Brady's Springtime Wait

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Brady stands by the window with his hands pressed against the glass, looking out at the patchy brown lawn. He holds his plastic toy mower tightly, hoping today will be the day the grass is finally long enough to cut.

Mom and Dad crouch down to Brady's level, explaining that the grass is still sleeping under the cool spring soil. They tell him it needs more sunshine and gentle rain showers before it can grow tall and green for the mower.

To pass the time, Brady grabs his bright blue watering can and heads into the garden. He carefully pours water over the sleepy flower beds, helping the tulips and daffodils wake up from their winter nap.

While exploring the yard, Brady spots a cluster of bright yellow dandelions peeking through the dirt. He kneels down to count each one, realizing that even if the grass is short, the world is starting to change color.

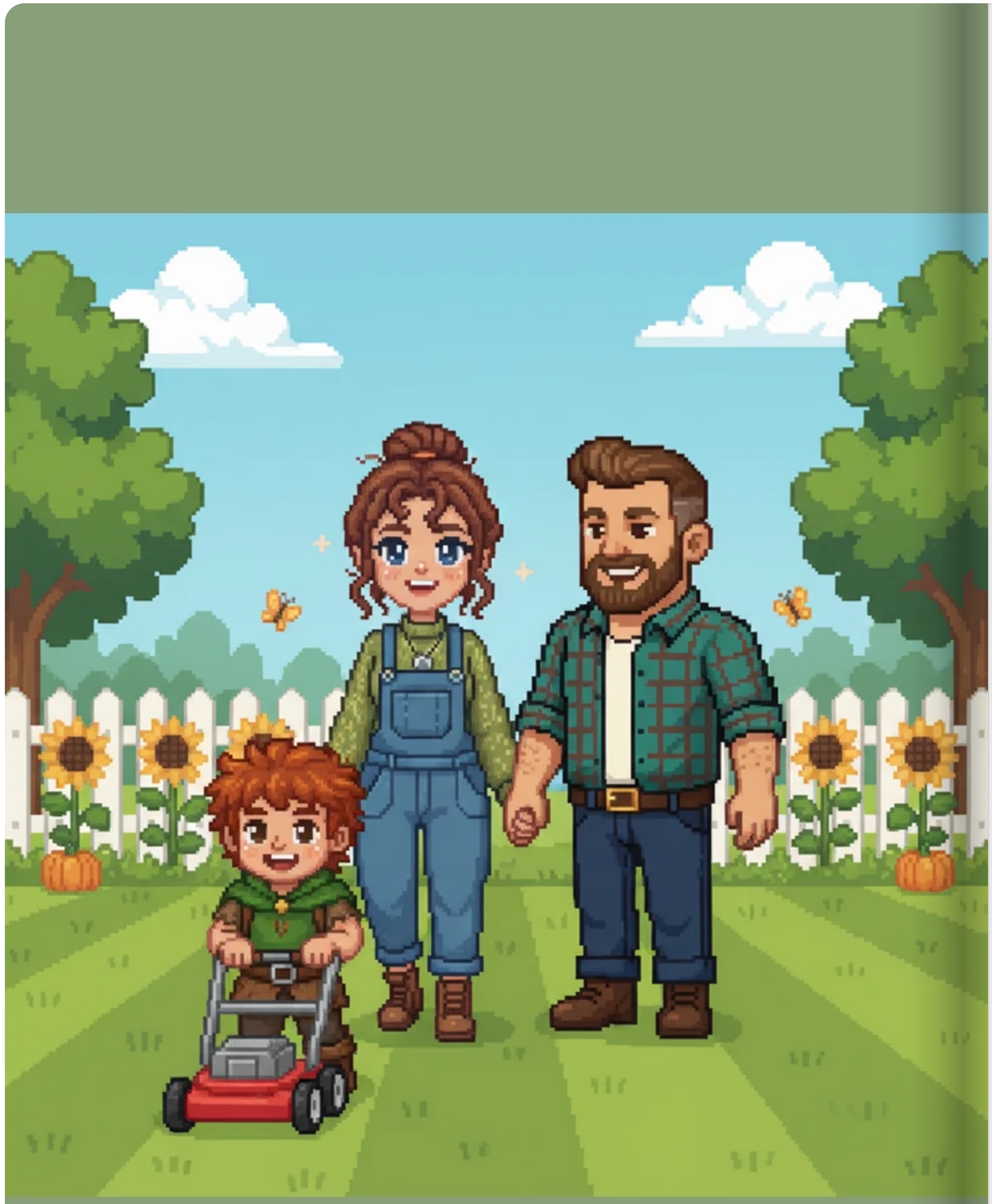
High up in the branches of the old oak tree, Brady notices a pair of robins busy at work. He stays very still, watching them weave tiny twigs and dried grass into a cozy nest for their future family.

A breezy afternoon brings the perfect weather for flying his favorite rainbow kite. Brady runs across the yard, feeling the wind pull the string as the kite soars high above the budding trees and the growing lawn.

Dad invites Brady to help in the vegetable patch, where they tuck tiny seeds into the warm, dark earth. They talk about how the sun will transform these little specks into tall corn and crunchy carrots by the time summer arrives.

As the weeks pass, the air turns warmer and the rain falls more often, turning the yard into a sea of emerald green. Brady notices the blades of grass are finally reaching up toward his ankles, tickling his toes as he runs.

One sunny Saturday morning, the garage door creaks open and Mom pulls out the big red lawnmower. The familiar hum of the engine fills the air, and the sweet scent of freshly cut grass wafts through the backyard.



Brady proudly marches behind his parents, pushing his toy mower over the neat rows of cut grass. He realizes that while waiting was hard, the wonders of spring made the arrival of summer even more special.