



Chapter 25

Knowing he could be in some serious trouble, the guilty man looked down, pulled Bekka's camera out of his jacket pocket, and thrust it into the ranger's hand.

"She took our picture, and I don't want my picture taken." His voice was loud and harsh.

Bekka and her mother caught up to them and stopped next to the ranger. The two men scowled.

"You might not want your picture taken," the ranger replied, "but that doesn't mean you steal someone's camera."

Bekka and her mom were shocked at what they heard. "If my daughter took your picture, it was by accident. She was just getting pictures of Old Faithful and the boardwalk around it."

"When did I take your picture?" Bekka asked.

"Over by the geyser."

"Really?" She didn't remember the men being in any photo.

"Yeah. Some people don't like having their picture taken," he growled.

"Well, it looks to me like no harm was done," the ranger said, giving Bekka her camera. "We'll let the girl have her camera, and you can be on your way."



“She should be more careful when she takes pictures.”

“I’m sorry,” was all Bekka could say. She was shocked that he was so upset. It made her wonder why. She put her camera in her coat pocket, very relieved the ranger had come along when he did. Looking up again at him she said, “Thank you.”

“Let’s go back to Old Faithful to get a picture of it—and only it,” her mother said, putting her arm around Bekka’s shoulders and turning her in the opposite direction.

“That’s a good idea,” the ranger said. “It should be erupting any minute.”

With that in mind, the mother and daughter turned and headed back to the geyser area. They didn’t stick around to hear what the ranger said to the two guys.

“That was scary,” Bekka said minutes later. She couldn’t imagine not having her camera. She decided to print some of the pictures in case her camera was stolen for real.

“I never saw anyone get that mad about having their picture taken,” said her mother, stopping to look backward. They saw the men go into the Snow Lodge, skis and poles in hand.

“Wow, they’re staying at our lodge,” Bekka said. “I hope he doesn’t try to get my camera again.”

“We’ll tell Dad as soon as we get back to our room,” her Mom said. “He’ll keep an eye out for those guys. After last night’s



episode, I'll be glad when Christmas is over and we can fly back home." Not Bekka—she liked excitement.

"Look!" Bekka exclaimed. "Look at Old Faithful!" The geyser was shooting steam upward into the blue sky. It went higher than either imagined it would.

"Awesome! I'm so glad we got here in time. Let me get your picture, Bekka. Quick, stand still. Look at me. Then you can get mine." Just as Bekka finished getting her mother's picture, the steam quit, and the eruption was over.

"Wow, just in time," Bekka said, very happy to get her mother in a picture, too.

"Bekka, I have a hunch about something. Let's do a bit of detective work."

"Like what?" She was surprised that her mother suggested it. She wouldn't do anything scary if it meant danger for her family.

"Most people don't get that upset at someone taking their photo. I'm thinking you got a picture of them doing something wrong. Let's look around this area for a few minutes."

As they skied, they searched for anything which might be a clue to what happened. Did Bekka get more than just the men in a picture? For ten minutes they looked up, down, all around, even searching behind trees to see if something was hidden on the backside of one.



“Hmm. I’m not seeing anything,” Bekka’s mother said, rather puzzled. “Let’s go back to the lodge. Your brother and Ian should be returning soon and I’m anxious to hear about their trip to the snow den.”

“I bet they can’t top what happened to us.” Bekka said as she patted her pocket, the camera tucked safely inside. But she was in for a surprise.