

the ozarks /2/ strange noises

That night I slept on a table in a park. I hoped that **the police would not disturb** me and they **didn't**, but something **else did**. I was **woken up in the night by** someone or something that was **making** very 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.