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### Chevalier's Compass

I slid the map carefully into my pocket as I snuck out of the cabin. I probably didn't need to sneak. It was still 8:30 p.m.—not late enough to get in trouble with the counselors, but late enough to attract attention. Most campers would be at the bonfire by now, singing and telling scary stories, but after almost seven consecutive summers at Camp Hiawatha, fire didn't interest me. Secret treasure? Now *that* was more my style.

I took the trail to the mess hall that wound past the front gate. A few stragglers hung around the entrance, gossiping or listening to Duran Duran in one of the few places in camp where you could actually radio signal. A yellow-and-green banner hung from the pikes of the gate, reading WELCOME CAMPERS OF 1983. I breezed passed it all and continued to the west side of camp.

I usually wasn't this dismissive of camp activities. Hiawatha was the one chance a year to escape my overbearing mother and spend a full month in the wilderness around Lake Superior, but this summer when I got off the bus, I just hadn't felt excited. Maybe I was outgrowing camp, or maybe I was afraid. In two months, I would have the ultimate adventure of attending Great Lakes High School. It was a welcome change after the unbearable monotony of middle school, but that meant this was my last year as a camper, and I needed to do something amazing to make sure that *this* summer was the greatest summer ever.

And what could be more amazing than finding Captain Chevalier's buried treasure?

My fingers twitched, and I resisted the urge to pull out the map. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and rounded the corner of the mess hall, forgetting too late to check for counselors. My nose brushed Jessie Fink's shoulder blade, and I let out a tiny squeak.

So much for sneaky.

"Hey," Jessie said as she caught me by the shoulder.

I smothered another squeak. Jessie was my cabin's counselor, and just about everything I wanted to be. She wore leather jackets, dark eyeliner, and had bright pink hair! My mom wouldn't even let me paint my nails.

But I didn't like Jessie just because she was a punk. She was also the treasurer of the student council and founder of Great Lakes High's Save the Whales Foundation. She'd already gotten letters from half of the top Ivy League schools, begging her to apply next fall. Sometimes I wished my mom could meet Jessie, but I knew that she'd never be able to get over her ripped jeans and colorful hair.

"Something wrong, Amy?" she asked with a twitch of her neon pink brow. "The bonfire is that way."

She pointed over to the tops of the trees to the rising pillar of smoke. I wracked my brain for a convincing lie that wouldn't get me in trouble with my favorite counselor.

"I'm just a little tired," I said, faking a yawn. "I'm going to the showers to wash up. I'll be at breakfast tomorrow."

"Okay," Jessie said, her eyebrows furrowed. "Sleep tight, and don't be getting sick on me. I need you to help keep the younger kids in line. You've been coming to this camp longer than anybody, and they really look up to you."

“I know,” I said, casting my eyes downward. Jessie thought I was a good role model, but she wouldn’t think that anymore if she knew I was sneaking out of camp late at night.

My still-twitching fingers fell upon the compass around my neck: a family heirloom, my secret key to finding Chevalier’s treasure.

The story went that the French privateer, Captain Artus Chevalier, snuck a ship full of Spanish silver up the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Great Lakes, but during the last leg of his journey, the ship, the captain, and the entire crew mysteriously disappeared. There were plenty of theories on what could have happened—famine, freezing winters, or greedy French soldiers, but the most popular story was that, during the winter of 1657, Chevalier received word of Spanish attempts to reclaim Jamaica from the English. Fearing the Spanish conquest might mean a further push into English and French territory—and prevent his return back to France—Chevalier hid the treasure somewhere in the forests around Lake Superior, vowing to return when the war was over. He vanished before he got a chance, but some say that you can still his ship out in the water at night, forever searching for the lost treasure.

Year after year, groups of kids embarked on expeditions to find Chevalier’s fortune, but they all ended in failure. I wouldn’t have even considered looking for the treasure if I hadn’t found this compass in my attic, along with a detailed map of the woods right outside of camp. I ran my thumb across the engraving: *A. C. 1657*, the exact year Chevalier disappeared.

Jessie spied me toying with my necklace.

“What’s that around your neck?” she asked.

“What?” I said, tucking the compass back into my shirt. “Oh, it’s nothing. Just an old charm I found in the woods.”

I swallowed hard. I hated lying to Jessie. It left me feeling like I'd eaten rocks for dinner, but luckily she let the topic drop.

