

The Storm in the Old Storage Room



A storm had been building all afternoon over Discovery Mountain, rolling in slow and dark behind the peaks. By sunset, the wind was moaning through the pines, rattling the windows of the lodge, and the whole mountain seemed to be holding its breath.

Inside, the campers crowded near the fireplace while Mrs. Morales tried to calm everyone with hot cocoa and a brave smile. But Milo couldn't sit still. Something about the storm felt wrong. Not dangerous exactly—just wrong, like the mountain was trying to warn them.

Then the lights flickered.

Once. Twice.

And went out.

A hush fell over the room.

From somewhere in the dark hallway came a sound: a soft thump, then another, as if someone—or something—was moving through the lodge without a light. Josh whispered, "Did you hear that?"

Milo took a step forward. His flashlight beam shook across the wall, catching a trail of muddy footprints leading away from the front door and toward the old storage room that no one ever used anymore.

"Why would anyone be in there?" Amber asked.

No one answered.

When they opened the door, the air inside was cold and smelled like cedar and dust. Shelves lined the walls, stacked with old lanterns, maps, and forgotten boxes. At the very back sat a small tin case, the kind used for letters or valuables. It had been hidden behind a pile of blankets.

Milo reached for it just as thunder cracked outside.

Inside the case was a bundle of papers tied with blue string—and a name written across the top in faded ink.

It was someone from Discovery Mountain long ago.

A story waited inside that case. A secret, a promise, and a choice that would change more than one person's life.

Milo looked at the others, heart pounding.

"Do we open it?"

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<https://discoverymountain.com>