

The Boy and the Garden Birds



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In a small house with a big garden lived a boy named Sam. He had warm light-brown skin, short wavy black hair, and large dark-brown eyes. A few freckles danced across his nose, and he wore a mustard-yellow hoodie and red sneakers. Every morning, Sam sat on the back steps with his worn blue notebook and a pencil, watching the garden wake up.



The garden was full of busy life. Worms wiggled in the soil, butterflies floated over flowers, and birds flitted from branch to branch. Sam didn't need to go anywhere special. He just sat still and watched. His teacher, Mrs. Patel, had told the class, 'Nature is everywhere, if you only look.' Sam looked every single day.



One morning, a plump bird with a bright orange-red breast hopped onto the garden path. It cocked its head and looked right at Sam. 'Hello,' Sam whispered. The bird didn't fly away. It posed on a low branch as if it wanted its picture drawn. Sam opened his blue journal and began to sketch the bold, cheerful robin.



Sam wrote down everything he noticed. The robin's breast was like a tiny sunset. Its back was soft brown, and its dark round eyes were alert. It sang a clear, sweet song. Sam drew the robin with his colored pencils and wrote, 'Robin: orange breast, brown back, sings in the morning.' He smiled at his first page.



The next day, a tiny bird darted into the garden. It had a sky-blue cap, white cheeks, and a yellow underbelly. It hung upside down from a twig, swinging like a little acrobat. Sam laughed. 'You're a blue tit!' he said. He quickly drew the blue cap, the yellow belly, and the black eye stripe. The bird seemed to enjoy the attention.



Sam kept watching and drawing. He learned that the blue tit loved the sunflower seeds and that the robin liked to bathe in the birdbath. Each day, he added new pages to his journal. He wrote their songs in squiggles and dots: 'Tweet-tweet' for the robin, 'Tsee-tsee-tsee' for the blue tit. His journal grew fatter and more colorful.



Sam's little sister asked, 'Why do you watch birds all day?' Sam smiled. 'Because they're always doing something interesting,' he said. 'And I want to remember it.' He showed her the page with the robin. 'See how his breast is like a bright button?' His sister nodded and sat beside him to watch.



Soon Sam knew the birds' habits. The robin came early, before school. The blue tit visited after lunch. Sometimes a blackbird joined them, and once a sparrow. Sam wrote about each one. He drew arrows to show how they flew and circles around their favorite spots. His worn blue notebook was becoming a treasure.



At school, Sam kept his journal in his desk. One day, Mrs. Patel saw him adding a feather to a page. 'What have you got there, Sam?' she asked. Sam showed her the journal. Mrs. Patel's kind eyes widened behind her silver glasses. 'This is wonderful!' she said. 'May I look at it?' Sam nodded proudly.



Mrs. Patel turned the pages slowly. She saw the robin's orange breast, the blue tit's yellow belly, and the careful notes. 'You've made a real bird guide,' she said. 'Would you like to put it in our reading corner? Then everyone can enjoy it.' Sam's heart swelled. 'Yes, please!' he said.



Mrs. Patel placed the blue journal on a special stand in the reading corner. She even added a little sign: 'Sam's Garden Birds.' At first, Sam felt shy. But soon, his classmates crowded around. 'Look at the blue tit!' said one. 'Why does the robin have a red breast?' asked another. Sam answered every question with a smile.



The journal became the most popular book in class. Children took turns reading it during quiet time. They pointed at the drawings and tried to copy the bird songs. Some said, 'I'm going to watch birds in my garden too!' Sam showed everyone that everyday nature deserves attention. 'You don't need to travel far,' he told them. 'The birds are waiting.'



Mrs. Patel invited Sam to share his journal with the whole class. Sam stood up, holding his notebook. He turned to the robin page. 'This is the robin,' he said. 'He's bold and cheerful.' He turned to the blue tit. 'This one hangs upside down.' His classmates clapped. Sam felt quietly proud. His face flushed, but he kept smiling.



After that, Sam's friends started their own nature journals. They drew pigeons, squirrels, and even beetles. Sam helped them identify birds and write down their songs. The reading corner now had a whole shelf of nature books, all made by the children. Sam's blue journal sat right in the middle, worn and loved.



Sam still sits on the back steps every morning. The robin still comes, and the blue tit still hangs upside down. But now, Sam has more company. Sometimes a classmate joins him, notebook in hand. They watch quietly and write. Sam learned that sharing what you love makes it even better. And the garden birds seem to sing a little louder.



So if you ever think you need to go far to find something wonderful, remember Sam and his garden birds. Look outside your window. Listen for a tweet or a flutter. Pick up a pencil and a notebook. The birds in your own garden are waiting to be noticed and enjoyed. Everyday nature deserves your attention, too.