

Chucky's Choice

Chucky the Chipmunk, while scouting around,
Discovered a small, secret Cookie Jar Town.
"What ho," muttered Chucky. "These mushrooms are tough.
They're harder than bricks. Such inedible stuff.
I do see a place where a hole can be dug."
And he tested the soil with some scrapes and a tug.

This town was a playground of cookie jar houses,
A barn, and a teepee the right size for mice
And chipmunks, of course. He did not use the doors.
He just dug underneath and created new floors,
Which toppled the buildings and left them askew.
Wreaking havoc was something he knew how to do.

Then Chucky heard noises, a soft humming sound,
And he poked his wee nose from his hole in the ground.
A large head with gray hair sprouting out of the top
Appeared much too close, and he paused in mid-hop.
Its big mouth had a curve. He knew not what it meant.
Were those teeth going to eat him? He hid by the tent.

Not a tent, not exactly. But he didn't know
That the tent was a teepee. No matter, he'd go
Pack his bags and move off to a quieter place
Where the chances of seeing a rather old face
Were not part of his day. Or his night, for that matter.
One leap and he left with a soft little patter.

He didn't look back as he sprinted away.
It was good moving weather, this fine sunny day.
Farewell, little Chucky. I'll miss your small frown,
But I won't miss the havoc in Cookie Jar Town.

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