

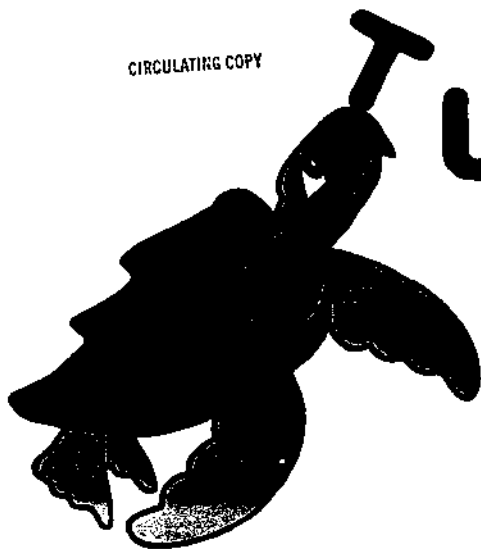
LOAN COPY ONLY

SCU-E-87-006 C3

TUGA THE

CIRCULATING COPY

URTLE



Written
by
Dorothy M. Bjur

Graphics
by
Nancy L. Blount

**This project was made possible by a Grant from the
U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare,
Office of Education (Grant # G007904199)**

**This Publication is the result of a cooperative
effort among:**

**The Braille Institute of America, Los Angeles
The Los Angeles County Superintendent of
Schools Office
The University of Southern California Sea
Grant Institutional Program, Institute for
Marine and Coastal Studies**

**The Author is grateful to the University of Southern California Sea
Grant Institutional Program, Institute for Marine and Coastal Studies, for
their support in the preparation of this document. In particular a special
thanks to Shirley Hudgins, Marje Cappellari, Gail Ellison, and Gayle Chick.**

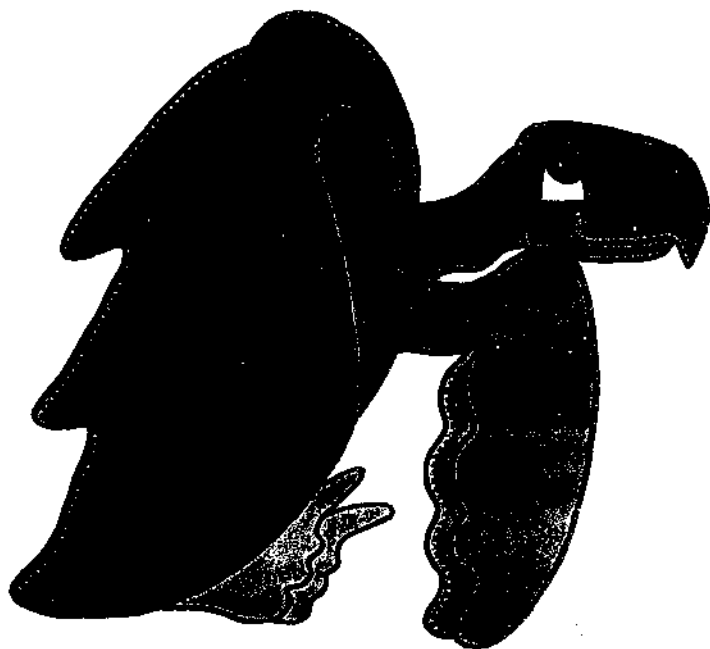
Sometimes Tuga did not listen very well. His mother had told him to stay close to home that day because there was a storm coming. Tuga had been bored and forgot her warning and swam off looking for adventure and new friends.

Tuga was a little Sea Turtle who lived in the ocean. He did not have feet like Land Turtles. He had flippers instead of feet. For Tuga, walking on land was not easy. But, he surely could swim well.

Tuga was having so much fun swimming that he did not realize how far he had gone from home. Suddenly he found himself smack-dab in the middle of a kelp forest. Tuga knew the kelp forest did not grow in the middle of the ocean but it grew near the shore...he was being carried to land.

He was having too much fun to turn around and go home. Where he lived there was just water, and more water, but in the kelp forest there were all kinds of fun creatures.

Did you know that the ocean has a forest? Did you know that the ocean also has a desert, and even mountains?



