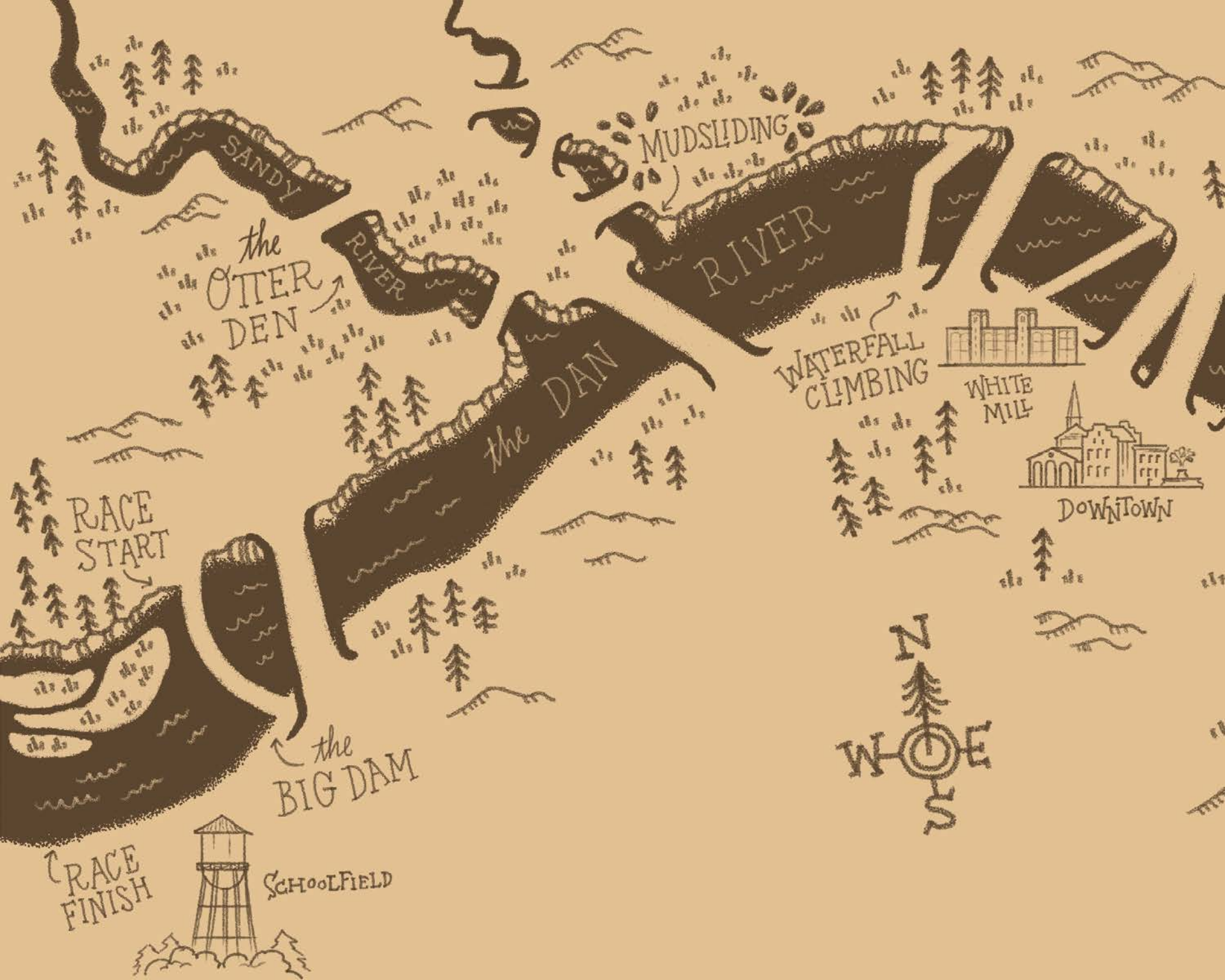


~THE~ DAN RIVER TWINS



Written by: **Cyndy Unwin**
Illustrated by: **Will Fowler**

Concept by:
Danville Parks & Recreation
and **Danville Public Library**



SANDY RIVER

the OTTER DEN

RIVER

the DAN RIVER

MUDSLIDING

RIVER

WATERFALL CLIMBING

WHITE MILK

DOWNTOWN

the BIG DAM

RACE START

RACE FINISH

SCHOOLFIELD

N
W O E
S



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Author's Dedication:

*For my dad, Larry Girard, who first inspired me
to write stories about animals in the woods.*

~THE~
DAN RIVER
TWINs

The Dan River Twins
Written by Cyndy Unwin
Illustrated by Will Fowler

Concept by Danville Parks & Recreation
and Danville Public Library

Contributions by Danville Regional Foundation,
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Author's Note About Fun Facts:

Even though fictional stories are not "true," most authors research factual information before and during their story-writing. This is because it's important to get certain facts right to help stories feel like they could really happen (and so readers can learn while they're reading, too!).

As I was writing *The Dan River Twins*, I discovered many fascinating true things about otters, the ecology and history of the Dan River, and the City of Danville. Some of these "Fun Facts" are provided for you at the end of the book (and many more are on *The Dan River Twins* website). You'll see green numbers sprinkled throughout the story that will lead you to a Fun Fact in the back.

-CU



1

2

Danny and Mist lay curled around each other, sleeping in their cool earthen den. Mist woke when she felt her mother tickle her with her whiskers.

“Up, up, up, my zippety pups!” Momma said. “It’s almost time!”

Mist’s heart raced and she leaped out of their nest of moss and leaves. “Danny!” She nosed her twin brother under his chin. “Wake up!”

Danny snored loudly.

Mist dug her nose underneath her brother and flipped him over. He lay there, paws up, still snoring.

Mist growled in frustration, bent down, and barked in her brother’s ear: “Danny! The Otter Frolics are about to start!”

This got Danny’s attention. One eye popped open, then the other. In a heartbeat, he jumped to his feet and wrestled Mist to the ground. “I’m going to win today!” he yelled. “Every single event!”

“Not if you sleep through the whole thing, doofus,” Mist said, wiggling out from under her brother and nipping playfully at his neck.

“Don’t call your brother names,” Momma said. “I’m the only one allowed to do that.”

She smiled and dropped a couple of fish in front of them. “Have a bite to eat. You’ll need some extra energy for the games.”

