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The Misadventures of Ricky Ranger: The Snow-Covered Lake

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Chapter 6 – The Evening Glow

The lake was calm again, the golden path long gone, replaced by soft ripples that caught the last light of day. Ricky sat on the dock with his feet dangling just above the water. The air smelled like pine and sunscreen, and the faint laughter of the aunties drifted from the cottage behind him.



He thought about everything that had happened—the funeral, the treasure that wasn't real, and the lesson that was. The world felt bigger now, but also kinder, like it had been waiting for him to notice its quiet parts.

Tommy wandered down carrying two popsicles. “Mom said you earned this,” he said, handing Ricky one.

Ricky smiled. “Thanks.”

Charlotte appeared next, her hair still damp from swimming. “The sun's making another path,” she said, pointing to the water.

Ricky looked. The reflection shimmered faintly, not gold this time but soft orange fading into pink. “That’s just the evening glow,” he said. “It’s not a path—it’s a reminder.”

Charlotte tilted her head. “A reminder of what?”

Ricky thought for a moment. “That stories are meant to be told, not chased.”

Charlotte nodded like she understood, even if she didn’t completely. The three sat quietly, watching the colors fade until the lake turned silver under the rising moon.

Behind them, the cottage lights flickered on. The dice clattered again, and the aunties’ laughter filled the air. Ricky took a deep breath and smiled.

Tomorrow would bring new stories, new lessons, and maybe even a new adventure—but tonight, the glow was enough.