

# The Little Wombat's Garden



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In a cozy bushland valley, there lived a little wombat with soft grey-brown fur and a bright red neckerchief. Every morning, he pottered about his garden, sniffing the flowers and patting the soil. His short legs carried him from patch to patch. 'What a lovely garden,' he said happily. 'I love every leaf and petal.'



The garden was full of surprises. Wattle trees dropped golden blossoms, and ferns uncurled like little green springs. The little wombat had planted daisies and bushes himself. He knew every stone and every stump. 'This is my favorite place in the whole world,' he said, smiling at the buzzing bees. 'I hope it stays this way forever.'



One sunny morning, while watering his carrots, the wombat heard a rustle. Out from the bracken waddled a brown echidna in a yellow bucket hat. 'Hello!' said the echidna. 'I'm new here. Is this your garden?' The wombat beamed. 'Yes! Would you like to see my flowers?' And just like that, they became friends.



The echidna loved the garden too. She showed the wombat how to dig with her strong claws and how to find tasty grubs under logs. 'You're very good at digging,' said the wombat. 'And you're very good at planting,' said the echidna. They spent many happy days together, sharing stories and snacks in the warm sun.



Then one afternoon, the sky turned grey and the wind began to blow. 'A storm is coming,' said the echidna, looking at the clouds. 'We should shelter.' They hurried to the wombat's burrow and watched the rain pour down. The wind whooshed and the branches creaked. 'I hope my garden will be all right,' whispered the wombat.



The storm raged all night. Rain hammered the leaves, and the wind tugged at the trees. The little wombat and the echidna huddled together, listening to the noise. 'It sounds very fierce,' said the echidna. 'But storms always pass.' The wombat nodded, though he felt worried. He couldn't wait to see his garden again.



In the morning, the sun came out. The wombat and the echidna stepped outside and gasped. Branches lay everywhere, leaves were scattered, and the flower beds were muddy and messy. 'Oh no!' cried the wombat. 'My beautiful garden is a wreck!' The echidna patted his paw. 'Don't worry. We can fix it together.'



The little wombat looked at the mess and felt a lump in his throat. But the echidna smiled and said, 'Let's ask our friends for help. Many paws make light work!' The wombat nodded. 'You're right! Let's find them.' They set off through the bush, calling for their friends. The kookaburra heard them first.



The kookaburra swooped down, its blue and brown feathers shining. 'Hello, you two! What's the matter?' The wombat explained about the storm and the garden. 'We need help to clean up,' said the echidna. The kookaburra laughed its chattering laugh. 'Count me in! I can carry branches with my green gloves.' And it flew off to gather more helpers.



Next, they found the possum peeking from a hollow log, its purple scarf wrapped tight. 'Hello,' said the possum shyly. 'Would you like to help us fix the garden?' asked the wombat. The possum's big eyes lit up. 'Yes, please! I can gather leaves and plant flowers.' The wombat smiled. 'That would be wonderful!' And the possum followed them, feeling brave.



Back at the garden, everyone got to work. The kookaburra carried small branches away, dropping them in a pile. The possum gathered fallen leaves into a soft heap. The echidna dug up the muddy soil with her strong claws. The wombat planted new seeds and patted them down. 'This is fun!' said the possum, growing braver by the minute.



They worked together all afternoon. The kookaburra cheered them on with its noisy laugh. 'We're doing great!' it called. The possum found a patch of bright flowers and carefully replanted them. The echidna showed everyone where to dig. The little wombat looked around and felt his heart swell. 'With friends like you, the work is easy!' he said.



Soon the garden began to look green and tidy again. The branches were cleared, the leaves were swept, and new flowers were planted in neat rows. The wombat stood back and admired their work. 'It looks even better than before!' he said. The echidna nodded. 'That's because we did it together.' Everyone smiled, tired but happy.



The kookaburra brought seeds from the bush, and the possum planted them gently. 'These will grow into beautiful bushes,' said the possum proudly. The echidna watered the new plants, and the wombat tied a little red ribbon around a daisy. 'A garden is happier when it's shared,' said the wombat. 'And so are we,' said the echidna.



As the sun set, the friends sat together in the tidy garden. The kookaburra sang a soft song, and the possum leaned against the wombat. 'Thank you, everyone,' said the little wombat. 'You made my garden beautiful again.' The echidna smiled. 'Teamwork and friendship make shared spaces better for everyone.' And they all agreed.



From that day on, the wombat and the echidna tended the garden together, and their friends often visited. The garden grew greener and brighter than ever. The little wombat learned that asking for help is a brave thing to do. And whenever a storm comes, he knows his friends will be there. Because working together makes everything better.