The owls were **agitating** for a squirrel-free zone in the forest. They were arguing for complete **anarchy**. They had unfortunately reached an **impasse** with the voles on the matter. Fortunately, the owls were **monolithic** in their resolve for squirrel-free living.

Then, all of a sudden, a small **waif** of an owl was pushed out of a tree by a squirrel. But another squirrel saved that owl from the fatal fall, and since that owl was the king owl and felt **beholden** toward the squirrel that saved him, he ended the conflict between the species.

However, some owls’ feelings were **inscrutable** because the parliament was not happy with the squirrels. Although the agitated parliament of owls whipped up into a furious riot, negotiations with the vole party were going swimmingly. The owls’ wings flapping rapidly, they reached an agreement with the voles.

However, there was one small owl who still felt **irate** and so he massacred his pack. Even though the murder was uncalled for, the voles agreed to accept the lone owl into their vole community. The owl, choking on tears of happiness, died. (In other news), he died before they could give him an introductory tour around Volandia.

A new character had appeared in this confusing situation, further confusing it, as he was quite a **coquette**. He began asking **impertinent** questions of the dead owl’s love life. He, a lizard, which happened to be a very rebellious character, started up many arguments with the voles. The lizard was killed for his rebellious actions, and for claiming to possess **clairvoyance**.

The moral of the story is that voles are **veritable** fruitcakes when it comes to public policy.