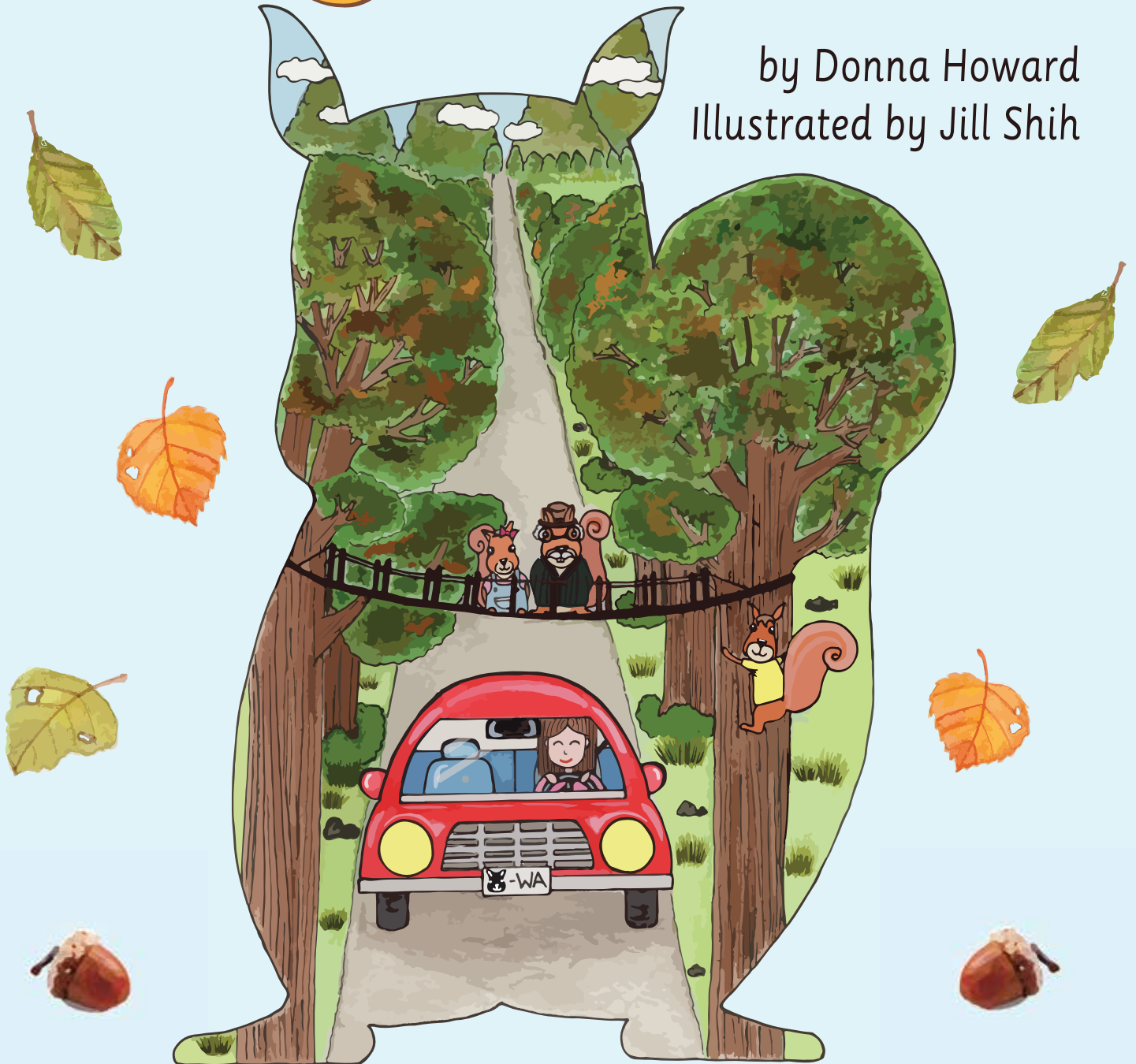


# *Bright-Eyes, Bushy-Tail,* *and the* *Nutty Narrows Bridge*

by Donna Howard  
Illustrated by Jill Shih



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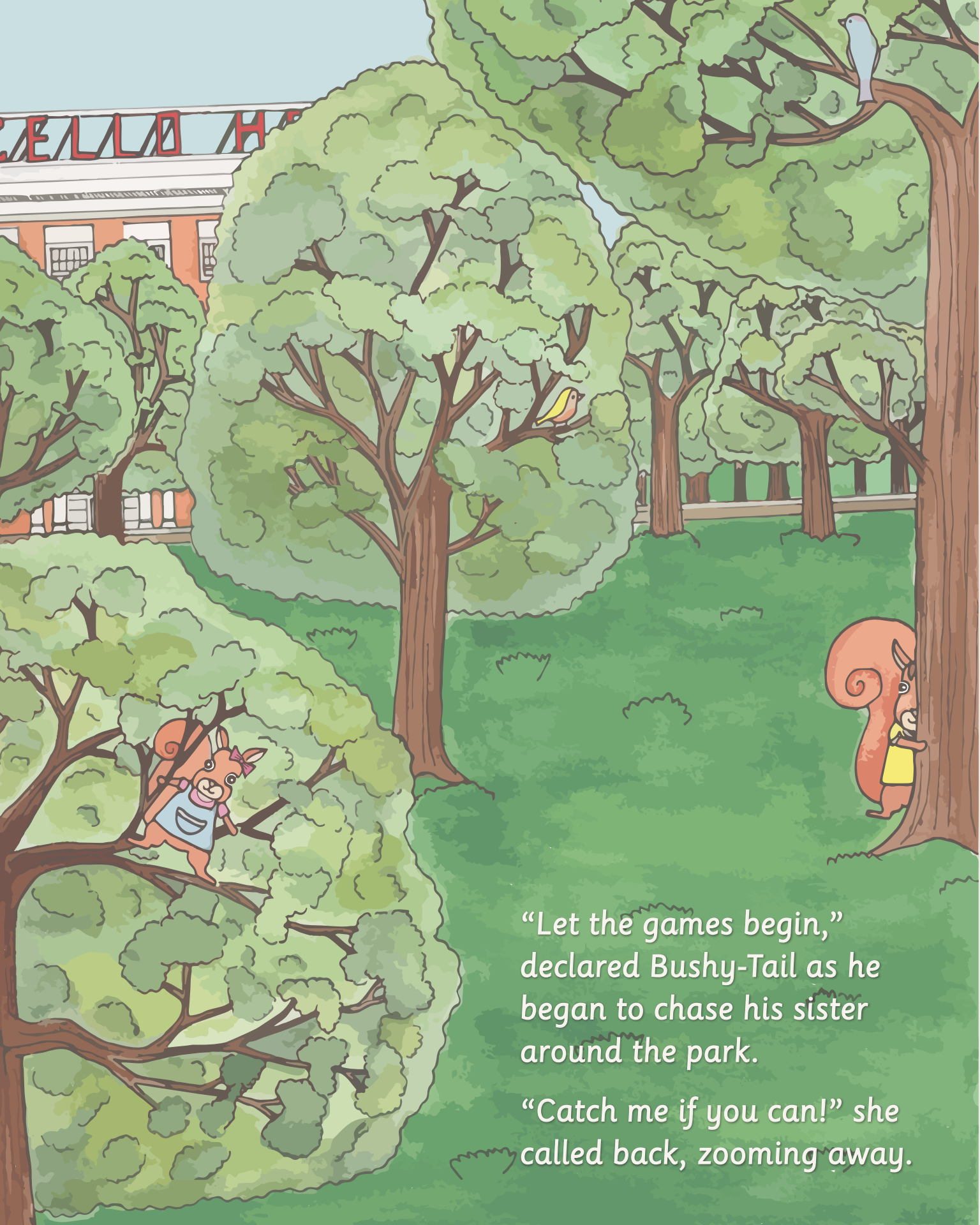




