

The Girl and the Forest Deer



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Maya zipped up her mustard-yellow rain jacket and grabbed her red satchel. Inside were her nature journal and a handful of pencils. She loved to draw and write about everything she saw. Today, she was going to visit the protected forest near her home. "I wonder what I'll discover," she said, her dark brown eyes sparkling.



The forest was full of tall trees and soft moss. Maya found a quiet spot behind a fallen log and sat very still. She opened her journal to a fresh page. She wrote: "Spring. The forest smells green and fresh." Then she heard a soft crunch. A deer with a reddish-brown coat stepped out from the trees. Its large dark eyes looked around calmly.



Maya held her breath and didn't move. The deer nibbled on new green leaves, its long ears twitching. Maya sketched the deer's slender legs and small white tail patch. She wrote: "The deer eats leaves in spring." The deer glanced her way, then went back to eating. Maya smiled. She had watched without making a sound, and the deer wasn't scared.



All summer long, Maya visited the forest. One hot day, she heard a tiny rustle in the tall grass. She peeked through the blades and saw a fawn! It was small and delicate, with light tan fur and white spots. Its big dark eyes stared at her. Maya stayed far away and wrote: "Summer. A fawn hides in the grass. Its spots help it blend in."



Maya came back often, but she never went near the fawn. She knew that mother deer leave their babies alone to keep them safe. Through her binoculars, she watched the fawn grow stronger. Its thin legs became steadier. Maya drew the fawn in her journal, adding tall grass around it. She wrote: "The fawn stays still and quiet. That's how it stays safe."



One afternoon, Maya saw the mother deer standing nearby, watching over the fawn. The doe's ears were alert, and she stamped her foot softly. Maya stayed hidden and whispered, "It's okay. I'm just watching." The deer seemed to understand. She led her fawn away slowly, and Maya felt happy that she hadn't scared them.



When autumn came, the forest turned gold and red. Maya pulled on her green rubber boots and walked to her favorite spot. She noticed the deer's coat looked thicker and darker than before. She wrote: "Autumn. The deer's fur grows thick for winter." The deer nibbled on fallen acorns, and Maya sketched its warm winter coat.



The air grew chilly, and Maya saw fewer animals. But she knew the deer was still there. She found tracks near the stream—heart-shaped prints in the soft mud. She drew them carefully in her journal. “These are deer tracks,” she wrote. “The deer walks here to drink.” She followed the tracks with her eyes, not her feet, and smiled.



One day, a strong wind blew through the forest, and a branch cracked. Maya heard the deer snort and run. She stayed put until everything was quiet. Then she wrote: "When the deer is scared, it runs. I must be extra quiet." She waited a long time before walking home, so the deer could feel safe again.



Maya's friend Leo asked, "Why don't you ever try to pet the deer? It looks so gentle." Maya shook her head. "Wild animals need space," she said. "If I chase them or touch them, they get scared. Then they might not come back." Leo nodded. "That makes sense," he said. "You're like a secret friend to them."



Winter arrived with soft white snow. Maya bundled up and followed the deer's tracks through the forest. She found a place where the deer had bedded down for the night—a shallow dip in the snow. She wrote: “Winter. The deer rests in the snow to stay warm.” She drew the bed and the tracks leading to it.



As she turned to leave, Maya saw the deer watching her from behind a tree. Its dark eyes were calm. Maya whispered, "Hello, friend." The deer flicked its ears and stayed still. Maya felt a warm glow inside. She had been patient all year, and now the deer trusted her a little. That trust was the best gift.



Maya went home and looked through her journal. Page after page showed the deer through the seasons—nibbling leaves in spring, hiding a fawn in summer, growing a thick coat in autumn, and leaving tracks in winter. She wrote a special note at the end: “When we watch quietly and never chase, we help keep wildlife safe.”



The next spring, Maya returned to the forest. She saw the deer again, and this time there were two fawns wobbling beside her. Maya sat behind her log and opened a fresh journal. She wrote: "Spring again. The deer has two new fawns. I will watch them grow." She smiled, ready for another year of quiet observation.



Maya's nature journal became her treasure. She shared it with her class at school, showing how the deer changed with the seasons. Her teacher said, "You've taught us all something important, Maya." Maya beamed. She knew that every quiet moment in the forest had helped the deer stay safe and happy.



Now, whenever Maya visits the protected forest, she brings her journal and pencils. She sits still, watches carefully, and writes down what she sees. The deer and her fawns roam freely, never fearing her. Maya knows that respecting wildlife is the best way to be their friend. And she will keep watching, season after season.