

JENNIFER

and the River Adventure



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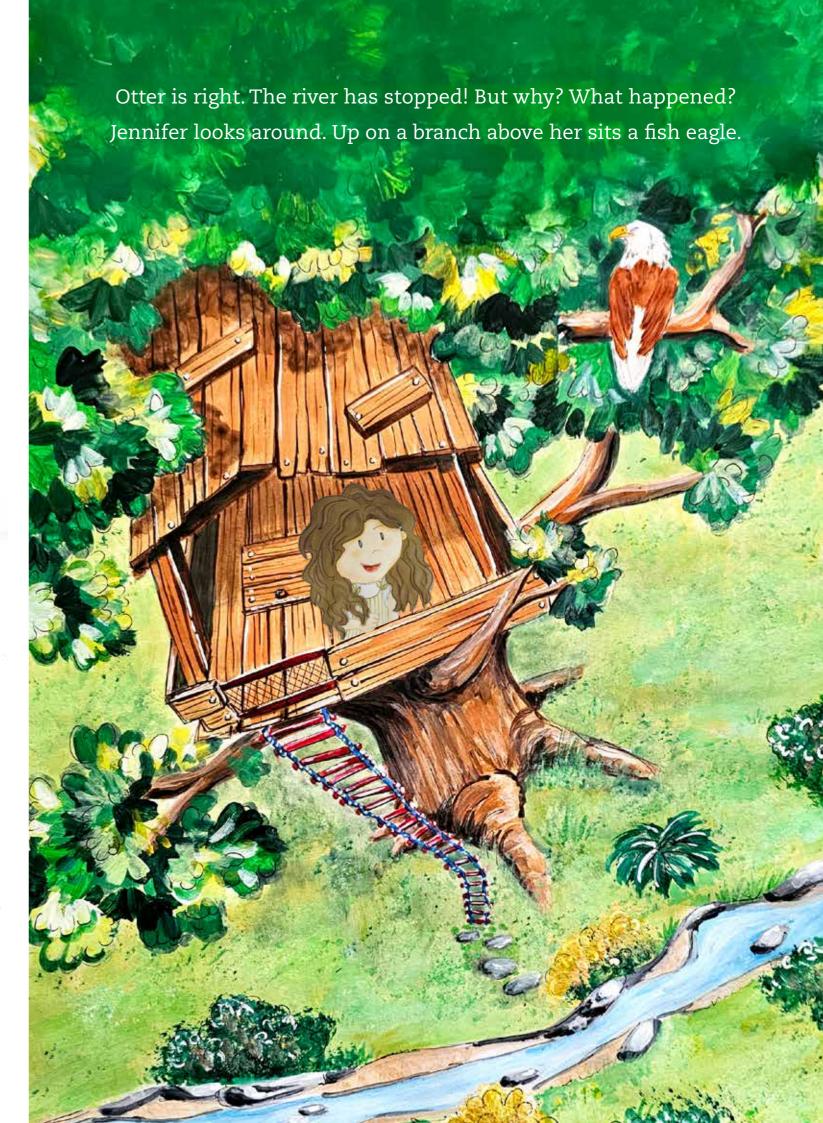
Down below, an otter is floating on his back. He's holding his tummy with his front paws and rocking side to side.

