

Prushottaman - The adventures of the quaky forest

"Where's my glasses?" questioned Mr Squirrel, to himself. He was a young gentleman who lived in the forest and led an ordinary life. He had a navy, tweed coat on him - a varnished glossy walking stick and he wore some huge round glasses.

He was about to get some fresh nuts and some juicy berries for his lunch. His tummy was rumbling like an earthquake. He was an organised person - however when he lost something, he'd go bonkers. "At last," sighed the relieved freak. Then, he set out into the open world and breathed in the familiar, fresh air.

The sky was aqua with a few fluffy, cotton-like clouds. The birds loomed around the whole green forest. The prickly, spiky grass was covering the horizon. There was a crystal clear, salty lake. The watery berries were hanging onto the bush that was covered with spiky, intimidating thorns.

The impatient squirrel dashed around the place, hoping he would find some berries. After a solid fifteen minutes, Mr Squirrel found some berries and even found some nuts! He started picking them, one by one, making sure he never touched the thorns. Suddenly, the ground started shaking vigorously. Was the earth hungry too?

First, the squirrel thought it would die down, but later - he started to panic. What was going on? It was an earthquake! The trees started toppling down on each other, just like dominos. "Ahh!" screeched the horrified squirrel. The panic - stricken birds were flying in random positions, hoping they'd survive. The dust filled the air. Honey was spilling out of the sweet-scented honeycomb. The squirrel was filled with fatigue.

How was he to escape? He couldn't fly. He can't even dig down. He sprinted back to his house - hoping it wasn't damaged. After some time, he had reached his house. Was the house obliterated?

The house was fine. However, that never meant it would survive. The ravenous, exhausted squirrel suddenly started to get dizzy. Did he faint? Was he dead? With a huge **THUD**, Mr Squirrel fell to the ground.

After a few hours, Mr Squirrel had recovered. He was surprised to be alive. He went outside to take a view of the devastation. The destruction was too much for the squirrel. He exploded into tears. Tears were rolling down the fury face of the heart-broken squirrel.

The trees were scattered around the destructed forest. Most houses destroyed. The birds that joyfully swooped around the nation - have evacuated. The whole place looked like a junkyard. The place that once was a forest, is now a junkyard. Mr Squirrel had to do something, but what?

The squirrel wiped his wet face and then thought hard. After some time, he made his mind up. He was going to clear the whole forest. He knew it was a ridiculous idea, but what else could he do?

The determined Squirrel went out with a few handy tools. For the first few hours, he was cleaning up the dust and twigs and other stuff that had fallen. He was doing well. He then noticed that a few other animals were helping. Mr Squirrel was delighted by that. After some time, even more animals had joined. In a blink of an eye a whole lot of animals were helping.

The strong muscular badger were lifting up all the logs and said that we'd could use it for a fire, or to make houses. Some of the animals were rebuilding the damaged houses. The small animals, were planting back the trees and collecting whatever was on the floor. The whole army of animals were working as a team. After a months' time, the forest was back to normal.

As a celebration, the animals had a party with a huge camp fire that was made from the logs. Every one of them were proud for what they'd done. Mr Squirrel was munching his way through the sweet, sticky jam donuts and filling his furry belly.

After the huge party, all the animals went back to their homes with a broad smile. Mr Squirrel tucked himself in his cosy bed so he could wake up in the morning as a new adventure awaits him...