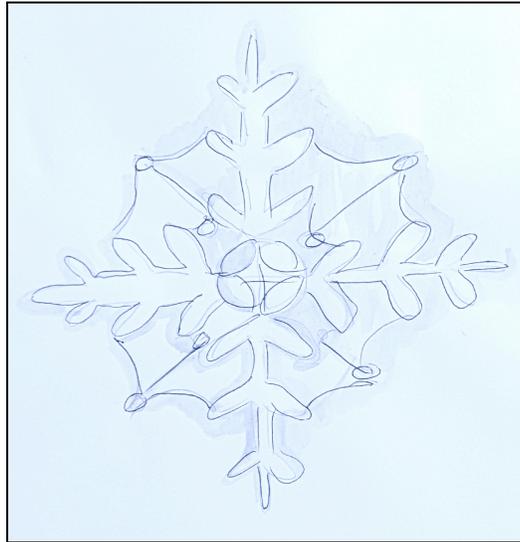


**ROSCO THE RASCAL  
IN THE  
LAND OF SNOW**



**Rosco the Rascal #2**

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*Illustrated by Ros Webb*

*Rosco the Rascal in the Land of Snow.*  
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## CHAPTER 1

# WHAT'S THAT?

Rosco peered out the side window, wondering if they were finally here. Mandy opened the door to the minivan, and Rosco, the family dog, jumped out. His paws sunk down into the cold, white snow. Where were they? Wow, it was cold!

At long last, the drive was over. The McKendricks had arrived at the winter cabin, in all of its snowy glory. The kids climbed carefully out of the van and

into the frosty air.

“This looks like the exact opposite of where we live,” seven-year-old Mandy whispered in amazement.

Rosco thought so, too.

Dad began unloading the luggage. Mom stepped out and stretched her legs, admiring the cabin and yard. Mandy’s ten-year-old brother, James, gazed up at the enormous snow-covered pine trees in awe.

Quickly, Rosco, the large German shepherd, decided that he liked this place and the fluffy stuff that his family called *snow*. This could be fun! He licked it. Very refreshing!

Just then, something rustled in the bushes beside the cabin. Rosco’s ears perked up. What was that? He darted

toward the snow-covered bushes to investigate.

“Uh-oh,” said Mandy to her parents with dismay. “Rosco found something already. What do you think is in there?”

Rosco sniffed at the bushes. He heard a small whimper, then, more rustling in the low branches.

Three noisy squirrels scampered out of the bushes. Snow showered from their branches. The squirrels raced across the ground and up the nearest pine tree. One of them carried an acorn in its mouth.

“Oh, it’s just a few squirrels,” Dad said. He turned back to the luggage. “Come on, kids, grab a suitcase.”

But Rosco wasn’t convinced. He

knew he had heard more than just a few squirrels. He waited for the sound again, but all was silent in the bushes.

“Come on, Rosco,” James called. “Let’s go see the cabin!”

Rosco turned away from the bushes and the squirrels, obeying his owner like a good dog. The noise could wait. He was excited to see the cabin, too.

He followed the family up the wooden staircase and across the porch. James and Mandy kicked the snow off of their boots.

“Wow! It’s so nice!” Mom exclaimed as they entered the house. She shut the door tightly behind them.

Meanwhile, just outside the door, the bushes rustled again. More snow scattered to the ground. A small, four-

legged creature stuck its furry head out from under a bush. It glanced about, carefully checking that no one had caught a glimpse of its soft, brownish white fur.

No one had. Quickly, the creature bolted for the forest behind the cabin and was gone.