



The Great Nut Defense

Washco Abernathy



Nutmeg stands atop the highest branch of the Ancient Oak, blowing a silver-tipped acorn horn to summon the squirrel clans. As the golden sun dips below the horizon, the call to arms echoes through the rustling leaves, signaling the start of the great gathering.



Deep within the hollow of the tree, the militia prepares for the coming conflict by crafting tiny helmets from hardened acorn caps. Every squirrel works with purpose, sharpening twig spears and weaving protective vests from dried moss and spider silk.



Nutmeg unrolls a delicate map made of birch bark, pointing out the strategic pathways leading to the forbidden garden. The elder squirrels listen intently as he explains how they will defend their winter nut stores from the hungry raccoon scouts.



High above the forest floor, the elite gliding unit practices their formation under the watchful eye of their commander. They soar from branch to branch with incredible agility, their tails twitching with anticipation as they master the art of the aerial ambush.



The ground troops gather sticky pine resin and hollowed-out walnuts to create clever traps for the intruders. They stack their ammunition neatly in the forks of the trees, ready to rain down a sticky surprise on anyone who dares to cross the boundary.



As the moon rises, a dozen masked raccoons emerge from the shadows, their eyes glowing like tiny embers in the dark. They creep toward the squirrel territory with heavy steps, unaware that hundreds of tiny eyes are watching their every move from the canopy.



With a sharp whistle from Nutmeg, the battle begins as a barrage of resin-filled acorns falls like heavy rain from the sky. The raccoons scramble in confusion, their fur getting matted with the sticky sap as the squirrels cheer from the safety of the heights.



A brave squad of squirrels swings down on sturdy vines, using their momentum to distract and trip the much larger raccoons. They move with lightning speed, weaving between the heavy paws of their opponents to keep them off balance and frustrated.



Nutmeg leaps down to a mossy log to face the raccoon leader, brandishing a needle-sharp splinter of silver wood. The two leaders stare each other down in the moonlight, a tense test of will between the small, determined defender and the large, surprised raider.



Realizing the squirrels are far too organized and brave to defeat, the raccoons turn and retreat back into the deep woods. The forest erupts in joyful chattering as Nutmeg and his militia celebrate their hard-won victory with a feast of sunflower seeds under the stars.