

# The Boy and the Duck

A 3D animated scene featuring a young boy with dark skin and curly black hair, wearing a green cap, a red t-shirt, and blue denim overalls. He is sitting on the grass, holding a yellow rubber boot. Next to him is a small, fluffy white duck with brown spots, wearing a blue bow around its neck. The duck is standing on its orange feet near a small pond. The background is a soft-focus green field with a blurred figure of another person in the distance.

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Oliver stepped off the bus and into the sunshine. He wore his red shirt, blue overalls, and yellow rubber boots. A green sun hat shaded his curly black hair. Before him stretched Green Meadow Farm Sanctuary, full of animal sounds and fresh air. Farmer May waved from the gate, her straw hat bobbing. "Welcome, Oliver! Ready to meet some ducks?"



Farmer May led Oliver past a barn and a garden. Her brown apron was dusty, and her boots were caked with mud. "Animals need three things," she said. "Clean water, safe shelter, and friendship." Oliver nodded, his brown eyes wide. He wanted to help. They walked toward a pond at the edge of the field, where ducks were splashing and quacking.



The duck pond sparkled in the sun, but Oliver noticed something. The water looked a little murky, and some old leaves floated on top. "Ducks need clean water to swim and stay healthy," said Farmer May. "We clean the pond every week." Just then, a small duck with speckled brown and white feathers waddled up. It had a bright orange beak and a thin blue ribbon around its neck.



"That's Pickles," Farmer May laughed. "She's the nosiest duck on the farm." Pickles tilted her head and looked right at Oliver. Then she quacked and waddled closer. Oliver crouched down. "Hi, Pickles," he said. Pickles nibbled his bootlace gently. Oliver giggled. "I think she likes me!" Farmer May smiled. "She follows anyone who might have a treat."



Farmer May handed Oliver a small net and a bucket. "Let's start by scooping out the leaves," she said. Oliver waded into the shallow edge of the pond. His yellow boots squelched in the mud. Pickles followed right behind him, quacking softly. Oliver scooped up leaves and old twigs. It was hard work, but he didn't mind. Pickles watched every move.



After a while, Oliver's arms felt tired. "This is a lot of work," he said. Farmer May nodded. "Caring for animals takes real responsibility. It's not just playing with them. It's keeping them healthy and happy." Oliver thought about that. He looked at the ducks swimming in the murky water. He wanted them to have a clean, happy home.



Oliver worked all morning. He scooped leaves and stirred the water with a long stick. Pickles stayed close, sometimes swimming in circles around his boots. "You're a good helper, Pickles," Oliver said. The other ducks began to gather too. They quacked and splashed, as if they were saying thank you. Oliver felt a warm, proud feeling in his chest.



At lunchtime, Farmer May brought sandwiches and lemonade. Oliver sat on a grassy bank, and Pickles sat right beside him. "Ducks need safe shelter too," Farmer May said, pointing to a wooden duck house. "At night, they go inside where foxes can't reach them." Oliver looked at the sturdy little house. "I'll make sure the door is closed tight," he said.



After lunch, Oliver helped Farmer May fix a small fence around the duck house. He carried twigs and held the hammer while she nailed. Pickles waddled around their feet, curious about everything. "You're a big help, Oliver," Farmer May said. "Many hands make light work." Oliver smiled, showing the little gap between his front teeth. He liked being useful.



The sun began to sink lower. The pond looked much cleaner now. Oliver stood back and admired it. "It looks so much better!" he said. Farmer May nodded. "Clean water makes happy ducks." As if to prove it, Pickles splashed happily in the clear water, flapping her slightly tilted wing feather. Oliver laughed. "I think she's saying thank you!"



Then Farmer May said something that made Oliver stop and think. "You've done a wonderful job today, Oliver. But the pond will get dirty again. The ducks need care every day, not just once." Oliver looked at Pickles, who was now nibbling a water plant. He thought about how much he enjoyed helping. "I want to come back," he said. "Every day if I can."



"That's the spirit," Farmer May said. "Responsibility means showing up, even when it's hard work." Oliver nodded. He understood now. Caring for animals wasn't just about playing with them. It was about keeping them safe, clean, and happy. And it felt good to do something important. Pickles quacked loudly, as if she agreed.



As the afternoon went on, Oliver and Pickles became inseparable. Wherever Oliver went, Pickles followed. When he filled the water trough, Pickles splashed beside him. When he gathered fallen leaves, Pickles waddled behind. "You've made a friend for life," Farmer May said. Oliver beamed. He had never had a duck friend before. Pickles was special.



When it was time to go home, Oliver knelt down to say goodbye. Pickles looked up at him with her glossy black eyes. "I'll be back tomorrow," Oliver promised. "I'll help keep the pond clean and the duck house safe." Pickles quacked softly and nibbled his finger. Oliver felt a little sad to leave, but also proud. He had done real work today.



On the bus ride home, Oliver thought about everything he had learned. Ducks need clean water, safe shelter, and friendship. And caring for them takes responsibility. He couldn't wait to come back. He told his mom all about Pickles and the pond. "I'm going to help every day," he said. His mom smiled. "I'm proud of you, Oliver."



The next morning, Oliver put on his yellow boots and green hat. He was ready to help again. When he arrived at the farm, Pickles was waiting by the gate. She quacked happily and waddled right up to him. Oliver grinned. He knew that caring for animals was important work, and he was proud to do it. With Pickles by his side, every day was an adventure.