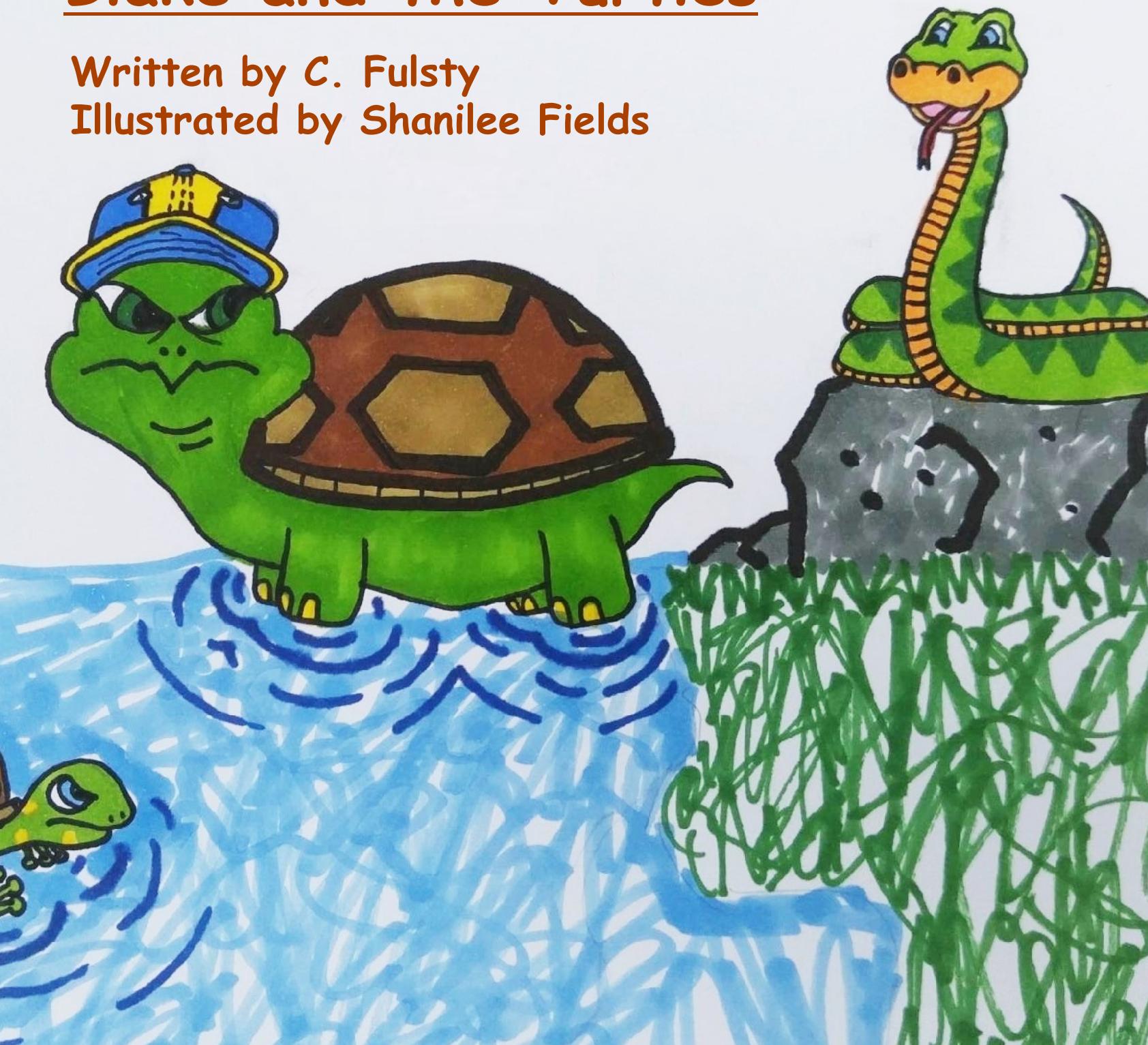
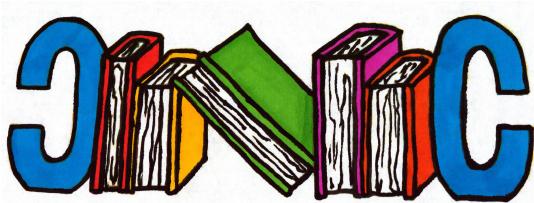


