

The Dinosaur's Daughter



*Evolving into Adulthood
with an Allosaurus*

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Excavation Notice

Everything in this book actually happened.

I excavated the bones of the story from my journal, letters to friend and family, photographs, 1980s magazine and newspaper articles, TV specials, museum videos of teen me, and my own recent interviews with people. No names were changed except for the name of the ranch to protect the paleontological site.

*“Speak softly and carry a big stick.
Unless you can ride a dinosaur. Then do that instead.”
–Magik Missile greeting card satirizing Teddy Roosevelt*



Sage Springs Ranch, Colorado, USA

Prologue

My 25-foot dinosaur lunges with bared teeth at a stegosaurus in one of the world's most renowned natural history museums. Or perhaps the two are having a good laugh together. In front of her skeleton is a photograph of a 12-year-old digging with a pick ax in the desert, a child beginning a quest that will forge her into an adult. A museum guide tells a dull version of my story and I realize it is time to tell it myself, now that I have lived long enough to understand and evolve but not so long as to become a fossil and forget.

1. *The Scent of a Dinosaur, March 1979*



Judy and Minford Beard in their ranch cabin with a stuffed dik-dik in the corner

When I was 12 I loved the smell of dinosaurs in the morning, a smell of potter's clay, struck flint, and desert lichen. I sniffed yesterday's fragment, eyes half-dreaming in the diamond Colorado sunlight. A cliff loomed to the east: the Jurassic Morrison Formation, a half-eaten birthday cake with layers of rose, purple, gray, white, and green sedimentary rock capped by yellow sandstone frosting. Juniper trees clustered like emerald mold on the ancient layers where dinosaurs once roamed.

I squinted up to where I thought dinosaur bones might lurk. Scientifically I had no idea how common or rare dinosaur bones were, though unscientifically I had found pieces on visits to Sage Springs Ranch starting when I was eight years old. A paleontologist would have told me I had little chance of finding one complete bone, and forget about any quest for a full dinosaur. Fueled

by ignorant optimism, I lunged up the slope of purplish clay popcorn, my smooth-soled cowboy boots wobbling from embedded boulder to stout weed. Both feet slipped like sled runners, my hands grasping for something to hang onto and finding only sharp pebbles as I flailed downward. I caromed onto a chair-size stone and sat picking bits of the earth out of red scratches in my palms.

I tugged my Levi's jeans back onto skinny hips. All four pockets sagged with small treasures: petrified wood, dinosaur gizzard stones as smooth as a baby's foot, shards of red-and-white agate, and a perfect rabbit's jaw wrapped in snot-stiffened Kleenex. A short and beardless Charles Darwin, I looked forward to adding these to my bedroom natural history museum back home in Colorado Springs.

I set off along the rainbow-colored cliff again, this time tiptoeing over mule deer footprints along a sloping game trail instead of my own straight-up path. Killdeer birds called *dee dee dee* from the hay meadow below. Above, crows cawed in the ragged March wind. I swatted at the halo of hair strands whisking my picture-flat face, eyes and mouth open for questions, uninvited insects, or chocolate.

I noticed a rock sticking defiantly out of gray claystone, like a pointing index finger on a body buried in the hillside. The rock came free with a yank. I fingered dirt from the gray wood-grained outer sides and spit on the broken end to reveal bone cells replaced with a mosaic of minerals. "Ha! Dinosaur bone!" I hollered to my new fossil friend, as if she didn't know.

How did I know? Judy Beard, ranch woman in red lipstick who hated children and loved rocks. When Mom first took us to Sage Springs Judy tried to make my visits as miserable as possible so I wouldn't come back, indenturing me and my sister Kate to carry ten tons of rock salt sacks out of a semi trailer and hurl cobblestones into a dump truck for road repairs. Kate

pitched right in, having already worked summers for the Beards since age 13. I pitched in, too: the salt and cobblestones made me proud of what my runty body could do, and Judy approved. She taught me and Kate how to identify fossils and where to look for them as a nicer way to get me out of her cabin. Judy's husband Minford Beard managed Sage Springs Ranch, the size of six Mannhattans but with a population of four people.

