



The spoon and chili pot made a huge noise.

{text:child_name} grabbed the heavy chili pot and a metal spoon stored inside the tent. The tent zipper slowly slid open.

“Whoa!” {text:child_name} gasped as {text:child_gender} peeked out of the tent.

Outside, a huge black bear stood beside the cooler. It was happily munching a package of marshmallows.

To the bear, the campsite looked like a midnight snack bar. {text:child_name} stepped outside. Took a deep breath. And raised the spoon.

BANG! BOOM! CLANG!

The sound exploded through the trees.

“Hey! Go on! Get out of here!” shouted {text:child_name}.

The bear didn’t need to be told twice. It nearly did a back flip as it scrambled over the picnic table. The bear hadn’t expected its quiet 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?” someone said as heads began popping out from the tents.

{text:child_name} lowered the pot, {text:child_gender_1} arms beginning to shake now that the adrenaline was fading. “Yeah. It’s gone. But it took our dessert!”