



🌱 Mr. Skunky Luke: The Garden Day part 1 🌞🐾

The clouds hung low over the neighborhood garden, turning the afternoon sky soft silver and blue. The air was warm and heavy at eighty-six degrees, and every leaf in the garden swayed lazily in the summer breeze.

Mr. Skunky Luke stretched out across the wooden garden box while Snowball rolled happily through the grass, getting dirt on absolutely everything.

“Snowball,” Skunky warned, “you are becoming one with the tomatoes again.”

Snowball popped up covered in leaves.

“Worth it.”

Near the sunflower patch, Bandit was digging what he claimed was an “important treasure tunnel,” though it mostly looked like a very enthusiastic hole.

“I’m telling you,” Bandit said proudly, “there’s pirate stuff under here.”

“There are potatoes under there,” Peter replied.

Peter sat beneath the overgrown cucumber vines with a sketchbook balanced on his knees, drawing the garden while butterflies drifted past him like floating flower petals.

Everything felt peaceful.

Warm. Quiet. Alive.

Then came the rustling.

All four of them froze.

The giant sunflowers at the far end of the garden began swaying even though the wind had stopped.

Snowball’s eyes widened.

Bandit slowly grabbed his tiny toy shovel like a brave explorer preparing for battle.

From the leaves emerged... frogs.

Tiny frogs.

Dozens of them.

One hopped onto Peter’s shoe. Another landed directly on Snowball’s head.

Skunky Luke stared in disbelief.

“The council has arrived,” Peter said dramatically.

Bandit pointed toward the garden path.

“RUN.”

Nobody ran.

Instead, chaos bloomed across the garden like fireworks.

Snowball chased frogs through the lettuce rows. Bandit tried to build a frog fort out of flower pots. Peter laughed so hard he dropped his sketchbook into the grass. And Mr. Skunky Luke leapt heroically onto the garden fence, pretending he was defending the kingdom from an amphibian invasion.

The cloudy sky slowly deepened toward evening as fireflies blinked awake near the tomatoes.

And somewhere in the middle of the laughter, muddy paws, and croaking frogs, the garden became magical again. 🌻🐸🌟