Blake and the Turtles

Written by C. Fulsty

Illustrated by Shanilee Fields





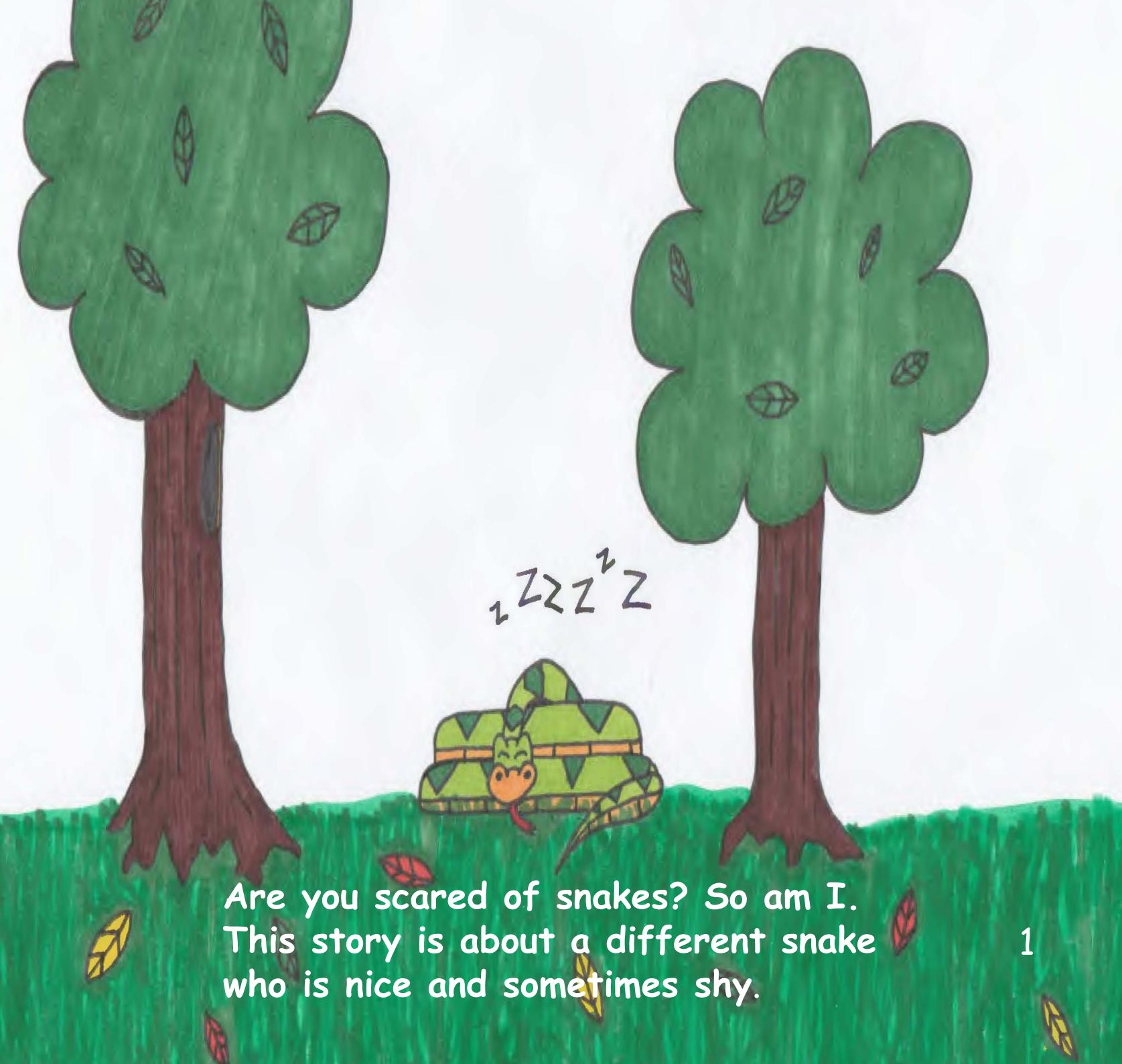
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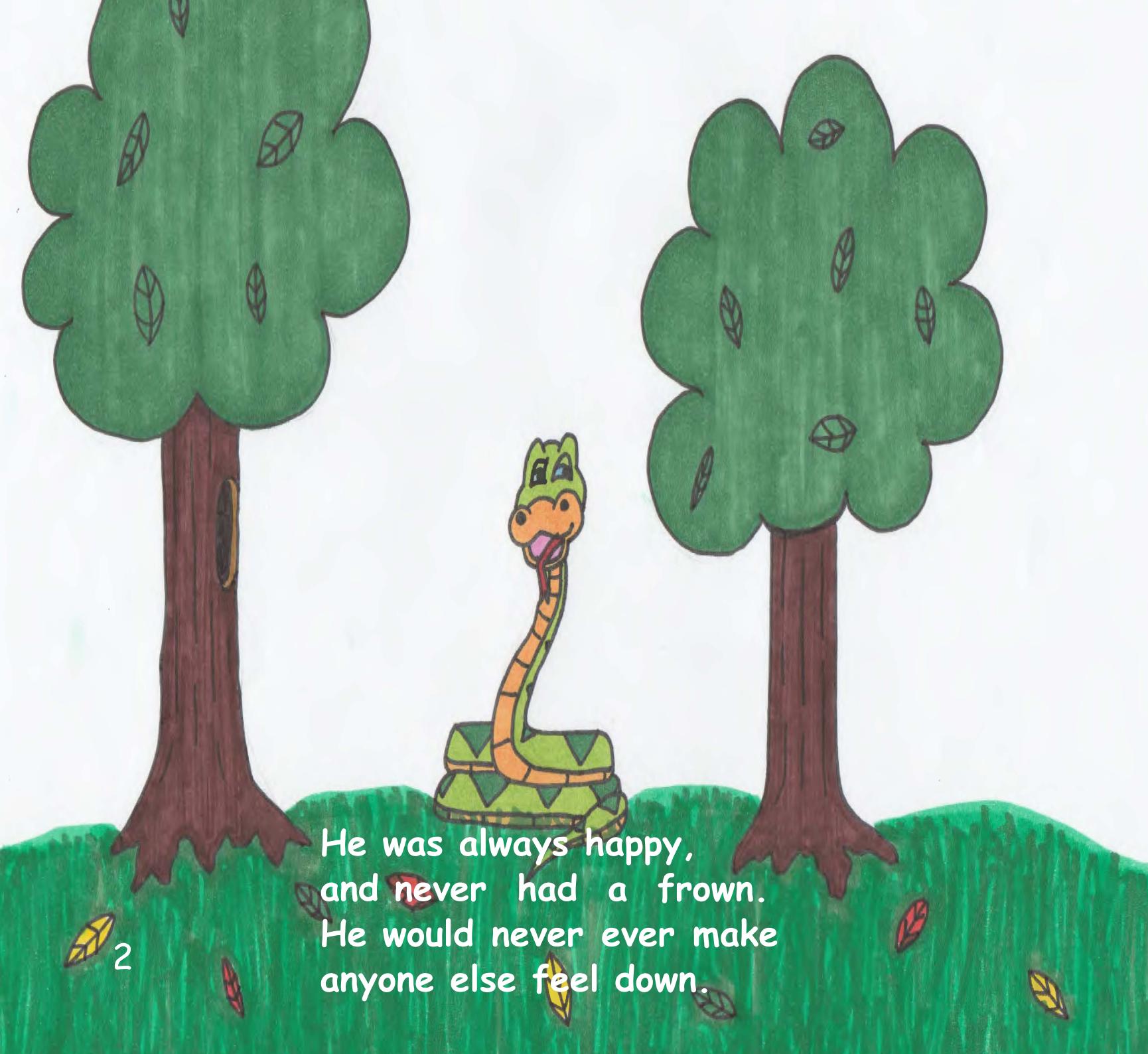
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Self Published, February 2016

ISBN 978-1517532055



Are you scared of snakes? So am I.
This story is about a different snake
who is nice and sometimes shy.



He was always happy,
and never had a frown.
He would never ever make
anyone else feel down.

One sunny day,
he came across a small blue lake.
This was an unusual place
to find Blake the snake.





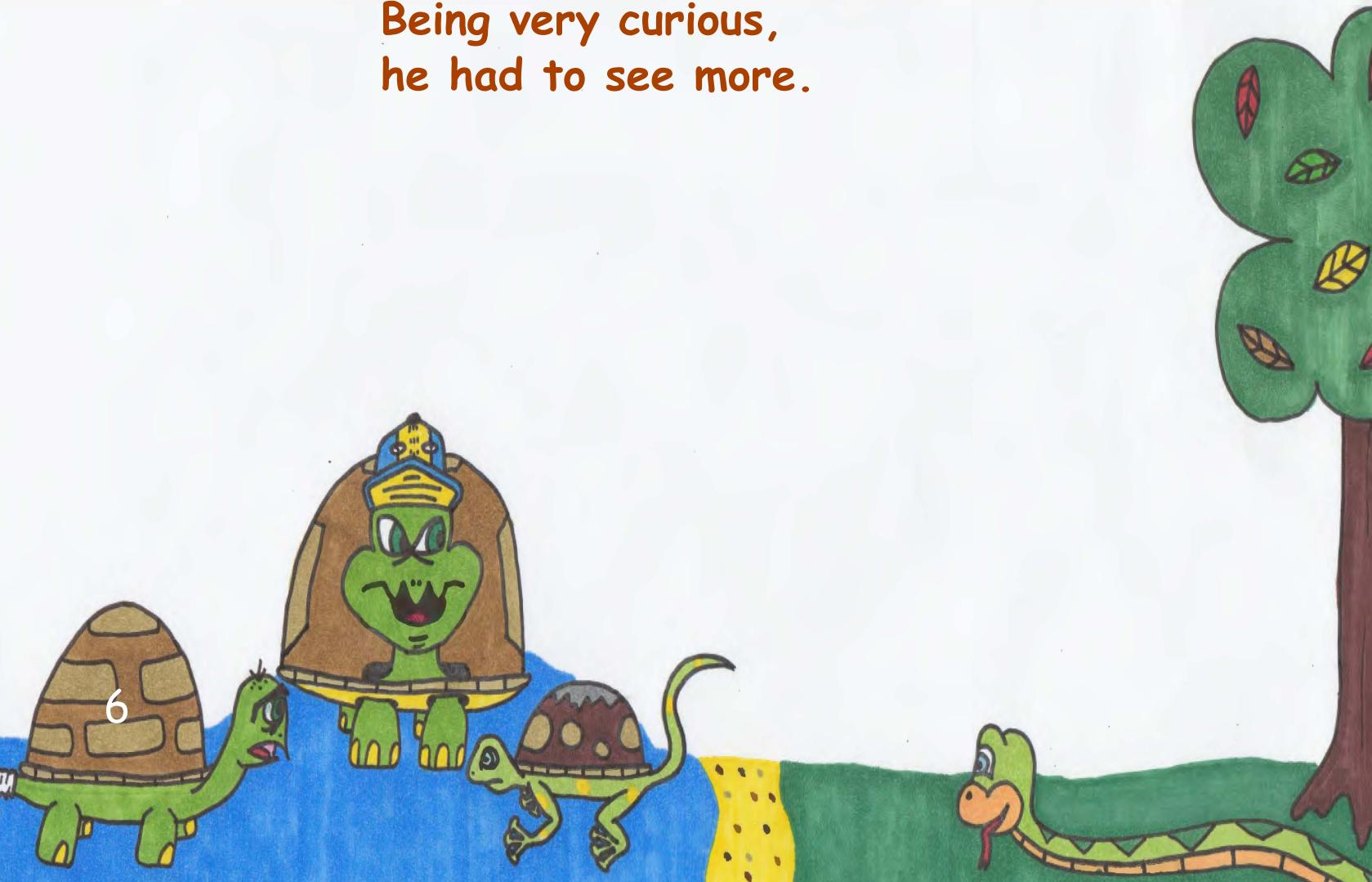
Blake began to explore
and slither around.
Until very suddenly,
he heard a strange sound.



