

Dog tracks – not coyote – in mud. Janet didn't like the idea. Wild dogs are dangerous. She'd try to figure out a way to trap the creature – and then what?

A distant crash made Janet turn her head. The crunch of hiking boots on dried leaves at a hurried pace was soon followed by a loud wail.

"Beeaarr come back here."

Janet blended into the trees.

"We'll never find that dog. He ran away."

"Terrific," thought Janet. She recognized the voice of Eddie Crappella. "That idiot let his dog loose in here."

"Chill out, man. We'll find him," said Eddie's companion, a boy Janet didn't recognize.

The two boys trotted past Janet, oblivious to her presence.

"Beeaaar! Get back here," shrieked Eddie, racing off onto an unmarked side trail.

"Eddie," moaned the companion, "Now we will be loast."

Janet giggled. "If you don't know where you are, then you aren't lost." She resumed her examination of the sloppy tracks of the canid intruder, relieved it wasn't a wild dog.

"I wonder," she thought looking at the deep track in mud, "Just how stupid you have to be not to see the obvious." I hope Eddie Crappella runs all the way to China."