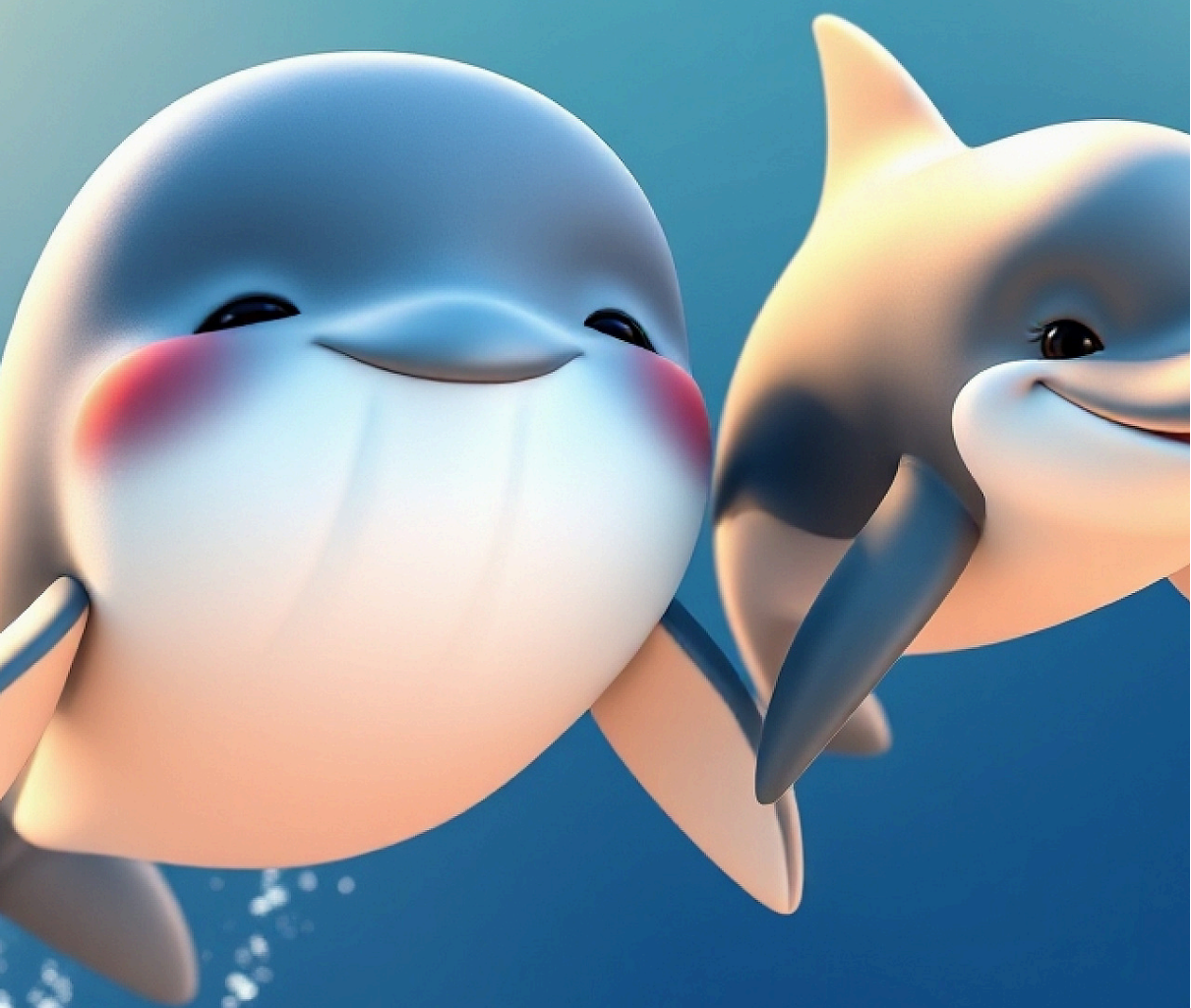


The Whale's Dolphin Friend



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In the wide, warm ocean, where the water shone like blue glass, lived a young whale named Wren. Wren was a humpback calf, round and chubby, with blue-grey skin, a pale white belly, and long flippers with bumpy white edges. Every morning Wren swam up to breathe and watched the sunlight dance on the waves. The ocean felt enormous, but Wren loved it.