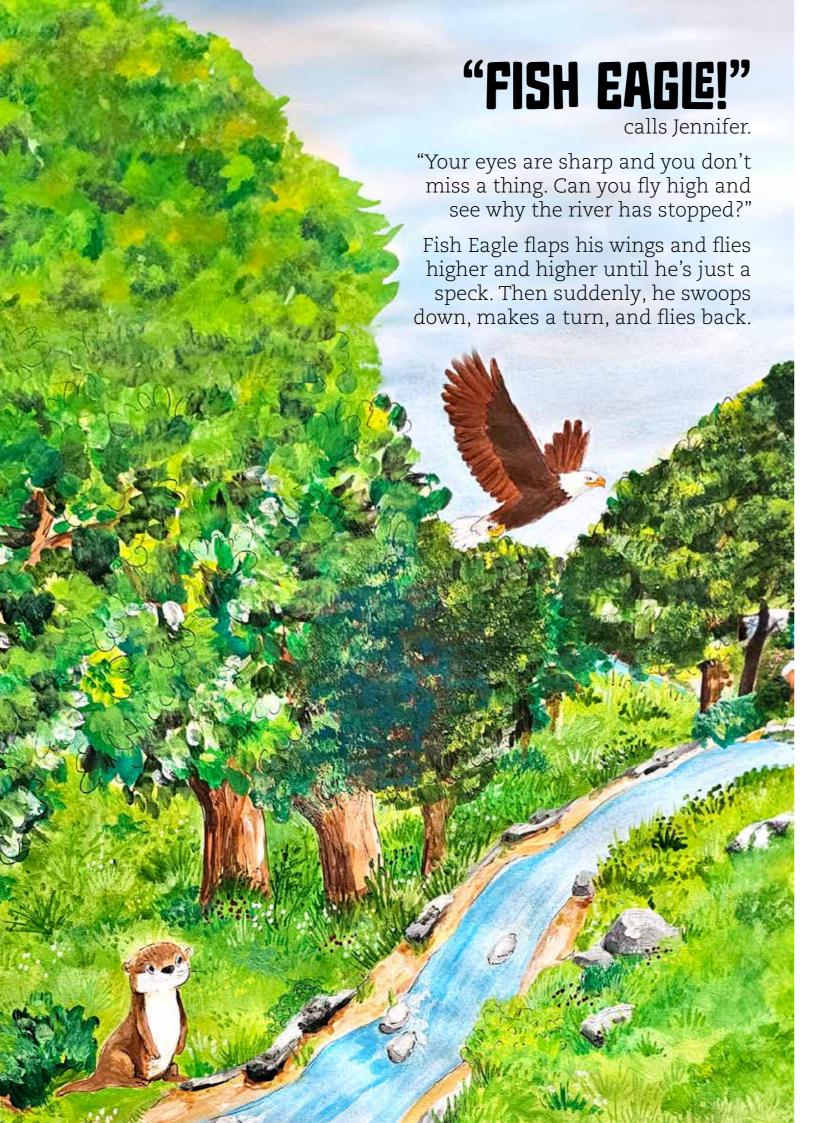
"WHAT'S WRUNG?" calls Jennifer.



The otter looks up.

"The river's stopped flowing, and all the fish and bugs are scared and hiding. I haven't eaten in days. My tummy hurts from hunger!"





"A big tree trunk is blocking the water," he reports. "It's made a dam behind it."

