

THE ADVENTURES OF FATHER AND SON SCOUTS

*LOVE TO NATURE LED FATHER AND
SON TO RESCUE ADVENTURES OF
GREAT THRILL.*

João José da Costa

THE ADVENTURES OF FATHER AND SON SCOUTS, by João José da Costa

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Children's story that integrates with the natural fantasy and creativity of children and young people, entertaining, educating and adding to the development of character, moral values, citizenship, ecological awareness, family values, culture, knowledge, spirituality, respect for educators, encouragement to study, order and discipline. Book for children and young people who enjoy intelligent, sensitive, cultural, educational readings and themes of social reality. Book with largest literary content, a better reading exercise.

Synopsis:

The book tells the story of Hans and George, father and son lovers of all manifestations and beauty of nature. Hans always dreamed of being a Boy Scout and his son Jorge followed the same dream. In Scouting, both learned important foundations and principles of life that added to the enhancement of personality and moral values. In parallel to their activities in the Boy Scout group, Hans and Jorge set out on adventures that brought them a lot of life experience. The book helps the child to forge his life values, his ethical and moral principles, his spirit of love and mercy for others, very important principles that will add to the formation of the human being, the child and the professional. It is a tale with an educational and knowledge development, while engaging and enchanting readers, as well as guiding and encouraging them to this healthy scouting activity.

Dedication

I dedicate this work to all those who reserve part of their lives to educate children in some way, as a mission and a belief that in them is the hope of a better world.

In special to parents, teachers and grandparents, the basic triangle of early childhood education.

I thank God for the child that He still allows to exist in me.

João José da Costa

Hans was the most Brazilian German that could exist! Born in Germany, his parents came to Brazil when he was only five years old. And it was with his father Fritz that Hans learned respect and love for nature.

Hans has always been deeply interested in animals and nature-related matters. He closely watched the television programs, read all the children's books that brought knowledge of animal life and the balance of nature. He never killed an animal voluntarily. Even the little ants, the little spiders, which appeared by the dozen in the backyard of his house.

He has always been generous with small animals, even an insect or a lizard. He did many adventures to release a butterfly that accidentally entered the house or a trapped lizard!

As it happens in many houses, where everyone simply wants to get rid of them by killing them and throwing them away, in his house Hans would not admit it.

He searched for plastic bags to make traps his hands in order to catch the butterfly or lizard and then release them in the yard.

He sought to sensitize his friends to the unusual abilities of a single lizard - his ability to walk on the ceiling and walls, and to eat unwanted insects. The butterfly, besides coloring the spring, pollinated the flowers, fulfilled her role in fruit generation.

Hans sometimes succeeded in this task, sometimes was the subject of jokes from his friends. His strong characteristic was that he didn't discourage in this task of awareness.

On the contrary, he sought to understand even more about animals to improve his arguments. And that worked in some cases and gave him a sense of victory, partial but victory. His childhood was marked by this trend.

He asked for gifts, and often got ducklings, chicks, turtles, hamsters.

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And this graced his childhood, took up his time and it was a challenge to understand the sounds, movements, food tastes, rest periods, jokes of these little friends. This tied Hans at home, and he was happy that way.

One aspect drew the attention of Hans's parents and it was not common to children of his age - a deep admiration and enchantment with nature, its flora and fauna. He suffered a lot when he saw on TV scenes of destruction and pollution caused by burning, clearing the forest, mining.

And so, Hans grew up, become an adult, graduated a Mechanical Engineer, got married and he was very successful in his career...

From his marriage to Amelia, Hans had a beautiful son and the couple called him Jorge. Jorge drew attention for being a mulatto boy with blue eyes ...

Amelia was an African descent woman who gave him the mulatto tone, and from his father Hans, George inherited the blue eyes.

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Time followed its inexorable course...

Jorge was now 12 years old. In his room, Jorge used to do his homework and studying, where he had a small table and shelves with his books on animals and plants. The room had a small balcony where Jorge was distracted, looking at a land in front with trees and bushes.

He saw in this terrain a movement of birds of various kinds, although he didn't know their names. One day, something happened in Jorge's life that traced part of the direction of his destiny...

After having a delicious snack prepared by his mother Amelia, Jorge dropped breadcrumbs on the porch and returned to his homework.

It was not long before a bird discovered the crumbs and dared to eat them, acting fast and scared.

Jorge stopped doing his homework for a moment to admire the bird strolling on his porch. And started to watch it...

Jorge noted that the bird had thick beaks and feathers in gray and brown tones. His singing sounded like whistles, with some trill.

“What bird is this? How can I know his name?”. Jorge wondered.

And this question took him from his studies for several hours. He rushed to his computer to find out what the bird’s name was and other information.

On the Google search site, he searched for the birds that lived in his city. And he found wonderful sites that give all the information about birds.

He focused his attention on the sites and found that he could search by cities, by species, and that cataloged birds appeared with photos, places, habitat, and all the information he needed.

“Wow! I did not know that in my city had so many types of birds! But where are they? Where do they live? How can I see them?”.

Jorge was very interested in this subject and wanted to find the answers to his questions. But right now, he needed to find the picture of the bird daring to eat the crumbs of his snack lying on the porch floor of his room.

After many minutes watching the photos of the birds found in his city, finally Jorge discovered the name of his strange visitor:

“Ah! Here it is! His name is sparrow!”.

And so, Jorge met his first bird! Jorge exclaimed delighted:

“When we know all this information, the birds become more beautiful and important! When I first saw this bird, I had no idea of his name and all this knowledge! I really enjoyed knowing all these things!”.

Jorge returned to his study and play routine. But whenever he could, he threw breadcrumbs on his room's balcony to his well-known friend.

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And Jorge found another interesting thing about the birds: they communicate with each other of their kind, telling them where they could find food! The sparrow was now visiting the porch with two other friends!

One day Jorge wondered:

“And if I put other types of food, would different birds appear? This would be very good!”.

So, Jorge improvised on the small table on the porch a small feeder, putting banana and papaya on two plastic plates.

A few days passed and no other visitor appeared.

The banana and papaya ended up spoiled and Jorge threw them in the trash. But Jorge decided to insist for a few more days. And it worked! So, he learned that it takes birds a while to figure out where to find food.

One morning a couple of a bird unknown to him approached, landed on the potted plant hanging on the porch wall.

After much hesitation, startled and looking around, one of them landed on the table and began eating the banana. And he was followed by the other.

Once a place of food is found, surely birds usually visit it routinely.

It was a bird of bluish tone and with some gray feathers, very beautiful. Once again, Jorge turned to bird websites to try to find out which bird was that. Attentively, he went through the cataloged species to the city where he lived. Some were similar to the bird he had seen.

Jorge saw and reviewed the photos until he exclaimed:

“It's this one! This can only be this! His name is sayaca tanager!”.

And so, Jorge met his second bird! Jorge followed his routine of study and play, but now with the company of several little friends on his balcony. He did not forget to fill the feeders with breadcrumbs, bananas and papaya.

Over time, Jorge replaced the breadcrumbs by milled corn, a food more suitable for the birds that visited him.

And so, other birds came. Jorge was very happy with his new hobby. This gave him a lot of pleasure and satisfaction. Studying and watching from time to time his little friends on the porch motivated him very much in his routine.

After some time, Jorge organized a new and wider bird feeder on a perch that was formerly used for parrots.

On the perch were two plastic plates with banana and papaya.

It had two small bowls of milled corn and sunflower seeds and hanging to the right of the perch was a drinking fountain for hummingbirds!

“It is ready! Here are the feeder and the drinking fountain for hummingbirds! Now, let’s just wait for the guests!”. George exclaimed enthusiastically and his father Hans was proud of his son's creativity.

Jorge was about to turn thirteen years old. He was becoming a little man!

And his father Hans looked at him in wonder. He was a handsome boy. Jorge inherited his mother's physical strength and joy. And from his father Hans inherited the pleasure for nature.

This is one of the oldest memories I have that was beginning to show the vocation of the future veterinarian Jorge.

Jorge has always been deeply interested in animals and nature-related matters. In this respect, he instinctively copied his father's behavior when he was a child like him.

And Jorge's balcony stopped registering new visitors. Until then, only the usual visitors would attend daily. No more new species appeared...

And Jorge was contemplating his feeder, enjoying the quarrels between the sparrows and the hummingbird. Really, this hummingbird is very quarrelsome. But the sparrows did not give up. They came out and stayed on the perch. And as the hummingbird tried to pull them out, they

opened their beaks, screamed and ducked in a defensive position, and hummingbird withdrew. They were brave sparrows.

And so, time went by... Jorge shared his time with his studies, his friends, some teen rides, and, of course, his balcony feeder. But the fact that no new bird species appeared on his porch diverted Jorge's attention a little.

And wondered:

"If bird websites say there are records of many sighted species in my city, where are these birds? Why don't they visit my feeder?"

"And how many birds and other animals can be found in the woods of this huge Brazil? What animals can be found on the banks of rivers, ponds, forests, open fields, mountains?"

And it was with this feeling that Jorge provoked a conversation between his father Hans and his mother Amelia:

"You know, dear, I notice that our son Jorge is increasingly feeling the desire to know the beauty

and song of birds, the animals of our forests and the richness of our nature! And I'm thinking of satisfying an old dream of mine!". Hans concluded.

"What dream is this, dear?". Amelia asked.

"Be a scout! As a child I always wanted to be a boy scout, but the opportunity didn't come. My life commitments have led me to other directions!". "So, Jorge and I could use all the time and opportunity that came up to know this huge Brazil together. In addition, we can attend Boy Scout events and meetings!". Hans concluded.

