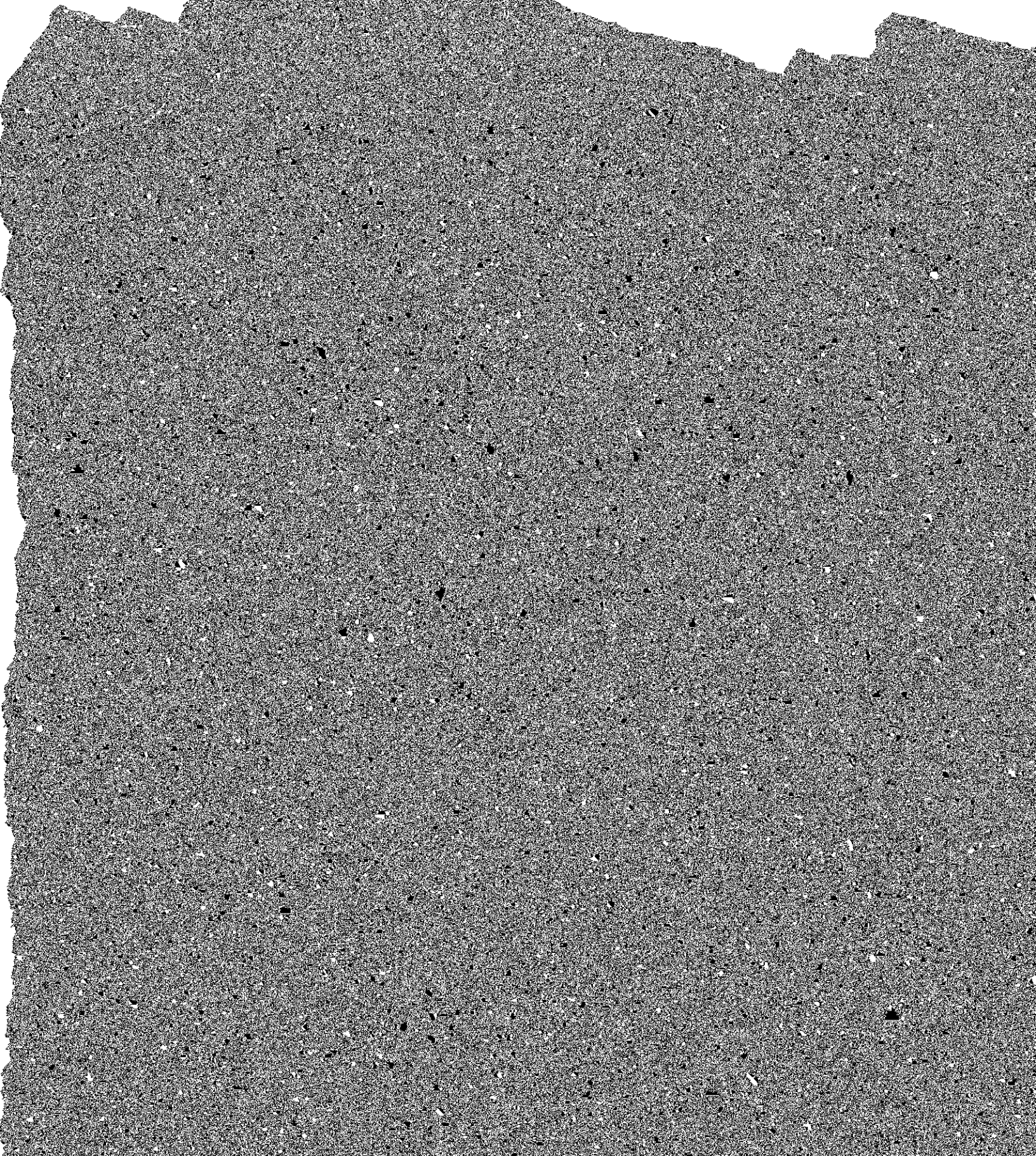
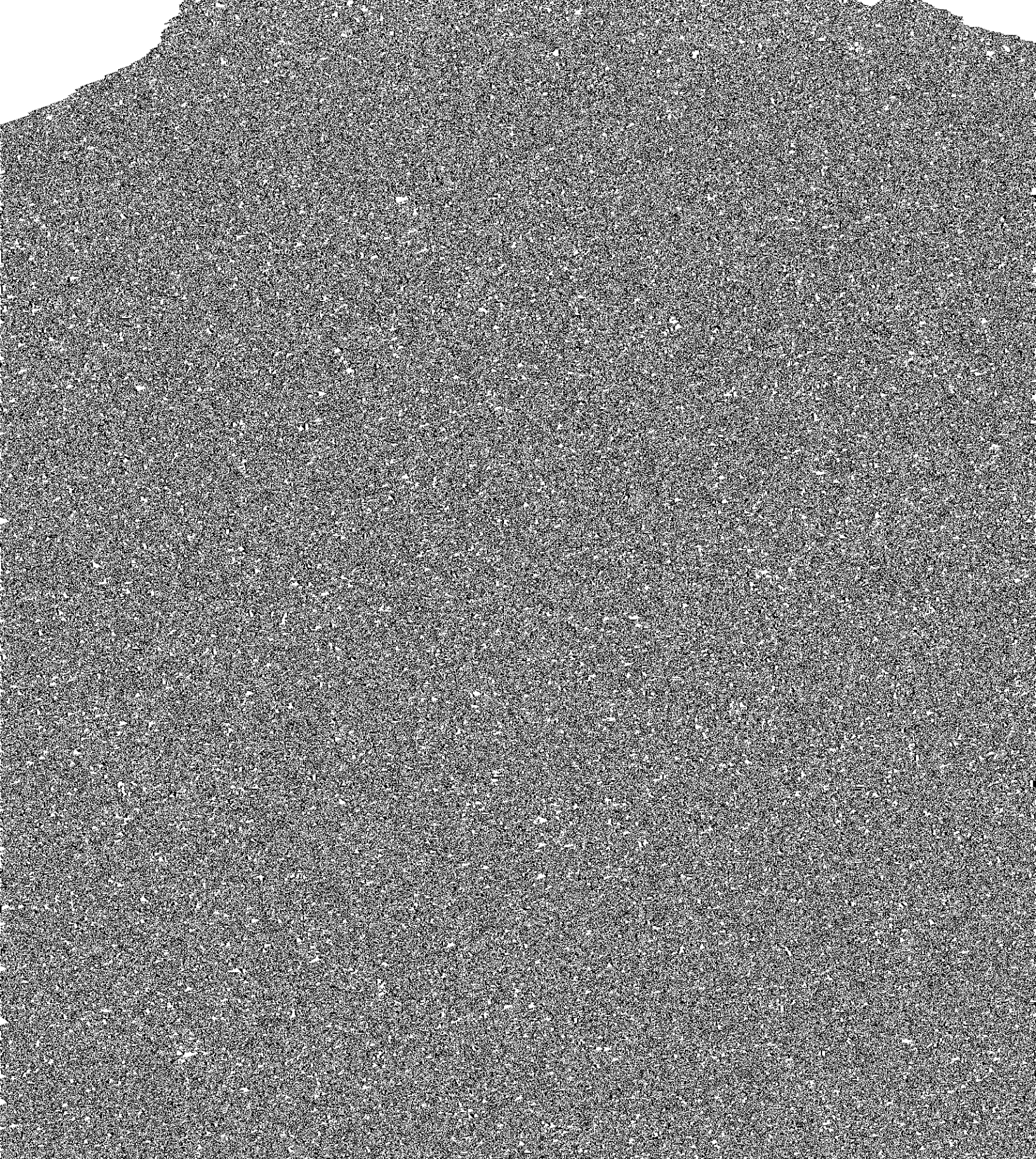


