

the ozarks /3/ the cookies

The skunk **started eating** the box of **cookies right next to** me. I **felt angry that** this little animal **thought it could** eat my cookies when I am a **human**, the greatest creature **on earth**, the **master** of all nature. I moved **towards** the skunk a **little** and it **stopped eating**. It **raised its** tail **like it was going to** spray me. I didn't move, I didn't **even breathe**. It **seemed like** we **were frozen for a long time, staring at each other**.

Then it started eating again. It **ate** all my cookies, then it ate my cheese, my bread, and some doughnuts I **was going to** have **for breakfast**. **There was** nothing I could do **about** it. **It** sat on the bench **for a long while**, probably **resting from** its **large meal**, then it **walked off**, slowly. I felt **like** I should call the police, but **you can't** when the **robber** is a skunk. But if you **ever** go to the Ozarks, **watch out for** skunks because they are **shameless** criminals, **every one of them**.