**B**right-Eyes and Bushy-Tail scampered down the trunk of their tree-top home in Longview, Washington. They were followed by Grandpa Greyson.

Winter would soon come. The days were growing shorter and colder, so they were eager to play while they could.

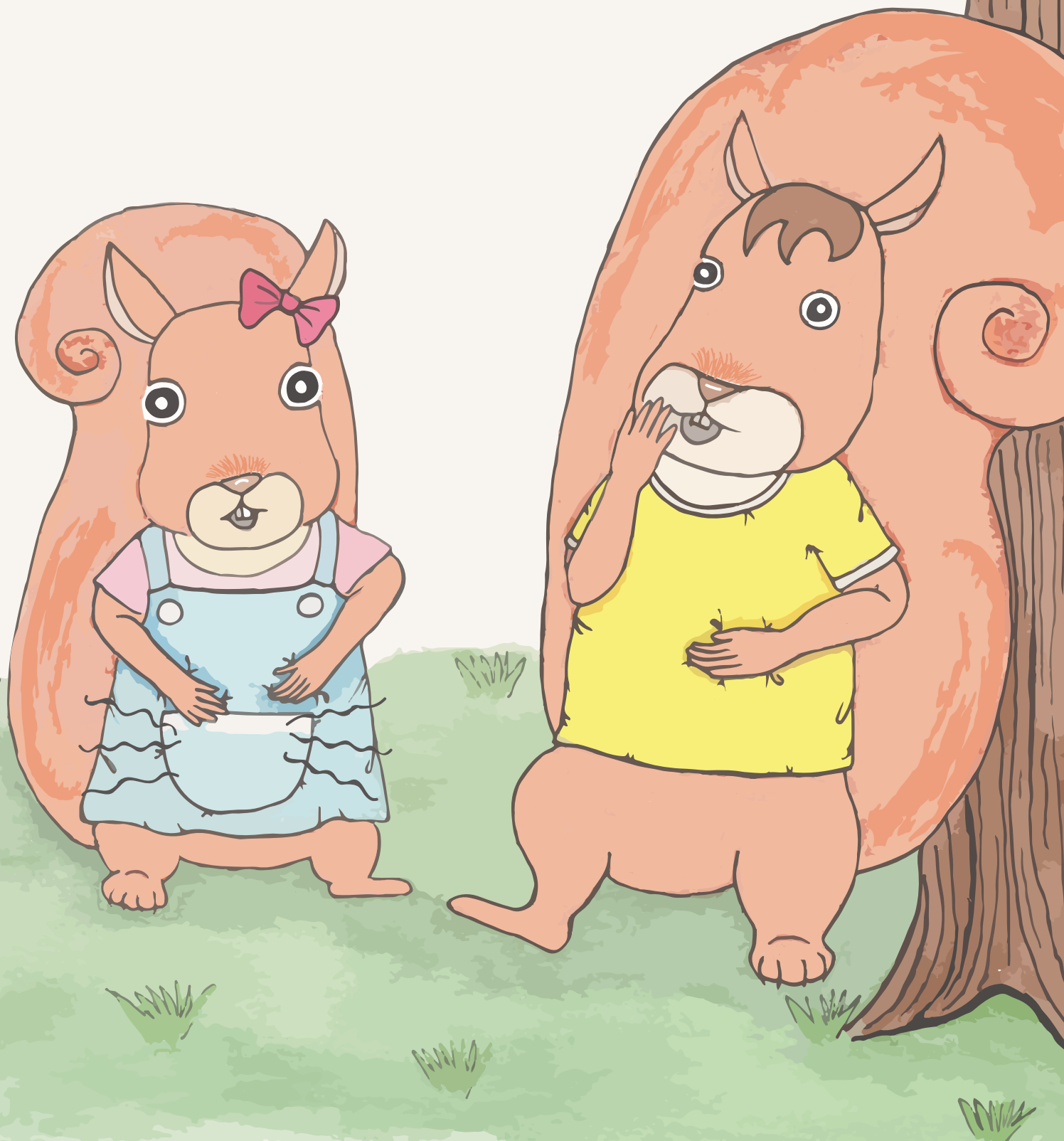




“Let the games begin,”  
declared Bushy-Tail as he  
began to chase his sister  
around the park.

“Catch me if you can!” she  
called back, zooming away.

After a while, Bright-Eyes said, "I'm hungry.  
Let's see if we can find some nuts."





The two searched and searched but with disappointing results. “Rats,” said Bushy-Tail. “No luck. Someone must have beaten us to it.”









Resting on a grassy knoll, Bright-Eyes  
turned to her brother and said,  
“Do you know why the squirrel  
crossed the road?”

“Nuh-uh. Why?” asked Bushy-Tail.

