

The Boy and the Dancing Duck



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Boy and the Dancing Duck

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



Sam lived on a busy farm with Grandpa Joe. He wore a red and white checked shirt, blue denim overalls, and yellow rubber boots. His warm brown eyes sparkled, and freckles danced across his nose. Sam loved music and carried a small wooden drum everywhere. One sunny morning, he heard a strange tap-tap-tap near the barn.



Behind the barn, a creamy white duck was wiggling and bobbing her head. Her orange beak tapped the ground like a drumstick. When Sam hummed a tune, the duck spun around and flapped her wings. He laughed. "You like music!" The duck tilted her head and quacked happily. She had a small red ribbon bow around her neck, and one crooked wing feather stuck out.



Sam ran to find Grandpa Joe. The tall, wrinkled farmer leaned on his pitchfork and smiled. "That's Daisy," he said. "She's been dancing to the tractor's rumble for weeks. She's got rhythm in her feathers!" Sam's gap-toothed grin grew wide. "Can I play my drum for her?" Grandpa Joe nodded. "Go on, son. Let's see what happens."



Sam sat on a hay bale and tapped his drum. Daisy's round amber eyes lit up. She waddled forward and began to sway. Her webbed feet pattered on the dusty ground. When Sam beat faster, Daisy hopped and twirled. Her wings waved like flags. Sam giggled. "You're a dancing duck!" Daisy quacked and bowed. They practiced every day after chores.



Sam and Daisy became best friends. He played his drum, and she danced. They practiced near the apple tree, by the pond, and in the vegetable patch. Daisy never missed a beat. Sam's yellow boots tapped along. "We should perform at the farm festival," Sam said. Daisy flapped her wings and quacked loudly. Grandpa Joe overheard and chuckled. "That's a fine idea!"



The farm festival was only one week away. Sam practiced his drumming until his hands were sore. Daisy danced until her feathers were ruffled. Grandpa Joe gave Daisy a new red ribbon bow for the show. "You'll be the star," he said. Sam smiled. "We'll be a team." But Daisy seemed nervous. She hid behind the barn and wouldn't dance.



Sam sat beside Daisy. "What's wrong?" he asked. Daisy quacked softly and looked at the big festival field. Sam understood. "Are you scared?" Daisy nodded. Sam patted her soft head. "I get scared too. But we'll do it together. Just follow my drum." Daisy tilted her head and blinked. She gave a tiny quack. Sam smiled. "That's the spirit!"



The day of the festival arrived. Flags fluttered, and the air smelled of apple pie. Farmers and families crowded the field. Sam's heart pounded as he climbed onto a small wooden stage. Daisy waddled beside him, her red ribbon bright. She looked at the crowd and gulped. Sam whispered, "Ready?" Daisy shook her feathers and nodded.



Sam took a deep breath and tapped his drum. Boom-boom-tap! Daisy stood still. Sam played louder. Boom-boom-tap! Suddenly, Daisy's feet began to move. She swayed and wiggled. Her wings rose, and she spun in a circle. The crowd gasped. Sam grinned and played faster. Daisy danced faster, her crooked wing feather waving like a flag.



Daisy twirled and hopped. She flapped her wings in time with the beat. Sam's drum thumped and rolled. People clapped and cheered. Children laughed at the funny duck with the red ribbon. Daisy bowed, then danced again. Sam's yellow boots stomped along. The music filled the air, and everyone felt happy. The farm festival became a joyful celebration.



When the song ended, the crowd roared with applause. Daisy quacked and bowed. Sam lifted his drum high. Grandpa Joe wiped a happy tear from his wrinkled cheek. "You did it!" he shouted. Sam hugged Daisy. "We did it together." The judges gave them a blue ribbon for the best act. Daisy wore it proudly around her neck.



After the show, children gathered around Daisy. They clapped and asked for more. Sam played a quick tune, and Daisy danced again. She taught the children a simple wiggle. Everyone laughed and wiggled along. Sam realized that Daisy's talent made people smile. "You're special," he told her. Daisy quacked and nuzzled his hand.



Grandpa Joe came over with a slice of apple pie. "You two proved something today," he said. "Everyone has a special talent. Even a dancing duck." Sam nodded. He looked at Daisy, who was still bobbing her head to a faraway tune. "And it's more fun when you share it," Sam said. They sat together, watching the sun set over the farm.



That night, Sam and Daisy sat on the porch. Sam tapped a soft beat on his drum. Daisy swayed gently, her eyes half closed. The stars twinkled above. Sam felt warm and proud. He had found a friend and a partner. Daisy had found courage. They had shared their music with everyone. And the farm festival would be remembered for years.



From that day on, Sam and Daisy performed at every farm event. They played at birthdays and harvest parties. Daisy's red ribbon became her trademark. Sam's drum never stopped. They made people laugh and dance. Grandpa Joe always watched with a crinkly smile. "That boy and his duck," he'd say. "They've got rhythm in their hearts."



Sam learned that talents come in all shapes and sizes. A duck can dance. A boy can drum. And when you believe in a friend, anything is possible. The farm festival became a happy memory full of music, laughter, and friendship. Sam and Daisy still dance together every day. And if you listen closely, you might hear a drum and a happy quack.