I sighed, disappointment setting in as I rolled the little piece of dinosaur in my fingers, not yet realizing such a small thing could lead to big things, that every dinosaur in a museum started off this way. On school field trips I had examined the stegosaurus, diplodocus, and duck-billed dinosaur at the Denver Museum of Natural History but had not cared who found them. They were old men's fossils. I was a girl and admired what *I* found.

I hiked up my overloaded jeans and kneeled next to the hole where the fragment had been, my left eye squinting into the shadow. Grainy bone cells from a second piece looked back like a thousand tiny eyes. Behind that might be a third piece, the edge of a bone puzzle inside the hill.

I reached into my miniature red backpack, past my sack lunch to a splayed brush, two screwdrivers, and the blue-handled Estwing geology hammer my older brother Chris, who was studying geophysics at Colorado University, had given me. Such an official-looking tool, though this one was a size small. I didn't know any paleontologists to ask for advice so I just started in like I usually did, since that was more fun than waiting for some absent adult to tell me what to do. The few pictures I had seen of dinosaur hunters in *National Geographic* magazine showed them male, handsome, and armed with just a brush, so I tried to look official despite being female and in 7th grade. I vigorously stroked the dirt with the paintbrush, moving an unsatisfying few nubbins of Morrison. I shifted to jabbing my orange-handled screwdriver at the dirt around

the fossil. Bits of deeper bone flicked past my head. Looking back at this impertinent child, I'm pretty horrified as a mostly-responsible adult telling this tale. What did I think I was doing?

I was having fun. Best of all, I was outdoors.

Each piece of bone I exposed led to another piece of the puzzle, deeper and deeper into the hill.

I decided it would be better not to leave screwdriver dings on whatever it was, even if it turned out to be just another unidentifiable bone hunk like a few others I'd found. I switched my grip to a swordsman's thrust and gently pried off clods of dirt like clouds off a big island, the slow reveal of bone ridges, valleys, and plains, faulted into many pieces but still tightly together. Excitement made my hands vibrate like struck tuning forks.

I stood up tall and looked for a person with whom to share my excitement but saw only sunlight glinting off the empty pickup truck across the valley. Mom, as usual, was elsewhere: She and her third husband John were on a bumpy adventure with Minford in the ranch's mountainous west end. Where were my supposed companions, the ones who had driven me here a couple hours before and then ditched me?

My heart began to beat *dit dit dit* as solitary fear got the upper hand over my initial excitement. My eyes darted to a distant tree stump, or was it a bearded man in a straw cowboy hat staring at me, wondering what the hell I was up to? A tawny sandstone hump appeared to twitch its ears like a mountain lion. I took in a few deep breaths to try to calm myself. I had a lot of experience with being alone in the wild, but still, that quiet so quiet you could hear the background hum of the universe made me jumpy. I hunkered down with my screwdriver as I whistled loudly to the dinosaur: "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are gray."

The only reply was the dip of a turkey vulture's wings as she soared with two others in the wind's nasal gusts off the cliff. I always wanted to be a turkey vulture, looking down at the earth, silently hunting for something, soaring gracefully in a kettle of kindred spirits. Like me, they liked to hunt for carcasses, though mine were turned to stone.

Kate and Kenny appeared on the rise above me, silhouetted against ragged clouds and powder blue sky.

"I think I found another dinosaur bone!" I pumped my geology hammer in the air. "Might be just a fragment, though. Come see! Hoo-oo eeee!" My shout lapped westward across the hay meadow into the wizened juniper forest, dropped into sandhills, and threw itself off the edge of the Skull Creek Basin. I grinned, happy as a chimp.

My 17-year-old sister Kate scrambled and slid in her cowboy boots down the slope. "I thought you wanted to go back where you found that neat bone last year. I don't know why you're over here."

"'Cuz this is where another bone is?" I smirked.

"Let's go back to the truck. I'm freaking cold, Spindly!" Kate barely glanced at my hole in the ground, her gaze tracking the "keer kyeeer" of a red-tailed hawk soaring the ridge.

My third sister was a head higher than me, with vulnerable brown eyes that took refuge beneath her helmet-shaped forehead. A combed chocolate pony tail flowed over her jean jacket, the collar flipped up against the cold slap of wind I had forgotten about. My own snarled honey-and-coffee pony tail stuck straight down like it was on the rear end of a mustang. Spindly was my nickname since I was skinny like an axle pin or a rod for spinning yarn.