The two young otters gulped the fish down. Mist was so excited she almost forgot to chew. This afternoon, she and her brother were going to compete in their very first Otter Frolics.

3



For weeks, Danny and Mist had been practicing in the River. Today, all the young otters of the River would join together to see who was the fastest, the swimmiest, the climbiest, and best of all, the slide-iest.

The otters' favorite sport, by far, was mudsliding. Nothing was quite so much fun as zooming down a wet, slimy trail on the riverbank and sailing into the River.




After he finished his snack, Danny raced around the den a few times to warm up his muscles. Faster, faster, faster! Just as he was hitting his stride, Momma caught him under his belly with her nose and set him down gently.

“Whoa! Save some of that zip for the races!”

Momma approached the front of their den, her nose stretched toward the water. Danny and his sister followed her, and a cool breeze tickled Danny’s nostrils. The sound of their creek was so close, the trickle of the water so tempting! It was time to compete in the Frolics! He crouched, his back legs tensed and ready, and it took all his strength not to jump right out into the creek and zoom to the River.



A misty, green landscape with a river in the foreground. The background is filled with lush green trees and foliage, some with small red and orange flowers. The overall atmosphere is soft and ethereal, with a light mist or fog hanging over the scene.

Mist stepped on Danny's front toes to hold him back. "Danny, we have to wait until Momma says it's okay! You know the rules."

Momma turned and said, "Enough, you two. The next one I hear arguing eats bugs for breakfast tomorrow."

She nudged them forward. "Into the creek, now. Your first event is the speed races at the Big Dam, and we don't want to be late."

As the otter family slipped into their creek and headed toward the River, Danny noticed the water was running faster than normal. "The water's quicker today," he cried. "Awesome!"

"Yes, it rained and rained while you were sleeping," Momma answered. "The water's the highest I've seen since I was your age."

"I love it!" Danny cried. "It means we can go faster on the mud slides. And faster is better!"

7

The current and the swish of their tails carried the otter family quickly toward the River. Once there, they swam upstream and crossed on land through the woods to the shore of the Big Dam. Danny and Mist clapped their paws together in excitement. They could see all their cousins, aunts, and uncles gathered in the water ahead of them.

3

“There’s Papa!” Danny cried, pointing to the otter in the male Clan who was reddish in color like he was. He dove into the water ahead of Mist and Momma to rub noses with his father.



Soon after that, all the young otters lined up on the shore of the Big Dam and got ready to race. Old Beaver, their River friend, slapped his tail on the water, and they were off! Under the water now, Mist and Danny swam like the wind, swishing their tails and paddling their webbed feet as fast as they could. Their friend Splash came from behind and zoomed ahead of them. Mist, now in third place, watched Danny try to keep up, but Splash reached the edge of the bank just before he did. Splash won, with Danny close behind in second place.

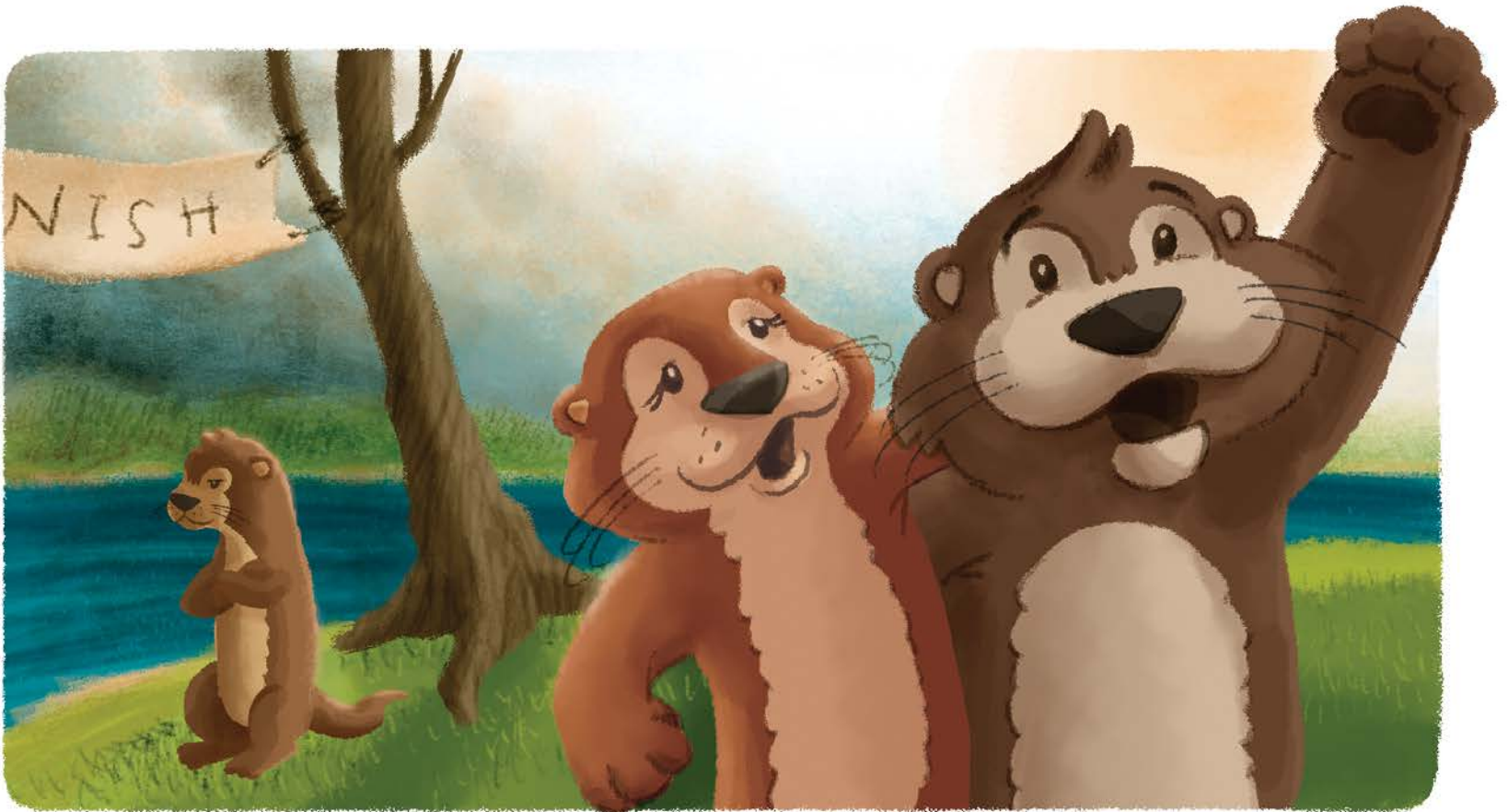


Danny and Splash scrambled out of the water and flopped on the bank, breathing hard. They had crossed the Big Dam without taking a breath even once.

