

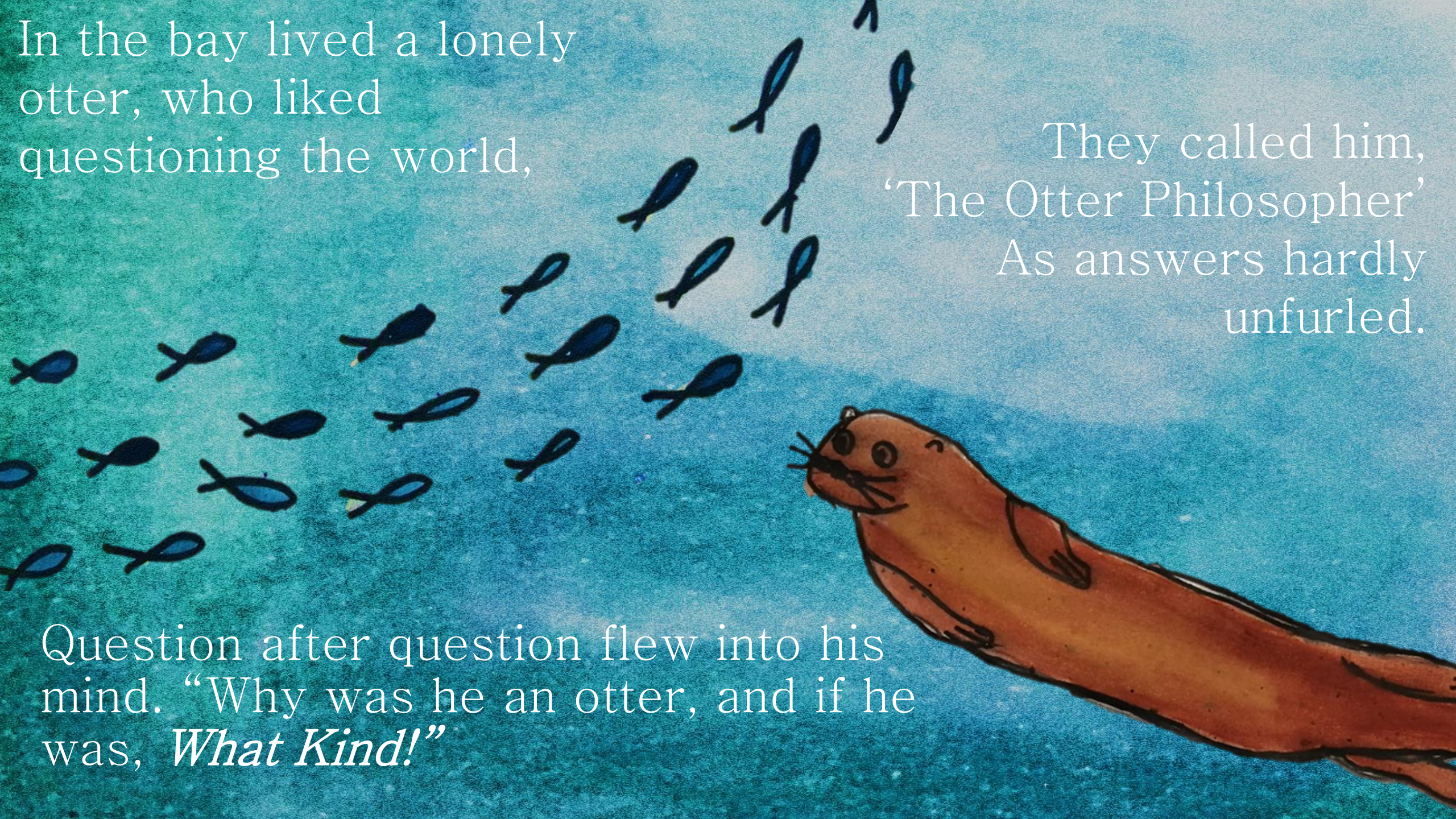
The Otter Philosopher

Written and Illustrated by
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In the bay lived a lonely
otter, who liked
questioning the world,

They called him,
‘The Otter Philosopher’
As answers hardly
unfurled.

