

DRAGON MOUNTAIN





READ ALL OF THE BOOKS IN THE
DRAGON REALM
SERIES!

DRAGON MOUNTAIN

DRAGON LEGEND

DRAGON CITY

DRAGON RISING

DRAGON MOUNTAIN



KATIE & KEVIN TSANG

SIMON & SCHUSTER

First published in Great Britain in 2020 by Simon & Schuster UK Ltd

Copyright © 2020 Katherine Webber Tsang and Kevin Tsang

This book is copyright under the Berne Convention.

No reproduction without permission.

All rights reserved.

The right of Katherine Webber Tsang and Kevin Tsang to be identified as the authors of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with sections 77 and 78 of the Copyright, Design and Patents Act, 1988.

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Simon & Schuster UK Ltd
1st Floor, 222 Gray's Inn Road
London
WC1X 8HB

www.simonandschuster.co.uk
www.simonandschuster.com.au
www.simonandschuster.co.in

Simon & Schuster Australia, Sydney
Simon & Schuster India, New Delhi

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

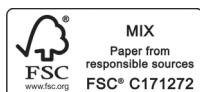
PB ISBN 978-1-4711-9307-1
eBook ISBN 978-1-4711-9308-8

This book is a work of fiction.

Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Any resemblance to actual people living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY



For Evie, our baby dragon



The Mountain

Mountains always have secrets.

And this one had more than most. Tall and majestic, with jagged peaks that punctured the sky, it appeared unknowable and immovable.

And yet, if you were to watch it, and not just glance at it – really watch it – it would sometimes appear to be breathing.

If you stared long enough, you'd start to think that it was a different mountain altogether.

One person had been watching this mountain for a very, very long time.

And he had decided it was time for the mountain to show him its secrets.

*

Deep within the mountain, a great creature stirred in its sleep. Its eyes rolled back in its head, and its wings jerked wide open. It suddenly sat up straight, trying to remember what it had seen in the nightmare.

Darkness. All it saw was darkness and desolation.

The creature shuddered and closed its eyes, trying to go back to sleep.

It had been waiting for something, for someone, for a long time. It could wait longer.



Arrival

Billy Chan was certain of two things. He had great hair and he was the best surfer in the 11–14 age bracket in all of California.

He did not think either of those things were going to help him in his current situation. He was by himself. On a train platform. Somewhere in middle-of-nowhere China. The train ride had felt like for ever. He didn't even know what time it was. He reached into his pocket and gripped his lucky seashell. At least he had a small piece of home with him.

All around him were huge mountains wrapped in green foliage, climbing to dizzying heights. Even the

Hong Kong skyscrapers he'd seen just a few days ago would have looked tiny here.

The only indication of *exactly* where in China he might be was written in peeling, faded yellow Chinese characters above the station doorway. Chinese characters that Billy couldn't read.

He really, really hoped he was in the right place.

Billy looked around, trying to find the staff for the summer camp he was going to. The summer camp his parents were forcing him to go to so he could 'improve his Mandarin' and 'learn more about his Chinese heritage'. Even though what Billy *wanted* to do all summer was go surfing with his friends.

He did not see any camp staff. The only people nearby were two old Chinese women playing mahjong on a rickety table, cackling as they swirled the green tiles around.

'Hello?' he called out. '*Ni hao?*'

One of the old women looked up and waved him towards the tiny station.

Billy nodded his thanks and went inside, dragging his suitcase behind him.

Billy's eyes took a moment to adjust to the dimness inside the station after the blisteringly bright sun outside. He breathed a sigh of relief. Clustered around the room were about a dozen kids his age.

A slightly older Chinese boy with slicked-back black hair sauntered over, holding a clipboard. He looked Billy up and down, and appeared distinctly unimpressed.

'You must be Billy Chan,' he said.

Billy nodded.

The boy sighed deeply, as if meeting Billy was the most annoying thing that had happened to him all day. 'Finally,' he said. 'It took you long enough to get here.'

Billy flushed. He was already off to a terrible start. 'Well, this place is a *really* long way away from California. And my train was delayed . . .'

'*Ni shuo putonghua ma?*' the boy interrupted, his eyebrow raised.

Billy paused. He understood the boy was asking him if he spoke Mandarin, and he realized he said this as a challenge.

