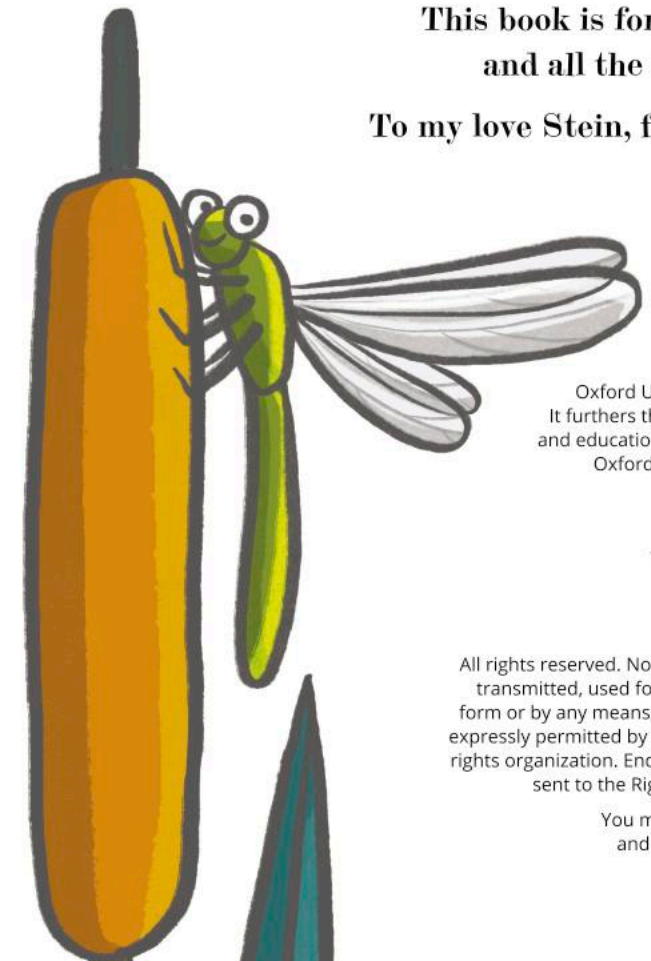
This book is for all the otters that can't stop fidgeting, and all the herons that feel a bit left out. W.M.

To my love Stein, for being my rock and for pushing me. M.G.