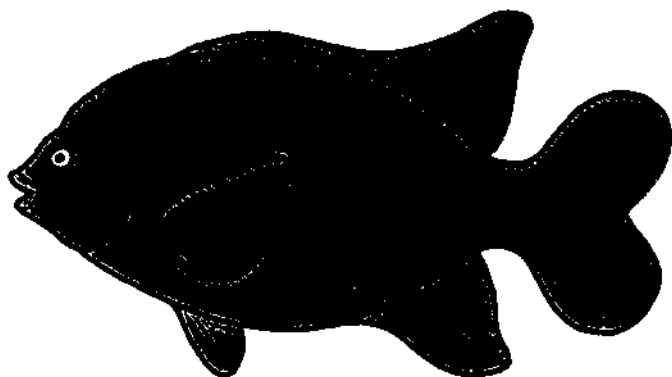
Tuga the little Sea Turtle was bored

As Tuga was poking his way through the kelp forest he came upon a lovely orange Garibaldi Fish swimming nearby. He swam toward the fish, but to his surprise, the lovely Garibaldi Fish turned toward Tuga and went "pop, pop" with his mouth, giving Tuga a very angry look.

"Oh my," Tuga said, "I just wanted to be friendly." The Garibaldi would have nothing to do with being Tuga's friend, so Tuga, feeling rejected, swam on toward the shore.

As the ocean waters became shallower, the long stalks of the tree-like kelp moved gently back and forth until poor Tuga felt seasick. If he could just swim to the surface and catch a breath of air!

Tuga, pushing the kelp out of the way with his flippers, swam up, up, up, until he felt fresh air hit his nose. Now he really felt sick. The water was no longer gentle but had turned to big daddy waves. One of the waves picked him up and bounced him along until he landed with a bang on the shore.

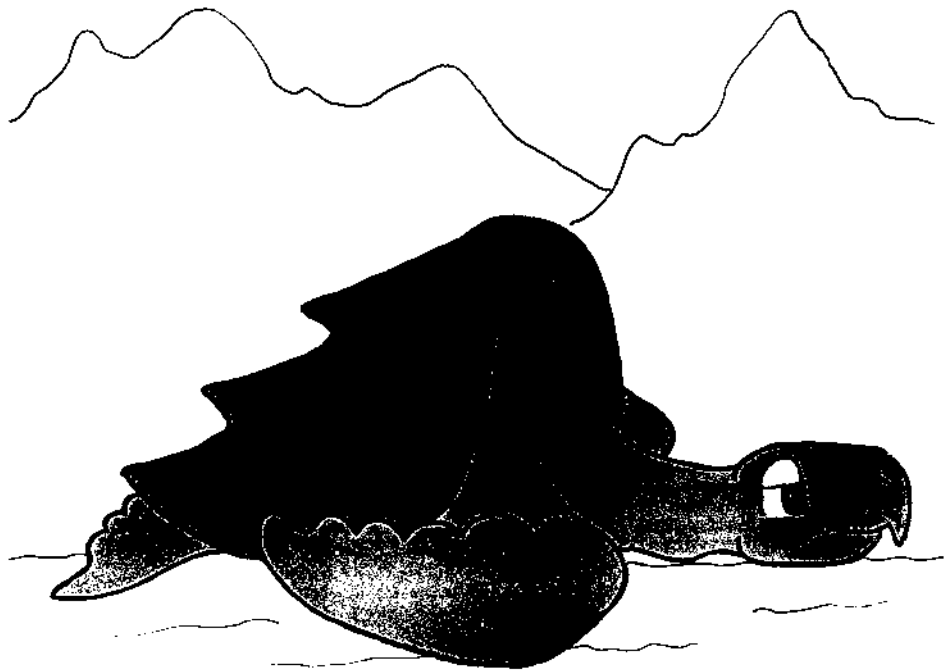


The Garibaldi Fish went pop-pop with his mouth

Oh my, that was a rough ride! Tuga was tired and his flippers were bruised. If only he had listened to his mother. Now the ocean was rough, and he would have to wait until the storm passed to go home.

Tuga wanted to find some nice, calm water to cool himself off. He began pushing and shoving his clumsy little body, throwing one flipper in front of the other as he made his way up the beach.

As Tuga struggled along he finally reached a pile of wind-worn rocks and fumbled his way to the top.



