

HOLLY WILD:
Questpedition for
da Yooper Stone

written & illustrated
by

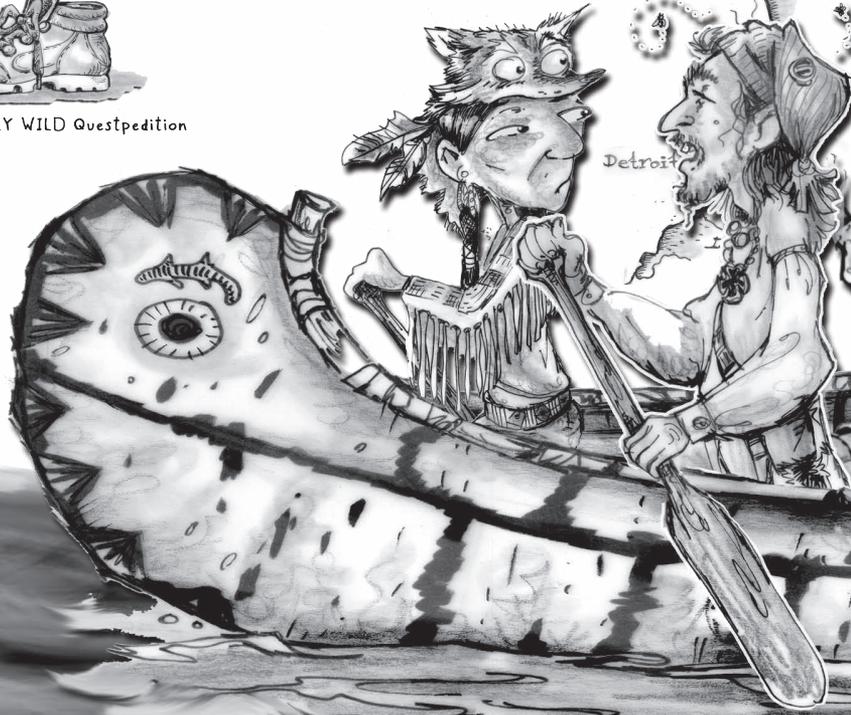
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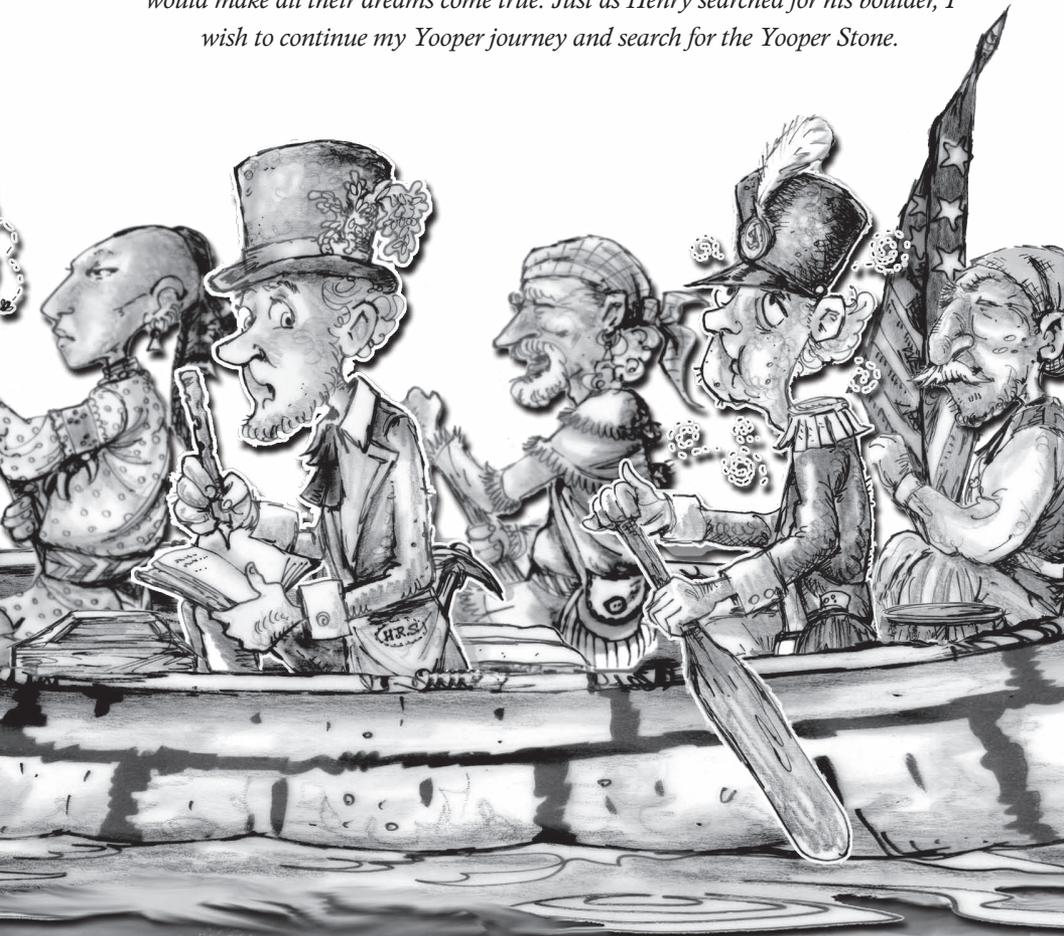


