

# The Otter's Rainbow Boat



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On the green bank of the river, where the water sang a soft, bubbly song, lived a young otter named Ollie. He had warm brown fur, a cream belly, and whiskers that twitched when he was thinking. Ollie loved to build things. One sunny morning, he decided to build a boat. "A little boat for the river," he said, "with room for all my friends."



Ollie gathered smooth pieces of wood, a pot of glue, and a handful of nails. He worked all morning, humming a happy tune. His thick tail swished as he hammered and sanded. Soon, a small wooden boat sat on the grass. It was sturdy and ready. "Now it just needs some color," Ollie said with a grin, tucking a paintbrush behind one ear.



Ollie put on his sky-blue apron, splattered with paint from other projects. He lined up seven little pots of paint: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. "A rainbow boat!" he cheered. "I'll paint it in seven bright colors." He dipped his brush and began with a wide red stripe along the side, humming as he worked.



Just then, Beaver waddled up, carrying a tool belt and a shiny blue paint pot. "That's a fine boat," Beaver said, his big front teeth showing in a proud grin. "But it could use a strong blue stripe. May I help?" Ollie's round eyes lit up. "Of course! I'd love that!" So Beaver climbed aboard and carefully painted a shiny blue stripe.



The shiny blue stripe gleamed in the sun. Beaver steadied the boat with his flat tail while Ollie painted an orange curve near the front. "You're good at this," Ollie said. Beaver nodded. "I like neat work. And teamwork makes it neater." They both laughed as a dragonfly zipped by. The boat was starting to look like a real rainbow.



Down the path came Duck, her white feathers fluffed and her yellow scarf flapping. "Quack! What a beautiful boat!" she cried, her little tuft bouncing. "I have a sunny yellow paint pot. May I add a patch of sunshine?" Ollie waved her over. "Yes, please!" Duck dabbed a bright yellow patch right in the middle, quacking happily as she painted.



Duck's yellow patch made the boat glow. She chattered and quacked, telling jokes about a duck who crossed the road. Everyone giggled. Then, with a tiny hop, Frog appeared, his green skin shiny and his red bow tie crooked. "I have green paint on my cheeks!" he croaked. "Can I splash some green spots on the boat?" Ollie nodded. "The more colors, the better!"



Frog dipped his little feet in green paint and hopped across the boat, leaving bright green spots everywhere. Splash, splat, splash! "Oops!" Frog said, but the spots looked like little lily pads. Duck clapped her wings. Beaver grinned. "It's starting to look like a rainbow!" Ollie beamed. "And it's better because we're all painting together."



The boat now had red, orange, yellow, blue, and green. Ollie painted an indigo stripe near the back. "That's six colors," said Beaver. "One more to go!" Duck waved her yellow scarf. "Purple! Purple!" she quacked. Frog did a little hop. "I can't reach the top. Beaver, can you help me?" Beaver lifted Frog up, and Frog painted a wiggly violet line.



When the last violet line was done, the boat shimmered with all seven colors of the rainbow. The river animals stepped back to look. "It's more beautiful than I ever imagined," Ollie whispered, his whiskers trembling with joy. "And I couldn't have done it alone." Duck dabbed a happy tear with her scarf. "Teamwork makes the rainbow shine brighter!"



The sun was warm, and the river sparkled. "Time for a ride!" Ollie said. He pushed the boat into the water. It bobbed gently, ready for passengers. "All aboard!" Frog called, hopping in first. Duck waddled in next, and Beaver climbed in carefully, his tool belt jingling. Ollie gave the boat a final push and jumped in too.



The rainbow boat floated down the river, carrying the four friends. Duck quacked a happy song, and Frog splashed his feet in the water. Beaver waved to a passing turtle. Ollie held his paintbrush like a captain's flag. "This is the best boat ever!" he said. "Because we made it together." The others cheered, and the boat drifted on, bright and cheerful.



As they floated, Ollie looked at his friends. "I thought I knew exactly how my boat should look," he said. "But you added ideas I never would have thought of. The blue stripe, the yellow patch, the green spots—they make it perfect." Beaver nodded. "That's what friends do. We share ideas, and creativity grows."



The boat glided past tall reeds and sleepy willows. A family of swallows swooped overhead, chirping at the colorful sight. "Look! A rainbow on the water!" they seemed to say. Duck flapped her wings, Frog croaked a tune, and Beaver tapped a happy rhythm on the side. Ollie smiled so wide his whiskers curled. Sharing the ride made it twice as fun.



When the sun began to set, the friends guided the boat back to the bank. They tied it to a willow root and stepped onto the grass. "We should do this again tomorrow," said Frog, his golden eyes shining. "With more colors!" Duck quacked. "And more friends!" Beaver added, patting his tool belt. Ollie hugged them all. "The river is full of colors now. And it's all because we worked together."



That night, the rainbow boat rested by the river, its colors glowing softly in the moonlight. Ollie hung up his paint-splattered apron and set his brush in a jar. He knew now that the best creations come from many hands and many hearts. And as the river sang its sleepy song, the little boat rocked gently, waiting for another day of teamwork and joy.