

# Atlas and the Turtle

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The sun crept up over the Earth and showed spikes of color rippling in the sky.

“The beach is best in the morning,” said Mom. “The waves are calm and we have the whole shore to ourselves.”



Just then, an army of baby turtles started to paddle through a desert of sand to get to the ocean.

“Oh Atlas,” exclaimed Mom. “The baby turtles, they’ve hatched!”



Atlas giggled with delight. He felt a soft thud on his thigh.



A baby turtle was smiling back at him.  
They became instant friends.



Each summer, Atlas arrived at the quaint beach house and the turtle would return. Together they built castles of sand.



Together they pointed out animals and objects in the clouds.



They talked about what they wanted to be when they grew up.

“I want to be a superhero,” said Atlas.

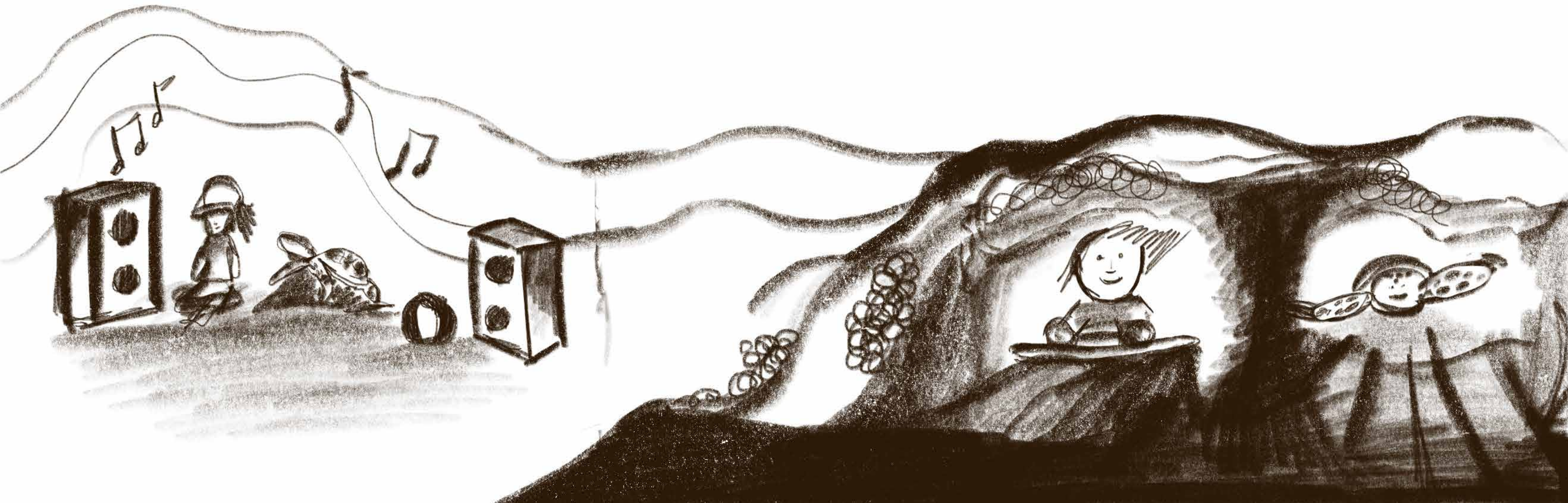
“I want to be a pirate,” said the turtle.

They were best friends.



Years passed and so did their interest in childhood games. Now, they were too cool for sandcastles. Together they listened to loud music.

Together they dove into the waves.



They talked about what they wanted to be when they grew up.


“I want to be a surfer,” said the turtle.

“I want to be in a band,” said Atlas.

And still, they were best friends.





