

Rampage's sample.

After reaching the Petersons' cabin Rocky tied Comanche to the hitching post, and then made his way up onto the front porch. He started knocking on the door--but was a little over anxious.

"Not so hard, Rocky!" shouted Jim Topp under his breath. "I'm sure the Petersons don't want you to knock their door down!"

"S-Sorry, Pa. I guess I got a little carried away." Rocky knocked again, but this time did it a little softer. Jim also walked up the three steps or so leading onto the porch. He arrived at the cabin's door just as it was starting to slowly-creak open.

"May I help you?" spoke a faint voice from inside the small opening in the door.

"Hello, Miss. My name is Jim Topp, and this is my son Rocky. Is the man of the house in?"

"Yes he is. Just a minute I'll get him for you," replied the young lady, as she slowly walked away, while leaving the cabin's door slightly open. Jim Topp looked over and noticed Rocky staring through the opening in the doorway, as if he were in some type of trance.

"Are you okay, Rocky?" There was no response. Rocky was still staring through the door, watching the young lady as she walked across the room. "Rocky... Rocky!" quietly shouted Jim under his breath. "Remember; don't look too eager to pay their price. We'll have to barter with Mr. Petersen, to try and make the best deal possible, one we can *afford*." Rocky was still speechless, and his mouth was hanging partially open.

"Hello there," suddenly sounded a much lower voice from inside the door's opening. "How may I help you?"

"My name is Jim Topp, and this is my son Rocky. I own the farm at the lower end of the valley."

"Is there something wrong with your son, Jim?" asked the man of the house.

"He's fine. I think it's just the difference in altitude, being up here this close to the mountains," smiled Jim, as he motioned sideways with his head toward the teenage girl - who was now on her way back to the front door.

"Oh, I see... the altitude has been known to do that up here, Jim," laughed the cabin's owner, as he opened the door wider. "I'm Matt Peterson, and *this* is my daughter Samantha."

"Hello, Mr. Topp. I'm glad to meet you," said the young lady, as she stuck her hand out to meet his.

"Pleased to meet you, Samantha," replied Jim Topp.

"Hello, Rocky," again spoke Samantha. "I'm glad to meet you, too."

A mumbled reply came from Rocky. It was as if his mind and tongue were not communicating.

"Is Rocky okay, Mr. Topp...?"

"He's fine, Sam," interrupted Matt Petersen. "It's just the *altitude*." Samantha simply smiled at Rocky, and then walked away after folding her arms.

"We heard you might be selling your farm, Matt?" spoke Jim, as he removed his hat.

"Yes, I am going to sell it. Please, come inside."

They both started in toward the kitchen, but Jim suddenly stopped, then looked back to see Rocky still standing out on the front porch.

"This is my wife Loretta, Jim. Meet Mr. Topp, Dear, and that's his son Rocky out on the porch."

"Is your son sick?" asked Loretta, while wiping her hands on her apron "He doesn't look so good."

"He'll be fine, Loretta," again smiled Matt, after giving her a little nudge, then looking toward Samantha - now putting up the breakfast dishes. "It's just the altitude..."

"B-But of course," smiled Loretta as she slightly shook her head side to side. "It does make a difference, being this high up in the valley, doesn't it?"

"Please, Jim," spoke Matt, "let's sit at the table and discuss the farm."

Rocky finally wandered in, after a few minutes or so, then joined them in the kitchen. He still couldn't concentrate on the conversation - between Matt Peterson and his pa - about the farm. He was having too hard a time keeping his eyes from wandering in Samantha's direction. Rocky had never seen anything or anyone so beautiful. *How could Samantha be living in the same valley as me, thought Rocky, without my knowing about it?*

"May I get you something to drink, Mr. Topp? A cup of coffee perhaps?" asked Samantha.

"That would be fine. Thank you, Samantha. It's always good to be able to wash down the trail dust."

"How about you, Rocky?" again spoke Samantha. "May I get you something?"

Rocky wanted to speak, but instead, only mumbled something that he didn't even recognize.

*What is the matter with me?* Rock thought to himself, as he felt his face blush beet red. *Settle down, and quit acting like a fool. She's only a girl...*

"A cold glass of water may help him, Samantha, if you please," interrupted Jim. "It appears that the trail dust was worse than I had first thought."

"Certainly, Mr. Topp," smiled Samantha, and then turned, along with her floor length dress, to get Jim, Rocky, and her pa something to drink.

"Now; about the farm, Jim," spoke Matt after taking a sip of his freshly poured cup of coffee. "I'm a veterinarian and need to move closer to town, so I can see my patients more often. The farm has proven to me it's just too far from town. It's too much for me to be traveling back and forth." The two men talked for a couple hours about the farm, and then came to an agreement.

"Well, we better be heading for home, Rocky," spoke Jim Topp. Rocky was still not paying much attention. He was much too busy catching glimpses of Samantha as she moved about.

"Rocky, are you ready to go?" asked Jim. "Rocky... It's time to go!"

"Oh, y-yes, Pa. I-I'm ready?"

"It was a pleasure meeting you, Jim," said Loretta. "And please give my regards to your wife Mary when you get home."

"I will, Loretta, and it was a real pleasure finally meeting all of you. We should have met a long time ago. I'll be seeing you again real soon though."

Jim waited for Matt to walk with him out onto the porch, before mentioning the possibility of a *rampaging* grizzly on the prowl.

"I didn't want to scare Loretta or Samantha, Matt," softly spoke Jim. "But before we leave I want to let you know that there may be a *killer* grizzly roaming the valley. You'll have to keep a sharp eye out for it."

"Thanks for the warning, Jim," replied Matt, after they had discussed the grizzly a while longer. "I'll be on the look-out for it all right."

Rocky was still looking at Samantha through the partially opened cabin door.

"It's time to go, son... Rocky!"

"O-Okay, I-I'm coming!" Ricky's feet started carrying him out across the porch toward the horses, but his head was still partially turned facing the cabin, watching Samantha as she also came to the front door. Rocky never saw the porch's edge, let alone the steps. He suddenly went air-born, and in an instant found himself lying face down in the dirt, after tumbling over the edge...