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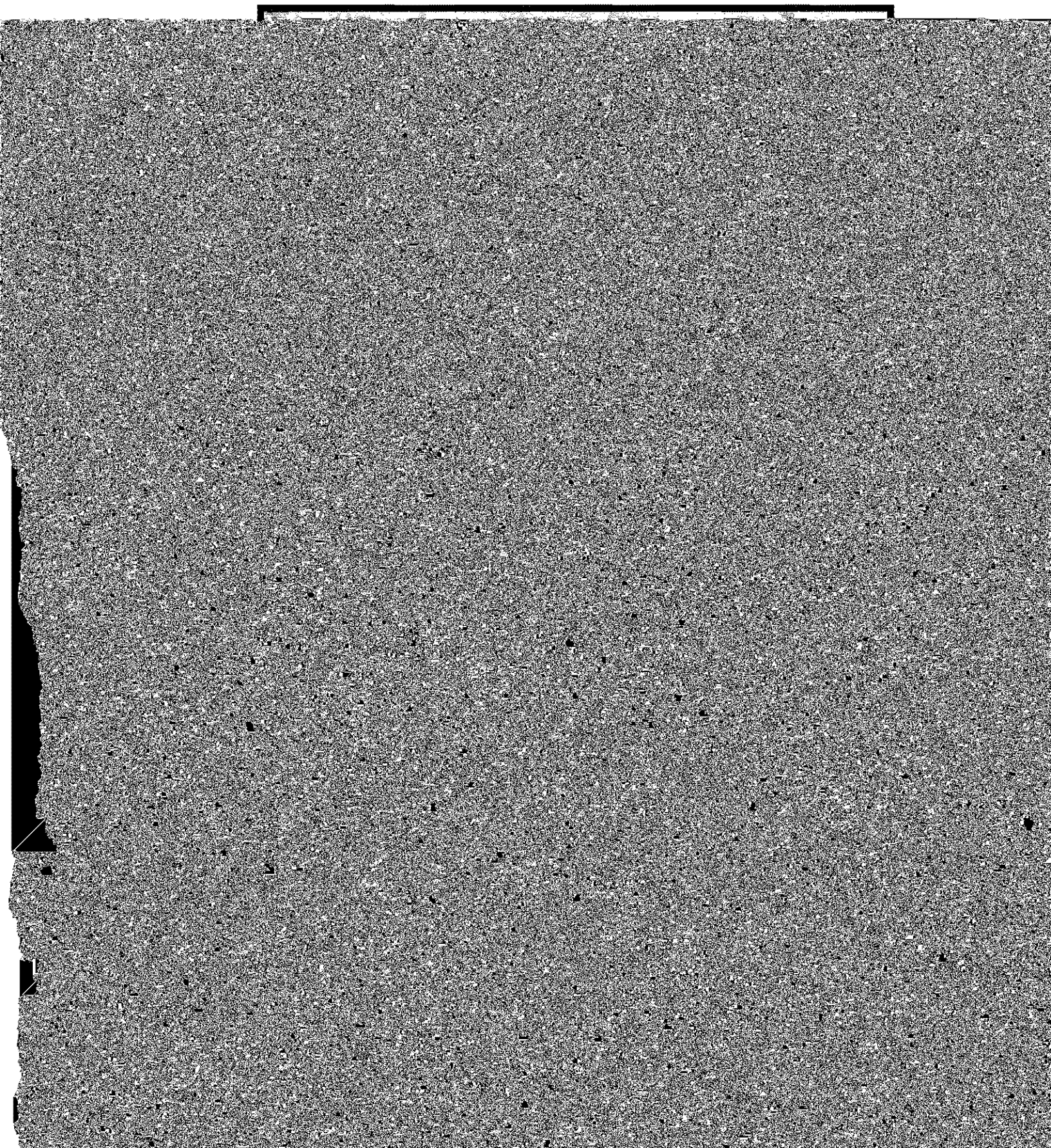


when it barked again, trailing off into a long, low howl that made my spine shiver.

