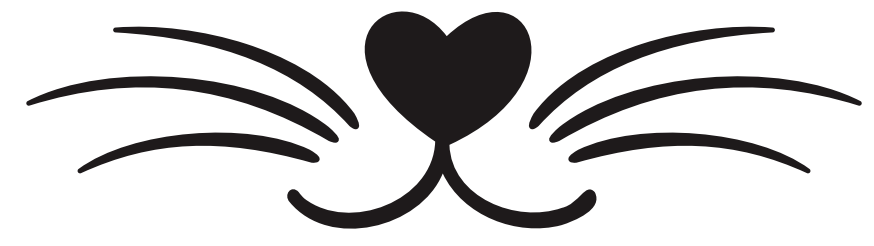




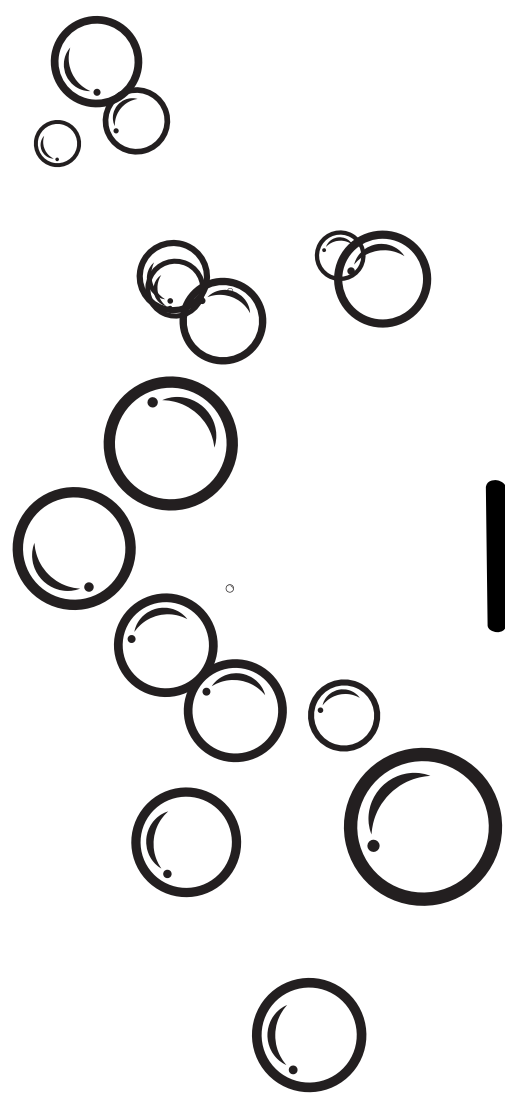
Ollie the River Otter

Ollie was a river otter. He moved through the water with smooth strokes. His fur kept him warm. His whiskers twitched.



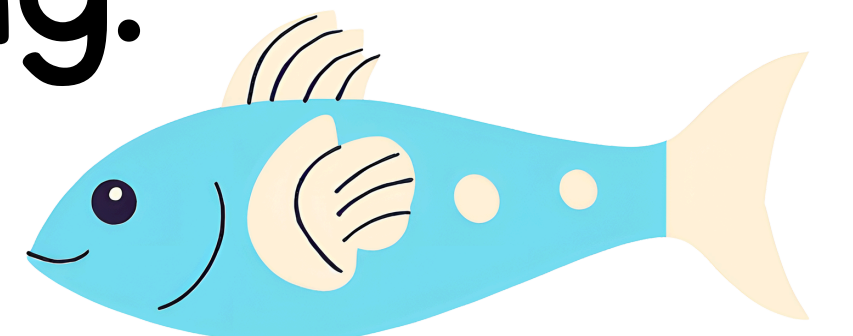
The river was wide and clear. Rocks sat under the surface. Ollie dove down. Bubbles rose behind him.

He found a flat stone. He carried it to the surface. Ollie floated on his back. He tapped the stone with a clam. Tap. Tap. Crack.



He ate, then dived again. Fish darted away.

Ollie chased them, twisting and turning.



Later, he climbed onto the bank. Water dripped from his fur. He rolled in dry grass. Then he slid back into the river. Ollie swam past reeds and tree roots.

The current was calm. A kingfisher flashed overhead. Ollie floated, belly up, his eyes just open.

The day moved slowly.

So did the river.

