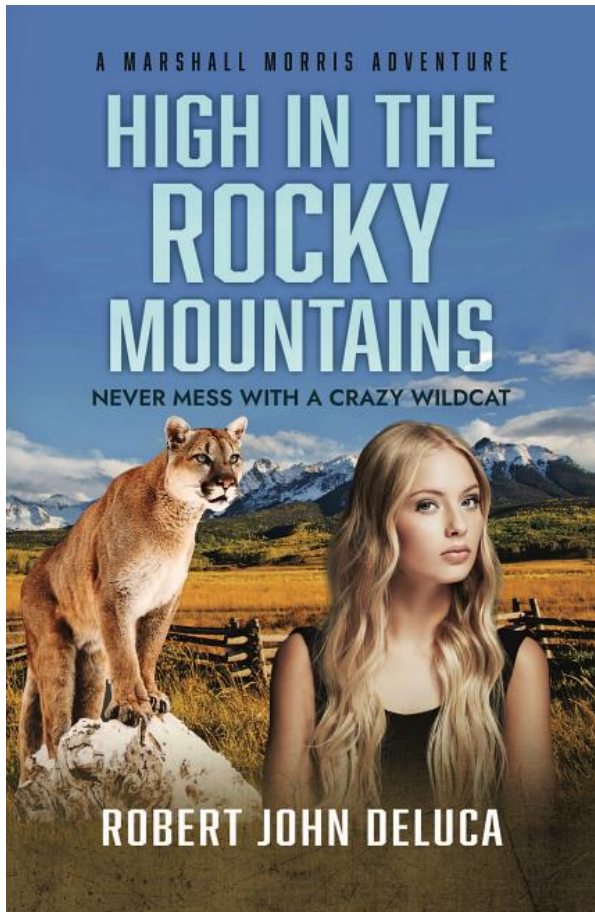




The stakes are high for Marshall on spring break in Colorado, and he searches for a girl who has gone missing. Turns out the preying wildlife, poachers, and gunshots aren't the greatest danger he encounters: it's the girl he rescues.

High in the Rocky Mountains

By Robert John DeLuca

Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://booklocker.com)

<https://booklocker.com/books/14899.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

A MARSHALL MORRIS ADVENTURE

HIGH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

NEVER MESS WITH A CRAZY WILDCAT



ROBERT JOHN DELUCA

High in the Rocky Mountains, Never Tangle with a Crazy Wildcat
Copyright © 2026 Robert John DeLuca

Print ISBN: 978-1-961268-09-8

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88532-592-9

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by Stanley Kramer Books

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

DeLuca, Robert John

High in the Rocky Mountains: Never Tangle with a Crazy Wildcat
by Robert John DeLuca

Library of Congress Control Number: 2026915084

**The author may be contacted through his website:
<https://www.BobDeLucaAuthor.com>**

Also by Robert John DeLuca:

Nelson Family Saga Series

The Pact with the Devil

The Master of Deceit

The Elusive Price of Justice

The King in Purgatory

Marshall Morris is at it again Series

Justice for a Texas Marshall

The COVID Kid

The Battle of Sam Jacinto

A Pigeon in a Pen

High in the Rocky Mountains

Non-Fiction Titles

Beatles, Books and Beyond

The Perfect Pro Football Coach

Tackling the Perfect Pro Football Coach

Website: <https://www.BobDeLucaAuthor.com>

Chapter 10

Meanwhile, while the search effort was being organized, somewhere up in the deep woods, the wayward twosome was dealing with a lot more than just being lost. The two kids froze. They were sitting on a rock shelf that overlooked a deep ravine directly in front of them. There was an overhang of rock above their heads, almost the start of a cave. Through the trees, they could observe the far hillside of the ravine and, above that, several majestic, snow-capped peaks in the distance. The only way out would be to trudge up the scree-strewn hill Marshall had crashed down. It would be slow going to cover the hundred yards to reach the trail where he had tangled with the bloodthirsty marmot. One misstep and they could easily roll right back down the scree slope, and over the cliff into the ravine.

“What was that?” Chrissy asked, all pretense of boldness long gone.

