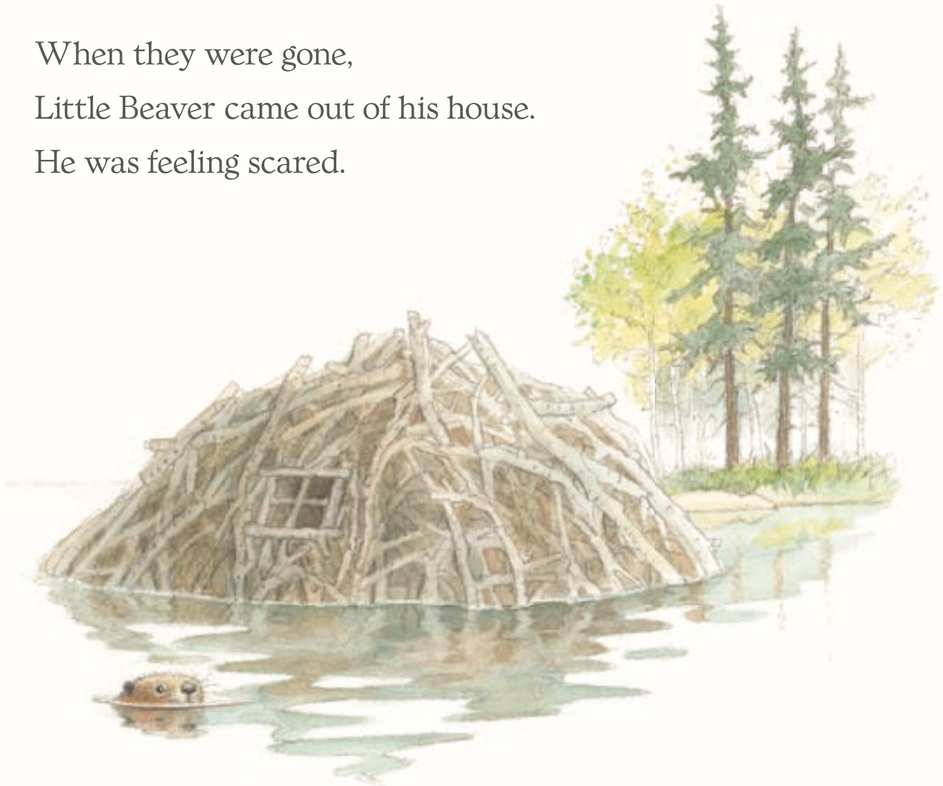
One day Duck and Otter and Turtle went to visit their friend
Little Beaver in his house of mud and sticks.
“Come out and play!” they called.
“Nuhn-unh,” said Little Beaver. “Can’t.”
“What’s the matter?” asked Duck. “You sound funny.”
“Are you sick?” asked Otter.
“Don’t you like us any more?” asked Turtle.
Little Beaver didn’t answer.
His friends waited and waited.
But Little Beaver didn’t come outside to play.
Finally his friends went away,
looking sad.

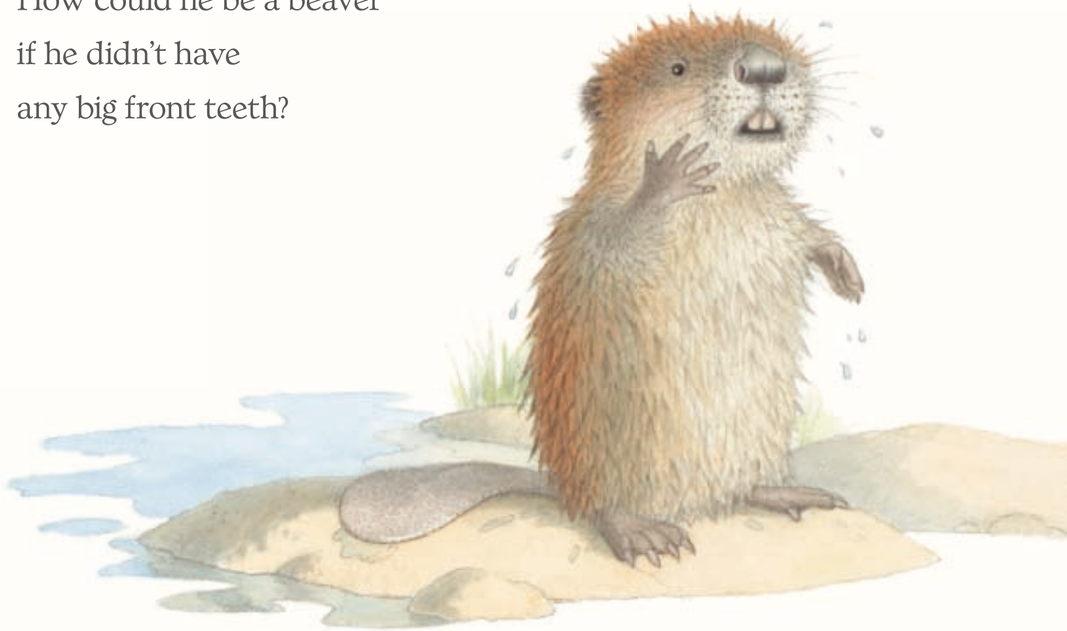


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When they were gone,
Little Beaver came out of his house.
He was feeling scared.