"Right on," she said and made her way to the bonfire, along with the rest of the camp.

I sighed in relief. Jessie was gone, and I was finally alone. I reached for my back pocket when a shuffling sounded from the woods.

"You know," said an all-to-familiar voice from the tree line. "You're a really terrible liar."

I wrinkled my nose as my evil half-brother, Austin, stepped out from the woods. He was a year younger than me, but had been coming to this camp for almost as long as I had. Our father sent us every summer so that we could "bond," but I think it was just his excuse to spend less of his state-required custody time with me.

Austin didn't see camp as our father's way of getting rid of us, though. He saw it as a perfect opportunity to torment me. When we were little, he would throw dirt mud at me during tug-o-war and hide crickets in my sleeping bag. During the school year, he owned the arcade and the ice cream shop in town. If I went to either of those places, he and his friends would take all my favorite games, or dump my ice cream on the floor. Austin drove me crazy, but I wasn't going to let him ruin my summers, and I most certainly wasn't going to let him take the treasure.

I turned up my nose and brushed passed him. Austin followed close behind.

"So what are you *really* doing?" he asked, juggling a beat-up hacky sac between his hands. He always had that thing on him. It was worn and frayed and turning a dingy brown; he should have thrown it out ages ago, but I guess he thought that having a beat-up hacky sack made him look cool. It didn't.

"Like I said," I replied, "I'm going to the washrooms."

I turned onto a trail. A group of giggling elementary schoolers ran by, skittering around me and weaving between Austin's feet. I smiled as he stumbled, and hurried ahead before he could regain his balance.

Austin grunted and ran ahead. He blocked my path with his long, skinny arms. I huffed and planted my feet in the ground.

"You're not going to the washrooms," he said, his face blank.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"You didn't flirt with Jessie," he answered.

"I didn't *flirt*?" I repeated, my voice cracking on the last word.

"Yeah," Austin said. He stuck out his hip and bent his wrist in a faux-feminine gesture.

"Ooh, Jessie Fink. I you're the greatest! Let's go do archery, or take long walks in the woods together. Oh no, Jessie! I forgot how to make a lanyard, or start fire, or throw pots at the art tent. Will you help me, pretty please?"

He batted his eyelashes and stuck out his bottom lip. My face glowed red.

"I *do not* sound like that!" I snapped. "And no matter what you believe, I'm going to the washrooms."

"But—" he started as I stomped past him. I could see the washrooms in the distance—two big white blocks in the middle of the woods. I'd been coming to the camp so long; I didn't need to check the signs to know which one was the women's.

"But you've *never* missed a bonfire," Austin continued.

He followed me all the way to the door before I slammed it in his face.

I leaned against the door, ear pressed to the wood. I thought I heard his footsteps receding, but knowing Austin, he could be faking it. I wandered to the first shower stall and started the water, just to be safe. I *could not* have him following me to the treasure.

The washrooms were empty, so I took this time to examine my map. The ink was still legible, even after years of wear. The compass had kept it mostly preserved, and I did a little research on it before arriving at camp. The map pointed to the entrance to a cave system that was over a thousand years old and never fully explored. Most of the tunnels were too narrow for any tour company or armature caver guild to bother with, and the formations weren't unique enough for researchers. They were the perfect hiding spot for a pirate treasure.

I ran my fingers over the winding lengths of the tunnels. I'd done this so many times, I could probably find the treasure by touch alone, but I wasn't going to let cockiness ruin my shot at Chevalier's fortune.

The steam from the shower curled the edge of the paper, and I stuck the map back in my pocket. Just behind the washrooms there should be a small alcove with a trap door that leads to the mineshaft. The mineshaft led to the cave system, and from there, it was only a few turns to the treasure!

I tested the few other supplies I had brought: an flashlight for the dark caves—the batteries were good, the light bulb worked, and the gym bag on my back felt strong enough to hold a sizable portion of the treasure without tearing or slowing me down.

I turned off the water and peered out the front door. Austin was nowhere in sight. Perfect!

It didn't take me long to find the alcove the map had spoken of. I'd already staked this place out during the first week of camp. It was small and covered in shrubbery, but I was sure it was the place that the map had shown.

