

The Little Rock Hyrax



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

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On a tall rocky cliff, where the wind hummed and the sun warmed the stones, lived a little rock hyrax. He was small and round, with soft grey-brown fur and tiny rounded ears. His dark brown eyes sparkled with curiosity. Every morning he scurried over the rocks, looking for tasty leaves and the best hiding spots. He knew every crack and cranny of his cliff home.



The little hyrax loved his cliff. He knew where the juiciest leaves grew and where the warmest rocks were for sunbathing. His small padded feet let him climb steep places without slipping. His short fluffy tail helped him balance. He was a brave little explorer, always ready for a new adventure. But sometimes, when the wind blew cold, he wished for a friend to share his days.



One bright morning, a new animal appeared on the cliff. It was a klipspringer, slender and tall-legged, with a light tan and grey coat and big dark eyes. He stood on tiny hooves that gripped the rock like rubber. The little hyrax hopped closer. "Hello!" he squeaked. "I'm a hyrax. What's your name?" The klipspringer looked shy but smiled. "I'm a klipspringer," he said softly. "I'm new here."



The hyrax beamed. "Welcome! I know all the best places on this cliff. Would you like to explore with me?" The klipspringer nodded, his large ears twitching. He was gentle and a little nervous. The hyrax led the way, showing him where to find sweet grass. They climbed over rocks and squeezed through gaps. The klipspringer's hooves were sure-footed, and he never slipped. The hyrax felt happy to have a companion.



As they explored, the hyrax noticed a narrow ledge he had never seen before. It was hidden behind a big boulder. "Let's see where that goes!" he said. The klipspringer hesitated. "It looks steep," he said. "But I can help you." He lowered his head, and the hyrax climbed onto his back. Together they stepped carefully along the ledge. The hyrax held on tight, feeling brave with his new friend close.



The ledge opened into a wonderful surprise. There, tucked into the cliff, was a sheltered garden. Soft green grass grew thick, and pretty flowers nodded in the breeze. A small trickle of water ran down the rocks. "Oh!" gasped the hyrax. "It's beautiful!" The klipspringer's eyes widened. "I've never seen such a place," he whispered. They stepped into the garden, feeling like explorers who had found a secret treasure.



The two friends spent the whole afternoon in the garden. They nibbled sweet grass and sniffed the bright flowers. The hyrax showed the klipspringer how to hide behind a bush when the wind blew. The klipspringer showed the hyrax how to leap over a small stream. They laughed and played until the sun began to set. "This is the best day ever," said the hyrax. The klipspringer nodded happily.



But as the shadows grew long, the klipspringer looked worried. "It's getting dark," he said. "I don't know the way back." The hyrax patted his friend's leg. "Don't worry! I know every rock and path. Follow me." He led the way, hopping from stone to stone. The klipspringer followed, trusting his friend. Soon they were back at the place where they had met, safe and sound.



The next day, they returned to the garden. But the hyrax wanted to reach a high rock to see the view. He tried to climb, but his short legs couldn't reach. "I'm too small," he sighed. The klipspringer stepped forward. "Climb on my back," he said. "I can reach high places." The hyrax scrambled up, and together they stood on the high rock, looking out at the wide world below.



From up high, the hyrax saw something new: a family of birds nesting in a crack. He also saw dark clouds gathering. "We should go back to the garden," he said. "The wind is picking up." They hurried down, but the path was slippery. The klipspringer's hooves slid on a wet stone. "I'm scared!" he cried. The hyrax held his friend's leg. "You can do it! Step where I step." Slowly and carefully, they made it to the garden.



In the garden, the wind howled around the cliff, but the sheltered spot stayed calm. The hyrax found a cozy nook behind a big rock. "We can hide here," he said. The klipspringer curled up close, and the hyrax snuggled beside him. "I'm glad you're here," said the klipspringer. "Me too," said the hyrax. "Friends help each other feel safe." They waited out the wind together, warm and snug.



When the wind died down, the klipspringer stood up. "You were brave to lead us here," he said. The hyrax smiled. "And you were brave to climb down that slippery path." They looked at the garden, now sparkling with raindrops. "We make a good team," said the klipspringer. "Yes," said the hyrax. "Because we support one another." They touched noses, a promise of friendship.



After that day, they visited the garden often. Sometimes they played hide-and-seek among the flowers. The hyrax always found the best hiding spots, and the klipspringer always found him. Other times, the klipspringer helped the hyrax reach high leaves. When one felt tired, the other would say, "Let's rest a while." When one felt scared, the other would stay close. Their friendship grew stronger every day.



One evening, as they sat on their favorite rock, the hyrax said, "I used to think being small meant I couldn't do big things. But with you, I can." The klipspringer nodded. "And I used to be shy and scared. But you showed me the way." They watched the sun set over the cliff, painting the sky pink and gold. They knew they would always be friends, sharing good times and hard times.



And so, on the rocky cliff, a little hyrax and a klipspringer found something precious: a sheltered garden and a friendship built on support. They learned that when friends help each other, no place is too high and no path is too steep. And whenever the wind blows, they know they can always find a cozy spot together, safe and warm.



The little hyrax still explores every crack and cranny, and the klipspringer still leaps sure-footedly. But now they explore together, side by side. And if you ever visit that cliff, you might see them in their secret garden, sharing sweet grass and cheerful squeaks. For they know the best adventures are the ones shared with a friend who always supports you.