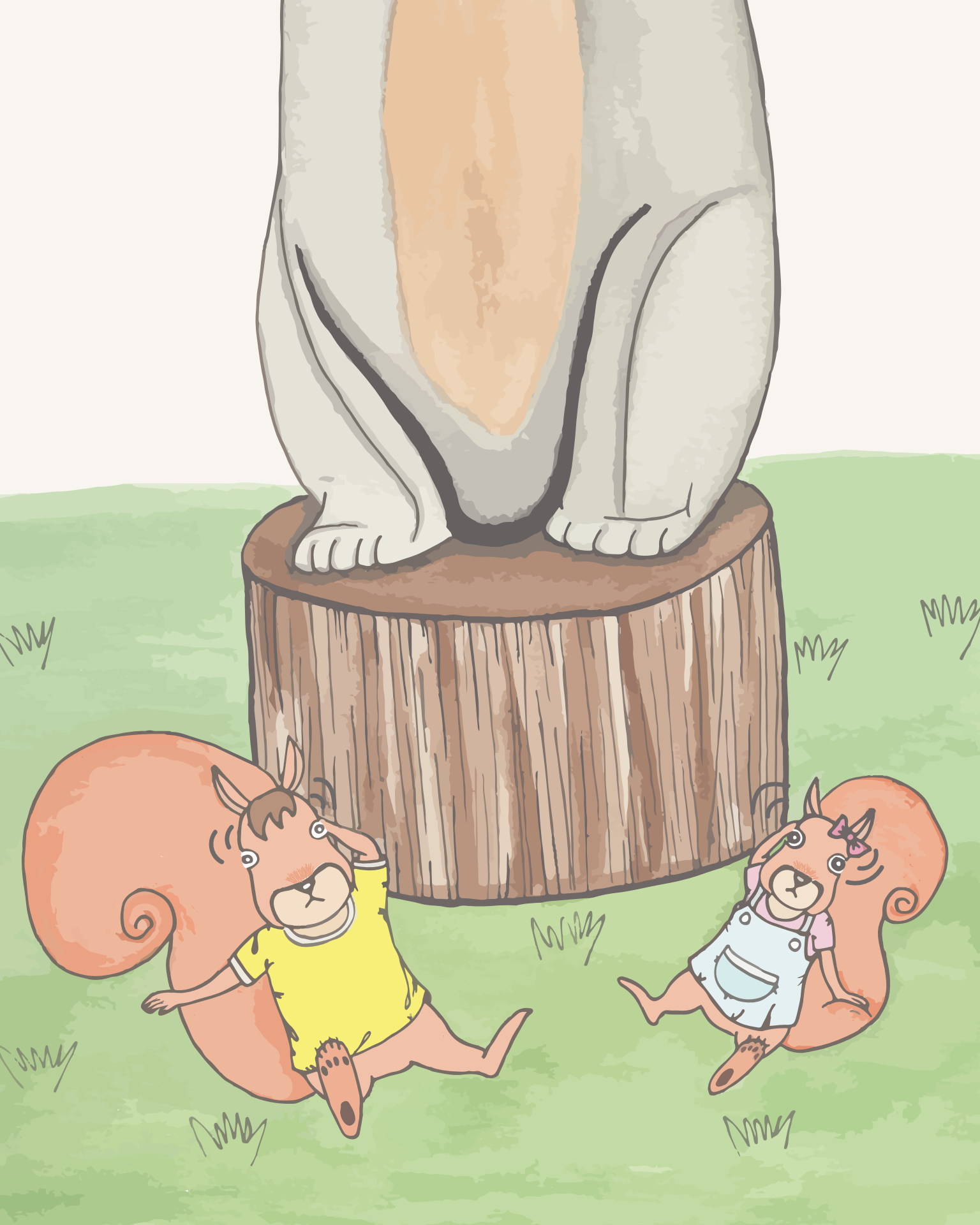
“To get to the other side, silly!”



The two started laughing so hard  
that they couldn't stop. They tumbled  
down the little hill until they landed  
with a bump and a thump on their  
little rumps at the foot of...

***one  
humongous  
squirrel!***







“Whoa!” exclaimed Bright-Eyes,  
“look at that!” Bushy-Tail’s dark  
eyes shone with excitement as they  