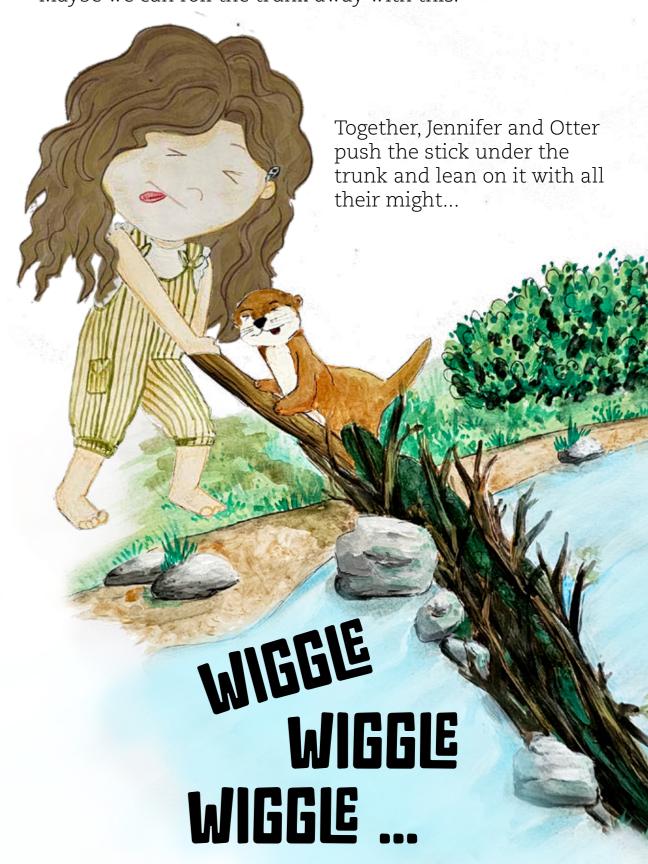


Jennifer climbs down the rope ladder right away, and Otter swims to the riverbank.



"Mmm..." says Jennifer, rubbing her chin. "What now?" She looks around and picks up a sturdy stick.

"Maybe we can roll the trunk away with this."



But no, the trunk doesn't move. "Push harder!" says Jennifer. They do, and...



"A CROCODILE!"



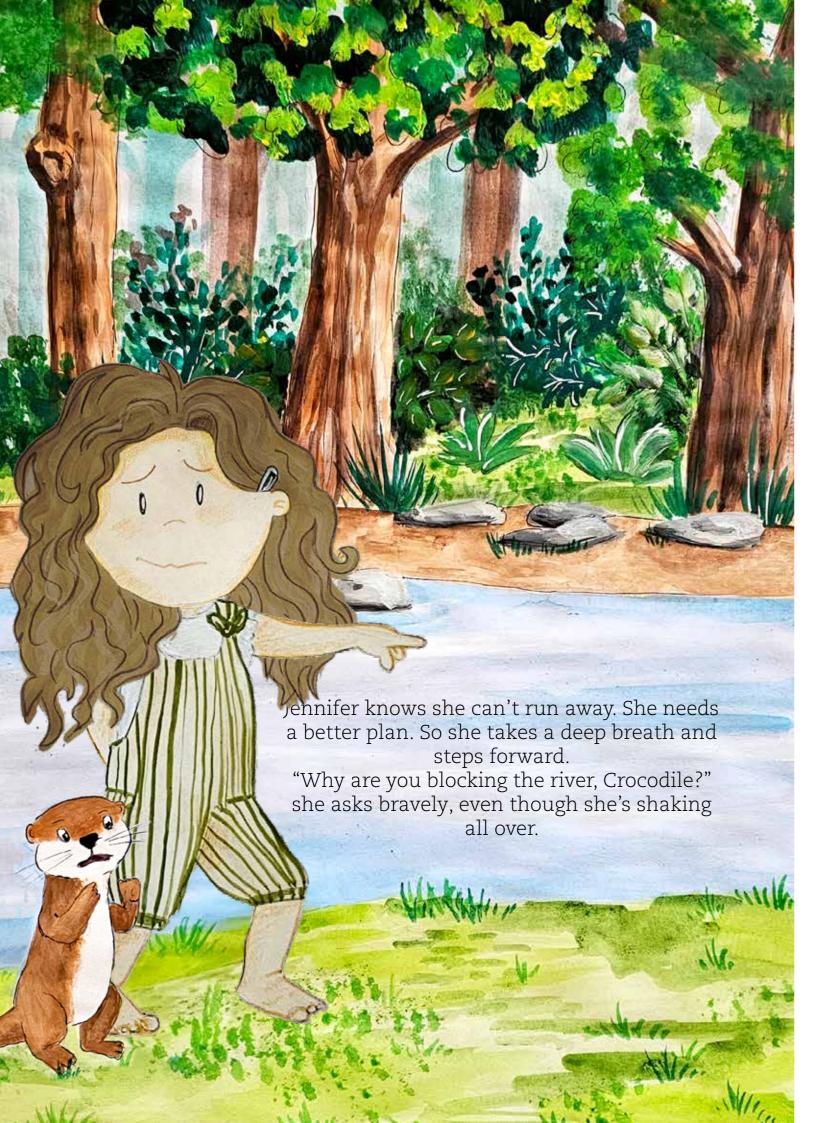
Jennifer jumps back another step, pulling Otter with her.

