The Very Serious Puddle Inspector

A job can begin with noticing.

A short story to enjoy together



Read slowly. Pause to enjoy the pictures and the words.

The Very Serious Puddle Inspector

READ TOGETHER

Duck put on a little cap. "I am the puddle inspector," she told Goose. "What do you inspect?" "Puddles," said Duck. "The job title is quite helpful."

They stayed on the safe park path with Goose's grown-up nearby. Duck pointed to the first puddle. "Round, shallow-looking, contains one reflected cloud." Goose drew a circle in the notebook.

The second puddle was long and narrow. It reflected a fence. Duck wrote Wiggly Fence, then remembered that the fence itself was straight. She changed it to Wiggly Reflection.

The third puddle had a leaf floating on it. Duck wanted to know how deep it was, but looking was not enough. She wrote Depth Unknown instead of stepping in.

The Very Serious Puddle Inspector

READ TOGETHER

Goose admired the words. "That sounds extremely official." Duck nodded. "Inspectors must not pretend to know everything." They watched the leaf turn once and settle near the edge.

By lunchtime, the sun had made the smallest puddle smaller. Duck added a second drawing beside the first. Her notebook now showed a change, not just a place.

"Will you inspect tomorrow?" Goose asked. "If there are puddles," Duck replied. "Otherwise, the department may have to investigate clouds." She straightened her cap. It was a very adaptable profession.

LET'S TALK

Which note showed that Duck was careful about what she knew?

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