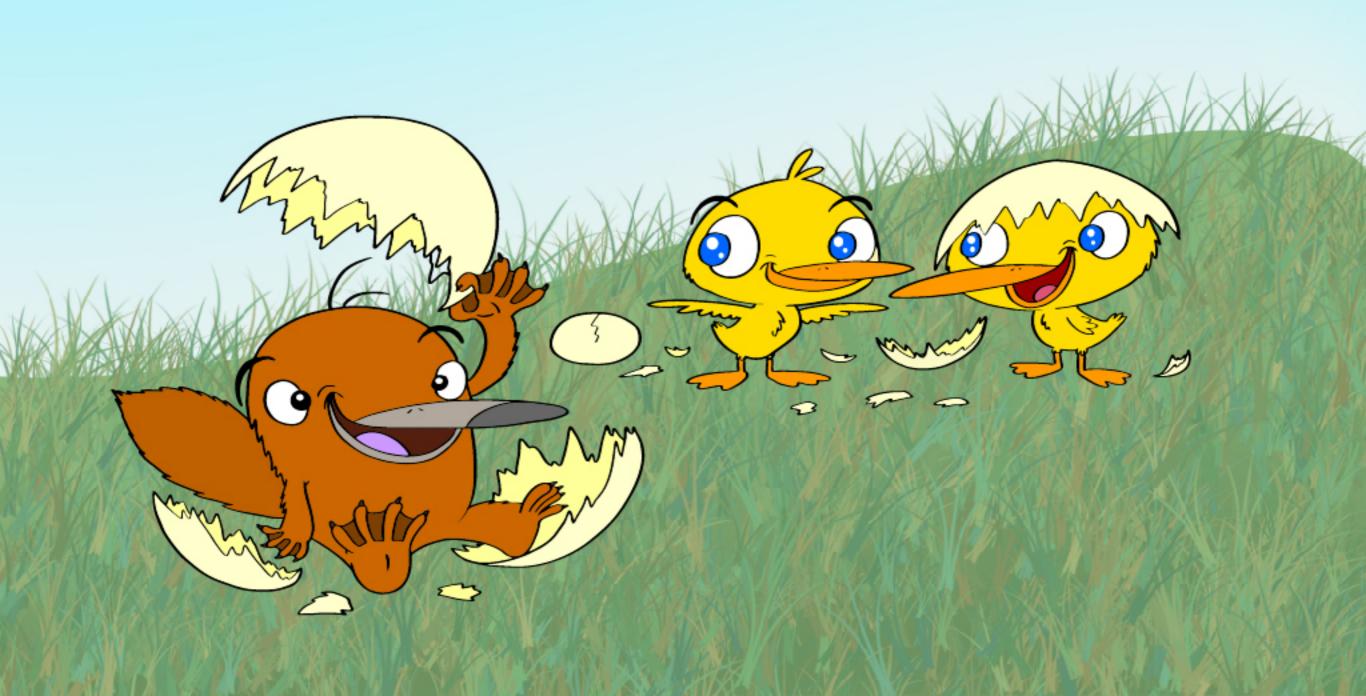
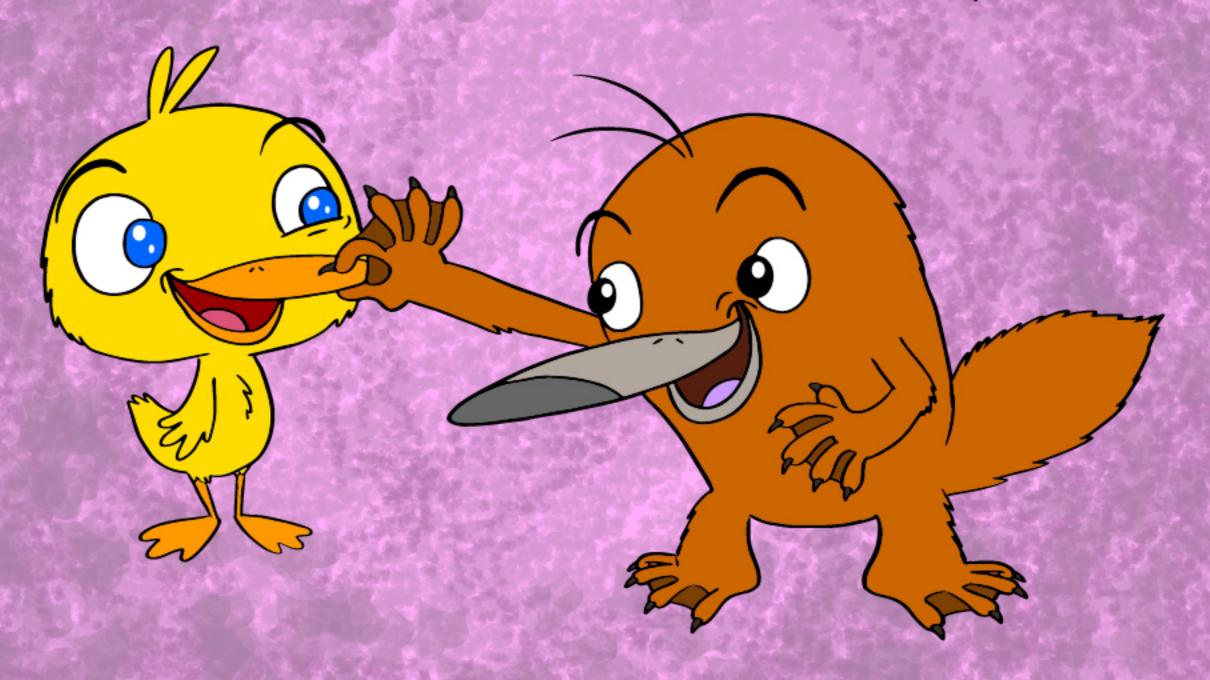
On a warm, spring day, a little platypus hatched from his cozy egg. The world was loud. He heard cows mooing, sheep bleating, and the peep! peep! peep! of newborn ducklings as they stumbled out of their eggs.

