## Hiking with the A.T.I.S.\*

Early one morning, he shambled towards us down the Carry path, his nose pinned inches from the ground. He padded in his brown bathrobe and slippers, mumbling to himself, pensive as a half-blind botanist searching for his glasses.

He carried his mammoth bulk like a big duffel bag slung between his two shoulders. If angered, he could have bowled us down like a set of ten pins.

But Ernie Russ, woodsman and guide, knew better. He told us to stop. Then he sucked in his breath and sent out a long slow hiss the sign of menace in any language.

Startled, the bear jerked his head up and saw ten statues of children standing before him. More frightened than any maiden, he picked up his slippers and ran.

\*A.T.I.S. (Adirondack Trail Improvement Society)

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