

The Secret Garden Path

Genre: Fiction **Reading Level:** 490L

Maya loved exploring her grandmother's backyard. One afternoon, while chasing a butterfly, she noticed something unusual behind the old oak tree. Hidden beneath twisted vines was a small wooden gate she had never seen before.

Her heart racing with excitement, Maya pushed aside the vines and pulled on the rusty handle. The gate creaked open slowly, revealing a narrow path covered with smooth stones. Colorful flowers lined both sides, and the sweet smell of roses filled the air.

"I wonder where this leads," Maya whispered to herself. She walked carefully along the path, ducking under low branches. After a few minutes, she arrived at a small clearing. In the center stood an old fountain with water trickling from the top. Surrounding it were stone benches and more beautiful flowers than she had ever seen in one place.

Maya sat on a bench and smiled. She had discovered her own secret garden, a peaceful place where she could read, think, and dream. She couldn't wait to visit again tomorrow.