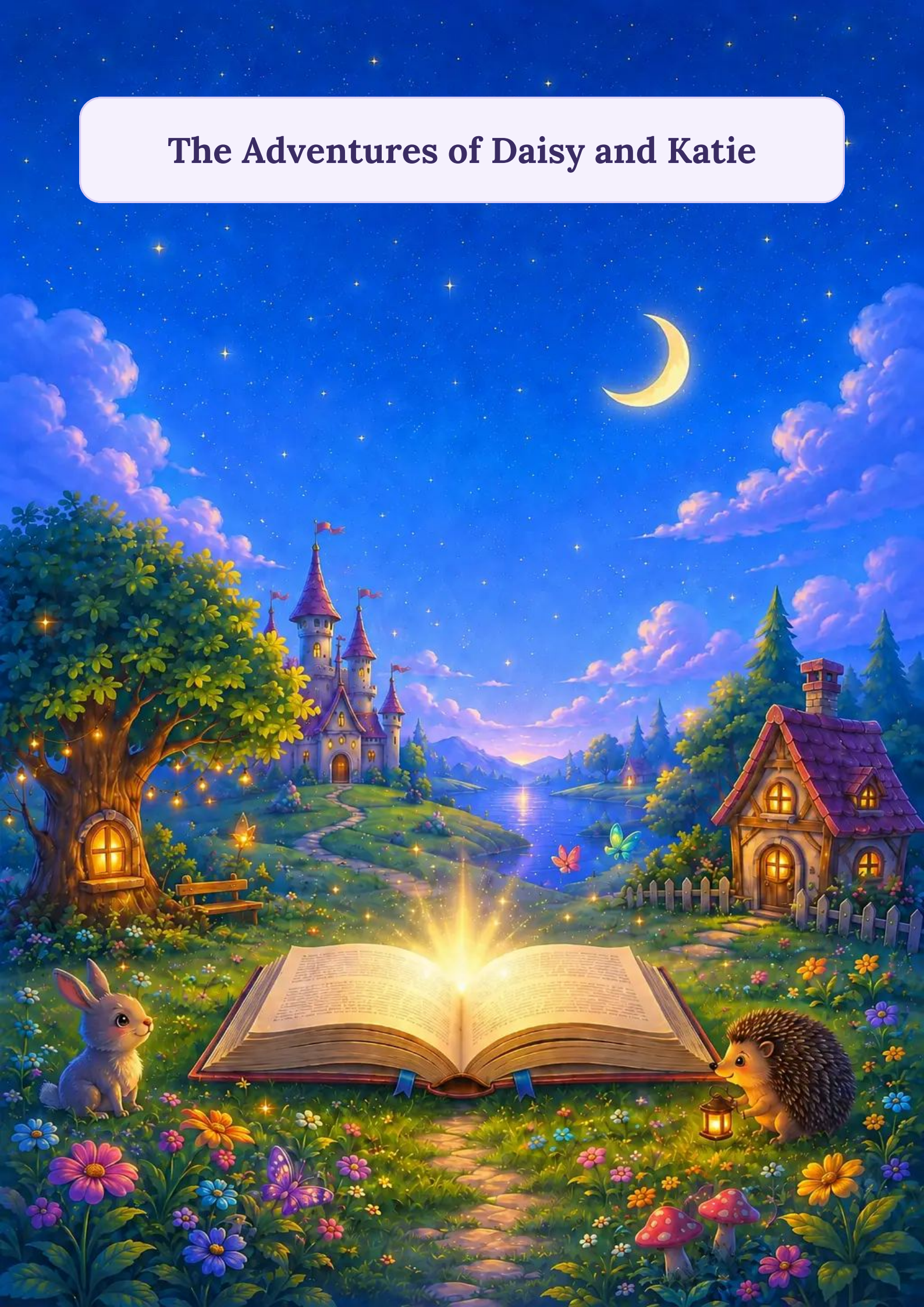
The Adventures of Daisy and Katie



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Katie's Steady Tower

Ages 2–3



Katie holds a small blue block above the rug

Katie rode in her red stroller along the woodland path while Dad pushed her gently. Daisy walked beside them, humming a little tune from dance school. Clover, a gentle pony, walked calmly near the stroller, stopping now and then to nibble a patch of grass.

Soon they reached a quiet clearing. Sunlight shone through the tall trees and made bright spots on the ground. Dad spread a soft rug beneath one of the trees. Then he set a basket of soft blocks beside it.

Katie smiled. "Blocks!"

