

BENNY & BELLA'S
FIRST WOODLAND ADVENTURE

The Mystery of the Missing Creek

A Kids Nature Academy Story





Deep in the woods, where tall trees whispered in the wind and a little creek danced over smooth stones, lived two young bunnies named Benny and Bella.

Benny liked to notice things.

He noticed when the first wildflower opened in spring. He noticed new footprints in the mud. He even noticed when a spider built a web between two branches.

Bella noticed things too—but usually while she was racing toward them.

“Come on, Benny!” she would call. “We can figure it out when we get there!”



One morning, Bella bounced out of Bunny Hollow and headed straight for the creek. Then she stopped.

“BENNY!”

Benny hurried outside. “What happened?”

Bella pointed. Yesterday, the creek had bubbled and splashed over the rocks. Today, it was almost gone. Only a few puddles remained between the stones.

“Our creek disappeared!” cried Bella.

Benny twitched his nose. “Creeks don't usually disappear overnight.”

Bella's ears stood straight up. “Then we have a mystery!”



The bunnies hopped along the creek bed. The stones were still wet.

“That means water was here recently,” Benny said.

Bella found a small pool where several tiny minnows darted beneath the surface.

“They still have some water,” she said, “but what if that disappears too?”

Now the mystery didn't seem quite so exciting. The creek wasn't just the bunnies' drinking place. Lots of creatures depended on it.

“We have to find out what happened,” said Benny.



Around the next bend they met Freddie Frog.

“Have you seen our creek?” Bella asked.

Freddie blinked.

“I was hoping you had!” Bella continued.

“My favorite pool is getting smaller and smaller,” said Freddie.

“Did you see anything unusual?” Benny asked.

Freddie thought for a moment. “Last night I heard a tremendous CRASH upstream.”

Bella looked at Benny. Benny looked at Bella. “Upstream!” they said together. And off they went.



The farther they traveled, the wilder the woods became.

They hopped over roots. They squeezed beneath ferns. They scrambled around rocks.

Every so often Benny stopped. “Look.”

A tiny stream of water trickled between the stones.

“So the water is still coming from somewhere,” he said.

Bella pointed ahead. “Then let's find out where it's stopping!”

And she bounded away.

“Bella! Wait!” Benny hurried after her.



Soon they met Sammy Squirrel gathering acorns.

“Sammy!” called Bella. “Did you hear a crash last night?”

“Did I ever!” Sammy replied. “It shook my whole tree!”

“Did you see what happened?” Benny asked.

“No. But this morning I saw branches everywhere up that way.” He pointed upstream.

Benny examined the broken twigs scattered across the ground.

Bella grinned. “We're getting closer!”



A few minutes later, Bella suddenly stopped.

“Benny...look!”

Where the narrow creek should have been, there was water everywhere. A brand-new pond stretched between the trees. And across the creek lay a huge fallen tree. Branches, leaves and mud had piled against it.

Water couldn't get through.

Benny's eyes widened. “We found our missing creek!”

Bella stared at the pond. “It isn't missing at all.”

“No,” said Benny. “It's stuck!”



Bella grabbed one of the branches with her teeth. “I'll fix it!”

She pulled.

And pulled.

And PULLED.

The branch didn't move.

Bella tumbled backward into a pile of leaves.

Benny tried not to laugh. “We might need a better plan.”

Bella popped her head out of the leaves. “I was just testing it.”

“Of course you were,” said Benny.



Suddenly... SPLASH!

The bunnies froze.

A brown head appeared in the water. “Hello,” said a voice.

A beaver climbed onto the bank. “My name is Baxter.”

Bella whispered to Benny, “Do you think HE took our creek?”

Baxter heard her. “I didn't take it!” He pointed toward the fallen tree.

“The storm knocked that tree down last night. It blocked the creek.”

Then Baxter looked a little embarrassed. “I may have added a few branches.”



Baxter showed them around.

“Beavers like ponds,” he explained. “Deep water gives us a safe place to swim and build our homes.”

Benny looked around. Dragonflies zipped over the water. A duck had already discovered the new pond.

Bella frowned. “But Freddie Frog needs water downstream. So do the fish. And so do we.”

Baxter nodded. “Then our pond needs to let some water continue down the creek.”

Everyone became quiet.

They needed a solution that would help both parts of the woods.



Baxter knew much more about branches and water than the bunnies did. He moved several smaller branches.

Benny and Bella cleared away loose leaves and twigs.

At first, nothing happened.

Then—

drip...drip...trickle...

A thin stream slipped between the branches.

“It's working!” shouted Bella.

The trickle grew. Water danced over the stones and headed downstream once again.

But plenty of water remained in Baxter's pond.



The bunnies raced downstream beside the returning water.
They watched it fill the little pools between the rocks.
They watched minnows dart into deeper water.

And when they reached Freddie Frog— SPLASH!

Freddie jumped straight into his favorite pool. “You found it!”

“We did,” said Benny.

Bella puffed out her chest. “And I almost moved an entire tree.”

Benny raised one eyebrow. “Almost?”

“Well...I moved several leaves.”



TEAMWORK
MAKES STREAMS
FLOW!
❤️

That afternoon, Benny and Bella sat beside the creek. They had solved their first big woodland mystery. But they had learned something even more important.

The creek wasn't just their creek.

Freddie needed it.

The fish needed it.

Birds and insects needed it.

And Baxter needed his pond.

Everything in the woods was connected.

Bella dipped one paw into the cool water. “I wonder what mystery we'll find tomorrow.”

Benny smiled. “With you around, probably something.”



BUNNY
HOLLOW
→

As the sun began to set, Benny and Bella hopped home.

Behind them, the creek bubbled over the stones once more. Freddie croaked beside his pool. Baxter disappeared beneath the water with a splash. And the woods grew quiet.

But Benny and Bella didn't notice the pair of bright eyes watching them from behind the ferns.

A young fox stepped quietly into the fading sunlight. He looked toward Bunny Hollow. Then he looked toward the darkening woods.

His ears suddenly perked up. He had heard something. Something very strange. But that... would be another mystery.

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