

Wake-up Call

We had started very early one morning and were on our way hiking in the Smokey Mountains towards a place called Charlie's Bunyon. It was a brisk winter day and there was a soft, gentle snow falling. The trail ran above one of the shelters, and we could see a thin wisp of smoke coming out of the chimney – likely a residual from the night before. The campers there were surely relaxing snugly in their sleeping bags in the early morning chill.

A mischievous friend suggested that I regale the unsuspecting sleepers with an extremely loud rendition of the "Tarzan Yell". I have performed this aria from time to time with great response from my audience. Once I even had a young Scout show his appreciation by threatening me with bodily harm if I didn't stop "yelling" at summer camp. So such a call seemed perfect for this idyllic setting.

I did my duty and we moved on down the trail, laughing as we imagined the shock on the just-awakening campers. It was great fun at the time. After years of reflection, however, I feel I owe them an apology. No one really deserved a wake-up call like that!

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