The Girl and the Pygmy Goat
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On a bright Saturday morning, Maya skipped up the gravel path to the animal sanctuary. She carried her green notebook and a sharp pencil, ready to draw anything interesting. Her two curly buns bounced with every step. Maya loved animals more than anything, and today she was going to meet some new friends.

Rosa, the sanctuary keeper, greeted Maya with a warm smile and a tip of her straw hat. She showed Maya the barn, the duck pond, and the sheep field. Maya wrote notes in her green notebook as they walked. Everything at the sanctuary was safe and cozy. Then Rosa opened a gate to a small grassy yard.

In the yard stood a little pygmy goat with a cream-white coat and tan patches. His floppy ears wiggled, and his tiny horns looked like buds. A blue collar with a brass tag jingled around his neck. When he saw Maya, he gave a happy hop and trotted right over. "This is Pip," Rosa said. "He's full of beans!"

Pip sniffed Maya's red sneakers and wagged his fluffy tail. Then he tried to climb the fence, but his little hooves slipped. He tried to jump onto a bucket, but it wobbled and tipped over. He tried to leap onto a hay bale, but it was too tall. Pip gave a small, frustrated bleat. He had so much energy and nowhere safe to use it.

Maya opened her green notebook and began to draw. She sketched a ramp, some steps, and a little hill. "Pip needs a climbing course just his size," she said. "Something safe and fun." Rosa looked over Maya's shoulder and nodded slowly. "That's a wonderful idea," she said. "Let's make it happen."

Maya and Rosa walked around the sanctuary, looking for the perfect spot. They found a flat, grassy area next to the barn. It had soft ground and plenty of room. Maya drew a big circle in her notebook. "We can put the course here," she said. "Pip can climb and jump and not get hurt." Rosa smiled. "You're a good planner, Maya."

First, they gathered supplies: smooth wooden boards, old tires, and soft hay. Rosa carried the heavy things with her strong hands. Maya carried the notebook and drew arrows to show where everything should go. "This ramp goes up," she said, pointing. "And these steps go down." Pip watched them from his yard, his amber eyes wide with curiosity.

They built a gentle ramp with a low slope, so Pip could walk up easily. They made wide steps with soft hay on each one. They piled little hills of dirt and covered them with grass. Maya tested each part by walking on it herself. "Safe and sturdy," she declared. Pip bleated from his yard, as if to say, "Is it for me?"

Rosa hammered the last board into place. Maya drew a final picture in her notebook: Pip jumping and climbing with a big smile. "It's ready," Rosa said. "Let's see what Pip thinks." They opened the gate, and Pip trotted out. He sniffed the ramp, tilted his head, and took a tiny step forward.

Pip placed one hoof on the ramp. Then another. He walked up slowly, his tail wagging. At the top, he looked down at Maya and Rosa. Then he jumped! He landed on a soft hay step and bounced to the next one. He climbed the little hills and leaped from tire to tire. His floppy ears flew, and his bell jingled happily.

Maya laughed and clapped her hands. "He loves it!" she cried. Pip ran back to her and nuzzled her overall pocket. Then he trotted to the ramp and climbed again. He went up and down, around and over, all day long. Rosa wiped her hands on her trousers. "You did a great job, Maya. Pip has never been so happy."

From that day on, Maya visited Pip every Saturday. She brought her notebook and drew new ideas for the course. Sometimes she added a small tunnel or a gentle seesaw. Pip followed her everywhere, wagging his tail. They became best friends. Maya even taught Pip to touch a target with his nose for a tiny treat.

One afternoon, Rosa sat with Maya on a hay bale and watched Pip climb. "You know," Rosa said, "animals need more than food and water. They need safe fun, just like you and me. You gave Pip a wonderful gift." Maya smiled her gap-toothed smile. "Pip gave me a gift too," she said. "He's my best friend."

Pip climbed the little hills and jumped from tire to tire. His cream coat shone in the sun, and his blue collar jingled. Maya drew a picture of him in her notebook: a happy goat with a big smile. She wrote underneath: "Pip's climbing course. Safe fun for a playful goat." Then she closed her notebook and ran to join him.

Maya and Pip played until the sun began to set. Rosa called them in for the evening. Maya gave Pip a gentle pat on his head. "See you next week," she whispered. Pip bleated softly and rubbed his cheek against her hand. As Maya walked home, she felt warm and happy inside. She had made a friend and helped him too.

That night, Maya drew one more picture in her notebook. It showed a girl and a pygmy goat standing on a little hill, with ramps and steps all around. Underneath, she wrote: "Animals need safe fun." She smiled and closed the notebook. She couldn't wait to visit Pip again and see him climb. The end.