

By the time Flint managed to scramble back up the muddy riverbank, she didn't look much like a snowy mountain yeti anymore ... she looked like a squelchy, mudball.

HELP!

This frog thinks I'm it's house!!

a walking **SPLASH**

GLUP

SLOSH

SQUELCH

Kiss the frog Flint and see what happens.

With a groan, she realised there was only one thing for it. Flint had to jump straight back into the river to wash off all the mud and goo before it dried into her fur forever.

Hee hee hee

Once she was clean(ish) again, the three yetis agreed that stone jumping probably wasn't the best way to cross the river.

They picked up their packs and walked along the riverbank to look for a bridge.

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