

FOR THIS FATHER AND SON,
THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PAST

UNEARTHED

a novel



LARA SCHEFFER

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PROLOGUE

“And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.” (Luke 23:44–46)

* * *

“And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, on the fourth day of the month, there arose a great storm, such an one as never had been known in all the land. And there was also a great and terrible tempest; and there was terrible thunder, insomuch that it did shake the whole earth as if it was about to divide asunder. And there were exceedingly sharp lightnings, such as never had been known in all the land.... But behold, there was a more great and terrible destruction in the land northward; for behold, the whole face of the land was changed, because of the tempest and the whirlwinds, and the thunderings and the lightnings, and the exceedingly great quaking of the whole earth....

And many great and notable cities were sunk, and many were burned, and many were shaken till the buildings thereof had fallen to the earth, and the inhabitants thereof were slain, and the places were left desolate.” (3 Nephi 8:5–7, 12, 14)

* * *

Mexico City was eerily quiet.

And rightfully so—it was just before 4:00 a.m., and the revelry from the night before diminished to a few solitary club patrons drowning their sorrows as muted chords of music drifted out into the quiet streets.

At the stroke of four, the earthquake started innocently enough—with mild groanings and shifting beneath the earth's crust. Within seconds, knickknacks rattled on table-tops and shelves, and warning sirens shrieked long and high. After fifteen seconds, it was in full force, a 5.5 on the Richter scale, and was felt by everyone in the city.

It was a surprisingly short quake—the main phase lasted about twenty seconds, just enough to set off car alarms, to down a few power lines, and to frighten a lot of people—especially the ones old enough to remember the devastating Quake of '85.

When it was over, no buildings had fallen, but there were a few casualties. A large chunk of Catedral Metropolitana, Mexico City's famous cathedral, had fallen to the ground and smashed an empty tour bus parked nearby, and the Zocalo, a prominent square in the middle of the city, now had jagged, unsightly cracks in several places.

There were no major injuries, only severe jitters, and as soon as the sun rose, cleanup would begin. Mostly there would be relief—relief it hadn't been a “big one.” In fact, a large portion of the city's population turned over in their beds and went back to sleep.

* * *

Ninety miles away in Cholula, tourists in the local hotels slept right through the quake, barely feeling anything as the ground shuddered beneath them.

One elderly lady, who'd had trouble sleeping anyway, sat up in her hotel room and held tightly to a rosary, repeating a prayer over and over. She had felt her bed move and a gentle rocking motion that lasted only a moment, but nothing more than that.

Outside her window, she could see the outline of the ancient church that sat on the great pyramid Tipanipa, its windows lit, sitting ghostly silent in the silvery moonlight.

Little did she know that something in Cholula *had* happened during the quake, which had now been over for several minutes.

She sighed softly and lay back onto her pillow, clutching the rosary to her bony chest and muttering to herself.

Within three minutes, she was asleep, along with everyone else.

SOMEONE IS IN MY ROOM.

Matt could sense it, even though layers of sheets and blankets were cocooned around his head. He hadn't been able to sleep until the early morning hours, and now sleep was impossible. Sunlight filtered annoyingly through the slats in the closed blinds. He lifted up the corner of his comforter and snuck a peek to see who had invaded his room. His mom stood in front of the bed, hands on her hips, surveying the untidy clutter with a frown. *What does she want?*

She was probably thinking his room looked like an earthquake had hit it. Then again, it had looked this way for the past eighteen years, so she was used to it. Matt peeked at her again. She was staring at the floor, no doubt studying the balled-up shirts, socks, and shorts, not to mention old, smelly shoes and stacked-up sports equipment, strewn everywhere on the blue Saxony carpet. The walls were just as untidy, plastered with posters of famous athletes and painted wood shelves sagging under the weight of multiple trophies and medals. Matt pulled the comforter back over his face and pretended to be a large, shapeless lump snoring loudly underneath the thick plaid coverlet until he heard the dreaded noise.

Whoosh!

“Wake up, sleepyhead!”

Matt groaned within his covers as bright sunlight assaulted the room.

Whoosh. More sunlight.