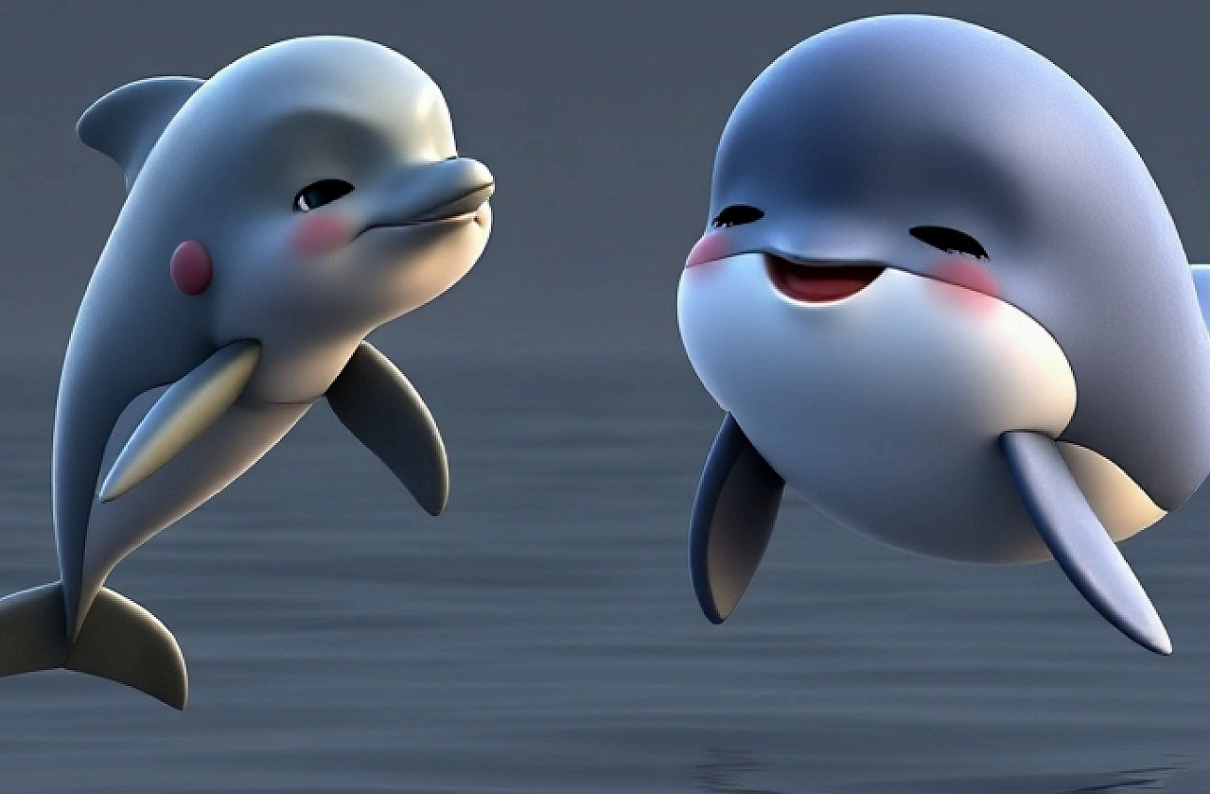
One sunny day, a little dolphin came zooming past Wren's nose. She was a bottlenose calf named Pip, slim and quick, with silver-grey skin, a curved smiling snout, and a small strand of green seaweed looped around one flipper. 'Hello!' Pip chirped. 'Want to race?' Wren laughed, and they raced through the sparkling water.