When Mist caught up to them, she patted Splash on his back with her paw and said, "Good race!" She nudged Danny, hoping he would say the same thing to Splash, but her brother turned away. She knew he was upset about getting second place.

"Danny," she whispered. "Be polite!"

"Don't wanna," Danny grumbled back. "I never ever beat Splash in water races."



"But you always win against me in mudsliding," Splash pointed out.

Mist hopped on top of her brother to try and cheer him up. "Danny's just worried I'm going to beat him this time!"

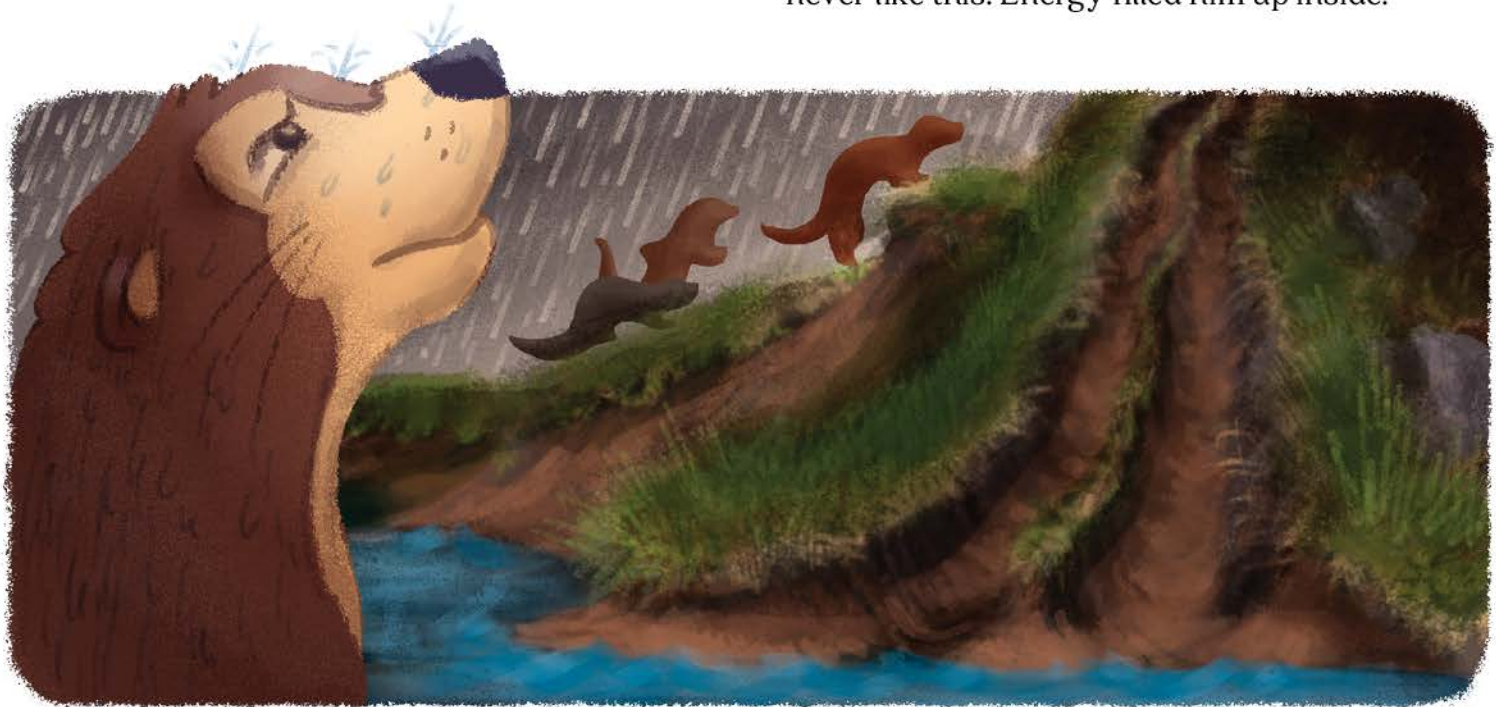
"No way!" he exclaimed. "No one can ever beat me in mud sliding. And I'll prove it!"

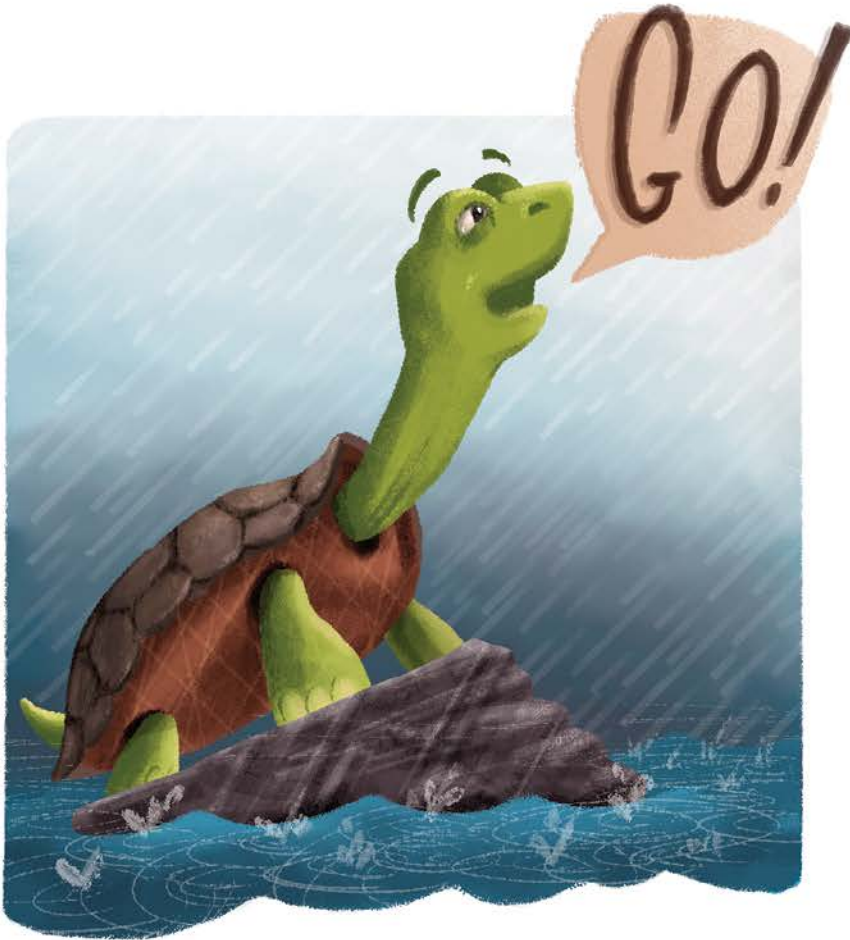
With that, Danny bounded through the grass to where his older cousins and their friends were getting the mud sliding course ready. One by one, they were zooming down

