

Treasure ON SPYGLASS HILL

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Pacific Press®
Publishing Association

Nampa, Idaho | Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
www.pacificpress.com

CHAPTER ONE

Voices sounded, but no one was there to hear them.

"Gary," whispered Scott.

"What?"

"Do you see anything?"

"Not yet."

There were no other sounds except for the wind blowing through the trees and the river splashing along its banks. The river had risen slightly after the heavy rain of the last few days, and it made swishing sounds.

"Scott?"

"Yeah."

"Let's get out of here."

"No way!" came the answer. "Coming here was your idea, remember? I'm not leaving now. Besides, we just got here."

"But, Scott!"

"Go ahead and go if you want to. I'm not scared."

Suddenly, Gary grabbed Scott's arm so hard that Scott almost fell into the river.

"Let go!" Scott yelled.

But Gary didn't let go. "*Look!*" he stammered. "Up

there! There's a light in the window!"

Scott saw it too. High above in one of the big windows of the Morgan house, he saw a soft glow. He began to shake.

"Don't talk so loud," he whispered. "They'll hear us."

"You're talking loud too. Let's go!"

"No, wait! *Ooooooh!*" Scott almost shouted. "It's moving! The light is moving. I'm out of here!"

"Now look what you did," Gary mumbled. "The light is gone. They heard you."

"But-t-t," Scott said. "How could they hear us from here?"

Both boys stared in silence, looking up at the darkened window. All at once it seemed as if strange shadows and shapes had begun to leap and dance around them in the light of the moon. The wind had risen too, pushing trees around. Everything looked scary and alive.

"Let's go," whispered Scott.

"OK, OK! Let's get out of here."

But just as they turned to go, Gary froze and wouldn't move.

"Gary!" shouted Scott. "Come on! Get in the boat!"

Gary stood speechless.

"Gary!" shouted Scott again. "Come on!"

Gary didn't move. He didn't even try. He acted as if he couldn't do anything except stand there. His mouth was open, but no words or sound came out. His eyes were wide, and they kept getting bigger and larger. Soon his mouth was as wide open as a cave. Still there was no sound. He was staring straight up at the great house.

Scott turned to look. For there on the second-floor balcony, near one of the big windows, glowed a light that

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seemed to float on nothing as it passed pillar after pillar.

And that was not all he saw. Next to that bright circle of light glittered something yellow, and it was moving too. As the boys continued to watch, a huge black shape flapped around that strange light, sometimes hiding it. It floated like a large sheet of cloth blowing in the wind. It acted as if it was being held in place against its will. Moving wildly, it snapped and fought, trying to fly away.

Scott felt sweat running down his back. But never did he or Gary take their eyes off the thing in black or that glowing, yellow light.

The light stopped moving when it reached a corner of the building. Then it vanished completely. All that remained was the faraway sound of laughter floating down to where they hid in darkness on that tiny spot next to the river.