

The Scared Bear

I'm an old bear, and I know how to find food in a campsite. When I saw the blue box with the white top, I knew it would have some cold goodies in it. If the car it was in was locked, I could easily reach in one of the open windows to grab some beef jerky.

I lumbered over to the car, almost tasting that chewy jerky already. Then, the most awful sound came from the tent: "Mom, look at that huge bear!"

I rushed away to get breakfast somewhere safer. Kids, with their loud voices and creepy, little hands, have scared me ever since I was a cub.