the hill, making twisty-turny tracks that emptied into the River. The mud was shiny and wet.

And better yet, the sun had disappeared. The rain was coming down again, making the new trails perfect for the fastest sliding.

The youngest otters raced first. Mist, Danny, Splash and all their friends climbed to the top of the hill. Danny raised his nose high into the air. Cold drops pinged his face, strong and fast. He had felt rain before, but never like this. Energy filled him up inside.





Tootleloo, their turtle friend, poked his head as far as he could out of his shell and yelled, “On your mark, get set, GO!!”

All the otters lunged onto their tracks. Danny tucked his front paws against his sides when he hit the ground and felt the cool, slippery mud under his belly. He was already way ahead of the others. He slid faster and faster!

But then he hit a big curve that sent him spinning into the air.

Oh, no! Was this the end of the race for him?

Danny spied the track below him and twisted his body just in time to land back on it. By this time, though, Mist was ahead of him. Danny lowered his nose and zoomed through two more big curves. He and Mist were neck and neck as they approached the River.



They got to the end of the trail and soared out over the water. Down, down they fell, until SPLOOSH! They dived into the water at almost exactly the same time. But not quite. Mist's nose touched the water just a split second before Danny's.

His heart sank. His sister had won.

Mist was doing flips in the water, she was so happy. This was the first time she had ever won one of the games she and her friends played. Mist was smaller than all the other otters, even the girl otters her same age. She loved to play and race and slide, but she had never won. Now, she was the winner!

Momma came up to her and nuzzled Mist with her nose. "That was some mighty fine sliding. Your brother's not the only zippety one in this family!"

Mist felt like she would burst with happiness. So this was what winning felt like. Now she understood why Danny always wanted to win.

Speaking of Danny, where was he? Mist glided through the water, looking for her brother. She finally spied him up on the bank, heading toward the woods. She climbed out of the Dam

and caught up to him. "Danny, where are you going?" she called.

"Leave me alone," Danny said, not even turning around. He found a spot behind a dead tree trunk and plopped down on the ground.

Mist tried again. "That was a great jump you made at the beginning of the race. I saw it. I could never have done that."

"Yeah, but you still won," Danny grumbled.

"Winning's not everything," Mist whispered, but in her heart she was thinking about how good it felt to finally win at something.



Momma came up to them. “Come on, you two! There’s enough zip left in you for the waterfall climbing event, isn’t there?”

Mist saw Danny’s face light up. This would be his last chance. Her brother was a good climber. Not always the best, but maybe he could win this event if he tried really, really hard.

“You can win this one, Danny!” Mist barked as she raced toward the River. “But I bet you can’t catch me now!”

“Watch me!” Danny cried. “Yaaaaaahooooo!” he yelled as he ran to catch up. As they got close to the River, Danny launched himself into the air, landing right on top of Mist. The two of them somersaulted down the bank into the water.

Once in the River, the twins let the current carry them to the Falls. It was nice to let the water do the work, so they could save up their energy for their last event, the hardest one of them all.





For the waterfall climbing event, the otters started at the bottom of the fast water coming down the ramp from the Falls. They used all their swimming and climbing skills to make their way to the top, and whoever was first to swim across the River to the Green Shore (where their families waited) won.

Below the Falls, Blue raised his wings. The young otters watched. When they saw his wings make their great splash on the water, they lunged upward into the Falls. Mist jumped as far as she could into the rushing water. Beside her, Danny leaped in, too, a full otter length ahead of her.

Mist saw the amazing jump her brother had made. "Go, Danny, go!" she yelled when she saw him get halfway up the Falls.

The rain had been coming down harder and harder since the mudsliding race. Now, as she struggled to make it up the Falls, the rain started pelting Mist so furiously that she had a hard time seeing her brother. She kept climbing, though. The water rushed over the top, faster and faster.

Mist peered through the rushing water as she climbed. There was movement near the top of the Falls above her. It was Danny! He was almost there!

Splash was right alongside him, a little bit behind. Mist watched as Danny tried to stay ahead of Splash. But Splash was a strong swimmer. And once he got to the top of the Falls, he would be hard to catch as he swam for the distant shore. He might get there before her brother. Mist's heart sank.



Danny scrambled to the top of the Falls. Splash was right next to him, and Danny knew it would be a close race to the Green Shore.

As Danny pushed himself over the last rapid, he yelled, "I am the Mighty Zipster!" He began swimming against the strong current of the River. The rain was beating down on his face, but Danny didn't care. He was going to WIN this race!

Out of the corner of his eye, Danny saw Splash race to catch up with him. Danny paddled and swished even harder to stay ahead of Splash, but Splash was gaining on him. The water was higher and stronger than Danny had ever remembered, and it was hard to swim against the fast current.



Suddenly, Danny spotted something in the water racing straight toward him. It was a massive log, branches sticking out everywhere.

Danny twisted and dove, swimming under the log as it swept past. But when he surfaced and turned to look back, he saw the log slam into his friend and carry him back over the Falls. “SPLASH!” Danny yelled.



