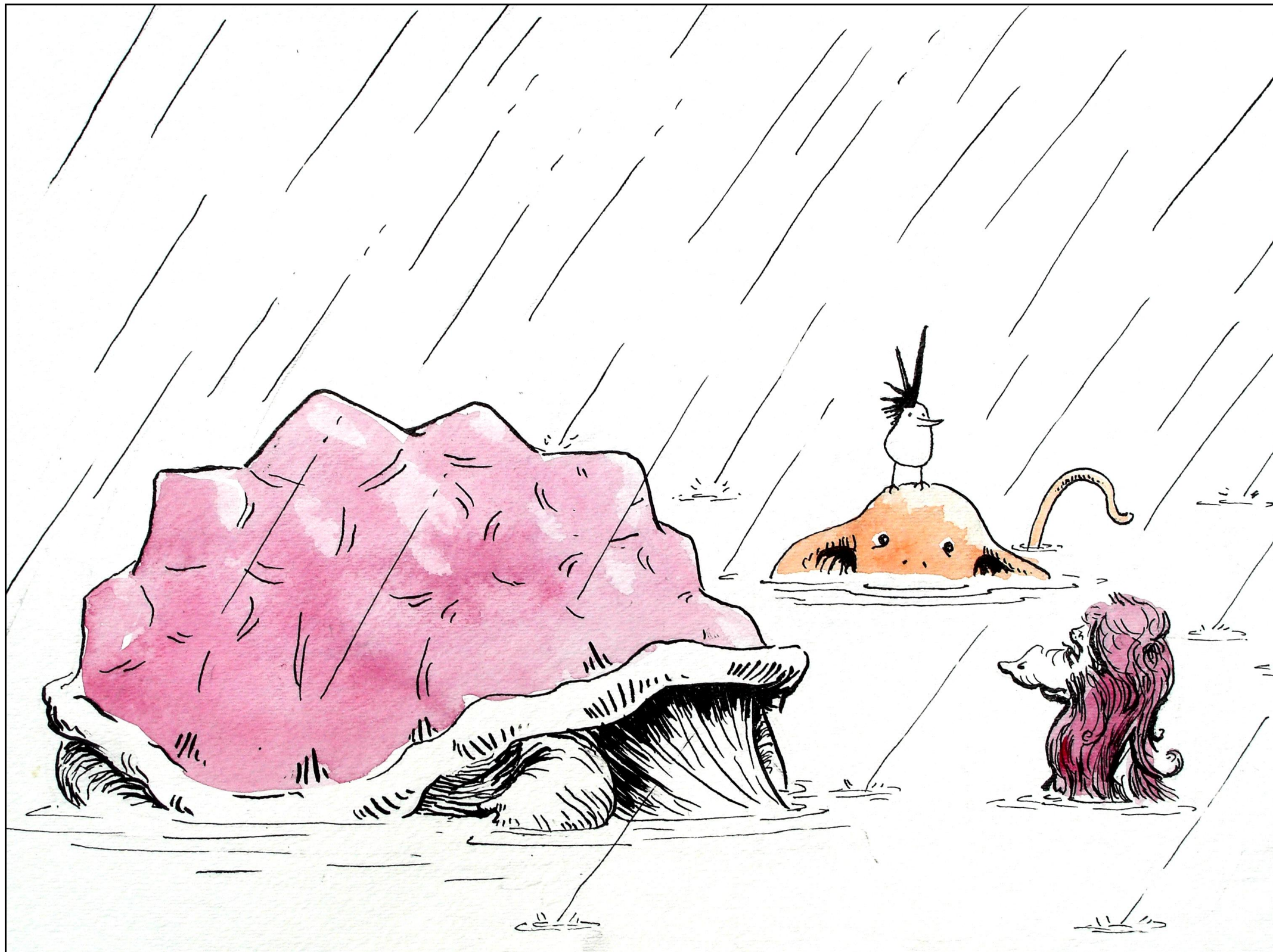