It took me longer to find the trap door. It was buried under a pile of boulders and rocks that stretched almost to my waist. I hadn't brought a shovel. I had to dig it out with my hands. I silently hoped that Captain Chevalier's treasure wouldn't *actually* be buried. If the campfire stories were right, then it should just be sitting there at the end of a snaking tunnel system known as Chevalier's Labyrinth. With my map and the captain's compass, navigating the labyrinth should be easy, but I still worried about taking a wrong turn and ending up lost in the tunnels forever. I swallowed that fear and continued digging.

Sure enough, the trap door was there. The hinges were rusty, and the wood was molded and cracked. I hefted it open and shined my flashlight down the dusty chamber.

There were no steps, but a rickety ladder rested on one end of the opening. It wasn't in much better shape than the trapdoor. I ignored it, and jumped down into the narrow shaft, rather than risk breaking my best shot at escape. I didn't bring a rope either, so that ladder would have to work when I returned with my bag full of Spanish silver.

The fall wasn't that bad, but the impact still left my legs vibrating with pain. It was a lot colder underground, and the air was dense with dust and rot. I coughed and rubbed the stiffness from my knees while my eyes adjusted to the dim of tunnel. It was just a normal cave from what I could see. No skulls or pirate flags or booby-traps, but enough old cobwebs to give me the creeps. I shivered and shined my flashlight down the cave. The black swallowed the light, and I gulped. There was no turning back now. I had come too far.

I squatted and pulled out my map. A shout sounded from above me.

*"Agh!"*

I looked up just long enough to watch Austin's butt collide with my face.

I screamed, dropping my map and flashlight. The chamber was cast in darkness as Austin and I untangled ourselves from each other. I squirmed, and Austin rolled off of me. He shot to his feet.

“I *knew* you were up to something!” he shouted, pointing one of his long, twiggy fingers at me.

I spit the dirt from my mouth and blew my bangs away from my eyes.

“So what,” I spat. “Are you going to tell the councilors on me?”

“I might,” he said, but his voice was shaky.

“Then go ahead!” I shouted.

I didn’t have time to deal with him. I needed to be back in my cabin by ten, or else Jessie would know I had snuck out. Austin could run and tell everyone where I was, but they would never be able to navigate the tunnels without a map. I had marked a few other exits, but none of them were tested. If I was careful, and lucky, I could be in and out before anyone could find me, and then I could just play dumb and hope that everyone would believe me over stupid, paranoid half-brother.

I brushed the dirt off my jeans and grabbed my map from the puddle it had fallen in. The ink was smudged and illegible.

Fan-freaking-tastic.

“Uh,” Austin said as I tried to clean off the map. The ink smudged and I growled.

“What?” I snapped as I rubbed the thin paper with the corner of my shirt. A huge hole ripped straight through the center, and I muttered some words under my breath that my mom would *definitely* not approve of.

“There’s another way out of this place, right?” Austin asked.



“What!” I shouted and sprinted to the ladder—or the place where the ladder *should* have been. All that was left was a pile of broken sticks.

“You ruined it!” I shouted, trying to collect the shattered pieces of wood and glue them back together with my will. I didn’t bring any duct tape, just like I hadn’t brought a shovel or a rope. I really should have brought more supplies, but it was too late for that.

Austin had ruined the exit.

“There’s another way out of this place, *right?*” Austin repeated, his voice cracking.

“There is,” I said. “But I marked it on the map that you *ruined* when your big butt fell on me!”

“Well, you shouldn’t have been standing right under the entrance,” he shouted, but his tone shifted as he glanced up at the tiny square in the ceiling—small and unreachable. “So what are we going to do now?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” I said, tightening my scrunchy.

I picked up the flashlight and flipped the switch on. It blinked and sputtered. I gave it a good whack and the light finally cleared. Austin watched with fascination.

“We need to move on,” I continued.

I pulled out one of the beams of wood from the broken ladder and stuck it in the back of my pants. I still didn’t know everything that was down here, and without a tested exit, I wasn’t going any farther without a weapon.

“What is that for?” Austin asked, and I didn’t answer, partially because I didn’t know, and partially because I was angry. I had said before that I might not even need the map to find Chevalier’s treasure. Well, it was time to put that theory to the test.

“Come on,” I commanded, and Austin followed me deep within the labyrinth.

\* \* \*

We wandered through the caves, stepping around fallen rocks and scattered debris. Insects scuttled along the edge of the tunnel. I batted them away with the tip of my Chucks. The flashlight flickered, and I smacked it with the heel of my hand.

