

The Rabbit's Winter Newspaper



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

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In the heart of the woods, where the tall pines whispered and the frost painted ferns silver, lived a little rabbit named Lily. She had soft cream-white fur, tall ears with pale pink lining, and warm brown eyes that missed nothing. Each morning, she wore tiny round spectacles and a moss-green scarf, and she carried a small leather satchel filled with rolled papers and a pencil. Lily loved to watch the sky and wonder what the day would bring.



One cold morning, as snowflakes danced outside her burrow, Lily had a wonderful idea. 'The woods need a newspaper!' she exclaimed, her whiskers twitching with excitement. 'I can write about the weather and tell everyone what's coming.' She hopped to her little desk, sharpened her pencil, and wrote her first headline: 'Sunny Skies and Crisp Air Today.' Then she rolled up the paper and set off to share it.



At the edge of the woods, Lily met Pip the squirrel, a tiny bundle of energy in a blue buttoned vest. His bushy tail curled like a question mark as he peered at the rolled paper. 'What's that, Lily?' he asked, his big black eyes shining. 'It's the woodland winter newspaper,' Lily said proudly. 'Would you like to deliver it to our neighbors?' Pip nodded eagerly, and his acorn-shaped pouch bounced as he scampered off.



Each day, Lily watched the sky and wrote her reports. She noted the wind, the clouds, and the temperature, and Pip delivered the papers door to door. Old Badger, in his thick brown coat and red knitted hat, read the news aloud to a group of young animals. 'Tomorrow will be cloudy with a chance of flurries,' he announced, tapping his walking stick. The animals listened carefully, for they trusted Lily's words.



Mrs. Hedgehog, wearing her lavender apron, always greeted Pip with a warm smile. 'Thank you, dear,' she said, taking the paper and tucking it into her woven basket. 'I do rely on Lily's reports.' She shared apples and blankets with her neighbors, and the whole woodland felt cozy and connected. Lily's newspaper was becoming the heart of the community.



One afternoon, Lily noticed something strange in the sky. Dark clouds were piling up like gray mountains, and the wind had a sharp, icy bite. She checked her instruments and gasped. 'A big snowstorm is coming!' she cried. 'I must warn everyone right away.' She wrote a special edition with big letters: 'BIG STORM ON THE WAY. STAY WARM AND SAFE INSIDE.' Then she sent Pip to deliver it quickly.



Pip raced through the woods, his little feet kicking up snow. He delivered the warning to every burrow, nest, and den. Old Badger read it aloud and nodded wisely. 'We must prepare,' he said. 'Gather food, stack firewood, and check on one another.' The animals bustled about, helping each other. Mrs. Hedgehog filled her basket with nuts and berries, while Pip gathered acorns and stored them in his pouch.



Lily worked late into the night, writing more reports. She told the animals how much snow to expect and how long the storm might last. 'The wind will be strong,' she wrote, 'so tie down loose branches and stay indoors.' Her spectacles fogged up as she wrote by candlelight, but she didn't stop until every detail was correct. She knew her neighbors depended on her careful words.



The next morning, the sky was heavy and gray. The first flakes began to fall, soft and slow. Lily watched from her window and wrote her final report: 'Storm arriving soon. Stay inside, keep warm, and help each other.' Pip delivered the last papers just as the wind began to howl. The animals hurried to their homes, their arms full of supplies, their hearts full of trust in Lily's news.



The storm arrived with a fury of white. Snow piled high against the doors, and the wind whistled through the trees. But inside the burrows and dens, the animals were safe and warm. Old Badger had organized everything perfectly. He had made sure everyone had enough food and firewood. Mrs. Hedgehog checked on the youngest and oldest, sharing blankets and hot soup. Lily's warnings had given them time to prepare.



In the middle of the storm, Lily peeked out of her burrow. The world was a swirl of white, but she saw a light flickering in the distance. It was Old Badger's lantern, a signal that all was well. She wrote a note and gave it to Pip, who bravely dashed through the snow to deliver it. The note said: 'Hang in there. The storm will pass. We are all safe together.'



For two days and nights, the storm raged. But the animals helped one another. Pip shared his acorns with a hungry family of mice. Mrs. Hedgehog knitted extra scarves and passed them around. Old Badger told stories to keep spirits high. Lily kept writing short reports and sending them with Pip whenever the wind died down. Her words were like a warm fire, comforting and true.



On the third morning, the wind stopped. The sun peeked through the clouds, and the woods sparkled like a field of diamonds. One by one, the animals emerged from their homes, blinking in the bright light. They gathered around Old Badger, who read Lily's latest report: 'Storm over. All safe. Thank you for helping each other.' Cheers filled the air, and Lily blushed with happiness.



That afternoon, the animals held a celebration. Mrs. Hedgehog brought a basket of berry muffins, and Pip decorated the trees with acorn garlands. Old Badger raised his walking stick and said, 'To Lily, our wonderful reporter! Her careful news kept us safe.' Everyone clapped and cheered. Lily's whiskers twitched with joy as she looked at her friends, all together and happy.



From that day on, Lily's winter newspaper was more popular than ever. She wrote about the weather, but also about kindness and helping hands. Pip delivered each copy with a happy bounce, and Old Badger read it aloud to all. The woodland became a place where neighbors looked out for one another, and Lily knew that sharing true and helpful news made the whole woods a happier, safer home.



And so, as the winter slowly turned to spring, Lily continued to write her reports. She learned that words have power, especially when they are honest and kind. The animals trusted her, and she trusted them. Together, they had faced the storm and come out stronger. In the heart of the woods, a little rabbit with spectacles and a green scarf had made a big difference, one newspaper at a time.