

The Boy and the Little Dragonfly



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Boy and the Little Dragonfly

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



On a bright Saturday morning, Sam pulled on his mustard-yellow rain boots and grabbed his canvas satchel. He loved exploring, and today he was heading to the pond at the edge of the wetlands. His notebook and pencil were tucked inside, ready for new discoveries. The air smelled fresh and muddy, and birds called from the reeds. Sam smiled his quick, curious smile and walked down the grassy path.



At the pond, the water sparkled like a mirror. Sam sat on a smooth rock and opened his notebook. Suddenly, a tiny dragonfly zipped past his nose and hovered right in front of him. Its body was turquoise and blue, and its four wings shimmered in the sunlight. "Hello, little friend," Sam whispered. The dragonfly's big green eyes seemed to twinkle back at him.



"Follow me!" the dragonfly seemed to say as it darted over the water. Sam jumped up and followed along the muddy edge. The dragonfly led him to a patch of reeds where tiny eggs clung to a leaf. "These are my eggs," the dragonfly buzzed. "I started as a tiny egg, no bigger than a dot!" Sam quickly sketched the eggs in his notebook.



The dragonfly flew to a shallow spot and pointed with its tail. "When I hatched, I was a nymph," it said. "I lived underwater and had no wings at all." Sam peered into the water and saw a little brown creature crawling on the bottom. "I ate tiny water bugs and hid from fish," the dragonfly added. Sam drew the nymph with careful strokes.



"I stayed a nymph for many months," the dragonfly explained. "I shed my skin many times as I grew bigger." Sam watched a nymph climb up a reed and cling there. "Then one day, I crawled out of the water and my skin split open," said the dragonfly. Sam's eyes grew wide. "What came out?" he asked.



"I came out with crumpled wings," the dragonfly said, hovering proudly. "I rested until they dried and became strong and shiny." Sam imagined the little dragonfly emerging, its new wings glistening. "That's amazing!" he breathed. He drew the dragonfly with its wings spread wide, just as it looked now. The dragonfly zipped in a happy loop.



The dragonfly led Sam deeper into the wetlands. "Look!" it buzzed, pointing with a wing. A frog sat on a lily pad, croaking a low song. "Frogs start as eggs too," the dragonfly said. "They become tadpoles, then frogs." Sam sketched the frog and wrote "starts as an egg" in his notebook. The wetlands were full of life!



Next, the dragonfly showed Sam a snail gliding slowly on a stem. "Snails lay eggs in the mud," it said. Sam watched the snail's tiny feelers wave. He drew the snail with its spiral shell. "The wetlands are like a big nursery," Sam said. "So many creatures start small here!" The dragonfly nodded, its green eyes shining.



Sam spotted a water beetle swimming in circles. "Beetles lay eggs too," the dragonfly told him. "Their babies are called larvae." Sam added the beetle to his notebook, labeling its six legs. He was filling pages with sketches and notes. "I want to remember everything," he said. The dragonfly hovered beside him, patient and friendly.



The sun climbed higher, and Sam's stomach rumbled. He sat on a log and shared his snack with the dragonfly—well, the dragonfly didn't eat, but it kept him company. "You're a great guide," Sam said. "I never knew wetlands were so busy!" The dragonfly did a little dance in the air, its wings catching the light.



Suddenly, Sam realized he had forgotten to draw the most important part: the dragonfly's life cycle as a whole. "I need to put it all together," he said. He turned to a fresh page and drew four small pictures: egg, nymph, emerging dragonfly, and adult. The dragonfly hovered over the page, watching. "That's me!" it seemed to say.



Sam added arrows between the pictures and wrote simple labels. "Egg, nymph, wings dry, adult," he read aloud. The dragonfly zipped around his head, happy. "You've made a life cycle guide!" it buzzed. Sam beamed. He drew a tiny pond at the bottom and added the frog, snail, and beetle too. His guide was coming together.



Sam closed his notebook and looked at the pond. "I want to share this with everyone," he said. "Can I call it 'Sam's Pond Guide'?" The dragonfly hovered in front of him and dipped its head, as if saying yes. Sam carefully wrote the title on the cover. He couldn't wait to show his family and friends.



Before leaving, Sam thanked the little dragonfly. "You taught me so much," he said. "Wetlands are full of wonder!" The dragonfly zipped in a circle and then hovered close, as if giving a hug. "Come back soon," it seemed to say. Sam promised he would. He tucked his notebook safely into his satchel.



That evening, Sam showed his pond guide to his family. He told them about the dragonfly's amazing life cycle and all the creatures he had seen. "Wetlands support remarkable creatures," he said. His parents smiled proudly. Sam knew he would visit the pond again—and maybe add more pages to his guide.



Sam fell asleep dreaming of shimmering wings and busy ponds. He had learned that even the smallest creatures have incredible stories. With his notebook by his bed, he felt like a real explorer. And somewhere in the wetlands, a little dragonfly zipped over the water, waiting for its friend to return.