“C'mon, Matt! ‘Rise and shout, the Cougars are out!’” Karen Staubach sang as she reached over him and finished pulling the blinds up with another *whoosh*. Clouds of dust puffed out over the bed, and Matt rolled over, covering his head with both arms to shut out the blinding light. “*Mommm... what are you doing? I'm sleeping.*”

“Look, just because you're a high school graduate now doesn't mean you get to sleep in the rest of your life,” she chided, patting Matt's legs to give her room to sit. He obliged, and she sat on the bed, resting her hand on his shoulder.

“Your dad needs your help. He's only with us this weekend—and then he's gone the rest of the summer until you leave.”

Matt squinted at her. “Same old story. What does he need from me?”

“Just knowing you want to help him would be nice,” she replied in an exasperated-mother tone.

Matt sighed heavily and pulled the covers over his face again. “But I don't want to help him. You could've waited to tell me this later instead of the crack of dawn,” came his muffled voice.

“It's *eleven fifteen?*” Karen retorted, slapping the covers.

“Yeah,” Matt groaned. “The crack of dawn.”

“Get up before I beat you,” Karen joked dryly, rising from the bed. “I have Krispy Kreme downstairs, in case you were wondering.” She threw the shameless bribe over her shoulder and headed for the door.

Doughnuts. And not just any doughnuts—*Krispy Kreme.*

“Okay, Mom, you win,” Matt muttered as he rolled out of bed to find a shirt.

* * *

“So what *exactly* does Dad need help with?” Matt sat at the large oak kitchen table downstairs, wolfing down doughnuts and milk. Karen stood at one of the white-tiled counters, eyes glued to the tiny TV set by the microwave. The news was on, as it was every morning.

“Uh-oh—an earthquake in Mexico. I hope your Dad's site wasn't affected.” Karen stopped squeezing the oranges to watch. “*Oooh*, good thing that bus was empty.... I'm sorry, did you say something, honey?”

“What does Dad need my help with?” Matt repeated thickly through a mouthful of doughnut.

“Oh—he's in the garage... he needs help loading the supplies, and later on he's going to pick up some more equipment from the lab.” Karen kept her eyes on the TV screen as she spoke, squeezing the already-limp orange in her hand. “I have to get Beth to swimming lessons, then I've got two haircuts, and then I have to run and pick up groceries for tonight, otherwise I'd help too.”

“What's tonight?” Matt asked, draining his glass.

“Dinner,” Karen replied with a smirk. “You promised to eat dinner with us tonight, remember? And Taryn Gilley is coming over. You need to be nice to her.”

Matt snorted. “Why did you have to invite her? She's... weird.”

“Because,” Karen began, turning the TV off and sitting down with a full glass of orange juice next to her son, “she's one of your dad's students this year, as you already know, and your dad wants to go over things before they leave.” She paused and lifted an arm to run her fingers through Matt's silky, dark hair. “Your hair is getting so long. Maybe I could just trim it a little...”

Matt shook his head. “Not in a million years, Mom.”

Karen Staubach had a beautician's license and ran a business out of their gray, split-level house, where she had a steady clientele. Matt couldn't remember a time when anyone but his mom had cut his hair. But she always cut it so... *short*.

“I'm trying to grow it out this time,” he told her so he wouldn't hurt her feelings.

Karen sighed. “And I bet you haven't shaved in a week.”

Matt smiled his thousand-watt grin, the grin that had been voted “Best Smile” of his high school graduating class. It was a smile that could melt any female heart within close range. Karen looked at her only son, the all-star basketball player. He'd gotten a scholarship to play ball, and he was leaving in two and a half short months. She would miss him.

“I'm not shaving before *she* comes over, if that's what you're getting at,” Matt muttered.

“She's a nice girl,” Karen commented, sipping her juice.

“Yeah, and she'll find some *nice guy* who loves wasting his time digging up dead things just like she does,” Matt finished.

Now it was Karen's turn to roll her eyes. “I don't know what's a bigger waste of time—digging up pieces of history, or shooting a rubber ball through a hoop all day long...”

Matt's smile faded, and Karen was instantly sorry. “Oh, Matt... you know I didn't mean it that way,” she began as he shoved an entire doughnut in his mouth and rose from the table. “I'm proud of your talent. You're a great ball player,” she added, her voice growing louder as he walked away.

“Yeah, I know,” Matt grumbled, grabbing his car keys. “I'm gonna go wash my truck.”

