A thin figure in woodland camouflage glides past the lake, through the woods, and up the faint deer trail alongside the stream that feeds into Lake Darwin.

Grampa Al stops and listens and looks.

With his experienced eye, he reads the woods like a book.

This stream used to be much bigger. Now it’s down to a trickle. In the streamside mud—raccoon tracks, duck tracks, he deep imprint of deer hooves.

_The raccoon came down to catch the crayfish, frogs, and nials in the stream._

_The duck and three ducklings crossed to their nest in the all grass._

_The deer was walking north and jumped over the stream here._

Grampa Al moves silently upstream. And that’s when he sees a track he has never seen before.

Grampa Al looks quickly all around—then back at the track.

_“Whoa, buddy!”_  

Grampa Al measures the track against his own footprint. It’s not badger or bear or even ape. Too big to be human. But definitely a foot. A very big foot.

Grampa Al follows the tracks of the giant feet across what little
"And finally, Five—" Scout leader Ms. P. thwacks her owl digestion diagram with a flourish. "The owl regurgitates the pellet!"

Anna laughs. "We are picking apart owl puke!"

Scout leader Ms. P. paces around the girls' work tables.

"So what do we learn from identifying the contents of the owl pellets?"

Leslie holds her forehead and moans. "That owls are even more disgusting than I ever thought."

Janegoodall holds up a mouse jawbone in her tweezers. "We learn what prey the owl eats."

"Yes." Ms. P. beams again. "So now use your charts to

But the not-digestible parts are formed into a pellet in the

VENTRICULUS."

"I think I found a mouse toenail."

"Four—the VENTRICULUS pushes the pellet back up into the

PROVENTRICULUS. Where it is sometimes stored for hours."

"I am going to barf my own lunch pellet in a minute," says Leslie.
Spring peepers (*Pseudacris crucifer*) peep, calling for mates.

Mr. Chimp opens his pack and unconsciously holds his breath as he pulls out his prize.

The bright full moon shines through the hornbeam branches and lights up—a belt. A large, wired gold belt with a compass dial.

The chorus of crickets and katydids and peepers trills in the clear night air.

Mr. Chimp examines the belt controls. He thinks he probably should bring the belt to T. Edison. They can test it. Imitate it. Make it *their* invention.

But...

Maybe not.

What has T. Edison done with all Mr. Chimp’s good ideas? Except mess them up?

Mr. Chimp stands up in his nest.

Mr. Chimp buckles the EvoBlaster belt on his waist. It feels good.

The crickets chirp a beat slower as the night air cools.

Mr. Chimp has watched every PBS special about apes (and monkeys) and evolution. Twice.