



After a long day, the campers were exhausted.

By nine 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 voices fading as sleep came for each of them.

The campground grew still.

Then came a sound.

Scratch. Slide. Sniff. Snort.

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

CLUNK.

“Did you hear that?” someone said in a panicked voice.

“Probably just a raccoon,” a voice from another tent replied.

But outside, the noises grew louder.

HUFF!

CRUNCH!