Question after question flew into his
mind. “Why was he an otter, and if he
was, *What Kind!*”

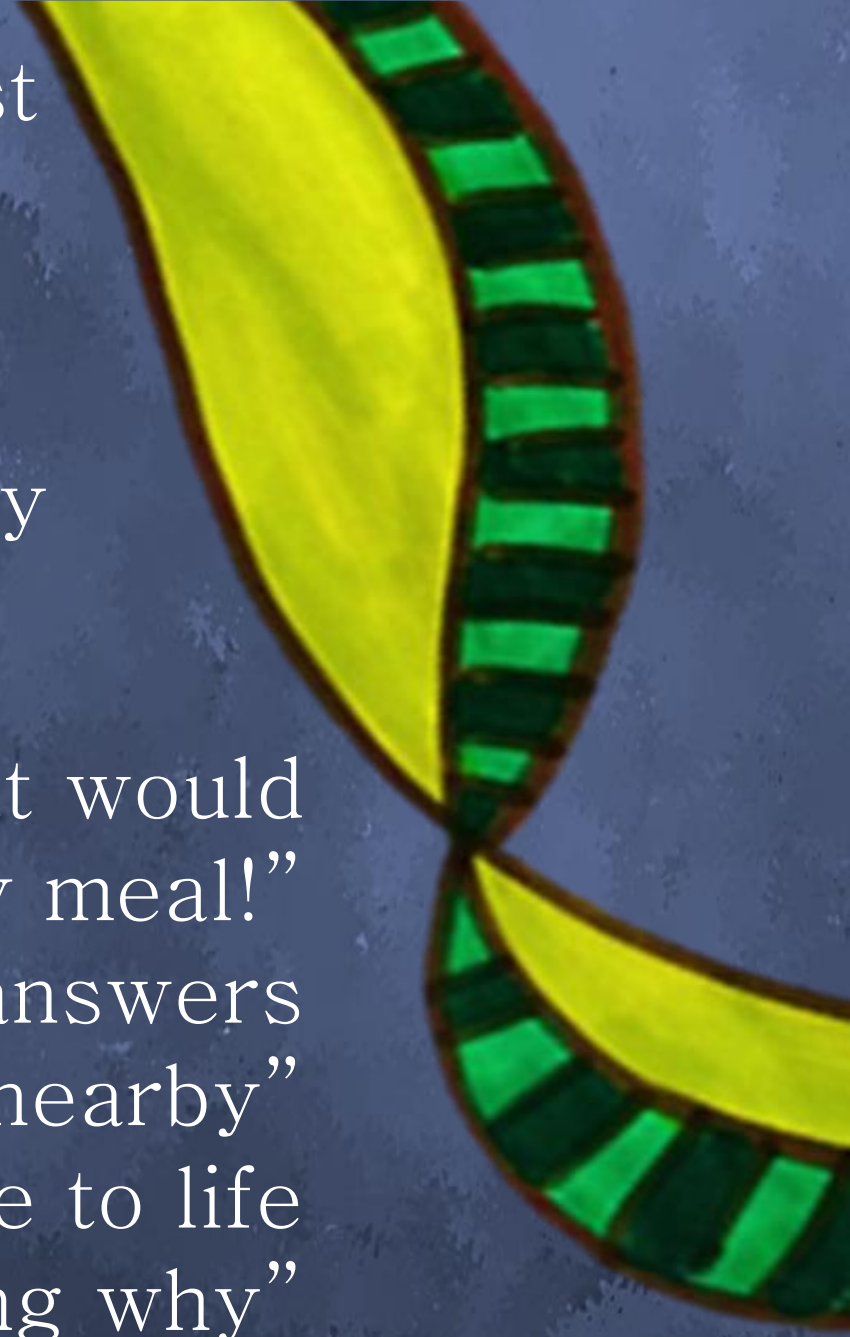


While wading through the seaweed forest
that sat beneath the bay,
Otter spied a Conger eel, who was
searching for his prey,
“Come and hunt with me”, cried the shiny
conger eel

“There are sea urchins, and prawns that would
make a tasty meal!”

