

MAGGIE'S NEW FRIEND

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Abby likes going to Gramma's house. She especially likes playing with Maggie, Gramma's little white pekepoo puppy dog.

"Where are you going?" Abby shouts, as Maggie blasts through her doggie door.

"Gramma! Gramma! Maggie's running away." "Oh, don't worry," says Gramma, "she's probably chasing a butterfly or saw a leaf floating by." "Maggie chases leaves?" Abby asks.

"She'll chase anything," answers Gramma. So Abby waits and waits and waits. "When is she going to come back?" Abby asks Gramma. "You mean she's not back yet?" Gramma says with surprise. "She usually comes back in just a little bit. Maybe we should go and look for her."

"YES, WE SHOULD GO LOOK FOR HER," Abby says sternly. So Gramma puts on her boots and her overcoat and gets Abby's boots and coat and helps her put them on. Out the door and down the steps and into the yard they go. Looking all around, Abby says, "I don't see her anywhere." "Neither do I," says Gramma. "I guess we better go into the forest and see if we can find her." "Okay," says Abby (with a little excitement in her voice, as she has always loved going for walks with Gramma in the trees they call the forest). Off they go into the forest on the path between the big tall trees. Gramma asks, "Do you want to pretend we are butterflies or leaves that Maggie is still probably chasing?" "I want to be the butterfly," says Abby. Gramma says, "Okay, so I'll be a great big maple leaf." Away they went flapping their arms, jumping up and down and swirling around in a circle. Abby the butterfly stopped in front on a beautiful tree that had little pink flowers all over it and flapped her arms like she was fluttering and smelling the pretty pink flowers. Gramma sat down on a log and pretended her leaf had landed there for a minute and then she jumped up and swirled around like a gust of wind picked up her leaf and blew her back in the air and around and around she went like she was in a whirlpool. And then

she started floating again as Abby caught up with her moving her arms up and down and up and down. “What a beautiful butterfly you are,” Gramma said to Abby. “What a pretty big maple leaf you are Gramma,” said Abby. “This is fun,” as Abby watched Gramma the leaf brush up against a tree branch and pretended she was stuck to the tree. “Help, help, I’m stuck to this tree and I can’t float way,” Gramma said. Abby the butterfly floated up to her and moved her arms up and down like flapping her wings and the breeze from her wings set Gramma the leaf free and she took off again jumping up and down and going around and around. “Look!” Abby the butterfly yelled. “I think I see Maggie’s tail.” Gramma looked where Abby was pointing and saw a little white tail sticking out from under a tree branch. “That looks like her to me,” said Gramma. “Maggie! Maggie!” Abby shouted. But nothing happened. She didn’t move, she didn’t come running. The closer they got they could see Maggie’s tail moving just a little bit. “Maggie!” Shouted Gramma. And still she didn’t come. Finally they got right up to where she was and Gramma bent down and looked under the tree branch and saw the strangest thing. Right in front of Maggie’s nose was a baby duckling. Gramma looked closer and saw that one of the duckling’s wings was bent. “Poor thing,” said Gramma, “it’s hurt.” When Abby bent down and saw the duckling she immediately starting saying “can we take it home, can we take it home?” Gramma didn’t know what else to do. If she took it down to the pond the mother may not have anything to do with it and maybe the mother left it here because it was hurt. “Okay,” Gramma said and bent down again and picked up the baby duckling as Maggie stood up and waged her tail. Leaving the butterfly and big maple leaf behind, Abby, Maggie, Gramma and the baby duckling all headed home. When they got home Gramma found a little box and let Abby get some towels to put in the bottom with a little bowl of water and layed the little duckling in the box.

Abby was never happy about leaving Grammas, but this time she was especially sad, because she didn't want to leave the little duckling. "Don't worry," Gramma said, "I'll take good care of the little duckling and you can see it when you come back next time."

Abby couldn't wait to go back to Gramma's, and in a couple of weeks when Abby's mommy drove up to Gramma's house, Abby jumped out of the car and saw Maggie running all around the yard chasing the duckling. "Gramma! Gramma!" Abby yelled. "Maggie is going to hurt the duckling." "Oh no she's not," Gramma said. "Just watch." And all of the sudden Maggie stopped and the duckling stopped and turned around and started chasing Maggie. Abby laughed and laughed. Gramma said, "they've been doing that all day, Maggie chases the duckling and then the duckling chases Maggie." Abby said, "it looks like Maggie has a new friend." "Yes," Gramma said, "I guess Maggie has a new friend."

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