“I am not sure, but I don’t think it is another marmot. We’d best be on our way.” As Marshall stood up, he noticed something he’d missed before. There were tufts of hair scattered about the rock behind them. He even discovered what looked like a dried-out deer leg bone. Since moving to Texas, Marshall had taken up hunting, along with millions of others in that state, including his best pal, Graham. He had learned that, to be successful, one must often sit for hours closely scanning the woods out in front of him. It was incredible how a nice buck could literally walk right by, and you’d never see it, unless you were super alert. You searched for any movement out there.

Having heard the scream and after finding fur and bones, he quickly deduced that Princess Chrissy had invaded the home or at least the favorite sun deck of a mountain lion. That was bad enough. Had it been a den with cubs, they both would have already been torn to shreds. Maybe this cat wouldn't mind their visiting for a few hours.

Unfortunately, he saw the quick swish of a nervous tail on the rocks above them, about fifty yards away. He saw alert ears and tensed front legs. This animal did not look like it was going to bolt off into the underbrush. It seemed to be gradually creeping forward and was poised to attack. Of course, that was impossible. Such attacks are extremely rare. He knew that from the manuals he read. This kitty apparently had not read the same books.

Marshall racked his brain to remember what the experts said to do if you encounter a mountain lion. Chrissy was near tears. "This is all my fault. If I hadn't been so stubborn, we'd never have been in this mess."

"Hey, forget that. I need you to remain strong. We'll get out of this, okay? He doesn't want to tangle with us any more they we do with him. If we can just get out of his living room, we'll be fine," he said, as the stealthy animal crawled closer. Now he could hear a low growl.

"Okay, now I remember. Look big. The cat will be afraid of us if we seem to be bigger than him."

She peered at him. "And how do you suggest I do that? I weigh about 130 pounds. Choking down an energy bar won't help much."

"I don't know. Try fluffing up your hair."

“My hair! You’ve got to be kidding me. That tiger can have me for dinner first. I spend hours getting it just the way I want it.”

Marshall rolled his eyes. This woman was incredible. Now the cat was only about fifteen yards away. He knew the last thing they should do was run, but it was getting time to consider that. If the cat attacked, he would try to battle it while Chrissy headed back up the slope, assuming she didn’t break a nail on the way. And then he remembered. The spray. It was supposed to be for bears, but it might work on big cats. The feline was inching closer. They could still see his tail swishing back and forth. They could clearly hear a low, guttural growl. Marshall fumbled around in his pocket for the spray canister. The cat would have to get pretty close before he could hope to hit it.

“Okay, Chrissy, here’s the plan,” Marshall said. “Stay directly behind me and don’t run. It might attract him to you. Just start easing back toward the hill. When I tell you, bolt up the hill as fast as you can. I will try to occupy him right here. Maybe when he gets his sun porch back, he will be happy and forget about eating us.”

“Okay,” she whispered. Then she moved back and hesitated. “Marshall, can I ask you a question?”

Marshall’s eyes were transfixed on the lion. He held the can of spray in both hands, pointing at where the beast lurked. “Yeah. What? What do you want?” he asked, afraid to turn his head even a little from the direction of the bushes.

“Where did you get that spray?”

“What? Why do you care right now? I brought it from home. It was on the list of things we were told to pack for our trip.”

“Well, I hope that cat is a female, because you are about to fend her off with hairspray.”

“What are you talking about? It is bear spray.” He glanced at the can and read: “Great for keeping your doo in place for late night parties.” Whoops. Marshall Morris had done it again? The mountain environment must be tough on cougars, one would think. He might enjoy a fluff.

Despite it all, Chrissy threw up her arms. “Just when I thought I was being rescued by Captain America, I find out you are really Vidal Sassoon in tights.” Even Marshall got a grin out of that one, but he had no time to think about it. He braced as the tawny animal launched into its charge.

He fully expected to feel hot breath and gnashing teeth. Just as the huge cat reached their rocky shelf, he heard a resounding thwack, and a whoosh and sizzle, followed by a bullet ricocheting off the rocks just in front of them. Being on the receiving end of a high-powered rifle shot differs from firing at something, but he immediately recognized that someone had fired toward them, hopefully at the cat. Mr. Whiskers would not hang around to find out. He made an instantaneous mid-course correction, bolted past them, and disappeared into the underbrush. He didn’t stay long enough to try the hairspray.