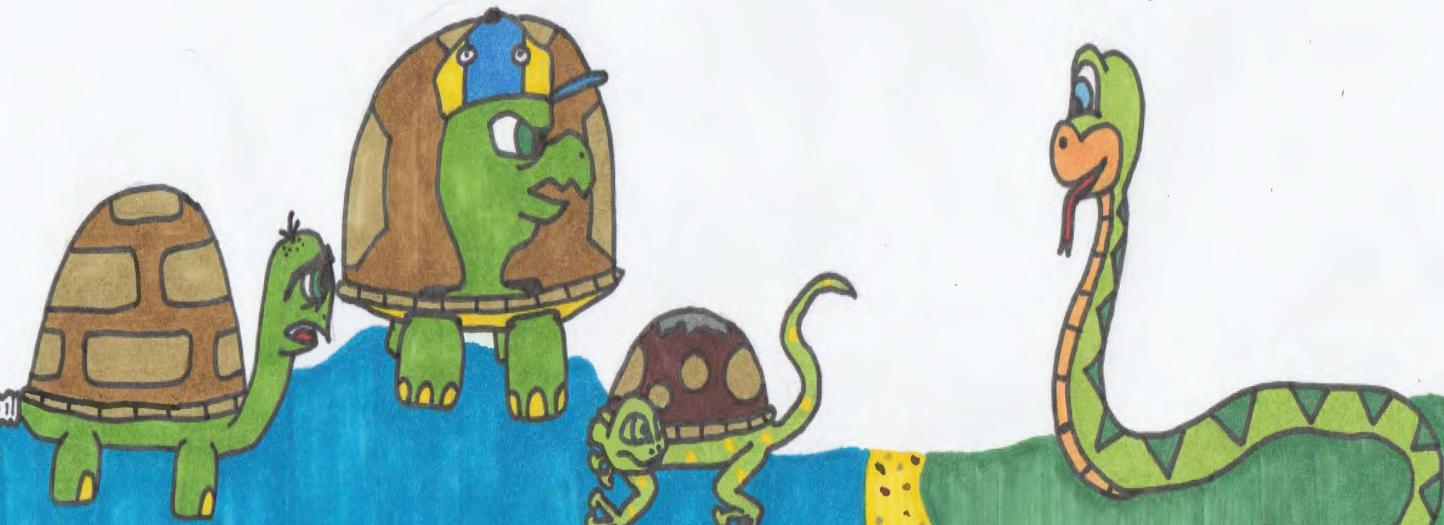
He moved in closer
and peeked around a bright colored tree.
There he saw a turtle,
and then it was two, then three.



These were animals
he had never seen before!
Being very curious,
he had to see more.



Suddenly they spoke.
"Who could you be?"
"You don't look like any of us three."



"You have no legs
and you're too thin and long."
"You have no shell either.
You look all wrong."



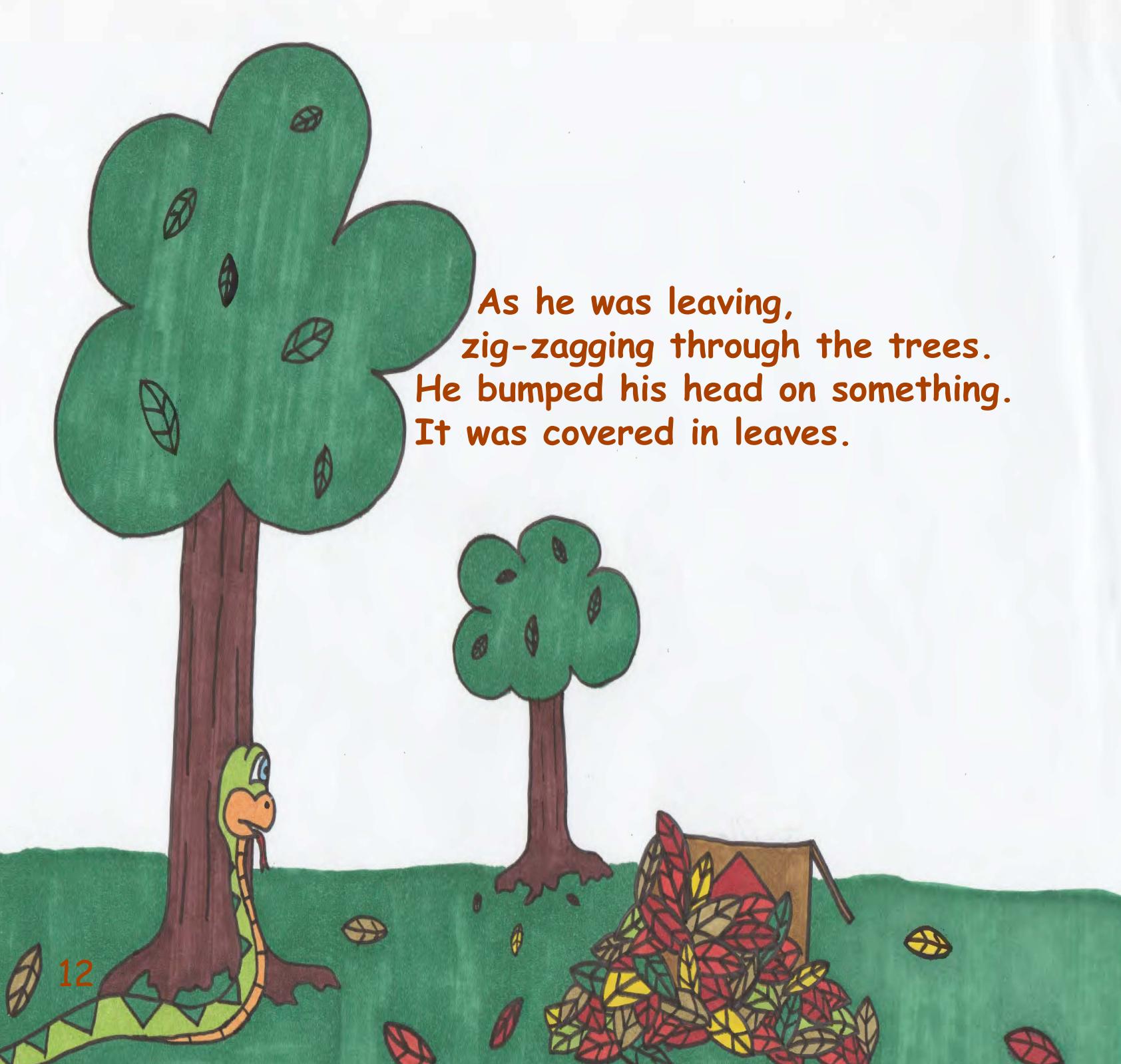
He told them,
"I am Blake, that is my name."
"I am a snake, and I am very tame."