Jorge sometimes strolled through the botanical garden park near his apartment, along with his father.

And on one of these tours, he asked his father:

"Dad, how could I know the birds and other animals that inhabit our city? In my feeder only seven species appeared. But I learned that there are records of dozens of bird species in our city!".

His father Hans looked at his son, who was now a strong, handsome and intelligent young man, pondered his question a little and answered:

“Jorge, I'm thinking of joining a boy scout group! You and me! Thus, we can participate in the trips sponsored by them, know places, help people and, perhaps, we can make excursions to distant places, and know the beauties of the fauna and flora of our huge Brazil! What do you think of this?”.

Jorge, without hesitation and enthusiastically, replied:

“Dad, I feel I would love to try! Do you help me?”. Jorge answered.

They continued their walk through the park. Jorge saw a bird here, another there, not knowing their names and was curious, asking his father if he knew them. Hans said he didn't.

His father remained silent and kept walking. Until at one point he said:

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“Jorge, I'll find out everything about where the scout groups are in our city, what we have to do to participate, and everything. And I will do this as soon as possible”.

“Cool, dad! I think it's a great way”. Jorge replied excitedly.

A few weeks later...

“You men can only talk about this now!”. Come to dinner that the food is on the table!”. Amelia said, smiling.

In fact, the scouting issue became the dominant theme in all of Hans's time off with his son Jorge.

Jorge was very eager to start his mission as a boy scout. He had already learned that, because of his age, he should join as senior and his father as a voluntary boy scout.

And thus, were born the father and son scouts who would engage in great adventures...

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And so, joining his city's boy scout group changed the lives of Hans and his son Jorge. They were very happy with everything. Fun, useful occupation, culture, development, experience, moral values, ecological awareness, citizenship formation. Anyway, everything...

And one day Jorge asked his father:

"Dad, can I visit the national parks with some friends?"

"But as part of boy scout activity?". Hans asked.

"No! I mean accompanying my non-boy scout friends for visits to some national parks, camping and other stuff!". Jorge answered.

Hans thought, thought it again and answered:

"Son, at the moment, I don't think so! Explore everything you have to explore in your scouting activities until you are eighteen and gain more life experience. Until then, you will only do your tours accompanied by me, right?"

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"All right, dad! It will be much better this way!". George replied, feeling safer that way.

But Hans proposed an alternative:

"Jorge let's do the following: Let's both do a program to know the main national parks. Using our experience as scouts I think it will be a lot of fun and fruitful! Then we add our normal scouting activities to our father-son tours! What do you think?". Hans asked.

"Very good, Dad! And when will we start?". Jorge asked already anxious to start these tours soon. "I'll plan ahead. I'll analyze and organize it. control your anxiety my son!". Hans answered.

The following days were divided between the normal commitments of Jorge's school and Hans's work, the scouting activities, and the preparations for the new adventures in the national parks.

And so, the inexorable time went on...

And Hans fulfilled his promise and began the visits to the parks and cities of their choice.

There, the opportunity to get along with nature was very good and wild animals, birds, flowers and forests could be found.

Hans and his son Jorge lived thrilling moments in these adventures for both, in private activities outside the boy scout group to which they belonged but incorporating the teachings and learning.

Some of these moments are pictured below:

The rescue of the toucan cub fallen to the ground.

The day dawned beautiful. The sun painted the sky yellow, wiping the dewdrops from the leaves of the plants that had formed the night before. In the park, the struggle of the animals in search of their day's food had already begun at sunrise.

And on one of the trails, there were Hans and his son Jorge, happy and in touch with nature, listening to the birdsong, smelling the flowers and the woods.

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At one point, they heard the characteristic song of the toucan. They looked up from a tree and spotted a nest with two young at the door.

But mother toucan was distressed. She flew back and forth, calling for the cubs.

And soon Hans and George saw the reason for her distress.

On the floor, helpless and calling for his mother, was one of the cubs. He had fallen from the nest and could not yet fly.

“See, dad! A cub lying on the floor! Must be mommy toucan’s cub!”.

“Yes, son. We need to put him back in the nest otherwise he will starve and thirst or eaten by some animal”.

Hans had done tree climbing training in scouting and had a proper rope in his pack.

It was a long enough rope to reach the nest. The rope had knots spaced so that Hans could safely

grasp and progress up the hill. His son Jorge helped by keeping the log stuck in the ground on a tree trunk.

Hans took the puppy carefully, wearing a glove so he wouldn't be pecked, and hurried to bring the puppy back to the nest with his brothers.

The climb was successful. The toucan mother at first stepped on Hans to peck him, feeling that her pups were being threatened.

But, seeing that Hans was lovingly and carefully bringing her fallen cub to the ground, she calmed down and followed Hans's movements in distress.

Finally, the cub was in the nest...

"Always alert!". Hans shouted in satisfaction at his son Jorge, making the boy scout greeting signal.

"Always alert!". Jorge replied, very happy for his father's courage, repeating the boy scout greeting signal.

Saving the anthill from child predation.

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And in the anthill in the ecological garden park the movement was already great! And the ant commander gave the orders:

"Worker ants! Proceed toward your job of cutting and collecting fresh leaves!"

"Choose a plant with many leaves, but do not cut all the leaves!"

"Be careful! And remember that many animals like to eat us, such as birds, lizards, frogs and anteaters!"

"You ants that will stay in the anthill, clean the anthill by throwing out the trash, make repairs to the anthill, transport the food to the cubs, and especially to our queen!"

"And finally, soldier ants must take care of security and always be alert to invasions of other insects and other ants!"

Following the commander's orders, each ant occupied his post and began their work.

And, as they did every day, the worker ants walked happily and happily on a trail from a tree to the entrance to the anthill.

They carried small pieces of cut leaves on their backs, much larger than themselves.

And they sang, forming a choir that only the small, hardworking ants could hear:

*Let's go happy and together,
Take these leaflets
To our anthill.
They are our food,
Given by the little plants,
Our livelihood all year long!*

But suddenly a terrible tragedy interrupted the little ants' march. And the warning shout was given!

*"Watch out! Run away! We are being attacked!".
Some ants said.*

"But by who? Any birds, any frogs? Or was it a lizard or even an anteater?". Others said.

"No, none of them! It's a giant!". Other ants shouted.

And a giant appeared and, without pity or mercy, began to smash the ants with his huge feet.

One by one they were trampled and crushed along with their pieces of little leaves.

The alert and cries for help reached the anthill.

The soldier ants sought the enemy to defend the colony. Marching worker ants scattered aimlessly through the bush around the trail, trying to save themselves. The giant kept smashing everyone he could find.

Some soldier ants managed to reach the giant's leg by applying painful stings. But none of this was any good. He kept treading and crushing the poor little ants until he got tired.

Peter still took a stick and dismantled the anthill entrance. Then he buried the stick in the anthill's front door, making the ants unable to leave or enter.

The ants remained panicked and frightened for many days. But they had to eat and go looking for their leaves. So, they sought to follow their destiny. There was no alternative.

In the anthill the work was even more intense. The ants had to rebuild various parts of the anthill destroyed by Peter, build a new entrance hole. In addition, they would have to wait for many other young to be born in time to replace the dozens of dead ants.

And Peter just stopped killing ants and dismantling the anthill when Hans and Jorge, passing by, talked to him:

“Hi, boy, why are you killing the ants?”. Jorge asked.

“Ah! I'm kidding!”. Peter answered.

Jorge started the conversation while he saw the despair of the poor ants.

“What is your name?”. Hans asked.

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“Peter!”.

“So, Peter. I'd like to tell you a story and then, if you want, you can keep killing the ants. Do you want to hear my story?”. Hans asked.

A little scared, Peter replied:

“Yes, I want!”.

Then Hans started his conversation with Peter:

“Ants live in very well-organized colonies, and each has a specific function - the workers work, the queen is the mother of all, and the soldiers are the guards”.

“The city of ants looks a lot like the city of men. Ants are great builders and work incessantly. They build underground nests by digging the land. The anthill is formed by many rooms interconnected by galleries and tunnels”.

“These rooms, called cameras, are used as a nursery, pantry for storing food, a garbage dump and a resting place for worker ants”.

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“A group of workers take care of the queen's eggs and clean the nest. Others, called gardeners, have the task of taking care of the so-called fungus gardens, which is the food of ants”.

Many persons think that ants feed on the leaves they carry. But in fact, shredded leaves serve only as a raw material for fungal proliferation. These are the main food of ants. Therefore, fungus gardens are essential for the survival of all ants”.

“These admirable insects must be very respected. After all, they have existed on Planet Earth for over 100 million years!”.

“There are several types of ants. But the anthill of the ecological park was herbivore, that is, they produced their food from the leaves of the plants”.

“Ants are very important to the ecological park where you enjoy walking and playing so much. They cut specific parts of plants, regulating their growth, accelerating the growth of flowers and fruits”.

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"In addition, ants accumulate large amounts of nutrients in the anthill, allowing the growth of other plants that feed on these nutrients, such as minerals and nitrogen".

"If it wasn't for the ants, the forests would not be so beautiful, there would be no fruits and flowers".

Peter heard the story told by Hans but had not realized the dozens of ants he had killed. He was a good boy. However, that afternoon, he was very mean to the poor, hard-working ants unknowingly.

He simply thought he was joking and having fun. After all, he thought that ants were just animals that were good for nothing.

At the end of the story, Hans asked again:

"Peter, do you still want to keep killing the ants and dismantling your anthill?".

"No sir!". Peter answered immediately.

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In the anthill, the sadness was general. Dozens of ants did not return. The precious food of the day did not arrive, and many puppies starved to death. Even the queen cried.