“WHAT ABOUT HELPING YOUR FATHER?” Karen yelled as the screen door slammed shut behind him.

She sank back down at the table. “Nice, Karen,” she mumbled to herself, running a hand through her short brown hair and sipping her juice. She grabbed the remote from the top stack of newspapers on the table and turned the TV back on.

* * *

At dinnertime, Karen found herself in the kitchen yet again getting ready.

“Mmm, pot roast. Hold me back.”

She smirked at Matt, who entered through the back door, tossing his keys on the counter. “Don't be smart,” she snapped back. “Pot roast is good for you. Did you get everything moved?”

Matt nodded. “Dad is gonna kill me one of these days.”

“Well, in my defense, about a hundred and eighty pounds of it was sun block and bug spray,” came a voice from behind him. Ben Staubach, a tall, reedy man with tanned skin and thinning cornsilk hair, entered behind his son. “Smells great, honey,” he complimented, walking over to the sink to wash up. “Taryn here yet?”

“She called and said she was running a few minutes late.” Karen turned her cheek so Ben could give her a kiss. “She's such a nice, *thoughtful* girl.” She gave her son a pointed look.

“Any calls for me?” Matt asked, deliberately ignoring her and checking the message board.

“Not that I know of,” Karen replied. “Why don't you wash up? You and Beth can set the table—unless you want to make the rolls.”

She saw Matt roll his eyes and skulk out of the kitchen. She motioned silently at the door swinging in his wake. “He okay?” she whispered to her husband.

“Seems to be.” Ben sighed, taking a bag of frozen instant rolls out of the freezer. “He didn't talk much this afternoon, but he's been keeping to himself a lot lately.”

“He's been keeping to himself the last two years,” said Karen, sniffing, watching her husband dump the rolls onto a silver baking sheet. “He still doesn't want to go, does he?”

“Nope. Hasn't changed his mind,” Ben replied, sounding more than a little sad. “I didn't press him either.”

Karen exhaled in frustration as she arranged the meat and vegetables on a platter. She couldn't understand why Matt didn't want to go to Mexico with his father, especially right before he went away to college. This would be the only time they'd be able to spend together, but Matt wanted no part of it. It broke her heart that her only son seemed to want nothing to do with Ben's work, but he'd never opened up about it, and Karen had stopped prying.

There were a lot of mysteries to Matt. But the most upsetting was that Matt hadn't been to church since his sophomore year in high school. One day, he just announced he needed to “take a break” from church for a while. And after that, he'd refused to go. All the pleading and force in the world (pleading from Karen, force from Ben) didn't change his mind, even when Ben threatened to turn him out of the house if he didn't go to church. Karen had pleaded with Ben to relent, and after a while, he'd given up. Ben was too busy with his teaching and his projects anyway—which Karen suspected was a part of Matt's strange behavior.

It had been a sore subject in the Staubach family since—one to avoid bringing up. Matt was the “one who didn't go to church,” and Karen was tired, tired of the Relief Society ladies attempting to comfort her, tired of

the home teachers showing up and Matt storming out, tired of explaining that Matt didn't go to church or wasn't active, and so on.

And now this strange attitude about Mexico—Matt was trying to isolate himself from everything his father did. Or so it seemed to Karen.

She listened to Matt tease Beth in the dining room as they noisily set the table. She'd had to practically beg him to eat dinner with them tonight. She wanted her son back—the old Matt, the boy who went to church and actually *liked* to be around his family. Where had he gone these past few years?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the doorbell. *Taryn*. That poor girl. For as smart as Taryn Gilley was, she was pretty clueless. Karen shook her head and smiled as she finished putting the rolls in the oven.

* * *

“You get the door,” Matt said to his sister, Beth.

“No, *you* get the door!”

“I'm older than you.”

“You're a dork, Matt. It's just Taryn.”

“I'm busy setting the table.”

“Fine, you can set the rest of it by yourself!”

Beth Staubach huffed out all her breath and thumped the silverware down in a clatter on the tablecloth. Her brother could be a real pain sometimes.

She walked to the front door and opened it. Taryn Gilley stood on the doormat, carrying a mess of papers and looking sweaty and breathless, which was how she usually looked. Taryn was Matt's age, and she had just graduated from high school too. Beth was a little sad that Taryn wouldn't be in Young Women anymore. And she had always been nicer to Beth than the other Laurels at church were.