Just in time!

Crocodile's jaws snap wide open, then snap shut with a loud





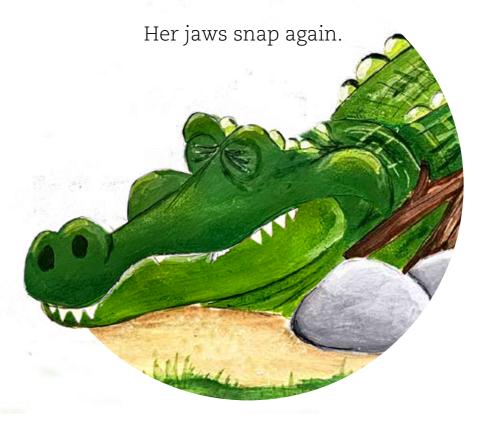


"Look!" Crocodile opens her mouth wide. Rows of sharp yellowwhite teeth gleam in the sunlight, making Jennifer's tummy twist. But one tooth, right in the middle, is red and swollen.



"I have a terrible toothache!" growls Crocodile. "And no one will help me. Everyone's too scared. I didn't know what else to do. So I decided to block the river until someone comes to help."

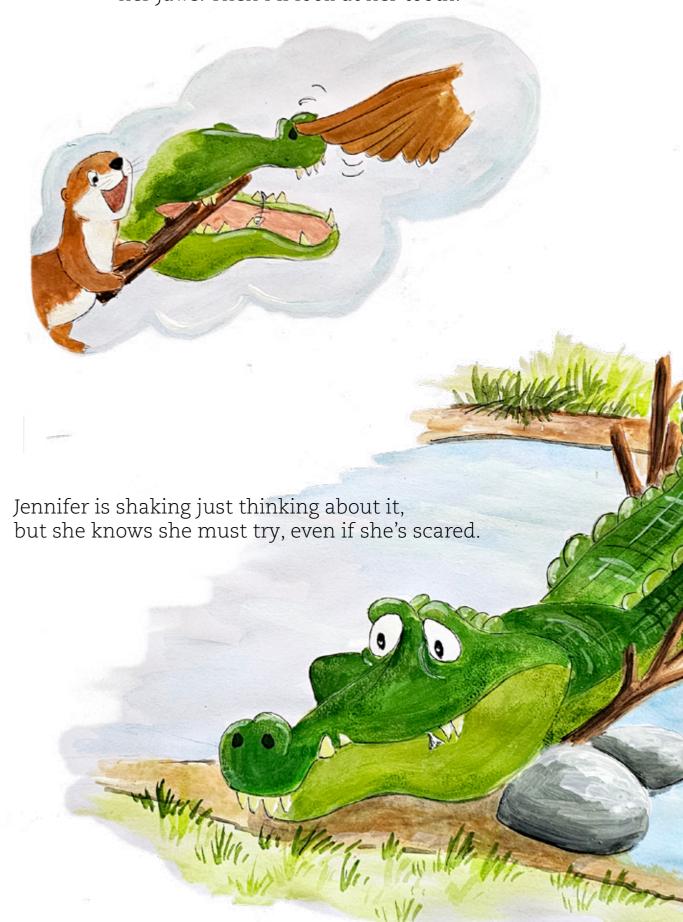
CLAP-CLAP!





Then Jennifer gets an idea.

"I know! Fish Eagle, you can tickle Crocodile's nose with a feather. Otter, when she laughs and opens her mouth, put a stick between her jaws. Then I'll look at her tooth."





