

Chapter 8

Pistachio watched the sun set from the tree top and then quickly climbed down to his tree hollow. He nudged the raccoon inside with his nose.

“Chitter. Hey!” He nudged the raccoon again. “Wake-up sleepyhead! It’s my turn for the nest.”

The tan and orange feral raccoon rolled over. He yawned as he slowly stretched. He did it slowly so he wouldn’t bang his arms on the sides of the hollow as it was a tight fit for him. He looked at the Eurasian red squirrel with blurry eyes. “Dusk already? Didn’t I just go to bed?” He yawned again and scratched his tummy. “Maybe I need to look into a non-timeshare.” There was a yap from down below. Cantaloupe poked his head out of the hollow and looked down at the blue and white folf. “Evening, Sheila. I’ll be down shortly.”

Pistachio tail-waved down to the feral folf. They had an understanding. He’d be friendly as long as she didn’t try to make him a snack. Of course, he always kept a certain distance from her so as to not tempt her.

“You’re welcome to join us, Pistachio,” she called up.

Pistachio yawned covering his mouth with his tail. “You know me, Sheila. I’m not a night owl. Besides,” Pistachio paused as Cantaloupe pulled himself out of the hollow. The opening was a very tight fit for the raccoon. “If I joined you two, I’d have nowhere to sleep come morning. He takes-up too much room.”

“And he’d keep me awake,” Cantaloupe chimed in as he started to climb down the tree. “He snores.”

“Cantaloupe, it’s been a month since that storm toppled the tree your old den was in.”

Cantaloupe sighed. “Yes, I know. I need to find something more permanent. I appreciate you sharing in the meantime.”

Pistachio drooped his tail. “I’m not trying to kick you out. However, I’m actually afraid you’re going to get stuck in there soon.”

Cantaloupe had made his way to the ground climbing down backwards. He looked up and patted his tummy. “I’ll admit I love my food. And unlike you, I do sleep on and off throughout a good part of the winter, so I need my energy reserves.”

Sheila moved up next to Cantaloupe and head butted him gently. “You could move into my den as I’ve offered before.”

Cantaloupe blushed red through his fur.

Rick snapped awake from the dream. That was a weird one, he thought to himself. While he'd dreamed many times in the past as his squirrel fursona, he'd never had other furies he'd personally met represented in those dreams. He thought about but didn't bother to glance at his phone for the time. Since he was already awake, he slipped quietly into the bathroom, used the facilities, and splashed a little water into his dry eyes. He shook his head again and went back to bed on his cot. He rolled over and slept dreamlessly the rest of the night.