“Hiya, Beth, am I too late?” Taryn asked, tucking a stray strand of dark hair behind one ear.

“No, we're just setting the table,” Beth replied, grinning at her. “Come on in.”

* * *

Matt listened as his sister welcomed Taryn inside. *Why does she have to have dinner with us? Isn't it enough that she lives down the street and works for Dad?*

There was something about Taryn Gilley that always made his skin crawl—it wasn't the unibrow, or her huge ears. Okay, maybe that was part of it, but it was the way she *talked*. Taryn was bold to a fault and said whatever was on her mind, which bugged Matt. Especially when she would look at him pointedly and ask him why he didn't go to church anymore—which she'd done frequently over the years.

Taryn made him uncomfortable. And tonight would be no different, he was sure. At least she was going away with his dad, and he'd probably never see her again. *Maybe she'll fall into a sinkhole in Mexico....*

“You done with the table?” Karen poked her nose out of the kitchen.

“Just finished,” Matt griped, dropping the last fork in its place.

“Good. You're not letting Taryn stand out there on the doorstep, are you?”

“No, Beth got the door.”

“Just checking.” Karen smiled and disappeared back into the kitchen, while Beth entered the dining room with Taryn behind her.

“Hi, Matt!” Taryn greeted brightly, and Matt tried not to flinch as he said a quick “Hey, Taryn” back.

Taryn looked the same as she always did: erratic dark hair pulled into a messy ponytail, huge ears and hairy eyebrows, and skin far too pale. Her nickname had been “Dumbo” in middle school, and in high school, where the kids were more cruel, she'd been called by a different name (which Matt had started and after a while felt kind of bad about): the Gilley Monster.

“Hello, Taryn. How's your family?” Karen asked as she came out of the kitchen, holding the pot roast. Ben followed closely behind her, balancing large bowls of vegetables and mashed potatoes.

“They're fine. They're all off to Tumtum the next few days. Mmm, that smells really good, Sister Staubach,” Taryn replied, pulling out an oak chair and sitting down next to Beth and across the table from Matt. “Thanks for inviting me.”

“Oh, *please*, you're welcome any time,” Karen replied sweetly.

Matt resisted the urge to snort and roll his eyes.

“You didn't want to go rock climbing?” Beth asked, spreading her napkin on her lap.

“Well, I have a date with some rocks in Mexico on Monday, so I couldn't,” Taryn answered, winking at her.

“Me too,” Ben agreed, setting the mashed potatoes down. “And this time, we brought enough bug spray!”

Matt tried hard not to scoff at this last statement and observed the food on the table, calculating how quickly he could eat and leave without seeming too rude.

It's going to be a long night...

DINNER ENDED UP BEING FAR TOO LONG FOR MATT. THE conversation was mostly between his parents and Taryn, with periodic interjections from Beth, but he kept to himself and silently ate. It was the same old topics, anyway, like at every other dinner.

Mostly they talked about DIG, which stood for Dyson International Gems. Sam Dyson was a family friend—he'd been roommates with Matt's dad in college. He also shared his dad's passion for archaeology. A successful diamond broker, Sam fully funded all the summer class digs Ben had taught since Matt could remember. This summer, DIG was sponsoring a dig in Cholula, Mexico. Taryn and his dad couldn't stop yapping the whole meal about how *this time* they were smack dab in the Book of Mormon lands, the new instruments they had, and *blah blah blah*.

After dinner, his mom brought out a chocolate cream pie for dessert, which Matt wolfed down to avoid having to hear any more about DIG, and afterward he went up to his room, while Taryn and his parents sat in the living room to continue discussing details of... *naturally*... the dig.

Matt folded his pillow in half and lay back on his bed, wishing Taryn would just go home.

* * *

Matt snapped awake. The sun had gone down, and the red numbers on his clock glared 9:15 in the semidarkness. He could still hear Taryn's laughter downstairs. *Good grief, is she ever going to leave?*

His room was stuffy, so he stumbled down the stairs and out into the backyard, where it was quiet and cool and where he could think. He sat down on the back porch steps and leaned forward on his knees, watching the stars winking at him in the sky.

