



# Read-Aloud Myles and the Loggerheads

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Myles got in the car, half-asleep. “Where are we going?” he asked.

“The beach,” his mother said. “There’s an emergency.” Suddenly, Myles felt more alert.

Myles’ mother was a vet and that winter, they were volunteering with the Joseph Maria Beach Sea Turtle Patrol.

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The other volunteers were already on the beach when Myles and his mom arrived. At first Myles thought everyone was looking at rocks. But then he realized they were turtles.

“What happened?” Myles asked.

“It got very cold last night,” his mother explained. “When the water gets below 50 degrees, the sea turtles go into shock. Their heart rate slows, and they can’t swim properly.”

**Ask:** “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

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His mom joined a group of volunteers who were moving turtles into boxes. Another group loaded the boxes onto a truck which would take them to the animal hospital.

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The next day, Myles and his mother went to visit the turtles. Biologists were transferring them into pools of water.

“What are these pools for?” Myles asked.

His mom looked at the thermometer in the pool. It read 70.4°F. “Turtles are cold-blooded. These pools help us bring their temperature up safely.”

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As Myles' mom went off to help the other volunteers, Myles sat alone, staring at one particular turtle in the pool. Slowly, the temperature rose: 70.5, 70.6, 70.7... When it was 70.8, the turtle opened her eyes. She was looking right at him.

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For the next few weeks, Myles stayed by that turtle's side. He named her Shelly. As the water warmed, Shelly began to stir. As the turtle turned, Myles noticed a faded square on her back.

“That's where Shelly's tracker used to be,” Myles' mom explained.

**Ask:** “What do you notice? What do you wonder?”

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She pulled up a map on her computer with thousands of little dots on it. “Trackers tell us about turtles’ habits—like where they eat, where they migrate, and what temperatures they like.”

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She tapped a key on her computer. The map filled with lines. “Sea turtles travel thousands of miles to search for food. Then when it’s time to lay eggs, they swim back to the very beaches where they were born.”

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Myles’ mom sighed. “But it’s not easy for them. Many of them get caught in nets, end up eating plastic, or lose their habitats...”  
She closed the laptop. “But the more we learn about them, the more we can keep them safe,” she said.

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Over the next few months, the Sea Turtle Patrol released the rescued turtles back into the ocean. Myles was nervous when it was finally Shelly’s turn.

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*Will I get to see her again? Myles wondered. Hopefully she'll return one day to lay her eggs on the beach.*

Myles' mother took his hand as Shelly disappeared under the waves.

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The following summer, Myles and his mom returned to the beach. For months they had waited for this moment. Now it was almost here. The sea turtle eggs were about to hatch.

**Ask:** "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

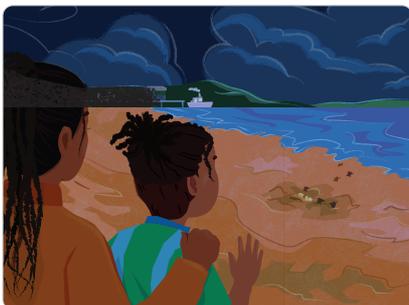
14



Together, Myles and the other volunteers watched. There were no flashlights, only the light of the moon to help guide the turtles to the ocean.

A little head popped through the sand. Then a fin. It wriggled and flapped. It was a baby loggerhead. First there was one but soon there were hundreds of them! Thousands! They burst through, crawling over each other, wiggling toward the water.

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He didn't know if any of those eggs were Shelly's. But he felt like some of them were. Myles wished them safe travels, hoping he would see them again on their long journey.

**Ask:** "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"