



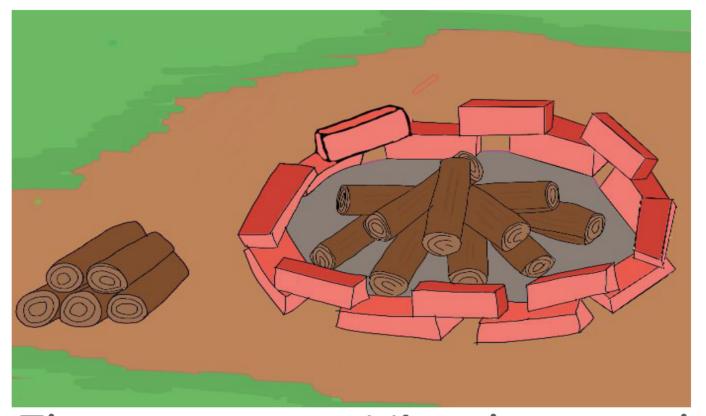
Mist and Trish march off the porch to the path and start their trip.



They check the map. It will help them find a small but grand spot.



By dusk they find a spot to stop and pitch their tent.



The next morn, Mist chops and stacks logs to burn in the brick pit.



Trish whisks eggs and ham to make a quick brunch.



A skunk walks back to his stump when he smells the eggs.



The gals have a blast as they catch fish and crabs at the pond.



Mist and Trish grin as they chomp and munch their lunch.

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