

"GRANDPA'S GARDEN OF FORGOTTEN WORDS"



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

"Where are my eye-spiers?" Grandpa called from the kitchen. Mira giggled. "You mean your glasses, Grandpa?" She found them on his head. Later, Grandpa asked for his sky-hat when rain clouds appeared. "That's an umbrella!" Mira laughed. Doodle barked and wagged his tail. "Where do forgotten words go?" Mira wondered aloud. Grandpa shrugged with a smile. That night, Mira had an idea. She grabbed her red bucket and shovel. "Tomorrow we're going on a word hunt!" she announced. Grandpa's eyes twinkled with curiosity.



In the garden, Mira pushed her shovel into the soft dirt. Doodle dug beside her, dirt flying everywhere. "Found one!" Mira shouted. A tiny sprout appeared where she dug. It grew into a flower shaped like glasses! "Eye-spiers!" the flower giggled. Grandpa clapped his hands. "I remember now — glasses!" They dug again near the rosebush. Up popped an umbrella-shaped flower. "Sky-hat!" it sang. "Umbrella!" Grandpa laughed. Doodle's red collar jingled as he jumped around happily. "This is wonderful!" Grandpa said, hugging Mira tight.



Mira noticed a bare patch of dirt near the old oak tree. "Nothing grows there," Grandpa said quietly. Mira knelt down and began digging carefully. Doodle sniffed the ground. The dirt was harder here, packed tight. Mira dug deeper and deeper. Her arms got tired, but she kept going. Suddenly, her shovel hit something. A huge bud pushed through the soil! It bloomed into a flower shaped like two hands holding each other. "Pumpkin-Bug," the flower whispered softly. Tears filled Grandpa's eyes. "That's my special name for you!"



"You never forgot that word, did you?" Mira asked. Grandpa shook his head, holding her hand. "Never, Pumpkin-Bug. Some words live in our hearts forever." Doodle licked both their faces. They watered all the word flowers together. The next morning, Grandpa scratched his head. "Now where did I put my foot-covers?" Mira's eyes sparkled. "Let's go find them in the garden!" She grabbed her bucket and Doodle raced ahead. Grandpa winked at her. From then on, they had word hunts every week, laughing and digging together.



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