

— S. E. MILLS PRESENTS —

THE
GREATEST
CHILDREN'S
BOOK

IN THE HISTORY OF
THE WORLD

— ◆ —
VOL. 1
— ◆ —



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ISBN: 9781966155270 (Hardcover)
ISBN: 9781966155416 (Paperback)
Library of Congress Control Number: 2026945134
www.EandR.pub

The Books of Volume 1

Cyril The Squirrel

Phony Pigeoni

Mary The Scary Hair Fairy

The Great Catsbe

Manrattan



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Cyril The Squirrel

On the wrong track



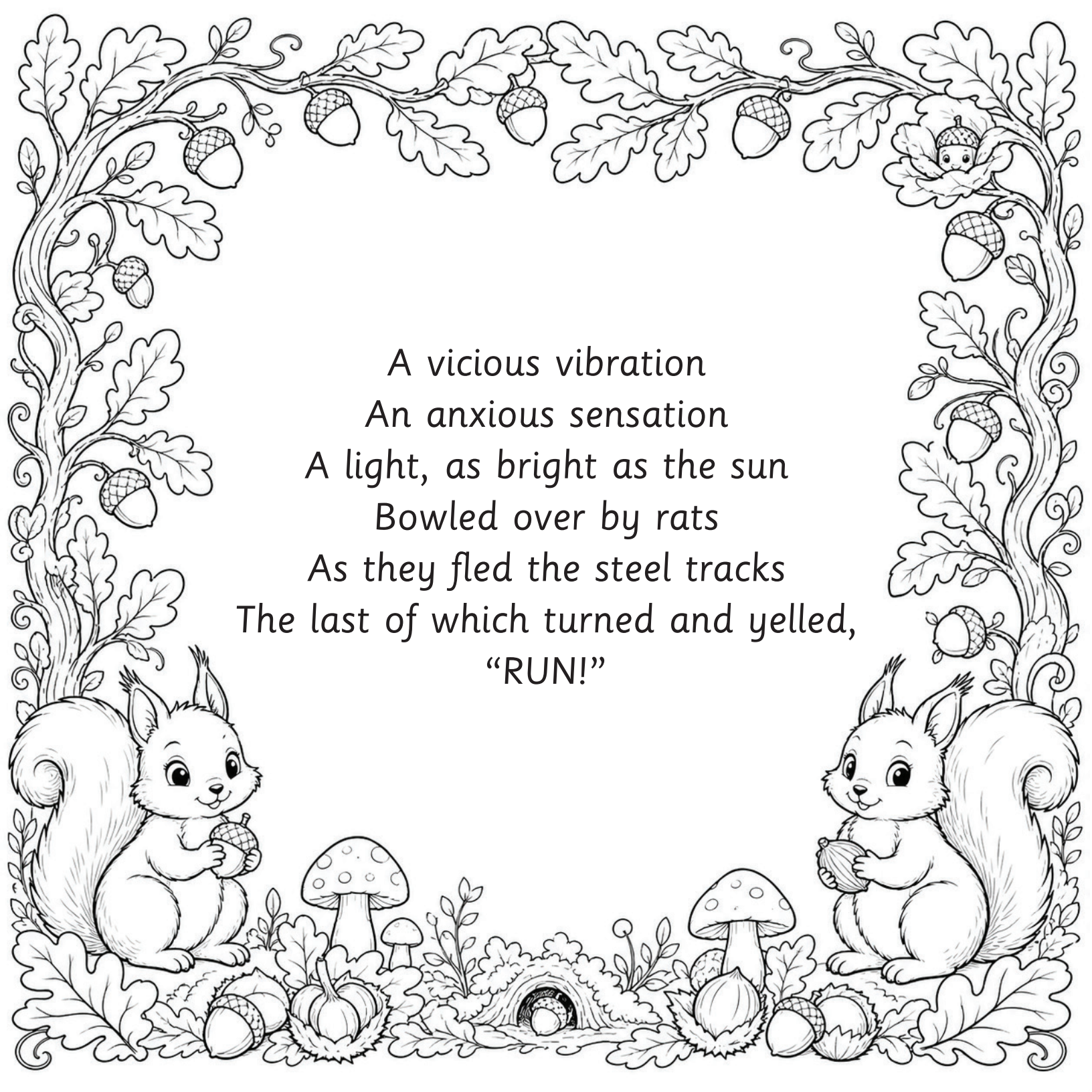
By S.E. Mills



I'm alone on the tracks
In the cold, damp, and black
With no recollection at all
The last thing I remember
It was sunny September
In the park, with my family in fall