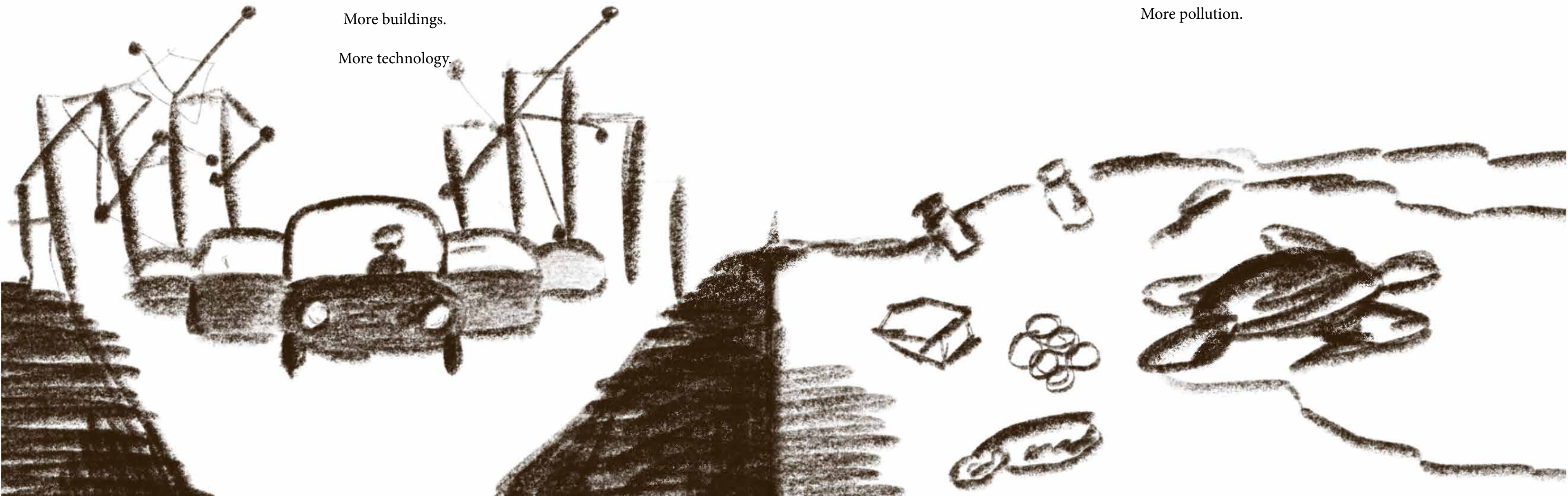


More years went by on land and in the ocean. Many things had changed in the world.

More buildings.

More technology.

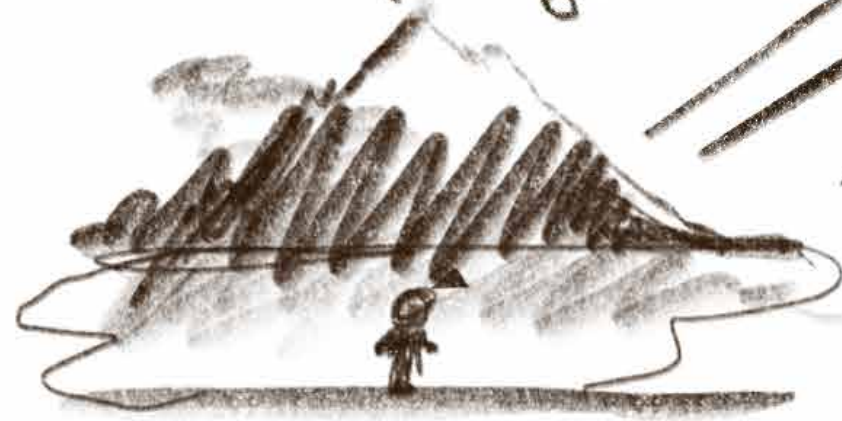
More pollution.



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When they returned to the beach, together they shared stories of the places they traveled on land and by sea.