Soldier ants returned much later to the anthill. They were still looking for the enemy that disappeared.

It will take many days for the anthill to return to normal. The tragedy caused by the unknown giant was never forgotten by the poor and hardworking ants.

Peter realized the harm he had done to the ants. He remained the happy child he always was...

None of them saw it, but Mother Nature and God crouched at the anthill's entrance door and sought to comfort and help the poor ants, encouraging them to continue their struggle for life...

Hans looked at Jorge and said happily:

"Always alert!"

“Always alert!”. George replied, marveling at his father's wisdom and diplomacy to persuade Peter.

Saving the butterflies of the condominium gardens.

The day dawned gray and with many clouds in the sky. It was late winter. So, the mornings were still cold, but then the sun raised the temperature during the day.

The condominium where Mary lived was a special place. In addition to the beautiful, well-built houses, there were gardens on all sides.

And these gardens added the greatest touch of beauty to the place. Fruit and flower trees, lots of ornamentals, palm trees, extensive lawns, a lake in the center of the condominium, and especially many flowers made the condominium a wonderful place to live.

And Mary was very fond of living there. She found everything she needed to play with and distract herself. She rode her bike, ran along the lanes,

played in the playground toys for children. Rarely did she ask for a walk elsewhere.

Mary's school was outside the condo. She was a good student and she used to say she wanted to be a doctor when she grew up. Winter was in the last days. Soon spring would begin, and the condominium would be filled with flowers as it did every year.

On a leaf hidden in the garden, tiny yellow eggs began to move.

From inside the eggs came little caterpillars. They were in a hurry and scattered through the leaves of the plant to eat.

They ate a lot and voraciously the fresh leaves of the plant. At the end of the day, they would gather and form a group to spend the night. And the next day the same routine was repeated. Thus the small caterpillars soon became large caterpillars.

Spring had begun. The nights were still a little cold, but the day was hot.

One day Mary found two butterfly wings lying on the floor. She liked their colors so much that Mary had an idea: "I'm going to collect butterfly wings!".

So, she asked her father to buy a butterfly hunting net. And was promptly served by her father. He enjoyed his dear daughter being distracted and playing in the gardens of the condo.

Mary began to hunt the butterflies she saw in the gardens.

She took off their wings and collect among the sheets of a notebook. Her collection has been increasing.

And soon Mary's fun spread to other kids in the condo. The hunt for beautiful butterflies in search of their colorful wings was intense.

Every day, several children ran through the condominium gardens, disputing who could catch the most butterflies.

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And it happened that Hans and Jorge went to visit a friend who lived in the same condominium.

And soon they both saw the scene of the children, led by Mary hunting the poor butterflies.

And Jorge took the initiative to talk to her:

“Why are you hunting these butterflies?”.

"Ah, because we find their wings so beautiful and colorful. We are making wings collection. I already have more than 15!". Mary answered very proudly.

And that's when Hans intervened:

“Children, may I tell you a little story about butterflies? After hearing my little story, you can decide whether or not you want to keep hunting the butterflies! Do you agree?”.

The children looked at each other, they answered nothing until Mary said:

“I want! I love to hear stories!”.

And Hans began to tell his story about butterflies:

“These caterpillars were created by Mother Nature for a very special mission. Once hung upside down in a cocoon attached to the leaves, they break free and become beautiful butterflies. And like butterflies they fulfill a very important mission - to pollinate flowers, that is, to mix pollens from one flower to another”.

“This allows the plant to develop fruits and seeds. In return, the flowers return this important work of butterflies by offering them nectar, a sweet honey. In addition to this eco-friendly mission, butterflies grace the gardens with their colorful wings and graceful, light flight”.

“The transformation of the ugly and bizarre caterpillar into an elegant butterfly is one of nature's great miracles”.

“And, attention! You should never catch a butterfly with your hands, because her very delicate wings lose the scales that come out as if they were a very fine dust that, if brought to the eyes, can cause great irritation. In addition, the

wings can easily break, condemning the butterfly to no longer fly”.

“Butterflies should be admired, but not touched. The butterflies are delicate, charming and colorful. When in errant flight, they seem to play among the garden flowers. No one can be indifferent when encountering a butterfly in a garden. Flowers and butterflies form a perfect and wonderful combination!”.

“If you keep hunting these beautiful butterflies just because of their wings, they'll end up in the condo. In time no one will see the beautiful butterflies visit the flowers in search of precious nectar. The trees in the condominium will have poor fruit production. Its flowers will no longer be pollinated by the butterflies whose wings are now in their collections”.

“No one else will see the beautiful butterflies with their graceful, light flights among the garden flowers. The flowers will be sad, missing the butterflies. The beauty of the condo gardens will no longer be the same. Everyone will miss the beautiful and colorful butterflies”.

With a regretful look and sad eyes on her friends, Mary guarded her butterfly-hunting net. Her friends did the same. Head down, Mary said:

“I won't hunt butterflies again!”.

Her friends repeated:

“We neither! Never! Butterflies are our friends!”.

Hans replied:

“Very well! I really liked your answer. Now you can be sure that many other butterflies will appear again decorating and giving beauty to your Condominium!”.

After the children returned home, Hans looked at Jorge and said:

“Always alert!

“Always alert!”. Jorge answered, amazed at the knowledge his father showed at these opportunities.

The wings of the butterflies that were in her notebook collections over time began to crumble. They no longer had the same beauty.

One day Mary got tired of her collection and threw dozens of butterfly wings on the lawn. It was the last memory of the beautiful butterflies that once lived there.

At this moment, Mother Nature and God wept over the loss of their creations so beautiful and so useful to all...

These dead butterflies no longer fulfill their mission. They could not lay their eggs on the leaves of the condominium gardens so that new butterflies would be born the following year. Likewise, pollination of flowers was greatly impaired by their lack.

Mary and her friends continued their daily routine of cycling, jogging, playing with park toys, going to school.

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From time to time, Mary and her friends would look at the flowers in the gardens and feel sad that they no longer saw the beautiful butterflies.

And they said sorry:

“The butterflies left our gardens and never came back! We were to blame!”.

The time has passed. One day the following year, a single butterfly appeared in the condominium gardens. Mary and her friends felt very happy. They laughed with joy, watching the butterfly fly from flower to flower with her graceful and light flight. She looked like the most beautiful butterfly in the world!

This time Mary and her friends just looked and admired the blue butterfly. She would be a hope that more butterflies would find in the condominium gardens the safety and food in the nectar of the flowers and repay with pollination for fruit generation, as well as giving back the lost beauty to the gardens. Mary and her friends didn't even know where the butterfly-hunting nets were anymore...

Rescue of a dog and her puppies.

That Saturday morning, Hans had arranged with Jorge for a trip to a natural park near a city. As always, they sought the smell of the woods, the beauty of the flowers, the joy of seeing wild animals, and the pleasure of hearing the birdsong. And Jorge had his binoculars and camera to record these moments.

But what they did not know was that they would live a great emotion that morning...

After a few hours of hiking the forest trails, they heard sounds coming from the hole of a large tree. They looked like moans of little puppies. As they approached, they saw a small dog trying to put a puppy outside into the tree hole.

As they approached, they saw that she was a female dog that had given birth to five puppies. She was hurt. Something was hurting her front paw. Jorge took one of his snacks from his bag and offered it to the dog, who immediately approached and ate the voraciously. She seemed to be starving.

In fact, this bitch had retreated into the woods on instinct, knowing she would give birth. And surely she fled the house where she lived.

While digging the hole in the tree, a thorn dug into his paw that was already beginning to show signs of infection. With no food and water nearby, the dog mom was losing weight and was unable to produce the much-needed milk on her teats for the five puppies.

“Jorge, we need to get this dog and her puppies out of here immediately. She needs veterinary treatment and food and water to raise her puppies. If she stays here these puppies will not survive!”.

“But, dad! How are we going to do this? Won’t she bite us?”. Jorge asked.

“Take another piece of your snack and some water from your canteen. Let's offer it to her. Then she will realize that we are her friends. At least, let's try this”.

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And Hans's suggestion worked. The poor bitch once again ate the snack quickly and drank a lot of water. It seemed she had not eaten and drank no water for days.

And seeing that Hans and George offered no danger, she let them approach the hole and pick up the five puppies. They settled the puppies in one of their backpacks and hurried to their car, followed nervously by the dog.

When they got home, the first thing they did was take the dog to a vet to treat her injured paw.

The vet examined the five puppies, gave them vaccines and dewormed them all.

After a few weeks at Hans's house, mother bitch and her puppies were very well and happy...

"And now, dad? Are we going to stay with mommy and her puppies at home?". Jorge asked.

"No son! We are going to look for dog owners and offer puppies for adoption in homestay families who can adopt them and give them all

the care and support they need!”. Hans answered.

Hans did not find the dog's owner. And she stayed at his house and received the name of Lady, a name given for being a sweet and loving dog. All puppies found new homes to live in and were well cared for and loved.

Once again Hans shouted to his son:

“Always alert!”.

“Always alert!”. Jorge replied, happy with the happy ending for the dog and her puppies ... and for having won a new friend at home, Lady!

Saving the crabs from destruction on the beach.

Hans and Jorge scheduled a weekend visit to a deserted beach. There they expected to see and photograph seabirds. But men are increasingly attending these deserted beaches, which are becoming less and less deserted.

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The beach was full of tourists. Among them, several children. John and his two brothers played in the sea water. They loved to jump and play in the cool waters of the sea. They jumped, laughed, played ball, and had a great time.

John and his two brothers were good boys.

