

The Mouse and the Robin



Jane MEADOW

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In a sunny garden filled with flowers, a small mouse named Minnie lived in a cozy burrow under an old oak tree. She had soft warm brown fur, a cream belly, and large round dark brown eyes. Minnie loved to explore the garden paths, wearing her little red knitted scarf and carrying her tiny green satchel. Every morning, she scurried through the grass, looking for seeds and berries to eat.



One day, a robin with a bright orange-red breast and soft brown wings flew into the garden. The robin perched on a branch and sang a sweet song. Minnie peeked out from behind a bush, curious about the new visitor. 'Hello,' she squeaked softly. The robin tilted its head and chirped back, 'Hello, little mouse!' From that moment, a friendship began to grow.



The robin built a nest high in the oak tree, using twigs and dry leaves. Minnie watched from below as the robin worked hard, flying back and forth with materials. 'Your nest looks lovely,' Minnie called up. The robin chirped happily, 'Thank you, Minnie! It will be a safe home for my eggs.' Minnie felt glad to have such a friendly neighbor in the garden.



But one afternoon, a strong wind swept through the garden. It shook the branches and rattled the leaves. The robin's nest wobbled and then broke apart, falling to the ground. The robin flew down, looking sad. 'Oh no,' the robin tweeted. 'My nest is ruined!' Minnie hurried over and saw the scattered twigs and broken grass. 'Don't worry,' she said kindly. 'I will help you fix it.'



Minnie remembered her green satchel and hurried to gather soft grass from the garden. She stuffed the satchel full, then carried it to the robin. 'Here is some soft grass for your nest,' she said. The robin was grateful. 'Thank you, Minnie! You are very kind.' Together, they worked to rebuild the nest, using strong twigs and the soft grass Minnie brought.



Minnie made many trips, filling her satchel with grass each time. The robin wove the grass into the nest, making it warm and snug. 'You are a wonderful helper,' the robin chirped. Minnie smiled, her tiny pink nose twitching. 'I am happy to help a friend,' she said. The nest grew stronger and safer with every piece of grass Minnie brought.



At last, the nest was even better than before. The robin flew up to test it, then sang a joyful song. 'It is perfect!' the robin exclaimed. 'I could not have done it without you, Minnie.' Minnie felt proud and happy. 'I am glad I could help,' she said. The robin promised, 'One day, I will help you too, my friend.'



The days grew colder, and soon winter arrived. Snow covered the garden in a thick white blanket. Minnie wore her red scarf and set out to find food, but the snow had hidden all her usual paths. She wandered through the white garden, unable to find her way home. Her little paws grew cold, and she felt worried. 'Where is my burrow?' she squeaked.



High above, the robin saw Minnie lost in the snowy garden. The robin flew down and landed beside her. 'Minnie, what is wrong?' asked the robin. 'I cannot find my way home,' Minnie said, her voice trembling. 'The snow has covered everything.' The robin nodded. 'Don't worry. I can see the path from above. Follow me!'



The robin flew up and circled above Minnie, chirping loudly. 'This way, Minnie! Turn left at the big stone!' Minnie followed the robin's voice, her tiny paws crunching in the snow. The robin guided her past snow-covered bushes and over a small hill. 'You are almost there!' the robin called. Minnie felt braver with her friend watching over her.



Finally, Minnie saw the old oak tree and her cozy burrow beneath it. 'I see it!' she squeaked with joy. The robin landed beside her and chirped happily. 'You are safe now, Minnie.' Minnie turned to her friend, her eyes shining. 'Thank you, Robin. You saved me!' The robin fluffed its feathers. 'That is what friends do,' it said warmly.



Minnie invited the robin to rest in her burrow, where it was warm and dry. They shared seeds and berries from Minnie's store. 'Your kindness in fixing my nest meant so much to me,' the robin said. 'And your kindness in guiding me home means so much to me,' Minnie replied. They sat together, grateful for each other's friendship.



From that day on, Minnie and the robin were the best of friends. They helped each other through every season. When spring returned, the robin's nest was full of chirping chicks, and Minnie brought soft grass to keep them warm. The garden was a happy place, filled with the sounds of their friendship. Their simple kindness had grown into something wonderful.



Minnie learned that friendship can begin with one small act of kindness. The robin had helped her because she had helped the robin first. Now, they knew they could always count on each other. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' Minnie said wisely. The robin chirped in agreement, and they watched the sunset together from the old oak tree.



As the sun set, the garden glowed with a warm light. Minnie and the robin sat side by side, watching the stars appear. 'I am so glad we met,' Minnie said. 'Me too,' chirped the robin. 'And I am glad we are friends.' They knew that their friendship, built on kindness and help, would last forever.



And so, in the garden, the mouse and the robin remained the best of friends. Their story reminds us that a simple kindness can grow into a beautiful friendship. Whenever you see a robin and a mouse together, remember Minnie and her friend, and know that kindness always finds its way back.