Chrissy was clinging to Marshall’s back. Tears were streaming down her face. Her eyes were closed, expecting the worst, which somehow didn’t come. Marshall stood there, afraid to move a muscle. He hadn’t come to grips with what had just happened. His sense of survival did quickly kick in, and he scrambled down on his chest, taking Chrissy with him.

“What are you doing, Marshall? Where is the lion?” she whispered.

“I am pretty sure we have seen the last of him. Someone across on the far ridge took a shot, which just missed him, and also us. He must be hunter-savvy and is long gone from the area. Whoever shot saved our bacon, although the shot may have been intended for us. The shooter might not have seen us hiding in here. We need to stay low and out of sight until we figure out who it was.”

“You mean we survived death by being ravaged but still have to worry about high-powered bullets? Oh, no,” she sobbed.

Marshall could not believe that anyone, even in remote Colorado, would take potshots at a couple of lost teenagers, but then he remembered the friendly folks they had met at the truck stop. No telling what they might try. He had to assume they were aiming for the cougar. His suspicions were confirmed when he peered across the ravine and watched two bearded men, outfitted completely in camo, making their way through the thick brush toward them. They were probably not sure if they had hit the big cat. It could very well have been wounded, but still able to run away.

Beards! Hunters out of season! Ex-cons. The poachers the ranger had talked about!

He couldn't believe they hadn't seen them on the rocky ledge, but he was not about to hang around and find out. He grabbed Chrissy by the arm, and they both started up the scree hill, hoping they could reach the trail above before those two guys got over the ravine. Chrissy, of course, wanted to know what they were doing. He put his finger to his mouth and made it clear she

needed to keep her mouth shut. Perhaps it was fear, or maybe fatigue, but for the first time all afternoon, she actually did what he asked.

The going was slow, but fear of death by a high-powered bullet gives you a lot of motivation. They were about three-fourths of the way to the top before Marshall dared glance around down the hill. He immediately picked the glint of a rifle, and one man standing there pointing it at them. *Thwack, Bang, Sizzle!* A round buried itself in a huge loblolly pine right next to them. No more breaks. The duo ran for their lives, and when they reached the trail, ran along it at full speed. Marshall was incredulous that these guys would really want to kill a couple of kids, but he had all the evidence he needed to the contrary. Not very far along, the path suddenly ended. Now they were trapped. Chrissy looked over at him in terror.

“What do we do now?”

Marshall did not hesitate. He entered the thick woods and moved as quickly as he could away from that spot. They both jogged along as fast as they could, running around deadfall trees and enormous boulders. Sharp branches tore at their clothing, but they didn’t dare to stop. Those men might be right behind them with those big rifles. They must have run for the better part of an hour when Chrissy finally said. “Marshall, I just can’t run anymore. I have to rest, and look, I smashed a nail!”

Despite his better judgment, Marshall decided it was okay to stop. There had been no more shots, nor any sign behind them that the guys were still chasing. The more he thought about it, if it was their intent to kill them, they’d surely be dead by now. They were sitting ducks on the scree slope. The shot they took was pretty high and meant to scare them. It had worked. And, of

course, who could truck on with a busted nail? They both flopped down on a convenient rock, of which there was no shortage.

Marshall had lost all track of time, but he could see that the sun was going down. He had read enough adventure books to note where it was moving. That would be west of the gigantic mountains. He also knew that the trail from the camp ran east to west, so he had an idea which direction they had to go to get back there. With the threat of high-powered rifle bullets whizzing past them as they ran, he was most concerned about escaping from the poachers. Now as the sun was setting, the woods were getting dark, and he wasn't sure which way they needed to go to get back. He was in a classic predicament for him. He was so concerned about running that he forgot to pay attention to where they were going. Now everything out there looked the same. He didn't want to admit it, but they were lost.