She and Daisy sat on the rug. Katie picked up a small blue block. Daisy picked up a large yellow block. Together, they sorted the blocks into piles.

"Small here," Katie said.

"Big here," Daisy said.

Nearby, Clover lowered her head and grazed. Her tail swished slowly from side to side.

Katie placed a green block on the rug. Daisy helped her place the blue block on top of it. Then Katie reached for the large yellow block.

"That's the biggest one," Daisy said. "It should go first."

"No," Katie said. "Katie's block."

Katie held the block. Daisy held it, too. It wiggled between them, and the little tower they had started leaned to one side.

Tip, tip, tip!

The blocks tumbled onto the rug.

Katie looked at the scattered pile. Her lower lip poked out.

Daisy set the yellow block down. "I'm sorry, Katie," she said. "Let's try again."

Dad smiled from the edge of the rug. "You can build it together."

Katie touched the yellow block. Then she pushed it to the middle of the rug.

"Daisy put it first," Katie said.



Katie places a red block atop a yellow block while Daisy steadies the basket

Daisy's face brightened. "Thank you."

She placed the large yellow block on the rug. Then she held the basket steady with

one hand.

"Katie, you choose the next block," Daisy said. "Dad, please watch."

Dad leaned closer. "I'm watching."

Katie chose a red block. Dad handed it to her, and she placed it on the yellow block. Tap.

Next came the blue block. Tap.

Then came the green block. Tap.

Katie built one block at a time. Daisy kept the basket from sliding and helped Katie choose each piece. Dad watched with a proud smile. Clover grazed nearby, making quiet munching sounds.

The tower wiggled just a little.

Katie stopped. She gently pressed the blue block. Daisy held her hands close to the rug.

"Slowly," Daisy said.

"Slowly," Katie whispered.

Katie added one last small block. The tower stood straight and still.

"We did it!" Daisy said.

Katie clapped. Clover looked up and gave a soft, friendly nicker.

Dad took a picture of the sisters beside their tower. Then Katie leaned against Daisy's shoulder. The blocks rested in neat piles, and Clover went back to munching grass in the quiet clearing.

The little tower stayed steady while the afternoon light warmed the rug.

Discussion Questions

1. Who pushed Katie's stroller?

Dad pushed Katie's stroller.

2. What did Katie and Daisy build?

They built a tower.

3. What did Clover munch?

Clover munched grass.

The Chickadee's Quiet Turn

Ages 4–6



Daisy tips flour into the bowl while Dad pours oats beside her

The morning was cold enough to turn Daisy's cheeks pink when she pushed open the bakery door. Dad wheeled Katie in behind her in her bright red stroller, bundled in a blue coat. Inside, a large mixing bowl waited on the counter, and the bakery smelled like butter, cinnamon, and warm sugar.

"Good morning, bakers," Dad said. "Are you ready to make cookies for the neighborhood?"

Daisy tied on an apron and climbed onto a sturdy step. She was in third grade, and liked doing things carefully. Katie held a wooden spoon in both hands and gave the bowl one happy tap.

"Cookie time!" she said.

Daisy measured the flour while Dad poured in the oats. Then she stirred in a slow circle, counting softly as if she were practicing dance steps.

"One, two, three, four."

With Dad's help, Katie added a pinch of cinnamon. A little puff floated up, and

Katie sneezed.

"Bless you," Daisy said.

"Again!" Katie giggled.

Dad scooped the dough onto baking sheets. Soon, the oven hummed, and the windows fogged at the corners. Outside, the sea made a soft, steady sound beyond the row of houses.

When the first tray came out, Dad set it on a cooling rack.

"We'll let these cool before we pack them," he said. "There's another batch baking while we wait."

Daisy wheeled Katie to the bakery's back window. From there, they could see a bird feeder hanging beside a bare branch. A flock of larger birds swooped in first. They fluttered around the feeder and gobbled up the seeds.

Then Daisy noticed a chickadee, a tiny gray-and-black songbird, perched on the empty branch. It tilted its head and watched.

"Why doesn't it go get a seed?" Daisy whispered.

Dad came to stand beside them. "Maybe it's waiting for a good opening."

Katie pressed her nose to the glass. "Birdie wait."

The larger birds hopped and flapped around the feeder. The chickadee stayed still. It looked small beside them, but it did not fly away. Daisy watched closely and saw that the bird wasn't doing nothing at all—it was studying the feeder and waiting for the right moment.

One large bird flew to a nearby fence. Another lifted into the air. For a moment, the feeder grew quiet.

