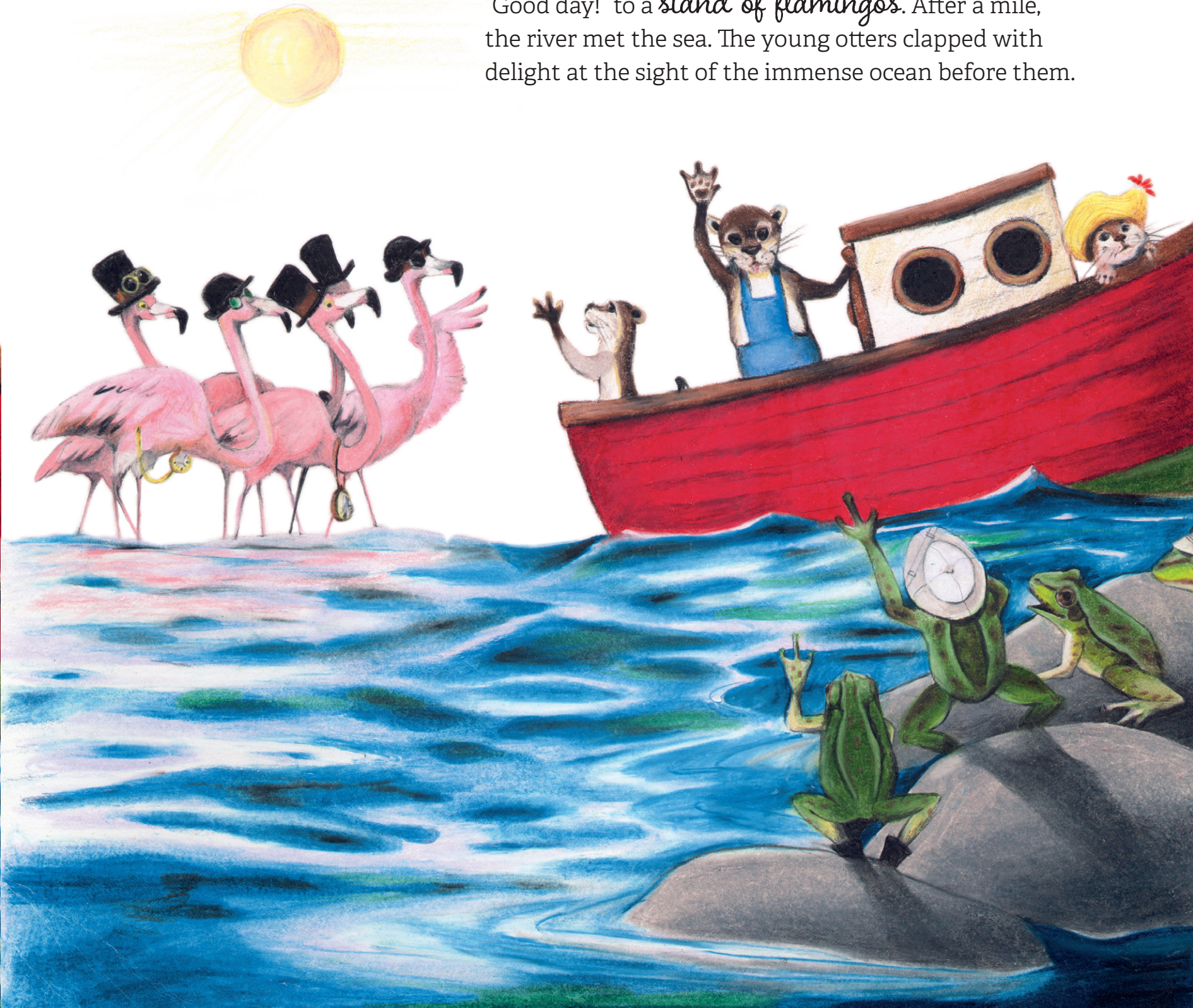
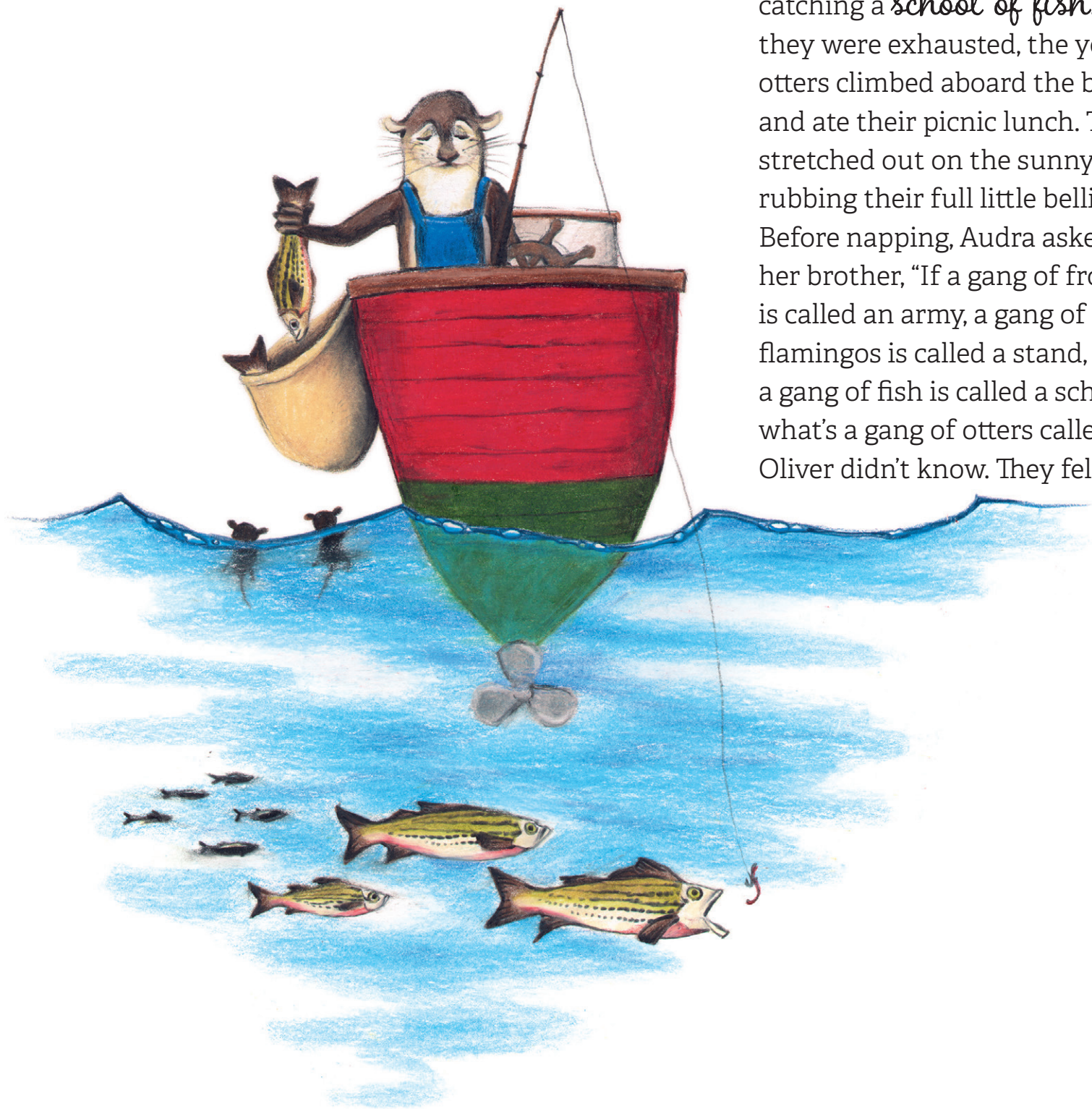


Audra and Oliver Otter were excited to go for a summer afternoon boat ride with their dad. Audra, who was six, loaded a picnic basket onto the boat. Oliver, who was eight, loaded the life jackets, fishing poles, and sunscreen.



Pop slowly steered the small boat through the river, carefully avoiding logs and large, pointy rocks. He waved cheerily at an *army of frogs* and yelled, "Good day!" to a *stand of flamingos*. After a mile, the river met the sea. The young otters clapped with delight at the sight of the immense ocean before them.





Audra and Oliver dove into the water and swam circles around Pop in the boat. Pop was happily catching a *school of fish*. When they were exhausted, the young otters climbed aboard the boat and ate their picnic lunch. They stretched out on the sunny deck, rubbing their full little bellies. Before napping, Audra asked her brother, "If a gang of frogs is called an army, a gang of flamingos is called a stand, and a gang of fish is called a school . . . what's a gang of otters called?" Oliver didn't know. They fell asleep.



A very large wave rocked the little boat. Cold water splashed over the deck and woke up the otters. The sun was about to set. They stretched and yawned and looked around in confusion. Where was Pop? Where were *they*?