

She was surprised alright. You should have seen her jump when Kevin put a bunch of wild, wiggly worms in her hands. Mom laughed with us as she wiped the sticky goo and dirt off her hands.

That night, I enjoyed the cozy warmth of the campfire on my face. Dad entertained us with hilarious stories of camping trips he took when he was a boy. I heard the crickets singing their lullaby. My eyes started feeling heavy.

"Time for bed," said Mom. We crawled into our sleeping bags and fell sound asleep. Later, when my brother left the tent to go to the bathroom, he woke us up with a scream.

"A bear!" he shouted. "There's a bear!"

My dad rushed outside to investigate. When he pointed his flashlight toward the brush, we saw the bright eyes of an animal shining back at us. Whew! It was just a raccoon. I laughed because Kevin had scared himself with his own story about bears. Everyone went back to sleep after that.

The next morning we took down the tent and packed all the supplies. I took a deep breath of the clean, crisp air and climbed into the car. On the drive home, I thought about our fun adventure. I got to enjoy nature and spend time with my family. Best of all, I got to see my brother scared for once.