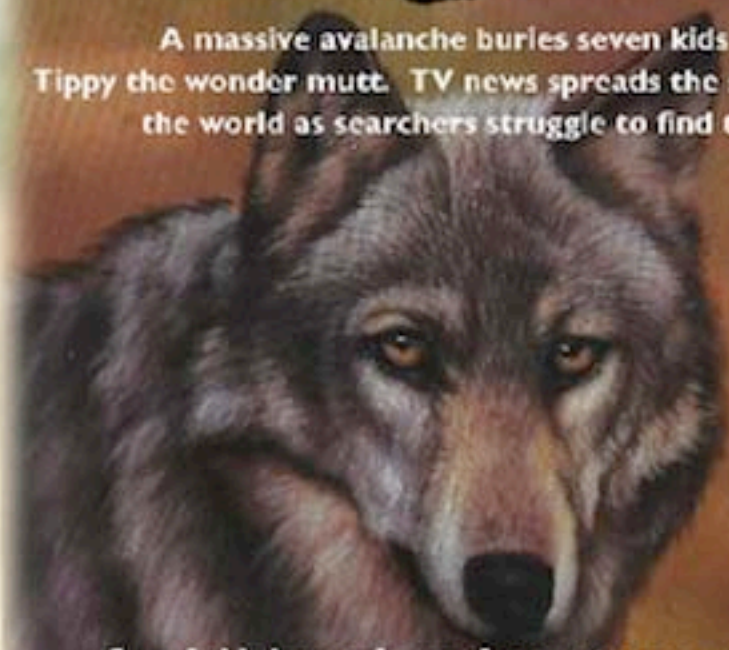


A GHOST WARRIOR ADVENTURE
BOOK 4

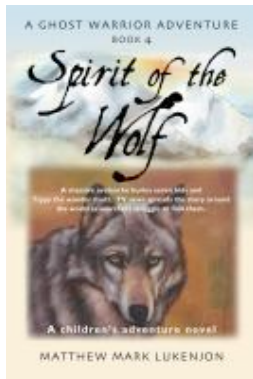
Spirit of the Wolf

A massive avalanche buries seven kids and
Tippy the wonder mutt. TV news spreads the story around
the world as searchers struggle to find them.



A children's adventure novel

MATTHEW MARK LUKENJON



SPIRIT OF THE WOLF is a Christmas story that will make you want to stand up and cheer! When seven children and Tippy the Wonder Mutt are buried by a massive avalanche, the story goes around the world as the holiday nears and searchers struggle to find survivors. A girl in Japan and Indian George hold the fate of the children in their hands. Hearts will smile when you see so much Love poured out...

Spirit of the Wolf

A Ghost Warrior Adventure

Book IV

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Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!

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A Ghost Warrior Adventure - Book IV

Matthew Mark Lukenjon

A children's adventure novel

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First Edition

Chapter 3

The Chase begins

The manic baying of the wolves shattered the quiet of the camp. Bob changed gears rapidly. He grabbed his camera with one hand and his wife's arm with the other. As he pulled her to her feet he turned and said "drop everything boys right where it is. We need to run and try to see if we can see the wolf pack. It sounds as if they are chasing prey. Move it guys"

We dropped our eating plates, kicked dirt over the fire and took off after Bob and Karen. We ran toward the sounds of the chase and as we cleared the top of the ridge the drama of the chase unfolded beneath us in the valley. A big buck was running through the deep grass in the valley. He leaped easily across the small river giving him a lead over the wolves which lost a step or two splashing to the other side.

They started to split with half the pack going up one side of the widening valley while the other part ran to the other side of the fleeing animal. He was a big buck with at least 5 points on each horn. His powerful leaps kept him ahead of the pack. Three of the wolves took up the chase directly behind the buck. They were running full out. Their bellies skimmed the grass as their legs stretched out in front and their back legs propelled them forward. A large black and brown wolf seemed to be leading the charge.

Bob started snapping pictures, adjusting the long range lens as he slid down the hill to get closer. Karen was about thirty feet to his right also snapping pictures as they worked down the hill toward the valley. Bob narrated the action as we went. "The big dark wolf is probably the leader of the pack. He will try to close and make the first attack to show his dominance. If the wolves on the side can pull ahead they will start to close on the buck and circle him.

The buck saw his peril. He started up a small knoll then suddenly stopped, spun and ran toward the wolves trailing him. He lowered his head as he closed on the wolves and struck left and right with his head. His horns caught the dark wolf on the side and as he did the buck moved his head downward slashing the side open then moved his head up throwing the lead wolf to the side. One of the younger wolves ran in to bite the deer's back foot but the buck whirled and slashed the youngster with his horns throwing him backwards. The wolf yelped in pain and lay whimpering. The buck started backing up watching the

other wolves trying to circle him. He snorted, pawing the ground with his right leg. He reared up then charged the closet wolves slashing another and bounding up the hill into the thick brush.