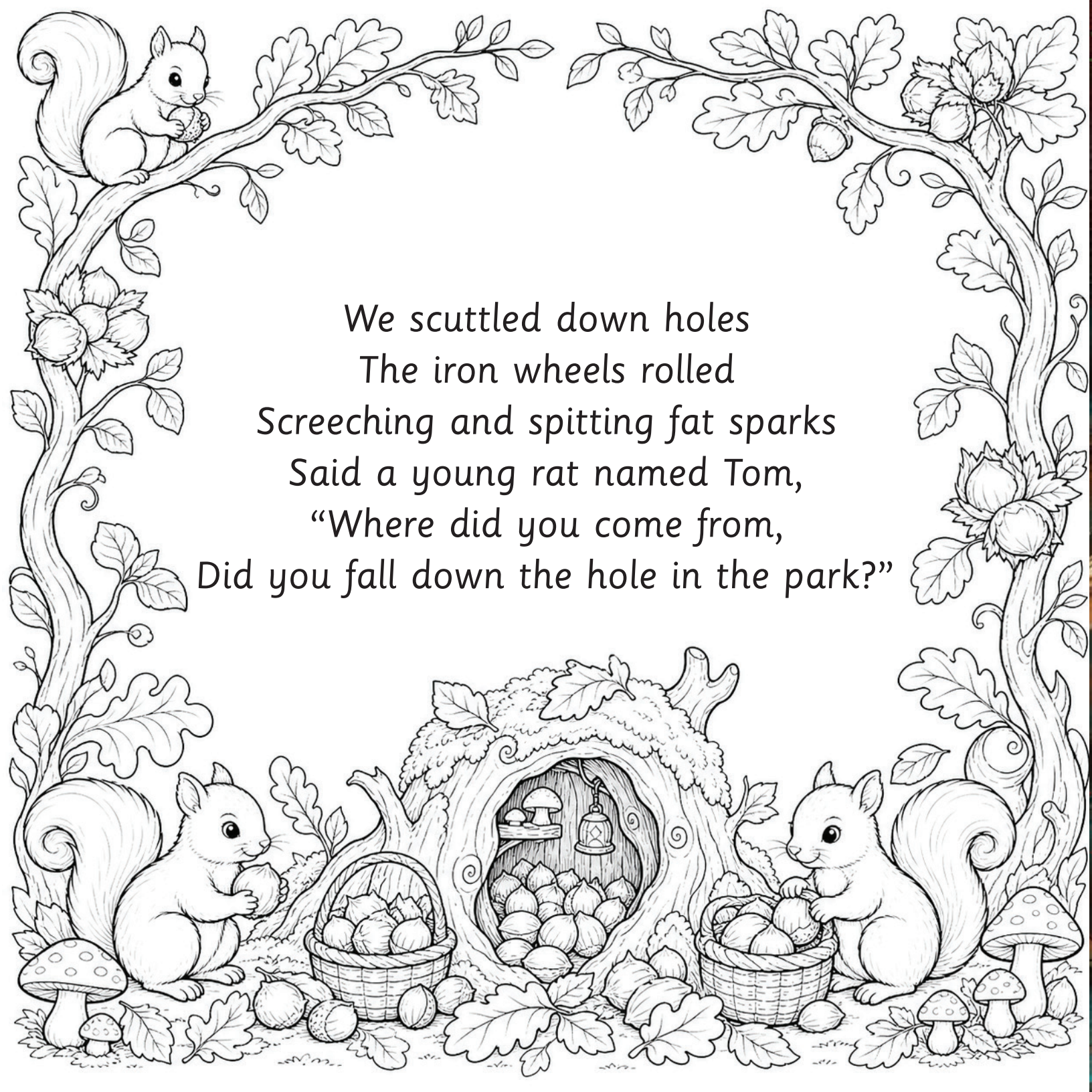






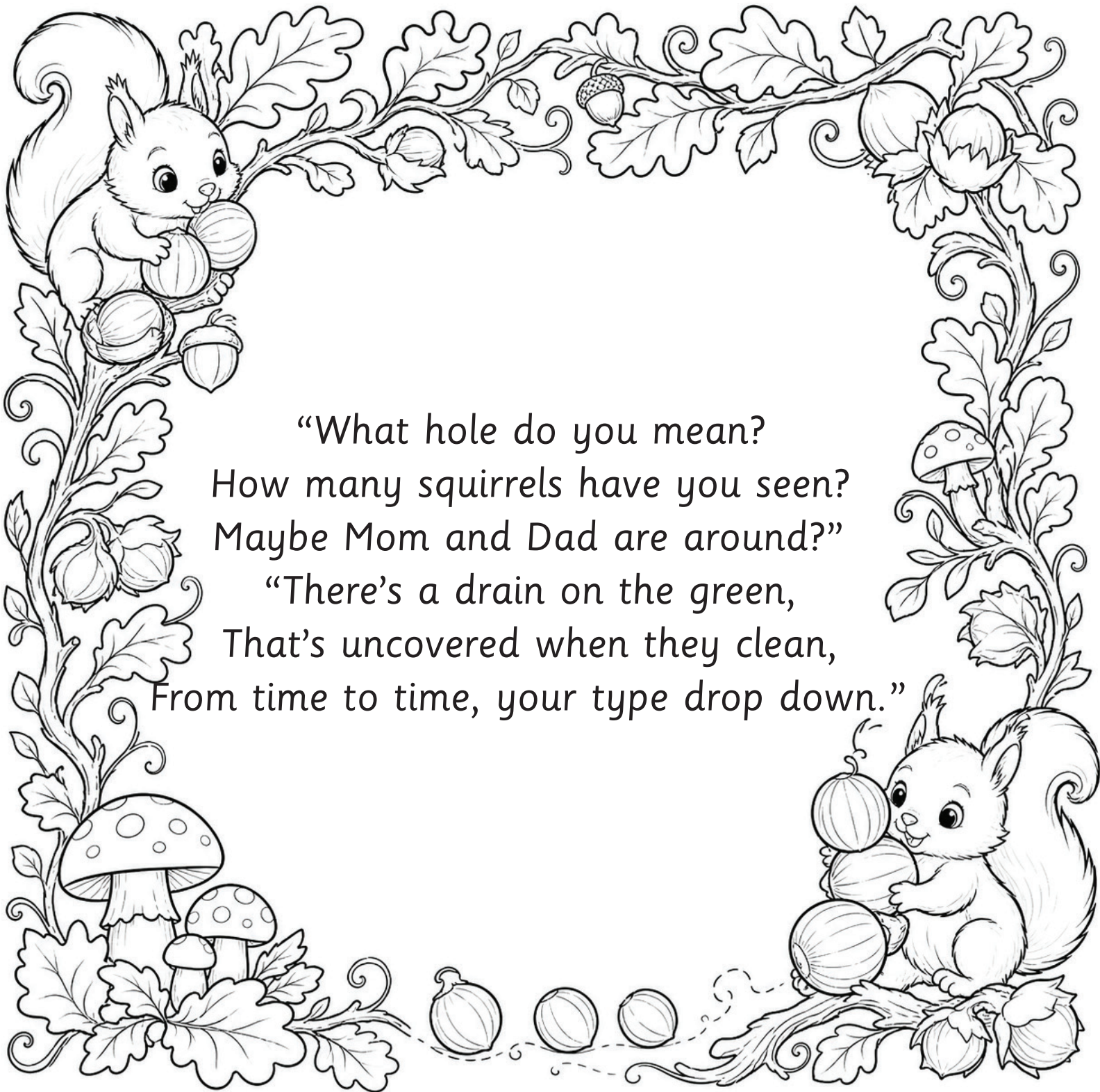
A vicious vibration
An anxious sensation
A light, as bright as the sun
Bowled over by rats
As they fled the steel tracks
The last of which turned and yelled,
“RUN!”





