

Swimming to shore looks too risky. You sit quietly in the boat, hoping for the best. As the war boat nears the middle of the river, the current gets stronger. The Raka warriors can hardly row against it. As the Rakas struggle with their oars, the boat is swept farther and farther downstream.

You wonder where the current will take you, until you hear a sound up ahead that quickly grows into a roar.

*"Ig riba!"* the Rakas shout. *"Ig zaark!"* They begin to unload the heavy brakpa. Frantically you help, but at the sight of the boiling white rapids ahead, you lose heart. Moments later the boat smashes into the rocks, and you and the Raka warriors are swept away by the raging torrent.



The End