Marshall was cool enough not to hit the panicsville button. He knew the search party would be out looking for Chrissy at first light. While they had traveled quite a distance from the bad guys, he knew it wasn't miles. They were not too far from the trail. He just wasn't sure which direction to take. If they started out in the wrong direction, they could wander away from the trail, which would not be good. With darkness coming quickly, he decided it would be best to hunker down for the night where they were. It made no sense to stumble around at night and risk a broken leg, or worse. He was sure they'd be rescued first thing in the morning.

Chapter 11

Marshall looked around for a suitable place to settle in. There was an amazing glow over the distant peaks as the sun receded behind them. He knew it would be pitch black out there in a few minutes. He noticed some branches of a Loblolly pine that brushed along the ground in front of a large boulder. There were soft pine needles underneath. They could sit in there away from the wind, and it would probably be warmer than out in the open. He could hear a rushing stream not far away through the woods. With their luck, the spot was probably a rattlesnake nest, but there wasn't much choice. He didn't want to go far in the dark. It would have to do, or so he thought.

He was just about to tell his new friend to make herself comfortable when she said, "Okay. I've had enough. I think I have made my point with Mom and Dad. Come on, Marshall. Let's head back to the camp. It's getting late. Let's go."

He should have expected as much. "So, I guess with the lion and bullets flying, you were paying attention to where we were running from?"

She was incredulous. "No, I was just following you. I thought you knew where we were going. I hope you are not going to tell me we are really lost. Are you?"

"Afraid so. Staying alive seemed like a better option than throwing out breadcrumbs we could follow back."

"You've got to be kidding me! I'm not staying here overnight in this creepy place with some guy I don't even know. There's no

cell service. What would I do tonight? I already need a bubble bath. I'm hungry. I'm itchy and sweaty. No. Sorry. Afraid not. I'm heading back in. My parents are worried sick. These wild mountains look just like the city park in my hometown in Oklahoma. There's nothing to be afraid of."

His suspicions that trying to reason with her would be pointless proved to be correct. "Look. These mountains are dangerous enough in the daylight. At night, there's no telling what we might run into. It would be hard to even walk a straight line. I know for a fact that the search party will be out first thing in the morning. They will surely find us quickly. I don't want to complicate things by one or both of us getting injured."

She wasn't buying it. Marshall turned away to slip off his backpack. When he stood up, she was gone. *What have I gotten myself into? My crew mutinied. I'd like to let her go, but it really is dangerous out there. I've got to get her.*

He slipped his backpack on. There was no guarantee he'd be able to find his way back to this spot again. He took several steps into the forest in the direction he assumed she had gone but then froze. A loud, staccato howl echoed through the trees. It was quickly followed by another. The wails sounded very close, although Marshall knew distances are hard to judge in the deep woods, especially at night. His incentive to find her was suddenly more important than ever.

He need not have worried. Before he could take another step, a blonde-haired flash in a pink outfit materialized around the corner and slammed right into him. She grabbed him and hugged him tightly. Tears were flowing. "Marshall! Marshall! What was that?" she pleaded. "I am so frightened. Please protect me. Please!"

Another loud howl boomed through the woods. Chrissy trembled and quivered, hanging on to Marshall as tightly as she could.

If he wasn't at least a little concerned about the wolves that were obviously nearby, Marshall would have found this turn of events quite amusing. The brazen little Sooner felt she could just walk on home as if she were in the park across the street from her house in Enid. The wolves couldn't be ignored, but he really didn't see them approaching, so long as they remained calm and didn't just take off running. They sounded really scary, though.

"Well, what happened? I thought you'd be soaking in your bubble bath by now?"

She looked up at him, the terror gradually receding from her eyes. "Were? Were those wolves we heard? Are we safe? Will they come here and attack us? Huh? Will they Marshall?"

This was not a time to be ambivalent. She needed some immediate positive reassurance. "Yes, it was wolves, but no, they won't. What you heard were mating calls. You know, boy wolves chase girl wolves. Their minds are on other things other than eating us." Marshall said, winging it one hundred percent. "Nothing to worry about. Just don't go running off again. Okay?"

"Yes. Yes. Sorry I ran off. I won't do it again. Promise."

I wonder how long that promise is good for?