They quickly replied,
"Turtles we are, and we don't like you."
"Snakes are ALL scary, it's just what you do."



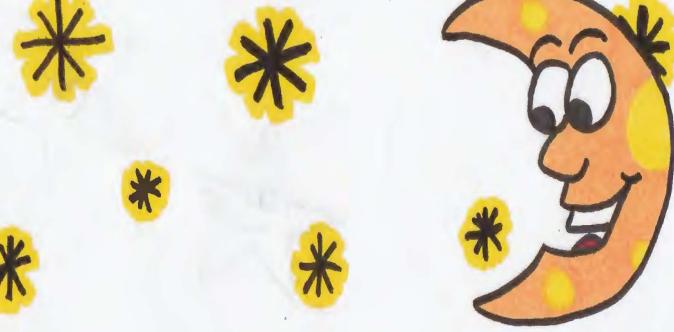
Turtle #1 said angrily,
"You should just go."
Blake slowly slid away.
He was feeling very low.



As he was leaving,
zig-zagging through the trees.
He bumped his head on something.
It was covered in leaves.

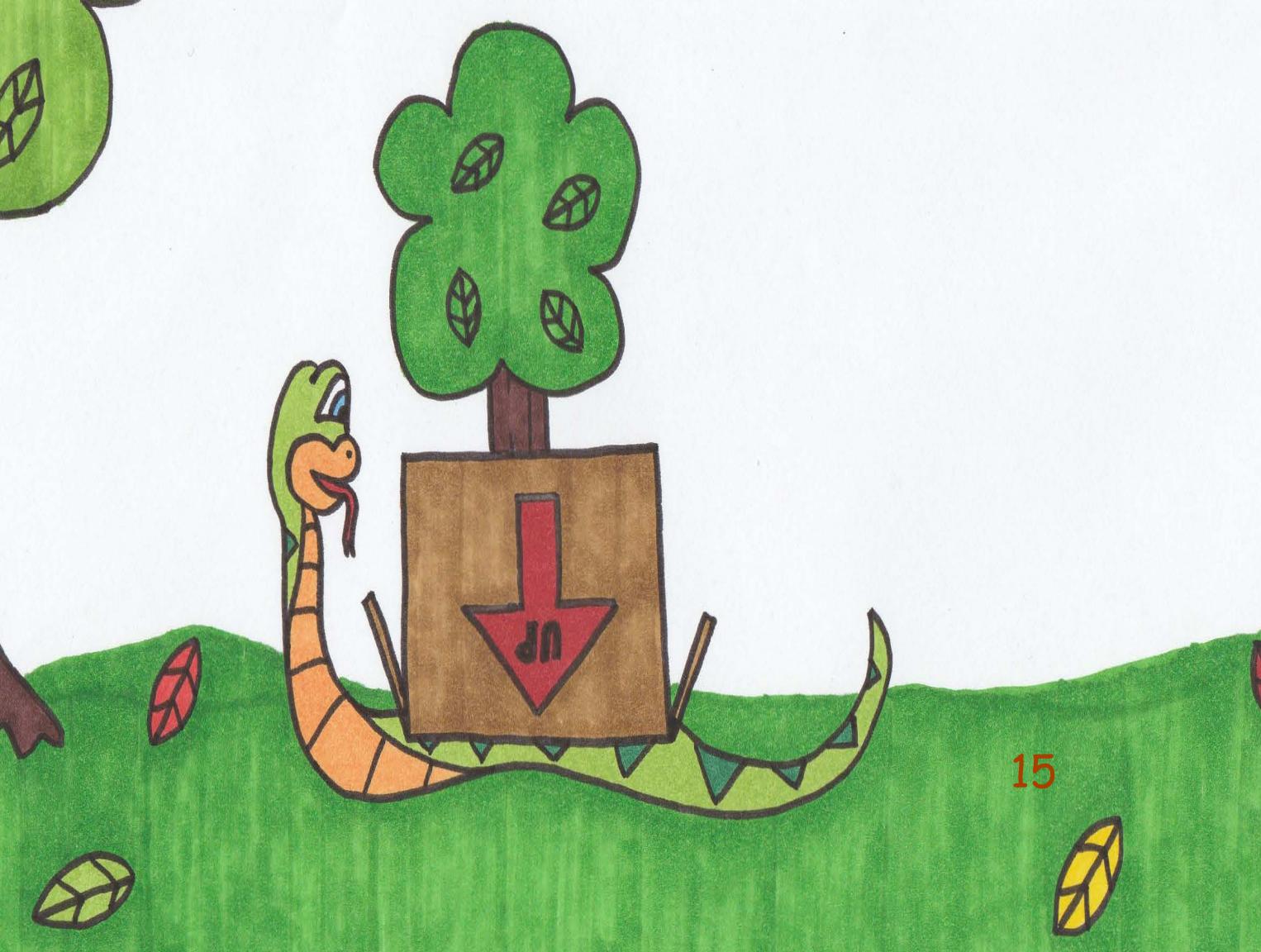


"It's just a box." He thought.
"But maybe it could be a shell."
"I think it just needs a few changes,
as far as I can tell."



He worked all day
and he worked all night.
He worked until he got that
box just right.





Crunch!
Rustle!

Blake heard some noise.
It was heading his way.
"Let's check over here."
He heard a turtle voice say.



The three mean turtles appeared
from behind a big rock.
"Why does your shell
look like a boxy square block?"



Blake said,

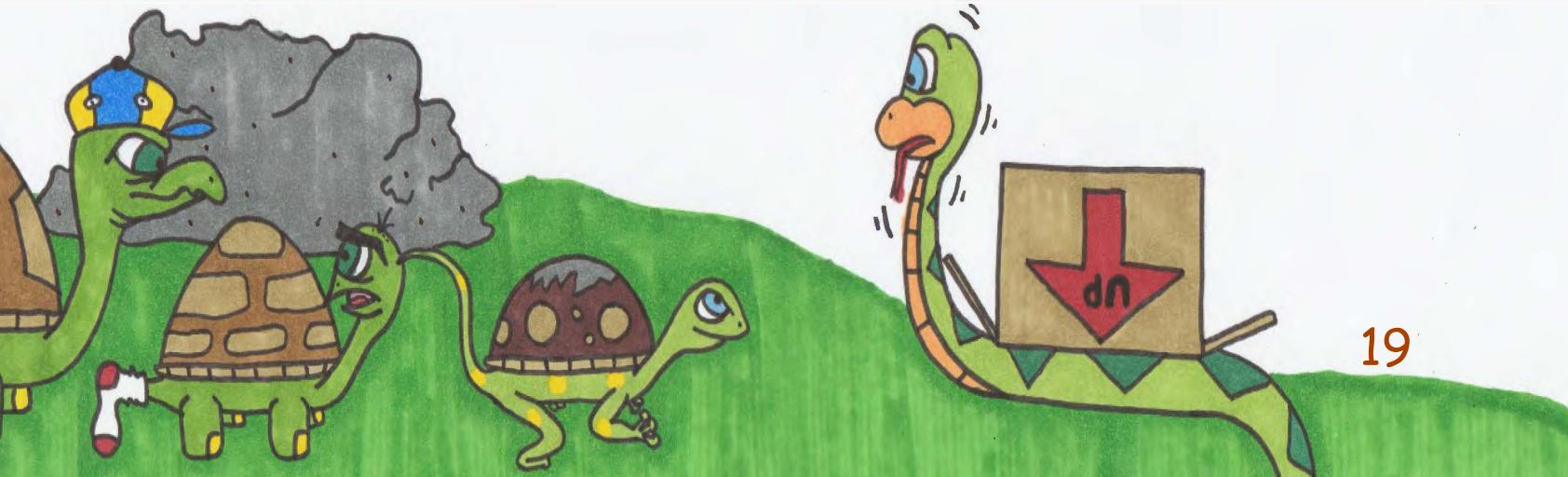
"It's not square, I'm a turtle just like you."

