

**HUNTER  
MORAN  
DIGS  
DEEP**



ALSO BY Patricia Reilly Giff

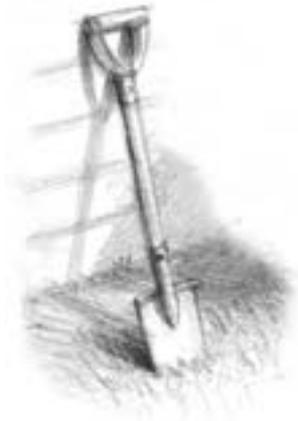
*Hunter Moran  
Saves the Universe*

*Hunter Moran  
Hangs Out*



# HUNTER MORAN DIGS DEEP

Patricia Reilly Giff



Holiday House / New York

# Love to my son Bill

Text copyright © 2014 by Patricia Reilly Giff

Art copyright © 2014 by Chris Sheban

All rights reserved

HOLIDAY HOUSE is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.

Printed and Bound in June 2014 at Maple Press, York, PA USA.

[www.holidayhouse.com](http://www.holidayhouse.com)

First Edition

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Giff, Patricia Reilly.

Hunter Moran digs deep / by Patricia Reilly Giff. — First edition.

pages cm

Summary: Twin siblings Hunter and Zack, along with neighborhood pest Sarah Yulefsky, dig for treasure—the hidden hoard of town founder Lester Dinwitty.

ISBN 978-0-8234-3165-6 (hardcover : alk. paper) [1. Twins—Fiction. 2. Brothers and sisters—Fiction. 3. Buried treasure—Fiction. 4. Humorous stories.] I. Title.

PZ7.G3626Ht 2014

[Fic]—dc23

2013045491

**YEE-HA!**  
**WE'RE GOING**  
**TO BE RICH.**



*And it's all because  
of our miserable dog . . .*



# Chapter 1

. . . Fred, who's galloping madly down the street, my old blue underwear clamped between his jaws. He takes a quick detour across Sarah Yulefski's front lawn.

What a start to the weekend!

I throw myself after him, shouting, "Get back here, Fred!"

My twin, Zack, runs along next to me. "I hope Yulefski isn't near a window," he says.

Across the street, our older brother, William, ambles along, swinging a paint can. He stops to point at us and Fred, laughing hysterically.

I keep running. "Just wait, William!" I yell over my shoulder.

Wait for what, I don't know. But one of these days I'll figure something out.

Half a block behind us, our five-year-old brother is crying, trying to keep up. "My poor Fred. He'll get killed in traffic," Steadman moans. "He'll miss his own birthday party Monday after school."

Poor Fred. Ha.

Monday? A party for Fred? As if we knew when his birthday was! As if he deserved it!

Fred darts into the street and heads for a pickup truck. HOLY GATE—NEWFIELD'S FAVORITE CEMETERY is written on the side. The truck stops, idling at the light.

Fred doesn't idle. He takes a massive leap, his back paws scrabbling, and lands in the truck.

They take off, the truck and Fred, my blue underwear dangling.

Zack leans against the nearest tree. "That's the end of spiteful old Fred."

Steadman catches up to us, a line of tears making a clean river on his cheeks.

"Don't worry." I put my arm around him. "We'll head for the cemetery."

Steadman's screams are deafening, his mouth opened wide enough that we can see his tonsils. "You're going to bury Fred? Maybe he isn't even dead yet."

"Steadman couldn't read the words on the side of the truck," Zack mutters.

We try to explain, but Steadman can't hear us through his yelling.

Never mind.

We take his hands and swing him along between us, on a mission to capture Fred and my underwear.

We arrive at the cemetery, breathless. It's as old as the

town, and crowded with headstones like Zack's teeth, leaning every which way.

Sarah Yulefski isn't at her house after all. She's hanging out on a stone bench in front of the town father's grave:

LESTER TINWITTY

He lived to May of 1905,  
too bad for us, he up and died.

With one thumb, Sarah points over her shoulder, her nails covered with pea-green nail polish. "Your dog, Fred, is at a burial. And guess what he's chewing on." She snickers. "Hint. It's not a bone."

They might as well bury me along with the dead guy. The whole sixth grade will hear about this.

Yulefski steps in front of Lester's stone, arms out, as if there's something she doesn't want us to see.

What's that all about?

Zack doesn't miss a beat. "You'll ruin your jacket if you lean up against that stone."

She doesn't move.

"Come on, Yulefski." I give her my best smile.

It works. She thinks I'm in love with her. "Well." She simpers. "I've just found new clues for that old mystery." She snaps her gum. "Too bad, someone else may have found them, too."

Lester Tinwitty's buried fortune? She's got to be

kidding. People tried to find it for a hundred years. No luck. Everyone gave up when Pop was a kid.

Yulefski grins horribly, her braces festooned with her breakfast. She thinks she's gorgeous. "I was cleaning off some gravestones, the first time it's been done in ages." She flips back her knotty hair. "My civic duty."

Whatever that means.

"Weeds and gook all over the stones . . ." She glances back over her shoulder.

Steadman cuts in. "Never mind that. We have to get Fred. Suppose he jumps into . . ."

I can see it: the coffin lowered, Fred riding down on top with my underwear looped over his ears.

But Zack shakes his head at me. Buried treasure beats an underwear funeral any day.

Sarah drags on, all about her good work spiffing up Holy Gate Cemetery. And at last we get to it: Lester Tinwitty, the town father, and his gravestone.

"Ivy all over the front of it," she says. "I was ready to cut. But when I touched it, the whole mess fell off."

She gives her gum a vicious snap. "Someone tore off the ivy, then stuck it back on to hide the clues on the stone. Clever." Snap. "Except they'll have to deal with me."

"Get with it, Yulefski," Zack mutters.

"Yes," she says. "I saw clues to Lester Tinwitty's soup pot fortune."

In the distance, a woman screeches: "OUT!"