



CAPSTONE EDITIONS a capstone imprint







Squirrel LOVED being the fastest. She could fly through the trees faster than anybody and had the trophy collection to prove it.







"All those competing in tomorrow's Golden Acorn Hunt must do so as part of a team," Beaver read.



Squirrel scoffed. "But I'm the fastest animal in the forest! I don't need a team."

"But we'd love to be on your team, Squirrel!" said Rabbit brightly.



"You?" Squirrel looked at her friends. They really did not seem like race material.

But Squirrel had no choice. The race was tomorrow. Maybe a little training would do the trick . . .