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## Raccoons

Ali Miller

*Denison University*

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## Raccoons

By Ali Miller

Night arrives and, with it, comes a horde of raccoons that see the soft siding of our house, whose paint has peeled away, and think it delicious. They sink their tiny, sharp teeth into the rotting wood and feel the chips they rip away slide past their tongues, down their throats and into their stomachs. I see them tearing our house apart piece by piece through our window. "House is getting eaten again," I say to my wife, but she does not stir from our bed. She hadn't last night, or the night before. She never speaks about the raccoons. "House is getting eaten again," I say to the window, but the window doesn't answer either. "The entire house is going to get eaten at this rate," I say to no one as I begin to dig my own fingernails into our bedroom wall. "Wall sure looks delicious." The raccoons voice their approval from outside, urging me to try it. "You know," I say to the raccoons while sinking my teeth into the wall and feeling the piece I rip off slide past my tongue, "this is delicious." My stomach grumbles. I was starving. Right then, my house was not my own and my wife was a stranger to me. I forget the memories we'd made in the house and I chomp down on the drywall in front of me and it's delicious—so delicious that I think I'll come back tomorrow night.