The chickadee darted forward. It grabbed one seed, flew back to the bare branch, and held the seed beneath its tiny feet.

Daisy smiled. "It found its turn."

The chickadee pecked at the seed. Then it looked toward the feeder again.



Katie watches a chickadee while Daisy points toward the feeder

"Let's see if it gets another," Daisy said.

Katie tapped her hands on the windowsill. "Go, birdie! Go!"

The chickadee waited once more. When the larger birds moved aside, it zipped in, picked up a second seed, and carried it back to the branch.

Daisy made a tiny dance with her fingers in the air. "Quick feet, little bird."

Dad opened the back door just a crack so they could hear the birds. The chickadee's call sounded like a bright little whistle. Katie answered, "Meow!" because she liked to pretend that every animal had something to say.

After the cookies had cooled, Daisy helped Dad place them in a covered basket. He left the second batch on a warm rack inside the bakery.

"We'll take these to the shore, then come back for the warm ones," he said.

Dad pushed Katie's red stroller along the sidewalk while Daisy carried the basket with both hands. The wind smelled of salt, and the cold made them walk briskly. At the shore, they stayed on the wide path while the waves rolled and folded over one another.

Daisy pointed toward the water. "Look!"

A dolphin surfaced beyond the gentle waves. Its smooth back curved above the chilly water, and then it slipped below. A moment later, it appeared farther along, shining silver in the pale morning light.

Katie bounced in her stroller. "Dolphin! Again!"

As if it had heard her, the dolphin rose once more. It made a small splash and disappeared.

Daisy looked down at the cookie basket. "The chickadee waited for its turn, and the dolphin showed us its turn. Maybe now it's our turn to share."

Dad smiled. "That sounds like a fine plan."

They returned to the bakery. Dad took the second batch from the warm rack, and the cookies smelled even sweeter than before. Daisy helped place them in a paper-lined basket. Katie held one cookie in her mittened hands, but she didn't take a bite.

"Neighbors," she said.

First they brought cookies to Mrs. Alvarez next door. Then they visited the family above the bakery and the twins in the blue house on the corner. Daisy offered each person a cookie, and Katie held out the basket with a proud grin.

"Thank you," the neighbors said, smiling.

By late afternoon, only a few cookies remained. Dad, Daisy and Katie went back to the bakery window. The chickadee was on its branch again, pecking at a seed while the feeder stood quiet.

Daisy set one cookie on a small plate inside the bakery, where no bird could reach it, and saved the others for her family. Katie leaned against Dad's leg and took a tiny bite of hers.

Outside, the sea whispered in the fading light. The chickadee finished its seed, tucked its wings close, and rested on the branch. Inside, Daisy, Katie, and Dad shared the last warm cookies while the bakery filled with the soft smell of cinnamon.

Discussion Questions

1. What did the bakery smell like?

It smelled like butter, cinnamon, and warm sugar.

2. What did Katie hold in both hands?

She held a wooden spoon.

3. Why did the chickadee wait?

It was waiting for a good opening to get a seed.

4. What did Daisy and Dad take to the shore?

They took a basket of cookies.

5. What animal did Daisy and Katie see at the shore?

They saw a dolphin.

The Trail of the Town Water

Ages 7–10



Daisy writes in her notebook while Katie points to a blue line

Daisy's science teacher gave the class a question to carry home: Where does the water in our taps come from?

Daisy liked questions that made her look closely at ordinary things. At dinner, she studied the glass beside her plate and imagined the journey hidden inside it. Maybe the water had traveled through rain clouds, trees, pipes, and rocks before it reached her kitchen.

After dinner, she opened her notebook and wrote across the top, "The Trail of the Town Water." Under the title, she drew a winding blue line.

Katie, her two-year-old sister, toddled over with a stuffed bunny tucked under one arm. She leaned against Daisy's knee and peered at the drawing.

"Bunny," Katie said. Then she pointed to the blue line. "Water."

"That's right," Daisy said. "I'm finding out where our water begins."

Dad came in from the hallway, pushing Katie's red stroller. "Then we have a research team," he said. "Would you like some help?"

Daisy nodded. “We need books, a current water report, and maybe a place where we can see water outside.”

Dad buckled Katie into the stroller, and the three of them set off for the library. The winter afternoon was bright and cold. Snow rested along the sidewalks, and bare branches made thin patterns against the pale sky.

At the library, Ms. Chen, the librarian, led Daisy to a shelf filled with local history books. Katie sat beside Dad on a soft rug and rolled her stuffed bunny gently across the floor.

