

The Day Old Faithful Stopped

A Yellowstone
National Park Mystery

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Chapter 1

Thunder, Feel the Thunder

The ground rocked with the force of an earthquake.

“Caleb! Caleb!” Grace cried.

A stone’s throw away, the Yellowstone River fell off a cliff—thousands of gallons of green water plunging to the canyon floor every second.

Three hundred feet below, the water crashed on a bed of massive boulders. Spray from that contact rose into the air, rainbows forming in the mist created, as the afternoon sun beamed down from above.

What Grace had felt was no earthquake but the rolling thunder of Lower Yellowstone Falls. Twice as high as the world-famous Niagara Falls, the waterfall created a force so strong it rattled the ground under Grace’s feet and drowned out her cries.

Standing in its shadow, thirteen-year-old Grace Quinn felt incredibly small. The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone could

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be an overwhelming place for a girl—or anyone else, for that matter.

“Caaa-lllee-bbb!” Grace yelled again, louder this time, jumping up and down and waving her arms. “Can you feel the wind created by the water going over the falls?”

Her fifteen-year-old brother yelled singsong over the roaring water, “I can’t hear you. . . .”

Before Grace could holler again, Caleb leaned toward her, flashed a mischievous grin, and shouted, “Can you feel that mist, Grace? Water going over the falls creates its own wind.”

Grace made a face and returned to admiring the waterfall, the wind lifting her long blonde hair up and away from her face as the afternoon sun in a cloudless Wyoming sky turned everything golden.

It looks just like a postcard, Grace thought.

The words had no more floated through her mind than she was startled by a movement to her left. She spun around and saw a man step over the safety railing, ignoring a sign that warned: “Danger! Do Not Cross!” The man edged closer to where the scenic overlook ended and the canyon rim began.

He had caught Caleb’s attention too.

Caleb watched as the stranger turned his back on the waterfall and inched his heels to the lip of the canyon. Caleb flinched as the man raised his cell phone and smiled.

Are you kidding me—a selfie? If he isn’t careful. . . .

Before Caleb could finish his thought—and before the man could snap his photo—the worst happened.

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The ground under the man's feet crumbled.

His arms flailed as he tried to regain his footing.

But it was no use. Grace and Caleb watched in horror as the man fell into the void . . . and disappeared from sight.