

The Little Elephant's Friend



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On the sunny savanna, where the grass grew tall and golden, lived a little elephant named Ellie. Her skin was soft and grey and wrinkled, and her big floppy ears had pink edges inside. She had warm brown eyes and a round belly that wobbled when she walked. Every morning she waved her short trunk at the rising sun and said, "Good morning, world!"



Ellie loved to explore. She sniffed the yellow flowers and listened to the grass swish against her small white tusks. She was small for an elephant, only knee-high to the grown-ups, but her heart was big. "So many things to see!" she hummed as she trotted along. The savanna stretched wide and bright around her, full of buzzing bees and nodding grass.



One windy afternoon, the sky turned dark and a storm whooshed across the savanna. Ellie hid behind a big acacia tree and watched the branches dance. When the wind stopped and the sun came back, she heard a tiny, sad chirp. "Oh dear," Ellie said, following the sound. "Someone sounds unhappy. I should go and see."



Near a thorny bush sat a little bird named Pip. Her feathers were bright blue and yellow, and her tiny orange beak was trembling. "My nest is gone!" Pip chirped. "The storm blew it away!" Her small round body shook, so Ellie bent down low and said gently, "Don't worry. We can build a new one together."



Pip hopped onto Ellie's trunk and looked around. "Twigs!" she chirped. "I need lots of twigs!" Ellie nodded and gathered thin, bendy branches from the grass. She picked soft green leaves too, and fluffy bits of dry grass. "This one is just right," Pip said, testing a twig with her thin legs. "And that leaf is perfect!" Ellie smiled as the pile grew.



Together they worked all afternoon. Pip showed Ellie where to tuck each twig, and Ellie used her trunk to bend them into a cosy round shape. "A little higher on that side," Pip said. "Now a soft leaf here." Ellie giggled as a leaf tickled her nose. When the sun began to set, they stepped back to look at their work.



"It's beautiful!" Pip sang, hopping into the middle of the nest. It sat safely in a strong acacia tree, woven from twigs and leaves and soft dry grass. "You are the kindest elephant on the whole savanna, Ellie." Ellie's big ears flapped with joy. "And you are the bravest little bird," she said. "Friends help each other. That's what friends do."



Every day after that, Pip and Ellie played together. Pip rode on Ellie's back and sang cheerful songs she had made up herself. Ellie taught Pip the names of the trees and the shapes of the clouds. "Look, that cloud looks like a lion!" Ellie said. Pip chirped with laughter. From high in the sky, Pip could see farther than Ellie ever could.



Then the dry season came. The sun beat down and the grass turned brown and crunchy. The little stream dried up, and the water hole shrank smaller and smaller. Ellie walked for miles, her short trunk drooping. "I'm so thirsty," she said. "Where can we find water?" The other animals shook their heads and sighed.



Pip fluttered down beside her friend. "Don't be sad, Ellie," she said. "Remember, I can fly high above the trees. Let me look for water from up there!" She spread her delicate wings and zoomed up into the blue sky. Ellie watched her tiny friend grow smaller and smaller, until she was just a speck of blue and yellow.



Pip flew in big circles, her black beady eyes searching the ground below. Past the hills, past the tall grass, she spotted something shiny and blue. "Water!" she chirped. She darted back down to Ellie. "Follow me! I found a fresh water hole!" Ellie lifted her trunk and trumpeted, "Hooray! Lead the way, little friend!"



Pip flew ahead, gliding this way and that, and Ellie followed her flapping wings across the dry savanna. At last they reached a clear, cool water hole, shining like a mirror under the sun. Ellie drank and drank, and she splashed her big floppy ears. "You saved me, Pip," she said. "You are small, but you made a big difference today."



Soon the other animals heard the good news. Zebras and giraffes and warthogs hurried to the water hole, and everyone drank together. "Who found this water?" asked a tall giraffe. Ellie smiled and lifted her trunk toward the little bird. "My friend Pip did. She flew high and guided me here." The animals cheered for the tiny bird with bright blue and yellow feathers.



From that day on, the friendship between Ellie and Pip was famous across the savanna. Animals told the story again and again: how a little elephant rebuilt a little bird's nest, and how the little bird found water for the elephant. "True friends always help each other," the animals said, nodding wisely. And Ellie and Pip always nodded back.



Ellie learned something wonderful that season. A friend does not have to be big to be a big help. Pip was tiny, small enough to ride on Ellie's trunk, yet she had found water when no one else could. "Even the smallest friend can make a big difference," Ellie said. Pip chirped happily, "And so can a kind elephant with a big heart!"



So if you ever visit the sunny savanna, listen closely. You might hear a little elephant humming and a little bird singing, high in an acacia tree beside a cosy nest of twigs and leaves. Their friendship is still growing there, like the golden grass. And whenever one of them needs help, the other always comes, because true friends support one another. The end.