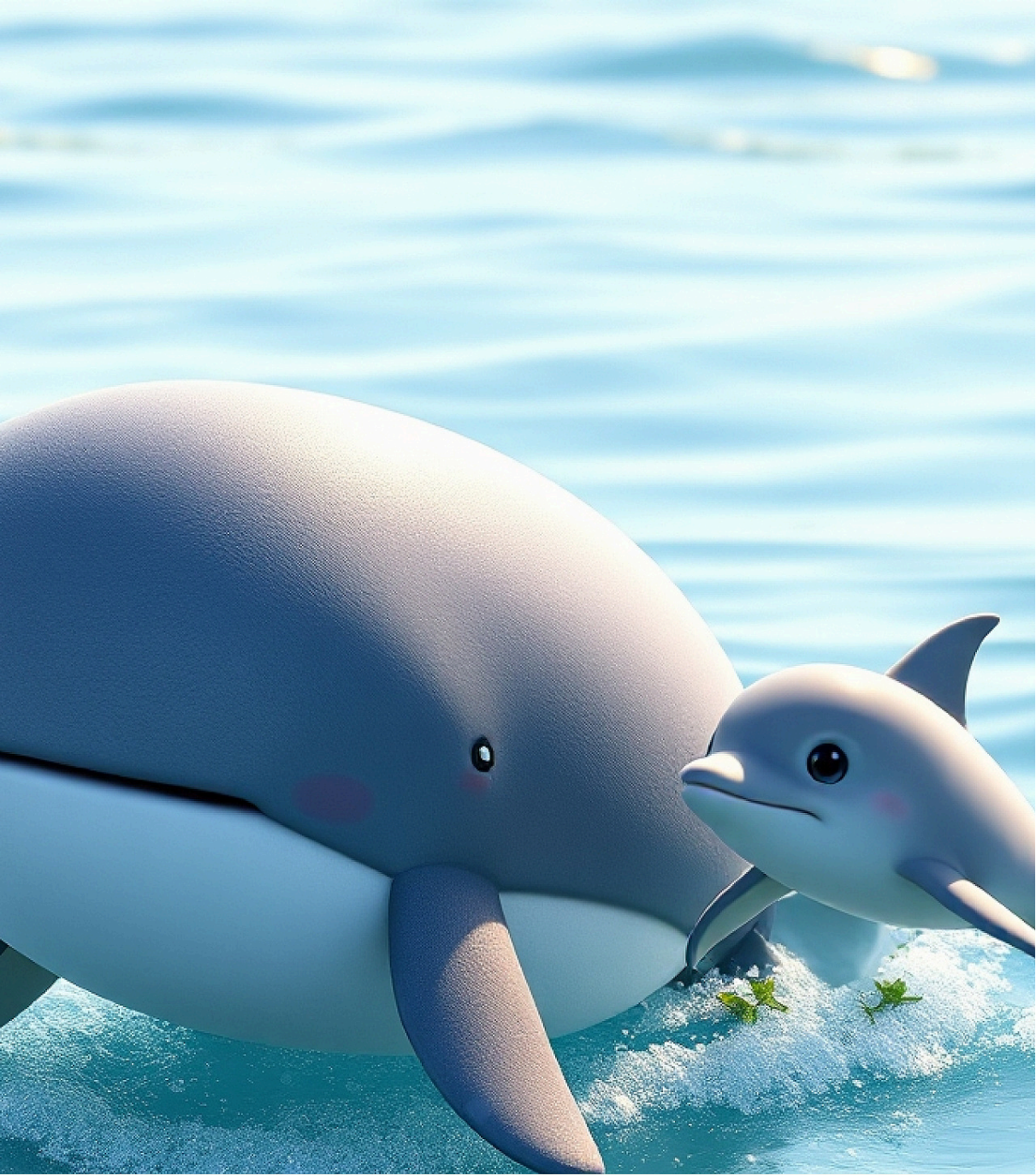
Wren and Pip became fast friends. Pip scouted ahead, diving and spinning, while Wren swam steady and calm beside her. 'I know the currents here,' Pip said. 'This warm one flows toward my family.' Wren nodded. 'And I know the deep songs the whale families sing,' Wren said. Together, the two friends explored the big ocean every day.