“Where are we?” Austin asked as a thunderous rumble echoed down the cave. The tunnel shook, and Austin clung to my side. I shoved him off.

“It’s just the highway above us,” I said. “We’re getting close.”

Austin swallowed and we descended deeper into the cave. The tunnel forked. I pictured the map in my mind and took the entrance I was half-certain would lead to the treasure. When I wasn’t sure, I stuck licked my finger and felt for a breeze.

The tunnels were surprisingly porous. Whether that was by the captain’s design, or if time had just punctured holes into Chevalier’s Labyrinth, I wasn’t sure, but there was one thing I knew: pirates don’t hide treasure above ground. The chest would be at the deepest point of the caves, so all I needed to do was head away from the wind.

I didn’t tell any of this to Austin. He would only criticize me and head straight for an exit. Maybe it would be better if he left, but I didn’t want him leading the counselors to me, especially since one of my emergency exits had been destroyed. I was confident I could find another, but not if it was guarded by Jessie and the other leaders.

I rounded another corner, recalling all the turns I had made. I counted them in my head. *One, two, three, four...* I was close. I knew it. Just another bend, and I would arrive at—

A blank wall. No treasure room. No mountains of cash. Just a wall. I pressed my hand against the smooth stone face, feeling my stomach drop into my sneakers.

Austin finally caught up with me.

“What’s this?” he said, motioning to the wall. “We’re not lost are we?”

“It’s—not here—” I said, my voice choking. I fished out the map from my pocket. It was torn and ruined, but I ran my finger along the smudged paper. I hadn’t made any wrong turns. I’d done everything right. I followed all the clues.

Chevalier’s treasure just wasn’t there.

“What’s not here?” Austin demanded. “The exit? What’s going on, Amy? What even is this place? And what is someone like *you* sneaking around abandoned mine shafts for?”

“It’s not a mine shaft!” I shouted. “It’s Captain Chevalier’s Labyrinth!”

My voice echoed off the walls of the cave, repeating broken record before fading into nothing.

Austin took a deep breath before he spoke. “You mean, you snuck out, trapped us in an abandoned mine shaft, dragged me under half the county, just to follow some *myth!*”

“It’s not a myth!” I shouted. My face grew hot. I didn’t want to admit that he could be right, but with that dead end staring me in the face, it was hard to be sure. “And *you’re* the one who destroyed the exit. Chevalier is real and I can prove it.”

I tore the compass over my head and thrust it at him. Austin took the necklaces and examined the engraving.

“Made in China,” he said.

I wrinkled my brow. “What?” I asked.

“Made in China,” he repeated. “Right there on the back. This compass is a fake.”

“What?” I repeated, louder. It didn’t make any sense. I leaned in closer to read the label, but Austin tossed it on the ground before I had the chance. The compass hit the stone floor with a sickening *clang*.

I shouted, casting the flashlight aside. Austin lunged for it, but he was too slow. The light hit the ground and flickered rapidly. The stick fell out of my back pocket and clattered on the rocky floor.

In the blinking light, I shifted through the destroyed bits of glass and metal, looking for the back. My hands brushed the smooth plate and I held it close to my face. MADE IN CHINA it read.

“Are you happy now?” Austin asked, but my shaky sobs drowned out his taunts. It was so obvious; how had I not noticed before? The compass was fake; the treasure probably was too. This was supposed to be the best summer ever, but it might turn out to be the worst.

If my map was wrong about the treasure, what else could it be wrong about? Were the exits I had so carefully plotted even there? Maybe we would be lost down here forever.

I didn't want to cry in front of him, but I felt like something inside me had shattered. I held the broken pieces close to my chest as tears slid down my nose.

“Amy,” he whispered.

I wouldn't listen. I didn't want to hear anything he had to say. I just wanted to hold my broken bits of compass and cry. My months of planning and preparation had fallen apart. I thought I knew what I was doing. I thought I had everything together, but I didn't, and now I just wanted to be alone.

“Amy,” he repeated, but I still wouldn't answer.

Footsteps echoed behind me. I thought Austin might be trying to escape, but it didn't sound like he was leaving. Reluctantly, I turned and watched Austin pick up the flashlight from the ground. He smacked it, and the light died. I heard an irritated grunt from the darkness and then a *whoosh* as he lit a match from his pocket. Why hadn't I thought to bring matches?

