

the ozarks /2/ the skunk

That night I slept on a table in a park. I hoped that **the police would not disturb** me and they **did not**, but something **else did**. I was **woken up in the night by** someone or something **making strange noises**. When I **looked around**, I saw a small animal **walking towards** me; I **couldn't see** what it was until it jumped **up** on the bench next to me.

It **turned out to be** a skunk. It was **sitting** a few inches **from** my face, **looking at** me. I was afraid it was **going to bite my nose**, but at the **same time** I was afraid **to move** because skunks **shoot this** terrible stink juice **out of** their **butts**; **actually** it's **more like** fog, but it **really** stinks **bad**. You can smell a skunk **a mile away** when it **gets run over** on the highway.

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**.