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Taylor opened her sleepy eyes and looked out the window at the foggy field below.“NO!” she cried, now fully awake. Buttermilk the cow was in Mama’s daisy patch.

 I must have forgotten to latch the gate last night, Taylor thought as she pulled a sweatshirt over her head. Mama was planning to sell daisy bouquets at the fair next week. But Buttermilk was eating the flowers.

 Taylor hurried outside and grabbed the lead rope hanging on the porch. “Why can’t you stay in the field?” she called to Buttermilk as she headed across the yard to the daisy patch.

Buttermilk stood nipping tender flowers off their stems.

When I grow up, I’ll be an artist and paint pictures all day, Taylor thought. l never own a cow. Too much trouble.

Just as Taylor was about to snap the lead rope onto Buttermilk’s collar, the family dog, Red, rounded the corner of the house. The cow couldn’t stand Red. Buttermilk took off, tearing through the daisies and across the yard. She finally ran through the open gate and into the field.

“Thank goodness!” Taylor said as she closed the gate and secured the latch. She turned to look at the flower garden. Most of the daisies were either eaten or trampled.

Mama came out of the house.“ What’s going on?" she asked. She looked sadly at her garden.

“I forgot to latch the gate,” Taylor said.“I’m so sorry.”

“I know you are.” Mama sighed and gave Taylor a hug.“You learned an important lesson today.”

 Taylor”s heart was heavy as she went back into the house. She had to think of a way to make it up to her mother. A painting on the wall caught Taylor’s eye.“That’s it,” she whispered.

 Taylor raced upstairs. She grabbed her art supplies and sat down at her desk, looking out the window at the remaining daisies below. As her brush moved smoothly across the papers, daisies came alive.

 Taylor made one painting after another. The next morning, Taylor painted more. By the end of the week she had two dozen paintings.

 The morning of the fair, Dad loaded daisy bouquets into the van. “That’s half the number I usually have, but it's still worth taking them, Mama said.

“Mama,” said Taylor, “I have a surprise for you upstairs.”

 Mama smiled.“Really? Let’s see it.” When they reached Taylor’s bedroom, Taylor opened the door. Daisy paintings were everywhere, bright and cheerful in the morning light.

“Wow,” said Mama.

“ Do you think anyone will buy them?” Taylor asked.

 Mama smiled.“Oh, sweetie, yes. ‘I’m sure they will.”