

Hen Hair

FINDS A SQUIRREL

Michael Durwin



In a small town not far from here, where the cobblestone streets echo with years, lived a girl most peculiar, by the name of Hen Hair. An unusual girl, standing tall and lanky, her eyes shimmering hazel, freckles dusting her nose. Each strand of her golden, knotted hair was a mystery, a library of objects, a menagerie of creatures most bizarre.



One day as Hen Hair sauntered homeward, her hair jangling with hidden things, she came upon a wee squirrel, small and shivering, its nest far too high for such a little one. Her heart softened at the sight, and she took it upon herself to lead the creature home.



“Oh, dear squirrel,” said Hen, “Your home is quite far, and your legs much too small. But fear not, for I’ve a plan, as peculiar as I.”



From her tangled locks, she retrieved a sturdy pencil and a pair of scissors. With her hair's resources, she began crafting, creating something none could foresee. As she worked, the mouse family peered curiously from their hair-nest, hopping from strand to strand as they waved in the breeze.



After much effort, Hen Hair produced a contraption most odd - a tiny parachute, made from a hanky and spork. She tenderly fastened it around the little squirrel, saying, "Up you go, little one, back to your nest. The wind will guide you; the parachute is your rest."

With the squirrel ready, Hen Hair fetched her magnifying glass, catching the afternoon sun just right. A focused ray of light beamed on a nearby pile of dried leaves, and in no time, a gust of warm air arose, lifting the tiny squirrel up and up.



The creatures of the woods watched in astonishment as the squirrel rose higher, gently drifting toward its home. The mouse family cheered, the birds whistled, and the objects in Hen's hair jingled with excitement.

Hen Hair, with her unconventional wisdom and heart filled with kindness, had managed what seemed impossible. She watched as the baby squirrel landed softly in its high nest, squeaking joyfully at its return.



With a satisfied smile, Hen Hair resumed her journey home, her tangled hair a beacon of stories yet to unfold. Each day brought new adventures, new friends to help, and new secrets to add to her golden tangles. A girl most unusual, Hen Hair was indeed, in a world where unusual was just what was needed.