PARIS. FRANCE

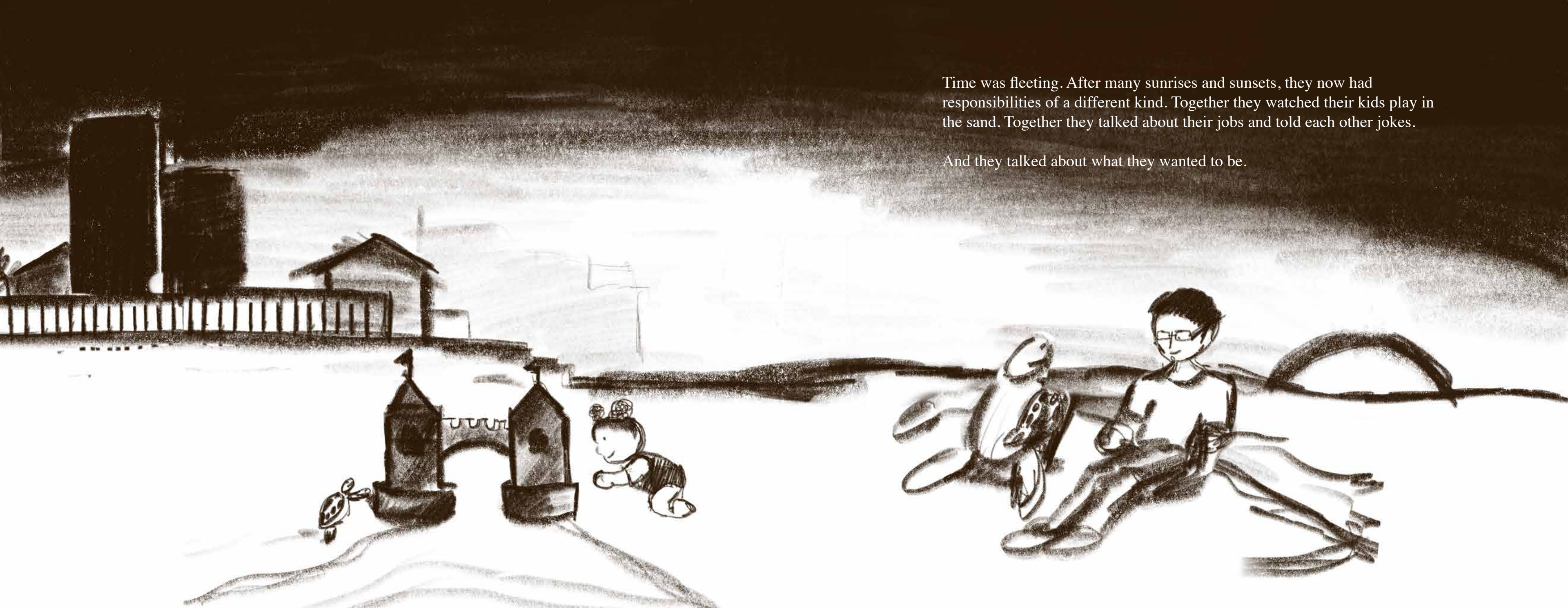
BHAMMAS

They talked about what they wanted to be when they grew up.




“I want to be a scientist,” said Atlas.  
“I want to be philosopher,” said the turtle.  
And still, the two remained best friends.






Time was fleeting. After many sunrises and sunsets, they now had responsibilities of a different kind. Together they watched their kids play in the sand. Together they talked about their jobs and told each other jokes.

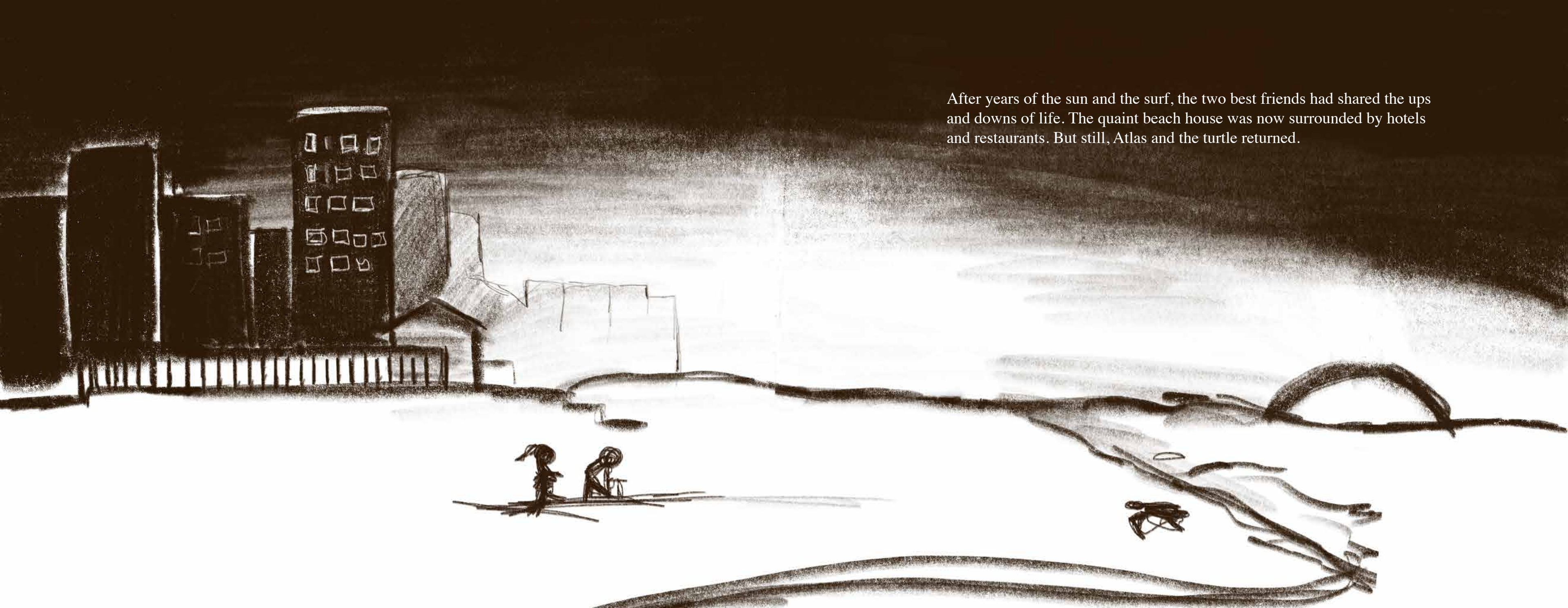
And they talked about what they wanted to be.



