

# The Protectors of the Wood Adventure Series!

Based on the Protectors of the Wood book series

Written by John KixMiller

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@protectorsofthewood

*Join our story of misfit teenagers as they struggle to save the world from climate change.*

## Episode #107: The Arrival of the River Queen

Song: Right Here and Right Now, short version

Narrator: As Sharon steered the River Queen up the Half Moon River, Cali, Sara, and Abby lay in the bow of the boat and kept an eye on the water ahead. Suddenly Cali yelled,

Cali: Floaters on the right! Fast left, fast left! Branches in the Cedar current!

Narrator: The boat turned rapidly, pointing about thirty degrees to the left. Abby again felt that sickening out of control sensation as the fast current swept the boat downstream. It was an eerie feeling, but didn't last long. Sharon soon straightened out their course near the left-hand shore. Sara pointed upstream.

Sara: That's strange. Look, the river is two different colors... Look at the muddy water!

Cali: It's the first of the two forks. That's Cedar Creek coming in. See? In a minute we'll go right on by. And wait till we go up the Snake just before we're home. That's a real sight.

Narrator: Sara looked at Cali in admiration.

Sara: How did you learn all this? It's quite a job. I have no idea how you and Sharon manage it.

Cali: I grew up with it. I used to be in Sharon's Boat Club. She teaches teenagers and promotes the best to be captains. They run a ferry service with a lot of small boats.

Narrator: They stared at the stream coming in from the marsh. The view opened up. Instead of forest they saw tall pale grasses blowing in the cool wind. Thick gray clouds blocked the sun. Rain was in the air. A great blue heron suddenly rose from a pool of water among the tall reeds, and flapped its enormous gray-blue wings. It slowly disappeared into the distance, flying low over the marsh. Three turkey vultures – with their strange red heads and huge, motionless black wings – soared high above. Everyone was silent, fascinated with the wild landscape. Smaller birds and pools of water dotted the grassland to their right. On their left, just beyond a few trees and bushes growing on the bank, the rocky face of the Half Moon Cliffs was diminishing in size, becoming a long stony ridge keeping company with the river at all times.

Sara: What's that??? Like a giant insect with all those legs!

Narrator: Cali laughed.

Cali: That's the Highway 71 Bridge. Looks different from here, doesn't it? Kind of doesn't belong. I think they brought the highway through here because it's the only pass over the cliffs for miles.

Narrator: Eight huge pillars held the giant highway as it crossed over the Half Moon River and a hundred yards of land on either side. Abby was thinking,

Abby: It would take a tsunami to wash that thing down. And listen to that moaning sound! I know it's just the 18-wheelers, but it sounds like the bridge is in pain.

Cali: Watch for the Snake coming in on the right up there. We follow it to the dock on the left.

Narrator: A wide sheet of sluggish water flowed in to join the Half Moon. The river at that point was almost like a small lake.

Cali: And there's Rivergate!!

Abby: I haven't seen it in so long. I used to imagine it as a gigantic boat. See! The bow comes to a point at the fork between the rivers. And then the land rises up to Sonny Walker's farm.

Narrator: They looked up the lazy water of the Snake to the Rivergate Bridge, a much lower two-lane version of the Highway 71 colossus. Even from a distance they could see the water washing up where the bridge hit the land in Rivergate. No traffic rolled across, but small boats on the water ran back and forth. The River Queen labored up the slow, dark water.

Cali: Go left!!! Go left!! What in the world is that?! Oh my god, it's a whole piece of a dock!...(pause, water sounds) Whew!... Thank God we missed that. I hope it wasn't one of ours.

Narrator: Sharon steered toward the shore as the island grew wider. At the curve of the river a long sand bar appeared, making a small harbor sheltered from the current. Hugging the bank on the left, Sharon brought the boat slowly into calm water. She put the motor into idle, and coasted

The end of the line is here on a dime  
The universe lives in a moment of time  
All things journey the long winding way  
Everything we do matters today

