

"Where is she, Juniper?" Bear cries.

"She got up."

"But where did she go?"

"To drink, maybe, or get food."

"We can wait for her though?" he asks quickly.

I swallow. "Not this time. We have to go before it gets light."

Bear shakes his head and picks up the blanket, holding it up to me, desperately. "There's blood. Ghost's still bleeding."

I look at the blanket. "It's not much and it's dry. It's good that she's up. It's a good sign. She'll find us, Bear. She always does. She didn't save us so we'd get caught again. She'd want us to be smarter than that."

"It's dark."

"That doesn't stop the owls does it? That doesn't stop the foxes? We can be nocturnal like they are."

Bear glares at me. "Not all owls, Juniper. Don't you remember anything?"

"I don't want a snack bar, Juniper," Bear says, staring at the empty trap. He's shivering. His hair hangs wet down his back. It's been raining all morning.

I sigh. "You have to eat. We both do."

Bear takes the bar. Of course he was going to eat it. His stomach is crying out for food, any food, just like mine is.

"I'm trying, Bear," I say weakly, sitting down next to him.

"I'm not angry with you. I'm angry with that man."

"Abbott?" I ask, confused.

"That man you went to. Silver, you said. The pirate man." I can't help but laugh at the indignation in Bear's voice. "He gave us a broken trap!"

"It might not be broken. It might be the bait."

Bear grunts.

"I've been thinking," I say, trying to sound confident.

"We have to use the air rifle." I haven't tried it yet. I haven't