

The Pelican's Picnic Basket



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Pelican's Picnic Basket

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



Percy the pelican lived by the bright blue seaside. He had soft cream-white feathers, a long orange beak, and warm amber eyes. Around his neck, he wore a blue sailor scarf. One sunny morning, Percy decided to plan a picnic. He wanted to invite all his friends. He found his woven straw basket with the red-checked cloth lining and smiled. A picnic by the waves would be wonderful!



Percy began to pack his basket. He put in a loaf of bread, some cheese, and a few shiny apples. But then he stopped. What would his friends like to eat? He frowned and scratched his small head tuft. He was a kind pelican, but sometimes he forgot things. He needed help. Just then, a cheerful voice called from above. It was Gus the seagull, swooping down to land on the sand.



Gus was a young gull with white and light grey feathers. His bright yellow beak gleamed in the sun. He wore a tiny red cap and carried a sea-green canvas satchel. "Hi, Percy! Planning a picnic?" asked Gus. Percy nodded. "I want to invite everyone, but I don't know what treats to bring." Gus thought for a moment. "Let me help!" he said. "I know just what each friend likes."



First, Gus suggested fish for the otter. "Otters love fresh fish," he said. "And maybe some berries for the turtle. She enjoys sweet things." Percy's eyes lit up. "That's a great idea!" he said. He wrote a list on a seashell with a bit of seaweed. Fish for the otter, berries for the turtle, and something crunchy for the gull. Percy felt much better. With Gus's help, he could plan a perfect picnic.



Percy sent invitations to all his friends. He wrote on little pieces of driftwood: "Come to a seaside picnic tomorrow at noon! Bring something to share." He gave one to the otter, who was playing in the waves. The otter's glossy brown fur sparkled with water. "I'll bring fish!" said the otter, smiling. Percy gave another invitation to the turtle, who was resting on a warm rock.



The turtle read the invitation slowly. She adjusted her small woven sun hat with the yellow ribbon. "A picnic sounds lovely," she said in her calm, wise voice. "I will bring berries from the berry bushes." She carried a little basket already. Percy was happy. Everyone was coming! He went home to prepare his own treats. He packed bread, cheese, apples, and a big jug of lemonade. He wanted everything to be perfect.



That evening, Percy checked his basket again. He had bread and cheese and apples and lemonade. But where was the fish for the otter? Where were the berries for the turtle? Percy had forgotten to get them! He felt a flutter in his stomach. He didn't want to disappoint his friends. He sat on the sand and sighed. Just then, Gus flew over. "Don't worry, Percy!" said Gus. "I'll help you gather the treats."



The next morning, Percy and Gus set off to find fish and berries. Gus flew ahead, his black wingtips flashing. He led Percy to a shallow pool where little fish swam. "The otter can catch his own fish," said Gus. "But we can bring some for him as a surprise." Percy scooped some fish into a leaf. Then they looked for berries. They found a bush full of ripe, sweet berries. Percy picked a basketful.



At noon, the friends gathered on the beach. The otter arrived first, carrying a bundle of fresh fish wrapped in a leaf. "I brought fish for everyone!" he said, his dark button eyes shining. The turtle came next, slow and steady, with a basket of berries. "These are from my favorite bush," she said. Percy's basket was full of bread, cheese, apples, and lemonade. Gus brought some crunchy seaweed snacks.



Percy looked at all the food. "Oh no!" he said. "I forgot to bring the fish and berries I gathered this morning. They are still at home!" He felt very forgetful. But the otter laughed. "That's okay, Percy! I brought plenty of fish to share." The turtle smiled. "And I have enough berries for everyone. We can share what we have." Percy felt a warm glow. His friends were so kind.



They spread a big blanket on the sand. The red-checked cloth from Percy's basket looked bright and cheerful. The otter placed his fish in the middle. The turtle set down her berries. Percy put out the bread, cheese, and apples. Gus added his seaweed snacks. "What a feast!" said Percy. They all sat together, the waves crashing softly nearby. The sun was warm, and the breeze was gentle.



Percy took a bite of fish. It was delicious! He tried a berry. It was sweet and juicy. "This is the best picnic ever," he said. The otter nodded, his mouth full of fish. The turtle smiled and nibbled a berry. Gus crunched on his snacks. They laughed and talked and shared stories. Percy realized that sharing made everything taste better. He was so glad his friends had brought treats to share.



After lunch, they played games on the beach. The otter showed them how to balance a fish on his nose. The turtle told a slow, funny story about a sleepy crab. Gus did loop-the-loops in the sky. Percy tried to juggle three apples but dropped them all. Everyone laughed. The afternoon flew by. The friends were having so much fun together. Sharing and laughing made the day special.



As the sun began to set, the friends packed up. The basket was empty, but their hearts were full. "Thank you for organizing this, Percy," said the turtle. "It was a wonderful picnic." The otter nodded. "The fish was great, and the company was even better." Percy beamed. "I couldn't have done it without Gus," he said. "And without all of you bringing treats to share."



Gus tipped his little red cap. "I'm just glad I could help," he said. "Planning a picnic is fun, but sharing it with friends is the best part." Percy agreed. He looked at his friends, feeling warm and happy. He decided then and there that he would plan another picnic soon. Maybe next time, they could invite even more friends. Sharing made everything merrier.



That night, Percy sat by the waves and thought about the day. He had learned that a picnic is not just about food. It is about friends coming together and sharing what they have. The otter's fish, the turtle's berries, Gus's snacks, and his own bread and cheese—all of it was better because they shared. Percy smiled and hugged his red-checked basket. He couldn't wait for the next seaside picnic.