

The Duck and the Frog



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In a big, bright pond lived a duck named Daisy. Her feathers were soft butter-yellow, and her eyes were bright amber-orange. Around her neck she wore a small red scarf with white polka dots. Daisy loved to splash and paddle and explore every corner of the pond. Every morning she woke up and asked, 'What new thing will I find today?'



Daisy's best friend was Freddie the frog. He was bright green with a pale cream belly and big golden eyes. On his head he wore a tiny blue cap with a leaf tucked into the band. Freddie loved to hop and bounce and play. 'Let's go on an adventure, Daisy!' he croaked. 'I bet there's something new out there.' Daisy flapped her wings. 'Let's find out!'



The pond was huge and full of surprises. Tall reeds swayed in the breeze, and lily pads floated like little green boats. Daisy and Freddie knew every corner—or so they thought. One sunny morning, Daisy paddled to the middle and stopped. 'Freddie, look!' she quacked. 'There's a tiny island over there. I've never seen it before!'



Freddie hopped onto a lily pad and stretched his long legs. 'An island? Let's go see!' He bounced with excitement. Daisy led the way, paddling with her webbed orange feet. Freddie swam beside her, his golden eyes wide. 'What do you think is on it?' he asked. 'I don't know,' said Daisy, 'but I can't wait to find out!'



The water was cool and clear. Daisy paddled steadily, her red polka-dot scarf fluttering in the breeze. Freddie kept up with strong kicks of his webbed feet. 'Are we there yet?' he joked. 'Almost!' Daisy quacked. The tiny island grew bigger and bigger. It looked like a little green hill rising from the water, covered in soft moss and bright flowers.



At last they reached the island. Daisy climbed onto the soft, mossy shore. Freddie hopped up beside her, his blue cap slightly crooked. 'It's so small!' he said. 'But look—there's a little garden!' Tiny flowers bloomed in neat rows, and a small path wound through the grass. 'Who do you think made this?' Daisy wondered aloud.



Just then, a shimmer of wings caught Daisy's eye. 'Look!' she whispered. 'Dragonflies!' Hundreds of tiny dragonflies darted and danced above the flowers. Their wings glittered like tiny rainbows. Freddie gasped. 'They're so pretty!' He waved a friendly hand. 'Hello there!' he called. One dragonfly zoomed closer and hovered right in front of Daisy's bill.



'Hello!' said the dragonfly in a tiny, tinkly voice. 'I'm Zippy. Welcome to our garden!' Daisy's amber-orange eyes went wide. 'You can talk!' she quacked. 'Of course!' Zippy laughed. 'We dragonflies love visitors. Would you like to play?' Freddie bounced up and down. 'Yes, please!' he said. 'We'd love to!'



Zippy led them through the miniature garden. 'This is our home,' she said. 'We built it ourselves.' Daisy asked, 'How did you make the flowers grow?' Zippy explained, 'We carry seeds on our wings and drop them in the soil.' Freddie asked, 'Do you ever get lonely?' Zippy smiled. 'Sometimes. But not today!'



The dragonflies showed Daisy and Freddie their favorite games. They played hide-and-seek among the flower stems. Freddie's long legs made him a great jumper, and Daisy's bill was perfect for nudging leaves aside. They laughed and played until the sun was high in the sky. 'This is the best adventure ever!' Freddie said, his wide smile stretching from ear to ear.



As the afternoon went on, Daisy noticed something. 'Zippy,' she said, 'why do the dragonflies stay so close to the island?' Zippy's wings drooped a little. 'We're afraid to fly far,' she said. 'The big pond is so wide, and we're so small.' Daisy thought for a moment. 'But the pond is full of friendly creatures!' she said gently.



Freddie hopped closer. 'We can show you around!' he offered. 'We know all the best places—the sunny rocks, the shady reeds, the biggest lily pads.' Zippy's eyes sparkled. 'Really? You'd do that?' Daisy nodded. 'Of course! Friends help friends.' Zippy called to the other dragonflies, and they all buzzed with excitement. 'Let's go on an adventure together!'



So Daisy and Freddie led the dragonflies across the pond. Daisy paddled and Freddie hopped, and Zippy and her friends flew in a happy swirl above them. They visited the sunny rocks and the shady reeds. They rested on the biggest lily pads. The dragonflies discovered that the pond was full of friendly faces. 'You were right, Daisy!' Zippy said. 'The world is wonderful!'



When it was time to go home, Zippy gave Daisy a tiny flower. 'Thank you for showing us the pond,' she said. 'And thank you for the adventure,' said Freddie. 'Will you come back?' Zippy asked. 'Every week!' promised Daisy. 'We'll meet at the island and explore together.' The dragonflies waved good-bye as Daisy and Freddie swam back to their side of the pond.



That evening, Daisy and Freddie sat on a lily pad and watched the sunset. 'What a day!' Freddie said. 'We made so many new friends.' Daisy smiled. 'All because we asked questions and looked around,' she said. 'And because you were brave enough to say hello,' Freddie added. They both agreed: curiosity had opened the door to wonderful friendships.



From that day on, Daisy and Freddie were the pond's best explorers. They visited the tiny island often, and Zippy and the dragonflies became their dear friends. They learned that every corner of the pond held a surprise, and every new friend made life brighter. And whenever they saw something new, they remembered: ask, look, and say hello—and adventures will find you.