

The Little Dragon's Friend



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On the sunny side of a big mountain, there lived a little dragon. He had soft mint-green scales, a pale cream belly, and tiny rounded horns. His name was Pip, and his straw hat with the red ribbon flopped when he walked. Pip was small and round and very, very shy. He liked to water his little flowers all alone, humming softly to himself.



Every morning Pip carried his tiny blue watering can to the edge of the woods. He watered the daisies and the marigolds and the one proud sunflower. The mountain rose up behind him, tall and green and quiet. Somewhere high above, the wind whispered through the trees. Pip often wondered what secrets the mountain kept, but he was too shy to climb and find out.



One cool morning, a sparkle danced across the path. Out of the ferns hopped a small white rabbit. Her fur was fluffy, and her long ears had pale pink tips. A tiny silver star glowed on her forehead, and little sparkles twinkled around her paws. She wore a leaf-shaped satchel and a thin vine bracelet. "Hello!" she said brightly.



Pip's big amber eyes went wide. He ducked behind his watering can and curled his short tail tight. "I... I am Pip," he squeaked. The rabbit smiled a warm, gentle smile. "I am Hazel. I am new here. Your flowers are lovely." Her kind voice made Pip feel a little braver. He peeked out from behind the blue can.



"Do you want to see something wonderful?" Hazel asked. She pointed one soft paw up the mountain trail. "There is a garden high above. I found it yesterday, but it is old and sleepy." Pip's small wings fluttered with worry and wonder. "A garden? Up there?" he whispered. "Will it be too far?" Hazel shook her head. "Not if we go together."



So Pip took a deep breath and followed his new friend. The trail was bumpy with round stones and soft moss. Hazel hopped ahead, her paws leaving tiny sparkles in the dust. "Watch this root," she called. "Hop! Just like me!" Pip hopped, wobbling, and his hat bounced off. They both laughed, and the mountain felt a little friendlier.



At last they reached an old stone wall with an arched gap. Hazel slipped through and waved Pip inside. He gasped. A hidden garden lay before them, tucked in a quiet hollow. There were stone paths and a dry fountain and flower beds full of weeds. A big old tree stretched its branches over it all. "Oh," breathed Pip. "It is beautiful. But it is very tired."



"Then it needs gentle care," said Hazel. Pip set down his tiny blue watering can. He felt calm and ready. They pulled the weeds, one by one, so the small green shoots could breathe. "Slow and soft," Hazel said. Pip nodded and pulled gently. His claws, once clumsy, grew careful and kind. The old garden began to show its sleepy green face.



Next they planted flower seeds in the soft brown soil. Pip dug tiny holes with one small claw. Hazel dropped in seeds and patted the earth down. "You are very gentle," she said. Pip's cheeks turned warm pink. Nobody had ever called him gentle before. He liked the sound of it. His short tail gave a happy little curl.



Then came the watering. Pip filled his blue can at the old fountain, where a thin spring trickled. He carried water to every seed and sprout. "Not too much," Hazel reminded him softly. Pip poured slowly, calm and steady. His big amber eyes watched each drop fall. Watering the garden felt quiet and good, like a song you can almost hear.



Day after day, the two friends came back to the hidden garden. They pulled weeds, planted seeds, and watered with care. Hazel put a ring of pebbles around each little sprout. Pip fixed a broken stone path, one stone at a time. "We are a good team," Hazel said. Pip smiled, and his shyness felt lighter than it ever had.



One morning, something wonderful had happened. A tiny green bud opened into a bright flower. Then another, and another, all down the path. Blue and yellow and soft pink blooms nodded in the breeze. "It worked!" cried Pip. He was so happy that a little puff of happy smoke curled from his nose. Hazel clapped her sparkly paws with joy.



Soon the hidden garden was full of color. The old fountain bubbled again, and bees hummed among the flowers. Pip had learned to be gentle and calm, and his gentle care had helped it grow. Hazel put her paw on his. "You were brave to come with me," she said. "And kind to help." Pip's big eyes felt happy and warm.



From then on, the garden was their favorite place. They met there every morning, side by side under the old tree. Pip watered the flowers with his tiny blue can, and Hazel told stories that made him giggle. Sometimes friends came to visit, and Pip greeted them with a shy but happy wave.



Pip still wore his straw hat with the red ribbon, and Hazel still sparkled as she hopped. But something in Pip had changed. He was calmer, gentler, and full of quiet courage. "Friendship made me brave," he told the flowers. "And being kind made me calm." The mountain seemed to nod, and the garden swayed softly in the warm wind.



And so the little dragon and the magical rabbit cared for their garden together, season after season. If you climb the path and slip through the old stone arch, you may see them there. The flowers sway, the fountain sings, and two good friends smile. For a gentle heart, they say, can make a whole mountain bloom.