'*Yi dian dian,*' he replied, being careful to get

his pronunciation right of the phrase meaning ‘a little bit’.

The older boy frowned. ‘I guess you’re not as Chinese as your name suggests, Billy *Chan*.’

Billy was used to this. Used to people trying to figure out where he was from. He knew what the boy wanted to know. ‘My dad is Chinese. From Hong Kong. And my mom is white,’ he explained. ‘My parents sent me to this camp to improve my Mandarin.’ He tried to keep the bitterness out of his voice. He still hadn’t forgiven his parents for making him spend his whole summer at a language culture camp in China. He looked at the other kids, who seemed to have gathered round them. ‘That’s why we’re all here, right?’

The responding nods and smiles made him feel slightly reassured.

‘Whatever,’ said the older boy, sounding bored.

‘And who are you?’ said Billy, summoning as much confidence in his voice as he could muster.

The boy looked down his nose at Billy. ‘I’m JJ. My grandfather runs the camp.’

‘Got it, boss,’ said Billy, hoping JJ would pick up

on his sarcasm. Billy made a note to avoid him at all costs.

Just then, a wizened old Chinese man with a long white beard burst into the station, moving quickly, considering his age. He looked ancient, as if he'd stepped out of the past.

‘Welcome, everyone! I’m the head of the camp. It is a pleasure to meet you all. You can call me Jin *laoshi*.’

A short girl with long blonde hair, almost to her waist, shot her hand up in the air. ‘As in “Gold Teacher”?’ She had a southern accent. Billy thought she must be from somewhere like Alabama.

The old man laughed. ‘Yes! I can tell someone already knows a bit of Mandarin.’

Billy wished *he* had remembered that *laoshi* meant teacher. It was one of the first things he'd learned at Chinese school back home in San Francisco. He was hit by a wave of worry that everyone here was going to be better than he was. And, to make things worse, the other students might expect him to be really good just because he was part-Chinese. It didn't matter that his dad's side of the family was from

Hong Kong and they spoke Cantonese, a different dialect of Chinese. He looked around at the eager faces of the other kids. They all seemed happy to be here. His palms started to sweat and his neck felt hot. He wished he could jump back on the train and then a plane and go all the way home again.

‘You can simply call me Lao Jin or Old Gold,’ the old man went on. ‘You aren’t required to speak Mandarin outside your language classes. But I’ll explain all that when we get to camp. Now come with me,’ he said. ‘Our adventure is about to begin.’

Billy followed Old Gold and the others into the parking lot where a faded yellow-and-green van waited. Billy thought the car looked at least twice as old as him. Old Gold flung the door open, revealing two rows of six seats, like a miniature bus.

Billy clambered in and sat at the back. A boy with short brown hair, glasses and more freckles than Billy had ever seen on anyone flopped into the seat next to him, breathing heavily.

‘It is *hot* here,’ he said, wiping his brow. His green eyes were wide behind his glasses. ‘I’m Dylan O’Donnell, by the way.’ He stuck out his hand. Billy

stared. He'd never seen someone his age introduce themselves with a handshake.

Billy blinked at the boy, trying to place his accent. It wasn't American, and it wasn't British, but it seemed strangely familiar.

'Um, hi. I'm Billy Chan,' said Billy, awkwardly shaking Dylan's hand.

'Nice to meet you! I've got a cousin named Billy,' said Dylan, grinning as if this was a very interesting fact.

'Cool,' said Billy. 'Er, I don't know anyone named Dylan.'

'Pleasure to be the first!'

The van revved to life and, with a start, hurtled forward.

'Seat belts, everyone!' shouted Old Gold from the front.

'So, where are you from?' asked Billy, still trying to place Dylan's accent.

'The Emerald Isle! Land of saints and scholars! Home of poets! And yes, a lot of sheep.' He said this last bit with a wry grin, as if he was making a joke.

Billy stared at him, still confused. Dylan sighed.

‘Ireland. I’m from Ireland.’

Billy wracked his brain and tried to remember if he knew anything about Ireland. ‘Dublin?’ he attempted.

‘I’m from the west coast, actually. Galway. It’s by the sea.’ Dylan’s voice went up an octave as the van flew round a corner.