 HOLLY WILD Questpedition



A long time ago this guy named Henry Schoolcraft hopped into a big canoe and left Detroit. He liked rocks a lot so he armed himself with pencil, paper, and a hammer, and left with 37 other guys—Indians, soldiers and a Governor in two other canoes. It must have been pretty crowded and smelly, like the time my family went camping and my brother Boy took off his socks and it took a whole week to air out the van.

Anyway Ol' Henry went to explore Michigan. He and these guys were searching for a new route to the Mississippi River and a big copper boulder that would make all their dreams come true. Just as Henry searched for his boulder, I wish to continue my Yooper journey and search for the Yooper Stone.





**OTHER
BEAR TRACK
PRESS TITLES
BY
LORI TAYLOR**

Holly Wild: Bamboozled on Beaver Island (Book 1)

Holly Wild: Let Sleeping Bear Dunes Lie (Book 2)

Holly Wild: Packing For the Porkies! (Book 3)

Lissy-Lost! (Junior Fiction)

GRAPHIC READERS

Crazy Cat Don't Chase That Rabbit

Hot Times in the Big Creek Wood



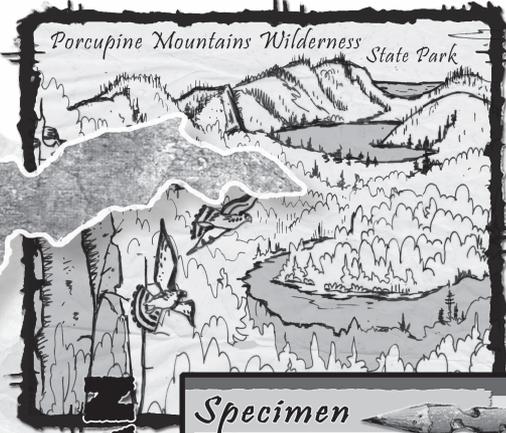
bear track press
Pinckney, MI

*I, Holly H. Wild, am on a Questpedition.
What is that you ask? Why not just a quest and how come not an
expedition? Because I'm in a hurry. I have one week to find what I
am looking for—a stone. Da Yooper Stone of legend.*

*Kinda like the sorcerer's stone in Harry Potter, only bigger or
hairier—I think—no one seems to know much about it.*

*Where this stone is I don't know. But it's out there. And more
importantly, whoever finds the stone will have big luck.
So say da Yoopers, the folks of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.
And right now I need luck. The bigger the better.*

Porcupine Mountains Wilderness State Park



So long
PORKIES!



