

# Chapter 1



“Hey, guys!” Rafael said. “Let’s go to Iron Mountain next weekend. We can camp out for two nights. What do you think?”

“Sounds good, Dad!” Lilia said.

“I want to go camping,” said Antonio. “I’m in!”

“What about you, Franco?” asked Rafael. “Anything going on at college next weekend?”

“No, I’m free,” Franco replied.  
“I could use a break from studying for midterms. Where is Iron Mountain?”

“It’s in the middle of the state,” Rafael answered. “It’s a three-hour drive from the Heights. The mountain is five thousand feet high. It’s a pretty good hike to the top.”

“We’re not rock climbing, right?” Ana asked.

“No, honey,” Rafael told his wife. “There are great hiking trails all the way up. But we could rock climb if we wanted to. Maybe the kids and I could take some detours.”

“No, no detours,” said Ana. “Your trips tend to end badly. I’d rather we

all stayed close. That way I can keep you out of trouble!”

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about,” Rafael said.

“I knew you’d say that,” Ana replied. “But I’m going to keep an eye on you anyway.”

“Okay. We’ll leave here next Friday morning. We’ll get to the mountain by noon. Then we’ll have a few hours to hike,” Rafael said.

By noon the next Friday, they were on Iron Mountain.