“I want to be a good Dad,” said Atlas.

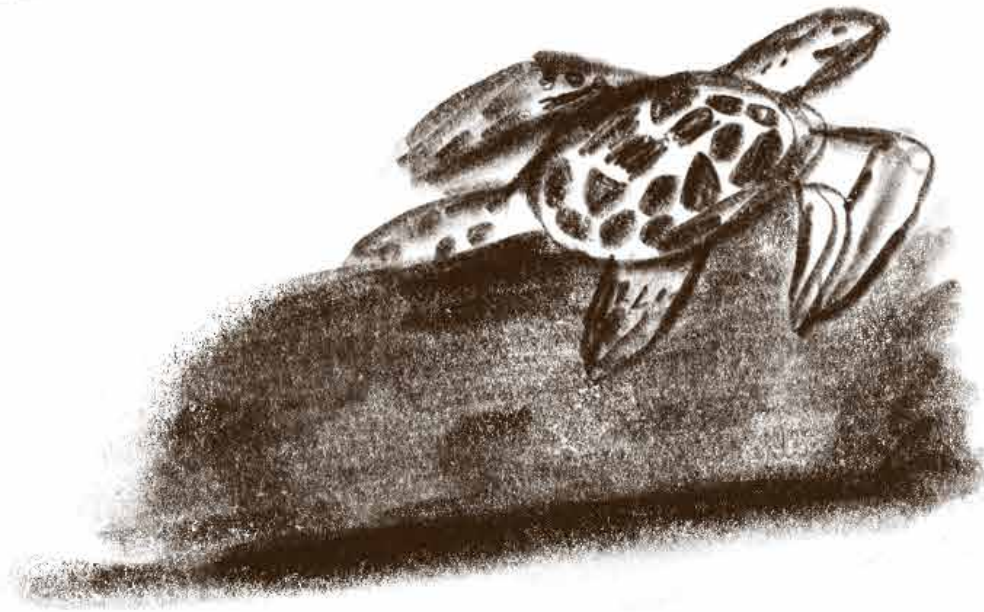


“Me too,” said the turtle.  
And they remained the best of friends.



After years of the sun and the surf, the two best friends had shared the ups and downs of life. The quaint beach house was now surrounded by hotels and restaurants. But still, Atlas and the turtle returned.

Atlas's daughter helped him sit in a chair. He knew this might be the last time he ever saw his best friend. The turtle knew it too. Together they breathed in the ocean salt water smell and listened to the rhythm of the waves. And for the last time they talked about what they wanted.



“I want you know that you are my best friend. Some of the best moments of my life were spent helping make this world a better place for our kids,” said Atlas.



“Yes,” said the turtle. “I want you to know that I wouldn’t have had it any other way.”







With a lifetime of memories shared, Atlas and the turtle sat together on the beach and watched the crimson sun rising gracefully over the ocean for the last time.

Thank you!

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