

## Chapter 3

**“Oh no!” Beverly cried.**

**This dark place was mysterious. It was the forest, but she did not know that. All she saw were trees that could fall on her head. But being brave, she followed the trail, desperate to find her way back home. After a few minutes she came to a pool of water and got excited. She thought she was back at her pond.**

**Then she heard a tiny voice saying, “Who are you, and what are you doing here in my vernal pool?”**

**Beverly had never heard of a vernal pool and said, “Oh I am so sorry. I thought this was my pond. I am Beverly Beaver, and I am lost.”**

**“It’s nice to meet you. My name is Sally Salamander. These pools of water in the forest last for only a few months, and this is where I grow up. Follow the path over there and look for Owen Owl. He knows about everything, and he will tell you how to find your pond.”**



Continue to next page...

## Chapter 4

Beverly moved on and soon came to a spot where the path split in two directions. "What should I do?" she thought to herself.

Then she heard someone calling repeatedly, "Whoooo goes there?"



She looked up and saw a funny looking creature with big eyes who could almost turn his head completely around!

"Who are you?" asked Beverly.

"Whoooo am I? I am Owen Owl. I watch over everything in this forest at night. Like you, I sleep during the day and eat, work and play at nighttime."

She told him she was lost and did not know which way to go. Owen showed her the path to take to the meadow; that would lead to the pond. Then he warned her to watch out for Cody Coyote.

"Cody loves to eat little beavers and he knows exactly where you are by following your scent. "

"My scent? What is that?" asked Beverly

Owen told her that almost every creature has a special smell or 'scent'. "Even me! And animals with really good noses like Cody Coyote, Fred Fox, and Donald Dog can find almost anyone by their scent."

This made Beverly nervous, so she ran in the direction Owen had shown her.

When she looked back, she saw him climb into a hole in an old dead tree.

Night was turning into day, and it was his time to sleep as well.