This competition gave me a chance to spread my emotions and creativity. By this story I understood like us how squirrel mother feels when the baby is in the cage. A day in the life of a squirrel... It was summer. I was enjoying a sweet mango with my mother. A boy came there. He said we look very cute. He threw a stone on us. My mother thought he wants the mango. She left the mango. But oops! I fell down. I tried to run away. But it was too late. The boy caught me and put me in the cage of his hostel room. While he was taking me, I heard my mother crying behind.

At night when it was sleeping time, he received a call from his mother. I could hear his mother ask him “How was your day?”, “Did you eat well?”, “Is everything OK?” “I miss you very much.” “Are you taking good care of yourself?” After talking to him his mother sang a lullaby and also told a good-night story.” When he ended his call he came to see me. He saw my mother sitting near me. The boy was very angry. He took a stick and ran to hit my mother. He couldn’t hit my mother as she was very quick. She ran away but kept calling me and cried for me.

When the boy went to sleep, he thought, “If I am missing my mother so much then what the poor baby squirrel would be feeling?” He decided to free me. The next morning at the first ray of sun, He took me to the same tree and freed me there. My mother was following us as she was hiding in the same room and comforted me the whole night. As she saw me going up, she ran towards me and gave me a tight hug. That moment I thought I like many- family, friends and other but no one like my mother!!! A mother is mother!