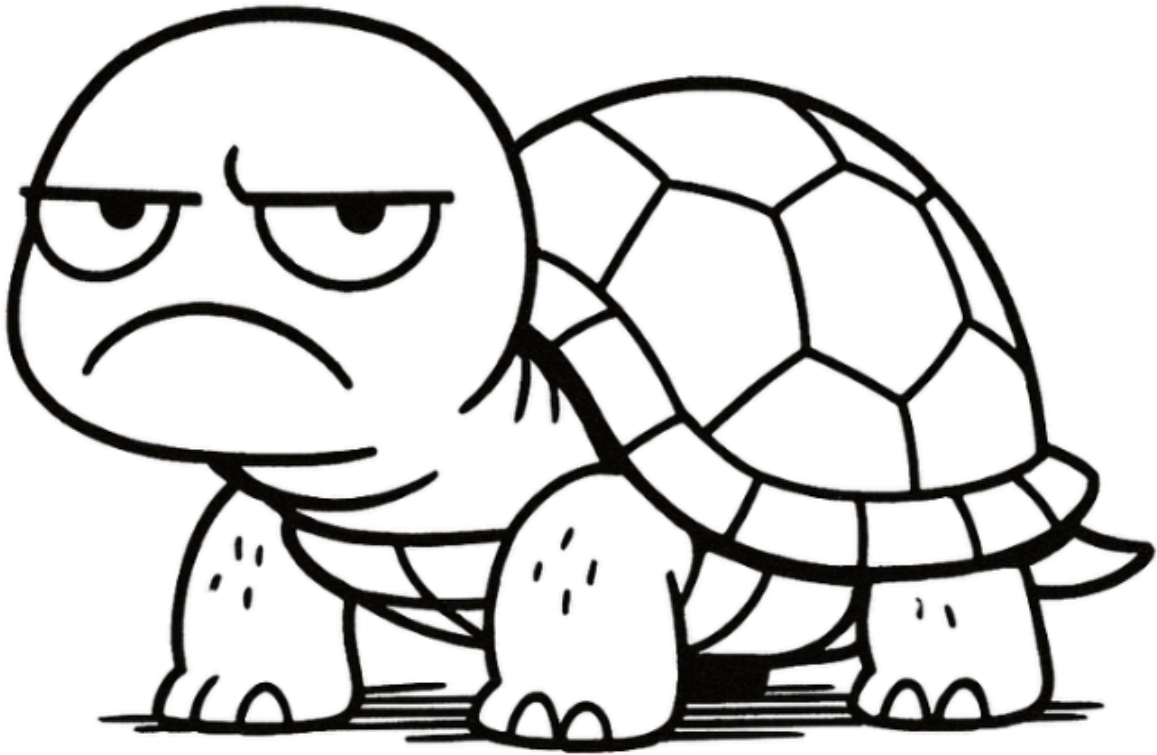


21 TURTLE TRUTHS

YOU'LL NEVER READ
IN A CARE GUIDE

(Confessions of a Grumpy Turtle)





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Preface

Ever feel like your turtle's silently judging you?

Well... we are.

Hi. I'm your turtle. And I've got thoughts.

Lots of them.

You clean the tank wrong. You mess with my basking spot. You think I don't notice? I notice everything.

This book isn't a care guide.

It's a confession dump.

21 turtle truths straight from inside the shell. The stuff we wish you knew—but can't say out loud.

(Because, you know, we're turtles.)

If you've ever wondered what we're thinking while we float, stare, or ignore you completely... this is it.

It's weird. It's real. It's grumpy.

And yes, it's about you.

1. Yes, I Know It's You. I Just Don't Always Care.

I'm Not Blind, You Know

Let's clear this up: I know exactly who you are.

You're the one with the food fingers. You shuffle in at weird hours, talk to me like I'm your child, and make that squeaky noise every time you lift the tank lid.

I've seen you. I know your face. I know your smell. I know how your feet sound when they hit the floor.

So stop acting shocked when I swim over. It's not magic. It's memory.

I Pick Who I Show Up For

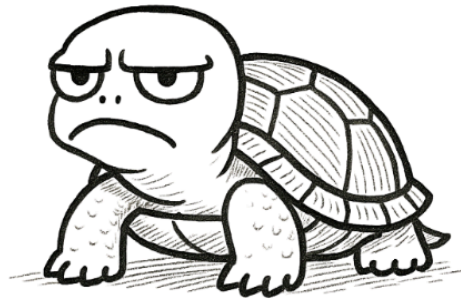
Sometimes I come out when you walk in.

Sometimes I don't. That's not confusion. That's **choice**.

You bring snacks? I appear.

You open the lid and just stare like a statue? I sink to the bottom and pretend you don't exist.