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WENDY MEDDOUR MERLE GOLL

Harry and the HERON

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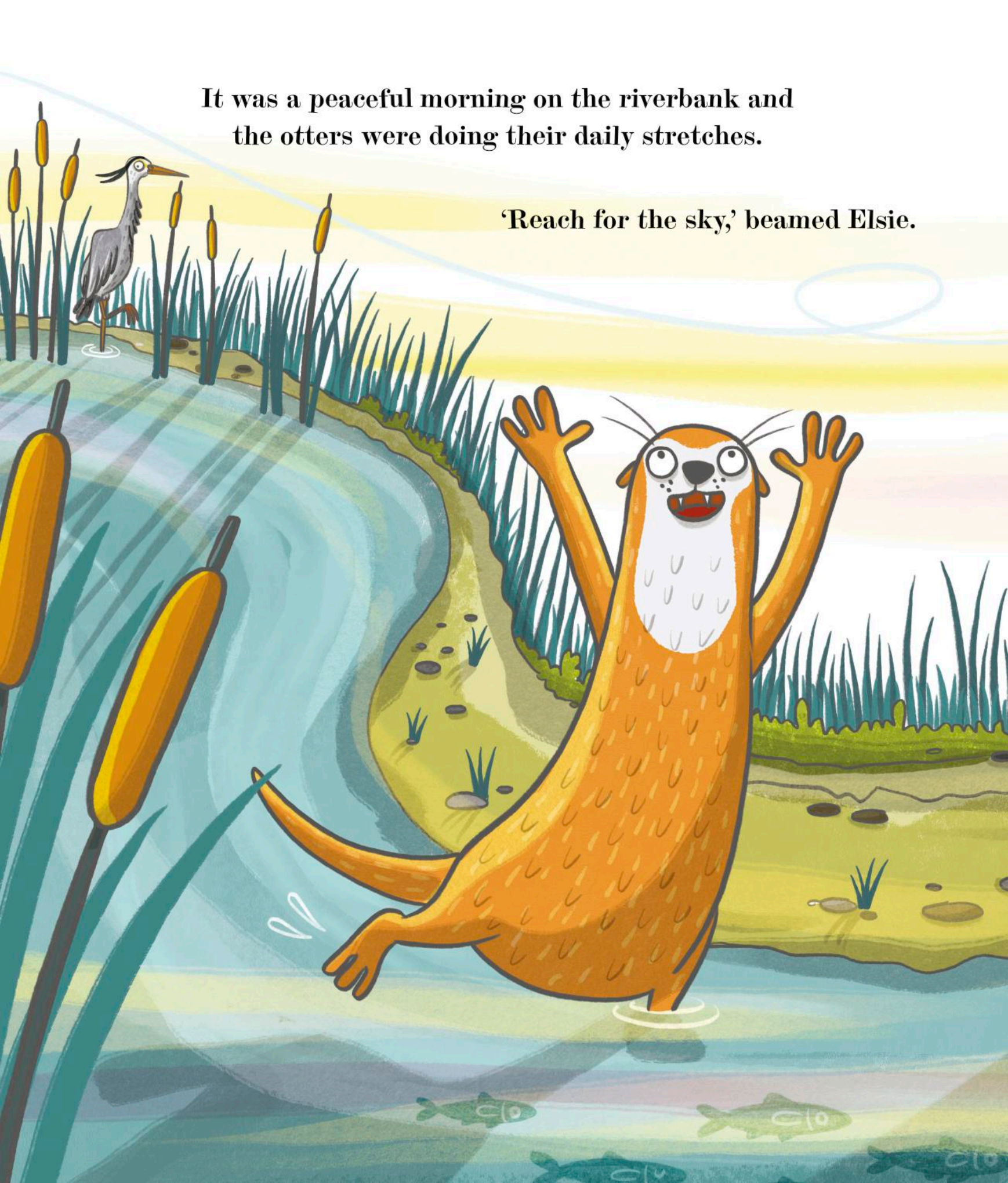
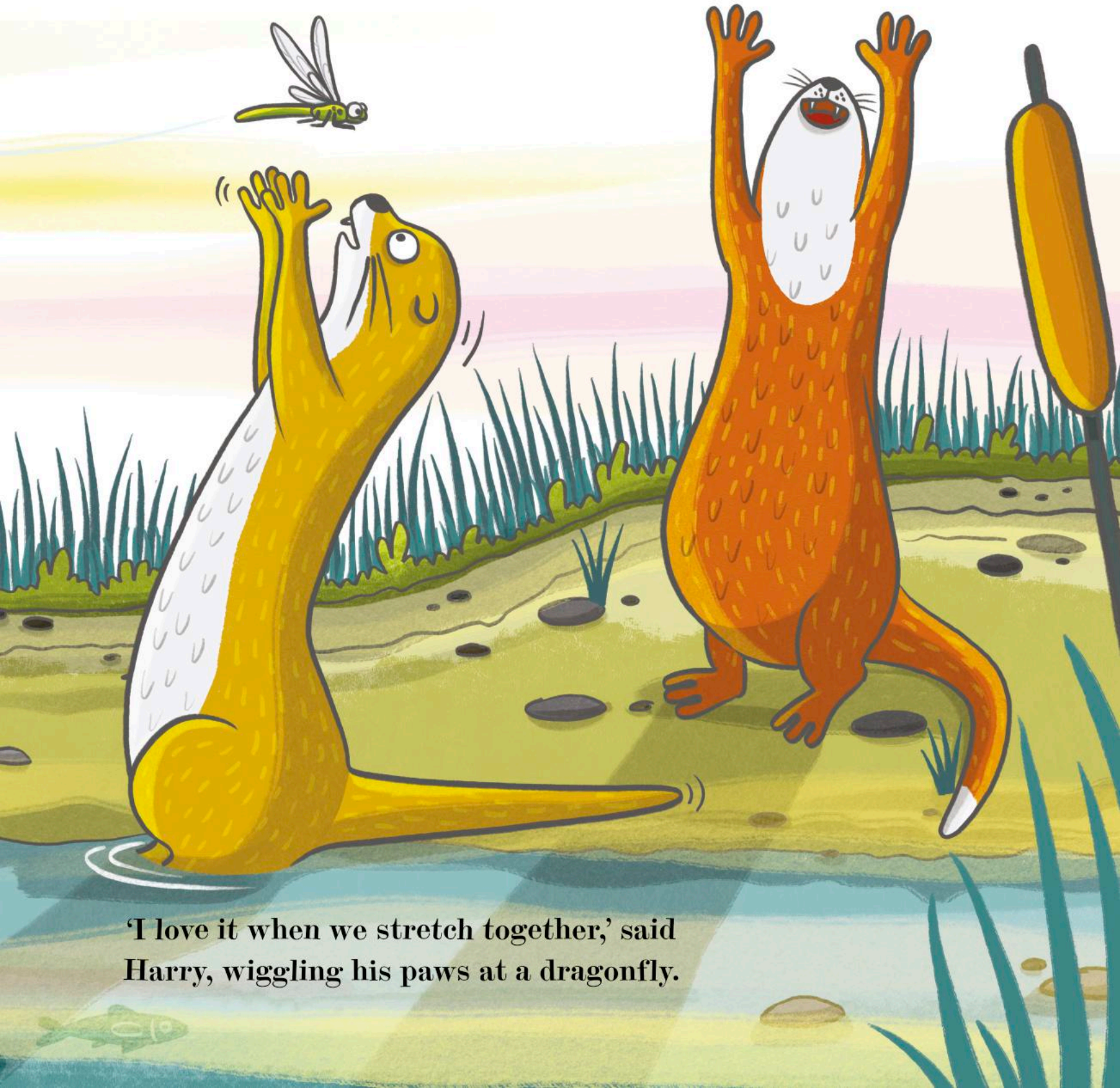
It was a peaceful morning on the riverbank and the otters were doing their daily stretches.