Billy’s stomach churned as the van swayed, but he took a deep breath and tried to keep his cool. ‘Are you a surfer?’ he asked Dylan, glad that his own voice stayed steady as the van took another wild turn.

Dylan laughed. He had a musical laugh, the kind you’d want to keep listening to long after it stopped.

‘Me?’ he said. ‘Oh, no. Too many jellyfish. And I burn easily, even in Ireland.’

Billy tried to keep from visibly wilting. His suspicions about not having anything in common with the other kids at camp were right so far.

‘Do *you* surf?’ asked Dylan.

Billy nodded.

‘Cowabunga, dude!’ said Dylan in an atrocious American accent, making the hang-loose sign with

his left hand. He grinned, showing a gap between his two front teeth, and Billy found himself grinning back despite himself.

As they zoomed along narrow, winding roads, Old Gold rolled down the window and howled with glee.

Billy looked out of the window, watching the world hurtle by. Amidst flashes of green foliage and pockets of blue sky were glimpses of jagged yellow cliffs and stony peaks. Every time they swerved, he tensed, certain the van was going to tumble down into the ravines below.

He imagined the headline in the local news at home: Local Surf Champion Plummet to Death in China. He bet his parents would be sorry then for sending him here all summer.

Dylan was clearly feeling the same way. 'Going a bit fast, aren't we?' he said, looking panicked.

'My older brother likes to race cars,' said a girl with long blonde hair, the one who had known what *laoshi* meant. 'So this is totally normal to me.' Her pale face said otherwise. 'I might even be a race-car driver one day.'

‘If we survive this journey, you mean,’ said Dylan, looking a little green.

Even though Billy had been thinking the exact same thing, he put on what he hoped was a reassuring smile. ‘I’m sure we’re fine,’ he said.

Right then, there was a thump and a scratch as a large branch hit the side of the van.

‘Just a tree!’ Old Gold hollered. ‘Nothing to worry about!’

The van whizzed on higher and higher and the landscape changed. Every bump in the road – and there were a lot – sent the van flying, giving Billy that same weightless feeling he got on roller coasters. They wound up and up until they were level with the clouds, and then . . .

‘Whoa,’ breathed Billy. They were inside a cloud. All around them was a grey fog.

‘I can’t see anything!’ screeched Dylan. “How can Old Gold see where he’s going?”

‘Don’t worry,’ called Old Gold. ‘I can do this drive with my eyes closed!’

‘Please don’t!’ Dylan cried back.

Old Gold just laughed.

They rumbled on, and with a sudden burst of sunshine they were through the cloud cover and above it.

Billy was certain that if they went any higher they'd be able to touch the sky. In the distance he could see even higher mountain peaks, their jagged points covered in snow.

'Is the camp on top of a cliff?' asked the blonde girl.

'It's over this mountain,' said JJ. 'We're almost there.'

The van zoomed down a steep incline, plunging them back into the cloud cover, and then out again, but instead of jagged cliff faces they were now surrounded by trees in every direction. Billy thought he glimpsed a waterfall, but they were going too fast for him to tell.

As the trees opened up into a clearing, with a collection of small cabins scattered around, the van screeched to a stop, flinging them all forward against their seat belts.

The van door slid open, showering them in sunlight.

'Welcome to Camp Dragon,' said Old Gold.



Some Things Can't Be Explained

Beyond the cabins and tops of the trees stood a giant mountain, watching over them. Billy tilted his head back so he could see the top. It was the biggest mountain he'd ever seen, and he felt small standing in its shadow.

In the distance Billy could hear rushing water, and a sound he couldn't quite place. He waited a minute to make sure he wasn't imagining it. Yes, there it was again. A howling.

He could tell the instant Dylan heard it too because his eyes got bigger and his mouth fell open.

'What *is* that?' asked Billy, looking around and trying to pinpoint the sound.

‘Monkeys,’ said JJ, dropping their bags next to them. ‘They’re everywhere around here. You’ll get used to it.’

‘Monkeys?’ Dylan exclaimed. ‘MONKEYS?’

‘Yes, monkeys. You know, long tail, small hands.’ JJ smirked. ‘Better watch out – some of them are as big as you. And they’re fierce,’ he said over his shoulder as he went to get more bags out of the van.

Dylan paled. ‘Billy,’ he whispered. ‘I don’t want to fight a monkey.’