“I have questions I’m afraid, and the answers
lie nearby”

“Oh otter,” eel chuckled “There’s more to life
than asking why”





A happy dolphin saw the otter, puzzling in
the sea

“You ought to stop your thinking and
come and play with me”

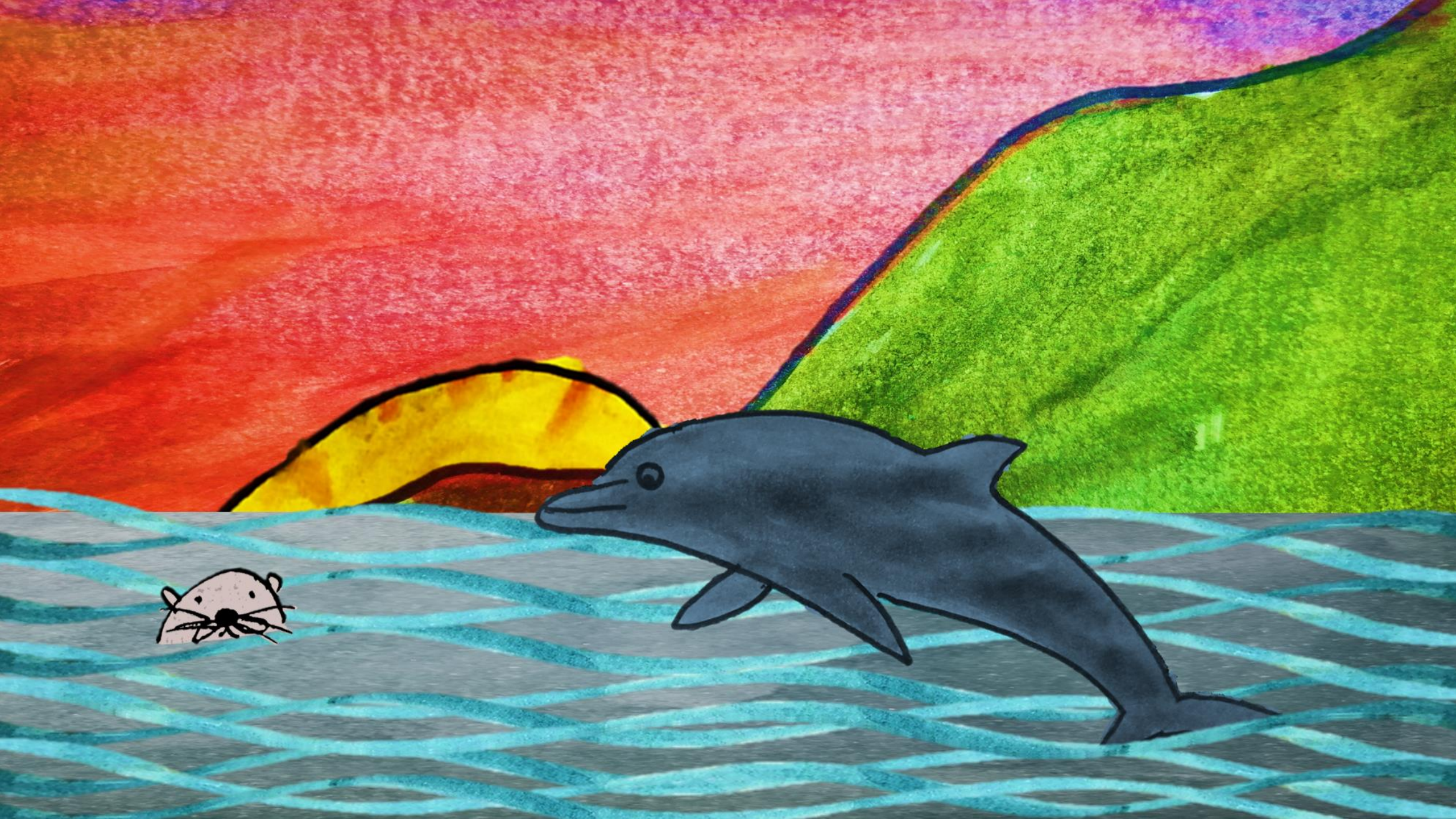
“I can’t,” said the otter “I have thinking
to do.

Why am I a creature of the deep dark
blue, and why is the horizon always just
out of view?”

“Who is to know, little otter,” the
impatient dolphin said.

And then he swam toward the sunset, of
bright orange, pink and red.





While Otter wandered shoreward, beneath the dying day
A crab scuttled forward and plucked the courage to say

“Dear otter, we miss you, philosophising
friend, don’t you see that your questions
won’t always meet their end?