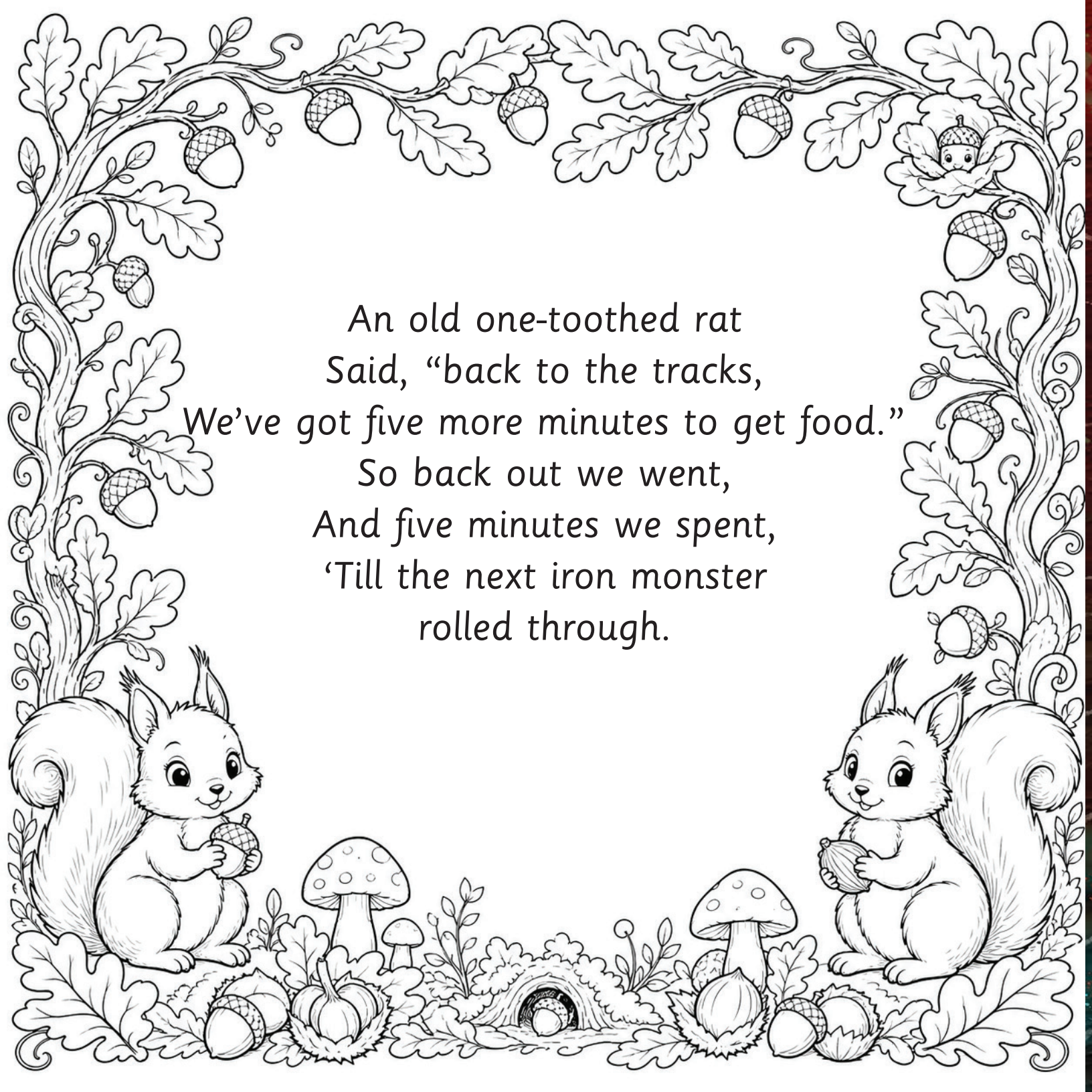
We scuttled down holes
The iron wheels rolled
Screeching and spitting fat sparks
Said a young rat named Tom,
“Where did you come from,
Did you fall down the hole in the park?”