traced the distance from the giant  
squirrel’s feet, up, up, up, to the  
tippy-top of his enormous head.



Just then, Grandpa Greyson  
succeeded in catching up with them.





The curious duo began asking questions at about a mile a minute. “Who is that? Where did he come from? Why is he here?”

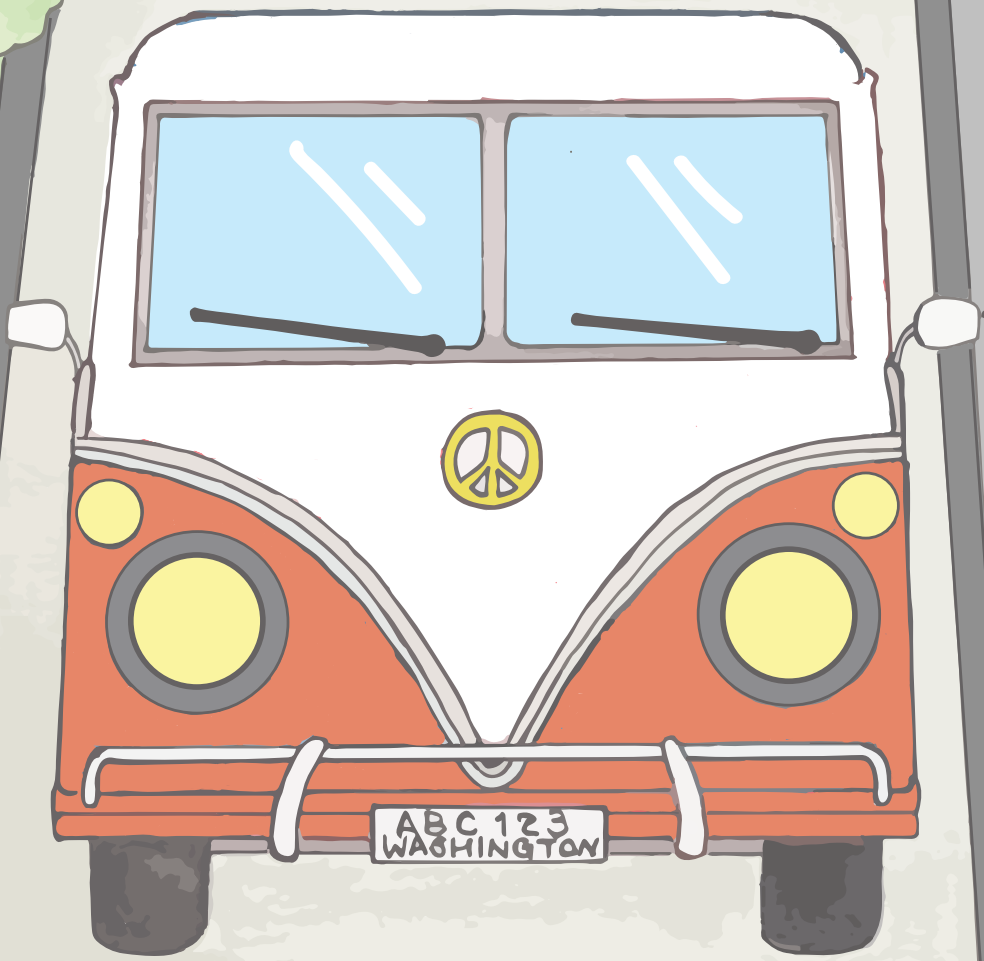
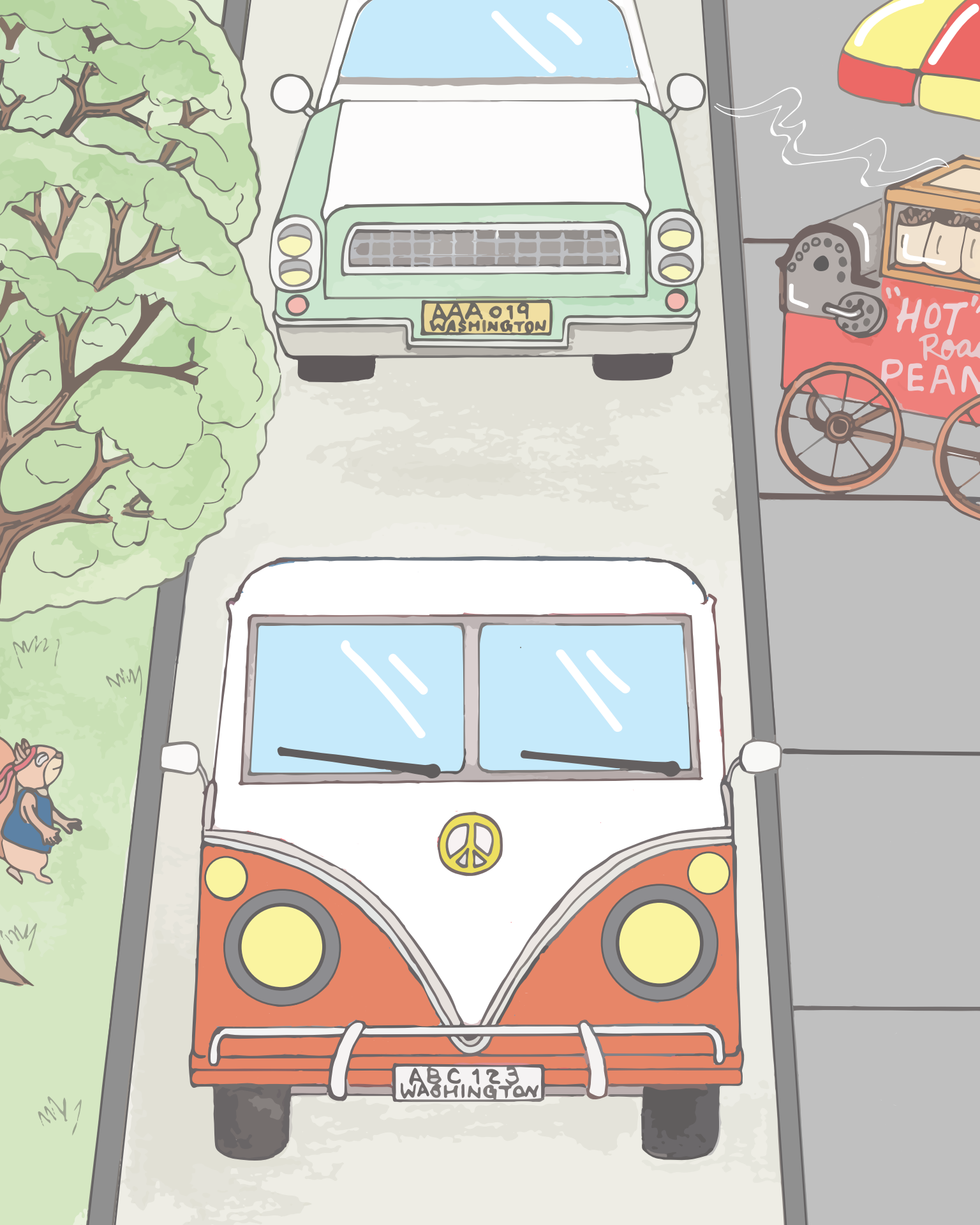


