

(2) The Sweet Smelling Skunk

“Get out of there!” said Mrs. Wilson to the rabbits. Her voice sliced through the garden. It wasn’t that she disliked rabbits, she just took great pride in her garden, and the rabbits were destroying her array of lush veggies and flowers.

While checking the destruction of her garden, Mrs. Wilson cried out, “Oh my beautiful garden. It’s just ruined. Show yourself, you bad rabbit!” Pushing aside the tangled mess of lettuce leaves with despair, she stumbled upon a small skunk, tears streaming down his face. It was such a sad sight that Mrs. Wilson ignored the danger of getting sprayed by the little skunk.

“Why are you crying?” Mrs. Wilson asked gently. The little skunk wiped away his tears and said, “Aren’t you going to tell me to leave because of the smell?” Mrs. Wilson shook her head, her expression softening with compassion and understanding. “Of course not. Anyone who would say that isn’t very polite. Besides, your scent and spray are how you protect yourself. No need for tears,” said Mrs. Wilson.

“I know, and I try to explain that to the other animals. All day long, I get teased by squirrels, rabbits, and raccoons. Do you know the Chesterfields who live three doors down from you?” asked the little skunk. “Yes, they’re a very nice family,” said Mrs. Wilson. “Oh! They don’t make fun of me, but their cat does. I guess if I had matted fur and fleas, I would be mean too,” laughed the little skunk. “That’s the spirit,” said Mrs. Wilson. “A sense of humor is a good remedy when you’re feeling down.”

“Thank you, madam. Your garden is legendary,” said the little skunk. “That reminds me, I caught you eating in my garden, too,” she said with a gentle smile. “For that I am truly sorry,” the skunk replied. Mrs. Wilson just nodded with a smile.

“What’s your name, my little friend?” “My name is Skippy,” said the little skunk.

“Well, follow me, Skippy. I have an idea that I believe it will solve both our

problems.”

As Skippy followed Mrs. Wilson into her house, she talked passionately about gardening. She vowed her garden would be better than ever and promised Skippy all the food he could eat if he helped her.

Meanwhile, several animals gathered around to discuss what was going on. “I must be dreaming. What is Skippy doing in her house?” said a rabbit. “I don’t have a clue,” said an old raccoon, his voice filled with wisdom and insight.

At that moment, Mrs. Wilson and Skippy approached the garden with a wagon full of flowers and seeds. Mrs. Wilson took a small shovel and started to dig holes throughout her garden. She then placed the flowers and seeds in the holes. Skippy tapped each hole with his tail to make sure the flowers and seeds were snug. Then he sprayed each side of Mrs. Wilson’s yard. He ensured his spray wasn’t too close to the garden, but close enough to give fair warning to any animal close by.

“Now anyone who tries to ruin my garden will feel the sting of skunk spray right in their eyes,” smiled Mrs. Wilson. Skippy waved his tail at the animals who teased him and also dangled the rose Mrs. Wilson gave him. And no skunk had ever smelled so sweet.