



# Manitoo and Ray's Discovery

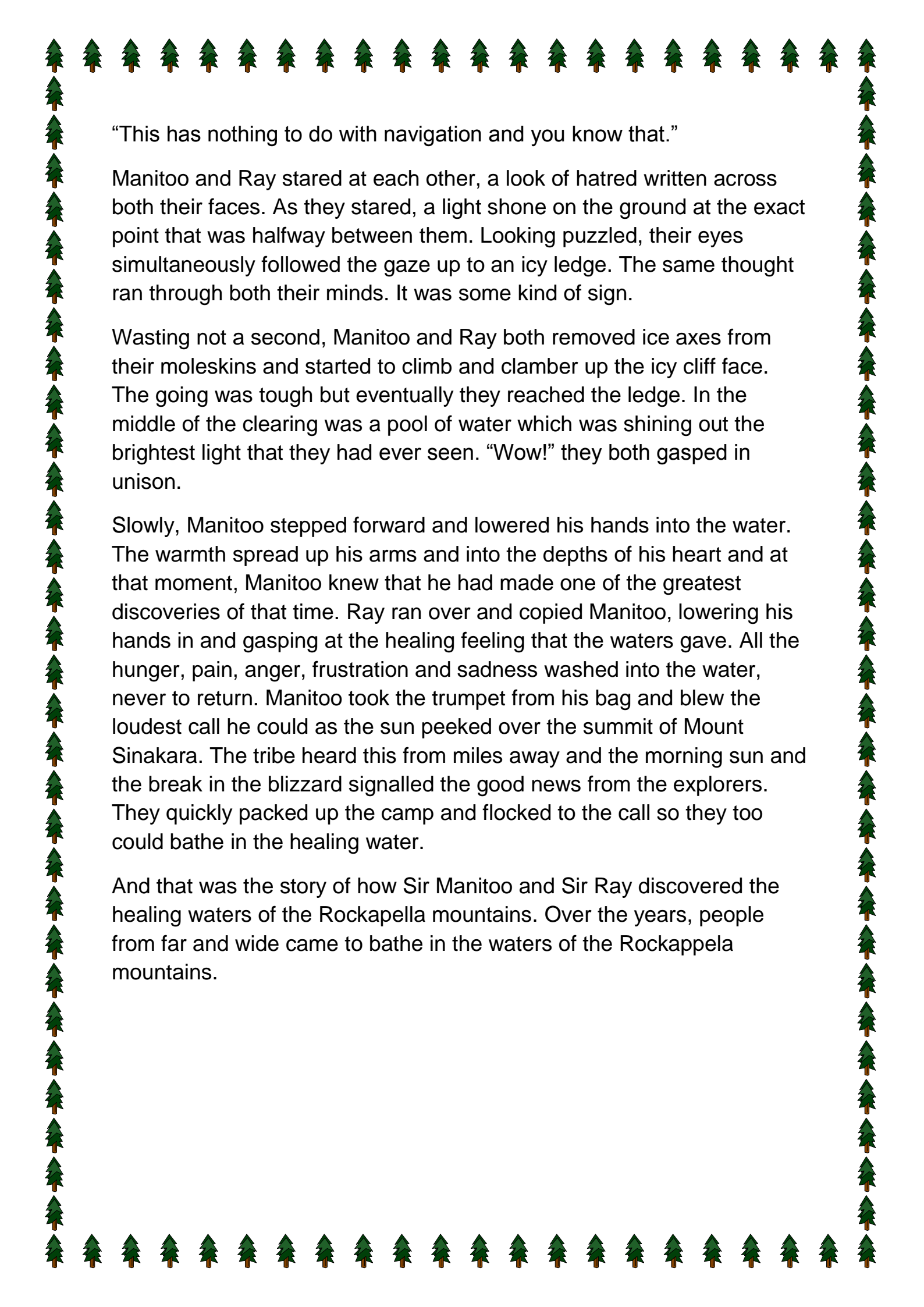
On a dark winter night in 1687, on the eastern slope of the Rockapella Mountains, Manitoo and Ray were following on the trail of a herd of wolves. The sun had appeared for one minute that day, and then passed behind a group of cold clouds. Big flakes of snow were coming down, as the lean, strong hunters continued along the rocky path, cautiously crossing every ravine before continuing.

A growl broke the silence between Manitoo and Ray as the wolves once again disappeared out of site in the darkness. "Sorry Manitoo," Ray whispered as he held his tummy. "It's been days now since we ate; we can't keep this up for much longer."

Ray sighed and slumped his head back on the undergrowth and thought of his family in the tundra who were eagerly awaiting his return with food for them and the other families. The truth hit him. Some families wouldn't survive this winter. "We will set out again tomorrow Manitoo. For now we must seek shelter if we are to catch any food tomorrow," Ray responded, pulling the blanket further under his chin. "Everything will work out ok..."

Football sized snowflakes woke Manitoo and Ray up again the next morning. Ray tended to the smouldering fire and put the remaining water they had on to boil. They begrudgingly set off not long after, dragging their moleskin sacks behind them looking for the tracks of the wolves. Two sun phases later and they had still had no luck... the tracks had been covered by an inch of snow. Manitoo cursed at Ray as he tripped on a loose rock. "You told me everything was going to be ok and look where we are; stuck miles from our family, in the middle of a snowstorm with no chance of eating now nor in the future. What kind of explorer have I been lumbered with?!"

"And you think this is my fault because?" Ray snapped back, sending Manitoo icy looks that stabbed him like daggers. "This is your fault just as much mine. I was told you were the best navigator the tribe had ever had."



“This has nothing to do with navigation and you know that.”

Manitoo and Ray stared at each other, a look of hatred written across both their faces. As they stared, a light shone on the ground at the exact point that was halfway between them. Looking puzzled, their eyes simultaneously followed the gaze up to an icy ledge. The same thought ran through both their minds. It was some kind of sign.

Wasting not a second, Manitoo and Ray both removed ice axes from their moleskins and started to climb and clamber up the icy cliff face. The going was tough but eventually they reached the ledge. In the middle of the clearing was a pool of water which was shining out the brightest light that they had ever seen. “Wow!” they both gasped in unison.

Slowly, Manitoo stepped forward and lowered his hands into the water. The warmth spread up his arms and into the depths of his heart and at that moment, Manitoo knew that he had made one of the greatest discoveries of that time. Ray ran over and copied Manitoo, lowering his hands in and gasping at the healing feeling that the waters gave. All the hunger, pain, anger, frustration and sadness washed into the water, never to return. Manitoo took the trumpet from his bag and blew the loudest call he could as the sun peeked over the summit of Mount Sinakara. The tribe heard this from miles away and the morning sun and the break in the blizzard signalled the good news from the explorers. They quickly packed up the camp and flocked to the call so they too could bathe in the healing water.

And that was the story of how Sir Manitoo and Sir Ray discovered the healing waters of the Rockapella mountains. Over the years, people from far and wide came to bathe in the waters of the Rockappela mountains.