

My Name is Albert

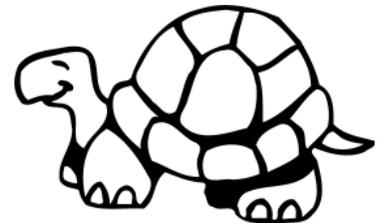
My name is Albert, and I am a box turtle. I am an exceptional reptile because, as you probably know, turtles do not write stories. I have decided to let people know a little bit more about box turtles.

I move rather slowly at my age. It has not always been that way, though. Why, when I was a hatchling, I could speed across my yard in no time. I will admit that I got stuck on an occasional twig or garden hose, but I was certainly not a quitter. My little legs would just keep going until I overcame any obstacle. As I grew, I learned to slow down and enjoy all the interesting sights and sounds my environment provided. I have discovered "bug holes," found the juiciest berries, and can tell when my owner is coming to play.

When my owner approaches, I stretch out my long neck to reveal my beautiful coloring and proudly walk up to my owner and scratch at his feet. My owner is much taller than I and usually sits down with me. While my owner is watching, I make a point to walk around him, crawl under his legs, and usually go for a swim in my pond. He finds this behavior endearing and proceeds to pick me up and tell me how funny I am. This ritual is frequently completed with a special turtle treat of melons or dog food.

Resting is one of my favorite pasttimes. During the warm summer months, I like to dig a hole in my yard and crawl into it. It is quiet and cool in my special place. During the cold winter months, box turtles, like myself, hibernate by digging an even deeper hole and staying there until the warmth of the summer sun returns.

My name is Albert, and I am a very happy box turtle.



In the first paragraph, what does the word exceptional mean?

What is one of Albert's favorite things to do?

What does Albert do during the winter?

Do you think Albert usually accomplishes his goals? Why or Why not?
