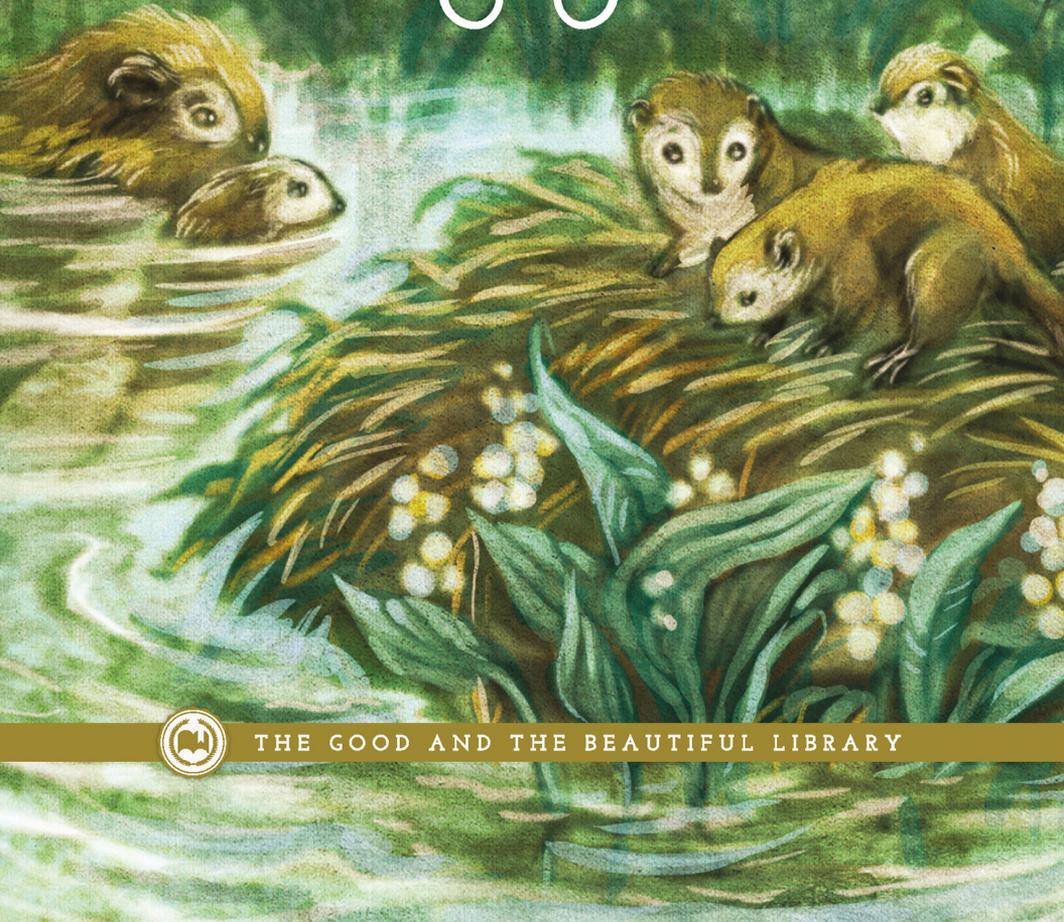


# MAMMALS of SMALL POND

*by Phoebe Erickson*



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

WINDING BROOK  
OUTLET OF POND

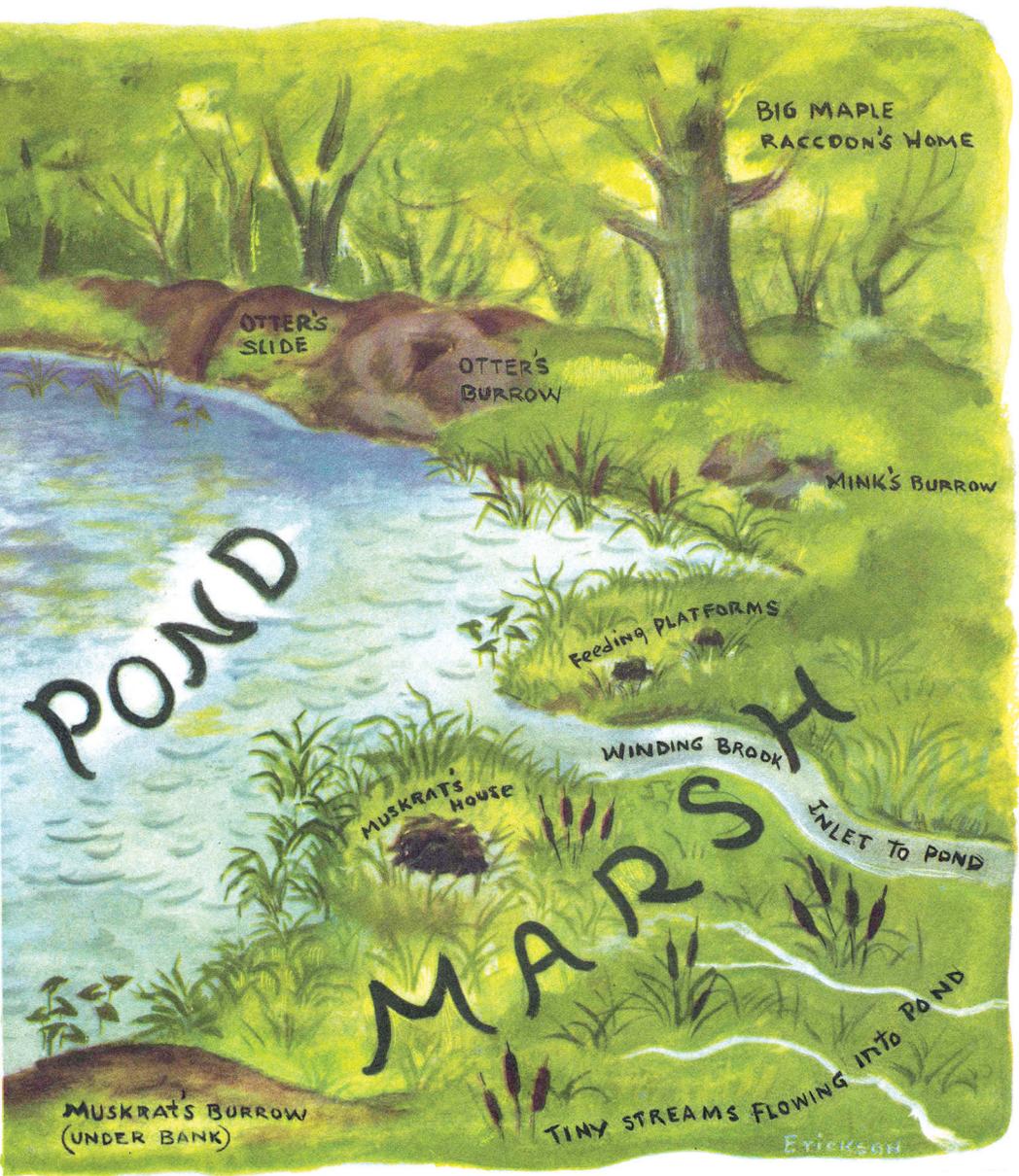
BEAVER'S DAM

BEAVER'S HOUSE

BEAVER'S SUPPLY PILE

Small

STUMPS OF TREES CUT DOWN BY BEAVERS



BIG MAPLE  
RACCOON'S HOME

OTTERS  
SLIDE

OTTERS  
BURROW

MINK'S  
BURROW

POND

Feeding  
PLATFORMS

MUSKRAT'S  
HOUSE

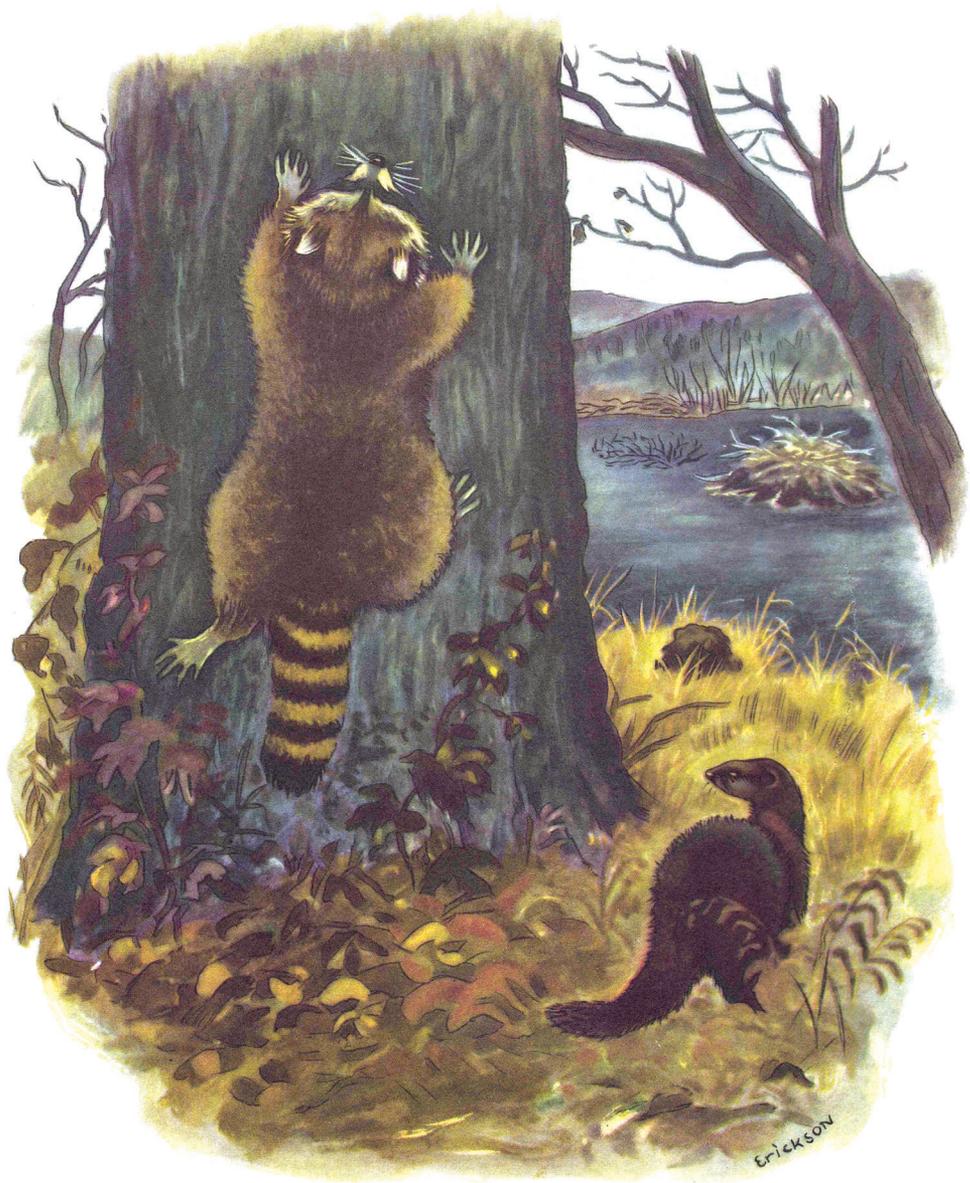
WINDING BROOK  
INLET TO POND

MARSH

MUSKRAT'S BURROW  
(UNDER BANK)

TINY STREAMS FLOWING  
INTO POND

Erickson





# WINTER

The Mink slipped out of his burrow near the edge of Small Pond. He sniffed the cold air. Then he turned to see what was stirring the dried leaves.

A plump Raccoon waddled past. She had just crossed the frozen marsh. But she had found no food. The frogs and the clams and the turtles were buried deep in the mud. The grubs and the worms were hidden in the frozen ground.

The Raccoon was ready for her long winter sleep. She climbed the rough trunk of a big maple. Her winter home was in a deep hollow in the trunk of the tree. When she reached the opening she squeezed her fat furry body into it, and