Daisy found a thick book called Waterways Around Our Town. Its pages smelled faintly of paper and dust. A black-and-white photograph showed several people standing beside a creek many years ago.

Daisy read the caption aloud. “In the early days of the town, drinking water was collected from Pine Creek.”

She copied the sentence into her notebook. Under it, she wrote the date printed on the page: 1954.

“That was a long time ago,” Dad said.

Daisy turned another page. A map showed the creek winding through a forest, past farms, and toward the town. She pictured old houses with chimneys smoking in the winter air.

Ms. Chen brought them a newer report from the town water department. The cover showed a wide blue reservoir surrounded by wooded hills.

Daisy read the first page. “Today, the town’s drinking water comes from Clearview Reservoir.”

She copied that sentence, too. The report was dated this year.

Daisy frowned at the two notes. “The old book says the town got water from Pine Creek. The new report says it comes from Clearview Reservoir. Which one is right?”

“Maybe the town has two water systems,” Dad suggested.

Daisy looked again at the dates. “Maybe. But I want to see Pine Creek.”

Katie lifted her bunny and made it hop across her lap. “Go creek!” she announced.

The next morning, Dad took them to the trail beside Pine Creek. Daisy wore her warm coat and carried her notebook in a plastic folder. Katie sat in her red stroller

while Dad pushed her along the packed-snow path.

The creek moved quietly beside the trail. Thin sheets of ice clung to the edges, but the middle flowed between the snowy banks. Tall pines stood among the bare oaks, and two cardinals flashed red against the white ground.

Daisy stopped at a wooden bridge and listened to the water slipping beneath it.

“This creek is big enough to matter,” she said.

Dad pointed to a small sign near the trail. “Look there.”

Daisy brushed snow from the bottom of the sign. It explained that Pine Creek had once supplied the town’s drinking water, but it no longer did.

Daisy copied the words carefully. Then she drew an arrow from the creek to the old book and another arrow from the current report to the reservoir.

“So the creek did give the town water,” she said, “but not anymore.”

“That seems likely,” Dad said. “You still need to find out when and why the town changed.”

A gust of wind swept loose snow across the bridge. Katie’s mitten slipped from the stroller pocket and tumbled toward the edge of the path. Daisy hurried after it, but the mitten stopped beneath a low wooden rail.

She couldn’t reach it from where she stood. Dad held the stroller firmly and helped Daisy step closer. Daisy used a long fallen twig to pull the mitten within reach. Then she picked it up and tucked it beside Katie’s other mitten.

Katie clapped. “Got it!”

Daisy smiled, but her notebook had become damp from the snow. A few lines of ink blurred, including part of the sentence from the old book.

“Oh, no,” she whispered.

She had copied the most important clue, and now the words looked like blue shadows. Daisy pressed the notebook between two dry pages of the report, but the ink was already smudged.

Back at home, she tried to remember exactly what the old book had said. She wrote, “The creek gave water to the town long ago,” but she worried that her project still had a hole in it.

On Monday, Daisy brought her notebook to school. During morning work, she raised her hand.



Daisy draws Katie's mitten closer with a long fallen twig

"Ms. Rivera, I found two different answers about our water," Daisy said. "The old book says Pine Creek, but the current report says Clearview Reservoir. I saw a sign by the creek, but part of my notes got wet. How can I explain the difference?"

Ms. Rivera invited Daisy to bring her notebook to the front table. She looked at the dates and studied the sketch of the two waterways.

"You found an important part of the town's history," Ms. Rivera said. "Water systems can change as towns grow. Let's check the town map together."

They spread a large map across the table. Clearview Reservoir lay in the hills north of town. A line from the reservoir led to the water treatment building, and another line led from the building toward the neighborhoods.

Ms. Rivera opened a school reference book. "The town used Pine Creek until 1978," she said. "Then the creek-fed system was replaced by a reservoir system. The reservoir could hold more water and supply the growing town more steadily."

Daisy's eyes widened. "So both sources are right, but they belong to different times?"

"Exactly," Ms. Rivera said. "Your job isn't just to choose one answer. Your job is to show how the answer changed."

Daisy added a new page to her project. She drew a winding creek on one side and a round reservoir on the other. Between them, she wrote 1978 in large, clear numbers.

That afternoon, Dad had a surprise for the girls. He was taking them to the wildlife center, where Daisy could add one more observation to her project: how animals received fresh water in their habitats.

