

The Floating Log

A STORY BY ARKEDELIC



BUILDING BEAUTIFUL INSIDE

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Splish... splash... slop!

The forest floor was still soggy from last night's rain. Drops slid off broad leaves and landed with plop on the backs of ants marching in line.

Pokes the porcupine trotted along the stream, his quills rustling.

Beside him, Sherry the young bonobo swung low branches and landed with thud, thud on the mud.

"Look!" Sherry pointed. A thick log bobbed lazily in the water, drifting downstream.
"It's our raft!"

"Race you to it!" Pokes squeaked, his nose twitching as he dashed.



“Not so fast, little ones,” came a deep rumble.

Dagger the rhino was grazing nearby.
His horn glistened with rain.

“Don’t run by the stream. It’s slippery—you’ll tumble in.”

Sherry rolled her eyes. “We won’t fall.
You’re just too big to know how quick we are!”

Pokes added cheekily, “Yeah, big feet, slow steps!”
and both burst out giggling.

Dagger shook his head, sending droplets flying,
but said no more.





High above, Bono the bonobo swung through branches, his face breaking into a grin.

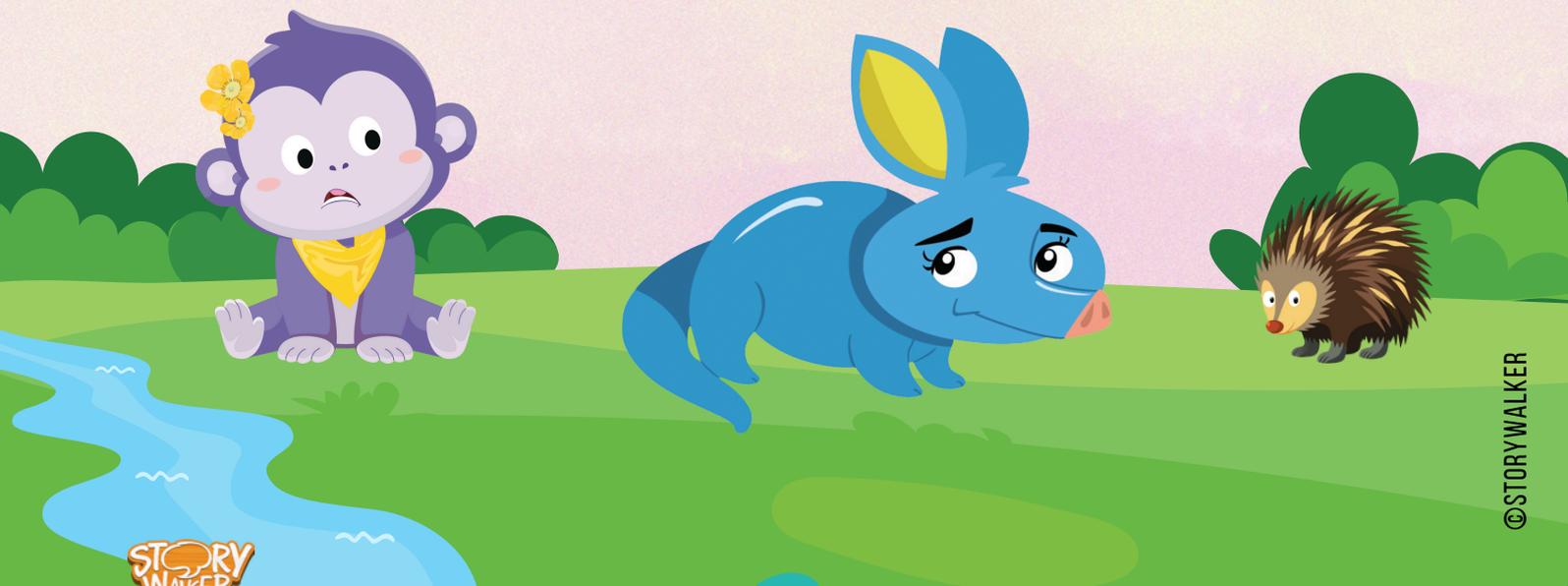
“Sherry! You still haven’t cleared the nut shells you dropped this morning. Your mom will be cross!”

Sherry made a face and hollered back, “Logs don’t wait, shells do!” and she darted forward.

Further along, Alina the aardvark lifted her snout from a mound. “You’re stomping over ant nests! That’s bad for them and for your toes.”

Pokes shouted back, “Ants can swim, right?”

He leapt past, splattering mud. Sherry snorted with laughter, “You tell her, Pokes!”



The log drifted faster, spinning lazily in the current.

With a final sprint, the pair jumped—plonk!—onto its slick back.

“Adventure!” Sherry yelled, spreading her arms wide.

“Captain Pokes reporting!”
Pokes squealed, puffing his chest.

For a moment, it was magic. The stream carried them like riders of the river.

They laughed, swayed, and even tried to balance like acrobats.

But then the log rolled. **Crrrreeeak...**

“Whoa—whoa—whoa!” Sherry wobbled.

“Yaaahhh!” Pokes squealed as the log tipped.



They slammed into each other.

Ouch! Sherry yelled—one of Pokes' quills pricked her arm.

Oof! Pokes grunted—Sherry's foot had kicked his side by accident.

