“Awww,” says Frank Einstein.

“I totally had you pinned,” says his pal Watson.

Frank releases Watson from his headlock. Watson releases Frank from his leg lock.

“And let’s show some hustle!” calls Grampa Al. “Because Atomic Al wouldn’t want to have to take you down with his Nuclear Piledriver.” He bends forward, flexing his arms into a wrestling pose.

Watson looks at Frank in surprise. “Did he just say ‘Atomic Al’? Does that mean your Grampa Al used to wrestle?”

Frank brushes the dirt and grass off his pants. “I never asked. But I would not be surprised.”

The hound dog snorts and trots off into the woods.

The orange-and-white-striped house cat, sitting safely high in a maple tree, licks its right paw.

Frank gives Watson his hand and helps him up. Watson picks his flashy gold championship-wrestling belt off a nearby bush and flips it over one shoulder. “This championship match will be continued later,” says Watson.

Frank grabs the belt. “You were two seconds away from tapping out.” He raises the belt overhead. “Wooooooorld Chaaaaampion—FFFFFrrrrrraaaaank EINSTEIN!”

Watson karate chops Frank and takes back the belt. “No way! I had you right where I wanted you.”

The two guys laugh. They stop, stand in the middle of the meadow, and take in the sight of the sunlit clouds in a deep-blue sky overhead, the sound of a bee buzzing circles around the flowering clover, the smell of the pond behind them, and the trees all around them.


Frank looks at the bee, the flower, the hawk overhead, the cat perched up in the tree. He sees something different. “It’s relaxing for us. Because we are the top of the food chain. But look around, Watson. We forget that we are part of all this. Everything living is connected.

“And it’s kind of perfect this is Darwin State Park. Because it was scientist Charles Darwin who called life
the Struggle for Existence. Every minute of every day—eat or be eaten.”

“OK, that’s depressing,” says Watson. “But at least we get a vacation from that sneaky T. Edison and his evil Mr. Chimp. And we get to go fishing.”

Frank whacks Watson’s championship belt. “Because we are kings of the food chain.”

“And it’s good to be the king.”

“And it’s good to relax for a change, and not have to fix emergencies . . .”

The guys walk through the meadow and hop the stream toward the tents.

A bang, splintering wood, a yell, a crash, the whooop whoop whoop of a siren split the sunset calm of the woods.

“Spoke too soon,” says Frank.

He and Watson run for the tents.

WEEE--E-00000, WEEE--E-00000, WEEE--E-0000000! wails something in the middle of the Darwin State Park woods.

“Yaah! Hooo! Haaah!” Wild yells add to the din.

A startled flock of crows explodes into the sky, flapping and cawing.

Frightened squirrels, rabbits, and field mice run, hop, scramble for safety.

Frank and Watson stop at the edge of the campsite and see where all the noise and commotion is coming from—a