

Once upon a time I existed and I was home-schooled meaning I didn't have any school friends. "I'm lonely" I said but then I saw the cutest site ever to behold it was a squirrel. "That's it!". Later that evening I tossed some walnuts on my porch then I went to bed.

The next morning (after school) I checked my porch and there were still walnuts. And so that cycle repeated over and over until one day I checked and there were no walnuts. I was very happy about that and all but I wanted a friend not just a mysterious squirrel in the night so I went outside and threw some walnuts a little further away than normal but I didn't leave. I planned to stay on the porch until a squirrel came but none did. So I tried again and again, the next day and the next. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, until one day a squirrel did come. It wasn't very brave or decisive but it came none the less and so I decided I wanted cute pictures so I put nuts on the windowsill that I knew squirrels could climb on. I tried and tried until I almost gave up but just before all hope was lost with

a little jump sound effect there was the squirrel I was so excited. I wanted to get a camera **but then** my dog leapt up and scared off the squirrel. It was devastating, I couldn't do it, and just like that I gave up. But the squirrel on the other hand must have been looking for a friend too because the next day he came up to the windowsill and chirped so loudly and so adorably that I stopped doing my school and put my dog on a leash and grabbed a camera and took a picture maybe 5 (it was actually 12) and just like that all hope was restored.

Maybe one or two years later I normally get a least one visit from Snips or Charlotte (those are my 2 squirrels) and now I'm writing this it took a very long time but now I made friends with a squirrel.

the end