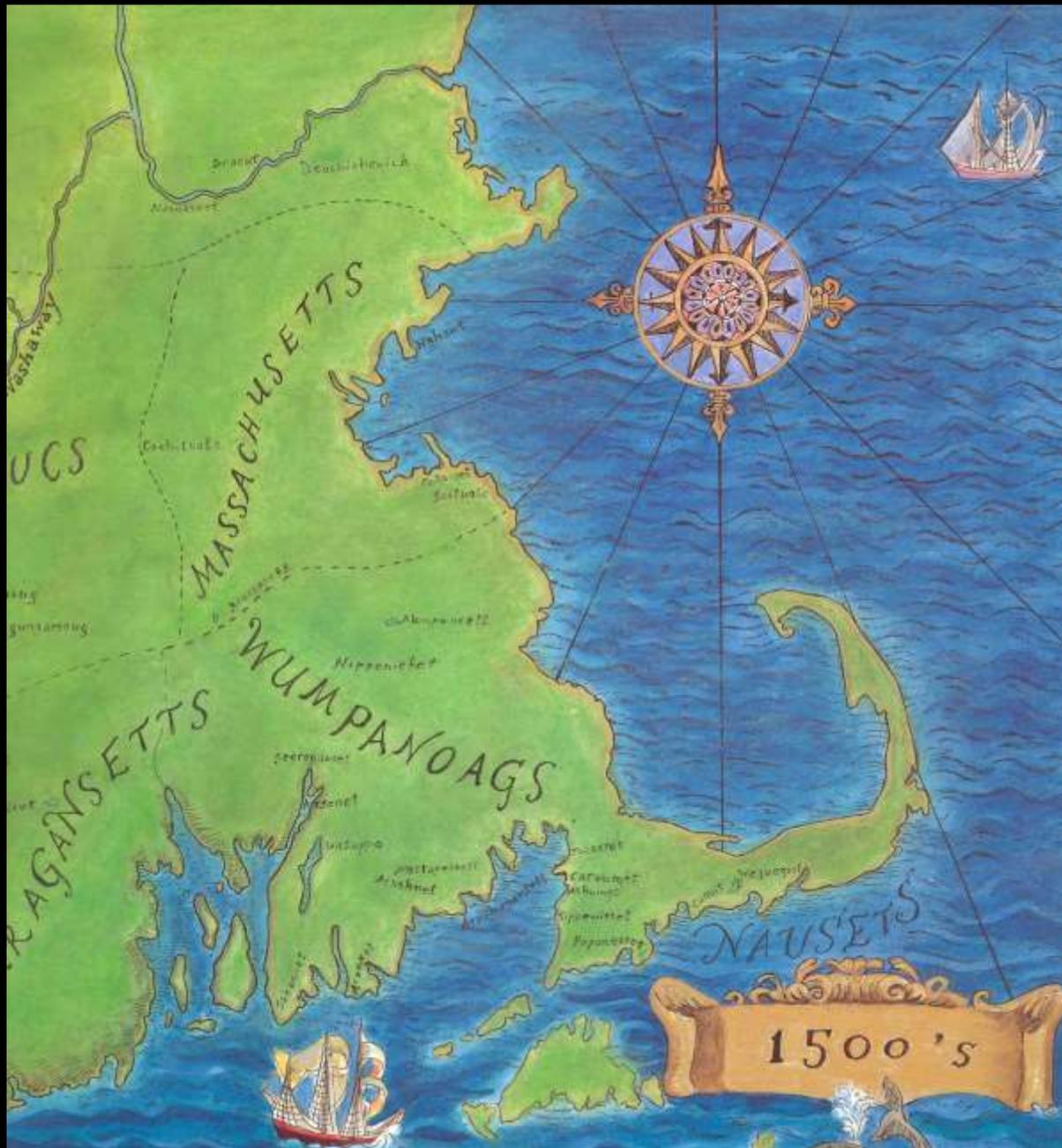


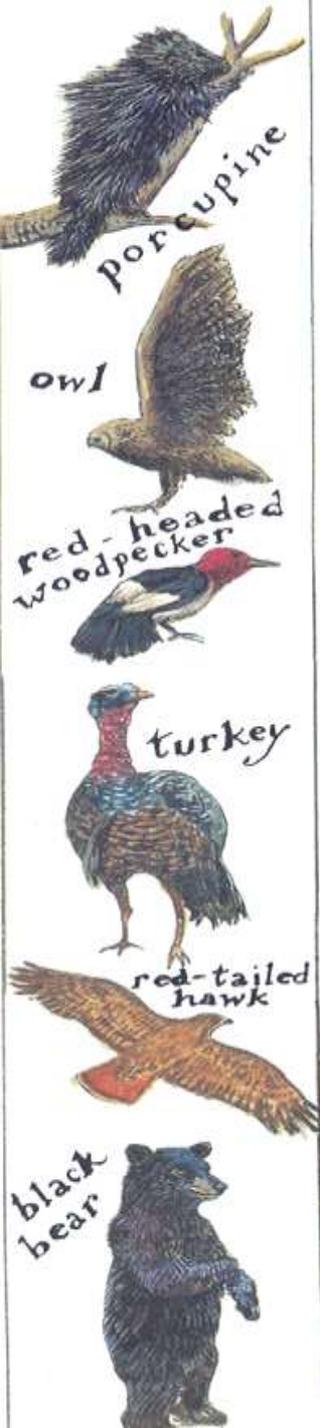
A RIVER RAN WILD

Lynne Cherry

Before native peoples came to a region in present-day Massachusetts, the continent now called North America, was filled with running streams, rivers, dense forests and abundant wildlife...



This is
the
history
of one
river...



Long ago, a river ran wild through a land of towering forests.

Bears, moose, and herds of deer all made their homes in the peaceful river valley.



One day, a group of people,
searching for a place
to settle, came upon the
river valley.

“Let us call the river
Nash-a-way,”

said the chief of the people,

“The river with the
pebbled bottom.”



By the Nash-a-way the people
built a village.

They gathered cattails
from the river to thatch
their dwellings.

In the forest clearings,
they planted corn and squash.
The river and forest provided
all they needed.



The Nashua people had lived for generations by the river, when one day a trader came.

The Nashua welcomed him, traded furs and soon a trading post was built.



In the years that followed, the trading post brought new settlers who cleared the land and built sawmills on the river, using its water for power.

The logs from the sawmill were used for building more houses for more new settlers.



The settlers built fences for their pastures and fields. They called the land their own and that Indians could not trespass. Sometimes fighting between the native people and the new settlers erupted.



At the start of a new century,
an industrial revolution came to
the banks of the river.

Many new machines now spun
cotton and wool cloth.

Other machines made wood
pulp into newspaper.

Leftover waste from the
factories was dumped
into the river.



These were times of much excitement and progress.ore factories were built on the river, making many things, like radios, televisions, plastics, and chemicals.