"Now, help me organize a little camp. We need to start a fire if we can. It might get chilly here by morning," *and it will help to keep the wolves away.* "Let's make a campfire ring near that big rock just in front of where we can get in behind the pine boughs. We need to find enough rocks to make a circle two to three feet

in diameter and then gather enough downed branches and sticks to burn. The last thing I want to do is set the woods on fire. Luckily, the wind is pretty calm tonight.”

Marshall was surprised at how Chrissy responded to his orders. In no time, they had a fire ring and small pile of dead brush to burn. They heard no more howls, but Chrissy never let Marshall out of her sight. Although he had been raised in Brooklyn for a few years, Marshall had been into scouting both back there and in Texas. He had been on several camp outs, where fire starting without matches was a featured skill. Of course, that didn’t mean he had mastered that skill.

He found some dry grass and two dead sticks and rubbed them together, blowing and wheezing, for what seemed like an hour. No smoke, no sparks, no fire. Chrissy was content to sit back and watch as his frustration grew. She kept looking at her mangled nail. Marshall finally threw the sticks down, defeated.

“I guess we’ll just have to go without a fire. It shouldn’t get too cold even up here in the middle of spring. I don’t know what went wrong. It always worked when I was a Boy Scout.”

He had his backpack, but it was pretty much empty except for a couple of power bars, bags of chips, and the hairspray. He certainly wasn’t a smoker. It never dawned on him to throw in some matches. He had worked hard rubbing those sticks together. He sat back against the big rock, sweating, and closed his eyes to catch his breath.

Chrissy finally decided her nails were a lost cause until she got back to civilization. She reached into the pocket of her sweatsuit and pulled something out.

“Hey, Marshall, would this help?” she asked, dangling a pink plastic Bic lighter on a chain in front of him.

Marshall’s eyes got big. “What? Where did you get that thing? Why didn’t you tell me you had it an hour ago?”

“I dunno. I thought you wanted to do it on your own to impress me.”

Marshall rolled his eyes back and grabbed the lighter without another word. He then proved that, as bright as he was, he could still be befuddled by the most elementary task. Never a smoker, it took him several flicks to operate the lighter, one of which singed a finger. Within a few minutes, he had a friendly fire going. He then attended to his slightly braised ring finger. He slipped off his JHS class ring and set it down next to the canteen where he would not lose it.

“Okay. I’m impressed, Daniel Boone. Now what?”

Chapter 12

With no internet service or even a flat-screen TV, the lost souls faced a long night in the wilderness. On a typical evening, Marshall would check his messages, a scoreboard site to see how the local teams had done, and then hit the hay. He avoided social media. Not so with the Oklahoma princess. She couldn't imagine turning in without scrutinizing Facebook, Instagram, Tic-Toc, and several other social media sites. After which, she often texted far into the night to her girlfriends, many of whom she had just been with during the day. Perish the thought that some juicy tidbit of gossip eluded her. Tonight, she knew her friends would be very concerned, but probably figured her dad had taken her phone away.

The long shadows had turned into full-fledged darkness. All they could hear was the wind wafting in the trees, the babbling brook, and the reassuring crackling of their little fire.

"So, when you decided to run away from home, did you stock up on provisions for the trip?" Marshall asked full well, knowing the answer.

"Of course not, bozo. I hadn't planned on being gone for more than one meal, and if you hadn't come along, I'd probably be back with my parents chomping down baby-back barbecue ribs right now."

Marshall knew that if he was going to survive this night, he'd have to accept her jibes, blaming him for being lost. He had discovered with other girls back home, you could be perfectly

right but still lose the battle. “That’s too bad. Maybe I should send you out on a scouting mission for edible fruits, berries, barks, and things like that?”

A flash of concern showed in her eyes as she contemplated whether he was serious. “I’m not starving. I ate a big breakfast and had a package of trail mix when I was sitting in the kitty’s house. I can last until morning. I am thirsty, though. You have a canteen. Don’t you?”

“Yes, and there has to be a stream just over there through the woods, where we can refill it when we need to. I brought three power bars and a bag of Sun Chips. I guess that is the total of our provisions. That is unless you want to try your luck at setting some snares for rabbits?”

“Rabbits? Eat rabbits, those cuddly little creatures? No way.”

