

The land outside the hunting grounds of Black Raven's tribe was beautiful and filled with wild game and tall trees. Unfortunately, no one would brave the rapids of the Silver River to get to it. As a result, Black Raven's family and friends were running out of food.	13 28 44 48
The Silver River twisted through a mountain pass on the edge of the tribe's territory. The stone cliffs of the mountain pass were sharp and steep, and no one could climb them. The only way out of the valley was on the river, but sadly, no one was daring—or reckless—enough to brave the untamed water.	62 77 95 105
Many young men in the tribe boasted that some day they would ride the river to the other side of the mountains and into the fertile valley. They bragged around the campfires as they ate the last of the silver trout from the Silver River.	121 136 150
One evening the old wise man of the tribe interrupted the young men's talk and spoke. "The time has come," he said, "for someone to journey beyond our lands. Who is brave enough to ride the river?"	165 179 187
Many of the young men around the fire jumped up without thinking. Some of them couldn't even swim, but they raised their hands just the same and shouted out that they would surely beat the river and become heroes.	201 216 226
Black Raven was the only young man to stay seated. He thought quietly as the other men strutted and swaggered. He thought about what kind of vessel he would need to float on top of the water and avoid the sharp rocks of the rapids, and as he thought, he reached out and fingered the silvery bark of one of the birch trees nearest to him. He peeled a bit off the tree and thought it just might work.	241 255 274 289 305
"What of you, Black Raven?" one of the arrogant boys called out. "Are you too frightened to take on the river?"	320 326
"No," Black Raven said as he stood. "I think I have an idea that might work. Come, let us sit and think this over."	342 350

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