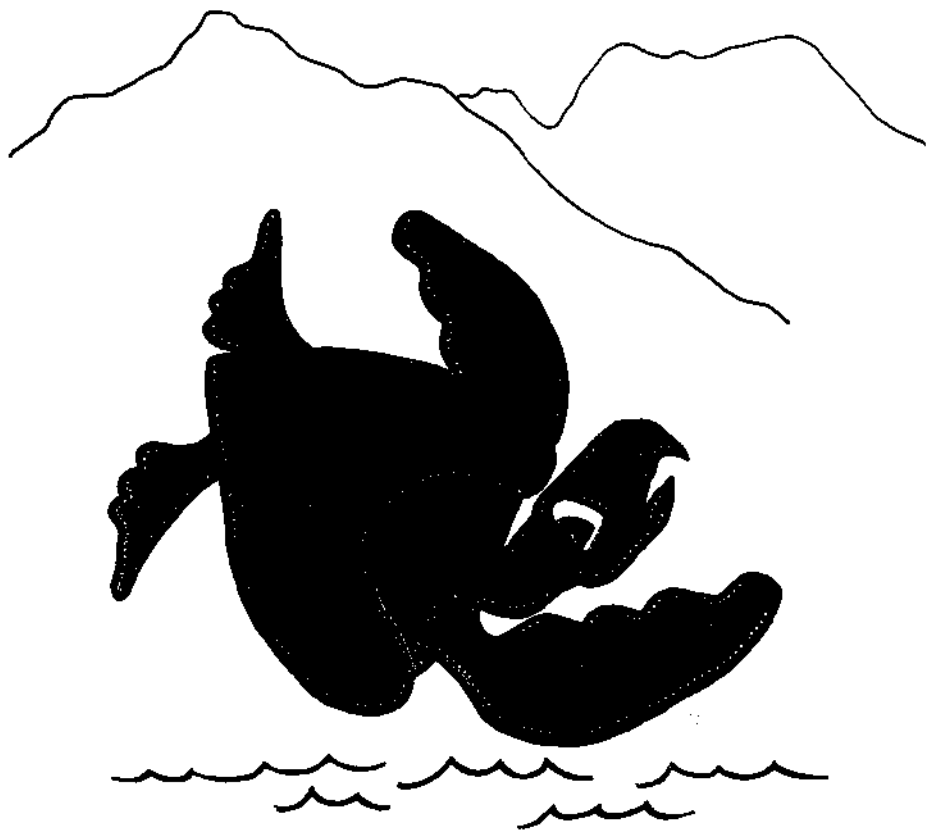
Tuga was tired and bruised

To his delight, right in front of him he saw a beautiful, cool pool of water, surrounded by a green carpet.

The water looked so inviting and the carpet so soft. How good it would feel on his bruised flippers! However, the green carpet was not a real carpet at all. It was slippery, wet, green Sea Lettuce.

When Tuga's flipper touched the Sea Lettuce, he went sliding and tumbling, flipper over flipper, into the water.

Tuga had landed in a tidepool!



Tuga had tanded in a tidepool

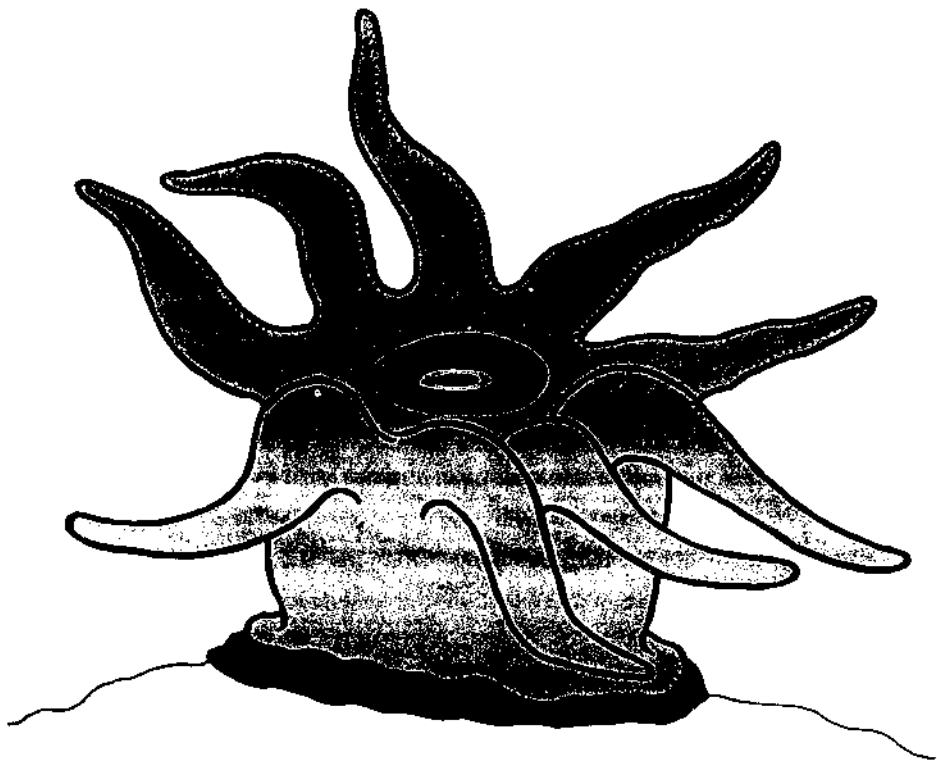
Tuga shook himself and looked around.