Austin shrugged off his hoodie and wrapped it around the end of my forgotten stick. When the first match burned to his fingertips, he lit a new one and held it to the hood of his jacket. It ignited, and I gasped. He had made a torch! Why couldn't I think of that?

Austin stuck the makeshift torch between two rocks in the corner and fished the hacky sack from his pocket. Curiosity finally got the better of me.

"What are you doing?" I asked, wiping my nose. Austin threw his hacky sack just above the light. It bounced off the wall and tumbled back to the floor.

"Finding your treasure," Austin said.

He picked it up and tried again. Three more tosses, and the hacky sack didn't come back down. It disappeared somewhere into the darkness above.

"There," Austin said, pointing. "There's a ledge just beyond where the light can reach."

"How did you know?" I asked. I rubbed my eyes with the heel of my hand and dashed over to the end of the cave. I reached up for the hacky sack had disappeared. I wasn't quite tall enough.

"You're always right," Austin said, and for once, he didn't sound sarcastic or condescending. He sounded like he meant it, and I flashed back to what Jessie had said about the younger kids looking up to me.

I silenced this thought. There was *no way* Austin looked up to me—not when he could make torches and find hidden ledges all on his own. I didn't want to admit that he might be a better treasure hunter than I was, but I could at least say that I needed his help. I let him lift me up to the ledge.

It was farther than I thought. I had to stand on his shoulders, but soon, with a few scraped hands and aching arms, we were past the wall and back on solid ground. I felt the air clear as I

pulled myself off my knees, and I could smell traces of pinesap. A quick look around explained why.

“Whoa,” I exclaimed, as I gazed around the space we had pulled ourselves up to.

It wasn't a treasure room. Not by a long shot. We were inside some sort of shed, half-collapsed and lying in ruin. The back wall of the space was all rock and cliff, save for the little hole Austin and I had crawled out of. The other three walls were in varying states of disrepair: The left was almost completely gone; the roof collapsed to grant a full view of the moon and stars. The right clung together with twisting vines and saplings. The back wall looked mostly together, save the splintered beams and shrubbery poking through the shattered windows. I just couldn't fathom what this place was doing here.

“Look,” Austin whispered, “Bunk beds.”

I followed his finger to the corner of the room. Sure enough, there were bunk beds, twisted and rusting under the broken roof. Wait, did that mean that this place had been *part of camp?*

Austin and I picked our way toward them, and I paused at the edge of the bed.

A rusting metal lunch box hid underneath the decaying cots. I pulled it out and brushed off the dirt. CAMP HIAWATHA it read in bold curving letters, but I didn't recognize the font. The lunch box must have been ancient not to use the camp's current logo.

I popped the tabs open, and my eyes lit up.

Austin leaned over my shoulder. “What is it?” he asked, but I didn't need to answer.

It was a picture of my mom.

I examined her face in the photograph. She couldn't have been older than eight. Adelaide Adams held hands with a dark-haired boy I didn't recognize. The wind whipped their hair playfully as they ran across the lake, their smiles forever captured in a happy memory.

"Hey," Austin said. "That's our dad."

"Is it?" I said, squinting at the photo. It did look like our father, but did my parents really know each other *that* long ago?

I flipped the photo over and read the date on the back. Adelaide Adams and Christopher Wallace. Lake Superior. January 6<sup>th</sup>, 1957.

"I think I understand," I said, still staring at the photo. "The engraving on this compass—it isn't Artus Chevalier, 1657. It's Adeline and Christopher, 1.6.57. This place—all this stuff—it belongs to our parents."

"Not such a great treasure," Austin said with a dry laugh.

He gazed over my shoulder as I flipped through the rest of the pictures. They were almost all from camp, and almost always had both of my parents. I watched Adelaide and Christopher ride bikes along the roads, canoe out on the lake, and weave baskets at the art tent. I found a big picture of what looked to be them in their final year, sitting close together at the bon fire, whispering secrets in each other's ears.

"I can't believe they were so close," I said. "I wonder what happened."

My hand froze on the last photo in the box. It was of my mom alone out by the lake. Her belly was round, but she still wore a cabin counselor's T-shirt as she sat on the shore. Something about the photo seemed sad, but I guess it wasn't really sad. She was still smiling, and the wind blowing her hair in the same playful way it had in the first picture, but our dad was gone.