All of his friends had gone to Moses Lake that morning—to the dunes—and he wished he'd gone with them. But this was the last weekend he'd see his dad all summer, and his mom had pleaded with him to stay. It was the least he could do, especially since he'd turned down his father's invitation to “hang out” in Mexico together. *As if that would happen in a million years.* His dad's idea of “hanging out” mostly meant sitting in a dirt hole with a brush and tweezers, poking at rubble while Matt watched, bored out of his mind. *No thank you.*

Matt heard his parents and Taryn break into loud laughter, and his eyes narrowed. He could be sitting by a campfire at the dunes right now. All the guys from his old team had invited him the day before. But he'd promised his mom he'd do dinner with the family. Now he was regretting it. *And of course all the cheerleaders are probably there too,* he thought, shaking his head. *Including Crystal.* Crystal Lessner, the cute blonde cheer captain who always smiled at him from the sidelines...

But he was here, sitting by himself, no cheer captain and no campfire, listening to the Gilley Monster entertain his parents in his house.

Could this night be more lame?

Matt folded his arms and sat thinking rude thoughts until he felt someone steal up and sit next to him. He turned his head and jumped at what he saw.

It was Taryn. She was looking at him earnestly, and he involuntarily scooted a good twelve inches away from her.

“Looks like I found the prodigal son,” she observed, smiling, and Matt sighed, exasperated.

“And you actually wonder why I never talked to you in school.” The words were out of his mouth before he had a chance to stop them.

Taryn seemed unfazed. “No, I knew why. You were just too cool. But it's okay. I forgive your immaturity. So, why aren't you going to Mexico?”

Matt hated it when she asked questions point blank. *Man, she is infuriating.*

“It's none of your business,” he snapped, refusing to look at her.

“Forthcoming, as always.” She sighed softly and was silent.

After a minute of silence, Matt was thinking of getting up and leaving, when she spoke.

“You know, I've always been jealous of you,” she admitted, drawing her knees up and putting her skinny, white arms around them. “Your dad is the coolest guy I know. He's knows so much, and he's done *so* many great things.” She looked out at the yard. “But what I've never understood is—you don't seem to care about any of it.”

Matt didn't reply, so she kept going. “I'd kill to have my dad care even a little about what I love to do. But he's too infatuated with my brothers and their careers as ‘potential pro football players.’”

“What, are we *sharing* now?” Matt asked, sarcastic. He wanted her to leave him alone. She was annoying. Everything about her was annoying.

“Yeah, I guess,” Taryn replied, shrugging. “Why are you so against what your dad does? I don't get it.”

“Of course you don't,” Matt spat back. “All your dad thinks about is football? Well, *my* dad doesn't even know the rules of basketball. He only came to one of my games all last season. Archaeology is his life. There isn't room for me.”

“Wow, you have it just as bad as me,” Taryn mused quietly, surprised by the outburst of emotion.

Matt immediately felt dumb. He liked to give the impression he was made of stone. *Clearly this latest admission isn't helping with the illusion.*

“I'm sure both our dads care about us,” Taryn offered, staring off into the backyard. “They just have their priorities screwed up. Work before kids... that sort of thing.”

Matt snorted and smiled bitterly. “Yeah, whatever.”

“But I'm serious about not understanding,” Taryn repeated. “I mean, your dad is teaching kids like me valuable skills they'll use the rest of their lives—you could try and cut him a break.”

Matt pressed his lips together and stared ahead. *I'm not going to tell her any more*, he thought. He was sick of his dad's obsession with dead things

and with the past. Especially since his obsession had proven to be more important to him than his own family.

“He's too busy to care,” Matt muttered. Taryn chuckled at this last statement, causing him to turn and look at her.

“Busy doing good for others,” she corrected. “I guess I never understood why you've always had such a bad attitude about it.”

Matt glared at her. “Look, it's nice that you *care* and everything, but I don't want to talk to you right now. Have a fun summer.”

He patted the top of her head and stormed off, leaving Taryn sitting by herself, her mouth gaping open after him.

* * *

Matt felt a twinge of regret as he raced up the stairs to his room. He really shouldn't have been so mean to her. But the Gilley Monster was far too nosy for her own good. He wasn't going to let her dissect him like one of her pet projects. She was just a nerdy bookworm who loved digging around in the dirt like his father did.

