



The Twins stood silently for a moment and appraised their next challenge. The river seemed to be just like any other river; only the deep red colour and coppery smell gave it away as being made up entirely of blood. Jaguar Deer briefly contemplated the sickening thought of whose blood the river was made up of but quickly quashed those ideas, worried that he would lose his nerve in what was to come.

The twins exchanged worried looks. Did they have anything to fear from a river? Yes, it was a river of blood but surely this was not a difficult obstacle to overcome? Jaguar Deer spoke.

“Brother, this river we see before us may not be an ordinary river – we must not be foolhardy and overconfident.”

“You are right, Jaguar Deer,” replied Hunter, studying the river closely, “Only a fool would rush in without considering the possible dangers of these deep, red waters.”

“Then I shall go first, dear brother, and navigate a safe route for the both of us,” announced Jaguar Deer bravely.

So, concentrating intensely on the placement of each step, Jaguar Deer set off across the blood-filled river.

Mentally and physically exhausted from the horrors of the River of Black Hawks, the twins continued forwards to see what new horror awaited them in the next cavern. No screeching and squawking could be heard as they made their way, more warily this time, out of the tunnel and into another opening. Hunter emerged first and held out his arm to stop Jaguar Deer stumbling into what appeared to be a powerful, swirling river of blood.

As Jaguar Deer made his way slowly from jagged rock to jagged rock, he was careful to ensure that no part of his body touched the swirling waters below. He did not know what this scarlet liquid would do to human skin and did not want to find out. The further out into the river he went, the more intense became the stench of blood all around him. Resting for a moment, he shook his head to clear his thoughts – the powerful smell seemed to be making it hard for him to think clearly. Turning around to beckon his waiting brother forward, a wave of nausea swept over him forcing him to cling tightly to the grey, sharp rock lest he fall into the crimson waters beneath him.

Hunter, witnessing his brother’s distress from the edge of the river, shouted across, “Cover your face! Quickly brother – do it now!”

Jaguar Deer grabbed for his tunic and covered his face desperately. It worked.

Within seconds he felt much better, and thanked his twin with a grateful nod of his head. Jaguar Deer continued to rest, as Hunter made his way across the River of Blood.