“Once you skin them, they aren’t so cuddly. What do you want, a power bar or Sun Chips?”

“I’ll take the chips. I hate the taste of those gooey protein things.”

Marshall dug into his backpack, fished out the bag of chips, and tossed it to her. She ripped open the bag, gobbling them as if she were starving. So much for being okay until morning. Marshall assaulted a power bar, trying to make it last as long as possible. Thirty seconds.

Marshall sat with his feet close to the fire and his back against a huge rock. There was a soft bed of pine needles underneath. Chrissy sat next to him, almost inside the low weeping pine bough that touched the ground next to her. It wasn’t the best shelter, but it should work for the night. Marshall thought he had

gathered enough wood to at least keep some embers alive until morning. She wore a flimsy running suit with a sweatshirt over the top. He was in shorts and a t-shirt but had also slipped on a sweatshirt. The fire and their comfy little nest would help, but Marshall hoped the temperatures didn't drop too much during the night. At least they were out of the wind.

"So, how do think your parents will react to this mess once you are back with them tomorrow? Are you risking being grounded forever?"

"No way. I'll be just fine. Maybe even have my curfew extended."

"What? How do you figure that? You take off into the wilderness, telling no one, and become the object of a major search and somehow think you'll escape any backlash from your terrible father?"

She smiled. "Understand my situation. I am an only child who is totally doted on by my parents. Long ago, I figured that out and how to get almost anything I ever wanted. I am like an adorable little puppy who won't behave. When he finally comes to you after being bad, the last thing you can do is scold him, or he will never come back to you again. Here's another example. I won't go into details about why it was there, or where it came from, but last year a small trace of weed was found in my locker by the principal."

"Oh, boy. I'll bet Oklahoma is just as strict or stricter than Texas. Looks like suspension time for Chrissy."

"Maybe, but when my dad, who was incredibly pissed at me for letting that happen, realized not only would the school suspend me, but maybe bring drug possession charges against

me as well, he reversed course in a second. He lit into that principal in my defense like you wouldn't believe. He threw all kinds of legal threats at the school for threatening his charming, innocent little daughter. The school ended up doing nothing. Other than one stern finger pointing at me, telling me never to do that again, I never heard another word about it. My parents will be so happy that I have been found safe. I will have free rein to do almost anything I want."

"So, the tiny little speck of weed? You stopped doing that ever again?"

She hesitated. "Let's just say I've never been caught again."

The more he heard from this girl, the more he realized what kind of kid he had stumbled upon. She considered herself a first-class manipulator, who always got what she wanted. He decided right at that moment to be careful with her. His easy-going nature was to help anyone who needed it. Chrissy might accept his good graces and then immediately turn on him when he least expected it. He had no idea at that point how true that would be.

"So, tell me about your hometown," he said.

"Enid. Out on the great plains, where we watch the grass grow for entertainment. Did you know that Enid is among the top five pork producers in the entire country? In our school, we like to tell everyone from the outside that our favorite sport is 'makin' bacon.'"

Marshall got a laugh out of that one. "What is your school like? Is the football team any good? What do you do for a social life besides geometry homework?"

It was her turn to smile. “You know, I think our team does okay, but I don’t get to many games. We have three main cliques in our school, the brains, the jocks, and the heads. Guess which one I’m considered being in?”

“That’s not too hard to figure out. So, you must be a party-hearty person, I assume.”

“Sure, I’m not into sports. Classes are boring to me, with a capital B. What does that leave? The jocks and brainiacs are so immature in so many ways. My friends and I see the world much differently from most of them. There is no question that we can handle our alcohol. You should see how obnoxious some of those big, fat, sloppy football players get after a few beers. It is disgusting.”

Marshall had to agree with her there.

“We enjoy recreational drugs, which, if you haven’t noticed, are sweeping the country, Oklahoma and Texas excepted. Of course, along with that comes free expression and good times.”

“Are you dating anyone at the moment?” he asked.

“Well, no one and everyone, if you catch my drift. In our group, everyone becomes experienced pretty quickly. We take extra precautions to be safe.”

She told me she’s not a virgin, but somehow, I am not so sure this is not just more puff and bragging. Here’s a simple test. “So, how old are you anyway, Chrissy?”