Turtle #1 replied,

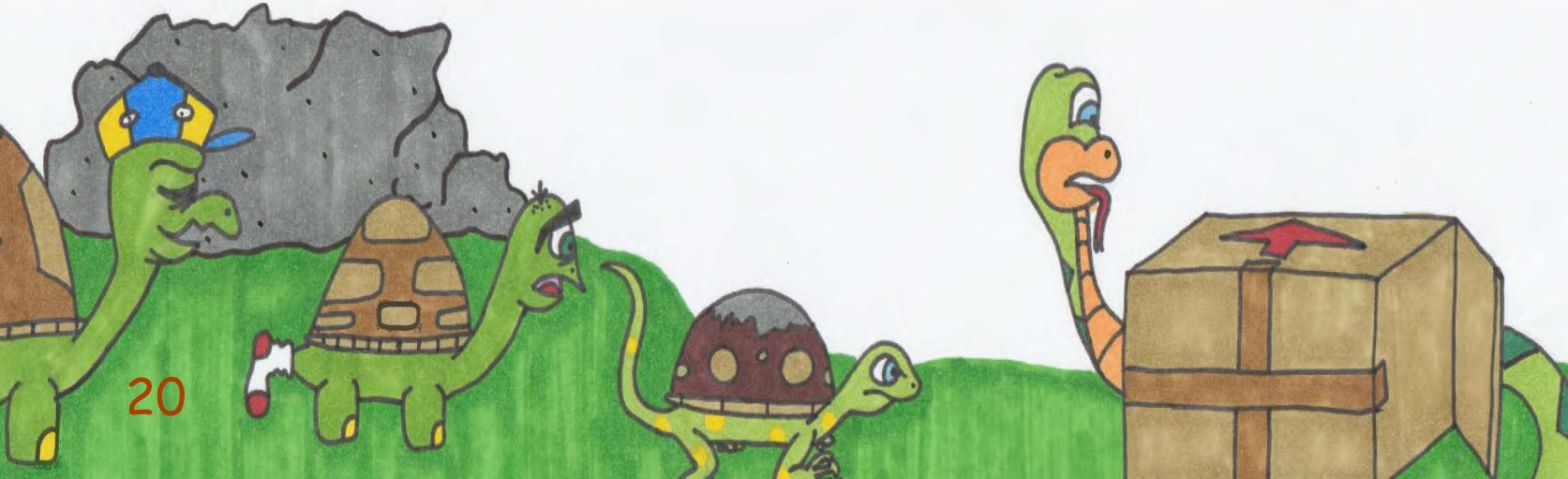
"You are not a turtle from our point of view."



"I...I am Blake,
that is my name."
"I...I am a turtle,
and I am very ta-ta-tame."



Turtle #3 laughed,
"You being a turtle couldn't be true."
"We can see that your shell
doesn't even fit you."



Turtle number #1 stepped closer
and began to talk.

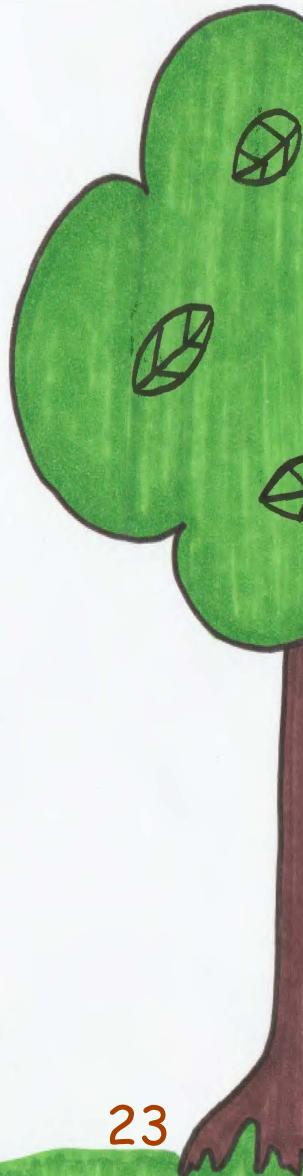
"You don't have feet. Can you even walk?"

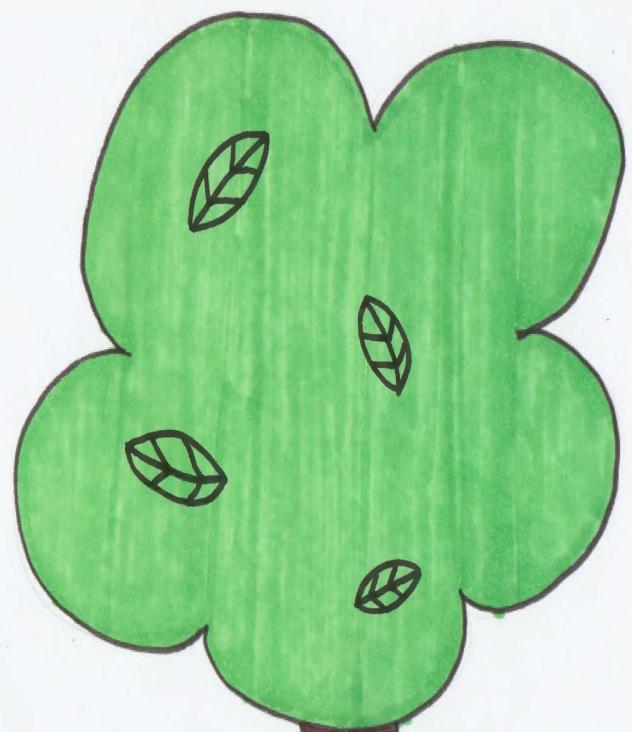


The turtles all shouted,
"Blake, go away!"
"None of us turtles
want you to stay."



