

Chapter 7

High Points

Silver Sky woke to the sun warming his nose. He let out a loud yawn and attempted to stand up. It didn't work. Looking around he realized he'd fallen asleep with his legs draped over either side of the thick branch he was on. While he puzzled out how to stand, he noticed Rebecca on the limb below writing in the notebook the voles had given them.

"Whatcha doing, dearest?" he asked, his legs scrambling from side to side as he attempted to get a foothold on the limb.

Rebecca looked up. "Just writing about all that happened yesterday," she replied, then, giving Silver Sky an odd look added, "What are you doing?"

"Just stretching," he lied.

Rebecca turned back to her journal. "I wonder why that mean bird attacked us yesterday," she pondered aloud.

"Mean?" asked Tula Quinn. The other ravens had left earlier to scout out the path ahead. Tula Quinn remained, still nursing his injured wing. "What do you mean, mean?"

Rebecca looked puzzled. Of all the ravens she figured Tula Quinn would be the maddest at the eagles.

"Well, they attacked you, and chased us all into the woods," she said.

"They were just protecting their home. If you had a nest full of eggs, wouldn't you want to protect it from strangers?" asked Tula Quinn

"Couldn't they just ask us to go away?" asked Silver Sky, still struggling above.

"That's not how things work out here. You two have a lot to learn before you get to your destination," said the raven with a wink.

Just then Silver Sky felt his hoof get some traction on the branch, only he pushed off a little too hard. Losing his balance, he scrambled madly, trying to get his grip. He felt himself tilt to one side and before he knew he was falling. With a loud OOMPH, he landed on top of Rebecca.

"Sorry about that," he said, blushing and backing off.

"Stretching, huh?" she grumped shooting him an angry glare. She stood up and dusted herself off, a worried look in her face.

"What's wrong?" asked Silver Sky.

"We've lost our matches, and worse, our map," she replied. Rummaging through her pockets she produced what they had left. She laid the compass, pointing obstinately back in the direction they came from, on the branch. She then produced the notepad and pencil, laying them next to the compass.

"That's it. That's what we have left," Rebecca sighed.

Tula Quinn looked at the items. "With the compass, and where you are going today, you should do all right," he said, trying to sound hopeful. He felt very bad for losing their map.

"Where are we going?" asked Silver Sky.

"Up," cackled Tula Quinn as the rest of the ravens returned from their scouting flight.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Silver Sky asked Rebecca, who just shrugged her shoulders, as they met the group of birds.

“It looks like the rest of the way is clear. No eagles in sight,” stated Tula Ulari. “Tula Quinn will be staying here to rest that wing. Tula Puck will be staying with him now that we know our path. Rebecca will go with me, Silver Sky with Tula Sanni, same as yesterday,” he continued.

The two toys said their goodbyes to Tula Puck and Tula Quinn, who continued to profusely apologize. After quick hugs, they climbed onto the backs of the two strong ravens and waved. With a quick jump, they were back in the air.

This time Silver Sky was determined to keep his eyes open. Looking ahead, he wondered how the birds were going to get around these mountains. As far as he could see, the mountains stretched to the horizon. It would take a long time to go around them.

As the group got closer, the ground below came more and more hilly. On occasion, they could see a road or river below meandering between them. Everything seemed to shine in the morning sun.

“This isn’t so bad,” Silver Sky said to Tula Sanni. “I could get used to this.”

Tula Sanni laughed. “I’d be afraid to be stuck on the ground all the time.”

The model horse thought about that for a moment. “Why is that?” he asked.

“Well, if I couldn’t fly, I couldn’t get away from things that might want to harm me,” replied the raven.

“Like what?” asked Silver Sky, curious as to what might frighten a raven, other than eagles.

“Well, like wolves,” Tula Sanni pointed out. “We eat the same things, so sometimes a pack of wolves will chase us off and steal our food.”

Silver Sky gave Tula Sanni a skeptical look. “Birds don’t eat the same things as wolves!” he protested.

“Oh yes we do,” chuckled the raven.

“Like what?” Silver Sky challenged.

“You don’t really want to know,” replied Tula Sanni.

“Yes I do,” the model horse answered.

“Dead things,” the raven replied, simply.

Silver Sky gagged and stopped asking questions. That was not proper travel talk, he decided.

Below them, the hills were getting taller, capped by snow. The mountains ahead nearly consumed all of the groups view. Between peaks Rebecca and Silver Sky could spy glaciers filling almost every valley and crevice. Though, being a toy, Rebecca couldn’t feel the cold, she huddled a little closer to Tula Ulari.

“How are we going to get around these?” she asked.

“Around? We’re not going around them,” he answered.

“We’re going over them?” gasped Rebecca.

“Well, no, not really. You and Silver Sky are, but we can’t.”

“I don’t understand,” Rebecca complained.

“You’ll see,” was Tula Ulari’s curt reply.

“You keep saying that,” Rebecca pointed out.

“And I mean it, too,” laughed the raven.

The group was headed towards the tallest of the peaks, and climbed rapidly. The wind grew more and more turbulent, and the two toys found themselves clinging desperately to the ravens as they were pushed back and forth.

The clouds overhead were becoming closer and closer, obscuring their view of the mountains. It wasn't long before they were engulfed in the billowy wetness.

"How can you tell where you're going?" asked Silver Sky, not enjoying the ride as much all of a sudden.

"A raven just knows," answered Tula Sanni. Somehow, this did not comfort the model horse.

Before long, however, the sky began to reappear. First it appeared in patches, here and there. Finally, to Silver Sky's vast relief, the clouds receded below them. The sun, high in the sky now, bathed the clouds in light.

Shining like a white pyramid in front of them, only one peak remained above the clouds, covered in snow, an island high above the ground.

"That," said Tula Ulari, "is where you will see."