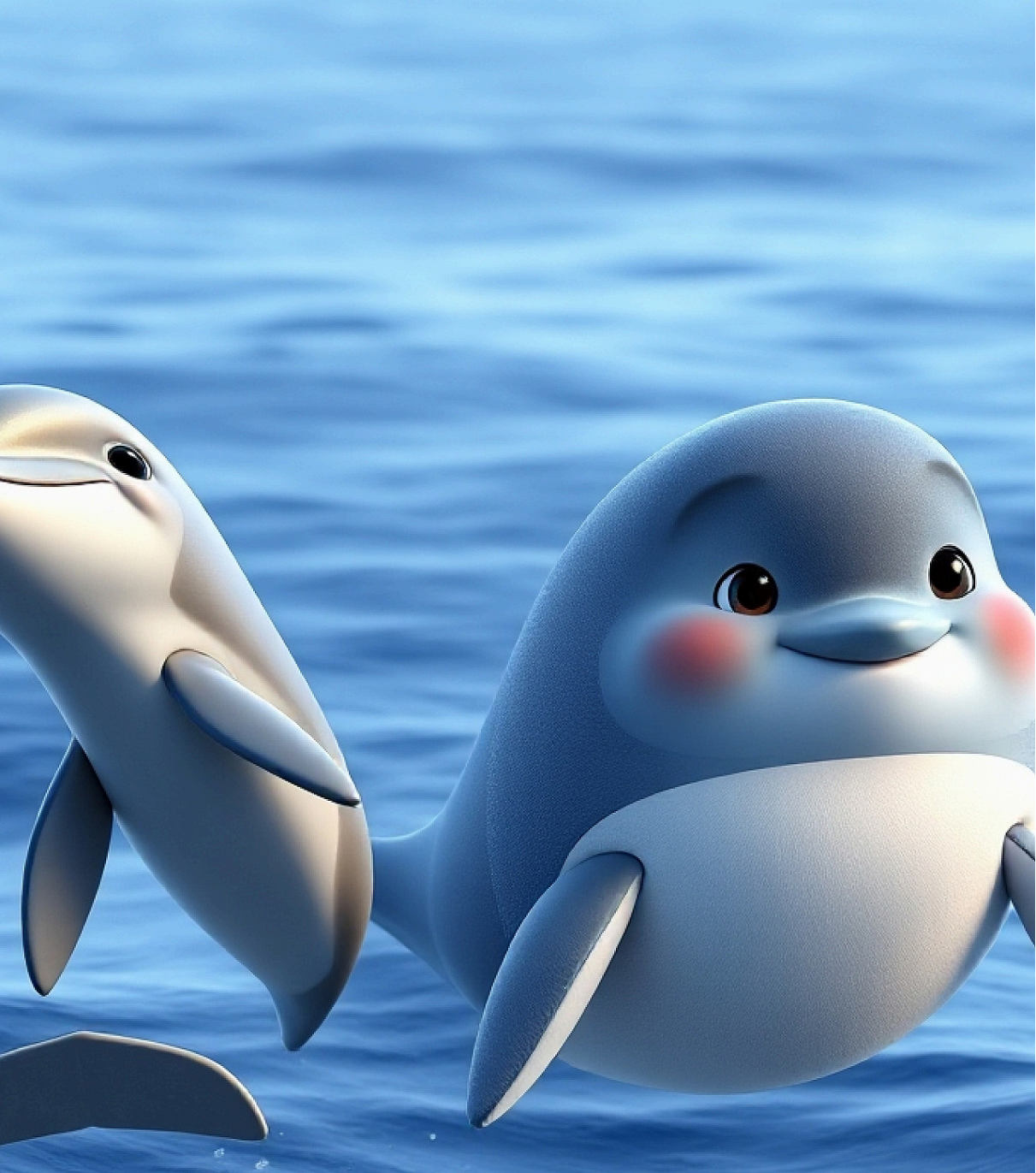
One afternoon, the sky turned dark and the wind began to howl. The waves grew tall and choppy. 'Stay close!' Wren called, keeping her big body between Pip and the churning water. Rain splashed down, and the ocean tossed and tumbled. When the storm finally passed, the two friends were alone. The water was quiet, but their families were gone.



Pip swam in quick circles, calling and calling, but no dolphins answered. Wren sang her deep whale song, low and long, but heard nothing back. 'What do we do?' Pip asked, her voice small. Wren floated calmly, thinking. 'My mother says the ocean has currents that always flow the same way,' she said. 'Let's find the ones we know.'



