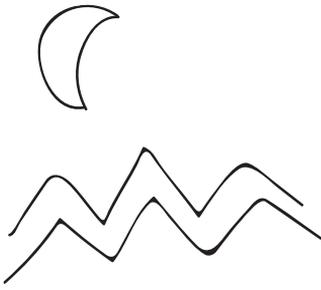


# GHOST MOUNTAIN

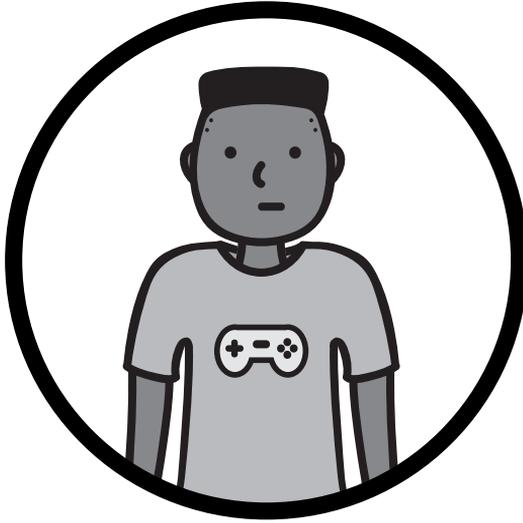


ANNE SCHRAFF





MEET THE



Winston

**Age:** 11

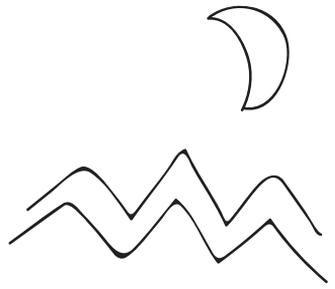
**Favorite Food:** lamb stew

**Best Skills:** shooting video game aliens and drawing with marker pens

**His Dog's Name:** Smoky Joe

**Best Quality:** can admit when he's wrong

# CHARACTERS



## GHOST

**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

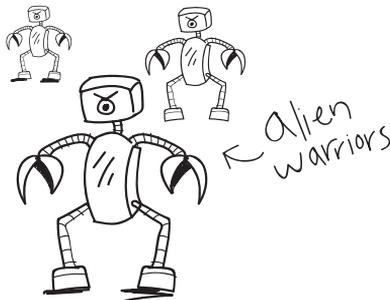
**His Horse's Name:** Floating Smoke

**Best Quality:** friendliness

1

# MAN UP

“Winston Lawson,” Dad yelled in his big voice. “What’re you doing, boy? You’ve been in that room for two hours.”



“I’m playing a cool game, Dad,” Winston yelled back. “*Doomscape*. The alien warriors got us cornered. We got these new lasers. My friend from school is playing on his laptop too. But I’m helping our guys more.”



Winston was eleven. He was in sixth grade. There was nothing he liked more than playing action games. He played on his laptop and cell phone.



“The sun is shining out there,” Dad shouted. Dad never talked in a low voice. He talked loud. He talked very loud when he was angry. Like now. “Sun shining. Birds singing. Folks out on bikes. Jogging. Shooting hoops. Some of them walking their dogs. It’s Saturday. No school. What’re you doing playing silly games in your room?”

Dad swung open the door to his oldest

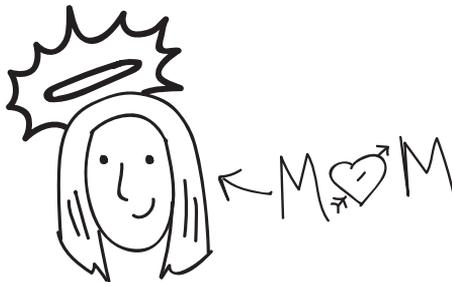


son's room. "Hey, Winston, shut that thing off. Get moving!"

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

"Shut that thing off. Get moving, boy. Or you're gonna be on the run from me," Dad shouted again.

Mom came down the hall. "Oh, honey, give Winston a break. He's done all his chores. He's been doing his homework," Mom said. "No harm in him having a little fun." Mom was a lot nicer than Dad. Winston thought so anyway. He wished Dad was more like Mom.



“Bella,” Dad said. “The boy likes adventure, right?”

“Yes, he’s playing his favorite adventure game,” Mom said. “It’s called *Doomscape*.”

“Yeah,” Winston said eagerly. He hoped Mom was winning Dad over. “It’s really exciting.”

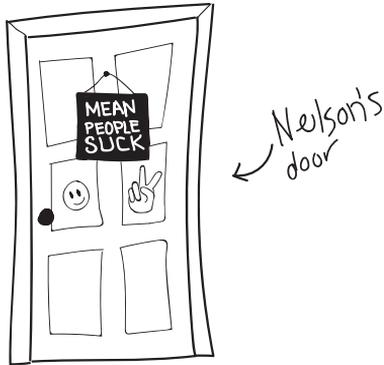


“I like adventure too,” Dad said. “Adventure in the real world. Climbing hills. Meeting wildlife. Crawling over rocks. Getting sore and dirty. That’s what we’re doing today.” He pointed at Winston. “You. Me. And your brother, Nelson. I got the

truck all packed. Sandwiches, fruit, cold drinks.”

“Awww, Dad,” Winston groaned.

“Come on, boy. Get your jeans on. Your hiking shoes. I just bought them for you. The great outdoors is calling,” Dad said. He walked down the hall to his younger son’s room. “Nel! Nelson,” he shouted, knocking on the door. “What’s up, boy?”



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

“Sleeping? At this hour of the morning?”  
Dad yelled. “Up and at ’em, boy. We got big plans. You. Me. Winston. We’re going to have an adventure. Put on your jeans. Your hiking shoes. You boys are going to man up today. And in a big way.”

