

The Boy and the Little Seal



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On a bright Saturday morning, the boy zipped up his yellow raincoat and pulled on his red rubber boots. He grabbed his canvas satchel, filled with his sketchbook and pencils, and ran down to the beach near his home. The ocean sparkled under the sun, and the salty wind ruffled his curly black hair as he searched for treasures along the shore.



Suddenly, he spotted something small and silver-grey near the rocks. It was a little seal, plump and round like a big cat, with huge black eyes and long white whiskers. The seal blinked at him and gave a tiny sneeze. The boy knelt down slowly, his dark-brown eyes wide with wonder. "Hello, little one," he whispered. "Are you lost?"



The boy remembered his sketchbook and quickly drew the seal's soft speckled fur and wet button nose. His freckles bunched up as he smiled. Just then, a tall woman in an olive-green ranger uniform walked over. She wore a wide-brimmed hat and carried a clipboard and binoculars. "I'm a park guide," she said warmly. "I see you've met our little friend."



"Is the seal okay?" the boy asked, his gap-toothed smile fading with worry. The guide knelt beside him. "This baby seal is resting," she explained. "Seals need to nap on the beach to stay warm and safe. People sometimes get too close and scare them back into the water before they're ready. That's why we have to protect them."



The boy nodded, his curly black hair bouncing. "How can I help?" he asked. The guide pointed to the sand around them. "First, keep your distance. Watch quietly from far away. Second, never feed a seal. And third, keep the beach clean so no one gets tangled in trash. Every little bit helps." The boy listened carefully, his dark-brown eyes serious.



The boy looked at the little seal, then at the wide, bright blue ocean. "So the ocean is its real home," he said softly. "Yes," the guide smiled. "The beach is like a resting spot on a long journey. If we keep it safe, the seal can swim freely and come back to rest whenever it needs to." The boy thought about that for a moment, then his face lit up.



"I have an idea!" he exclaimed, pulling out his sketchbook. "I can make a guide for visitors—a picture guide with simple tips!" The park guide clapped her hands. "That's a wonderful idea," she said. "People listen better when they can see what to do." The boy's freckled nose wrinkled with excitement as he started to plan his pages.



Back at home, the boy spread his sketches across the kitchen table. He drew the little seal with its big black eyes and white whiskers. Then he drew a big red circle with a line through it over a hand reaching toward the seal. Underneath, he wrote in his neatest letters: "Watch from a distance. Give seals space to rest."



Next, he drew a picture of a recycle bin and a hand picking up litter. "Keep the beach clean," he wrote. "Trash can hurt seals and other ocean animals." He added a drawing of a family watching quietly from behind a rope, with a big smile on the seal's face. His satchel hung on the chair, now full of colorful pencils and finished pages.



The boy brought his finished guide to the park guide. She looked through the pages, her amber eyes shining. "This is perfect!" she said. "Can we put copies along the beach?" Together, they placed his guide on wooden posts near the shore. The boy's heart swelled with pride as he watched people stop to read his tips and smile.



Soon, visitors began to follow the boy's guide. They watched the little seal from a distance, keeping their voices low. They picked up litter and put it in the bins. The beach grew cleaner and quieter, and the little seal rested peacefully on the warm sand. The boy visited every day, sketching the seal and smiling at how happy it looked.



One afternoon, the little seal waddled to the water's edge, its silver-grey fur shining in the sun. It looked back at the boy with its big black eyes, gave a playful flick of its tail, and dove into the bright blue ocean. The boy waved. "Swim free, little friend!" he called. The seal popped up one last time, then disappeared beneath the waves.



The park guide came to stand beside the boy. "You made a real difference," she said. "Your guide taught everyone how to protect seals and keep their beach safe." The boy grinned, his gap-toothed smile wide. "I couldn't have done it without your help," he said. "And the little seal taught me that the ocean is its home—we just get to share the shore."



From that day on, the boy kept his illustrated guide posted at the beach. He added new drawings whenever he learned something new. Visitors often stopped to thank him. "Your guide helped us understand," they said. The boy felt proud, but most of all, he felt happy knowing the little seal and its ocean home were safe and clean.



The boy still visits the beach every week with his sketchbook. Sometimes he sees the little seal swimming in the bright blue water, its sleek body gliding through the waves. He sits quietly on the sand, far away, and draws. The seal seems to know him—it often lifts its head and gives a little nod before diving back into the deep.



And every time the boy sees a new visitor reading his guide, he smiles. He knows that one small boy with a sketchbook and a big idea can help protect a whole beach. The little seal swims freely, the ocean stays bright and blue, and the shore remains a safe, happy place for everyone—seals and people alike.