

At lunch, Joe slid a piece of fish into his pocket. Then he ran to the riverbank, put the fish on a rock, and hid. Soon the otter appeared. It wriggled up the bank, sniffed the fish and gobbled it up.

“Yes!” thought Joe.

Every day, Joe brought some new food. The otter gobbled it all up.





Joe found a trap in the garage. It was really for racoons, but Joe was sure it could hold one otter. He hoped the otter was a young one. If it was, it would live a long time. Joe would make sure of that.