

Children of Noah
BOOK 2

THE
RIVER

EVONNE KRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY
LALOU



Answers
PRESS

A division of Answers in Genesis

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are the products of the author's imagination. However, the global flood (Genesis 6–8) and the tower of Babel (Genesis 11) are true events recorded in the Bible. Artistic license was used to create a story about these events using fictitious characters. But there are people in this story who really lived, including Noah and his sons and their descendants (see names in Genesis 10–11).

ISBN: 978-1-9844-1574-5

MID: 3001222

Copyright © 2025 Answers in Genesis. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the publisher. For more information, write: Answers in Genesis, PO Box 510, Hebron, KY 41048.

Writer: Evonne Krell

Illustrator: Lalou

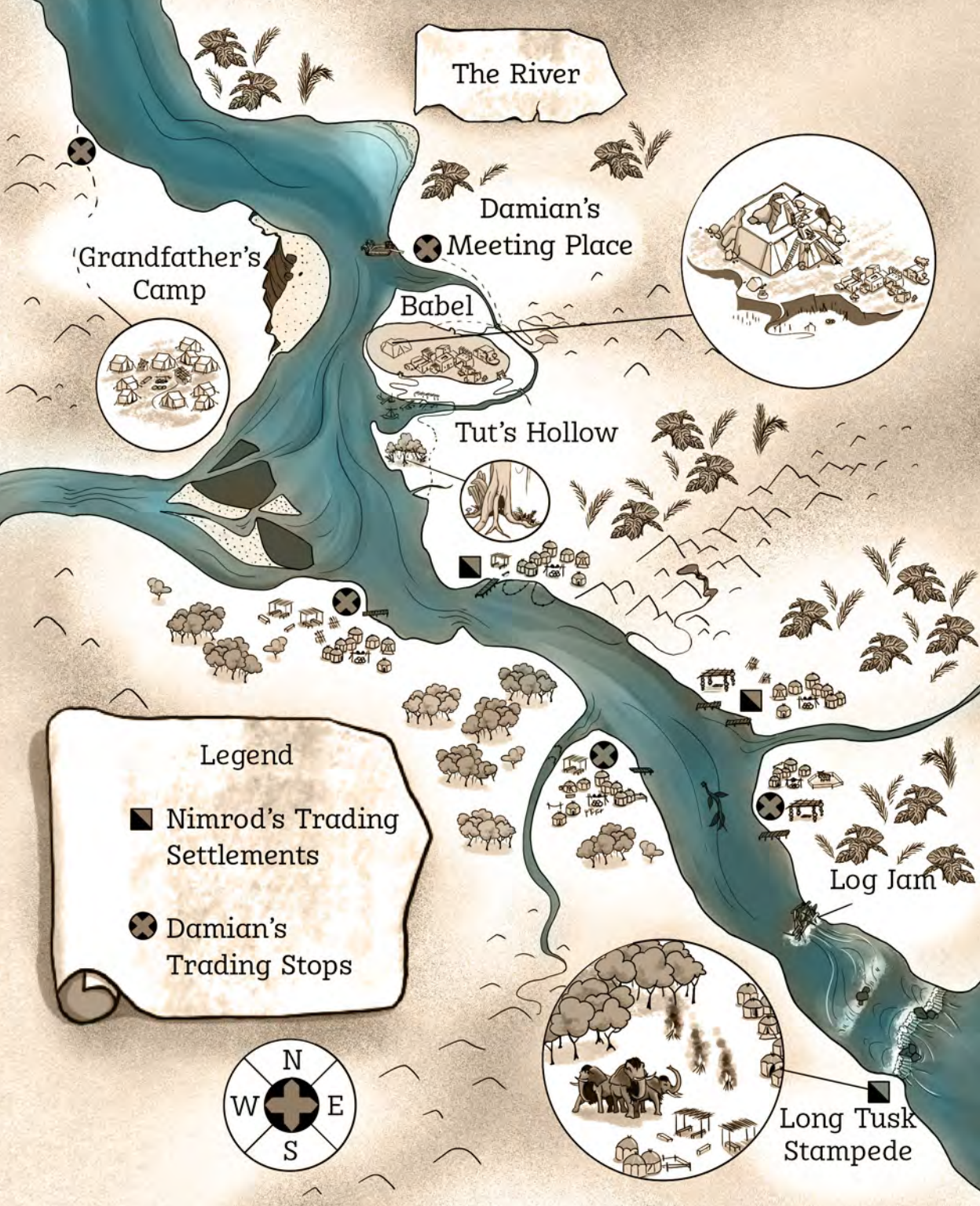
Designer: Jenn Reed

Editors: Angela Carlisle, Crissa Esse

Production: Gary Vaterlaus, Dan Zordel, Joel Leineweber, Michaela Duncan, Justine Foster, Andrew Schwab, Mieko Harris, Shonda Snelbaker, Rich Campbell

Printed in China.

To Lana, Lori, and April, who
inspired my imagination through
creative play and outdoor fun
when we were kids. Thanks for
your friendship and encouragement
over the years. Without you and
your pets, I couldn't write about
friendship and jungle cats!



The River

Damian's

Meeting Place

Grandfather's
Camp

Babel

Tut's Hollow

Legend

■ Nimrod's Trading
Settlements

⊗ Damian's
Trading Stops



Log Jam

Long Tusk
Stampede

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1: The Stampede	1
Chapter 2: The Translator	11
Chapter 3: The Thief	23
Chapter 4: The Rain	33
Chapter 5: The Rescue	41
Chapter 6: The Message	49
Chapter 7: The Return	57
Chapter 8: The Cub	69
Chapter 9: The Offer	81
Chapter 10: The Quake	91
Chapter 11: The Decision	97
Chapter 12: The Prisoners	105
Chapter 13: The Escape	115
Chapter 14: The Fight	127
Chapter 15: The River	135