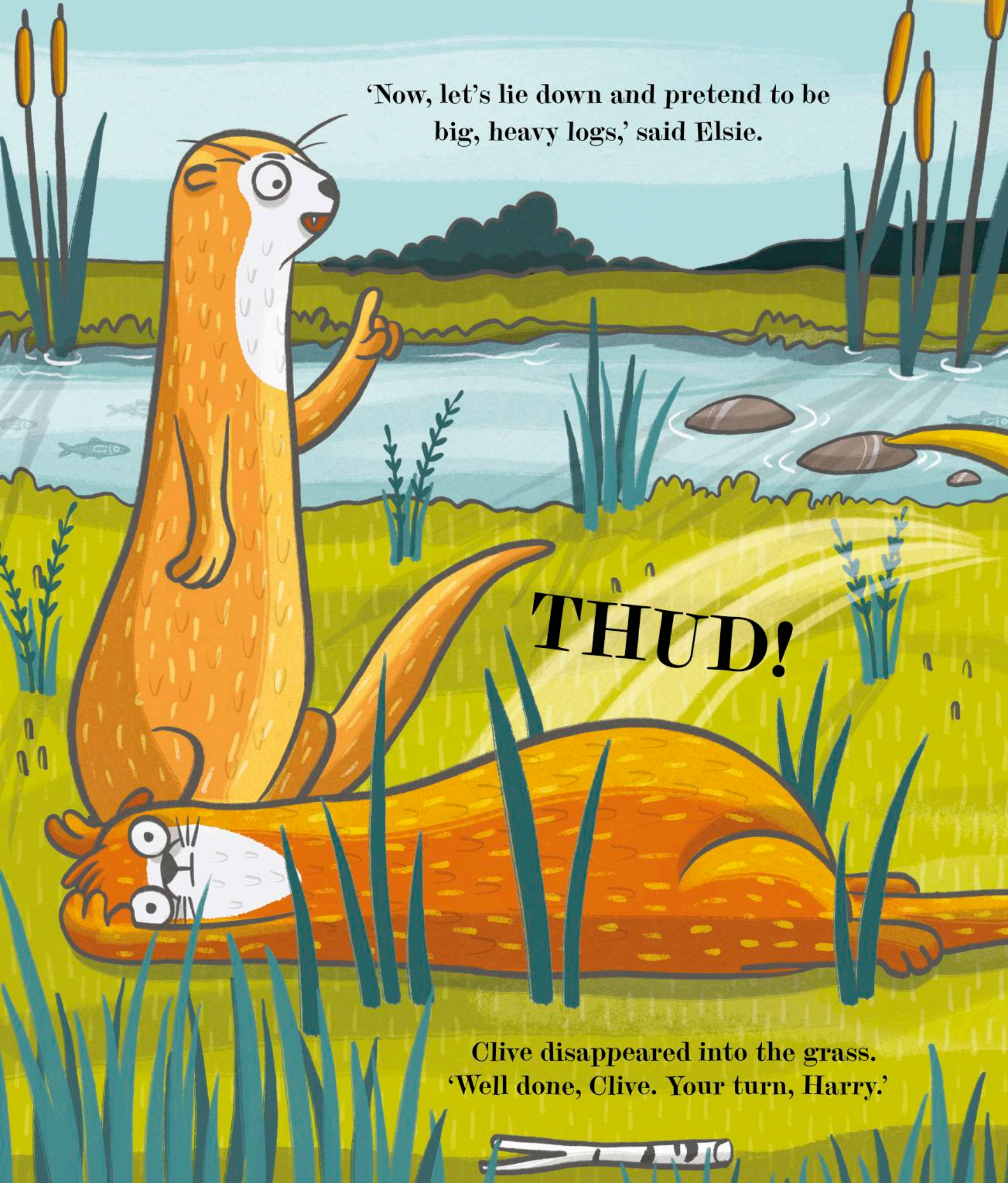
'Reach for the sky,' beamed Elsie.



‘This is always so much fun,’
said Clive.



‘I love it when we stretch together,’ said
Harry, wiggling his paws at a dragonfly.


'Now, let's lie down and pretend to be big, heavy logs,' said Elsie.
THUD!
Clive disappeared into the grass.
'Well done, Clive. Your turn, Harry.'

'I can't,' sighed Harry. 'It's **ever so hard** not to move. Can I do some dancing instead? Maybe a tiny twirl?'

‘Not now, Harry. It’s log-time. Please try again,’ sighed Elsie.

Harry was just about to try being a log again when
he noticed something big and grey among the reeds.
‘Oh! What’s that?’ he asked, standing up as tall as he could.

‘Just a heron,’ said Elsie. ‘Do lie back down.’
Harry waved. ‘Hello, Heron.’

‘SHHHHHHH,’ hissed Clive. ‘And stop moving! Herons don’t like to be disturbed. You should know that it makes them cross.’

Elsie and Clive closed their eyes and practised being logs again but Harry couldn’t stop fidgeting and looking at the heron.