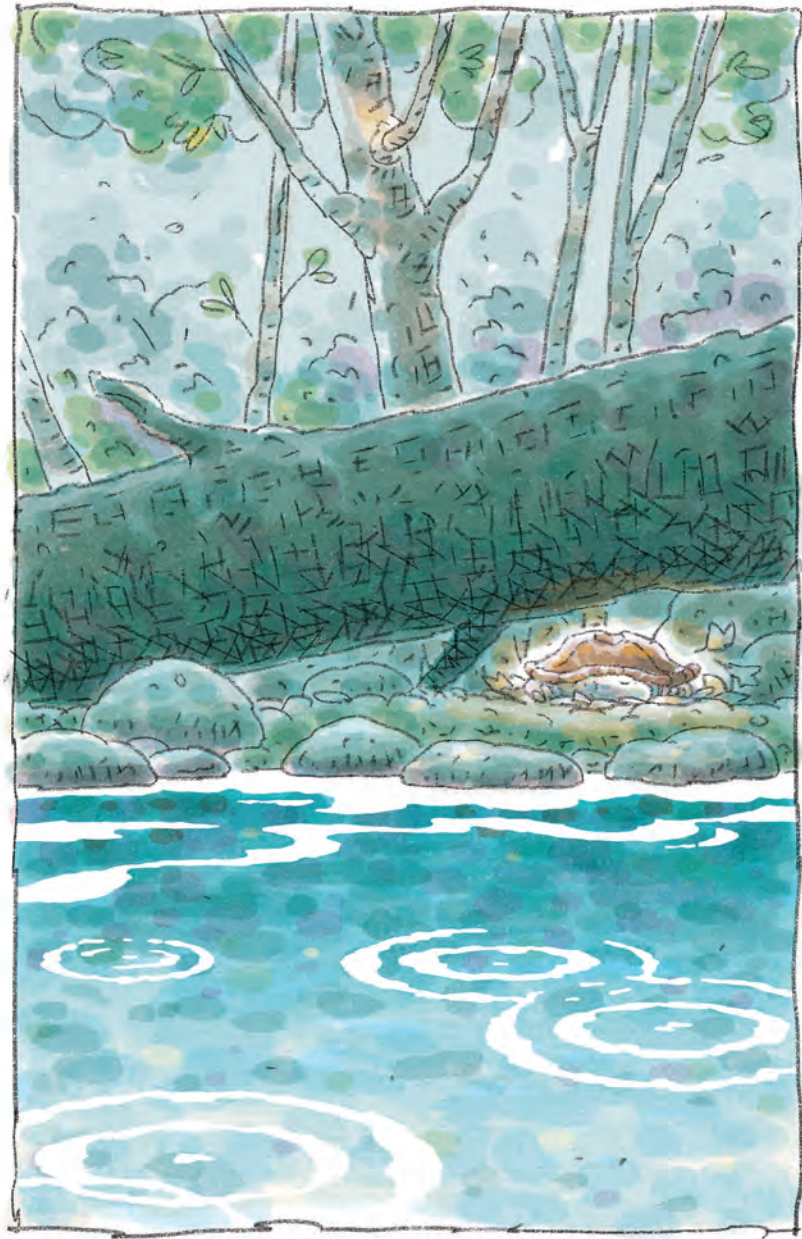




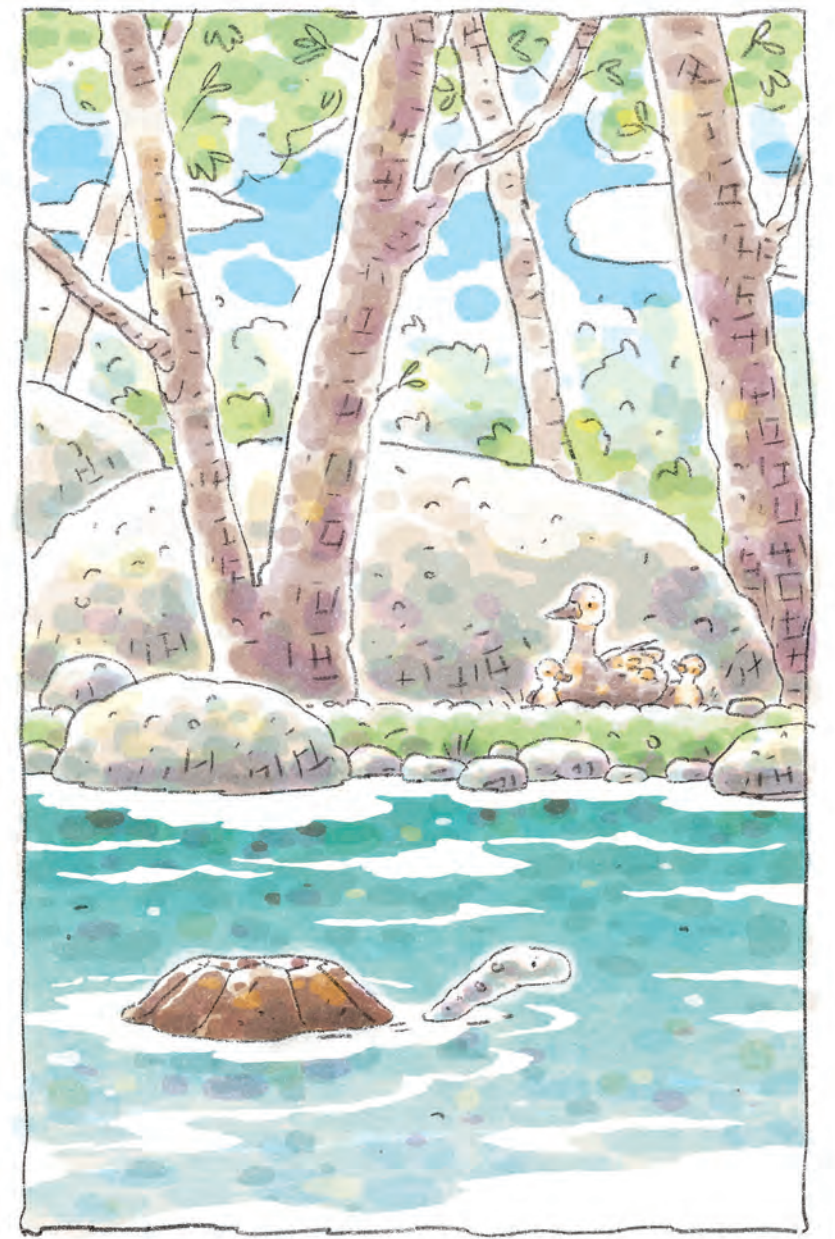
Myrtle lives by the creek.
Every summer she swims in
the waterholes, eats moths and
tadpoles, yabbies and tiny frogs.



Every winter she sleeps among the
dry leaves under an old log.



When the creek dries up to small
pools, Myrtle buries herself
in the silt and sand to keep cool.



When it rains the creek flows
swiftly, but Myrtle keeps swimming
with her strong legs and claws.

Then one day the water rose just slightly,
even though there'd been no rain.

Myrtle lifted her head. She felt the
pressure of the air on her neck.

Myrtle climbed slowly out of the
waterhole. She began to walk uphill.



'Where's that turtle going?' wondered Farmer Finnegan, whose gran had told her that turtles climb uphill ten days before a flood.

Farmer Finnegan moved her sheep to the top paddock.

