🌿 SKUNKY LUKE'S GARDEN ADVENTURES

The Case of the Donuts, Football & a Very Good Day



The morning sun was shining over Whiskerville.

And for once, there wasn't a mysterious portal.

There wasn't a missing artifact.

There wasn't a villain lurking behind a bush.

There wasn't even a suspicious squirrel.

It was simply a **balmy 66 degrees**.

Perfect weather.

Skunky Luke stepped into the garden and stretched.

"Now *this*," he said, looking around, "is what I call a beautiful day."

Charlie the Sparrow fluttered down from a nearby tree.

“Sixty-six degrees!” he chirped. “Not too hot! Not too cold!”

Peter, the brown rabbit, hopped across the grass carrying a football.

“Perfect football weather!”

Behind him came Sandi and Sherri, the twin white rabbits.

“We brought snacks!”

“Lots of snacks!”

Sally, the black female cat, raised an eyebrow.

“Let me guess. Donuts?”

The twins grinned.

“Obviously.”

But something was missing.

Snowball.

Everyone looked toward the garden gate.

Yesterday had been terrible.

Someone had broken into the land where Snowball's new donut factory and shop were supposed to be built.

Walls had been damaged.

The property had been deliberately attacked.

And worst of all, someone had tried to destroy Snowball's dream.

Snowball had worked so hard to build something that would give back to Whiskerville.

Today, he just wasn't himself.

Scout, the black lab, lowered his head.

“We have to cheer him up.”

Marley, the husky, wagged her tail.

“I have an idea.”

Everyone turned.

Marley whispered something.

Sally smiled.

“Oh, that's actually brilliant.”

🍩 THE PLAN

A few minutes later, Snowball finally wandered into the garden.

His ears drooped.

His normally cheerful face looked tired.

“Morning, everyone.”

“SNOWBALL!” shouted Charlie.

Snowball jumped.

Charlie immediately flew backward.

“Sorry.”

Snowball laughed quietly.

Peter ran over with the football.

“Football?”

Snowball shook his head.

“Maybe later.”

Sandi and Sherri appeared carrying a huge box.

“Donuts?”

Snowball stared at the box.

“You made donuts?”

“Of course!”

“We figured if your factory can't make them yet…”

“…we'd make them for you!”

Snowball slowly smiled.

“You guys…”

Sally walked over and handed him a donut.

“Chocolate glazed.”

Snowball took it.

“One bite.”

He took a bite.

His eyes widened.

“Okay…”

Everyone waited.

“That is actually really good.”

The twins celebrated.

“YES!”

Mr. Squibbles climbed onto a garden bench.

“As Chief Auditor of the Royal Audit Office, I hereby certify these donuts as…”

He took a bite.

“…completely acceptable.”

Redmond Whatanut, wearing his red flannel, stared at him.

“You've got powdered sugar on your nose.”

Mr. Squibbles froze.

“I do not.”

“You absolutely do.”

“I object to this accusation.”

Charlie landed on Squibbles' head.

“You do.”

Everyone burst out laughing.

Even Snowball.

🏈 THE GREAT GARDEN FOOTBALL GAME

Peter tossed the football into the air.

“Okay! Enough donut inspection!”

Scout immediately took off after it.

“SCOUT!”

The black lab caught the football and ran across the garden.

Marley chased him.

Peter chased Marley.

Sandi and Sherri chased Peter.

Charlie flew overhead yelling commentary.

“SCOUT HAS THE BALL!”

“MARLEY IS CLOSING IN!”

“PETER IS GAINING!”

Sally watched from beneath a tree.

“This is the least organized football game I've ever seen.”

Snowball laughed.

“That's because it's not really football.”

Sally looked at him.

“What is it?”

Snowball smiled.

“It's Whiskerville.”

Sally nodded.

“Fair point.”

Then Snowball grabbed the football.

“Okay! My turn!”

Everyone cheered.

Snowball took off running.

Peter chased him.

Marley chased Peter.

Scout chased Marley.

The twins ran after Scout.

Charlie swooped overhead.

Mr. Squibbles grabbed Redmond's sleeve.

“RUN!”

“Why?”

“I HAVE NO IDEA!”

They ran anyway.

Snowball reached the end of the garden.

He turned around.

Everyone was lying in the grass, laughing.

For the first time since yesterday…

Snowball looked genuinely happy.

🌅 A LITTLE REMINDER

As the afternoon sun began to sink lower, the gang gathered around Snowball.

The damaged factory site could still be seen in the distance.

Snowball looked toward it.

“I still can't believe somebody tried to destroy it.”

Luke walked over and sat beside him.

“They damaged some walls.”

Snowball sighed.

“I know.”

“But they didn't destroy the dream.”

Snowball looked at him.

Luke smiled.

“That's the important part.”

Scout rested his head against Snowball's shoulder.

Marley sat beside him.

Sally curled up nearby.

Peter leaned against the football.

Sandi and Sherri shared the last donut.

Charlie perched on Luke's shoulder.

Mr. Squibbles and Redmond stood together, both watching the sunset.

Snowball looked around at all of them.

“You guys really planned all this for me?”

Peter smiled.

“Yep.”

Sandi nodded.

“Because you're family.”

Sherri added,

“And family doesn't let one bad day ruin everything.”

Snowball smiled.

Then he looked toward the factory site again.

“Tomorrow…”

Everyone waited.

Snowball stood up.

“Tomorrow, we start rebuilding.”

Luke grinned.

“That's my Snowball.”

Charlie chirped loudly.

“DONUT FACTORY!”

Everyone laughed.

And as the sun disappeared behind the Whiskerville trees, the gang headed back toward the garden.

The factory wasn't finished.

The mystery wasn't solved.

And whoever had done it was still out there.

But Snowball wasn't facing tomorrow alone.

Not even close.

Because in Whiskerville…

friends stick together.

And sometimes, the best way to survive a horrible day…

is to follow it with **donuts, football, and a garden full of friends.** 🍩🏈🐾🌿