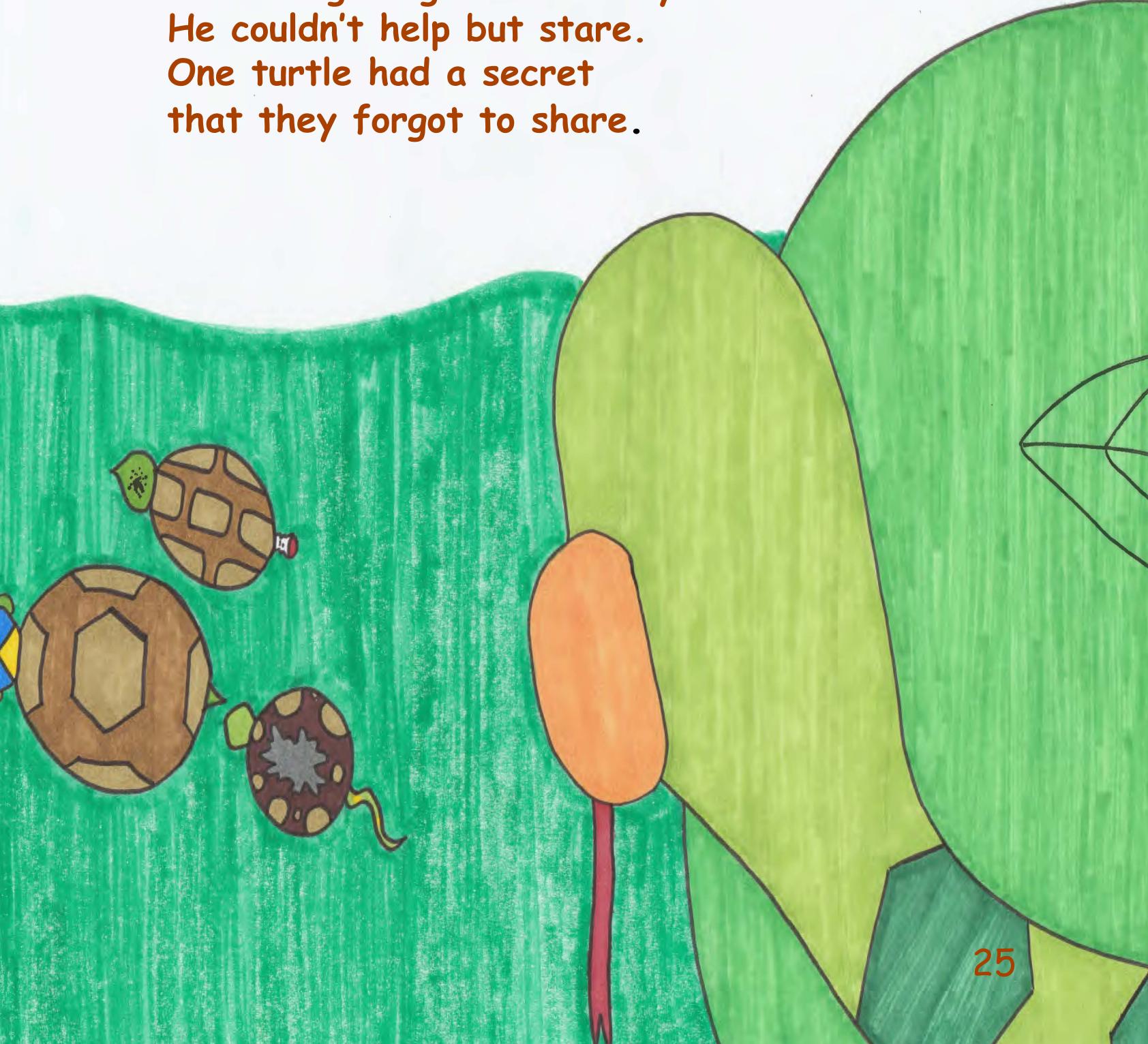
Blake became very sad,
and began to go.
Once again,
he was feeling oh-so low.

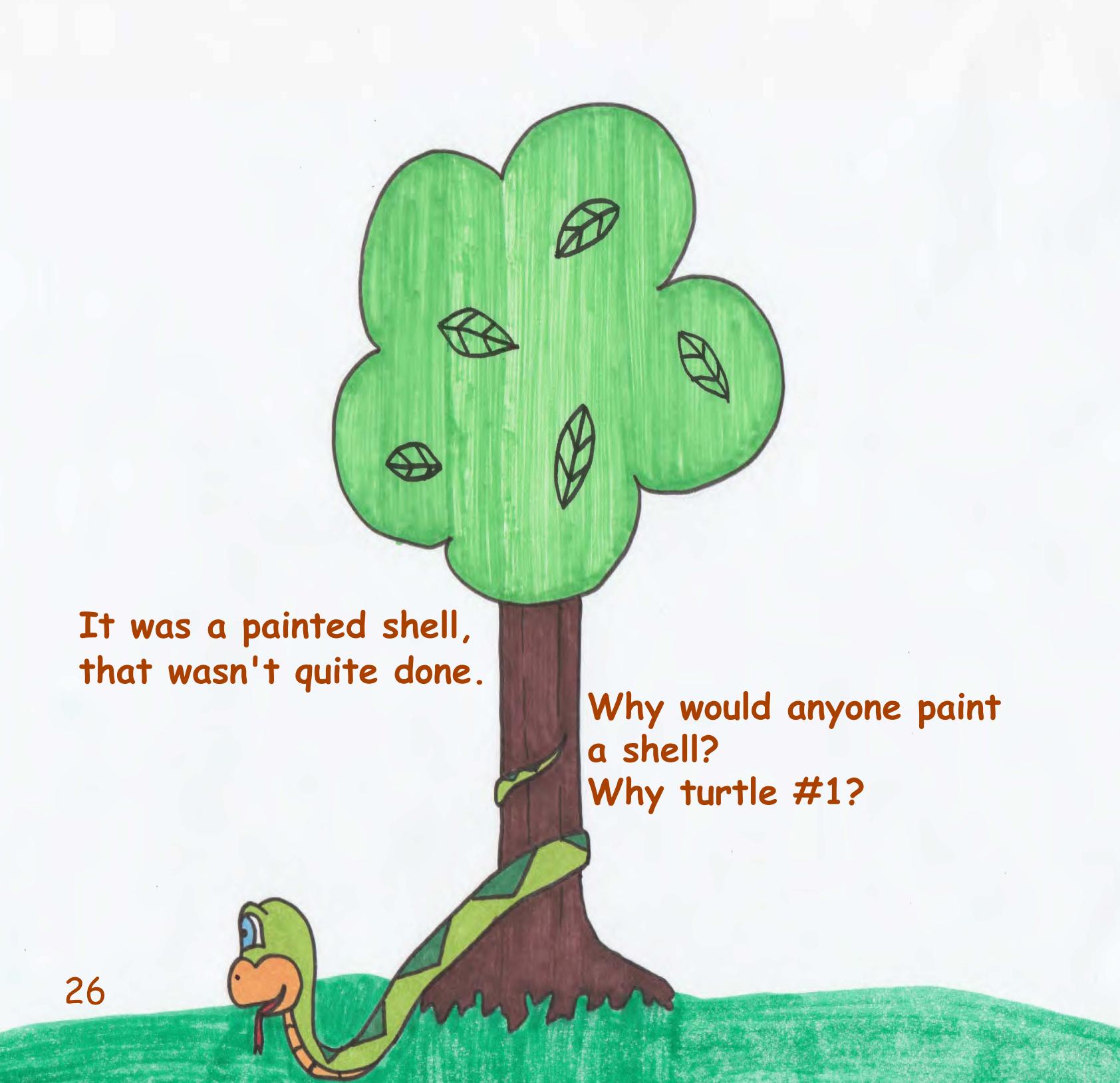




"Why don't they like me?
Why am I a snake?"
"I'm not like any others.
I am just Blake."

Something caught Blake's eye.
He couldn't help but stare.
One turtle had a secret
that they forgot to share.





