“I’m sorry about the lake, Dad,” I said.
He shook his head. “You know something, Luke? There aren’t any secret places left in the world anymore.”
“What if we go very far up in the mountains? Maybe we can find our own lake.”
“There are lots of lakes up here, but that one was special.”
“But we’ve got a whole week, Dad.”
“Well, why not? Maybe we’ll find a lake that’s not on the map.”
“Sure, we will!”
We started early in the morning. When the fog cleared we saw other hikers ahead of us. Sure enough, Dad became very glum.
“We’re going cross-country, partner,” he said.
“Won’t we get lost?”
“A wise man never leaves home without his compass.”
So we went off the trail. The hills went on and on. The mountains went on and on. It was kind of lonesome. It seemed as if Dad and I were the only people left in the world.
And then we hiked into a big forest.