The wildlife center had warm indoor rooms with wide windows looking into habitats made to resemble forests, wetlands, and rocky shores. At the penguin habitat, Daisy saw Pip, a small penguin, standing on a flat rock beside a pool. Pip dipped his beak into the water, shook his head, and waddled toward a keeper.

A staff member named Elena checked a shallow basin near the pool. She rinsed it, filled it with fresh water from a clean container, and watched Pip take several small sips.

Daisy leaned toward the glass. “Does Pip drink from the pool?”

“Sometimes,” Elena said, “but we provide fresh drinking water every day. We check the habitat carefully so the animals have what they need.”

Pip slid into the pool and glided past the window. Katie pressed both hands to the glass.

“Swim, Pip! Swim!” she called. “More water!”

Daisy wrote in her notebook: “At the wildlife center, people check and provide fresh water for the animals. Water is useful, but it must be cared for.”

On the way home, Katie began calling from the back seat, “Woof-woof!” Their family dog, Poppy, was waiting by the kitchen door. Poppy was a friendly golden dog with a tail that moved like a happy broom.

Katie and Dad carried Poppy’s empty bowl to the sink. Dad turned on the faucet, but Daisy noticed the water running while he looked for the clean bowl.

“Dad,” she said, “could we turn it off while we get the bowl?”

Dad shut off the faucet. “Good catch.”

He filled a pitcher, and Katie held the bowl steady with both hands while Dad poured. Poppy lapped the water, then gave Katie a gentle nose bump.

“Poppy says thank you,” Dad said.

Katie giggled. “Woof-woof drink!”

Daisy looked at the pitcher. It had held enough water to fill the bowl without leaving the faucet running. She added one more note to her project: “At home, we can use water carefully, too.”

The next day, Daisy presented her project to the class. She began with the old photograph of Pine Creek. Then she showed the current report about Clearview Reservoir and explained the dates.

“For many years, Pine Creek supplied the town,” Daisy said. “In 1978, the town changed to a reservoir system. So the creek is part of our water story, but Clearview Reservoir is where our tap water comes from today.”

She showed her drawing of Pip receiving fresh water at the wildlife center. Finally, she described filling Poppy’s bowl with a pitcher instead of letting the faucet run.

Her classmates asked questions. One student wanted to know whether the creek was still important. Daisy pointed to the map.

“Yes,” she said. “It gives water to the trees and animals along the trail, and it is part of our town’s history. Caring for water means paying attention to all of it.”

After the presentation, the class went to wash their hands before lunch. Ms. Rivera turned on the faucets, and the students wet their hands. Then they pressed soap into their palms and turned the water off while they rubbed their hands together.

The room grew quieter than usual. Instead of many streams running at once, there was only the soft sound of soapy hands moving. When everyone was ready, the faucets turned on again for rinsing.

Daisy watched the water circle the drain. It seemed different now—not mysterious exactly, but connected to a whole trail of places and choices: snowy Pine Creek, Clearview Reservoir, the wildlife center, Poppy’s bowl, and this busy classroom.

That evening, Daisy placed her finished project beside her bed. Katie slept nearby in her crib, with her stuffed bunny resting on a shelf where it couldn’t tumble down. Dad tucked a blanket around Daisy’s shoulders.

“Did you solve the water mystery?” he asked.

Daisy thought of the old book, the new report, and the shining line of creek beneath the bridge.

“I found out it wasn’t one mystery,” she said. “It was a story with more than one time in it.”

Dad smiled. “That sounds like a very good project.”

In the kitchen, Poppy drank from her full bowl. Outside, snow softened the sidewalks, and Pine Creek kept moving through the dark trees while Clearview Reservoir held the winter sky in its wide, quiet surface.

Daisy listened to the gentle hush of the house. Then she closed her eyes and imagined every careful drop traveling home.

Discussion Questions

1. What question did Daisy's science teacher give the class?

The teacher asked, "Where does the water in our taps come from?"

2. Where did the town get its drinking water in the early days?

The town got its drinking water from Pine Creek.

3. What source supplies the town's drinking water today?

Clearview Reservoir supplies the town's drinking water today.

4. When did the town change from the creek-fed system to the reservoir system?

The town changed systems in 1978.

5. Why did the town change to a reservoir system?

The reservoir could hold more water and supply the growing town more steadily.

6. How did Daisy pull Katie's mitten from beneath the wooden rail?

She used a long fallen twig to pull the mitten within reach.

7. How did Daisy's family save water when filling Poppy's bowl?

They turned off the faucet while they got the clean bowl. Dad filled a pitcher and used it to fill the bowl.

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