

The bear didn't need to be told twice. It nearly did a backflip as it scrambled over the picnic table. The bear hadn't expected its midnight buffet to explode into a clanging, yelling racket.

But even in its fright, the bear had its priorities straight. As it bolted toward the tree line, it kept its jaws clamped firmly around a jumbo-sized bag of marshmallows. The white bag flashed in the moonlight like a flag of surrender as the bear vanished into the darkness.

For a long moment there was silence.

"Is it... gone?"

{text:child_name} lowered the pot, {text:child_gender_1} arms finally beginning to shake now that the adrenaline was fading.

"Yeah. He's gone. But he took the dessert."

Leo stepped out and looked at the chaos around the cooler.

"You didn't even scream. You just handled it. I thought we were toast."

"I was terrified. But the ranger said the bear is more afraid of us than we are of it. I just had to remind the bear of that."