

By ten o'clock the fire had burned down to glowing embers. Crickets chirped in the trees. The wind whispered through the branches overhead.

Inside the tent, {text:child_name} shifted inside a sleeping bag. {text:child_gender_1} friends were settling into nearby tents, their quiet voices fading as sleep came. The campground grew still.

Then came a sound.

Scratch. Slide.

{text:child_name} opened one eye. That sound was not the wind. Then something bumped the cooler.

CLUNK.

"Did you hear that?"

"Probably just a raccoon."

But outside something sniffed loudly.

HUFF.

CRUNCH.

A shadow near the cooler moved. And suddenly the quiet campground didn't feel quiet anymore.

CH5-IMG2 · 3.25" × 6.50" · 300dpi

The woods sounded different at night.