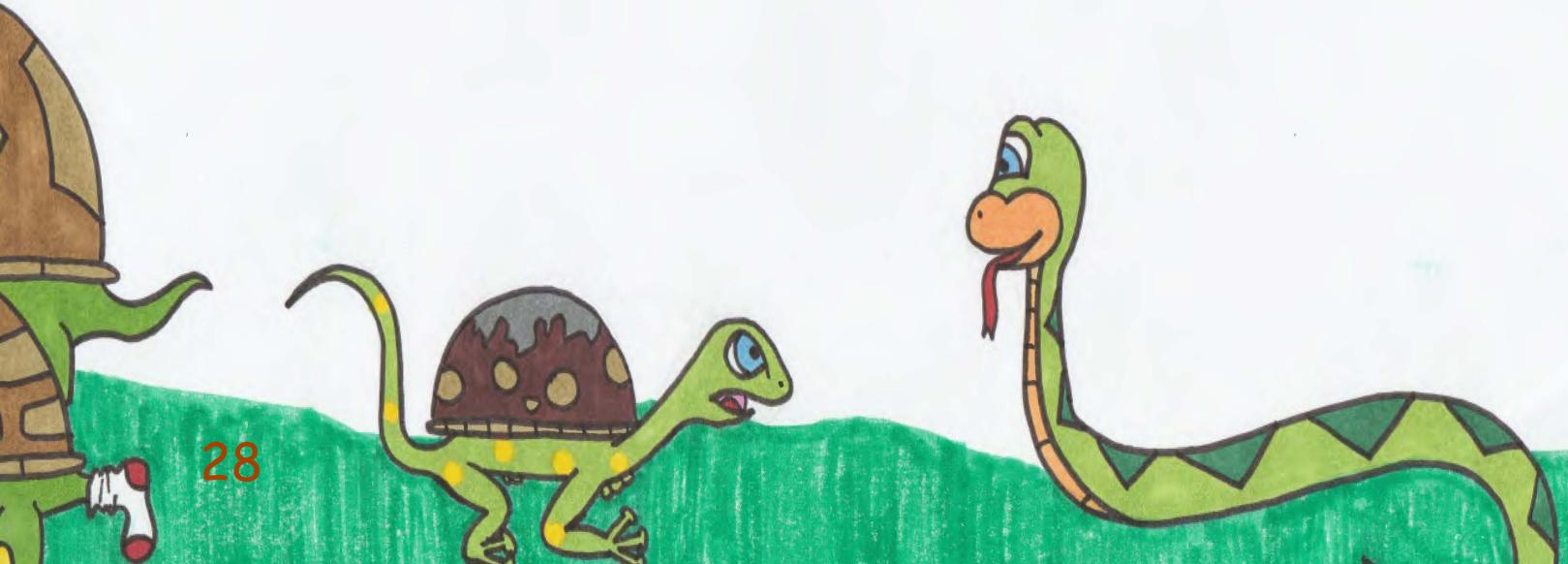
It was a painted shell,
that wasn't quite done.

Why would anyone paint
a shell?
Why turtle #1?

Blake turned and asked,
with a very big smile.
"You've only been a turtle,
for just a little while?"

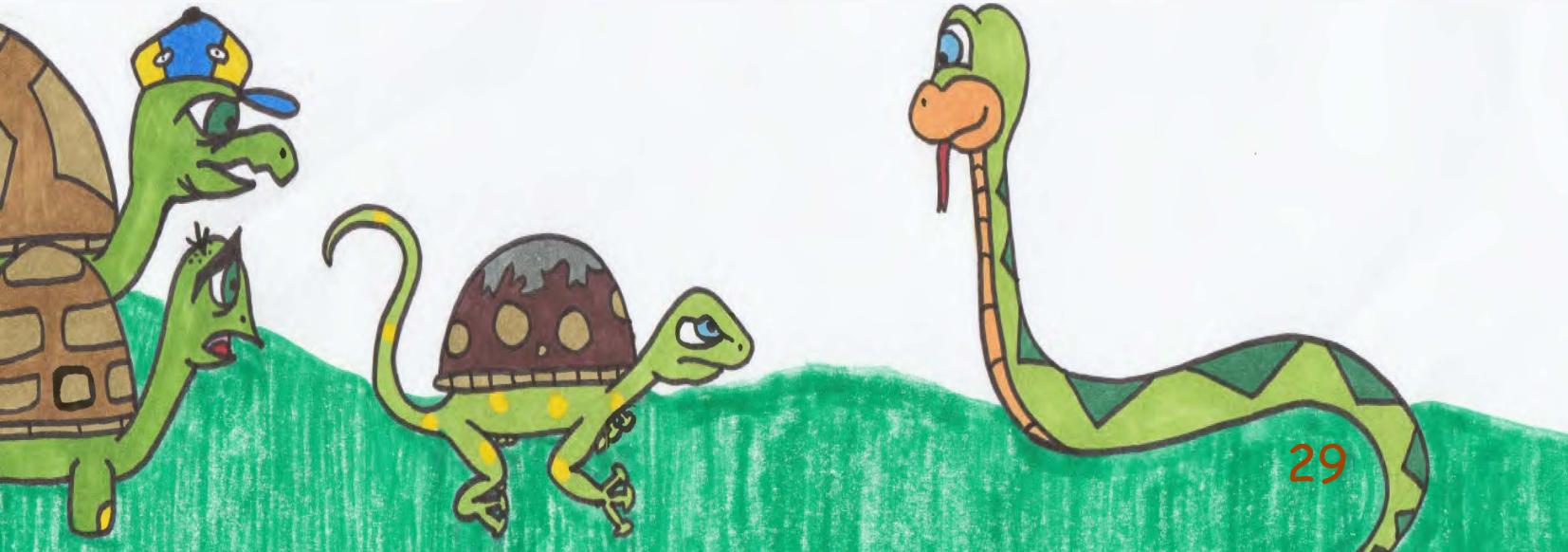


Turtle #1 turned around,
with great big eyes.
He stared right at Blake,
with a look of surprise.