Living in the tidepool were all kinds of interesting things, strange shapes, brilliant colors, movement everywhere. What a pleasant surprise! This was much nicer than getting seasick or scratching his poor flippers in the sand.

Tuga saw a beautiful flower in the tidepool. He had never seen a flower quite like this one. He swam over to smell it. As his wet little nose touched the flower it became alive. This was not a flower... this was an Anemone, a living creature!

Whooooosh...the Anemone closed its tentacles and pulled away from Tuga. Tuga did not want to hurt the little Anemone. He was just being friendly.

These creatures are not very friendly, he thought. The Garibaldi Fish had pop-popped at him with his mouth, and the beautiful little Anemone had closed her tentacles. Both had turned away and would not talk to him.



The Sea Anemone closed its tentacles

A sudden movement near the bottom of the pool caught his attention. It was not green. It was not orange. It was a purple prickly ball. As Tuga looked closer he began to laugh. It really looked funny to him.

"Hey, why are you laughing?" George the Sea Urchin asked. Wow...this was the very first creature that had talked to Tuga, and it made him feel very happy, which, in turn, made him laugh even more.

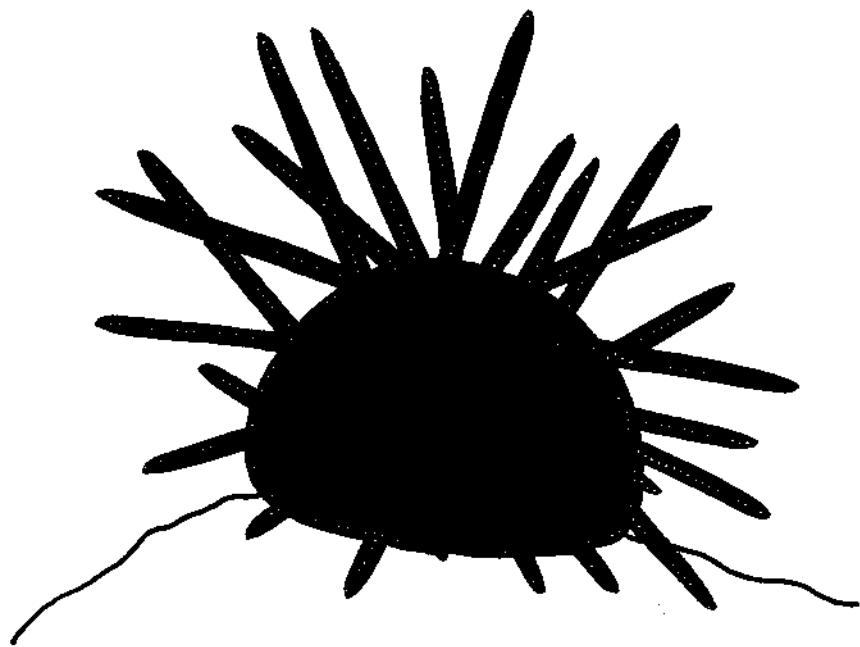
"I'm sorry," Tuga said, "I didn't mean to laugh at you. I have never seen a ball made of purple toothpicks before."

The haughty little Sea Urchin pulled himself into a dignified ball, and said, "I beg your pardon, these are not toothpicks, they are my arms and legs. They may be skinnier than your clumsy looking flippers, but, believe me, they are great. I can walk on them like stilts and use them to catch food when I'm hungry."