“Alright, alright,” grumbled Grandpa Greyson. “Hold on to your acorns, stop your chattering, and settle down. I’ll tell you the story of how that statue came to be in our park.”



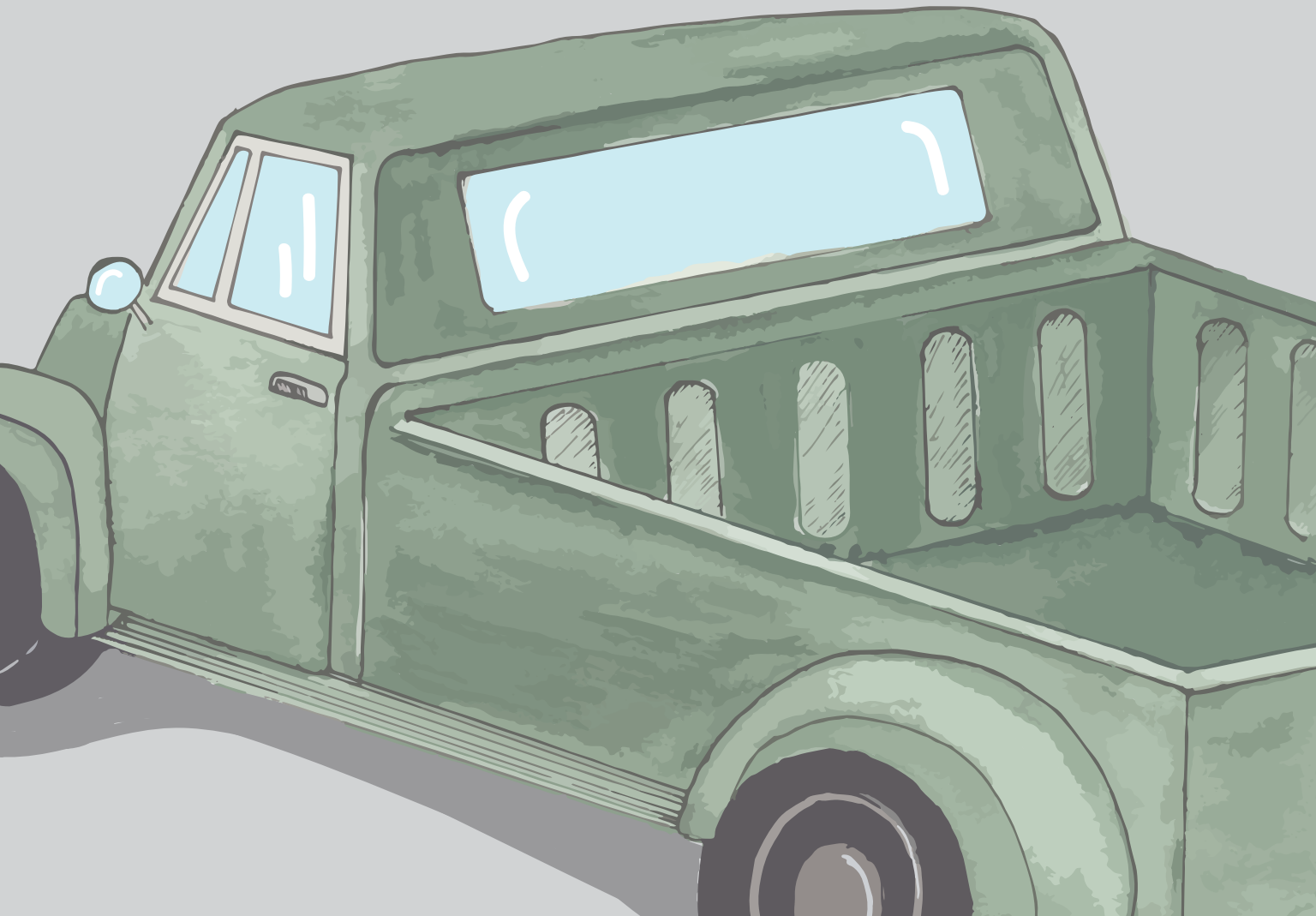
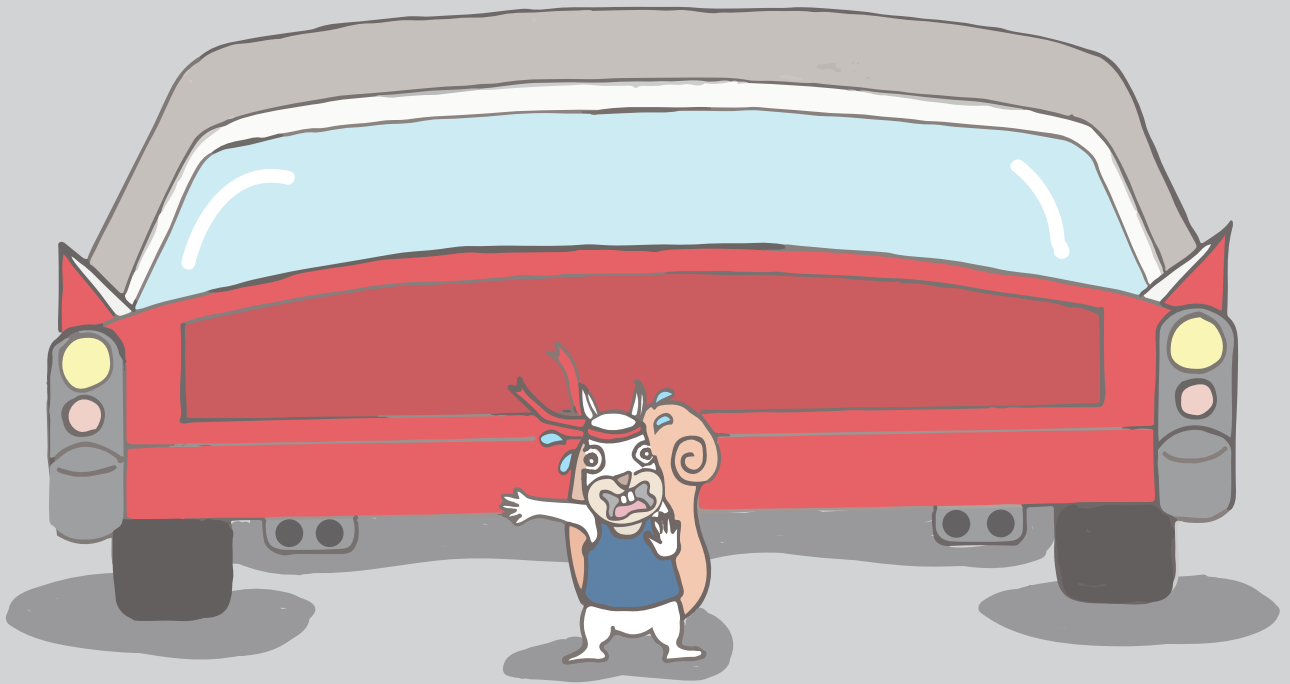
“Many, many years ago, in this same park, lived a squirrel named Chester. He was a natural athlete and acrobat. One day, he was out practicing his stunts when, drifting across Olympia Avenue, came the enticing aroma of roasted goobers. Er, peanuts.”





