

The day was rainy and gloomy. Dark clouds drifted across the sky. The young boy took a pillow from his bed and tossed it onto the floor. Lying down, he propped his feet on the edge of his toy box. He munched on crackers and was careful not to scatter crumbs. Then he put on his earphones and listened to the radio. It was a jazz station. At that moment, he wanted to become a disk jockey.

He tuned in to another station. This music was country and western. Now he dreamed of life as a cowboy. He would ride the fastest horse in the world. Maybe he'd join the rodeo and rope cattle.

Next, he turned the radio to hip-hop. Perhaps he'd write songs. He thought he could be a singer and dancer on the stage. He imagined colored lights flashing, a band playing loud music, and a crowd applauding and screaming. Of course they would ask for his autograph!

He slowly stood and stretched. It would be a long time before he had a career. He guessed it might be wise to be a kid for a little while longer.

The campers rolled up their sleeping bags. They swept the tent floor. It was time for the eight-year-old boy and his father to go for a morning walk. Mother stayed behind. She was busy cooking breakfast on the campfire grill. The dark-haired boy grasped his dad's hand as they hiked into the woods.

In a nearby pond, they spied a tiny frog sitting in the middle of a lily pad. The green leaf was floating on the water. The child and his father stood at the edge of the pond. They quietly gazed at the small creature. Suddenly, the frog jumped into the water. It disappeared. Waves rippled over the water's surface. The silence was broken with a shout. "Wow!" It was the first time the boy had seen a frog in a natural setting.

Excited, the child ran ahead. He watched for other animals along the path. Suddenly, he realized they were everywhere! Robins sang as they perched on limbs. Two blue jays quarreled over food. Gray squirrels scurried up and down tree trunks. Their cheeks were stuffed with acorns. Then, the smell of cooking bacon drifted their way. The boy and his father decided to return to camp. It was time for breakfast.