As George was talking, Tuga was trying to find out where his voice was coming from. His nose kept getting closer and closer to the Sea Urchin. Suddenly he bumped against the toothpicks like legs of the Sea Urchin.

"Ouch! That hurt!" Tuga cried out. "I forgot to tell you," George the Sea Urchin said, "My spines are also my defense, and, to satisfy your curiosity, I'm sitting on my mouth!"

Tuga and George the Sea Urchin both laughed...Tuga had found a friend...



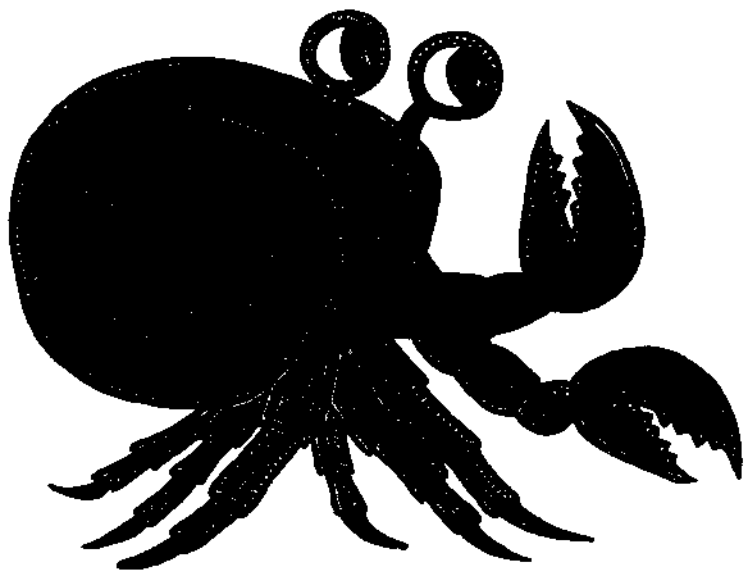
George the prickly Sea Urchin

Tuga was really happy with his new friend. He had thought that nobody wanted to be his friend, but George the Sea Urchin explained. "Look, Tuga, there are lots of friendly creatures in the tidepool. Just look behind you, I would like you to meet my friend, Mr. Hermit Crab."

As Tuga turned, Mr. Hermit Crab stuck his shy little head out from under his oversized shell so he could say hello to Tuga.

"Your house looks pretty heavy for such a little guy to carry around all the time," commented Tuga. "Who are you to talk?" said Mr. Hermit Crab, "Your house is even bigger and clumsier than mine. Besides, if I get bored with this house, I just go out and get myself another one without paying any more rent."

Tuga had to admit that was pretty neat.



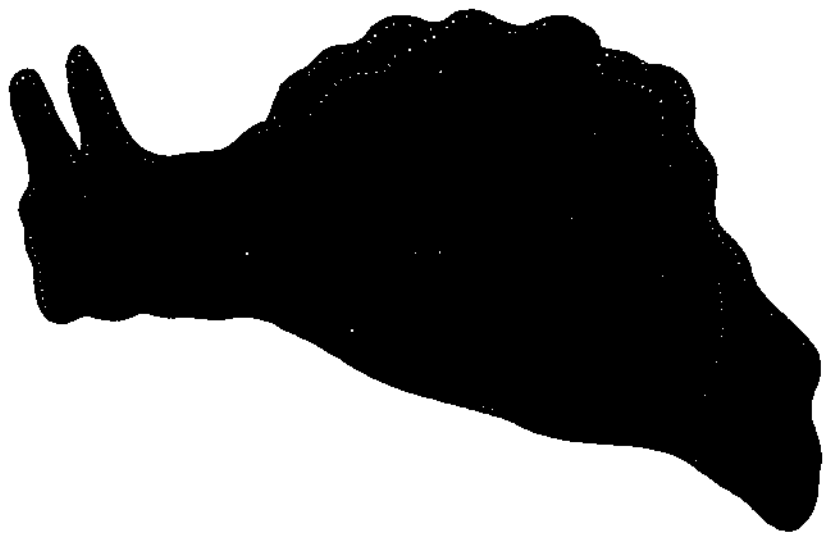
Shy Mr. Hermit Crab

Tuga turned to see where George the Sea Urchin had gone and bumped into something squishy. Before he knew what was happening, the water around him turned a cloudy looking purple.

