

Squirrel Nutkin's Great Feast or Preparing a Squirrel for the Pot

Contributed by cab

(Warning: If images of a squirrel being skinned and cleaned shock you, do not read this article.) This is a tale about a feast - a feast that belonged to a little red squirrel, and his name was Nutkin. He had a rival called Grey, who had a great many cousins; they came from overseas and in a roundabout fashion obliterated Nutkin's family and friends. Poor Nutkin.

One Autumn when the nuts were ripe and the leaves on the hazel bushes were golden and green, Nutkin came out of the wood and down to the edge of the lake. Armed with nothing more than his shotgun, he was determined to take back the whole forest for his own kind. Nutkin was quite accustomed to action, having dispatched many a mouse and fat mole and even the occasional minnow to feed to the owl, Old Brown. After waiting in the undergrowth for some time, out came Grey. BLAM went the twelve-bore, and Nutkin ran forward with a gleeful look. "At last," thought Nutkin, "revenge". Nutkin was a wise old soul, and he knew that when hunting Grey he must aim squarely at the forequarters, for there was little of any real worth there, merely vital organs, disrupting which would see the demise of his foe. He also knew that by missing the rear parts of Grey there would be more good meat left for later. Grey was in good shape when Nutkin got him home.

"First things first", thought Nutkin. "Get a nice sharp knife out and open the little fellow up from the sternum to the vent."

Then get in there ("What a lot of guts he's got," thought Nutkin) and pull out the wormy bits. "Look!" said Nutkin. "There's his liver! How did such a small fellow as Grey get so much inside him? I'll have that for a pâté later, along with the heart and kidneys."

"Now that I've got those out, let's get his coat off. I could do with a winter jacket. Start off easing it over his legs... Gosh, it's so much HARDER than skinning Peter Rabbit was!"

"Good hard pull and I've got it off over his foot"

"Now, work round and cut the base of his lovely bushy tail off. Not as bushy or as lovely as mine"

"Off over the other leg, and PUUUL!"

"Cripes, he's breaking in two! Oh well, that doesn't matter. Cut him off somewhere in front of the saddle, there's nothing really worth having up front anyway"

"All I have to do now is cut through his pelvis and clean out the last remnants of innards..."

"...and cut his little pawes off with shearses, and he's ready for the pot!"

That night Nutkin ate stewed Grey, finding the flavour to be superior to that of Peter Rabbit, but there wasn't so much of him. "Hooray for eating squirrel!", thought Nutkin!