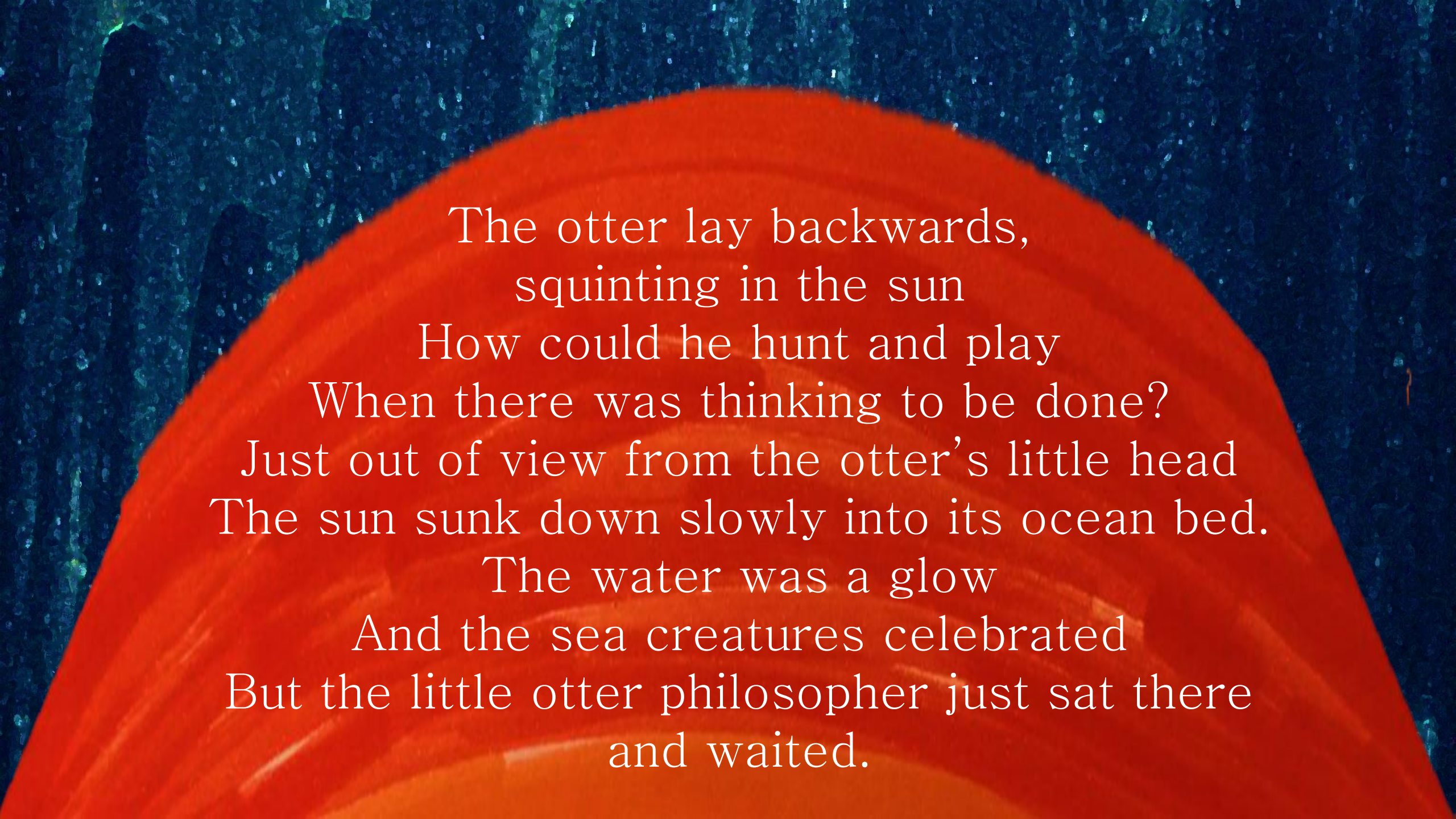
I might have the answers to the
questions that you query, and aren’t you
ever hungry, you do look rather weary?”

“You don’t know anything little crab
you’re far too small”

So she shrugged and sidled off, into her
salty sandy pool.







The otter lay backwards,
squinting in the sun
How could he hunt and play
When there was thinking to be done?
Just out of view from the otter's little head
The sun sunk down slowly into its ocean bed.
The water was a glow
And the sea creatures celebrated
But the little otter philosopher just sat there
and waited.

When the night came round, Otter hadn't slept a wink,
he'd been bobbing up and down, trying to think.

All of a sudden there was a rumble down under
It roared and it tumbled, and it sounded like thunder
But he didn't hear and he didn't bat an eye, he had no
idea what had happened to the sky.