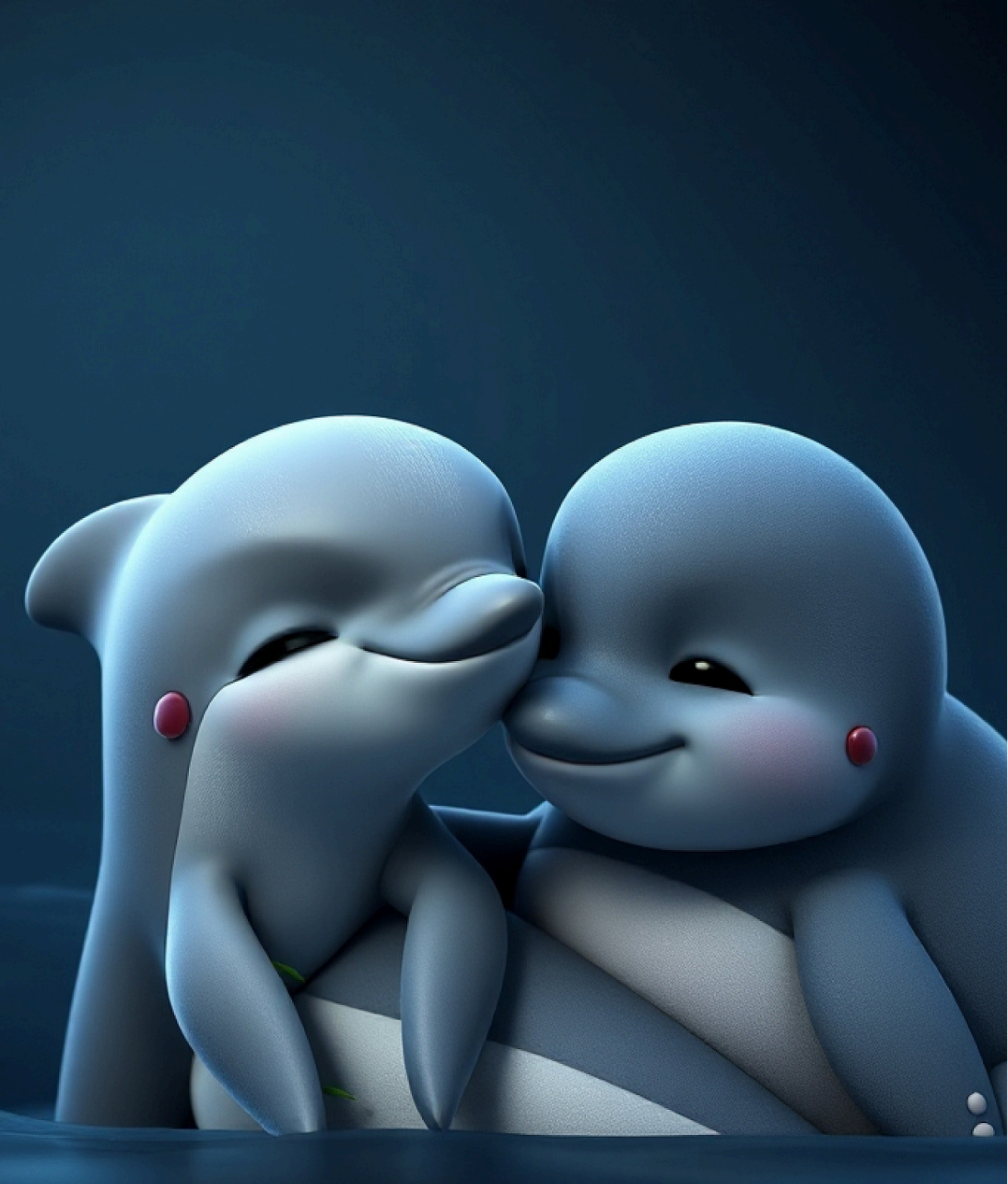
They swam together to a warm, gentle current that slid along like a river inside the sea. 'This is the one my family follows in summer,' Wren said. 'It goes toward the shallow bays.' Pip darted ahead, her pointed dorsal fin slicing the water, then came racing back. 'I can see it! It's warm and slow. Come on!' she called.