climbed down to her nest below. Soon she was fast asleep.

The Mink was hungry. He slipped through the dry marsh grass until he reached the Beavers' Dam at the far end of Small Pond. There he saw some fish swimming under the ice. At first he thought he could catch them. The ice looked thin, but he couldn't break through it.

Just then the Otter climbed up on the Beavers' Dam. He sat very still, watching the Beavers swimming under the ice. Fish swam past the Beavers who paid no attention to them. But the



Otter trembled. All those fine fish and no way to get at them!

The ice had locked the Beavers into Small Pond. They swam back and forth inspecting their dam. One of them dived to the bottom and brought up clumps of mud and roots. They patted and poked it into the side of the dam.

The Beavers had made Small Pond by building

# SPRING

Tap-tap-tap! A woodpecker beat at the bark of the big maple tree.

The sound awakened the Raccoon. She opened her eyes and yawned. Then she climbed to the opening and made her way down the trunk of the tree. She had been out before, but this time the air felt different. It was warmer, and she could hear the brook.





A strong west wind ruffled her fur as she waddled through the melting snow. She was very thin, and very hungry. At the edge of Winding Brook she dug into the mud with her slender paws. All she found were a few grubs and snails.

Rain fell and melted the snow. One day, the Beavers heard a loud snapping and cracking in the ice above them. Spring had come, and the ice in Small Pond was breaking up.

The Beavers hurried to their dam. Big pieces of



ice were pushing against it. Some of the sticks and mud were torn loose. The Beavers were worried, but there was no time to lose. They climbed up on the bank to look around for sticks and fallen branches. One of them began to gnaw at the trunk of a tree.

Beavers' teeth are sharp and strong. At last the tree began to tremble. Then it fell with a crash. They cut off the branches and gnawed the long trunk into pieces. It was hard work. They puffed and grunted and pushed and pulled.

While the Beavers were working, the ice piled up against the dam. Suddenly it broke through