It was a hot day. The sun was shining and the insects were humming. He located the tracks and began to follow them.

The tracks went up a small hill. He walked up the hill, prepared to shoot at any second. Something made a noise in the bushes and he stopped to listen. He pointed, but did not shoot. A squirrel climbed up a tree, stopped to look at him for a second, and then climbed out of sight.

He breathed heavily for a moment, and then looked back at the tracks, which went into the underbrush up ahead. He walked toward the bushes and then knelt down to see where the tracks went. He found himself looking into the eyes of a big snake. The snake stuck out its tongue, and then crawled away. He began to crawl through the bushes, following the tracks.

The underbrush opened out into a large clearing with a big tree in the middle. The tracks went across the clearing. He walked across and sat under the tree. The sun was shining and the insects were buzzing. The breeze blew and he felt it on his face.

He got up and followed the tracks back into the forest. He stepped over logs, ducked under branches, and climbed over rocks. The tracks stopped at a stream. He bent over and got a drink. Suddenly he felt a shadow over him and looked up. The bear was standing over him. He grabbed his camera, aimed, and shot several pictures.