"What happened?" he cried out. "Who turned off the lights?"

Mr. Hermit Crab started to laugh. "You are going to have to be more careful with those big flippers in this little pool. You just bumped into Sam the Sea Hare, and he gets a little grouchy when he's disturbed."

As the purple waters cleared, Tuga saw what looked like a little pile of dark raspberry jello. Sam the Sea Hare knew Tuga wasn't going to hurt him, so he apologized for squirting him with the purple ink. "I really am sorry," he said. "You see, my purple ink is my only defense. If I am being attacked by an enemy, I squirt him with the purple ink and this frightens him away. As you can see, I move very slowly so I am unable to run away from my enemies."



Sam the squishy Sea Hare

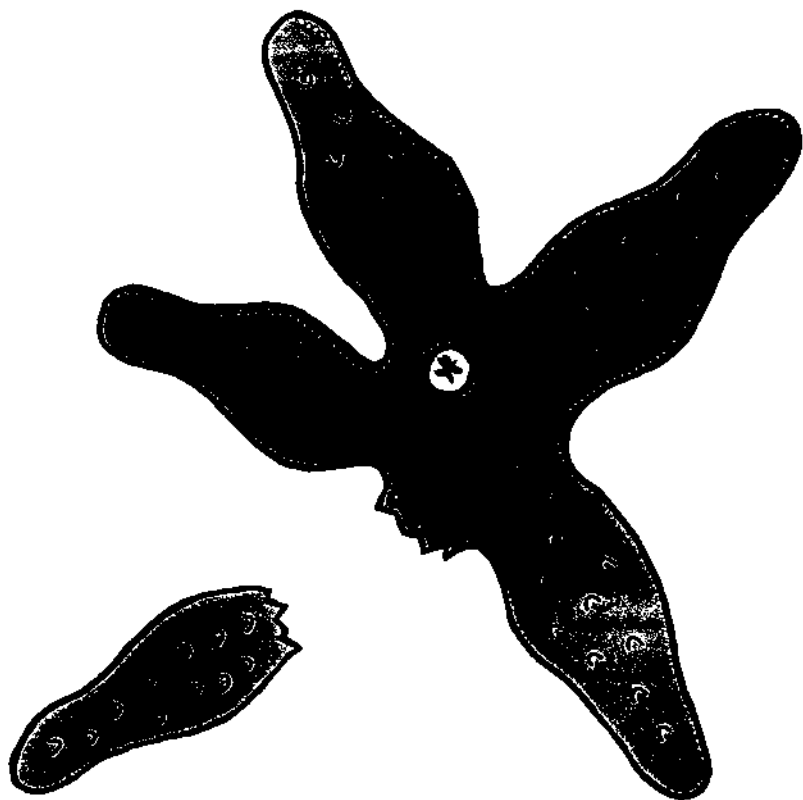
Tuga could understand how Sam felt. He remembered how slowly he had had to move across the sand because his flippers would not let him move very fast.

"There are lots of tidepool animals that move slowly like I do," explained Sam. "Here, I would like you to meet Jenny the Starfish, she moves nearly as slowly as I do."

Tuga stuck out his flipper to shake Jenny's hand and he was very embarrassed....Jenny's arm was missing.

"How sorry I am that you have lost one of your arms. I hope it doesn't hurt you very much," Tuga said with a very sad voice.

"Now, don't you worry, Tuga," Jenny the Starfish said, "That is really not a problem for me. You see, I shall just grow another arm. I am really lucky that way."



Jenny the Starfish lost an arm

Mr. Hermit Crab clattered over to Tuga. "Tuga, it is growing late and we are going to have dinner. Would you like to stay and eat with us?"

Tuga could not believe it was so late. He had forgotten about the storm. He had forgotten about the night coming. Tuga had even forgotten about food. He had forgotten everything but having fun with his new friends.

"Thank you, Mr. Hermit Crab," said Tuga, "I must hurry home. My mother is going to be worried, and I have a long trip to reach my home. I shall ask my mother if I can come back and play with you again."

Mr. Hermit Crab, George the Sea Urchin, Sam the Sea Hare, and Jenny the Starfish understood. Now he must go home to his family. As Tuga waved goodbye, all of his new friends shouted, "We like you Tuga, please hurry back soon."



Tuga waved goodbye to his new friends