Late in the dark, one day in the middle of summer, a bell rang at the door, one “DING-DONG”.

Upstairs I sat alone looking at the intricate pages of a children's picture book. The loud sound of metal and an electric hammer sent my mind confused to determine my reaction.

Frustrated at sunset, I got up on my feet, whether I was well or sick, parted from the wolf-clad boy and his wild island, and walked down the stairs. I slipped down the stairs, joining my iron man as I prepared to meet my unexpected guest. As I approached the door I heard on the other side scratching, scratching, screaming, rolling, rolling up and down the door like a snake.

“Someone is trying to open the door!” I whispered to myself. "Not on my watch" I concluded boldly, the scratch continued.

“Think, think!” I reached over the edge and grabbed the only thing I could see that could be used as a defense; a rubber hammer, once purchased eagerly at a dollar store. This time it was worth every hundred cents. I slowly lowered my face to the cool metal door and peered through the peephole to see who could possibly be my burglar. My mind raced with the idea of ​​using my rubber hammer as if it were a reliable Thor hammer.

Sadly, my limited view of the front porch revealed nothing but swarms of insects, snails, and mosquitoes that had gathered near the porch light. But the scratching and scratching continued on the other side of the door, only inches from my face, which was still pressed against it.

I decided to take drastic measures. By concentrating on the sweat of the bomber specialist, I turned the doorbell slightly against the clock. I smashed the door open half an inch before kicking it fast and fast with my right foot! Then, with a hammer in Thor, I opened the door and opened the door and screamed as I exposed my face to the ugly night air.

There was no one there.

There was a cricket.

I hit the neck as the mosquitoes pulled me back in amazement.

I look for darkness beyond the yellow light of the balcony glistening on the snails' shells, descending to the steps of the porch and looking into the guilty eyes. Tucked away from the side of the stairs, the young raccoon stared at me with open eyes like black pearls, panting like a racehorse.

He was so startled by my thunder that he kept staring at me as if to say, "What in the world are you trying to do, have you given me a heart attack?"

I couldn't blame her either, as it was a nice drop of seven or eight feet from the top of the door frame where she had been eating her supper for the big bugs, to the stairs where she came from!

Naturally, like all good fathers, I picked up a flashlight, awoke the children to a much needed sleep and followed the little raccoon around the house. The masked criminal, who was about to enter, swerved his way to the crab's apple tree and climbed higher.

We met her at eye level on our balcony and talked with her for a while, pretending that she and I had the same feeling of discomfort. He just sat there on the branch in front of us, his little black pearl eyes gnawing miserably, his nose dripping with snot, occasionally chewing a few crabapples as we looked at each other in amazement, and relaxed.

Needless to say, this unexpected meeting was more fun than anything else.