

Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities

Volume 5

Article 33

2023

The Perfectionist

Nilu Gambrel-Marx

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc>

Recommended Citation

Gambrel-Marx, Nilu (2023) "The Perfectionist," *Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities*: Vol. 5, Article 33.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/rwc/vol5/iss1/33>

This Narrative is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Cal Poly Humboldt. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

The Perfectionist

by Nilu Gambrel-Marx

Timmy the squirrel was cuddled up taking a nice, warm nap when his mom called for him, “Timmy, you need to go out and collect food for this winter!” she shouted.

“Ugh,” he sighed, as he rubbed his eyes, not wanting to wake up yet. Last year, Timmy had gone out with his dad and now this year, he had to go out alone.

As he was meandering through the forest, Timmy thought, “I bet I can find the best acorn in the whole forest.” He looked around and found a tree with two acorns, so he climbed the tree and inspected them to make sure they were perfect.

“Well, these acorns are way too unripe. They’re practically green!” he said, as he proceeded to throw it to the ground.

“Oh!” a blue jay exclaimed, as the acorns fell in front of her. “These seem like great acorns. I’ll go add them to my collection.” she said excitedly as she flew away.

Timmy thought it was weird that the blue jay took an acorn that had something wrong with it. After a minute he continued searching.

After venturing for a bit, Timmy came across another tree with a good selection of acorns. The first one he picked had seemed old like it had been sitting in the tree for too long. The second one Timmy picked had a small hole where a bug crawled in and part of its cap missing.

“None of these are right!” he shouted in frustration. Timmy threw the two acorns to the ground and sat on a branch, looking down.

“Ouch,” said a little brown bear. The acorns had dropped on his head. “Hmm...I guess I’ll try these. I wonder if they will taste as good as my blackberries...” he contemplated, picking the acorns up and waddling away.

Timmy rolled his eyes and looked further up the tree when suddenly, up at the very top of the tree, he saw the perfect acorn! Timmy climbed to the top of the tree but just couldn’t quite reach it.

He stretched as far as he could, and when he could almost see the acorn in his hand, a huge gust of wind made the tree sway, and that perfect acorn fell. As it plopped into the river below, Timmy felt devastated.

He searched the riverbank, but it was too late. The acorn had sunk. Timmy couldn’t find any more acorns that he liked. All of them were too old, unripe, or just looked weird.

As he sulked home, Timmy thought about how disappointed his mom would be. He climbed up into his house and immediately saw the worst look on his mom’s face.

"Well...where are the acorns?" she asked, almost knowing what had happened.

"I couldn't find any good ones," he said in a whiny voice, looking at the floor.

"Why not? I'm sure there are plenty out there." she argued.

Timmy explained how all of them had flaws and weren't good enough to bring back, so his dad brought him and his little sister, Stella, out to the forest to show them something that all squirrels learn eventually.

Timmy's dad picked up an acorn and turned it around in his hand, inspecting it. "You see how this acorn has a few flaws and is definitely not perfect?" he asked them looking up from the acorn.

"Yeah." Timmy and his little sister remarked in sync.

"I want you both to eat one acorn that is like this and see how you feel then." So they both ate one, reluctantly, and realized that the acorns weren't that bad.

"Huh, this doesn't taste as bad as I thought it would," Timmy said.

"Ya, mine was a bit bitter but besides that, it was pretty good," Stella agreed.

"So do you agree now that an acorn that isn't completely perfect can still taste good?" Timmy and Stella nodded and the three squirrels went off to find more acorns, perfect or flawed.

THE END