The clouds had thickened, and the rain trickled down
if the otter didn't notice yet, he'd surely drown!

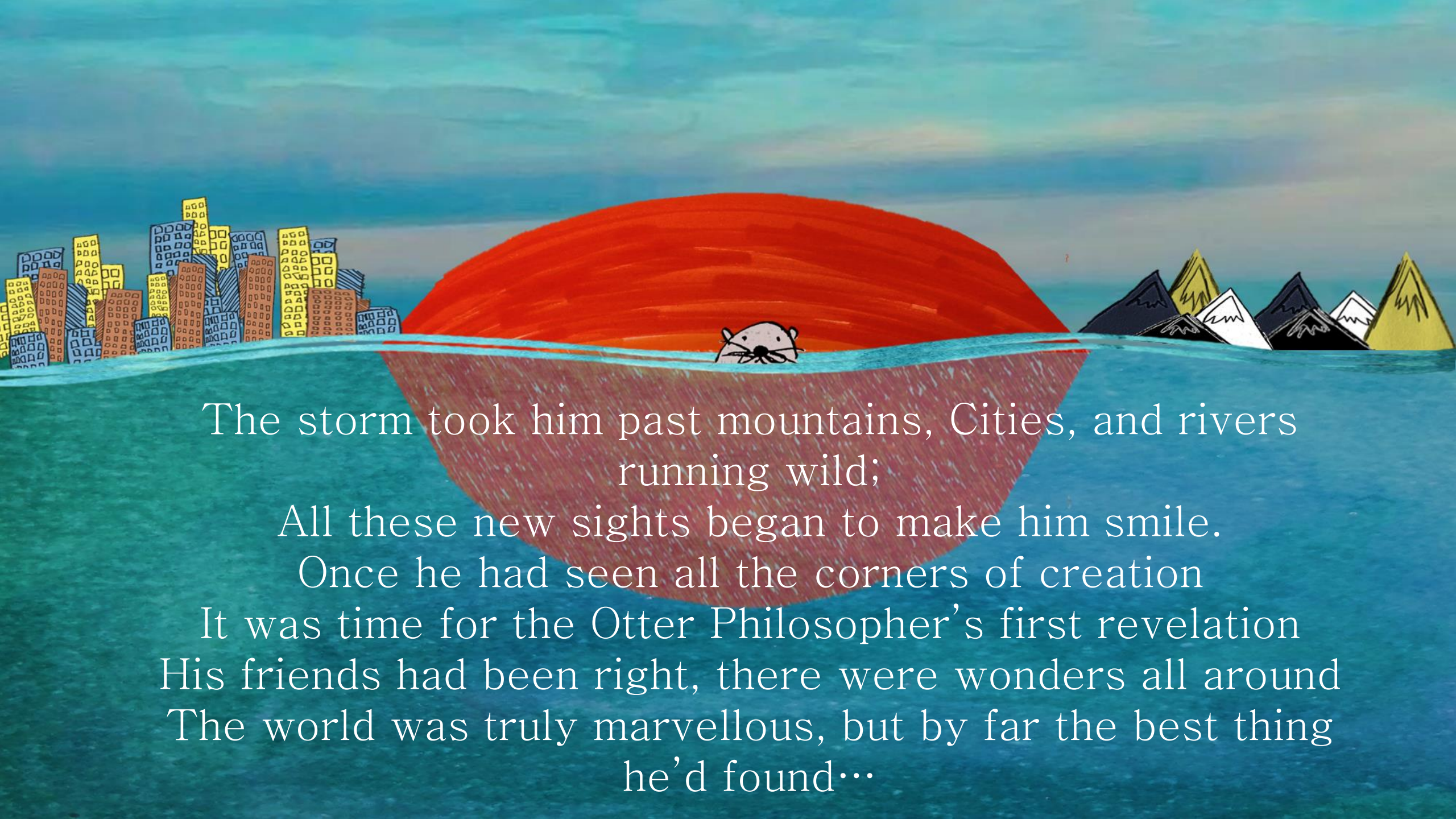
*“Too late,” said the storm, “I’m sending you on a
journey…”*

“I’ve never been this scared, of the heavy cloudy
sky.

Any moment now, the winds will lift me high.

Soaring up above, I’ll miss my cosy bay
It's getting very dark out here, I hope I'll find my
way!!”