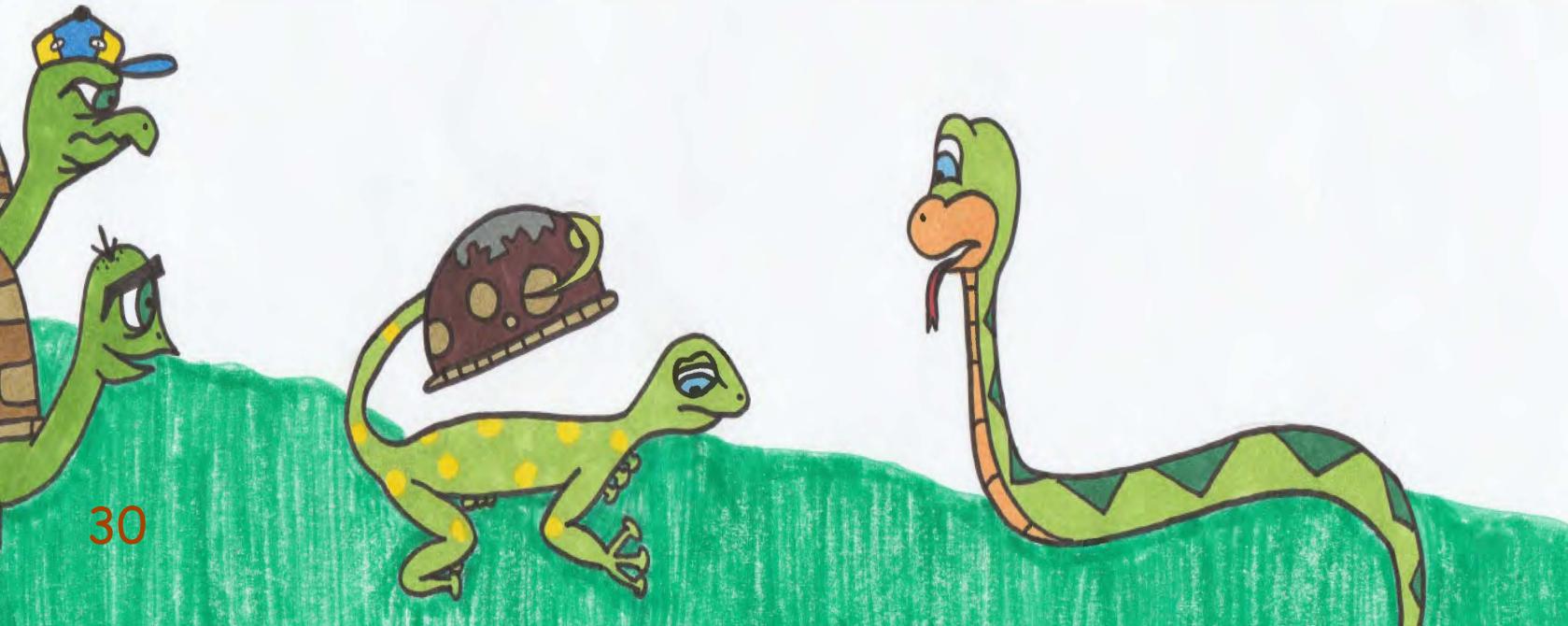


"I...I am Luke,
that is my name."

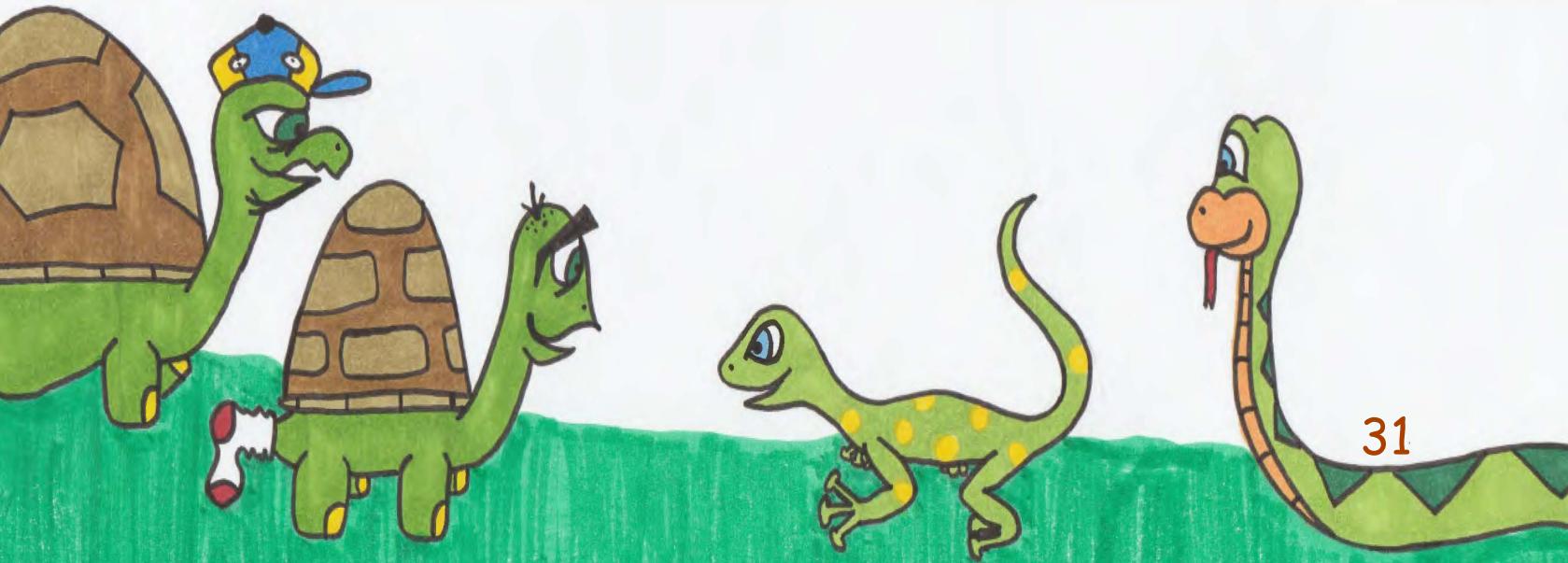
"I...I am a lizard,
and I am very ta-ta-tame."



"I am very sorry,
for not being true."
"Lizards are all mean,
it's just what we do."



The other two turtles
just smiled and shouted.
"You were always nice to us.
You were never doubted!"



"We do not all need
to be the same."

"Just as long as we can all
be friendly and tame."

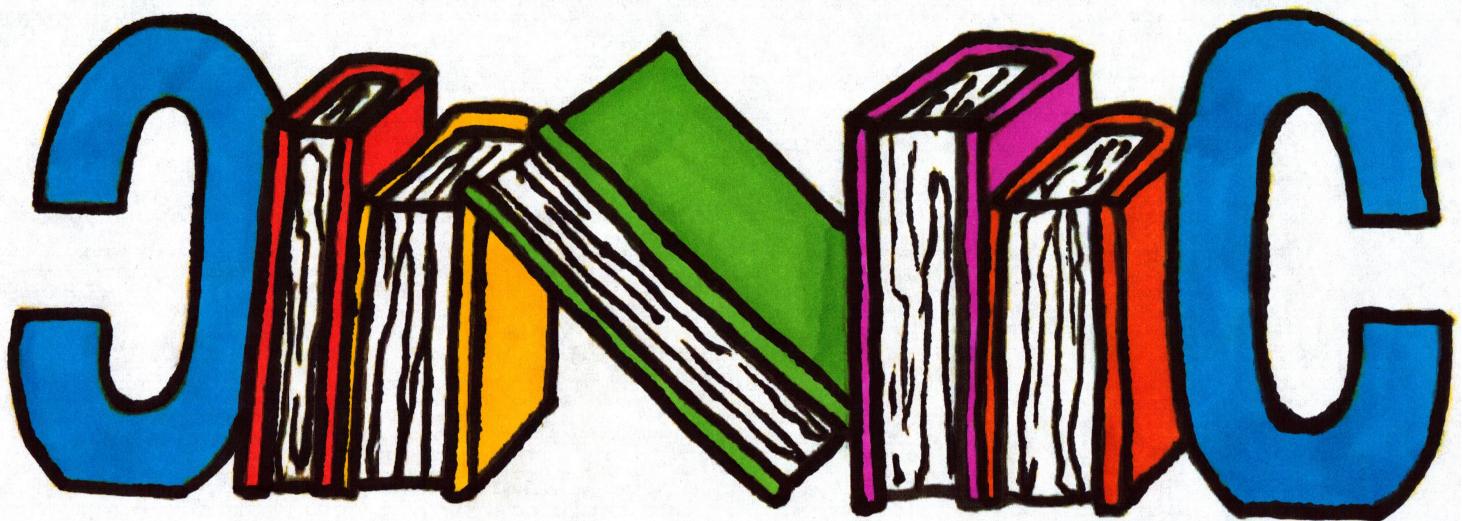


They all began to smile,
just as big as could be.
Blake shouted,
"We can all be one happy family!"



Blake and Luke,
along with turtles #2 and #3.
Looked like a family at the lake,
with nothing different to see.





This book is dedicated to:
Carla Fields, Eric Chalgren, and all of the
friends and family that have known
Shanilee Fields and Curt Fulster over the
years.