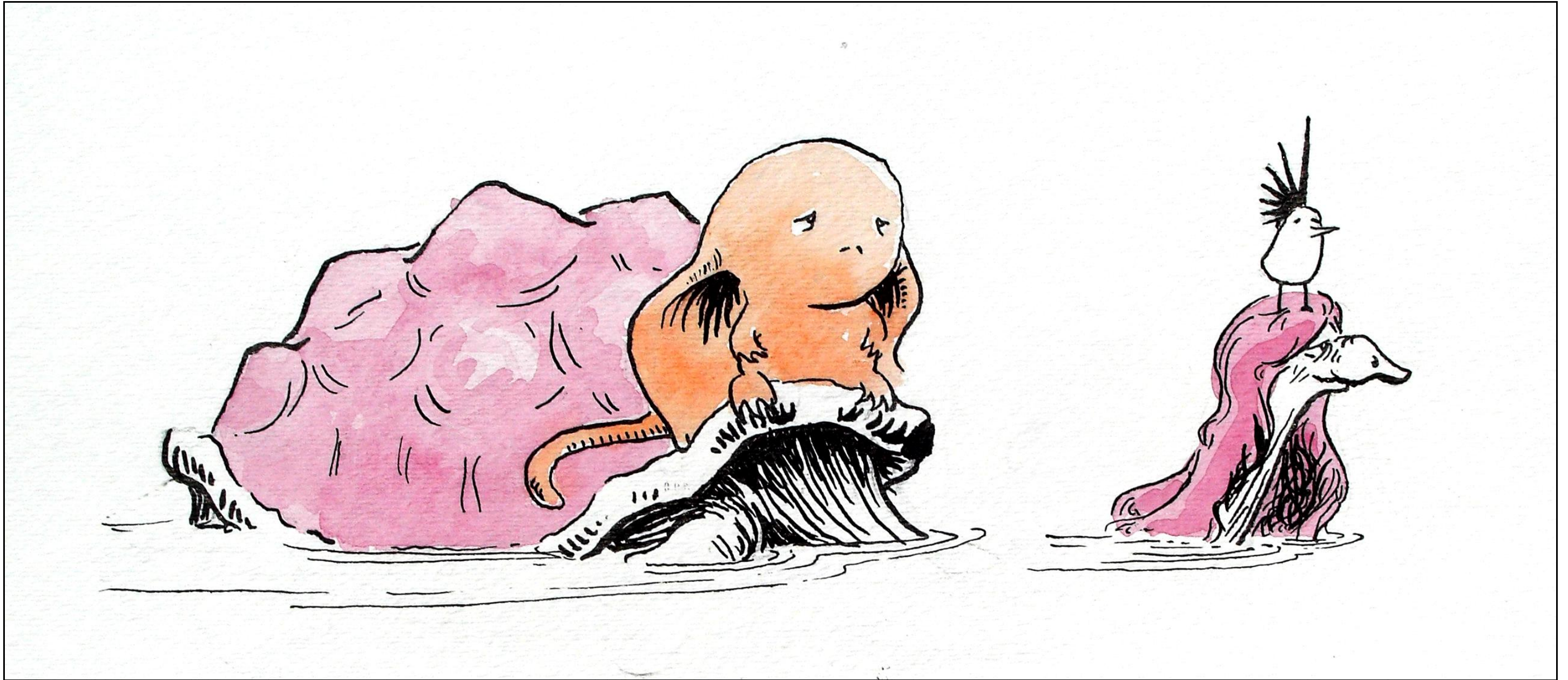


