

# A Skunk Tale

Hi my name is Mia. As long as I remember, I've always wanted a pet. So you can guess how happy I was when my parents told me and my sister that we could have our own pet.

"Really, you mean it?!" I asked.

"Yep, if you two make enough money you both can have your very own pet," my mom explained. I danced around with my sister Katherine.

"Yes!" we exclaimed. I could tell that we were both daydreaming of the perfect pet.

The next day I told my best friend Ashley everything on the bus.

"You're going to get your own pet?!" she asked. I nodded my head proudly.

"I counted my money yesterday. I have a little more than \$61 do you think that's enough?" Ashley started thinking.

"Hmm I don't know. It would depend on what pet you're getting wouldn't it?" she wondered.

"Yea, I'm pretty sure," I said. Dang it, I hadn't thought about that yet.

"What kind of pet do you want Mia?" Dang it, I hadn't thought of that either!

"Um I don't know, could you suggest some to me?" I asked.

"How about a dog? Or a cat?" Ashley suggested.

"Not a cat. Katherine might want a cat."

"Oh you're right," she sighed. The bus came up to the school, which began my ever lasting thought "what pet do I want?"

It drove me INSANE!! All throughout the day I wonder “what pet do I want?”

What pet do I want? What pet do I want?” How annoying.

“Hey if you want, we could go to Petco after school,” Ashley offered.

“Sure, that would be great, thanks.” Today I hang out with Ashley after school so it’d be a great time to go to Petco. Finally after a long day it was finally over. Me and Ashley got into her car and her parents drove us to the pet store. We looked at everything but nothing seemed like the perfect pet.

Dog? None on sale. Cats? cute, but we might have a cat in the house soon.

Dwarf hamster? Don’t last very long. Ferret? Well it was the closest it got to perfect. I walked out of the store feeling a little sad. Until I saw a flyer on the that said “pet skunk for sale.” It had a picture of a baby skunk on it above a phone number. I smiled, this could be my perfect pet.

“Mia, we’re leaving,” Ashley called out.

“Hold on!” I yelled as I quickly wrote down the phone number.

“Y-You want a pet SKUNK?!” everyone in my family exclaimed together.

“Well... Yeah why not?” I said. I looked around. Everyone looked confused.

“Well, I guess if you really want,” mom started to say.

“But you HAVE to find a way so it won’t stink us!!” she said, pointing to me.

“Yes!” I started dancing around. I was going to get the pet I wanted!

That is, until my sister recovered from the news.

“MOM, you can’t be serious! I mean you aren’t REALLY going to let her have a SKUNK are you? Mia, why a skunk? Why not a hamster? or a guinea

pig? Heck I'd rather have a SNAKE than a SKUNK!" Sheesh. I love my sister and we get along pretty well, but we have our differences.

"I like the idea," Dad said smiling. "Don't you think so?" he asked. My mom sighed.

"Well, get that skunk trained then I'll like him." I turned to Katherine.

"Oh no! No way am I going to let a skunk into my personal space. NO WAY!" She then turned around, crossed her arms and then said "Hmph," as if to say *So there*. Yea, Like THAT'S going to stop me.

"Please sis? I'll take good care of it. And I'll make sure it doesn't go in your room. Please?" she sighed,

After a minute of thinking she said "Ugh al-." But she didn't even finish her sentence before I ran over and hugged her. "THANK YOU SO MUCH! THANK YOU!" I hugged my sister so hard.

"Mia, one question."

"Yes mother?" I turn and looked at her, smiling.

"How are we going to get a skunk?" She asked.

"Oh someone is selling a baby skunk. I got the money and the phone number. I'll call them to say we are coming."

We called the phone number of the man who was selling the skunk, and made a plan to come over today to see the skunk. I rang the doorbell, practically jumping with excitement. We waited a bit on the porch. The house was not that big. It was brown with a funky shade of green for the shutters and the roof.

Soon the door opened. A man pop out. He had curly black hair and was wearing

a white sleeveless shirt. Also it looked like he hadn't shaved yet, in fact, he looked like he just got out of bed. Strange since it was 12:35 PM.

"Are you here about the skunk?" he asked in a thick accent.

"Yes, yes we are," I answered. He smile sheepishly and led us inside. Suddenly, the smell of skunk blasted in the air. Katherine looked miserable, dad looked the same way and mom was fanning the air around her nose. I just stood there. I was worried that if I plugged my nose or something like that, it might be rude or my family might think that I'm not ready for having a pet skunk. We continued walking into a living room where two bowls sat, one filled with water, the other with a little food left. A crate was also in the room with a towel, a blanket and a baby skunk.

"I have not thought of a name yet," the man said to me. "I was thinking about the name 'Stinky Pete'." I giggled a little bit and he smiled. He kneeled down and stuck his hand in his pocket. When he pulled it out, something was in his hand. I realized that it was a piece of dog kibble in his hand. He got the skunk to come out of the cage and let him eat the kibble. He was so cute! My mom sighed.

"What are we going to name him?" She asked

"I liked 'Stinky Pete'," I heard my sister mumble. I smiled.

"How about 'Owen'?" I said.

"Owen? I like it." Mom smiled.

Owen looked pretty scared when we came to pick him up a week later. The man (Whose name was Edward) gave us his favorite blanket and a list on what

skunks eat.

“They eat stuff like cottage cheese, dog kibble, stuff like that,” Edward said as he gave me the list.

“What’s the best way to train Owen so he won’t stink us?” mom asked.

“Well there is a an operation where they-“ Edward started to say but mom said

“We don’t need to know.”

“But I don’t recommend it. It’s cruel to the skunk. Just put him in a shed, visit him with some food, try to be friends with him. He should be fine.” Owen looked around. These were the people who came to visit earlier. At least that’s what I thought he was thinking. He looked at everyone. Me, mom, dad, Katherine, me, mom, dad, Katherine. This time I couldn’t tell what was going on in his little head. As Edward talked to mom and dad, I stepped closer to Owen. I wanted to pet him. I wanted to believe that if I pet him, he would automatically like me. But in reality, he probably would bite me.

“Well, I think you’re ready to take this little guy home.” Edward said.

“Okay let’s pack up and take him home,” Mom said picking up the blanket. I started to go to pick Owen up and put him in the cat carrier. When I picked him up, he didn’t bite or spray or anything. He looked confused.

“So far, so good.” I thought. But than he started squirming and, Oh no. I quickly put him in the carrier and closed it. I sighed, I thought he was going to stink.