

"The tree hasn't fallen that far past the path on this side," said Idaho, peering around the trunk. "Just because the main path is blocked doesn't mean we can't make a new one."

"The book said the right thing to do is stick to the path," she insisted, frowning at the fallen tree.



"The person who wrote your book isn't here now, Flint," Idaho replied gently. "They can't see this tree or this path. We need to make up our own minds and do what's right for us."

Hmmm, I don't know.

But the book ???



Raven scowled some more and Flint muttered to herself, but they both followed Idaho round the tree and went back on their way.

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