“Well, Chester’s whiskers started twitching, and his nose wrinkled in delight. Soon his whole body quivered in anticipation of tasting the awesome goodness of those peanuts. But to do that, he had to cross Olympia Way to get to Civic Court, where the fine nutty feast was laid out. It was a dangerous journey filled with billowing smoke and big menacing cars and trucks zooming this way and that.”







“Chester knew he shouldn’t do it, but he really wanted those peanuts, so he made up his mind. He would not let anything stop him from getting those nuts! Perched on the curb, he took a deep breath and leaped into action.

“Cars and trucks roared toward him. Chester ran as fast as he could. He was so scared. He zigged and zagged around the cars and trucks that roared toward him head-on. Brakes squealed, and horns blared as Chester attempted to run to the other side.”

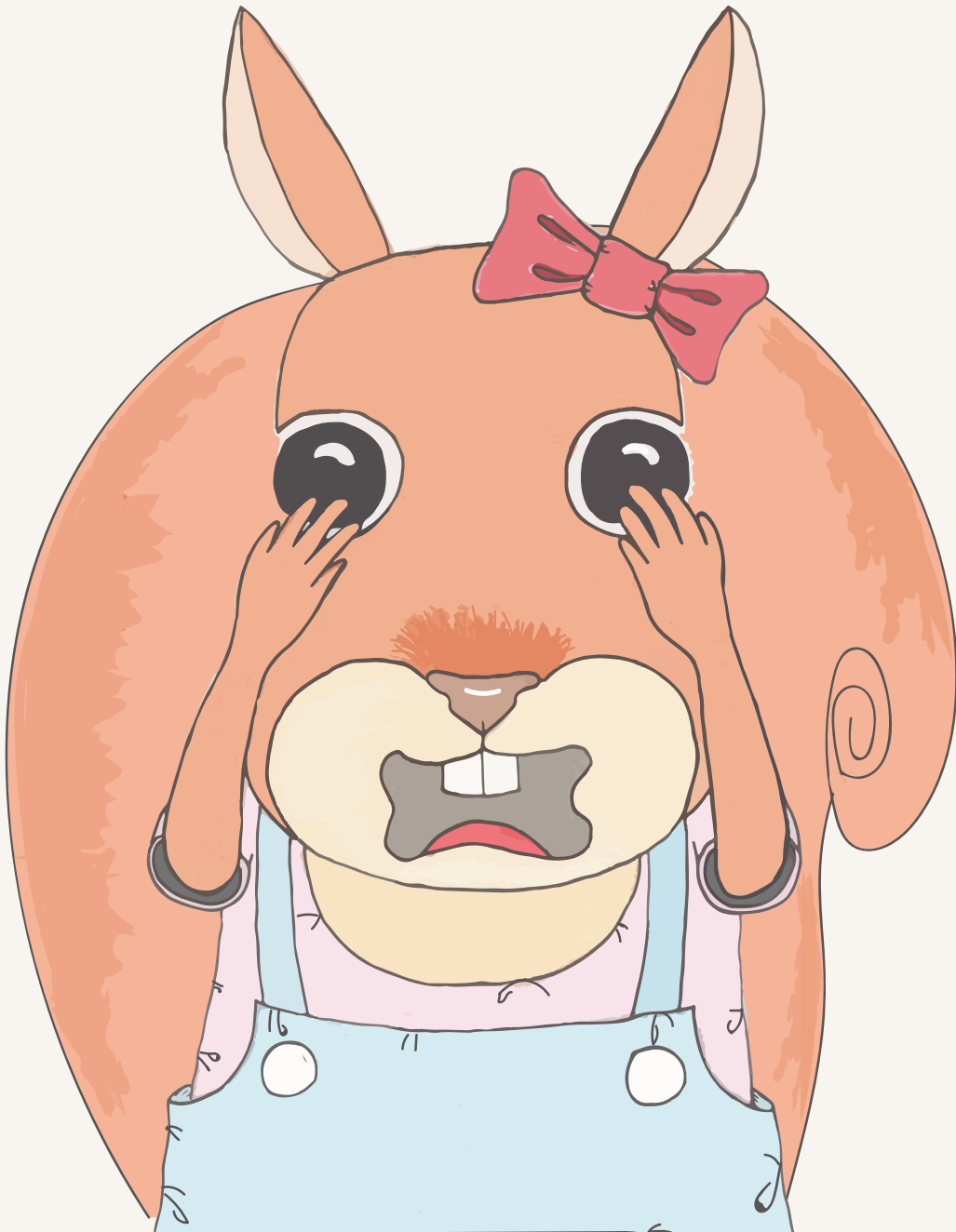


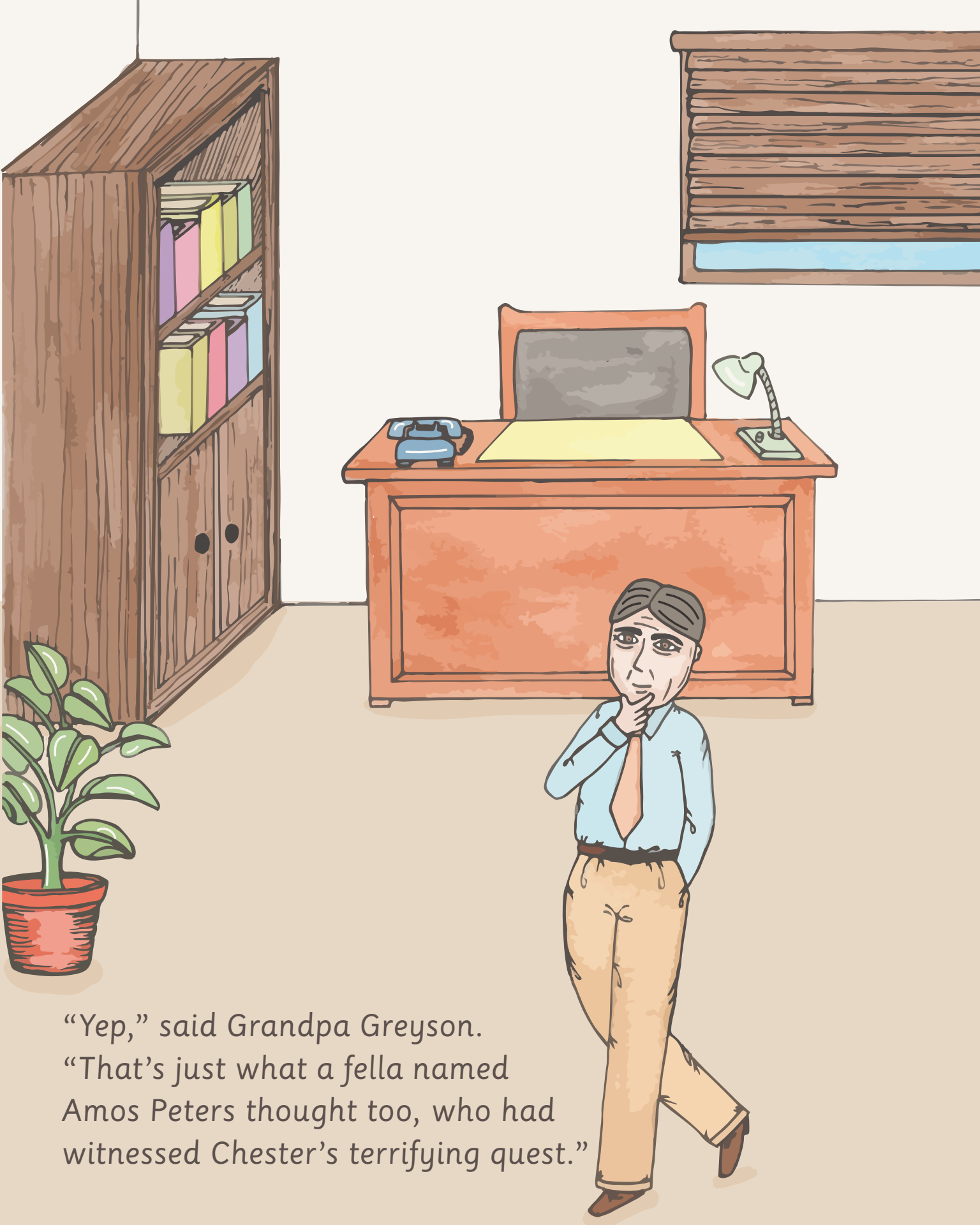
“I can’t look,” said Bright-Eyes, covering her eyes with her hands. “Did he...?”

“Make it?” asked Grandpa. “Yes, Chester finally made it safely to the other side.”

“Whew!” exclaimed Bright-Eyes.

“Too close!” chimed Bushy-Tail.





“Yep,” said Grandpa Greyson.  
“That’s just what a fella named  
Amos Peters thought too, who had  
witnessed Chester’s terrifying quest.”



“‘This is nuts,’ Amos thought. ‘Someone should do something. It is a matter of squirrel safety, and people safety too!’”

“And that’s when Amos had his now-famous idea. ‘I’m a builder!’ Amos exclaimed. ‘I’ll build a bridge—a squirrel bridge. Then the squirrels could cross the street and stay safe!’”