For a moment, everything is very, very quiet.

Crocodile doesn't move. But what's that rolling down her scaly cheek?

Jennifer and Otter look at each other, worried.

"CRO-CROCODILE?"

stammers Jennifer. "Did we hurt you?"

Crocodile gives a big, wide smile. "No, not at all! That's a happy tear!" she cheers. Then she splashes her tail and swims away.





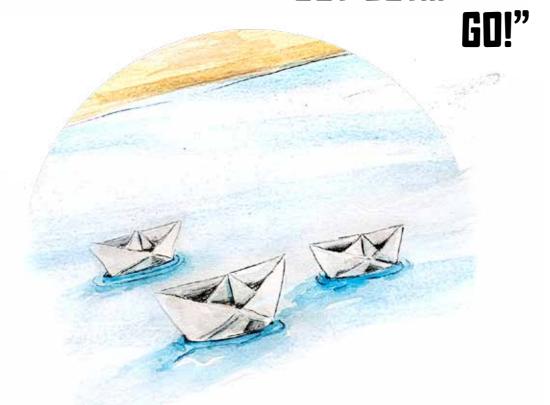


All the racers stand at the edge of the river with their paper boats in front of them.

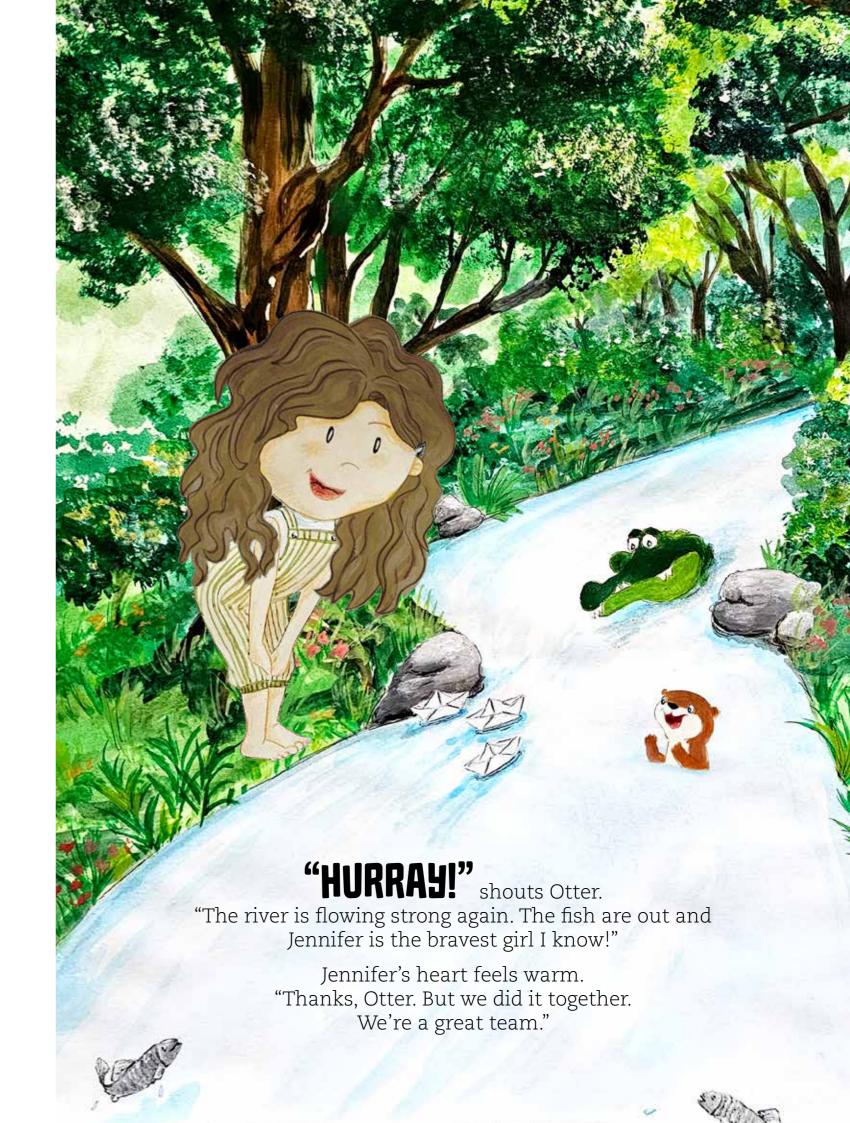


"ON YOUR MARKS...

