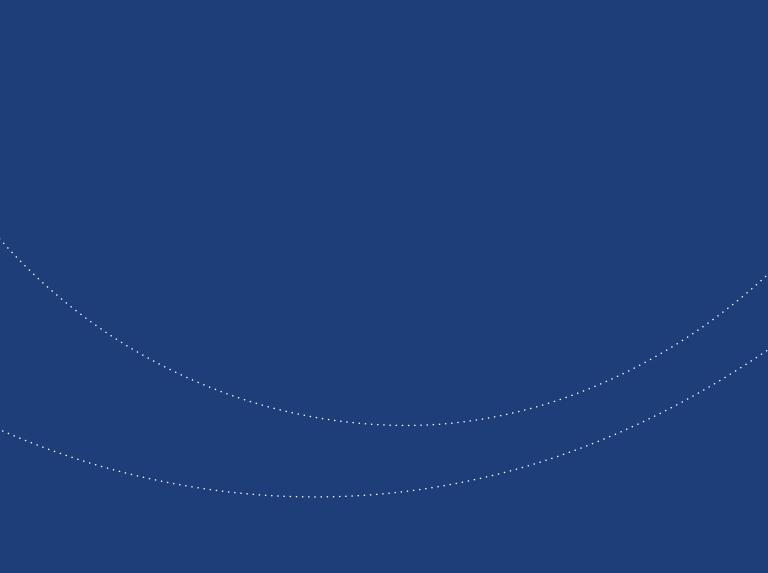
MARIE-PAULE MAHONEY Illustrated by GINGER TRIPLETT

WHALE of WONDER



Custom INTERIOR

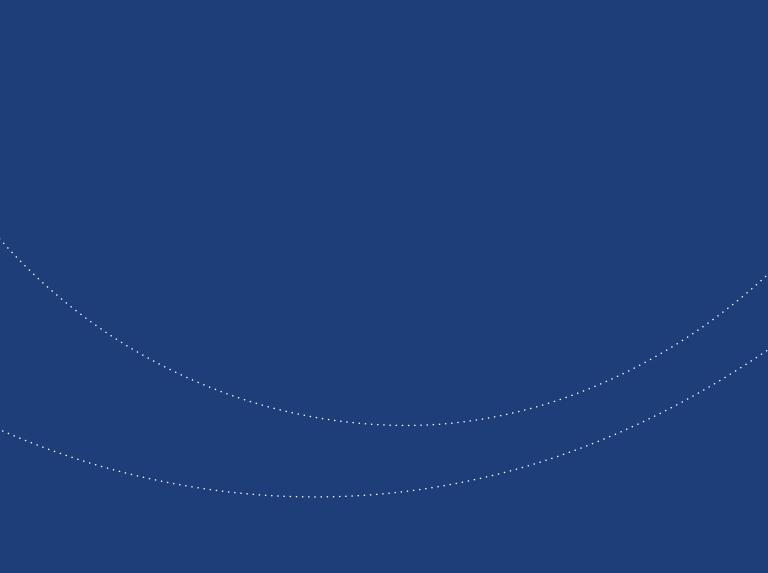




ama Tahlequah leaped out of the sea. Her fins flipped across the icy cold water with a loud boom. She breathed in the fresh, misty air before slipping back into the water to join the other members of her group, called the pod.

Her young son, Notch, swam to her side through the frothy ocean waves.





Enhanced INTERIOR





"Mama," he said eagerly. "I met another orca whale that looked just like me. He launched his clicks and whistles through the water towards me. I clicked and whistled back, but we could not understand each other. Why, Mama?"

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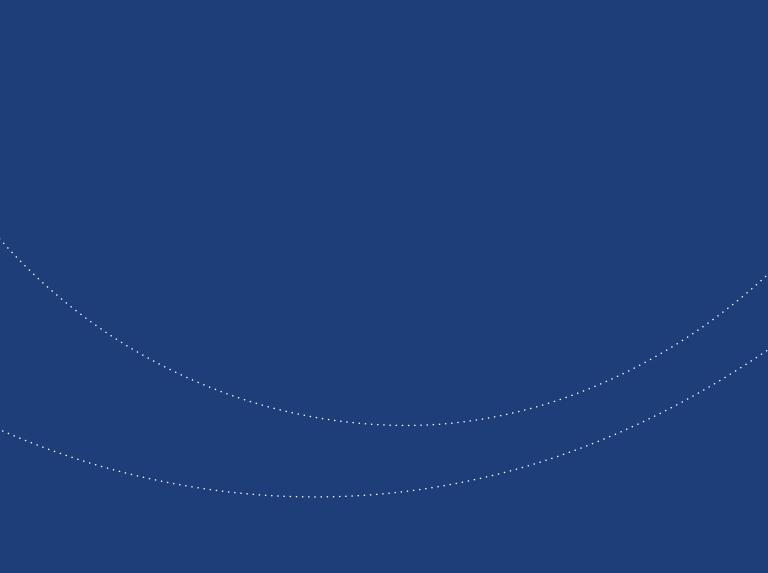
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"Ah," Mama said gently. "That's because he belongs to a different pod from ours. In our orca whale world, there are a multitude of pods. Each one has its own special sounds to communicate.

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Standard INTERIOR





Notch looked puzzled. "Why, Mama?"

"Well, our sounds help to protect us."

"What do you mean?"

"Whenever we click, we listen to the echo coming back to our ears," Mama replied. "It warns us whether the clicking sound is from one of us who might need help. It also tells us if there is any food for us in the nearby waters."

"Or maybe it tells us if there is a nasty beast that could harm us!" Notch added dramatically.