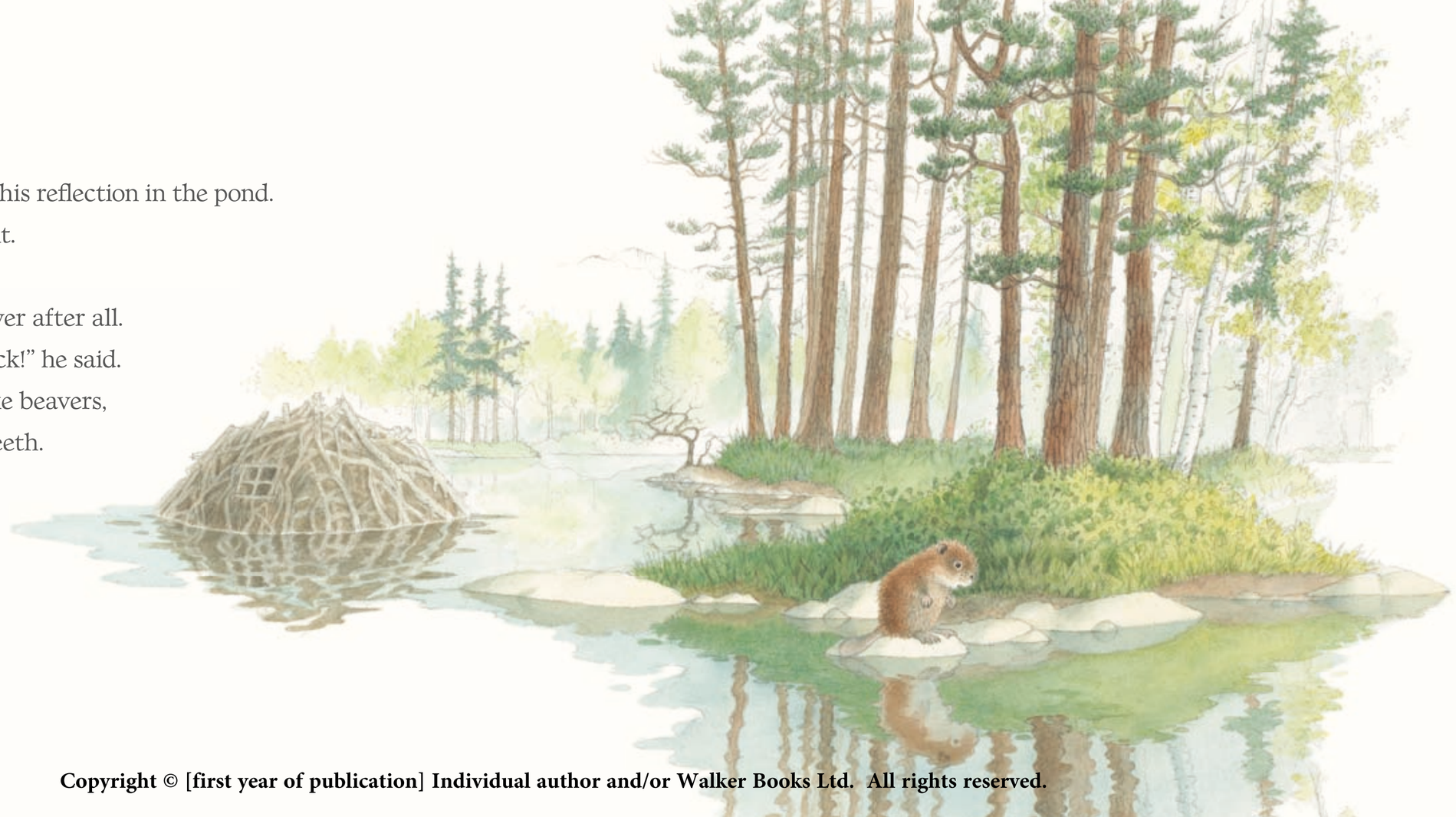


One of his big front teeth was loose.
It was so loose, it felt like it might fall out,
right then and right there.
How could he be a beaver
if he didn't have
any big front teeth?



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Little Beaver looked at his reflection in the pond.
He thought and thought.
At last he had an idea.
Maybe he wasn't a beaver after all.
"Maybe I'm a woodchuck!" he said.
Woodchucks looked like beavers,
without the big front teeth.



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Woodchuck's house was in a big field behind the pond.
Little Beaver went to see her.
"Am I a woodchuck?" he asked. He mumbled a little
so she wouldn't see that his tooth was funny.
"No," she said. "Woodchucks live in holes.
You live in a mud house."
He was not a woodchuck.
Little Beaver thought and thought.
At last he had another idea.
"Maybe I'm a muskrat!" he said.
Muskrats lived in mud houses.



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Muskrat's house was in a marsh by the river.
Little Beaver went to see him.
"Am I a muskrat?" he asked. He kept his head down
so Muskrat wouldn't see that his tooth was funny.
"No," said Muskrat. "Muskrats eat fish.
You eat bark."
He was not a muskrat.
He was not a woodchuck.
Little Beaver thought and thought.
At last he had another idea.
"Maybe I'm a porcupine!" he said.
Porcupines ate bark.



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