

haste as she approached and a frightened bass swam swiftly away when he had been surprised while basking in the early morning sun. She sighted a group of lilies at the shore and made her way toward them. Here was a food which she deeply relished and one which was extremely scarce in her home waters. She feasted on the roots and re-entered the water looking for some reward to repay her for the efforts she had made in making the trip.

About ten rods ahead she beheld another colony of Beaver which were engaged in damming the run of a small spring which entered the lake. She greeted them and made her way up to the dam. The leader of the clan, after exchanging salutations, invited her to assist them in their task. After a brief introduction she went to work. This colony was considerably larger than her own. She resolved that her visits to this lodge were to be frequent. It was with satisfaction that she realized her trip had not been in vain.

#### **The Flapper Afraid.**

They worked until the late afternoon when a muffled roar filled the air, coming from beyond the hill in the vicinity of her home. The warning signal was quickly sounded and each Beaver went quietly to its home. The Flapper gazed through the trees in the direction of the sound, where she could see the air was filled with smoke and falling debris. Here was a mystery. What could that sound have been? For the first time in her life she was afraid. The blood chilled in her veins. Her courage had left her. What could it have been that caused such an awful commotion? As she stood there, half dazed, the thought occurred to her that perhaps her relatives and friends had been injured. She paused to think, but the thought was quickly turned into bewilderment. After all, she concluded, they were hers; they

belonged to her. She had never felt that she cared for them as she did now. In a moment her courage returned. She must go back and that immediately. Whatever the outcome she must return. What did it matter if she, too, were to die? If her loved ones had been taken away she felt that she had no further desire to live.

She retraced her course of the morning, along the shore line and up the path past the spring. Crossing the hill she entered the water. It was black with mud. She tried to breast it and swim the current, but the boughs and the mud, together with the increased flow of the stream, was more than she could stand. She could see where the dam had been. Two small outcroppings plainly marked the places where it had formerly been connected with the mainland. The members of her colony were nowhere to be seen.

One week later the remaining members of the Flapper's family were comfortably settled in their new home, together with the new friends Flapper had made on the day of the catastrophe. The combined members, of the two clans, formed a large colony. Most of their time was spent storing food on the bottom of the pond. Popple twigs, which seemed to be the most popular menu, had been imbedded in the bottom of the pond, for the Winter's use.

Here was also a colony of Otter, who, although they laid no claim to the supremacy of the lodge, had caused Flapper considerable inconvenience. They seemed to be always in her way and one of their number, in particular, had once or twice, threatened her life.

While away from the lodge one day the Flapper came upon her Otter enemy. They were both bent on a feast of lily roots, but it so happened that the Otter arrived at the lily swamp first. As the Flapper

approached, the Otter uttered a warning that her presence was not desired. Flapper refused to heed the warning, however, and continued into the lily swamp. The water was shallow and each secured a good footing on the bottom of the marsh. With a quick lunge the Otter came upon Flapper and took her unawares. The strong canine-like teeth of the Otter worked up and down her throat searching for a grip. With a twist of her lithe body she avoided the Otter's teeth and they both went sprawling into the water. Flapper at last got a grip and dug deep into the Otter's neck. The blood ran and a painful cry went forth from the challenger. The Flapper was demonstrating her superiority. Suddenly the pain became too great and with all its remaining strength the Otter tore loose, leaving large pieces of flesh in Flapper's mouth. Flapper turned and made for shore while the Otter renewed its attack. The latter charged furiously at the Flapper who was unprepared to meet her attack. With a quick swish of her large tail she brought it down firmly and painfully across the Otter's face. It stunned the Otter which groped about in the water. The Flapper made her way safely to the shore and watched her enemy struggle to right itself. The Otter regained position and sat quietly in the water, watching Flapper closely. She refused a challenge to come to shore and, convinced that continued combat would only mean further punishment, she turned and swam away.

When the Flapper returned home that evening the Otter family had already left the lodge. The news of the battle had been broadcasted and she was carefully examined for her wounds. They regarded her as a heroine and looked upon her as one not to be trifled with. From then on, the Flapper enjoyed the distinction almost of ruling the new colony.

