

Chapter 1



Tate Moore was a nature camp leader. He was leading eight teenage boys on a camping trip at Bear Lake. Most of the teens had never camped before. But they'd done a great job hiking and setting up the campsite.

Everyone had a task. Some campers set up tents. A few others helped make a big campfire. Two boys even cooked dinner.

After dinner everyone told scary stories. It had been a long day. Tate and all the campers fell asleep after they put out the campfire.

It was after two in the morning when Tate left his tent to use the bathroom. He was only twenty yards away. Then something hit him from behind. Tate fell to the ground. He screamed. But no one heard him. His mouth was full of dirt. Whatever attacked him was big and strong.

Tate Moore struggled. But it was no use. He was carried deep into the woods.

Sunrise was at six thirty. Even though it was early, the teens got up. They were excited. Today there would be hiking, rock climbing, and fishing.

But the teens knew something was wrong. Tate's tent was empty. They called his name. But there was no answer. They searched the area. Then one of the campers saw Tate's flashlight. There was some blood next to it. The boys got Tate's cell phone. They called the police. The police came quickly. So did two forest rangers.

Officers searched the campsite. They found nothing besides the flashlight and blood. Police and forest rangers continued their search for two days. Nothing turned up. Someone—or something—had made off with Tate Moore. And no one knew who—or *what*—it was!