

The Deer Who Loved Thunder



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In a sunny meadow at the edge of the woods, a young deer named Daisy skipped through the tall grass. Her soft tan fur glowed in the light, and her cream chest patch peeked out from her sky-blue scarf. She loved days like this, but she loved stormy days even more. 'I hope thunder comes soon,' she whispered to the butterflies.



Daisy's long floppy ears twitched at every sound. She listened to the wind rustling leaves and the bees buzzing. But her favorite sound was the deep, rumbling boom of thunder far away. 'Thunder is like a big drum in the sky,' she told a passing snail. The snail hid in its shell, but Daisy just smiled. She couldn't wait for the next storm.



Near the old oak tree, Daisy's best friend Pip the rabbit nibbled clover. Pip wore a cozy mustard-yellow vest with two little buttons, and their long upright ears swiveled this way and that. 'Daisy,' Pip said softly, 'you look happy today.' 'I am!' said Daisy. 'The clouds are fluffy and grey. I think thunder is coming!' Pip's pink nose twitched nervously.



Sure enough, dark clouds gathered over the meadow. The wind blew harder, and the first rumble of thunder rolled across the sky. Daisy's big gentle brown eyes sparkled. 'Here it comes!' she cheered. But when she turned to Pip, her friend was gone. Only a fluffy cotton tail disappeared into a hollow log. Daisy's ears drooped with worry.



Daisy found Pip squeezed deep inside the log, trembling. 'Pip, what's wrong?' she asked gently. 'The thunder is so loud,' Pip whispered. 'It scares me.' Daisy didn't laugh or say 'don't be silly.' She remembered how scary loud noises could feel. 'It's okay to be scared,' she said. 'I won't make fun of you.' Pip's round dark eyes blinked with relief.



Daisy wanted to help. She thought about what made her feel safe during storms. 'I have an idea,' she said. 'Let's build a cozy shelter where you can feel warm and safe.' Pip peeked out of the log. 'A shelter?' 'Yes,' said Daisy. 'Somewhere the thunder sounds softer. We can do it together.' Pip's ears perked up just a little.



Daisy opened her tiny woven satchel and pulled out a ball of soft yarn. 'We can use branches and leaves,' she said. 'And this yarn to tie things together.' Pip nodded and helped gather twigs. They worked side by side under the big oak tree, while thunder rumbled far away. Daisy didn't say the storm was nothing to fear. She just helped her friend.



They found a dry spot between two roots of the oak. Daisy stacked branches to make walls, and Pip tucked leaves into the gaps. 'It's like a little house!' Pip said. Daisy tied the branches with yarn from her satchel. The wind blew, but their shelter stood strong. 'We need something soft to sit on,' Daisy said, and Pip hopped off to find moss.



Pip returned with paws full of soft green moss. They spread it on the floor of the shelter. 'It's so cozy,' Pip said, feeling calmer already. Daisy smiled. 'And look,' she said, 'we can peek out and watch the rain without getting wet.' The thunder boomed again, but this time Pip didn't hide. They were inside their little shelter together.



The rain began to fall, pattering on the leaves above. Daisy and Pip sat close in their shelter. 'The thunder still sounds loud,' Pip said, ears twitching. 'It does,' said Daisy. 'But you're safe here. We can listen together.' Pip took a deep breath. 'Okay,' said Pip. 'I'll try.' Daisy felt proud of her friend for being brave in their own way.



From inside the shelter, the thunder sounded different—softer, like a distant drum. Daisy loved it just the same. 'I like the boom-boom,' she said. Pip listened. 'It's a little less scary now,' Pip admitted. 'Maybe even a tiny bit nice.' Daisy didn't say 'I told you so.' She just smiled and said, 'I'm glad you're here with me.'



A big flash of lightning lit up the sky, and Pip flinched. Daisy gently touched Pip's paw with her hoof. 'That was bright,' she said. 'But the thunder is just coming.' They waited, and the rumble rolled gently overhead. 'I counted to three,' Pip said. 'And I wasn't so scared.' Daisy's heart felt warm. 'You're doing great,' she said.



The storm began to pass. The rain softened to a drizzle, and the thunder moved far away. 'We did it!' Pip cheered. 'We stayed safe and cozy.' Daisy nodded. 'And you were brave,' she said. 'It's okay to feel scared, and it's okay to enjoy the thunder. We can feel different things and still be friends.' Pip hugged Daisy tightly.



When the sun peeked out, Daisy and Pip crawled out of their shelter. The meadow sparkled with raindrops. 'Thank you for building this with me,' Pip said. 'Now I know where to go when I feel scared.' Daisy smiled. 'Anytime,' she said. 'And next storm, we can listen together again—you in the shelter, and me right beside you.'



From that day on, whenever dark clouds gathered, Pip didn't hide in a log. Instead, they ran to the cozy shelter under the oak. Daisy would sit at the entrance, listening to the thunder with a happy sigh, while Pip felt safe and warm inside. Their friendship grew stronger because Daisy respected Pip's feelings, and Pip trusted Daisy's kindness.



And so, in the meadow at the edge of the woods, two friends showed that different feelings are okay. Daisy still loved thunder, and Pip still felt a little scared sometimes. But they had a special place to share, and they always listened to each other. Because being kind and respectful makes every friendship bloom, even when the sky rumbles loud.