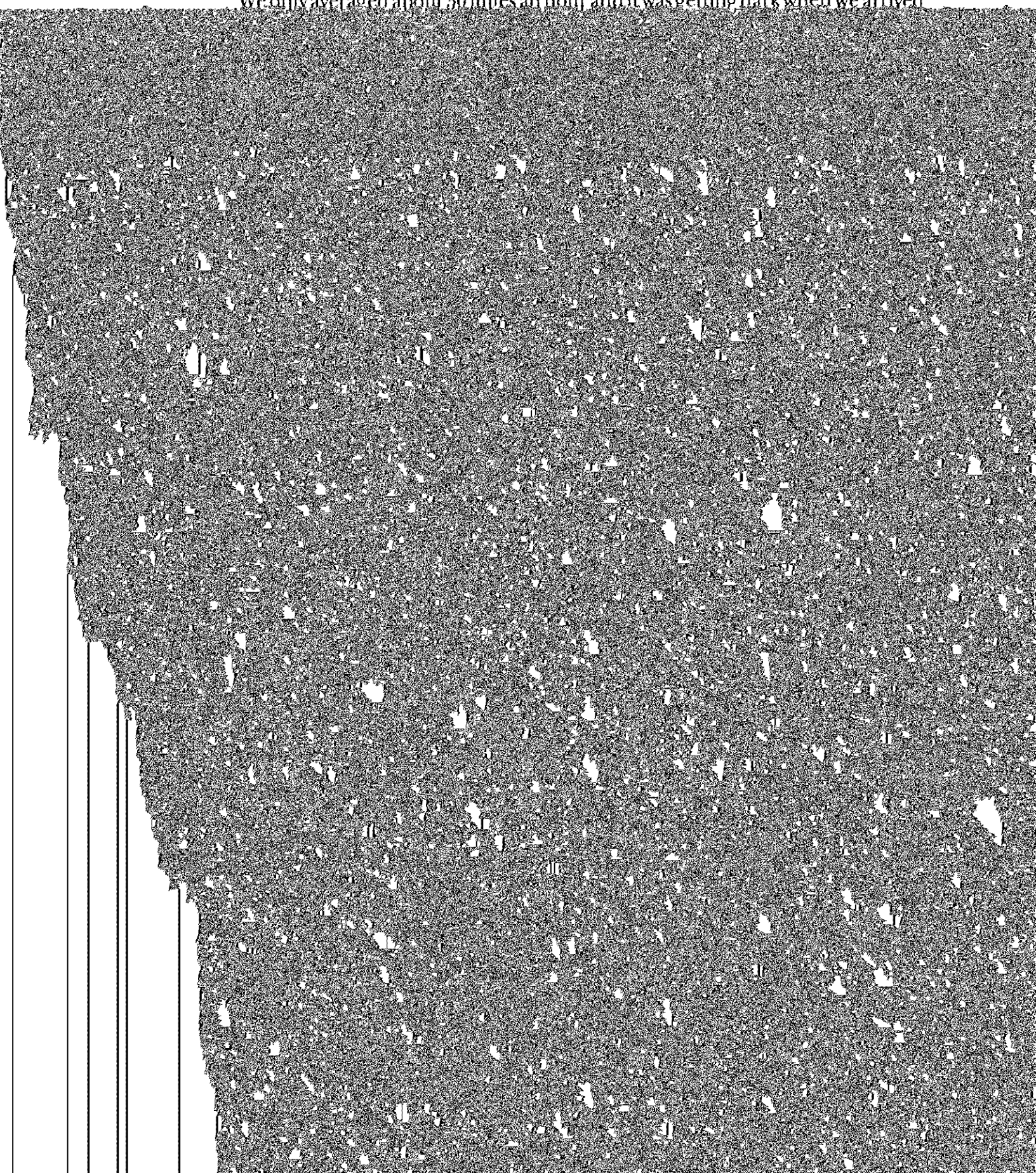
from the top of that snag, contrasted against the background of dark green from the

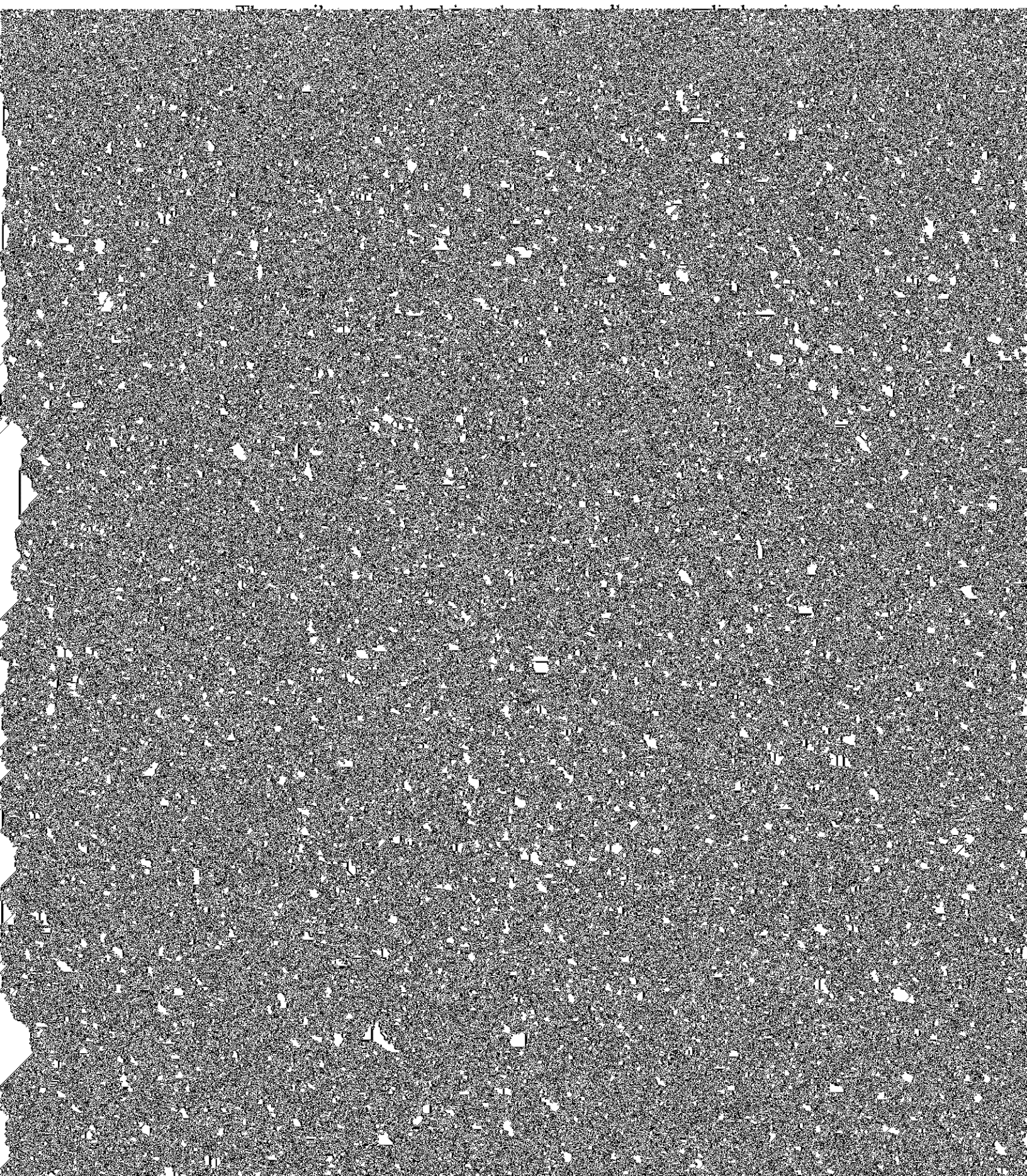


Balloon at Fort Babine



We only averaged about 30 miles an hour and it was getting dark when we arrived





view of our objective. It was only about a hundred yards above us, but it was very obviously not a balloon. Binoculars brought everything out in detail. A slab of shale