"The sun is indeed weak, though springtime beckons, as does lunch." Kenny yawned toward the distant truck, his voice so deep it made the rocks hum. Kenny Oyler worked as a Sage

Springs ranch hand but looked like Abe Lincoln, with dark sideburns and the quick eyes of a falcon. He dropped the pickaxe he was carrying for me with a pointed thump alongside his shit-shingled cowboy boots.

“Look!” I pointed with my screwdriver, a magic wand. “I keep digging and I’m not getting to the edge. The bone keeps going back in the hill. This is totally cool!” My hands and face rose to Kenny, seeking benediction.

“Ahh, young Darwin, you have found something.” Kenny knelt next to me. His leather Western belt said KENNY in white letters across the back in the best 1970s cowboy fashion. Kate and I liked the two sides of Kenny: in daylight he was a hardworking 25-year-old ranch hand but at night he turned into a scholar who read Plato and Aristotle in his tin trailer.

“Just this little thumb-sized piece was sticking out.” I showed them the chunk I had set on my backpack and then resumed my gentle prying away of dirt with the tip of my screwdriver.

“Shall I provide power assistance, little India?” Kenny’s long arm reached for the pickaxe.

“Wait!” I splayed my hand over my find. “The rock’s soft shale or something and fractured so it’s easy to pry up, not like the sandstone last year. The pick might smack into the bone when you don’t mean to.” I didn’t mention that’s exactly what I had done last year when I found the neat bone Kate had mentioned, a two-foot-long dinosaur bone shaped like a forearm wearing a mitten, both ends broken off before I found it. I didn’t think I would ever go back there, the sandstone as unbreakable as a sidewalk. The Dinosaur National Monument quarry 50 miles to the west featured hundreds of Jurassic dinosaur bones exposed in sandstone, a bone palace requiring either power tools or months with big chisels. I had neither.

This bone was in mudstone. Piece of cake for a kid with a screwdriver. Especially with hands that knew how to chop vegetables just right and shape round bowls and camels from potter's clay.

I handed Kenny a second battered screwdriver. "Use this. Just wedge the rock away from the bone, like this. I'm no expert, but it works pretty well."

Kenny laughed at my youthful arrogance as he eased his six-foot frame cross-legged onto the dirt. "A dinosaur excavation with a 12-year-old paleontologist, a scientific undertaking much preferable to the baser life of fixing fence with Minford." He dug carefully, the screwdriver like a toothpick in his strong hand. "Brontosaurus, perhaps?" He rumbled.

"Brontosaurus isn't the right name any more. It's apatosaurus." I looked away, embarrassed I'd corrected him.

"Keep reading your books, India. Never be ashamed of knowledge." Kenny pried rock off the bone, his neck sinews flexing.

"Kenny!" I laughed self-consciously. "I don't know anything." Though I did read a lot of books.

I knew who I was in that moment but not who I would evolve into or what I wanted to be, assuming I had a choice. Maybe a veterinarian or zoologist. Back then I was an organism at the earliest stage of the evolution of her life, geologically in the Paleozoic Era, before my Mesozoic Era of dinosaurs and later Cenozoic Era of mammals. I knew I liked to figure things out, explore nature, write, and be loved. That DNA would endure through the personal equivalent of the lava-belching Permian Extinction that ended the Paleozoic, a disaster requiring a dinosaur for a steed. And when a self-initiated asteroid ended the Mesozoic, I would follow the mammals into a new

world, though my dinosaur would always be there for me. After all, humans share about two-thirds of their DNA with birds, the descendants of dinosaurs.

At that moment in 1979 I just wanted to dig up a hunk of dinosaur bone as a swashbuckling adventurer. I nudged Kate. “Remember that dinosaur vertebra you found a couple years ago? That was amazing, way better than this hunk is going to be.” I paused, hoping she would see herself as my fellow paleo musketeer. “We need to dig this thing up so I can glue it together back home.”

“We?” I don’t want to sit here for two days in the freezing wind moving dirt with a half-assed screwdriver. This is your find.” Kate’s brown eyes fell into the dinner plate-size hole. “The bone looks big, sis. John complained we were heavy coming up here even though you forgot your suitcase. He’s not gonna carry this rock.”