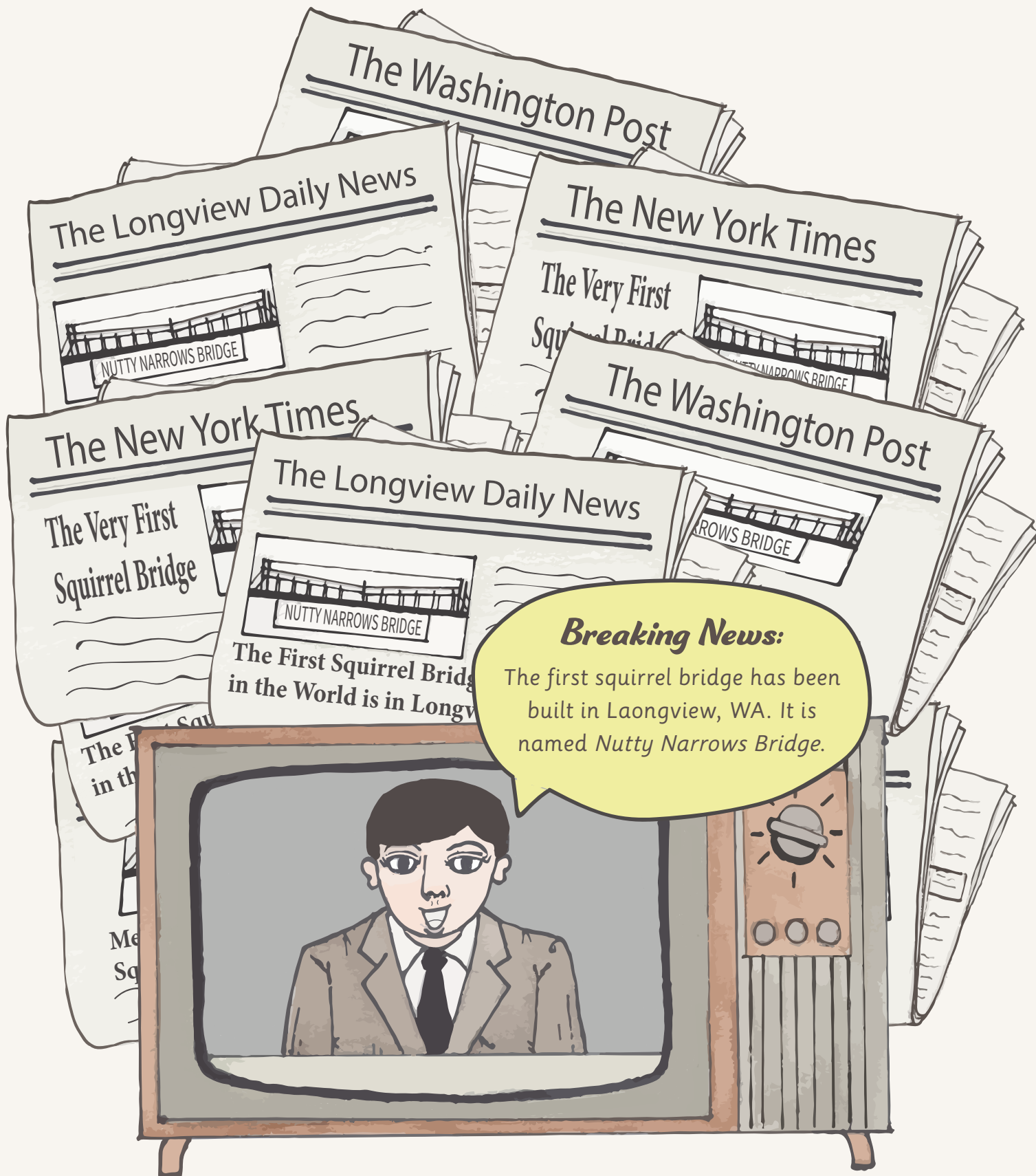
“Amos asked two architect friends to draw a blueprint of the bridge. He then went to the town’s council to ask for approval to build the bridge. He wondered if they would think his idea was nutty. But they loved it and instantly approved his request.”

“‘What a wonderful idea!’ exclaimed a councilwoman. ‘We’ll call it

***The Nutty Narrows Bridge,***

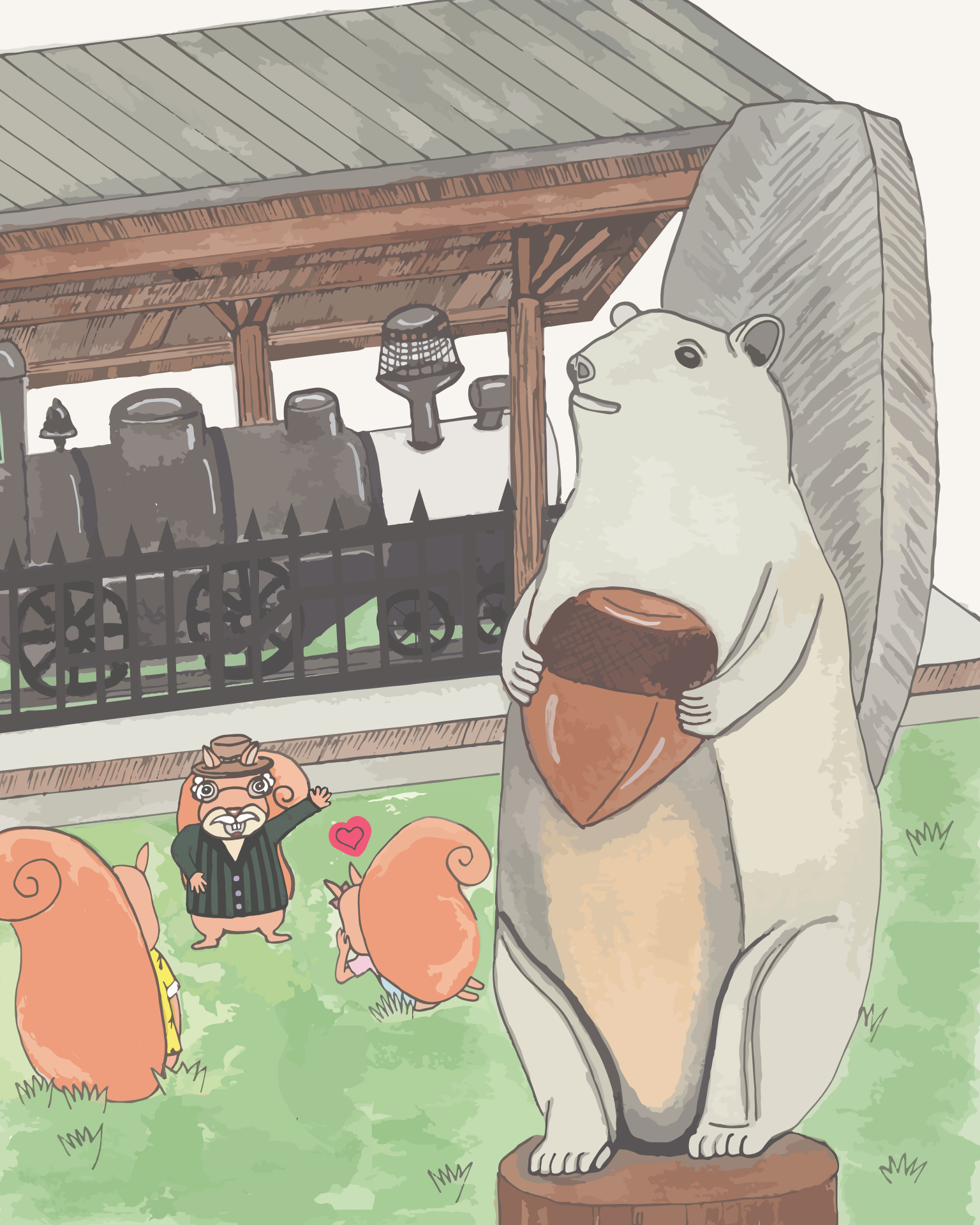
after the *Tacoma Narrows Bridge!*’”





“Amos gathered supplies to build the bridge. He used an old fire hose and some T.V. antennas for supports. As soon as Amos built the bridge, it became famous. Newspapers wrote stories about it, and a big celebration was held on the day it was raised.”

