

SnapRead!

Rollo had to go lower. Winter was close. The wind was cold. He left his tent. He left his backpack. He started down the trail with nothing. He wore the bear suit, head and all. The slope was steep. His feet slid on the new snow. He walked all day, but he was not tired.

He reached the campsite at sunset. It was near the entrance to the park. There were some tents and a few campers. Then, Rollo saw the bear locker. This was the first camp he raided. He was back where he started.

He hid in the forest. He tried to plan the raid. Now, his brain was not working. This happened more and more. When he tried to think ahead, he could not. He waited. He still knew what to do.

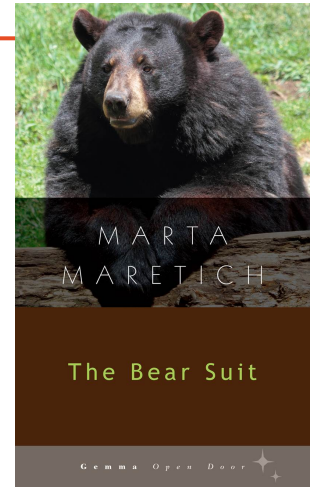
He stomped out of the forest when the moon rose. He was the perfect bear. He went to the bear locker. It was hard to open. He found cereal, bacon, and pears. Rollo loved pears. He ate the whole bag.

Then they shot him. He heard the noise before he felt anything.

“We have looked everywhere for you. Look at the belly on him!” a man said.

Rollo opened his mouth to complain. You people are very rude, he wanted to say. You think I am a clown. Before he could speak, he felt the shot. Something sharp hit his thigh. He touched the dart sticking into his skin. He shouted for help, but no words came out. Only roars. He fell to the ground.

“He’s out cold.”



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by Marta Maretich
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