“John will so take this bone in his plane! And it is not a rock, you idiot.” My mouth hung open in shock. My recent stepfather John had flown me, Kate, and Mom from his ranch on the eastern Colorado plains over the Rocky Mountains to Sage Springs in his pumpkin-colored 1950s Beechcraft Bonanza airplane. Kate and I had vomited most of the way in our ersatz Cinderella carriage.

“India, you could try agreeing with John for a change.” Kate glared at me. “Instead of trying to have things your way. You’re just like Mom, too determined sometimes.”

“I am NOT like Mom!” I exploded, teeth bared, as I flung my hammer down.

“Shh. Take it easy.” Kate frowned at me.

“Don’t tell me to shush.”

Kenny sat back, looking grave. “Your mother has accomplished much, and I admire that.”

“Sorry.” I raised a sarcastic eyebrow. Kenny sure didn’t know much about Mother. And he knew zero about the rest of the family that had made me such an eccentric 12-year-old.



Back then I lived on three planets, each one with its own family rulers and history. The rulers did agree upon a few things: cloth napkins with the fork on the left at dinner, a properly-made bed, and reading every night. Mother’s Santa Fe-style house in Colorado Springs was Venus, the cinderblock-and-steel lair of the goddess of seduction and female charm. My father’s wooden Colonial house in Colorado Springs, owned by his wife Penny, was Jupiter, where I thought the god of justice and good government ruled. My stepfather John’s prairie ranch out near Limon, Colorado was Saturn, where the god of agriculture toiled.

I clung to Venus alongside Kate each school week when I was growing up. The house was female, built by one of the first woman welders in America. Her torch shaped structural steel girders and iron flowers along the stairs, front door hinge plates resembling scaly lizard legs, and a ship’s lantern as a mailbox. Mother filled the bedrooms with books, the living room with Navajo rugs, and the liquor chest with scotch. I added tropical fish, a guinea pig, cats, and one hairy tarantula Mom immediately made me get rid of. Mom ruled the place with Edna, our sweet housekeeper who had the moral authority of Yoda from Star Wars. Edna’s wizened hands built forts and gardens with me and baked the best apple pies. Mom hired Edna because she had bigger things to do than raise children. Mom did take us kids on research trips to ranches and small towns across Colorado, sharing her love of nature and a good story. Nancy Wood wrote magazine articles and eventually dozens of books of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction (for which

she also took photographs), all with major New York publishers. She rose far above her initial lot as a teen mother and college dropout.

In preschool I said my mother was a typewriter.

My father was a camera.

I rested on Jupiter with Kate, Daddy, and Penny a couple days a week, whenever Mom was elsewhere or we weren't at John's ranch. Daddy would drive us to the Cretaceous canyons deep in the Army's off-limits Fort Carson or to Horse Creek's cottonwood groves to have lunch and take pictures. He helped me see fossil clams in the shale and pronghorn antelope dusting the horizon. Daddy occasionally would photograph while sitting in the sunroof, feet steering, cruise control on 15 m.p.h., camera clicking in the wind. Myron Wood adored taking black-and-white photographs in natural light and conjuring prints in his darkroom, the images destined for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York or as barter payment to his dentist. His hands always smelled of vinegar from the acetic acid he used in the printing process.

I thought Daddy and Penny were the ideal couple, exchanging loving exposures of each other while he played Bach on the upright grand piano and she knitted sweaters on the sofa. Daddy would write endearments to her on scraps of photo mounting board—I remember a John Keats quote that said “They could not sit at meals but feel how well it soothed each to be the other by.” Daddy married Penny, his third wife whom Mom called “a Vassar nitwit”, when I was five.

Mom married her third husband John Brittingham, a Yale cowboy with a big checkbook, when I was 11. Looking back, I think Mom was tired after trying to raise four kids alone on a writer's wages. Mom and John got along like two cockleburs and kept their separate houses. I lived most weekends and each summer on Saturn, John's 26-square-mile ranch, a nature paradise where I helped with the spring and fall cattle drives on my mustang mare and explored the

rolling prairie and ponds for coyotes, antelope, leopard frogs, and rattlesnakes, one of which I killed and fried for lunch. I loved that ranch. Big John and I would play backgammon in the evening, the fireplace flickering on Remington bronzes of cowboys and Texas longhorns. My rich stepfather built his own barbed wire fences and fixed his own windmills to water the cattle, a physical work ethic I always admired.