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Evonne Krell grew up on Vancouver Island in beautiful British Columbia, Canada. She has written and edited Sunday school and homeschool Bible curricula, VBS materials, and children's books for *Answers in Genesis* for over eight years.

Before devoting her attention to full-time writing, she taught private piano lessons and spent a year teaching children with a revival ministry in churches across the US. Her award-winning story "The Red Priest" about Antonio Vivaldi was published in *Clubhouse* magazine in 2010. *The Tower*, book 1 in the Children of Noah series, won the 2024 Selah Award for children's chapter books.

Evonne currently lives in Northern Kentucky, where she enjoys playing tennis, baking, and teaching her third grade Sunday school class.



CHAPTER 1

THE STAMPEDE

The ground shook beneath Nephti's feet. She looked up at her Uncle Nimrod with wide eyes. "Earthquake?"

Nimrod frowned, causing his dark, bushy eyebrows to almost touch. He turned to scan the area. He wore a simple tunic with a belt and a necklace of jagged monster teeth as trophies from his hunts.

The people waiting to trade murmured and shifted their feet.

Someone shouted and pointed across the grassy plain. Nephti saw a cloud of dust moving toward them.

“Long tusks!”

People screamed and scattered from the market area. Nephti stood and gripped the trading table in front of her so hard her knuckles turned white. Long tusks were enormous animals. Two curved white teeth jutted out from either side of their long snouts. When their herds charged, nothing could stand in their way. Not a girl like her, a strong hunter like her uncle, or this small trading settlement made up of animal-hide tents.

A woman clutching a baby turned to Nimrod.

“Help us!”

She spoke a language Nimrod didn’t know, but Nephti didn’t need to translate for him. He was already grabbing his spear.

Nimrod turned to his hunters. “Bring torches and spears.” Ten men scrambled to obey.

A thin young man burst out of the tent behind Nephti. It was her cousin Tamraz. He held a spear. “I’m ready, Uncle.”

Nimrod shook his head. “No. You’re not strong enough or trained to fight. Stay here with Nephti and your mother.”

