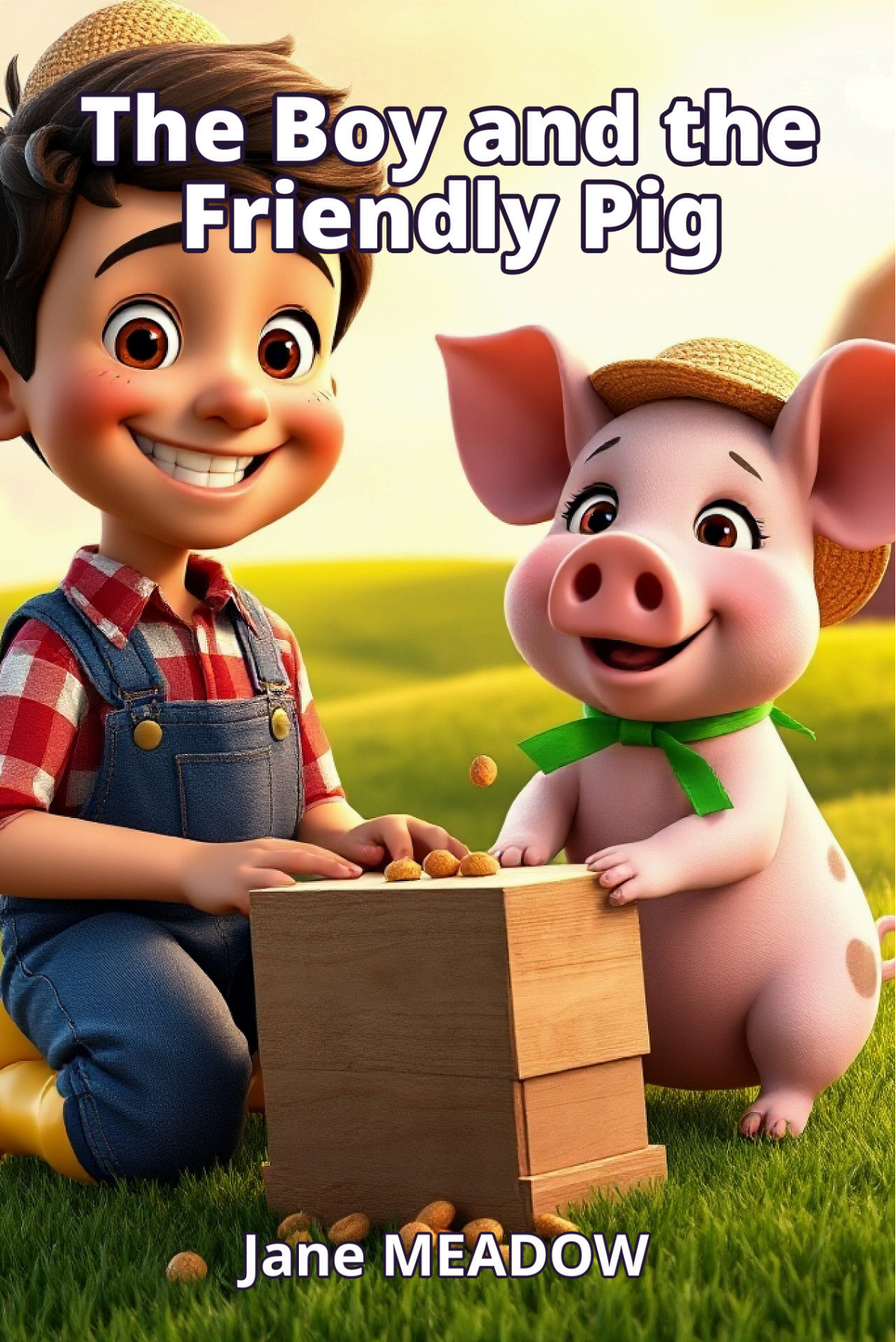


The Boy and the Friendly Pig



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Charlie lived on a farm with rolling green hills and a big red barn. He was eight years old, with light brown skin, freckles across his nose, and a gap-toothed grin. He wore blue denim overalls and a straw hat to keep the sun off. Every morning, Charlie fed the chickens and collected eggs, humming a happy tune. He loved all the animals, but he didn't yet know that one of them would become his very best friend.



One sunny afternoon, Charlie heard a soft oink near the pigpen. A plump pink pig with darker pink patches and floppy ears looked up at him. Around her neck was a bright green ribbon, tied in a neat bow. Her curly tail wiggled with excitement. "Hello, pig," Charlie said. The pig twitched her snout and oinked again, as if she was trying to say hello back. Charlie giggled and knelt down to meet her.



Charlie's mom told him the pig's name was Rosie. "She's very clever," Mom said. "She can open gates and find hidden treats." Charlie's hazel eyes widened. He watched Rosie sniff around her pen, her snout twitching when she thought. She nudged a small rock and found a fallen apple underneath. "Wow!" Charlie whispered. He decided right then that he would make friends with this amazing pig and learn all about her.



