The Beaver's Rainy Parade

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Benny the Beaver lived by a rushing river. He wore a red neckerchief and a tiny yellow party hat with a blue pom-pom. Benny loved to plan big events for all his friends. One sunny morning, he had a wonderful idea. "I will organize a parade!" he announced. "A big, grand parade along the riverside!" His round dark brown eyes sparkled with excitement.

Benny set to work right away. He made a list of everything they needed: banners, music, and tasty snacks. He hung posters on trees and sent invitations to everyone. Lily the Otter promised to bring her woven reed basket full of treats. Pip the Frog practiced a happy marching song. Mabel the Heron said she would lead the way with her long, graceful legs.

The day of the parade arrived bright and warm. Benny stood proudly at the start of the path. His flat wide tail wiggled with joy. "Welcome, friends!" he called. "Let's make this the best parade ever!" Just then, a tiny drop of rain fell on his nose. Then another. And another. The sky grew dark and grey.

"Oh no!" cried Benny. "Rain? But we can't have a parade in the rain!" Big drops splashed on the path. The banners drooped. The snacks got soggy. Pip the Frog hopped happily in the puddles, but the others looked worried. Benny's yellow party hat began to sag. His cheerful smile turned into a frown. What could they do?

Mabel the Heron stepped forward. She wrapped her purple shawl around her shoulders. "Don't worry, Benny," she said in her calm, wise voice. "We can move the parade to the riverside shelter. It's dry under the big leaves." Benny blinked. He had not thought of that. "But the parade is supposed to be outside!" he said. "It can still be fun," said Mabel gently.

Benny took a deep breath. "You're right, Mabel!" he said. "A parade is about being together, not about the weather." He turned to his friends. "Let's move the fun to the shelter!" Everyone cheered. Lily the Otter grabbed her basket. Pip the Frog splashed ahead. They all hurried along the riverside path toward the big leafy shelter.

The shelter was made of thick branches and giant leaves. It stood close to the river, dry and cozy. But it looked plain and empty. "We need decorations!" said Benny. "We can make it festive!" Lily the Otter opened her woven reed basket. "I have leaves and flowers!" she said. She began to hang them all around. Pip the Frog found some vines to tie them up.

Lily's sleek chocolate-brown fur shone as she worked. She placed bright flowers in a circle. She hung green leaves like curtains. "It looks like a woodland palace!" said Pip. He adjusted his tiny orange scarf and hopped around. Benny helped too, his red neckerchief flapping as he tied a big leaf banner. The shelter began to glow with color.

Soon the shelter looked wonderful. Leaves of every shape hung from the roof. Flowers bloomed in every corner. "Now we need music!" said Benny. Pip the Frog climbed onto a flat stone. His bright green spotted skin gleamed. "I know a rain song!" he said. He opened his wide friendly mouth and began to sing. His golden eyes sparkled with joy.

Pip's song was bubbly and bright. "Pitter-patter, splash and hop! Rain won't make our fun stop!" The others joined in. Lily the Otter clapped her paws. Mabel the Heron swayed her long neck. Benny the Beaver danced a little jig. The rain drummed on the leaves above them. It sounded like a happy beat. Everyone laughed and moved together.

The rain fell harder outside, but inside the shelter was warm and dry. Benny looked around at his friends. He felt a warm glow in his heart. "This is even better than my parade plan!" he said. "The rain made us creative!" Mabel nodded wisely. "Being flexible helped our plan succeed," she said. "We changed the plan, but not the fun."

Pip the Frog taught them a new dance. They hopped and twirled and spun. Lily the Otter used her basket as a drum. Mabel the Heron hummed a gentle tune. Benny's flat wide tail tapped the beat. The rain became part of the music. Drip, drop, plink! They sang and danced together under the leafy roof.

Then Lily shared the snacks from her basket. There were berries and nuts and sweet river-grass cakes. Everyone sat in a circle and ate. "I'm glad we didn't give up," said Benny. "Me too!" said Pip, his blue rain boots splashing in a tiny puddle. "Rain is my favorite weather!" Mabel smiled. "A good plan can change shape," she said. "That's what makes it strong."

The rain slowly stopped. A soft light peeked through the leaves. The riverside sparkled with fresh raindrops. "Look!" said Lily. A rainbow stretched across the river. "Our parade turned into a party!" said Benny. "A riverside party with good friends." They all stepped out to see the rainbow. The world looked clean and bright and new.

Benny took off his yellow party hat and held it high. "Thank you, friends," he said. "You made this day wonderful. Even the rain joined our parade!" Everyone cheered. They walked home along the riverside, splashing in puddles. Pip sang one more song. Lily carried her empty basket. Mabel wrapped her purple shawl tight. It had been the best parade ever.

From that day on, Benny the Beaver always remembered: plans can change, and that's okay. Being flexible helps plans succeed. The rainy parade became a happy riverside party with good friends. And whenever it rains, Benny smiles and says, "Let's celebrate under cover!" Because the best fun is being together, rain or shine.