

The Beaver Dam

1st Place

Friedrich Turner

Marlinton Elementary School, Pocahontas County

Grades 1& 2

Once there was a lonely beaver who had no friends because he was too shy to talk to anyone. He lived in a wide, quiet lake in the Appalachian Mountains. A group of eleven beavers were working with him on a dam.

One cold, misty winter morning while everyone else was sleeping, he crept out of his lodge and started working on the dam. Soon other beavers woke up and started working with him, but they didn't even say good morning. As the sun shimmered over the cold, deep lake, a bright orange fox trotted across the shore. As soon as the lonely beaver saw him, he smacked his heavy, hairless tail on the dam as a warning. Danger! Danger! All the beavers hurried to their warm, safe lodges.

The next day the fox was gone. The lonely beaver didn't work on the dam at all that whole day because his tail was wounded from smacking it on the spiky wood of the dam, but still not one beaver had said, "Are you ok?"

Months passed and it was summer. The dam was finished and everyone was sunbathing on the hot, dry shore. It soon was dark and the beavers went into their lodges for the night; all except the lonely beaver. The beaver heard a loud cracking sound. His ears stuck up with anticipation. He saw the dam was cracking! Water was pouring out! He quickly plugged up the rapidly spreading cracks. The other ten beavers were frozen with fright. After he plugged up the hole, everyone cluttered around him.

"Thanks for saving the dam," said the other beavers. The beaver was happy because they had finally talked to him. Now he had friends, and he wasn't lonely anymore.