

Story #11: He Said He Was Nuts

“I can’t go to school today, I’ve gone nuts.” said Toby Mulligan. “I’m crazy. I’m coo-coo. I’m not right in the head. I’m nuts. I’m loony. I’m screwy.” he insisted. And so, because he was nuts, he couldn’t go to school.

“I’ll have to stay home, locked in my room, you can’t let someone as nuts as me out of the house.”

Toby preferred to use the term “nuts” over all others. It was easy to say, and he enjoyed saying it. “I’m nuts. I’m nuts. I’m nuts. I’m nuts.”

So, Toby stayed home from school for a whole week and a half. Sitting in his bedroom, alone all day and all night, having the time of his life singing to himself, “I’m nuts, I’m nuts, I’m nuts.” He was having so much fun. He didn’t have to go to school, didn’t have to do homework, didn’t have to do his chores, he didn’t have to do anything at all. It was great.

It was Groundhog’s Day when the word got to the squirrels about a boy who was nuts. They thought this was great. No more would they have to hunt and forage for days and days collecting enough nuts for the winter. There was a boy who was big enough to feed a family of squirrels for an entire winter, and he was “nuts” completely and totally “nuts”. Squirrels love nuts.

They gathered together on the Mulligan’s front lawn. Hiding behind the various lawn gnomes, they hatched their plan. The squirrels grabbed a ladder from the tool shed and made their way up to Toby’s bedroom window. They peered through the window, their little furry paws pressed against the glass. Toby, asleep and dreaming, muttered over and over, “I’m nuts. I’m nuts. I’m nuts.”

The squirrels jimmied the lock and with their collective strength they

opened the window. They crept across the room in the shadows. They snuck up on Mr. Pitters, the cat, and hog-tied him before he could utter a “meow”. Then they made their way to Toby.

“I’m nuts.” he muttered.

They worked their way under him and lifted. Up out of bed and across the room, past helpless Mr. Pitters, over to the window, down the ladder across the lawn, past the silent lawn gnomes, and out into the woods.

They kidnapped him and stuffed him in a stump of a tree. When Toby awoke, he was upside down and stuck in the stump. His feet were out in the open air, and he could feel squirrels jumping on them trying to pack Toby further into the stump. Finally with a “Slorp” and a “Thunk” Toby fell the rest of the way into the stump. It was cold and dark and he was stuck. The Mulligans never found Toby. Out in the stump the squirrels nibbled on him all winter long, until he was gone.