

## THE ADVENTURE OF A RAFT

Mike. This was the name of the squirrel that I hosted in a hole in my mast.

It wasn't a friendly squirrel, he only said: "Squeak squeak" then he came back looking for acorns. But in winter I just didn't see him.

One day, it was apparently a normal day, suddenly I didn't feel my roots and about ten seconds later I was on the floor. At that moment I was asleep. When I got up I was a trunk. After some months, two kids found me. One of them was called Tom, I was sure about it, but the other was "Huck Something"...I can't remember.. I just called him like that because the rest of his name was quite confused. Those kids had secured me with other trunks and they were jerks. They called us "raft".

I will be forever grateful to those boys because they gave me a new life full of adventures that in the existence of a normal tree I would never have had.

For this reason, I had to return the favor, in fact I treated them as my sons, I cradled them in the so-called "Mississippi River" that was nothing more than an excessive amount of green water.

"Huck Something" often brought a black friend called Jim or maybe Joe, I couldn't hear it properly because of my dozens and dozens of years that I kept under my bark.

They always said that I made them feel free. I still don't understand what they meant because I'm only a truck which is tied with other trucks that float in a green sea.

Why am I so special? Nobody has ever told me that I made them feel free, it isn't something you tell everybody.

In my long life of a tree, I was just like another one, we were all the same: brown bark and green leaves, I had nothing in particular that made me different from the others.

I had my friend (if we can call it like that) Mike.

After that I had nothing.

So now I can't really understand what makes me special to make them feel free, even two kids.

Jim-or-Joe and "Huck Something" often said that they wanted to go to Cairo and also to Ohio and from what I heard, it must be a really wonderful and amazing place because "Jim-or-Joe" said that when he is there he will be free.

Another day, I went, or better, I accompanied Tom, "Huck Something" and a friend of theirs on a very dangerous trip. They said that they became pirates (I don't know what this word means, but it seems very exciting!).

I don't remember this adventure so well, but I'm sure that it ended up in a tragedy. I also remember there was someone who said that at home (another word that I don't know) their parents were crying for their disappearance.

For this reason we returned ashore.

There are other adventures but I'm not sure that I have enough time to tell you.

Your friend Raft (or better, a trunk that was part of it)