

SnapRead!

Rollo's heart beat fast. He went to the campsite. He was bold like a bear. He looked for food. Nothing. The picnic tables were clean. There was no trash. The campers were tidy. Rollo saw the bear locker. The bear locker was a big brown metal box. Campers stored their food to keep it away from bears. Rollo did not want to break the locker. It was too easy. But he was hungry. He was in a hurry.

The bear suit paws made his hands clumsy. It was hard to turn the handles. It was difficult to see. The bear head blocked some of his sight. Then he heard voices.

"Listen. I think it's a bear," a boy said.

"It's not a bear, Zack. It's a raccoon."

"It's too big for a raccoon, Dad."

Rollo was quick. We was stealing their food. The angry hikers would strip the bear suit off. Park rangers would put him in jail. He yanked the door open. He grabbed a bag of food. He was ready to run. Then, he was in a big light.

"It is a bear!" the boy said.

"Zack!" Get back in here! It's dangerous!"

Rollo dropped the sack of food. He charged the boy. He growled and snarled. The child ran into the tent. Rollo picked up the food. He went back to his camp. He ate cookies, ham, and three green apples. He ate cheese and a chocolate bar. He fell asleep under the stars of the Great Bear.



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