They liked to study, obeyed their parents and their teacher. And going to the beach was their favorite walk.

Everything went smoothly until John saw a small crab come out of his hole. He sought to touch the seawater brought by the wave and make his meal.

That's when John called his two brothers:

“Look, a small crab! Shall we catch him?”.

And the three began to pursue poor crab. His parents laughed at the joke of their three children. John surrounded the little crab here, his brothers there. The crab was cornered.

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The children could not hear, but the crab shouted:

"Help! Someone save me from these evil giants! I am afraid to die!"

And that's when the worst happened.

John picked up a stick that was lying on the beach sand and tried to hold the little crab's legs so he wouldn't run away. Terrified, the crab tried to get rid of it. John pressed the stick into the crab's body, and he died.

The children, seeing the small dead crab, pulled their claws out to show their parents. They were like two trophies. Everyone was funny. John and his brothers were uninterested in playing with the crab. Then they went back to the sea to jump waves, play ball.

The little crab failed to complete his life cycle. He had died before he could hide in the hole and crevices of sea stones and one day raise his own cubs.

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Hans and Jorge saw this scene very sad ... And decided to act:

“Sir! Could I tell a story about crabs to your children?”. Hans asked.

“A story? And for what reason?”. The father of the children wanted to know.

“I'm a scout and would like to talk a little about the importance of crabs. I believe it will be very interesting and useful for your beautiful children!”. Hans answered.

“John, Mark, Louis! Come here. This gentleman is a scout and wants to tell you a story!”. The father said, calling the children.

The children came running to see what it was about. After all, which child doesn't like to hear stories, isn't it?

The children sat on the sand, Hans and Jorge also sat on the sand in a circle. And Hans began to tell the story:

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“I want to tell the story of that little crab cub that you have killed, since his birth”.

“I believe that after hearing this story, you will admire the crabs, but no longer want to play with them and even kill them!”.

The children looked at Hans and respected him as a scout. And one of them even said:

“When I'm eight I want to be a boy scout, too!”.

“And you will like it a lot!”. Jorge answered.

And Hans began to tell his story:

In the crevice of a rock on the beach, the couple of crabs were preparing to breed more cubs. The eggs would be laid in the sand at the bottom of the sea and they would be returned to the safety of the crack in the stone.

Dad crab was going around worried. He wanted everything to work out. He kept both claws raised, threatening any predator.

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But the mother crab knew that many eggs would be swallowed by small fish. From the remaining eggs, small larvae would emerge that would give birth to crab cubs. However, many larvae would also be devoured by small fish and other marine animals.

But Nature is like that. This is called ecological balance. For this reason, Mother Nature had expected mother crab to lay hundreds of eggs on the seabed. Thus, there would always be many larvae that would turn into small crabs.

Born and raised in the sea, the little crabs knew they would have to search the beach sand to hide from predators and end their growing cycle. As adults, they look for cracks and holes in the sea stones. It has always been like this for millions of years. Long before men appeared on Planet Earth, crabs were already using the beaches in their breeding cycle. That is, the crabs arrived well before us!

In this race for life, small crabs take advantage of the waves of the sea to get very close to the sand. There they run for a safe place to make a

hole in the sand and stay there until adulthood. In this race, many of them are still eaten by birds. Such is nature. But those left are enough to ensure the continuity of the specie's life.

Crabs are very interesting crustaceans and draw the attention of everyone on the beach, especially children. They have an oval body, ten feet and two powerful claws for defense and attack. One should never reach into holes and crevices in the rocks near the sea to avoid a painful surprise.

And a little crab managed to get through all these challenges.

From his mother's egg he turned into a larva, then a small crab, ran to the beach, made a little hole in the sand and hid himself.

Now he was happy in his new home and felt very safe. When the sea hit the hole of our friend crab, he went out and took the opportunity to feed on the nutrients contained in seawater.

Everything was fine with our little crab, until one day the afternoon was leaving the beach, the

night came, when some children, which I will not name, played hunting crabs and killed him...

These children have returned to their home, but in the sand lay the inert body of little crab, waiting for some bird to still eat it. Crabs are very important to the life of other marine animals, such as octopuses that feed on them, as well as other fish.

If they are killed, many other animals will suffer from this for lack of food. These children, who I will not name, never realized that they had done a great evil to poor little crab!

And, like them, many children do the same thing. This is why it is difficult to find crabs on the beaches frequented by tourists today. Almost all are killed by child play or pure adult malice.

These kids didn't hear. But near the crab, Mother Nature and God wept and mourned the death of such a complex and important being... This is the sad story of this crab killed by these children...

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“What did you think of the story?”. Hans asked the children.

They were sad and sorry for what they did. They thought they were just kidding. And simply said:

“We shall not do this anymore! And let's not let other kids kill the crabs!”. Then they got up, picked up their toys and followed their parents back home.

Again, Hans shouted to his son:

“Always alert!”.

“Always alert!”. Jorge replied, glad to know that on that beach the crabs would have three defenders...

Saving the birds from death by slingshots.

Spring is undoubtedly the most beautiful season of the year. Everybody like the cool mornings, the warm sunshine throughout the day, the flowers that open in all the gardens of the houses and forests.

And especially, spring is the season of love among most animals, especially birds. They mate and nest in the spring for the abundance of insects, flowers, seeds and fruits.

Thus, they can feed their chicks and ensure the continuity of their species.

And it was according to this feeling that Hans and George visited a rural area near a natural forest.

And there they had a sad surprise...

At the farmhouse, Joseph, the caretaker's son, and Charles, the farmer's son, were finishing two more slingshots.

The bird hunt the day before was very good, and now with these new and more powerful slingshots, they were sure they would do an even better hunt.

Joseph and Charles were two excellent boys. They helped their parents with farm work, were cheerful, and enjoyed going to school, even though the school was far from the farm. They

rode more than an hour by bicycle until they reached their school.

However, Joseph and Charles enjoyed playing hunting birds that lived in the woods near the farm.

They did this for pure fun, not realizing the harm they were doing to these poor birds and to Nature.

Hans and Jorge meet these children on the forest trail. And immediately Hans asked the boys:

“Hi children! What are you doing?”.

“We're hunting birds to bake and eat!”. Joseph said very excitedly.

“And don't you feel sorry for the birds doing this?”. Jorge asked.

“No... In fact, we do... But there are many birds in the woods... It will not mind if we kill some!”. Charles answered.

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“Can I interrupt your hunt and tell you a little bit about the story of this bird you just killed?”. Hans asked.

“But do you know his life, sir?”. Charles asked.

“Yes, I know it very well!”. Hans answered.

The boys lowered their slingshots and expressed interest in hearing the story of the poor dead bird on the floor, struck by a small stone in his chest.

Once upon a time there was a bird who was very happy with her nest where she had laid three eggs.

She was already hatching her eggs, and soon three beautiful chicks would be born to brighten the spring even more.

The male bird was preoccupied with fetching insects and chunks of fruit to take to his mate in the nest. So, she didn't have to go out to feed, letting the eggs cool. This could cause the death of the little chicks forming inside the eggs.

But one afternoon the male bird did not return. The female bird waited all night and nothing of her mate appeared.

The next morning, hungry and worried about her mate's disappearance, she abandoned the nest and went looking for him. It didn't take long to find him dead under a tree.

The female bird was saddened by the loss of her mate. Now she would have to leave the nest, no longer hatching the eggs. There was no way to feed without leaving the nest. The three little thrushes that were to be born also died inside the cold eggs.

And in the days that followed, other birds appeared dead - an owl, a hummingbird, a sparrow, a parrot, among others. They had all been killed by injuries from slingshots thrown stones.

The forest birds had no doubt. A terrible and evil hunter was in the forest and was killing these poor and defenseless birds. But who would it be?" They asked without an answer.

Mother Nature and God once again wept when they saw the children doing these evils with their creations...

This is a big threat to nature! Many children start hunting animals for fun and play without the notion of evil. But they can turn into mean and cruel hunters when they become consciously grown up!

The slingshot is a primitive weapon, built with a wooden or Y-shaped wood fork, having elastic rubber strips, usually of tire canvas, at the ends of the Y.

These weapons can hurl small stones or glass balls at great speed and strength. And these stones are enough to crush the birds' heads or mortally wound other parts of their fragile bodies. However, many children were blinded in one eye or had serious injuries caused by other children when they missed the targets and the stones did not reach the unfortunate birds.

In big cities you no longer see children playing with slingshots. But in the inner cities it is very

common to see children with slingshots in their hands and having fun killing birds.

“Well, this is the story of this poor bird that you just killed. And you did not only kill him! You have killed the chicks, killed the beautiful song of the birds that resonates in the woods every day, left the female bird sad and helpless”.

“And then? Would you like to continue to hunt birds with your slingshots?”.

Charles looked at Joseph, Joseph looked at Charles, realizing the harm they had done to the poor male bird. Charles and Joseph had not realized they committed this terrible evil with the poor birds. And Charles said:

“You know, boy? I used to say that when I grew up, I wanted to have a real shotgun and hunt other bigger animals, like the deer, the rabbit, the tapir, and maybe even one jaguar! I wanted to be a great hunter!”.

And Joseph added:

.

“But now we do not want to hunt and not be hunters!”.

Happy, Hans shouted to his son:

“Always alert!”.

“Always alert!”. Jorge replied, glad to know that on this farm there would be no more hunters with slingshots.

Charles and Joseph grew up, they forgot their slingshots. Now they valued the approach to nature and its charms more and gave up on having a real shotgun and being an evil hunter.

Saving the lake tadpoles.

Hans was preparing to attend a talk on Jungle Survival at a Scout Group event to which they belonged, in an auditorium located in a city not far from where they lived.

