

So soon he lifted his head, shook his furry body and slipped into the cool refreshing stream. He didn't come back into view until he was at least two pools and a rapid and a half away. If he could laugh for joy he probably would have because it felt so good to wake up with a vigorous swim through his, yes his pools! Otter's world was limited by

things that he could identify if only by just knowing that it was time to turn around and retrace familiar steps. Probably he stopped going up stream or down when he came to another otter's smells.



And that other otter felt just the same way...smell for smell. What the other otter didn't know was that some early, early spring day when fishing got easier in the melting stream and before even the first green leaf uncurled he would not stop at his familiar top pool but, after a little hesitation, perhaps even a second look back he sank into the stream and swam steadily away. It really wasn't away though because he knew something was right. There was something or probably someone not far away and when the sun was at it's highest they would just want to be together because it felt very good and they would share their pools and rapids and warm stream banks.

