

How the Philosophy of Cryant and his fellow Raccoons came to be 6-8,p1

I remember the day when we decided to steal the glittering diamond ring from the old farmer who called himself Mr. Hunpit. Back then, there was violence and stealing between the three tribes of raccoons and everyone's life was chaotic. It was like an endless war between nobody, but somebody eventually pops up out of nowhere. Everyone prayed for this to end.

This day was also my first day out in the woods. When I had come back to the camp, which had a small opening underneath a big boulder that led to a large cave that had many smaller caves and an underground river running through it, Homer, the leader of the forces, had announced that based on votes from the tribe's council, he decided for us to steal the glittering diamond ring. I disliked the idea right then, for the mission to steal the glittering ring was just the beginning of another violent act, but this was actually the beginning of the end to violence and chaos amongst ourselves.

The assault began the next day. I was forced to go. We left when the full moon was high and dawn was a long time off to the east. The farmer's house was slightly to the north of the center of the fields. Our territory was to the south. We had followed the trail of scarecrows that went north in a straight line as a guide to the farmer's house. By the time we reached the farmer's house, dawn was breaking. There, Homer assigned jobs for all of us. I was to help dig into the basement with a third of the raccoons. My dad was to stay behind and watch for the farmer with another third. When the farmer came out, they would attack him and steal the ring, as the ring never left the farmer's old, wrinkled hands. The last third was to patrol the surrounding, making sure that other clans don't disturb us, and to look for the farmer in case he managed to escape. This sounded like a great plan to me. I just wished that my father could be with me, but he just said that this would be good experience for me, and I needed to practice being alone, as eventually, I will be.

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My group went to work right away. When the sun was a quarter of its way up, we had dug a hole that cleared an entrance to a window. There was also extra space extending outwards so we could push a large cobble onto the window. This was the fun part. We rolled a rock down into the hole and BAMM! The window glass smashed into a million pieces.

"Nice work, everyone!" Homer was with us. "Remember. When we go in, stay together. There is a chance that the farmer might come to get us. Be very careful. We will immediately get to work afterwards! The plan is to climb those stairs," he pointed toward the direction of a slope that had sharp, square-like steps, "go through the opening," he pointed to the top of the stairs, and sure enough, there was an opening, "and find the farmer. Attack him from all sides, steal the ring and crash out through a window on the higher level."

Suddenly, we noticed shadows. We smelled raccoon scent that was only strong at the river that separated our tribe and the northwestern tribe. We all turned around. Standing there was a gang of smelly raccoons. They chased us, and we squeezed through the window and into the house. The gang of northwestern raccoons followed us.

"This would surely ruin our plan." I muttered.

Just then, an eastern tribe member pushed the rock further into the hole to block our exits. Such a coincidence that all three tribes of raccoons came on the same day....

"Honey? What was that?" That's what it sounded like. Who knew what that meant in terms of speech? In other terms, it meant that a diamond ringed farmer was about to come down to the basement and catch us. I saw the big, tall, buff figure of a man, a man who plants and harvests crops, climbing down

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the stairs. All of the raccoons ran. The farmer picked up a long wrench. Who was more afraid? The raccoons or the farmer? I took a very close look at Mr. Hunpit. Large beady eyes, rectangular face, wrinkled up and hard, with a frown. He looked at us, one by one. When his eyes came over me, his face turned soft. He smiled. He picked up the other raccoons and put them in coops. I was the only one left.

"You're so cute, you little raccoon!" He picked me up, and started to walk towards the stairway. The adult raccoons were silent as they watched. The farmer kept walking. When the farmer reached the first floor, I saw an old lady.

"GET THAT FILTHY RACCOON OUT OF THE HOUSE RIGHT NOW, JOE!" Wow. That grumpy old lady gave a bad first impression.

"But he's cute, hon!" The farmer did not give a good first impression, but he now acted as a nice man.

"I DON'T CARE EVEN IF IT HAS CUTE BEADY YOUNG EYES WITH CINNAMON SMELLING, SOFT CUDDLY FUR! GET IT OUT OF THE HOUSE!"

"Okay..." The farmer brought me outside, turned, and went to the back of the house. I had forgotten about the ring. My tribe would've wanted for me to rip it off of the farmer's hand and run back to my tribe, but the farmer was so nice. The farmer was innocent of any crime. He probably didn't even know what the raccoons planned to do to him. He probably thought that we just wanted food. The farmer was so nice and did not deserve what was planned on him. I now felt angered at the tribes. They are doing things that were wrong. People should do the right things. We should help others do what we want to do and treat them how we wanted to be treated.

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The farmer set me down in a shed. He gave me a pail of water and a tray of food, closed the door, locked it, and walked away with a wave. Once I couldn't hear his footsteps, my dad ran to me. He said that he had heard the window crash and looked all over for me.

"Did you get the ring?"

"No. I don't want to and I suggest that you stop the plan."

"Why do you say this, son?"

"The farmer is so nice and innocent. He was very nice to me. He even gave me food and shelter!"

"What about the others? Was he nice to them?"

"Well...."

"Well?"

"How about you free me first?" My dad picked the lock with his long claws and opened the shed door. "I suppose that the others have already freed themselves from the cages and would've pushed the rock out by now, with the help of a few diggers. Even if they didn't escape, the farmer still doesn't deserve this. He had his own rights to lock the others up. It was for self-protection."

When we got back, as expected, everybody was out and free, and waiting for us.

"Did you get the ring?"

"Tell the whole story!"

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"Don't go back there again!"

Questions and comments hit me like a waterfall.

I went over to an area with flat land and prepared myself to address the three tribes.

"We should all learn a lesson here." I said. "The farmer is nice, and we should be nice, back to him. Being nice back to somebody is the right thing to do. We can also get along better this way. No one should have more power over another. Everyone is equally talented. That is why I am not addressing you raccoons from the top of the tall rock over there." I pointed towards a rock three times as tall as the length of an adult raccoon. I then addressed the thoughts I had when amazing grace fell over me before the farmer put me in the shed. "We should help others achieve what they want to achieve and expect nothing in return. It is what we should do. We should do to others what we want to be done to ourselves. We should treat them the right way, the way we want to be treated. We should always do the right thing. Always."

And so for this short speech the tribes' ways of life changed. No one had more power over another and everyone got to share their ideas. Everyone voted on the concerns and all was fine. The three tribes eventually became one and people did things to help others and expected nothing in return. People gifted others with presents and everyone lived on peacefully. There were few disagreements and no battles broke out. There were no more violent plans. My name, Cryant, was carried down through endless generations of raccoons and my speech given on flat land was known as the , "the speech of equality and the ways of life," and the things I mentioned in it were known as, "the philosophy of Cryant and his fellow raccoons," or sometimes, "commandments of a raccoon." I now watch from the stars of heaven and look

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upon my fellow descendants, who are living happily ever after.