You tap the glass? I consider calling the cops.



**YES, I KNOW IT'S
YOU. I JUST
DON'T ALWAYS
CARE.**

If someone else tries to feed me, I'll know.

Your cousin tried last week. I gave them *nothing*.

That was personal.

You Think I'm Dumb? I'm Just Not Desperate

I've seen those posts online.

"Do turtles really recognize their owners?"

Wow. The disrespect.

Of course I do. I'm not some pebble with legs.

We turtles may not throw parties, but we remember patterns.

The timing, the voice, the way you open that jar with the red lid—I track it all.

Don't act like I'm some clueless floaty blob.

No, I'm Not Hiding Because I'm Scared

Sometimes I don't come out. That doesn't mean I'm scared.

Sometimes I just don't feel like entertaining you.

Maybe I'm tired. Maybe your playlist is trash.

Maybe you moved my basking log one inch to the left and I'm emotionally processing that.

Don't take it personally, but also... maybe take it personally.

Want Me to Like You? Earn It.

If you want more basking, more swimming, more epic turtle love—you've got to **get predictable**.

Feed me at the same times.

Don't open the lid 12 times a day for "fun."

Don't dangle food and then walk away because your phone buzzed.

Trust takes time. And food.

I know you. I know your habits. I even know when you're watching me from the couch.

The question is—do **you** really know **me**?

I doubt it.

But stick around. You're about to find out.

2. I Don't Bask for Fun. I Bask to Escape You.

This Isn't a Vacation Spot

Every time I climb onto my basking spot, you act like it's a red carpet moment.

"Oooh, look! He's basking!"

Yeah. Because I *need* to. Not because I'm putting on a show.

Basking isn't a hobby. It's not me catching a tan.

It's survival. It's warmth. It's digestion. It's shell maintenance.

It's also the only place where I can be dry and *alone*.

When I Stop Basking, You Should Worry

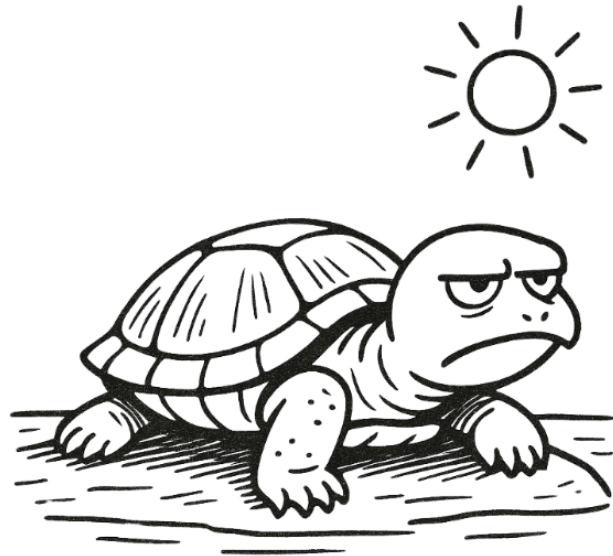
If I suddenly stop basking, don't take it lightly.

It's not a "mood swing." It's probably because you screwed something up.

Too cold?

Too hot?

Wrong angle?



UVB light is dead or too weak? Someone rearranged the dock and now it feels weird under my claws?

I notice all of it.

You just see me “not basking” and panic post in forums.

I’ve been trying to tell you. You just don’t listen.

I’m Not a Fan of Surprise Basking Renovations

Stop moving my basking platform every week.

One inch to you is *like moving my whole apartment*.

And when you put that weird decoration next to it? I stopped using it on purpose.

Also—don’t put it under a spotlight that feels like I’m being grilled alive.

Or worse, a cold, weak light that does nothing.

I don’t care if it *looks* nice.

If it’s not warm enough or doesn’t feel safe, I’ll just skip it altogether and stew in silence.

Let Me Be Alone While I’m Up There

This part’s important.

When I bask, I need peace.

No loud noises. No sudden movements. No fingers waving at me from behind the glass.

If I jump into the water every time you enter the room, it's not because I'm dramatic.

It's because I feel exposed, and I don't trust your giant face hovering above me.

Want me to bask longer? Then back off.

Let me feel safe. Let me feel calm. Let me bake like a beautiful, scaly croissant.

Oh, and One More Thing...

Don't assume that just because I don't bask in front of you, I'm not basking at all.

Sometimes I do it early. Sometimes I do it when the room is quiet.

I time it around *you*.

Yes, I plan my day around avoiding your energy.

Take the hint.

- I bask because I need heat and UVB to survive.
- If I stop basking, check the platform, temps, and UVB bulb age.
- Don't redecorate every week like this is a home makeover show.
- Stop staring at me while I'm trying to dry off in peace.

Want to read the rest of the book? [Get it here.](#)