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THERE WAS NO doubt that Albert Otter was different.



"Our other children walk on two legs," said Albert Otter's mother, "but Albert walks on four. And none of our other children have fur, or a tail like Albert's—or such sharp teeth."

Albert Otter's father was a gardener for the King. Each day, on his way to work at the palace, he would walk Albert to the village school.

It wasn't easy being different at school. Albert Otter had trouble with sums, and he didn't seem to have the right type of hands to hold a pen. His tail was always knocking over bottles of ink. When Albert Otter made spelling mistakes, or tracked inky paw-prints across the classroom, his teacher would let out an exasperated sigh. "Oh, Al-*bert*," she'd say.

Games at school were even worse. Albert Otter was much shorter than his schoolmates, and he was hopeless at the high-jump and the pole-vault.

When he played football, he always seemed to forget himself, and would use his teeth instead of his feet. The other children would look forlornly at the deflating ball. "Oh, Al-*bert*," they'd groan.





Sometimes after school Albert Otter would go to his bedroom, and weep bitter tears. "I'm no good at anything," he'd sob.

His mother would sit beside him on the bed, gently patting his fur. "Don't worry, Albert," she'd say. "You'll find your talent—we just have to figure out what it is."

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[PREVIEW ENDS...]

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The Hidden Talent of Albert Otter

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