

The Rabbit's Invisible Umbrella



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Rabbit's Invisible Umbrella

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



One sunny morning, a small cream-coloured rabbit in blue overalls skipped through the meadow. His long ears stood up tall, and his pink nose twitched at the smell of fresh grass. Suddenly, he stopped. There, sticking out of a bush, was a curved handle. It looked like an umbrella handle, but there was nothing above it. Not a single bit of cloth. Just empty air.



The rabbit reached out and wrapped his little paws around the handle. It felt smooth and cool. He lifted it high above his head. Still, there was nothing to see. "An invisible umbrella!" he whispered. His big brown eyes sparkled. "Just think! I can carry it everywhere, and nobody will even know it's there. I'll be the luckiest rabbit in the whole meadow."



He carried the invisible umbrella all morning, holding the handle proudly. He showed it to the butterflies, but they just fluttered away. He showed it to the grasshoppers, but they only shrugged. "It's invisible!" the rabbit explained. "That's the special part!" But nobody seemed impressed. The rabbit's fluffy white tail drooped a little. He wished someone could see how wonderful his umbrella was.



Just then, a squirrel with a huge bushy tail and tiny round glasses came bounding down a tree. She wore a green vest and carried a satchel full of colourful ribbons, beads, and paper flowers. "What have you got there?" she asked, tilting her head. The rabbit held up the handle. "An invisible umbrella!" he said. The squirrel's amber eyes widened. "Invisible? How can you tell it's there?"



The rabbit thought for a moment. "Well, I can feel the handle," he said. "And I believe it's there." The squirrel grinned her cheeky grin. "Believing is nice," she said, "but how about we make it visible? Then everyone can see it!" She opened her satchel. "I have just the thing. Decorations!" The rabbit hopped with joy. "Yes! Let's decorate it so everyone can spot it!"



They set to work. The squirrel pulled out a long red ribbon and tied it around the top of the handle. "There!" she said. "Now it has a flag." The rabbit held the handle while the squirrel draped a string of shiny beads across the empty space. They sparkled in the sunlight. "Beautiful!" said the rabbit. Next, they stuck paper flowers all around the edge. The decorations seemed to float in mid-air.



When they finished, the invisible umbrella was covered in red ribbons, shiny beads, and bright paper flowers. It looked like a floating garden. "Now everyone will see it!" the rabbit cheered. They walked through the meadow together, and the other animals turned their heads. "Look at that!" said a hedgehog. "What a strange and wonderful thing!" The rabbit felt very proud. His invisible umbrella was finally getting noticed.



But the squirrel was thoughtful. She pushed her glasses up her nose. "It looks lovely," she said, "but does it work? An umbrella is supposed to keep you dry. We should test it." The rabbit looked at the sky. It was still sunny. "Test it? How?" he asked. The squirrel pointed to a dark cloud on the horizon. "It's going to rain soon," she said. "Let's see if your umbrella keeps the rain off."



The rabbit wasn't so sure. "But it's invisible," he said. "Maybe it works differently." The squirrel shook her head. "We won't know until we try," she said. "That's what testing is for." So they waited. The dark cloud rolled closer, and the wind began to blow. The rabbit held the handle tightly. The squirrel stood beside him, watching the sky. "Get ready," she said. "Here comes the rain!"



The first raindrops fell. Plip, plop, plip. They landed on the rabbit's ears. They landed on his nose. They landed on his blue overalls. The rabbit held the umbrella higher, but the rain kept coming. The decorations drooped and dripped. The paper flowers turned soggy. The rabbit looked at the squirrel. "It's not working!" he cried. "The rain is getting through!"



The squirrel didn't laugh. She gently touched the empty space above the handle. "You see," she said kindly, "the decorations are pretty, but they can't stop the rain. An umbrella has to be really there to keep you dry." The rabbit's long ears drooped. "So my invisible umbrella is just... nothing?" The squirrel put a paw on his shoulder. "It was a good idea," she said. "It just needs practical testing."



The rabbit nodded slowly. "You're right," he said. "I believed in it, but believing isn't enough. We tested it, and now we know." The squirrel smiled. "And now we can make a new plan!" She opened her satchel again. "I have some big leaves and some string. We can build a real umbrella together. One that we can see and touch and test." The rabbit's eyes lit up. "A real umbrella! Let's do it!"



They gathered large green leaves and tied them to a sturdy stick with string. The squirrel showed the rabbit how to layer the leaves so the rain would slide off. They worked together, laughing as the rain dripped on their noses. When they finished, they held the leaf umbrella over their heads. The rain pattered on the leaves, but not a drop reached them. "It works!" the rabbit shouted. "It really works!"



The squirrel spun around, her bushy tail flicking raindrops. "We tested it, and it passed!" she cheered. They stood under the leaf umbrella, warm and dry, while the rain fell all around. "You know," said the rabbit, "my invisible umbrella was a fun idea, but it wasn't a very good one." The squirrel laughed. "Good ideas need testing," she said. "That's how we learn what really works."



The rain stopped, and a rainbow stretched across the sky. The rabbit and squirrel sat on a log, sharing a snack. "Thank you for helping me test my idea," said the rabbit. "I learned something important today." The squirrel nodded. "And we made something even better together," she said. "Something that truly keeps us dry." They both looked at their leaf umbrella and smiled.



From that day on, the rabbit always tested his ideas before believing in them. He kept the invisible umbrella handle on a shelf as a reminder. Sometimes he would look at it and chuckle. "Good ideas need practical testing," he would say. And whenever it rained, he and the squirrel would share their leaf umbrella, warm and dry, and laugh about the day they learned that pretty decorations are not enough.