with a red tail tip. Frank was maroon with orange eyebrows. He also had a blue eye on his right side and an amber for the other. The graceful two squirrels started to dart towards the exceptional root as Bob suddenly asked,

"Do you smell that Frank?"

"What?" Frank asked.

"The burnt smell." Frank stopped and took a quick sniff.

"I think so."

"Let's go check it out!"

As Bob rushed towards the scent, Frank noticed a thin trail of smoke through the darkening sky. Frank hesitated, then chose to catch up with Bob over being alone. As the explorers approached the scent carefully, they suddenly stumbled across a small clearing. There was a fire in the center of a ragged circle of log benches. The fire was still raging as the companions reached it. They stared in awe as they saw firewood crackle as the-always- to-be-hideous fire burned it. Suddenly, a mighty spark jumped from the fire and landed on a long shriveled leaf. Instinctively, both squirrels leaped away from the spark and the leaf. Soon enough a fire started.

"We must put the fire out!" said Bob, clearly trying to stay calm.

“You can say that again!”

“Quick!” Bob yelled. “Use your tail to put out the fire!”

As soon as the squirrels started to fan out the fire with their bushy tails, the fire suddenly exploded into a raging inferno.

“It didn’t help!” Frank squeaked.

“Grab a twig to smack the fire out!” Bob blurted. The two friends quickly found two sticks and started to beat at the fire vigorously. Abruptly, the fire subdued to a promising five-inch diameter. But, both of the comrads twigs caught fire and they threw their twigs into the fire.

“What will stop the fire now?” Bob questioned.

“Umm… dirt!” Frank exclaimed. “Dirt can put out fire!”

“What! How can-”

“No time for questions!” Frank interrupted. “Use your hind legs to scrape dirt over the fire.”

As the friends started flinging endless barrages of dirt at the fire, the fire slowly started to retreat.

“It’s working!” Bob shouted, sounding impressed by Frank's quick thinking. “ Where did you learn that?”

“My mother taught me as a child.”

“Neat.”

The fire withdrew, and with a spark, it vanished.

“The dirt is still really warm so how about some barbecue walnuts for dinner?” Bob asked.

“Yum.” And it was decided. The two buddies had juicy barbecue walnuts for dinner. With a little chocolate covered almonds.