



Summer Stories

By Enid Blyton

The Adventurous Duck



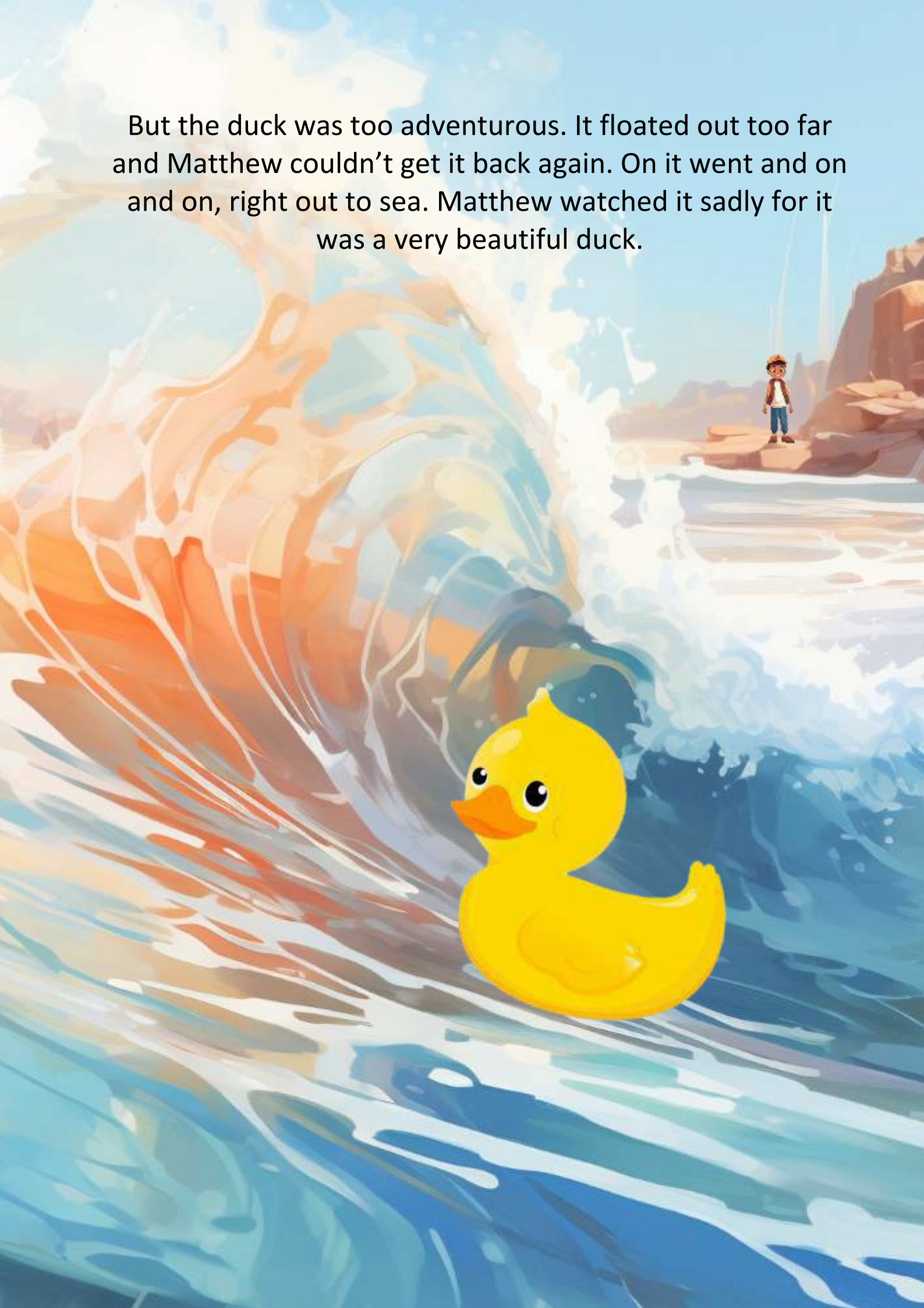
Matthew had a bright new half-crown that his uncle had given him to spend. So, he went to the toyshop on the seafront to buy something with it.



He chose a very fine floating duck, and ran with it down to the sea. It floated beautifully. It bobbed up and down on the waves and looked lovely. All the other boys and girls watched it and thought Matthew was very lucky.



But the duck was too adventurous. It floated out too far and Matthew couldn't get it back again. On it went and on and on, right out to sea. Matthew watched it sadly for it was a very beautiful duck.



Soon, the duck was frightened. It couldn't see Matthew anymore and the sea was very large and deep. Fishes swam about underneath it, and great seagulls sailed overhead.



‘I wish I hadn’t been so adventurous,’ said the duck sadly. ‘I wish I had kept so close to Matthew. Now I shall be lost and never see him again.’



Suddenly, the duck gave a frightened quack and trembled all over its body. A big seagull was swooping nearer and nearer. At last, it pounced on the little floating duck and picked it up in its yellow beak. Then away up in the air it flew, carrying the duck with it.



Higher and higher it went, and the other gulls came flying round to see what their friend held in his beak.

‘Silly! Silly! They cried. ‘It’s nothing to eat. It’s just a toy.’



The gull gave a screech and dropped the duck again. Down it fell, and down and down. Then, far below, it saw a boat full of people. A little girl was in it, and she suddenly saw the falling duck. She held out her hands and caught it just like a ball.



‘Why, it’s a dear little floating duck,’ she cried in astonishment. ‘Oh, I must take it out to tea with me this afternoon.’

So when she was taken back to shore, and trotted off to go tea with her auntie, she took the little duck with her. Her cousin was waiting for her at the gate and she waved to him.



‘Come and look what I’ve got,’ she cried. ‘It’s a dear little floating duck that fell out of a gull’s beak!’

Now who do you suppose her cousin was? Why, it was Matthew! He stared at the duck in surprise for he could see that it was his.



‘Why, that’s the little duck I bought this morning with the half crown your daddy gave me!’ he said. ‘It floated right away and I saw a gull swoop down and pick it up.’



‘And it dropped it into my hands!’ cried the girl. ‘Oh, what an adventure it had, Matthew! Here is it, and I hope it will be a good duck now, and not go off by itself anymore.’



Matthew took it in delight. He thought he had lost it forever. He was pleased, and the girl was pleased, and as for the floating duck, it was so full of joy that it couldn't even quack!





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