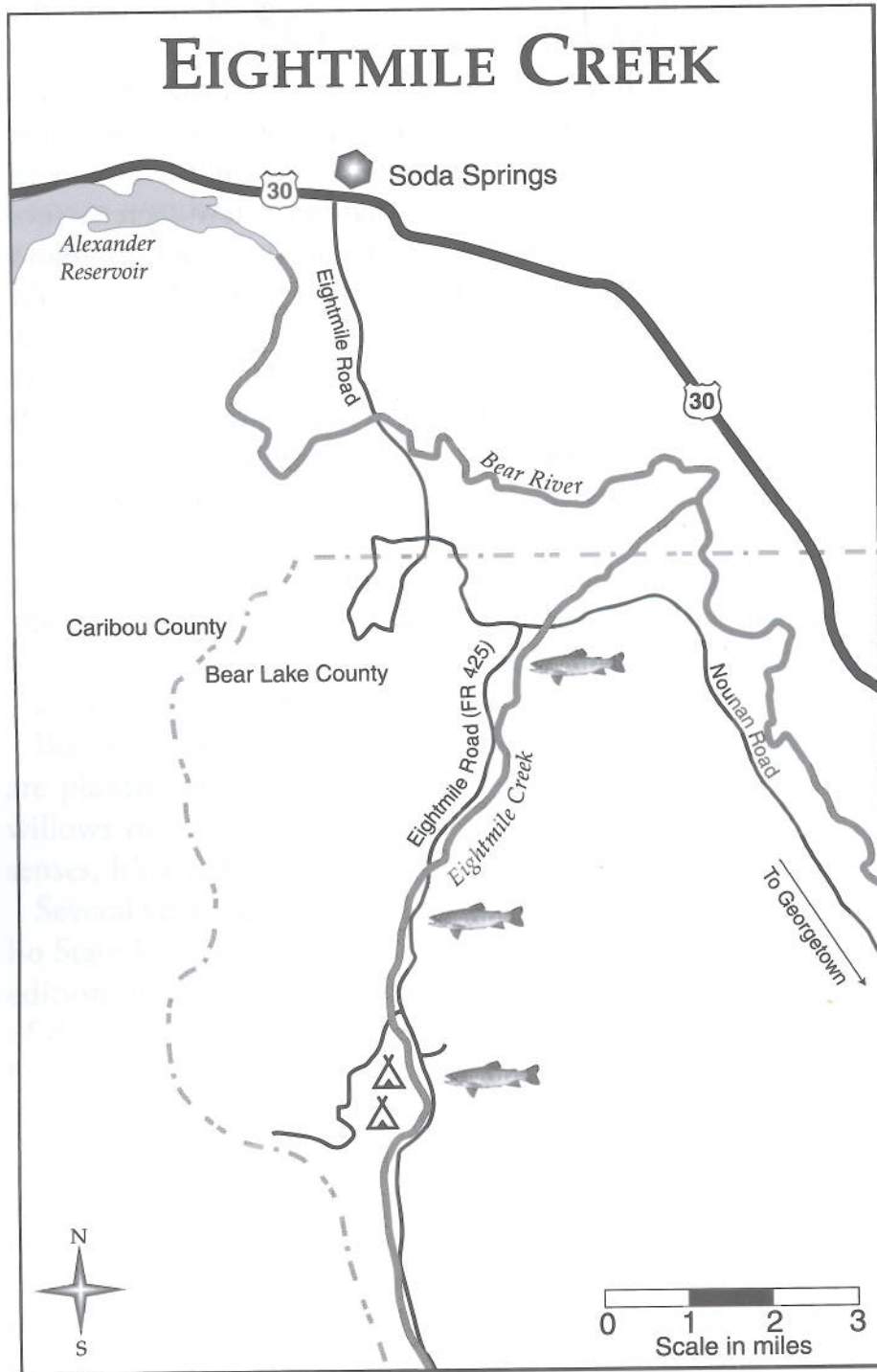


# EIGHTMILE CREEK



8 • Stream Dreams: Eightmile Creek

## EIGHT

The sun hadn't made it was downright cold. the night before had of development in my mi Spooner, would shift po in the tiny two-man te condensation.

Outside the tent, I c by, flowing northeast o Range. The stream's rap vided the only noise to From the relative comf steam generated by the air, and the frost-covere circling the campsite. ' conjure up — even in breath.

The previous night's the past, and I'd proba nearly extinguished en dry firewood to make t

Spooner, an old, fat snored nearby, his bul which thankfully remai bag.

Such is a June campi Idaho.

Later that morning, a pearance, I put togeth