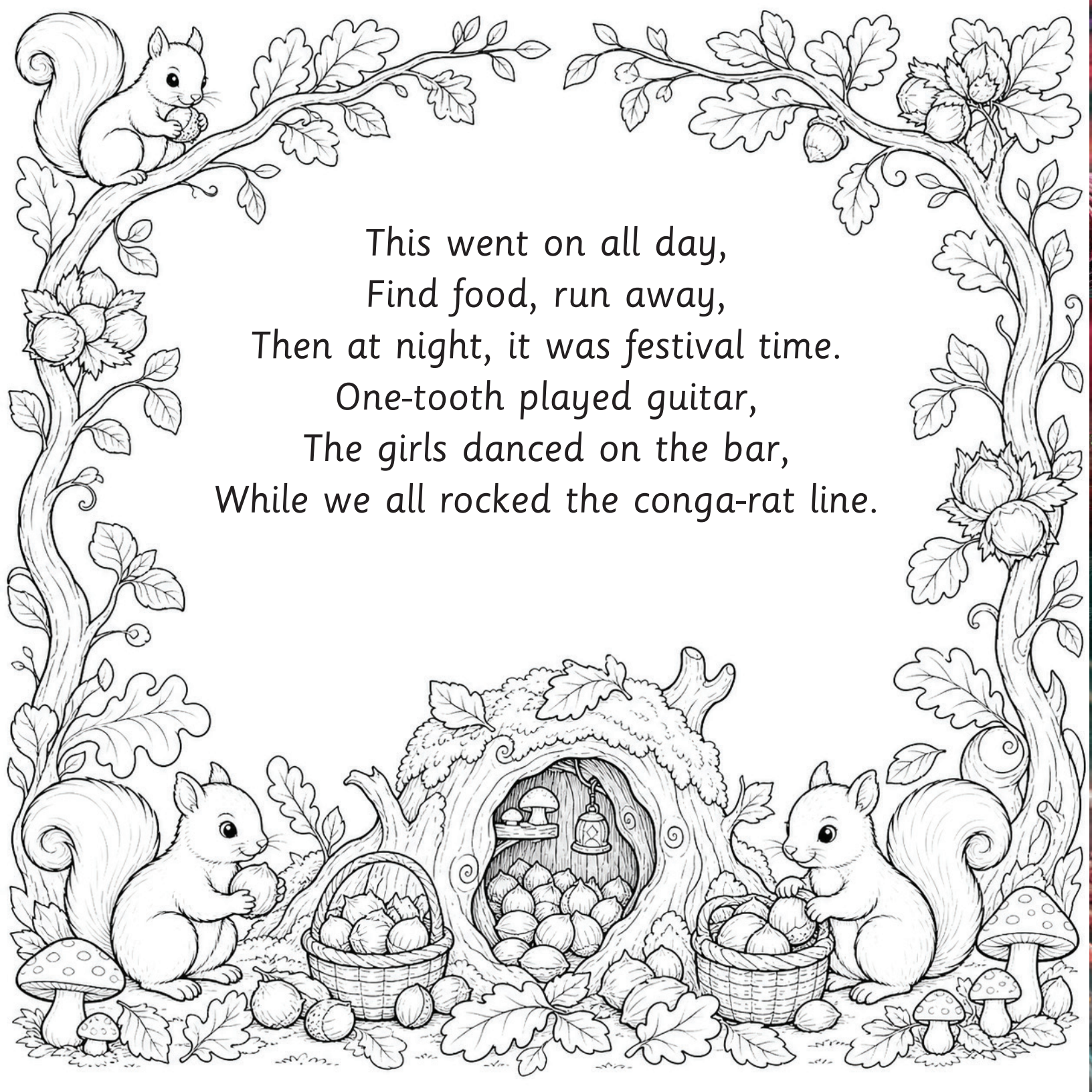
“What hole do you mean?
How many squirrels have you seen?
Maybe Mom and Dad are around?”
“There’s a drain on the green,
That’s uncovered when they clean,
From time to time, your type drop down.”





An old one-toothed rat
Said, "back to the tracks,
We've got five more minutes to get food."
So back out we went,
And five minutes we spent,
'Till the next iron monster
rolled through.





This went on all day,
Find food, run away,
Then at night, it was festival time.
One-tooth played guitar,
The girls danced on the bar,
While we all rocked the conga-rat line.





Next morning, up early,
Back to the tracks,
To start the whole process again.
Find food, run away,
There was no time to play,
But at least I had found some
good friends.