

“Well, I don’t know. Maybe some bass or a big toothy pike.” Dad flashed his teeth at Charles and chomped noisily.

“If I catch a pike, you’re taking it off the line,” Charles said. He did not like the idea of a big toothy fish.

“Pike!” yelled the Bean. “Pike smike like trike!” They all cracked up.

“Hey, is this it?” Charles pointed to another sign. “Finster Family Campground?”

“This is it!” Dad said, turning onto an unpaved road. “The man I spoke to — Mr. Finster, I guess — said to grab a map from the front porch at the lodge, then go straight on to our campsite.”

He pulled the van up to a big brown log cabin with green shutters. “This must be the lodge — and there’s a box with the maps in it,” he said. “Hop out and grab one, will you?”

Charles unbuckled and got out of the van. He took a long, deep breath of the piney-smelling air. Its freshness washed away all the sleepiness and grumpiness he had been feeling. Suddenly, he couldn't wait to see the lake and their campsite. He trotted up the broad wooden steps to the wide porch, noticing the green wooden rocking chairs placed all along its length, and pulled a map out of the box labeled CAMPGROUND MAPS. Next to it was a glass case that held a typewritten sheet titled, "Finster Family News and Views." A quick glance told him that it covered campground news, like the weather and the largest fish someone had caught in the past week. It even had a special feature about bats. There was also a column called "Stella's Story," headed by a blurry picture of a small white dog. Charles stepped up to take a closer look, but just then Dad beeped the horn.

