

When the weather turned too hot and sticky to sleep indoors, Grandma helped me put up a small tent on the raft. I lay on top of the cool sheets and read comic books by flashlight until I fell asleep. One night, a noise woke me up. There in the moonlight stood a huge buck. He looked right at me, then lowered his head to drink, as if I wasn't there at all.

I found Grandma the next morning working on her bear carving.

"Do you have some extra paper I could draw on?" I asked her.

She brought out a big sketchpad and a pouch filled with thick pencils and crayons. "I've been saving these just for you," she said. "Better take these too." She held out the snorkle and mask. "Never know when they might come in handy on a raft."