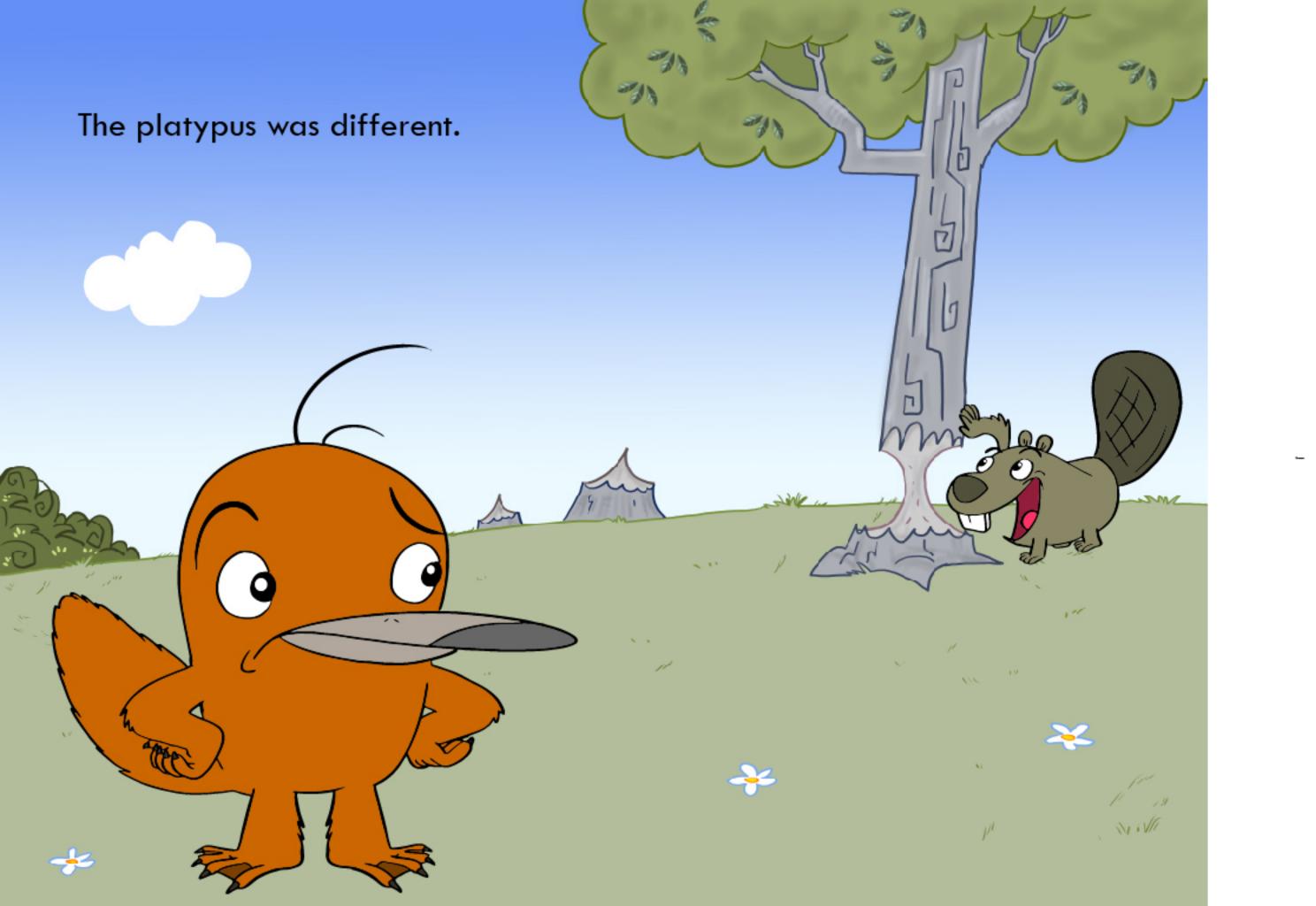


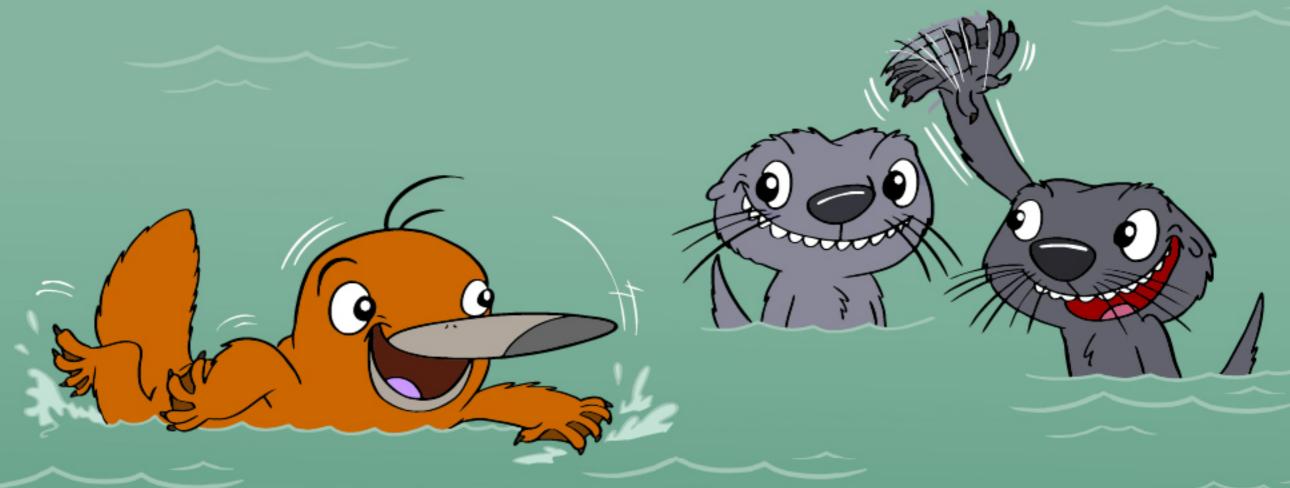
The little platypus looked down at himself. He came out of an egg, just like the ducklings. That was the same. They both had bills—that was the same, too. But the ducklings had feathers, and he had fur. The platypus was different.

"This isn't my family," he thought. "I need to find others like me." So he set out to do just that.









Down the river, otters played and splashed. They floated on their backs, eating clams. The platypus swam out to meet them.

"I've never seen anything like you," an otter said. "You're a very good swimmer, just like us! And your feet look like ours."