GET SET...



Just then, the wind blows in, and the boats skip across the water, splashing as they go. They catch the stream and sail away. First one leads, then another.

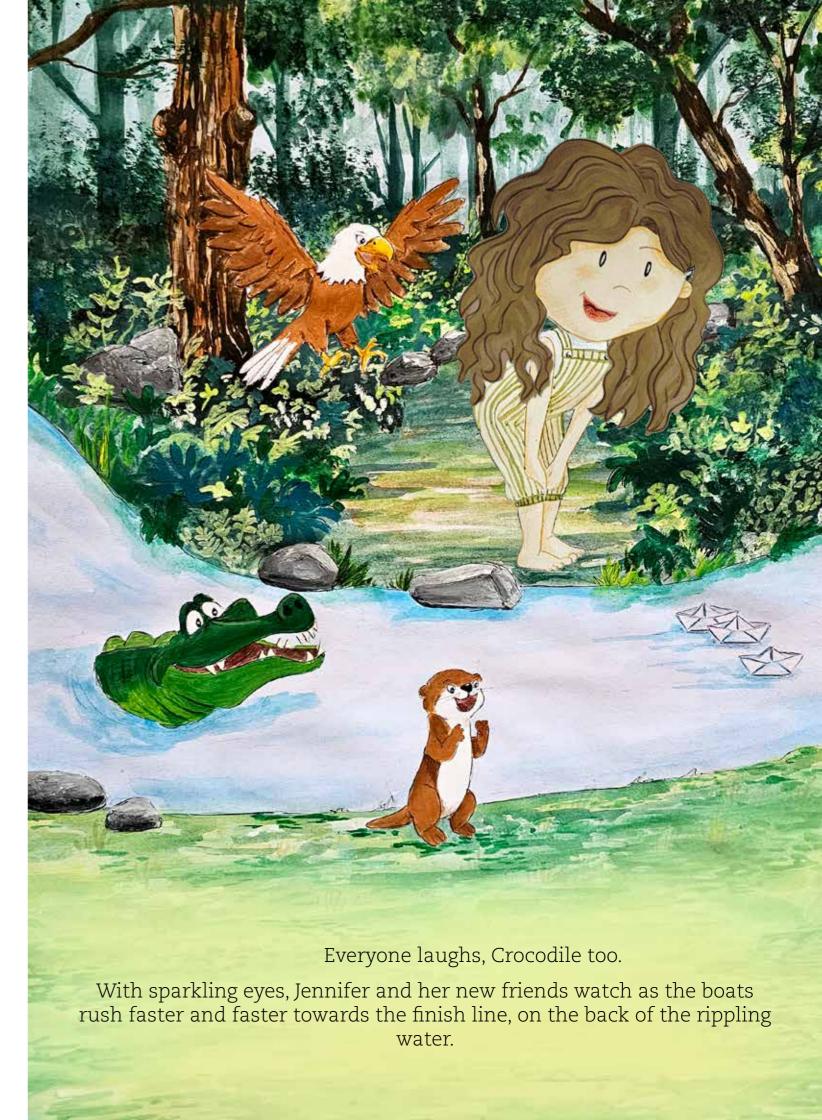


Otter wipes a tear from his cheek.



"And now?" asks Jennifer.

"Just a happy tear, that's all," Otter sniffles.





The End

Fold your own paper boat...