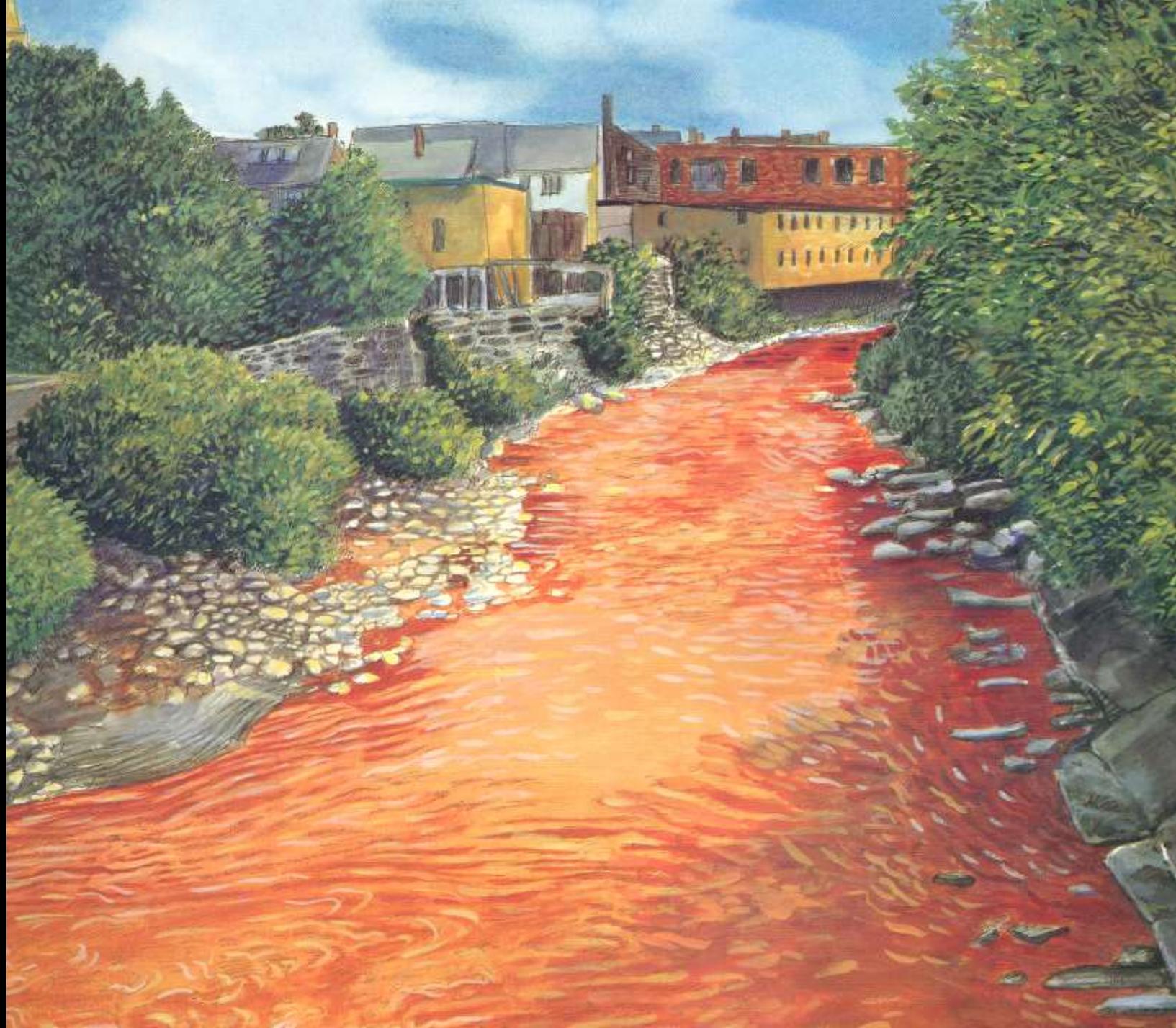
Soon the Nashua River's fish and wildlife grew sick from the pollution.



The paper mills continued to
dump waste into the river.
Bad smells welled up from the
river and its color even turned
a sickly red.