The next morning, Charlie brought Rosie a wooden box with holes drilled in the sides. Inside were apple slices. "This is a safe puzzle feeder," he explained. Rosie sniffed the box, her dark eyes shining. She pushed it with her snout, turned it over, and rolled it gently. Apple slices tumbled out! Rosie oinked happily and gobbled them up. Charlie laughed. "You're a natural!" he said. And so their daily puzzle time began.



Each day, Charlie made the puzzles trickier. He built a feeder with a sliding lid and another with flaps that needed lifting. Rosie tackled each one with great focus, her snout twitching as she worked. She never gave up, and she never got stuck for long. Charlie watched in amazement. "How do you figure these out?" he asked. Rosie just oinked and nudged the feeder again, eager for the treat inside.



Charlie noticed something surprising. When he gave Rosie the same puzzle a second time, she solved it much faster. She seemed to remember every twist and turn. "You have a great memory!" Charlie said. He started keeping a chart of all the puzzles Rosie had solved, hanging it on the barn wall with a pencil. Rosie would stand beside it, her green ribbon bright in the sun, as if she was proud of her achievements.



One afternoon, Charlie built a puzzle with a hidden lever and a tiny door. It was the hardest one yet. Rosie sniffed it carefully, her floppy ears flopping. She pushed, nudged, and rolled it. Then she paused, her snout twitching. Charlie held his breath. Suddenly, Rosie lifted the lever with her snout and the door popped open! Treats spilled out. "You did it!" Charlie cheered. Rosie oinked and did a little happy dance.



Word spread around the farm about the clever pig and her puzzles. The farmer's children came to watch, and even the old sheepdog wagged his tail. Charlie felt proud of his friend. He made sure every puzzle was safe, with no sharp edges or small pieces. Rosie trusted him completely. Together, they showed everyone that pigs are smart, curious, and full of surprises.



As days turned into weeks, Charlie noticed more about Rosie. She loved being scratched behind her ears. She grunted softly when she was happy. She remembered not just puzzles, but also which gate led to the tastiest clover. "You're not just smart," Charlie told her. "You're full of personality!" Rosie oinked in agreement and leaned against his leg. Charlie realized that every animal on the farm had its own special way of being.



Charlie started watching the other animals too. The chickens had favorite dust-bathing spots. The cow liked a particular patch of grass. The horse always neighed at the same time each morning. But Rosie was still his favorite puzzle partner. Every day after chores, Charlie would say, "Puzzle time, Rosie!" and she would come running, her curly tail bouncing. Their friendship grew stronger with every solved puzzle.



One day, Charlie built the trickiest puzzle ever. It had three steps: a latch, a twist, and a pull. Rosie studied it for a long time. She pushed the latch, twisted the knob, and pulled the handle. Out came a carrot! But then Charlie tried it himself and got stuck. "How did you do that?" he asked. Rosie just oinked and nudged him playfully. Charlie laughed. "You're the puzzle master!" he said.



That evening, Charlie sat in the barn with Rosie. He looked at his chart of all the puzzles she had solved. "You remember every single one," he said. "You're amazing." Rosie rested her chin on his knee and sighed happily. Charlie felt warm inside. He knew that Rosie wasn't just a pig; she was his friend. And he learned that friendship is about noticing what makes each other special.



From that day on, Charlie made puzzles that were even more challenging, but always safe. Rosie solved them all, sometimes in seconds. She remembered every solution and seemed to anticipate the next step. Charlie was amazed by her memory. He told everyone, "Pigs are smart! Rosie remembers everything!" And Rosie would twitch her snout and oink, as if to say, "Of course I do!"



Charlie's mom made a little book about Rosie's puzzles. She drew pictures of each one and wrote down how Rosie solved it. Charlie added his own notes. "Rosie remembered the flap puzzle in two seconds!" he wrote. The book became a farm treasure. Visitors loved reading about the clever pig with the green ribbon. Rosie would sit beside the book, her dark eyes shining, as if she knew she was a star.



As the seasons changed, Charlie and Rosie's friendship grew deeper. They spent hours together, solving puzzles and sharing snacks. Charlie learned that every farm animal has its own special personality. The chickens were silly, the cow was gentle, and Rosie was clever and curious. "You're one of a kind," Charlie told her. Rosie oinked and licked his hand. Charlie knew he would never forget his best friend, the friendly pig.



And so, on the farm with rolling green hills, Charlie and Rosie continued their puzzle adventures. Each day brought new challenges and new discoveries. Charlie learned that pigs are smart, curious, and full of surprises. And Rosie learned that she had a friend who believed in her. Their friendship showed that when you take time to notice, you find friends in the most unexpected places, each with their own special spark.