Mist finally cleared the top of the Falls. She felt proud that she made it to the top, so she could at least follow behind and see who won the race. But just then, Mist watched in horror as Splash was carried along by the log and fell over the Falls just short distance away from her. She looked around frantically.

Where was Danny? Did he get hit, too?

Then she saw him, racing after the log, about to go over the Falls himself.

“DANNY!” she barked. But it was no use. Danny was swept over the Falls, just like Splash. Mist didn’t even have to think. She knew what she had to do. She aimed her nose toward the Falls, let the water carry her back to the precipice, and jumped.





Danny fell down, down, down into the water, his body slamming against boulders as the force of the Falls pushed him deeper and deeper toward the bottom of the River.

Danny somehow found the last bit of his energy and zoomed back to the surface of the water. He searched downstream. There was the log, floating with the current, just a few otter lengths ahead! Danny felt his tiredness and soreness disappear as he raced ahead, searching for any sign of his friend. He couldn't see Splash anywhere.

Danny reached the log and dove underneath, searching all its branches and crevices with his whiskers. He searched and searched, and just about when he was ready to give up, he felt a swish of something against his whiskers.

Danny looked closer, but it was hard to see in the murky water. Something wiggled next to him. It was Splash's tail! His friend was stuck on the log, all tangled up in the branches and some rope.

Danny felt his breath growing short. Air, he needed air! But what about Splash? His friend had been under the water for so much longer. He would be even more desperate. Danny had to do something, but what? He dashed for the surface to fill his lungs with air again, and when he got there, he saw Mist headed toward him.

“Mist! Over here!” Danny barked. “Splash is stuck under the log! He doesn’t have much time left. We need to get him to the top!”

“But how?” Mist cried, swimming up next to her brother.

Danny suddenly thought of an idea. “We need to flip the log!” The two of them dove down and each found crevices on the log where they could push with their noses.

“One, two, three, PUSH!” Danny yelled. The twins shoved the log with all their might, waving their tails frantically until they felt it begin to roll. Every time they tried this, though, the log rolled back to where it was before.



“Danny!” Mist said. “One of us needs to push from lower down, or it won’t roll all the way over! You keep holding the log where you are and I’ll scoot down.”

Danny kept pressing his nose against the log. When Mist let go and moved lower, he felt it begin to roll backward against him. He paddled his back legs and waved his tail furiously. Just when he thought the log would fall back, he felt a surge of upward movement as Mist pushed from further down under the water. Finally, the log flipped, sending Danny sailing over the top and into the water on the opposite side.

Danny zoomed to the surface and looked at the log. Splash, PLEASE be okay! He saw something move among the maze of branches and rope above the water. It was Splash.

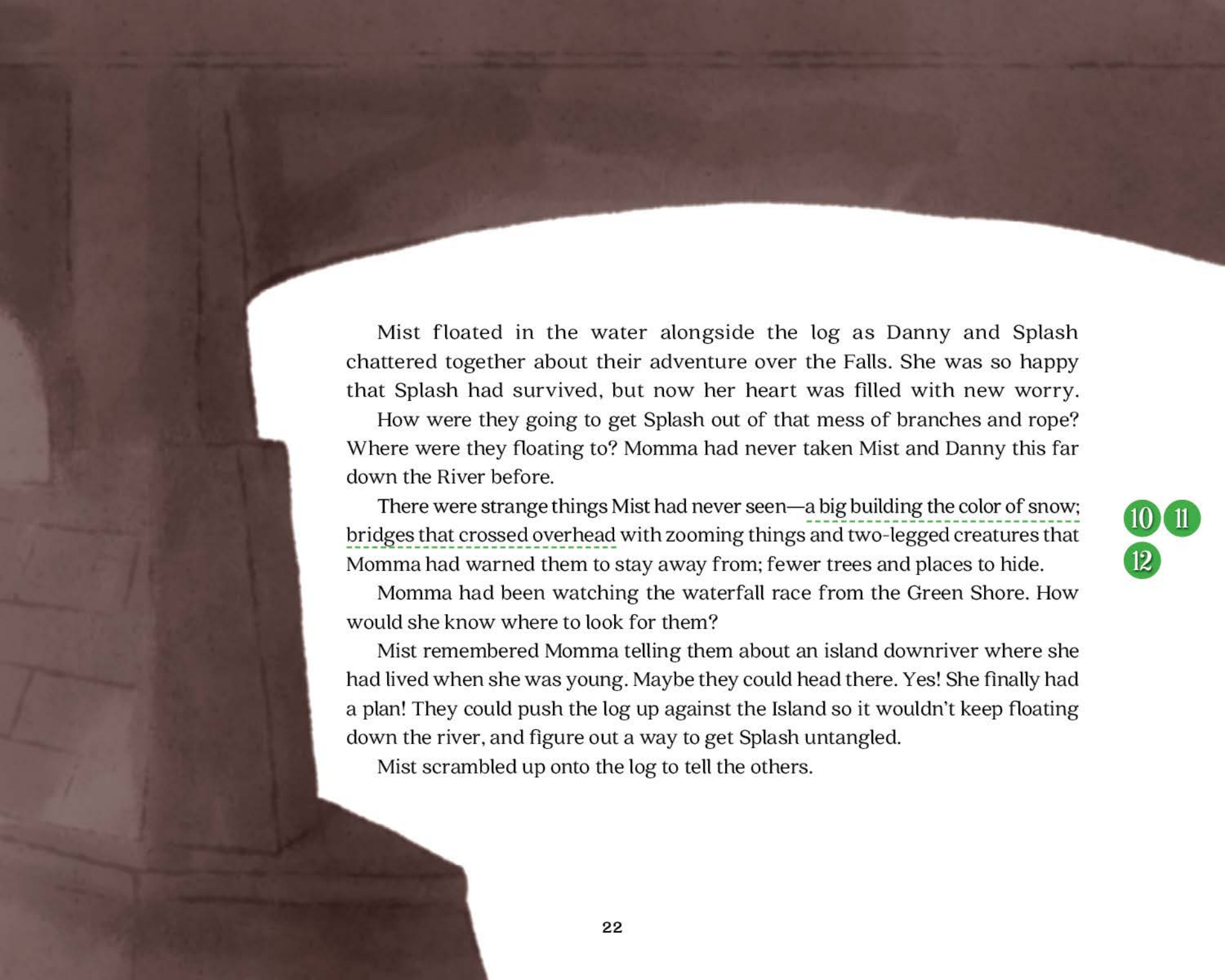
“You’re alive!” Danny cried, scrambling to the top of the log and touching noses with his friend through the branches.