‘Nobody is going to fight a monkey,’ Billy said, although he really had no idea. ‘And, if we do, I’ll take the first swing, okay?’ He grinned at Dylan, trying to reassure him. Even though they’d just met, he could tell that Dylan was the kind of kid who was nervous about everything. But Billy didn’t mind – having someone to reassure made him feel useful.

‘All I know about monkeys is you shouldn’t smile at them. Otherwise they’ll think you’re baring your teeth at them and will *attack!*’ someone said with a southern accent. The blonde girl appeared next to them, remarkably unwrinkled after their hair-raising bus journey. She bared her teeth. ‘Like this!’

‘Got it,’ said Dylan. ‘Won’t do that.’

‘Oh, excuse me, where are my manners?’ she went on. ‘It is a pleasure to meet y’all. I’m Charlotte Bell, four-time winner of Little Miss of the South and two-time ju-jitsu world champion in the under-fourteen category.’ She curtsied.

Dylan and Billy stared at her. Then Dylan shrugged and gave an elaborate bow.

‘Dylan O’Donnell, at your service.’

Not to be outdone, Billy bowed too, a laugh bubbling up inside him.

‘I’m Billy Chan,’ he said. And then with a sly smile he added, ‘And I’ve got multiple surf championship titles.’

‘Of course, this camp is full of overachievers,’ moaned Dylan, but he was grinning. ‘I myself don’t have any titles, although I did once come second in a spelling bee.’

‘What is “Little Miss of the South”, anyway?’ asked Billy.

‘It’s a pageant,’ Charlotte said, as if it was obvious. ‘Where you have to have talents and stuff? That’s why I’m so good at ju-jitsu, because it’s my talent.’

She gave them a ferocious smile. ‘I bet I can beat both of you in an arm wrestle. Heck, I could flip both of you over right now.’

‘I believe you,’ Dylan said quickly, taking a small step back. ‘We’ll take your word for it.’

‘Gather round, campers,’ called Old Gold, who was standing on top of a large tree stump. ‘Now I can formally welcome you to Camp Dragon! Let us all introduce ourselves.’

Everyone formed a circle, saying their names and where they were from. Australia, Japan, India, Ghana, Denmark, France, England and Argentina. Billy had never heard so many new accents before. There were fewer campers than he’d expected though.

‘What a wonderful sight to see all of you here, for the inaugural year of Camp Dragon,’ said Old Gold. ‘Why, you might be asking, have I brought you so far from your homes to this place with log cabins and no internet? You twelve were brought to my attention by someone in your life who knows you very well; perhaps a teacher, a librarian or a coach. I sent out a call to my colleagues around

the world for twelve of the best and brightest, and you all are it.'

'Excuse me,' said Charlotte, raising her hand. 'There are only eleven of us, not twelve.'

'Congratulations, you know how to count,' said JJ drolly. Charlotte glared at him.

'Well spotted, Charlotte,' said Old Gold. 'I can tell you have a keen eye. You are correct.'

'I wouldn't have said it if it wasn't correct,' said Charlotte with a degree of self-confidence bordering on cockiness. Billy was both a little bit in awe and alarmed. She seemed like the kind of person who was very used to getting her own way, no matter what. He definitely didn't want to get on her bad side.

Old Gold cleared his throat. 'Yes, well, as I was saying, you have all been brought here for a special reason.'

'Is he the twelfth person?' Charlotte interrupted again, pointing at JJ.

Dylan buried his face in his hands. 'Please, in the name of all that is holy, as my nan says, stop interrupting him.'

JJ scoffed. 'I'm not a camper. I'm practically a

camp counsellor. I'm here to help my *yeye*.' Billy remembered that *yeye* meant 'grandfather' in Mandarin. JJ pointed over everyone's heads. 'That's the twelfth camper.' He rolled his eyes. 'Apparently my *yeye* sees something special in her too. Although who knows what.'

Everyone turned to see a Chinese girl with a round face and two long black braids hurrying towards them.

'I'm sorry I'm late!' she said, going to stand next to Old Gold. 'I was taking a nap and slept through my alarm. I was having the most delicious dream.'

Old Gold sighed, rather heavily. 'Everyone, this is Liu Ling-Fei. And, as JJ says, she is our twelfth camper.'