Jorge accompanied him. He planned to take pictures of birds in the lagoon and woods in the area while waiting for his father. In the

neighborhood where the auditorium was located there was a clean water lagoon.

A rare fountain of pure water sprang from a rock within the only remaining forest in the neighborhood. And this water fountain gave origin and life to the small pond.

They said that one day, a condominium of houses would be built in the area where the forest was. If this really happens, all the trees will be felled, the water fountain will dry up and the pond will disappear. Hans and Jorge heard this story but did not believe that anyone would have the courage to destroy a forest with so many trees and plants and such a beautiful pond to build houses.

Jorge was enjoying walking along the shores of the lagoon.

The lagoon was surrounded by a green forest.

And he used to take pictures of ducks and other birds that lived there.

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And that's how Jorge found Beth and Rose. They loved to play and stroll along the shores of the lagoon. Beth and Rose lived near the pond and could hear the croaking of frogs and tree frogs at night:

“Croc, croc, croc”. The frog croaked.

“Cricri, cricri, cricri”. The tree frog answered.

That afternoon Beth and Rose were looking at the lake very near the shore when they saw dozens of tadpoles.

They were black and swam back and forth. When the tadpoles noticed the children, they soon swam to hide in the mud of the lake. But then they surfaced. And Beth had an unfortunate idea:

“Rose, let's get some tadpoles with a can and put in the bottle? It will be fun to look at them in the bottle!”.

And Rose immediately agreed:

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“Good idea! So, we can look at them inside our homes. My bottle with the tadpoles I'll take to my room!”.

The two friends started this game for pure fun. They packed an empty oil can and began hunting for tadpoles inside the pond. Soon the bottles were full of terrified tadpoles that swam around the bottle, looking for a way out.

So, the two friends started a deadly game for the tadpoles and frogs in the pond. Other neighborhood kids found the game amusing and began hunting for tadpoles.

Jorge looked sadly at this scene and, as a Boy Scout, did not stop approaching the children and talking to them:

“Hi friends! My name is Jorge. What are you doing?”.

The children then told them that they were hunting tadpoles to play and that they were disputing who took the most...

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Jorge, desperate and distressed to see the poor tadpoles flailing in the bottles, proposed:

“Wouldn't you like to hear a story I learned from the Scout Group that talks about frogs? It is very cool!”.

The kids got interested, set the bottles down, and sat on the lawn to hear Jorge's story.

Jorge was a little nervous and anxious. After all, it was his first experience in telling an educational story to children.

And he started his story:

Once upon a time, there was a clean and clear water pond surrounded by woods where ducks, wild animals and birds and various species lived. And in this pond were many frogs.

And all the frogs sang happily:

The Frog

knows

Jumping in the pond

.

*The Frog
knows
He doesn't fly*

*The Frog
Swims
Swims*

*And at every corner the frogs jumped and
plunged into the lake again.*

*From afar, his parents Toad and Frog watched
and cared for their tadpoles.*

*They knew many of them would never be a frog
one day. But they could do nothing but teach
their tadpoles to bury themselves in the mud of
the lake when they saw danger.*

*And the danger came from some fish and birds
that ate the tadpoles as they were turning into
little frogs.*

*But always a part of the tadpoles turned into
beautiful and healthy frogs.*

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So, the pond could always have frogs living there, brightening the nights with its croaking.

Frogs always remembered how it all started. They married, laid many eggs on the edge of the pond, then the eggs gave rise to tadpoles, which looked more like fish. But over time, the little legs began to grow and gradually they became frogs.

But one day some giants appeared and started hunting the poor tadpoles, taking them out of the lake and their homes, and putting them in bottles just for fun...

Toad and Frog were desperate for their tadpoles. But, didn't find them. They were not in the mud of the lake, nor on the lakeshore and anywhere else on the lake.

Before long, no tadpoles could be seen in the pond.

Toad and Frog were so sad that they no longer croaked over the following nights.

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And because frogs eat a lot of insects, it wasn't long before the pond was full of mosquitoes and other insects.

Thus, these mosquitoes and insects began to make the lives of the residents hellish, causing discomfort and serious illness.

That year, the number of mosquitoes grew too much. Diseases spread like dengue fever. And one reason for this huge amount of mosquitoes is that there were no more tadpoles to eat the mosquito larvae.

Nature makes frogs have a lot of chicks.

Thus, they feed some birds and wild animals. But with the disappearance of tadpoles in the pond, these animals found no more food in the pond and some even starved to death...

“This is the story I wanted to tell you!”. Jorge finished.

Beth and Rose, as well as the other children, were silent, thoughtful, then took off the tops of

the bottles and threw all the trapped tadpoles back into the pond...

They had understood the educational message contained in the story of the young Boy Scout...

The poor tadpoles, who were swimming aimlessly, no longer finding the food they needed, the fresh air, the clean water of the pond where they lived, and who would soon die in the bottle, came back to life as soon as they felt the fresh, pure water from the lagoon... and ran towards their parents all happy and relieved.

If the children did not release the tadpoles after a few days, they would begin to die inside the bottles. They would starve, short of breath and live in polluted water.

Everyone would lose. It would be a child's play that would turn into a great tragedy for Toad and Frog, their tadpoles, and the entire neighborhood community.

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At night there would no longer be the croaking of frogs. And nobody could get close to the lake, such would be the amount of mosquitoes.

Beth and Rose forgot about this joke in the following years. They were excellent girls and, in time, realized the evil they were about to do with these little tadpoles.

Every year there are hundreds of tadpoles, taken from their lake habitat, which find death, trapped in bottles or aquariums, for the fun of children.

These tadpoles were denied life and the possibility to grow, to become frogs, to help the survival of their species. What a pity...

More and more frogs have fewer lakes and ponds. Everyone will miss hearing the frogs croaking if they disappear.

The lakes and ponds will be sad. The frogs will cry so much that their tears will make these lakes and ponds overflow...

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And their cry was followed by the cry of Mother Nature and God once again...

Only mosquitoes and insects will be happy with this...

When the lecture ended, Hans met his son in the lagoon and Jorge told him what had happened and the happy ending he had with his story.

Very proud, Hans shouted to his son:

“Always alert!”.

“Always alert!”. Jorge replied, glad to know that in that pond the tadpoles would still be born.

And new frogs will brighten the evening with their croaking.

Showing the way back to lost young people in the forest.

It had been a long time since Hans had visited one of his favorite natural parks. And that weekend was scheduled for this visit, he and his

son Jorge. This park is one of nature's richest biomes and there you can find many birds, wild animals, old trees, flowers, forest fruits and many pure water mines and crystal-clear streams. Walking the park's trails is great for the fresh air, the smell of the woods, the singing of birds and the voices of wild animals.

Hans knew the trails of this park very well, since from a young age he made these visits. And this knowledge was very useful for one of his adventures.

As they descended to visit a river at the bottom of one of the mountain valleys, they came across a group of three desperate young people.

These young people had camped in the woods, but were lost and had been aimless for two days.

With no food supply and too cold, they suffered and feared for their lives.

And these three young men saw in Hans and George the hope of salvation. They ran toward them, saying they were lost, hungry and cold.

Hans and Jorge made the food they had in their bag available and hurried to show the three young men the way back to the beach, which was their ultimate goal and where their girlfriends were waiting for them.

They were already distressed and about to ask for help of the Fire Department to the rescue. The three young men followed Hans and Jorge, who walked steadily and fast along the paths toward the beach. The walk was expected to last at least another six hours and would be late in the afternoon.

And the arrival at the beach and the reunion with his girlfriends was exciting. And everyone thanked and clapped hands to Hans and Jorge, who returned to their walk in the park...

Satisfied with this happy ending and helping the young people come back safe and sound, Hans shouted to his son:

“Always alert!”.

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“Always alert!”. Jorge answered equally happy for the three young people.

Coordinating the garbage collection effort in the ecological park.

When they were home on the weekends, Hans and Jorge did not take a walk through the ecological park of the city where they lived. The park was beautiful, with lots of trees, flowers, various wild animals and types of birds. And a stream of pure water, fed by a potent water mine, cut the park from end to end, where you could see some fish, turtles, and many frogs.

But something caught the attention of Hans and Jorge...

The rubbish and dirt that was accumulating in the various areas of the park, including the creek.

“Dad, see! Trash is all over the park! But why don't park users throw it in the trash can and take care of cleaning the park?”.

“Jorge, this is a very serious problem not only in our park, but in all rivers, beaches and lakes in

the world. Our people, in many cases, have no environmental education and don't mind throwing trash anywhere! Parents themselves, in many cases, do not bother to draw attention and educate their children when they throw trash on the floor...”.

Hans and Jorge continued their walk when they saw a tortoise with a plastic bag in its throat in the stream, being suffocated.

Immediately, Hans entered the stream and withdrew the plastic bag from the poor tortoise's throat, saving her.

And on the next weekend's rides, the scene of scattered rubbish repeated and even worsened.

That's when Hans came up with an idea:

“What if we coordinated a joint effort to collect all this rubbish among park goers? I believe many people may be interested in participating!”.

“Good idea, dad! But how can this be done?”.

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"I think we'll have some work, but not much. It's more a matter of goodwill. I think we could do the following: post some posters that draw attention to the problem of dirt and trash littering the park; we give our phone to interested people to sign up for the task force; let's see if any local businesses donate plastic bags - we'll need many; It would be interesting to see if any bakery offers a snack for the people who will participate in the task force. I know a Portuguese, Mr. Fernando, owner of the Portugal-Brazil Bakery. I think he will enjoy participating; and finally, we need to set up a scheme to transport all this garbage that will be collected. What do you think?"

