

Today we're walking the watershed with GranGran's stick

And Dad borrowed me a proper backpack to carry the painted fish stone and if I promise not to lose it I can use GranGran's stick with the frogs and the handle carved like a heron. If I calm down.

The people will walk up from the river's mouth and every time a new stream joins some go up one bit and some go up the other and they better have enough people because there are loads of joins up the hill from here but Dad said they've done it from before GranGran was small so they'll know. And if they don't it's their own stupid fault. So I don't need to worry.

But me and Dad won't go different ways even if we're the only ones left when a stream joins because he's not letting that stick out of his sight.

And when the stream disappears we'll carry on up and when we get to the edge of the watershed we'll know because there'll be a cairn and I can add the fish with its little eyes and scales and it'll stay there forever to show I know about the water.

When it's dark everyone at all the cairns will wave torches and we'll see the whole shape of the very edge, where all the water comes to our river and not somewhere else. And at the big stone we'll do the songs and poems and Dad will carry me home and the stick will sleep by my bed.

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