

The Duck's Floating Garden



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On a bright spring morning, Daisy the duck waddled to the edge of the pond. She wore her blue sun hat with a pink flower tucked in the band. Her little canvas satchel was full of seeds. The water sparkled like a mirror, and the reeds swayed gently. "Today is the perfect day for a garden," she quacked happily.



Daisy loved the pond more than anything. She swam past lily pads and dragonflies. But she wished for flowers that could grow right on the water. "A floating garden!" she said. "I will pick the prettiest flowers and put them on a raft." Her amber eyes shone with excitement. She flapped her small wings and hurried to the shore.



Daisy found a flat piece of wood near the bank. She pushed and pulled until it floated. Then she gathered buttercups, daisies, and bright blue forget-me-nots. She placed them carefully on the raft. "This will be the loveliest garden on the pond," she said. She sat back to admire her work, feeling very proud.



But the raft began to drift. A gentle breeze pushed it away from the shore. Daisy paddled fast, but the raft spun and floated out of reach. "Oh no!" she cried. "My flowers!" The little raft bobbed farther and farther away. Daisy's hat drooped, and her rosy cheeks turned pale. She felt very sad.



Just then, Benny the beaver poked his head out of his lodge. He wore a red plaid shirt and a tool belt full of rope. "What's wrong, Daisy?" he asked kindly. Daisy pointed at her drifting garden. "It floated away," she said. "I wanted a floating flowerbed, but I didn't plan how to keep it still." Benny nodded wisely.



Benny climbed onto the bank and sat beside Daisy. "A floating garden is a fine idea," he said. "But it needs strong ropes and anchors to hold it in place." Daisy tilted her head. "Anchors?" she asked. "What are those?" Benny smiled and showed her a heavy stone from his tool belt. "This can keep your garden from drifting away."



Daisy's eyes widened. "I never thought of that!" she said. Benny patted her wing. "Planning is part of the fun," he said. "Let's design a better floating garden together." Daisy quacked with joy. She opened her satchel and pulled out a sheet of bark. "I'll draw the plan," she said. Benny sharpened a twig for a pencil.



They sat side by side on a log. Daisy drew a wide raft with a little fence around it. Benny added circles for anchors and lines for ropes. "We'll tie the raft to four heavy stones," he said. "That way it can float but not float away." Daisy nodded. "And we can put the flowers in little pots so they stay put."



Daisy and Benny gathered what they needed. Benny found strong vines for ropes and four smooth stones for anchors. Daisy picked fresh flowers and filled small clay pots with soil. They worked all afternoon. Benny hammered pegs into the raft, and Daisy arranged the pots in a pretty pattern. The sun began to set, painting the pond orange and pink.



At last, the new floating garden was ready. Benny tied the ropes tightly to the anchors and lowered them into the water. The raft bobbed gently but stayed in place. Daisy placed the pots of flowers on the raft. She clapped her wings. "It's perfect!" she said. Benny smiled. "It's safe and lovely," he agreed.



The next morning, Daisy invited all her friends to see the floating garden. The turtle, the frog, and the little fish gathered around. The flowers bobbed gently on the pond. "It's beautiful!" said the turtle. "How did you make it stay?" Daisy pointed to the anchors. "Benny taught me to plan," she said. "Strong ropes and anchors keep it safe."



Benny stood on the bank, his flat tail splashing happily. "Daisy did most of the work," he said. "She's a good planner now." Daisy blushed under her feathers. "I learned that creative projects need careful planning," she said. "And good friends to help." Everyone cheered. The pond sparkled with colors from the floating flowerbed.



From that day on, Daisy's floating garden was the pride of the pond. She tended it every morning, watering the flowers and checking the ropes. Sometimes Benny came by to tighten a peg or add a new anchor. "You've made the pond even prettier," he said. Daisy quacked with delight. Her blue sun hat bobbed as she paddled around her garden.



One afternoon, Daisy noticed a small raft drifting near the reeds. It was her first garden, still afloat! She pulled it to shore and showed Benny. "What should we do with it?" she asked. Benny smiled. "Let's turn it into a little seat for watching the flowers," he said. So they tied it to the bank, and it became a cozy spot for all their friends.



Now Daisy sits on her little raft and admires her floating garden. The flowers nod in the breeze, and the anchors hold firm. She thinks about how her first garden drifted away because she didn't plan. But with Benny's help, she learned that careful planning makes big ideas work. And she always carries a rope in her satchel, just in case.



All the pond friends love to visit Daisy's floating garden. They sit on the little raft and watch the flowers bob gently. Daisy smiles, her amber eyes bright. "A garden on the water is lovely," she says. "But a garden that stays put is even better." And everyone agrees, because planning and friendship make wonderful things happen.