



LUCKY SKITTLES

“Finally!” I said, tearing into my new bag of skittles and plopping a handful into my mouth. “These will be coming with me today. I can’t wait to eat them while sitting on top of the mountain!” I thought. I grabbed my backpack and tossed it into the trunk, then hopped in the backseat. My Dad asked “Did you remember to pack your lucky birthday skittles?” as he started the car and we began our drive to the Adirondacks. “Of course I did, and I’m not sharing!” I answered, waving the bag in the air.

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“Are you two ready to hike the Wolf Jaws and camp out in the wilderness?” Dad asked, looking in his rear view mirror to see my reaction. “Of course!” my Mom replied, “Do you think those skittles are going to be able to last for the entire 14 mile hike?” I looked up from my phone when I heard the

word skittles, replying quickly “Of course they’ll last, and no animals are going to steal them from me!” Dad laughed and started babbling about the hike “Did you know that the Upper Wolf Jaw mountain elevation is 4,203 feet? The lower is 4,173 feet!” I stopped listening after a while, looking out the window, wondering how long the skittles really would last.

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“We’re here!” I yelled excitedly, jumping out of the car and putting on my brand new hiking boots. I slung my backpack over my shoulder, shoving the skittles into my pocket. ‘I better keep these around for when I need them!’ I thought. I walked to the trailhead and signed us in, putting my name as ‘Group Leader.’ My Dad leaned over and checked what I wrote “Lead the way!” He said, laughing to himself. We set off on the trail, it was beautiful! There were huge trees and big boulders lining the pathway, as well as trail markers showing you which way to go. My mom shifted her backpack grudgingly, for the hundredth time, “I can’t believe I have to carry this for 4 miles!”

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When we arrived I was shocked, the first thing that I saw was a sign that read: No camping allowed. Active bear observation site. “Well.. that’s exciting..” My Mom said sarcastically, her lips drawn into a flat line. I felt the same way, having bears near our campsite terrified me! After finding another Lean-To, without any bear signs, we set down our packs and started to settle in for the night. In the middle of the night, I heard a rustling noise outside of the Lean-To. A shadow appeared on the wall. “A bear!” I yelled, waking both of my parents who were now just as frightened. The moon shone onto the ground and we saw that it was just a raccoon. My Dad clapped his hands together obnoxiously, scaring the raccoon off.

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Early the next morning we packed up, and my parents gave me a lecture about the importance of using our bear canister and food safety while in the woods. I had the skittles in my pocket overnight, which must have attracted the raccoon to our campsite. I promised I wouldn’t do it again, but it didn’t

matter, once we got to the top of the mountain everything was forgotten. The view was outstanding! I sat down and ate some of my skittles. But, suddenly the view disappeared, a thick cloud of fog had rolled onto the mountain, and I was barely able to see! Just then, I saw something red on the ground, then I saw a green thing further away. It was my skittles, there must have been a hole in the bag! "Follow me!" I shouted, pulling my parents towards the trail of skittles. The skittles led us out of the fog! My dad smiled, " It's a good thing that you had those lucky skittles!"

