



Those weren't regulation Ninja logs.

A very soggy and embarrassed Raven slumped down against a tree trunk to catch his breath and drip dry.

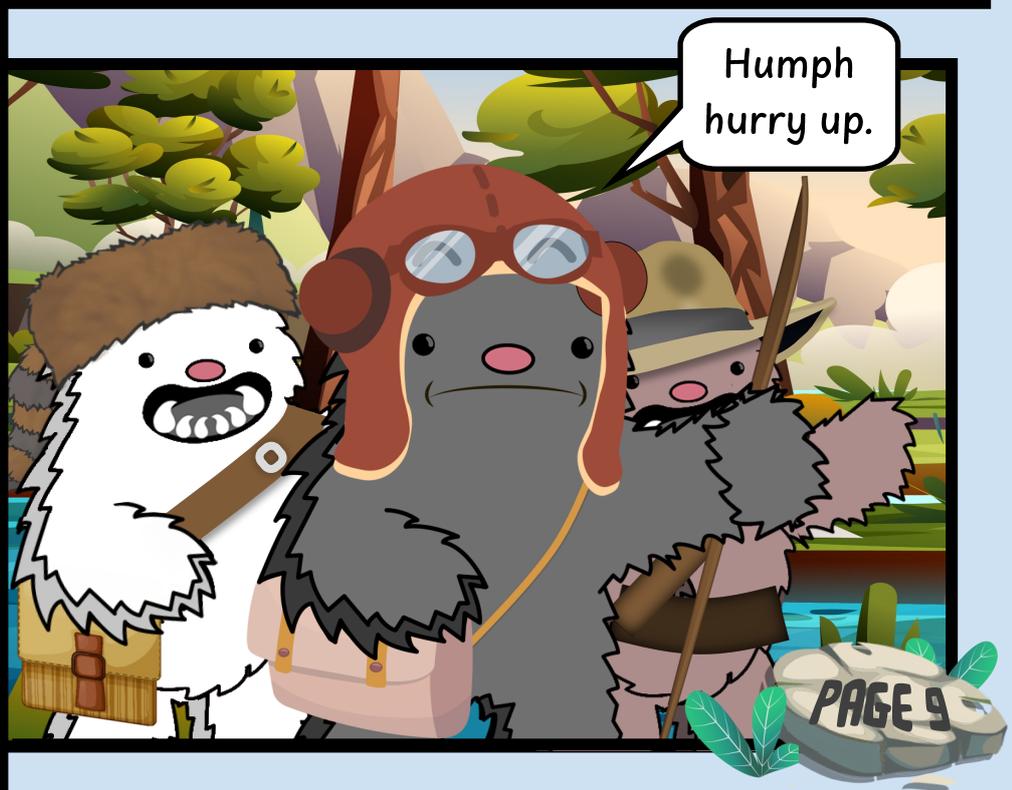
And the river was running too fast.

And the sun was in my eyes.

He cleared his throat and told the other two, in a voice that tried very hard to sound important, that he simply hadn't had a lesson in River Ninja yet.

Flint and Idaho nodded kindly, but all three agreed that log-rolling probably wasn't the best way to cross the river. They picked up their packs and started walking along the riverbank to look for a bridge - though in Raven's case, there might have been a bit more stomping than actual walking.

He was, however, an excellent log-roller on bogs o ponds - "much trickier surfaces," he added quickly.



Humph hurry up.

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