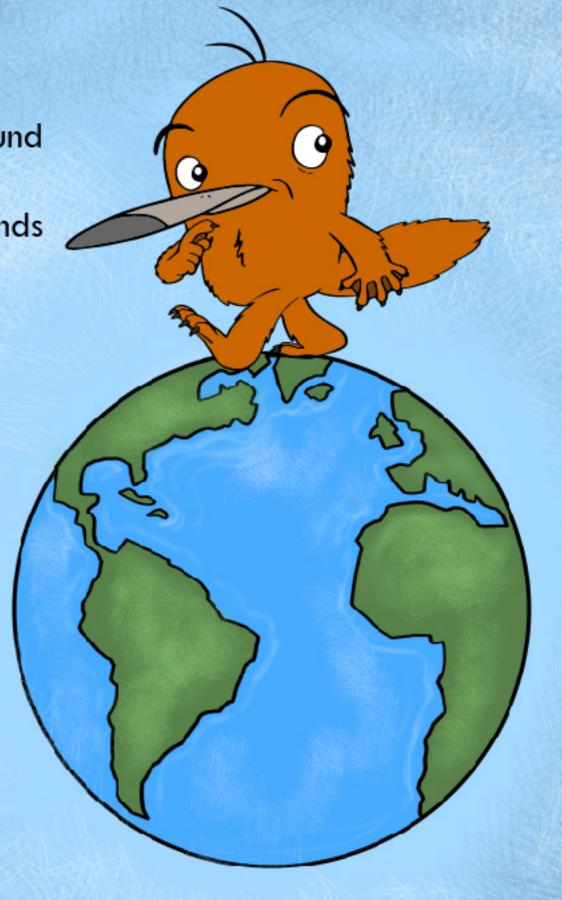




The otter and the platypus put their feet together.

They were both webbed and sharp. But the otter's face had a round nose and whiskers that tickled and twitched when he talked. The platypus was different.

The platypus travelled around the world looking for his family. He made many friends along the way.