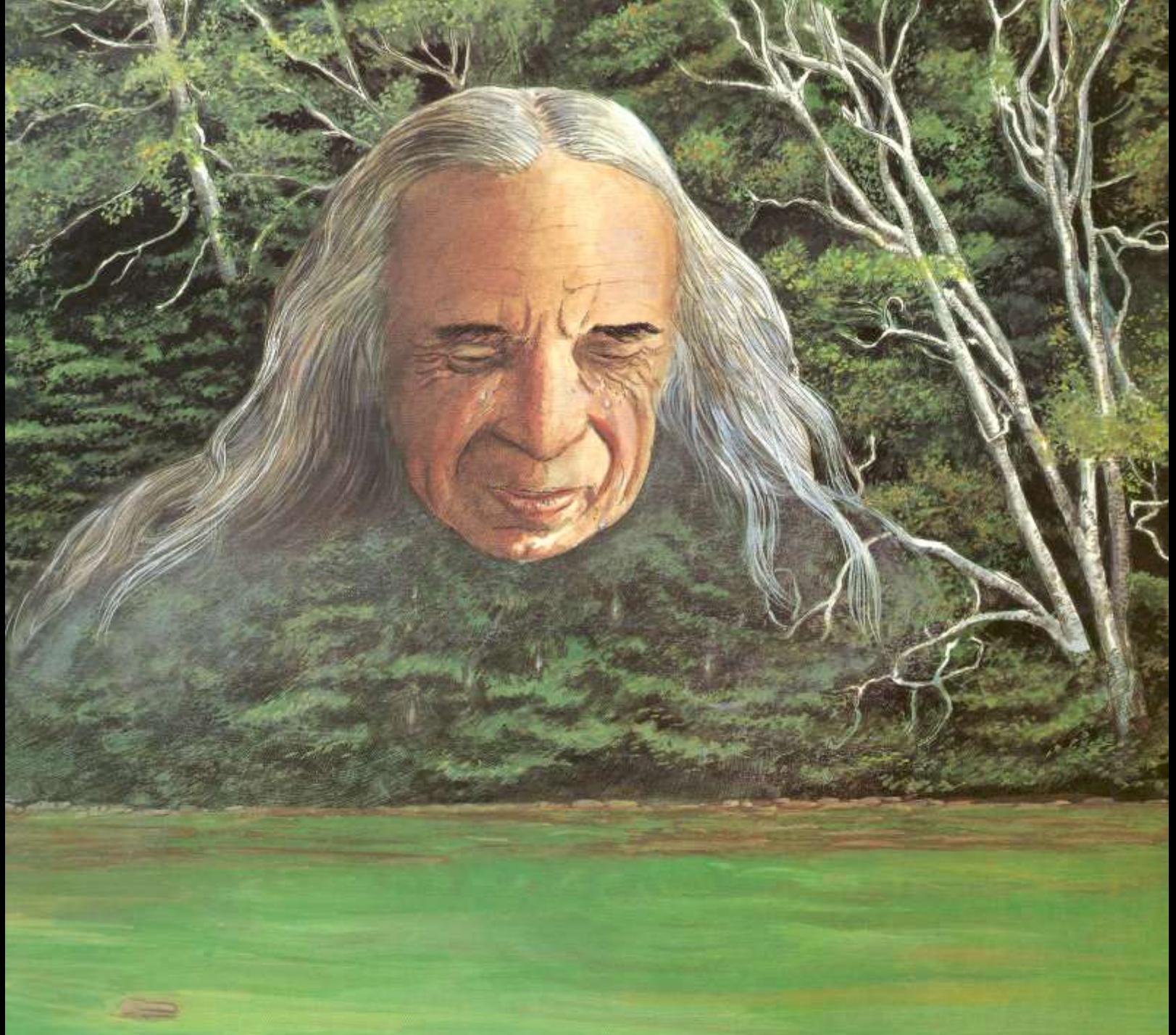
Soon no fish and no birds
could be found in and around
the river.

The river was slowly dying.



One night, Oweana, a descendant of the native people who lived along the river, had a dream. The old chief mourned for the river and where his tears fell, the waters were cleansed.

He told others about his dream and they decided something must be done.



Schoolchildren protested,
sent letters and petitions
to politicians, telling about the
smelly sewer
which used to be the river.

They persuaded factories
to stop dumping waste in the
river. Finally, new laws were
passed to make factories
stop polluting.



Slowly, the Nashua's current
began to clean its water.

Year by year,
the water carried its waste
off to the ocean.

Now the banks and its waters
are clear again.