She hesitated for just a moment but fired right back. “Seventeen. I’ll be a senior in September.”

An outright lie. Ranger Matt said she was 15.

Had he not known the truth, he could easily have believed her. She was petite, he guessed, about five feet tall. He could not help noticing when they were fleeing from the poachers that she was well-proportioned, especially in her rear section. Although she failed to mention it, she must have spent regular time in the gym. Her golden hair pushed out from under a headband that had failed to keep it in place. It was hard not to be attracted to her bright blue eyes, and her smile that lit up when she wanted to get your attention. Her pink sweatshirt did nothing to disguise the promise of a lithe figure underneath. She'd lied about her age, but he was more than willing to buy the party animal stuff.

"Burr. It is getting chilly." She said, snuggling just a little closer to him. "Your turn, Earp, what is your story? You said you moved to Texas from New York with your mom and never knew your dad."

"That's right. I guess I fall into the 'boring jock, not quite brainiac clique.' I'm about to graduate from Justice High down near Galveston and plan to play football at Central Texas University in the fall. My grades were good but not great, and I had to work hard in school. Sure, I like to party, but I don't overdo it. I've had only a few beers in my life and never touched drugs. I am here for a week on a senior trip."

"What about girlfriends? How experienced are you?"

"Hey, that is none of your business. We met today, and after tomorrow, we will probably never see each other again."

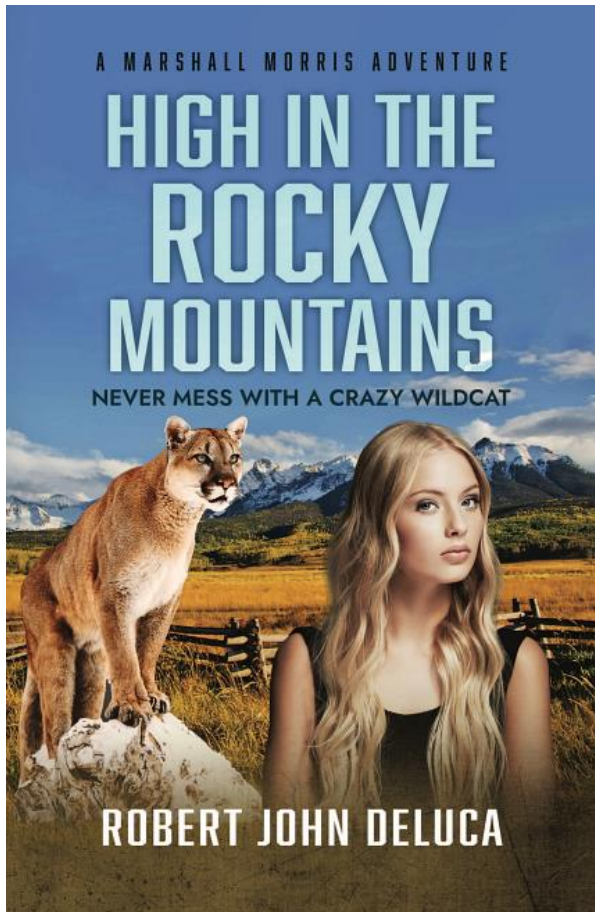
"Well, pardon me!" Chrissy replied.

About the Author

Robert John DeLuca writes on a variety of topics, both fiction and non-fiction, drawing much of his material from careers in banking and real estate, and from raising four sons. He holds BA and MBA degrees from Brown University and the University of Pittsburgh and was a USMC Captain who served in Vietnam. He lives in Texas with his understanding wife and rambunctious Labrador, Floyd.

The lifeblood of writing is derived from folks reading our works. As always, I remain extremely grateful to all those readers who take few minutes to post a review of this book, however brief. Thanks.

Website: <https://BobDeLucaAuthor.com>



The stakes are high for Marshall on spring break in Colorado, and he searches for a girl who has gone missing. Turns out the preying wildlife, poachers, and gunshots aren't the greatest danger he encounters: it's the girl he rescues.

High in the Rocky Mountains

By Robert John DeLuca

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://booklocker.com/books/14899.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**