The Little Mountain Postcard
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High up in the mountains, where the air was crisp and the sky was wide, lived a plump marmot named Milo. He had warm golden-brown fur, a cream-colored belly, and round, chubby cheeks that always looked like he had just eaten something delicious. Around his neck, he wore a knitted moss-green scarf that his grandmother had made him. On his back, he carried a small brown leather satchel, always ready for an adventure.

Milo loved to sit on his favorite rock and watch the seasons change. In winter, the world was white and quiet. In summer, the meadows were green and full of buzzing bees. But lately, Milo had been feeling a little lonely. His best friend, a tiny pika named Pip, had moved to a valley far away on the other side of the mountains. Milo missed Pip's bright eyes and cheerful chatter.

One morning, Milo had an idea. "I'll send Pip a postcard!" he said. He pulled a blank card from his satchel and wrote about the snowy peaks and the silent forest. He drew a little picture of himself in his green scarf. Then he tucked the card into his satchel and set off to find a messenger. A friendly eagle offered to carry it across the mountains. "Pip will love this," Milo thought, smiling.

Days later, Pip the pika received the postcard in his new valley home. Pip was tiny and round, with soft grey-brown fur, big round ears, and bright dark eyes. He wore a little sky-blue vest and always kept a tiny red pencil tucked behind one ear. When he saw Milo's card, Pip's heart leaped with joy. "Milo remembers me!" he squeaked, and he immediately began to write a reply.

Pip wrote about his valley, where the sun was warmer and the flowers bloomed earlier. He drew a picture of himself in his blue vest, holding the red pencil. "I miss you too," he wrote. "But your card made me so happy!" He gave the card to a swift swallow, who promised to deliver it quickly. Pip watched the bird fly away, feeling warm inside.

Back in the mountains, Milo received Pip's reply. He laughed out loud when he saw the tiny drawing. "Pip's valley sounds lovely," he said. He decided to send another postcard, this time about the spring melt. "The snow is melting," he wrote, "and the first crocuses are peeking through. I wish you could see them." He added a sketch of a crocus and sent it off with a friendly marmot traveler.

As spring turned to summer, Milo sent more postcards. He wrote about the buzzing bees, the warm sun, and the sweet mountain berries. "I picked a basket of berries today," he wrote. "They reminded me of the time we ate so many we both had purple tummies!" Pip laughed when he read that. He sent back a card with a drawing of a berry-stained pika and a big smile.

Pip's replies were just as cheerful. He told Milo about the butterflies in his valley and the little stream where he liked to splash. "I caught a glimpse of a rainbow yesterday," he wrote. "I thought of you." Milo treasured every card. He kept them all in his satchel and read them on rainy days. Even though they were far apart, their friendship felt as strong as ever.

When autumn came, Milo sent a postcard about the golden leaves and the crisp air. "The mountains are turning orange and red," he wrote. "I wish you could see the colors." Pip replied with a card about the harvest festival in his valley. "We had a big feast," he wrote. "I saved a tiny pie for you, but I ate it!" Milo chuckled and shook his head.

Winter arrived again, bringing snow and silence. Milo wrote about the first snowfall and the way the world looked like a giant cake with white frosting. "I made a snowman that looks a bit like you," he wrote. Pip replied with a drawing of a snow-pika. "I made one too!" he wrote. "But mine melted." They both laughed, even though they were miles apart.

One cold evening, Milo sat by his fire and read all of Pip's postcards. He felt a warm glow in his heart. "I have an idea," he said to himself. "The spring flower festival is coming. I'll invite Pip to meet me there!" He wrote a special card: "Dear Pip, please come to the spring flower festival. I'll wait for you by the big oak tree. Love, Milo." He sent it with a speedy falcon.

Pip received the invitation and danced with joy. "I'm going to see Milo!" he cheered. He packed his tiny red pencil and his blue vest, and he set off on the long journey. He traveled through valleys and over hills, following the path to the mountain festival. His heart beat fast with excitement. He couldn't wait to hug his friend.

On the day of the festival, Milo arrived early at the big oak tree. He wore his green scarf and carried his satchel full of postcards. He waited and waited, his eyes scanning the crowd. Then he saw a tiny figure in a sky-blue vest. "Pip!" he shouted. Pip ran as fast as his little legs could carry him. They hugged and laughed, tears of joy in their eyes.

At the festival, the air was sweet with the scent of spring flowers. Milo and Pip spent the whole day together, sharing stories and laughing. They looked at all the postcards they had sent each other. "We wrote so many!" said Pip. "But now we can talk face to face," said Milo. They promised to visit each other often and to keep sending postcards, even when they were apart.

As the sun set, they sat under the oak tree and watched the stars appear. "Friendship is like a postcard," said Milo. "It travels far and brings joy." Pip nodded. "And it always finds its way home," he added. They smiled, knowing that no matter how far apart they were, their friendship would always stay strong.

And so, the little mountain postcard had brought two friends back together. Milo and Pip said goodbye for now, but they knew they would meet again. They promised to write, and they did. Their friendship grew stronger with every season, proving that true friends are never truly apart.