

Benji Beaver
by “Uncle” Bob Devine

Benji: [Use a voice that you think sounds like a beaver might sound] U-u-u-u-TIMBER! Oh good nobody got trapped under that tree. Oh, hi, kids. I’m a beaver.

Mrs. T: Benji, is that you?

Benji: Yes it is Mrs. T.

Mrs. T.: Welcome to Nature Corner, Benji Beaver.

Benji: Oh I’m super happy to be with you today.

Mrs. T.: That’s good. Benji. You’re best known for what you did a few seconds ago—cutting down trees.

Benji: Right on.

Mrs. T.: Why don’t you tell the girls and boys why you do it?

Benji: I have four reasons, Mrs. T. I need the logs to build a dam across the creek. And the smaller branches I use to make my house in the middle of the creek.

Mrs. T.: OK, what are the other two reasons?

Benji: I eat the bark and the tiny bugs on the poplar tree after I cut it down. You see, kids, the Creator put protein in the bark and the bugs. That makes good food for Benji Beaver.

Mrs. T.: OK. So what’s your fourth reason for cutting down trees?

Benji: Well, I have to gnaw on wood or my four big cutting teeth would grow too long.

Mrs. T.: No kidding! Benji do you mean you wear off your teeth when you cut down trees?

Benji: Yes, That was the wise Creator’s plan.

Mrs. T.: Well, that’s neat. What if you couldn’t gnaw on trees, Benji?

Benji: My four front cutting teeth, the top and the bottom ones, would grow so long that they would pierce through my lips and mouth, and I’d bleed to death.

Mrs. T.: Oh, gross! So you have to cut down trees whether you like it or not?

Benji: Oh, that’s the neat part, Mrs. T. I love to cut down trees. The Lord put that desire inside of me when He made me.

Mrs. T.: Oh, all right. He put that desire in you, Benji Beaver, because He knew your teeth would kill you if they didn’t get worn down.

Benji: And they sure do get worn down as I chisel out the chips of wood.

Mrs. T.: Wow, this really shows how super intelligent Christ the Creator is, Benji.

Benji: What do you mean?

Mrs. T.: Well out of something you have to do comes three good things.

Benji: Right. The logs I cut down I put across the creek, and I make a dam. The branches I nibble off are piled up, and I mix them with mud and rocks for my house. And, of course, I love to chow on the barks and bugs for my yummy protein.

Mrs. T.: Ah. Someone was looking out for you. The girls and boys are wondering why do you have to dam up the creek, Benji?

Benji: The Creator God taught me I'd be safe out in deep water.

Mrs. T.: Oh, yes. The entrance to your big pile of sticks out in the creek is under water, isn't it?

Benji: Yep. Dogs, coyotes, and mountain lions can't get in my house because the front door is deep under water.

Mrs. T.: Neat-o, Benji Beaver. Again that is proof Someone was looking out for you.

Benji: Do you want to hear about some other scientific reasons too?

Mrs. T.: Sure.

Benji: See my big tail?

Mrs. T.: Yes. Oh boy, it's a foot long!

Benji: And it's wide and flat.

Mrs. T.: Why is it flat, Benji?

Benji: So I can slap it on the water to warn other beavers of danger.

Mrs. T.: Uh-huh. Does it make a pretty big noise?

Benji: Oh, I think so. Up in the quiet north woods you can hear a beaver's tail hit the water a half a mile away.

Mrs. T.: Oh, that's a mighty good warning system.

Benji: My tail is used for more than that though, Mrs. T.

Mrs. T.: Oh—like a—

Benji: It's my rudder in the water. When I bend my tail down, that makes me dive. When I want to come up to the surface, I just bend it up.

Mrs. T.: I bet it makes you turn left and right too.

Benji: Yes, if I want to go to the left, I just turn it left.

Mrs. T.: Hey, quite a rudder. Now tell me about your motor.

Benji: Heh Heh. My motor is my two hind feet. They are webbed.

Mrs. T.: They are webbed?! Just like a duck's feet?

Benji: Yep. I paddle them and really move fast under water.

Mrs. T.: Benji Beaver, what else do you use your flat tail for?

Benji: A third leg when I cut down trees.

Mrs. T.: That's right. You stand on your hind legs when you gnaw on a tree.

Benji: That tail gives me power to really bite into the wood.

Mrs. T.: What do you mean by that?

Benji: You see my tail braces me strongly, and it will not let me tip over. Instead it pushes my head and teeth against the tree that I am trying to cut down.

Mrs. T.: Hey, another super truth that your tail was carefully engineered.

Benji: Oh, I agree Mrs. T. I would never be able to cut down a tree without my tail. It gives me strength and a third leg.

Mrs. T.: Like a tripod. Is there any other use for your tail, Benji?

Benji: Yes. When I build my house out in the creek, often I'll go after rocks. I'll carry the rocks in my front paws and I'll walk on my two hind legs.

Mrs. T.: With your tail propping you up so you don't fall backwards.

Benji: Yes. You didn't know the Son of God had so many uses for a flat ugly scaly tail, did you?

Mrs. T.: No I didn't. But that's just like the Creator, Benji.

Benji: You want to hear about my combs?

Mrs. T.: Your what?

Benji: My combs. I have two combs.

Mrs. T.: Two combs—like you comb your hair?

Benji: On each hind leg Christ the Creator gave me two toenails that are split right down the middle. He made them that way. They are like teeth in a comb.

Mrs. T.: And you comb your fur with these split toenails, Benji?

Benji: Really, I do. I keep my fur neat, Mrs. T. Neat fur means a really healthy beaver.

Mrs. T.: Wow! I didn't know you had so many scientific things, Benji.

Benji: Listen to this. I add oil to my fur so I slip through the water better and the oil keeps me warm in cold weather because it won't let water get through my fur to my skin.

Mrs. T.: Benji, this oil. Where do you get it from?

Benji: The Master Designer put a gland on my stomach that is full of oil. After I finish combing my hair with my special combs, I use my front paws to scoop up some of this oil and rub it all over my dry fur.

Mrs. T.: Oh boy. Kind of looks like you were thought out very carefully, Benji Beaver.

Benji: You've got it. Kids I do what I was designed to do by Christ my Maker. Do you?