"He wasn't big into commitment," Austin admitted, his voice flat and lifeless.

I didn't think about my father much, but looking at the picture, it was hard not to. I didn't know my mom was so young when she had me. It must have been tough, for both of them, and for my dad to run away like that? I shook my head.

My memories flashed to Austin. What must it be like growing up with someone like him? I turned to ask him, but the words caught in my throat.

"Austin?" I started to ask as he picked up his broken hacky sack from the floor.

The thing had always been tattered, but now it was in pieces. The top edge was torn and leaking beads. Loose threads poked out in odd arrays. Austin's expression was stormy.

I didn't fully understand what his obsession was with that thing. I just knew that he loved it. My gut clenched with guilt. I reached out for him.

"You know, you were wrong," I whispered, taking the hacky sack from his hands. He didn't fight, and I pulled some loose compass parts from my pocket.

"About the treasure?" he asked.

"About me always being right," I said.

I took the chain from the Chevalier's compass out of my pocket and wove the thin links through the broken threads of the hacky sack. It wouldn't hold forever, but it would keep the rest of the insides from spilling out. I pulled the chain tight and handed it back to him.

It might have been the first time Austin ever smiled at me in a non-sarcastic way.

A rustle sounded from the bushes beyond our little alcove—too loud to be normal forest sounds. Austin and I tensed.

"Did you hear that?" Austin said, as the rustling started again.



It was too loud to be normal forest sounds, and it couldn't be another camper. We were too far in the forest. My breath caught as I considered our chances of survival. If whatever was stalking the shed was dangerous—a bear or a wolf—no one would hear us scream.

Austin grabbed my hand. I didn't push him away this time. We huddled together as a narrow beam of light shot through the underbrush.

"There you are!" Jessie said, emerging from the woods. Her flashlight shook as she pushed the bushes aside. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Jessie," Austin said. He relaxed, but I remained tense.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

Jessie pointed to her digital watch. I looked at the number. 11:09 p.m. Over an hour past curfew.

I hung my head in shame.

"We're sorry for sneaking out," Austin blurted out, as if apologizing now could save us from whatever terrible fate Jessie was concocting. "Amy had this map, and—"

"Wait," Jessie said, her flashlight waving. "You and Amy, sneaking out, and *not* trying to kill each other?" She laughed. "I never thought I'd see the day."

I felt my body unwind. I could deal with the punishment or sneaking out of camp, but I couldn't deal with Jessie being angry with me.

"You shouldn't be out here at night," Jessie continued, her tone serious. "We haven't used this cabin in ages. There used to be mines under this part of the forest, and they have a tendency to collapse without warning. That's why we've got that nice stone accent wall at the back of the cabin."

I looked to the wall and the hole we had crawled out from. I decided not to tell Jessie that we had been inside those mines.

“But other camp counselors have been here,” Austin argued, and I waved for him to stop.

Jessie raised a single eyebrow.

Austin took the box of old photographs from the bed and handed them to Jessie. She flipped through them with wary curiosity.

“Amy was looking for buried treasure,” he explained, “but we found this place instead. We think it belonged to our parents when they used to come to this camp. These are their old photographs.”

“Wow” Jessie said, pausing at a picture of my mom at one of the bon fires during her counselor years. She stood bare foot on one of the log benches, her head thrown back in whooping laughter. Jessie grinned.

“You guys must be pretty smart to find all this stuff,” she said, handing the old photo to me.

My heart soared, and all the fear I’d felt at being discovered disappeared. Jessie Fink thought I was *smart*.

“So we’re not in trouble?” Austin asked, his voice low with worry.

Jessie shrugged. “Eh? I won’t tell the other counselors if you don’t. After all, I got up to *much* worse when I was your age—” She shook her flashlight at the woods. “But you have to come back right now, or else we’ll all be in trouble. Come on; the camp’s this way.”

Austin and I followed her out of the shed and into the woods, her neon hair illuminating the way as well as any flashlight. The full moon hung above, and somewhere in the distance, I could taste the sweet smell of burning wood from the dying bonfire.

I clutched the photo of my mother to my chest and inhaled deeply.

I may not have found Chevalier's fortune, but I could still say, with full clarity, that *this* summer was the greatest summer ever.