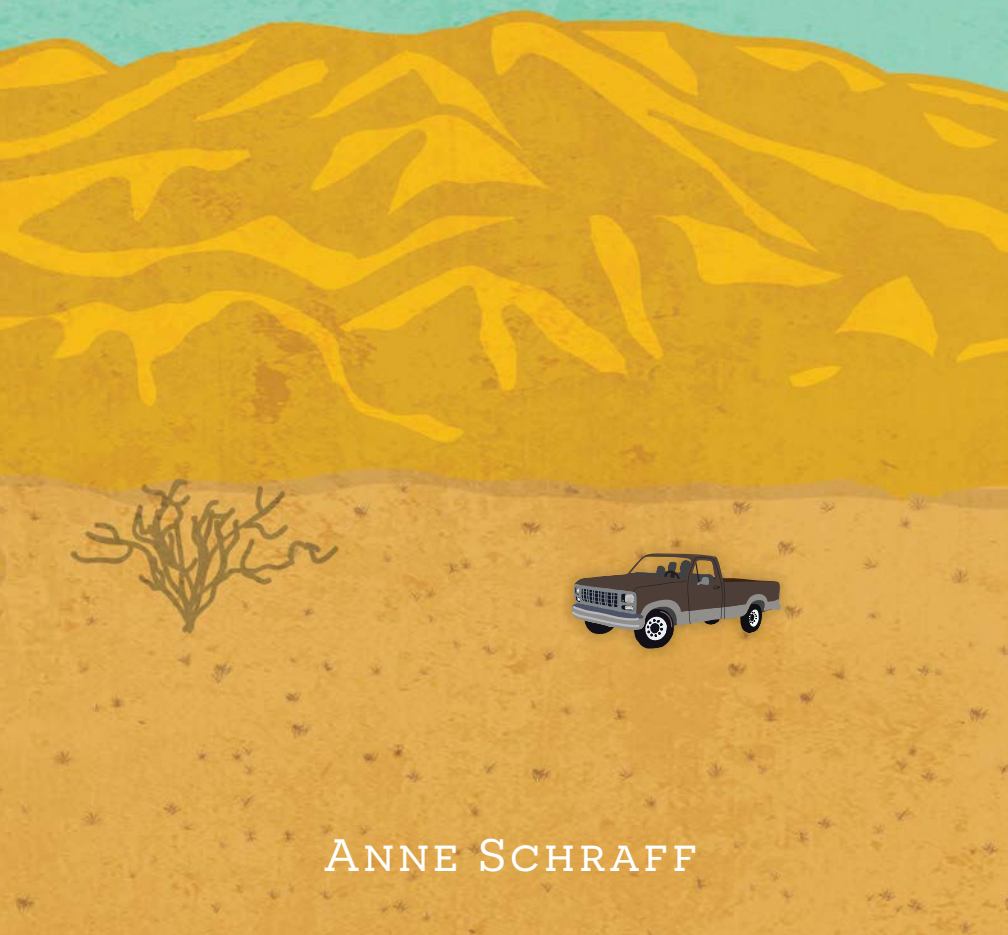
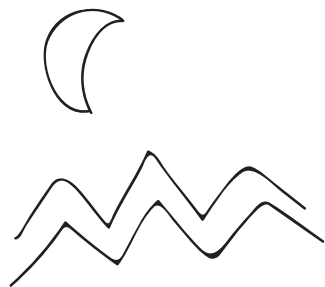


GHOST MOUNTAIN



ANNE SCHRAFF



MEET THE



Winston

Age: 11

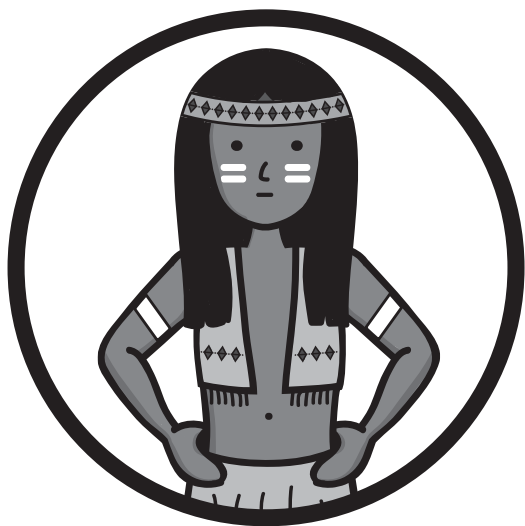
Favorite Food: lamb stew

Best Skills: shooting video game aliens
and drawing with markers

His Dog's Name: Smoky Joe

Best Quality: can admit when he's wrong

CHARACTERS



GH[☼]ST

Age: around 14 (when he died)

Favorite Food: bighorn sheep stew

Best Skills: shooting a bow and arrow and mixing paint colors from berries and leaves

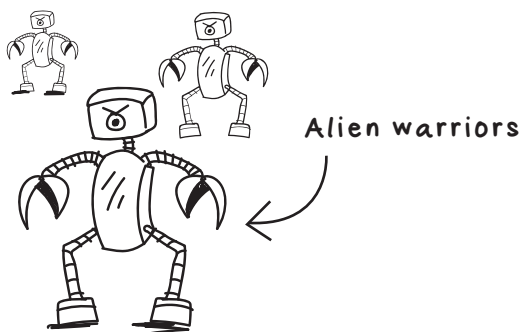
His Horse's Name: Floating Smoke

Best Quality: friendliness

ADVENTURE

“Winston!” Mr. Lawson yelled through his son’s closed door. “What are you doing? You’ve been in that room all morning.”

