



C H A P T E R I X

Daniel knelt down beside the trunk and stuck his head as far down into the hole as his neck would allow. “Where do you think they go?”

“They go down, where do you think they go?” said Stefanie.

Mark giggled.

“I know they go down, mullet brain. I meant, where do you think they go after they go down?”

Billy, too, stuck his head into the trunk and gaped into the pitch-black surprise. “Maybe it’s an old well like the one at the cove.” He removed a dime from his pocket and dropped it down the opening. It landed silently. “Maybe it’s a dried-up well.”