My five siblings, all about a decade older than me except Kate, grew up scattered across these planets and beyond. Mother's children, Karin, Chris, Kate, and I, grew up on Venus. Daddy's first two children, Margaret and John, grew up on distant Neptune in Oklahoma with Daddy's first wife. They first met me when I was seven and they were old enough to disobey their mother's ban on meeting us. When I was 12 I had about five step-siblings, depending upon whom I counted from which of my parent's respective three marriages and their current and past spouses' total of nine marriages. When I drew a family tree in elementary school I had a jolly time inventing new symbols.

This family that ranged across the solar system in 1979 felt cozy to me, though looking back I can see the orbits were inherently unstable. As a kid who had lived only on these eccentric spheres the wobbliness felt normal, though I felt enough tremors to pull more stable honorary family members near: Edna, Minford and Judy, plus Whickerbill, Mom's gay best friend. I felt loved. We had food and shelter and spent a lot of time out in nature. I did what I pleased without a parent hovering over my shoulder.

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The morning after my dinosaur discovery I shivered in the frost-crystalled shade of the Morrison cliff, determined to pack the entire bone, however big it was, into Judy's old hunting

backpack and sneak it into John's airplane baggage hold. Somebody was supposed to pick me up before sunset.

I set out my faux paleontologist's kit with additional tools scavenged from the cabin: my geology hammer, a bigger screwdriver, an ice pick with a bent shaft, toothbrush, quick-setting epoxy, several issues of the *Craig Empire-Courier* newspaper, and a bigger paintbrush. The dinosaur must have been shivering with fear at this half-assed setup, but I have always taken pride in improvising with whatever I can get my hands on.

I wedged the big screwdriver in next to the bone and tapped my hammer on it, making another screwdriver-sized dent in my treasure. *What an idiot*; I already knew prying next to the bone was a mistake. I banged the ice pick's shaft straight and used it to dink out the soft shale that was a little ways away from the bone, aiming my hammer taps sideways to the fossil. The Morrison mudstone quickly got harder the deeper I dug, from weather-pounded dig-able dirt for the first couple inches, to a few inches of totally fragmented pry-able clay, then whack-able hard stone that required hammer smacks on something pointy to break it up.

I tinked out a couple bone sections from the easier dirt. Dried gray mud hazed each surface. I had glued together enough broken cups and toys with Edna to know surfaces had to be clean and dry. I used my drinking water and the toothbrush to scrub each piece of dinosaur bone, setting them to dry on the backpack while I dug deeper. The thing was, this bone was not a tidy puzzle, with each piece neatly broken from the next. Pea-sized chunks and crumbly bits fell into the dirt as I extracted each section of bone.

This was tougher than watching TV like some boring kids I knew. I shifted my dusty rear end and legs around in the dirt to ease the aches from leaning over my fossil, my movements burying the bone fragments I'd cast asunder. My right thumbnail was now a throbbing black chip after a

misguided hammer blow. Sun and wind had burned my cheeks purple. Mud gloved both hands in itchy gray.

I thought idly of the Love's Baby Soft body mist ads, their claim that "softness is what boys find most exciting about girls." Well, they wouldn't get very excited about me, then. I preferred the smoky sap of a pinyon tree to the cloying stench of baby powder.

I retreated under a sandstone overhang to devour my lunch of Coke, sardines, saltine crackers, an apple, and one of Judy's "all-day cookies." She made them out of goose eggs, molasses, and cottonseed meal from a cattle feed sack, the result requiring a mumbling spit soak to soften them, but they were delicious.

Judy's cookies powered my enthusiastic return to my dinosaur. I mixed the quick-setting epoxy and mated a few pieces of clean bone together at a time. The result was a quilt of bone with tight seams under excessive beads of epoxy and small holes that looked like a mouse had nibbled my quilt. I would later repent over these missing fragments when I had to confess to a real paleontologist.

The setting sun cast a golden light onto my gray dinosaur bone, still not completely dug up. The exposed wing shape was two feet long and a foot wide, the glued sections set back into their imprints in the rock to impress John and Minford. I drummed the two screwdrivers on the newspaper sections and shimmied my upper body to an inner song, perhaps "Stayin' Alive" by the BeeGees: "I, I, I, I, had a big bone!" My plan to have the fossil packed up and hidden in the backpack as Beechcraft Bonanza contraband was impossible.

