



🌻🌻 The Great Garden Breeze Adventure 🌻🌻

The morning sun stretched across the backyard garden like a golden blanket. After yesterday's unexpected 83-degree warmth, the world felt different today. The sky over Sterling was a brilliant blue, the temperature a comfortable 70 degrees, and a gentle breeze danced through the flowers. The birds chirped, bugs flew across the garden. But no other squirrels in sight, not ever it seemed, except for Mr. Squibbles.

Skunky Luke adjusted his cap and sniffed the air.

"Now this is perfect exploring weather."

Snowball bounced excitedly beside him.

"Yesterday felt like summer. Today feels like spring and summer shook paws and agreed to share!"

"More like Mother Nature finally got the memo it's Spring," Bandit quipped.

Everyone laughed.

Around them, Sandi and Sherri nibbled a clover, a sparrow chirped from the grass, and Mr. Squibbles scampered along the fence carrying an acorn nearly as big as his head.

Then something unusual happened.

A bright yellow tiger swallowtail butterfly fluttered past. Unusual for this time of spring here in Michigan. They aren't usually out here until mid-June. But this butterfly wasn't flying randomly.

It kept stopping, hovering, and looking back at them.

Snowball pointed. "I think it's trying to tell us something!"

The butterfly floated deeper into the garden. Curious, the friends followed. Past rows of daisies.

It flew beyond blooming wildflowers. And went by the old birdbath. Until they reached a forgotten corner behind a patch of tall sunflowers.

There, hidden beneath the leaves, was a tiny wooden sign nearly covered in vines.

Skunky brushed away the greenery.

The sign read:

☀️ Friendship Garden ☀️

The group exchanged surprised looks.

"How long has this been here?" Snowball asked

Nobody knew. Peter and the twins hopped closer.

Another sparrow like Charlie landed on top of the sign. Even Bandit tilted his head curiously.

The butterfly circled above them once, then landed gently on the sign as if saying:

"You found it."

Together, the friends spent the afternoon clearing weeds, planting flowers, and creating little paths through the hidden garden. By sunset, the forgotten corner had become something special.

A place where every creature belonged. The place for stories and place for adventures.

As the golden evening light painted the sky orange and pink, Snowball smiled.

"Think the butterfly knew we'd find this?" The fluffy white cat with blue eyes asked.

Skunky Luke grinned. "I think maybe yes. But why? Why suddenly?"

"Why ask why, when how is so much more fun?" Bandit chuckled. "I always wanted to say that!" He laughed.

Everyone laughed with him.

The butterfly fluttered away into the glowing sunset.

And somewhere in the garden, another mystery was already waiting. 🦋🌻🐻🐰🐦

To Be Continued... 🌻🌟

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