Ling-Fei grinned widely at everyone and waved.

'Now, where was I?' muttered Old Gold. 'Ah, yes. It is my privilege to welcome you all here. I know from your nominations that you are all looking to improve your language skills, but here you will achieve more than that. You will discover yourselves. I challenge you to open your minds and your hearts. You will only get out of this special place what you put in.'

‘A bit of a tall order for a summer camp,’ said Dylan under his breath, nudging Billy in the ribs. Billy swallowed a laugh. Despite Dylan being unlike any of his friends at home, he was starting to think maybe he wasn’t too bad. Even if he wasn’t a surfer and everything seemed to make him anxious.

Old Gold untied his necklace and plucked a bead from one of the ends. He held it in front of him between his finger and thumb. ‘This is your first assignment,’ he said. He took the bead and tossed it directly at Charlotte, who caught it right away. The bead gave off a light purple shimmer and was about the size of an acorn. Old Gold smiled as he pulled another bead from his necklace and tossed it to Dylan, who fumbled it between two open hands before letting it fall to the ground.

‘Does this mean I fail the first assignment?’ asked Dylan, looking morose.

Old Gold let out a deep laugh. ‘No need to worry, Dylan. A little dirt won’t hurt.’ Old Gold continued to pull beads from his necklace and toss them around until everyone was holding one. ‘Each of your journeys here at Camp Dragon will be a

personal one,' he said. 'I want you to close your eyes, open your minds and your hearts, and think about what you want most from your time here.'

Billy held the bead in his hand and closed his eyes, feeling a bit silly. He opened them again and saw that everyone else's eyes were shut, their expressions earnest. He sighed and closed his eyes again. He was here now. He might as well try. He rolled the bead in his palm and thought about how far he was from home. How different everything felt here. Nothing was familiar. Even the air smelled different from the salt-scented ocean breeze he was used to. As the wind rustled his hair, he listened to the insects and birds chirping around him, the distant rushing water and the occasional howl of the monkeys. He thought about how far from home he was, and it gave him a pang in his chest.

Focus, he told himself. What did he want from his time at camp?

On the journey here, Billy's only thought had been how much he was dreading the summer at this camp and all the things he would miss at home. And now as he stood, listening to the new sounds

and breathing in the mountain air, a tiny trickle of excitement crept in. If he *had* to be here, he might as well have a bit of an adventure. This felt like the kind of place for that.

The bead sparked unexpectedly in his hand and his eyes flew open. Old Gold was staring straight at him. Billy shut his eyes quickly, feeling as if he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't. Billy shook his head, trying to refocus, but before he could gather his thoughts Old Gold clapped. 'Very good, very good. I hope that helped centre everyone.' He walked round and collected the beads, stringing them back onto his necklace. For a moment, Billy thought his bead was glimmering. And were some of the other beads too? He blinked. Perhaps it was just a trick of the light.

'Now, what would you think if I told you that these beads are going to help me divide you into groups for the summer?' asked Old Gold with a grin.

'I'd say that you are absolutely off your rocker,' Dylan said cheerfully.

Old Gold laughed. 'I like your honesty,' he said. 'Even so, that is what I'm going to do. You might have

noticed I'm just a bit old . . .' He paused and winked, as if letting them in on a secret. 'Over the years I've learned that some things can't be explained, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't let them guide you.'

Old Gold ran the necklace through his fingers and closed his eyes, humming to himself and rocking back and forth.

'This does not seem like a legitimate way to group us at all,' said Charlotte, crossing her arms. 'Surely we should be divided into groups based on our skills?'

Billy couldn't help agreeing. Now, not only was he stuck on a mountain in the middle of China with no mobile-phone service, he was also at a camp run by an old man who believed in magic beads.

'Billy Chan!' Old Gold thundered, and Billy jumped.

'Dylan O'Donnell!'

'Charlotte Bell!'

'Liu Ling-Fei!'

Old Gold opened his eyes. 'The beads tell me you four belong together,' he said. 'And who am I to disagree?'

Old Gold divided the remaining eight campers

into two more groups, and beamed at everyone. ‘I think we are off to a very good start, don’t you?’

The campers eyed each other warily.

