THE CLOSE ENCOUNTER
What is that in the water? Is it a log? Is 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 went 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 in between the
windshield and steering wheel staring
at Dad.

Everyone held their
breath awaiting the squirrel's
next move.
Visions of a cute, fluffy squirrel were gone, this was a wild wet rodent.

Dad didn’t flinch, but cast Mom an unhappy 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 tree. Everyone breathed 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 definitely leads to the best story.