- Excellent dad! You are a master of good ideas, not father? And can I invite some friends of mine?

- You can, Jorge. But make sure your friends' parents agree.

And so, Hans and Jorge began their plan to organize a joint effort to clean up the dirt and rubbish scattered around the city's beautiful ecological park.

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“See, Jorge, this warning! I will do something like this. Just, let's add the date of the task force and our phone. I think the statement from the association of residents of the city was very good. The announcement about the task force was posted on the gate of the ecological park and commerce of the city. And dozens of people volunteered. People who are ecological park goers and sensitized by the dirt and trash all over the park. They wanted to participate and change this situation”.

The volunteers were divided according to their choice to collect the waste in three areas: the creek, the lawns and the trees.

And it was so much rubbish and so many volunteers that the task force was held on two weekends! And many garbage bags were collected.

And the garbage bags were collected at the city's landfill in vehicles of the volunteers themselves.

And the city's industries and commerce have donated several separate waste collection sets that have been distributed throughout the

ecological park. Now there would be no more excuse from regulars that "they don't have rubbish bins to throw waste!".

The ecological park of the city where Hans and Jorge lived were now one of the cleanest municipal parks in the state. And the mayor of the city paid tribute to Hans and his son Jorge for the excellent initiative and work, bestowing on them the Medal of Honor to the Citizen!

And the city's Ecological Park has become a reference in the region for how community work by well-meaning people can make a difference.

Feeling accomplished on this mission, Hans winked at his son during the tribute, saying softly:

"Always alert!".

"Always alert!". Jorge replied, glad to know that this ecological park will henceforth be a park free of dirt and trash.

And they both laughed discreetly in satisfaction...

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Protecting sea turtles from fishermen in the village.

Hans and his family went on vacation. After all, spending the summer and holidays in the beach is something special for everybody. What Hans and Jorge did not expect, however, was that on this vacation they would have the opportunity to make one of their greatest achievements as Boy Scouts.

One day Hans and Jorge decided to visit a deserted beach where it was known that sea turtles would spawn.

They were eager to follow this life cycle of such important creatures and photograph the moment.

From afar they saw a small village of humble fishermen, made up of a few simple houses with several canoes anchored on the beach.

But when they got closer, they came across a group of fishermen and people in their family...

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They were collecting the eggs of the poor turtles, threatening the survival of the species.

These fishermen, in fact, had no idea of the damage to nature they were doing. They were poor people and they did this to feed themselves. They thought they were too many turtles and many eggs would still be buried in the sand.

Jorge even cried, comforted by his father Hans who was equally saddened by this scene.

And the turtles came from the sea by the dozens...

As soon as they reached the beach, they immediately dug a hole in the sand...

In the nest, they laid the eggs that were supposed to give birth to their cubs ...

But this whole life cycle was seriously threatened by those people...

And Hans immediately said to Jorge:

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“Jorge, we need to do something and quickly!”.
“But, what dad?”. Jorge asked with his eyes still full of tears.

Hans decided to go to the village and talk to the fisherman leader, Manoel.

“Mr. Manoel, I am a Boy Scout and would like to talk about how to preserve turtles and ensure the livelihood of fishing families. Today fishermen destroy all turtle eggs to feed themselves. In a few years, you will not have any eggs because the turtles will disappear!”. Hans explained.

“But how can we do it? We live here, we all depend on turtle fishing and eggs to feed our children. We feel sorry doing this, but we have no alternatives. We do not earn money; we live only to feed!”. Mr. Manoel justified.

Hans gave two alternatives:

“You could just take part of the eggs, or better yet, preserve them all and create Turtle Park. In time, dozens of tourists would come to visit the place, you could sell handicrafts, typical dishes”.

Mr. Manoel decided to try, along with his friends, the Turtle Park alternative.

At the end of the vacation, Hans and Jorge returned to the village and can see that his suggestion had worked.

Turtle Park was visited by a growing number of tourists...

These tourists were purchasing handicrafts and consuming fried fish, natural juice and other typical dishes of the region.

And the village prospered, and everyone was happy with the new quality of life.

“We saved the turtles and improved the lives of fishermen. I think it was a good solution for nature and for these humble fishermen!”. Hans exclaimed, saying to his son:

“Always alert!”.

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“Always alert!”. Jorge replied glad to know that on that beach the turtles would have the security and peace to raise their cubs...

The holidays of Hans and his family ended, and they returned for another year of work and study. And there in Turtle Park the turtle life cycle continued without damage and predation...

Thousands of puppies were born after being hatched by the sun's heat...

And the puppies were getting ready to win the sea...

Smelling the sea and the sound of the waves, they rushed to the waters...

There they knew they would be safer... Many would still die eaten by birds and other fish...

But the surviving cubs will one day return to Turtle Park to repeat the life cycle...

Subsequently, the government ministry dealing with environmental issues clarified to villagers

that this area is already an environmentally protected area and that they could not be harvesting sea turtle eggs under penalty of fines and even imprisonment. But, understanding the goodwill of the residents, it allowed fishermen to continue in the area with their trade, as long as they respected the boundaries of the beach where the sea turtles spawn. And so, it was done by all the villagers...

Sadly, watching the predation of little fishes on the beach.

Who has ever seen the sea? Most kids have seen it. And they all had the same expression:

“How beautiful the sea is! How much water! What hot waves to jump! How fresh the water is!”.

The sea is a huge expanse of water that occupies two thirds of the planet Earth and connects itself through the so-called oceans. And the sea is full of life. An estimated 2,700,000 species of animals and plants live in the oceans! And the life of the fish that live in the sea is not easy. They have to run from predators all the time. Some fish feed on

marine plants. However, most feed on other fish, eating each other.

Because of this, fish moms produce thousands of eggs so that a few little fishes can reach adulthood.

But that is how Mother Nature created the harmony of plants and fish in the seas. If all the fish ate only plants, the day would come when all the sea plants would be gone, and all the fish would starve.

Mother Nature is very wise!

The little fishes as soon as they are born are called fingerlings and they instinctively seek to hide among the plants and sea cliffs so that they will not be eaten by predators.

Some fingerlings try to be very close to the sand of the beach, where the water is warmer and where predators can't catch them because it is too shallow. And they stay there until they grow a little more and return to the sea.

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But what the little fish did not expect is that on the beach are also in danger and life threatening.

Winter was over. The icy sea water was now getting warmer. Spring was approaching. Mama Fish felt that the hundreds of eggs in her belly needed to be spawned.

She had done this for a few years and knew the routine very well. So, she searched the cliffs near the beach to find a hole where she would lay her eggs. And she knew most of her eggs would be devoured even before the little fish were born. And the little fishes that could be born knew instinctively that they had to look for a shallow spot on the beach to stay there until they grew older and stronger. By abandoning the protection of the hole where many of them were, their fate was also locked in the mouth of other hungry fish.

However, many of them could approach the shallow waters of the beach.

But despite all the dangers of predators, a good number of them would come back and grow into

adult fish that would one day also lay their eggs and perpetuate their species. This was the life cycle of many fish in the seas.

That sunny, warm afternoon, the little fishes were very happy on the beach, enjoying the warm water and feeding on the tiny tidbits that the seawater contained. Cheerful, they joked, lined up after each other, swam to the surface of the water, then plunged deep into the sand. Everyone had fun. "Here we are safe, and no one will eat us!" Everyone thought.

Mama Fish never had contact with her little fishes and kept going the fight for survival. She didn't know where they were, but she knew they should be protected somewhere on the beach. Maybe one day she and some of her puppies could meet at sea again!

All was well, until the young began to feel huge feet heading toward her. And these giant feet began to kick the school of little fishes by throwing many of them into the warm sand of the beach. Fortunately, others managed to escape

and ran deeper into the beach. In the sand the poor little fish hit by the kicks struggled for life.

They were short of breath and burned in the bright sunlight.

Then big hands took them and threw them into huge containers containing fresh water. Those who fell into these containers were relieved but frightened. They knew they were no longer in the beach water. Other little fishes were forgotten in the sand and died stretched by the heat of the sun.

In the sand of the beach, Chubby and his sister Diana played hunting for little fishes. Her parents had bought a plastic bucket for each and they walked along the shore looking for the little fishes.

When they watched the little fishes swim together, they run and kick the poor little fishes toward the beach sand.

“I got it, I got it!”. Screamed Chubby very happy.

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“Let me put them in the bucket!”. Diana asked.

Chubby's and Diana's parents looked on with satisfaction at their children's play.

“I am glad they are enjoying playing on the beach!”. Their father said.

And so Chubby and Diana filled the two buckets with dozens of little fishes. Inside the bucket the little fishes thrashed, tried to find a way out of that huge container and back to the beach. The water in the bucket was getting hot and without oxygen. Some were already beginning to die.

But as the afternoon came on, the sun was already setting over the horizon and Chubby's and Diana's parents called them back to the apartment.

“Mother let me play a little longer with my little fishes!”. Chubby asked.

“Dad, can I take my bucket with the little fishes to the apartment?”. Diana asked.

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“No, you cannot!”. Their father said, completing:

‘Tomorrow, you play fishing again. Now throw these little fishes away and let's go!’.

How Chubby and Diana had dug a big hole in the sand with the plastic paddles, forming a puddle, they threw the little fishes there and went hand in hand with their parents.

Neither Chubby nor Diana nor her parents realized the tragedy behind them. In the sand the little fishes that were not collected in the buckets were already dry and dead. The puddle of sand on the beach, which was a joke to Chubby and Diana, was slowly draining. Until all the water seeped into the sand, the puddle dried and the little fishes stuck to the wet sand and all died.

