

CANYON ECHOES

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RED ROCK MYSTERIES

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JERRY B. JENKINS - CHRIS FABRY

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Canyon Echoes

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CHAPTER 1

☺ Bryce ☺

I gunned my ATV, and air whooshed through my helmet. My twin, Ashley, kicked up dust ahead of me, so I swerved outside her path. We neared the red rock formation our town is named after, and Ashley veered in front of me.

“Gaining on you,” I said into my headset microphone.

“Eat my dust,” she said, laughing.

The sun beat down like a police interrogation light. Good thing we were slathered in sunscreen. Lots of skin cancer in Colorado. Can’t be too careful.

I suggested the race after waiting all day for a vacation update.

Our stepdad, Sam, had thrown out several hints and offered all the money in the change jar to anyone who guessed our destination. Mom made us stay away from the mailbox, so I figured she was waiting for airline tickets or brochures from some resort. I even checked caller ID, but Mom deleted a couple of calls.

I pulled up beside Ashley, but she made one last push to the finish line and raised a fist. She slid to a stop beside a boulder near a hiking trail. “Beat you! I beat you!”

“Two out of three,” I said.

“No way! Just admit I owned you.”

“I let you win.”

She did a little victory dance on her ATV. When we first started riding, Ashley wouldn’t go faster than 10 miles an hour. Now, as long as she knew the road, she’d go as fast as me. Well, faster in this case.

We sat there going over Sam’s clues again. He had said where we were going was “one of seven,” “about 500,” and “two.”

“Doesn’t make sense,” Ashley said. “Could it be one of the seven highest mountains in Colorado?”

My cell phone rang. It was Mom.

“Sam and I are ready,” she said. “Time to find out where we’re going.”

Ashley fired up her ATV. “Last one home has to sit next to Dylan!”