The Boy and the Farm Ducks
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On a bright sunny morning, Oliver pulled on his yellow rubber boots and set off across the farm. His straw hat with the red band bounced as he walked. He carried a small bucket of duck food. Today, he was going to visit his favorite friends: the ducks at the pond. He could already hear them quacking in the distance.

Oliver reached the pond and smiled. There was Mabel, the mother duck, with her white feathers and bright orange bill. She wore a little red ribbon around her neck. Behind her swam Pip, the fluffy yellow duckling. Pip paddled in circles, splashing water everywhere. The ducks quacked happily when they saw Oliver coming with their breakfast.

Oliver scattered the food on the grass, and the ducks waddled over quickly. Pip gobbled his share, then looked up at Oliver with dark, round eyes. "Quack!" said Pip, as if to say thank you. Mabel gave a gentle nod. Oliver felt proud that the ducks trusted him. He liked taking care of them every single day.

But one morning, Oliver noticed something wrong. The pond water looked murky and green. Leaves and twigs floated on top, and the ducks didn't want to swim. Mabel stood at the edge, looking worried. Pip stayed close to her, not splashing at all. Oliver knew something had to be done. The ducks needed clean water to be healthy.

Oliver fetched a rake and a big net. He pulled out the leaves and twigs from the pond. He scooped up the slimy green weeds. It was hard work, and his arms grew tired, but he kept going. Mabel watched him closely and gave a soft quack of encouragement. Pip waddled beside Oliver, curious about what he was doing.

After hours of cleaning, the water started to look clearer. Oliver smiled as he saw the bottom of the pond again. He opened a small pipe that let fresh water flow in from the stream. The pond began to sparkle in the sunlight. Mabel dipped her bill into the water and drank. She quacked with delight. Pip jumped in with a happy splash.

The ducks swam and splashed in the fresh, clean water. Pip paddled in circles, diving and popping up again. Mabel floated calmly, her white feathers gleaming. Oliver sat on the bank, watching them play. He felt good inside. He knew that clean water was important for keeping his ducks healthy and strong.

But Oliver noticed another problem. When the sun went down, the ducks had no place to rest. They huddled under a bush, shivering in the cool night air. Oliver frowned. Ducks need a safe shelter to keep warm and dry. He decided to build them a cozy home. "Don't worry," he told Mabel. "I'll make you a nice shelter."

The next day, Oliver gathered wood, straw, and a few tools. He found a spot near the pond, under a big tree. He hammered and sawed and nailed, working carefully. Mabel and Pip watched from a distance, their heads tilted. Oliver wiped his brow and kept building. He wanted the shelter to be just right for his feathered friends.

After a lot of hard work, the shelter was finished. It had a slanted roof to keep out the rain and soft straw on the floor. Oliver stepped back to look. It wasn't perfect, but it was sturdy and warm. He called the ducks over. Mabel waddled inside first, then Pip. They nestled into the straw and quacked softly. Oliver beamed with pride.

From that day on, Oliver visited the pond every morning and every evening. He checked that the water was clean and fresh. He made sure the shelter was dry and cozy. He fed the ducks and watched them swim. Mabel and Pip were always happy to see him. Pip followed Oliver around, quacking and flapping his little wings.

The ducks grew healthy and strong. Their feathers were shiny, and their quacks were loud and cheerful. Mabel led the flock to the clean pond each day. Pip splashed and played with the other ducklings. Oliver felt proud of his hard work. He had learned that clean water and a safe shelter keep animals healthy and happy.

Oliver's family and friends noticed how well the ducks were doing. They asked him how he did it. Oliver explained that ducks need clean water to drink and swim in, and a safe shelter to rest. "It's not hard," he said. "You just have to care." Mabel quacked in agreement, and Pip bobbed his fluffy tail. Everyone smiled at the happy ducks.

Oliver kept up his good work all through the seasons. In summer, he made sure the pond didn't dry up. In winter, he added extra straw to the shelter to keep the ducks warm. Mabel and Pip trusted him completely. They knew that Oliver would always take care of them. And Oliver knew that his ducks would always be his friends.

One sunny afternoon, Oliver sat by the pond with Mabel and Pip. The water sparkled, and the shelter stood strong. "You're the best ducks in the world," Oliver said. Mabel quacked softly, and Pip nuzzled his hand. Oliver felt a warm glow in his heart. He had helped his feathered friends stay healthy and happy, and that made him truly proud.

As the sun set, Oliver walked back to the farmhouse. Behind him, the ducks quacked happily in their clean pond. They had fresh water to swim in and a cozy shelter to sleep in. Oliver knew that clean habitats support healthy animals. And he knew that taking care of others is one of the best feelings in the world. The end.