

The Beaver's Winter Window



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Beaver lived in a snug lodge by the river. His lodge was made of mud and sticks, cozy and waterproof. But it had no window at all. Beaver loved his warm home, yet he wished he could see the winter world outside. He wore his blue work apron and carried a wooden measuring stick in its front pocket. "A window would be wonderful," he said.



Beaver thought about a window all morning. He imagined watching snowflakes fall and ice form on the river. He imagined seeing fish swim by in the clear water. "I could watch the winter world from inside!" he said. He measured the wall with his wooden stick. He chose a spot near his cozy sleeping corner. Then he began to plan.



Beaver told his friend Muskrat about his idea. Muskrat lived nearby and often visited. He wore a red knitted scarf and round wire glasses. "A window in your lodge?" said Muskrat, his bright eyes twinkling. "That is a fine idea!" Muskrat was clever and thoughtful. He was smaller than Beaver, with quick, nimble paws. Together they set to work.



Beaver cut sticks and packed mud. He made a square opening in the lodge wall. The opening let in cold air and bright light. "Soon I will see outside!" said Beaver happily. But when he looked through the hole, water began to trickle in. It dripped down the mud. Beaver frowned. "Oh no," he said. "Water is leaking in!"



Beaver tried to fix the leak. He packed more mud around the opening. He pushed in extra sticks. But when he looked through again, water still seeped in. It soaked his cozy floor. "My lodge must stay waterproof," said Beaver. "But I want my window too." He sat down with a sigh. His flat tail thumped the ground.



Muskrat came to visit. He saw the wet floor and the dripping wall. "Your window lets in water," said Muskrat. "But it also lets in light. We need something clear and waterproof." Muskrat put a paw to his chin. He thought and thought. Beaver waited, hoping his friend would find an answer. The winter wind whistled outside.



Muskrat looked at the icy river. "Ice!" he said. "Clear ice is waterproof and see-through!" Beaver's round dark eyes grew wide. "Can we use ice for a window?" he asked. Muskrat nodded. "If we seal it tight, it will keep water out and let light in." Beaver grinned, showing his two front teeth. "Let's try it!"



Beaver and Muskrat went to the river's edge. They found a smooth, clear sheet of ice. It was thick and strong. Beaver carried it carefully with his sturdy paws. Muskrat helped guide it. They brought the ice back to the lodge. "This will be our window," said Beaver. "But how do we make it waterproof?"



Muskrat had a plan. "We will seal the ice into the wall with mud," he said. "Pack it tight around every edge." Beaver measured the ice with his wooden stick. It fit the opening just right. Together they pressed wet mud all around the ice. They smoothed it and patted it. "No water can get through now," said Muskrat.



When they finished, Beaver stepped back to look. The ice window was clear and bright. Light shone through it into the lodge. Beaver pressed his nose to the ice and peered outside. He could see the snowy river and the bare trees. "It works!" he cheered. "I can see the winter world!" His flat tail splashed happily.



But then Beaver noticed a tiny drip. Water was sneaking in at one corner. "Oh no," he said. "It is not fully waterproof yet." Muskrat looked closely. "We need to seal this corner better," he said. "Let's add more mud and press it firmly." They worked together, packing the corner until it was tight. The drip stopped. "Safe and snug!" said Muskrat.



Beaver looked through the ice window again. The river was calm and clear. He saw fish swimming slowly by. He saw snowflakes drifting down. "I can watch everything!" he said. "And my lodge is warm and dry." Muskrat smiled. "Good design thinks about both safety and comfort," he said. Beaver nodded. "You are right, my friend."



That evening, Beaver and Muskrat sat by the window. The winter world was quiet and white outside. Inside, the lodge was cozy and warm. Beaver watched a fish dart past the ice. Muskrat watched the snow fall. "This is the best window ever," said Beaver. "It is waterproof, safe, and just right." Muskrat toasted his paws to the clever idea.



From that day on, Beaver loved his winter window. Every morning he watched the river wake up. Every evening he watched the stars twinkle through the ice. His lodge stayed dry and snug. The window let in light and joy. "I am so glad we did not give up," said Beaver. "We found a way to have both."



Muskrat visited often. They would sit together and watch the fish swim by. "Your window is a wonderful invention," said Muskrat. "It keeps you safe and lets you see the world." Beaver smiled. "We made it together," he said. "Good design means thinking about safety and comfort." They watched the snow fall softly outside.



And so the beaver's lodge had the finest window on the river. It was clear, waterproof, and sealed tight. Beaver stayed warm and dry all winter long. He watched the snowy world and the swimming fish. Muskrat came by to share the view. And they both agreed: a window that is safe and snug is just right for a cozy winter home.