

Click's Everyday Magic

Click and the Very Floaty Afternoon

Book Eight



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BOOK EIGHT

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A little wobble.
A little paddle.
A very floaty afternoon.

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“We’re going swimming!” June told Click.
Click looked down at his slippers.
“I shall need different shoes.”
“And a swimsuit,” June said.



At the pool, Click folded his yellow cardigan.
He lined up both slippers beneath the bench.
His new swim trunks had a drawstring.
He checked the knot twice.



June showed him a yellow swimming ring.
Click studied the little hole in the middle.
“Do they make these
with room for elbows?”



Dad joined them at the shallow steps.
“We’ll take our time,” he said.
Click left the ring on the deck
and eased into the water, holding the edge.



First, Click lifted one foot.
Then he lifted the other.
His toes bobbed up.
“Oh,” he said.
“That is unexpected.”



Dad stayed beside him as he leaned back.
Up came his knees. Up came his middle.
Click's hollow plastic bones were floating.
June grinned. "You're your own floaty!"



“I’ve spent all morning
looking for something floaty,” Click said.
“Apparently, I brought it.”
He drifted gently toward the steps.



Floating was easy. Going somewhere was harder.
June showed him a gentle paddle.
Click tried it—and slowly turned around.
“I seem to have found reverse.”



He tried a little kick.
He tried a little paddle.
Dad moved alongside as June showed the way.
Click reached the same corner again.
“I believe this corner likes me.”



“Let’s try together,” June said.
Slow paddles. Small kicks.
This time, Click moved toward Dad
instead of toward the corner.
“There you are!” Dad said.



Afterward, they sat wrapped in their towels.
Click's cardigan and slippers waited on the bench.

“I can float,” he said,
“but swimming takes practice.”
June nodded. “We can come again.”



“What did you think of swimming?” June asked.

“Lovely,” said Click.

He stretched his toes in the sunshine.

“Although I’m still better at being a boat.”

A LITTLE PRACTICE. A LOT OF FLOAT.



The End

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