For Chubby and Diana, it was another day of play on the beach and they had a great time. For their parents, a break and a rest while they watched their children play animated on the beach.

None of them heard the terrified screams of the poor little fishes who were suffering and dying by

the dozens. Thus, the sea lost dozens of fishes that could grow and, one day, serve as food for other fishes, for men themselves, and many of them, even breeding hundreds of other fishes.

Worse yet, none of them saw the tears that flowed from Jorge's eyes and the sad look of Hans, who strolled the beach at the opportunity and felt that they could do nothing...

Very sad, Hans said to his son:

“Jorge, we can't always be alert! In this case, see that children have encouragement from their parents”.

“If we interfere, we may be misunderstood and an unnecessary discussion with your parents could occur. Boy Scouts don't confront, they talk and guide! We can only see which fishes are still alive on the beach and return them to the sea. And wait for this family to come home soon and leave the little fish alone and pray that one day God will enlighten their minds to make them see the evil they have done to nature”.

Jorge, very sad and his face still wet with tears, replied:

“We will be always alert father... Even in these moments... This sadness will make us stronger and firmer in our mission!”.

Hans was proud of this response from his dear son.

Helping to create a forest.

One-night Hans read the newspaper while George watched a documentary on television that, in one section, referred to semi-desert regions.

As he heard this term for the first time, he asked his father:

“Dad, what is a semi-desert region?”.

Hans interrupted reading the newspaper and with the patience that always characterized him when Jorge was interested in learning something, replied:

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“A semi-desert region, my son, is represented by the characteristics of the vegetation during the dry season. Most plants lose their leaves and the trunks become whitish and dry in addition to low rainfall, fertility and soil types and relief”.

“You know, Jorge, I've always wanted to know a semi-desert region too”. Hans completed.

“How about if we were going to vacation this year in a town in a desert region? Thus, we could go deeper and know their beauties, photograph their typical plants, their birds and wild animals!”.

“Dad! I would love to! What about mommy, is she going to like the idea?”.

“I think so. I'll talk to her about it!”. Hans answered Hans.

The holidays in the small town of the desert region worked and there was Hans's family, enjoying the beauty that such a region can offer, despite its limitations.

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And during their horseback riding in the wild, Hans and Jorge met little Tony.

He shouted in the yard:

“Kiiii... Ki... Ki... Ki... Ki!”.

“Kiiii... Ki... Ki... Ki... Ki!”.

With this call, the chickens and the rooster ran to eat the corn that Tony spread across the yard.

Then Tony hit the bottom of a little bucket.

“Tum... Tum, tum, tum!”.

“Tum... Tum, tum, tum!”.

A pig and a sow knew their food was coming. Tony and his parents lived in a cottage built with fine logs and intertwined bamboos tied with vines.

The small spaces formed were filled with crushed clay.

And Tony made a friendship with Hans and Jorge and, taking advantage of this friendship, Tony asked questions that his parents could not answer:

“Mr. Hans why are there trees at the top of the mountain and not here in the valley?”.

And Hans tried to answer as best he could under the watchful eye of Jorge, who also wanted to learn:

“Tony, in the past, you could see big trees here in the valley, not just in the mountains. The ancient residents say that a stream of pure and clear water ran down the mountain and that they often quenched their thirst by drinking water from this stream. The stream is now dry. And the reason for this is that the villagers cut down the trees to make charcoal with their logs. Those abandoned round buildings with black ashes on the floor are the old charcoal kilns. They made money from selling coal and built houses near the coal kilns. But as the years passed, the trees fell away. There were no more logs to burn and turn into coal. The jobless and penniless residents left their

homes. They moved to the village and to other cities. Without the trees, the rain had subsided, the land became increasingly dry, the only well of water dried up. The charcoal makers could not cut the trees from the mountaintop and bring the logs into the valley to make charcoal. It was not possible to transport them. So, they were preserved! Upstairs, nature is conserved. There are many trees that give seeds and fruits all year round. So, we can find many wild animals and birds up high on the mountain!”.

“The soil there remains moist because of the falling leaves that line the ground. Thus, the earth can wait for the next rains, keeping the ground always fresh”.

Tony and George listened to Hans's explanations with delight and sadness at the same time.

“Mr. Hans, could we go up the mountain one day?”. Tony asked.

“Tony! It is a long walk! The mountain seems to be nearby because it is too large. But in fact, it's quite far from your home. If one day you want to

go there, we can go. But talk to your mom and dad and see if they agree!”.

Tony was thrilled with the possibility of climbing the mountain and seeing what was up there.

With the approval of their parents, Hans, Jorge and Tony planned the long-awaited mountain visit.

“Tony up there are big trees and lots of bushes. I hear many birds singing from above. I’m sure you will enjoy knowing this place”. Hans said.

“I’m looking forward to going there!”. Tony said.

And with an air of pure joy and a wide smile on his lips, Tony accompanied Hans and Jorge to the mountain. There was no dirt road, just a few trails that indicated the direction to follow.

Finally, the three friends approached the foot of the mountain. They could feel a change of air. The air was getting colder and wetter. This relieved thirst and rested the muscles. Soon they would be up on the mountain.

On the way Tony remembered what Hans had said to him:

"... The charcoal makers could not cut the trees from the top of the mountain and bring the logs into the valley to make charcoal. It was not possible to transport them. So, they were preserved!".

"Now, I understand why!". Tony concluded.

Tony noted that thousands of small tree seedlings were growing down the mountain. It was nature itself seeking to do its part and reforest the lands devastated by the charcoal burners.

Tony saw that a stream created by the mountain water source was heading toward the valley. But it disappeared halfway.

Water soon seeped into the dry soil and vanished. The stream did not have enough water to reach the bottom of the valley.

"I think this is the creek the old residents talked about!" Before it reached the bottom of the valley

and the residents could get pure fresh water from it. But now everything is dry down there! What a pity!”. Hans reflected.

The birds fed on the fruits and seeds offered by the trees and shrubs. Other animals ate the fruits and seeds that fell to the ground.

Hans called Tony and George's attention to one detail:

“See! In the midst of the feces of some birds and other animals have plant seeds. Maybe from bushes or trees”.

“If these seeds are here, it means they ate fruits they liked!”. Jorge answered.

At some points in the woods, Tony realized that some of the seeds contained in the animal feces were sprouting! They grew strong and vigorous fed by the nutrients from the animals' own feces.

“Jorge, look what I found out! Plants and trees sown by birds and other animals!”.

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Jorge ran to see:

“It is true! It's a way they found to grow trees and plants to have more food to eat in the future!”. Jorge concluded.

And Hans completed:

“Children, and this is how plants and trees spread in the forest! It is birds and other animals that sow the seeds of trees and other plants! Isn't it a wonder? How wise nature is!”.

And Hans continued:

“But it's not just through the feces not! Look at that squirrel burying nuts! For sure, many of them will sprout and give rise to other chestnut trees!”.

“Tony, look at that porcupine! He has a lot of seeds stuck to his body! At some point they will come unglued and other seedlings of trees and shrubs will be born!”. It caught Jorge's attention.

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And a strong wind left the treetops and threw many seeds and fruits on the ground, other seeds flew away from the trees.

And Hans used to teach the children:

“See! These are the many ways that trees and plants use to spread their seeds!”.

And Tony answered:

“Now all this is clear to me!”.

And Hans brought about a question:

“And why aren't we part of this stream ourselves and planting trees, too? Or rather, why don't we plant birds, since many birds feed on tree seeds and fruits?”.

“Plant birds! You and your clever remarks, dad!”.
George replied, shaking his head and laughing.

It was late afternoon and the adventurers had to go home. But before they left, they all filled hats, pockets and backpacks with all the seeds they

could find in the woods. Seeds of all kinds of trees they found. And they made a collection of thousands of seeds.

As soon as they arrived, Tony looked for his father!

“Dad! I saw the paradise! It's all so beautiful up there! It had a source of pure and crystalline water, where a stream was born... the dew wet our face... big trees had many fruits and the animals were feeding on them... had flowering shrubs on all sides... I saw a weird animal that had a hard shell and curled up like a ball... I saw a bird all blue... I saw a little animal that looked like a big rat... I saw a thorny animal on its back ... I saw a little monkey with such a mustache... I saw a little bird that had a long beak and kissed all the flowers he found... I saw a little animal that looked like a bunny, but when I went to pick it up, he started to let go a very strong smell. Jorge and I ran out... I saw a green and yellow parrot. He screamed at us... It was like I was in paradise!”.

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“Calm down, Tony! Breathe to speak. You are really chatty! But what is this you are bringing?”. Raymond asked.

“It's seeds, Dad! Seeds of various trees. I saw that birds and other animals sow trees. And I will sow birds. Lots of birds!”.

Raymond and Simone didn't understand what their dear son meant, but they hugged him and went back home.

Hans and Jorge returned to the inn, leaving to return the next day.

Tony followed his life...

Back on the small dirt road on his way to school, Tony wondered how beautiful the dry valley would look if the trees and bushes he saw high on the mountain also existed there.

Hans, Jorge and Tony started the bird planting project. They knew that each tree planted would one day feed several birds and they would help spread their seeds.

Tony sharpened three tree branches in the shape of a large pencil. With their point they pierced the dry earth and placed a seed in each hole.

“One day, they will germinate...!”. Hans said.

Hans and Jorge visited Tony for a few more days helping Tony in this endeavor. But they had to go back...

Tony went on alone, enthusiastic and motivated to plant all the seeds collected on the mountain. The rare rains of each year began to give life to the first seeds planted. On the last day of Hans and George's visit it started to rain, and they could see Tony cry with joy and excitement...