Petunia could feel, in her turtellot shell,
that a great flood was coming and she thought, “just as well.”
I’ve lived far too long now, I’ll finally rest,
if I let the flood drown me it will be for the best.



But just as the waters began to rise higher
a nimbat swam up with a spike crested flier.
“Can we sit on your shell?” The nimbat inquired
Aw shucks thought Petunia I bet they are tired.



The three of them swam in search of high ground
but when the sky finally cleared there was none to be found.
“What will we eat?” nimbat pondered aloud,
“That’s easy – squill jelly” replied Petunia, quite proud.



She taught them to fish and soon all of their bellies
Were filled to the brim with tasty squill jellies



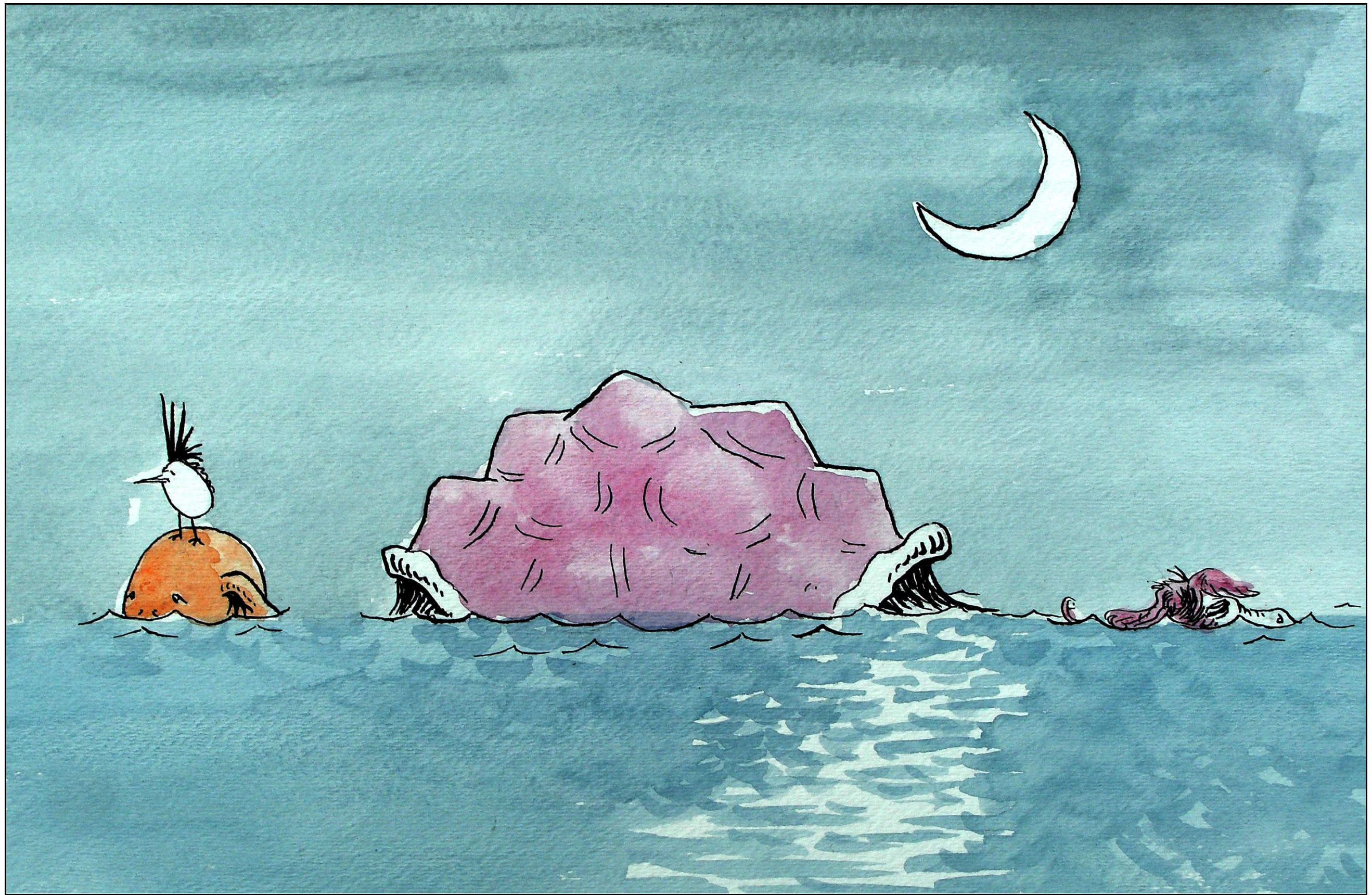
Petunia, it turned out, was smart as a whip



