

An otter in view

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Does an otter know what it is to be alone or is it something that disappears when he grows up and moves away up or down the little stream that he grew up on?

This small brown, sleek animal spent his days slithering into small

dark pools, sliding down trickling stick-filled runs of cold chattering water looking for beautiful little trout and tiny shimmering stickleback minnows to eat. There wasn't always enough to catch so that the otter could feel the contentment of lying in the warm spring sun near one of the larger deeper dark pools where he often found himself when the sun was highest in the sky.

This was one of those warm, round tummy days that made everything feel so good and close all about. He'd just finished cleaning all around his small, sharp-toothed bewhiskered mouth and just started slicking down his short, handsome fur when...well... he yawned once and then

twice. The second yawn just wouldn't stop so he slowly let his head hang down the warm sandy stream bank and drifted off to sleep. And a good sleep it was! It didn't last long because it never did for otters. A good sleep was well-appreciated but an otter is a busy fellow and likes to be on the move.