“My seeds will sprout! My tree seedlings will be born!”. Tony said.

“Tony, good luck with your bird planting project. It will work, believe me! Maybe one day we'll be back to see your forest!”. Hans said, giving her a big hug.

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“Goodbye, Mr. Hans... Goodbye, Jorge! If it works out for you to come back one day, I'll take you for a walk in my forest!” Tony said hopefully.

Hans and Jorge followed the return trip to the inn... the holidays in the Northeast were over.

On the way, they looked back and saw Tony waving his last goodbye.

“See, Jorge, how things happen! We went on vacation, came to know the backcountry and encouraged a wonderful child for a challenge not easy to plant trees in the desartic region. I think our holidays were worth a lot for this!”. Hans exclaimed Hans happy, saying to his son:

“Always alert!”.

“Always alert!”. Jorge replied, pleased and certain that Tony will succeed in his bird planting...

Helping to save the girl's endangered cat.

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One day, Amelia, Jorge's mother, was surprised that he was late to arrive from school. He always arrived at the usual time:

"Hans, Jorge hasn't arrived from school yet. Did something happen?"

"I hope not! But we should worry. After all, violence in this country is everywhere". Hans answered.

Then the phone rang. It was Jorge...

"Mom, I'm already going... I was helping a girl rescue her cat that was on a tree..."

"Hans, it was our son! Looks like he's on one of his missions... Said he's already coming!". Amelia said laughing.

After a while Jorge arrived and immediately began telling his story to his parents:

I was returning home from school and as I passed the square, I saw a girl crying at the foot of a large tree. When I asked why she was crying,

she said to me: My kitten escaped from my arms and climbed that tree and was climbing, climbing... now, he's up high and can't come down ... if he falls, he will die!"

I looked up and actually saw the girl's kitten on the end of a large pine tree. I could do nothing... could not climb that tall tree.

We have to know our limitations, right dad?

So, I called the fire department to come to rescue the girl's kitty. At first, they thought it was a hoax, but then they believed my details and my despair.

Within minutes, we heard the siren of a huge Fire Department truck that stopped in the square...

They started up a huge ladder toward the tip of the pine tree. When the ladder reached the tree as a bridge, a firefighter climbed up and, very skillfully, managed to catch the kitten without him jumping from above in fear...

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And thanks to the firefighters, the kitten was saved and delivered to the girl who now cried with joy, excitement and thanks...

Dona Amelia hugged Jorge and said:

“I am very proud of you, my son!”.

And Hans completed:

“Jorge, you did everything right. You have called the fire department for this task and took no risks. Congratulations!”.

And Hans, encouraging George, exclaimed:

“Always alert!”.

“Always alert!”. George replied, pleased with the happy outcome - kitten saved, the cheerful girl again...

Hans, his son George, Mother Nature and God have not stopped mourning over so many other children and adults playing who mistreat animals.

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They saw people tie cans to cats' tails, who fled in panic like crazy. Many cats were run over by cars, others hid in manholes and drowned, others were wounded.

They saw people collecting beetles, pulling them out of nature and exposing them in spiky pins.

They saw people throwing stones at stray dogs, injuring them and adding to their suffering from homelessness without food.

They saw people tying their tails with lashings, tossing them against the wall or dragging them across the floor, wounding them and even killing them.

They saw people put shoe boxes on top of hamsters so they would move inside her from here to there, giving the impression that the shoeboxes were walking alone. Many of them came out with their nose bleeding and stressed.

They saw people unravel the cobwebs that they had worked hard for a whole night to feed.

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Thus, the spiders could not hunt insects, such as the dengue mosquito, and they did not feed for a few days.

They saw people rip off the legs and wings of insects so that they could no longer walk or fly and enjoyed the pain of locusts, butterflies.

They saw people set traps to hunt birds who dared to eat some grains of corn or rice placed under the traps.

They saw people shoot birds with shotgun crippling them and even killing them.

They saw people step on every insect in front of them for pure fun, and they saw that children were taught by their own parents, even the little ones, to act like this: "Look a bug, kill it!".

These kids didn't even know why they were doing this. But they learned to kill animals...

Jorge, sad and crying a lot, did not want to see any more evils with the animals that day and asked his father:

“Dad, why does this happen? When will humans and their children respect animals?”.

“Jorge, many men are still in the process of development. One day, they will recognize that all living beings are God's creation. They will understand that animals have soul and conscience and suffer pain like all humans. And when this happens, all animals will be respected and protected”.

“But are all men acting like this, Dad?”. Jorge asked.

“Fortunately, not! Many men and their children are generous to animals and protect them. These have already been touched by the love of God! They have found that true happiness lies in life in harmony with nature, with all its plants, animals, crystal clear water fountains, bird sounds, fresh air...”.

And Hans finished:

“Parents should never forget that children often learn by their example. And that parents who

mistreat or despise animals will never raise children who respect life”.

Hans then showed Jorge many people who like and respect animals. They were people playing and lovingly caring for their puppies, their kittens, their bunnies, their hamsters, their fish in the aquariums. Other people put fruit and seeds in the yard to feed the birds that live in big cities. Others simply admired and respected animals in their natural habitat.

And most importantly, letting all the animals go about their lives in peace.

For a moment Jorge wiped the tears from his eyes and, looking at his father, gave a smile of joy and happiness...

And Hans finished:

For our part, my son, we will be...

“Always alert!”.

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“Always alert!”. Jorge replied, happy to know that there are many people who think and act like him and his father in dealing with nature.

And do you know how the story of Hans, George and Tony ended?

Jorge graduated in Veterinary Medicine, applied in the creation of a veterinary clinic. Collecting and caring for stray and mistreated animals in the streets was one of his occupations. After medical and cleanliness, he offered them for adoption, giving them perspectives for a better life.

Hans retired and spent most of his time creating new Boy Scout groups as Scoutmaster. Hans was born with this fate and followed him for life. From an early age, he identified the true essence of life through living with nature.

As he entered the woods, feeling the coolness of the air, listening to the singing of birds and the sounds of water on the rocks, Hans felt that he belonged to this environment, somehow that this was his most remote origin. He used to say that

nature was engraved in his DNA, could not live without it.

Nature is like that for him:

It is sometimes carried by the wind, the crystal-clear waters and the falling leaves of the trees. It is in many places of our planet.

It lives in the song of the birds, the flowers, the dew of the night that moistens the leaves of the trees, the breeze of the wind, the morning sun, the freshness of the woods, the fresh mountain air, the cold of the glaciers, the softness of the snow.

It lives on beaches caressed by the sea, in a flower of a small vase or in large gardens. It lives in the waterfalls and rapids of the rivers, lives under the dead and damp leaves of the forests, lives in the dry sands of the deserts.

It lives in many places, especially at the birth of a lifetime. It dies to the sound of a chainsaw or an ax, dies burning in the fire of the fields and

woods, dies suffocated by pollution and the destruction of the places where it lives.

It's very common for people to fall in love with Nature when they meet it! Such is NATURE.

And as for Tony, after Hans and George left, he returned to his normal routine in the desertic region where he lived.

As he took the dirt road to school, Tony saw small green seedlings sprout from the ground. The drought was prolonged in the valley and the seedlings were in danger of dying before they could put their roots deep in the dry land where the humidity was a little better.

In the late afternoon, he returned to the dirt road with a bucket and splash some water on each seedling, making several trips a day. Thus, he managed to save a good part of the seedlings that were born.

In some years, the rains were scarce. But in others they have fallen so as to wet the dry valley in abundance. The desertic backcountry has

always been a region of rich biodiversity, although semi-arid. In the dry season, most trees and shrubs lose their leaves. But they are not dead, they only keep moisture only for their branches and roots until the next rains, not wasting water with their leaves.

Tony planted thousands of seedlings of trees and shrubs over eight years. But only a part of them survived.

Many seeds did not germinate, others that germinated succumbed in the bright sun and lack of rain. However, many seedlings of various tree and shrub species survived. Gradually birds and other animals began to benefit from their flowers, seeds and fruits.

And so, the birds themselves and other animals took care of spreading seeds across the dry valley, helping Tony in his mission.

Tony entered the Faculty of Forestry Engineering and took every free time to visit the woods he had helped to form.

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He watched with joy that many more seedlings of trees and shrubs were born, now toward the mountain. The forest formed by Tony joined the mountain forest, forming a single forest, as he had dreamed.

Finally, the source of water managed to overcome the old dry bed and form a stream that ran right alongside the old dirt road. Thus, the forest was expanding more and more. And the forest was recognized by the state government as a special and unique area in the region that needed to be preserved. And it has turned into a nature reserve. Thousands of people visit the new park, the old dry valley, where a refreshing, clean river adorned plant life and quenched animal thirst.

The old dirt road where Tony had walked for many years on his way to school was now the park's main entrance.

No one knew Tony's story and how it all started. In the park there was no sign in his honor. But it didn't matter to him. He did this all for the personal satisfaction of achieving a great mission of his life and he was sure that the greatest

recognition would come from Nature and God... and was eternally grateful to Hans and George for the great encouragement of their project.

If one day Hans and Jorge visit again the desartic backwoods where Tony lived, they will most likely not find him again. They will see only a half-wrecked log house. Tony and his parents followed new directions in their life.

However, Hans and Jorge will be thrilled to see the forest started by Tony, which has turned into a nature reserve. They will be able to feel the freshness of the forest, drink from the pure water of the stream, hear the birdsong and see the beauty of the flowers...

And they will miss and remember Tony, the dreamy boy.

The End