But what had upset him most was how close she'd come to the truth.

All Matt's life, he'd been different from his father. Athletic, good-looking, and smart enough to get by in school, Matt was popular and well liked by everyone. But he was an exceptionally good basketball player too and his father never seemed to acknowledge his talent. Sure, his mom had made it a point to attend all of his games over the years. She'd even cheered him on when his team had traveled to the state tournament—and won. But his dad claimed to not understand the game or sports in general. Ben Staubach's life was archaeology—and teaching other students about archaeology. End of story.

Matt's mom had always been full of excuses: “Your Dad loves you, sweetie; he just doesn't understand basketball,” or “Your Dad wanted to be here, but he discovered something and had to stay to supervise the project.” These excuses got old very quickly to Matt, who keenly felt his father's absence at his games.

The final straw came during a game Matt's sophomore year, when Matt ran into a player from the opposing team and was knocked unconscious,

and he had spent the night in the hospital with a concussion. His father wouldn't even leave Guatemala because he was on the brink of a “major” discovery.

Of course the “major discovery” ended up being nothing. Matt couldn't forgive his dad, and the next Sunday, he stopped going to church. At the time, it seemed the only way he could strike against his father. And for two years, he'd stayed away. This summer would be no different. He was going to do his own thing, and as soon as he graduated, he was out of here.

And Matt had done well for himself. After his accident, with a renewed determination to be the best basketball player around, Matt practiced day and night—drills, weight training, aerobic conditioning, anything he could think of to become the best he could be. And it had paid off. All the hard work combined with his natural talent had caught the eye of a college recruiter at the state tournament, and Matt and one of his teammates, Ronnie Clemp, had been offered full-ride scholarships to play for Duke University.

His mom had been ecstatic, and his dad seemed happy for him, but not in the way Matt wanted.

It didn't matter. In two and a half months, he'd be in North Carolina, fulfilling his dream. At six foot three, he certainly wasn't as tall as Ronnie (six foot six), but he was the best.

Matt put his arms behind his head on the bed and closed his eyes, reliving the highlights of the state championship game. Then the phone rang loudly, rudely interrupting his daydreams. Matt reached over and answered it on the second ring.

The line was crackly, and on the other end a panicked-sounding man's voice rambled in Spanish: “*Ben? Estas tu? No vas a creer esto! Nos pego el terremoto—*”

“Um, no comprendo... let me get him,” Matt interrupted quickly. He didn't know much Spanish (he'd been sucked into taking French with a high school girlfriend), but it sounded like Manny, his father's counterpart in Mexico.

Matt took the cordless extension with him and left the room, taking the stairs two at a time down the staircase. “Dad? Phone's for you. I think its Manny.”

Ben appeared at the foot of the stairs, joined by Karen and Taryn. He took the phone from Matt, who shrugged as he handed it to him.

“Hello? Manny, *Hola—*” He got no more out, because Manny had started speaking again, very loudly. Ben's eyebrows furrowed into a frown as he listened. Instead of running back up to his room, Matt sat down on the carpeted steps and watched his father. Ben's eyes widened in surprise.

“*Que sucedio? En serio? Que tan hondo es?*” he rattled off quickly.

“Something happened to the dig site during the earthquake,” Taryn whispered to them all as Ben continued to listen and respond in hurried Spanish. “A big crack opened up in the earth, and it's really deep, and Manny says he can see something down there,” she continued to translate.

Karen brought both hands up to her mouth. “Did he find something?”

Ben had walked away from them into the sitting room and was still conversing with Manny, but his voice was tinged with excitement as he spoke quickly, apparently giving orders.

Taryn was listening intently, absentmindedly twisting a fat lock of hair that had escaped her ponytail around her finger. “Wow. I guess we're leaving first thing tomorrow now,” she translated for Karen, who gasped.

“So soon? But the... and the... well, I guess we'd better get packing!”

Beth, who had joined them a moment before, groaned. “But Dad was going to have some daddy/daughter time with me tomorrow! He promised!”

Matt had heard enough. It was probably just another stupid false alarm, like that time in Guatemala a couple years back. All his father's excitement had produced nothing then, and it was probably nothing now. Matt got up and walked silently up the stairs to his room. They probably wouldn't notice he'd left.

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