

The Little Addax



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In the wide, golden desert, the sun shone hot all day. The sand was warm underfoot, and the sky was a pale, bright blue. A little addax walked slowly across the dunes. He was small and slender, with a pale sandy-cream coat, a white belly, and two thin spiraling horns. His soft hooves left tiny prints in the sand. He loved to explore, but he always stayed close to home.



The little addax lived near a small, quiet oasis. There were a few palm trees and a pool of cool water. He liked to nibble the dry grass and watch the desert lark flit by. The lark was a tiny bird with warm tan feathers and a small crest on its head. It often sang a cheerful song. The addax was curious about the lark and wished they could be friends.



One morning, the addax noticed the sky turning strange. A hot wind began to blow, and the sand started to swirl. Far away, a big sandstorm was coming. The addax felt a little timid. He knew he should find a safe place, but the wind was already too strong. He called out, but no one answered. He had to find shelter quickly.



The sandstorm arrived with a roar. Dust filled the air, and the addax could barely see. He stumbled forward, trying to find his way. The wind pushed him this way and that. He lost sight of the oasis. His heart beat fast. He did not know where to go. The desert seemed huge and scary.



Just then, the addax heard a tiny chirp. A small shape fluttered near the ground. It was the desert lark! The lark's feathers were ruffled by the wind. Its dark round eyes blinked against the dust. The lark could not see well in the strong wind. It landed on the addax's horn to rest. "I'm lost," chirped the lark. "The wind is too strong for me."



The addax felt sorry for the little bird. "I'm lost too," he said. "I can't find the way back to the oasis." The lark tilted its head. "But you are big and strong," it said. "You can walk through the wind. I can fly up high and look for a safe place. We can help each other!" The addax nodded. He was a little scared, but he trusted the lark.



The lark flew up into the dusty sky. The wind tossed it about, but it flapped its quick wings and looked around. "I see something!" it called down. "A rocky hill with a small cave! It's not far!" The addax looked up, but the dust was too thick. "I can't see it," he said. "You must guide me. I'll walk slowly."



So the lark flew low, just above the addax's head. "This way!" it chirped. "A little to the left!" The addax walked slowly, step by step. The sand blew around them, but the addax kept his eyes on the lark. The lark's small crest waved in the wind. It felt good to have a friend nearby. The addax was not so afraid anymore.



They moved together through the storm. The addax's soft hooves sank into the sand, but he kept going. The lark guided him around a big dune. "We're almost there!" it said. The addax felt brave with the lark beside him. He walked on, trusting his friend. The wind howled, but they did not stop. Teamwork made them strong.



At last, the lark landed on the addax's back. "The cave is just ahead!" it said. The addax saw a dark shape in the dust. It was a small rocky hill with a quiet cave. They hurried inside, out of the wind. The cave was dry and calm. The addax lay down on the cool sand. The lark nestled in the curve of his horn. They were safe at last.



Inside the cave, the addax and the lark rested. The storm still blew outside, but they were warm and safe. "Thank you," said the addax. "You helped me find the way." The lark chirped softly. "And you helped me," it said. "You carried me through the wind. We make a good team." The addax smiled. He was glad he had met the lark.



The addax looked at the lark's sandy streaked feathers and its tiny crest. "You are very brave," he said. "You flew up even when the wind was strong." The lark hopped onto the addax's white forehead patch. "You are brave too," it said. "You walked slowly and never gave up." They both felt proud. Their friendship made them braver than they ever thought they could be.



As they rested, the sandstorm began to fade. The wind grew quiet, and the dust settled. The lark peeked outside. "The sky is clear again!" it said. The addax stood up and stretched his legs. He felt strong and happy. They had found a safe place together. Now they could go back to the oasis. But first, they would rest a little more.



When the storm was gone, the addax and the lark set off. The lark flew above, showing the way. The addax walked below, his soft hooves pressing into the warm sand. They soon reached the oasis. The palm trees waved, and the water sparkled. The addax took a long drink. The lark splashed in the pool. They were home safe.



From that day on, the addax and the desert lark were the best of friends. They played together in the desert. The addax learned that even a small bird can be a big help. The lark learned that a slow walk can be just right. They knew that the desert is big, but good friends can always help each other. And that is the best safe place of all.



And so, whenever the wind began to blow, the addax and the lark would look for each other. They would remember the day they helped each other through the sandstorm. The little addax with his spiraling horns and the tiny lark with its small crest would smile. They knew that teamwork and friendship make every journey safer. The desert is big, but good friends are always near.