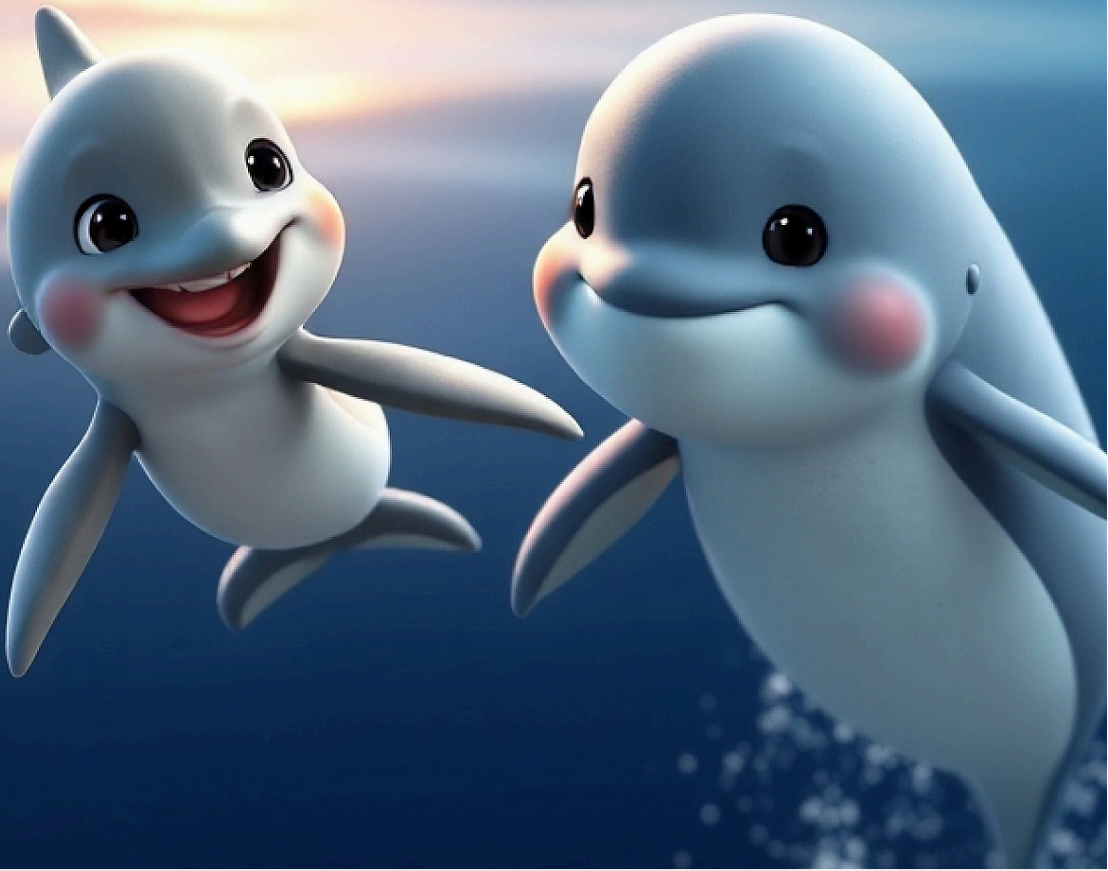
They rode the current side by side, watching for familiar shapes. Pip kept lookout, spinning around to scan the blue in every direction. Wren kept the steady pace, her long flippers bumping the water softly. 'Do you see anything?' Wren asked. 'Not yet,' Pip said. 'But the current feels right. Keep swimming!'



Hours passed, and the sun dipped low. Pip's grin grew smaller. 'What if we never find them?' she whispered. Wren gently nudged her with a soft flipper. 'My mother says families look for each other too,' Wren said. 'They'll be swimming and calling just like us.' Pip took a deep breath. 'Okay. Then we keep going.'



Night came, and the ocean turned dark and quiet. Little waves whispered against their sides. Pip was tired, so Wren let her rest in the still water beside her big body. 'I'm a little scared,' Pip admitted. 'Me too,' said Wren. 'But we're together. That makes it easier.' They floated close, breathing slow and steady.



In the morning, Pip found another current, one that turned cool and bright. 'I know this one!' she squeaked. 'My dolphin family loves the cold water near the rocky point!' She didn't say if she was sure, but she didn't give up, and Wren didn't either. They turned together and followed the cool stream.



Then Pip stopped. 'Listen!' Far away came a sound like tiny laughter and clicks. Pip's family! She whistled a happy answer. Wren sang her deep song, and a low, gentle reply rolled back through the water. Wren's family! Both friends swam as fast as they could, side by side, straight toward the sounds.