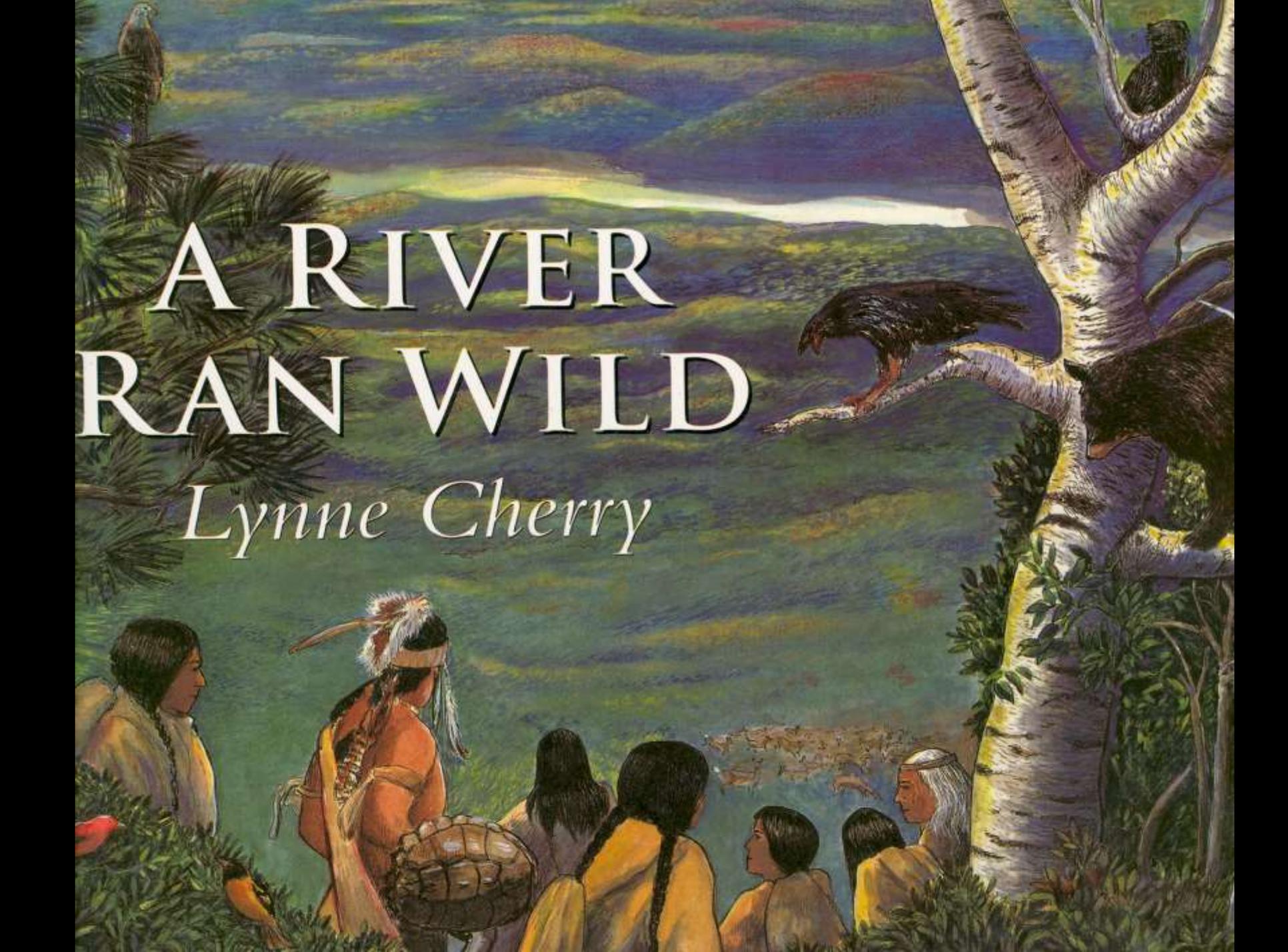
Once again the river runs wild
through a towering
forest greenway.

Hawks and owls and geese
pause from their migrations
to feed at the riverbanks.

Pebbles shine up through the
clear water of the

"River with the
Pebbled Bottom."





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