

Raven was still in a bad mood when they stopped to rest on the grass. He was so busy being grumpy and dramatic that he didn't look where he was putting his backside. With a great huff, he plonked himself squarely into a huge patch of stinging nettles.

AAAARGH!

OOOWWW!

"OOOWWW!" he roared, leaping up. "I've had enough! I hate this path! My backside is far too sore to move. You'll have to go back and get help!"

Flint knelt beside him, trying very hard not to smile. "Why don't we look for some of those big dock leaves to rub on you?" she soothed. "My book says they're really good for taking away stings."