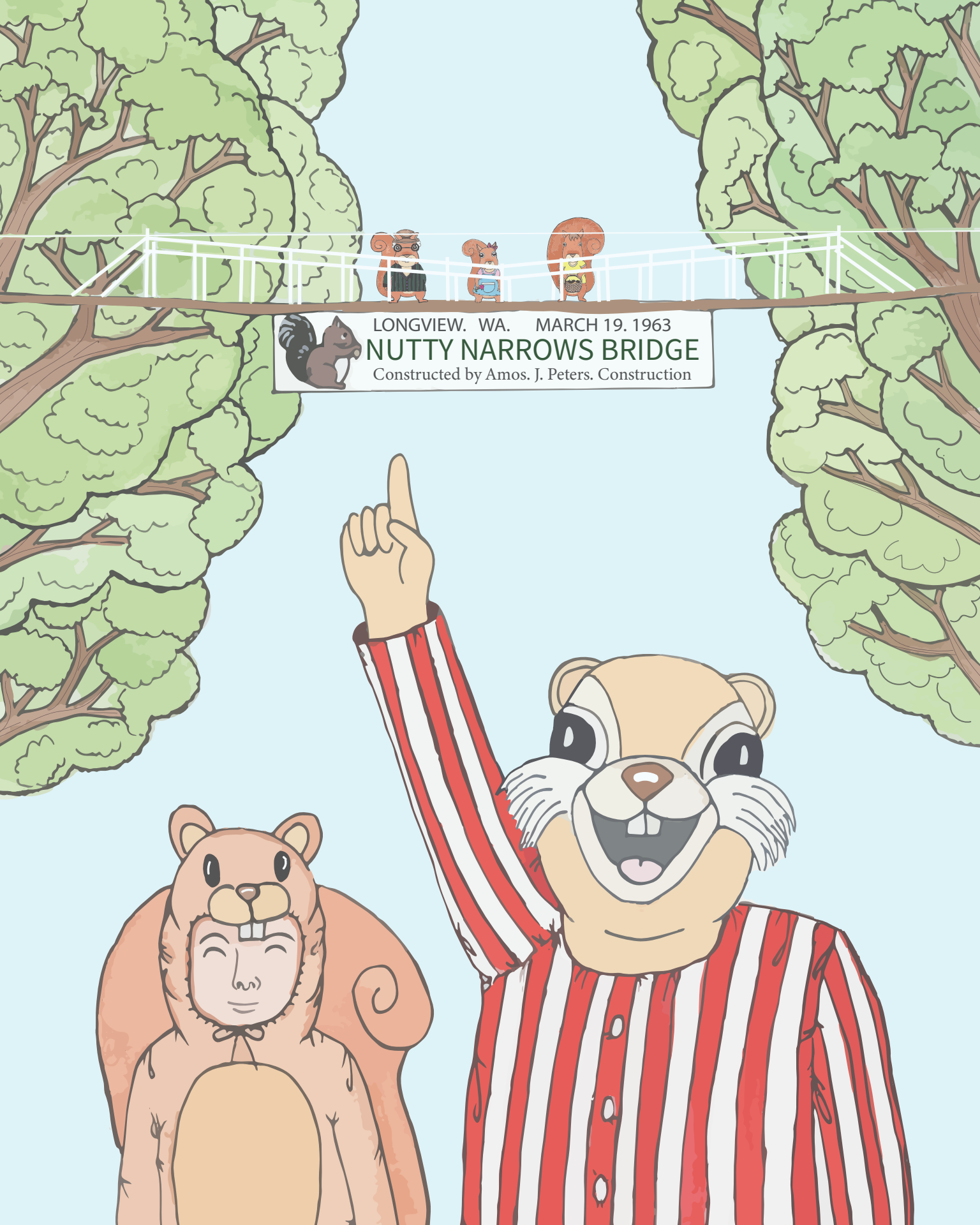




“Wow,” said Bright-Eyes. “What a great guy.”

“Yep,” agreed Grandpa Greyson. “And that’s why this monument is here. It was put up in Amos’s honor. When you are kind and helpful, big things can happen.”





LONGVIEW. WA.

MARCH 19. 1963

## NUTTY NARROWS BRIDGE

Constructed by Amos. J. Peters. Construction



"Every year a celebration is held,  
Squirrel Fest, and a brand new  
bridge is put up! Everyone has  
a nutty fine time! Now, let's get  
some of those delicious peanuts."





### ***About the author***

Donna Howard graduated from Whitworth University with a degree in Elementary Education. A life long bibliophile she enjoys reading, writing, and adventures with family and friends. *Bright-Eyes, Bushy-Tail, And The Nutty Narrows Bridge* is her debut picture book.

Currently she and her husband are living in Spokane, WA.



## ***Meet the illustrator***

Jill Shih lived most of her life in Taipei, Taiwan before coming to the United States in 2000 where she attended University of Arizona in Tucson, AZ.

Jill is a self-taught artist and an animal lover whose preferred medium is water color. She loves using lots of bright colors in the creation of her art. *Bright-Eyes, Bushy-Tail, And The Nutty Narrows Bridge* is her first adventure in picture book illustrating and she states she is pleased to be a part of bringing this charming tale of the first squirrel bridge to life for children everywhere.

Jill currently resides in Denver, Colorado with her husband, and two kitties, Mr Orange and Tiger, frequent subjects for her art.

## *A note from the author*

When my husband and I first visited Longview, Washington, and learned of Amos Peters and his Nutty Narrows Bridge, we were immediately enchanted. I searched everywhere and bugged everyone wanting to find a children's book about this wonderful bridge, but alas had no more luck than did Bright-Eyes and Bushy-Tail in their quest to find nuts. I was absolutely astonished to discover that one had not been written. I knew then that I would have to write the book myself.

As a new author, I sure understand Mr. Peter's fear that others may find his idea “nutty” yet when he took that leap of faith, he found others were eager to lend their talents and efforts to his to build this special bridge and in the process, they built community. Writing a book is much the same as building a bridge. You need the talents of many and so I would like to thank all those who helped bring my book to life. Jill Shih who did such an excellent job illustrating, Travis Peterson who designed my book, Nikki Fillipone who edited and my author community for their advice and willingness to share tips and tricks. My son, Paul Fogal who constantly helps me with my technology needs, and my husband, Bill for his constant support and encouragement. A special shout out goes to the people of Longview, WA for sharing with me what made their community so unique and wonderful.

As Grandpa Greyson observed, “When you are kind and helpful, big things can happen.” To which I would add, and brave enough to believe in your ideas and the goodness of others. So, I would like to encourage each of you to be bold in sharing your ideas and welcome the talents and efforts of others. With all that is going on right now in our country, in our world, more than ever, we need to come together, to build bridges, and celebrate community. That is the true magic of Amos Peter's legacy and The Nutty Narrows Bridge. Let's make big things happen!

Regards,

Donna Howard, Children's Book Author