Tamraz’s shoulders drooped. But he nodded and handed the spear to one of the hunters.

The large gray animals moved toward them. The beasts trumpeted as they crashed over bushes in their path.

Nimrod and his men assembled and rushed toward the rampaging herd with shouts.

Nephti froze. She couldn’t decide if she was more terrified for her uncle and his men or for herself.

Aunt Rashida tugged Nephti's sleeve. "Come!"

"Where should we go? Should we run somewhere?" Nephti asked.

"Nimrod and his men will redirect them." Tamraz glanced at their sturdy trading table. "Let's turn the table on its side and drag it to the tent's entrance. We can barricade ourselves behind it."

Nephti rescued her wooden tablet and writing rod from the table and placed them in the tent, then raced back to help Tamraz and her aunt move the table and turn it on its side. They sat with their backs against it. Nephti felt the ground shake beneath her and squeezed her eyes shut. She wished she were anywhere but here.

"What's happening?" Aunt Rashida asked.

Nephti opened her eyes.

Tamraz looked over the table. "I see dust. Or smoke?"

“Have the long tusks reached the tents?” Aunt Rashida asked.

“I can’t tell.”

They waited and listened.

Nephti placed her hand on the ground.

“The ground isn’t shaking as much.”

Tamraz squinted. “It looks like the herd is running west, away from the settlement.”

Aunt Rashida let out a deep breath. “Nimrod has saved us.”

Tamraz slid down behind the table and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

The acrid scent of smoke made Nephti cough. She wrapped her cloak around her mouth, then stood and looked toward the plain. A gray haze hung in the air, blocking her view of the retreating herd.

“Let’s reset the table and see what’s happened,” Aunt Rashida said.

By the time they restored their trade area, Nephti spotted Nimrod and his men striding toward the settlement. People cheered and shouted as they ran toward him. Nimrod gave short nods to acknowledge the praise.

Nephti ducked under arms and elbows to reach her uncle. She hugged his leg. “You’re safe.”

Nimrod placed a hand on Nephti’s head. “And so are you.”

Tamraz squeezed his way to Nimrod. “How did you stop the herd?”

Nimrod adjusted the animal-tooth necklace around his thick neck. “We shouted and lit fires to redirect their course.” He paused and looked toward the smoke. “Nephti, we must tell the people to collect water to put out the fires.

We can't let them burn toward the trade area and tents."

Nimrod turned to the crowd and raised his hands for quiet. "Bring water to the fire." His voice boomed over the gathering. He lifted Nephti so she perched on his shoulder. "Tell them."

Nephti announced in her language, "Hurry, bring water to the fire." She repeated the instructions in the other languages she'd learned besides Nimrod's: two more tongues spoken by Ham's descendants, one by Shem's descendants, and one by Japheth's descendants. By the time she finished, people were already running to fill jars, buckets, and waterskins with water from the river. Others saw what they were doing and copied them without needing instructions.

Nimrod set Nephti down. "You did well, my brave multitongue."



Nephti twisted her braid. “I hid behind a table. That’s not brave.”

“You helped save the settlement.” Nimrod pointed to all the people gathering water.

Nephti stood a little taller and smiled.

Soon the fires were out. Everyone gathered in front of Nimrod’s trading table. Nephti’s eyes burned from the smoke, and her throat felt dry and scratchy. She wished she had taken a drink from their bucket of well water. But she took her place next to Nimrod as all eyes turned to them.

“You have put out the fires, and we are safe. Tomorrow, I will trade more food from our supplies at Babel.” Nimrod paused so Nephti could translate for him. When she finished, he continued, “Remember that I always protect those who are loyal to me.” He dismissed the crowd.

As people headed to their tents, Nephti spotted a boy with curly hair near the edge of the crowd. Her heart thumped faster. Could it be her friend Damian, who had sailed away on the river with his family soon after their languages were changed at Babel?

She ran toward him. “Damian!”