

Owen Klausman
Grade 4
Writing Wild
Daniel Clausen

The Lizard

“Horned lizard,” shouted one of the humans. I get scared, my instinct is to run so I do. I escape into the grass. I’m naturally camouflaged. I stop. I stay completely still. But I am outnumbered, they find me. Then it is my turn. I bound into the grass with them close behind. One of them darts in front of me. It is time for plan B. They try to pick me up but I am too fast. Horns shoot out of my back. The human hesitates and pulls his hand away. This is my chance. I vanish in a flash. I get a few feet away and keep going. I’m not going to take any risks. Finally their mature one calls them and they run toward the eating table. I am safe. I warm myself in the sun. I sigh and mutter to myself, “I hope that doesn’t happen again.”