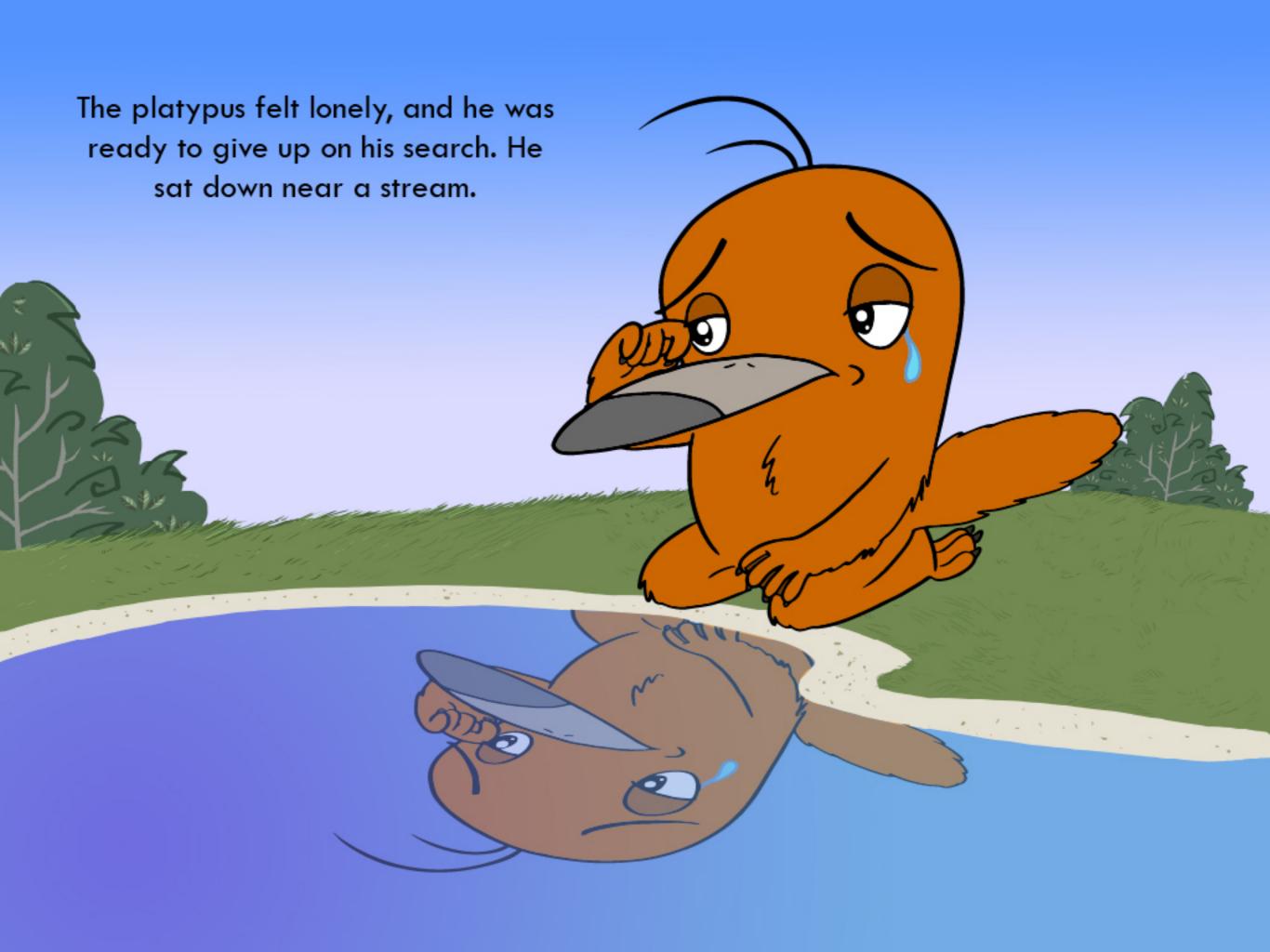


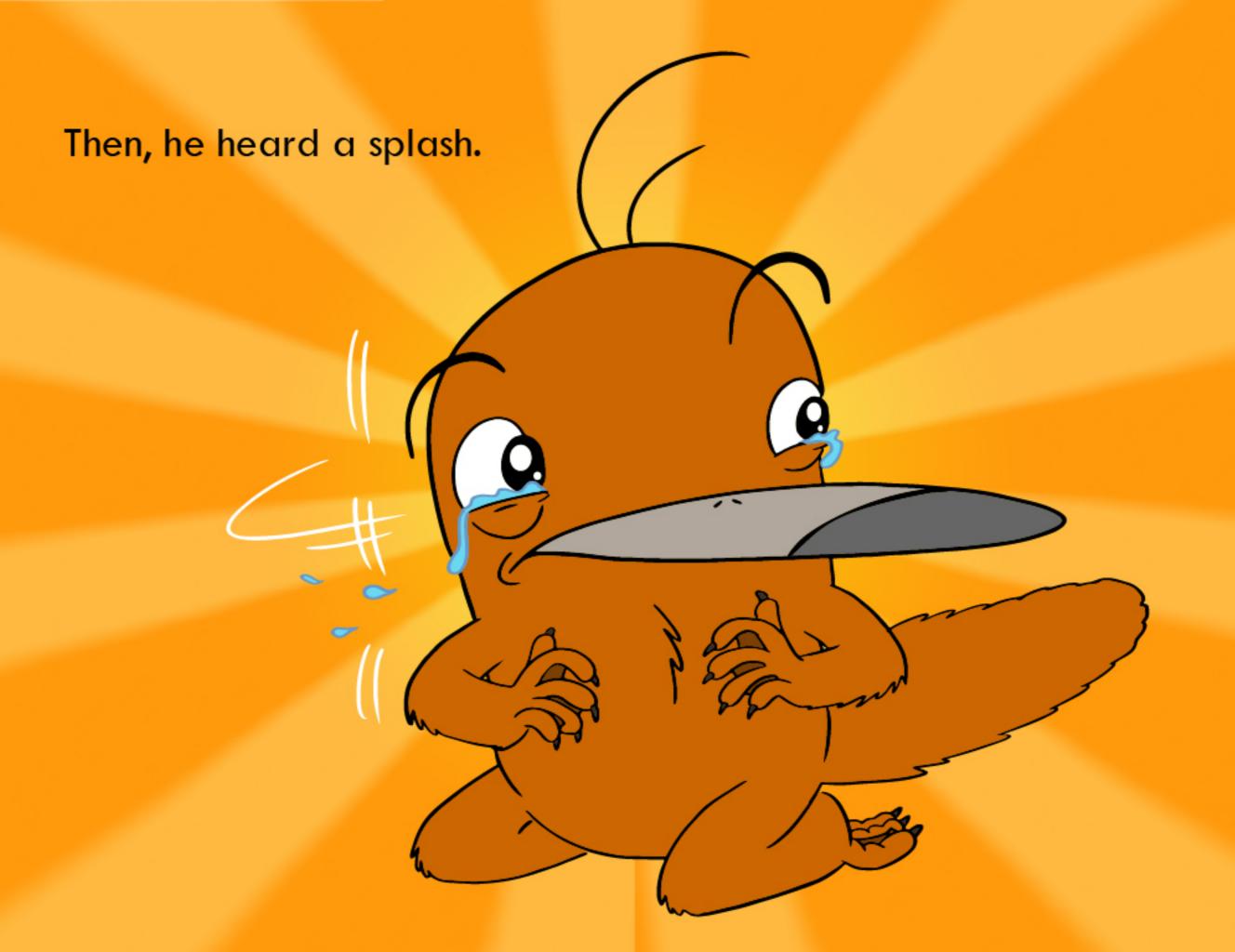


He made many friends along the way. A few animals were like him in some ways, but none were completely the same, and none were













He had made a lot of friends during his travels, but he finally felt at home.