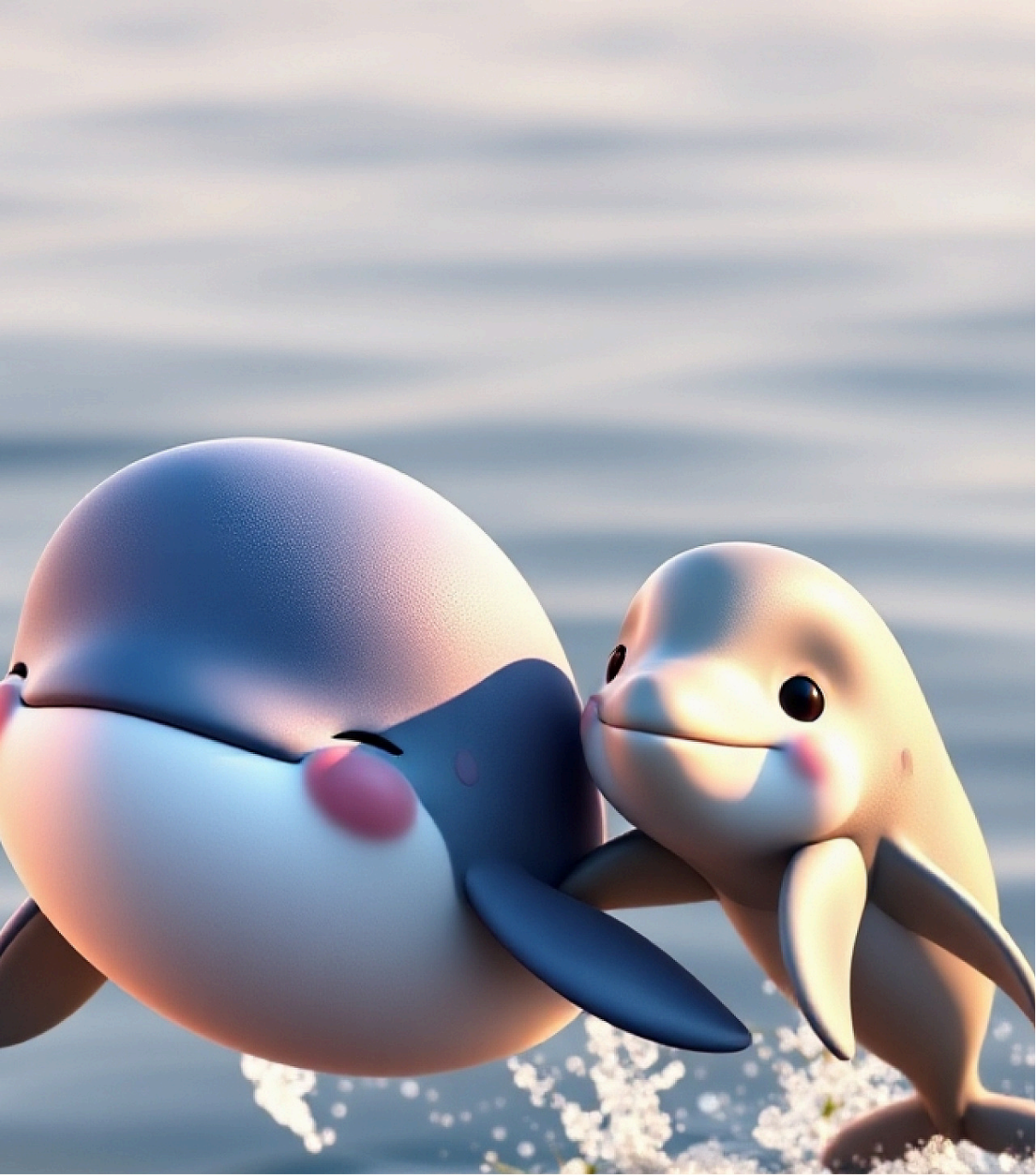
When they found their families, everyone rushed together with splashes and happy calls. 'You found us!' said Wren's mother. 'But we did not find you alone,' Wren said. 'We found each other, and we followed the currents.' Pip's family clicked and buzzed with pride. The two friends held their seaweed flipper high like a tiny flag.



The families swam together all afternoon, and Wren and Pip stayed close. 'You kept me going when I was tired,' Pip said. 'And you found the right currents,' Wren replied. 'We made a good team.' Their mothers smiled, and the whole family group swam in a big, happy circle around them.



From then on, Wren and Pip were best friends. They raced and explored and shared every adventure, but they never forgot the storm. 'If the ocean gets uncertain,' Pip said, 'we help each other.' 'And we don't give up,' Wren added. 'That's what friends do.' They clicked and sang their promise to the wide blue sea.



The ocean is big, and sometimes storms come, but Wren and Pip were never alone. They learned that when you cooperate, when you help your friend and let your friend help you, even the scariest waves feel smaller. The two friends swam off together, splashing in the sun. Being a team made every adventure better, no matter what the ocean brought.



And if you ever visit the warm blue water, you might see them: a round blue-grey whale with a gentle smile and a quick silver dolphin with seaweed on her flipper, swimming side by side. They always stick together, through calm seas and stormy skies. Because the best adventures are the ones we share with a friend.