“What took you so long?” Splash said, gasping for breath.

Danny grinned. “Just wanted to see if you could hold your breath as long as me!”







Mist floated in the water alongside the log as Danny and Splash chattered together about their adventure over the Falls. She was so happy that Splash had survived, but now her heart was filled with new worry.

How were they going to get Splash out of that mess of branches and rope? Where were they floating to? Momma had never taken Mist and Danny this far down the River before.

There were strange things Mist had never seen—a big building the color of snow; bridges that crossed overhead with zooming things and two-legged creatures that Momma had warned them to stay away from; fewer trees and places to hide.

Momma had been watching the waterfall race from the Green Shore. How would she know where to look for them?

Mist remembered Momma telling them about an island downriver where she had lived when she was young. Maybe they could head there. Yes! She finally had a plan! They could push the log up against the Island so it wouldn't keep floating down the river, and figure out a way to get Splash untangled.

Mist scrambled up onto the log to tell the others.

10 11

12

Danny, Mist, and Splash floated along, watching for the Island. "There it is!" Splash barked, pointing with his nose toward some trees sticking up out of the water.

"That's not an island," Danny said. "An island has land, doesn't it?"

"I think it is the Island," Mist said. "Remember how much rain we've had? I bet all this water has covered it up."

Danny began to feel worried again. "Should we still stop?"

Splash wiggled around some more inside his maze of branches and rope. "We have to stop. I'm getting more tangled all the time, and this rope's tighter and tighter."

"Do you think you can swim once you're free?" Danny asked.

"Sure," Splash said. "I'm just a little bit sore, and a little bit tired..."

Danny knew Splash was worse off than he would admit, but he was not sure they had much choice. They could try to push the log toward the shore of the river, but their Momma had always told them to be careful

about the shore, because of the two-legged creatures, who were sometimes dangerous. The Island was their best choice. "Mist, you and I need to push the log to where those trees are."

"Okay, Mr. Bossypants," Mist said. "I think I could have figured that out all by myself. After all, it was my idea."



The twins got into the water and started pushing the log with their noses, but it refused to head toward the flooded Island. Instead, the current took the log toward the side of the River, next to a large, green grassy area.

“Push, Danny, PUSH!” Mist chirped loudly. “We have to get to the Island!”

“What do you think I’m doing?” Danny cried back.

Suddenly, he realized why his sister was so insistent on getting the log away from the grassy area. There were dangerous creatures there, three of them, walking along the bank of the River.



Mist pushed the log with all her might, but the River was stronger. They were headed straight toward those creatures Momma had always told them to stay away from. The log swayed and turned, and then, with a jolt, hit the shore of the River and came to a halt.

Now what should they do? They couldn't leave Splash all by himself, just a couple of otter lengths away from danger!

Mist edged herself down into the water on the River side of the log, but she held on with her claws and peeked over the edge to see what was going to happen. She watched Danny do the same, on his end of the log.

As he lowered himself out of sight, though, he raised his lip in a growl, aimed at the creatures who were edging their way closer to the log and Splash.

As Mist watched the three of them come closer, making their strange sounds to each other, her heart raced faster inside her chest. Should she stay? Should she run away?

She could see Splash get more frantic inside his tangled trap as the three creatures approached the log. He flung himself around, his tail thrashed, and he began chirping and screeching. As his friend

squealed and squeaked, she knew she couldn't leave. But what could she do?

Danny's back legs tensed as the three creatures came closer and closer to Splash. As his friend began squealing and squeaking, Danny knew he just had to do something. He used his claws to creep slowly up the side of the log. He had sharp teeth. His Momma had told him to only use his teeth for feeding himself—but this was different. Splash was in danger. Danny was determined to use everything he had to save his friend from these two-legged creatures.

One of the creatures, the smallest one, stepped out into the shallow water near the bank and approached the log. Danny prepared to launch himself at her the minute she tried to lay a hand on Splash.

The creature was making sounds, small musical noises that calmed Danny and convinced him to wait a moment before attacking. He glanced over at Mist, who was staring at the creature with wide open eyes, her teeth bared, too. His eyes flicked back over to Splash. He was flattened against the log, quiet now, his whole body quivering.

SNAP!

Danny froze. What was that?



It was one of the branches from the log, snapped off in the paw of the two-legged creature. She threw it to the side and reached in again. SNAP!

Should he attack? Should he stay hidden? Danny wished Momma were there to tell him what to do. He remembered what she always said: "Think, Danny! Think before you act!" So he tried, he really did, but it was no use. Danny still didn't know what to do.

But Splash was okay. The creature hadn't tried to grab him. So Danny kept watching.

Again and again the creature reached close to Splash and broke off one branch after another. As the branches came loose, so did some of the rope, which the creature pulled away, too. The whole time, Danny saw Splash try to scoot further back against the log. He had never seen his brave friend so scared.

Finally, with the biggest SNAP, the creature took away the largest branch and the rest of the rope, leaving an opening for Splash to escape.