At that point I had not seen diagrams of dinosaur skeletons so I had no idea what bone it was or what species of dinosaur. Shoulder blade was my initial guess since the bone looked a bit like

the scapula on the foot-high Visible Woman skeleton Mom had given me for Christmas. Male or female?

I'd already started calling the dinosaur "she," a quiet act of opposition to everything defaulting to "he" in 1979: politicians, business people, doctors, scientists. Back then my bull-headedness would have been more acceptable, even praised, as a boy instead of a girl. But the dinosaur and I were female and I was proud of it without pointing it out, just like Judy when she chain sawed a juniper tree into a gate post, drove the hay baler and yanked the dead snakes out of the bales, or castrated and branded calves. The women of Blue Mountain didn't wait for men to do things for them.

Minford and John's cowboy hats loped through the sunset-gilded sagebrush to take me home. "Over here!" I waved like a kid floating in high seas.

John wore a tattered cloud-colored cowboy hat repaired with dental floss at the summit of his six-foot-four frame, faded Levi's, an old leather bridle strap for a belt, and a thick beard—the opposite of the expected rich cowboy getup.

Minford kept the dust brushed off his own mocha-colored Stetson hat and wore beautiful pearl-snapped Western shirts handmade by Judy. Minford-and-Judy, for they were a pair, wore matching shirts each day. Minford walked Navy-upright and hunter-quiet, a noble cowboy from a 1930s Western. John swung along next to him like a windy long-sleeved shirt.

"Jeez. About the size of a newborn calf." My stepfather's stone-blue eyes squinted as he beheld my treasure. "Look India, we're burnin' daylight right now and got to pack tonight to fly at sunrise before the storms build over the Fourteeners. No time to dig. Even if we did I just can't risk the Beechcraft being too heavy and crashing. You get that bone out next time you visit." John set his hand on my shoulder, trying to be friendly.

“Is there a flashlight in the truck? You could come back and get me after dinner, I don’t mind.” I sat up, nose wiggling like a squirrel, hands ready for more digging.

“Fireball, you got to leave it.” Minford held me with his smoky raw eyes that assessed the world from behind a smooth-shaved granite face pillared with black sideburns. A beauty mark and slight smile softened his authority, just enough. “Come back here to the tooley-wads in August before school starts. You can continue all by your short self then.”

“But nobody’s ever found a whole dinosaur bone on Sage Springs! You said so. I can’t leave it any more than you’d leave off chasing a beautiful mustang.”

“You’re a tough customer.” Minford shook his head, bemused.

“Once you get back to riding your horse this summer, and school and friends in the fall, a dinosaur bone might not be quite so important to you. You might even get interested in boys.” John put his thumbs in the pockets of his narrow Levi’s jeans, his broad shoulders casting a shadow over me.

I turned a triangle of sandstone in my hands. My stepfather *was* an excellent pilot, one who had once flown his Cirrus glider upside-down over a tourist-filled parking lot atop Pike’s Peak. “Okay. We’ll leave it here but I’ll always be interested in dinosaurs and horses. Boys are boring.”

John chuckled “He he he” with his rabbity teeth showing.

I felt like Gollum in *The Hobbit*, muttering “my precioussss” over the one ring to rule them all as I tucked newspaper around the bone, packed dirt and rocks over it and planted a few dormant silver weeds on top as camouflage. I shifted my back to the men as they talked about the high price of hay, biting my lip and sniffing quietly over my defeat, pretending to be busy smacking my hammer into dirt I thought held nothing more.

Minford's eyes lashed the side of my head: I was a sniveling greenhorn kid, not worth a damn at that moment. I stood upright, shook out my sorry head and sucked in a lungful of self-respect. Minford believed in me like my dad did, but tougher—I would come back and get this bone out all by my short self, a determined hobbit.

“Hey Minford, anybody else come out here?”

“There's a rock hound from Rangely, friend of Nigel's, been huntin' bone out in the toolies for years. Don't think he ever come this far up-valley, though. We'll try to head him off if he does.” Minford winked at me.

I winked back. “You had better, Minford!” I buried my face in his clean-shaved neck. I loved this man and his wife who treated me and Kate like long-lost daughters.

