

Creosote

One day on a Sunday there was a harris's antelope squirrel named Burrell

The day was so shady that it caused his tail to unfurl

But when he thought the clouds were calm and collected it started to rain

For this was the start of the monsoon

Then Burrell started to wimper as he has never felt this feeling before

So then he scrambled as fast as he could

to his burro under some creosote bushes

As he burst in then quickly lay on the door

His breathing was heavy just like the rain outside

But he was very curious so he opened the door and then he snuffed a great smell

Like nothing he's smelled

before the next day he went out to forage for some

prickly pears and as he went back home

and brushed the creosote and snuffed that great smell again

So he ripped off a leaf from it and went into his burro and snuffed the leaf

then he realized that the creosote made the smell

the end