The log spun. Water splashed. Whoooosh!
In seconds, both toppled in.

“Help!” Sherry gasped, flailing.

“I—I can't swim!”

Pokes squeaked, clinging to a slippery bark piece.

The current tugged hard.
The forest seemed to hold its breath.



Then came Splooosh!

A huge shadow cut through the water.

Mumbo the hippo charged in, steady and strong.

With one wide sweep, he nudged the log closer.

With his snout, he pushed Pokes toward the bank.

With his back, he lifted Sherry clear.

“Grab on!” Mumbo bellowed.

The two clung tightly until—slurp, slurp—they scrambled onto dry ground, dripping, shivering, and gasping.



On their walk home, every animal they had brushed off was waiting.

Dagger gave them a silent nod.

Bono swung low, grinning with relief.

Alina sniffed and said,
“At least you didn’t squash all the ants.”

Sherry and Pokes mumbled, “Sorry... sorry... sorry.”
Their voices small but sincere.

Mumbo rumbled kindly, “Sometimes rules feel heavy.
But rules keep you safe. Safe to laugh,
safe to play, safe to go home again.”



By the time Sherry trudged into her nest,
water still dripping from her fur, her mother was waiting.

Piles of nut shells still lay scattered.

Sherry sighed and got to work without a word—
crack, scoop, sweep.

Her mother ruffled her damp head gently.
“Logs, chores, and rules, hmm?
Looks like the stream gave you your lesson today.”

Sherry blushed but smiled.
“Maybe tomorrow I’ll race the log in my dreams,
not in the water.”

Outside, Pokes sneezed so loudly the ants scattered.
And just like that, the forest laughed again.

—THE END—



ACTIVITY

Rules That Keep Us Safe

YOU'LL NEED:

- A sheet of paper or small notebook
- Crayons or markers
- A few minutes of calm conversation

HOW TO DO IT:

1. Sit with your child and ask:
“What are some rules we follow every day?” (Examples: crossing at the signal, not running near water, sharing toys, washing hands, waiting your turn.)
2. For each one they name, ask why it exists. Help them connect every rule to care or safety – not punishment.
 - “We wait our turn – because it keeps play fair.”
 - “We don’t touch plugs – because it keeps us safe.”
 - “We clean up – because it keeps the space ready for everyone.”

ACTIVITY

Rules That Keep Us Safe

3. Let your child draw one rule they understand best and write (or dictate) the reason below it:

“We ___ because ___.”

4. Pin their page somewhere visible and call it their “Kind Rules Chart.”

What it builds:

This activity helps children decode rules as signs of love, protection, and fairness — not control. It transforms obedience into understanding. By putting words and pictures to the “why,” they learn that rules are the floating logs of life — keeping everyone balanced, safe, and able to move forward together.

5 FUN FACTS

About Nature's Floaters – Animals That Glide and Drift



Hippos That Float Like Boats

Hippos may look heavy, but they can float with ease by holding air in their lungs and standing on tiptoe underwater! They walk along the riverbed and rise gently – like slow-moving submarines. Imagine taking a walk underwater without ever needing flippers!

Penguins That Fly Underwater

Penguins can't fly in the air, but they "fly" through water by gliding and floating between strokes. Their feathers trap tiny bubbles that keep them light and help them zoom like arrows beneath the surface. Imagine swimming so fast you leave silver bubbles behind!



Frogs on Leaf Boats

Many small frogs float across ponds by sitting on leaves or bits of bark – just like tiny sailors! Their wide, flat bodies help them balance and stay steady, even in rippling water. Imagine using a single leaf as your canoe!

5 FUN FACTS

About Nature's Floaters – Animals That Glide and Drift



Sea Otters – The Ocean's Nappers

Sea otters float on their backs, holding hands so they don't drift apart while they sleep.

Sometimes they even wrap themselves in seaweed to stay anchored!

Imagine taking a nap while hugging your best friend so you don't float away!

The Portuguese Man o' War – The Floating Colony

Though it looks like one jellyfish, it's actually made up of many tiny living parts working together – one forms the sail, others sting or feed, and some digest food. Its gas-filled "balloon" lets it drift across the ocean, carried by wind and waves.

Imagine a whole team living as one, floating wherever the sea takes them!



The River Rule

Complete the Story

Eli and Nia were racing paper boats down the stream near the park. “First one past the bridge wins!” shouted Eli.

The boats bobbed and twirled through the ripples – until Nia’s boat drifted off the edge toward the deeper part of the river.

“There’s no rule against wading in!” Eli said, stepping closer to the water. But a quiet sign stood nearby: No stepping beyond the rocks. Nia hesitated. “It’s just a little further,” Eli urged, reaching out with a stick. The ground beneath him sank slightly – soft and slippery.

He froze. Nia grabbed his hand, pulling him back just in time. The boat kept drifting, lost to the current. They stared at the rushing water, hearts pounding. “Maybe the sign knew something we didn’t,” Eli whispered.

What happens next?

- Do they find a new way to play that keeps them safe?
- Do they return to tell others why the rule matters?
- Or do they learn that some boundaries aren’t there to stop fun – but to keep adventures from turning into danger?

See you next Monday
with another interesting story!

Got feedback or a suggestion? We would love to hear it!
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