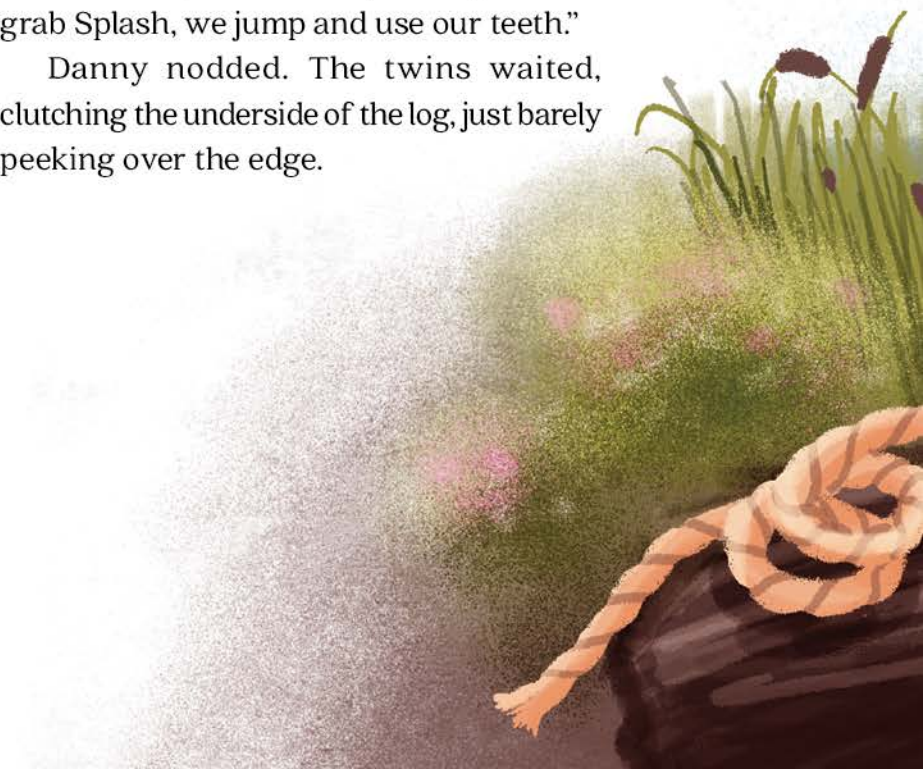
What happens now? Danny wondered.

The two bigger creatures were now approaching the log. Splash could never escape if all of them tried to catch him! Danny readied himself to spring and attack if they came any closer.

Flicking his eyes over to Mist, he saw his sister grow more tense, too.

She whispered to him, "If they start to grab Splash, we jump and use our teeth."

Danny nodded. The twins waited, clutching the underside of the log, just barely peeking over the edge.



One of the creatures, the biggest one, lurched forward, his two paws reaching toward Splash. Danny grabbed onto the log with his front claws and hurled himself forward, and from the corner of his eye, he saw Mist leap, too. The creature saw the two of them, screamed, and fell backwards away from Splash. Mist followed him to the edge of the log and bared her teeth, growling.

He heard her bark as ferociously as he had ever heard her bark. "Don't you dare come any closer!"

Danny ran to where Splash was still crouched on the log, too afraid to jump. He wiggled through the opening in the branches and rubbed noses with his friend.

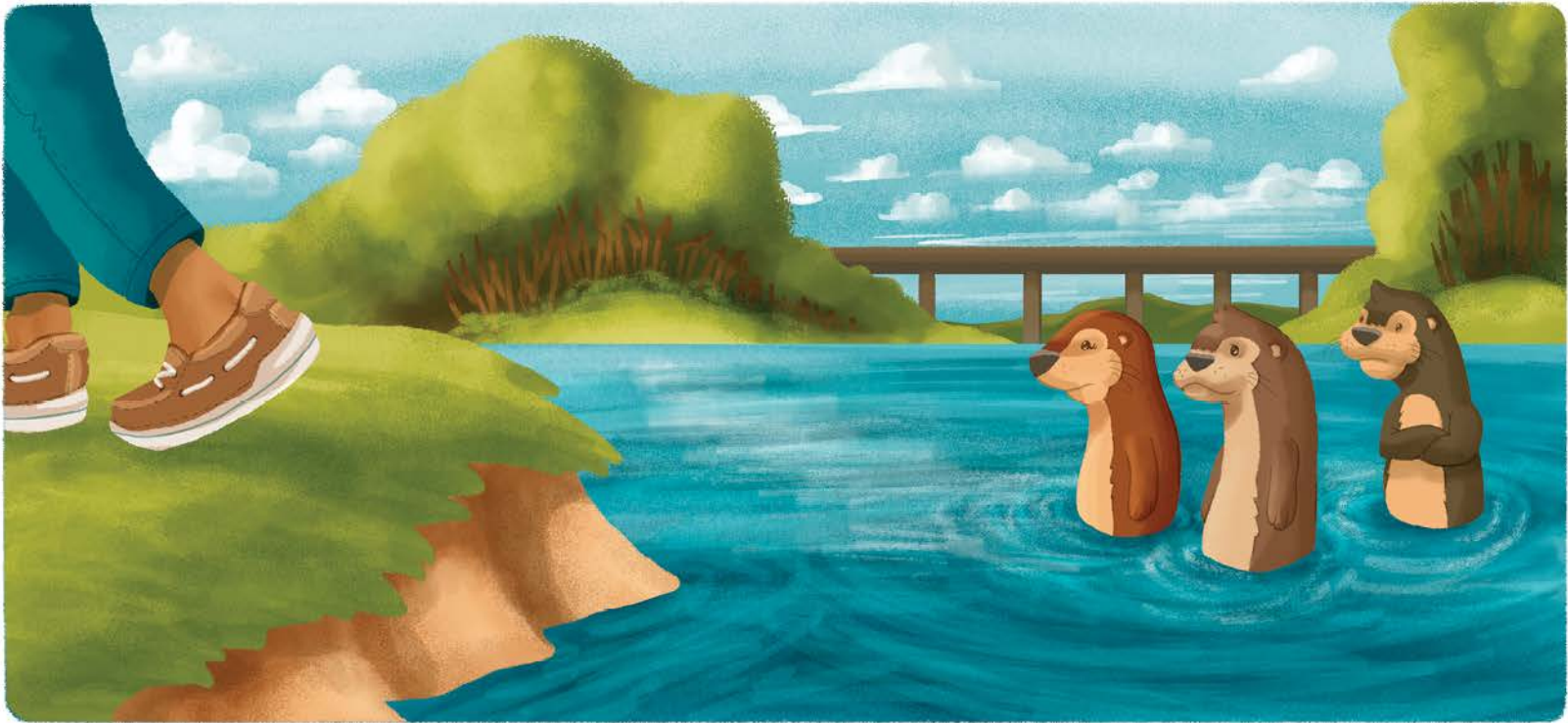
"It's okay," he said. "We won't let them hurt you!"



Mist had been ready to attack. She really was. She was the smallest of her otter friends, but her teeth were as sharp as theirs, and Splash was her friend, too. But she was glad when her growls kept the bigger creature from grabbing Splash and she didn't have to bite him. The smaller two-legged creature, the one who had cleared away the branches and the rope, made some noises at her two companions. She pushed them with her two paws until they were out of the water and far away from Splash, Danny, and Mist. After they were far back on the shore, the creature turned toward the otters, raised her paw, and waved it.

