

## Stalker

*by Suzy Hopkins*

While walking down the snow covered path from my house to my garage a squirrel started to follow me. It ran along either side of the path and crossed back and forth in front of me numerous times. After several feet of stalking me it stopped right in front of me. I spoke to the chubby little tan and gray creature in a soft voice, "What do you want you little cutie?" It came first to my left boot, taking the toe of it in its paws and attempting to nibble it. Then it did the same to my right foot. Satisfied that it had been mistaken about its choice for a snack it ran off down the path. It was a charming short visit that did and does make me smile.