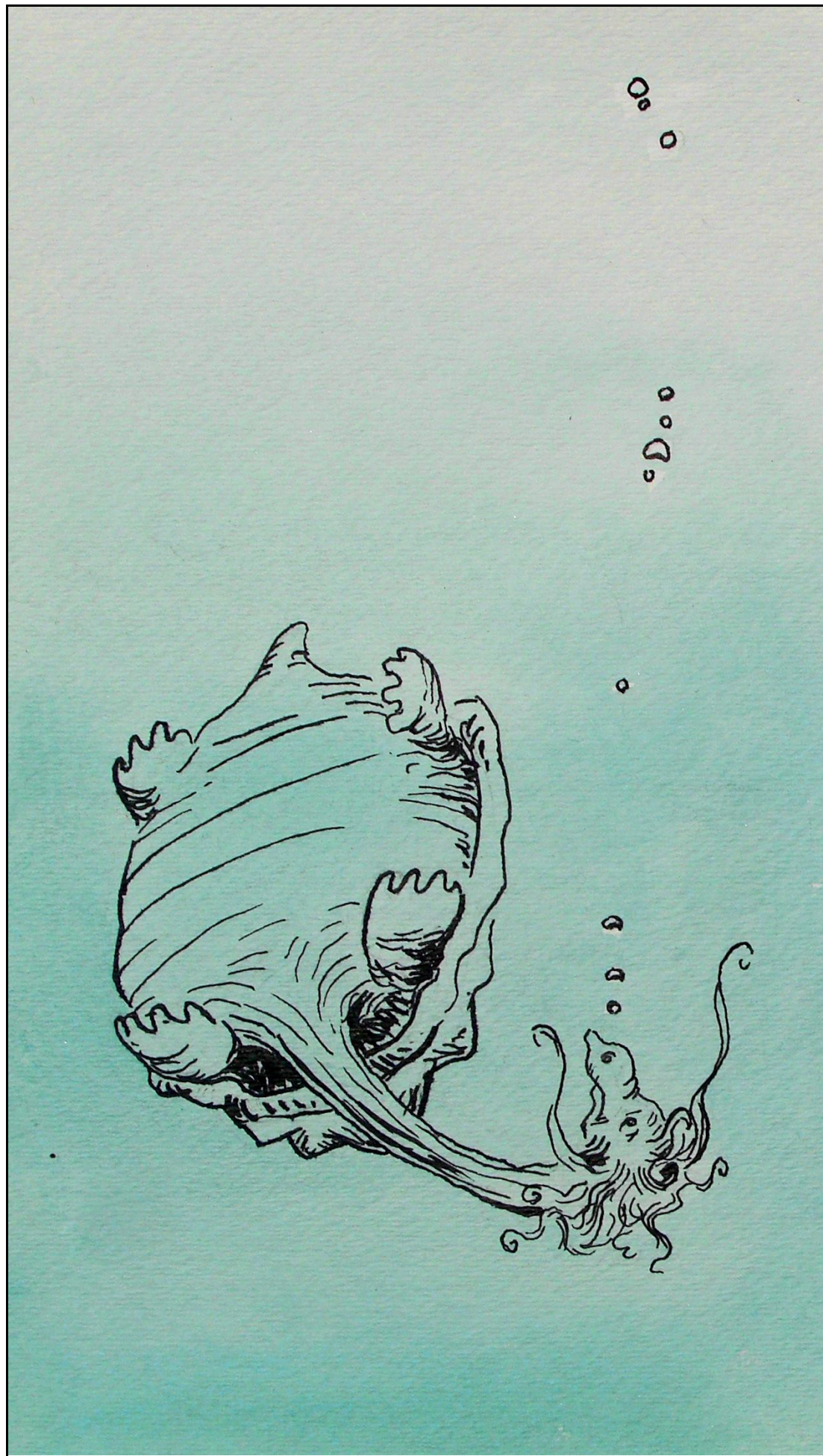
and her new friends learned much on her turtelot ship.



But even a young turtellot who is fit
will tire of swimming without resting a bit.
The castaways saw that Petunia was lagging
and knew that their weight was causing her dragging



So when they knew she was resting, late in the night
They slipped off on their own, and swam out of sight.



When Petunia awoke she was awfully distressed.
Where are my friends? I just needed some rest!
She quickly slipped back to her old sour mood
and let herself sink to the bottom to brood.

No deeper than 10 feet below had she sunk
when the sea floor itself bumped into her trunk.
It lifted her up to quite a great height...



Twas the great gallywumpus,
with her friends, what a sight!

Now a great gallywumpus can swim nearly forever,
so the four of them set off exploring together.