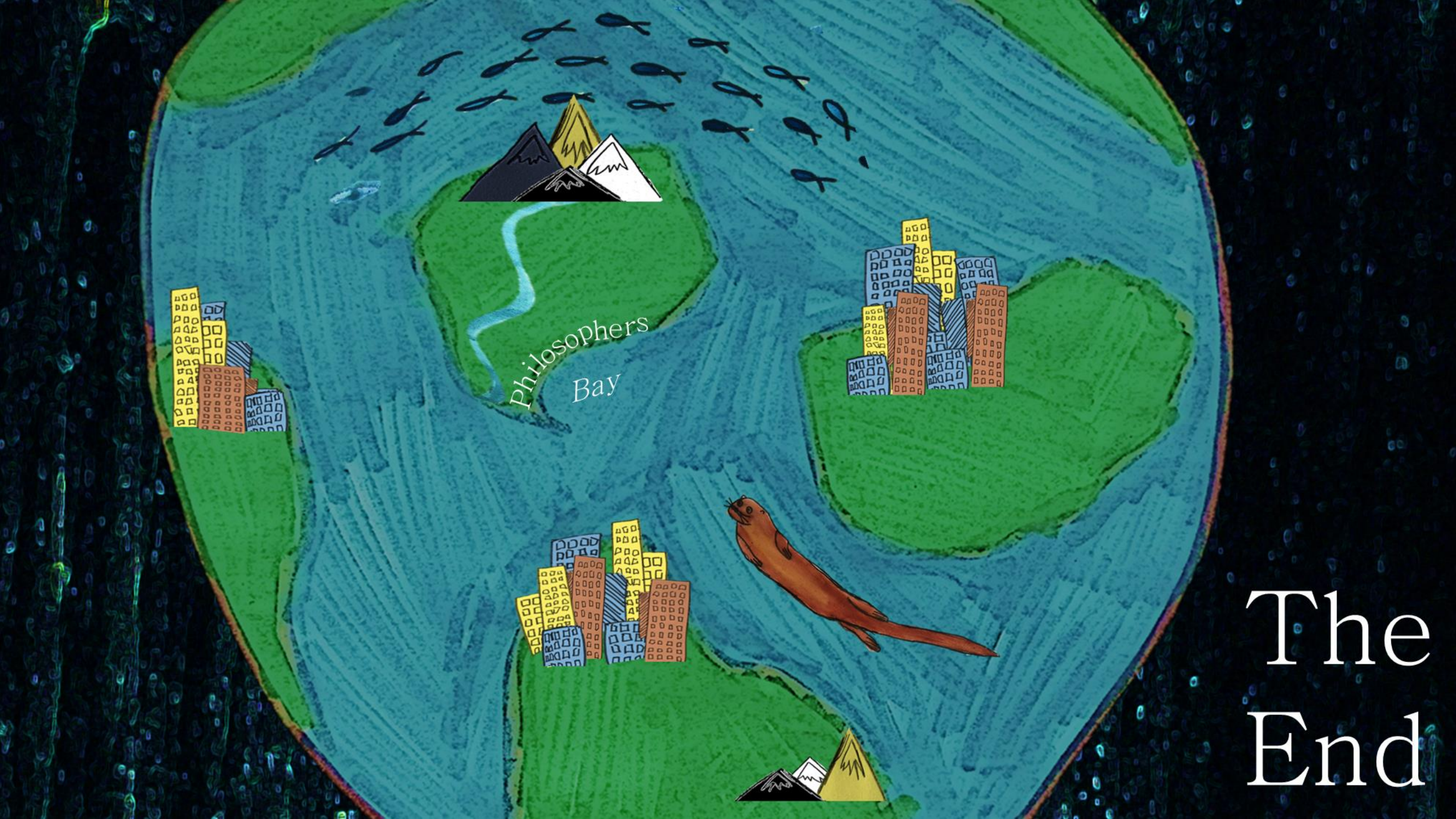




The storm took him past mountains, Cities, and rivers
running wild;
All these new sights began to make him smile.
Once he had seen all the corners of creation
It was time for the Otter Philosopher's first revelation
His friends had been right, there were wonders all around
The world was truly marvellous, but by far the best thing
he'd found...

Was right there in the bay,
His oceanic friends,
Who at last watched the sunset together
which brings our story to...





Philosophers
Bay

The
End