The Robin's Reading Room
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On a bright morning, a robin with a plump orange-red breast stood outside her cozy nest. She wore a small blue apron with a tiny pencil in the pocket. She loved books more than anything. 'I will share my books with everyone,' she chirped. So she set up a tiny library under the big oak tree.

The robin arranged her books on a low wooden shelf. She placed a small sign that said, 'Welcome to the Reading Room.' Her bright black eyes sparkled with joy. 'All small animals may borrow a book,' she called. A gentle breeze turned the pages. The robin waited, hoping someone would come.

Soon a rabbit hopped by, wearing round green glasses and a knitted mustard-yellow vest. 'What a lovely library!' she said, her long ears twitching. 'May I look at a book?' The robin nodded happily. The rabbit chose a book about carrots and sat down to read. The robin smiled. Her library was working!

Then a little mouse scurried up, carrying a tiny canvas satchel. He wore a small red scarf around his neck. 'I love books!' he squeaked. His big round ears wiggled with excitement. The robin showed him a story about brave mice. The mouse borrowed it and promised to return it soon. 'Friendship is growing,' thought the robin.

But as the afternoon went on, dark clouds rolled across the sky. The wind picked up, and the first drops of rain began to fall. The robin looked at her books with worry. 'Oh no! The rain will ruin them!' she cried. She tried to cover the shelf with a leaf, but the wind blew it away.

The little mouse saw the rain and the robin's worried face. 'I can help!' he squeaked. He hurried over, his tiny feet splashing in puddles. 'We must save the books!' The robin nodded. 'Quick, to the hollow tree!' she said. The mouse grabbed an armful of books and dashed toward the big hollow oak.

The rain fell harder, but the robin and the mouse worked together. They carried books in their arms and in the mouse's tiny satchel. The robin's blue apron got wet, and the mouse's red scarf dripped, but they didn't stop. 'One more trip!' called the robin. The mouse nodded, and they saved every book.

Inside the hollow tree, it was dry and cozy. The robin and the mouse piled the books safely on a soft bed of moss. They were both wet and tired, but happy. 'Thank you, little friend,' said the robin. 'You are very brave and quick.' The mouse smiled. 'And you are very kind to share your books,' he said.

The rain tapped on the tree like a gentle drum. The robin and the mouse sat side by side among the books. 'Shall we read while we wait?' asked the robin. The mouse nodded eagerly. They opened a book of stories and read together. The robin's black eyes shone with joy. 'This is even better than reading alone,' she thought.

Outside, the rain began to stop. The rabbit, wearing her green glasses and mustard vest, hopped toward the hollow tree. She saw the robin and the mouse reading. 'May I join you?' she asked. 'Of course!' said the robin. The rabbit squeezed in, and they read a story about a brave rabbit. Laughter filled the hollow tree.

Then a shy hedgehog peeked in. His spiky brown back was wet, and he wore a small purple bow tie. 'I heard stories,' he whispered. 'May I listen too?' The robin welcomed him warmly. 'Come in, come in!' she said. The hedgehog curled up, and the mouse read a story about a hedgehog who found a friend. The hedgehog's small black eyes sparkled.

After the story, the hedgehog spoke softly. 'I have a tale to share,' he said. 'It is about a lost button and a kind beetle.' Everyone listened. When he finished, they clapped their paws and wings. The robin smiled. 'Stories are wonderful,' she said, 'but sharing them with new friends is even better.' The others nodded.

The rain had stopped, and the sun peeked through the leaves. Water droplets sparkled like tiny diamonds. 'Let's go back outside,' said the robin. 'The Reading Room is open again!' They carried the dry books back to the shelf. The rabbit helped, the mouse carried the smallest books, and the hedgehog pushed a pile with his nose.

Back under the oak tree, the robin set up the books once more. But now, there were more friends to share them. The rabbit borrowed a garden story, the hedgehog chose a tale of adventure, and the mouse picked a book about friendship. The robin watched them all. Her heart felt full. 'Books bring us together,' she chirped.

From that day on, the tiny outdoor library was never quiet. Animals came to read, borrow, and share stories. The robin wore her blue apron and welcomed each one. The mouse often stayed to help, his red scarf bright against the books. 'You were my first helper,' said the robin. 'And my first friend,' said the mouse.

And so, under the big oak tree, the robin's reading room became a place where stories and friendships grew. The robin learned that books are wonderful, but sharing stories with new friends is even better. And every small animal who visited knew they would always find a warm welcome and a good tale.