The wolves seemed to give up the chase. The momentum of the hunt had changed. The buck moved up the hill to safety as the wolves started to lick their wounds. Two young males came toward the leader who was standing shakily on his feet. They were not coming as friends. They snarled a challenge and the old wolf answered with a fierce attack of his own. The two males pressed their advantage and because his side was open and bleeding the old wolf had to give ground. When he did the young ones attacked from two sides. The old wolf twisted to meet the attack but soon he had to disengage and run off. The biggest of the young wolves turned on his attack partner and drove him off. Then he charged the old wolf who gave ground.

"It looks like there has been a change of leadership in the pack. Sometimes the wolf will stay with the pack but it looks like this old one is going to head off on his own and lick his wounds. The pack is going to have to regroup and see if they can run down some other prey. That buck caused a lot of damage and got away. It's my guess that was not the first time that buck had to run from wolves." He continued snapping pictures and hollered at Karen to try and follow the old leader. We were happy to just watch as the wolf pack gathered around the injured ones helping them by licking wounds and lying beside them while they healed a bit and renewed their strength.

Karen had been steadily moving forward and down trying to keep the old wolf in sight as he limped slowly away from the pack. She watched him move behind a big, misshapen granite boulder that lay among a group of young pines that looked like they had grown among some old and decaying downfall. She focused her camera but did not see him emerge. She started back toward us slinging her camera strap over her neck. "It looks like he went to ground about a half mile up behind a boulder. I watched for awhile but I didn't see him move out. As bad as he was hurt I'm sure he needed to lay down and recover. He had a really bad limp as though his leg or shoulder was badly injured. I'm sure those young wolves who challenged him probably tore him up some more. I hope he makes it," she added, looking down the valley where a drama of life and death had just played out. "Score three for the buck and zero for the pack," she said putting her hands in her back pockets and turning up the hill toward the camp.

Spirit of the Wolf

We followed them back up the hill talking excitedly about the drama we had witnessed. "Hey Bob," I yelled. "Have you ever seen anything like that before?"

"Not like that I haven't," he answered. " We both have watched a wolf pack run down game in both summer and winter but this was a new one for us. Neither have we seen the leader challenged and driven off like the old black was today. He has some serious injuries. If he can't hunt it may be hard for him to survive the winter."

Hearing Bob say the old wolf may not survive started my brain to churn with ideas. I didn't have any great solutions but a little idea took seed and I tucked it away for future reference.

While Steve and Jim re-started the camp fire, Karen took out a note book and began to write. She told us she was making notes about all they saw so they could use it in a report once they had more data about the pack. She hoped the old wolf would be alright, shaking her head sadly at the thought of the old one limping away from his family.

Bob and Karen were as happy as can be. They talked as they wrote in their journals and recounted other times in Colorado when they had tracked and documented a wolf pack. That was the pack they had written about for the National Geographic. The story they had written is the one I saw and decided to contact them about the cougar kittens.

They asked us if we were excited about school starting soon and we said it would be fun to see all our friends again and tell them about the cougar and all the stuff that happened. In the mean time though we were looking forward to sleeping in the old cabin we had found and searching around to see if there was any other old stuff to find. We had decided that each of us would be able to keep the old rifle for four months each year. That way we would all be able to hang it on our walls and show it to other family or friends who came by.

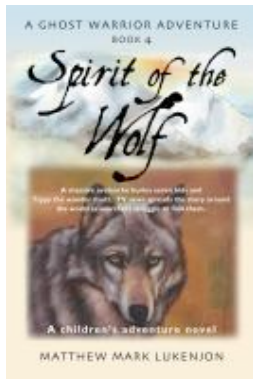
Because it was getting late we got out our sleeping bags and curled the loose ends of the parachute over us. It kept us as warm as toast nestled close to a camp fire. We watched the stars twirling and dancing to the music in the heavens and drifted off to sleep.

It seems that Bob was real fond of early mornings so at 5:00 AM he was up and starting a fire. Karen was up next and the rustling sounds of their movement soon had us awake too. We pulled on our boots, rolled up our sleeping bags, folded the parachute in a small square and put it in Jimmy's back pack. We had brought bacon and eggs for our breakfast. Steve did the cooking for us. He cooked the bacon first and

used the bacon fat to fry the eggs. Bob and Karen had boiled eggs and grapefruit which seemed like a silly thing to eat so early in the morning.

Filled with good food we broke camp and started back down the hill toward our homes. We talked about the cougar kittens and how Bob and Karen were planning to raise them and set them free in the high Sierra mountains around Donner Lake. It was fascinating to hear how they must train the cats to hunt and capture prey and yet not become the cats friends. It was a delicate balance of loving and training and letting go. It would be a lot of work but they loved the challenge of saving the kittens so they could return to the wild where they belonged instead of some zoo.

We actually were pretty close to the old cabin we had found and we had decided to see if we could spend the night up there again once or twice before school started up again. It was pretty neat to think that our parents might be able to trust us again. Of course we also knew we were capable of doing stupid things that could get us in hot water again. All in all it is probably a good thing we can't see into the future because if we could it would quite likely scare us silly. To think that a single event could change the lives of hundreds of people was beyond our powers of thinking but walking today we were one day closer to the scariest adventure we ever had.



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