‘Now,’ Old Gold continued, ‘I’m sure you’d all like to get to know each other, and you can do that over lunch. But first I want to introduce you to the other camp counsellors.’ He gestured to three adults standing on the edge of the group – two women and a man. ‘This is Lee *laoshi*, Feng *laoshi* and Wu *laoshi*,’ he said, putting the Mandarin word for ‘teacher’ after their surnames. The other camp counsellors waved. ‘If you have any questions, or need anything at all, you can find us in the main cabins in the centre of camp. Now off you go to the canteen!’

‘Well,’ said Charlotte when they reached the canteen, ‘we should probably sit together, shouldn’t we? If we’re going to be part of a team. I’ll admit all my pageant training has made me fiercely competitive – I’m going to want to win all the activities we do.’

‘It isn’t about winning,’ said Ling-Fei earnestly. ‘It’s about the experience.’

‘That’s what people say who don’t usually win,’

said Charlotte. ‘Now that you’re on my team, Ling-Fei, you can get used to winning.’ She winked and flounced off to get her tray.

The food was plentiful and delicious. Billy devoured mountains of fried rice and all the dumplings he could eat. So far, the food was the best part of Camp Dragon. He still wasn’t sure what to think about the other campers, especially his new teammates. He liked Dylan all right, and Ling-Fei seemed nice enough, if a little strange. And he figured he’d rather have Charlotte on his team than be competing against her. He didn’t doubt her commitment to winning.

‘I’m so pleased we’re all on the same team,’ said Ling-Fei with a shy smile at the group. ‘Now that we’ve met I can feel that we’re going to be friends, can’t you?’

Her heartfelt enthusiasm made Billy feel awkward. He rubbed the back of his neck. ‘Sure,’ he said. Maybe the easiest way to get through the next ten weeks at camp was to just go with the flow. He was good at that. The brief spark of excitement he’d felt when he’d been holding the bead upon arrival

had sputtered out, leaving him feeling resigned. He wondered what his friends at home were doing right now.

‘Don’t you ever feel as if you’ve been waiting your whole life to meet the right people, for something to happen? And then when it does . . . *BAM!*’ Ling-Fei threw her hands up in the air for extra emphasis, startling Dylan, who dropped his chopsticks.

Ling-Fei laughed, the sound tinkling like bells in the air. ‘This feels like that,’ she said. ‘Can’t you feel it?’

‘I think all I’m feeling is a bit of jet lag,’ Billy said with a yawn. ‘I’m going to go find my cabin. And maybe take a nap.’

If Ling-Fei was disappointed by Billy’s lack of enthusiasm, she didn’t show it. Instead, she nodded. ‘Good idea! Let’s all go and find our cabins.’

It turned out that Billy and Dylan were sharing a cabin, and Ling-Fei and Charlotte had the one next to them. The other campers were sharing cabins with their groups too. Billy was glad that he was sharing a cabin with someone he’d already met.

‘I’m going to go find some wild flowers to decorate

our cabin,' Charlotte announced. 'Interior decorating is another one of my talents. Come on, Ling-Fei, you can show me where to find some.'

Billy was pretty sure he'd never met anyone with so much confidence, or so many self-professed talents, as Charlotte. She seemed like the kind of person who constantly demanded attention and, right at this moment, Billy found her a bit draining. He was relieved to see her and Ling-Fei head out of the cabin and into the woods.

But it wasn't just Charlotte. It was *everything*. Being at camp, meeting new people, hoping that everyone liked him. Billy wished he was back in California. Even though he would never have admitted it to them, he missed his parents. And his know-it-all older brother, Eddie. He wondered what they would make of all this.

He knew what they would tell him though. His mom would tell him he was lucky to have such a great opportunity. His dad would tell him that he'd be happy he'd done this, when he was older. And Eddie . . . well, Eddie would ruffle his hair (he knew Billy was vain about his hair) and tell him to suck it

up, but then he'd say that he was proud of him for being brave enough to go so far from home.

With the thoughts of his family comforting him, Billy went to check out his cabin with Dylan. It was remarkably plain, with two beds, two desks and two chests of drawers. That was all. There was a communal bathroom that everyone at camp shared. Billy had never shared a bathroom with anyone but his family, and he wasn't looking forward to it.

'Billy,' said Dylan as they unpacked their bags, 'I should probably tell you I snore.'

Billy sighed. It was going to be a long summer.