ONTONOGAN

Specimen

Copper

Type: *Igneous, Sedimentary, Metamorphic*

Location:
Lakeshore and in boulders

Description:
Reddish, shiny with green
or blue to black tarnish

Notes

Metal used for cars,
electrical, plumbing.
Mined in early
Michigan for
tools and
decoration.



Hello
ADVENTURE!



THE JOURNEY CONTINUES

The Beast chugged its way east behind the other RVs through the Upper Peninsula's Yooperland wilderness. I was traveling with my dad and Gram, and my Geo-Explorer Kid team and best friends, twins Sierra and Tierra Hills. I hoped that we could stop to show Dad the bear cubs I had rescued in Sleeping Bear Dunes a little over a week ago. Gram said it was more or less on the way home.

Dad half-folded and mostly crumpled a map as old as the ancient RV that Gram drove. He crammed it into the glove compartment, then turned to grin at the twins and me in the seats at the table behind him.

"You might need this, Mr. Wild," Sie joked, handing Dad a hunk of coffee-stained map. It was mostly of water and had lots of names and Detroit marked on it.

"Thanks, Sheila," Dad said. Sie grinned and rolled her eyes. T giggled. He always got their names wrong.

"Well, this is it kiddos, last hurrah before school starts," he sang, squinting at the pine and spruce-lined highway.

"I hate that *S* word," I groaned. I traced snaky patterns in the salt that was spilled on the table. It reminded me of Kenny, my pet snake, an *S* word I do like. It seemed forever ago that I last fed him his thawed rat meal. We had been on the road for three weeks. First Beaver Island, then Sleeping

Bear Dunes, and then the Porcupine Mountains. So much had happened, and we'd had so many adventures.

I missed Kenny, Mom, and my big brother Boy, but the idea of leaving the Upper Peninsula gnawed at my belly like my Aunt Kitty's four-day-old Seven-Layer Salad. Ah, Aunt Kitty, my naturalist aunt whom I got to know better this summer. Our time was cut short as she and her drool machine basset hound, Hunter, had other nature things to explore. They left us when we pulled out of the Porcupine Mountains this morning.

"Think of it this way, Holly," Sie said, dealing out cards to play Go Fish. "At least this year we're Hayfields Elementary school's top dogs—we're fifth graders."

"After that comes middle school," sighed T. "At least we have this year to prepare ourselves for that."

"Geez Louise!" Gram said, slapping her head. "Speaking of school, I almost forgot. There are some letters from home, girls, back there in the oven in the shoe box, with a pair of new hiking boots for you, Holly. Your old ones were looking worn."

I opened the oven and grabbed out four long, white, official-looking envelopes and a pair of ruby-red laced boots, high-topped with real artificial leather, padded for adventure!

"Thanks, Gram, they're cool!" I said, dropping an envelope. I picked it up—it was from Manatee Memorial Middle School in Orange, Florida. It had a Mighty Manatee in a superhero cape and was covered with heart stickers—and it was addressed to T and Sie. I wondered why our school didn't put heart stickers on our envelopes. I liked their Mighty Manatee mascot way better than our Hayfields Hen.

"Thanks," T said, snatching the envelope from my hands.

"Holy creeps, T, I'm glad I didn't get a paper cut." I

handed them their other envelopes with the Hayfields School District hen mascot and motto, *“We hatch life-long learners!”*

“Our class assignment letter,” said Sie, pushing up her glasses and holding the envelope like it was a scorpion. I crossed her fingers and yanked her pink, glitter-covered, pine-cone hair bobs for good luck. My freckles quivered. I took a deep breath and pulled out the crisply folded, official white letter.

“Please let me have Mr. Pretzell.” I closed my eyes. “He’s the coolest teacher. He does lots of science and outdoor stuff. Please, oh please! It would be a perfect ending to a perfect summer.”

“Dear Hayfields Student,” I read. “There have been some exciting new changes happening in the district since you’ve been on vacation.” I could hardly breathe. I set it down. I couldn’t look.

“Whatever—whoever you get, it’ll be fine. We’re a team,” Sie grinned. I looked back at the print.

