

The Boy and the Frog



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On a bright Saturday morning, the boy pulled on his yellow rain boots. He wore his favorite green t-shirt with a frog print and packed his red backpack. He loved exploring the path behind his house. Today, something new was waiting for him. He heard a splash and a happy croak.



The boy followed the sound to a small pond. Lily pads floated on the water, and dragonflies zipped around. Then he saw them: frogs! One big frog sat on a rock, its bright green skin covered in dark spots. Its golden eyes blinked at him. The boy grinned, showing the small gap between his front teeth.



The frog leaped into the water with a splash. It swam to a lily pad and sang a deep, happy song. The boy sat on the grass, watching the frogs splash and sing. He came back every day after school. He loved the pond and its noisy, jumpy neighbors. The frogs made him feel happy inside.



One afternoon, the boy noticed something wrong. A plastic bag floated near the lily pads, and a soda can bobbed in the water. The pond looked dirty and sad. The boy frowned. His freckles bunched up on his nose. He wondered if the frogs were okay. He wanted to help them.



At school, the boy told his class about the frogs and the dirty pond. His friend Maya raised her hand. She had black hair in two puffy buns and a wide gap-toothed grin. "We can clean it up!" she said. "We can make a pond-protection project!" The other kids nodded. They all wanted to help.



Mrs. Lee, their teacher, smiled warmly. She wore her olive-green cardigan and round glasses. "That's a wonderful idea," she said. "Clean water helps wildlife. Let's make a plan." She taught them how litter and dirty water can hurt frogs and other animals. The children listened carefully. They were ready to take action.



The next Saturday, the class met at the pond. Maya handed out gardening gloves and big bags for the trash. The boy pulled on his yellow rain boots and grabbed a bag. Everyone spread out around the pond. They picked up cans, wrappers, and bottles. The work was hard, but they laughed and helped each other.



The boy found a plastic bottle stuck in the mud. He tugged and pulled until it popped free. Maya held the bag open, and he dropped it in. "Good job!" she said. Mrs. Lee blew her whistle. "Time for a water break!" The children sat on the grass, drinking from reusable bottles. The pond already looked a little better.



After the break, they used nets to scoop out floating leaves and more trash. The boy spotted a frog watching from a rock. Its golden eyes seemed to say thank you. The boy waved at it. "We're helping you," he whispered. The frog croaked and splashed into the water. The boy laughed. He felt proud of his team.



By the end of the day, the children had filled six big bags with trash. The pond looked cleaner, but the water was still cloudy. Mrs. Lee said, "We need to keep the water clear. We can plant grasses along the edge to filter the dirt." The children nodded. They wanted the pond to be fresh and bright again.



The next week, the class returned with small plants and shovels. They planted soft grasses around the pond's edge. Maya showed everyone how to pat the soil down gently. The boy dug a hole and placed a plant carefully. "Grow big and strong," he told it. Mrs. Lee smiled. "These plants will help keep the water clean."



Weeks passed, and the pond changed. The water sparkled in the sun. The grasses grew tall and green. One day, the boy saw the frog again. It sat on a lily pad, its bright green skin shining. It sang its deep, happy song. The boy grinned. The frog looked healthy and happy. The pond was a safe home again.



The boy learned something important. Clean water helps wildlife. Even kids can protect nature. He told his mom and dad about the pond project. They were proud of him. The boy kept his yellow rain boots by the door. He was ready for the next adventure. He knew that small hands can make a big difference.



The frogs splashed and sang all summer long. The boy visited the pond every day. Sometimes Maya came too. They sat on the grass and watched the frogs leap from pad to pad. "We did a good job," Maya said. The boy nodded. He felt happy. The pond was fresh and bright, and the frogs had a safe home.



Mrs. Lee brought the class back to the pond for a picnic. They ate sandwiches and watched the dragonflies. The boy saw the frog watching them from a rock. It seemed to smile with its wide mouth. The boy smiled back. He knew the frogs were safe because his class worked together. Teamwork made the pond a better place.



The boy still wears his green frog t-shirt. He still wears his yellow rain boots. But now he knows that every kid can help protect nature. He tells his friends, "Even a small pond needs clean water. And even a small kid can help." The frogs sing their happy song, and the boy knows he made a difference.