“I’m playing a game,” Winston yelled back. “It’s called *Doomscape*. My friend is playing too. The aliens have us cornered. But we just got these new lasers.”



Winston was 11 and in sixth grade. Video games were his favorite. He played them on his computer and cell phone.

“It’s Saturday, and the sun is shining,” his dad shouted. Mr. Lawson never spoke in a quiet voice. He was loud. When angry, he got even louder. It sounded like he was angry now. “Birds are singing. People are out biking and jogging. The neighbor’s dog is even going for a walk. What are you doing? Playing silly games in your room? Get outside. Enjoy the day.”



There was no response from inside the room. Only laser noises and alien screams could be heard.



Mr. Lawson swung open Winston's door. "Hey! I'm serious. Shut that thing off. Get moving!"

"But Dad," Winston groaned. "We're in the middle of a game. I'm winning. The aliens are on the run."

"Shut it off. Go outside. Or you'll be on the run from me."

Winston's mom came down the hall. "Oh, honey. Give Winston a break. His chores are done. He's been doing his homework," she said. "Let him play his game."

Mrs. Lawson was a lot nicer than her husband. Winston thought so anyway. He wished his dad was more like her.



Mr. Lawson turned to his wife. “Winston likes adventure, right?”

“Well, yes. I suppose. The game he’s playing is full of it,” she said.

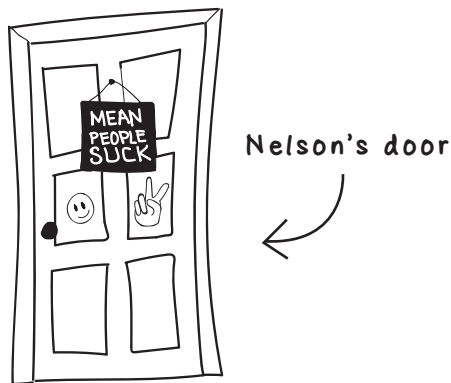
“Yeah,” Winston said eagerly. He knew his mom was trying to help. “It’s really exciting.”

“I like adventure too,” Mr. Lawson said. “But in the real world. Hiking and climbing rocks. Seeing wildlife. Getting sore and dirty. That’s what we’re doing today.” He pointed at Winston. “You, your brother, and me. We can pack a lunch. The truck is ready to go.”



“Aw, Dad.” Winston sighed.

“Come on. Put some jeans on. Your boots are in the hall. The great outdoors is calling.” Mr. Lawson walked over to his younger son’s room. “Nelson!” he shouted, knocking on the door. “Are you ready to go? It’s time to hike!”

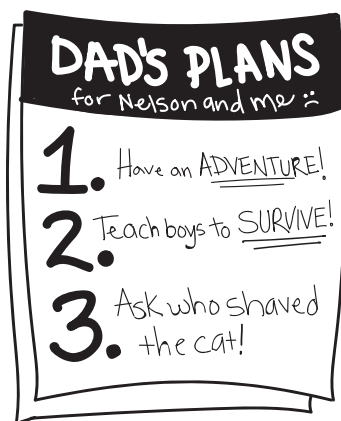


“I’m sleeping,” a groggy voice replied. “It’s Saturday. No school.” Nelson was eight years old. He was in third grade.

“Sleeping? At this hour?” Mr. Lawson yelled. “Get up and get dressed. I’ve got big



plans for today. We're going on an adventure. A real one. You boys are going to learn a few things."



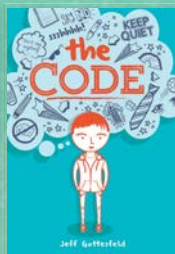
It was
Nelson.



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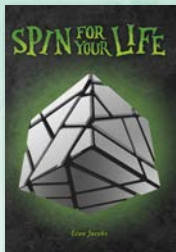
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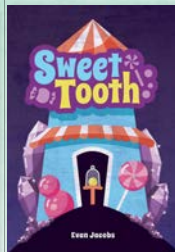
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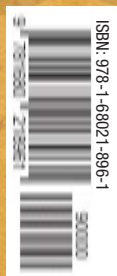
GHOST MOUNTAIN

These desert hills are my
home. Real adventure
can be found here.




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