

Two Little Otters

928 words

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Once there were two little otters living in a hollow tree by a river. They loved to wrestle and chase each other when they weren't catching fish to eat. And when the sun was too bright or the night was too dark, they went into their den in the trunk of a tree cuddled together and snoozed.

One day a storm came. Rain didn't usually bother the little otters. But this storm had a lot of lightning and thunder, so they decided to stay home.

They watched the rain outside through their door. It rained so hard that it almost looked like underwater! And the lightning got brighter and brighter and the thunder got louder and louder! The two little otters huddled away from the door because they were getting scared.

BANG! There was an awful flash of light. The tree groaned and swayed around them. The two little otters scrambled out just in the nick of time as their tree fell into the river.

The little otters dove under their tree and stayed there. They cuddled together as scared as they could be! They stayed in the water under their tree and only stuck their noses out to breathe. But it wasn't too long before the thunder passed and the rain softened. Then they climbed up on top of their tree as it floated down the river.

"What shall we do now?" said one little otter. "Our home has been struck by lightning! Where will we live?"

"I don't know," said the other little otter. "But we're alive and we still have each other. We'll find a new home somewhere."

"And we still have the river," said the first. "We still have fish to eat. But everything has changed and I'm scared!"

So the two little otters cuddled together as the rain passed and watched the river bank go by.

The little otters lived for a while on their floating tree. They found that a home on the river was almost as good as one beside it, (although drying and grooming their fur was a problem at first.) They met many new people along the river, deer and foxes and squirrels, even other otters. They asked each one they passed if there was somewhere nearby for them to live. But the answer was always no.

One day the river widened into a big, deep pond. The little otters watched the bank of the pond for a place where they could live. Instead they saw a big, long mound of sticks and dirt across the river. That was why the river had gotten so wide.

“How will we get our tree past that?” said one little otter.

Then a voice said, “I don’t think you can.”

The little otters looked over the end of their tree. They saw a beaver looking back.

“That is my dam,” said Mr Beaver, “and this is my pond. Why are you riding on a tree?”

So the two little otters told Mr. Beaver all about their adventures, how lightning had knocked their home into the river and how they’d been looking for a new home, but nobody could help them.

“Mr. Beaver,” said one little otter, “do you know of a hollow tree near the water where we could live?”

“Why, yes, I do!” Mr. Beaver said. “I know every tree around my pond. I know of a tree that’s just what you want, right beside my pond! Mr. Squirrel lives in the upper branches, so he won’t mind you living by the ground. The only problem is that there’s no doorway into the tree.”

“But how would we get inside?” the other little otter asked.

“I could gnaw a door for you,” Mr Beaver replied, “for a price.”

“What price?” the otters said together.

“Well,” said Mr. Beaver, “I see lots of sturdy branches on your old tree that I could use in my den or my dam. I see lots of yummy bark to eat, too. Let me have the bark and branches from your old tree and I’ll make a door for you in your new tree.”

So the two little otters let Mr. Beaver and his family eat their old tree. He swam with them to a fine, big, hollow tree right beside the pond and made a door for them. It was warm and cozy inside and there was lots of room to cuddle in. Mr. Squirrel was not very happy suddenly having new neighbours, but the two little otters left him alone and after a while he got used to them.

The two little otters stayed and made a new home there. They wrestled and chased each other when they weren't catching fish to eat. And when the sun was too bright or the night was too dark, they went into their den in the trunk of a tree cuddled together and snoozed.

As for their old tree, when Mr. Beaver and his family were through with it, there was nothing left but a big, hollow log. Together, they all lifted it over the dam. They anchored the log a little way downstream of Mr. Beaver’s dam in case they wanted it again. You see, the little otters had learned that lightning blowing your home into the river is terrible, but boating on the river is fun! If otters know anything, it’s how to have fun.

The End