

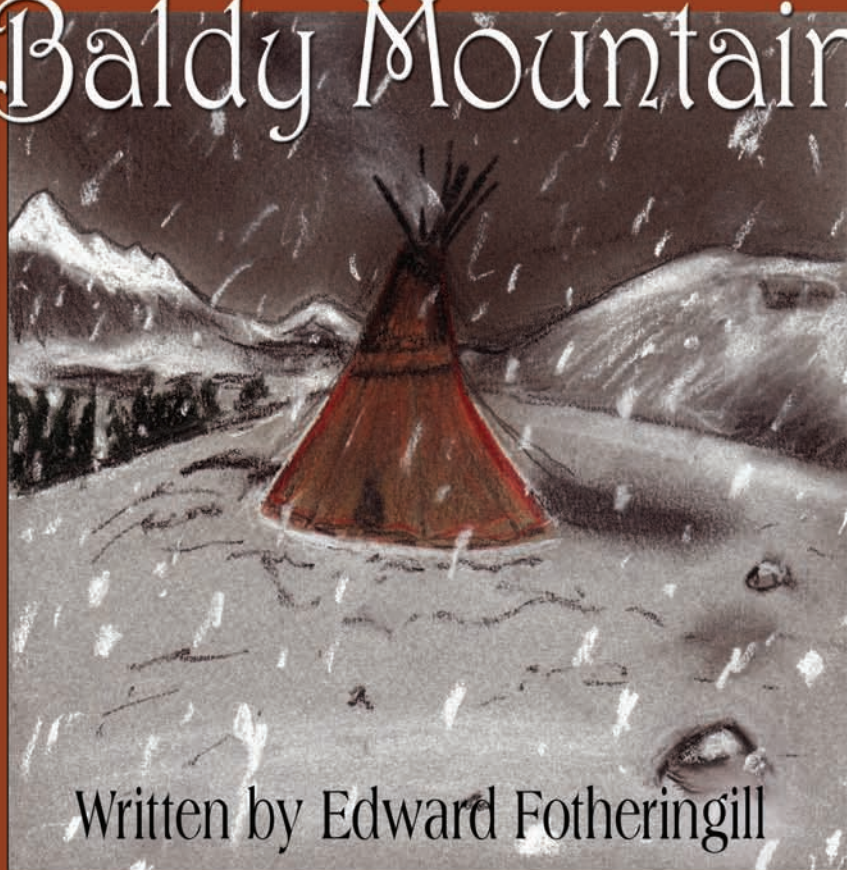
Two young boys and their dad are spending a winter's night in a teepee on Old Baldy Mountain. What they don't know is that something terrifying is waiting for them. It's big, it's growling, and it's coming...

A Snowy Night On Old Baldy Mountain

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A Snowy Night On Old Baldy Mountain



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ISBN 978-1-60910-133-6

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2010

The teepee was nearly invisible in the frozen tree line, the snow falling like cotton balls from the inky night sky.

Caden and his brother Corey pulled back the teepee flap and peered into the outer dark.

“It’s really snowing hard, Dad,” said Caden.

Caden’s dad, John, looked up from the rock-enclosed campfire he was tending, silver braids of smoke spiraling up and through the vent at the top of the teepee. “We’ll be nice and warm in here tonight.” He winked at Corey. “We’ll be as snug as bugs in a rug.”

Corey let out a big “Hooo!” and danced a jig around the fire, every cell of his five-year-old body surging with glee. He loved it when his dad talked that way!

“Dad, I’m hungry,” announced Caden.

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John cocked his head playfully, his bright brown eyes hovering gently above a bushy black beard. “If that’s the case, I’d suggest you get some of those big ol’ hot dogs from the cooler. And some buns too.”

“And beans too?” asked Corey.

“Yep. Beans too.”

Five minutes later, Caden, Corey, and John kneeled around the fire, roasting their hot dogs on long, narrow sticks that John had whittled to a point. The beans warmed in a small stainless-steel pot perched on a plateau of rocks at the edge of the fire. “I’m going to eat right off the stick,” announced Caden.

“Don’t burn your tongue,” warned John.
“Blow on it a bit.”

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