

The Beaver's Blanket Fort



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The rain tapped on the roof like tiny fingers. Beaver looked out the window and sighed. "No playing outside today," he said. His flat tail gave a little thump. But Beaver was not one to sit still. He was busy and clever, and he loved to build things. "I know what to do!" he said with a big, buck-toothed smile. "Let's build a blanket fort!"



Beaver pulled on his red plaid flannel shirt and tied his blue tool apron around his waist. He rolled up his sleeves. Then he gathered every blanket he could find. He draped one over the table and another over two chairs. "It's going to be a great fort," he said. His bright hazel eyes sparkled. The rain kept falling, but Beaver didn't mind at all.



Soon the fort was big and wobbly. Beaver stood back to look. "It needs more blankets," he said. He tucked a quilt into the sofa cushions. He added a pillow here and a cushion there. The fort grew wider and taller. "But it's a bit messy," Beaver said, scratching his small round ear. "I need some help." Just then, there was a knock at the door.



Muskrat stood in the doorway, wearing his mustard yellow knit vest and a green scarf. His round glasses were dotted with raindrops. "Hello, Beaver," he said. "May I come in?" His long thin tail curled behind him. "Of course!" said Beaver. "I'm building a blanket fort, but it's not quite right." Muskrat looked at the fort with his dark friendly eyes. "I can help," he said.



Muskrat walked around the fort. He looked inside and out. "I have an idea," he said. "We can make cozy little rooms for everyone." Beaver's eyes lit up. "Rooms! What a clever idea!" Together they draped a blanket to make a small room. Muskrat used a cushion for a door. "This can be the reading room," he said. His delicate paws worked quickly.



While they worked, the door opened again. Rabbit hopped in, her long ears twitching. She wore sky blue overalls with a tiny orange button. "I brought snacks!" she said, holding up a basket. "And I want to see the fort!" She giggled and wiggled her fluffy tail. "Come in!" said Beaver. "We're making rooms!" Rabbit hopped inside and looked around with wide brown eyes.



Muskrat made a little room for Rabbit. He draped a blanket over two chairs and added a soft pillow. "This is your snack room," he said. Rabbit clapped her paws. "It's perfect!" she squealed. She set her basket down and arranged the snacks. "Now we can eat and play at the same time!" Beaver grinned. "This fort is getting better and better!"



The rain kept falling outside, but inside the fort was warm and dry. Rabbit showed them a game with acorns. They rolled the acorns across the floor. "My turn!" said Beaver. He rolled an acorn right into a blanket wall. "Oops!" he laughed. Muskrat chuckled. "That's okay. We can fix it." They played until they were out of breath and giggling.



Then there was another knock. It was Hedgehog, wearing her purple knit hat and tiny green boots. She looked a little shy. "I heard laughing," she said softly. "May I come in?" Her round spiny body wiggled. "Of course!" said Beaver. "We have room for everyone!" Hedgehog stepped inside and looked around with her small black eyes. "It's so cozy," she whispered.



Muskrat saw that Hedgehog looked a bit lost. "Let's make a special room for you," he said. He found a quiet corner and draped a blanket over a small box. He added a soft cushion and a little lantern. "This is your story room," he said. Hedgehog's face lit up. "For stories?" she asked. "Yes," said Muskrat. "We can tell stories in here."



Hedgehog settled into her cozy corner. The others gathered around. Rabbit passed out snacks. "Tell us a story, Hedgehog," said Beaver. Hedgehog thought for a moment. Then she began. "Once upon a time, there was a little fort..." Her voice was soft and warm. Everyone listened. Outside, the rain tapped, but no one noticed. The story room felt like the best place in the world.



After the story, they played more games. They played hide-and-seek in the fort. Rabbit hid behind a blanket. Beaver hid under a cushion. Hedgehog hid in her story room. Muskrat found them all. "You're too good at this!" laughed Beaver. Muskrat smiled. "I have a good memory," he said. They played until their sides hurt from laughing.



The afternoon flew by. The fort was a mess of blankets and pillows, but it was a happy mess. Beaver looked around at his friends. Rabbit was munching a snack. Hedgehog was telling another story. Muskrat was fixing a fallen blanket. "This is the best rainy day ever," said Beaver. "And it's all because of you, Muskrat. You made the fort special."



Muskrat smiled and adjusted his glasses. "We all made it special," he said. "I just added the rooms." Hedgehog nodded. "And the stories," she said. Rabbit giggled. "And the snacks!" They all laughed. The rain outside was still falling, but inside the fort, everything was bright and warm. Friendship had turned a dreary day into a wonderful adventure.



As the afternoon turned to evening, the friends sat together in the fort. They shared more stories and snacks. They talked about their favorite parts of the day. "I liked building the rooms," said Muskrat. "I liked the games," said Rabbit. "I liked the stories," said Hedgehog. "I liked all of it," said Beaver. "But most of all, I liked sharing it with you."



The rain stopped, and the sun peeked through the clouds. But no one wanted to leave the fort. They stayed inside, cozy and happy. "We should do this again," said Rabbit. "Yes," said Hedgehog. "On the next rainy day." Beaver nodded. "Friendship makes simple activities special," he said. "Even a blanket fort becomes a wonderful place when shared with friends." And they all agreed.