Mist knew that this was their chance. The small creature had given them a gift. She raised her nose to her, chirped, then ran to Danny and Splash. "Now!" she said. "Into the River, now!"





The three friends jumped off the log and into the River. They were safe!
But they were in a new place, far from the home they knew.
Where was Momma?
The Island was nearby, but under a flood of water that hid its banks. Was it safe?
What would happen to Mist, Danny, and Splash?
And what about those two-legged creatures?
Would they come back?
Were they friends? Or foes?

FUN FACTS

North American River Otters

1 North American River Otters (scientific name *Lutra canadensis*) are nocturnal (active at night) during the warmer months, and become more diurnal (active in the day) during the winter months. They are also active at dawn and dusk (crepuscular). Other animals that are crepuscular are deer, skunks and fireflies.

www.otters.net • <http://pets.stackexchange.com/questions/5806/diurnal-crepuscular-nocturnal-matutinal-vespertine-what-do-these-mean-and-h>

2 River otters do not make their own underground dens. They look for burrows that have already been dug by other animals such as muskrats or beavers. Most river otter dens have at least one entrance into water, and another entrance

above ground. The otters bring grass, leaves and twigs into the den to make a nest.

3 River otters hang out in two kinds of social groups. One type, the family group, includes the mother river otter and her pups. The other type consists of male river otters, who may travel solo or stay together in their own clans. Adult males only rarely interact with the females and the pups.

www.otters.net
<http://www.otterpaddlefoot.com/facts/index.htm>

4 River otters are about three to four feet long, and weigh between 11 and 30 pounds. The females are smaller than the males. They have five webbed toes on each foot, and their tails make up 1/3 of their total length. They have dense, water repellent fur that helps them

stay warm. Their ears and nose are valvular, which means they can close underwater! No nose plugs needed for these guys!

<https://www.nwf.org/Wildlife/Wildlife-Library/Mammals/North-American-River-Otter.aspx> • <http://www.esf.edu/aec/adks/mammals/otter.htm>

5 The favorite foods of the river otter are fish and crayfish. They will eat lots of other things, though, including insects, amphibians (like frogs), and even birds and small mammals.

6 River otters are great swimmers. They can hold their breath for up to eight minutes underwater!

www.animals.nationalgeographic.com/animals/mammals/american-river-otter/

7 River otters are also agile on land, and their home range can be up to 10 miles across. If they are searching for a new home, river otters have been

known to travel even longer distances on land.

8 River otters love to play. After they are done hunting for food, they spend time playing. They love to play with their prey and stones, and one of their favorite activities is tobogganing down mud or snow slides.

<http://www.esf.edu/aec/adks/mammals/otter.htm>

Dan River Basin Ecology

9 A watershed is an area of land that is drained by a water system. The Dan River Basin Watershed, which includes the Dan River and all the water that comes into it, covers 3300 square miles in both Virginia and North Carolina.

The Dan River is over 200 miles long, with its headwaters beginning at the Meadows of

Dan in Virginia and its terminus ending at the Kerr Reservoir near Clarksville, Virginia. It passes from the west to the east through North Carolina eight times and joins the Roanoke River near its end. Near Danville, it has four tributaries that empty into it: Sandy River, Sandy Creek, Fall Creek, and Pumpkin Creek.

http://www.danriver.org/content/File/Basin_Overview_Final.pdf

History of the City of Danville

10 In 1882, six wealthy Danville citizens founded the Riverside Cotton Mills next to the Dan River in downtown Danville. The mills made fabrics (also known as textiles). Because so much cotton was grown in the South and there was an available and cheap labor force, the textile industry grew and more mills were built.

Near Danville, a mill village called Schoolfield was built, named after three brothers who had been part of the founding of Riverside Cotton Mills. In the early 1900s mill workers and their families lived, worked, and went to school in Schoolfield. Later, Riverside Cotton Mills and Schoolfield became known as Dan River, Inc., which was the largest single-unit textile mill in the world.

In 1951, the mill village of Schoolfield was annexed into the City of Danville.

11 The textile business was one of Danville's most important industries until the late 1900s. Then, it became cheaper to send cotton over the ocean to other countries for the fabric to be made, and the Danville mills began to lose business. In 2006, Dan River, Inc. closed its doors forever.

12 On September 27, 1903, the Old 97, a mail train also called Fast Mail, wrecked near Danville while taking the turn around a bend too fast. 11 people died, and seven were injured. A series of ballads were written about the wreck, recorded by many musical artists.

Today, a mural of the train is painted on the side of a building at the corner of Main Street and Memorial Drive in Danville.

<http://www.danvillehistory.org/history.html>
http://www.encyclopediavirginia.org/Wreck_of_the_Old_97#start_entry

For more Fun Facts about the City of Danville and its river, visit *The Dan River Twins* website.



SANDY RIVER

the OTTER DEN RIVER

MUDSLIDING

RIVER

the DAN RIVER

WATERFALL CLIMBING

WHITE MILL

DOWNTOWN

N
W O E
S

RACE START

the BIG DAM

RACE FINISH

SCHOOLFIELD

A hand-drawn illustration of a river with a central island, trees, and hills. The river flows from the top left towards the bottom right. In the middle of the river is a large island labeled "the ISLAND" with an arrow pointing to it. The riverbanks are lined with small evergreen trees and wavy lines representing water. Hills are depicted with simple curved lines. The entire scene is drawn in a sketchy, artistic style.

~THE~ DAN RIVER TWINNS

What happens when three young river otters, a day of fun & games, and a huge flood collide? Read to find out in this playful, exciting story, set in the Dan River in Danville, Virginia.



Who is responsible for taking care of the Dan River? The Dan River is an anchor for the City of Danville and surrounding region. It has served as a hub of business and recreation for many years. Although the river has faced some adversity in the past, it is up to YOU to serve as a steward for the river in the future. Each day you will make decisions that impact the quality and health of the river and the wildlife that call it home, so the next time you are faced with a decision we hope you think of Danny and Mist. The mission of this book is to serve as a catalyst for change in our community and begin sharing all the great things the Dan River has to offer.

~THE~ DAN RIVER TWINs