

The Boy and the Little Frog



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Every morning, the boy walked to the pond near his home. He wore his red bucket hat and bright yellow rain boots. His blue T-shirt had a frog print on it. He carried a small notebook in his pocket. He loved to watch the frogs. The pond was his favorite place. He came every day, rain or shine.



The boy had light brown skin and messy black hair. Freckles dotted his nose, and a small gap showed when he smiled. He was patient and kind. He sat very still by the water. He wrote in his notebook with a pencil. He drew the frogs and counted them. He knew every frog by its spots.



One frog was tiny, about the size of a thumb. It had bright green skin and big golden eyes. Its belly was pale yellow. It had long, springy back legs and small dark spots. The boy called it Little Frog. Little Frog was shy but curious. It peeked at the boy from behind a leaf. The boy waited quietly.



The boy came every day to watch Little Frog. He saw it swim and hop. He saw it hide under lily pads. He saw it catch bugs with its long tongue. He wrote everything in his notebook. "Frogs need clean water," he wrote. "They need plants to hide in. They need bugs to eat." He drew a picture of Little Frog.



One morning, the boy saw something wrong. The water looked cloudy and gray. There was trash floating near the edge. A plastic bag, a can, and paper wrappers. The frogs seemed worried. They swam in small circles. Little Frog hid under a rock. The boy felt sad. "What happened?" he whispered. "This is not good."



The boy walked around the pond. He saw more trash on the banks. He saw fewer lily pads. The frogs had fewer places to swim and hide. They seemed to have less space. The boy opened his notebook. He wrote, "The pond is getting dirty. The frogs need help." He looked at Little Frog. "I will help you," he said.



The boy went to his neighbor, Mrs. Lee. She was short and round, with silver hair in a neat bun. Her round glasses hung on a chain. She wore a lavender cardigan and a long floral skirt. She was friendly and wise. "Mrs. Lee," the boy said, "the pond is dirty, and the frogs are sad. Can you help?" Mrs. Lee smiled. "Of course," she said.



Mrs. Lee listened carefully. She looked at the boy's notebook. "You are right," she said. "Frogs need clean water to live and grow. We can help. Let's make signs to teach people." The boy's eyes lit up. "Signs?" he asked. "Yes," said Mrs. Lee. "Colorful signs that tell everyone to keep the pond clean. We can put them around the pond."



The boy and Mrs. Lee gathered supplies. They found cardboard, paint, and brushes. The boy painted a big green frog with golden eyes. He wrote, "Keep the pond clean! Frogs live here!" Mrs. Lee painted a blue pond with lily pads. She wrote, "Please take your trash home." They made five colorful signs. Each sign had a picture and a message.



The boy and Mrs. Lee put the signs around the pond. They stuck them in the ground with wooden sticks. The signs were bright and cheerful. People stopped to read them. Some people nodded. Some people smiled. The boy felt proud. He hoped the signs would help. He hoped the pond would get clean again.



The next day, something wonderful happened. Neighbors came to the pond. They brought gloves and bags. They picked up the trash. Mrs. Lee organized everyone. "Thank you for helping," she said. The boy joined in. He picked up a plastic bag. He put it in a trash bag. Everyone worked together. The pond began to look better.



After the trash was gone, the neighbors cleaned the water. They removed the dirty leaves and added fresh water. They planted new lily pads. The boy watched the frogs. They seemed to swim more freely. Little Frog hopped onto a lily pad. It looked at the boy with its big golden eyes. The boy smiled. "You're welcome," he whispered.



Weeks passed, and the pond changed. The water became clear and clean. The lily pads grew thick and green. The frogs had many places to swim and hide. Little Frog grew a little bigger. It had a family now. The boy saw tiny tadpoles in the water. He wrote in his notebook, "The pond is healthy again. The frogs are happy."



The boy kept watching the frogs. He kept writing in his notebook. He learned that frogs need clean water to live and grow. He learned that signs can teach people. He learned that neighbors can help. Mrs. Lee brought him a new notebook. "You are a good friend to the frogs," she said. The boy smiled, showing his gap-toothed grin.



Sometimes, visitors came to the pond. They saw the signs and learned about the frogs. They remembered to take their trash home. The boy became known as the frog helper. He didn't mind. He was happy. Little Frog was happy too. The pond was a happy home for all the frogs.



The boy still visits the pond every day. He wears his red bucket hat and yellow rain boots. He carries his notebook. He sits quietly and watches. Little Frog still peeks from behind a leaf. The pond is clean and full of life. The boy knows that even small hands can make a big difference. And that makes him smile.